

LAB INFECTION

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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A long piece of Police tape secures an area.

CAMERA FLASHES. Crime scene investigators, fully clothed in disposable coveralls, overshoes, rubber gloves and face masks surround something.

Behind the tape, a PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR and his ASSISTANT look on. They have face masks over their mouths, too. The assistant coughs. Walks away from the scene. Pulls up his face mask. Pukes.

The Private Investigator stays behind him. Takes his face mask off. Hands the assistant a handkerchief. The assistant wipes his mouth.

ASSISTANT

Sorry, sir. I've never seen anything like that before.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

Forget about it, kid. Me, neither.

A fully geared EVIDENCE TECHNICIAN steps away from the scene. Walks to the private investigator and his assistant. Pulls his goggles and face mask up.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

What are we looking at?

EVIDENCE TECHNICIAN

The white lab coat, the decomposing body. Somebody from that hospital, obviously.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

Man? Woman?

EVIDENCE TECHNICIAN

Gender unknown, age unknown. Possibly a woman. Looks like a skirt underneath all that, that-- We'll have to wait for dental records. Soon as we can find the skeletal remains.

The P.I. and assistant turn to each other, concerned, worried. They all look back at the subject.

A MASS OF HUMAN FLESH buried underneath a white lab coat, what looks like a blue skirt and a black shirt.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
Why is this person on the road?

EVIDENCE TECHNICIAN
Dunno. Trying to escape, maybe.
Obviously, they didn't make it.

An investigator takes another picture of the deceased.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
What the hell happened in that hospital?

EVIDENCE TECHNICIAN
Chief, whatever it was, the shit went bad. Real bad.

The evidence technician walks back to the scene while the P.I. and his assistant keep their focuses on the flesh.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

STEVEN BOULDER, 62, army general, chops carrots on a chopping board, tosses the carrots into a blender. His sleeves rolled to his elbows. The most work he's ever done in a kitchen.

JILL, 26, his wife, in a night robe and bed hair, walks in, yawns. She possesses an innocent beauty, clearly evident even first thing in the morning.

Steven looks at her. Goes back to chopping carrots. Apparently, the honeymoon is over.

JILL
Sorry. I overslept.

On the other side of the kitchen, her pet tarantula in a small cage. Jill bends to the critter.

JILL
And I see you're up, too, little baby.

STEVEN
I don't like that thing, Jill.

JILL
I moved him out of the bedroom, like you asked.

STEVEN

That spider gets too much affection.

JILL

He's a tarantula. He has four spinnerets, not six, like a spider, and his silk producing glands are in his feet.

She smiles innocently, cutesy. He chops, harder. He's irritated.

Jill's purse sits on a lone chair, a journal's head peeks outward. She glances at Steven, then the purse. She grabs the purse, but he's already seen her.

JILL

The carrots go in the food processor. Not the blender.

She smiles shyly. Looks uncomfortably around the room.

STEVEN

Do you know how many soldiers I lead everyday?

JILL

Sorry. I've been working so late --

STEVEN

Eighty. Eighty soldiers. I work sixty hour weeks. This? This isn't my job.

She opens her mouth to speak, but places her timid head down, sits at the breakfast table. Taps her fingers nervously.

STEVEN

Summer classes at the university, private experiments at a hidden location conducted by Dr. No Name. We still planning to procreate?

His carrot chops become harder. She looks scared. His cellphone BUZZES on the table across from her. She looks at the phone.

JILL

I can't back out, now. We signed affidavits. It's pertinent all information be kept private. Location included. You knew this.

His phone BUZZES again, but he keeps chopping carrots. Clinches his angered mouth.

JILL

Steven, I'm doing the best I can.
Just, please, give me time. Are we
arguing about this again?

His cellphone BUZZES again.

JILL

You want me to get that?

STEVEN

No --

He slices his finger with the knife. Blood pours onto the chopping board. Jill runs to the wall. Hyperventilates. He runs to the sink, washes his finger.

STEVEN

Damn it, Jill, grab me a bandage.

With her eyes closed, she goes to a drawer, takes out a bandage and tosses it on the table. Goes back to the safety of the wall.

Steven turns the water off, bandages his finger. He shakes his head at her meltdown.

STEVEN

Two whole months. Same shit.

She tries to regain her breath. He pulls his sleeves down and grabs his cellphone and briefcase. SLAMS the door. Leaves.

INT. JILL'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Jill drives down a deserted highway. She keeps her eyes on the road at the miles and miles of mountains, a few road lights. No other buildings around.

She glances at a miniature heart-shaped wedding photo of her and Steven dangling from the rear view mirror.

She pulls into a parking lot.

LEXINGTON HOSPITAL, a large, three-story building. Looks as if it was a beautiful facility around the turn of the century, but now outdated, except the renovated glass door and windows.

She grabs her purse from the backseat. Glances at the wedding picture again. Thumps the picture, spinning it around.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jill pushes the door open. The interior of the hospital matches the outside: old, decrepit, and due for renovations. Some hall lights flicker. Some side halls have no lights.

She looks over at a long, dark eerie hall that she hates and avoids. She stays on her own path, straight forward. Picks up pace.

She digs inside her purse. Her journal falls. She scoops it up, rushes down the hallway. She turns around, moves faster.

Before her, a room with an open door, but she's too occupied running to notice. She passes the room. A hand touches her shoulder. She SCREAMS. Drops her journal, again.

CRAIG, 22, boy-ish good-looking but obnoxious, in love with Jill. Picks up the journal and places it against his chest.

JILL

Darn it, Craig. Would you stop doing that --

CRAIG

Darn it? Would you sign up for cussing courses already, gorgeous? Did I ever mention how I love older women?

She holds her hand out for her journal, but he sniffs it, gives her the sensual eye wiggle. She snatches the journal, tosses it in her purse. They continue down the hall.

JILL

What's the patient like?

CRAIG

Awesome. A big ol' cannibal.

Her frightened eyes widen. He laughs. She sighs.

CRAIG

In my second year, they made us go to an insane asylum. This guy should be president of the ward.

(in Italian)

What's in that journal?

JILL
I don't speak Spanish.

CRAIG
Italian. What's in that journal?

JILL
Poetry. My summer writing class.

CRAIG
Can I read some?

JILL
Golly, no.

CRAIG
Looks like a diary.

She smiles. He slows down to admire her backside.

CRAIG
In some states, it's illegal to
have objects hanging from your rear
view mirror.

She turns to him. He pretends to be fixing his pant leg.

JILL
Geez. Stalk much --

JULIUS, 22, runs toward them, a clipboard in his hand.

JULIUS
My two favorite people in the whole
lab. Ready to heal the world?

CRAIG
I signed up so I could get admitted
in the U --

JULIUS
If this Marshian flower can save
the mentally ill, for-real, for-
real, we'd be real scientists. And
there'd be no more homeless people
throwing shit at you downtown.

JILL
I have faith in Dr. Mason.

Craig rolls his jealous eyes.

JULIUS
And Vladimir?

JILL
Nope. Just his sidekick.

They all laugh. Craig stops laughing, pulls Jill back, steps in front of her.

CRAIG
I just saw another one of those fat
ass basement rats running around.

JILL
They're harmless.

CRAIG
Rabies? Hello?

JILL
Any mammal can contract rabies.
Rats are, normally, too small to
survive a rabid animal bite --

CRAIG
Awesome. If we ever have a zombie
apocalypse on the outside, that's
enough food for months.

Craig and Julius laugh, turn down a side hall. Jill wrinkles her nose. Craig turns around, winks at her. Walks off.

INT. HALL

A FLICKERING LIGHT. Flickers like a strobe light. Jill pushes the ladies bathroom door open.

WOMEN'S BATHROOM

Jill walks in. Stands before a mirror, staring at her reflection. She washes her hands. The water pressure low.

She turns her nose up to a bad smell. Looks around the room. Pulls a fragrance bottle from her purse. Sprays the air.

She dips down, looks underneath the stall doors. Sees a pair of legs sitting on the toilet, their pants to the floor.

DARLA
I don't give a fuck, I eat what I
want, and ain't no doctor gon' tell
me what I can't have.

JILL
Darla?

The entity in the stall stands, pulls their pants up.

DARLA, 21, walks out, talking on her cellphone. She has a nasty mouth and a demeanor to match. She wears her white lab coat and a six-month baby bump.

Jill makes her way back to the mirror, not realizing her unpleasant, potty-mouthed colleague was on the phone.

Jill pulls out a tube of lipstick from her purse. Darla stands before the mirror, cellphone in one hand, adjusts her hair with her other hand. Didn't wash her hands.

DARLA

(into phone)

The muthafucka don't wanna take me to Heavenly Taco so I can get a steak fajita. Talking about the damn sodium.

Jill places her lipstick on, but she subtly side-eyes Darla, then the sink in front of Darla. Darla sees Jill's reflection.

DARLA

(into phone)

Girl, I gotta go.

Darla ends her call. Tosses her phone in her purse. She ties her hair into a ponytail.

JILL

Remember those manual flush toilets? Guess we have to do that ourselves, huh?

Darla gives Jill the 'stink-attitude' stare. Finishes her hair. Grabs her purse and leaves. Jill sprays the air with her perfume spray, again.

INT. HALL

Jill, now with her white lab coat on, reads something on her computer tablet and walk at the same time.

She hears a SCREWING. She turns to the frightening, dark hall. A light flickers. She picks up speed.

The SCREWING, louder. She stops at the end of the hall, peers around the corner of an adjacent hall where the noise is prevalent.

A light comes on. VLADIMIR, 32, stands on a short, rusted ladder just placing a bulb in the fixture. He's Dr. Mason's right hand man. He likes no one, and no one likes him.

JILL

Oh, Vladimir. Hi. You scared me.

He stares at her, stone faced, not even a blink. She smiles awkwardly. Walks off.

INT. BREAKROOM

Jill grabs a bottled water from a refrigerator, stocked to capacity with an array of sodas, juices, water. A compartment at the bottom for the technicians' food.

She drinks from the bottle, turns around. Bumps into Craig, again. Water spills on her shirt.

JILL

Craig, would you stop --

CRAIG

Sorry, gorgeous.

She walks to a lounge couch, a commonplace for the technicians to relax. She dabs her shirt with her hand. Makes a stink face like she smells something. Looks at Craig.

He grabs a stack of napkins, hands them to her. His eyes hover over her breasts.

CRAIG

God. I'd kill to be an eighty-year-old general right now.

JILL

Start by changing your diaper.

He moves into her, like he's about to kiss her. Instead, he reaches on the other side of the couch. Picks up a bag of clothes. She puts her hand over her nose.

CRAIG

The patient pissed his pants on his way here with Vladimir from the Ward Institute. By the way, the washer and dryer in the basement don't work. We'll have to wash these on our hands.

JILL

I quit.

She stands, grabs her computer tablet, purse, and water bottle. Tries to walk around Craig, but he steps in front of her. Beams.

CRAIG

There's this real nice place
downtown. Sushi, champagne, some --

DR. MASON rushes in, mid-forties, sexy in an exotic, mad scientist kind of way. His hair's ruffled, and his shirt opened at the top button reveals a hint of his chest hair.

Now, Jill's amorous eyes light up.

DR. MASON

Jill, honey, grab Vladimir's keys
and run down to the basement for
alcohol wipes, gauze, and
disposable gloves for the crew --

JILL

Yes, Dr. Mason.

DR. MASON

As soon as everyone's here, I'll do
a quick opening, we'll go to the
patient and get started --

CRAIG

Do you want to see the patient?

DR. MASON

I'm sure Vladimir did well picking
him from the Ward Institution.
Thank you, Jill --

Jill waves, but he's already on his way out with Craig right behind him. Their voices fading out the room.

CRAIG

He's John Sheldon, I'd say bipolar
schizophrenic. We did a C-B-C on
him. He has Anemia.

INT. BASEMENT

Jill stands in the midst of the creepiest room, yet. She opens a cabinet full of packaged lab supplies. Grabs the supplies she needs.

She closes the cabinet. Looks at a door, a few feet away. A door she's seen over and over.

She turns the door's knob. It doesn't open. She looks behind her, makes sure no one's there. Looks down at the keys in her hand.

She places a key to the door. Hears a RUSTLING. She jumps.

She walks to the sound, adjusts her eyes. A rat eats a piece of food in front of the non working washer and dryer. She sighs, smiles.

INT. MAIN LAB

A room once used for a multiple-bed hospital room. Now, completely filled with laboratory counter tops, sinks, wall and island shelving. Like a professional lab.

Jill, in a pair of rubber gloves, wipes down the table with a solution in a spray bottle. Watches Dr. Mason lustfully as he converses with Craig, Julius, and Vladimir.

Vladimir sees her. She looks down timidly. Keeps cleaning.

VLADIMIR

Jill. Floors.

Jill places the bottle down, pulls her gloves off. Sinks her humiliated head and sweeps the floor.

Darla and the father of her baby bump, FREDDY, 22, walk in. THOMAS, 21, burly, football-bodied technician, right behind them. Thomas pats his flexed biceps through his lab jacket.

THOMAS

Look at this. Go ahead. Hit it.

Thomas places his arm out. Freddy mopes toward his friend. He's done this a million times. He hits Thomas's tight muscle.

THOMAS

Solid.

FREDDY

Yes, Football. Just as solid as yesterday, the day before, and the day before.

DARLA

Freddy, get me a pop.

THOMAS
Who says "pop?" Soda.

DARLA
Who's talking to Thomas? I'm from
the country, and we say pop.

Freddy runs out the door. Darla goes to her station. Picks up a piece of paper. Fans herself.

Jill sweeps dirt into the dustpan. On the outside of the door, Freddy, like a peeping Tom, watches her. He winks at her, runs off. She rolls her eyes, uninterested.

CHRISTIAN, 19, the youngest of the bunch, walks in reading an Anime magazine.

LARRY, 22, the cameraman of the group, beside Christian, annoyingly, his camcorder directly in Christian's face.

CHRISTIAN
What, Larry?

Larry looks at Christian's magazine. Thumps it.

LARRY
Christian, dude. You read some
shit called Nerd-aquarium?

CHRISTIAN
It's a spin-off from Geek-atorium.
You smell like a barnyard.

Larry pulls a reefer joint from his jacket pocket.

LARRY
'Cause I was rolling in hay in that
back room. Wanna hit?

Christian pulls out his inhaler. Takes a breath.

CHRISTIAN
Nah. I'm good.

Larry smacks Christian's arm and laughs. Christian shakes his head and smirks. They sit at their stations, listening to Darla, already mid-conversation with Thomas.

DARLA
My salsa has cucumber, red, green,
jalapeño peppers, cilantro, three
tomatoes, garlic, red onion --

THOMAS

Exactly what we need in a place
that ain't got A-C. Something to
make us sweat even more.

DARLA

Well, everybody's invited to some.
(eyeballs Jill)
Except the uppity people.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks, but on top of my peanut,
shellfish, and dairy allergies, the
jalapeño peppers might set off my
acid reflux.

Christian inhales in his inhaler, again.

DARLA

Like Thomas and that stupid ass
wheat allergy.

THOMAS

Soy allergy.

DARLA

Whatever. I ain't making y'all
shit no more.

Freddy re-enters with Darla's soda, sits beside her.

Dr. Mason turns toward the technicians, Craig and Julius
behind him. Jill takes Dr. Mason's side.

Vladimir grabs a utility rolling cart. On the cart, a wood
case containing the boxes of alcohol swabs, gauze, and
disposable gloves. He steps arrogantly in front of Jill.

She places her head down and walks to the other side of Dr.
Mason. Everyone turns their attentions to the front of the
room.

DR. MASON

Thank you all for being patient.
Tonight is the night of our first
experiment together. Before we
visit the patient, John Shelly --

VLADIMIR

Sheldon --

DR. MASON

Sheldon. Mr. John Sheldon. I want to take the time to thank you all for the past few months.

