

FLAGGED FOR REMOVAL

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FADE IN:

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

On a wooden table, a FROG lays split down its torso. Flesh pinned back for ample view.

A HAND holding a scalpel comes into view. It trembles over the frog guts.

JOSH (O.S.)  
What the fuck man?

The scalpel pulls out of view.

CAIN (O.S.)  
Toss him a couple of Oxys...he'll  
have the hands of surgeon.

SYRUS, 22, thug-like tattoos, this one has street sense. Shoots them the finger. In the other hand the scalpel.

CAIN, 24, gold chain, wife beater, and JOSH, 23, the looker of the bunch, stand watching over the mock surgery.

SYRUS  
Dude, you're the one needs to do  
the cuttin'...you got the skills.

JOSH  
I got fired, remember?

Laughing, Cain, pops the cap off a full plastic pill bottle. Divvies up two Oxycontin.

SYRUS  
(under his breath)  
Only cuttin' I've done ain't been  
for savin' no organs.

Syrus takes the pain pills, spit-swallows them down fast. Goes back to work on the reptile.

SYRUS  
Alright kidney, you're mine.

Cain turns the pill bottle up. Dumps an assortment in his mouth. Eats them.

CAIN  
Hey Nurse Josh, I think Cy needs an  
injection. Faster...disaster.

Cain smiles. He's past fucked up already.

JOSH

That Nazi surgeon is ready to buy.  
Some idiot keeps flaggin' my ads on  
craigslist though.

Syrus has a mini panic attack. Tosses the scalpel down.

SYRUS

Shit! I can't do this.

JOSH

Don't worry, I'm doin' the first  
one tonight.

CAIN

Uh, tonight? Your like stoned as  
shit. Hell we all are.

Josh picks up the surgical sharp. Wipes frog guts off on his  
blue jeans. Cocky in his own way.

JOSH

I couldn't resist.

Josh spins his ipad around. On the screen, a craigslist ad in  
bold: RELAXING MASSAGE...YOUR PLACE...DISCREET. Under it, a  
picture of a pretty ORIENTAL WOMAN.

JOSH

The Nazi's lookin' for a kidney. I  
posted an ad just in case he dips.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

Candles provide dim light. The Oriental, tight halter top,  
short skirt, pours oil in her palm. Rubs her hands together.

On a portable massage table, face down, Josh lays naked.

The masseuse leans over, slides oil across Josh's back.

Syrus creeps up, rag in hand.

He wraps his arms around her. Pulls her back. Holds the  
chloroformed rag over her nose and mouth.

Her eyes bulge with fear. Then she goes limp.

Josh looks over his shoulder. Shakes his head. Feels rather  
cheated. Syrus sports an evil grin.

SYRUS  
No happy ending tonight.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

The freezer door opens. Syrus puts a small igloo in the ice box. With a permanent marker he writes in black: LEFT KIDNEY.

**EXT. BEACH - MORNING**

A WINDSURFER catches wind. The sun bright just over the horizon. Seagulls caw. The beach just waking.

A SURFER GUY rides a small wave. Wipes out. The board washes up on shore. The surfer guy picks it up. Heads for the dunes.

**EXT. DUNES - MOMENTS LATER**

The SURFER GUY walks, board in hand, through a worn path. He stops suddenly. Drops the board in the crystal sand.

A lady lies face down in the dirt.

SURFER GUY  
Hey miss. You ok?

He rolls her over. Staggers backwards.

SURFER GUY  
Fuck.

The naked Oriental lies there. Her torso slit open. A fiddler crab crawls out of the incision.

Surfer Guy blows chunks.

**EXT. ALLEY - AFTERNOON**

Syrus and Cain walk down a puddled alleyway. BEN, 23, wearing a hoody stands near the end of the passage. Hood pulled up over his face, Travon-style.

They approach him. He sways, high in his own kind of way. In seconds a deal takes place.

Ben pulls the magic bag out. A syringe hits the pavement. He laughs. Bends over to pick it up. Nearly falls.

SYRUS  
Hey dude, wanna come hang?

BEN  
If ya sharing the loot?

CAIN  
Uh, duh. Come on.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

Syrus, Cain and Ben sit on the tattered couch. The room smoke filled. They smoke green, eat pills.

Ben's on his own mission. He readies the poison. Holds the syringe up in the air. Blue swirls around in the liquid fire.

This catches the attention of the not so hard core. They watch inquisitively.

Syrus elbow-nudges Cain. An idea simmers.

