

BRUISED APPLES

FADE IN:

EXT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Drunken college students walk passed the medical center.

INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

JILL HARTLEY, a 25 year old brunette stands over her cadaver, attentively watching her gray 50 something year old Professor, PAUL, demonstrate how to remove kidneys. He neatly extracts the organ from a corpse and shows it to the class.

PAUL

It's the kidney. The easiest organ to transplant kids. And if you're in a bind to pay your college loans, you have one to sell.

The students laugh.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Begin.

Cadavers lay in front of the STUDENTS, each attempting to remove the kidney. PAUL walks around the class observing progress. He see's errors of a jittery student surgeon, ripping flesh.

PAUL (CONT'D)

He didn't donate himself to be ravaged Hassan. Use some finesse for fuck sake.

PAUL continues down the row fixated on JILL's focused technique. She quickly and skillfully cuts the cadaver open.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Everyone stop and pay attention to Miss?

JILL is in a trance, working.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Miss?

JILL comes to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL
What?

PAUL
Your name?

JILL
Jill Hartley.

PAUL looks away from JILL and focuses on the rest of the class.

PAUL
Pay attention to Miss Hartley's beautiful technique. This is how you remove a kidney.

The students crowd around Jill's table. She goes back into her trance. Paul puts his big hands on Jill's small shoulders and whispers into her ear.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Miss Hartly, you shouldn't waste such a beautiful technique under the guise of a Hippocratic Oath.

Jill's eyes look up from her operating table.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JILL'S CAR - NIGHT

Jill is thrown around her car after being t-boned in a intersection. A sharp piece of metal punctures her chest.

CUT TO BLACK:

A YEAR LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DAY

A white compact car speeds down the highway, driven by JACK LINSING, a 30 something year old virgin.

EXT. SUBURB - CONTINUOUS

JACK'S car stops in front of a upper class suburban home. He gets out of his car, wearing a black suit and red tie. Jack goes to the door and rings the bell.

INT. DR. FRANK'S SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

DING DONG!

An old man, DR. FRANK, walks away from his dining room table. The door bell continues to ring frantically.

DING DONG DING DONG!

DR. FRANK passes several university diplomas in psychology on his way to the door.

DING DONG DING DONG DING DONG!

DR. FRANK

Hold your horses! I'm coming!

He looks through the peep hole seeing JACK's back walking away from the door and around the corner of the house. Intrigued, DR. FRANK opens the door and walks outside.

DR. FRANK (CONT'D)

You ring my door bell like a maniac and walk away?

Just before DR. FRANK turns the corner, JACK pops out from the side, catching him in the stomach with a knife. JACK, now face to face with the DR., puts his hand over his mouth.

JACK

You fucking piece of shit!

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM DR. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN walks her dog, PRISSY, on the sidewalk as she texts.

FROM PRISSY'S POV, we see JACK shove DR. FRANK through the doorway. The door slams behind them. PRISSY YAPS.

WOMAN

Hush Prissy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRISSY continues to stare at Dr. Frank's door while the oblivious WOMAN continues to drag her down the sidewalk.

INT. DR. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack with the tip of his knife shoves Dr. Frank against the hallway wall sending framed diplomas to the ground.

DR. FRANK

JACK!

JACK

You didn't even give me a fucking chance with your nurture over nature bullshit!

Jack rips the knife out of Dr. Frank's stomach allowing him to slide down the wall.

JACK (CONT'D)

(crying)

Stay right there you fuck!

Jack walks out and slams the door behind him. Dr. Frank awkwardly tries to get up but falls onto his side.

EXT. DR. FRANK'S DRIVE WAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack's trunk pops open revealing a sledge hammer. He takes a moment to wipe the tears from his eyes, then picks the sledge hammer up out of the trunk and slams it closed.

INT. DR. FRANK'S SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jack comes back through the door and grabs Dr. Frank's legs to flip him on his back.

DR. FRANK

Jack it was your parents choice not mine! It wasn't my fault!

JACK

All those fucking years and you have nothing to do with this?

Jack kicks Dr. Frank's legs apart and raises the sledge over his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
I can't feel your pain.

Dr. Frank screams as Jack brings the sledge down on Frank's testicles. He curls up into a ball and throws up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Your fucking experiment!

Jack slides down the wall and breaks down.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm your failed hypothesis.

Everybody Knows by Leonard Cohen fades in.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: BRUISED APPLES

CUT TO:

EXT. JILL'S BLUE MUSTANG- NIGHT.

JILL'S BLUE MUSTANG car ROARS past us. She stops at a cheap motel with an attached bar called SHADY'S LOUNGE.

INT. JILL'S MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON JILL'S LIPSTICK-LESS LIPS

JILL'S cell phone starts RINGING. She answers.

JILL
How many?
(pause)
Alrighty.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

JILL gets out of the mustang and walks along side it while her painted red nails coast along the Mustang's sleek body.

INT. MOTEL - RECEPTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

"Everybody Knows" stops, replaced with a crickity ceiling fan. JILL'S elbows slide up on the counter stopping her before her stomach hits the edge.

CLOSE-UP: ON JILL'S FACE. SHE'S NOW BLOND.

JILL
(smiles)
Hi. A room. One night.

The motel receptionist, DAN, stands up revealing he's armless.

DAN
We only have rooms on the top floor.

DAN stares up at the keys.

JILL
Fuck! Top then.

DAN chuckles and bites room B7's key. He turns back towards JILL and drops the keys on the counter with a CLACK.

DAN
Thirty bucks sweetie.

JILL takes out a 50 dollar bill from her alligator skin purse and puts it down on the counter.

JILL
What happened to your arms?

DAN
I loved too hard.

DAN puts his face down in the register and licks the ends of the 20 dollar bills to lift them high enough to grab with his teeth. He comes up from the register and motions with his eyes for Jill to take the 20 from his mouth.

JILL apprehensively raises her arm to take the bill from DAN'S tightly gripped teeth. After a swift pull, it comes loose.

JILL
I hope it was worth it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL walks out of the reception room.

DAN

Oh it was.

Everybody Knows starts again.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jill walks to the trunk where she takes out a alligator skin chefs bag and two ice chests.

EXT. MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Jill passes door after door. B5, B6, B7, the key goes in. The door opens.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM B7 - CONTINUOUS

JILL sets down her coolers. She looks at herself in the mirror then walks towards the door and accidentally knocks over the cooler. Ice and freezing water leaks into the carpet.

JILL

Shit.

Jill sits the cooler upright and leaves the room.

The freezing water leaks through the carpet into Room A7 below.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM A7 - CONTINUOUS

JACK is laying on the bed, coma toast (possibly dead) on heroin. A small water drop drips from the crack in the ceiling onto the center of Jack's forehead. Jack's eyes spring open and he takes a reinvigorating breath of air.

EXT. MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING SHOT IN FRONT OF JILL WALKING ACROSS THE MOTEL BALCONY

Jill begins to put on her lipstick as she walks by the windows which illuminate her face as she passes, then back to darkness when in between windows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERIES OF SHOTS: We see silhouettes of peoples actions inside their motel rooms, projected onto the curtains.

THE FIRST WINDOW: A man thrusting his head towards the ceiling as he receives a orgasmic blow job.

Jill applies her lip stick.

THE SECOND WINDOW: A man draining a liquor bottle and proceeds to dance around with a handgun.

Jill continues to apply her lip stick.

THE THIRD WINDOW: A woman clips a mans tow nails with his foot in her lap.

Jill's lip stick covers her full lips.

INT. MOTEL - SHADY'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

We DOLLY through the adjoining lounge door seeing Jill sitting at a booth in the corner next to the exit. We move closer. A WAITRESS comes into frame with a pot of coffee, escorting us to the table.

Jill is focused on the healthy trucker type at the bar, SEA BASS. They make eye contact.

The young worn out WAITRESS fills Jill's cup.

WAITRESS

(smiles)

If you want some extra sugar, just ask Hun.

JILL

(winks)

Thanks.

The WAITRESS walks off.

SEA BASS gets up from the bar and walks towards Jill's table. She takes money out from her bag and puts out her cigarette. SEA BASS gets to the table.

SEA BASS

Hey my name is...

Jill gets up, leaves the cash, and walks towards the door where she waits for SEA BASS, beckoning him to follow with her eyes. SEA BASS baffled at first follows her. Jill leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEA BASS whips his tongue around his mouth and feels imaginary tits, gesturing to his drunken bar mates.

EXT. MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR - BALCONY - B7 - CONTINUOUS

Jill leads SEA BASS to her motel room door. He starts to kiss the back of Jill's neck while she's unlocking the door. Jill makes a disgusted grimace as she desperately jams the key into the lock. The door springs open.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM B7 - CONTINUOUS

Jill walks towards the desk with an attached mirror. Sea Bass closes the door behind him and takes out his wallet.

SEA BASS

So, how much is this going to cost me?

Jill turns around seeing the money and begins to laugh. She moves to the bed where she sits and rubs the place next to her. SEA BASS puts away his wallet and sits down next to Jill.

SEA BASS (CONT'D)

You got a...

She gets up instantly.

SEA BASS (CONT'D)

Name?

Jill stands in front of the desk, looking into the mirror. She bends down, grabs a beer from the cooler, and throws it to Sea Bass.

SEA BASS (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Jill unzips the alligator skin bag and unsheathes a very clean stainless steel syringe. Jill shakes her ass and stares at SEA BASS through the mirror.

JILL

Lay Down.

SEA BASS

Oh you do talk. Do you have a...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jill turns around with a condom in her left hand and the syringe behind her right. She seductively dances over to him.

SEA BASS (CONT'D)

Right on! Could you give me a
estimate on how much...

Jill puts her hand over his mouth and forces him down
onto the bed.

JILL

Shh!

She goes down, taking off Sea Bass's pants and puts the
condom on him as he stares up at the ceiling. Jill slips
off her panties and comes up over him, grinding.

SEA BASS

Oh my god!

JILL

(orgasmically)
What blood type are you?

SEA BASS

(about to come)
O!

Jill snaps out of her orgasmic acting.

JILL

Oh?

She flips the syringe out from behind right her hand and
slams it through Sea Bass's skull.

"Everybody Knows" ends.

Jill's wig falls off her head, onto Sea Bass's face. She
pulls the plunger up filling the syringe with a blue
liquid (DMT) from the center of the brain. Jill slides
the syringe out of Sea Bass's skull and puts it on a
white towel next to the bed.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM B7 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jill puts on gloves and sanitizes them for surgery at the
bathroom sink. Jill grabs a sharpie out of her alligator
skin chefs bag.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM B7 - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jill slinks over to Sea Bass and gently marks insertion points for key organs. She finishes and drags Sea Bass off the bed with a THUD.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM A7 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack below, looks up at the ceiling then throws up into the toilet again.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM B7 - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sea Bass's head hangs over the side of the bath tub.

JILL (CONT'D)

Ten thousand dollars for your beautiful blues. Just imagine what they'll do with them.

Jill's scalpel draws closer to Sea Bass's eyeballs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROOM B7 - LATER

Jill throws the final organ into the ice chest. Sea Bass's eyeballs stare back at her as she closes the lid. She picks the wig up off the ground and adjusts it on her head while looking into the mirror.

Jill quickly covers her brown hair with the blond wig. She leaves the room.

FADE TO:

EXT. MOTEL - ROOM A7 - LATER

Jack walks out of his motel room and passes Jill dragging the WAITRESS from SHADY'S up the stairs. She looks up seeing Jack.

JILL

Hey my girlfriend took a little spill. Can you please help me?

Jack keeps walking towards the diner in a zombie like trance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL (CONT'D)
Fucking asshole.

Jill strains to drag the WAITRESS up the stairs.

INT. MOTEL - SHADY'S LOUNGE - LATER

Jack sits in a booth nodding off with a ash cigarette in his mouth and a cold cup of coffee. Jill walks into the lounge and sees Jack. She walks over to the table and smacks it. Jack comes up quickly.

JACK
Fraaa ...what?

Jill sits down and lights a cigarette.

JILL
Wake up!

Jill takes off her wig. Jack comes out of his heroin induced stupor to take a drag off his cigarette. Smoke intertwines between them.

JILL (CONT'D)
What's your name?

Jack begins to nod off again. Jill smacks the table again.

JACK
Could you fucking stop that please?

Jill grabs Jack's wallet sitting on the table. She reads Jack's I.d.

JILL
You wanna fuck Jack Linsing?

She puts the wig back on.

JILL (CONT'D)
Blond or brunette? Which ever you prefer.

JACK
Fuck off!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Oh I see you're an organ donor.
That's nice, but I must say Jack,
I really don't know who would want
them. As for your aesthetics, I
don't see anything too valuable.
Maybe your ears. I'm sure someone
out there is just begging for an
ear.

Jack props his head up with his elbow on the table while
rubbing his face. His elbow slips slamming his nose into
the table. Blood gushes. Jill leans in towards Jack.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh my, ouch, at least you're
medicated. Do you have any more
of that H Jack?

Jill pulls out 3 dollars from Jack's wallet and sets it
on the table.

JILL (CONT'D)

Lets get up Jack.

Jill helps Jack up. Blood streams out of his nose to the
ground. She takes a napkin off table and shoves it up
his nose.

DINER HAG

Get that bleeder out of here!

JILL

Thanks!

DINER HAG

Mop!

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Jill stumble out of the diner.

JILL

You wouldn't happen to have a room
preferably downstairs would you?

Jack mumbles something incoherent.

JILL (CONT'D)

You're worthless. Watch the
steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stumble up the stairs.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM B7 - CONTINUOUS

Jack falls back first onto the bed. Jill takes a spoon out of her pocket she took from the lounge and washes the brown coffee stain off it. She fills the spoon full of heroin and water and cooks it with a pink bic.

Jill stares into the mirror as she injects the heroin into her neck. The warm intoxicating wave hits her. Jill sees the bloody scalpel and looks up seeing Jack laying on the bed through the mirror.

Jill moves over to him slowly and lays on top of him. Her hands move down his sides, then to his belt. She starts to undo his pants. Jack eyes flutter as he starts to wake up.