Julius raises his head to Craig and Jill. Jill smiles back, Craig just gives an unsure half-smile.

DR. MASON

Thank you for taking the time from your summer vacations. We placed an ad on your respective college billboards. I had the opportunity to pick any team. I chose you because you know, I know, coming from a community college, you're less likely to get your admission to a medical school than those attending four year establishments.

Christian drops his sad eyes and glances at Larry. Larry shrugs and puts on a humble smile.

DR. MASON

But I'm always for the underdog, and this is your admission to the university of your choice.

They all smile confidently, now, clapping. Thomas puts his hand beside his mouth and HOOTS. Everyone laughs.

DR. MASON

I'm honored that we were approached to conduct research on our Marshian plant. The natives believe this plant has some sort of healing power. The government thinks we can do it, and I do, too. We're not suppressing mental illness. We're going to eradicate all chemical and behavioral imbalances.

Dr. Mason lowers his head into his hands, still beaming, like a proud first time father. He looks back at his team. The technicians smile at him, convinced.

DR. MASON

Let's do this.

Everyone heads for the door. Jill silently claps her excited hands. Vladimir pushes the supply cart into her leg.

VLADIMIR

Here.

She grabs the cart and pushes it out the door, following the technicians. Craig shakes his head. Walks with Jill.

INT. HALL

Dr. Mason walks with his entire crew behind him. Jill makes her way toward Dr. Mason. Unintentionally blocks Vladimir's path with the medical cart.

THOMAS

I've never dealt with a live patient before. What's he like?

DR. MASON

Mr. Don Sheldon's like any other bipolar schizophrenic patient, uh, rambles, delusions, uh --

Julius and Craig glance at each other, confused.

DARLA

I thought his name was John.

DR. MASON

John. You're right. I'm sorry.

Vladimir bumps Jill out of his way and takes to Dr. Mason's side. Craig stares at Vladimir, disappointed. They all stop at a door. Dr. Mason turns to his group.

DR. MASON

I know this is new for you, but remember to keep professionalism. As medical students, you're going to see things that are less than desirable, but this is just first of many experiments for you.

They nod. Vladimir unlocks the door.

PATIENT'S ROOM C22

Dr. Mason and his crew walk in.

The patient, JOHN SHELDON sits upright on the bed scratching his arms and the back of his neck. He's large, a little over 300 pounds, deep Southern accent. His terrified eyes bulge.

He wears a flannel hospital gown with full back coverage and Velcro shoes.

The young, inexperienced technicians look at one another, sheer terror. Larry closes into John with his camcorder. Jill notices red bumps on John's arms.

Dr. Mason is at a standstill. He stares at John, almost frozen stiff. Now, he walks to John, but John moves away.

DR. MASON

John Sheldon --

JOHN

You that fella trying to put me back in that little tight hole? That hole in the backyard you dug for me about three months ago?

Jill and Craig steal a glance at each other. He gives her the 'I told you so' look. Christian pinches his nostrils from John's stench.

DR. MASON

I'm Dr. George Mason, the head physician at Lexington Hospital. We specialize in chronic behavioral issues --

JOHN

I 'member you. You locked up daddy. Sent him so far away, momma and I couldn't get out there to see him cuz they said we was trespassin'. Trespassin'?

DR. MASON

Mr. Sheldon, I'm Dr. Mason --

John points a stern finger at Dr. Mason.

JOHN

It was all four of you, takin' what we had. Stole e'erything from our barn.

Larry, now, peeps his frightful eyes from behind the camera lens at John and Dr. Mason. Dr. Mason opens his mouth, but seems to be deadlocked. His shifty eyes know not what to do.

Vladimir walks to John.

VLADIMIR

Mr. Sheldon, no one's taking anything from you, but you need to relax. The medicine, Jill.

Jill grabs a syringe, but her trembling hand drops the syringe on the floor. Vladimir closes his eyes, breaths. Darla rolls her eyes. Jill rushes to scoop the fallen syringe.

JILL

Sorry, sorry, sorry --

VLADIMIR

Hand me the other syringe, Jill.

When Jill hands another syringe to Vladimir, she sees John has stopped scratching himself, his eyes fixed on her.

JOHN

Jill. 'Sa beautiful name. Is you a Jillian or just a Jill?

Everyone turns to Jill. Her eyes shift. She musters, barely, a whisper.

JILL

Jillian.

John smiles brighter. He sighs, relieved.

JOHN

E'erybody told me you'd come, but I ain't believe 'em. Don't let 'em place that metal screw in my back. Went all the way through ma' leg and came out through me feet.

Jill nods uncomfortably and steps beside Dr. Mason. Dr. Mason, still, looks lost himself.

Vladimir wipes John's arm with an alcohol swab and removes the syringe cap. He pinches John's skin, and laces the needle to John's arm. John swats at him.

JOHN

No ya' don't. You said you was gonna get me a pop --

VLADIMIR

Mr. Sheldon, I promise to get you a soda as soon as we get this shot.

Vladimir nudges his head to Thomas. Thomas runs out the room. Vladimir places the syringe to John's arm again. John knocks the syringe from Vladimir's hand.

John spits at Vladimir. Everyone moves back.

JOHN

I'm not going back to that house!
They make you do things there!

Vladimir and Craig fish for the fallen syringe. John closes his eyes tight, places his hands over his ears.

JOHN

Don't let 'em take me back, Jill.
Tell 'em what they used to do to us
in there. Tell 'em.

Jill shakes her scared head. Looks to Dr. Mason for help. Dr. Mason gives an assuring nod to Jill. Rubs her arm. Thomas rushes back with a can of soda and hands it to Dr. Mason.

DR. MASON

Mr. Sheldon, there's enough soda
pop for you to drink all night.

John opens his eyes and stares at Dr. Mason. Dr. Mason smiles and nods. Vladimir eases John's hands from his ears.

DR. MASON

I promise, we won't let anyone get
you.

John's eyes beam, now. He scratches his arms again, but remains focused on Dr. Mason.

JOHN

Momma used to say, "Boy, you keep
drankin' all them pops, you gon' be
big as Mr. Sally barnyard down that
there road." Mr. Sally had the
biggest barnyard in Tennessee.

John laughs to himself. Dr. Mason displays the soda can to John.

John stares at the soda. Dr. Mason gives Vladimir the confirmation nod. Vladimir pinches John's skin, again, and inserts the medicinal needle into his arm. John flinches, looks back at the soda.

DR. MASON

That's it.

Jill breathes. Turns to Craig. He smiles at her, comforting.

Vladimir removes the needle from John's arm, places an alcohol swab over his punctured skin. Dr. Mason hands the soda to John.

John lifts the tab and gulps the soda, soda spilling on his gown. Darla turns her disgusted face to Freddy.

INT. HALL

Dr. Mason and his group leave John's room. Dr. Mason closes the door and locks it from the outside with a key. Hands the keys to Vladimir.

Dr. Mason takes out his handkerchief, wipes sweat from his brow. Julius smiles, lowers his voice to Jill.

JULIUS
For-real, for-real?

FREDDY
Shit --

THOMAS
Doc, is that scratching normal?

DR. MASON
Absolutely. Many people who are bipolar, schizophrenic, or a combination of both have delusions. He's not really itching, but his sickness is making him think he is.

CHRISTIAN
How long before we see a change?

DR. MASON
A couple of weeks. Realistically, this medicine may not take effect for another month or two.

JILL
What'll be the first change?

DR. MASON
He has an acute case of bipolar schizophrenia. His changes may be considerably slight. Maybe he'll remember what he had for lunch the day prior. Maybe he'll no longer think he has screws in his back.

Freddy smirks. Darla nudges his chest with her elbow. He stops laughing.

DR. MASON

I, do, want you all to be aware that I know school will be starting soon. In the event Mr. Sheldon is still recovering, Vladimir and I will monitor him, we'll have you come in, at least, once a week, just to check in, but you'll always be notified of his progress. Go on. Go eat.

Julius pats Dr. Mason's back. Everyone disperses. Jill pulls Dr. Mason to the side. Vladimir pretends to walk off, but watches from afar.

JILL

I'm sorry. I had a case of Jill-ism tonight --

DR. MASON

You were great, Jill. Mr. Sheldon took an unusual liking to you. You handled yourself extremely well.

Dr. Mason smiles and rubs Jill's chin with his thumb. He walks off, leaving her totally smitten. Vladimir creeps behind her while she's still awing.

VLADIMIR

Not a good look tonight, Jill.

JILL

Dr. Mason just said --

VLADIMIR

Don't care. I care about how we look in front of a patient, and hiding behind the main doctor doesn't represent us as a facility that knows what it's doing.

JILL

You're right. I'm sorry --

VLADIMIR

How about this. If you can't handle the hospital, find a meat packing plant to help you get over your fear. Clear?

She nods. He abruptly walks off before she can speak.

INT. BREAKROOM

Darla's homemade salsa sits in a bowl on a table, a bag of nacho chips beside it. Thomas, with a plateful, dunks his chip in the salsa bowl. Bites into it. Spills salsa on his lab jacket.

Darla and Freddy eat at their table, watching Thomas. Larry, at the table with them, snacks on chips and salsa, fans his mouth from the salsa's heat.

DARLA

Don't be fucking blaming me if your soy allergy flares up.

Freddy laughs. Takes a seat beside Christian on the lounge couch. Christian, reads his magazine, eats a bag of healthy chips, his earbuds in his ears.

Thomas sneaks a peek at Christian's magazine. Christian looks up, now. Thomas holds a chip soaked in salsa to Christian. Christian shakes his head, laughs. Watches Thomas gorge the chip.

Craig and Julius sit at a table talking, also eating their own plates of Darla's salsa and chips.

Jill walks in. Grabs her brown lunch bag and a bottled water from the refrigerator. Takes her usual seat with Craig and Julius. She sighs, pushes her hair from her face.

CRAIG

So. You and Mr. Sheldon, huh?

Craig and Julius smirk. She pulls a salad from her bag, keeps an unfriendly gander on Craig.

CRAIG

Darla got chips and homemade salsa for everybody.

She watches Craig bite into his chip, drenched of salsa. Now, she smirks.

JILL

Darla doesn't--Never mind. That joke's on you.

Craig and Julius shrug at each other. Julius slides a soda to her, but she slides it back.

JILL

I wouldn't put anything in my body
I clean my sinks with.

CRAIG

You know Jill and I eat no red meat, drink no soda. I bet we have the best immune systems here. See how much we have in common, gorgeous?

She smiles nonchalantly. Keeps eating.

JULIUS

You and Vladimir friends, huh?

JILL

Oh, yeah. We're going dancing tomorrow night.

JULIUS

At least he keeps the refrigerator fully stocked.

She toasts her water with Craig's bottled water and Julius's soda can. They drink. A light directly over them flickers.

JILL

Good golly. Someone should tell him flickering bulbs doesn't represent us as a facility that knows what it's doing.

JULIUS

Jill, just one time, say "fuck."

JILL

Please. I'm from a tiny town called Morrison, Tennessee. Papa taught me that a woman never spits, drinks alcohol, smokes or cusses. He'd cut you off for things, like-- just things, you know.

Craig looks at her with pity. Her eyes shift to an atypical patch on the wall. A discoloration she's seen a million times, but her eyes enjoy to stare.

The light flickers again.

JULIUS

That flicker's playing with my eyes, man. I don't know why they put us in this haunted ass hospital.

JILL

Stop trying to scare me, Jules.

JULIUS

For-real, for-real. Lexington Hospital was built to house the poor, the sick, the mentally ill. Fucking conditions were so bad, patients were sleeping underneath blankets on the floors. Lobotomies, force-feedings, strait jackets. You name it, it was here.

Jill stops eating. Craig, too.

JULIUS

After they shut that down, it was a sanitarium for patients with tuberculosis.

Jill frowns, now. Puts her fork down.

JULIUS

You ain't heard the worst. The Japanese Americans in internment camps were brought here, and they experimented a combination of radiation, surgical, and torture experiments on them. Downstairs was a morgue, and when they shut this shit down for the last time, they found jars of human body parts all over this hospital.

CRAIG

Are you fucking serious?

JULIUS

Yep. A few of the tortured made a crawlspace in the wall, and escaped, but they ain't get far. They brought them back and murdered them.

Julius points to the discoloration on the wall. Jill and Craig follow his finger.

JULIUS

That bad paint job? Looks big enough for a crawlspace.

JILL

Why would the government want us experimenting in a place like this?

JULIUS

I looked it up online, and it said,
"Property has been sold. New owner
info. Click here." When I clicked
it, it read, "Server error.
Resource cannot be found."

Jill's eyes remain grounded on the patched wall, now.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jill walks in. Steven's asleep. She tip-toes toward a chair. Sits. Holds her tired head in her hands. Pulls her shoes off and rubs her achy feet.

On a dresser, a BUZZING. Steven's cellphone lights up. Jill stands, picks up the phone.

CELLPHONE

On the screen, a caller reads: "UNKNOWN"

BACK TO SCENE

Jill presses a button. Holds the phone to her ear.

Silence. Then a click. Caller's hung up. She looks at the phone. Glances at her sleeping husband, then back to the phone. Keeps her harsh eyes on Steven.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL, HALL - NIGHT

Jill drinks from a water bottle. Carries her computer tablet. From a distance, VOICES.

MAIN LAB

Jill walks in. Stops.

John sits at a station, scratching his arms and legs, but now, smiling at Dr. Mason and Vladimir.

Dr. Mason stocks a phlebotomy tray with syringes and alcohol swabs. He sees Jill, now. Grabs her shoulders, his excited eyes doe wide.

DR. MASON

It happened.

He claps, runs back to the phlebotomy tray. She smiles. Vladimir examines John's chest with a stethoscope.

JOHN

Can I get 'nother one of them pops?

VLADIMIR

Let's finish here. Jill? Floors.

JILL

Should I put this in the database, that Mr. Sheldon --

VLADIMIR

It's been done. Floors.

John smiles at Jill. She smiles back. Sweeps.

Julius and Craig walk in talking. They stop. Stare at John. John keeps his eyes on Jill.

JULIUS

For-real, for-real?

DR. MASON

Mr. Sheldon's recovered quicker than we expected. We're going to take another vial. See the difference between last night and tonight.

CRAIG

Is that too much blood or --

DR. MASON

He's filling up on sodas and candy bars.

Freddy, Darla, and Christian walk in, now. Larry, right behind them with his camcorder aimed at Thomas. They see John.

DR. MASON

Come in, everybody. Mr. Sheldon's up, feeling great, and we're ready to start phase two.

Larry directs his camcorder at John, now. They walk to John.

DARLA

No fucking way. I thought --

DR. MASON
Yeah. We did, too. The Malaysians
knew what they were talking about.

CRAIG
Malays.

DR. MASON
Right. The Malays --

JOHN
Mr. Dr. Mason, can I get a pop?

DR. MASON
Of course --

FREDDY
I got it, doc.

Freddy runs out the room. Everyone stares at John in disbelief, but John's attention keeps shifting to Jill.

Vladimir wraps an elastic band around John's upper arm. Jill takes a large breath and looks away. She takes another breather. Turns back around.

Two vials, already filled with John's blood. She holds onto the table, keeps breathing.

Craig extends his hand to her, but Dr. Mason beats him to Jill's rescue, grabbing her hand. Craig moves back, defeated.

Vladimir finishes, takes the elastic band from John's arm. He places a gauze pad on the needle point, puts pressure on John's arm, and puts a bandage over it.

Dr. Mason nods to Jill. She nods back, takes a deep breath.

JILL
I'll take the vial, Vladimir.

She places her shaky hand to Vladimir, closes her eyes.

Vladimir hands her the vial, and her hand shakes uncontrollably. She holds the vial for anyone to take. Dr. Mason grabs the vial.

She opens her eyes, smiles nervously, but a smile, nonetheless. Everyone applauds. Except Vladimir. He's not impressed. Craig wraps his arm around her.

CRAIG
You did it, gorgeous.

