

John Doe

By

Lee Cordner

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leecordner@live.co.uk

FADE IN:

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Various cutting tools occupy a wheeled cart.

"JOHN DOE", 40s, pale blue skin, cuts and scrapes across his face, bruised body, lays dead on a slab.

A door buzzes open (O.S.).

ERIC HALE, late 30s, wearing a white lab coat and thick framed glasses, enters with a mug of coffee in hand.

He checks a clipboard, takes a sip of coffee.

Eric pulls on a pair of disposable gloves.

Relaxing orchestral music plays.

Eric clicks a tape recorder's "record" button, sets the recorder on the wheeled cart.

ERIC

(clearly)

October eighth, ten forty-two pm. A
John Doe, brought in two hours ago,
in a possible hit and run...

(beat)

Paramedics pronounced him dead on
arrival.

Eric marks a Y from John Doe's chest to stomach.

ERIC

I am preparing to make my incision
across the subject's chest.

He sets the marker down, collects a scalpel.

ERIC

Let's see what we got.

He slightly cuts into John Doe's chest. A phone rings - he seeks the noise - and sighs.

Eric sets the scalpel on the cart.

Blood trickles down John Doe's chest.

Eric answers the ringing wall phone.

ERIC
You're through to-

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(via phone)
Eric Hale?

ERIC
Yes?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
You probably don't remember me, do you? It's been a long time... four years, to be exact. Four years and a change of identity. You're a new man now, with a new life. But that doesn't change what you did, *Kyle*.

Eric grows uneasy, glances around the morgue.

John Doe's hand slightly twitches.

ERIC
I have no idea what you're talk-

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Did you honestly think you would get away with it? That I wouldn't find you? If you did, you thought wrong. It took me a long time, to track you down, but I found you.

The call drops. Eric anxiously looks at the receiver.

ERIC
(into phone)
Hello? Hello?

He hurriedly dials another phone number - ring, ring - ring, ring - ring, ring.

ERIC
Come on, pick up. Pick up...

John Doe's eyes burst open.

Eric fearfully trembles and eyeballs the door - back to John Doe, who swings off the slab and stands upright.

ERIC
Dammit, pick up the fucking phone!

John Doe collects the scalpel from the cart.

Eric's eyes tremble in abject fear - ring, ring.

John Doe cuts the phone cable.

The ringing cuts out. Eric looks at the phone, presses the "hang up" button - taps numbers. Nothing.

ERIC

Oh shit... shit... shit...

John Doe methodically advances on Eric.

Eric panic-breathes, clearly flustered. He whips out his cell phone, browses his contacts.

John Doe steps up behind Eric, coldly glares at him.

Eric panic presses buttons - slightly shivers.

John Doe tilts his head.

Eric slowly turns around - and faces John Doe. His eyes burst wide open and he stumbles back into the wall.

ERIC

What the f-

John Doe grabs him by the throat. Eric gurgles/gags.

JOHN DOE

(in "Man's Voice")

I told you I would find you.

Eric grabs at John Doe's wrist.

JOHN DOE

Don't you recognize me, Kyle?

Eric shakes his head "no".

JOHN DOE

I've had some work done, since we last met. But I'm the same man... the same *father*.

John Doe squeezes Eric's throat. Eric gasps for air - kicks out and pounds at John Doe's wrist.

ERIC

(gagging)

Please...

(beat)

I'm sorry... I...

John Doe presses the scalpel to Eric's cheek.

Eric winces as the scalpel draws blood.

JOHN DOE

Do you know what the best thing is
about being a John Doe?

Eric turns purple/mauve.

John Doe moves close to Eric's ear.

JOHN DOE

(whispering)

Nobody knows who you are.

John Doe stabs Eric in the gut with the scalpel.

Eric painfully cries out.

John Doe repeatedly stabs Eric in the gut - more vicious
with each strike - he releases Eric.

Eric collapses to the floor.

John Doe coldly admires the bloodstained scalpel.

Eric desperately crawls for the door, leaving a trail of
blood in his wake. Pulls himself up on a counter.

John Doe methodically pursues him.

Eric reaches for a button on the wall - fingertips away.

John Doe grabs him in a rear-neck choke hold, pulls him
upright - Eric chokes and reaches for the button.

John Doe throws Eric gut-first into the slab.

Eric staggers and knocks over the cart of tools, spills to
the floor, painfully groans.

He reaches for a hacksaw.

John Doe stomps down on Eric's wrist. Eric growls - his
fingertips brush the hacksaw's handle.

John Doe pulls Eric by the hair. Eric screams.

JOHN DOE

That's it... scream. Cry for help.

(beat)

No one is coming.

John Doe viciously stomps on Eric's hand - bones crunch.
Eric agonizingly cries out.

John Doe kicks the hacksaw out of reach.

Eric cradles his busted hand.

John Doe disgustedly stares at Eric.

ERIC
(crying)
Please, don't do this... I didn't
mean it... it was an accident...

JOHN DOE
So you admit what you did?

Eric sobs.

JOHN DOE
(intensely)
Do you admit it?!?!?!?

ERIC
(blubbering)
Yes! I did it! I... I killed her!

John Doe takes a deep breath - admires the hacksaw.

ERIC
Just let me go... I'll turn myself
in... I swear, please... I'll tell
them everything...

JOHN DOE
Say her name.

ERIC
What?

JOHN DOE
Her name! Say it!

ERIC
I... I...
(beat)
Sarah...

John Doe accepts this.

ERIC
(remorsefully)
Her name was Sarah...

Eric shamefully hangs his head, emotionally sobs.

The door buzzes open (O.S.).

Eric looks to the door -

- NATASHA, late 30s, a plain-clothes detective, badge on her belt, enters with a cell phone in hand.

Two POLICE OFFICERS step inside, guns drawn.

ERIC

Thank God you're here... he was-

Eric looks at John Doe - he's not there.

ERIC

He... he was...

(confusedly)

He was standing right there... he was right there...

NATASHA

(concernedly)

Who was standing right there?

ERIC

John Doe...

The police officers exchange woeful looks.

Natasha ingests this.

NATASHA

(sympathetically)

No, he wasn't.

Eric confusedly scrunches his face.

ERIC

(convinced)

He attacked me! Look-

He notices his gut - no stab marks. He studies his hand - no broken bones. He's completely fine.

ERIC

What... what, no... I don't... I don't under-

Eric stands upright and hysterically looks around.

The phone dangles from the cord, dial-tone and all.

The cart stands, all tools in place.

The trail of blood is gone.

John Doe lays motionless on the slab.

ERIC

(hysterically)

No, no this isn't happening... he was alive. He tried to kill me.

(at Natasha)

He was trying to kill me! You have to believe me! He tried to kill-

NATASHA

No one was trying to kill you.

He shakes his head "no".

She shows him the phone. He blankly stares forward, as if in a trance.

NATASHA

I heard everything.

He doesn't "hear" this.

NATASHA

Eric...

(reconsiders)

Kyle Watkins... I'm arresting you for the murder of Sarah Moore. You do not have to say anything... but it may harm your defense if you do not mention something you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given as evidence.

She nods to Officer#1.

Officer#1 cuffs Eric's hands behind his back.

NATASHA

Do you understand your rights?

ERIC

(trance-like)

I'm not crazy, you have to believe me. You believe me, right?

NATASHA

No, I don't.

Natasha nods to Officer#1 "get him out of here".

Officer#1 and #2 escort Eric out of the morgue.

Natasha tiredly sighs - looks at John Doe.

John Doe remains motionless.

She hangs the dangling phone back on the hook.

CUT TO BLACK.