The needles finds its flesh. Then the poison hits the bloodstream. Ben's eyes roll back.

The needle retreats, bounces SLOW MOTION onto the floor.

Ben's out.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Ben lies in the tub of his own blood. Cain attempts to retrieve a fresh kidney.

CAIN  
Josh is gonna be like what the fuck  
when he sees a freezer full.

Syrus laughs.

SYRUS  
Harvest time.

The scalpel slides down Ben's torso. Blood oozes out of the incision. Both Cain and Syrus have their eyes on the surgery.

They are so high, it's like a joke -- until Ben's eyes fling open. He flails. Knocks Cain on his ass.

SYRUS  
FUCK!

Syrus stands up over Ben. Man handles him. Grabs his shirt. Slams his head into the tub. Ben, lies bleeding. Dead.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

On the screen of an ipad: YOU TUBE. The video playing is of a liver being removed *professionally* by a surgeon.

CAIN (O.S.)  
I'm never gonna get this shit.

SYRUS  
Don't worry 'bout it man. Josh can  
play doctor. I'll be the muscle.

Cain and Syrus sit on a torn up sofa. Metal plays in the background. The room is thick with smoke.

Syrus takes a hit off of a water bong.

On Ipad Screen: Close up of the surgery. A swastika tattoo can be seen under transparent latex gloves of the surgeon. Cain points.

SYRUS  
Hey look. I think that's him. The  
Nazi Josh told us about.

CAIN  
Damn. I guess he's the shit.

Josh walks in. His hair gelled back. He wears a pink polo and khaki slacks.

JOSH  
Get dressed. Fix up. We're going  
for a family portrait.

Syrus looks at Cain. Rolls his eyes and takes another hit.

Cain eats a handful of pills.

JOSH  
What's that smell?

SYRUS  
Don't ask. And don't go into the  
bathroom. It's like the frog, but a  
human failure this time.

Josh shakes his head. Syrus shrugs. Cain chuckles.

JOSH  
You guys are gonna blow this. Get  
up and go get ready!

**EXT. JAKE'S LAKE - AFTERNOON**

A blue JEEP pulls up in front of a serene lake front. Parks.

Out steps a female PHOTOGRAPHER, blond, thin, alone. She raises a camera, points at the lake. CLICK.

A white BRONCO purrs up next to the jeep. Stops.

Out pour Josh, Cain and Syrus. Josh is still the looker of the bunch. He smiles at the camera girl.

She knows right away that they are -- the clients. She runs over to the bunch.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The freezer door opens. Another igloo slides into the open ice box next to the LEFT KIDNEY cooler.

JOSH (O.S.)  
Precious inventory.

The freezer door closes.

JOSH  
Put her heart in her photography.

CAIN  
You're sick, dude.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON**

Cain walks across a lonesome parking lot. In his hand, an igloo cooler -- not the kind with beer.

He stops at a parked SUV, black, tinted windows. The driver's window descends. Cain wipes profuse sweat from his forehead.

An exchange takes place. The ice box for a bankroll.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

A smoky atmosphere. Josh watches over Syrus like a teacher watches over a student.

A FAT MAN lies unconscious on the wooden table. Syrus leans over him. Moves the scalpel towards the fat man's eye socket.

The scalpel, shaky guided by trembling hands.

SYRUS

Where the fuck is Cain? It's freezing in here.

JOSH

Tremors, anxiety, the chills...it's textbook, man.

Syrus concentrates. His hand wields the razor sharp tool. His grip trembles.

The scalpel slides into the optical area. Blood runs down the patient or...victim...like tears.

Shaky but determined, Syrus has the flesh cut away and is about to remove the eyeball when--

--Fat Man springs up. His left eye falls from the socket. Dangles from a tendon.

Syrus falls backwards. Convulses on the floor. Josh jumps in behind Fat Man. With an extension cord strangles him.

Death hits. Josh jerks the dangling eye.

JOSH

I have an eye for you.

He squashes the ruined eyeball against Syrus' chest.

SYRUS

You're one sick fucker. Where's the dope?

Like clockwork, the door opens. Cain walks in.

He raises his hands in the air. In one a wad of cash. In the other, a prescription bottle full.

Cain scans the surroundings. Steps over the bloody fat man.

CAIN

What the fuck happened here?

JOSH

Don't ask. I was 'bout to call an intervention.

They all sit around a coffee table. Throw back pills.

JOSH

Need a new eye donor. Cy' just butchered fat boy over there.

**INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING**

A coffee lovers Disney World.

In a cozy corner, Josh sits fingering his Ipad.

On the screen: A Personal Ad: Successful surgeon seeks blue eyed girl. Will treat you like a princess. It's all about the eyes. Let's meet.

A clever smile crosses his face. He sips from a steaming cup.

**EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY**

Josh walks out carrying an igloo cooler. Syrus sits ready to ride on a big beach cruiser bike.

Josh puts the cooler down in the basket.

JOSH

No stops on the way. More than an hour and it's toast. He'll meet you at the back door.

SYRUS

How will I know him?

JOSH

Big German looking guy. Tattoo on his arm I think.

SYRUS

Let me guess...a swastika?

JOSH

Yeah, how'd ya know?

SYRUS

Nevermind. I'm on the way. Back in a jiffy.

Syrus rides off.

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Dumpsters and boxes seem to be the only tenants. A blue BIKE comes toward us. As it nears, we see Syrus.

He gets closer. The igloo cooler sits in the basket. Syrus pedals. A man on a mission.

He rolls to a stop behind Mi Casa Su Casa. Syrus steps off. Downs the kickstand.

He walks towards a red door and knocks. A short MEXICAN walks out. Motions for Syrus to come over.

Syrus walks towards the Mexican. Looks back over his shoulder to check the bike.

MEXICAN  
You Syrus?

SYRUS  
I'm not Jose'.

The Mexican frowns. Pulls out a baggie with a colorful assortment of pills.

MEXICAN  
Roxies, Oxies, and a few wild  
cards.

Syrus hands over cash. Roughly takes the bag of relief. The Mexican looks past Syrus towards the bike.

MEXICAN  
Looks like someone's making off  
with your brewskies, Amigo.

Syrus whirls around. A BUM, straggle hair, fast, igloo in his grip, runs down the alley and rounds the turn.

SYRUS  
Fuck!

A chase ensues. He turns the corner. Looks franticly. No bum. No cooler.

#### **INT. GYPSY PUB - DAY**

Karaoke blares from the far corner. A busy night.

Josh, wearing surgical scrubs, sits at the bar. An empty rocks glass sits in front of him.

A BLOND BOMBSHELL walks up behind him. Taps his shoulder.

He turns to her, stares into her beautiful, blue eyes.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

The freezer door opens. Hands deliver a clear tupperware dish. Icy water sloshes inside of it.

As it finds a place in the ice box, we see severed eyeballs floating around like jellyfish.

The freezer door closes. Reveals Josh and Cain.

CAIN

How do you do it?

JOSH

(sings)

Wouldn't you give your hand to a friend....

CAIN

Sick fucker.

JOSH

Ironic though. She answered the ad two minutes before it was flagged for removal. Craigslist. Go figure.

**EXT. PUBLIC PARK - AFTERNOON**

The sun sets over a treeline. The Bum walks towards a picnic table. Looks over his shoulder.

He puts the cooler up on the table. Looks again back over his shoulder. The park is dead. A place people get out of at nightfall.

He smiles as he pushes the button and slowly opens the igloo. His mouth agape. He gags at the sight of the bloody organ. Takes off running.

**LATER**

An officer stands writing in a note pad next to the picnic table. Flies buzz above the igloo.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

A room of smoke and heavy metal. Cain hits a crack pipe. Josh smokes out of a homemade bong. Both of them stoned as shit.

JOSH  
Chills in this heat. Man you're hurtin'.

CAIN  
I haven't dropped a killer in like eight hours, I'm bout past go.

JOSH  
Syrus must'a got lost. Or maybe the Nazi carved him up. That's why I had him make the drop.

They both laugh at putting Syrus in danger's way. Little do they know, he's lost some of the inventory.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - BACK DOOR - NIGHT**

Over the entrance it reads: EMPLOYEES ONLY. Syrus paces back and forth. He jumps when the door opens.

It's him. The NAZI SURGEON, scrubs, walks out. He pulls the surgical mask down. Meets Syrus.

NAZI SURGEON  
(strong German accent)  
Where is my liver?

Syrus runs his hands through his hair. Beads of sweat cover his face and neck. A bundle of nerves.

SYRUS  
I don't got it.

Syrus pulls out a script bottle. Pours a few in his mouth. Eats the pills right in front of the Nazi Surgeon.

BAP! The surgeon slaps the pill bottle out of Syrus' hand before it's topped. Pills go flying all over the parking lot.

