

NIGHT SHIFT

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

A small grey building surrounded by an empty parking lot.  
An island of light in an ocean of dark forest.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Faint light spills into the dark room through an ajar door.

A PATIENT lies in a hospital bed connected to an IV.

Footsteps approach. The patient watches as a DARK FIGURE enters the room.

PATIENT

Oh, it's you. I already took my pills.

The figure stops to examine the IV stand. The IV pack blocks their face from view.

PATIENT

Aren't you going to turn the lights on?

The figure performs an obscure action on the IV then heads for the door. The patient watches as they exit.

As the footsteps fade, the patient gasps and clutches his chest. He rolls to the side and falls off the bed. He lands on the floor with eyes wide open. Dead.

INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

LYDIA (26) sits at a desk in a small bedroom. She has sharp eyes, jet-black hair and milky white skin. She's pretty. Not overly goth.

She wears a white tank top and baby blue scrub pants. A matching scrub shirt is draped over her chair. The hint of a colorful tattoo is visible on her exposed back.

Her desk is covered in notes and photographs. There are some couples photos here of her and a BOYFRIEND (late 20s). Other photos feature the boyfriend by himself.

Lydia sifts through the clutter and drops assorted items into a shoebox beside her.

Lydia picks up a letter. Her eyes glisten slightly as she reads it.

LYDIA  
(to herself)  
Too cold?

Lydia drops the letter as a cell phone buzzes on the desktop. She answers it.

LYDIA  
I'll be right down.

Lydia pauses for the response then flips the phone shut and drops it in her pocket.

She gently folds the letter and drops it in the shoebox. She grabs her shirt off the chair and exits.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A car pulls up in front of the building.

Lydia emerges from the apartment entrance in full scrubs and proceeds toward the car.

INT. COOP'S CAR

COOP (27) sits in the driver's seat and smokes a cigarette. He has a scruffy goatee and tousled hair he's attempted to comb. He looks like a college student who's disguised himself as a professional. He wears navy blue scrubs.

Lydia climbs in the passenger seat.

COOP  
How'd you sleep?

LYDIA  
Late.

COOP  
I think you're starting to get the hang of things.

LYDIA

Well, the narcolepsy helps.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

The car drives away.

INT. COOP'S CAR

Coop glances at Lydia. A light from outside briefly illuminates a hint of tattoo beneath her sleeve.

COOP

I didn't know you had a tattoo.

LYDIA

I've got three. One on my back and one on each shoulder.

COOP

What's that one say?

LYDIA

Do no harm.

COOP

Hippocratic Oath?

Lydia nods.

COOP

What's the other one say?

LYDIA

You sure you're ready for this?

COOP

Is that a challenge? I'll bite.

LYDIA

It's man is to man as wolf is to man.

COOP

Let me guess? Nietzsche?

LYDIA

It's Freud.

COOP

Okay. I get the God is dead stuff. But you don't really buy all that psychosexual bullshit, do you?

LYDIA

Are you kidding? Med school is basically Freud's theory in practice.

COOP

(laughs)

Where did you go to med school?

LYDIA

You don't believe me.

Coop shrugs with a gentle smile.

LYDIA

Okay. What about the Savages?

COOP

Hey. What do you say we don't use that name in this car?

LYDIA

Fair enough. I think you get the idea.

COOP

Well, at least tell me you don't think I'm going to fuck you over if I've got a shot at a promotion.

LYDIA

I don't.

COOP

That's a relief.

LYDIA

But I keep a small inner circle. Aren't you glad you're in it?

COOP

Just don't become too much of a recluse.

Coop nods toward Lydia's tattoo.

COOP

So which one did you get first?

LYDIA

Freud.

COOP

The Hippocratic Oath's a little left field after Freud, don't you think?

LYDIA

Not quite. I believe in the Oath just as much as the others. It makes sure us doctors play nice.

COOP

Too much serious business for me. Please tell me you've got Tinkerbell or something on your back.

LYDIA

(laughs)

Close enough.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

PARTYGOERS traverse a grassy lawn toward a frat house covered in party lights.

INT. FRAT HOUSE

The frat house interior is an utter shithole. Smoke clouds an insanely packed common room with peeling walls. Hip hop blares throughout.

MITCH and TONY (both 19) sit on a dilapidated couch smoking a joint.

Mitch has a baby face with long shaggy hair. He wears a black hoody, tight jeans and a studded belt. Tony is dressed in a similar fashion.

TONY

How you feeling, dude?

MITCH

The weed's not helping if that's what you mean. If anything, I feel like taking a nap.

TONY

Come on, Mitch. You know I didn't bring you here to smoke up with a bunch of frat boys. I told you. Chicks dig a guy with a broken heart. You could easily get a pity fuck out of one of these—

MITCH

Let it go, dude.

TONY

It's been three months, dude. When the fuck are you gonna drop the emo act?

MITCH

Look. I know you're right, okay? I know it's not the end of the world. I know there's other fish in the sea. But you don't go out with someone for three years then act like it doesn't matter when you break up.

TONY

Dude. She cheated on you. You don't need to shed a tear for this bitch.

Mitch stands and turns to Tony.

MITCH

I gotta get out of here. I appreciate what you're trying to do. Seriously. But I gotta be honest, dude. Frat parties are fucking bullshit.

Mitch disappears into the crowd.

TONY

Wait, dude. What the fuck?

Tony tosses the joint on the floor and puts it out with his foot.

TONY

No way am I gonna let you drive, Mitch.  
Let me give you a ride-

Tony pushes his way through the crowd.

TONY

Mitch! I said wait up!

Tony maneuvers aggressively through the crowd but not everyone seems keen on letting him pass.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Mitch emerges from the frat house. He removes a set of keys from his pocket and remotely unlocks a parked car.

He stops in front of it.

MITCH

What the fuck am I doing?

INT. FRAT HOUSE

Mitch maneuvers through the crowd. He emerges in front of the dilapidated couch. A new group of people sit on it smoking weed.

MITCH

Shit.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

DOUG (20s), a beefy frat boy type in a jersey, smokes a cigarette beside the front door.

Mitch emerges from the house. He takes a few steps before he turns to face Doug.

MITCH

Hey Doug. You know Tony, right?

DOUG

Yeah dude. Why?

MITCH

You seen him around?



DOUG

There's a couple guys in the basement doing coke. I think he's with them.

MITCH

Fucking dick.

DOUG

Yeah. By the way. What happened with you and that chick? What was her name?

MITCH

Fuck it.

Mitch shakes his head and walks away. Doug takes a drag from his cigarette then shakes his head and looks up.

DOUG

Wait, Mitch. Which Tony were you talking about?

INT. MITCH'S CAR

Mitch enters the driver's seat and inserts the key in the ignition.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE

The engine starts. The car lurches ungracefully forward as it pulls away from the frat house.

INT. CLINIC, LOBBY - NIGHT

Lydia and Coop sit behind the front desk of a deserted lobby enshrouded in a sickly florescent glow.

Coop glances at a clock on the wall.

COOP

It's getting late.

LYDIA

Don't tell me you miss them already.

COOP

They should've been back by now.

LYDIA

I'm kidding, Coop. This is the only freedom we've had all month. You don't seriously want them to come back?

COOP

I've got a bad feeling about tonight. Something tells me the Savages are going to be in a foul mood when they come back.

LYDIA

I don't know if you've noticed but Mr. and Mrs. Douchebag always have something up their ass. Maybe you're smoking too much pot.

COOP

Hey. If it wasn't for pot, I wouldn't last a week in this place. Besides, I'm cutting down. I know I'm not in the frat anymore. You can take your judgments elsewhere.

LYDIA

(laughs)

Relax. I've still got my vices. I'm in no position to judge. I'm just saying you sound a little paranoid. Maybe it's your old lifestyle starting to catch up with you. How old are you now? Thirty?

COOP

I'm serious, Lydia. You do remember what their meeting's about tonight, right?

LYDIA

Come on. You don't think—

Coop nods with a grim look on his face. Lydia matches it.

LYDIA

(sighs)

I guess it's gonna be a long night.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A massive towering building.

INT. BOARDROOM

A spacious room overlooking a dreary landscape.

BOARD MEMBERS sit at an elongated table dressed in expensive suits. BRYCE (57) and JUDITH SAVAGE (52) sit isolated at the end.

Bryce is tall and bespectacled with stern features, short graying hair and nicotine-stained teeth. Judith is thin and horsefaced. Her aging skin is slathered with makeup. Her eyes are thickly caked with mascara.

JOHN (60s) sits at the other end of the table. A horseshoe of gray hair encompasses his egg-shaped head. He rummages through a pile of documents in front of him.

JOHN

We'd like to help you. Really. But with the new facilities here at the hospital and the clinic's location being so remote, it's just not practical for us to continue funding. If you had more patients coming in, maybe things would be different.

BRYCE

Do you have any idea what you're doing? You've transferred us to every other hospital in the area. If you shut us down, Judith and I will have nowhere left to go. We'll be on the street-

JOHN

I think you're being a little melodramatic. You are both established and well respected-

JUDITH

Don't you patronize us.

BRYCE

Judith-

JUDITH

You're a coward, Bryce. Don't you see what's going on here?

(to board member)

You've always had it out for us. You've just never had the balls to do anything about it. Now you think you have us at a moment of weakness and—

BRYCE

Judith!

JOHN

(forceful, irritated)

That's enough! We make the decisions here, not you. The deadline stands. If you want to take control of the clinic, you'll have the rest of the balance paid off in two weeks. Goodnight.

Judith stands.

JUDITH

For years, we've bled for your institutions and this is the thanks you show us?

Bryce stands and jerks Judith's arm.

BRYCE

Goodnight, gentlemen.

Bryce grabs Judith by the hand and pulls her toward the exit as she stares scathingly at John.

JUDITH

We won't be pushed aside so easily.

INT. CLINIC, LOBBY - NIGHT

Automatic doors slide gracefully open. Lydia and Coop pretend to look busy as the Savages enter the lobby and approach the desk.

Bryce stares expectantly at Lydia who ignores him. He clears his throat. She looks up at him with an intent gaze that rivals his own.

Coop stands and speaks in an attempt to break the tension.

COOP  
How was the meeting?

Bryce and Lydia break eye contact.

BRYCE  
Just thought you should know. We're going to have to deduct another sum from your paychecks. It'll be larger than last time. We've been informed we have two weeks left before they shut down the clinic. I'm sure you both understand.

LYDIA  
What about your own pocket?

Coop shoots Lydia a look.

BRYCE  
What?

LYDIA  
We all work here. We all have something to lose. We should all have to make sacrifices.

Coop kicks Lydia discreetly in the leg.

BRYCE  
You're a good nurse, Lydia. But do you really think you're in a position to question my judgment?

LYDIA  
This isn't about that-

JUDITH  
What is this about then? Ethics?  
(scoffs)  
Silly girl.

BRYCE  
I'm using your money to make it possible for all of us to continue

working here. You should be grateful  
I'm not using it for personal gain.

LYDIA

I don't need this job.

Coop grunts and kicks Lydia harder.

JUDITH

What are you, an infant?

LYDIA

I can find another job.

JUDITH

I don't think waitressing suits you.

Judith looks Lydia up and down.

JUDITH

Then again, maybe it's all you're cut  
out for.

Lydia glares at Judith.

BRYCE

I need you here, Lydia. You would be  
very difficult to replace. If you  
feel you need to quit, I won't stand in  
your way but I should warn you. You'll  
need to find a new line of work.

JUDITH

We know people. We have influence.

LYDIA

Are you threatening me?

JUDITH

I only suggest you think before you  
decide to do something brash.

