

THE NECRO FILE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CORONER'S BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

WADE, 19, stands as far away from the autopsy as possible. Dressed in surgical outfit, he grimaces and avoids watching when the saw cuts into the rib cage of the corpse.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER, 40s, works the saw, assisted by COLIN, mid 20s, obviously used to the gruesome job.

COLIN

Hey, Wade, how do you like your steaks?

Wade cringes.

ERIC, mid 20s, cleaning up a nearby autopsy table, laughs.

ERIC

Go ahead, Wade, take a close look, gotta pop your cherry sooner or later.

COLIN

One cherry at a time, man, one cherry at a time.

ERIC

That's right, Wade ain't seen no pussy yet, live or dead.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Knock it off you two, everyone's gotta start somewhere.

(pause)

Ever think about a blow up doll, Wade?

They all laugh at that. Except Wade of course. He's a dorky looking kid, Harry Potter grown up and without the magic.

A cell phone in the ME's pocket RINGTONES. His hands are dirty with blood and gore though.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Little help, Wade. Left coat pocket.

When Wade is slow to react...

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Come on, grab it for me!

Wade keeps his eyes off the corpse as much as possible when he comes near to reach into the pocket and grab the cell.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Hold it up for me.

Wade accepts the call and holds it up to the ME's face. He glances into the open corpse cavity then looks away.

The ME listens to the voice on the other end.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Aha, aha...ok. On its way.

(nods to Wade)

Hang up.

Wade puts the cell back in the ME's pocket.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Ok, kid, time to stop standing around doing nothing on the state's dime, I need you to take 13 C up to the fifth floor.

COLIN

They taking her from us? That's the little honey that came in a few days ago.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Team of feds coming in to take a look at it. I don't argue, that's one less we gotta do. Go on, Wade, wheel her up.

Wade, wide eyed, takes a gurney and makes his way to the cold storage lockers along the wall.

With a shaking hand he opens the door for 13. Corpses are stacked on drawers extending lengthwise into the locker. C is third from the top.

He slides the tray of the PLASTIC WRAPPED CORPSE onto the gurney.

Wade pushes the gurney toward the elevator.

COLIN

Looks like Wade finally got a date.

ERIC

She's a looker, dude, trust me, wrapped her myself.

COLIN

If I was gonna Tom Petty one she'd
be my first draft pick.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Gentlemen please, a little respect
for the departed...besides, even
dead she's out of his league!

They laugh again as he pushes it toward the elevator.

ELEVATOR

Wade shoves the gurney in and punches five. The door takes a
moment to close.

He eyes the corpse nervously.

Finally the door closes and the ride up begins...

Until a power outage stops it dead. Shit! Lights out, only a
bright red emergency light.

He punches the buttons. Nothing. Stuck.

He eyes the wrapped corpse. Presses himself into the corner,
as far away as possible.

The plastic is tied in two places: knees and abdomen.

After a long

...moment

It draws his eye. Thinking better of it, he shakes his head.

And waits in the silence.

After a while

...again the corpse draws his eye.

He reaches over and slowly undoes one of the ties.

When it's finally untied, he unwraps the plastic.

A slender bare leg. Shapely calf muscle. Gray white skin.
Painted toenails, a bit of rigor mortis in the heel.

He reaches to touch her ankle, but pulls back afraid.

At last he touches with a finger, then pulls away again.

Unable to help himself, he reaches for her calf.

His fingers feel the smooth muscle.

Arousal on his face.

His hand slowly caresses its way up her calf.

Past the knee.

He explores the thigh.

Then the inner thigh.

Plastic covers the part he's never seen on a woman. His hand stops and lingers a long moment.

Tormented, he jerks his hand away.

Sinks to the floor, almost in tears, sits against the wall.

Holds his head in his hands.

A long

...moment.

Drawn to it again, he peeks up. His eyes catch the beautiful bare leg. He's transfixed.

Painted toes, firm calf, exposed knee, delicate thigh.

He stands.

Such a sexy pair of gams.

His eyes wander to the torso. What lies beneath the wrapping?

He pulls the emergency stop on the panel. A distant alarm.

He loosens the second tie on the corpse. Slowly.

Unwraps the plastic that covers her face.

It feels like forever.

Her face revealed. Such an angel. Her eye lids are partly open. Dead eyes peer out. Skin pale, firm, lifeless. Mouth closed, sweet lips almost solemn.

Drawn to that face. Those lips.

Gently, he closes her eyelids.

Leans toward her lips.

Closes his own eyes.

First kiss.

Softly on her lips.

His lips pressed against hers a long moment.

The kiss moves to her chin.

Down to her neck.

His hand working to open the plastic.

Her eyes open! Dull awareness in them. He has no idea of course.

His hand still works to open the plastic.

His kiss toward her breast.

He suddenly rips himself away. Overcome by guilt.

He slumps to the floor against the wall. No idea she's awake.

He sobs softly with his head in his hands.

She climbs down from the gurney. Stiffness in her movement.

He remains unaware.

She stands over him naked and pale. Her face unreadable.

Her hand in his hair startles him. He jumps to his feet.

Tries to pull away. She holds him against the wall.

Her deadened eyes lock on his.

She leans in to kiss him.

A trickle of black from her lips.

Terrified but powerless, he allows the long kiss.

She pulls back just a little. Her hand on his chest. Black stain on his lips. Their eyes again lock.

Arousal in his pants.

Her hand moves slowly up his chest.

Arrives at his neck.

Gently grips his throat.

He doesn't struggle. A silent yes?

The grip on his throat tightens.

His eyes bulge in terror.

Choking his throat, she holds him against the wall by the neck.

Her other hand slips to his crotch.

His face purple.

His life leaves him.

Eyes half closed in death.

She holds his lifeless body still against the wall.

Unbuckles his pants.

Throws him to the floor.

Climbs on top.

Mounts him.

INT. CORONER'S BUILDING - FIFTH FLOOR

Huffing and puffing, Eric comes from the stairwell and meets Colin, waiting by the elevator door. Still no power, only emergency lights.

ERIC

Jesus, I gotta quit smoking. He
still stuck on there with the
stiff?

COLIN

I think he's starting to freak...
listen.

LIGHT BANGING reaches them from a few floors below.

ERIC

Poor bastard.

The banging becomes harder. Rhythmic. POUNDING.

Colin and Eric eye each other in worry.

The building's power comes back on. Florescent lighting, humming fans and equipment, everything coming back to life.

They eye the elevator numbers above. The elevator still stopped on 2. The pounding has stopped.

Finally the elevator starts to come up.

3

4

5

Ding. The door opens.

No one on it. The gurney empty. Plastic sheet and Wade's clothing on the floor.

Colon and Eric again eye each other.

EXT. CORONER'S BUILDING - EMERGENCY EXIT - TWILIGHT

Last glimmers of daylight.

Our attention on the emergency door.

Which finally slams open.

The dead young woman and the now dead Wade burst out.

Pale expressionless faces.

Hand in hand.

Both naked...except he still in socks.

FADE OUT.