While no one watches, Vladimir turns away, grabs a scalpel. Makes a small incision at the base of his palm. His hand bleeds.

He turns around. Blood drips from his hand. Jill pauses, terrified. Hyperventilates.

VLADIMIR
Can I get a bandage?

Jill shakes, her eyes roll to the back of her head. Collapses to the floor.

INT. DR. MASON'S OFFICE

A cluttered office, desk full of papers and envelopes and files scattered all over.

Jill sits in a seat, her back away from the untidiness. Dr. Mason, on his knees in front of her.

JILL
I'm sorry, Dr. Mason. I can't do anything right --

DR. MASON
I already knew you had Hemophobia, Jill --

JILL
I thought by taking this position, I would--I'm such an idiot. Two months. I was so sure --

He grabs her arm, stares at her, breaking a smile.

DR. MASON
We just started this procedure last night.

She wrinkles her brow as if she's been brought back to realization.

DR. MASON
What you just did out there, picking up that vial of blood with your bare hands? That showed all kinds of strength. Don't expect to be cured overnight.

She drops her head, shrugs.

DR. MASON
What can I do?

She looks at him, almost in a daze.

JILL
I was ten. She didn't tell us she was sick, and we sat at the dinner table, and she gagged and vomited blood. My momma needed a liver transplant, and she never told us.

He's surprised. She breaths harder, her breathe staggered.

JILL
She died in her own blood and vomit. I can still smell it. That's why daddy didn't want me to drink. So I wouldn't end up like her.

She shivers. He grabs her shoulders.

DR. MASON
Jill, you should've told me.

JILL
I'm a lost cause. I'm wasting your time, I'm wasting everybody's time.

DR. MASON
I don't mean to get personal. Do you ovulate?

She smirks, nods. He holds her hands.

DR. MASON
What makes that different than other blood?

She shakes her head. Shrugs. She never thought about it.

DR. MASON
Don't let your fear stifle you from having what you want. Children are gifts from God, and we'd do anything to save and protect them.

JILL
Do you have kids?

He stares at her. Shakes his head and drops his eyes, never letting her hands go.

JILL

A wife?

DR. MASON

My whole life's been about medicine
and saving lives. I haven't ruled
anything out, though.

Her eyes shine. He cracks a smile, and sneaks a soft kiss on
her lips. He moves away.

DR. MASON

Sorry. That was inappropriate --

But she rushes up, grabs his face, forces her tongue in his
mouth, kissing. They fall back into the wall.

INT. BREAKROOM

Jill walks in, smitten. Grabs a bottled water from the
refrigerator, walks toward the sitting area. Stops.

John sits on the lounge couch guzzling a can of soda. On the
floor beside his feet, five other empty cans of soda. He
sees her. Smiles.

JOHN

Hi, Jill.

She puts her hand up to wave, but keeps an awkwardly scared
smile. He stands from the couch, scratches his arms. He
picks up the cans by his feet.

JOHN

Sorry about being a pig. I used to
be a real, big pop drinker.

She smiles and nods, still keeps distance from him. He
inches toward her. She walks backwards, scared.

JOHN

Momma used to say that's why I was
so large. She said pop ruins ya'
insides. Ya' teeth, too.

She nods. Bumps into the wall.

JILL

Yeah. Guess I'll see ya'.

INT. MAIN LAB

Craig and Julius stand at a station comparing notes. Darla, Freddy, Larry and Christian talk amongst themselves.

Thomas, his feet kicked on a table, tosses a football up. Stops and scratches his arm.

Dr. Mason and Vladimir speak privately when Jill runs to them hysterically.

JILL

The patient's in the breakroom.

VLADIMIR

We know.

JILL

Sitting on the couch.

Jill stares at all the confused faces staring back at her.

DR. MASON

What's wrong?

JILL

Yesterday, he was fighting our staff. Now, he's unattended? You said he'd slowly come to, and almost immediately --

VLADIMIR

Stay in your lane. Clean the floors.

Dr. Mason gives Vladimir a stern, disapproving look. Vladimir flips his hand at Jill. Walks away.

DR. MASON

I know. This is bigger than we anticipated. Aren't you excited?

JILL

But what if he relapses again --

DR. MASON

We're monitoring him. Trust me.

She sighs. Catches Vladimir shaking his head at her naivety. She breaks a flustered smile at Dr. Mason and nods.

JILL

Yeah. I'm excited. I trust you.

Dr. Mason rubs her arm. Walks back to Vladimir. Jill looks across the room. All of her peers look embarrassed for her. Darla rolls her eyes and turns her frustrated head. Mumbles something to Freddy.

Craig takes Jill's side and nudges her.

CRAIG

Wait until the General finds out
you held a vial of blood. Dude's
gonna be through the roof.

Dr. Mason and Vladimir stop talking, their heads snap in Jill's direction.

DR. MASON

The General?

CRAIG

Yeah. Jill's husband. The army
general.

Vladimir keeps a perplexed gaze on Jill. Looks to Dr. Mason, but Dr. Mason's attention never leaves Jill. She can't stand to see his hurt face. He plays it off.

DR. MASON

Oh. I didn't realize that.

Dr. Mason puts on a fake smile. Drops his eyes. Turns back to Vladimir.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL, MAIN LAB - NIGHT

Craig types into a computer keyboard. Dr. Mason and Vladimir behind him, looking at the monitor. Julius looks on, rubs his tired eyes. Beside him, Christian, drinking a bottled water.

Darla in a seat, a large poncho wrapped around her shoulders, drinks a soda. Freddy rubs her shoulders. Stops to take a guzzle of soda, too. Both watching the computer monitor.

Jill drinks a bottled water, but she's at a distance from her colleagues. Her eyes keep drifting to the side of the room where John and Larry are.

John guzzles a soda, 60 pounds lighter than when he first arrived. Larry records him, quizzes him.

LARRY

Square root of three.

JOHN

Nine.

LARRY

Atomic number seventy-four.

JOHN

Tungsten.

LARRY

Abbreviation.

JOHN

W.

John finishes his soda. Tosses the empty can in the garbage. Jill looks at the garbage, filled to capacity with empty soda, water, and juice containers.

John glances at Jill. Smiles. She, quickly, turns back to the computer monitor.

Dr. Mason points to the monitor.

DR. MASON

What's the white?

CRAIG

The Malaysian flower. All over his body. From his head to his toes.

VLADIMIR

That was fast.

Craig hits a button on the computer. Points to the monitor.

CRAIG

Approximately forty-eight hours ago, our medicine was only showing up here and here.

Jill side-eyes John and Larry. John opens another can of soda, drinks. Thomas walks in, drinking a soda. Hi-fives John.

LARRY

What's the sum when you square two numbers, like negative four?

John gulps his soda. Wipes his mouth with his hand.

JOHN

The sum of four squared is sixteen.

LARRY

And how did you get to that answer?

JOHN

When ya' square a negative number,
ya' get a positive result.

Larry and Thomas look at each other. Smile and shake their heads.

THOMAS

Sick.

Thomas walks to the group. Takes a seat.

Larry scratches his arm. Places the camcorder down, takes off his lab coat and shakes it out. He scratches his arm, again, and puts his jacket back on.

Jill snuffles. Reaches in her purse for tissue. She blows her nose, lightly. Pauses when she sees Freddy. He makes a combination of strange faces, out of the ordinary. No one notices, except Jill.

Christian coughs into his jacket's sleeve.

CHRISTIAN

How did the medicine duplicate so
fast in his system?

CRAIG

No idea, but he seems normal, and
so far healthy. Look how much
weight he's lost.

Jill looks at John, again. He scratches the back of his head and his arms. The bumps, red and pus filled.

THOMAS

Looks like a success to me.

DR. MASON

Almost, but we're going to monitor
him a little longer. Make sure he
has no side effects or anything.

The team disperses. Walks to their separate stations. Darla and Freddy walks to John.

DARLA

Damn, friend. Looking better
everyday.

FREDDY

You trying to take my girl?

DARLA

If he hadn't knocked me up, I
would've run off with you, John.

Darla laughs. Walks to her station. Freddy walks behind her, his mouth open, his hand over his heart like he's hurt.

FREDDY

So, you're using me for my sperm?

John, still smiling at the two, turns to Jill. Waves innocently, this time. She breaks a timid smile, looks away.

At Darla's station, Freddy rubs his girlfriend's back. Jill catches him making a different set of unusual facial expressions, again. Darla flinches.

DARLA

Go easy. This kid's robbing me of
my muscles, too.

Jill looks away, uncomfortably.

Larry examines his camera's lens. Thomas walks to him, pulls his shirt's collar down, reveals a reddish bumpy rash on his neck and chest.

LARRY

Dude, what the fuck?

THOMAS

My soy allergy. Record this and
put it online after you kiss it.

Thomas pats Larry's back and runs to his station. Larry turns his disgusted nose up.

JOHN

Dr. Mason, can I get another pop?

DR. MASON

Of course. You don't have to ask.

THOMAS

I got it. I'm thirsty as hell
tonight.

Thomas runs out. John looks at Dr. Mason.

JOHN

Momma taught me to have manners and always ask when you is in somebody else's home.

DR. MASON

Our home is yours, Che.

CRAIG

Che? I didn't realize you were from South America, Dr. Mason.

DR. MASON

I'm not. Why'd you say that?

CRAIG

You used the term "Che." That's Argentina for "pal."

DR. MASON

Interesting. Guess I picked it up from some of my South American peers from yonder years --

VLADIMIR

We should start preparing Mr. Sheldon for evaluation --

Jill pulls Dr. Mason to the side. Keeps her voice low.

JILL

George, what's that rash on Mr. Sheldon's arm?

DR. MASON

Just some toxicity from the medication.

JILL

He's been scratching since he got here, and --

DR. MASON

That was all in his mind. That's apart of the sickness, believing he's itching when he's not.

Jill becomes distracted. Sees Christian at his station coughing into his sleeve. Larry records him.

CHRISTIAN

Not today, Larr. I feel like shit.

LARRY

You? I got this unusual
restlessness thing I've never had --

CHRISTIAN

Probably smoking too much weed --

Christian coughs into his arm. Jill turns back to Dr. Mason.

JILL

John's rash has changed.

Vladimir listens in, now. Jill places her head low, sighs.
Dr. Mason smiles and grabs her shoulders. Vladimir wrinkles
his brow.

DR. MASON

Don't worry about it. Whatever it
is, bacterial infection, whatever,
our lab has enough antibiotics for
everything. Bed sore. Lab
infection.

Dr. Mason walks back to Vladimir. Compares notes.

Thomas walks in. Hands John his soda. John stands.

JOHN

Thanks --

John stands, losing a medley of feces and urine from under
his gown. Everyone's startled, including himself.

Jill gags, turns away, covers her mouth and nose.

CRAIG

I'll grab the mop and pail.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jill stands at the counter. Soaks her fingers in a glass of
beet juice. On the kitchen table, her purse wide open, her
journal and a pen beside it.

Steven walks in through the kitchen door, startles her.

JILL

Steven. You're home early.

She pulls her fingers from the glass. Wipes her hand on a
towel. He takes off his jacket, examines her clothes. A
black shirt and blue skirt. Turns his nose up.

STEVEN

You should wear the white shirt
with the blue skirt. It's sexier.

He walks to her with a lustful grin. He bends for a kiss on the lips, but she turns her head, and he lands his lips on her cheek. She sits at the table.

STEVEN

Are we back at that again?

JILL

I'm trying to mentally prepare
myself for this job. That's all.

STEVEN

I came home early hoping this job
prepared you for me.

He nibbles on her ear, but she moves away, again. She jumps from her seat. He's confused.

JILL

I'm not in the mood.

STEVEN

You're never in the mood. You've
been doing this shit for months.
We hardly see each other. The fuck
you mean "you're not in the mood?"

She puts her head down.

JILL

I'm not there yet, Steven. You
can't be upset. I'm trying --

STEVEN

Not hard enough. This is something
we both wanted. A family. The
white picket fence. The
motherfucking dog. Here I am,
stuck with a damn spider --

She storms off, grabs her opened purse. She opens the door,
but he pushes it closed. She turns to him, scared.

STEVEN

I went against everyone. My kids,
my ex-wife, my friends, my better
judgement. A fucking
disappointment. That's all this
past year has been --

JILL

Then, do yourself a favor and let
us both go --

She swings the door back open.

STEVEN

Is that what you want?

She turns to him, her face sad, confused. She looks at the floor, her speechless mouth half open. Now, she closes her mouth. For the first time, she wears a strong, confidence.

JILL

Yeah.

She leaves. He stands in the doorway, disillusioned.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL, BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Jill walks in, takes on the lounge couch. She drops her weary head in her hands. Looks up and sighs. Rolls her eyes.

She opens her purse, reaches around for something. She wrinkles her brow. Looks inside. Nothing.

Craig walks in drinking a soda. Spots Jill.

CRAIG

Here you are.

He flops beside her. She puts on a fake, uncomfortable smile and closes her purse. She looks worried.

CRAIG

I was skeptical about this, but you were right. I should've trusted in Dr. Mason. That damn Marshian flower just turned a lunatic into a genius. And put him on one hell of a diet plan.

Craig laughs to himself and scratches his arm. He takes a few more swallows from his soda.

CRAIG

How many people get to concoct a life saving medicine for two months and get paid for the whole summer to lounge in the breakroom?

(In Chinese)

We do.

Jill smiles. Rubs the back of her neck. Looks at her finger. A bloody scab. She widens her eyes and flicks the scab with her finger.

She looks up. Sees Darla go inside the refrigerator and pull out a soda. She still wears her poncho. Leaves. Craig coughs into his arm.

CRAIG

The hard parts are over, now. It's just a matter of presenting this to the C-D-C and getting that approval from the government.

Jill nods, but she seems concerned. Craig sighs.

CRAIG

It's John, isn't it?

JILL

What?

CRAIG

You're scared of him. Because he lost his bowels the other day?

She opens her mouth to say something, but her attention focuses on Thomas, now, going into the refrigerator to grab a bottle of juice. He leaves.

JILL

No, it's--it's only been a week, Craig. I'm not Pre-Med, but what if he has side effects later?

CRAIG

Sure, but we did a shit-load of tests. When he came in, he had Anemia. Now, he's in perfect health.

Jill nods. Grabs the back of her neck again. Looks at her finger. No blood this time. Craig smacks something from his hair.

But Jill's attention jumps to Christian walking in. He grabs a bottled water from the refrigerator, still coughing, dry but loud.

CRAIG

It's, like, combining the Marshian flower with the natural elements didn't just heal mental illness. It healed everything.

Jill nods again, but her eyes keep shifting to Christian. He leaves.

JILL

The Marshian flower. Is it normal for scientists to dry the leaves of the plant before bringing in the medical crew or --

CRAIG

Oh, yeah. Mason and Vladimir were experimenting with this flower for a while. I, do, wish we were able to see the flower in its essence, before we started mixing everything, but whatever. It all worked out.

He smiles, but Jill frowns. He shakes her knee.

CRAIG

Everything's okay. It's a natural product related drug.

She smiles, now, and nods. VOICES come into the breakroom. Jill and Craig look up.

Larry walks in backwards, video recording something.

The object of his video camera, John, almost unrecognizably thin, weighing about 100 pounds lighter, wearing another gown, smaller for his new frame. John opens the refrigerator, grabs a soda.

He closes the refrigerator and drinks his soda. Jill looks on, freezes, like she's seen a ghost.

LARRY

Aw, come on, man. You don't know what the chain rule is?

John shrugs. Wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

LARRY

The chain rule is a rule for differentiating what?

Larry signals his hand, waiting for John's answer.

JOHN

I don't know.

LARRY

A rule for differentiating
compositions of functions. What
happened? You knew last night.

John turns to leave, but he stops and nods at Jill and Craig.
Craig smiles back, but Jill looks down uneasily. John and
Larry leave. Craig rubs Jill's arm.

CRAIG

Stop worrying, gorgeous.

