



CADAVER

by

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BLACK. SILENT.

SLOWLY MOVING IN, but it's so dark there's no telling where we are or what we're moving into.

As our eyes adjust, something becomes discernible ...

AN OVAL SHAPED MASS

Fleshy. Hair on top. Right in our face.

The sound of GROANING METAL, then A THIN STRIP OF LIGHT illuminates --

A PAIR OF EYES, within the fleshy mass.

Wide open. Fixed on us. Unflinching.

A RATTLING SOUND

Bright, fluorescent light suddenly floods in, revealing --

A HIDEOUS FACE pressed up against us.

Blue skin. Covered in veins. Frozen in a terrified expression.

WHOOSH! We're whisked toward the light and find ourselves inside --

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - DAY

A room lined with GLEAMING, METALLIC DRAWERS.

A MALE CADAVER protrudes from one of them, lying on a metal tray. He's the unfortunate owner of the hideous face.

A PATHOLOGY ASSISTANT connects the tray to a hydraulic cadaver lift, wheels the corpse over to AN AUTOPSY TABLE.

Just across the room ...

THE DOOR is cracked open a bit, a woman visible just outside, peering in from --

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

MEGAN REED (26) quietly watches through the cracked door. She's pretty. Dark hair, styled simply. A hint of sadness behind her astute eyes.

A RECEPTIONIST arrives at her side. As Megan notices her --

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Lewis is ready to see you.

Megan nods, shoots an uneasy glance back at the corpse as we
PRE-LAP --

LEWIS (O.S.)

... You're not what I expected.

INT. MORGUE - LEWIS' OFFICE - SHORTLY

Megan finds herself sitting across from DR. HENRY LEWIS, Lead
Pathologist. He's heavy set and set in his ways.

LEWIS

Dr. Richards said you used to be a
cop. You don't look like a cop.

MEGAN

Undercover narcotics officer.

An uneasy glance from Lewis, as he realizes --

LEWIS

That makes sense. Dr. Richards
mentioned that she ... well, that
you were ...

MEGAN

Her patient.

LEWIS

Right.

He seems uncomfortable with that. Megan anxiously crosses
her arms. Uncrosses them. Not sure what to do with them.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I'll tell you straight up -- this
job isn't for everyone. We've had
three overnight intake assistants
in the last six months alone.

MEGAN

Because of the odd hours?

LEWIS

Because the job attracts burnouts.
No offense. It's a thankless,
solitary position. Aside from the
occasional ambulance driver, your
only co-workers are 150 cadavers.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)
And you never get used to the
smell.

He checks Megan's reaction. She smiles politely.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
But you come highly recommended by
Dr. Roberts. She assured me that
you can handle the job.
(leans forward)
I need to hear it from you. Is
this something you can handle?

Megan forces a smile.

MEGAN
It's exactly what I'm looking for.

EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

WHOOSH! A pair of double doors fly open. Lewis and Megan
emerge from then, stepping onto --

A LOADING DOCK, where INTAKE ASSISTANTS are unloading a body
from a coroner's van.

LEWIS
This all works differently at
night. We don't have the funds to
keep C.O. Investigators on call --
which means after hour retrievals
are facilitated through our
contracts with the ambulance
companies.

He walks over to AN INTERCOM with a button, near the doors.

LEWIS(CONT'D)
Drivers pull up -- ring this little
buzzer --

He presses the button, instigating A BUZZING SOUND, as if
Megan needed a demonstration to comprehend such a thing.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
-- You let them in.

MEGAN
Yes, sir.

LEWIS
Everyone else has to enter through
the hospital's main entrance.
(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)
The intake bay is for drop-off's
only. No drop-off, no access.

MEGAN
No exceptions. Got it.

Henry nods, pleased. Then he blinks, realizing --

LEWIS
I should have asked you before.
You're not squeamish, are you?

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

A TEENAGED GIRL'S CORPSE stares up at Megan. Opaque eyes.
Bloated skin. She can't be a day over 15.

Megan tries to appear unfazed, focusing on Lewis as he
photographs the body with AN X-RAY LIKE MACHINE.

LEWIS
... Four overlapping quadrants.
Every inch of skin has to be
photographed.

He CLICKS a button. Moves the overhead camera further down
the body -- CLICKS again. Then he looks at Megan --

LEWIS (CONT'D)
(testing her)
How many quadrants?

