BLACK MARKET

by

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FADE IN:

INT. FURNACE

The compartment door is opened and a large object is shoved onto the iron grate. The door clangs shut before the object can be recognized.

Darkness.

Flames come alive and flare up through the grate.

The object is revealed to be a dead man. Only his head and naked shoulders are visible. Flames lap up around him and scorch his pale flesh.

EXT. FURNACE

The furnace is visible in the background however the other room features are indiscernible.

A disembodied hand holds a flat white object upright. A second hand appears holding a rusty pair of scissors. The scissors slice off a section of the object.

The severed piece flutters to the ground and lands white side down. It is the photographic head of the man in the furnace.

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - DAY

A decrepit factory building. Noxious gases spew forth from smoke stacks.

INT. CHEMICAL PLANT - STORAGE ROOM

A dingy storage room crowded with metal barrels glazed with toxic waste.

CINDY HUTCHINS, 20s, stands in the middle of the room and mops the floor. Long brown hair and a filtering mask cover her face. A bulky plastic apron covers her body.

CINDY’S BOSS enters. He wears a helmet, filtering mask, and dress clothes.
CINDY'S BOSS
Cindy, can I see you for a minute.

INT. OFFICE

The office is cramped and cluttered with assorted papers and folders stuffed in cabinets, pinned on walls, and lying on a desk propped against the back wall.

Cindy’s boss takes a seat behind the desk.

CINDY’S BOSS
Have a seat.

Cindy takes a seat across from her boss.

CINDY’S BOSS
As you know, we have a lot of new people working here now and some more starting work soon. That means the company has a lot more checks to hand out on payday. So we’re going to have to do a little downsizing and we really don’t need someone mopping up the chemical spills in old storage rooms. You’re a hard worker, Cindy. We really value the time you’ve put in here and we’d really like to keep you around but the truth is you’ve become a third leg around here. With that said, I’m afraid I’m going to have to let you go.

Cindy pulls off the sanitary mask to reveal a gorgeous bright-eyed face that looks out of place in her uniform.

CINDY
Really? That’s great!

BOSS
Did you hear what I just said?

CINDY
Of course. You’re firing me. Don’t worry. I completely understand why.

BOSS
I’m glad you understand, Cindy. In
fact, I want you to understand. I’d sleep better at night knowing you didn’t leave here with any hard feelings. But the fact remains that you don’t have a job anymore. However you choose to feel about that, the last thing you should be feeling is happy.

CINDY
Listen, sir. There’s something I’ve been wanting to do for a long time now and I finally have the time to do it.

Cindy grabs and shakes her boss’s hand.

CINDY
It’s been a pleasure working for you, sir. I’ll get out of your hair now.

Cindy exits.

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT – PARKING LOT – DAY

Cindy emerges from the chemical plant into a parking lot enclosed by a chain link fence.

She has shed her uniform to reveal a slender figure in worn clothes held together in some places by safety pins. Her outfit expresses an indifference to style.

Cindy proceeds to the end of the parking lot and through a pair of ajar gates.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Cindy proceeds down an apartment hallway.

A DELIVERY MAN stands in front of a door holding a cardboard box and a clipboard.

DELIVERY MAN
Hello, Cindy. How are you?

CINDY
Right now, pretty good. How about yourself?
DELIVERY MAN
Not bad considering the work of a postal worker is nonstop.

CINDY
Glad to hear it. What do you have for me today? The usual?

DELIVERY MAN
The usual. You know what to do.

The delivery man hands Cindy the clipboard. Cindy signs it with an attached pen and hands it back to him.

DELIVERY MAN
So how’s the other job going?

CINDY
What other job?

Cindy takes the box.

CINDY
Thanks.

Cindy removes a key from her pocket and unlocks the door.

CINDY
See you around.

Cindy enters and shuts the door.

The delivery man spins a finger around his ear in a crazy motion and heads down the hallway.

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT – DAY

A cramped studio apartment. Dirty laundry, napkins, and crumpled pieces of paper are strewn about.

Cindy props the box on a cluttered computer desk and slices the top open with a box cutter. The box contains a collection of beauty products.
INT. BATHROOM

Cindy bathes herself in the shower. She opens a bottle of shampoo, smells it, and applies it to her hair.

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT - DAY

Cindy emerges from the bathroom in new clothes, equally shabby and fashionably devoid, with her hair wrapped in a towel.

She sits at the computer desk and reaches into the box. She removes a sheet of paper. It is a survey.

Cindy places the survey in front of her and begins to fill it out. After a moment, she slides it aside and activates the computer with a touch of the mouse.

She opens a word processor.

INSERT:

The words THE WAR WITHIN BY CINDY HUTCHINS appear on the computer screen.

A knock at the door. Cindy gets up and opens it.

MIRANDA, 20s, stands on the other side of the door. An orange apron with the words SMOOTHIE SHACK printed on it.

Miranda holds a handful of napkins, all of them covered in scribbled black ink.

MIRANDA
You left these at my apartment.

CINDY
Great! I’m going to need those. Thanks a bunch, Miranda. What would I ever do without you?

MIRANDA
I’d rather not think about it, thanks.

Miranda enters and plops down into a squishy couch.
CINDY
Something to drink?

MIRANDA
I work at a smoothie bar.

CINDY
You sure?

MIRANDA
Some water.

Cindy retrieves a glass of water from a miniature kitchen and hands it to Miranda.

MIRANDA
Thanks.

CINDY
So good news.

MIRANDA
What?

Miranda takes a sip of water.

CINDY
I got fired.

Miranda chokes and coughs. She takes a moment to regain herself.

MIRANDA
What? That’s not good news! How is losing your job anything but bad news?

CINDY
Work is like indentured slavery. Instead of a slave owner, you’re indentured to your landlord. Work basically dictates every aspect of your life, namely your time. How are you supposed to make plans with such unpredictable hours?

MIRANDA
Obviously, the word flexible isn’t in
your vocabulary.

CINDY
Obviously, you haven’t met my boss.
(clears throat)
Former boss.

MIRANDA
Well, you can’t expect to work only the hours you want to. They’re the ones paying you, after all.

CINDY
It doesn’t matter. Now I have all the time in the world to work on my first book. No more short stories. I’m talking a full-fledged book and this one’s going to be published.

MIRANDA
That’s great, Cindy, but how are you going to make a living without a real job? You can’t do it testing beauty products alone. How are you going to make enough money to—

CINDY
Money’s only important when you need it and you don’t need it all the time. Right now, I don’t need money. I just paid rent and if I save all my money testing beauty products, I’ll be able to pay next month too. Plus I got severance pay.

MIRANDA
But—

CINDY
Now passion is something that you need all the time. If you don’t have passion, you’re just living to make money and that’s not really living. Writing’s my passion and money’s not a problem. I have nothing to worry about right now.
MIRANDA
You know, Cindy. It’s not enough just to get by.

CINDY
What kind of person would I be if I lived life just to get ahead? I don’t think you’d want to be my friend if I did. I like having you around, Miranda.

MIRANDA
You’re missing the... Nevermind. So what’s this book going to be about? Aliens? Zombies? Mutants? Something bigger?

CINDY
Sci-Fi. My book’s going to be set during a post-apocalyptic war where a heroine goes out to fight monsters but ends up becoming one herself.

INT. KNOX OFFICE – DAY
A large office dimly lit by sunlight behind drawn window shades. Folders and documents sit on a methodically organized desk and shelf.

DR. ROBERT KNOX, 70s, sits at the desk. He has grey hair and wears a white coat. His face is not shown.

A knock at the door.

KNOX
Come in.

KNOX’S ASSISTANT, 50s, enters. He also wears a white coat.

ASSISTANT
You wanted to see me, Dr. Knox?

Knox slides a folder containing a thin stack of papers forward on the desk.

KNOX
These are the names I’ve selected for the donors’ list. Make sure it gets to
the right people.

ASSISTANT
Yes sir.

KNOX
Tell McCain to do whatever it takes to get these individuals to that funeral home. I don’t care what he has to do so long as my involvement is nonexistent.

ASSISTANT
Yes–

KNOX
Whatever it takes.

ASSISTANT
Yes sir.

The assistant reaches for the folder.

KNOX
I trust I don’t have to remind you this discussion is to remain confidential.

The assistant takes the folder and exits.

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Miranda sits at the table as Cindy fries two grilled cheese sandwiches at the stove. Cindy lifts one off the pan with a spatula and drops it onto a plate in front of Miranda.

MIRANDA
Tomatoes?

CINDY
Fresh out.

Cindy drops the other sandwich onto her own plate and sits down.

She grabs a carton of orange juice from the center of the table, pours Miranda a full glass, and herself, half a glass. Miranda notices this.
Cindy and Miranda eat as they converse.

MIRANDA
Hey Cindy, have you ever thought about getting a roommate?

CINDY
Why would I want to do something like that?

MIRANDA
Well, for one thing, you wouldn’t have to work two jobs. Then you’d really have all the time in the world to write.

CINDY
Roommates don’t make for a good creative atmosphere.

MIRANDA
Come on. It’s not like in college where they just stick you with any random person. Now you can pick any roommate you want. Someone just like you, Cindy. Look at me and my roommate.

CINDY
I also don’t want to depend on anyone to make a living. You’re the only person I can depend on besides me but even if you asked me to move in, I’d still have to say no. I need to make my own way.

MIRANDA
You know me, Cindy. I live a life based on practicality and for the most part, it’s an easy life. I’m just trying to help you make your life easier. You’re my best friend, Cindy, but you’re a little crazy sometimes.

CINDY
Wouldn’t want to disappoint you.
INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Cindy types away at her computer.

After a moment, she rises from the desk, enters the kitchen, and opens a mini-fridge.

INT. FRIDGE

The fridge contains only condiments.

INT. SMOOTHIE SHACK – DAY

A sunlit smoothie bar of bright pastel colors and tile floor.

Cindy stands at the counter in front Miranda.

MIRANDA
I knew you’d crack. I knew when I saw your orange juice supply was dwindling but I thought I’d let you figure it out on your own. You’re a big girl, after all.

CINDY
Well, today I’m hitting the pavement, looking for work. That would make this my first stop of the day.

MIRANDA
Want an application?

Miranda reaches into a drawer behind her and hands Cindy a job application.

MIRANDA
I’ll put in a good word for you.

CINDY
Well, I’d love to stay and chat.