He scratches his forearm. Jill looks at him and sees a red,
bumpy rash on his arm.

CRAIG

The worst that could happen is the
government try to raise the price
of the medicine so regular people
won't be able to afford it --

JILL

What's that on your arm? A rash?

CRAIG

Yeah. Something I ate or
something. Whatever.

He stands from the couch. She watches him for a moment, now,
noticing his soda can.

JILL

You don't drink pop.

CRAIG

You'd be surprised what you'd drink
when you're dehydrated.

She stares at him for another moment. She grabs her purse
and gets up, walking right behind him.

Craig walks out the door, and Jill keeps her eyes on him.
She opens the refrigerator and reaches for a beverage.
There's only a handful of drinks left.

She closes the refrigerator and walks to the door.

She stops, grabs at her hair like something's crawling on
her. Looks at her hand. Sees nothing. Leaves.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM

Jill stands in front of the mirror and pulls out a container of mascara. She dips her finger in the mascara and places her finger to her face. Stops.

She stares at her reflection, rubbing her face. She turns her head and examines her cheeks. She rubs her lips, noticing they're dry, cracked.

She digs back inside of her purse. Applies a tube of balm across her lips.

She grabs a piece of tissue from her purse and blows her nose, loud. She removes the tissue. A long, clear slime lingers from her nostril. She wipes it. Looks at the tissue.

A large chunk of rubbery, yellow mucus with strings of blood sits in the middle of the tissue. She freaks. Runs in the stall and flushes the tissue down the toilet.

INT. MAIN LAB

Jill sits at a station. Types from a piece of paper into her tablet. She pauses and rubs her arm from a chill in the room. Then scratches her forearm.

Dr. Mason and Vladimir are off in a corner having their usual private conversation. Vladimir coughs.

Craig sits at a microscope, his eye to the lens. Julius, beside him, falling asleep in his own hand.

Christian sits at a station with his earbuds in, his head down in his hand reading one of his comic books. He keeps coughing.

Darla sits at another station wearing her poncho around her shoulders, trying to shake the chill from her body.

Larry, across from John, rants about something, obviously, not very entertaining. John tries to smile, but he massages his forehead like his head hurts.

John looks at Jill and smiles, anyway. She just stares at him, now. She notices his pale, pasty skin. His eyes flutter, as if he can barely keep them open.

Vladimir walks to Jill. Startles her.

VLADIMIR

Jill. Floors.

JILL

Craig and Julius need me to record
Mr. Sheldon's last blood test --

VLADIMIR

You don't answer to Craig and
Julius. You answer to me and Dr.
Mason. Floors.

He walks off. She closes her laptop. Grabs the broom.
Sweeps. Thomas walks in. Takes a seat with Larry and John.

LARRY

Why you keep disappearing?

THOMAS

Man, I got the runs.

LARRY

I know something to cure that.

Larry pulls a reefer joint from his jacket pocket and hands
it to Thomas. Thomas sniffs the joint, lifts his alluring
brows. Places the joint in his own lab coat.

Larry's leg shakes uncontrollably. Thomas places his hand on
his knee.

THOMAS

That makes me nervous. You're the
only person I know who smokes weed
and don't mellow out.

LARRY

This shit just started.

Freddy walks in and hands Darla a half drunken orange juice.
She looks at the juice, then back at him.

FREDDY

I got thirsty on my way back.
There's not much left, Darla.

She snatches the container from him and swallows the juice
completely. Freddy makes another unusual face.

DARLA

I'm the one having the baby. Why's
there no fucking heat in here?

FREDDY

I know. They fixed the doors and
the windows, but no H-V-A-C.

DARLA

And stop making those ugly ass faces. I hate looking at you.

FREDDY

Sorry. It's like I have a side effect to a medicine, or something.

Thomas leaves the room again. Jill watches John, finally, get up from his seat, too. He walks to Dr. Mason.

JOHN

Excuse me, Mr. Dr. Mason. Is it fine if I take a little sleep in my room. I'm feeling real tired.

DR. MASON

Of course. We work. You rest.

JOHN

Thank you, sir, for giving me a second chance at life.

Everyone hears this. Christian, too, his one earbud pulled out of his ear. Craig watches from his station, wears a big, appreciative smile.

Dr. Mason places his hand on John's shoulder, an acute seriousness, then a genuine smile.

DR. MASON

This is what I was sent to do.

John smiles and nods. Walks to the door. Stops and looks at Jill. He gives her an even bigger smile, but she pretends not see him and keeps sweeping.

John leaves. Jill keeps her fearful eyes to the floor.

INT. BREAKROOM

Darla and Freddy eat and talk at their table. Darla, still with her poncho wrapped tightly around her arms.

Craig and Julius eat and drink at their usual table.

Christian sits on the lounge couch, holds his head, his eyes closed, earbuds in his ear.

Larry walks in, chews from a bag of chips. Crumbs all over his shirt. In a reefer-induced giggle fit.

Jill comes in, grabs a bottled water from the refrigerator. She walks toward Craig and Julius, mid-conversation.

JULIUS

I couldn't even tell you, man.
Like walking pneumonia. Tired all
the time, and I coughed, and it was
like some weird mucus chunk --

Craig waves at Julius to end the conversation when Jill takes a seat at their table. She didn't hear him.

CRAIG

What's up, gorgeous?

JULIUS

I heard what you said last night to
Mason about John's bumps. For-
real, for-real, I thought dude had
a bed rash from the hospital.

CRAIG

Initially, I thought he had ticks --

Christian coughs, like a wet gargle. Jill, Craig and Julius turn their noses up.

Thomas creeps in, like he's having a hard time walking. Rubs his forehead.

DARLA

Where you been, nasty ass?

THOMAS

What does it mean when you have
boils in the crack of your ass?

FREDDY

Poor nutrition, an allergy --

DARLA

Or your ass just ain't clean.

Everyone laughs. Thomas shrugs, not all that amused. Christian coughs again, loud. Everyone looks at him, now.

CRAIG

That cough's gross.
(to Jill, Julius)
When I was young, I had a fear of
mushrooms.

Jill looks at Craig, now. Wrinkles her brow.

CRAIG

I really hate those fucking things.
It's the spores and the gills and,
I swear, in my mind, they look like
they make weird sounds in my mind.

(VROOM pulsating noises)

Just nasty.

Julius and Jill laugh.

CRAIG

My uncle ran a mushroom farm in
Maryland, and my older brother used
to grab a handful of them
muthafuckers and throw them at me
when my uncle wasn't looking.

Jill sees Thomas. He sits at the table, holds his head.
Nobody pays attention. Carries on with their conversations.

CRAIG

There was this gigantic fungus by
the fence, and my brother pushed me
on it. That was the scariest shit,
like this nineteen sixty-something
Japanese movie about people
mutating into mushrooms --

Julius laughs out loud. Jill snickers under her hand.

CRAIG

When I fell on that thing, I swear,
it was humming in my ear, wrapped
its arms around me, taking me into
the bowels of hell.

JILL

How do you get over a fear like
that?

CRAIG

I just remember seeing stars, like
I was about to pass out, and I took
every ounce of whatever it was. I
pulled myself up, and I beat the
fuck out of that mushroom.

JILL

You beat up a mushroom --

CRAIG

Whooped that mushroom's ass.

The three laugh. Christian coughs. This time, stands from the couch, holds his mouth, his eyes wide, scared.

JULIUS

Shit, he's gonna blow --

Christian vomits, a heavy amount of clumpy blood in it. Everyone jumps to help, except Jill. She runs to the wall, her eyes closed, covers her mouth and nose.

DARLA

I'll get Dr. Mason --

Darla throws her poncho on the chair. Runs out of the room.

LARRY

Christian, you okay, man?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. I'm having a breakout.

He lifts his sleeve and unveils a pus-filled rash, a mirror image of John's rash.

CHRISTIAN

I had a reaction to peanuts before,
but not like this.

Jill hears this and opens her eyes. Doesn't turn around.

FREDDY

Nah.

Freddy pulls up his pant leg and exposes the identical reddish, bumpy rash, without the pus.

FREDDY

I think it's something we picked up
from this decrepit ass building --

Darla runs back in with Dr. Mason and Vladimir.

DR. MASON

Christian, you okay?

CHRISTIAN

Yeah. I'm okay.

Dr. Mason escorts him out. Vladimir stares around at the technicians and the vomit. His eyes shoot toward Jill. He shakes his disappointed head.

VLADIMIR

Don't all jump. I got this --

LARRY
No worries, man. It's all yours.

Craig walks to Jill. She's shaking.

CRAIG
Keep your eyes closed. I'll get
you out of here.

She nods. He grabs her shoulders, escorts her out, keeping her faced away from the vomit.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM S26

Christian sits on a bed. Vladimir holds a vial of his blood. Hands the vial to Craig.

Larry stays beside his friend, his camcorder sitting on a table, not recording.

Jill stands close to the door, not looking at the blood. Darla and Freddy watches as support. Larry films the ordeal.

CHRISTIAN
I'm fine. I just need sleep.

Christian gets ready to drink from a bottled water, but Vladimir snatches the bottle from him.

VLADIMIR
I'm not cleaning anymore vomit.

Thomas waddles in. He's in pain. He scratches his forearms. Sees the water bottle in Vladimir's hand.

FREDDY
You okay, Football?

THOMAS
Yeah. Can I get that water?

Vladimir hands the bottle to Thomas. He gorges it.

FREDDY
All that water's got you running.

Thomas finishes the water. Shrugs. Wipes his brow again.

THOMAS
Doc, can we turn the heat up?

DR. MASON

Sorry, Thomas. It's the one thing the government forgot to supply us with.

Thomas nods, but his eyes roll to the back of his head. He catches himself and re-focuses. Freddy bro-taps Thomas's shoulder, and Thomas flinches painfully, startling Freddy.

THOMAS

Can I get the keys? I need some Aspirin from the basement.

VLADIMIR

There's some in the back of the main lab.

FREDDY

Applying for the Guinness book? Need some help walking --

THOMAS

No, no. I'm good. I'll be back.

Thomas waddles back out the door. Freddy and Darla look at each other. Shrug.

DR. MASON

Can one of you take Christian home?

LARRY

I'm your man --

CHRISTIAN

No, I'm okay. Just really, really tired and extremely thirsty.

Christian pulls off his shoes and lies on the bed.

DARLA

Is it one of your allergies?

CHRISTIAN

Trust me, Darla. If it was one of my allergies, you'd all be trying to resuscitate me. It doesn't even feel like an allergy.

Dr. Mason rubs Christian's shoulder before leaving. Vladimir, Darla and Freddy leave, too.

LARRY

How long you want to sleep?

CHRISTIAN

Give me thirty. Or forty.

LARRY

You look like shit. Really. Not like the shit you normally look like. I mean runny shit.

Christian smirks and gives Larry the middle finger. Larry smiles, turns the light off. Closes the door.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

Thomas pushes the door open, blood dripping from the sides of his mouth, coughing. He holds onto the wall to keep balance.

He spews projectile vomit. He loses his balance and falls, chest-first.

He pushes himself off the floor. Inches to the sink. He peels his lab coat off, lifts his shirt to bare his back.

He looks at his reflection. His back reveals boils and bruises, red bumps and large, white pus-filled growths everywhere. He's scared.

He turns the water on, but the pressure's low. He lets the water run in his cupped hand, slurps the water. Splashes his face. Looks at the stall.

Now, he inches to the stall, holds onto the wall again. He falls to his knees by a toilet and scoops the water out, drinks.

INT. BACK ROOM

Larry's camcorder sits on a table while he smokes a joint. He takes another hit, blows out smoke. He puts the joint out on the table, and picks his camcorder up. Leaves.

HALL

Larry strolls along, his restless head jerks. Scratches his forearm through his lab coat. Pulls his sleeve up. Sees a rash, bruised and pus-filled.

He turns his nose up, but continues down the hall. Now, he scratches his shoulder.

He passes John Sheldon's room, the door closed. A sound of fluid SPLASHING to the floor.

Larry pushes the door open. Looks inside. His eyes wide.

LARRY
Holy shit --

INT. MAIN LAB

Dr. Mason, Vladimir and Julius are talking to each other.

Craig stands at the microscope looking through the eyepiece.

On the other side of the room, Freddy massages Darla's arms. She looks like she's in heavy pain.

Freddy turns into his coat sleeve and coughs. Makes another strange expression. Goes back to Darla's massage.

Jill walks to Dr. Mason, mid-conversation.

JILL
Dr. Mason?

She pulls him to the side and lowers her voice.

JILL
I was just--I'm worried about Christian. That cough. It elevated. It started dry, then it turned wet, and then he got sick --

DR. MASON
He'll be okay. This is an old building. All kinds of mold and dust. Usually happens to weaker immune systems.

Jill sees Vladimir looking over at her, giving her an unpleasant stare. She drops her timid eyes.

JILL
I've noticed everyone's breaking out in weird rashes, like John, and people are coughing and scratching themselves, and it just, just --

DR. MASON
Jill, Jill. Calm down. John's fine. It's just a lab infection, and trust me, it's not contagious.

Now, both Julius and Vladimir listen in on Jill and Dr. Mason's conversation.

JILL

At first, his rash looked like bug bites, but then he started having those weird bruises --

DR. MASON

Just a lab infection.

Vladimir, discreetly, lifts his sleeve, looks at a weird rash that's already formed a purple bruise. He pulls the sleeve down, glances at Julius. Julius doesn't see him.

CRAIG

Shit.

VLADIMIR

What?

Craig looks up from the microscope.

CRAIG

The medication. It's in Christian's blood.

DR. MASON

What? How?

Dr. Mason looks into the microscope at the blood slide.

JULIUS

He must've been taking the drug for his allergies?

DR. MASON

Why would he do that?

FREDDY

He wouldn't. He wouldn't take a risk with his health.

JULIUS

You have a better explanation for why the medicine's in his system?

FREDDY

No, but we know Christian. He wouldn't do that.

Dr. Mason and Vladimir look at each other, fear in Mason's eyes.

CRAIG

Even so, why would it make him sick? Mr. Sheldon's not sick. He's better than okay --

JILL

He's sick.

Everyone looks at her. She looks at everyone, but drops her unconfident eyes.

JILL

I mean, I think. He's lost a lot of weight. And that rash.

Darla sits up now, listens.

FREDDY

I have a rash.

Freddy pulls up his pant leg and reveals reddish bumps with purple bruises all over it.

DARLA

I have it on my back. I thought it was something we ate. What the fuck is this --

DR. MASON

Relax. I've had much worse infections. Vladimir and I have had the most interaction with John, and we don't have a rash. Whatever it is, it's not contagious, and it's not serious.

Vladimir's nervous eyes shift. Dr. Mason picks up a stethoscope and wraps it around his neck.

DR. MASON

We'll check on Christian, find out how the medicine got into his system, and we'll relish in the glory of our successful --

Larry runs to the doorway, anxious, sweating, out of breath.

LARRY

John's sick.

He runs out. They all chase after him.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM C22

Larry pushes the door open. Covers his nose and steps aside. Dr. Mason, Vladimir, and Julius walk in first, scared.

Freddy and Darla push their way in, their expressions the same. Darla covers her nose.

DARLA

Oh, fuck --

FREDDY

What the hell happened?

Now, Craig and Jill walk in. Jill stops.

John sits on his bed, slumped over, sweat pouring from his face, bloody vomit beneath his feet. He looks up, catches eyes with Jill.

His face thin, sunken like a skeleton. His eyes bleed, his nose oozes of long, clear slime. Jill runs out the door, Craig behind her.

INT. HALL

Jill stands against the wall, hyperventilates. Craig runs to her side.

JILL

I'm not going in there, Craig --

CRAIG

You don't have to. Stay out here.
We'll take care of it --

Vladimir runs out, hands his keys to Jill.

VLADIMIR

Jill, run down, grab rubber gloves
and goggles, and grab the mop and
pail from the supply closet --

CRAIG

I got it --

VLADIMIR

Jill's the lab assistant. She
remembers how to get to the
basement.