Megan stares at him. *Is this a trick question?*

MEGAN
Four.

Lewis nods, impressed that she bothered to listen.

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

THE TEEN GIRL'S FINGERS are pressed into an inky black pad.

Lewis lowers them to a white card, capturing the print.
Overexplaining to Megan, like she's a kindergartner --

LEWIS
Gently roll the finger from left to
right, without pressing too hard.
Otherwise, you get a nasty smudge.
Now, you try.

Megan presses the girl's finger into the pad, trying not to look at her face. Or cringe at the overwhelming stench. Then she lowers it to the white card.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Ah-ah. Gentle, now. Just rooollll
... rooollll ...

Megan considers slapping him with the corpse's hand. She decides against it.

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

Lewis loads the card containing the fingerprints into A SCANNER, a GREEN LIGHT glowing from the display.

LEWIS
This little doohickey sends the prints to a crime database. Green means it's ready. Red means it's not. Like a street light.

MEGAN
Got it.

He stares at her for a beat, unsure. Then reiterates --

LEWIS
Make sure the light is green before you insert the card.

Exhibiting the patience of Job --

MEGAN
Yes, sir.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

Lewis slides the corpse inside one of the metal drawers, closes the door.

LEWIS
Once they're inside the cooler, the rest is up to the morning staff. As long as you've done your job, they'll be able to do theirs.

Megan eyes all of those metal doors, unsettled ...

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - DAY

FOLLOWING Megan and Lewis as they pass CLOSED DOORS ...

LEWIS

Teaching morgue ... incinerator
room for cremations -- you'll never
need to go in there. You like
crossword puzzles?

MEGAN

(no)
Who doesn't?

LEWIS

Helps pass the time. Keeps you
awake. I'm a Sudoku man myself.

MEGAN

I have a stack of books I've been
meaning to --

LEWIS

-- Plenty of files that need to be
entered into the new system, too.
Hope you don't mind data entry.

He checks Megan for attitude. She smiles humbly.

MEGAN

Whatever you need me to do.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

A tiny cubicle surrounded by glass walls. Just down the
corridor from the intake bay.

Lewis hands Megan an ID BADGE and an ELECTRONIC KEY CARD.

LEWIS

Nobody gets in or out without
swiping that card. You get locked
out, hospital security has to let
you back in. They won't be happy.

MEGAN

It won't be an issue.

LEWIS

Shift starts tomorrow night at
seven. Goes until six the next
morning. Any problems with that?

MEGAN

Not at all.

(a beat)

Thank you for the opportunity. I
promise you won't be disappointed.

Lewis smirks.

LEWIS

That's what the last guy said.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MOVING OVER a surprisingly bare living space. Just the
necessities. A sofa. A coffee table.

And books. Lots of books. Titles like, "*Healing the
Addicted Brain*" ... "*Breaking Addiction*" ... "*Rational
Recovery*."

KEEP MOVING down a short hallway, to --

THE BATHROOM

-- where Megan washes her face at the sink.

MEGAN'S REFLECTION in the mirror, her facial features
obscured by cleanser. She bends down, rinses the cleanser
away. As she rises back up --

-- she stills. Regards her reflection in the mirror, like
she doesn't quite recognize herself ...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

THE SUN is beginning to sink behind the hospital.

HOSPITAL EMPLOYEES file out of the main entrance, heading for
THE PARKING LOT, where MEGAN'S CAR pulls into a spot.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - SHORTLY

Megan stops in front of a security guard (60's), his head
buried in a newspaper. His name is ERNIE HOBBS -- it says so
on his ID badge.

MEGAN

Do you need to see you my ID?

Ernie looks up, annoyed.

ERNIE
You work here?

MEGAN
In the morgue. I'm Megan.

ERNIE
Then, no.

He goes back to his paper. *Okay, then.* Megan heads toward the elevator.

INT. MORGUE - ENTRY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DING! The elevator doors slide open.

Megan steps off, walks down a short corridor with A DOOR at the end. A sign above it reads, "MORGUE."

MEGAN'S KEY CARD swipes through a reader -- CLUNK -- the door unlocks.

Megan opens it, disappears inside the subterranean tomb.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A cold, sterile hallway.