MIRANDA
I understand. You’ve got a long day ahead of you.
CINDY
Not really. Give me a pen. I’ll do my application right here.

MIRANDA
Cindy Hutchins, you silly goose.

Miranda hands a pen to Cindy, who begins to fill out her application.

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT – NIGHT
Cindy enters her apartment with a handful of job applications. She sits at the kitchen table and begins to fill out the first application.

DISSOLVE TO:
Cindy completes filling out a final application.

She rises, switches off the light, and climbs into bed.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY
McCain Funeral Home is a one story building surrounded by a Gothic iron fence. The entrance is a pair of gates under an arc containing the word McCAIN in old fashioned letters. Beyond the fence is a driveway and a grassy lawn.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY
The basement hallway is long and narrow. Pipes and lighting fixtures hang from the ceiling above grimy floor and decaying walls, lined with metal doors.

A male voice echoes down the hallway.

VOICE (O.S.)
This is sick. What the hell did you do to her?
(beat)
Woke up. That’s impossible! Do you have any idea how much formaldehyde that machine pumps into these people?
(beat)
What? That’s it?
(beat)
You mean to tell me we have no formaldehyde left?

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM

A concrete floor soaked in blood. The shadows of two people standing over a flat surface are cast on the floor.

VOICE (O.S.)
(sighs)
Put the rest of them on ice. That should put them out for good. The room at the end of the hall hasn’t been used in years. Put them back there. In the mean time, I need to clean up this mess. Get the table ready for the others. Remember. Time is money.

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT – DAY

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

Cindy lies fast asleep in bed.

A cell phone rings on the computer desk. Cindy stirs and eventually brings herself to rise.

Cindy proceeds sleepily to the phone. She answers it.

CINDY
(groggily)
Hello.

MIRANDA
Hey. Coffee?

EXT. CAFÉ – DAY

Cindy and Miranda sit at a table outside a café and sip coffee.

MIRANDA
So how’s the book coming along?

CINDY
I’ve put it aside for the time being.
MIRANDA
Getting your priorities straight, huh?

CINDY
No. Just forgetting about them.

MIRANDA
How about the jobs? You heard back from anywhere?

CINDY
Actually yeah. I followed up on all of them. None of the normal places will hire me because they look at my resume and say I can’t work with customers. In other words, normal people. None of the weird places will hire me for the same reason I got fired from the last one: they have no work.

MIRANDA
How the fuck did you start working these odd jobs?

CINDY
When I got my first job, I was really into animals so I got a job at an animal hospital. I guess after dealing with mutilated cats and dogs all day, my jobs just started getting weirder and weirder.

MIRANDA
It’s too bad it’s not summer yet. Otherwise, you’d have a job at the Smoothie Shack.

CINDY
Yeah. Thanks anyway. You did what you could—

Cindy jumps and removes a vibrating cell phone from her pocket a moment later.

CINDY
Hello.
A female voice answers.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cindy Hutchins?

CINDY
Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Cindy, this is the morgue at Berke and Hare hospital. Someone probably told you already that we’re overstaffed and not looking to hire any new employees however an associate of ours has called to say they are looking for people to fill the same job title. Are you still available? Would you like me to give you their contact information?

CINDY
Yes. Give me the contact information. Please.

Cindy removes a pen from her pocket.

VOICE (O.S.)
Okay. The name of the associate is McCain Funeral Home.

Cindy writes the words McCAIN FUNERAL HOME on a napkin followed by a phone number.

CINDY
Thank you very much.

Cindy flips the cell phone shut.

CINDY
I think I may have found a job.

MIRANDA
A funeral home? Sounds right up your alley.

INT. CINDY’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cindy sits at the computer desk, holding the napkin in
front of her. In her other hand, she holds her cell phone to her ear.

Cindy dials the number on the card and holds. A low gravelly voice answers.

VOICE (V.O.)
Hello?

CINDY
Is this McCain Funeral Home?

VOICE (V.O.)
Who is this?

CINDY
My name is Cindy Hutchins. I’m looking for a job. I was told you were hiring.

No response. Only breathing.

CINDY
Burke and Hare gave me your number. They told me—

VOICE (V.O.)
Burke and Hare?

CINDY
Yes.

The voice changes to a warmer tone.

VOICE (V.O.)
Well, why didn’t you say so?

CINDY
I’m sorry.

VOICE (V.O.)
Don’t worry about it. Yes, Cindy, we’re hiring. We’re actually really backloaded now so we need as many new hands as we can get. Would you be available to come in tomorrow for an interview?
INT. TRAIN - DAY

Cindy sits in a seemingly empty subway car. She is dressed in clothes that are both worn and in tact. A poor but honest attempt to look formal.

The train stops. The car doors open.

A nervous young man with boyish features and scruffy black hair boards the train. He wears a business-casual outfit. This is BUDDY, 14.

Buddy sits across from Cindy.

CINDY
You look familiar. Do I know you?

BUDDY
I don’t know.

CINDY
I think I do. How’s Emma?

BUDDY
She good... Wait a minute! How did you... I remember you! You’re the one who fixed Emma’s leg after she got hit by that car.

CINDY
That was a long time ago but I remember the names of all the animals that got brought into the hospital. Just kind of stuck for some reason.

BUDDY
Do you still work there?

CINDY
No. I’ve had lots of jobs since then. I’m going to a job interview right now.

BUDDY
Really? Me too! This might be my first
job ever.

CINDY
Good for you.

BUDDY
Where are you going?

CINDY
McCain Funeral Home.

BUDDY
Same! My mom knows the guy who owns the place. She talks to him at the grocery store or something. He’s weird but my mom said if I talked to him, I’d get the job.

CINDY
So your first job is going to be at a funeral home?

BUDDY
Got to start somewhere. My dad says the first job is the hardest to get. Then it’s easy. I think if I work hard at this one, maybe next time, I’ll get a better one.

CINDY
Well, in my case, that’s not exactly true but I wish you the best.

BUDDY
Thanks. My name’s Buddy, by the way.

They shake hands.

CINDY
Cindy.

BUDDY
Hey Cindy. Hey, you know what? Maybe if we both get the job, we can be friends?

CINDY
Who says we have to wait to get the
EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM – DAY

The train stops at the platform. Cindy and Buddy emerge from inside.

A desolate gray cityscape is visible beyond the platform.

INT. CITY STREET – DAY

The narrow street is lined with warehouse lots, towering tenements, and chain link fence. There are no signs of life in sight and a foreboding aura about the vicinity.

Cindy and Buddy proceed down the street.

Buddy
I don’t like this place. It seems dangerous.

Cindy
What, this? This is nothing. You should have seen the last place I worked.

Buddy
Really? It was worse than this?

Cindy
Sure but it wasn’t dangerous. Appearances don’t mean much. You really think Eastern Europe is all that bad?

Buddy
I guess not.

Cindy
We’re fine. Trust me.

Buddy
Okay.

Buddy walks more comfortably.

Cindy
I’m curious, Buddy. Why do you want to work at a funeral home?
BUDDY
Why? You think it’s creepy?

CINDY
Nah. But you might.

BUDDY
I used to think so. But then last year, my grandfather died.

CINDY
I’m sorry.

BUDDY
It was an open casket funeral. When I saw him, he looked just like he always did. He was dead but he was still my grandfather. The dead were people once too. Not just bodies. I want to help them. I want to help their families remember who they are.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Cindy and Buddy enter through the gate.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LOBBY

The lobby is a dull bare room of worn furniture and tile floor.

Cindy and Buddy approach the receptionist desk. The RECEPTIONIST, 20s, is a gangly male with unkempt hair and Coke bottle glasses.

RECEPTIONIST
May I help you?

CINDY
We’re here to see the manager.

The receptionist presses a button on a speaker box on the desk and activates an intercom.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. McCain?
VOICE (V.O.)
Yeah?

RECEPTIONIST
You got company.

VOICE (V.O.)
I’ll be there in a minute.

The intercom shuts off.

INT. FUNERAL HOME – McCAIN OFFICE

The office is cramped and cluttered with cabinets and paperwork.

A disembodied hand picks up an obscured photograph off the desk and places it into a frame. The photograph is oddly proportioned; it takes a moment to adjust it in the frame.

INT. LOBBY

CRAIG McCAIN, 50s, enters. McCain is bespectacled with curly red hair and a rosy complexion. He wears a cheap business suit.

McCain extends a hand to Cindy. Cindy takes it.

McCAIN
Hello. Craig McCain. You must be Cindy.

CINDY
Nice to meet you.

McCain turns to Buddy.

McCAIN
And you must be Buddy.

McCain shakes Buddy’s hand.

BUDDY
Pleased to meet you, sir.

McCAIN
Great. You’re both here. Cindy, I’m going to see you first. Buddy, why
don’t you have a seat.

Buddy takes a seat.

McCain and Cindy exit.

INT. McCAIN OFFICE

McCain enters and takes a seat behind the desk.

McCain turns four framed photographs on his desk towards Cindy. One is the image of a middle-aged woman, the other three, individual children of varying age.

McCain gestures to the photographs.

In two of the child photographs, parents stand behind the child with their heads seemingly cut off by the frame. None of the three children look as if they could have come from the same parents.

McCain

I love my family. Everything I do, all the money I make, it’s all for them.

Cindy

Family does come first.

McCain

Absolutely. My father felt the same way. He started this place for his family and other families too. Everyone wants to see their love ones move on to the next world the right way. Sadly, my father had to make personal use of this
place. He passed. His will left the funeral home to me. But enough history. Let's cut to the chase. Why do you think you deserve this job, Cindy?

INT. FUNERAL HOME – CLOSET

A MORTICIAN stands in a cramped broom closet. He wears blue mortician’s garb, smock, and a surgeon’s cap and mask.

The mortician holds a wad of gauze in a gloved hand. He douses it with a splash of rubbing alcohol.

INT. McCAIN OFFICE

McCAIN
Your job requires you to be in close contact with the dead over long periods of time. This makes some people feel uncomfortable. Do you think you’ll be able to handle that?

CINDY
Well, somebody has to. Whatever needs to be done here, I’ll do it. I promise you it won’t be a problem. I have experience with messy jobs.

McCain nods his head approvingly.

INT. LOBBY

The mortician appears in the hallway beyond the lobby and turns towards McCain’s office. Buddy spots him.

A SECOND MORTICIAN appears behind the first and turns to make eye contact with Buddy. The mortician pauses, raises a hand, and wiggles his fingers in a creepy wave. Buddy waves hesitantly back.

