

WHAT GOES AROUND

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Apartment doors line both sides of the hallway. A pretty YOUNG WOMAN opens a door and goes inside.

After a few seconds, the SURGEON sidles up to the door and puts his ear to the door. Surgeon, 35, has a forgettable face, wears boots, jeans, and a muscle shirt.

He reaches for the door knob, but it's jerked out of his hands when the Young Woman bolts out the door, slamming into his shoulder, a panicked look on her face.

Surgeon gazes longingly at the Young Woman as she flees down a staircase, then shifts his attention to the open doorway. Curious, he steps inside.

INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Surgeon's face lights up as he slowly closes the door behind him. He grins and his inoffensive demeanor slides off, to be replaced by something dark and crazed.

SURGEON

Hello there.

Standing in the living room is LARA, 25, tall, beautiful, and wearing a long white nightgown.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

I don't know what you did to that other girl, but I'm glad.

He closes the distance between them.

LARA

(unafraid)

Were you following her?

SURGEON

Yeah, it's sort of my hobby.

He whips out a hunting knife and holds it to her stomach. Her eyes follow it, and she smiles sadly.

LARA

You're the Surgeon, aren't you?

SURGEON

An honorary title.

(titters)

But my twelve previous patients  
aren't complaining. You're going to  
be number thirteen.

He chuckles in anticipation before plunging his knife into  
Lara. Which accomplishes nothing. Lara sneers.

LARA

You're wrong, asshole. You already  
killed me. I was number three.  
Don't you recognize me?

Her image transforms into a horrific visage of what she  
looked like at death: face flayed open, throat slashed,  
stomach disembowled, nightgown drenched in blood and gore.

She takes a step forward and her body disappears into his.  
Surgeon shivers, stumbles, then screams as his stomach splits  
open. Blood drenches his shirt, then his guts start spilling  
out the bottom of his shirt.

As he drops to the floor, Lara remains standing, her body now  
translucent. Slowly her body regains its unbloodied solidity.  
At her feet, Surgeon writhes, tries to hold his guts in.

LARA (CONT'D)

Dying hurts real bad the way you do  
it, doesn't it?

Then the guts and blood disappear and Surgeon is in one piece  
again. He whimpers, smiles shakily, and staggers up.

SURGEON

Just a bad dream...

But Lara's cold glare terrifies him. He turns to make a run  
at the door, but Lara steps into him again, and his neck  
suddenly splits open and blood gushes out.

He sinks to the floor, eyes bulging, mouth locked open in a  
rictus. Lara stands over him, once again translucent. She  
slowly regains her solid form.

LARA

You have a long life ahead of you,  
Surgeon. And you've got a lot of  
dying to do.

FADE OUT.