BRYCE

That's enough, Judith.

(to Lydia)

We can discuss this later if you'd  
prefer.

LYDIA  
I've got nothing else to say.

BRYCE  
Suit yourself.

The Savages exit. Coop waits for them to disappear before he turns to Lydia.

COOP  
You are not going to leave me here with them.

LYDIA  
I don't know why you put up with their shit. You don't need this job either. Don't tell me you buy their threats.

COOP  
I don't. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if the boards hated them as much as we do. But let's face it. The big hospitals are all overstaffed.

LYDIA  
So you're saying I should turn my frown upside down while they shovel shit in our faces?

COOP  
I'm saying once this whole thing with the boards blows over, it'll be back to business as usual. You and I will be drinking to it in no time. Trust me.

EXT. CLINIC, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Lydia stands beside the automatic doors. She smokes a cigarette as she texts on her phone.

The doors slide open. Lydia turns as Bryce steps outside.

BRYCE  
What did I tell you about cell phones at work?

Lydia flips the phone shut, drops it in her pocket and turns her back to Bryce.

LYDIA  
(monotone)  
It won't happen again.

He sinks his shoulders to soften his stance.

BRYCE  
Thought I might have a word with you.

Lydia takes a long drag of her cigarette.

LYDIA  
Well. Have a word.

BRYCE  
Perhaps I was a little harsh back there, what with Judith there and all. We didn't really have an opportunity to discuss your options.

LYDIA  
Options?

BRYCE  
We all work here like you said. I'm doing what I think is best for the clinic, not just for me. But I understand you work very hard and don't always get the compensation you deserve. Perhaps we can work out some sort of arrangement. Payment in full. That is, if you're willing to step outside the box.

Bryce steps forward and places his hands on Lydia's hips. She tenses up. He leans in to whisper in her ear.

BRYCE  
I'm a doctor. My job is stressful. Sometimes downright aggravating and Judith certainly doesn't help matters—

Bryce leans in to kiss Lydia's neck. His tongue grazes her flesh. She whirls around and throws her cigarette in his



face. He recoils with his hands at his face and growls angrily.

BRYCE

You didn't have to do that!

LYDIA

Fuck your arrangement! You're lucky I don't report your sleazy ass to the boards.

BRYCE

You'd only be making things hard on yourself. It is, of course, your word against mine. Well, that and my lawyers', obviously.

Bryce turns.

BRYCE

If you happen to change your mind, the door is always open.

Lydia snorts and turns away.

INT. LOBBY

Judith stands at the end of the hallway past the front desk. Bryce enters and avoids her cold gaze as he proceeds past her.

INT. CLINIC, HALLWAY

A toilet flushes. Coop emerges from the restroom and proceeds down the hallway through a bleak fluorescent haze.

A nearby voice. Coop stops to turn his attention toward an ajar door.

Bryce stands in a room behind the door with a phone held to his ear.

BRYCE

I'm more than aware you haven't received them yet. You will transfer the payment by midnight. Otherwise, I'll be forced to seek out other

interested parties.

JUDITH  
What are you doing?

Coop whirls around. Judith stands behind him. She stares at him inquisitively.

COOP  
I—

JUDITH  
Eavesdropping?

COOP  
No—

JUDITH  
Then what were you doing?

COOP  
I was just thinking for a second. I  
guess I spaced out.

Judith narrows her eyes.

JUDITH  
Perhaps you might think about doing  
your job.

Coop nods.

Both of them glance toward Bryce. He glances briefly back before he shuts the door completely.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Mitch's car speeds ungracefully down a road surrounded by darkened forest.

INT. MITCH'S CAR

Mitch struggles to focus on the road from behind the wheel. He glances briefly at the car's digital clock.

MITCH  
(slurred)  
There's no one out here. Not now.

Drizzle sprays across the windshield. Mitch winces and takes a deep breath.

MITCH  
Take it easy.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

FURTHER UP THE ROAD

Another car speeds down the road heading in the opposite direction.

INT. MITCH'S CAR

A loud ringtone fills the cabin. Mitch bolts upright.

MITCH  
Fuck! Not now, Tony!

Mitch squirms anxiously in his seat.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Mitch's car coasts gently toward the left side of the road.

INT. MITCH'S CAR

Mitch struggles to steady the car. The ringtone is as loud as ever.

MITCH  
Shut the fuck up!

A bright light fills the cabin. Mitch squints impulsively.

MITCH  
Shit!

Mitch slams on the breaks.

CUT TO BLACK.

The screech of tires. A deafening crash and the sound of scraping metal.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Deafening sirens blare. Indistinct voices nearby. A woman screams hysterically.

Mitch's car sits in the middle of the road. The driver side door is smashed in. The window is completely shattered.

A PARAMEDIC approaches the car and opens the door. Mitch's seatbelt catches him as he slumps to the side. He is unconscious. His left arm is covered in blood. Pieces of his broken cell phone spill out of his pocket

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS enter wheeling two unconscious patients on gurneys. One of them is Mitch. The other is SHANE (16). Both of them are covered in blood. A breathing mask covers Shane's lacerated face.

Two POLICE OFFICERS enter after the paramedics. They are followed by JACK and WENDY (50s), a shaken and disheveled couple sporting minor cuts and bruises. Wendy's face is wet with tears.

INT. LOUNGE

A small room with a kitchen and common area beneath a sluggishly spinning ceiling fan. Its aura suggests something contrary to comfort.

Lydia fixes herself a cup of coffee on the kitchen counter.

Coop bursts into the room.

COOP

There you are. I've been looking all over for you.

LYDIA

What's wrong?

COOP

You gotta get out here. Before the Savages catch you slacking. We've got two patients in critical condition. One's in your station. I think he might a drunk driver—

LYDIA

What? No! I don't think so.

Coop's jaw drops as Lydia takes a sip of coffee.

COOP

What do you mean you don't think so?

LYDIA

I'm not dealing with him. Let one of them do it.

COOP

Have you lost your mind—

LYDIA

He'll be fine. There's two of them. It's not more than they can handle.

COOP

Are you kidding me? They're gonna flip their shit.

Lydia shrugs.

COOP

Are you okay? What's wrong with you?

Lydia groans.

LYDIA

Nevermind. I'll do it.

Lydia sets down her coffee cup and stalks toward the door.

COOP

Lydia—

LYDIA

I said I'll do it! It's my job, right?

Lydia exits.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM

Wendy sits on the examination table. Judith sews stitches into a gash on her forehead. Wendy's shoulder and forearm have been wrapped in gauze.

Bryce and Jack converse off to the side. Jack has a small bandage on his cheek, another on the side of his neck and gauze wrapped around his hand.

Both Savages wear white coats.

JACK

They don't have an answering machine. They've been technologically impaired for years. My father just turned eighty-five for Christ's sake.

BRYCE

Is there anyone else you need to contact?

Jack shakes his head.

Judith completes the stitching on Wendy's forehead.

JACK

Does it still hurt, honey?

Wendy stares at the floor. Her eyes begin to water.

WENDY

My pain doesn't matter right now.

JACK

Shane's in stable condition, Wendy. You heard what they said.

Jack nods toward the Savages.

WENDY

He's in a coma, Jack.

BRYCE

He's unconscious. He could very well

wake up tomorrow or even sooner. Your son's condition is serious but not as serious as you might think. You shouldn't wind yourselves up about it.

JUDITH

He's right. You're both in shock. Given the severity of the crash, it's likely you've sustained injuries your bodies aren't even aware of yet.

WENDY

I don't understand.

BRYCE

The damage could be internal. Shock can drown out many important signals to the brain. It certainly doesn't help to exasperate yourselves.

JUDITH

You need rest. We'll need to reexamine both of you tomorrow.

Jack rests a comforting hand on Wendy's shoulder. She nods.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch lies in a hospital bed connected to an IV. He wears a hospital gown. Bandages cover bloody spots on his head, neck and chest. Gauze covers his left arm completely. Additional gauze is wrapped around his left knee.

He moans and winces as he regains consciousness.

MITCH

What the fuck...

His eyes land on his arm. It falls limp at his side as he sits upright. He screams.

INT. LOUNGE

Lydia sits at a table in the center of the room and sips her cup of coffee. Her ears perk up at the sound of Mitch's screams. She groans as she sets down her cup.

LYDIA

Shit.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Lydia bursts into the room.

MITCH

My arm!

LYDIA

Calm down—

MITCH

I can't feel my arm!

LYDIA

Did you hear me? I said calm down.

Lydia forces Mitch onto his back. Mitch struggles but is exhausted to resist.

MITCH

What the fucked happened? Why can't I feel my arm?

LYDIA

When you crashed, the driver side window shattered and sent tiny pieces of glass into your arm which damaged most of your nerves.

Mitch stares at his arm. His fingers curl slightly inward but strain to complete their motion.

LYDIA

You still have some usage but it's going to be a few days before we can tell when or if you'll ever have full usage again.

Mitch shakes his head.

MITCH

I fucked up, man. I fucked up bad—



VOICE (O.S.)

You sure did.

Mitch and Lydia divert their attention to the doorway. The two police officers stand in the doorway.

LYDIA

I have other patients to take care of.

MITCH

What? Wait!

Lydia exits.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2

Wendy lies in a bed with her arm is connected to an IV. She wears a hospital gown.

Shane lies in a bed across from her. He is connected to a heart monitor and respirator. The monitor beeps steadily in sync with the respirator's soothing drones.

Lydia enters with a paper cup in hand. The cup is filled with pills. Wendy throws up her hand at the sight of it.

WENDY

Please, no.

LYDIA

It's not going to knock you out-

WENDY

I don't care-

LYDIA

It just-

WENDY

No!

INT. HALLWAY

Mitch winces as he limps down the hallway cradling his damaged arm. Judith appears behind him from around the corner.

JUDITH

Where do you think you're going?

MITCH

I have to see them.

JUDITH

They're fine.

MITCH

I have to make this right. I didn't want this to-

JUDITH

You don't need to do anything. Go back to your room.

MITCH

Fine.

Mitch heads back to his room. Judith turns and disappears around the corner.

MITCH

(quiet)

Bitch.

Mitch waits for a moment then proceeds down the hallway and around the next corner.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 3

Jack lies asleep in bed connected to an IV in the darkened room.

Bryce enters. He reaches into his coat pocket as he approaches the bed.

INT. HALLWAY

Mitch briefly peaks around the doorframe into the room as Bryce briefly fiddles with Jack's IV. He retracts his head as Bryce turns to exit. He does not notice Mitch as he heads off in the opposite direction.

After a moment, Mitch ducks into the room.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 3

Mitch cautiously approaches Jack. He stops beside him and opens his mouth to speak. He stutters for a moment before the words come out.

MITCH

I'm sorry—

No sooner have the words left Mitch's lips does Jack burst to life. He gasps and grabs the front of Mitch's hospital gown. His eyes bulge out of their sockets as Mitch stumbles back in shock.

Jack clutches his chest with his other hand as he falls out of bed and lands on the floor with a hard thud. He utters a short string of labored breaths before his body goes still.

Mitch retreats in horror.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2

Lydia extends the cup of pills gently toward Wendy.

LYDIA

I'm sorry—

Wendy grabs Lydia by the arm.

WENDY

Please.

Wendy turns to look at Shane. Lydia follows suit.

WENDY

This could be the last time I ever see him alive. I don't want to be all drugged up.

Lydia pauses for a moment then dumps the pills into her shirt pocket and crumples the cup into a ball.

WENDY

Thank you.

Lydia turns to exit. An exasperated Mitch blocks her path as she approaches the doorway.

LYDIA

What are you doing here?