Jill's hand goes underneath his underwear. She feels around coming up empty. She giggles in her heroin induced nirvana. Jack looks down and throws Jill off the bed. She hits her head against the wall.

JILL

Fuck Jack.

EXT. MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Jack runs out of the room and throws up off the balcony hitting his car wind shield below. He recoils from the arm rail and runs down the steps. Jill crawls up to the door and slaps it closed.

FADE TO:

INT. ROOM A7 - DAY

Jack wakes up to knocking on his door. He gets up quickly and looks through the peep hole. Jill, in a red raincoat, waits outside looking at the door.

Jack continues to stare. She finally takes a piece of paper out of her alligator skinned purse and starts to write.

She puts away the pin and takes a piece of gum out of her mouth, using it to stick the note to the door. Jill turns away and leaves with the two ice chests rolling behind her. Jack waits a while to come out to get the note.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack takes the note off the door.

Note reads: I can help you. 2815552321

INT. JACK'S WHITE COMPACT CAR - LATER

Jack turns on his windshield wipers but it only smears his thick vomit across the glass.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jack's apartment is totally destroyed. Beer cans, old Chinese food, and tipped over, still on lamps lay on the ground. He takes the note out of his pocket and puts the number on the small kitchen counter.

Jack grabs a cleaner wrinkled up suit off the floor and puts it on. He adjusts his tie and leaves the apartment.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dr. Frank lays on Jack's embalming table. The embalming machine slowly injects embalming fluid into Dr. Frank's veins.

JACK

I can't get rid of this prick.

SERIES OF SHOTS: INTERCUT BETWEEN JACK SHOOTING UP AND NODDING OFF.

Jack sticks the needle in his arm.

Jack starts nodding off.

Jack slowly presses the plunger down.

Jack's slowly leans down, getting ever closer to Dr. Frank's crusty purple lips.

Jack presses the plunger all the way down.

Jack's lips and Dr. Franks crusty purple lips, meet.

Another employee, STEVE, comes up behind Jack. Disturbed, he walks out quickly. Seconds later the FUNERAL DIRECTOR comes up behind Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Jack?

Jack flings his body backwards and away from Dr. Frank's ugly lips. Jack gags and wipes his lips with his sleeve.

JACK

Yes?

Jack rubs his eyes and turns around towards the FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Jack, can I have a word with you?

JACK

Yeah sure.

He rips off his gloves with a snap.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits across from FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

You look a little tired. Long night?

Jack nods off slightly.

JACK

YEAH. Long night.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

STEVE saw something that troubled him. Do you know what that would be?

Jack's eyes roll back in his head. Jack says abruptly and loudly to jar himself awake:

JACK

NO!

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR lights a cigarette.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Steve said he saw you kiss Dr. Frank in the embalming room.

Jack shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Naw.

The Funeral Director sees that Jack isn't really listening and looks up at the ceiling.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

I'm going to level with you Jack.
I sometimes...you know, they're
just so damn cold. Exhilarating!

Funeral Director comes out of his fantasy and refocus's on Jack who has a confused look on his face as his eyes struggle to stay open.

JACK

What?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

But I can't keep you on Jack. It
would make Steve uncomfortable.
You understand? JACK!

JACK

YEAH!

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

What the fuck is wrong with you?

JACK

A long night.

The Funeral Director sees the injection marks on Jack's left arm.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

No night is that long. I can't
have a doped up necrophile hanging
around the embalming room. It's
time we cut ties.

JACK

(eyes are closed)

Mmhmm.

Jack drifts off to sleep and begins to snore. The Funeral Director stands up in anger and slams his hands down on his desk.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

JACK YOU'RE FIRED! GET UP!

Jack gets up and slowly walks out of the office.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack slowly passes Steve who presses himself as close as he can against the wall. Funeral Director comes out of his office and gives Steve a cigarette. Jack takes off his scrubs and drops them on the hallway floor.

The Funeral Director and Steve laugh at Jack, both smoking and exhaling with every chuckle. He looks back one last time before he walks out of the main door of the funeral home into the rain.

EXT. DRUG DEALER'S HOUSE - PORCH - EVENING RAIN

Jack paces as he waits outside of his dealer's house. Finally the dealer walks out, exchanging heroin for money.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

Jack gets out of his car and goes inside the LIQUOR STORE.

INT. JACK'S WHITE COMPACT CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack chugs the vodka while he drives back to the apartment. He vomits while he has the bottle tipped spilling vodka and vomit all over the interior of the car.

INT. JACKS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He gets back to the apartment and strips down to his underwear. Jack pours vodka down his throat. He starts walking in small circles, smashing lamps and flinging other possessions across the tiny apartment.

Jack takes a chug of the vodka and drops it on the ground. With a grim smile on his face he sees Jill's yellow sticky note. Jack picks up the number, sits in a chair with a cordless phone, and turns it on.

He stares at the note then rips it up. Jack shoots up. The cordless phone's dial tone enacts. Jack moves the phone to and from his ear, hearing the dial tone get loud than quiet. His arm drops and so does the phone.

FADE TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sun blares through the window onto Jack's face. He wakes up in the chair with the sound of the dial tone still droning on.

Jack sees the note on the ground in several pieces. He tapes the number together with scotch tape and dials the number without pushing send.

He stares at the number and rubs the send button with his thumb. All the sudden a knocking at the door. Jack gets up and looks through the peep hole seeing Jill.

JILL

Jack?

JACK

I was just about to call you.

JILL

Can I come in please?

Jack unlocks the door and stumbles away from it. Jill opens the door.

JACK

How did you find me?

JILL

Sorry, I took your I.D. during our brief encounter.

Jill hands the I.D. to him. Jack drops it on the floor.

JACK

Thanks.

Jack clears off a kitchen chair for Jill and sits down in his.

JACK (CONT'D)

You owe me some heroin.

Jill looks at the destruction of the apartment.

JILL

Hi. Jill.

(puts out her hand)

Do you remember anything I said?

Jack reluctantly shakes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I only recall a rude awakening
with your hand down my pants.

Jill sits down.

JILL

Was there something there to be
offended or embarrassed of?

JACK

No, you're right. So?

JILL

Jack, I belong to an organization
that specializes in transplants.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jill walks into the house while PAUL speaks loudly on the
phone with TAIMA LONGSTROM, a Reptilian Tribesman. PAUL
turns around seeing Jill.

PAUL

What happened to the past
Reptilian extravaganzas TAIMA?

TAIMA

The direct descendants of the
tribe have grown comfortable and
have forgotten their roots.

PAUL

That's a shame. Do you want him
alive?

Jill walks closer towards PAUL and leans against the edge
of the sofa, listening.

TAIMA

Preferably. We are willing to pay
extra.

PAUL

That's not a problem. See you
next Sunday.

TAIMA

We'll be waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL hangs up the phone.

JILL

Taima?

PAUL

Yep. It's that time of year again
and some unlucky fool is in
season.

JILL

I have someone perfect.

PAUL

Oh yeah?

Jill takes Jack's identification from her purse and hands
it to PAUL.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jill opens up her satchel and takes out a 3 ring binder
filled with laminated pages.

JILL

What we could do for you is give
you another penis. I brought a
catalog if you're interested.

JACK

You're joking.

JILL

I'm dead serious.

Jill hands Jack the binder. He opens it up with a
bewildered look on his face.

JILL (CONT'D)

Many people have the same problem
you have and even more that are
willing to give up what they have
to have your problem.

JACK

You do the transplant yourself?

JILL

I'm just a med student. I assist
my business partner Dr. Paul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

They are from dead men?

JILL

Some. Why, does that bother you?

JACK

No, not really. Will it work?

JILL

Trust us Jack, we have done this thousands of times.

JACK

(interrupting)

I could come and piss through it?

JILL

Um, yes, the testicles come with the package.

JACK

Too bad all the cash I intended on using for reconstructive surgery is coursing through my veins.

JILL

Take it as a gift.

JACK

A gift?

Jack points at a penis in the binder that will fit him.

JACK

If it's a gift, this one.

Jill leans in to look.

JILL

(amused)

Oh yeah, I remember him. Is that the one you're happy with?

JACK

I guess. What happens now? Do I need to sign anything or...

JILL

No, I'll mark down the one you want and you will have it. Tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
 Tomorrow? What kind of
 organization is this?

JILL
 The diligent kind.

JACK
 I don't believe you. What's the
 catch?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Paul and Jill are closer.

PAUL
 Why give him a penis when we could
 just tranq. him and take him to
 the reunion?

JILL
 I need practice.

PAUL
 Sure, why not? We're overstocked
 with cock anyway.

Jill and Paul laugh.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jill takes the binder back from Jack.

JILL
 No catch. I need help and you're
 perfect.

JACK
 I'm a junkie.

JILL
 A junkie is more trust worthy than
 most in my line of work. If it's
 you I at least know I can wave a
 nickle bag in front of your face
 to keep you productive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Like a racing rabbit in front of a
greyhound.

JILL

Jack if you still need a crutch
after the transplant, use your
penis.

(pause)

Do you work?

JACK

I was fired for kissing a corpse.

JILL

What?

JACK

I shot up and nodded off.

JILL

Then you need a job.

JACK

But I have shaky hands. That's
why I worked with corpses.

JILL

We work with corpses too.

JACK

What's the job?

JILL

You just have to package organs.
It's simple.

JACK

Like with ziplock bags?

JILL

Something like that.

JACK

Why are you doing this for me?

JILL

I want to help you Jack. It'll be
a fresh start for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
(skeptically)
This organization you belong to is legit?

JILL
We do some unscrupulous dealings but nothing too extreme. We simply cut through the red tape.

JACK
Sure, why not?

JILL
Fabulous! Let us celebrate. I see you have already started. I'll catch up.

Jill grabs the vodka.

JILL (CONT'D)
You mind?

JACK
No. It's the least I can do.

Jack picks up the heroin syringe. Jill pours a shot and takes it down.

JILL
If you don't mind me asking, what happened?

Jack begins to cook the heroin.

JACK
When I was born I had a Dr. who fucked up my circumcision. My parents didn't know what to do with me so they found a psychologist who was a self proclaimed pioneer in the study of nurture over nature. He convinced my parents to remove what I had left and raise me as a girl.

Jack puts the syringe in his arm but he misses the vein.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fuck! By 2 years old my mother had become pregnant with a boy. They didn't need me anymore and put me up for adoption.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK (CONT'D)

Dr. Frank happily adopted me. He subjected me to fucked psychotherapy and female hormones for 17 years of my life, before nature showed me how funny it was.

(pause)

When I wasn't the answer Frank wanted, he abandoned me just as my parents had. The last thing he said to me was, "You're only suited to work in a mortuary with the lifeless."

Jack gets the needle in and looks up at Jill.

JACK (CONT'D)

So I made him suitably lifeless in my mortuary.

Jack pushes the plunger down.

JILL

People say murder isn't the answer, but I find it very cathartic.

Jack nods his head.

JACK

Very.

JILL

At what point did you realize you weren't a girl?

Jack begins to drift off.

JACK

Holly...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. TIRE SHOP - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNG JACK watches HOLLY ride her bike around a tire shop.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jack passes out and Jill takes out her cell phone and calls Paul. Paul answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL
How is our BUNDY doing?

JILL
BUNDY?

PAUL
Sorry, I've been in surgery all day spitting acronyms. It means, "But unfortunately not dead yet."

JILL
He's passed out right across from me with slobber rolling down his chin.

JACK
Which one did he pick?

JILL
Thirty two.

PAUL
He's getting seventeen.

Jill flips through her binder of penises and finds 17.

JILL
I can work with that.

PAUL
Good, bring that tasty eunuch over here when he's ready.

JILL
Soon enough.

PAUL
I love you my twisted mantis.

JILL
I love...

Jill turns the phone off as though it went dead and takes another shot of vodka.

FADE TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK'S POV

JILL

Ready?

Jack opens his tired eyes.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Jack and Jill pull up to the front of a tall hospital, seemingly abandoned except for one light shining through the top window. They get out of Jill's car and walk up to a pair of sliding glass doors. Jill grabs the edge of one of the old doors and slides it open with difficulty.

JILL

Okay?

JACK

What the fuck is this?

JILL

Just follow me. It's safe.

Jill walks in. Jack stares at her blankly.

JILL (CONT'D)

If you're not comfortable after we get inside we can leave.

Jack apprehensively follows Jill inside.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Several shop lights illuminate a long hallway leading to a golden elevator. Broken glass crunches beneath their feet as they walk further into the hospital.

Jill presses the button for the elevator. The doors spring open revealing the mirror laden insides.

JILL

See, it's what's on the inside that counts.

They get in. The doors of the elevator close.

INT. HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack awkwardly looks down at the elevator floor. Jill stares at Jack through the mirror.

JILL

You shy boy. You can't escape my gaze in here.

JACK

Why shouldn't I try?

JILL

Just relax.

The cables lifting the elevator CRACK and SNAP. The elevator BEEPS and the doors slide open allowing them to escape confined awkward tension.

INT. HOSPITAL - 12TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

An old wheel chair waits in the middle of another long dark hallway leading to a cracked door. A man paces back and forth behind it. Jack and Jill get closer.

JACK

This feels like a elaborate nightmare waiting to happen.

Jill shrugs off Jack and pushes the cracked door open revealing Paul surrounded by state of the art medical equipment.

INT. HOSPITAL - 12TH FLOOR OPERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They walk inside the OPERATION ROOM.

PAUL

I'm Paul. Go ahead and lay down. We don't have much time.

JACK

Enough time not to botch it?

PAUL

Of course.

A jar with Jack's new penis inside sits on a metal table with assorted shiny medical devices.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Is that the penis I picked?

Paul picks up the bottle and points at a sharpie marked label: 32.

PAUL

Lay down Jack.

JACK

Can I get some morphine?

PAUL

No, but you can bight down on a stick.

Jack gets up quickly. Jill and Paul laugh.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Calm down. We're not in the business of suffering, as crude as this place may look.

Paul motions for Jill to give him the injection. She puts the needle into his used vein.

JILL

Your new life.

PAUL

This is it Jack.

Jack watches Paul give Jill a wicked smile as he slips into sleep.