INT. McCAIN OFFICE

McCain stares intently at Cindy.

McCAIN
Describe some of your weaknesses.
CINDY
I have a very addictive personality. Bad habits come easy to me. Once I realize I have a problem, it’s very easy for me to fix it but I don’t always realize I have a problem. I’m still working on that one.

McCAIN
I admire your honesty, Cindy. Admitting you have a problem isn’t an easy thing

CINDY
Thank you, sir.

McCAIN
Well, Cindy. I’m not going to beat around the bush. None of that “we may contact you later” bullshit. I’m not going to leave you sitting in your apartment all day, waiting for a phone call. I’m telling you right now. You got the job.

Cindy jumps out of her seat enthusiastically.

CINDY
Really?!

McCAIN
Really.

CINDY
Thank—

An arm flies across Cindy’s neck. A gloved hand smothers her face with damp gauze. Cindy squirms in the mortician’s grip but her attempts to free herself are futile.

Cindy slips from consciousness and from the mortician’s grip and falls to the floor.

INT. WAITING ROOM

The waiting room is a dingy room with peeling wall paint and leaky pipes suspended from the ceiling. Flickering lights cast a faint but eerie glow about the place.
Two embalming tables and two gurneys, wheels removed, sit in the center of the room. Three of the surfaces contain unconscious people buried under crushed ice.

Cindy lies on one embalming table stripped to shirt and panties. Buddy lies on the table beside her in undershirt and boxers. The gurney closest to a rusty metal door contains an UNCONSCIOUS MAN, 40s, in undergarments.

Distant squeaking is heard outside the room accompanied by footsteps. The sounds grow closer by the second.

The rusty metal door is cast open and a mortician enters.

The mortician wheels a gurney beside the unconscious man, turns a knob on its side, lowering it slightly, and locks the wheels in place.

He grabs the unconscious man around the chest with both hands and loads him onto the gurney.

The mortician unlocks the wheels, raises the gurney, and exits with the unconscious man.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The mortician wheels the unconscious man not far down the hallway before opening a door and entering.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 1

The embalming room contains two embalming tables, sinks, and metal drawers filled with medical equipment.

Beside each embalming table is a metal tray table on wheels. The top trays contain an assortment of surgical instruments laid out on a sanitary cloth. The bottom trays contain open plastic boxes filled with ice.

The mortician wheels the gurney beside the embalming table closest to the door, locks the wheels, and rolls the unconscious man face up onto the table.

He proceeds to the other side of the table and removes a pair of scissors from the tray table. He uses them to cut down the center of the man’s undershirt. The sides of the shirt are then opened to reveal his chest.
The mortician removes a bone saw from the tray table and carves down the center of the man’s chest, splitting his breastbone in half with a sickening crunch.

He then removes cotton ball clasped between pincers and wipes away the blood that has gurgled out of the incision and soaked the man’s chest.

The mortician removes a metal device from the tray table. The device consists of a flat half-circle between two handle bars.

The mortician shoves the half-circle deep into the man’s chest cavity. The man’s eyes snap open. He is still alive.

The mortician and the man make eye contact for a moment before the mortician jerks the chest spreader partially open. The half-circle divides to open the incision.

As the mortician proceeds to crack open his ribcage, muscles in the man’s arms and legs twitch and strain to break their larger counterparts free from paralysis.

The man’s chest cavity is finally reduced to a gaping compartment of pulsating innards.

The mortician returns the chest spreader to the tray table and removes a pair of medical pliers.

The mortician lowers the pliers inside the man’s chest cavity.

A strained wheezing noise from inside the man’s throat as he struggles to scream.

Moist popping ensues as the mortician severs tissues inside the man’s chest. Minute spurts of blood splash his smock.

Finally, the mortician latches the pliers onto a final fleshy lump. He strains to crush it.

The tissue ruptures. A geyser of blood shoots into the air. It splatters across the ceiling and rains onto both victim and perpetrator.

A death rattle escapes from the man’s throat.
The mortician buries his gloved hands into the man’s chest. He gropes around for a moment and removes a blood-soaked heart from the chest cavity.

The mortician crouches down, places the heart into a plastic container, and shuts it.

He rises, turns, and activates an embalming machine. The mortician places the metal tube inside the man’s chest, which makes a moist sucking sound. The empty glass tank installed in the machine fills with blood.

INT. WAITING ROOM

A distant hum awakens Cindy from her slumber. Her eyes rotate and scan her surrounding.

Cindy strains to free herself from the vat but to know avail. She is barely able to move. Only the slightest disturbance shows in the ice.

Cindy attempts to arch her back beneath the ice but does not appear strong enough to do so. She preserves with seemingly growing strength.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 1

The dead man lies face down on the embalming table.

The mortician’s fist is buried in the base of his back. It slides out with a blood soaked kidney in its grasp.

The mortician crouches and drops the kidney into a plastic container with a second kidney already inside. He shuts the container.

The other containers have been secured.

The mortician rolls the man face up onto the gurney, unlocks it, and wheels the dead man out of the room.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The mortician wheels the gurney to the end of the hallway and turns a corner.
INT. CREMATORIUM

The crematorium contains three large furnaces with tilted shoots leading inside them.

The mortician enters, halts the gurney in front of one of the furnace shoots, and opens the compartment door.

He hauls the dead man off the gurney onto the shoot and into the fires beyond.

The compartment door shuts as the cadaver roasts inside.

McCain stands beside one of the furnaces in front of a metal dumpster full of discarded clothes.

In his hands, he holds a wallet. In between two fingers, he holds a pair of rusty scissors.

McCain sifts through the contents of the wallet. He removes a driver’s license and drops it into a slot in the side of one incinerator.

McCain removes a stack of credit cards from the wallet, stuffs it into his suit pocket, and continues to scavenge.

The mortician proceeds to the door with the gurney.

    McCAIN
    Doesn’t anybody carry around pictures of their family anymore?

The mortician halts and turns.

McCain snips the scissors twice then snaps the wallet shut with one hand.

    McCAIN
    Here.

McCain tosses the wallet to the mortician who catches it with one hand.

    McCAIN
    Help yourself.

The mortician nods and exits.
INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy continues to free herself from the embalming table and her own partial immobility. The layer of ice covering her swells. Some spills onto the floor.

The distant squeak of the mortician’s gurney.

The door opens. Cindy instantly snaps her eyes shut.

The mortician enters.

His eyes fly back and forth between Cindy and Buddy.

Finally, the mortician lowers and locks the gurney beside Cindy and loads her onto it. Cindy maintains mock-unconsciousness.

The mortician readjusts the gurney and exits with Cindy.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The mortician wheels Cindy down the hallway and into the embalming room.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 1

The mortician wheels Cindy to the furthermost embalming table and loads her face up onto it.

He proceeds to one of the sinks, disposes of his gloves, and washes his hands.

Cindy opens her eyes and glances at the tray table beside her. Her eyes lock on a bone saw. Her fingers slowly and stiffly creep towards it.

The mortician snaps on new gloves and proceeds to the embalming table.

Cindy freezes her hand and shuts her eyes.

The mortician removes a large spring-loaded syringe attached to a thick plastic needle resembling a carpenter nail, from the tray table.

He pulls on Cindy’s panties to reveal a bare hipbone. Cindy
shivers involuntarily. The mortician glances at her for a moment. Cindy attempts to still herself but cannot help shivering.

The mortician returns his glance to Cindy’s hipbone. He shoves the needle through. Cindy tenses. The mortician does not notice.

Cindy’s hand continues to creep towards the tray table.

The mortician releases the trigger. The syringe fills with gelatinous bone marrow tinged with blood and calcium residue.

A faint but audible gasp escapes Cindy’s throat.

The mortician’s eyes snap towards her. Her hand freezes once again.

The mortician returns his focus to the syringe. He unscrews the glass vial and drops it on the tray table.

He reaches for an empty vial. His eyes lock on the bone saw. It is now in Cindy’s grasp.

The mortician’s eyes fly towards Cindy’s. They are open. A long pause before the mortician snatches a scalpel from the tray table.

With all the strength she can muster, Cindy slashes the bone saw across the mortician’s arm. The mortician falls.

Cindy attempts to lift herself up but does not have the strength or mobility. Instead, she uses her elbow to support herself. Her head flops limply to the side.

The mortician grabs the side of the tray table with one hand and gets to his feet. He prepares to stab Cindy with the scalpel.

Cindy swings the bone saw blindly through the air. It embeds itself sideways in the mortician’s cranium.

The mortician collapses onto the floor. He takes the tray table with him. His head lands on the bone saw and buries it deeper into his skull.
Cindy rolls herself off the embalming table and lands hard on the floor. She yelps in pain.

Cindy turns to the mortician who twitches involuntarily. She crawls towards him on her fists and elbows. Her legs drag limply behind her.

Cindy sifts through the medical instruments on the floor and picks up the scalpel.

She then grabs the side of the embalming table and pulls herself upright.

Cindy attempts to place her body weight onto her legs. Ichor trickles out of the hole in her hip. The pain forces Cindy to vomit and she collapses onto the floor.

Cindy attempts to stand again, with the aid of the embalming table, and once again, falls to the floor.

The third time, Cindy is able to stand and takes several stiff, awkward steps towards the door before falling again.

Cindy regains herself and exits.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy makes slow but steady down the hallway. She supports herself with the wall.

Further down the hallway, the second mortician emerges from a room. He wheels a medical tray table. Cindy abruptly turns and throws herself through a metal door into the room beyond.

INT. ORGAN BANK

Two of the walls are covered completely by metal drawers. At the far wall is a generator covered in blinking lights and ticking gauges. Leaking coolant soaks the floor.

Cindy falls to the ground. She regains herself, shuts the door, and props herself against it.

She observes her surroundings. Something catches her eye. One of the drawers has been left partially open. Steam emits from an airtight inner compartment.
Cindy proceeds slowly towards the drawer.

She grabs the front of the drawer and pulls it out all the way. A plastic container sits inside.

Cindy partially lifts the lid of the container and gasps. Inside the container is a bloody human liver suspended in ice.

Cindy releases the lid and staggers slightly backward. She catches herself before falling.

The approaching sound of squeaking. Cindy turns her head.

The door opens and the other mortician enters with the tray table.

He proceeds to where Cindy was previously standing; she has disappeared.

The mortician opens a drawer, removes a plastic container from the tray table, and places it inside the drawer. A sucking sound issues as the mortician shuts the drawer.