Mitch speaks in deep panicked breaths.

MITCH

He killed him! The man in the other room! The doctor killed—

LYDIA

What?

MITCH

He put something in his IV! I don't know what it was but it killed him—

LYDIA

Calm down.

Mitch pushes his way past Lydia toward Wendy.

MITCH

You gotta get out of here!

Lydia grabs Mitch by the shoulder.

MITCH

You could be next—

WENDY

Get out of here!

LYDIA

(to Mitch)

Come on!

Lydia hooks Mitch around the chest and pulls him toward the door. He struggles halfheartedly.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia keeps one hand on Mitch's shoulder as she leads him out of the room and down the hall. Neither of them see Bryce standing behind them, only feet from the door.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Lydia forces Mitch to sit on the bed.

MITCH  
I had to tell her—

LYDIA  
Hold still.

Lydia unfolds Mitch's right arm.

MITCH  
Can you call the police? Please?

Lydia grabs a dangling IV tube and reinserts the needle into Mitch's arm.

LYDIA  
You shouldn't be out of bed in your condition. Your leg needs to heal.

MITCH  
You don't believe me, do you?

LYDIA  
No.

MITCH  
I swear. I—

Lydia points at the needle.

LYDIA  
Don't take this out again.

MITCH  
I know I fucked up. That's why I had to tell her. I don't want anything else to happen to...

Mitch trails off. He sinks his head.

MITCH  
Everybody makes mistakes.

LYDIA

I know. But that doesn't make it okay  
when other people have to pay for them.

Lydia turns off the light as she exits.

Mitch weeps softly in the dark.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Lydia and Coop exit from the clinic and enter Coop's car.  
The car starts and drives away shortly after.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Bryce retrieves a small vial from a shelf in a cramped  
medicine closet. He briefly examines the label then exits.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch lies asleep.

The door opens. Footsteps clap on the tile floor as they  
approach. Mitch awakens as a shadow falls over him. Bryce  
stands beside the bed.

BRYCE

That was a brave thing you did today.

Mitch opens his mouth to speak but Bryce cuts him off.

BRYCE

Or did you really think you could tell  
the staff without me finding out?

Mitch stirs. Bryce casually sits down on Mitch's knees.  
Mitch groans in discomfort.

BRYCE

I don't know what you think you saw—

MITCH

I know what I saw.

Bryce leans back slightly to press more weight onto Mitch's  
legs. Mitch whimpers.

BRYCE

I spoke to the police. They want me to keep an eye on you. They're expecting to see you in court after all. So you can relax. I'm not going to hurt you.

Bryce reaches into his coat pocket and produces a syringe. Mitch squirms at the sight of it. Bryce brings his free hand down onto Mitch's thigh to steady him.

MITCH

No!

Mitch moans as Bryce drives the needle into his thigh and injects half of the syringe's contents. He injects the remainder into his other thigh.

BRYCE

But I can certainly ensure you don't make any more late night excursions.

Bryce returns the syringe to his pocket and stands up.

Mitch attempts to squirm but his movements are stiff and labored. Bryce turns to face him.

BRYCE

I can be very creative if I want to be. If you don't want to find out how much, I suggest you keep your mouth shut.

MITCH

Fuck you.

Bryce proceeds to the exit. He pauses at the doorway.

BRYCE

By the way, I'm afraid you'll have to make use of the bedpan from now on.

Bryce chuckles and exits.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2

Wendy lies asleep. Judith stands next to her. She drops an unseen object into her coat pocket then turns to look at Shane across the room.

INT. HALLWAY

Judith emerges from the room and proceeds down the hallway. Her heels click on the tile floor. Her footsteps gradually fade in the distance.

After a moment, a series of rapid high pitched beeps break the eerie silence.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2

Shane's eyes snap open. He gasps and chokes. The noise is muffled by his breathing mask and the sounds of his life support going bezerk.

Wendy sits up wide awake. Her eyes fall on her son.

WENDY

Shane—  
(gasps)

Wendy gropes at her chest as she gasps deeply for air.

INT. HALLWAY

Judith struts coolly down the hallway. Shane's life support can be heard in the distance. It is unclear whether or not Judith is aware of it.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2

Wendy throws out her other hand toward her son.

WENDY'S P.O.V.

Wendy's vision blurs in and out of obscurity as she watches her son die. After a moment, it fades into oblivion.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2

Wendy falls back into bed. She is dead.

The heart monitor flatlines and assumes a consistent unbroken tone. Shane's gasps cease.



EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Coop's car pulls into the parking lot. Lydia and Coop step out and proceed toward the clinic entrance.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia proceeds down the hallway.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 2

Lydia appears in the doorway. She halts at the sight of two empty beds.

MITCH (O.S.)

Nurse!

Lydia does not react.

MITCH (O.S.)

Is anybody there?!

Lydia groans.

MITCH (O.S.)

Nurse!

Lydia turns around with an annoyed grunt and proceeds down the hallway with aggression in her step.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Lydia appears in the doorway.

LYDIA

What?

Mitch looks at her and makes a clicking gesture with his thumb and index finger.

MITCH

You should really have one of those  
finger button things.

LYDIA

What do you want?

Mitch leans forward and attempts to look around Lydia into the hallway.

LYDIA

Well?

Mitch leans back.

MITCH

Could you check my reflexes?

LYDIA

Why?

MITCH

I can't feel my legs.

LYDIA

Your legs are fine. I fixed your knee, remember?

MITCH

Could you check them anyway? Just in-

LYDIA

Sorry.

MITCH

Please. The daytime nurse wouldn't help me either-

LYDIA

That's not my problem. Your legs are fine. Now be quiet.

Lydia exits. Mitch sighs.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia approaches the other patient room. Judith waits for her in the doorway with her arms crossed.

JUDITH

Well, I hope you're happy.

LYDIA

What happened to her?

JUDITH

The dosage you gave her was too high.

LYDIA

I gave...

Lydia trails off and dons a puzzled expression.

JUDITH

She had mild head trauma. If you'd given her the dosage I told you to, the hemorrhage wouldn't have happened.

LYDIA

But—

JUDITH

You're just lucky her husband isn't going to find out. Cardiac arrest. I'm sure you can figure out what happened to the boy.

Judith shakes her head.

JUDITH

They didn't all have to die. This is what happens when you don't listen to me. Or maybe you really are as incompetent as you seem.

Judith sidesteps Lydia and proceeds down the hallway.

JUDITH

I think the guilt should be punishment enough.

INT. LOUNGE

Coop sits at the table and eats a cup of instant soup. Lydia stands with her ear pressed against the door.

COOP

Are you getting enough sleep? You've been acting really weird lately.

LYDIA

That's because something really weird

is going on in this place.

COOP

I told you, Lydia. It was a serious accident. What do you—

LYDIA

I didn't give her the pills.

COOP

What?

LYDIA

I didn't give the patient her pills. There's no way a brain hemorrhage could've killed her.

COOP

That's not necessarily true. Maybe it wasn't the pills but still.

LYDIA

(sighs)

I guess.

COOP

What are you trying to say?

LYDIA

You didn't hear that kid last night? He was practically screaming.

COOP

I'm just the receptionist. If you didn't tell me what goes on back there, I wouldn't have any idea.

LYDIA

He said he saw Bryce go into the other room and kill that woman's husband.

COOP

(laughs)

Really? That's rich. Sounds like the DTs to me.

LYDIA

It wasn't the DTs. He was too-

COOP

Look. I saw Bryce take the body downstairs. There wasn't anything-

LYDIA

You wouldn't be able to tell from the body. The kid said Bryce put something in the IV.

COOP

(laughs)

And you believed him?

LYDIA

I never said I believed him. I just...

Lydia trails off.

LYDIA

It's just weird is all.

Coop scoops a forkful of noodles into his mouth and turns back to Lydia.

COOP

Remember that other kid I told you about back when I worked the day shift? His mom brought him in for a blood test and he got so scared, he ran away and hid in the supply closet?

LYDIA

What does that have to do with anything?

COOP

Some people just flat out hate hospitals. This kid here's clearly acting out. I bet he can't wait to get outta here.

Lydia shrugs.

COOP

And let's not forget. He just put three people in the hospital. Drunk driving. It doesn't matter how they died. He's gonna get blamed for it and he knows it. I wouldn't be surprised if he made the whole thing up.

LYDIA

I guess.

COOP

As for the woman, you know how the Savages are. Judith was probably eavesdropping, knew you didn't give her the pills, force fed her the wrong dosage then blamed it on you.

Lydia folds her arms across her chest.

COOP

You know neither of them would ever admit to their mistakes. Not to mention they both love talking down to people. It makes them feel big. Especially Judith.

LYDIA

You can say that again.

COOP

(sarcastically)

If that's not good enough for you, you can always break into Bryce's office and search for clues on how they're murdering their patients. CSI style.

Coop laughs and returns his attention to his soup.

A curious look appears on Lydia's face.

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Bryce emerges from the clinic and removes a pack of cigarettes from his coat pocket.

INT. LOBBY

Lydia watches Bryce from the edge of the hallway past the front desk. She leans gently forward with her back toward the wall in an attempt to remain unseen.

EXT. CLINIC

Bryce lights up and inhales deeply.

He glances inside the lobby toward Lydia's spot. She's disappeared.

INT. HALLWAY

The lounge door is ajar. Judith stands inside just a few feet from the door. Her back is turned. Coop sits at the table. They share an indistinct conversation.

Lydia darts past the doorway. Judith glances back casually but quickly returns her attention to Coop. Coop's eyes hold briefly on the doorway.

MOMENTS LATER

Lydia stands in front of the door to Bryce's office. She briefly scans her surroundings. She finds herself alone.

She stares intently at the doorknob. After a moment's hesitation, she turns the doorknob and takes a step inside.

Bryce sidles silently up behind her.

BRYCE

What are you doing?

Lydia whirls around.

LYDIA

There you are. I was looking-

BRYCE

What can I do for you, Lydia?

LYDIA

The patient down the hall. He was complaining about his legs. He said he couldn't feel them. I checked him out but he was fine. It's amazing the crash didn't—

Bryce appears sidetracked. He glances around nervously then reaches into his pocket.

BRYCE

Cigarette?

Bryce extends his pack forward and pushes a cigarette halfway out with his thumb. Lydia shakes her head.

LYDIA

I'm trying to quit.

Bryce shrugs.

BRYCE

Good thinking.  
(clears throat)  
So his legs were—

LYDIA

Fine. No sign of anything whatsoever.

Bryce sighs. He retracts the cigarette pack and returns to his normal authoritative composure.

LYDIA

Are you alright?

BRYCE

It's nerves. A drunk driver who puts three innocent people in the hospital is naturally going to feel some guilt. That coupled with intense hospital phobia... You really could've figured this out yourself.

LYDIA

I know. I—



BRYCE

Did he say anything else?

LYDIA

The patient? No.

BRYCE

Are you sure?

LYDIA

I hear him rambling each time I pass by but I honestly haven't been listening. Can't we transfer him to another hospital?

BRYCE

The police want him here for now. I'd have to check with them first if I were to transfer. It's not worth the trouble.

Lydia nods.

BRYCE

What do you care anyway?

LYDIA

I don't.

Bryce raises an inquisitive eyebrow. Lydia adjusts her composure to match his.

LYDIA

He's a drunk driver. I only care as much as my job needs me to.

Bryce nods.

BRYCE

Is that all then?

Lydia nods.

Bryce glances at the door and smiles at Lydia.

BRYCE

I don't think I need to tell you this

but if you'd like to see the inside of my office, you only need ask.

LYDIA

Don't hold your breath.

Bryce becomes stern again.