FADE TO:

INT. VAN - ON THE ROAD - MORNING

A can of mints clacks against the hard plastic pocket of the van door, waking Jack. He looks over at Jill from the passenger seat of the van.

JILL

Morning. How do you feel?

JACK

My crotch is numb.

Jack quickly undoes his pants and looks down at his new appendage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)
It's a little ugly.

JILL
You're swollen.

JACK
It's purple and gray. Is this 32?

JILL
Ummm...mhm, yes.

JACK
No it's not!

JILL
Alright, it's 17.

JACK
(aggravated)
17?

JILL
I did a great job on the
transplant. A dike would have
appreciated my work, but you?

JACK
I got the bargain cock nobody
wanted? It's not even
circumcised.

JILL
Given your history that's probably
for the best. But you're still
numb so if you want, I could do it
for you.

JACK
Forget it.

JILL
Just give it some time and blood
circulation and it will be a
little less ugly.

JACK
Where are we? This doesn't look
anywhere near my apartment.

JILL
We're going to New Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

New Mexico?

JILL

We have a date with some
Reptilians.

JACK

What are you talking about?

JILL

They're a tribe cannibals who need
some help catering their annual
reunion.

JACK

What the fuck?

JILL

You were going to be the main
course but Paul seemed like a
better choice. You'd probably be
too stringy.

Jack looks into the back of the van seeing Paul tide up
and tranquilized on the floor.

JACK

I thought what you meant by
unscrupulous dealings was organs
falling off a truck or stealing
from a hospital. My penis looks
like it fell off a truck and run
over by oncoming traffic.

JILL

Do you want out then? I'll stop.

JACK

Yes! Explain what I got myself
into before I'm surprised by a
unscrupulous corpse bukkake.

JILL

Fine.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE DONUTS - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls into Snowflake's.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jill stops in front of the donut shop.

JILL

Paul and I offer a service to clients with special needs, much like yourself.

JACK

I know that part.

JILL

You don't know the whole story.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - WARZONE - NIGHT

Bombs blasts flash light through the make shift hospital's tent windows. Bloody surgery tools shake from the blast concussions.

JILL V.O.

We help people Jack.

Frantic surgeons give a injured soldier a transplant of some kind.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jack continues to listen to Jill.

JILL

Of course we have our less noble clients.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

We see a WOMAN staring at herself horrified after taking off bandages. Her once bulbous collagen injected lips are two flat pillows pressed against her teeth giving her a wacky permanent smile. Her eyelids are nearly on her forehead. She lets out a muffled scream.

JILL V.O.

These elephant women and Frankensteins of the 21st century.

INT. PLUSH PLASTIC SURGEONS OFFICE - DAY

The WOMAN, now wearing a hood over her head with a "Elephant Man-esque" eye hole. The doctor takes out a 3 ring binder full of faces. She picks out a beautiful 20 year old's face without a single flaw.

INT. MANSION BEDROOM - DAY

The WOMAN admires her new face in a mirror. She pulls her hair down over the hideous scars on the sides of her head.

WOMAN

Now I'll need to re-introduce the
new me to my friends!

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jack rubs his hand through his hair and stares out the window as Jill lights a cigarette and continues to explain.

JILL

Then there's the necros. I'm sure
you know what they get off on.

Jack continues to look out the window.

JACK

I worked in a funeral home for
five years.

JILL

Our's get specific.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

A knocking on the door cues STEPHEN FINSTON, a gangly prep. He quickly walks to the door. GRAMMY drives her motorized wheel chair into frame behind Stephen.

Stephen opens the door.

DELIVERY GUY

I'm looking for Stephen Finston.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

That's me.

DELIVERY GUY

Sign here sir.

STEPHEN signs the paper, leaving a anxious squiggled signature. He hands the pen back and quickly snatches the box out of DELIVERY GUY'S hands.

STEPHEN

Thank you very much!

STEPHEN slams the door on DELIVERY GUY.

GRAMMY

What is it Stephen?

STEPHEN

It's another ship model, for my collection.

GRAMMY

Oh, why don't you work on it?

STEPHEN

Not now. I still need to make you dinner.

GRAMMY smiles.

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - STEPHEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephen walks into his room where shelves of model skinners, caravels, and other types of naval ships hang on the walls. Above his desk hangs a black and white picture of the S.S. Titanic's empty dry dock.

He puts the brown inconspicuous box on his neatly organized desk which is surrounded by paint and model making tools.

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Stephen makes dinner for Grammy.

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - GRAMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stephen helps Grammy into bed and tucks her in.

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stephen quietly shuts the door behind him. His demeanor changes to a feverish lust for the brown box. He untucks his polo and races to his room.

INT. GRAMMY'S HOUSE - STEPHEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He grabs some scissors out of his desk and cuts the plastic tape off the top of the box. The inside is filled with red packing peanuts. On top is a small note that reads: We love you.

SERIES OF SHOTS: INTERCUT BETWEEN THE BOX AND CLOSET

Stephen sets the note down and starts to dig out the red packing peanuts. A smaller BOX is inside.

Stephen opens his CLOSET door.

Stephen unclasps the smaller BOX.

Stephen pulls the CLOSET light string.

Stephen opens the box revealing SEA BASS'S blue eye balls.

Stephen takes a manikin head with black empty eye sockets out of his CLOSET.

Stephen gently takes out the eyes from the BOX and places them into the head's darkened holes. He moves to the bed with the head and romantically kisses it down to the pillow.

Stephen sticks his hand down his pants while kissing the mouth of the model head, up to the nose, then finally licks a eyeball.

EXT. SNOWFLAKES DONUTS - PRESENT

Jack and Jill drink coffee on a outside table.

JACK

How do you find these people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Our organization whispering to, crooked doctors, who whisper to patients, who yell online through anonymous forums. Then there are happen stances like our encounter.

JACK

You kill for these products?

JILL

How else do I get fresh eyeballs, a face, a penis, your penis. Demand requires it.

JACK

How was my "donor" killed?

JILL

I can't remember, but with a penis like 17, he could have been a legitimate donor.

Jill takes a long steel syringe from her purse.

JILL

But usually I kill my patients with this syringe.

Jill pokes the center of Jack's forehead.

JILL

Once it's inside I suck the DMT out of their skull.

JACK

What's DMT?

JILL

It's a chemical excreted by the pineal gland. The Reptilians use it as a hallucinogen.

JACK

So this Reptilian Reunion is like burning man?

JILL

Where they differ is the sacraments consumed.

JACK

Paul?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

Yes, but they aren't monsters.
The reunion isn't about the
gluttonous eating of human flesh
but a tribute to their history.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - OFFICE - DAY

TAIMA LONGSTROM, in his 60's, sits in a business suit at his desk. He opens a desk drawer and takes out a necklace with a Reptilian relic hanging from it. TAIMA holds it in his hands like rosary beads and preys.

JILL V.O.

They hold this one last piece of
tradition. Mainly the direct
descendents of the tribes savior,
Feather Longstrom, who butchered
people from a nearby village to
lift the tribe out of famine.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

FEATHER LONGSTROM is running away from New Mexican village into the desert holding a body. Blood pours from his hand.

A gun toting mob runs after him with lanterns in their hands. Rifle fire explodes behind FEATHER as he gets deeper into the cold desert.

FEATHER looks down into the darkness around his feet as he runs hearing a chorus of agitated rattlers.

A cloud moves away from the full moon revealing thousands of snakes. Feather dodges them. He hears screaming from the mob and turns around seeing springing snakes sinking their fangs into the mob.

Their lanterns hit the ground.

INT. VAN - PRESENT

Jill leans into Jack and says with a cringe:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Since you are new to this whole thing you'll have to be initiated by carrying Paul across a path of rattle snakes.

JACK

No.

JILL

This isn't cannibal cult lite Jack.

JACK

No.

JILL

It'll be fun. You just have to get over this small hurtle.

JACK

Walking across a pathway of poisonous snakes is hardly a small hurtle.

JILL

If you don't do it I'll rip your dick off!

(laughs)

I'm kidding. They probably won't even bight you.

JACK

And I probably won't die.

JILL

You've been dieing long before I met you. Aren't you comfortable with the prospect?

JACK

Twenty percent chance I make it, eighty percent chance I don't?

JILL

I made it.

JACK

(sarcastic)

Fuck it, what do I really have to lose, other than my "new life?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

And who really needs that?

JACK

I sure as hell don't. I'll be the best damn drug addicted nihilist cannibal you have ever seen. I'll give you the immoral support you need.

JILL

Fantastic! I need someone to bask in the hatred of life with me.

All the sudden a ringing comes from Paul's pocket. Jill lunges into the back and grabs his phone. Jill answers.

JILL

Hello?

UNKNOWN

Where's Paul?

JILL

Paul retired.

A pause, then the phone clicks off.

JACK

Who was that?

JILL

Someone for Paul.

Jill goes through the phone seeing that there are a 1000 missed calls all from the same UNKNOWN number.

JILL (CONT'D)

Unknown could be Paul's main connection to the black market meat trade.

JACK

Is that a good thing?

Jill puts the van in gear.

JILL

Maybe.

The van lurches forward and pulls out of frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE ROAD SPEEDING BY - AFTERNOON

The road.

INT. VAN - CONTINUED

Jill is sleeping. Jack flicks his final bag of heroin while he's driving. Little is left. Jack stares at Jill as he puts it back in his pocket. He faces the road and goes into a trance.

The van dips deep into a pot hole shaking the van. Paul's head flies up and slams into the van floor.

JACK

Fuck!

Jill wakes up.

JILL

What happened?

JACK

A pot hole.

Jill understands and goes back to sleep. Paul flips over on his back and tries to stretch with the ropes tied around his legs and arms.

PAUL

Shit!

Paul opens his eyes seeing the top of the van.

PAUL (CONT'D)

My fucking head!

Paul out of frustration, thrashes about on the van floor. Jill wakes up and looks in the back.

JILL

Calm down, you're going to hurt yourself. We can't have the guest of honor at tomorrow's reunion looking unappetizing.

PAUL

Fucking bitch!

Jill grabs the tranquilizer out of the glove box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

You can either lay there quietly
and have your last meal or I can
give you this tranquilizer and you
can wake up being eaten alive.

Paul swallows his urge to scream and makes a big forced
smile.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON

They pull into a diner and park in the back.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jill turns in the passenger seat towards Paul.

JILL

Shh!

Paul follows Jill with his eyes as she gets out of the
van.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The stall door closes behind Jack. He takes the heroin
kit from his sock.

JACK

(changes voices)

Fuck it. Ill shoot this shit and
that's it. That's it. That's it.
That's it.

Jack shoots heroin.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck I don't feel shit! This is
it. This is it. This is it.

THIS IS IT!

(screams at his
penis)

THIS IS IT!

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Paul is inside rubbing the rope against a sharpened piece
of metal at the corner of the floor of the van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hears the sliding van door begin to open and moves back to where he was before he was left alone.

Jill drops a plate of food in front of his face.

JILL

Here. Courtesy of Sandra and I.

PAUL

Yeah well, Sandra and I saved your life.

JILL

And isn't it funny Sandra and I will be taking yours?

PAUL

You'll never be able to get rid of me Jill. I left my mark with that hideous heart transplant scar between your beautiful tits.

JILL

I prefer the scar over you.

Jill begins to slide the van door closed.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Before you go, remember, with every beat of Sandra's blood thirsty heart, the further away you will get from being who you were. Every second that passes you will grow colder until you're nothing but a melting piece of ice!

Jill jumps up on the van floor and starts to kick Paul in the teeth. Paul spits out teeth and blood.

JILL

You never gave me a fucking choice!

PAUL

(spitting blood)
No! I gave you strong heart and the ability to tolerate a tough business that you were dieing to break into and you knock my fucking teeth out for it!

(spitting)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Did you happen to bring any
napkins with you?

JILL

Go fuck yourself.

PAUL

Oh well. Blood makes for a great
dressing.

Paul moves the plate towards him with his forehead and
takes a bite out of the mashed potatoes, getting it all
over his face. He brings his head up smiling a toothless
bloody mashed potato filled grin.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Mmmm!

Jill grabs the plate and slides it further away from his
face.

JILL

Bake!

Jill slides the van door closed.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jack is digging into pancakes. Jill slides into the seat
across from him.

JILL

Jack what do you really think
about all this?

Jack lifts his head up from the plate of pancakes.

JILL

You can forget how you appear when
you're deeply entrenched in this
shit.

JACK

Oddly, I feel more optimistic than
I ever have. Even though I'm
walking the "Path of Snakes"
tomorrow.

JILL

(laughs)

I can tell you're a true Reptilian
at heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I better be.

A beat.

JILL

How's your...penis?

JACK

Still numb.

JILL

It's working?

JACK

I can piss standing up now.

JILL

That must be nice.

Jill sets her fork down and lights a cigarette.

JACK

What got you into this business anyway? You look like you should be teaching kindergartners.

JILL

This isn't really something I thought I would be doing when I was younger.

JACK

What did you want to do?

JILL

I was into botany.

JACK

And now you're harvesting organs instead of tomatoes?

JILL

It sounds stupid but it's easy to live this life when you've been taught to look at humans in a cold clinical manner.

JACK

Weren't you taught to save lives?

JILL

I never took the oath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

I just don't understand how you went from wanting to be a botanist to what you do now. What happened?

JILL

Nothing. I had a perfect childhood. No molestation, no violence, no divorce, but for too long I was a cooped up suburbanite. I wanted to struggle for my life and go deep within my reptilian brain civilized society ignores. I wanted excitement.

JACK

What did you find once you went deep?

JILL

That deep down people are assholes.

Jack and Jill laugh.

JACK

But assholes help you appreciate the people that aren't. You don't think I'm an asshole do you?

JILL

(laughs)
You're some type of orifice. A pussy?

JACK

At least I'm a pussy with a penis.
(beat)
There has to be something exciting about botany. Its got nothing on murder, cannibalism and penis transplants but those venus fly traps are cool.

JILL

Well, I always liked the Titan Arum.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JILL (CONT'D)

It attracts flesh eating flies with its potent rancid aroma, but what's really fascinating is despite its stench, it's very much alive, having the same body temperature as a human. Here, feel me.

