

HOSPITAL HOMECOMING

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark, drab, morbid, everything you'd expect in a madman's lair.

Dim lighting permeates the scene, illuminating the leaky pipes, crumbling roof, and battered floor.

Rats RUN amok, bypassing tangled spiderwebs full of entrapped prey, scurrying about into hidden corridors.

Like a beaming pendulum, one bright lamp SWINGS over BARRY FLEMING, 15, awkward yet emo handsome.

His scrawny state lies strapped to the blood-stained table while a dry rag covers his mouth, submerging his screams.

Barry's green eyes zone in on DR. VICTOR WHITMORE, 72, aged like a scientist mummy, his appearance made uncanny by an oversized white coat and surgical mask.

The sight of a long hypodermic needle taunts Barry's frightened vision, such suspense making him sweat.

VICTOR
Be still, boy.

A rusty cage looms in the corner, the bars enclosing three deformed, hairy children, all of them 3 or 4 years old.

Horror populates their red eyes as they watch this horrific scene play out.

Victor's young ASSISTANT, 29, tall man, also clad in white coat and mask, reaches over to prop Barry's eye open.

Amidst Barry's suppressed whimpers, Victor releases an unkempt smile.

VICTOR
Don't wanna hit the wrong spot now,
do we?

Like a forewarning, he releases a heckle of a LAUGH which further showcases his wicked sociopathic nature.

The needle pierces deep into Barry's eye, making his body convulse and his iris change from green to bright red.

Another fresh syringe hits Victor's craggy, outstretched hand.

The Assistant grabs a sharp drill, awaiting Victor's orders.

ASSISTANT

Let me know when you're ready, Dr.
Whitmore.

Such a statement, combined with the Assistant cutting ON the rotating instrument, heightens Barry's incessant terror.

Victor raises the needle up over Barry's other eye, its ominous tip glistening, nearing closer and closer.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Posters from favorite sports teams and photos of hot actresses cover the walls, exhibiting an aura of masculinity.

The T.V. remains on, the sound muted, the screen displaying various baseball highlights.

After awakening from his nightmare, Barry blinks and looks around. Such familiarity provides comfort.

BARRY

Fuck.

He shakes his head and yanks out his earplugs.

The Atlanta Braves tomahawk clock catches his eye: 11:44.

BARRY

Shit!

Barry snags his phone, a text from STEVEN SUTHERLAND greeting him: Waitin on u bro dont tell me ya bitched out.

Quick reply: On the way.

An open window beckons Barry, motivating him to act faster.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Desolate street, all surrounding buildings abandoned and dilapidated.

Like a castle, the hospital awaits, tall, poised, ominous.

Barry runs toward Steven, 16, tough yet street-type handsome, who waits by a towering iron fence.

STEVEN

Hey man, what took ya so long?

GASPS pour from Barry once he stops in front of him.

BARRY
Sorry, fell asleep.

STEVEN
Shit, dude.

The cryptic building captures Barry's frightened attention, never letting up.

BARRY
Sure we should-

STEVEN
Fuck yeah, dude! Not gonna puss
out again-

BARRY
No, man! Just looks dangerous and
shit-

STEVEN
Come on, really?

After several tries, he forces the gate open.

BARRY
Dude-

STEVEN
Ain't nobody out here, man! Chill!

Steven leads them onto this property of shadows.

Various beer bottles and chip bags populate the moist, tall grass, all of which goes noticed by the wide-eyed Barry.

Upon reaching the porch, they stop by the boarded-up front door.

BARRY
Ya sure-

STEVEN
Dude, fucking chill.

BARRY
What-

His voice cuts off when Steven KICKS down the planks, the pieces collapsing to the ground with an obscene THUD.

STEVEN

Come on!

EMILY ADAMS, 15, gorgeous in a haunting way, bright red eyes, watches from the third-story window.

Her skeleton-like hands cling to the glass while her harrowing gaze observes Steven and Barry enter.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Holocaust hospital.

Old, broken chairs line up along the faded walls, broken toys and baby dolls scattered amongst the debris.

Countless counters overcrowded with cobwebs stand around, all of them looking like they'd crumble under any pressure.

Several shattered windows allow faint HOWLS from stray dogs to echo in.

Decaying staircase waits in the very back, its rotted steps resembling an ascension to Death.

The area's tile floor remains plagued by torn, cracked pieces, providing a narrow home for a wide array of insects.

A strong, rotten scent permeates through the dread-induced atmosphere, the smell bothering Steven and Barry, making them queasy.

BARRY

Fucking stinks-

STEVEN

Goddamn.

Steven scans the room, noticing the dolls.

STEVEN

Must've been where he brought the kids-

Nervous SCOFF from Barry.

BARRY

Know that story ain't true.

Like he's been challenged, Steven stares right at Barry.

STEVEN

Sound like you're scared, man.

He takes a few steps toward him before revealing a malevolent smile.

STEVEN

Think those little animal bastards
still running around-

The scare tactics work perfect, making Barry tremble.