BRYCE

Then consider coming to me with something less trivial next time.

Bryce steps into the office and shuts the door behind him.

INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Lydia and Coop exit the lobby into the parking lot.

Moments later, they enter Coop's car and drive away. Bryce watches as they disappear out of sight.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch lies asleep in the darkened room.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Bryce removes a bottle of rubbing alcohol off one of the shelves and administers its contents to a cotton ball.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Bryce enters. Mitch stirs and awakens. He recoils at the sight of Bryce.

Bryce grabs his face in one hand and pulls away his lower eyelids with his fingers. He produces the cotton ball with his other hand and slathers Mitch's eyes with it. Mitch screams and attempts to shut his eyes but to know avail.

BRYCE

Don't you think I know what you're doing?

MITCH

I don't know what-

BRYCE

Maybe she didn't figure it out but it'd be in your best interests not to offer my staff anymore clues. Lydia's a smart girl, after all.

Bryce licks his lips in a sickening fashion.

BRYCE

I'd really hate for her to get suspicious.

Bryce swabs Mitch's eyeball with the cotton ball. He writhes in torment. His tear ducts spout off.

BRYCE

For your sake.

Bryce releases his face and wipes away his tears with the cotton ball.

BRYCE

Just because you're not saying everything doesn't mean you're saying nothing. Remember that and I'll try to hold up my end of the bargain.

Bryce tosses the cotton ball in a waste bin as he exits.

INT. COOP'S CAR - MORNING

Lydia sits in the passenger seat beside Coop. She smokes a cigarette with the window down.

COOP

I know you're not stupid so I'm just going to assume you're fucking crazy.

LYDIA

(jokingly)  
You told me to do it.

COOP

Sarcastic much?

LYDIA

(laughs)

Still. You should've at least considered the possibility that you'd be leading me on.

COOP

I didn't think you'd actually do it. You've really struck me as an adrenaline junkie.

LYDIA

Nevermind what I may or may not strike you as. It's not gonna help you much in the long run.

COOP

So you did just do it for the rush?

Lydia shakes her head and stares idly out the window as they pass a grove of trees.

COOP

You know, you're taking this awful lightly for someone who could just as easily been shit canned.

LYDIA

Whatever. You wouldn't be making such a big deal if you'd been there.

COOP

Why is that?

LYDIA

He seemed almost embarrassed. It was weird. I've never seen him act like that before. You'd think he was hiding an S&M dungeon in there.

(laughs)

Which he probably is anyway-

COOP

Come on, Lydia.

LYDIA

I'm serious. He was jumpy. He even

offered me a cigarette.

COOP

Get the fuck outta here! Bryce Savage did not offer you a fucking cigarette!

LYDIA

It wasn't really a friendly gesture. It seemed like he was just trying to get me away from there. Anyway, after that, it was douchebag as usual. But he didn't seem pissed or anything.

COOP

I suppose that's all well and good. But you've still neglected to tell me why you did it.

LYDIA

I guess I wanted to convince myself that even the Savages have lines they won't cross.

COOP

Well, are you convinced?

LYDIA

Let's change the subject. You're killing my buzz. And by the way...

Lydia takes a drag from her cigarette.

LYDIA

I'm a Law and Order girl.

Coop chuckles.

COOP

You're certainly no David Caruso.

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE

An elegantly furnished office. Medical journals cram bookshelves. Commemorative plaques adorn the walls.

Bryce sits at a cluttered desk typing away at a computer.

A knock at the door.

BRYCE

Come in.

Judith enters and shuts the door behind her.

JUDITH

Has he called yet?

BRYCE

He's coming tonight. I'll need you to show him the new arrivals.

JUDITH

Why can't you do it?

BRYCE

I've got work to do. You know that.

JUDITH

Why don't you just have her do it?

BRYCE

Don't start—

JUDITH

Don't tell me what to do! I know something's going on!

BRYCE

I'm warning you—

JUDITH

Don't you threaten me!

Bryce grabs Judith by the shoulders. She spits in his face. He shuts his eyes and gently wipes it off then slaps her hard across the face with the same hand. Judith stumbles backward on the verge of tears.

BRYCE

If you expect to have any kind of professional future, you'll do as you're told.

JUDITH

I hate you!

BRYCE

After all this is over, I'll fire the bitch. If that's what it takes to shut your mouth.

Bryce sits down and returns to his computer.

BRYCE

I'm finished.

Judith spits on the floor. She turns on her heel and slams the door behind her as she exits.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Coop's car pulls into the parking lot. Coop and Lydia emerge from the car.

INT. LOBBY

Coop and Lydia enter. Lydia proceeds past the desk. Judith sits behind it.

Coop approaches the desk. Judith looks up at him.

JUDITH

I'm taking care of things for now. Why don't you take a break?

Coop shrugs and walks away.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Lydia removes two capped syringes from a plastic basket on the shelf. She stuffs them into her pocket and exits.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Lydia enters. Mitch sits up as she approaches him.

MITCH

When do I get outta here?

LYDIA

Listen to me. I don't want to but I think I just might believe what you said the other night. Two perfectly healthy people don't just drop dead.

MITCH

I don't know what you're talking about—

LYDIA

Yes, you do. Now listen. I have a way to prove if you really saw what you think you saw. But I need your help—

MITCH

No—

Lydia grabs Mitch's arm.

LYDIA

Look. You've caused a lot of problems for a lot of people, including me, and I would hate to think it's all been for no reason. This is the one and only time I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt. Are you going to help me or not?

A moment of silence passes before Mitch nods.

LYDIA

I have to go downstairs to the morgue and nobody can know I'm doing it—

MITCH

What are you going to do?

LYDIA

What you're going to do is create a diversion.

MITCH

What kinda diversion?

LYDIA

That's up to you.



MITCH

But—

LYDIA

No buts. I still have less reason to trust you than I do not to trust you. So we're going to do this my way.

Mitch nods.

LYDIA

When I leave the room, you're going to create a diversion. Make sure it's a good one. If we're gonna do this right, it's gonna take a little time.

Lydia proceeds toward the exit.

MITCH

But I have no idea—

Lydia turns back to Mitch.

LYDIA

You were in a car accident. There's always complications.

Lydia exits.

Mitch sits upright and looks frantically around the room.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia proceeds down the hallway.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch leans over the side of the bed and shoves two fingers into his throat. He gags and coughs.

INT. HALLWAY

AT THE END OF THE HALL

Lydia arrives in front of a door. She opens it to reveal a staircase leading downstairs.

She looks down the hallway. Bryce turns a corner and proceeds toward his office. He does not see her.

Lydia returns her gaze to the staircase and proceeds to descend. She shuts the door behind her.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch shoves his fingers deeper into his throat. His fingers drip with saliva.

He retches violently as cloudy water gushes from his mouth onto the floor.

He holds his fingers in place and dry heaves.

INT. HALLWAY

Mitch gags offscreen.

Bryce proceeds down the hallway at a brisk pace.

INT. MORGUE

A door opens inside the darkened room. Lydia flips a switch beside the door. The morgue is bathed in flickering fluorescent light.

Three gurneys lie in the center of the room surrounded by massive steel drawers. All three are draped in white cloth sheets. One of them is soaked in blood.

Lydia shuts the door behind her and proceeds toward the closest gurney. She lifts the sheet from it to reveal Jack's body laid out beneath it.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch grabs the bed frame for leverage as he leans over the side of the bed and gags himself. After a moment, he removes his fingers. Pale vomit spews freely from his mouth and splashes on the floor.

Bryce appears in the doorway.

BRYCE  
Jesus Christ!

Mitch tightens his grip on the bed frame and slips off the mattress into a puddle of his own waste.

Bryce runs to his side and takes him into his arms.

BRYCE

What the fuck are you trying to pull?

Mitch gurgles and vomits onto Bryce's coat.

BRYCE

Goddamnit!

Mitch goes limp as Bryce attempts to shove him off. He does with considerable effort.

BRYCE

You're gonna pay for this, you little shit. Mark my words.

Bryce hoists Mitch upright and attempts to get him back on the bed. He remains limp but all too conscious. He wears the hint of a smile on his face.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A black car pulls into the parking lot. The driver side door opens.

INT. LOBBY

The whoosh of the automatic doors causes Judith to look up.

A pair of wingtip shoes and black suit pants steps onto the tile floor.

INT. LOUNGE

Coop sits at the table with a cup of coffee.

Footsteps in the hallway. Coop looks up.

INT. MORGUE

Lydia throws the sheet back over Jack's body and proceeds to the next gurney. She lifts the sheet to reveal Wendy's body underneath.

Lydia reaches into her pocket and produces one of the syringes. She removes the cap and grimaces as she sticks it into Wendy's neck and slowly draws blood.

Footsteps approach. Lydia abruptly retracts the syringe. She throws the sheet back over Wendy's body and climbs under the gurney.

#### UNDER THE GURNEY

The white cloth falls inches above the ground, just barely able to conceal Lydia.

She curls up with her knees against her chest. She caps the blood-filled syringe and drops it in her pocket. The door opens. Footsteps cross the room toward the gurneys. Lydia holds her breath.

Two pairs of feet appear between Jack and Wendy's gurneys. High heels and wingtips.

The rustle of disturbed cloth.

A second later, the sheet from Wendy's gurney is cast aside to reveal part of Lydia's hiding place. She curls up tighter in an effort to remain concealed.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Exquisite. Impeccable condition. I've seen enough. I think it's time we talk to the good doctor.

JUDITH (O.S.)

Of course.

#### INT. RESTROOM

Bryce stands in front of a running sink. He groans as he uses a ball of wet paper towels to wipe Mitch's vomit away from his coat.

#### INT. HALLWAY

#### STRANGER'S P.O.V.

Judith leads the STRANGER down the hallway.

Bryce emerges from the restroom. He nods in the stranger's direction and proceeds toward them.

BRYCE

Ah. You're here. Right this way.

Bryce gestures toward the door to his office as he opens it. Judith follows him inside.

FURTHER BACK

Lydia walks.

Judith pokes her head out of Bryce's office and sets her sights on Lydia. They make eye contact. Judith shoots Lydia a suspicious glare as she passes the office. She briefly follows Lydia with her eyes before she shuts the door.

Indistinct chatter follows.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The sun is reflected in the windows of the towering building.

INT. BLOOD BANK

A small room with a desk behind a small window.

BOB (60s) sits behind the desk. He is short and squirrely with thick glasses.

Lydia enters through a set of swinging double doors. She is dressed casually. Bob's eyes light up at the sight of her.

BOB

Lydia! What brings you here?

LYDIA

I guess I just missed stabbing people with butterfly needles.

BOB

(laughs)

There's that humor I missed. Wish you were still with us.

LYDIA

(sighs)

Me too. But when your boyfriend—

(clears throat)

...ex-boyfriend moves out, you gotta find a new way to pay the bills.

BOB

I'm sorry to hear that. How's working for the Savages?

LYDIA

I can cope. But let's talk about something else.

BOB

Of course. What can I do for you?

Lydia reaches into her pocket and sets the two blood-filled syringes on the desk.

LYDIA

I was wondering if you could take a look at these for me.

BOB

What exactly are you looking for?

LYDIA

Anything that doesn't belong. You'll know if you see it.

Bob takes the syringes.

BOB

I'll see what I can do.

LYDIA

Good to know there's still people I can count on in this world.

INT. CLINIC, LOBBY - NIGHT

Coop types away at a computer behind the front desk. Something catches his attention. He leans in toward the monitor with his eyes narrowed in suspicion and types more vigorously. After a moment, he gets up and walks away.