Cindy watches him do this, partially concealed behind the door. She sits on the floor with her back against the wall.

She rises slowly.

The mortician continues to load the plastic containers into the drawers until something catches his eye. The drawer containing the liver is still partially open.

The mortician slides the drawer closed then scans his surroundings. His eyes fall on the door. Cindy has disappeared from behind it.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy hobbles hurriedly down the hallway. Suddenly she stops.

CINDY

Buddy!
INT. ORGAN BANK

The mortician shrugs and turns.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy turns.

INT. ORGAN BANK

The mortician continues to load the plastic containers into their respective drawers. The number of the containers is dwindling.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy listens to the sounds made by the mortician outside the door.

After a moment of waiting, she dives across the doorway. The mortician whirls around.

Cindy freezes.

INT. ORGAN BANK

The mortician stares at the emptiness beyond the threshold for a moment then picks up the final plastic container.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy maneuvers herself, as quickly as she can, towards the waiting room.

Suddenly, she presses herself flat against the hallway wall. She clutches the scalpel defensively in her hand.

The mortician emerges from the organ bank with the tray table.

Cindy holds her breath. She is in plain sight.

The mortician does not notice Cindy as he turns and proceeds towards his initial workstation.

When the mortician has reached a considerable distance, Cindy releases her breath and continues toward the waiting
room.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy cautiously enters the waiting room and proceeds over to Buddy.

She speaks in a hushed but audible urgent tone.

CINDY
Buddy! Buddy, wake up!

Cindy slaps his face a few times.

CINDY
Buddy, you have to wake up! You have to!

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

A seemingly identical embalming room.

The mortician enters a tray table of fresh containers and glistening sterile surgical instruments.

The mortician releases the tray table, grabs an empty gurney, and exits.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The mortician wheels the gurney towards the waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy grabs Buddy around his chest and attempts to heave him off the embalming table.

CINDY
Come on, Buddy! We have to get out of here!

The approaching squeaking of the gurney.

CINDY
He’s coming! Come on, Buddy! Come on!
INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The mortician halts the gurney outside the waiting room door, opens it, and enters.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Buddy remains unconscious.

Cindy has disappeared.

The mortician adjusts the gurney beside Buddy and loads him onto it.

Cindy is on her hands and knees on the other side of the table. All she can see of the mortician are his feet.

She creeps slowly and quietly towards them. The scalpel is clutched tightly in her hand.

Cindy cautiously reaches out towards the mortician’s feet with the scalpel. She periodically retracts it in fear and hesitation.

Finally, she draws it back preparing to strike. She holds her breath and focuses her eyes.

The mortician completes loading Buddy onto the gurney and exits.

Cindy swipes the scalpel far too late.

After a moment, Cindy gets to her feet and heads for the door.

She opens it a crack and watches the mortician head down the hallway beyond.

After the mortician has progressed a considerable distance, Cindy exits, scalpel in hand.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The mortician turns into the second embalming room at the end of the hallway.
INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The mortician loads Buddy onto the embalming table closest to the door.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy proceeds towards the embalming room at the end of the hallway.

At the end of the hallway, Cindy ducks into an alcove containing a stationary gurney missing a wheel.

The entrance to the embalming room is slightly off center opposite the alcove but Cindy is able to see inside. Only the back of the mortician is visible.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The mortician is hunched over Buddy. He manipulates partially visible utensils. He wears a pair of medical glasses. One of the lenses is a massive magnifying glass.

MORTICIAN P.O.V.

Enlarged by the magnifying glass is the image of Buddy’s eye being sewn to its inner lid with nearly microscopic sutures.

Medical scissors clip the end of a suture. A halo of stitches is left to support Buddy’s eye. The eye quivers slightly in an effort to shut itself.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

A rusty wheel sits in two pieces detached from its socket on top of the stationary gurney.

Cindy grabs the wheel and tosses it down the hallway towards the waiting room. It thuds dully several times before it transitions into a roll.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The mortician raises his head.
INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy hides behind an inner alcove wall. She peaks cautiously around the corner into the embalming room. She bites her lip in anticipation.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The mortician removes an instrument from the tray table. It is a thin metal rod attached to a razor hoop.

The mortician maneuvers the instrument close to Buddy’s eye. The hoop caresses its surface and slices it open instantly.

The hoop momentarily disappears into Buddy’s eye before the mortician retracts it. In its center is held a glistening translucent dome.

The mortician deposits the enucleated cornea onto a pad of gauze.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy grabs the wheel socket off the gurney and tosses it down the hallway. It clatters loudly halfway down the hallway.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The mortician jerks his head up.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The wheel socket skids to a halt in front of the entrance of the other embalming room.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The mortician slams the hooped instrument onto the tray table.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy hides behind the inner alcove wall.

The mortician bursts from the embalming room, swings his
head about to scan his surroundings, then storms down the hallway towards the other embalming room.

Once the mortician has reached a sufficient distance, Cindy places the scalpel sideways between her teeth and tears across the hallway into the embalming room.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Cindy slips her arms under Buddy’s shoulders and drags him off the embalming table.

Unable to bear the sudden addition of weight, Cindy collapses onto the floor with Buddy in her arms.

Cindy quickly gets to her feet and attempts to bring Buddy to his.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The mortician stops at the sight of the discarded wheel socket. He picks it up and examines it curiously. His eyes then fall on a trail of blood that has materialized in the embalming room beyond the threshold next to him.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 1

The mortician enters. His eyes instantly flash to the dead mortician lying in a sanguine puddle. His eyes widen.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Cindy has Buddy on his feet and drags him out of the embalming room.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy’s back makes contact with a solid mass.

Before she can turn, the mortician throws an arm across Cindy’s neck and hurls her into the embalming room. Buddy falls from her arms in the process.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Cindy topples over the tray table and lands hard on the
concrete floor. It spills razor sharp instruments everywhere. The scalpel flies out of her mouth.

Cindy grabs the scalpel and gets to her feet.

The mortician is already in the room. Before Cindy can react, he kicks her hard in the stomach and sends her across the room.

Cindy lands on the floor once again.

She attempts to regain herself but the strain causes her to vomit.

The mortician descends upon Cindy. She slashes at him with the scalpel. He catches her arm.

The mortician twists Cindy’s arm in a way that points the scalpel towards her chest and begins to guide it, with both hands, towards her flesh.

Cindy grabs the mortician’s arm with her free hand and attempts to pry his hands free from her own. She digs her nails deep into his skin.

The scalpel blade strokes the flesh in between Cindy’s shoulder and chest. It draws blood.

The mortician presses the scalpel slowly deeper into Cindy’s body as she watches, powerless to stray its course.

Buddy appears behind the mortician. The stitches in his mutilated eye have come undone. His eyelids flutter involuntarily. Blood and ocular fluid trickles down his cheek.

Buddy collapses onto the mortician and throws his virtually immobile arms around his neck. The scalpel embeds itself deeper into Cindy’s chest.

The mortician shoves Buddy off his back. Unable to maintain his balance, Buddy falls backwards onto the floor.

The mortician descends upon him. He grabs his throat and squeezes it in a vice-like grip.

Cindy grabs the scalpel and slowly pulls it out of her
flesh. She winces in pain all the while.

Back on her feet, Cindy tears towards the mortician. He turns around and grabs Cindy’s wrist, which clasps the scalpel. He twists it and causes the scalpel to fall from Cindy’s hand.

The mortician slaps Cindy hard across the face and sends her onto her back.

He swoops over her and grabs her neck.

Buddy grabs the scalpel. As he supports himself on one shoulder, he slices the flesh behind the mortician’s knee, crippling him instantly. The mortician rolls onto his back and kicks Buddy in the face with his functioning leg.

Cindy scrabbles across the floor and grabs a pair of medical pliers.

She comes up behind the mortician, who attempts but fails to get to his feet, and crunches the pliers into his Adam’s apple. A surprised croak escapes the mortician’s constricted throat.

Cindy appears at Buddy’s side and helps him to his feet.

The mortician attempts to remove the pliers from his throat and rips out his trachea. Blood gushes out of the wound.

Cindy grabs the scalpel from off the floor.

The mortician crawls on his hands and knees towards a piece of sanitary cloth. His crippled leg drags motionless at his side.

Cindy and Buddy exit. They leave behind the mortician to choke on his own blood.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy struggles to carry Buddy’s weight towards the corner at the end of the hallway.

A gash above Buddy’s eyebrow trickles blood down his face and forces him to shut his unscathed eye.
BUDDY
(groggily)
I can’t see. I think I’m blind.

CINDY
No, you’re not.

BUDDY
I can’t move.

CINDY
Yes, you can.

Cindy and Buddy turn the corner to face another lengthy stretch of hallway.

CINDY
You can do it, Buddy.

BUDDY
I can’t.

CINDY
Come on.

Buddy makes an attempt to walk.

Cindy releases him. He takes several steps before he collapses against the wall.

CINDY
Come on, Buddy. You can do it.

Buddy regains himself and walks clumsily but progressively down the length of the hallway. He supports himself on the wall.

BUDDY
Where are we going?

CINDY
We’re getting out of here.

Cindy freezes.

Towards the center of the hallway is a set of double doors contained in a large alcove. There is a metal box above the alcove that resembles an exit sign. It is encrusted with
CINDY
This way.

Cindy links arms with Buddy and proceeds towards the double doors. Buddy stumbles along after her.

Cindy opens one door a crack and peers inside. It is the crematorium. McCain paces impatiently inside.

Cindy gasps and releases the door.

INT. CREMATORIUM

McCain turns his attention to the door.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

CINDY
This way.

Cindy and Buddy move quickly down the hallway.

The sound of a door swinging open is heard from the alcove.

CINDY
In here.

Cindy jerks Buddy through the final door at the end of the hallway and shuts it behind her.

INT. MORGUE

One wall of the morgue is lined with large steel drawers. Some of them have been left open to reveal elongated inner storage compartments. They are empty.

At the end of the room is a side passageway that appears to lead into another room.

Cindy and Buddy turn down the passageway.

At the end of the passageway is a door. The doorknob is broken off.

CINDY
Shit!
INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

McCain proceeds slowly down the hallway.

INT. MORGUE

BUDDY
We’re trapped!

CINDY
We have to hide. Right now!

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

McCain turns to the morgue door, opens it, and enters.