BARRY

Dude, shut the fuck up!

Similar to an older brother on the warpath, Steven approaches Barry, his voice in a campfire tone.

STEVEN

Probably hungry after being kept
here so long.

Barry, tired of the torture, pushes him away.

BARRY

Fuck you! Shit's not true!

STEVEN

Ah, whatever-

Loud flurry of FOOTSTEPS erupt near the staircase, halting the argument.

Both friends, their faces flush with fear, confront it, but see no one. Just darkness.

STEVEN

Shit!

He glances at Barry.

STEVEN

The fuck was that?

BARRY

Shit, let's go! Fuck this!

The madcap grin hits Steven again, never leaving as he lunges toward the stairs, evading Barry's grasp.

STEVEN

Pussy!

BARRY

No, man! Could be like a fucking-

Steven marches up the antiquated steps, each one CREAKING during the journey.

STEVEN

Puss!

Left alone. Barry glances around, the locale providing no reassurance, before trudging after him.

BARRY

Fuck.

STEVEN

Oh shit!

The exclamation propels Barry.

BARRY

What? What happened?

He stops dead in his tracks, the sight of Steven holding an old, decaying skull, bits of flesh still attached to the sockets, greeting him.

BARRY

Aw fuck, man!

Wild laughter from Steven coincides with him throwing the cranium toward Barry.

STEVEN

Hey, catch!

BARRY

Damn, dude! Fucking stop!

After Barry swiftly avoids it, the skull crashes to the floor, BREAKING pieces everywhere.

BARRY

Asshole!

STEVEN

Whatever, man-

BARRY

Just threw a fucking skull at me!
Not fucking cool!

Loud LUMBERING echoes down, accompanied by the sound of a counter being KNOCKED OVER.

BARRY

Shit!

Steven takes off, forcing Barry to follow after him.

STEVEN
Come on, puss!

BARRY
Shit, Steven, hold on!

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Every bit as eerie and foreboding as the first level.

Tattered carpet covers the floor, providing some cover for the hideous tile at least.

Another staircase awaits in the corner, bits of fur littering much of its steps.

A vast series of doors loom down the long hall, but no sign of anyone or anything.

The knocked-over counter lies on the ground, a shattered occult statue right by it, saliva drenched over some of the pieces.

Barry shakes his head upon noticing it.

BARRY
Shit, need to get outta here, man!

Such a request goes ignored by Steven who stares straight at Barry.

STEVEN
Where they'd go? Just followed-

Loud KNOCKS from upstairs call their alert ears.

BARRY
Dude-

Barry grabs Steven only to be rejected for the unknown.

BARRY
Let's fucking go!

No use. Steven runs away, patches of fur squashing beneath his reckless feet.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Immense darkness.

One lone, circular window stands in the very back, faint beams of moonlight tracing through it.

Steven and Barry glance around, looking for the source of the sounds.

STEVEN
(yelling)
Hey, come on out! Know you're up here!

BARRY
Dude, shut the fuck up!

STEVEN
(to Barry)
Don't worry about it, man. Damn.

Rapid movements catch their eyes before disappearing behind a CREAKING door.

STEVEN
Shit!

He runs toward it, ready to discover the inhabitant.

BARRY
Steven!

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The stuff of Barry's nightmare only drenched in even more decadent decay.

Victor's operating table, blood-stained, claw marks covering its surface, sits in the center, a tray of rusted instruments, including twisted needles and scalpels, standing right by it.

Scratches populate the walls, tattering the wallpaper into a mosaic of splits.

Dark fur and dry blood litter the floor, creating a roadkill rug.

An old, blood-stained axe leans up in the corner, fresh use obvious judging by its appearance.

Human bones, bits of rugged flesh dangling from them, and some chomped-up dead bodies inhabit the very back, creating a cannibal's dining room.

Steven and Barry, their faces plagued by horror, both stop and observe these morbid surroundings, unsure what to do.

BARRY
Dude, let's fucking go!

The sight angers Steven, prompting him to confront Barry.

STEVEN
No, fuck no, man!

He points toward the collection of corpses.

STEVEN
Can't just fucking leave this!

A clawed-up closet door SLAMS shut, disrupting the confrontation.

STEVEN
Shit, who the fuck's that?

Nerves motivate him to find a weapon. He glances around before noticing the tray, particularly a large scalpel.

The situation disturbs Barry. He goes toward Steven, begging him to leave.

BARRY
Hey, come on, bro!

Steven snags the weapon and shoves him to the side.

STEVEN
Get the fuck off me!

BARRY
Dude, what the fuck?

Like a valiant warrior, Steven raises the blade and marches toward the closet.

Right when he reaches for the door handle, Emily SWINGS it open, letting out a YELL as she grabs him.

STEVEN
Ah, fuck!

BARRY
Shit!

Slices from her long, flesh-stained fingernails come fast and furious, flinging bits and blood everywhere.

STEVEN
Motherfucker!

His strength takes over, allowing him to SLAM her to the ground.