INT. LOUNGE

Lydia sits at the lounge table with a cup of coffee. The coffee pot sits in the center of the table.

Coop enters and shuts the door behind him.

LYDIA  
Hello friend. Coffee?

Lydia nudges the pot toward him. Coop shakes his head.

LYDIA  
What's up with you?

COOP  
Something strange.

LYDIA  
I'm down for some gossip.

Coop sits across from Lydia.

COOP  
First of all, I know what you're doing. You're still snooping around. That kid must've really gotten to you—

LYDIA  
He hasn't gotten to me—

COOP  
Whatever. You've got this idea in your head about the Savages. I can't say I believe you, even with them being the way they are. But something's amiss.

LYDIA  
What do you mean?

COOP  
I came across this after something the daytime receptionist told me. He said he was going through our patient database and found several dead patients listed as having checked

out going back a few months. I didn't believe him at first. So I decided to check it out myself.

LYDIA

Sounds like I'm not the only one doing a little snooping around here.

COOP

Turns out he was right. We don't even have insurance information on some of the recent patients who've died here. Not a trace. It's like they were never here. Half the time, the Savages are coming down hard on us, making sure we've got all that shit together before patients get treated. I don't know what to make of it all. I wouldn't exactly call these errors abundant but there's certainly more than a place like this should have.

LYDIA

That doesn't seem like enough to convince you of anything. You've told me yourself. Those dayshift guys aren't what you'd call organized.

COOP

I never said I was convinced. But I think there's something going on here that the Savages don't want anyone knowing about. Not fucking homicide. But something.

Coop glances at the door then back to Lydia.

COOP

There's something else too. I've seen the people who take the bodies away. They don't look like morticians. They're dressed nice. Suits and ties. Maybe they're other doctors. I don't know. I never thought about it until now. Come to think of it, one of them was in here just the other night.



LYDIA

I know. He was in the morgue with Judith. They were examining the bodies.

COOP

Maybe someone hired him to do a private autopsy.

LYDIA

I don't think so. It didn't sound like that at all.

COOP

Well, what did it sound like? Did either of them say anything about who he is?

Lydia shakes her head.

LYDIA

They were in there like two seconds before they left. But I don't think the question is who's taking the bodies. It's where are they taking them.

Lydia and Coop exchange grim expressions.

COOP

(sighs)

I need a drink.

INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A small, modestly furnished living room.

Lydia sits on a couch and watches a cheesy crime show on TV. She wears a worn t-shirt and pajama bottoms. A bottle of red wine sits on the coffee table in front of her. She casually sips the drink itself from a glass in her hand.

A cell phone buzzes on the coffee table. Lydia flips it open and brings it to her ear.

LYDIA

Hello.

BOB (V.O.)

Hi Lydia. It's Bob. I've got the lab results for your blood samples.

Lydia sets the wine glass on the coffee table as she perks up with anticipation.

LYDIA

Really? What'd you find?

BOB (V.O.)

Well, I'm not sure exactly what kind of tests you wanted me to run but I think I was pretty thorough. As far as I can tell, everything looks normal.

Lydia slumps her shoulders in disappointment.

LYDIA

Really? Both samples?

BOB (V.O.)

Is that good news?

LYDIA

(sighs)

Well. It's news.

BOB (V.O.)

What exactly were you looking for?

LYDIA

I don't know. But whatever it is, it's not there.

BOB (V.O.)

Are you sure? I could send the samples to another lab-

LYDIA

That won't be necessary. If there was something there, you would've found it. Trust me.

BOB (V.O.)

Suit yourself.

LYDIA

Thanks, Bob. I appreciate it. Have fun  
in blood land.

BOB (V.O.)

(laughs)

Take care of yourself, Lydia.

LYDIA

Will do.

Lydia ends the call. She grabs the wine glass and tilts her head back as she downs the last of its contents.

After a moment, she dials a new number and returns the cell to her ear.

LYDIA

Yes, hello. I'd like to speak to the  
chief of police, please.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch's eyes are red, puffy and horrified.

Judith stands over him with her hand over his mouth. She holds a syringe in her other hand.

JUDITH

Bite me again and you'll get the swab.

Judith injects the contents of the syringe equally into both of his legs. He moans through her bony fingers.

Judith puts away the empty syringe and briefly fingers inside her coat pocket. After a moment, she produces a small pill. Mitch's eyes grow wide at the sight of it.

JUDITH

Tonight, the doctor and I are going to a meeting. That's why you're going to be nice and quiet while that little slut of a nurse is around. Am I right?

Judith forces Mitch's mouth open and drops the pill inside.

JUDITH

I thought so.

Judith holds Mitch's nose between two fingers as she covers his mouth with her palm. After a moment, he swallows.

JUDITH

That's a good boy.

Judith releases Mitch's face and flicks off the light as she exits.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Lydia and Coop sit behind the front desk. The Savages stand in front of them.

BRYCE

We shouldn't be long. The boards like to keep things brief as you know. Until then, Cooper's in charge.

Judith nods curtly toward Lydia.

JUDITH

Keep an eye on that one.

BRYCE

Don't stay up too late.

Bryce chuckles then frowns as neither Lydia nor Coop respond to the joke.

The Savages turn and exit the lobby. Lydia watches through the automatic doors as they enter a car and drive away.

LYDIA

I'm searching his office. There's gotta be something in there.

COOP

I don't see why you don't just let this go. If the cops aren't convinced-

LYDIA

Then we'll convince them. We need proof.

That's all.  
Coop sighs.

COOP  
I can't be a part of this.

Lydia turns to Coop.

COOP  
I told you what I know and that's where my involvement ends. I'm sorry. I'm not gonna try and talk you out of doing what you think you need to do. You're obviously gonna do it anyway. I just can't be a part of it.

LYDIA  
They can't treat people the way they do, Coop, and we can't let them. Not when we know—

COOP  
What do we know?

LYDIA  
We know about the bodies. I don't know what that kid saw but he knows something too. We just don't know enough.

COOP  
Listen to me, Lydia. I'm warning you. As your friend. I've known the Savages a long time. I'm the one who got you this job, remember?

LYDIA  
What's your point?

Coop grabs Lydia by the shoulders.

COOP  
You wanted to know if the Savages had lines they didn't cross. I don't wanna find out because I don't think they do.

LYDIA

The world's full of bad people. I know there's nothing I can do about that. But if there's a chance I can do something about the two worst people in my world, I know I have to take it.

Lydia frees herself from Coop's grip and stalks off.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSEST

A cramped closet with cluttered shelves packed with assorted office supplies.

Lydia rummages through the closet's contents until she comes across a box of paper clips.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia stands outside Bryce's office door. She removes an unbent paperclip from her pocket and sticks it in the keyhole. She prods and jiggles it meticulously. After a moment, the lock clicks and the door swings open.

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE

Lydia enters the darkened office. Her eyes fall on the desk. She shuts the door behind her and proceeds to rummage through the piles of documents scattered on top of it.

INT. LOBBY

Coop sits in front of the computer and attempts to work but is unfocused. He glances nervously at the clock. After a moment, he takes a deep breath and returns his gaze to the computer. He leans forward in an attempt to concentrate.

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE

Lydia leans forward in front of Bryce's computer.

The computer screen displays the login BSAVAGE. A cursor blinks within the empty password bar beneath it.

Lydia types away vigorously in an attempt to guess the password but her entries are continually rejected.

INT. LOBBY

Coop's eyes are locked on the computer screen. The whoosh of the automatic doors causes him to look up. The Savages enter the lobby.

COOP  
(to self)  
Shit.

BRYCE  
How are things, Cooper?

COOP  
Dr. Savage, I need to talk to you.

BRYCE  
We'll talk later.

COOP  
Right now.

BRYCE  
It can wait.

The Savages proceed past the front desk and down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Coop hurries after the Savages.

COOP  
Dr. Savage, it's really important.

Coop scurries up behind Bryce and grabs him by the shoulder. Judith swiftly snatches his wrist away and stops to face him.

Bryce continues on with only a slightest glance back.

JUDITH  
What's the matter with you?

COOP  
I-

JUDITH  
Get back to work.

Judith shoves Coop hard. He stumbles backward. He watches helplessly as they continue toward Bryce's office.

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE

Lydia sits in front of the computer.

Footsteps approach. Her eyes divert toward the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Coop watches from around the corner as the Savages approach the office door.

Bryce turns the doorknob. He narrows his eyes.

JUDITH  
What's wrong?

BRYCE  
I don't remember leaving my door  
unlocked.

The Savages exchange glances. After a moment, Bryce shrugs and opens the door.

Coop disappears around the corner.

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE

The Savages enter.

Lydia is gone.

BRYCE  
Those damn scientists. They can be a  
stubborn bunch, can't they?

Judith shuts the door behind them.

Bryce turns on the desk lamp as he sits down. The light reveals Lydia hiding behind a bookshelf at the other end of



the room with her back against the wall. Their backs are turned to her.

Bryce types away at the computer.

BRYCE

I'm taking no chances this time. I'm sending the revised invoices tonight. The specimens stay in the morgue until they wire us—

JUDITH

They'll pay us once they have the—

BRYCE

I'm not going to discuss this. Not when we're so close.

JUDITH

We need to do things quickly. We're almost out of time. The boards aren't going to cut us any slack, even if we're in a position to pay.

BRYCE

I'm not getting shortchanged by these lab bastards again.

A printer activates beside the desk.

JUDITH

I think the staff is getting suspicious. I've been watching them. We can't let them—

BRYCE

They would need forensic specialists to find out we had anything to do with the patients' deaths.

Lydia's eyes flick in the Savages' direction.

Bryce removes two sheets of paper from the printer and turns to Judith.

BRYCE

But if you feel so inclined, you can give her the word.

JUDITH

Really?

BRYCE

I don't see the harm. The clinic is as good as ours.

Judith leans in and kisses Bryce on the cheek.

JUDITH

You're not always so loathsome.

Judith exits.

Lydia watches Bryce as he inserts the two papers into a fax machine. He watches as the machine scans and prepares to send the invoices.

Lydia creeps out from her hiding spot and quietly removes one of the plaques off the wall.

She holds the plaque with both hands as she creeps up stealthily behind him. She stops directly behind him and raises the plaque over her head.

Bryce turns around. Their eyes meet. Lydia smashes the plaque across his head. Blood trickles from his skull as he falls to the floor out cold.

Lydia drops the plaque and grabs the invoices from the fax machine. She glances briefly over them before she exits.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia proceeds down the hallway. She turns a corner and stops dead in her tracks.

She quickly hides the documents behind her back as Judith walks up to her.

JUDITH

There you are. I've been looking all over for you.

Judith stops face to face with Lydia.

JUDITH  
I just wanted to tell you this myself.  
You're fired.

Judith leans in to whisper in Lydia's ear.

JUDITH  
After tonight, I never want to see you  
again. Do you hear me?

Lydia nods.

JUDITH  
And if I ever see you near my husband  
again, I'll make you wish you'd never  
been born.

Judith sidesteps Lydia and stalks off.

INT. LOUNGE

Coop sits on the couch and rubs his head in his hands.

Lydia bursts in and shuts the door behind her. Coop jumps  
out of his seat at the sight of her.

COOP  
Lydia! I'm so sorry! I tried to stop—

LYDIA  
Keep your voice down!

Coop shuts his mouth and sits back down. Lydia sits across  
from him.

LYDIA  
We have to call the police.

COOP  
What? Why?

LYDIA  
They're killing the patients, Coop.

COOP

What? How do you know?

LYDIA

I heard it right from their own mouths.  
Look at these.

Lydia shoves the invoices in Coop's hands. He quickly looks over them.

