

Donors

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INT. A BED - DAWN

A WOMAN's face in profile rests on a pillow. A cascade of black hair obscures her features. Morning light paints her pale skin with subtle warmth.

We become aware of a SOUND. An edge-of-consciousness SCREAM, almost too soft to hear.

The Woman moves. Some hair slips aside, reveals more -- closed eyes, a shimmer of a smile, a ghostly beauty.

Later, we'll recognize her as MARLA (20s).

INT. A DARK ROOM

A powerful overhead light flicks on, illuminates a NAKED BODY lying face down on a cold hospital gurney.

A FIGURE -- barely in the light -- stands over the Body.

That invasive SCREAM lingers.

Two tight SNAPS and the Figure's got some latex gloves on.

Next to the Body -- an empty tray. The Figure's piano player hands lay out: forceps, scissors, scalpel.

The Figure sponges the Body, traces a line from the base of the skull and on down the spine.

The Figure steps into the light. He wears a tuxedo protected by an apron, not scrubs. This definitely isn't a hospital.

EXT. HUGE CITY - DUSK

We glide over a dense metropolis from far above. A mess of black pockets and neon streaks.

DOWN AT STREET LEVEL, in the dim alleyways and nooks, the urban microcosm BUZZES -- drowns out the SCREAM.

IN AN ABANDONED LOT, a HOMELESS MAN CLANGS around inside a dumpster.

Elsewhere, IN AN ALLEYWAY, the echoed and distorted sounds of anger and violence.

This is a contemporary city, much like Los Angeles. Familiar. Recognizable. And yet not. Something is different. Something is wrong. The dark shadows you sometimes catch in the corner of your eye are bigger here and harder to ignore.

EXT. BACK ALLEY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A beat-up van pulls to the curb, its side door opening. SOMEONE within launches a bucket full of something horrific onto the pavement.

The van screeches away. Gone.

We're left with the slimy shit as it oozes from pavement to gutter. It's mostly thick and viscous, but mixed within are some solid chunks:

A lifeless fish eye, a gill flap and something that still twitches.

A SKETCHY MAN appears from within a shadowy doorway. He moves -- furtive, silent -- across to the ooze. He squats. His filthy hands reach in, searching.

RUN OPENING TITLES.**EXT. DISUSED COMMERCIAL WHARF - NIGHT**

At the end of the wharf, a portable light tower illuminates a HUGE TRUCK with a CRANE on the back. Its thick steel hoist rope -- stretched tight -- runs down into the water below.

A crew of WORKMEN crowd the machinery and check the rigging. The crane's diesel engine strains to life and pulls.

A UNIFORMED COP bears witness as a car emerges from beneath the surface of the water.

The car's cabin drains. The lifeless, ghost-pale body of a YOUNG WOMAN blurs into visibility behind the wheel.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

The WHITE-NOISE DRONE of freeway traffic fills the pitiful space. Bare walls, discount furniture, a pile of unwashed laundry. A naked bulb in the ceiling fights the gloom.

In the corner, on a drop-sheet, are pieces of a broken combustion engine and some tools.

Out through the cracked window a freeway overpass looms.

We hear the unmistakable sounds of someone vomiting. Then a toilet flush.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

SAM WEST (mid 20s) sits on the edge of the bath, a glass of water between his feet. He's got delicate features, scruffy hair, bright eyes.

There's a stillness to him. He seems utterly apart from his surroundings. Outside of the moment.

He cracks two aspirins from a blister pack. They splash into the glass of water and start to FIZZ.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - DAY

Sam heads down the dim tunnel towards a stairwell. He's dressed in jeans and a plain black t-shirt. A satchel over one shoulder.

The sounds of small children -- LAUGHTER, PATTERING feet -- echo through the hall.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Sam strides away from his building. Up ahead, an ambulance is pulled over in front of a decaying bungalow.

TWO PARAMEDICS wheel a stretcher out onto the street. Strapped down on it is a SINEWY MAN (40s). He looks 60. His whole left forearm is bound up in a bandage.

Sam slows so the Paramedics can pass. The Sinewy Man is rigid, bug-eyed and dead still as if frozen solid.

Suddenly the Sinewy Man SCREAMS -- loud, horrific -- and lashes out at his restraints. He forces his head towards his cuffed hand and scratches at his eyes.

The Paramedics rush to hold him down.

Sam turns away and walks on briskly.

INT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - DAY

A bare bones departure lounge in a glorified hangar. Two dozen PASSENGERS. They mill or sit, buried in iPads, dozing.

Sam's hunched forward in a seat, eyes fixed on nothing in particular. The listless tempo of the airport doesn't touch him. He takes a bite of a sandwich and ruminates.

Across the lounge, right in Sam's line of sight, are PASSENGERS who've just come off a flight. There are reunions with loved ones. Hugs, kisses, warm smiles.