Jill picks up Jack's hand from the table and presses it against her chest. At the same moment, Paul walks past the diner window.

JILL (CONT'D)

See? I'm not cold but as warm as a corpse flower.

JACK

That makes me the fly.

Jack looks up seeing Paul getting closer to the table. He slowly takes his hand away from Jill's chest.

JILL (CONT'D)

(smile fades)

What?

Paul puts his hand on Jill's shoulder and squeezes it tight.

PAUL

Just sit cunt.

JILL

Fuck.

Paul slams the bloody empty plate down on the table. He turns towards the patrons and wiggles his fingers.

PAUL

Whoops! Fucking butter fingers!

Paul crushes Jill against the inside of the booth. He slowly turns his head towards her with a murderous expression.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fuck is right bitch!

Paul snaps his head towards Jack.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hi Jack!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Paul takes a pancake off of Jack's plate and shoves it in his mouth.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That is really delicious pancake.

Paul spits a combination of blood and pancake towards Jack. He wipes bloody pieces off his shirt.

JACK

It couldn't have been that delicious.

JILL

Paul.

PAUL

Shut the fuck up cunt! Go ahead and finish your fucking food! I'll wait!

They can't eat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No? You're both done? CHECK PLEASE!

Paul smacks the table sending silver ware flying to the floor. The waitress comes over with the check. Paul opens his empty wallet.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey could you guys get this?
Somebody must have stolen my cash.
(laughs)
Imagine that. Who would do such a foolish fucking thing?

Paul looks down on Jill as she opens her purse. She takes out some cash and reaches her arm across Paul's face. He licks Jill's arm. She quickly hands the money to the waitress and pulls away from Paul's slithering tongue.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Jack, how about you leave the tip.

Jack reaches into his pockets taking out a few quarters and awkwardly drops them on the table.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm sure this waitress, Betty, has been working hard for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK
It's all I have.

PAUL
Figures.

Paul shoves his hand into Jill's purse and takes two hundred dollar bills out. He hands them to the WAITRESS.

WAITRESS 2
(flatly)
Are you okay sir?

PAUL
(interrupts)
A great waitress and considerate?
I'm well, thanks for asking Betty.

WAITRESS 2
Okay...thanks.

WAITRESS 2 walks off. Paul follows her with his eyes as she walks away from the table. He whips his head back around towards Jill and jams a syringe into her side. Paul slowly presses the plunger down. He speaks into Jill's sleepy eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I can't wait! I can't FUCKING
wait to sell your organs cheap!
First I'm going to peel your skin
off and sell it to some Buffalo
Bill mother fucker! Then I'll put
your FUCKING heart into another
worthless cunt! FUCK! GOD!
You're so FUCKING dead!

Jill passes out. Paul pulls Jill up with him and throws her over his shoulder.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Have a nice life faggot.

Paul disregards Jack as a threat and turns to walk out of the diner. Jack remains at the table, frozen.

JACK
Stop being such a fucking pussy
and get up!

Paul walks past the window and flicks off Jack. Jack summons the strength to get up and runs out of the diner.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jack catches up to Paul.

JACK

Paul, wait up! There has to be something we can do to fix this.

PAUL

If there was something you could do about it, it would mean castration!

Paul turns around with a gun and starts shooting at Jack's feet. Jack jumps around, dodging and dancing.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now fuck off!

Paul turns and continues to carry Jill towards the van. Patrons come running out of the diner. Paul, hearing the commotion, spins around with the pistol and fires into the air.

PAUL (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK BACK INSIDE!

The majority of them run back inside except one.

LAST PATRON

WE'RE CALLING THE SHERIFF!

The LAST PATRON runs back inside.

PAUL

GO AHEAD! I'LL KILL THAT MOTHER FUCKER ALONG WITH THE REST OF YOU!

Jack looks around him to see if anything can be used as a weapon but only finds small pebbles and empty beer cans.

JACK

Fuck!

FAST ZOOM INTO JILL'S CLOSED EYES

EXT. JILL'S NIGHTMARE - STORMY AND GREEN

Jill stands on a once submerged muddy bay floor. The waves recede from her, becoming part of a growing green wave off in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The wave gets higher over Jill dripping green water on her face. She touches her face seeing the green water on her fingers.

The green wave comes crashing down on her.

BACK TO REALITY:

Jill's eyes open showing her fully dilated pupils. She snaps out of the tranquilizer and goes into a psychotic rage, sinking her teeth deep into Paul's back. Paul screams and drops the gun.

Jack grabs the gun off the ground and pistol whips Paul across the face. Jill falls from his shoulders. She stands up from the ground and starts feverishly kicking Paul. Jack grabs Jill and pulls her away from him.

JACK (CONT'D)

We can't sell a bruised apple!

Jill looks up at Jack and laughs.

JILL

Now you're getting it.

Jack grabs the tranquilizer out of Paul's pocket and injects him as he slowly tries to crawl away.

PAUL

"Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tumbling after."

Paul passes out.

JACK

(out of breath)

What the fuck was that?

Jill feels the back of her head. She sees her bloody fingers are bloody.

JILL:

Tranquilizers don't work on psychotics.

JACK

Fuck me. Will the Reptilians accept Paul in this condition?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

His teeth are fine as long as he
keeps his fucking mouth shut.

Distant police sirens get closer.

JACK

We need to go!

Jill gets up from the ground. They pick Paul up, drop
him into the back of the van and slam the doors shut.

EXT. WAL GREENS PARKING LOT - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

The van sits in a Wal Greens parking lot.

INT. BACK OF THE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jack is covering up Paul's bruises and bight marks.

JILL

You've done this before?

JACK

Hundreds of times, on dolls,
corpses ... myself.

Jill notices Jack's shaking hand which is poorly applying
the make up.

JILL

Do you have any heroin left?

JACK

Not a single bit of Judas!

JILL

Jack, let me do it.

Jill takes the make-up from Jack.

JACK

(uneasy)
I wish you didn't fucking mention
it!

He moves against the wall of the van and stares down at
his shaking hands.

JILL

I have vicadin in my purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Okay.

Jill hands over her purse.

JILL

I thought you were feeling optimistic?

JACK

Optimistic, not patient.

Jack pops some Vicadin and puts a cigarette in his mouth. He shakes as he un-successfully tries to light the end.

JILL

About my freak out today.

Jack finally gets his cigarette lit.

JACK

Yeah, what the fuck was that?

JILL

Have you ever heard of cellular memory?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jill gets t bonded in a intersection. A sharp piece of metal punctures her chest.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jack takes a drag off his cigarette.

JACK

I read about a guy who inherited the characteristics of his organ donor. Just subtle things like his tastes for different pizza toppings but it wasn't a radical change like anchovies, it was pepperoni. I thought he was full of shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

I discovered how much of a
insidious fact it is after getting
Sandra's heart.

JACK

Who's Sandra?

JILL

She killed 30 priests on Easter
Sunday at the end of a 2 week long
meth bender.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. JILL'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Get well cards and flowers surround Jill's hospital bed.
Paul sneaks in with a cooler. He walks to Jill's bed
side and sets the cooler down. Paul grabs the front of
Jill's hospital gown and rips it open.

Paul takes a heart out of the cooler.

A name tag reads: Sandra Bruni

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jill applies make up to Paul's bruises.

JILL

After the transplant, I began
having these psychotic outbursts.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jill is hunched over her laptop trying to focus. She
takes some Tylenol and organ acceptance pills. She picks
up her pen and tries to refocus on her work but is
suddenly struck by a sharp pain.

Jill snaps her pen in two, bursting the inkwell.

JILL'S NIGHTMARE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHOT DIRECTLY ABOVE JILL. A GREEN WAVE TAKES JILL OUT OF FRAME.

EXT. LONELY DARK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

Jill walks down a sketchy city street. Her eyes scan the street, landing on a lone MAN walking towards her. She coyly walks by the MAN and slashes his wrist with a scalpel. Jill turns towards him.

MAN

What have you done?

Jill laughs. Her arm flies towards the MAN'S neck like a boxers jab and slices his jugular vein. The man falls to his knees. Jill skips off.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jill looks up at Jack.

JILL

Since then they have become more frequent and erratic.

JACK

How do you kill someone innocent like that?

Jill looks down at Paul.

JILL

Life is full of forgettable people. Why not kill some of them?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK

Paul answers his phone with bloody post surgery hands.

PAUL

I knew you'd come around Jill.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER - MORGUE - FLASHBACK

Jill finds a fresh kidney and is about to place it into a cooler when Paul snatches her arm.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jill pulls a needle and thread through Paul's lips.

JACK

Why don't you find a beautiful soul. Get to know her, kill her, and take her heart?

JILL

The heart isn't something replaceable like a penis. Besides, this heart is too useful.

JACK

I wish you gave me the penis of a sober saint.

JILL

Let me have your professional opinion.

JACK

He looks lively.

JILL

Soon to be corpseley.

Jack holds up the empty bag of heroin to the light.

JACK

This shit fucking sucks!

Jill looks at Jack shaking the bag in frustration.

JILL

Jack? Who's Holly?

JACK

I told you about Holly?

JILL

You mentioned her.

JACK

Holly was a girl I knew in High School.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Did you like her?

JACK

I would watch her ride her bike
around her dad's tire shop
everyday after school.

JILL

Why didn't you ever ask her out?

JACK

She wasn't a lesbian and I was the
quiet freak sitting behind her she
never knew existed. Her hair
would always hang over the back of
her chair and brush against my
finger tips.

Jack is wrapped up in the moment.

JACK (CONT'D)

One day I got to class early and I
put my pencil on Holly's desk.

JILL

Did you do something to it?

JACK

(offended)

No, I didn't do something to it.

(pause)

Anyway, Holly sat down and grabbed
my pencil. She started to write
with it.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

The pencil dances as Holly writes something in cursive.

JACK (V.O.)

The eraser head danced and twirled
with the push of her cursive, only
stopping to bight deep pit marks
into the soft wood.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jacks eyes are closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

The bell rang and Holly took my pencil with her.

Jill moves towards Jack and grabs his crotch. Jack drops the bag.

JILL

Did you feel that?

JACK

(stimulated)
Ye, yes!

JILL

Mmm a fast healer. Good. No more pencils Jack.

Jill kisses Jack and jumps into the drivers seat.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - DUSK

The van races down a long dirt desert road.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - REPTILIAN REUNION - NIGHT

CRANE DOWN ON TAIMA LONGSTROM, HOLDING A TORCH

A tribal drum beat begins. Jill's burning torch illuminates Jack's face. She looks up at him.

JILL

You can't get hurt.

On the other end of the path is TAIMA LONGSTROM with a more flamboyant costume than the rest of the tribe. He motions for Jack to begin his trek across the path.

Snakes SLITHER, HISS, and RATTLE beneath his feet as he makes his way across. Jack makes one last quick anxious dash meeting TAIMA LONGSTROM at the end of the path.

TAIMA puts his hand on Jack's shoulder and turns him around. He waves his torch over the path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The rest of the tribe is lined up on each edge of the path and follow Taima's lead. They light their torches revealing thousands of rattle snakes.

TAIMA happily jumps around and hugs Jack.

TAIMA LONGSTROM

The spirit of Feather is with you!

TAIMA takes Paul out of Jack's arms. He ties Paul to a poll underneath a large metal tub then turns to face the crowd.

TAIMA

A hundred years ago, my father, Feather Longstrom walked this same path to save our drought stricken tribe. The snakes allowed Feather to freely pass while his pursuers were poisoned.

TAIMA picks up a rattle snake off the ground and holds it up.

TAIMA

Take this offering in remembrance of our beginnings and continued survival.

Paul wakes seeing the back of TAIMA'S head and the mob of Reptilians. He weakly tries to pull out the stitching between his lips.

TAIMA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, not a bit will go to waste.

The crowd watches with excitement as Taima takes out a syringe and slams it into Paul's head extracting the DMT.

He pulls out the syringe and brings it to his arm, injecting the hallucinogen. Taima, clearly under the influence, looks up towards the sky. His arms go up and meet forming a point with a knife between his hands.

Taima closes his eyes and starts to speak an unworldly gibberish that the fellow tribes men and women mimic. Jack watches in awe. The gibberish gets faster reaching a fever pitch, then sudden silence. Taima's eyes open.

He swiftly cuts Paul's chest open. Jack is somewhat repulsed. Taima then puts his arms inside of Paul and pushes his entrails out into the metal tub.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Taima cuts a piece of meat off Paul and gives it to Jack. He looks at the flimsy bloody piece of flesh with disgust but behind it is Taima's sincere face. Jack grabs the piece of meat and puts it in his mouth, slowly chewing it.

Jack nods his head and smiles. Taima tears a chunk off for himself and raises it up.

TAIMA
(German for eat)
ESSEN!

Taima takes a large savory bight.

The Reptilians cheer and begin to move towards the body, each tearing off a piece, Body of Christ style. Jill finds Jack in the crowd.

JILL
How does he taste?

JACK
(still chewing)
Not good. With all this fire
you'd think they could have had a
BBQ.

Jill takes the flesh from Jack and takes a bite.

JILL
He's a little bitter as I
expected.

Sparks fly into the air from torches held by The Reptilians. They dance around a large bonfire. Snakes slither between dancing naked feet.

The Reptilians all chant and sing in odd sounding tones that mesh with the exotic drum beats being played.

The DMT syringes are passed out. People begin to trip heavily into dream scapes.

JILL
Give me your arm.

Jill takes a syringe and administers Jack a shot of DMT. First injecting a small amount, then a larger amount until the plunger is completely down. Jack's head falls back and his eyes close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

OH FUCK!

SMASH CUT TO:

SPACE

Jack is launched into a world of geometric shapes and jewel encrusted alien planets. Space ships are launched from the planets towards Jack. As they pass, creatures wave at him from the cockpit of the ship.

He finally sees the face of a ethereal being, slowly opening it's mouth. Jack flies inside. Then a flash of intense light forcing his eyes open.

BACK TO REALITY:

The desert explodes with life and light. Like wind, waves of light blow through the desert illuminating exotic jewel incrustated lizards and animals crawling through the desert.