EMILY
No!

Emily's appearance catches Steven off-guard, knocking him into a state of shock and horror.

Half of her face remains striking and attractive, the other a hideous opposite: bulging, filled with stray pieces of hair.

Barry observes the confrontation, his mind tense and uneasy.

EMILY
Please, not them! Can't help it!

The pleas go ignored. Steven reaches for the closet, restraining Emily's next attempt with a harsh kick.

BARRY
Hey man, leave her alone!

Sadism drives Steven to stomp on her again before raising the scalpel.

STEVEN
Crazy bitch!

EMILY
No, please!

The vicious slice hits Emily's face, such pain prompting frenzied SCREAMS.

Barry, disgusted by Steven's violence, charges after them.

BARRY
Hey, stop!

One hard punch from Steven sends Barry to the floor, straight into a pool of dark blood.

BARRY
Fuck!

Retaliation. Emily releases a frantic YELL before digging her nails deep into Steven's eyes.

STEVEN
Ah, fucking bitch!

Another swing of his fist knocks her back.

STEVEN
Goddammit!

The blade rises in his hand, ready for the kill.

STEVEN
Fucking sick bitch-

The axe SPLATTERS on his head, stopping him mid-speech, spraying blood and grue everywhere.

Steven takes a few steps back before falling to the floor in a pool of redness, his deceased grip releasing the scalpel.

Emily, petrified in terror, watches Barry GRUNT and pull the axe out.

Once he releases another battle CRY, the weapon lands again and again, splattering buckets of blood over the walls.

BARRY
Fucking bastard! Motherfucker!

After one final sling, he lowers the axe and leans against the handle, exhaling deep breaths.

A contact dangles from Barry's left eye, revealing his true iris color: bright red.

The image makes Emily gawk in shock, Barry's identity now obvious to her.

EMILY
You. No, can't be.

Her words grab Barry, making him gravitate to her. His suppressed emotions flare, forgotten memories overtaking his mind.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Same setting, just newer, less rundown, still terrifying.

BARRY, 3-years-old, lies on the table, tied by straps, his mouth gagged.

The needle jabs his eye, courtesy of Victor's pale hand.

Like lab rats, Emily and two other helpless, deformed children await in the cage, all of them forced to watch.

EMILY (V.O.)
You made it.

Right when the syringe waves over toward Barry's other eye, his young body slips free.

VICTOR
No!

Barry's YELL rings out, his forceful rage powering his shove against Victor.

The other kids rise in excitement, their red eyes fascinated, their CHANTS similar to growls.

VICTOR
Get him!

Barry snatches the drill away from the Assistant before shoving it deep into his face, splattering blood everywhere amidst such SCREAMS of death.

VICTOR
No!

Soon, Barry reaches the cage, his frantic hands working overtime to release his friends.

VICTOR
No, don't!

Afterward, Barry runs out, escaping while the prisoners enclose on Victor, descending to feast upon his withered flesh.

EMILY (V.O.)
You're here.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The hospital, its sinister appearance everlasting, lurks like a man-made fog.

Soon, Barry rushes through the property, his terror propelling him away from this building of horror.

He reaches the sidewalk, its pavement, its promise of civilization providing solace to his frightened innocence.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The corpses, the blood, the axe, all of it remains, yet Barry no longer possesses fear. Instead, the past comforts him, erasing his worries and trepidation from earlier.

He looks over at Emily, his face full of warmth and happiness.

BARRY
 Couldn't remember-

Emily shows her support by grabbing Barry's shoulder and gazing at him.

EMILY
 It's okay.

Excitement persists through her. She glances at the closet.

EMILY
 Peter! Ethan!

Barry points at his vivid red eye, the one trait he shares with the others.

BARRY
 Said I was just born with it-

Emily's pale hand lands against his face, soothing his uneasiness.

EMILY
 So young. All of us.

PETER LEONARD, 15, tall, lumbering, and ETHAN MCCARTHY, 15, stocky, paranoid, both step out, each of them covered in an abundance of fur and blood, their red eyes resonating through the shrill darkness.

A reassuring look from Barry encourages the two, relaxing their initial timidity.

BARRY
 Hey.

EMILY
 It's okay, y'all! Come here!

Like excited teammates, Peter and Ethan run over to greet them, hugging Barry in the process.

Emily reaches for a switch, FLICKING on the dangling lamp, illuminating the reunited group.

She reveals a smile.

EMILY
They like you. Think they
recognize you.

BARRY
Yeah.

Similar to madcap dogs, Peter and Ethan lean over Steven's
corpse, ripping out pieces of flesh for a snack.

BARRY
Always felt so different, so alone,
ya know. It's like all along I was-
was meant to come back.

Amidst the intense mealtime, Peter snatches out an organ and
hands it to Barry, surprising him with the sweet gesture.

EMILY
Welcome home, Barry.

Such bonding overpowers Barry's emotions. He grins and grabs
the piece before biting off a large, appetizing chunk.

FADE OUT.

THE END