LYDIA

That's the proof we've been looking for  
all this time. Look at the  
descriptions. It fits the patients  
perfectly.

COOP

What's the Center of  
Anthropo-biological Research?

LYDIA

They're the ones taking the bodies. The  
Savages are selling them. That's how  
they plan to pay for the clinic.

INT. HALLWAY

Judith stands outside the lounge with her ear pressed  
against the door.

COOP (O.S.)

Holy shit. You're right.

INT. LOUNGE

Coop folds up the invoices.

COOP

The police need to see these.

Coop shakes his head as he stuffs them into his pocket.

COOP

I can't believe this is actually  
happening.

LYDIA

You call the police. I'm gonna try to

get that kid outta here. He'd be next  
on their list.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia and Coop emerge from the lounge and split their  
separate ways.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch lies fast asleep.

Lydia bursts into the room and runs toward him. She leans  
over him and shakes him by the shoulder.

LYDIA  
(quiet)  
Wake up!  
(to self)  
What's your name? Mitch!  
(to Mitch)  
Mitch, you gotta wake up!

Lydia shakes Mitch harder. She leans in close to whisper in  
his ear.

LYDIA  
Mitch, you were right.

Something stirs in the darkened corner behind Lydia. Bryce  
steps out of the shadows.

BRYCE'S P.O.V.

Bryce slowly approaches Lydia.

LYDIA  
They're killing people. We have to get  
outta here. Mitch.

Lydia grabs Mitch by both shoulders and shakes him. His  
eyes open briefly but he does not respond.

LYDIA  
Can't you hear me? What's wrong with...

Lydia trails off as Bryce's shadows falls over her. She turns around.

BACK TO SCENE

Bryce grabs Lydia by her hair and shoves a moist rag over her nose. She kicks violently. He holds his grip.

After a moment, she goes limp. Bryce lowers her to the floor. He removes the rag and holds her face close to his.

BRYCE

You've got spunk. I'll give you that.

Bryce licks the side of her face and cackles.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

Lydia's unconscious body lies sprawled inside the storage closet. Bryce slams the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Bryce produces a key ring and locks the closet door.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Coop appears behind the desk and grabs the phone receiver off the desk. He holds it to his ear and dials 911.

Judith appears behind him. She instantly ends the call with a quick strike of her fingers to the cradle.

Coop turns to face her.

JUDITH

You're making a big mistake.

COOP

Am I?

Judith puts her hands together in front of her lips. Coop grabs the phone cradle and drags it out of Judith's reach.

JUDITH

Please don't do this. Whatever you want. It's yours.

COOP  
It's over, Judith.

Coop redials the number.

Judith screams and grabs a pen off the desk. She lunges forward and stabs Coop in the shoulder. He cries out and drops the phone.

Judith retracts the pen and prepares for another strike. Coop grabs both of her arms and pins her to the desk. Helpless, she spits in his face. Coop growls and slams her hard against the desktop. She yields.

The phone receiver lies on the floor.

911 (V.O.)  
Please state your emergency. Hello?  
Hell-  
(cuts off)

Coop leans in face to face with Judith.

COOP  
I said it's over-

Bryce appears behind Coop and hooks a severed telephone chord around his neck. He pulls it taught with both hands and yanks Coop against his chest. Coop chokes and claws at the chord.

Bryce stumbles backward and slams his back against the wall. The force causes one of Coop's eyes to pop halfway out of its socket. His eyeball turns pink as the blood vessels rupture.

Coop grabs the side of Bryce's face and digs in with his fingernails. Bryce screams as Coop grazes his eyelid. He releases the chord.

Coop lurches forward. His head on the edge of the desk. A set of keys slips out of his pocket as he falls to the floor.

Bryce swoops down upon him and plants both hands firmly around his throat with a sickening crunch. Coop gags as his windpipe is crushed. His face flushes.

Bryce tightens his grip. Coop's throat caves in. His tongue protrudes unnaturally from his mouth and slides down the side of his face. His body goes still.

Bryce releases Coop and shakes out his hands.

JUDITH

He's got the invoices.

Bryce rummages through Coop's scrubs and produces the invoices. He stands and extends them toward Judith.

BRYCE

Destroy them. Before anything else.

Bryce looks down at Coop.

BRYCE

I'll dispose of this one.

JUDITH

What about the others?

BRYCE

Kill them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bryce loads Coop's body into the trunk of his car. He shuts it and enters the driver's seat. He starts the car and speeds away with a screech of the tires.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

Lydia stirs and awakens on the floor. It takes her a moment to recognize her surroundings. She crawls toward the door and tugs at the handle. It's locked.

Lydia frantically scans her surroundings then pats herself down. She reaches into her pocket and produces the unbent paper clip.

INT. BRYCE'S OFFICE

Judith inserts the invoices into a paper shredder. Their remains empty into a waste bin below.



She exits.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET

Lydia jiggles the paper clip inside the door lock. It comes open after a moment.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia emerges from the supply closet and creeps cautiously down the hallway. She clutches a small pair of scissors in her hand.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Judith stands beside Mitch's bed. She reaches into her coat pocket and produces a syringe.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia slowly approaches the entrance to the patient room.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Judith holds Mitch's IV tube in one hand. She inserts the needle into it and creates a small air bubble. The bubble slowly makes its way down the tube.

Lydia appears behind Judith.

LYDIA

Get away from—

Judith whirls around and lunges at Lydia. Lydia stabs her several times in the arm with the scissors. A final blow buries them in Judith's shoulder. Judith stumbles to the side as she struggles to pull them out.

Lydia races forward and tugs the IV tube free from Mitch's arm. His arm twitches. His eyes flicker briefly.

Lydia whirls around as Judith comes at her with the scissors. Lydia throws a hand forward to shield her face. The scissors pierce through her palm as Judith tackles her to the floor.

Judith retracts the scissors from Lydia's hand and attempts to strike again. Lydia catches her hand.

A struggle breaks out. The scissors tear the front of Lydia's scrubs to shreds as Judith attempts to plunge them into her chest.

Lydia attempts to jerk the scissors away. They graze her chin as Judith swings her arms back and forth.

Lydia twists Judith's arm around to point the scissors away from her. She jerks them toward Judith's face. They slice through Judith's cheek. Both women release the scissors at once. They strike the wall hard and break in two.

Lydia reaches into her pocket and produces her cell phone. Judith grabs for it. Lydia slams it twice into Judith's ear. Judith falls to the side.

Lydia attempts to get to her feet but Judith sends a swift kick in her direction. It collides with Lydia's phone. The phone sails out of Lydia's hand and smashes on the floor.

LYDIA

Shit-

Judith kicks Lydia in the chest. Lydia falls onto her back. Judith jerks her upright and hurls her through the doorway.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia hits the wall hard and stumbles to the side. She reaches for a nearby doorknob as she falls to her knees. Her fingers catch it. It swings slightly open.

Judith bursts into the hallway. She grabs Lydia by the hair and hurls her through the door.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Lydia crashes against a wall of shelves. The syringe basket tumbles over and scatters its contents across the floor.

Judith lunges at Lydia. Lydia stabs her in the hand with an uncapped syringe. She recoils in pain.

Lydia grabs a handful of syringes. She uncaps them one by one and hurls them at Judith. Judith shields her face with her arm. The needles catch her soft flesh.

Judith shakes several needles from her arm and removes the one from her hand.

Lydia grabs another handful of syringes. Judith stabs her through the thigh. The syringe pierces the surface of her skin and reemerges on the other side. Lydia drops the syringes in her hand.

Judith grabs two more off the ground and lunges at Lydia. She drives both needles through Lydia's cheek. Blood dribbles from the corner of Lydia's mouth.

Judith grabs another handful of syringes. Lydia produces two more and stabs Judith several times in the breast until they break off inside. Judith falls backward clutching her bleeding chest.

Lydia removes the syringes from her cheek. Blood and saliva trickle out of the wounds.

Judith grabs a syringe and pops the cap off with her fingers but not before Lydia buries two in her eye. Judith howls in agony.

She kicks Lydia hard in the thigh, exactly where the one syringe has gone through. Her leg gives away beneath her. She slumps to the side. Blood spews out of the wound. She mimics Judith's cries as she paws at it.

Judith drives the syringe in her hand into the back of Lydia's neck. Lydia falls forward with her face inches away from three uncapped syringes.

Judith painfully removes the two needles from her eyeball. Blood and ocular fluid trickle down her cheek.

JUDITH

You bitch!

Judith reaches forward and retracts the syringe from Lydia's neck.

Lydia swings a handful of syringes blindly backward. They bury deep into Judith's jugular. Judith chokes and falls flat on her back.

Lydia turns around and climbs on top of Judith. She closes a tight fist around the syringes in Judith's throat.

JUDITH  
(raspy, labored)  
No!

Lydia holds her grip.

LYDIA  
Where's Bryce?

Judith groans. Lydia tugs gently on the syringes. Judith whimpers as her eyes widen in panic.

LYDIA  
Where the fuck is Bryce?!

JUDITH  
The forest.

LYDIA  
What's he doing in the forest?

JUDITH  
Getting rid of the body...

Judith gurgles.

LYDIA  
What body?

Judith's hand closes around a pair of bloody syringes. She attempts to laugh but chokes up bloody foam instead.

LYDIA  
What body?!

JUDITH  
Cooper's.

Lydia's mouth drops.

Judith spits foam at her and swings an arm around to stab her in the ribs. The needles break off upon impact. The second they do, Lydia yanks the syringes from Judith's throat. Judith gasps.

JUDITH

No!

Blood spurts from Judith's throat to the beat of her heart. It floods the floor in seconds.

Lydia recoils, shocked at what she's just done.

JUDITH

Bitch...

Judith trails off with a sickening wheeze. She utters a death rattle as her head rolls limply to the side. The blood flow from her throat ebbs away.

Lydia takes a deep breath. She grabs a syringe off the floor and puts it between her teeth. She bites down hard upon the plastic and moans as she slowly removes the syringe from her leg.

Blood oozes out as it comes free. Her jaw goes limp. The syringe falls from her mouth. Tears spill from her eyes.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Lydia appears behind the front desk. She is bloody and disheveled. Tears of grief and panic stream down her face.

She grabs the phone receiver and holds it to her ear as she dials 911. She realizes instantly that there is no dial tone. She hits several buttons on the dial pad to test but to no avail.

Lydia drops the receiver back and looks down. Her eyes fall on the severed phone line. A few feet away from it, just barely covered by the shadow of the desk, are Coop's keys. Lydia bursts into simultaneous laughter and tears.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The sound of rushing water echoes throughout the secluded wood. Lights illuminate the trees.

Bryce's car arrives on the scene. Bryce emerges and unlocks the trunk. He reaches inside and drags Coop's body onto the dead leaves. He hooks his arms under Coop's shoulders and drags him through the dirt toward an opening in the trees.

EXT. RIVER

Bryce drags Coop's body toward the bank of a rushing river. Once he is close enough, he rolls the body into the water. The current carries it away. Slowly, at first, then quickly until it reaches the middle of the river.

Bryce watches as the body floats away. The current eventually sucks it under the surface.

INT. HALLWAY

Lydia proceeds down the hallway. Her face is flushed and wet with tears. She quickly wipes them away and regains her composure as she enters:

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Lydia snuffles quietly as she approaches Mitch. She grabs him by the shoulders and shakes him.

LYDIA

Please wake up—

Mitch wakes up instantly. He is shocked by the sight of Lydia's bloody face. Lydia, shocked herself at the abrupt awakening, recoils.

MITCH

What's happening?! What the fuck happened to your face?!

