

FRANKIE

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FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOSPICE - DAY

Long and shabby but meticulously clean.

This is MEDOWGLENN, an assisted-living facility for young and elderly who count their last days. Faded wallpaper. Sturdy but worn furniture all around.

KATE (30s) approaches a room, knocks and almost immediately pulls the door open.

ZACK (O.S.)

Here she is, the lucky girl I was going to marry.

Kate's lips stretch into a wide smile. She walks to ZACK (30s), bold, who lies in bed propped on a stack of pillows.

Kate grabs a pillow from under Zack's head, fluffs it, pushes it back on its place.

ZACK

Oh, come on. You don't have to do it everyday.

Kate checks the pills on a small night stand next to his bed.

KATE

Have you been a good boy today?

ZACK

Yeah, yeah. Come over here.

Zack grabs her in one swift movement and throws her onto his bed. She giggles.

ZACK

Are you wearing it?

KATE

Come on, you shouldn't get excited.

ZACK

Yeah, why? God'll cut off the remaining two days or what?

Kate straightens.

KATE

Let's not talk about it. Please.

ZACK
Sorry, I know.

Kate lifts her skirt and shows it to him. It is the world's frilliest garter tied to a fun pink stocking.

Zack signals to Kate to lock the door. She rolls her eyes but caves in. She saunters to the door, locks it up and stands in the middle of the room.

Zack reaches for his phone on a night stand, presses on a few keys and puts on music.

Kate giggles as she starts undressing to the song.

ZACK
Slow down. Let me enjoy the view.

She does as he asks.

ZACK
I would design something better if
I had the time.

KATE
Sure you would.

She takes off the last of her clothes and stands in the frilliest and most playful undergarments ever.

KATE
Ta da.

She runs to Zack and hops onto his bed. Zack grabs her, but turns pale in a moment. Kate notices.

Zack tries to shake it off.

KATE
I'm sorry.

ZACK
Don't worry about it. Hey, look.

He unbuttons his shirt - there's a bra underneath. Kate laughs.

KATE
Oh man! You stole my bra.

Zack burries her in the folds of his blanket. She giggles.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sterile and well-lit.

Kate, clad in surgical wear, gloves, cap and all, bends over a body.

Four others work on the body alongside her.

KATE

Scissors.

Someone hands her the scissors.

KATE

It's a double stitch, be careful.

She puts away the scissors and looks at the EKG machine that shows the heartbeat. It's uneven.

The machine beeps as if dying, but in a brief moment... the heartbeat stabilizes.

Everyone claps, including Kate. They high five each other.

Kate steps away from the body and sits wearily on a stool in a far corner.

LAURA (30s), takes off her medical cap, comes up to Kate, plops on a stool next to her.

LAURA

That was something.

Kate nods.

LAURA

What did you decide about Zack? How is he?

KATE

Dying. As usual.

LAURA

But we won't let him, will we?

KATE

I don't know. It's a fucking head we're talking about this time. We've never done it and we don't have a crew.

They rest for a moment, then rise and walk out.

INT. HOSPITAL - FILING ROOM - NIGHT

With a special needle, Kate erases a name in a journal. She puts Zack Westfield instead of it.

Laura rummages the shelves for another file.

KATE

I can't believe he'll be gone in a couple of days.

LAURA

Listen, we just operated on a dead boy. I mean he was dead before we gave him a pair of lungs.

Laura finds another file. Kate hands her tools to remove ink. Laura starts working on a name.

KATE

So? This is a head we are talking about. ...I wouldn't worry if I knew Zack was done. But he loves life. Last time I was in hospice he had a bra on just to make me smile.

LAURA

You sure he's not a transexual?

KATE

Oh, shut up.

They work on files in silence for a moment.

KATE

Hey, Laura. Do you think it's a sin to bump Zack up like this? I mean he's taking some dying man's place.

LAURA

What can you do? Let him die?

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Kate and Laura roll Zack into down toward the operating room.

ZACK

What will you call me if I'm back?

KATE

Oh, come on, everything will turn up alright.

ZACK

Will I have a large scar on my neck?

KATE

What do you think? It's going to be your head on another man's body.

ZACK

You could sew me to a woman I wouldn't mind.

KATE

Haha, very funny.

ZACK

Could I become a mummy, I mean a thing, like Frankenstein? Hey, call me Frankie if I'm back, huh? It's short for Frankenstein.

KATE

Isn't Frankie a girl's name? Ok, I will. Shut up now, let's be quiet.

They approach the operation room. Kate and Laura stop for a moment and take a breath.

ZACK

Don't fear. Worst case scenario I die and you find yourself another psycho.

KATE

You won't die. I'll make sure of that.

Laura works the lock and they roll Zack in.

INT. OPERATION ROOM - DAY

Kate and Laura, clad in surgical garb, work on Zack. His body stays covered.

The surgery is almost over.

KATE

Done.

Kate puts down a surgical tool and reaches for a towel. Her gloved hands amply covered in blood. She wipes them.

KATE

Is he blue or it's the light?

LAURA
Probably the light.

KATE
Weird. I've never noticed the blue
light in here. Have you?

Laura shrugs. She pulls the anesthetic tube out of Zack's mouth.

KATE
(in a whisper)
Come on, honey. Breathe.

Eyes wide open she watches the EKG machine. The beep almost flatlines. Kate sways, she can barely stand on her feet.

LAURA
Hey, Kate, you're way too pale.
Remember, whatever happens it's not
your fault.

Kate nods, eyes glued to the EKG line.

The line curve emerges. At first it's just few bumps. The line intensifies. Kate breathes relieved.

KATE
Zack?

Laura smiles. She wipes off her hands as well.

LAURA
It's too early, you know that.
Allow him to have three days in
recovery, huh?

KATE
His eyes rotate.

LAURA
Don't be silly, it's a reflux.

Zack suddenly jerks up into a seated position. Laura gasps. Kate's eyes open wide. We get a good look at him. His skin is bluish and he's got an ugly uneven scar across his neck.

LAURA
(in a whisper)
It's not the light.

Zack gazes at the girls, his lips stretch into a goofy smile. Then he speaks in a strange guttural voice.

ZACK
Thaaanks.

KATE
Zack?

He stares at her as if unable to recognize.

KATE
How are you feeling?

LAURA
We should stay back. It's not
normal for a patient to come to his
senses this fast.

ZACK
Who are you?

LAURA
He doesn't recognize us.

KATE
Maybe it's normal. Zack? Hmm.
Frankie?

She tries to sound casual.

KATE
Remember we laughed that I'll call you
Frankie when you come back to life?

Zack stares.

ZACK
Braaaa.

KATE
What?

LAURA
Kate, step back. Let's get out of
here and lock him up.

Laura rushes toward the door. She steps out, urging Kate to
follow her.

LAURA
Kate!

Kate makes a step back, but--

--Zack hops down from the bed and--

ZACK

--Braaa.

--he tears Kate's shirt and sees her bra.

KATE

Yeah, honey, it's your favorite bra. You remembered.

Zack tears off her bra. He grabs it, puts it on, his lips stretched into a stupid smile.

Tears roll down Kate's cheeks.

ZACK

Boobies. Boobies in braas.

KATE

What?

LAURA

Kate, let's go!

--but it's too late.

Zack grabs Kate's boob and in one jerky movement tears it off. Kate screams. Blood splatter on Zack's face. Kate slides down to the floor.

Zack smiles, shoves red boob into his bra and reaches for the other boob.

LATER

Zack, naked, minus the bra stuffed with Kate's boobs, stockings and garter waltzes around in the operation room.

Horrified, Laura watches in a window from behind the locked door.

FADE OUT.