JACK

(laughs blissfully)

Everything is so fucking amazing!
We're all ethereal shit! That's
what we are Jill! Etherial shit!
Everything is so fucking amazing!

JILL

(rolls her eyes)

Tomorrow will be so sad.

Jill shoots DMT into her arm.

From a distance, we see Taima's light growing stronger as he feeds on the scraps of Paul's carcass.

JACKS POV

Jill who's now naked, comes over Jack. They are both naked and start to have sex.

JILL (CONT'D)

Lets role play Jack. I'll be God
and you can be the Virgin Mary!

Jack is over whelmed with hysteria. His finger tips coast over Jill's stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His hand opens to cup Jill's breast. Jill has a bloody piece of meat in her hand and comes down on Jack to kiss him.

Cells flash as they are pumped through veins. They both come.

JACK

I love...

Jill clamps her hand down on Jack's mouth.

CAMERA CRANES UP

The scope of the ceremony is revealed in all its glory. Eating, dancing, chanting, and fucking. Two etherial eyes look over the decadence, presumably Feather Longstrom's.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

Jack is laying face down in the dirt with the sun beating down on his back. A car engine starts, followed by a dirt cloud with Jill in its wake. The cloud washes over Jack.

JILL

You're alive.

Jack lifts his head and looks behind him.

JACK

What day is it?

JILL

Just another day in the shadow of the apocalypse.

JACK

I was thinking a day of the week, but okay, apocalypse.

Jack gets up out of the dirt and stumbles towards the van with Jill. Footprints of the jewel encrusted lizards that teamed the desert can be seen.

INT. VAN - DAY

Jack takes a piece of gum from a Wrigley Package. He opens the folded silver wrapper revealing no gum. Jill looks over at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Sorry, I always do that.

JACK

I need to pop my ears. It must have been from being shot into space.

(beat)

Why did you stop me last night?

JILL

Love reminds me of surgery.

JACK

Why?

JILL

To be in a relationship is to be a surgeon suturing wounds you inflict on each other.

JACK

Then you do love me.

JILL

Only in the most extreme way.

JACK

You act like you're above it.

JILL

No, I just have enough experience to know the difference between love and lust.

A brief awkward pause.

JACK

It's quiet.

JILL

My mornings are usually quiet.

JACK

I saw this nature documentary about the bonobo monkeys.

JILL

Oh yeah?

JACK

They share more than 98% of homo sapiens genetic make up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

And what do these bonobos do?

JACK

They use sex for social bonding which results in a peaceful society of bonobos. I guess the missing two percent is the venomous hate, jealousy, and inadequacies humans possess.

JILL

Its the two percent I hold closest to my chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL 2 - ESTABLISHING SHOT - AFTERNOON

They pull into a motel parking lot.

INT. MOTEL 2 - ROOM - NIGHT

We face the TV as Jack helps Jill carry a dead man passed our POV.

JACK

Did you fuck him?

JILL

Premature ejaculator.
(straining)
Turn on the TV.

Jack smacks the power button several times before successfully turning it on. They continue to the bathroom. Jill chatters instructions to Jack.

WE ZOOM into the television as a primetime presidential news conference is set to begin.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL NEWS CONFERENCE - CONTINUOUS

PRESIDENT BILL HARTFORD, who has a uncanny resemblance to Gary Busey, comes out in front of a full press room as clicking camera shutters echo against the walls. BILL readjusts his jacket and tie to hide the red stains on his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRES. BILL HARTFORD

Forgive the stains. I had a
congressman for lunch.

The press laugh.

BILL

There's a lot of new faces here
today. I feel like I'm being
indicted. Yes ma'am, you, new
face, Janet.

BILL points to a young female reporter like he's a
rockstar pointing out groupies he wants to fuck.

JANET

Thank you Mr. President.

BILL

Now, be gentle Janet. Screws I
don't mind, it's those damn nails.

JANET

(smiles)
I'll use a tack hammer instead of
a mallet.

BILL

How bout a drill?

JANET

If you're going to be difficult, a
mallet.

The press laugh.

BILL

Ask your question.

JANET

You were recently quoted saying
you're God. How will you walk
that quote back?

BILL

Walk it back? You wanna see how
easy it is to play God Janet?
Next question!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bill smiles a atrocious grin filled with crooked brown teeth from years of tobacco chewing. Janet looks around at her smiling media colleagues.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DAY

Three ice chest slide around in the back of the Jill's van. They pull up to the ABANDONED HOSPITAL where a old black buick sits.

JACK

Whose car?

JILL

I don't know.

Jill takes a compact hand gun out of the glove box. She loads the clip, and puts the gun into her purse.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They look through the tented windows of the Buick. Nothing out of the ordinary inside the spotless black interior of the car except eggs of silly putty.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A tall middle aged UNKNOWN man in a business suit sits in a chair upside down. He's holding his nose with a full mouth of water facing away from Jack and Jill as they come in. They see the man's long legs sticking up from the back of the chair. Jill draws her gun.

JILL

Turn around.

The UNKNOWN man puts his other hand to the ground and spins the chair around. He swallows the water and unpinches his nose.

UNKNOWN

(points at himself)

It cures hiccups.

UNKNOWN slides out of the chair and maneuvers up right.

UNKNOWN

I'm going to assume Paul's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Only assholes assume. Paul retired.

UNKNOWN.

I remember Paul calling me after his first kill sounding like he just lost his virginity. He wouldn't have retired.

UNKNOWN peels a ball of silly putty off the arm rest of the chair and squeezes it in between his scarred fingers.

JACK

What's with the silly putty?

UNKNOWN

It strengthens my grip.

UNKNOWN pushes himself up from his chair pressing the putty against the arm rest. He throws his hand out towards Jack.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

I'm Unknown, from The Department of Human Resources.

Jack shakes his hand.

JACK

Jack.

Unknown moves his hand towards Jill.

UNKNOWN

And you're the one Paul told me so much about. He was never short with adjectives when describing your beauty.

Jill shakes his hand.

JILL

Thanks. Do you have a real name?

UNKNOWN

My name won't give you any insight into who I am. Unknown will be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

I'll just run down names in alphabetical order till I hit the right one. Abe? Ace?

UNKNOWN

My dead dog was named Abe.

JACK

Sorry.

UNKNOWN

Sorry? I put that yappy mutt down.

Unknown sits back down in the chair and shapes the piece of puttee in his hands.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

I tried calling but when Paul didn't answer it concerned me, considering his usual one ring pick up.

JILL

What do you want?

UNKNOWN

Nothing, yet. I was just examining the remains of a lucrative venture and I find you two. He's dead?

Jack and Jill don't know what to say.

UNKNOWN

Listen, I always thought Paul was a prick, but he always produced. His loss leaves a void.

JILL

Nothing has changed. There's three full ice chests in our van.

UNKNOWN

Male and female? Demand organs?

JILL

Kidneys, hearts, livers, even blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

UNKNOWN

Good. I have another job. It's going to take more than 3 ice chests though. I'm talking 15.

JILL

15?

UNKNOWN

Whole bodies.

JILL

For what?

UNKNOWN

A restaurant. Is that too much for your precious hearts to take?

JILL

Maybe Jack's.

UNKNOWN

If it ever starts to bother you just remember, in one second four point four people are born into this world. Four point four every second. Now, how long does it take to procure your product?

JILL

About two hours when things are going smoothly.

Unknown takes out a calculator from his jacket pocket and begins calculating. He raises the small calculator LCD in front of Jill's face.

UNKNOWN

Thirty one thousand six hundred and eighty people in 2 hours. Yet I'm only asking for 15. If I was a humanitarian I'd ask for a million.

JILL

How much if we do the job?

UNKNOWN

15 dollars!

(bursts out laughing)
I'm thinking 500 k.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JILL

Do you realize how much bullshit we'll have to go through to kill 15 people?

UNKNOWN

A million then, provided you get the 15. One less and you only get 500 k. Fair?

JILL

Fair.

UNKNOWN

Fifty grand for the ice chests?

JILL

Two hundred.

UNKNOWN

You know what you guys are doing isn't exactly the commodity you think it is. We have other sources.

JILL

And some of your "sources" aren't nearly as caring for the well being of the product as we are. I've seen the simple mistakes the amateurs make. Like when they accidentally cut open the bladder and contaminate the body with shit.

UNKNOWN

That's the one thing I don't miss about Paul. His ability to Jew me out of money.

JILL

Negotiation is the only valuable lesson he taught me.

Unknown starts to write out a check.

UNKNOWN

What happened to Paul anyway?

JILL

The Reptilians.

Unknown rips out the check from his check book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

UNKNOWN

How was it?

JILL

It went fantastic, but the food sucked.

UNKNOWN

Ha! Help me with those ice chests Jack.

EXT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Unknown sifts through the ice chests of organs.

UNKNOWN

Fine. Put them in the trunk.

Jack starts to pick up the ice chests as Unknown opens the trunk of his car.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

I'll give you more details once you get the fifteen.

Jack places the ice chests in Unknown's trunk. The putty is wrapped around Unknown's index finger as he closes the trunk. Unknown gets in the Buick and pokes his head out of the window.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

Oh and please get some healthy people.

JILL

Men, women or both?

Unknown starts to pull away.

UNKNOWN

It's all packed meat to me. But whatever you do, no tranquilizers. They taint the meat!

Unknown hiccups. He jostles back and forth against the seat and steering wheel in anger as he drives away from the hospital.

JACK

Adrian?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL
I don't think so.

JACK
We need an ice truck.

Jill looks at the check in her hand.

CUT TO BLACK:

The 15th

FADE IN:

JILL'S NIGHTMARE

Once again, Jill walks out towards a receding sea. Off in the distance is a growing swell, rapidly gaining speed towards her.

She looks over to her right and sees a pier with a man at the end. He looks at the wave then looks back at Jill. Her heart begins to pulsate in her chest. She spits up blood.

A green wave of a million dead souls (faces) stops before hitting Jill. All in unison the souls say:

WAVE OF SOULS
You must become unwhole before
you're whole again.

The wave crashes into her.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Jill grabs a man's face and begins pulling and tearing at it. She cuts him to pieces with her scalpel like a rabid animal. Jack rushes in hearing the man's screams and slams the door behind him.

Jill is covered in the man's blood who's beyond dead. She drops her scalpel.

JACK
You ruined another one Jill! We
should have had the 15th body 4
fucking bodies ago!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL
He's still good.

JACK
Oh yeah, he's fine. Once we freeze
him he'll be a nice ice cream.

JILL
(laughs)
Ben and Jerry's Swirling Death
Fuck.

She takes her clothes off and walks to the bathroom.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

She looks over her shoulder at Jack.

JILL
To take a shower. I feel mucky.

Jill walks into the bathroom.

JACK
(Yells)
What was all that caring for the
product shit about?

JILL
(yells back)
What am I going to say? I may
turn steak into hamburger? It's
business.

Jack peels a flap of bloody ripped skin off the bed
spread.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Jack drops the flap of skin and slowly walks up to the
door.

We hear Jill turn on the shower.

MOTEL MANAGER
Hello?

Jack leans against the door and looks through the peep
hole. The MOTEL OWNER stands outside with a grin. Jack
cracks the door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Hello.

MOTEL MANAGER

(laughs)

Are y'all okay? I got a complaint about screaming, but I know y'all are newlyweds.

Jill comes out of the bathroom naked.

JILL

Kill him.

Jack looks back at Jill naked. MOTEL OWNER catches a glimpse of Jill through the door.

MOTEL MANAGER

I better go.

JACK

Hold on just a second.

Jack shuts the door on the MOTEL MANAGER.

JILL

It's about time you did something irrational. Kill him.

JACK

Irrational? I'm with you Jill. What could possibly be more irrational? You do it, since you love killing so fucking much!

JILL

It's not about the kill Jack. I wanna see you do it.

JACK

What's another murder?

Jill inches closer to hand him a syringe.

JILL

Just do me a favor and do one! Show me your commitment!

JACK

Assisted murder isn't enough for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JILL

It ain't murder one!

Jill raises her arm with the syringe in her hand, still moving closer to Jack.

JILL (CONT'D)

Or do you wanna be the 15th?

She slowly brings the end of the syringes needle closer to Jack's forehead. Jack grabs Jill by the arm and spins her around and slams her against the wall.

JACK

Stop fucking threatening me!

Jill bites at Jack's lip.

JILL

Impress me baby.

Jack grabs Jill by the neck and kisses her deep and throws her onto the bed. He checks the peep hole seeing that the MOTEL MANAGER is still standing outside.

Jack swings open the door and pulls the man inside by his hair. Jill starts jumping up and down on the bed while Jack shoves the man into the corner of the room. Jack raises his arm above the screaming MOTEL MANAGER and slams the syringe into his skull.

Jack pulls the plunger up and falls back onto the bed.

JACK

There! Murder fucking one!

JILL

Kind of boring compared to my work.

JACK

What do you fucking expect? He was a MOTEL MANAGER.

JILL

You're right. Murder is an artist's medium.

Jack lays on the bed and rubs his eyes while Jill jumps up and down on it.

JACK

We're finally done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jill jumps on top of Jack and grabs his face.

JILL

It's all because of you babe.

They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE DEPT. OF HUMAN RESOURCES - OFFICE - NIGHT

Unknown sits at his desk, watching a population clock on his computer monitor. The numbers continuously go up in the reflection of his sun glasses.

A globe spins on Unknown's desk before he makes it stop. He presses a piece of red putty onto North America.

While he presses the putty onto the globe, the population clock starts to go down. Unknown's phone rings. He answers.

UNKNOWN

The million?

JACK

The 15.

UNKNOWN

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick.
Dress nice.

Unknown hangs up the phone and opens his desk drawer revealing a huge block of red silly putty. He pushes his hand into the thick red putty and takes out a glob of it. He rips it apart with a snap.

He continues to quickly press the putty onto the globe while the world population numbers continue to plummet quicker.

Finally, the globe isn't spinning anymore and it's now fully covered in red silly putty. Unknown's desk chair however, is spinning from him jettisoning away from his desk. He puts on a coat and slams the office door behind him.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEAU ATROCE - CANNIBAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We go up the drive way of BEAU ATROCE which is based on top of a hill, where several limos, and exotic sports cars are parked.