INT. MORGUE

The morgue is empty.
The open drawers have been closed.
McCain enters.

INT. DRAWER 1

Buddy holds his breath inside a darkened drawer.
Muffled footsteps outside.

INT. DRAWER 2

Cindy lies inside another drawer, holding her breath. The scalpel is clutched in one of her hands.

INT. MORGUE

McCain scans his surroundings.
He turns the corner and heads for the broken door. He stops in front of it, examines it, then turns around.
McCain heads for the other door then stops. He turns to the metal drawers covering the wall.
He proceeds to the end of the wall, bends down, and removes the lowest drawer closest to the wall. It is empty.
McCain opens the drawer beside it. Empty.

He stands and removes the drawer above the first he opened. Also empty.

McCain proceeds down the length of the wall opening drawers. He removes two more.

INT. DRAWER

Buddy’s muscles tighten in anticipation.

INT. MORGUE

McCain removes two more drawers.

INT. DRAWER

Cindy brings the scalpel towards her and the head of the storage compartment.

INT. MORGUE

McCain opens a final drawer. Empty. He sighs and heads for the door.

INT. DRAWER

Buddy utters a sigh of relief. The surrounding steel amplifies it subtly but audibly.

INT. MORGUE

McCain turns. He registers the sigh and returns to the drawers.

He continues opening drawers one up from where he left off.

After opening three, McCain selects the drawer containing Buddy. He pulls it out of the wall.

McCain and Buddy lock eyes for a moment.

McCain makes a grab for Buddy’s throat.

The second drawer down from Buddy’s is cast open by itself. Cindy lies inside clasping the scalpel. McCain’s eyes dart
to meet hers.

The scalpel slices through McCain’s forearm.

Cindy retracts the scalpel and shoves it underneath and up through McCain’s kneecap. McCain screams and falls to the floor.

Cindy climbs out of the drawer and helps Buddy out of his.

Cindy and Buddy swiftly exit. McCain writhes in tribulation.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy and Buddy emerge from the morgue and turn the corner to enter a third section of the basement hallway. At the end of this section is a staircase.

CINDY
Come on, Buddy! We’re getting out of here!

The two of them hasten towards the staircase.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME – DAY

The receptionist smokes a cigarette outside the funeral home.

An ambulance pulls silently into the driveway.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy and Buddy scramble up the stairs.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME

The AMBULANCE DRIVER emerges from the ambulance. He wears paramedic garb.

Dr. Knox and his assistant emerge from behind the ambulance. Dr. Knox has cold eyes and a grey mustache. They both wear white coats and loose surgeon’s masks.

The receptionist tenses at the sight of the three men. He clenches his teeth tightly around his cigarette.
INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Cindy and Buddy proceed down the office hallway towards the lobby.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME

The men proceed towards the door.

INT. LOBBY

A silhouette appears behind the glass of the entrance door. Cindy dives behind the receptionist desk at the sight of it.

Buddy continues towards the door.

   CINDY
   Buddy, no!

The door opens. The doctors enter.

Buddy falls to his knees at their feet. He tugs at Knox’s coat.

   BUDDY
   Oh, thank you! Thank you! You got to help—

   KNOX
   Do I?

Knox grabs Buddy’s head and smothers his face with his abdomen. Buddy struggles but Knox maintains his grip.

Buddy passes out. Knox releases him.

   ASSISTANT
   What the hell?

   KNOX
   Take him with us. I’m sure McCain has a reasonable explanation for this.

The assistant takes Buddy’s upper half into his arms. The ambulance driver takes his legs
The three men proceed past the receptionist desk.

Cindy watches them as they proceed down the office hallway and the basement stairs.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The three men carry Buddy down the hallway.

INT. LOBBY

The receptionist enters and proceeds behind his desk. Before he can react, Cindy bursts out from behind it and pins him to the wall. She holds a pen at his throat.

RECEPTIONIST
No! Please!

CINDY
Get the fuck out of here! Now!

Cindy casts the receptionist to the floor. He immediately regains himself and hastily flees the funeral home.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The two men load Buddy onto the embalming table closest to the door. They then drag the corpse of the mortician from the center of the room and cast it against a wall.

Finally, they collect the discarded medical tools and place them on a restored tray table.

DOCTOR
What now, sir?

KNOX
We find McCain.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy descends the stairs and proceeds to the end of the hallway.

She turns and proceeds a modest distance down the hallway when the three men appear at the end of the section. Cindy swiftly throws herself inside the room closest to her.
INT. MORGUE

Cindy finds herself back in the morgue.

McCain lies on the floor, covered in blood. He clutches his wounded arm.

He turns to see Cindy and utters a hoarse exclamation. Cindy whirls around and peers down the hallway.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The doctors approach.

INT. MORGUE

Cindy quickly scans her surroundings. Her eyes fall on a metal vent at the base of the far right hand corner of the room. She dives for it.

McCain moans and babbles incoherently as he watches Cindy.

Cindy removes the metal grate, enters the vent, and struggles to readjust the grate.

INT. AIRWAY

The airway is wide enough for Cindy fit inside but not enough to for her to turn around without commotion. It is a short distance which connects two rooms.

Cindy crawls to the end of the airway and attempts to dislodge a second grate in front of her. It shifts slightly but does not yield.

Footsteps.

Cindy freezes.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The doctors close in on the morgue.

McCain moans. The men turn to see him and abruptly enter.
INT. MORGUE

Knox steps forward and stares down at McCain.

KNOX
What happened here?

McCAIN
I—

KNOX
First you tell me you don’t have the proper tools to prepare the bodies, then you tell me you don’t have enough bodies. I’m a busy man McCain. I haven’t the patience to continue checking up on you.

McCAIN
(choked)
They escaped.

KNOX
Who escaped?

McCAIN
A boy and a girl.

KNOX
There’s a girl?!

McCAIN
I almost had them. But the girl. She attacked me—

Knox bends down and yanks the scalpel swiftly out of McCain’s kneecap. He screams.

KNOX
No more excuses! You understand when you lose donors, you lose organs. When we lose organs, we lose clients. I wouldn’t be taking part in illegal organ harvesting if I wasn’t sure the fruits were worth the risk. There’s a high demand for organs and clients are willing to pay top dollar for them
but I can’t see those dollars if you are not doing your job. You are not doing your job, Mr. McCain. You are unreliable. I cannot risk doing business with someone who is unreliable! Do you know what would happen to me if people found out about this?! I would lose my license, you bastard!

Knox grabs McCain by the throat and draws back the scalpel.

McCAIN
Wait!

McCain frantically gestures towards the vent.

McCAIN
She’s in there! She’s in—

KNOX
Who?!

McCAIN
The girl!

INT. AIRWAY
Cindy slaps both hands over her mouth and holds her breath.

INT. MORGUE

McCAIN
In there! Behind the grate!

KNOX
You’ve given me good reason not to trust you, Mr. McCain. Why should I believe anything you say?

McCAIN
Please! Doctor Knox—

KNOX
Regardless, I do believe you can redeem yourself—
McCAIN
I’m telling you, the girl’s in that—

KNOX
If you would be so kind as to offer up your organs in the place of the donor’s you let slip through your fingers so easily—

Knox prepares to strike McCain with the scalpel.

McCAIN
No! Please wait! This isn’t fair!

KNOX
I do believe it is—

McCAIN
No! You don’t understand! I did it all. I did everything for my family.

Knox laughs.

McCAIN
Listen to me! The city's shutting me down. No one brings their dead here anymore. I did everything you told me to do for my family. I’m not like you. I did it for good. I don’t deserve this.

KNOX
Spare me your lies, Mr. McCain. You have no family. You made your reasons clear when we made our deal. You did it for the money. Just like us. But unlike us, we have made peace with what we do. Maybe in the few moments before the electrical signals in your brain cease fire, you can too.

Knox slices McCain across the stomach. He falls onto his side with his hands around his wound and spits up blood.

Knox turns to his ambulance driver.
KNOX
If you would be so kind.

The ambulance driver grabs McCain by his legs and drags him towards the door. He continues to choke and gasp.

KNOX
In the embalming room with the boy.

The ambulance driver exits with McCain.

KNOX
Back to the ambulance, doctor. We must gather our tools for the operations.

ASSISTANT
Operations, sir?

KNOX
There are three dead morticians in this funeral home. Who else is going to perform them? I am not leaving here without those organs, doctor. I’ve spent too much time and money on this ordeal. To the ambulance.

INT. AIRWAY

As the footsteps of the two men cease, Cindy slams her fists against the grate in front of her until it finally gives.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Cindy emerges at the far end of a storage room. She faces several metal shelves, covered in cobwebs. The shelves are stacked with cardboard boxes, foldable metal equipment, and barrels of embalming fluid. Dust hangs in the air.

Cindy emerges from the vent, proceeds around the shelves, and cautiously exits.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

A bloody smear leads from the morgue, down the hallway, and around the corner. Cindy follows it.
INT. LOBBY

Knox and his assistant proceed towards the door.

The assistant stops.

ASSISTANT
Wait. Dr. Knox.

KNOX
What is it?

DOCTOR
The girl. Shouldn’t we look for her?

KNOX
What makes you think after what she’s witnessed here, she would decide to do anything but escape?

ASSISTANT
McCain said the girl was still here.

KNOX
He was lying, of course—

ASSISTANT
What if he wasn’t lying? What if she’s still here? What if she’s called the authorities? She could be lying in wait for them to arrive. Dr. Knox, if they find us here—

KNOX
They won’t. The girl didn’t call the authorities. She’s not lying in wait. She escaped. There are no phones in this place. If she were going to call the authorities, she would have to wait until she was someplace safe and even then, we will have left before they’ve arrived. The authorities can’t trace anything past McCain. We’ve left no evidence to suggest we were in anyway involved in what he’s been doing here.
ASSISTANT
I don’t think we should take that chance, sir.

KNOX
(sighs)
If she is still here, we make her come to us.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The ambulance driver lowers McCain onto the embalming table opposite Buddy

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy turns the corner to see the blood trail curve into the embalming room.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Buddy’s eyes snap open. They immediately divert to the ambulance driver whose back is turned.

The driver turns. Buddy’s eyes snap shut.

The driver suddenly jolts upright and whirls back around to McCain.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy creeps towards the embalming room. She clutches the pen tightly in her hand.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Buddy, slowly and quietly, slips off the embalming table.

