

DEVOURED

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Point of view of ALAN ROSS, 25 through his blurry eyes, fluorescent lights buzz past overhead. Two FOGGY FIGURES flank him.

DOCTOR 1
(deep distorted
voice)
Stay with us Mr.Ross.

Alan, strapped to a gurney, is raced down the hall by two DOCTORS. Thick black blood oozes from lacerations on his face.

The last thing Alan sees is a sign above pair of swing doors that says "OPERATING ROOM." As soon as the foot of the gurney breaks through the doors Alan loses consciousness.

INT. HOSPITAL PATIENT ROOM 304 - DAY

Blink, blink and Alan's eyes squint open. He takes notice of the IV drip attached to his arm. He raises his left hand to his face and rubs his eyes.

He pulls his hand back to appraise it. His right hand is missing it's index and middle fingers leaving a healed void.

ALAN
(whispers
sadly)
Fuck.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A NURSE wheels Alan's chair into the room. Several other PATIENTS are seated exercise machines. A FEMALE PATIENT in a leg extension machine is missing her left arm

A MALE PATIENT doing bench presses has no right leg from the knee down.

A TV drones in the corner. Alan focuses on it.

TV(O.S.)
(Faint)
Here are the top stories for
today, March seventeenth two
thousand and thirt-

Click! TV turns off. Alan appraises the room finding DR.SOLOMON heading towards him with a remote.

NURSE
Morning Doctor.

DR.SOLOMON
Morning. You must be Mr.Ross?

The Nurse hands Dr.Solomon, Alan's chart.

ALAN
Yes.

DR.SOLOMON
I didn't think you were going to
make it. It's nice to be wrong
every once in a while.

ALAN
What happened to me?

DR.SOLOMON
Well, Mr.Ross, you were involved a
pretty horrific traffic accident
about six months ago.

ALAN
Six months? My fingers.

Alan examines his crippled right hand.

DR.SOLOMON
Yes, unfortunately we were unable
to save the fingers but, hey,
you're alive.

Alan aims sincere eyes at the Doctor.

ALAN
Yeah, thanks you.

DR.SOLOMON
Just doing my job.

INT. HOSPITAL PATIENT ROOM 304 - DAY

Laying on his right side Alan jerks awake in a cold sweat.
Wipes his face with his left hand. As he sits up he notices
that his right arm is completely missing leaving a healed
void.

Alan thrashes off the bed onto the floor in panic tearing
the IV from his left arm.

ALAN
 Ahhhhhhhh! Help! What the fuck! My
 arm! My arm! No, no, no, no, no.
 No!

INT. DOCTOR SOLOMON'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan rocks back and forth in a chair across from Dr.
 Solomon.

ALAN
 Where's my arm?

DR.SOLOMON
 We were unable to save it after
 the accident Mr.Ross. It was
 unusable.

ALAN
 I was using it yesterday!

Alan stands up, his fist clenched.

ALAN
 What the fucks going on!

A calendar on the wall is open to January 6th 2014. Alan
 reads it and collapses into the chair.

DR.SOLOMON
 You have suffered severe head
 trauma Mr.Ross. Sometimes in these
 circumstances the mind can play
 tricks on itself. I'm sorry.

INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Alan pumps his legs in the extension machine. The TV drones
 in the corner.

TV(O.S.)
 (faint)
 One such tribe is thought to still
 be practicing these cannibalism
 rituals today in remote regions of
 the country however this has still
 yet to be confirmed.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A Nurse wheels Alan. Another Nurse wheels the Female Patient past him. She is now missing both legs leaving her with only one arm.

Alan jerks around in his seat frantically.

ALAN
Hey wait! What happened to your
legs? Hey! Stop!

Both Nurses speed up away from each other. The Female Patient looks back at Alan.

FEMALE PATIENT
What do you mean?

Alan is speechless.

INT. HOSPITAL PATIENT ROOM 304 - DAY

A Nurse comes into the room. Alan lays catatonic on his bed.

NURSE
Time for your medication Mr. Ross.

The Nurse hands Alan a tiny paper cup of water and two pills. As she does her jacket opens enough to reveal a pen with "HUMAN SALVAGE CORP." written on it.

Alan gasps and spills the water.

NURSE
What's the matter dear? Are you
seeing things again?

ALAN
Uh, uh, I, I must be.

NURSE
I'll get you some more water.

The nurse leaves the room.

ALAN
(whispers)
Shit. Shit. What the fuck.

The Nurse comes back into the room. She leans in handing the water to Alan.

NURSE
Here you go dear.

In one swift move Alan wraps his legs around the nurse and

the IV cord around her neck.

She gasps for breath. Alan tugs with all his might. She grabs at her neck her face turning red then blue.

ALAN
You sick bitch!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Alan peeks his head out of his room and checks the hallway. It's clear. Armed with the company pen Alan hugs the wall down the hallway in a hospital gown.

He stops outside the Female patients room. He kicks her door open and enters.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 316 - DAY

The Female Patient looks over from her bed.

FEMALE PATIENT
Hi.

ALAN
(excited)
We've got to get out of here.

FEMALE PATIENT
What do you mean?

ALAN
They, they're doing something to us. They're removing parts they're-

FEMALE PATIENT
-It's okay. It's just in your mind-

ALAN
-No you don't understand-!

Dr.Solomon enters into the room holding a remote control. Alan spins around.

ALAN
You sick son of bitch!

Alan lunges at the Doctor who presses a button on the remote. Alan collapses unconscious instantly.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Alan, now only a head and an abdomen awakens strapped to a gurney being wheeled down a hallway. His vision is blurry. Two foggy figures flank him.

ALAN

(sobs,
frightened)

What's happening, what's going on?

A sign overhead reads "ORGAN REMOVAL."

DR. SOLOMON

We've come for the rest.

THE END