Continuing on, we see Jill and Jack get out of their ice truck. Three men come out of BEAU ATROCE including Unknown.

The MANAGER motions for some workers to unload the bodies from the ice truck. We float past them and enter the restaurant's back door.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We follow some boxes of bottled wine into the kitchen, full of chefs and staff rushing around, cooking. Sweat drips off the foreheads of the cooks into steaming grills.

We turn away from the chefs and follow a dish of food, that a WAITER picks up and takes into the MAIN DINING HALL.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - MAIN DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Beautiful celebrities and ugly government officials stuff their faces.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We continue to follow the plate into a PRIVATE DINING ROOM where PRESIDENT BILL HARTFORD sits with another nations PRESIDENT and CONSTITUENTS.

The WAITER sets the plate down in front of PRESIDENT BILL HARTFORD.

PRES. BILL HARTFORD

If I have to send this back one more fucking time I'm going to kill you and everybody in the fucking kitchen!

WAITER

(scared)

Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL

Bring a few more beers. I'm
trying to close a deal.

WAITER

Sure Mr. President.

The WAITER leaves and BILL takes a bite of the steak. He
winks at PRESIDENT 2.

BILL

(chewing)
Lucky.

We move out of the PRIVATE DINING ROOM back to the MAIN
DINING HALL.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - MAIN DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

We float passed French dishes, as well as some domestic
favorites, and end up at Jack and Jill's table.

Jack raises his glass.

JACK

To the 15.

Jill brings her glass up.

JILL

To my 18 and your 1. To your
impatience.

JACK

To your blood lusting gluttony.

Their glass's clank together and they drink.

The RESTAURANT OWNER walks out to the center of the MAIN
DINING HALL.

RESTAURANT OWNER

Ladies and Gentlemen! Tonight we
have three very special guests
with us. First, The President of
the United States, Bill Hartford.

Bill raises his glass through the private inclosure. The
restaurant patrons stand on their feet and clap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RESTAURANT OWNER (CONT'D)

As well as two of our humble donors. Give them a round of applause!

JACK

(to Jill)

If they only knew they were eating the proletariat.

JILL

That's what they like.

Jack and Jill raise their glass's and accept the freaky crowd's adulation. A Paris Hilton-esque model couldn't care less and continues to stare at her rare piece of flesh dangling from her fork. She takes a snap at it with her head tilted to the side.

RESTAURANT OWNER (CONT'D)

Cheers!

Everybody drinks and continues eating, flooding the MAIN DINING HALL with the sound of clanking china and gold utensils.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - PRIVATE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill puts his fork down on his empty plate.

BILL

Now Mr. President.

PRESIDENT 2

With all do respect Mr. President we can grow the organs you're selling and the meat we're eating.

BILL

But who really wants to eat out of a petri dish? Besides, you can't grow American.

PRESIDENT 2

We're working on it.

BILL

(laughs)

What will your people eat in the interim? You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT 2

With all do respect Mr. President.

BILL

Stop fucking saying that!

PRESIDENT 2

There's nothing exceptional about American anymore!

BILL

What's exceptional is our freedom. Our freedom to willfully take life, to be exceptionally violent, and consume what we will. The freedom your people want to taste! They want it sliding down their fucking throats! Give it to em!

PRESIDENT 2

We don't need your fucking freedom!

Bill quiets down.

BILL

We don't need you either.

PRESIDENT 2

(laughs)

Good luck convincing your P.R. Staff of that.

BILL

You think I give a fuck about P.R.?

Bill finish's the dregs of his beer and lets out a huge belch.

BILL

Night gentlemen.

Bill walks out of the private dining room while TWO SEXY FEMALE GUARDS lock the doors behind him.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - MAIN DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Bill covers his ears as the TWO SEXY FEMALE GUARDS take out machine guns and spray the PRIVATE DINING ROOM with bullets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everybody in Beau Atroce flinches then go back to their meals as though it's a nightly occurrence.

Bill shakes a constituents hand then locks onto Jack and Jill's table ignoring other hands trying to get a shake.

Bill arrives at the table .

PRES. BILL HARTFORD

You know what this place needs?

JACK

Ear plugs?

PRES. BILL HARTFORD

Strippers.

JILL

I'm sure you could make it happen, Mr. President.

PRES. BILL HARTFORD

Mr. President ... I like that. It's the one last formality even the most ill mannered among us can abide by.

JILL

For a president with such informal tastes, you like formalities.

PRES. BILL HARTFORD

Of course, but I don't think these formal fucks would go for strippers. They'd take some sort of moral high ground.

(pause)

I heard the Manager say your names but for the life of me I can't think of them.

JILL

Ji...

PRES. BILL HARTFORD

Jack and Jill...right. Easy.

Bill grabs Jill's hand and pulls it close to his mouth and gazes into her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILL

What a fine young woman.
(looks at Jack)
She's yours?

JACK

I don't know Bill.

JILL

Yes.

Jill pulls her hand away from Bill.

BILL

You a fag or something?

JACK

(taken off guard)
No.

BILL HARTFORD

Let me give y'all some advice.
It's not always about the right
thing but the good thing and this
is certainly a good thing. Just
look at all these satisfied faces.
They appreciate you with every
satisfying bite.

JACK

And every bowel movement. Cheers.

Jack drinks.

BILL HARTFORD

Cheers to life and all that it
encompasses. It's a beautiful
thing. Especially you Jill. You
bring such joy to our tight nit
underbelly.

He leans in towards Jill, closes his eyes, and takes in a
big whiff of her hair. BILL shoots his body backwards.
His eyes are tinged with sleepy bliss.

JILL

Thanks.

BILL

If I could just spend one hour
more with you I'd be happy as a
dead pig in sunshine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bill laughs. Jill doesn't.

BILL
What's wrong girl? You ain't
laughing?

JILL
I didn't think your joke was very
funny Mr. President. Sorry.

BILL
I bet the only funny part of you
girl is your funny bone and
everybody knows that bone ain't
funny when you hit it wrong.

Bill picks up Jill's wine glass.

JILL
That's my glass Mr. President.

Bill chugs the wine and puts the empty flute back on the
table. He checks his watch.

BILL (CONT'D)
I really must be going. The god
damn war committee needs me to
sign off.

JACK
We're going to war?

BILL
We are now. Have a good one.

He walks off then turns back towards Jill.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'll remember you girl.

The president leaves for the door while group of Secret
Service follow in his wake. Unknown walks up to The
president with some documents. The president signs and
leaves with the secret service.

The head lights of the Presidents chopper flash through
the window onto Jack and Jill's table as it flies away
from the restaurant.

JILL
I'm not hungry for this. You
really have to be in a certain
mood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK

You're always in the mood.

JILL

I'll just get a salad.

Unknown comes to the table.

UNKNOWN

Still looking?

JACK

Any suggestions?

UNKNOWN

No I don't eat here.

JACK

I'll just get the long pig steak.

UNKNOWN

You're in good company. That's
the Presidents favorite dish.

Jack puts his menu up.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D (CONT'D)

You know most people...

The waiter comes up to the table.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

Go ahead, order.

JILL

I'll take a salad with caesar
dressing.

WAITER

Do you want anything else on that
salad Miss Hartly? We have many
choice cuts.

JILL

Yeah how about your nose? I want
it plain!

The waiter has a confused look.

WAITER

Yes ma'am. And you Mr. Lansing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK

I'll take the long pig steak, well done.

WAITER

Right away.

The waiter takes the menus and walks away from the table.

UNKNOWN

Take the 15 as a litmus test. You passed.

JILL

Did you see the way that asshole waiter stared at me?

UNKNOWN

People come here to eat Jill. They don't order salads.

JILL

Does the butcher eat the cow he slaughters?

UNKNOWN

Sure he does.

JILL

I guess my tastes are more spiteful.

UNKNOWN

On that note, to business. We have a small problem with one of our suppliers. A very large supplier in fact. My Auschwitz.

EXT. SUPPLIERS MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

We see 2 dark suited ASSASSINS getting out of a car in front of a mansion. Throbbing bass thumps out of the house where a meth party goes on inside. They take two silenced machine guns out of the trunk.

INT. SUPPLIERS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A woman lays passed out on the floor possibly dead from a overdose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPPLIER 1 is smoking meth. SUPPLIER 2 is fucking.
SUPPLIER 3 watches TV completely zonked out of his mind.

A dark figure moves across the window.

SUPPLIER 1
Dude! I'm seeing fucking shadow
people man!
(bursts out laughing)

SUPPLIER 1 smokes more meth.

SUPPLIER 3
(laughing
hysterically)
There's one over there too.

SUPPLIER 2
Shut the fuck up!

SUPPLIER 1
(laughing)
One's coming in!

INT. BEAU ATROCE - MAIN DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Unknown rolls the ball of silly putty in between his hands.

UNKNOWN
We've had to bail them out of
trouble at least twice a month for
the last three.

JILL
You want us to kill them?

UNKNOWN
No we can kill them. That's easy.

INT. SUPPLIERS MANSION - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The 2 ASSASSINS come in and shoot SUPPLIER 1 in the head.
His brains explode onto the wall.

SUPPLIER 2
HOLY FUCK!

SUPPLIER 2 grabs a magnum sitting on the coffee table but
gets shot in the back as he tries to turn to shoot the
ASSASSINS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ASSASSINS shoot SUPPLIER 2 again, hitting him in the head. The WOMAN he was fucking screams. The ASSASSINS fire on her.

SUPPLIER 3 continues to sit on the couch watching TV unaware of what just happened. The assassins shoot the TV. SUPPLIER 3 picks his head up and looks at the ASSASSINS.

The ASSASSINS laugh, then coldly blow SUPPLIER 3's head off.

ASSASSIN 1

Fucking roaches.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - MAIN DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Jill have their meals.

JILL

How big is it?

Jack cuts a piece off his long pig steak.

UNKNOWN

It's big. Two butcher sheds in Texas.

Jack takes a bite.

JACK

(cringing)
Even when cooked with French flare
we still taste like shit.

Jack shoves the plate away from him.

JILL

What's in it for us?

UNKNOWN

For starters, more money. Access
to nearly anything you want.
Plus, you would have workers under
you doing the dirty work.

JILL

What do you think Jack?

JACK

It seems like a lot of trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN

I'm talking millions just to watch
over a few employees. Where's the
trouble?

JACK

For starters, our unstable
employees.

Unknowns phone rings. He answers.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

Dead?

EXT. SUPPLIERS MANSION - CONTINUOUS

ASSASSIN 1 with his cell phone stands in front of the
suppliers mansion that is now engulfed in flames.

ASSASSIN 1

Yep.

INT. BEAU ATROCE - MAIN DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Unknown POPS a air pocket out of the putty.

UNKNOWN

Fantastic.

Unknown hangs up.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

Only as unstable as yourselves.
So, how about it?

JILL

How about we do it for a year,
then we'll renegotiate at the end.

UNKNOWN

Okay, a year. Jack?

JACK

Sure, a year.

UNKNOWN

It's a deal then.

Unknown gets up from the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

Next week I'll get you situated.
Enjoy.

Unknown walks away from the table. Jill stops eating.

JILL

I think Unknown's a Frankenstein.

JACK

No...Unknown?

Jack looks at Unknown as he walks off.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't think so.

JILL

(interrupts)
I'm pregnant.

Jack stares at Jill awe struck.

JACK

What?

JILL

I'm fucking pregnant.

JACK

When?

JILL

It must have happened sometime
after the Reptilian Reunion.

JACK

Are you having it?

JILL

I don't want it.

JACK

Why?

JILL

Just thinking about it makes me
want to throw up.

JACK

It came from us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

It's from his body, not your body.

Jack pounds his fist on the table.

JACK

I give it life! It's mine! When you were getting off on it, was it because you knew it was dead or because you knew it was alive?

JILL

Because it was dead! Fuck you!

JACK

We have every right to this baby. We both fucking killed for it. That means something.

Jill laughs.

JILL

Since when has it mattered?

JACK

When you wanted to be a boring botanist.

JILL

Whatever. How the fuck are we supposed to raise a child in this environment? Just look at these fucking people. Look at ourselves.

Patrons with altered appearances around the restaurant look up with mouth fulls of human flesh.

JACK

We can fix this shit from the inside out. We will preside over the scum, over the undesirables. They come to us and if at the end of the day they aren't suitable for this world, our baby, we destroy them.

Jill looks down at the table.

JILL

I can't have it Jack. I take life. I don't create it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jack leans back in his chair.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. WEST TEXAS - BUTCHER SHEDS - DAY

WE TRACK TOWARDS TO DRAB INCONSPICUOUS WAREHOUSE. WE TRACK BACKWARDS WITH JACK, JILL, AND UNKNOWN AS THEY GO THROUGH THE DOOR FRAME OF THE WAREHOUSE INTO DARKNESS.

INT. WEST TEXAS - BUTCHER SHED - CONTINUOUS

Unknown flips on the light, illuminating the shiny sharp metal inside the shed. Stainless steel knives and meat hooks hang from the walls.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSTON, TEXAS - ALLEY - NIGHT

A group of FOUR HITMEN wait in dark ALLEY with machine guns and whistles. The HITMEN wait for more than 2 people to walk across the ALLEY entrance.

As soon as the HITMEN see a group of people, each member of the group blows their whistle. The people crossing the ALLEY stop and look down the dark ALLEY. Each HITMAN opens fire, dropping the group to the ground.

The HITMEN run down the street to collect the bodies. A van on cue slams on its breaks in front of the ALLEY entrance. They put the bodies inside the van and jump inside. They speed off.

FADE TO:

INT. JACK'S SPEEDING CAR - DAY

Jack and Jill drive around a Texas town pointing out bystanders on the side of the street.

JACK

Who do you want Jill? Her? How about him? Them? I need to get back to fucking work Jill!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

This is fucking work! I don't
fucking care! Anyone!

JACK

I envy the men who have to rush
out at 2 A.M. to get olives.

INT. BUTCHER SHED - A BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Jill walks into a room with a deranged look in her eye.
Jack tries to hand Jill a knife. She refuses it.