CRAIG

Come on, man. Stop.

Jill hyperventilates, her eyes closed, holds onto the wall for support. Vladimir watches her have her meltdown.

VLADIMIR

Never mind. Craig, get the supplies. Jill, help me change Mr. Sheldon's sheets.

Craig looks at him, angered.

CRAIG

Are you fucking serious --

VLADIMIR

Let's go, Jill.

Vladimir throws his keys at Craig. Craig catches them. Vladimir disappears back into the room while Jill struggles to catch her breath. Craig grabs her arm.

CRAIG

Jill, you don't have to do this.

She peels herself from the wall and leans on Craig.

JILL

Just go grab the supplies.

CRAIG

I'll be back as fast as I can.

She nods. He runs down the hall. Jill turns back into John's room.

PATIENT'S ROOM C22

Jill keeps her eyes closed, her hand over her nose. She glues herself to the wall closest to the door. Dr. Mason holds John's hand.

DR. MASON

John, can you hear me?

Larry's shaky hands videotape while Julius, Freddy and Darla stand behind Dr. Mason. John opens his mouth to speak. Nothing comes out.

VLADIMIR

Have him squeeze your hand if he understands you.

DR. MASON

John, if you understand me, squeeze my hand.

Jill turns around. Sees John's pale face looking at her, again. His eyes dark, frightened, almost pleading for help. He leans over. Vomits.

Jill turns back to the wall, her face buried in her hands. She's shaking.

FREDDY

What the hell is this?

DR. MASON

I don't know. We need to re-evaluate this medicine.

FREDDY

No shit --

JILL

Ebola.

Everyone turns to Jill. She keeps her frightened face toward the wall, tears streaming down her face. Her voice trembles.

JILL

Vomiting, severe weight loss, bleeding from different orifices, raised rash.

Everyone looks around at each other, scared.

DARLA

Ebola? What the fuck?

DR. MASON

He doesn't have Ebola. It's some sort of, uh, reaction to the medication --

DARLA

Oh, really? 'Cuz I thought it was just a lab infection.

DR. MASON

I did, too. Maybe it's a little more serious than we thought.

VLADIMIR

Jill. Sheets.

DR. MASON
Vladimir, not now.

Vladimir side-eyes Dr. Mason. Turns his disgust on Jill.
John breaths harder. Scopes Vladimir's bandaged hand.

VLADIMIR
You don't do shit.

JILL
I'm sorry, I just can't --

DR. MASON
Jill, you don't have to --

VLADIMIR
Who'd you blow to get the lab
assistant title?

DR. MASON
Vladimir --

Jill snuffles, never turns away from the wall. Wipes her
runny nose with her sleeve.

JULIUS
For-real, for-real, can we focus on
Mr. Sheldon?

VLADIMIR
Do us a favor and see if Heavenly
Taco needs a cashier. Stop wasting
everybody's time pretending to be
in the medical --

John grabs Vladimir's bandaged hand with his teeth. Vladimir
SCREAMS. Jill turns, now. Sees the commotion. She SCREAMS.

John bites Vladimir's hand, sucking his blood. Julius and
Freddy pull John away. They strap him to the bed.

Vladimir moves away, in complete shock, holding his arm,
looking at his blood-gushing hand.

DR. MASON
Take him to get bandaged, Darla.

Darla grabs Vladimir's shoulders. Escorts him out. Everyone
looks at each other.

JULIUS
We need to get Mr. Sheldon hooked
up --

DR. MASON
Yeah, yeah, get him in.

Julius and Freddy wheel John's hospital bed out of the room stepping over the vomit. Larry follows, records John. He glances at Dr. Mason, worried, disappointed.

Dr. Mason walks to Jill. She keeps trembling, doesn't see him. He steps in front of her, grabs her shoulders. She's at a standstill.

DR. MASON
Jill? You okay?

But she can't speak. She stares at him, terrified.

DR. MASON
Jill?

He rubs her arms. She still doesn't budge. He places a soft kiss on her lips. They close their eyes, in a heated embrace.

She takes a breather, still trembling, but more calm. Opens her eyes. Craig stands in the doorway, his rubber gloves on, mop and pail in hand. Saw the whole thing.

Jill and Dr. Mason see Craig's hurt face. Craig and Jill catch eyes. She places her head down.

DR. MASON
I'll, uh, check on Mr. Sheldon.
And Vladimir.

Dr. Mason walks out nervously past Craig. Craig and Jill stare at each other for a moment, her body still trembles.

She places her head down. Holds onto the wall. Leaves.

INT. HALL

Thomas, out of breath, his face pale, his eyes rolling to the back of his head, scales the wall to walk.

He sees a rat scurry. He follows the rodent into a room.

INT. GENERAL PATIENT'S ROOM

Vladimir sits on a bed. Darla re-bandages his hand. Dr. Mason watches, his hand on his chin, disappointed.

Jill watches, too, but stays close to the door, again. Larry video records Vladimir.

VLADIMIR

Stupid ass shit sucking son of a
bitch bastard motherfucker --

Darla tightens the bandage. Vladimir SCREAMS. He knocks Larry's camcorder from his eye. Dr. Mason closes his eyes, lowers his distressed head into his hand.

VLADIMIR

Go film that sick asshole in the
other room.

Larry stops recording, shrugs. Vladimir coughs in his jacket. Freddy and Julius walk in. They look shattered.

JULIUS

Doc, Mr. Sheldon's all hooked up.

DR. MASON

What are we looking at?

Freddy and Julius glance at each other.

JULIUS

If he makes it through the night,
I'd be surprised. Should we call
the officials and tell them --

Dr. Mason sighs. Drops his head. Jill's lips quiver as she holds back tears.

DR. MASON

No, no. We'll monitor him and try
to help the best way we can.

Craig walks in. He and Jill briefly catch eyes. Jill sees Julius smack his own arm. He grabs for something underneath his jacket's sleeve like something's crawling on him.

Freddy makes another weird face, but this time, his face stays ugly, longer than before.

DR. MASON

If need be, we just keep him
medicated and in as less pain as
possible on his journey home.

CRAIG

On his journey home? So we just
give up and let him die?

DR. MASON
No, we're not giving up --

VLADIMIR
That motherfucker should die. You see what he did to me? Dehydrated son of a bitch. Sucking my blood, like a fucking bed bug.

Dr. Mason rolls his eyes while Vladimir rubs his injured hand.

Jill wrinkles her brow, grabs the back of her neck. Craig sees her. They look at each other. She's aware of something.

Now, Dr. Mason and Julius see her. She scratches her arms through her jacket. Runs out the room.

CRAIG
What?

INT. BREAKROOM

Jill turns the corner, Craig, Dr. Mason and Julius behind her. She walks to the lounge couch. Looks at it closely.

Now, Darla, Freddy and Larry run in.

DARLA
What's going on?

Jill bends to her knees, glides her finger along the pillow. She lifts the pillows, drops her mouth.

Everyone's mouths drop. HUNDREDS OF BED BUGS inside the sofa.

LARRY
Oh, hell no --

JULIUS
Holy shit. For-real, for-real?

CRAIG
Are those bed bugs?

Everyone scratches themselves. Jill looks closer. Some of the bugs move. The others, dead. A clear liquid substance surround the bugs.

Jill and Dr. Mason bend for a better view.

JULIUS

Don't get close. Those things suck blood.

CRAIG

What's that slimy stuff?

JILL

I don't know. A lot of them are dead.

JULIUS

We left John's clothes here, first night he came in. He must've brought them in.

Freddy coughs in his fist hand. Breaths a relieved sigh.

FREDDY

At least we know why we're breaking out, now.

DARLA

Yeah. It wasn't Ebola after all, huh?

DR. MASON

I'll call an exterminator.

JILL

We should evaluate this slimy stuff, right?

DR. MASON

I don't really know why.

Jill stands from the floor. Stares at Dr. Mason, fearfully.

JILL

I've never seen anything like this before.

CRAIG

I'll grab tweezers from main lab.

Craig jets out the door. Jill and Darla look at each other. Darla rolls her eyes, focuses her attention on Dr. Mason.

DARLA

John's insides are coming out. That shit's kind of important, right, Dr. Mason?

DR. MASON

Right. Let's figure out how that drug got in Christian's system and how to get it out. Fred, you reach Thomas?

FREDDY

No. He's here somewhere. I can check the bathroom.

DR. MASON

Do that. Larry, wake Christian and bring him to main lab. We should all meet there in about twenty.

Larry salutes Dr. Mason. Leaves with his camcorder. Darla, Freddy, and Julius leave.

Jill stays fixed on the bug-infested couch. Dr. Mason checks and makes sure everyone's gone. He touches Jill's shoulder, kisses her cheek. They both smile, now.

He walks out. Jill concentrates on the couch.

Craig runs in carrying two pairs of goggles, rubber gloves, tweezers and a couple of clear, cylinder tubes. He watches Jill.

CRAIG

Jill?

She jumps. Turns to him. He hands her a pair of rubber gloves. They put their gloves on. She glances at him.

JILL

Funny, I took this job hoping I'd be cured of my Hemophobia. Now, I think I have a fear of everything bodily fluid related.

He smirks. Still, quietly, hurt.

JILL

This marriage thing. It gets weird sometimes.

Now, he looks up at her. Hands her a pair of goggles.

JILL

My daddy used to say, "Jillian Ann, you ain't going on no dates till ya' forty. If I let you out with Jimmie Junior and Billy Bo, you'll be a bad woman."

They laugh. She wraps the goggles around her head. He places his on, too. She's downtrodden.

JILL

He wasn't right about everything,
but he was right about some things.
I should've been a better listener.

CRAIG

You're not a bad person. Life
happens. All the time.

He hands her a clear, cylinder tube and a pair of tweezers. They smile at each other.

INT. HALL

Darla and Freddy walk together. Freddy texts on his cellphone. They stop at the main lab's door.

DARLA

Run back in the breakroom and get
me a pop.

FREDDY

Darla, ain't nothing left. I'm
thirsty, too. Besides, you
shouldn't be drinking that shit --

DARLA

Well, you better find me something.
If it's muthafucking tap water --

FREDDY

I'm still trying to find Thomas.
Where the hell could he be?

He keeps texting.

DARLA

Okay with my drink --

FREDDY

Okay, okay. I'm going.

He turns around. She watches him leave before stopping at the door and holding her stomach. She closes her eyes, in pain. Breaths deep. Pulls herself together. Walks into the main lab.

Freddy keeps down the hall, pressing buttons on his cellphone. He places the phone to his ear.

From a far distance, a RINGING phone. He stops. Looks around.

He turns down an infamously dark, unused hall. The RINGING, louder.

He stops in front of a door. Opens it.

DARK ROOM

Freddy looks in. Places his hand over his nose. He reaches for a light switch on the wall. The light doesn't come on.

At a distance, a cellphone on the floor lights the room. Freddy picks the phone up. The phone's screen cracked, still RINGS.

CELLPHONE

On the screen, the caller reads: "FREDDY."

BACK TO SCENE

Freddy looks around. Sees nothing. Looks at the cracked phone. The ringing stops.

A strange, off-rhythmic PANTING accompanied by a WHISTLE. He turns to the door.

FREDDY

Football?

A large figure stands beside the door, PANTS, WHISTLES.

FREDDY

Tom? That you?

Freddy moves closer to the person. The person remains still, just breaths.

FREDDY

Tom?

Freddy walks to the breathy figure. Stops. Hits a button on his own cellphone. Places the cellphone to the entity for a better look.

The cellphone light reveals Thomas, his face slimy, bloody.

FREDDY

Shit--What happened --

Thomas reaches for Freddy. Freddy stumbles and falls backward. His phone flies across the floor.

Freddy scoots toward the door. Thomas grabs Freddy's ankle. Pulls Freddy into him. He lies his large, football body on top of Freddy. Freddy SCREAMS.

Thomas's skin pasty, dry. Blood and thick snot falls from his mouth and nose, all over Freddy, in his mouth. Freddy tries to turn his head.

Thomas snaps Freddy's head to the side. Bites a wad of flesh from his neck, but spits the flesh out and slurps his blood.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM C26

Larry pushes the door open.

LARRY
Chris, you here?

Christian's not there. Larry sees something on the floor. Dips down for a better look. Pushes it with his finger.

It's a flesh chunk. He looks around. Stands. Leaves.

INT. BASEMENT

Larry walks down stairs. Stops at the landing. Adjusts his eyes to the dark.

LARRY
Chris, you down here?

Larry coughs, places his hand over his nose from a stench. Flips a light switch, but the light doesn't come on. He rolls his eyes. Walks back upstairs.

A strange WHEEZING heard in the back corner. Then, SUCKING.

In a corner, a pile of dead rats lie on top of each other, their blood completely drained.

INT. MAIN LAB - LATER

Craig stands over a microscope, observes one of the bed bugs. Jill sits beside him.

Darla, at her station, looks through her microscope. She stops, closes her eyes, takes a large, painful breather.

Beside her, a soda can. She picks up the can. Drinks, but there's hardly anything left. She shakes the can. Places the can back down.

CRAIG

How'd this go so wrong?

Jill watches Darla take big breaths. Darla opens her eyes and sees Jill looking at her. Darla gives Jill the 'what are you looking at?' stare. Jill turns away uncomfortably.

CRAIG

Took me a minute, but I just knew this would be the medical breakthrough of a lifetime. There goes my scholarship to the U.

He looks back into the eyepiece. Jill glances at Darla. Darla's eyes closed, again.

Julius walks in. Flops in a seat, rests his head in his hands. Almost looks like he fell asleep.

CRAIG

How's John?

Julius places his head back in his chair. Releases a sigh.

JULIUS

Still hooked up to feeding tubes. I just feel bad for him, man. He was, so, looking forward to seeing his family in Tennessee. And eating some shit called Cha-Cha.

Darla leaves. Jill watches.

CRAIG

I knew. I didn't believe in this from the start.

JULIUS

The active ingredient is a real life plant from the rainforest.

Craig shrugs nonchalantly, keeping his eye to the microscope.

JULIUS

Maybe it's us. Maybe we should've done something differently.

Jill looks at the can of soda sitting at Darla's station.

CRAIG

Let's just try to figure out how to reverse it. Maybe we can save Mr. Sheldon.

Julius scratches his arms. Craig continues looking through the eyepiece. He turns to write something on a piece of paper.

Jill walks to Darla's station. Picks up the soda can.

JILL

Maybe you should trace all of John's actions. Like drinking pop.

They turn to her. She shakes the can of soda. There's only a few drops left, but enough to make a rumble in the can.

JULIUS

Sodas have nothing to do with anything, Jill. I'm talking about the incompatibilities of the plant with the chemicals. Carbon twelve, hydrogen twenty-two, nitrogen, oxygen.

She places her head down. Catches eyes with Craig.

CRAIG

She's right. Everything should be taken into accountability. Julius, grab me one of those pipettes. Jill, hand me that soda can.

Julius shakes his head, and Jill cracks a tiny smile.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM

Darla sits on a toilet in a stall urinating, holding her stomach. She keeps her teeth clinched. She's hurting.

She coughs and flinches, urine still pouring into the toilet.

The waterworks stop, and she uses her strength to stand. The waterfall begins again. She cries. Sits back on the toilet.

She stands and looks down. The toilet's filled with blood.

DARLA

Oh my God --

She loses her balance and falls to her knees crying, blood still pouring from her.

She pushes herself to her feet and stumbles to the door. She pushes the door, but falls back to the floor. She scoots herself out.

HALL

In the "light-flickering" hall, Darla's torso hangs out of the bathroom door. She pushes herself from the bathroom and rolls on her back. Coughs and holds her belly.

She pushes her back against the wall and spreads her legs. She GRUNTS, CRIES. She's going into premature labor.

INT. MAIN LAB

Julius stands before a microscope, looks at a slide through an eyepiece. Dr. Mason and Jill watch.

