

FORCED DONATION
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INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

SANDRA, a 20-ish blonde with a rack, tight jeans and a smile, welcomes ANDREW (early 30's) into the hotel room circa early 1990's.

Over by the table, two guys: TODD (early 20's) and ALEX (also early 20's) size Andrew up.

ANDREW

I must have the wrong room.

TODD

Andrew Wade?

ANDREW

Yeah.

TODD

There's no mistake. You responded to the ad. Room 57. Came all this way and on time. Don't you want to make some money?

ANDREW

Sandra? I thought we were going to be alone.

SANDRA

We are.

Another person, the hulking JACK (mid 20's) emerges from the open closet and seizes Andrew from behind.

Before Andrew can shout, the big man has a hand with a chloroform rag over Andrew's mouth.

Andrew breathes it in, falls. Jack eases him down.

JACK

Heavier than he looks.

ALEX

He better not be diabetic.

SANDRA

I swear.

JACK

The last one, that was a mess.

SANDRA

He checked out.

JACK

Least this one was on time.
Remember that sucker from
Tempe? Good lord, he took his
sweet time.

SANDRA

What? You think I should be in
the closet next time?

JACK

Just saying. Stuffy in there.

ALEX

You had it open this time.
What are you bitching about?

TODD

Everyone knock it off and get
busy.

(to Sandra)

Get his shirt off.

With a pair of scissors, Sandra shrugs. She gets on top
of Andrew.

She proceeds to cut up his T-shirt.

Alex rolls out one of two clear plastic sheets over the
floor.

Todd brings out two coolers from the bathroom.
Something's wrong with them; they are too light.

He sets them both down, gets them open, looks inside
both, quickly gets pissed off.

TODD

That's just great.

ALEX

Want me to get some more?

TODD
Need you here.
Sandy, there's an ice machine
down the hall.

SANDRA
Not my fault that stuff
melted. I did my part.

TODD
Just do it.

SANDRA
You guys should have checked
on that earlier.

Sandra picks up one of the coolers.

SANDRA
I might have to make two
trips.

TODD
So make 'em.

She leaves with the first cooler.

ALEX
Damn, she's getting testy.

Todd and Jack lift the table, move it onto the covered
floor.

JACK
She does have a point.

ALEX
Which is?

JACK
We need to switch it up now
and then. Next time out, she
can be in the closet, knock
out the girl one of us brings
back.

ALEX

You're right. We should forget these dudes off the street, go after some rich tourists instead. Business type yuppies.

JACK

She'd still play the same role.

Alex puts the next plastic sheet over the table.

ALEX

Maybe. The only thing is, she'd have to liquor them up a bit. Then, once they pass out, nobody needs to do the closet stuff.

Todd opens up a bag, lays out across the bed:

Varied medical cutting knives, a sponge, two small bottles of morphine, one ruler, one syringe and two magic markers, red and blue.

ALEX

Rent out the next room. Phone call, tap on the door, whatever. Good to go.

Alex and Jack go over to Andrew, pick him up. They carry him to the table.

JACK

Still needs to more money in this line of work.

They position Andrew, lay him face down on the table.

ALEX

Ten thousand isn't enough?

JACK

Split four ways?

ALEX

Maybe we'll take two this time.

Three knocks on the door, two seconds apart. Alex beelines to the door, opens it, lets Sandra in.

With the blue magic marker, Todd draws a circle on the side of Andrew's lower back.

JACK

Want to know where the real money is?

Sandra drops off the first cooler; takes up the next, heads back out. Todd glances briefly to watch her leave.

Todd picks up the red marker and ruler, draws a nine inch line in the circle. Alex closes the door.

ALEX

Okay. Where's the real money?

Jack and Todd slip on a yellow plastic poncho and pair of medical gloves.

JACK

The other day in the papers. Some crew knocked over the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam. They stole twenty paintings, worth about five hundred million. Think about that split four ways.

Todd takes the syringe and fills it up with morphine.

TODD

They also left the paintings in the car, which was found an hour later.

JACK

That's not the point. It's the idea.

After finding the vein in the arm, Todd injects Andrew's body with the morphine.

TODD

Well, they lost five hundred million. We do our thing, we get ten thousand.

JACK

Four ways.

Todd takes a scalpel, cuts into Andrew's flesh on the red nine-inch line, blood spills over on Todd's gloves.

Jack gets the sponge and soaks up the excess blood.

Three knocks on the door.

Alex opens it. Ice rattles around inside the second cooler as Sandra walks in.

She sets the second cooler down.

ALEX

That was quick.

Sandra picks up the scissors, plays with them.

SANDRA

I'm a bad ass.

She steps beside Jack. Looks back to Alex.

SANDRA

Only need to fill them
halfway.

(to Jack)

How are we doing?

JACK

He's almost there.

TODD

I'm there.

Alex opens up cooler number one, brings it next to Todd.

With a pair of metal tongs, Todd puts Andrew's left kidney inside the cooler.

ALEX

So...we're taking both kids?

JACK

That's what I was thinking.
Two coolers, two kids.

TODD
Not exactly. The other one is
for the liver.

ALEX
The liver?

TODD
Good livers go for twenty
thousand.

ALEX
Could take another kid.

TODD
Sure. We could do that.

ALEX
How much for a heart?

TODD
Not sure. Didn't ask.

JACK
(not thrilled)
Split four ways.

Todd's facial expression turns cold as ice as he
glances over to Alex.

TODD
No. Three.

In the same moment Alex reads the face of Todd and
takes a step back, Jack smiles, nods.

ALEX
Hey, man. What is this?

JACK
Business. That's what it is.

TODD
That's right Jack. Business.

ALEX
Now wait just a damn minute.
I never bitched once, never
jammed you up, did nothing
to...

Alex's train of thought is quickly lost, as he glances over to the door.

ALEX

You're messing with me, right?

JACK

Lot of money, Alex. Enough to get someone messed up.

TODD

That's right, Jack.

Todd clicks his tongs. Without further adieu, Sandra thrusts her scissors into the right side of Jack's neck. Jack, surprised, sinks to his knees.

When Sandra takes out the scissors, Jack's blood spills down his right shoulder down to his chest.

Quickly, Sandra cuts up Jack's bloody plastic poncho and shirt.

TODD

Three months!

Alex and Todd lift Andrew off the table, and put him on the bed.

TODD

Three months I been putting up with his bitching!
Bitch. Bitch. Bitch! "I don't want to do this, don't want to do that, this is what we should do, change this around". Son Of A Bitch.

Todd and Alex lift dead Jack, put him face up on the table.

Sandra acquires the blue magic marker, draws a circle just under Jack's rib case.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The plastic floor the "doctors" concocted over the floor and table are gone.

Alone, Andrew wakes up on the bed. Red and white flashing lights spill into the room from the streets below.

Groggy, he reaches over, turns on the light. The light reveals the blood soaked sheets under him.

In pain, he feels his back.

He notices the police lights faintly coming from the window.

He passes the note on the table and hobbles to the window, looks out. Whatever he sees down there, disgusts him.

The note on the table:

ALEX (V.O.)

He "jumped" from another room.
It could have been you...

SANDRA (V.O.)

You'll live. Don't talk to the
police, don't involve the
press...

TODD (V.O.)

You may discover that we took
something from you.

FADE TO
BLACK.