NAZI SURGEON  
Are you serious? My patient is going to die. This blood is on your hands. You fucking idiot.

SYRUS  
I'll get it. I swear. Give me a couple hours.

The surgeon takes off his surgical cap. Throws it on the ground. He's the type that doesn't lose patients.

NAZI SURGEON

Nobody dies on my table! Thirty minutes tops or I'll take your liver while your heart's still beating!

Syrus scrambles to pick up a few of the scattered drugs. The surgeon walks up behind him. Gives him a swift kick.

NAZI SURGEON

Fucking pillhead. GO!

**INT. PLAY IT AGAIN SPORTS - MOMENTS LATER**

Syrus stands at the counter. Sweating. Hands cash over. Walks out carrying a LOUISVILLE SLUGGER.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

Syrus makes haste down the sidewalk. He reaches in his pocket. Pulls out the loose painkillers. Eats them.

His cold eyes scream anxiety. Determination. Danger.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT**

Zoned out on the couch, Josh and Cain sit in another world. The door swings open.

Out of the smoky air, a large figure emerges.

Cain doesn't budge but Josh sits up.

JOSH

Cy....

BAP! The baseball bat slaps him hard in the jaw. His head bounces back. Neck snaps. He falls to the floor. Blood gushes from a crack in his skull.

Cain looks up in shock. But the Louisville Slugger hammers him in the skull. Beats him to a pulp.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Syrus leans over the kitchen table. Josh lies sliced up. Blood oozes from his wounds.

He SCREAMS. GROANS. Lifts his bloody hands in the air.

The wasted body of Josh is rolled off the table. Falls hard on the floor below.

Determined, Syrus tries again.

SYRUS

Just like the fucking frog. What the fuck. Man what the fuck.

He hoists Cain up on the table. Picks up the scalpel.

The blade finds flesh. Under trembling hands, the cut is jagged to say the least.

He reaches in the bloody cavity. Blood oozes. He MOANS.

His hand comes out with a fresh shiny dark red organ. The LIVER.

SYRUS

Got it! Now, where's the god damn coolers!

Blood smears the fridge. His bloody hands open the freezer. Leave prints all over.

He puts the organ in a gallon size zip-lock and takes off out of the kitchen.

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER**

Syrus picks up a bag of ice over his head and smashes it on the pavement.

He fills the baggie containing the liver with ice cubes. Then jumps in the truck.

The bronco speeds off in the night.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - BACK DOOR - LATER**

Syrus runs up to the door. Bangs on it.

He steps back. Paces with the bagged liver in his grip.

The door opens. He runs to the surgeon. Hands over the life saver. Silence fills the air.

Two seconds seem like two minutes.

NAZI SURGEON

You stupid fucking moron! You are a  
butcherer not fit for a slaughter  
house!

The surgeon throws the bloody zip-lock on the ground.

NAZI SURGEON

I'm coming for you! Gonna rip your  
heart out and let you watch it beat  
in my hands! Fucking idiot!

Syrus scrambles to the ground. Grabs the baggie. Takes off  
running away. Total buzz kill.

**EXT. ALLEY - LATER**

Syrus sits. His back against the wall. A dumpster hides him  
from the world.

The liver remains locked inside the icy bag beside him.

He body trembles. His shirt soaked with sweat. His head  
twitches. He needs a fix.

SYRUS

What good is it to me now?

He leans over. Dry heaves. Chills make him shiver.

SYRUS

Google answers all.

He pulls out his iPhone. Thumbs the keypad and in minutes  
google pops up. He types in: LIVER.

In seconds, information at his fingertips. The functions of  
the liver. He scrolls as he reads fast.

SYRUS

The human filter. Detoxification,  
protein synthesis, processor of  
chemicals and harmful toxins.

He drops the phone to the pavement. Looks up into the night  
sky. Contemplates. He's lost. Consumed. Addicted.

Syrus reaches into his pocket...pulls out an empty liner. He  
trembles with a need. Looks at the liver laying in the  
ziplock bag in his lap.

He picks up the bag. Hands shaking. He needs the feeling.

A last attempt to get high, he unzips the bag. Cringes as he pulls out the still bloody, dark crimson internal.

He squeezes it. Blood oozes.

He fights the urge but needs any remnants of the painkillers that may still survive in his buddy's human filter.

He closes his eyes. Takes a bite. Blood smears around his mouth. Like a cannibal, he eats.

He consumes. Faster. And faster. He has to have it.

FADE TO BLACK.