Craig, still at another microscope, evaluates another slide.

Vladimir sits on a stool, massages his twice-injured hand bonded in a hand wrap. Looks like he'd rather be anywhere but here.

Julius moves from the microscope and signals for Dr. Mason. Dr. Mason looks into the eyepiece.

DR. MASON

What am I looking at?

JULIUS

This was Mr. Sheldon's blood when we first put our medicine in him.

Julius removes the slide. Places another slide under the eyepiece. Adjusts the objective lens. Dr. Mason examines the slide.

DR. MASON

My lord. What is this?

JULIUS

The medicine combined with soda.
Jill's idea.

Vladimir takes a glimpse at Jill.

DR. MASON

What's it doing?

JULIUS

It's melting the Marshian flower completely. Liquefied.

Dr. Mason looks up from the microscope. Everyone turns to Julius, now.

JULIUS

Despite popular rumor, Ebola doesn't really liquefy the eternal organs, but our medicine combined with the soda, turned acidic.

DR. MASON

What does that mean?

JULIUS

Our medicine's liquefying Mr. Sheldon's organs.

Everyone looks around at each other.

INT. BREAKROOM

Larry walks in. Opens the refrigerator. When he doesn't see anything left, he slams the door.

He looks around the room and spots a bottle of juice sitting on a table. He picks it up and starts drinking, but there's just a drop left. He slams the empty bottle in the garbage.

He glances at the bug-ridden couch, turns his nose up.

He walks back to the sink and turns the water on. He places his head underneath the trickling faucet. Drinks.

INT. BASEMENT

Someone limps up the stairs, WHEEZING.

INT. MAIN LAB

Jill, frightened, moves away from her colleagues, watching Julius and Vladimir argue with each other.

Dr. Mason, for the first time panicked, paces the room.

Even Craig looks distressed. Keeps one eye on the microscope's eyepiece and the other on Dr. Mason.

VLADIMIR

When we researched the Marshian flower, we checked for everything. How the fuck could we have known something as basic as a soda would cause this to happen?

JULIUS

Obviously, everything didn't get checked. No matter how much fluid we pump back into John, it won't matter. Way to fucking go.

Vladimir wrinkles his brow, turns upset.

VLADIMIR

Way to fucking go? I didn't see anybody else spending time in a hot rainforest, night and day, putting themselves at risk of leeches, snakes, poisonous trees, fucking lawyer vine looking for a cure --

CRAIG

Hey --

JULIUS

For-real, for-real, tell it to Mr. Sheldon.

Vladimir runs to Julius and shoves him. Dr. Mason pulls Vladimir back, but Julius pushes Vladimir to his butt.

VLADIMIR

Unappreciative bastard. We can't help it that this happened. Our job is to save lives --

JULIUS

Save lives? Does that motherfucker look like he's going to make it?

CRAIG

Hey, listen.

Vladimir picks himself off the floor. Everyone turns to Craig.

CRAIG

That slimy stuff in the bugs? It's the medicine, too.

Dr. Mason runs to Craig, everyone else right behind him.

DR. MASON
How can that be? That's
impossible.

CRAIG
These bugs are barely bugs anymore.
I'm not sure if this goo shit is
coming out of them, or if they're
turning into it.

Dr. Mason stares at Craig, the most lost expression, just shaking his head in disbelief.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM C22

The sound of HEAVY BREATHING.

JOHN'S FEET steps onto the floor from the bed. His feeding tubes pulled out, fall beside his feet. He moves toward the door. Droplets of blood drips from his body.

He opens the door.

INT. MAIN LAB

Julius paces the room while Vladimir watches him, still upset. Dr. Mason types into a computer. He's panicking.

Jill and Craig keep glancing at each other like something's on their minds.

VLADIMIR
I don't see how the hell a drug we
administered to a patient is found
in a shit-load of bed bugs. That
makes zero to no fucking sense.

CRAIG
I don't know. Maybe Mr. Sheldon's
pores were spewing the medicine.

VLADIMIR
Spewing medicine? Welcome to
community college education.

They all turn to Vladimir as he coughs into his jacket's sleeve. Dr. Mason keeps typing.

JULIUS
Don't be facetious --

VLADIMIR

Let's get real. Christian took the medicine for his allergies, and somebody injected the medicine into those bugs.

CRAIG

Wow. Sounds like you didn't even bother with college.

VLADIMIR

Drugs do not pick themselves out of someone's body and just casually inject themselves in whatever the hell it feels like --

Craig jumps out of his seat, pissed.

CRAIG

Did I say this made sense? I don't know how this drug keeps appearing and reappearing in places it shouldn't be, either. Like you, I'm not a professional, I haven't taken fifteen fucking years of school, and I haven't been researching this plant.

Jill breaths hard. She's scared of something. Scratches her arms, looks at everyone.

VLADIMIR

I'm quite aware you're no lab technologist, but keep studying.

JULIUS

We can keep going toe to toe with the insults, but the fact remains. You fucked up --

JILL

It's the bugs. I think they're infecting the technicians.

They all turn to her. Even Dr. Mason.

INT. HALL

Larry strolls, holding his camcorder, but not recording. He scratches his arm, his restlessness, now, more like a nervous jerking.

He scratches his head. Looks at his hand. He holds a plug of his hair along with a chunk of his head.

LARRY

What the fuck?

He stares at the head piece, petrified. He's in a marijuana-induced stupor.

He throws the flesh across the hall. Touches the top of his head. He flinches. Rushes down the hall.

A loud SLURPING, like someone drinking from a straw.

Larry walks past a side hall, it's lights flickering. He hears the slurping. Walks back. Looks.

Darla, on her hands and knees, her face pressed against a clump of flesh. He moves in for a closer look.

LARRY

Darla?

The fleshy clump, her unborn baby, still attached to the umbilical cord.

Larry GASPS, and she turns around, blood dripping from her mouth. An additional trail of blood runs down her legs.

Her eyes wide, frightened. She looks down at her bloody hands. Waddles up from the floor and proceeds toward Larry. He bolts down the hall.

INT. MAIN LAB

Everyone keeps a steady stare on Jill. She's frightened.

VLADIMIR

Bed bugs can't spread diseases.

JULIUS

I'm no bugs-pert like you, Jill,
but that's impossible. Right?

Jill looks at Dr. Mason and Craig.

JILL

Not necessarily.

VLADIMIR

There's never been any proven case
of bed bugs transmitting diseases.

JILL

Bed bugs are like mosquitoes. They have long beaks that they stick into their hosts. When mosquitoes transmit diseases, they do it through their saliva.

JULIUS

But bedbugs aren't mosquitoes.

JILL

I know, I know. But, bedbugs can be carriers of more than forty microorganisms in their feces, saliva, their stomachs --

DR. MASON

I don't think so, Jill. It's never been scientifically proven.

Craig stares between Jill and Dr. Mason. Jill places her inferior head down. She catches eyes with Craig. His inquisitive stare redeems her confidence.

JILL

Dr. Mason, is there some other reason you think the medicine's in the couch, the bugs, and in Christian?

DR. MASON

Like Vladimir said, someone was experimenting. The bugs were feeding on the medicine on the couch --

JILL

Bed bugs feed on blood. Not food. Not anything but blood.

Dr. Mason shakes his head, disagreeing. Vladimir smirks to himself and rolls his eyes. Craig and Julius listen closely.

JILL

Vladimir, you said it yourself. When Mr. Sheldon attacked you, he was trying to suck your blood, like a bed bug.

Vladimir stops smirking. Looks to Dr. Mason.

JILL

Studies were old and didn't benefit from modern tools to identify microorganisms. There's still ongoing research to determine whether transmission is possible. Everything's not yet discovered --

VLADIMIR

Did I speak a foreign language? You're implying that we have a patient who's turned into a massive bed bug and needs to suck the blood from his hosts to survive?

JILL

Everyone's coughing, scratching themselves, breaking out in strange rashes. All of our beverages in the refrigerator are gone.

Vladimir flags her off. Craig stands from his station, now, a panicked look on his face.

CRAIG

Freddy making the strange facial expressions, Thomas with the butt boils, the temp in this place dropping at a massive rate --

JULIUS

The temp didn't drop. Our body temperatures are dropping, isn't it?

CRAIG

We have symptoms of patients with major and minor side effects of a medication.

JULIUS

And symptoms of a medication overdose. On top of these strange breakouts and...loss of bodily fluids.

VLADIMIR

Are you all, seriously, listening to this twit? She's implying that we're metamorphosing into bugs.

JILL

I'm implying that the bugs transmitted the acidic medicine to us through their saliva or feces. We're not turning into massive bed bugs. Our internal organs are liquefying, just like Mr. Sheldon.

Dr. Mason widens his eyes. The look of doom. Turns to Vladimir. Vladimir, silenced now. His scared eyes shifts around the room.

Craig and Julius turn to each other. Jill looks at Vladimir, annoyed. She has the upper hand, now.

JILL

Did I say that in English?

Vladimir stares at her, surprised.

DR. MASON

Everyone sat on that couch.

JILL

By now, they could be all over the hospital --

A BANG. Scares everyone. They turn around. It's Larry at the door, terrified, anxious. He's sweating. Says nothing. Doesn't even come in. Shakes his head. Takes off down the hall.

They look at each other, confused. Chase after him.

FRONT ENTRANCE

Larry runs toward the door. Vladimir, Dr. Mason, Jill, Craig and Julius, close behind him.

CRAIG

Larry, what's going on?

LARRY

Darla, in the back fucking hall slurping on a dead fucking baby! Fuck this shit! I'm out --

Larry pushes the door, but it doesn't budge.

LARRY

The fuck --

CRAIG

The doors are locked?

Everyone turns to Dr. Mason, scared.

DR. MASON

After Mr. Sheldon got sick, we--I
couldn't take any chances.
Whatever it was, I had to make sure
it didn't get past these walls.

LARRY

The fuck we supposed to do?

Larry HITS the door.

JILL

Where's everybody else?

They all look around at each other. Larry shivers profusely,
his shaky hand reaches for his missing head piece.

Jill turns her nose up. Craig, too. Something stinks. They
look at each other.

Larry moves his hand and stares at his palm. He holds
another chunk of bloody hair. Jill freaks out. Shakes.

John, dark bags under his eyes, bleeding from his eyes and
nose, lurks from the corner hall beside Larry. Grabs Larry's
jacket. Larry SCREAMS. Trips and falls.

Everyone else SCREAMS. Jill hyperventilates.

John falls on top of Larry, sucks the wound on the top of his
head.

LARRY

Get him off --

Dr. Mason, Craig and Julius pull John off of Larry, but John
sinks his teeth into Julius's arm. A few of his fragile
teeth fall to the floor.

JULIUS

Muthafuck --

Julius kicks John in the head. John's soft, rotted fleshy
head smashes inward, leaves a huge indentation. Jill
SCREAMS.

Vladimir watches from a distance, inching halfway back down
the hall, too scared to run. He turns around. Behind him,
Thomas, holds his own butt, limps down the hall, slow.

Vladimir can't move. Stunned. Jill turns, now. Sees what Vladimir sees. They both watch.

DR. MASON

Everybody, get to the main lab!

Dr. Mason and Craig hold Larry up and carry him and his camcorder down the hall. John, his dented head, oozing clear and white phlegm from his mouth, tries to get up, but unsuccessful.

Now, everyone else sees Thomas moving in their direction. Behind him, further down the hall, Christian, sucking on a rat. Walking towards them, as well.

Christian spots his colleagues. He tosses the rat to the side, and limps for the help of his friends. Rat blood dribbles from his mouth.

But they're all terrified. Craig releases Larry, and Julius takes over. Craig runs to Jill and grabs her hand. Pulls her close.

They run to Vladimir, waking him from his daze. They're all able to run past Thomas and Christian. Dr. Mason, Julius and Larry right behind them.

MAIN LAB

They all run in. Dr. Mason locks the door behind him.

Jill stands over a garbage bin, gagging. She spits up blood, now. She wipes her mouth. Turns her frightened eyes at Craig.

Vladimir stays to himself in a corner and balls up like a little kid, shivering.

Julius's shaky hands wraps a head bandage around Larry's head. Craig places two chairs together. They lie Larry on the chairs.

Dr. Mason keeps his back against the door. Everyone looks at him.

DR. MASON

I'll fix this. I don't know how,
but I promise. I'll fix this.

JULIUS

This can't be fixed.

LARRY

You see my fucking head? Did you see Thomas and Christian? John Sheldon? He was eating me --

DR. MASON

I can get us out of here. I'll call someone. Just--Just give me time. I'll call the government officials.

Vladimir wrinkles his brow to Dr. Mason. Dr. Mason drops his, almost, ashamed head.

JILL

You can't go back out there --

JULIUS

You'd never make it, Dr. Mason.

SCRATCHING on the other side of the door. Then, a wiggle at the door knob. Everyone looks. Dr. Mason keeps his back on the door.

DR. MASON

It's the only thing we have left. I have to go.

CRAIG

I'll go with you --

DR. MASON

No. No. You all stay here. I can get to my office, call the government, and I promise, we'll be out of here in no time.

Dr. Mason and Vladimir catch eyes. Vladimir looks away.

DR. MASON

When I leave, keep this door locked, and don't open it, under any circumstances, until you hear me come back.

Now, Dr. Mason and Jill catch eyes. She shakes her head in a quiet protest to stay. He smiles. Grabs her shoulders.

DR. MASON

I'm coming back. Promise.

She nods nervously, tries not to look at him. Her eyes drift to Craig, and he keeps his hurt eyes down. She looks back at Dr. Mason now, more confidently.

JILL

Don't take too long.

He rubs her chin. He walks to a station. Grabs a pair of long, sharp sheers. Julius holds his hand over the lock. Dr. Mason nods to him.

Julius unlocks the door and swings it open. Dr. Mason holds the sheers upward, protecting himself from his sick technicians on the other side of the door.

Thomas grabs at Dr. Mason, but Dr. Mason stabs at the air to keep Thomas back. Julius slams the door shut and locks it.

JULIUS

Holy fucking shit. We're screwed.

They all look around at each other.

INT. MAIN LAB - LATER

Julius paces, looking at his watch. Coughing.

Larry shivers underneath his lab jacket, his face pasty-pale, his lips dry and crusty. His eyes blood red.

Craig rubs Jill's trembling arms over her lab jacket. She and Vladimir keep glancing at each other. Vladimir drops his eyes. He seems dejected.

JULIUS

We can't just sit in here waiting, for-real, for-real. We got to see if we can help Dr. Mason.

CRAIG

We don't have another choice. We need the help of the government.

JULIUS

Yeah, to do what? Evaluate the last of us, quarantine us, and put us down like dogs?

JILL

It's better than dying in here. I have faith in Dr. Mason. He'll be able to get the government to help us.

Jill and Vladimir catch a glance again. Vladimir drops his eyes again. Jill wrinkles her brow, confused.

Larry coughs.

JULIUS

He better hurry. Larry's getting sicker, and I don't feel all that great, either. We need some water in here, like, now.

CRAIG

Why don't we just go out there and see if we can help Dr. Mason --

JILL

I can't go back out there.

JULIUS

Vladimir, how do we open the security doors?

VLADIMIR

I don't know. And even if I did, I wouldn't tell you. Like Dr. Mason said, this, whatever it is, can't leave this hospital.

Craig sighs. Turns to Jill.

CRAIG

Jill, stay here with Larry and Vladimir. We'll go see if we can help Dr. Mason --

VLADIMIR

Of course. Leave me with this buffoon.

CRAIG

Look, we need help. We don't have time to be fucking around --

LARRY

Guys, I need a drink.

JULIUS

Yeah, same here. We got to do something fast.

She snuffles and wipes tears from her eyes. Craig holds her. Vladimir rolls his eyes. Coughs.

CRAIG

We'll get out. Promise.

VLADIMIR

Geez, will somebody ask the brilliant lab assistant to call her husband, the army general?