The ambulance driver leans close to McCain with his ear turned towards him.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy creeps closer to the embalming room.
INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Buddy’s feet land softly on the concrete floor.

The ambulance driver removes a thin metal rod from the tray table and prods gently at McCain’s stomach wound.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy approaches the embalming room entrance.

Buddy emerges.

The two make eye contact for a moment before the ambulance driver appears behind him and slits his throat with a scalpel. Buddy falls. Blood spews from his jugular.

Cindy disappears into another alcove with a chain-link door and surrounding fence. It contains a pair of generators. Cindy hides behind one of them.

The ambulance driver drags Buddy’s corpse back inside the embalming room.

Cindy watches behind the chain link.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The ambulance driver loads Buddy back onto the embalming table then proceeds to McCain, scalpel in hand.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy emerges from the alcove and proceeds towards the embalming room.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Cindy enters the embalming room and proceeds to creep up behind the ambulance driver.

The driver positions the scalpel beside McCain’s throat and takes a deep breath.

Suddenly, a choked gasp escapes his throat. His hand releases the scalpel.
Cindy stands behind the ambulance driver. He stands motionless, his face frozen.

Cindy’s hand is positioned beside the driver’s neck. It clutches the pen which has pierced his flesh. A swollen blood vessel throbs around the pen.

Sweat drips down from the driver’s face. He moans.

Cindy is a statue.

The ambulance driver attempts to raise a hand. Cindy spots the motion and swiftly retracts the pen from his artery. A crimson jet shoots from the perforation and sprays onto the wall. The driver falls to the floor.

Cindy grabs the scalpel from the embalming table and heads for the doorway. At the threshold, she turns and stares at McCain.

After a moment, Cindy exits.

As Cindy disappears through the doorway, McCain’s mouth utters the softest exhale.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy emerges from the embalming room.

INT. CREMATORIUM

Cindy rummages through the bin of discarded clothes, removes her own, and dresses herself.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Cindy emerges from the basement staircase, proceeds down the hallway, and turns the corner towards McCain’s office.

INT. McCain OFFICE

Cindy bursts into McCain’s office and proceeds behind the desk. Her eyes scan its surface. A speaker box. No phone.

Cindy jerks the desk drawers violently out. They fall to the floor.
She drops to her knees and rummages through the drawer contents for an extended period of time.

Her eyes fall on a waste basket in the corner. A wire hangs over its edge attached to one end of a broken cell phone.

Cindy grabs the waste basket and empties its contents onto the floor. A second cell phone appears. It has been snapped in half. Cindy pounds the floor in frustration.

Her eyes fall on a large metal briefcase which sits underneath the desk.

Cindy crawls towards the briefcase, grabs it, and opens it. It is filled to the brim with hundred dollar bills.

She removes a wad from the briefcase, flips through it with the edge of her thumb, and stares at it. Her eyes are wide with emotion.

Cindy allows the money to fall from her hands and plop on top of the rest of it inside the briefcase.

She slams the briefcase shut and exits.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Cindy emerges into the hallway and disappears through a set of double doors.

INT. CHAPEL

Cindy enters a deserted chapel. Her eyes fall on a pair of exit doors at the end of the room. She runs to them.

Cindy presses on the first exit door. It does not budge. She shove it hard. It remains firm.

Cindy looks up to see a locking mechanism on the door. She grabs it and attempts to slide it unlocked. It is rusted shut.

Cindy runs to the other exit door. She shoves it several times. It gives.
EXT. ALLEY – DAY

Cindy finds herself in an alley confined inside brick walls lined by dumpsters. She spots a metal garage door at the end of the alley. She runs to it.

Cindy looks down to see a padlock at its base.

She turns and jumps onto one of the dumpsters. She jumps again in an attempt to grab the edge of the brick wall. It is too high. After several attempts, Cindy gives up and jumps off the dumpster.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME – DAY

The funeral home gates are chained and fitted with a padlock.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The rear ambulance doors are open. Knox stands outside the ambulance. His assistant is crouched inside the ambulance inspecting a machine attached to a cluster of external wires laid out on the floor.

ASSISTANT
It’s functional, sir.

KNOX
Are you sure? We are going to have to make several trips to the hospital and back. We only have one chance to deliver these organs. If the machine is defective, they are at risk of necrosis. Do you understand?

ASSISTANT
Yes sir.

EXT. AMBULANCE

Scalpel in hand, Cindy creeps stealthy in a crouched position along the length of the ambulance.

KNOX (O.S.)
Are you sure the tattler’s been disabled?
DOCTOR (O.S.)
Yes sir.

KNOX (O.S.)
Check it again.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
I assure you, Dr. Knox, it’s—

KNOX (O.S.)
Check it again, doctor!

INT. AMBULANCE

KNOX
If the hospital is able to track the ambulance, we’ll be—

Cindy pops up behind Knox and throws an arm around his neck. She holds the scalpel to his flesh.

The assistant whirls around in shock.

CINDY
(to assistant)
Stay back!

The assistant freezes.

CINDY
Open the gates!

KNOX
Who are you?

ASSISTANT
It’s the girl!

KNOX
What are you doing, girl?

CINDY
It’s not what I’m doing. It’s what you’re doing that matters.

KNOX
I’d advise against this.
CINDY
Shut up! I know who you are. You’re Robert Knox. I’ve seen you on TV. You’re famous. I’m sure the police would be very interested to know what a rich doctor like you is doing at a place like this.

ASSISTANT
The police!

The assistant staggers forward.

CINDY
I told you to stay back!

The assistant recoils towards the front of the ambulance.

KNOX
(laughs)
The police.

CINDY
(to Knox)
I wouldn’t laugh if I were you. They’re on their way right now. You’re not going anywhere. Not if you don’t open the gates. Do it!

KNOX
You’re lying! There’s no police. Who do you think cut the phone line in McCain’s office? We’re not going anywhere and neither are you.

CINDY
I’ll kill you if I have to.

KNOX
(laughs)
You’re not a killer. We saw the ones you did. You didn’t even check to make sure they were really dead. McCain was still alive. If you were truly a killer, you would have killed him. Then maybe you could have escaped.
Cindy tightens her grip. Knox chokes.

KNOX
Alright! I’ll open the gates. For something in return.

CINDY
Your life!

KNOX
You know who I am. You know the power I possess. The influence. If you would calm yourself, I’m sure we could come to some sort of agreement. A trade, perhaps. Your silence in exchange for a generous sum.

At this, Cindy freezes up completely.

CINDY
I don’t want your money.

KNOX
Oh, but you do. A young woman like yourself. Her entire life ahead of her. Brimming with passion.

Cindy’s hand begins to shake as her entire body quivers uncontrollably.

KNOX
I’m sure you could put it to good use.

A moment of silence passes before Knox throws an elbow into Cindy’s face. She stumbles backwards. Her arm flings back. The scalpel slices open Knox’s cheek.

EXT. AMBULANCE

Knox whirls around to see Cindy sprawled on the ground. His face contorts in a bizarre hybrid of a sneer and the artificial smile carved by the scalpel.

Knox grabs Cindy by the hair and hurls her towards the ambulance. Her head strikes the edge of one of the doors. She falls to the ground.
Cindy’s eyes catch a final glimpse of Knox before she loses consciousness.

Knox looks to his assistant. He speaks. His voice sounds muffled and distorted.

    KNOX
    Take her to the basement.

    DOCTOR
    Doctor, your face—

    KNOX
    Now!

The assistant scrambles out of the ambulance and grabs Cindy around the waist.

He drags her towards the funeral home.

Knox rounds the ambulance and stares into the driver side mirror. His face is bloody and disfigured. His eyes narrow.

    KNOX
    Oh, how I will delight to watch the scalpel carve your flesh.

INT. PUBLISHING OFFICE – DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A sunlit office overlooking a cityscape from a tall building. The office is casually furnished with a desk between two packed bookshelves. Book reviews and newspaper clippings are framed and hung on the walls.

The chair behind the desk is turned away from the door. Someone is sitting in it overlooking the cityscape.

A knock at the door.

    VOICE (O.S.)
    Come in.

Cindy enters. She looks very unlike herself in a becoming business outfit. She has clearly taken the time to make herself look presentable.
VOICE (O.S.)
Have a seat.

Cindy takes a seat on the other side of the desk.

The other chair turns around to reveal Miranda. Her appearance seems to mirror Cindy’s.

MIRANDA
Cindy. How nice of you to drop by. What do you got for me?

Cindy drops in thick manuscript onto the desk.

CINDY
It’s called the War Within. It’s about a girl named Cindy who goes to fight monsters but ends up becoming one herself.

MIRANDA
Sounds interesting, really, it does, but I’m sorry, Cindy. I don’t think I can help you.

CINDY
Maybe this will change your mind.

Cindy places a large metal briefcase on top of the desk.

MIRANDA
Is that what I think it is?

CINDY
You know, Miranda, I was wrong. When I said that money isn’t important. I learned it really is important. It’s most important. They were killing people at that funeral home, Miranda. Killing them. For money. If people are willing to kill for money then it must be important. It’s not like everything else. Religion. Politics. Those are just ideas. Money’s real and it’s not just important, it can make my dreams come true.
MIRANDA

(laughs)
Cindy Hutchins, you silly goose. I knew you'd come around. It took you long enough but I always knew you had it in you.

CINDY

So you’ll publish my book?

MIRANDA

You’re right, Cindy. Money can make your dreams come true.

Miranda opens the briefcase. The top comes up and blocks her face from Cindy’s view.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

I’m sorry, Cindy. I can’t take this money.

CINDY

What? What’s wrong with it? It’s good, isn't it?

VOICE (O.S.)

It’s got blood on it.

Cindy looks down at the desk. Blood has spilled down the side of the briefcase and formed a pool beside it.

The inside of the briefcase is filled to the brim with cash. Not a spec of green is visible. The money is soaked in blood.

A hand brings the top of the briefcase down. Miranda has disappeared.

McCain sits on the other side of the desk. His throat is slit. He wears a male version of Miranda’s outfit. It is covered in blood.

McCAIN

My blood.

END SEQUENCE.
INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy lies unconscious on an embalming table covered in ice once again. Her eyelids flicker rapidly as she dreams.

Knox’s assistant stands at the door. He smashes the inner doorknob off with a hammer and exits. The door slams shut and locks Cindy inside.

INT. AMBULANCE – DAY

Dr. Knox sits inside the ambulance. He stares into the driver side mirror as he stitches his face wound shut.