JILL

I'm going to use my hands.

A man sits tied up on a chair with a confused look on his
face as he sees pregnant Jill walk through the door
frame. Jill closes the door behind her.

Jack waits outside hearing shrill screaming from the man.
Jill laughs hysterically. Blood oozes out from
underneath the door.

FADE TO:

EXT. BUTCHER SHED - EVENING

Home video of Jack hanging Christmas lights on the drab
BUTCHER SHED. He waves at the camera.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

We fly into a DELIVERY ROOM, FAST.

Jill is pushing out her baby with restraints on her arms
and legs. Jack takes the baby from the surgeon and
happily cries. Jill who is now insane and enraged is not
allowed to hold it.

NURSES and DOCTORS stare at Jill with worried faces.

The umbilical cord is cut.

FADE TO:

EXT. MCCARVER'S MEAT PACKING - NEWS CAST - DAY

A REPORTER stands in front of MCCARVER'S MEAT PACKING in a yellow hazmat suit as workers take bags of meat from the red aluminum building.

REPORTER

Earlier this Morning in Ruidoso, New Mexico citizens awoke to a foul stench. K9s tracked the smell to McCarver's meat packing plant behind me.

EXT. RUIDOSO SUBURB - MORNING

A flash of people drinking coffee and picking up the morning paper while covering their noses and rushing back inside their houses.

EXT. MCCARVER'S MEAT PACKING - B-ROLL - NIGHT

Police officers with flashlights pull barking K9s away from McCarver's metal exterior.

REPORTER(V.O.)

Police Officers were shocked to find 20 tons of rotting human flesh, packaged for shipment.

EXT. LIBRARY PIN BOARDS - B-ROLL - DAY

B-roll of missing person posters around America.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Only 3 bodies have been identified out of the possible thousands.

EXT. MCCARVER'S MEAT PACKING - NEWS CAST - CONTINUOUS

More hazmat bags are taken from the shed.

REPORTER

None of McCarver's butchers were found. However, a computer in the building had evidence linking McCarver's to The Department of Human Resources.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - B-ROLL - DAY

B-roll footage of President Hartford flailing his arms around while shouting down at a short constituent as he walks across The White House lawn, forgetting the press.

REPORTER V.O.

President Hartford immediately responded to the link between The Department of Human Resources and McCarvers as a "isolated incident and all responsible have been prosecuted including the President of The DHR." Unfortunately sound bites alone won't acquit The President from his impending impeachment hearing next month. I'm Molly Mitcham for KHOLE News 20.

EXT. WEST TEXAS - BUTCHER SHED - NOON

Two fat salivating bull dogs look up in anticipation as a blood covered butcher comes out of the shed with a bucket of intestines and slops them into a dog dish.

Jack and TEDDY, a built marine type, walk out of the shed passed the butcher and the dining dogs.

JACK

Only if I had more people like you TEDDY. It's nice to know I won't have to baby you through a sometimes difficult process.

TEDDY

I'm as cold as they get man.

JACK

Great. See you soon.

TEDDY turns his back on Jack and starts to walk to the drivers side of his truck. Jack pulls out a pistol and shoots TEDDY in back of the head. His face bounces off the hood of the truck on his way to the ground.

JACK (CONT'D)

His son?

Jack takes a piss while two men come out of the shed to pick up TEDDY'S body and drag it inside the shed.

INT. WEST TEXAS - BAR - DAY

JACK and UNKNOWN sit at a bar.

Unknown looks through photographs of Jack and Jill's baby, ROAN.

JACK

Can't you just find me a normal person that happens to kill people as a hobby? Someone who has a few morals? A Christian would be nice, even a environmentalist. Especially a environmentalist. Someone who would kill for the greater good.

UNKNOWN

Teddy was an ex marine.

JACK

An ex-marine that killed his entire family. Did you even ask him what he did before you picked him out of jail?

UNKNOWN

Teddy was the most vicious criminal there. I thought that's what you needed.

JACK

No, I don't need somebody who is totally fucked.

UNKNOWN

This is a good one.

Jack smiles and nods his head.

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

Is he dead?

JACK

His liver is on its way to Japan for a Yakuza Boss.

UNKNOWN

How's Jill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Unrecognizable. All the meds she's on has turned her into a zombie. When she's off them, she goes fucking crazy.

UNKNOWN

(jokingly)

We can give her a brain transplant.

Unknown slides the pictures back to Jack and squeezes the putty between his fingers.

JACK

She says it's her heart.

(pause)

But on top of it, I have to deal with fucking morons everyday. They dig bodies out of cemeteries that are filled with formaldehyde. They think by sneaking preserved bodies in with a bunch of fresh ones I won't notice.

Unknown coughs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Bless you.

UNKNOWN

I didn't sneeze. That was a cough.

JACK

Excuse me.

UNKNOWN

Have you seen the news?

JACK

Yeah, impeachment. That's heavy.

UNKNOWN

We've lost our base and now both parties are out to connect McCarvers with the President! Fucking power hungry fucks!

(disgusted)

Not to mention, federal investigators auditing and ransacking the entire fucking Department of Human Resources.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNKNOWN (CONT'D)

(pause)

Even our bought pundits have abandoned us calling the controversy "Flesh Gate" and now Bill's poll numbers are down.

(pause)

Fucking cunt protesters holding signs outside the White House calling Bill, a nazi. We're fucked.

(pause)

Fucking McCarvers!

JACK

Why did they just leave the place to rot?

UNKNOWN

Incompetence.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. A HOME IN KEY WEST FLORIDA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Unknown stands over a bleeding McCarver's Supervisor.

UNKNOWN

You stupid irresponsible cunt fuck! You thought I wouldn't find you in fucking Key West?

Unknown starts furiously punching a glob of silly putty down the throat of McCarvers Supervisor. Once he's sufficiently dead Unknown walks away from the body holding his battered hand.

INT. WEST TEXAS - BAR - PRESENT

Jack notices fresh cuts on Unknown's hand.

JACK

Why are you here again?

UNKNOWN

I need to know if you and Jill can still be trusted.

JACK

You're asking me now if I can be trusted?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN

You know what I'm dealing with
Jack? Sticky memos which may have
fallen behind the desk of a untidy
government worker! Lost emails!
Small detailed bits of information
about the harsh realities of what
we do floating free like cancer
cells in the body!

JACK

We're fine.

UNKNOWN

Jill's not fine.

JACK

Xavior?

Unknown shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jill isn't going to fly off the
handle in any way that could
damage the Presidents credibility.
No more than it already has.

UNKNOWN

How quickly a year goes by huh?
You have done well.

JACK

Have you found anyone to replace
us?

UNKNOWN

We may not have to if you stick
around for another year.

JACK

It's not good for us anymore. You
can't raise a baby in this
environment.

UNKNOWN

Roan will adapt.

Jack stands up from the table and throws down money.

JACK

He'd be better off as sperm in my
dead dick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jack grabs the baby pictures.

JACK (CONT'D)
There's putty on them.

Unknown stares back at Jack coldly.

JACK (CONT'D)
I have to go home.

UNKNOWN
See ya family man.

Jack turns away from Unknown and walks out of the bar while peeling putty off the baby pictures.

EXT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EVENING

Jack pulls in the drive-way. He walks into the house with a cooler.

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

MARIE, the nanny of the house, has ROAN in her arms. Jack sees the upstairs bedroom door shut.

MARIE
She's been locked in there all day.

Jack sets down the cooler and takes ROAN from MARIE.

JACK
What happened?

MARIE
I was downstairs when she started shouting about something then the door slammed. When I got up stairs, Roan was crying on the floor.

JACK
Thanks Marie.

Jack picks up the cooler and walks upstairs with Roan.

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks in with the cooler, seeing Jill laying on the bed, painting her nails. Her thumb, middle, and pinky are black. She paints white polish onto her pointer finger.

JILL

I dropped Roan.

JACK

He's fine. I have something for you.

Jill turns towards Jack seeing the cooler.

JACK (CONT'D)

She was a botanist.

Jill refocuses on painting her nails and covers her ring finger in white polish.

JILL

I don't need another's burden
Jack.

JACK

She was a legitimate donor.

JILL

What if we do the transplant and
it turns out the problem wasn't my
heart but me?

JACK

Then you're out of excuses. The
heart you have now won't be useful
in 10 more days anyway.

JILL

You really think Unknown will let
us leave?

JACK

I trust him.

JILL

How? We don't even know his name.

Jill blows on her nails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I've gone through nearly every name in the alphabet and have narrowed it down to the zs. I think I'm getting close.

Jack lays on the bed.

JACK

We're almost done Jill.

JILL

Don't be so fucking naive. You should take Roan and leave. I'll stay and deal with Unknown.

JACK

He maybe a killer but he's not insane. He doesn't have a reason to kill us, unless we leave.

Beat.

JILL (CONT'D)

(somberly)

Today, I was thinking about that night we met at the motel. I felt sympathetic for the first time in a long while. I felt like I wasn't motivated by greed or hate. You gave me my humanity back for a brief moment.

(beat)

You and Roan deserve yours.

Jack wraps his arm around Jill.

JACK

Neither of us deserve our humanity if we can't take care of Roan together. I love you Jill.

A tear streams down Jill's face.

JILL

(quietly)

I love you too.

Jack and Jill hold each other.

FADE TO:

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jill wakes to a buzzing text. She knows and looks at Jack. She puts lip stick on from her night drawer and kisses him leaving her lip imprint. She gets out of bed and goes to her closet and grabs a outfit from it.

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jill opens the door revealing Unknown.

UNKNOWN

Ready?

She nods and passes through the door frame.

FADE TO:

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jack has smeared Jill's lipstick all over his pillow. He wakes up and sees Jill is gone. Jack goes over to Jill's closet and finds her clothes except for one missing outfit.

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He goes into the garage and sees Jill's car is also missing.

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack picks up his cell phone to call Jill. He gets her voice mail. He scrolls down to Unknown's number and presses send.

EXT. BEAU ATROCE - CONTINUOUS

Unknown stands outside of Beau Atroce which is now a smoldering pile of rubble. He ignores Jack's call and gets in his car. He takes off.

INT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack puts his head in his hands, then gets up quickly. He grabs his keys and leaves the bedroom.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON

The White House.

INT. BILL HARTFORD'S GRAND JURY TESTIMONY - CONTINUOUS

Bill Hartford, white as a ghost, walks into a single room and prepares to deliver his testimony in front of a camera.

TESTIMONY TAKER

Are you alright Mr. President?

He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

BILL

I think I had some bad couchon de lait last night.

TESTIMONY TAKER

I won't waste your time Mr. President. The computer we recovered from McCarver's Meat Packing had 8 I.P. Addresses from the Department of Human Resources.

Bill hacks some blood up into his handkerchief.

BILL

I prosecuted all involved!

TESTIMONY TAKER

Without a trial. You don't see anything wrong with that?

BILL

(horse and strained)
I did what I felt was right! Why waste the American people's time with a trivial trial when I already knew who was guilty? It was important to...

Bill hacks more blood into his handkerchief. It seeps through the white cotton.

BILL

...cut out the cancer as soon as possible!

TESTIMONY TAKER

Sir you have blood on your chin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He wipes the blood away.

TESTIMONY TAKER

There's also the case of the
missing President from...

BILL

Fuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhh!

Bill throws up a loud explosive gusher of blood. It
flies all over the deposition takers notes along with a
middle finger tip with black nail polish.

TESTIMONY TAKER

Oh my.

Bill falls out of his chair. The testimony taker closes
his bloody notebook as men rush in to take the president
to the hospital.

INT. A BAR - CONTINUOUS

Unknown sits in a bar watching the bloody aftermath of
the presidents testimony. TV, shows President Hartford
throwing up blood in slow motion.

Everyone in the bar is flabbergasted by the site of the
live death of The President. The BARTENDER see's Unknown
seemingly unfazed.

BARTENDER

Can you believe this?

UNKNOWN

He's just another asshole with a
title on his name.

Unknown peels silly putty off the bar top. He leaves.

EXT. JACK AND JILL'S HOUSE - DUSK

A swat team storms the home and finds Marie cleaning.
They point guns at her and force her to the ground.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Where's Jack?

MARIE

(frightened)
He left for work!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SWAT TEAM MEMBER walks down the stairs with Jack's gun.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER 2
I found Jackie boy's gun.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER
Good. Kill her with it.

Marie screams as SWAT TEAM MEMBER 2 shoots her in the head.

INT. BUTCHER SHED - CONTINUOUS

Several workers are cutting and gutting bodies when all the sudden a flashbang goes flying through the door. It explodes blinding the workers. They fall to the ground holding their faces.

A swat team rushes inside.

INT. BUTCHER SHED - JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The swat team kicks Jack's office door down. It's empty.

INT. WEST TEXAS OUTSKIRTS - JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack searches the sides of the road with Roan in a car seat. A news bulletin comes over the radio.

NEWSCASTER

This afternoon President Hartford had a violent heart attack during his Grand Jury Testimony. He was rushed to Walter Reed where he was pronounced dead by Dr. Michael Lanser. An autopsy was performed and human DNA was found in his stomach along with several fingertips. The DNA has yet to be identified but it's safe to say,
(snarky)
The President is dead to rights.

Jack, shocked, looks down at his phone and calls Unknown.

OPERATOR

This is no longer a working number. Please hang up and try again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Oh fucking c'mon!

Jack tries Unknowns number again.

OPERATOR
This is no...

JACK
Fuck!

Roan starts crying. Jack notices a burnt out car on the side of the road. He gets closer. It's Jill's. Jack slams on the gas and throws his phone out of the window.

CUT TO BLACK.

REPORTER (V.O.)
An all too familiar morbid scene of horror not unlike McCarver's, reprised here in West Texas.

FADE TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICO BORDER - NIGHT

Jack crosses the border line between Texas and New Mexico. A trooper waits by the side of the road.

INT. NEW MEXICO BORDER - TROOPER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The trooper picks up his radio.

TROOPER
I have a license plate of the fugitive. How should I precede?

DISPATCH
Follow but don't make it obvious. We have a specialist on call.

TROOPER
Copy that.