They all turn to Jill. Her mouth opens, her eyes glow. She wipes the tears from her cheek. She forgot.

JILL

Steven --

She runs to her purse and pulls out her cellphone. Dials a number.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steven sits in his personal chair, the lights dim. Sips a glass of cognac, a CLASSICAL SONG playing behind him. He holds a steady stare, like he's pissed.

His cellphone sits on a table beside him. BUZZES. He picks the phone up, presses a button. On the phone screen, Jill appears. He says nothing.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL

Jill sees Steven, stone faced, on the phone. She wrinkles her brow.

JILL

Steven?

STEVEN (ON PHONE)

Yeah.

JILL

Steven, you have to help us. Something went wrong with our experiment, and our patient got really sick, and now, everyone else is sick and we're locked in this hospital, but we've been in here for a while and we're scared --

STEVEN (ON PHONE)

Slow down. I can't keep up. What's going on?

She turns her phone on Larry, lying on the chairs, shivering under the blanket. Now, Steven looks concerned. She turns the phone back on herself.

JILL

We have to get out of here, Steven.
We're, like, quarantined in here
until the head doctor can get
someone to help, but I don't know
how long we can stay here.

Jill looks at Larry. His nose bleeds down his face.

STEVEN (ON PHONE)

What happened down there, Jill?

INT. JILL'S HOUSE

JILL (ON PHONE)

There was a complication with a
drug we were making for a
Schizophrenic patient.

Steven eyeballs something in the room beside him.

JILL (ON PHONE)

It was a healing drug from a
Malaysian rainforest that our head
doctor was researching.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL

Vladimir looks upward at Jill while she's on her phone. He
uses his hands to rub away the itchiness of his arms.

JILL

It's a real long story, but there's
a possibility that the head doctor
may not have made it to, even, call
anyone to help us --

STEVEN (ON PHONE)

Dr. George Mason.

JILL

Yes. Dr. Mason --

Julius hands Jill Larry's camcorder.

JULIUS

Show him the video --

JILL

Yeah, yeah. Look.

Jill stares at the camcorder's buttons, not knowing what to do. Craig presses a couple of buttons. Leans the camcorder's LCD monitor into Jill's phone for Steven to see.

CAMCORDER MONITOR

John sits on the bed, holding Dr. Mason's hand. Vladimir to the side of him, Julius, Freddy and Darla behind them.

VLADIMIR (V.O.)
Have him squeeze your hand if he understands you.

DR. MASON (V.O.)
John, if you understand me, squeeze my hand.

John looks at something toward the door. Leans over. Vomits.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. JILL'S HOUSE

Steven watches the video, his eyes widen. He's disgusted.

STEVEN
My lord.

JILL (ON PHONE)
We're all going to end up like this. You're all we have. We got nothing else. Please.

STEVEN
I'll get you out. Don't worry.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL

The technicians sigh in relief. Jill breaks a smile. Even Vladimir takes a breather. Looks upward to the heavens.

Julius runs to Larry, placing his hand on his shoulder.

JULIUS
We're almost out of here.

Larry tries to nod, but he can't stop shivering. Julius coughs into his own jacket, and now he sees a small blood stain he's left behind. He's scared.

Jill looks back at the technicians. Backs to her husband. Lowers her voice to a whisper.

JILL
Thank you. I love you, so, so,
much.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE

Steven wrinkles his brow.

JILL (ON PHONE)
You mean the world to me, and I
never really told you how much I
appreciate you.

Steven's eyes drift beside him, again.

JILL (ON PHONE)
I can't tell you how sorry I am --

STEVEN
How many of you there?

JILL (ON PHONE)
We started as a team of ten,
including the patient, but right
now, there's only five of us here.
I think everyone's --

STEVEN
How many are sick, Jill?

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL

Jill looks at the monstrous rash on her own arm.

JILL
All of us.

VLADIMIR
Tell your husband that we have to
be removed from here carefully --

JILL
Yeah, yeah. Steven, everything's
got to be done carefully because
whatever it is, the others can't
get out. I think they're too far
gone --

STEVEN (ON PHONE)
Jill? Oh, Jill?

Steven reaches for something beside him. Holds Jill's journal to the phone. Her eyes, stunned in place.

STEVEN (ON PHONE)
You left something.

Everyone listens.

Steven turns pages with his free hand. Holds the open book to the phone for all to see, set on a particular page.

STEVEN (ON PHONE)
You wouldn't happen to know what this reads, would you?

Jill stares at the phone, her eyes beginning to water.

STEVEN (ON PHONE)
How about an excerpt. "When George thrusts inside of me, so hot, so heavy, I could've died a happy woman --"

JILL
Steve, it's not what you think --

STEVEN (ON PHONE)
"I felt myself falling deeper into eternal bliss, bliss I've never felt with any man. After two long months, the dream has come true --"

JILL
It was just a poem, it didn't mean anything.

Vladimir looks at Jill, his brows low. He's pissed.

INT. JILL'S HOUSE

Steven closes the journal, throws it, angrily, across the room. Smiles at the camera.

STEVEN
You were right. Your dream came true. You get to die in there with him, bitch.

INT. LEXINGTON HOSPITAL

The phone call ends.

CRAIG

No, wait, we have to get out of
here --

Jill keeps her stunned stare on the phone, tears well in her eyes. Craig takes a deep sigh. Looks like he's about to cry. Musters the strength to place his hand on Jill's shoulder.

CRAIG

You okay?

But she remains speechless, frozen.

JULIUS

Are you fucking serious right now?
We're fucking stuck in here?

Larry, just barely able to keep his eyes open, releases tears.

Julius runs to Craig. Jill, still glued to her phone.

JULIUS

Man, we won't last a few more hours
in here --

CRAIG

We have to wait for Dr. Mason. We
don't have shit else --

JULIUS

What if he didn't make it? We'll
rot, man.

Craig rubs his distressed forehead, looks around the room.

JULIUS

I'm telling you, Craig, if we don't
take a chance and try to get to Dr.
Mason, we'll die in here.

CRAIG

Larry won't make it --

JILL

Me, neither. I can't go back out
there. I can't do it.

Vladimir keeps his eyes on Jill, his face still angered.

VLADIMIR

Go. Find Dr. Mason. We'll wait.

Craig nods to Julius, and Julius gives him the same nod of approval.

CRAIG

Jill, whatever happens, don't open this door until you hear me, okay?

Her eyes wide, scared. She breaths in and out, over and over, then nods. Craig places his hands on her shoulders.

CRAIG

Keep the door locked.

Craig and Julius walk to the door. Julius keeps his hand on the knob, and Craig stays close. Craig grabs a microscope from a station and holds it up toward the door.

Julius unlocks the door, swinging it open. Craig holds the microscope up like a baseball bat. No one's there. They run out. Jill locks the door behind them.

INT. HALL

Craig and Julius tip-toe, looking in front and behind them. Julius coughs in his sleeve. Craig turns to him.

CRAIG

Ssh --

JULIUS

I can't. I feel sick.

Craig places his finger against his lips, keeping the microscope upward like a weapon. They sneak past a room, the door open.

Julius holds his hand over his mouth and dry heaves. Craig turns to him. Stops walking.

CRAIG

You okay?

Julius shakes his head, keeps his eyes closed tightly as if he can't hold back.

From behind him, Thomas comes out of the open door. Grabs Julius by the neck. Julius moves his hand from his mouth and spews blood on the floor.

Thomas bites part of Julius's ear off. Julius SCREAMS. Craig runs behind Thomas and hits him in the head with the microscope. Thomas falls to the floor. Pulls Julius with him.

Craig reaches for Julius, but Thomas holds onto Julius's leg.

CRAIG

Come on!

Julius tries to kick Thomas, but he can't. Craig pulls Julius's arm. Darla comes from behind Craig, umbilical cord still hanging out her skirt.

She grabs Craig's arm, wraps her mouth around his hand.

Craig releases Julius and pushes Darla away, but she walks back to him, her mouth open.

Craig turns the microscope around. Pushes the eyepiece lens into Darla's mouth and drives her against the wall, her mouth secreting blood and clear mucus.

She gags but keeps reaching for Craig. He doesn't give up, pushing the microscope deeper in her mouth.

JULIUS

Craig!

Craig sees Julius still fighting the large, bulky Thomas, now on top of him. Craig pulls the microscope out of Darla. She GROANS, slides down the wall.

Craig grabs Thomas's neck, choking him. Thomas releases Julius leg.

Julius slides away. Craig hits Thomas in the head with the microscope. Thomas knocks out. Craig looks at him, guilty.

CRAIG

Sorry, man --

JULIUS

Let's get the hell out of here!

Julius keeps his hand over his bitten ear. They run down the hall.

INT. MAIN LAB

Jill looks at the door, shivers, scratches her arms. She wipes her runny nose with the sleeve of her jacket.

Vladimir never takes his dirty stare off her.

Larry, still lying on the chair, his eyes flutter. Too sick to wipe his bloody nose and mouth.

VLADIMIR

We need water.

JILL

I know, but we can't leave. We'll just have to wait until Craig and Julius find Dr. Mason, and the proper authorities can get us.

Jill wipes her nose, again. This time, she pulls a long strand of clear mucus with her fingers. Wipes her fingers on her jacket. Cries silently.

Vladimir turns to Larry.

VLADIMIR

He's not going to survive without water. Neither are we.

Vladimir coughs. Holds his head as if the cough hurts.

JILL

We'll be okay once help arrives.

Vladimir laughs. Jill turns to him, now.

JILL

What's funny?

VLADIMIR

Did you really think fucking Dr. Mason was going to make him fall for you?

JILL

I've never been with Dr. Mason. I was writing a poem for class --

VLADIMIR

Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit.

He collects his strength and stands. He walks around her, tauntingly.

VLADIMIR

What did you think? You were going to get married to him? Have his children?

JILL

I never asked George for anything --

VLADIMIR

Oh. George. Sure. He was giving you the affection you weren't getting at home. "You mean the world to me. I never told you how much I appreciated you."

JILL

My misfortunes are funny to you?

He stops walking around her. Stands directly in front of the door, Jill's back away from Larry.

VLADIMIR

We had the opportunity to get out of here, and you messed it up, fucking around with George, and writing it down in your dear diary.

Jill places her head down. Her nose runs, again, and she wipes it with her jacket's sleeve. Vladimir coughs in his jacket.

VLADIMIR

You're weak and pathetic and dumb. That's why you rely on men to save you. It doesn't matter who the man is. As long as it's a man.

Jill tightens her lips. She's upset. Wipes a tear from her face.

In the b.g., Larry sits up from the chairs, the lab coat wrapped around him falls to his feet. Vladimir sees him. He freezes in fear for a moment. Focuses back on Jill.

Larry gets up, walks slow, toward Jill and Vladimir. Vladimir coughs, again, causing a distraction.

Vladimir places his hand up, toasting an imaginary glass.

VLADIMIR

Here's to your husband saying "fuck you," to Dr. Mason saying "fuck you," and to me saying "fuck you."

He pretends to drink. Laughs. She sniffles, Larry right behind her, but she doesn't know. Vladimir steps back.

Larry grabs Jill, knocking her to the floor. She SCREAMS. Vladimir stays close to the door.

Jill lies on her back, Larry on top of her, his mouth wide open, blood and clear mucus discharging all over her face and neck.

Her eyes flutter and roll to the back of her head, like she's going to pass out.

She looks at Larry. Turns her head and sees Vladimir keeping close to the door. He doesn't help.

She looks back at Larry, his mouth open, trying to bite into her neck. She kicks him in the groin, and he rolls to his back.

She jumps on top of him. Wraps her arms around his neck, choking him, her fingers making blood red prints on his neck. His neck so weak, her fingers go through his skin.

Vladimir creeps behind her, and hits her in the head with a broom. Throws the broom on top of a lab station.

Jill thuds to the floor. Larry, slowly, picks himself up and starts toward Vladimir.

VLADIMIR

Get her, Larry! Get that bitch!

But Larry oozes his way toward Vladimir. Larry bleeds from the gashes in his neck all over the floor, but keeps coming for Vladimir.

Vladimir walks backward around the lab stations, dodging Larry. Jill, holding her head, pulls herself from the floor from the edge of the table.

Vladimir comes behind Jill, wraps his arm around her neck. She gags. He focuses on Larry.

VLADIMIR

Come on, Larry. Come here.

Larry makes his way toward Vladimir and Jill. Jill struggles to get out of Vladimir's choke-hold. Her arms reach for anything to grab.

VLADIMIR

That's it. Come on.

Jill keeps gagging. Larry, almost right on her.

THE BROOM sits on the station, in arm's length.

Vladimir coughs, but keeps his focus on Larry. Jill's shaky fingers extends, grabs the broom by its bristles from the station.

She flings the broom backward, hitting Vladimir in the head. He closes his eyes, holds his head. She breaks the broom in two against the lab table. Stabs Vladimir's leg with the broken end. He SCREAMS.

She pulls the broomstick out of his leg. Vladimir turns to Jill. She moves away, just in time for Larry to fall to his knees, sinks his mouth into Vladimir's leg. Vladimir SCREAMS, louder.

Jill grabs Vladimir's keys and the broken, bloody half-broom and runs to the door.

VLADIMIR

Jill, wait, please. I'm so sorry --

She turns to him, Larry feasting on his leg. Vladimir doesn't have the strength to push him off.

Jill unlocks the door and opens it. She looks back at Vladimir, one last time. His pleading arms out to her.

VLADIMIR

No, Jill, please, wait! I need to tell you something --

INT. HALL - SAME

Jill SLAMS the door shut. Her hands shake uncontrollably, but she locks the door. The sound of Vladimir SCREAMING in the main lab.

She throws the keys to the floor, holds tight to the broken broom stick. She wipes her face with her jacket's sleeve.

She walks, keeping her back to the wall, looks down both ends of the hall. Tries to catch her breath.

INT. DR. MASON'S OFFICE

The door cracked open. Craig and Julius walk in. No one's there.

CRAIG

Dr. Mason? Dr. Mason?

Julius holds his bloody ear and coughs, his nose running blood.

Craig picks up a phone on the cluttered desk, places the receiver to his ear. He pushes a button. Slams the phone.

He rummages through papers. His eyes search, swiftly.

JULIUS

Craig, for-real, for-real, we got
to find a way out of this place --

CRAIG

Okay. Let me see.

Craig looks underneath the desk. Julius takes a seat and places his head on the table. Coughs. Craig finds a piece of cloth, hands it to Julius. Julius wipes his bloody nose.

Craig looks around the desk, pushes the clutter around.

JULIUS

Craig --

CRAIG

I know, I know. I can't find
anything. I'll check the computer.

Craig runs to Dr. Mason's computer. Turns the monitor on. Reads something.

CRAIG

What's Crypto Market?

JULIUS

Man, I don't know. Come on.

Craig keeps reading. His eyes shift to a booklet, then back to the monitor. Then, back to the booklet.

The booklet, "J. CHRIS LAB SUPPLIES." Craig's eyes linger on the book.

He looks around the desk, now. A yellow bubble envelope, open. He grabs it, looks inside. It's empty. He turns the package around. No packing slip.

Now, his eyes gaze up at the wall. The empty wall. Then back to the empty package. Back to the booklet. Back to the computer.

He sees a paper, hiding underneath the tons of other cluttered papers. Pulls it out. Reads.

Julius blows his nose into a cloth. Blood pours like a water fountain.

JULIUS
Man--The fuck --

But Craig only glances at his friend, and back to the paper, reading. He's confused. He looks back at the wall.

His eyes widen. He jumps from the seat.

CRAIG
Oh, hell no --

JULIUS
Craig, man, I don't feel good --

CRAIG
Julius, listen. We have to get
Jill and Larry, and get the fuck
out of here.

JULIUS
Dude, I can't move --

Craig runs to him and bends to his knees. Stares at his friend intensely.

CRAIG
Listen, you have to. We have to
find a way.