LYDIA

Listen to me. We don't have much time. We have to get out of here.

MITCH

What?!

LYDIA

You were right. The doctors are killing the patients. They've cut the phone

line. We have to get to the police—

MITCH  
I can't walk.

LYDIA  
Bryce could be back any minute. We don't have time—

MITCH  
I'm serious. I can't walk.

LYDIA  
Are you listening to me?! I said we have to go!

Lydia grabs Mitch by the shoulders and hurls him out of bed. He crashes to the floor. His left arm strikes the tile hard. Blood seeps through the gauze.

Lydia's jaw drops.

LYDIA  
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

Lydia throws a hand over her mouth and drops to her knees in shock over what she's done.

LYDIA  
What happened to you?

MITCH  
He did it.

LYDIA  
No...

Lydia tears up.

Mitch rolls over onto his back and props himself up with his right arm.

MITCH  
It's some kinda drug. I don't know—

LYDIA  
I'm so sorry...

Lydia runs her hands frantically through her hair. Mitch stares at her with a confused look on his face.

LYDIA  
I should've...

Lydia stops and looks up at Mitch.

LYDIA  
Some kinda drug?

MITCH  
Yeah.

LYDIA  
I think I can fix that.

INT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Bryce's car speeds down the empty road.

INT. BRYCE'S CAR

Bryce's cold eyes are locked straight ahead.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Lydia enters.

She steps awkwardly over Judith's corpse and rummages through the shelves' contents.

INT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights illuminate a sign reading MEDICAL CENTER.

Bryce's car slows and turns onto the narrow path marked by the sign.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch lies on the hospital bed with his bare legs exposed.

Lydia enters and proceeds to the bed.

She produces a moist cotton ball. Mitch winces at the sight of it but relaxes when she applies it to both of his legs.



Lydia produces a syringe. She squirts it into the air and injects half a dose into each leg.

LYDIA

This will reverse the effects of the nerve blocker. It should kick in right away but your muscles might still be a little sore.

MITCH

Thank you.

LYDIA

I'm gonna find a wheelchair to take you to Coop's car. That'll give you some time to recuperate. If anything happens, just shout.

MITCH

Okay.

Lydia hurries out of the room. Mitch massages his legs to better distribute the reagent.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bryce's car pulls into the parking lot.

EXT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Bryce enters and proceeds briskly past the front desk and down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Bryce rounds the corner and halts at the sight of blood pooled in the hallway. He rushes toward it.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Bryce bursts into the medicine closet to the sight of Judith's corpse. His face goes livid.

BRYCE

Oh no.

Bryce's jaw drops. He falls to his knees.

BRYCE

Baby...

Bryce collapses into the puddle of blood as he takes Judith's corpse into his arms.

BRYCE

I'm so sorry.

Bryce sniffles and widens his eyes to hold back tears.

BRYCE

It's all my fault.

INT. HALLWAY, ALCOVE

Lydia enters a small alcove at the end of a hallway. Several collapsible wheelchairs are propped against the wall. She grabs one and proceeds to unfold it.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Bryce lies on the floor with Judith's corpse in his arms. He licks his fingers and uses them to wipe the blood away from her face.

BRYCE

They're gonna pay, baby.

Bryce kisses the back of Judith's neck. A thin layer of blood stains his lips.

BRYCE

I'll see to that.

Bryce lays down Judith's corpse and stands. Her blood stains his white coat.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Mitch sits on the bed and massages his legs. He watches his feet as he curls his toes.

Bryce bursts into the room.

MITCH

Shit! He-

Bryce grabs Mitch and hurls him off the bed. His chest crushes his left arm as he strikes the floor.

MITCH

Help!

BRYCE

Get the fuck up!

Bryce lifts Mitch onto his feet and shoves him hard toward the doorway. His stiff legs crumble beneath him as he sails into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Mitch slams against the wall and falls to the floor. The gauze on his left arm is blotted red.

DOWN THE HALL

Lydia rolls the wheelchair down the hallway. She gasps at the sound of distant commotion. She quickly collapses the wheelchair and takes it into her arms as she races toward the noise's origin.

INT. PATIENT ROOM 1

Bryce grabs the IV stand and smashes it to pieces until only the center pole remains. He turns with the pole in both hands and proceeds toward Mitch.

INT. HALLWAY

Mitch recoils as Bryce approaches him.

BRYCE

I'm gonna take you apart!

Bryce swings the pole back to strike Mitch.

BRYCE

You worm-

The collapsible wheelchair sails through the air and strikes Bryce in the back. He drops. The pole falls from his hands.

Lydia stands several feet away. She rushes toward Bryce. He sees her coming and kicks the wheelchair toward her. She trips over it and lands on the floor beside him.

Bryce backhands Lydia across the face as she attempts to regain herself.

BRYCE  
Meddling cunt!

Bryce brutally slaps Lydia in the face. Mitch lunges at him. Bryce grabs him and hurls him forward. He trips and lands on his back.

Lydia appears behind Bryce and strikes him hard in the back with the IV pole. He falls to one knee.

LYDIA  
(to Mitch)  
Go!

Lydia pummels Bryce's back with the pole. He whirls around. The blow strikes him in the face and breaks his glasses. He growls and grabs the pole as Lydia tries to pull it back. A tug o' war breaks out between them.

Mitch grabs Bryce's leg and attempts to drag him to the ground. Bryce kicks violently until he frees himself and gives a swift kick back into Mitch's chin.

He turns and releases the pole as Lydia tugs hard in the other direction. She stumbles backward.

Bryce roars and charges Lydia. He tackles her to the floor. The pole flies out of her hand.

Bryce struggles to pin her to the floor. Lydia catches a glimpse of Mitch as he crawls toward them. His legs are stiff but mobile.

LYDIA  
I said go!

Mitch jolts at the sound of Lydia's voice. Bryce whirls around. Mitch scrambles away in the other direction and disappears around the corner.

BRYCE

I'll deal with you later-

Lydia's fist collides with Bryce's cheek. His head swings around. He is unfazed.

BRYCE

You'll have to do better than-

Lydia punches Bryce hard in the throat. He shuts up.

Lydia gets to her feet and kicks Bryce viciously in the ribs. He catches her leg after taking a few hits. She collapses against the wall. He holds her foot as he gets to his feet. She struggles helplessly and unbalanced.

Bryce grabs the pole off the floor with his free hand and swings it around to strike Lydia in the face. She stumbles to the side. Bryce releases her foot as he strikes her in the throat. She falls to the floor onto her back.

BRYCE

Now you die.

Bryce raises the pole with both hands and drives it into Lydia's chest. She spews up blood.

DOWN THE HALL

Mitch limps toward a nearby door.

INT. COLD STORAGE

A narrow closet containing a small industrial freezer and assorted cabinets.

Mitch enters, out of breath, and locks the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY

Bryce releases the pole. Lydia grabs it with both hands and pulls it slowly out. She erupts into deep, gasping breaths as it comes free. She rolls onto her side. Blood oozes from her perforated chest.

BRYCE

You just bleed out now.

Bryce turns. His gaze fall on several spots of blood on the floor. His eyes follow them around the corner.

BRYCE

I've gotta go find that little shit.

AROUND THE CORNER

Bryce follows the blood around the corner. Additional splashes of blood create a path down the hallway.

Bryce crouches slightly to better follow the trail.

INT. COLD STORAGE

Mitch is a statue. He holds his breath as he listens to Bryce's footsteps approach outside.

INT. HALLWAY

A blood-drenched Lydia crawls down the hallway toward the medicine closet. Her breaths remain deep and labored.

DOWN THE HALL

Bryce follows the trail of blood to the cold storage door. He notes the red smeared doorknob. He grabs it.

INT. COLD STORAGE

Mitch watches as the doorknob shakes with Bryce's attempts to enter.

BRYCE (O.S.)

This is foolishness.

Mitch looks frantically around the room.

BRYCE (O.S.)

You know I'm going to get inside.

Mitch grabs the handle on the fridge and opens it. Icy vapor billows out.

A scarlet glow reflects on Mitch's face as the mist clears. His eyes grow wide.

INT. HALLWAY

Bryce tugs at the doorknob.

BRYCE

Why make things hard on yourself? Just open the door.

INT. COLD STORAGE

Bryce releases the doorknob. He waits for a moment then shakes his head.

BRYCE

That's it. I'm coming in.

Bryce raises a foot above the doorknob and with two quick stomps, he breaks it off. The door swings slowly open.

As soon as the door passes Bryce's face, Mitch lunges at him and strikes him over the head with a plastic bag filled with blood. It explodes and instantly drenches Bryce.

Bryce screams and curses as he rubs his eyes with bloodsoaked hands. He stumbles backward and slips on blood. He screams double as his head strikes the floor.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Lydia stumbles weakly into the medicine closet. She climbs over Judith's corpse and levels the first shelf with a swing of her arm. Its contents scatter on the floor.

Lydia sits down and grabs a plastic jar. She opens it and reaches inside. She removes a handful of cotton balls.

Lydia looks down at her chest as she uses the cotton balls to plug up the puncture wound. Her breathing gradually slows to a steadier pace.

INT. HALLWAY

Bryce attempts to regain himself but his head strikes the bottom of a glass case containing a fire extinguisher. He howls in torment.

Mitch's eyes fall instantly on the fire extinguisher. He shambles across the hallway toward it.

He swings his left arm toward it and smashes the glass. The fragments shower Bryce and alert him to Mitch's presence.

Mitch grabs the fire extinguisher by the nozzle with his right arm. He instantly falls to the floor and lands flat on his back. His hand still clutches the fire extinguisher.

Mitch looks up to see Bryce with a firm hand wrapped around his ankle.

BRYCE

You scrawny little maggot!

Bryce leans in toward Mitch. Mitch tightens his grip on the fire extinguisher.

BRYCE

You die—

Mitch swings the fire extinguisher toward his face. Teeth fly out of his mouth as it smashes into his jaw. He blinks in a daze as he rolls onto his back.

Mitch sits up and strikes Bryce a second time. He cries out in anguish. A third blow silences him. Mitch releases the fire extinguisher with a final blow.

He leans his head back on the tile and takes a moment to catch his breath.

INT. MEDICINE CLOSET

Lydia sits with her back against the wall. Her breathing is steady but remains deep and labored.

Mitch appears in the doorway. He recoils at the sight before him.

MITCH

Holy shit!

Lydia looks at him and wheezes.



MITCH

We gotta get out of here. The police,  
remember?

Lydia nods weakly.

Mitch stumbles over Judith's corpse and hooks his right arm around Lydia's waist. His left arm dangles at his side.

Mitch attempts to lift Lydia but it's too much for his legs. Lydia's weight drags him down. She attempts to lift herself up but instead pulls him closer to the ground.

MITCH

We're gonna have to support each other.

Lydia nods. She attempts to lift Mitch but the pain is too much for her. She cries out. Both of them slump to the ground, out of breath.

MITCH

This isn't gonna work.

INT. HALLWAY

Mitch pushes Lydia down the hallway in a wheelchair. He leans his weight against the handlebars in order to take it off his legs.

They pass Bryce's body as they push forward. Lydia eyes it with a satisfied look on her face.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mitch wheels Lydia into the parking lot. Lydia produces Coop's keys and unlocks his car remotely with a wobbly hand.

Mitch wheels her around to the passenger side and opens the door. He helps her out of the chair and into the car. The move is easy given the chair's leverage.

INT. COOP'S CAR

Mitch enters the driver's seat. He pants as sweat drips down his forehead.

Lydia wheezes.

MITCH  
I need the keys.

Lydia extends them weakly toward Mitch. He takes them and starts the car.