When he finishes, Dr. Knox clips the excess thread with surgical scissors.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

The dead ambulance driver is sprawled against the wall.

The two tray tables sit beside the embalming table with Buddy. They are clear. One is draped with fresh gauze.

Dr. Knox and his assistant stand on opposite sides of the embalming table. They both wear rubber gloves.

An open briefcase sits on one of the tray tables. It contains assorted surgical tools. The assistant transfers its contents onto the open table.

    KNOX
    Can you believe the tools they were using here? Some of them were from the former half of the twentieth century. How obsolete. Perhaps it is better we carry out the final operations.

The assistant shuts the briefcase.

    KNOX
    Are you ready?

The assistant nods.

    KNOX
    Let’s begin. Scalpel.
The doctor extends a scalpel, handle first, towards Knox. Knox takes it and slices open the front of Buddy’s undershirt.

KNOX
Doctor.

The assistant produces a moist cotton ball between pincers and smears Buddy’s chest with a dark brown substance until his pale flesh disappears.

Knox lowers the scalpel to Buddy’s chest. He shudders.

ASSISTANT
Dr. Knox?

KNOX
Can you feel it?

ASSISTANT
Feel what, sir?

KNOX
Without the white glare of the operating theater. Without the other surgeons huddled around the patient. Without the sheets. The tubes. It’s medical school.

ASSISTANT
Dr. Knox, focus—

KNOX
I’ve never been so focused. I’m back where I started. At medical school. Standing over the cadaver for the first time. That’s when, for the first time, I knew for sure. That this was my true calling in life.

The scalpel disappears into Buddy’s chest. Knox cuts along the length of his clavicle.

KNOX
A surgeon has the power to decide whether one lives or dies. That power is great but the surgeon is only a
tool. He is detached.

Knox removes the scalpel and cuts into the flesh opposite the first incision. The second mirrors of the first.

       KNOX
       The doctor, on the other hand, understands the true impact of what the surgeon does. He understands people are willing to do anything to save their loved ones. Only the doctor has the power to name the price. When the doctor receives his payment, he is able to know their true desperation.

Knox makes a third incision down Buddy’s chest.

       KNOX
       That is power.

Knox removes the scalpel. Its three incisions make a single Y-shaped incision.

Blood drips onto Buddy’s chest from above. The assistant looks at Knox.

       ASSISTANT
       Dr. Knox.

Knox raises his head.

       ASSISTANT
       Your face.

A seam has broken in Knox’s cheek. Fresh blood streams from the wound.

Knox raises a hand to his face. He sees blood on his fingers.

       KNOX
       Damn it!

Knox grabs the assistant’s hand and places the scalpel in his palm.
KNOX

You know what to do.

Knox storms out of the room.

The assistant continues to operate on Buddy.

On the other embalming table, McCain’s eyes snap open.

He brings his hand to his stomach and his fingers along the length of the slit. The wound is shallow.

McCain turns his head to the assistant. His back is turned.

Slowly, McCain lifts himself off the embalming table. His feet land softly on the floor.

Stealthily, McCain creeps towards the assistant until he is right behind him.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy awakens with a jolt.

She observes her surroundings.

CINDY

No!

Cindy slips of the embalming table and proceeds to the door. She presses her ear against it. Silence.

Cindy reaches for the door knob. She grabs air.

She drops to her knees and frantically searches the floor.

CINDY

Where is it? Where’d it go?

Cindy searches underneath the embalming tables and gurneys. She finds nothing.

Her panic grows.

Cindy returns to the door. She presses and holds her ear against it.
As she listens for noise on the other side of the door, Cindy attempts to squeeze her fingers in between the door and the door frame. Her motions are futile.

Cindy gropes more frantically at the sides of the door. Her hand finds the hole where the door knob once was. She sticks her fingers inside and tugs at the door. It does not budge.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

McCain crouches on the floor.

He tugs at something off-screen with both hands. It tears.

McCain removes a piece of white cloth torn from the assistant’s coat, and wraps it tightly around his arm.

INT. WAITING ROOM

As she continues to hold her ear against it, Cindy drops to her knees and attempts to squeeze her fingers underneath the door. No success.

Finally, Cindy steps away from the door and throws her bodyweight into it. A dull thud. The door does not yield.

Cindy continues to shove the door. It holds.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

McCain emerges from the embalming room.

A dull thud echoes down the hallway. McCain turns.

A second thud issues from the door at the end of the hallway.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy continues to throw herself against the door. Her energy dissipates slightly each time.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

McCain proceeds curiously down the hallway. The thuds continue.
INT. AMBULANCE – DAY

Once again, Knox sits inside the ambulance and tends to his wound. He winces as he dabs his cheek with a cotton ball. He tosses it into the seat beside him, which is covered in other bloody cotton balls and a bottle of rubbing alcohol.

Knox makes a final stitch in his face, snips the seam, and exits the ambulance.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy collapses against the door.

She hears footsteps on the other side.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

McCain stops in front of the waiting room door.

INT. WAITING ROOM

    MCCAIN (O.S.)
    Is that you, Cindy?

    CINDY
    It can’t be.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Knox descends the basement stairs.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

McCain whirls around at the sound of footsteps.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy exhales in exhaustion. She slides down the door and curls into a fetal position on the floor.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Knox arrives at the base of the stairs.

A door slams in the distance. Knox freezes.
INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy shivers. Her breath is visible in the air. Her eyes close as her consciousness slips away.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

Knox enters the embalming room.

    KNOX
    Doctor—

Knox freezes.

The doctor lies on the floor in a pool of blood. His back is covered in stab wounds. A scalpel protrudes from in between his shoulder blades.

Both tray tables are overturned. Surgical tools are scattered everywhere.

Knox looks to the empty embalming table.

    KNOX
    Impossible!


    KNOX
    McCain. I’ll find you.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Knox emerges from the embalming room. He carries a bone saw.

He looks at the floor. Bloody footprints lead towards the waiting room then change direction towards a single door across the hallway. Knox follows them.

The footprints vanish in front of the door. Knox opens it.

INT. UTILITY HALLWAY

The utility hallway is short and narrow lit by pale yellow light. Water drips from pipes suspended from the ceiling. A
faint buzz permeates the atmosphere.

Knox takes a single step down from the threshold. The floor is damp.

He proceeds a short distance to the end of the hallway.

Two sets of doors face each other.

On the left are two separate doors. Male and female stick figures mark each one. On the right are two double doors with glass windows. The windows are clouded with filth.

Knox enters the door marked with the male stick figure.

INT. RESTROOM

Darkness.

A click and the restroom is illuminated. The light is faint and flickers on and off.

The restroom is filthy with pealing walls, rusty pipes, sinks, and urinals encrusted with grime. Stalls line one wall.

Knox stands in the doorway beside a light switch.

The groan of pipes fills the room.

INT. UNKNOWN

The groan carries on.

McCain stands enshrouded in darkness. He is nearly invisible. His spectacles glisten.

INT. RESTROOM

Knox proceeds to one of the stalls. He casts open the door. The stall is empty.

INT. UNKNOWN

McCain exhales.
INT. RESTROOM

Knox turns and opens the adjacent stall. It is also empty.

Knox proceeds down the row of stalls and throws open each
door one by one.

INT. UNKNOWN

McCain evacuates his hiding spot.

INT. RESTROOM

Knox casts open a stall door. Before its interior can be
revealed, the restroom plunges into darkness.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The basement hallway plunges into darkness.

INT. WAITING ROOM

The waiting room goes black.

INT. PUBLISHING OFFICE – DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

McCain slides the briefcase across the blood soaked desk.

    McCAIN
    I want you to have it.

Cindy reaches for the briefcase.

    McCAIN
    But first...

Cindy freezes.

    McCAIN
    You have to kill me.

Cindy looks down at her other hand. It grips a huge pistol.
She looks back at McCain

    CINDY
    What?
McCain nods.

Cindy raises the gun and fires. The shot takes off the top of McCain’s skull and paints the office with brains and bone. His body slumps in the chair.

Cindy grabs the briefcase and stands.

McCain suddenly bursts to life and lurches forward in the chair. His brain is destroyed but he is very much alive.

Cindy drops the briefcase and stumbles back in shock.

McCAIN

(laughs)
I meant the other me. This was just a test. I’m not the real McCain.

CINDY

McCain’s dead!

McCAIN

You know he’s not, Cindy. You could have ended it right there when he was lying on the table. But you didn’t. You thought it’d be easier just to escape. But things didn’t turn out like you thought, did they?

CINDY

What do you want from me?!

McCAIN

I’m trying to help you, Cindy. Listen to me. You have to kill McCain. Him, Knox, and anyone else who stands in your way. Whatever it takes to get out of this place. Then you have to take his money. You understand the importance of money now. You know you want it. You just have to take it. It’s not enough just to escape. You can’t just get by anymore, Cindy. You have to get ahead.

CINDY

Get ahead.
McCain
You know what you have to do.

McCain slumps back into his chair dead.

END SEQUENCE.

INT. PITCH BLACK

Knox inhales deep, panicked breaths. flashes of light are seen as he flails the saw in the darkness.

Knox ceases motion and holds his breath.

Footsteps in the distance.

Knox proceeds forward. He slices the air as he walks.

After a moment, the modest creek of a door as it opens.

Knox continues forward. He closes the door silently behind him.

Two glass surfaces glisten slightly in the dark. Everything else remains invisible.

Knox cautiously opens a second door.

A single red light lies directly ahead. It illuminates a fuse box mounted on a concrete wall.
Knox is just barely visible as he enters the unknown room.

He shuts the door behind him without a sound.

A moment of silence passes before Knox presses his back against the wall behind him and strafes out of sight.

The faint outline of McCain’s glasses is seen in the dark. His location is unknown.

Two red dots appear in the darkness surrounding the fuse box. They are the light reflected in Knox’s pupils.

The fuse box consists of two vertical rows of labeled switches. At the top of the fuse box is a single switch labeled MAIN.
Knox strafes slowly into sight. His back remains against the wall. He holds the bone saw defensively across his chest.

Knox halts beside the fuse box. He stands alert and stares straight ahead. With one hand, he flips the main switch on the fuse box. The red light vanishes.

Darkness.

A swish, a squish, and a gasp.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

The basement hallway illuminates.

INT. UTILITY ROOM

The utility room illuminates. Generators come to life. Hissing pipes snake off in all directions.

Knox stands in the same place. Blood spills out the side of his mouth.