Julius holds his nose with the bloody rag over it, his hand still over his bitten ear. He wrinkles his confused brow at Craig.

CRAIG
I'll explain later, once we get
help.

JULIUS
How? The crawlspace?

Craig lifts his eyes, breaks a smile, now.

CRAIG
Hell yeah. Hell yeah --

Craig lifts Julius from his seat, but Julius sits back down.

JULIUS
Go. I'll wait here.

CRAIG
Okay. I'll be right back.

Julius coughs into the towel and nods. Craig runs out the door.

INT. HALL

Jill shivers, walks slow, her hand glides the wall. She looks behind her. She stops. Gags. Spits up. Keeps walking.

She reaches the middle of the hall. Hears a noise. Stops. Looks around the corner.

Thomas, on his knees, licks a trail of blood from the floor. The blood from Darla's lifeless body. Jill GASPS. Thomas turns around.

Jill hides behind the wall, her hand over her mouth, tears streaming down her face. She looks all the way down the hall. Sees Craig.

CRAIG

Jill --

He runs to her. She shakes her head to him. He slows down. Sees her concern.

Thomas walks out, spots Craig. Craig stops, takes a step back. Jill SCREAMS. Thomas turns to her, limps her way. Now, Craig runs to her.

CRAIG

Son of a bitch --

Jill watches Thomas, blood on his mouth, long, clear slime falling from his mouth and nose. His hand full of blood chunks. She walks backwards, slowly, holding onto the broomstick for dear life.

Craig jumps on Thomas's back, wraps his legs around his waist, holds his hands over Thomas's eyes. Thomas spins around, aimlessly.

CRAIG

Jill, go --

But she keeps a frightened stance against the wall, watching. Thomas body slams Craig on his back.

With limited strength, Thomas stays down, one knee to the floor, his head tucked inward. Breaths heavy.

Craig looks up at Jill, tries to grab his injured back.

CRAIG

Jill, get the hell out of here.

She shakes her head. Watches Thomas, his large body, breathing. She signals her hand for Craig to come, whispers to him.

JILL

Come on.

She peels herself off the wall toward Craig. Keeps her scared eyes on Thomas. She pulls Craig up. He wraps his arm around her neck.

JILL

I got you.

They walk past Thomas, still on the floor. Jill glances back. Thomas twitches and jumps up. Jill SCREAMS. Releases Craig. He falls.

Thomas regains strength. Limpes to Craig, and grabs his neck, slamming him against the wall. He pushes Craig's head to the side, preparing to bite into his neck.

Jill runs behind Thomas and pushes the broomstick into his back. Thomas gags, drops Craig to the floor. She pulls the broomstick out.

Craig holds his own neck. Jill runs to Craig, helps him up. Thomas trips, hitting his head on the wall, trying to grab his injured back.

CRAIG

Let's go get Larry and Julius --

JILL

No. Larry's gone. Vladimir, too.

He looks sad. Nods. Jill and Craig hold each other up, limping down the hall.

INT. DR. MASON'S OFFICE

Jill and Craig walk in. The door's open, but no Julius. Only the blood puddle from his nose and blood droplets leading out the door.

Craig looks at the blood. Then back to Jill.

CRAIG

You okay?

JILL
I've seen worse tonight.

CRAIG
Julius might be in the breakroom,
at that crawlspace. Let's go.

He starts from the room.

JILL
What about George? We should look
for him, too.

He opens his mouth, but stares at her. Her eyes innocent.

CRAIG
Sure. Let's get to that crawlspace
first.

They limp out of the room, hand-in-hand.

INT. BREAKROOM

Jill and Craig run in. The sound of wall CRUMBLING to the floor.

They turn the corner. Dr. Mason, on his knees, pulls apart the same wall once covered by plaster with a pair of long, sharp sheers. The hole big enough for a human body to get through.

On the floor beside him, a small, black satchel.

JILL
George.

Dr. Mason turns around, his eyes wide, scared. He runs to Jill and hugs her. Craig keeps distance from him and looks at him like something's wrong. Dr. Mason sees him.

DR. MASON
Jill. You made it.

JILL
What are you doing?

DR. MASON
I found a crawlspace in the wall.
I figured I could open it, first,
then come back to get the rest of
you.

CRAIG
Who's coming for us?

DR. MASON
I tried. I called. The government
said it could be days before they
rescue us.

CRAIG
What phone did you use?

DR. MASON
The one in my office, of course.

Craig keeps a strong stare on him.

CRAIG
Where's Julius?

DR. MASON
I don't know. I thought he was
with everybody else.

CRAIG
Everybody else is sick.

JILL
We got to go.

CRAIG
Go first, Jill.

Craig helps Jill inside of the crawlspace. She bends in,
adjusts her eyes.

Craig and Dr. Mason glance at each other. Craig looks mad.
Dr. Mason looks concerned.

JILL
I can't see in front of me.

CRAIG
I'm right behind you.

While no one's looking, Craig picks up the broken broom
stick. Walks behind Dr. Mason. Dr. Mason side-eyes Craig.

Jill pushes her way through the inside of the wall.

JILL
It's pitch black.

Craig walks behind Dr. Mason, pulls him by the neck with the
broomstick, choking him.

Jill scoots out the crawlspace. Sees the ruckus.

CRAIG
Jill, go --

JILL
Craig, what are you doing?

CRAIG
Jill, just go --

JILL
Stop --

Dr. Mason pushes Craig back into the wall. Craig hits his head and drops the broomstick. Now, he lunges at Dr. Mason, knocking him to the floor.

Jill runs to Dr. Mason's side, helps him up.

JILL
Craig, what are you doing? Stop --

But Craig wiggles his fingers for Dr. Mason to come for him, his eyes intense, mad. He strikes Dr. Mason's jaw.

JILL
Craig, darn it! Stop --

Dr. Mason holds his red cheek and stares at Craig, surprised.

Jill steps between the two. Stares at Craig, confused. Craig moves around Jill, grabs Dr. Mason's lab jacket, pulls him back.

Dr. Mason reaches for a chair. Hits Craig in the head.

JILL
George, no!

Craig falls. Holds his twice-injured back. He tries to recover from the floor, and Dr. Mason grabs the broomstick and stabs Craig in the stomach.

JILL
No --

Craig stares at Dr. Mason. Then, looks down at the broomstick in his stomach. Craig places his hands around the broomstick, but Dr. Mason pushes it further into his stomach.

Jill runs behind Dr. Mason, pulling him by his shoulders. Dr. Mason grabs her hair, flings her across the room.

Dr. Mason pulls the broomstick from Craig's stomach and walks to Jill. Looks at her with hatred. Craig, bleeding profusely, still tries to push himself up.

Jill scoots from the mad man doctor she once loved. Dr. Mason tosses the broomstick to the side, never taking his glare from her.

She scoots until her back hits the crawlspace, but she can't get up. The long, sharp sheers behind her stab through her lab jacket.

Dr. Mason bends to his knees, straddles her. With no emotion, wraps his hands around her neck. Chokes her.

On the other side of the room, Craig leans on his arm, still trying to push up, the blood from his wound spilling onto the floor. He falls to his back, his voice weak.

CRAIG

Jill--Go.

Now, Jill's face red. She tries to scream, but nothing comes out. The sheers dig even deeper into her back.

DR. MASON

(in Spanish)

Stupid bitch. You're not going anywhere.

Her hand reaches behind her to grab the sheers, but she can't.

Dr. Mason clinches his lips tighter, putting all his strength toward ending her life. He strangles her with one hand, pulls a pair of tongs from his jacket with the other hand.

He turns, sees Craig picking himself from the floor, holding his stomach. Now, Jill reaches for the sheers behind her. Pulls the tip of the blade out her back.

Dr. Mason looks back at her. She jabs the sheers into his neck, and her weak hand falls to the floor, dropping the sheers. He grabs his neck and looks down at her.

He makes another attempt to bang her head against the floor, over and over and over. His blood squirts in her face.

Her trembling hand reaches for the sheers, again. Her hand reaches for the sheers, and she stabs him in the side of his neck, pushing the sheers as deep as she can.

He gags, and she kicks him in the groin. He falls on top of her, his blood spilling all over her. She pushes him to the floor.

She coughs, gets her breath back. She stands from the floor and looks down at Dr. Mason. He, still, holds his neck, gags. She spits on him.

JILL
Muthafucka.

She wipes her face on her jacket. Turns to Craig. He holds his wound, already laughing.

CRAIG
Awesome.

She runs to him, lifts his arms.

JILL
Come on, let's get out of here.

He shakes his head. His voice still weak, to a whisper.

CRAIG
Get the hell out of here.

JILL
I'm not leaving you, Craig. We can
make it --

He holds her hand and smiles. Shakes his head, again.

CRAIG
You got this, gorgeous. Besides,
this is a better death than the
others.

He smiles and coughs. His smile diminishes, his eyes fall back. He stops breathing. Dead.

Jill shakes him, cries.

JILL
Craig? Craig, no --

She drops her grieving head into his neck. Someone walks in. She turns around. It's Julius. She jumps up, relieved.

JILL
Julius --

She runs to him. Pauses. He's sick, his eyes large, looking around. He tries to speak, but nothing comes out but GRUNTS. She steps away. Eyeballs the crawlspace.

Julius moves closer to her, but she keeps stepping back. She inches toward the crawlspace, now. Makes a run for the wall.

She jumps over Dr. Mason, still gagging. She looks behind her. Julius, already right there, grabbing at her legs. She kicks at him.

HOLE

Julius grabs Jill's ankle. He bites a plug from her leg. She SCREAMS.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jill shuffles her bare feet on the gravel. Her eyes flutter, and she has dried blood on her face. She scratches her arms and coughs. Looks out into the forever road of nothing.

She falls to her knees. Collapses to her face on the ground.

INT. STEVEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Steven sits at his desk looking out the window. A COLONEL walks in carrying a folder stacked with papers.

The Colonel stands at the door. Salutes Steven.

COLONEL
General Boulder, sir.

Steven stands from his seat. The Colonel walks in.

COLONEL
We found --

STEVEN
Jill?

COLONEL
Well, we're not sure who anyone is yet, sir. You gave us the name of a Dr. George Mason. We found a Dr. George Mason, U-S neurologist who's been dead since the nineteen fifties.

Steven looks confused. The Colonel digs inside the folder and hands Steven a piece of paper.

INSERT-NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

A picture of Dr. Mason. The article printed in Spanish. Underneath the picture, two names: "JUAN MORENO, CRISTOBAL MACARRO."

BACK TO SCENE

COLONEL

This is Cristobal Macarro, a wannabe doctor from Argentina who killed eleven homeless people mixing medications in an underground lab.

Steven stares at the article. Glances at the Colonel.

COLONEL

His Schizophrenic son killed his mother while Macarro was away, and he's spending life in a Catamarca hospital.

Steven wrinkles his brow. Looks back at the article.

COLONEL

According to Argentine officials, Macarro wanted to cure his son. He found a crew of inexperienced doctors to produce homemade pharmaceuticals and distributed them to homeless people.

STEVEN

What happened to him?

COLONEL

He vanished. The other doctors were arrested, and when they tried to track down a Juan Moreno, the name Macarro was going under, they found nothing.

Steven stares at the Colonel, shrugs.

COLONEL

Sir, Cristobal Macarro's been posing as Dr. George Mason at Lexington Hospital.

Steven's shocked eyes widen. He looks back at the article.

COLONEL

That hospital is registered under
the name of a "Boris Ivashkin."

The officer ruffles through the folder again. Hands Steven a photo.

INSERT-PHOTO

A picture of Vladimir. Underneath the picture, a name:
"BORIS IVASHKIN."

BACK TO SCENE

COLONEL

He was some troubled, wealthy Pre-
Med student at the U, expelled for
performing experiments on lab rats.

Steven coughs. Still looks confused at the picture.

COLONEL

We talked to Mr. Ivashkin's former
partner. Their relationship ended
because Ivashkin and Macarro had
become lovers.

Steven turns his disgusted nose up.

STEVEN

Lovers.

COLONEL

Macarro was using Ivashkin for his
money and resources to start some
experiment. Something about some
drug they got off System D.

STEVEN

They were experimenting with drugs
from the Black Market?

The Colonel nods and shrugs.

COLONEL

Ivashkin was apart of a program for
young builders as a child. He
rehabbed that hospital with new
security windows and doors,
hospital beds, everything.

Steven rummages through the papers. Shakes his disappointed head.

COLONEL

The only dots we haven't connected
is how these two met.

STEVEN

I'm not comprehending. Didn't he
have an accent, something that
would have been questionable to the
students?

COLONEL

Oh. I forgot to mention. He
taught English at a high school in
Buenos Aires. The locals said he
was very proficient --

Steven's receptionist, PAM walks in, hands him a cup of coffee.

PAM

Here you are, General.

STEVEN

Thank you, Pam. Can you bring me a
bottled water, please?

PAM

Yes, General --

STEVEN

And have someone turn down the A-C
in my office --

PAM

Yes, sir.

She leaves. Steven pulls out a stack of documents from the folder.

STEVEN

What are these?

COLONEL

The affidavits signed by the
medical students. They thought
they were working on behalf of the
C-D-C. All elaborate fakes.

Steven sighs. Scratches the back of his neck. Shakes his head in disbelief.

STEVEN

A bunch of community college students performing an experiment for the government.

COLONEL

Exactly. Bringing a team of inexperienced students to perform an illegal experiment at a hospital synonymous for illegal experiments.

STEVEN

She should've come to me. I could have prevented this --

Steven drops the folder on his desk. PRIVATE JAMES comes in. Stands at attention before Steven. Salutes him. Steven salutes him back.

PRIVATE JAMES

General Boulder.

STEVEN

At ease, Private James.

Both remove their saluting hands. Private James's eyes, wide, filled with terror.

STEVEN

What's the status of my wife? You find her body.

PRIVATE JAMES

Well, we're not sure. They have to do D-N-A testing to verify who's who amongst what's left of the bodies in that hospital.

Pam walks in. Hands Steven a bottled water. She leaves. Steven pulls the top off the bottle and guzzles the water. The colonel steps out of the office. Steven watches him.

PRIVATE JAMES

Someone was found in the middle of the road, trying to escape, I guess. They didn't make it. The body's so badly decomposed --

Steven moves into Private James. Lowers his voice.

STEVEN

I need you to find my wife's body, and I need her phone delivered directly to me, understand?

PRIVATE JAMES

Yes, sir. We're doing everything.
There's just these chunks of flesh.
It's eaten through the bone,
completely. We've never seen
anything like --

STEVEN

Delivered directly to me, no
questions asked. Keep this
information kept extremely
confidential. You and I only.

PRIVATE JAMES

Yes. Yes, sir.

Private James's eyes shift nervously. Steven gulps the water. Coughs into his sleeve. The Colonel re-enters with a bottled water for himself.

PRIVATE JAMES

I'll update you, right away, when
your wife's found, sir.

With half of the bottled water finished, Steven wipes his mouth.

PRIVATE JAMES

If you'll excuse me, General, I
have to head back. The
exterminator's on the way.

Private James stands at attention and salutes Steven. The private heads for the door.

STEVEN

Exterminator?

PRIVATE JAMES

Yes, sir. On top of other things,
there's an extreme bed bug
infestation there.

Steven sits upward from his chair. Now, he's interested. Private James leaves.

STEVEN

Son of a bitch.

COLONEL

Everything okay, general?

Steven stands from his seat and looks toward the door.

STEVEN

Pam --

Pam peeps her head around the door.

PAM

Yes, General Boulder?

STEVEN

Bring me another bottle of water.

PAM

Yes, sir. Right away.

Pam's head disappears.

STEVEN

Those damn bed bugs. Jill must've
brought them home.

The Colonel wrinkles his confused brow. Steven unbuttons his
shirt sleeve.

A WEIRD RASH all over his forearm.

STEVEN

I've been breaking out for the past
two days.

He rubs and rubs the rash, trying to rub the itch away.

FADE OUT