He props his left arm on top of the steering wheel. It's soaked with blood and pockmarked with glass. Blood flows freely down the wheel.

Lydia glances at the arm with concern.

MITCH  
What?

Mitch glances at his own arm. He is briefly shocked by the severity of the damage then shrugs and shakes his head.

MITCH  
It's fine. Just tell me where to go.

Lydia takes a deep, labored breath to speak.

MITCH  
Sorry. Bad idea.

Lydia exhales.

MITCH  
Just point.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The car pulls away from the parking lot.

INT. COOP'S CAR

Mitch exerts surprising control over the car but with visible effort.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Coop's car speeds past the medical center sign and pulls onto the main road.

INT. HALLWAY

Bryce lies motionless in a pool of mixed people's blood.

His hand twitches subtly before he chokes and erupts into a coughing fit. He rolls onto his side. A mouthful of blood and broken teeth pour out of his throat. He stares at the pile of bloody enamel before him and screams.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Bryce bursts into the lobby, crimson with blood and fury. His eyes dart to the spot in the parking lot where Coop's car should be. He howls with seething rage.

INT. HALLWAY

Bryce rips away his bloodsoaked coat as he paces angrily down the hallway. He wraps it tightly around his arm as he approaches another glass case. He swings his arm back and swiftly smashes the glass.

Bryce shakes the coat off his arm and reaches inside the broken case. He removes a massive fire axe.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Coop's car speeds down the forest road.

INT. COOP'S CAR

Mitch's eyes are locked straight ahead. Lydia sits next to him and counts the trees that fly by. Her breath is hard and raspy.

A soft pattering sound. Mitch's eyes glaze over.

The pattering grows louder. The car begins to drift.

Blood spills profusely from Mitch's arm and patters as it trickles into his lap.

Mitch's eyelids flutter as the car glides gently off the road and into a ditch. A metallic screech stops the car dead in its tracks.

MITCH

Shit.

Lydia glances at Mitch. Blood trickles down the steering wheel into a growing puddle between his legs.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bryce bursts through the automatic doors and hastens toward his car.

INT. BRYCE'S CAR

Bryce unlocks the driver side door and tosses the axe into the passenger seat. He slams it shut as he gets behind the wheel, starts the car and floors it.

EXT. COOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Mitch stumbles out of the car and proceeds toward the rear. A sizeable branch sticks out from the belly of the car. Gasoline flows freely from the tank and floods the soil.

Mitch falls to his knees and slumps defeated against the side of the car.

Lydia steps out of the passenger seat and rounds the car. She halts at the sight of Mitch. He stares straight ahead with fading eyes.

MITCH

(calm)

I don't think I'm gonna make it.

LYDIA

No.

MITCH

You go ahead.

Lydia shakes her head.

Mitch looks and sounds like he's drunk. He's fading fast.

MITCH

I'll be fine. I'm just gonna sit here for a second.

Mitch utters a cross between a laugh and a sigh.

MITCH  
I'll catch up with you.

Lydia shakes her head again.

MITCH  
I'll see you soon. Don't worry.

LYDIA  
I'll come back for...

Lydia gasps for air.

MITCH  
Make it soon, please. I'm really losing  
a lot of blood.

Lydia nods intently.

LYDIA  
I'll bring help.

MITCH  
See you around.

Mitch leans his head back against the car.

Lydia hesitates for a moment before she takes off.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Bryce's car sails over the concrete.

INT. BRYCE'S CAR

Trees become a blur as Bryce sails over the pavement. Road  
rage burns in his eyes.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

UP AHEAD

Lydia shambles down the side of the darkened road. Coop's  
car is nowhere in sight.

EXT. COOP'S CAR

An approaching car breaks the silence.

INT. BRYCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Bryce's headlights illuminate Coop's car. He raises the corner of his mouth in a near toothless grin.

EXT. COOP'S CAR - NIGHT

Bryce rounds the car to find Mitch. His eyelids flicker on the brink of consciousness.

Bryce approaches him with the fire axe. He spits blood as he speaks.

BRYCE  
Where is she?

Mitch ignores him.

BRYCE  
Where is she?!

MITCH  
(groggily)  
Fuck off.

Bryce growls. He takes a step toward Mitch and swings the axe into his face. It instantly splits in half like a melon. Bryce continues to hack away until he is out of breath before a heap of grotesque carnage.

He takes a moment to look around.

BRYCE  
WHERE ARE YOU!!!

Bryce slams the axe angrily into the side of the car.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Lydia presses determinately on. The road seems endless before her.

INT. BRYCE'S CAR

Bryce cruises down the road. His eyes flick back and forth. Searching.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Lydia slows and falls to one knee to catch her breath.

INT. BRYCE'S CAR

Bryce pounds the side of the car with his fist. He's getting angrier by the second.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Lydia clutches her chest as she gasps for air. Headlights appear in the distance behind her.

INT. BRYCE'S CAR

Bryce's headlights fall upon Lydia. She turns around and shields her eyes. Bryce cackles. Bloody saliva spills out of his mouth.

BRYCE

There you are.

EXT. FOREST ROAD

Lydia gets to her feet as the car rolls to a stop.

The headlights are blinding. She doesn't see Bryce until he steps in front of the car. She sees the glint of his axe as he comes toward her.

She tears into the woods. Bryce proceeds slowly after her.

EXT. FOREST

Lydia clutches her chest as her run turns to a stumble amongst the dead leaves. Her hoarse breath gives her away.

FURTHER BACK

Bryce scans the trees through the darkness. Lydia's breaths echo through the foliage but she is nowhere in sight.

UP AHEAD

Lydia shuffles frantically through the forest. She hears Bryce's voice as the wind carries it. It's too far to make out the words.

INT. CLINIC, LOBBY - NIGHT

Three POLICE OFFICERS enter the lobby and approach the front desk. One of them leans over the counter. His eyes fall on the severed telephone chord.

INT. HALLWAY

The officers proceed slowly down the hallway and check rooms individually. They keep fair distance from each other but remain in sight of one another.

One of them approaches the ajar door to the medicine closet. He pushes it gently open and recoils at the sight of Judith's corpse.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Bryce's voice emanates through the darkness though he is nowhere in sight.

Lydia is out of breath. She inhales deep and painfully. Her pace slows with each exhale. She looks down. Blood completely soaks the cotton balls in her chest.

Lydia hides behind a tree with her back against the bark. She straightens out to conceal herself completely.

She puts a hand over her mouth but can't breathe through her nose. She drops it to the side. Her attempts to hold or slow her breath are futile. She's a sitting duck.

A long moment of silence passes before the faint crunch of leaves introduces itself into the atmosphere.

Another moment later, fully formed footsteps.

The footsteps persist for yet another moment before Bryce appears in the background. He follows the sound of Lydia's labored breath.



Bryce drags the fire axe through the dirt. He moves painfully slow. He knows he can take his time.

Lydia's eyes flick as far as they can in his direction without her turning her head.

She knows he's coming. She knows he hears her. But she waits.

Bryce moves closer and closer to Lydia's location. Finally, he stops beside the tree. Lydia remains hidden from his field of vision.

They both stand for a moment. Both aware of each other. Both aware of each other's awareness.

Bryce lifts the axe off the ground. One last painful moment of silence as Bryce brings the axe back.

He swings. She ducks.

Lydia dives out from behind the tree. The axe handle strikes her shoulder as Bryce brings it back around. She falls onto a small but sturdy tree branch.

Bryce comes at her again. He raises the axe. Lydia rolls onto her back and drives the branch into his stomach with both hands. The axe misses.

Bryce stands suspended in silent agony as Lydia uses the branch to pull herself onto her knees.

He swings the axe blindly. The handle strikes Lydia hard in the arm and snaps the bone in half. It breaks through the skin. Lydia yelps as she falls backward. The branch breaks off in Bryce's gut.

Bryce fingers blindly at the wound as he stumbles backward.

EXT. COOP'S CAR - NIGHT

A lone police car sits nearby with its lights activated. The three officers inspect the car and explore the surrounding area. One of them stumbles upon Mitch's corpse in the ditch. He motions for the others to join him.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Bryce sits on the ground with his back against a tree. He clenches the few teeth he has left as he extracts the broken bit of branch from his abdomen.

Thick, dark liquid gushes from the wound. It's too dark to see what it is but it's too thick to be blood. Bryce whimpers as he clutches the wound tightly with both hands. The liquid seeps through his fingers.

Bryce looks up, suddenly aware of the silence that permeates the woods. He looks at Lydia. She's dead.

EXT. BRYCE'S CAR - NIGHT

The police car sits behind Bryce's. A lone officer keeps watch beside it.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Footsteps approach. Bryce looks up. A flashlight illuminates his pale face.

VOICE (O.S.)

Over here.

Bryce looks down. A sickly mixture of blood and bile soaks his shirt as it flows free from his gut. He whimpers.

EXT. BRYCE'S CAR - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS carry Bryce from the woods on a stretcher. They load him into an ambulance parked nearby.

INT. AMBULANCE

The paramedics lock Bryce into place in the back of the ambulance.

One of them enters the driver's seat and starts up the car.

PARAMEDIC

We gotta move fast. His gall bladder's been pierced. He could go septic any minute now.

Bryce looks around in a daze.

BRYCE'S P.O.V.

Lights flood Bryce's already blurred vision. Voices are indistinct. One of the paramedics leans into his face.

PARAMEDIC

(warped)

You're gonna be alright, buddy-

Bryce chokes. Foam erupts from his mouth.

PARAMEDIC

Shit.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL, BOARDROOM - DAY

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER.

Board members sit at the elongated table. Bryce sits at the end of the table across from John. All eyes are on him.

JOHN

Well, Bryce. I can't speak for everyone but I have to admit I'm impressed. You've managed to collect a pretty decent amount of money in relatively short order.

Bryce opens his mouth to speak. It's filled with brand new teeth that practically sparkle amongst the old nicotine-stained ones.

BRYCE

Thank you.

JOHN

It's just too bad is all.

BRYCE

What?

JOHN

Well, since you don't have all the money, I'm afraid we're still going to have to shut down the clinic.

BRYCE

What are you talking about? The money's all there.

JOHN

It was. But unfortunately, your insurance doesn't cover your treatment at this facility—

BRYCE

Of course, it does! John, you—

JOHN

We're through fighting with you, Bryce. It's over.

Bryce stutters as he tries to speak.

JOHN

It's tragic your nurse lost her mind and went on a killing spree.

The board member looks Bryce directly in the eye. The look is stern with a hint of disbelief.

JOHN

But it's not our problem.

Bryce speaks but only gibberish comes out of his mouth.

JOHN

Bryce?

Bryce's eyes glaze over. He lets out a gasp and throws a hand over his chest.

JOHN

Bryce!

Bryce keels to the side or falls out of his chair. The board room gasps in unison. John stands along with several others. Some of them rush to Bryce's aid.

JOHN

Bryce, this isn't funny!

Bryce's eyes roll into the back of his head as he gasps for air. The board members crowd him.

He stiffens for a moment then goes limp. Dead.

One of the board members checks his pulse.

BOARB MEMBERS

He's dead, John.

John scoffs.

JOHN

You can't be serious.

The board member nods.

He hits a button on an intercom on the table.

JOHN

Send someone up immediately. Dr. Savage has had a heart attack.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Yes sir.

John ends the call. He sits down and sighs.

The board members stand as they recover from the event.

JOHN

Oh well. I never liked the son of a bitch anyway.

Some board members react in shock to John's words. Others mirror his sentiment with their facial expressions.

JOHN

Needless to say, meeting is adjourned.

CUT TO BLACK.