The trooper pulls out and follows Jack.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICO - FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD - NIGHT

Jack turns into a neighborhood and the TROOPER continues down the road.

EXT. NEW MEXICO - TAIMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack gets out of his car holding Roan in his car seat. He walks up to a porch and knocks on the door.

TAIMA LONGSTROM

Jack?

JACK

I'm sorry Taima, it's so late, but you're the only person I can trust.

TAIMA

Come in.

INT. TAIMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits at the dinner table.

JACK

Why would I kill my housekeeper? It doesn't make sense.

TAIMA

It doesn't?

JACK

No. It doesn't.

Jack sees pictures of Taima's family around the house.

JACK

Where's your wife?

Taima brings Jack a bloody steak from the kitchen. Taima smiles.

TAIMA

Right here!

Jack is horrified but not surprised.

JACK

No, I can't eat anymore of that shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAIMA

(laughing)
I'm just kidding! She's out of town. It's steak...

JACK

From a human?

TAIMA

No, no, that's an annual indulgence. This is steak steak.

Taima puts the plate down in front of Jack.

JACK

Thanks.

(pause)

How will I explain to Roan that his mother was a serial killer?

Taima sits down at the table with Jack.

TAIMA

Survival isn't a sin. What Jill did wasn't a sin. What you'll have to do to get away from these predators won't be a sin.

JACK

What am I going to do?

TAIMA

Go underground, like The Reptilian you are.

JACK

They'll find me.

TAIMA

Who?

JACK

Unknown, cops, countless freelance killers.

TAIMA

Unknown?

JACK

The man that connected Jill and I to the global meat trade. He has a scarred up hand and always carries around silly putty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAIMA

Those scars aren't his. Come with me.

They get up.

EXT. TAIMA'S HOUSE - SKULL SHED - CONTINUOUS

Jack follows Taima outside to a shed. Taima opens it revealing 1000's of human skulls. Jack turns away to walk back inside.

JACK

I've had enough of this shit.

Taima grabs Jack's arm.

TAIMA

Just listen. My father and his people didn't have the luxury of escaping New Mexico during the dirty thirties. They were forced to devour an entire town to survive. These are their skulls. My father, having the most became tribe leader. At the time skulls symbolized power. He moved the tribe into the town to escape the harsh conditions of the desert.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICAN TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

A billowing dust storm looms in the background.

TAIMA (V.O.)

Then a man named Peter Fallgater came to town with his family.

A car flies down dusty main street. PETER FALLGATER gets out of his car and approaches a man in the town.

PETER

Excuse me I'm a little lost. I'm trying to get out of New Mexico.

The tribesman starts laughing hysterically.

TRIBESMAN

Out? Of? New Mexico?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The TRIBESMAN quickly thumps Peter on the head with a pistol. Peter's wife starts screaming and tries to get into the drivers seat. The tribesman shoots her through the windshield. A crying baby can be heard from inside the car.

The approaching dust cloud envelops the town. The tribesman crushes aired sand between his teeth and continues laughing hysterically.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP ON TRIBESMAN'S LAUGHING FACE

FEATHER cuts the tribesman's head off. A group of Reptilians stand around Feather along with YOUNG TAIMA.

FEATHER

This is what happens when you eat
brains! I don't care how hungry
you get! Don't!

Feather picks up PETER'S baby and takes YOUNG TAIMA by the hand and leave the rest of the tribe.

INT. TAIMA'S HOUSE - OFFICE - PRESENT

Taima shows Jack a photo of Feather, Zeke, and himself from the 50's.

TAIMA

Zeke Fallgater, your Unknown,
became my little brother. He
became Zeke Longstrom.

JACK

The fucking Z's...

TAIMA

What?

JACK

Nevermind.

TAIMA (V.O.)

After the dust bowl ended two
things happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAIMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 My father became mayor and the
 tribe began living the civil lives
 of those they took, with one
 exception.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - REPTILIAN CEREMONY - NIGHT

FEATHER performs the bloody ceremony. YOUNG ZEKE
 watches on, accepting the brutal butchery.

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

TEENAGE TAIMA and YOUNG ZEKE collect rocks to throw at a
 cactus.

YOUNG ZEKE
 How come I don't look like dad or
 you or mom?

TEENAGE TAIMA throws a rock, missing the cactus and turns
 to Zeke and begins explaining.

TAIMA (V.O.)
 I told him the truth. I told him
 it was beyond our father's control
 but still he became frustrated.

Zeke hangs his head.

TAIMA (V.O.)
 He started acting out in his
 teens.

INT. NEW MEXICAN TOWN - A RESIDENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TEENAGE ZEKE knocks on the door of the house. A RESIDENT
 comes to the door.

ZEKE
 Can I get some milk?

RESIDENT
 Sure Zeke.

Zeke takes out a knife as the door shuts behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAIMA (V.O.)

He began eating fellow tribesmen
out of spite. There was a witch
hunt.

INT. FEATHER'S - OFFICE - NIGHT

Feather paces around the house, talking on the phone with
disgruntled citizens of the tribe.

FEATHER

I know, I know, we're searching!
Put the guns up, calm down and
lock your doors! Okay? Good.

Feather slams the phone down.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

TEENAGE ZEKE leads Taima outside the town to a patch of
desert.

TAIMA

We shouldn't be out here Zeke.

TEENAGE ZEKE

It's right over here.

Zeke keeps walking and stops at a hay covered patch of
dirt. He takes away the hay and a blanket covering a
hole full of rotting heads.

TEENAGE ZEKE

Just like Dad's collection!

Taima is stunned.

TEENAGE ZEKE

(gleefully)
I'm the one!

Taima tackles Zeke to the ground.

TAIMA

We don't do this anymore Zeke!

TEENAGE ZEKE

It's tradition Taima. It's my
purpose, it's providence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAIMA

It's blind vengeance.

TEENAGE ZEKE

It's that too. Do you think Dad
will be proud of me?

TAIMA

No!

Zeke pulls a knife.

TEENAGE ZEKE

(angry)
Let me up!

Taima gets off Zeke. Zeke stands up and continues to
point the knife at Taima.

TEENAGE ZEKE (CONT'D)

I'm showing him!

Zeke turns and starts running towards the town. Taima
catches him by the arm. Zeke spins around and slashes
Taima across the stomach. Taima falls to the ground.
Zeke continues to run towards the town.

UNKNOWN AKA ZEKE (V.O.)

Then what happened Taima?

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jack spins around seeing Zeke with a skull and a silenced
pistol. Taima's brains explode onto Jack's face. Zeke
raises up the skull and knocks Jack out.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. A MEAT LOCKER FILLED WITH BODIES - NIGHTMARE

Jack sits across from Jill's dead body. Jill and the
other bodies in the freezer begin to melt into a black
goo that fills the room until it rises passed Jack's
shoulders. Jack struggles against the black muck, barely
keeping his head above as it continues to swell.

Jack looks up and spits the black muck into the air. The
particles of muck go up and into the air and remain
suspended.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jill's fingers come up from the black goo, moving closer to Jack's face. He notices and looks down. Jill's hand grabs Jack's jaw and pulls him down.

We slip into the black goo. Our eyes are covered.

FADE IN:

JILL'S NIGHTMARE

A pier extends into a blustery green sea with turbulent skies swirling above. Jack walks down the pier seeing 2 figures at the end. A man who is pulling something from the sea and Jill's familiar frame.

The man hastily puts a balled up greenish sheet in front of Jill's legs. The man that was handling the sheet turns back around and throws a crab trap into the water.

Jack gets to the end where Jill mourns with her hands on her face. Jack kneels down and starts to unravel the sheet.

SERIES OF SHOTS: INTERCUT BETWEEN MAN, JACK, AND JILL

The MAN stabs a large catfish in the head with a knife.

JACK unraveling.

Jill turning towards Jack.

The MAN takes the fish off his knife and shoves it inside the bait bay of the crab trap.

Jack unraveling.

Jill turning.

Man Knifing, cutting, baiting.

Jack unraveling.

Jill turning.

The man throws the crab trap into the water.

Jack digs deep enough into the sheet to reveal a greenish dead baby with no eyes. He starts to scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jill finally is turned all the way around and starts to laugh hysterically while clutching her bloody heart in her right hand and holding onto Jack with her left.

JILL
 (laughing)
 You must become unwhole before
 you're whole again Jack!

Jack tries to pull away from Jill's grasp. The green wave gets closer. As the wave is about to pound into the pier, Jack pulls his arm out of Jill's grasp.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TAIMA'S HOUSE - SKULL SHED - NIGHT

Jack pulls his arm out of the rope constraints Zeke had tied around Jack's arms. He looks around the shed and sees Taima dead with wide eyes and a gun shot to the head. Zeke comes into the shed wearing a chef's apron.

ZEKE
 Taima can't tell you the rest of
 the story, but I'd be obliged.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A angry mob of Reptilians shout outside Feather's house while Zeke and Feather argue. Feather grabs Zeke and slams him against the wall

FEATHER
 I should give you up to them!
 What were you fucking thinking?

ZEKE
 I thought you'd be proud of me!

FEATHER
 Those times are over Zeke! How
 the fuck am I going to protect you
 now?

ZEKE
 Kill them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEATHER

(laughs)
I should kill you!

Zeke's eyes grow cold.

EXT. NEW MEXICAN TOWN - MAYOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A mob member looks through Feather's window and see's the scuffle.

MOB MEMBER

Feather is beating his son!

The mob starts kicking at Feather's door.

INT. NEW MEXICAN TOWN - MAYOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Zeke stabs Feather in the stomach. He starts screaming. Zeke pulls his knife out of Taima's stomach and cuts off Feather's scarred right hand.

ZEKE

I won't give up your dream, even
if you have.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Zeke has Feather's skull in his hand and stares at it.

ZEKE

After I killed Feather I ran
outside and told the mob he was
the witch. I showed them the
heads and Taima, was unconscious
from blood loss.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BACK OF A MOVING APPLE TRUCK - DAY - FLASHBACK

Zeke sits in the back of the apple truck with a cooler. He opens it and places Feather's hand on ice.

ZEKE (V.O.)

By the time Taima was well enough
to tell the truth, I was gone.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Zeke holds Feather's skull up to his head.

ZEKE

I'd say we have more of a
resemblance now than we had when
Feather was alive. Our right
hands are at least the same.

Zeke sets the skull down and starts sharpening knives.
Jack see's the circular scar going around Zeke's wrist.

ZEKE

I couldn't think of a better way
to get rid of you Jack. I
honestly don't even like the
taste.

JACK

Just let us go.

ZEKE

So you can be caught and implicate
me? Unfortunately you know my
real name now. This name has a
social security number. It's
known. And one day I'd like to
run for President under the name
Zeke Longstrom. It's a good name.
Just imagine how vast my
collection could grow if I were
President. Huh Taima?

Zeke looks at Taima.

ZEKE

He's not talking. Like my dead
dog.

Zeke goes back to sharpening carving knives. Jack starts
feeling around for blunt objects at arms reach.

JACK

You'll need a family Zeke.

ZEKE

What was that?

JACK

If you run you'll need a family.
Nobody will vote for some lone
scarred up cunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

But I have Roan. In a strange way
he's my son anyway.

Zeke plays with Roan and hands him the putty trying to
quell his cries.

ZEKE

And I can hire a wife.

Jack clinches his fist, not finding anything blunt.

JACK

What do you mean, your son?

ZEKE

(laughing)

Whose cock and balls do you think
you have Jack?

Jack starts gagging in disgust.

ZEKE

Have you ever been to The Louvre
Jack? No, neither have I. You
know why? Because there's a
fucking two mile long line, only
to see the Mona Lisa for 5 fucking
seconds before you get shoved
passed it by human cattle! I hate
fucking lines! I hate traffic! I
fucking hate humanity! I hate it
so fucking much I never wanted the
desire to propagate it!

(pause)

I castrated myself and happily
donated it to Paul.

Taima turns away from Jack and goes back to sharpening
his knives.

JACK

(gagging)

What did you do to Jill?

ZEKE

The President, being as brash as
he was, god fucking bless him,
turned into a liability.

(pause)

So, Jill and I made a deal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

I told her that if she took poison before feeding herself to Bill, I'd let you and Roan go. She sacrificed herself for you guys. Too bad you decided to run. You would have only spent life in jail and Roan would have been orphaned.

Jack tears up.

ZEKE

Almost sharp enough.

Jack wipes the tears from his eyes and gets up with restraints still on his legs. He hops behind Zeke and knocks him to the ground. Zeke smacks his head on the table, giving him a large bloody gash.

EXT. TAIMA'S HOUSE - NEW MEXICAN DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Jack grabs Roan and continues hopping outside with Roan close to his chest. He undoes the ropes around his legs and starts to run. Zeke recovers and chases after Jack.

Roan cries as Jack gets deeper into the desert. Zeke starts shooting at Jack. Jack dodges snake after snake. Zeke squashes them.

Out of the blue, the left hand of Feather Longstrom comes out of the ground and trips Zeke. He falls to his face. Zeke looks behind him and sees nothing. He turns his head to look at Jack who is still running away.

Zeke puts his hand to the ground to pick himself up but presses the body of a snake instead. It hisses at Zeke and bites him several times in the face.

Jack stops running, hearing Zeke screaming in agony. Snakes surround him and continue biting him. His cries fade.

Jack cautiously walks towards Zeke making sure he's incapacitated by snake venom. As he approaches, snakes slither away out of respect for Jack.

Jack comes up over Zeke.

ZEKE

At least we suffered for intangibles Jack. You love, me, hate and power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zeke slips away. The sun begins to come up over the horizon.

INT. TAIMA'S HOUSE - ZEKE'S BLACK BUICK - DAWN

Jack puts Roan in his car seat and gets into the driver seat of the Buick. He reflects on Jill's nightmare.

JILL (V.O.)

You have to become unwhole before
you're whole again.

Jack looks at his crotch and takes out a knife, contemplating castration.

EXT. THE ROAD - ZEKE'S BLACK BUICK - CONTINUOUS

The buick travels down the road away from Taima's house. Mass Production by Iggy Pop starts playing.

FADE OUT.