The bone saw falls to the floor.

McCain stands directly in front of Knox. They stare at each other.

McCain holds a serrated blade in his hand. It is buried in Knox’s abdomen.

KNOX
(choked)
I killed you.

McCAIN
You should’ve cut deeper.

McCain retracts the blade. Blood pours out of the wound.

Knox slides down the wall and lands on the floor. He clutches his belly in pain.

McCAIN
You’re a liar!
KNOX
(groggily)
What?

McCAIN
I didn’t do it for the money. I wanted the money but I didn’t do it for the money.

KNOX
You took the money. It was part of our agreement. You didn’t complain—

McCAIN
The money was right but it’s not what I asked for. I asked for something else. But you never gave it to me. You forgot our deal.

KNOX
What?

McCAIN
You know what I asked for.

KNOX
(laughs)
That’s right.
(chokes)
The specimen. That’s what you asked for.

Knox doubles over in pain.

KNOX
I have a proposition for you. Go to the ambulance. Get my supplies from the front seat. Bring them to me. You let me live. I leave with my life and my organs. You do this and I will get you your specimen.

McCAIN
No.

KNOX
You begged me for this.
McCain
I already have the specimen.

Knox looks up.

Knox
What?

INT. BURKE AND HARE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

McCain proceeds down a windowless hospital hallway.

A SECURITY GUARD sits at a desk at the end of the hallway. McCain stops at the desk and places a wad of cash on top of it.

INT. BURKE AND HARE HOSPITAL - CRYOGENICS ENTRANCE

McCain descends a staircase and proceeds to the end of a second hallway.

He stops in front of a metal door with a foggy glass window. The word CRYOGENICS is printed across the glass.

McCain swipes a key card through a slot beside the door. The door slides open automatically. A wall of vapor escapes from the room beyond. McCain enters.

INT. BURKE AND HARE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

McCain swaps the keycard discreetly with the security guard and walks away from the security desk.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UTILITY ROOM

Knox is pale. His head swings groggily side to side. His hands and coat are wet with blood.

Knox
Tell me, Mr. McCain. What do you plan to do with it?

McCain
The girl.
KNOX

The girl?

Knox looks up. His eyes are glazed. His face is clammy.

KNOX
You were going to cheat me? Take her right from under my nose.

(laughs)
You’ll never find a doctor to go through with the procedure. You only have me. But only do it if you do exactly as I say.

McCAIN
No more, Knox. I don’t need a doctor.

KNOX
You don’t?

Knox’s head falls limply to the side.

KNOX
(laughs)
I’m sorry, Mr. McCain. I’m afraid you’re going to be disappointed. So disappoint—

McCain slashes open Knox’s remaining cheek. Knox falls backwards.

McCain exits.

INT. EMBALMING ROOM 2

McCain enters.

He crosses the room, opens a drawer, and rummages through it. He eventually removes a large glass dropper and places it in his suit pocket.

INT. ORGAN BANK

McCain enters.

He traverses the room and removes one of the drawers. He removes a plastic container from the inner compartment.
McCain sits on the floor and opens the container. He reaches inside and removes a small plastic cup. Fog clouds its transparent sides.

McCain rotates the cup in his hands. He has a strange look on his face.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

McCain emerges from the organ bank and proceeds towards the waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Cindy remains unconscious slumped against the door.

A squeak and the door pushes her forward.

McCain strains behind the door until he finally pushes Cindy to the side enough to enter the room.

McCain enters. He places the plastic cup on one of the gurneys and props the dropper on top of it.

He then takes Cindy into his arms and places her on top of the embalming table next to the gurney.

McCain stares at Cindy as she breathes cold air in and out.

McCAIN
I’m sorry about before. I had to tell them where you were. I knew it was going to be either you or me. It’s nothing personal. As much as I hate myself, I have to look out for myself. That’s all I’ve ever had is me. Until now.

He places a hand on her forehead and strokes her hair.

McCAIN
I have plans for you. I’ve had them since the beginning. I told them to be gentle with you so your recovery would be easy. A human being can live a full healthy life with just one kidney and the body replaces bone marrow easily.
That’s all I ever planned to take from you. I need you alive and healthy for what you’re going to do for me. You see, I’ve always wanted a family. A wife and children. But I could never have a family because—

McCain shuts his eyes and shakes his head.

McCAIN
It doesn’t matter.

McCain opens his eyes.

McCAIN
Just one child. A child of my own. That’s all I want.

He turns and removes the top from the plastic cup.

McCAIN
Now that I have you, I can have that child.

Cindy’s eyes move rapidly back and forth beneath her eyelids.

McCAIN
Don’t worry, this won’t hurt a bit and with the right amount of sedatives, I think you’ll find nine months just fly by.

McCain inserts the dropper into the cup and fills it with milky white flood.

McCAIN
After that, I’ll have no use for you anymore. I don’t care what happens to you then. You can die for all I care.

McCain turns with the dropper.

McCAIN
But first things first.

McCain approaches Cindy with the dropper. He reaches for
her.

McCAIN (V.O.)
Time to wake up, Cindy.

Cindy bursts to life. She screams at the sight of McCain and kicks her leg in the air. It connects with his hand. The dropper flies out of his grasp and sails through the air.

McCain dives for the dropper. It smashes on the floor. His head droops in defeat.

Cindy leaps off the embalming table. Her body collides with the gurney as she hastens for the door. It topples over. The plastic cup spills its contents on the floor.

McCAIN
No!

McCain regains himself and dives at Cindy. He takes her down with him.

A struggle breaks out between the two of them on the floor. Cindy writhes and kicks as McCain attempts to pin her down. Her leg connects with McCain’s wounded knee. He screams and releases her.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy bursts out of the waiting room.

Knox emerges from the utility hallway on his hands and knees. Cindy jumps in shock and dashes around him. He lays his bloody head on the floor and expires.

INT. WAITING ROOM

McCain attempts to get to his feet. His wounded knee gives. He yelps and falls to the floor.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Cindy hastens clumsily down the hallway.

She turns a corner.
McCain bursts out of the waiting room and limps down the hallway.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME – DAY

Cindy tears across the lawn towards the gates.

She leaps onto one of the gates and attempts to climb over it.

McCain emerges from the funeral home and stumbles towards Cindy. She is halfway over the gate.

He grabs her legs and pulls her downward.

Cindy maintains her hold on the gate. She kicks her legs in defiance.

McCain grabs her around the waist. Cindy continues to kick and hold onto the gate.

McCain is overcome by the kicks and releases her. She pulls herself upward and throws an arm over the gate.

McCain grabs one of her legs, twists it backwards over his shoulder, and heaves her off the gate in a single motion.

Cindy’s weight proves too much for McCain. Both of them fall backwards onto the ground. Cindy gasps as the impact knocks the wind out of her.

A struggle breaks out. McCain attempts to grab a hold of Cindy. She resists.

Cindy leaps on top of McCain. He rolls her onto her back and puts his hands on her neck. She chokes.

Cindy throws a hand forward. McCain catches it with his wounded arm.

She reaches for his throat. He offers weak resistance.

Cindy’s eyes roll into the back of her head.

Her hand swiftly changes direction and strikes McCain’s stomach wound. He yelps and releases his grip.
Cindy wriggles out from underneath McCain. She hastens towards the ambulance.

McCain regains himself.

Cindy throws open the passenger side door and enters the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE

Cindy shrieks in disgust as her hands make contact with bloody cotton balls.

She whirs around to see McCain as he approaches the ambulance. She slams the door shut and locks it.

McCain disappears from the window.

Cindy turns and locks the driver side door.

She rummages through the contents in the front seat until she finds a set of keys.

McCain enters the ambulance through the back door and crawls towards Cindy.

Cindy turns and places the keys in between her fingers.

She climbs into the back of the ambulance and swipes at McCain. He catches her hand and squeezes it tightly. Cindy whimpers.

McCain releases her hand. Bloody keys fall from it. Ragged cuts mark her palm.

McCain slaps Cindy hard across the face. She collapses against an ambulance wall.

McCain comes toward her. She grabs a defibrillator paddle from off the floor and smashes it into his face.

McCain grabs the paddle from Cindy and smashes it into her face even harder. Her nose breaks. She falls onto her back.

Cindy clutches her face in pain. Blood impairs her vision. She waves her free arm in the air and searches for McCain.
McCAIN
I just want what everyone else wants.

McCain throws the switch on the defibrillator and raises the paddle over Cindy.

McCAIN
You just had to take my only chance.

McCain brings the paddle down.

Cindy’s eyes open. She swings her head to the side.

The paddle slams into the metal floor. The electric current shocks McCain and Cindy both.

McCain stumbles backward disoriented. His eyes are glazed. His head revolves in a daze.

Cindy coughs and gags.

McCain shakes his head. He blinks.

Cindy and McCain dive for the paddle at the same time.

Cindy grabs the paddle. McCain falls onto his face. Cindy swings the paddle into the side of his head.

The electric shock throws his head back.

Cindy drops the paddle.

McCain looks up. His tongue hangs out. His eyelids flutter. Blood trickles out of his ears, eyes, and nostrils.

McCain babbles incoherently.

He crawls towards Cindy. Cindy crawls away towards the back of the ambulance.

EXT. AMBULANCE – DAY

Cindy steps out of the ambulance.

McCain continues toward her. He reaches out to her.

Cindy grabs the ambulance door and prepares to throw it
closed on McCain.

McCain slumps down at the edge of the ambulance interior. His head falls over the side. Blood and saliva drips from his swollen face.

Cindy stares at him for a moment then releases the door. She reenters the ambulance and proceeds past McCain.

INT. AMBULANCE

Cindy retrieves the ambulance keys and climbs into the driver seat.

She starts the ambulance and puts it into reverse.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME – DAY

The ambulance collides with the funeral home gates. They break open instantly.

One of the back doors closes on McCain’s head with a sickening crunch.

The ambulance screeches to a halt and reenters the driveway.

Cindy emerges from the ambulance and proceeds inside the funeral home.

INT. OFFICE RESTROOM

A one person restroom

Cindy stands fully clothed in front of a mirror.

She runs the sink and splashes water in her face to wash the blood away.

INT. McCAIN OFFICE

Cindy enters and retrieves the briefcase from behind the desk.
EXT. FUNERAL HOME – DAY

Cindy emerges from the funeral home proceeds through the open gates with the briefcase.

FADE OUT.

THE END