Empty. Silent. Eerie.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

AN ANALOG CLOCK TICKS away on the wall. Right above --

MEGAN, at her desk, wearing a white lab coat now. She mindlessly enters old files into the computer.

After a moment she stops, shakes her hands out. Looks up at the clock. She seems anxious.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Megan roams the lonely hallways, wringing her hands. Her FOOTSTEPS ECHO ... everything else silent. Until --

BUZZ!

Megan startles.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

Megan arrives at the double doors, AN AMBULANCE visible through the window.

She pulls her key card from her pocket, swipes it through the reader -- CLUNK -- the doors unlock.

Megan pulls them open, sees a rough looking FEMALE AMBULANCE DRIVER waiting on the loading dock. She's sneering at Megan.

AMBULANCE DRIVER
Who are you?

MEGAN
Um. Megan. Nice to meet --

AMBULANCE DRIVER
-- Great. Another newbie.

She shoves a clipboard at Megan. Heads back toward ANOTHER DRIVER, who is opening up the back doors of the ambulance.

Megan takes a deep breath, exhales ...

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

A PAIR OF LATEX GLOVES snap on to Megan's hands.

WHOOSH! A sheet is whisked away from the body of AN EMACIATED, ELDERLY MAN.

THE OVERHEAD CAMERA is positioned on his legs.

Megan CLICKS a button, snaps a photo. Then she moves the camera further up the body -- CLICK.

She seems less anxious now that she has something to do.

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

ELDERLY MAN'S FINGERS are pressed into the ink pad.

THE WHITE CARD, as Megan captures the prints.

THE SCANNER, its status light glowing GREEN. Megan feeds the card inside, looks over at --

THE MONITOR -- A PROGRESS BAR moves forward.

BEEP! *"Scan Completed."*

INT. COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

Megan rolls the corpse inside an empty cooler drawer.

CLUNK! She closes the door.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Megan is back at her desk, reading a book -- "*The Healing Road to Recovery*."

HER FOOT TAPS nervously against the floor, anxious again.

She finishes the book, tosses it on the desk. Looks around the room.

She stands up. Paces.

Wipes some perspiration from her forehead.

Places her hand on her chest and feels her heartbeat.

It's the beginning of a mild panic attack. It's happened before and she knows what to do.

She INHALES through her nose ... EXHALES through her mouth. Then she does it again.

There. That's a little better.

She looks around the room, eager for a distraction.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - LATER

A PILE OF RUBBER BANDS scattered across the desk.

REVEAL MEGAN, meticulously wrapping the rubber bands around each other, creating a tiny ball out of them. Trying to keep herself busy.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Megan tosses and turns in bed, agitated, unable to sleep.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Megan stands at her curtains, obsessing over a sliver of DAYLIGHT seeping between the panels.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Megan paces the room in her pajamas. Wired. Anxious.

She stops to straighten a book on the shelf. Paces some more. Stops, picks a piece of lint from the couch.

INT. MEGAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A COOKBOOK open on the counter. Ingredients scattered everywhere.

FIND MEGAN, placing A PAN OF BROWNIES into the oven. She turns back to the mess, starts cleaning up. Happy to keep busy when --

THE DOORBELL RINGS

Megan looks over at the door, surprised. She's not expecting anyone. She walks over to it, pulls it open to reveal --

ANDREW KURTZ (30). Handsome. Rumpled. Tired. And he's not looking forward to this.

MEGAN

Hi.

ANDREW

Hey.

(realizes)

You didn't get my message.

MEGAN

Sorry, I haven't been checking them. Everything okay?

ANDREW

I just need the rest of my stuff.
If it's a bad time --

MEGAN

-- No. Come in.

Andrew steps inside. Megan closes the door behind him. They stare at each other. Eager to cut the tension --

ANDREW

Your hair looks nice. I like what you've done with it.

MEGAN

Oh ... thanks. Guess I just needed a change.

She runs her fingers through it, self conscious. Andrew sniffs the air, noticing --

ANDREW
You cooking something?

MEGAN
Yeah. Um. Brownies.

ANDREW
Brownies?
(looks into kitchen)
In the oven? Who are you and what have you done with Megan Reed?

Megan laughs, rolls her eyes as she heads across the room.

MEGAN
Whatever. I know how to use an oven.

ANDREW
But one that doesn't have the word "microwave" in front of it? I'm impressed.

MEGAN
You should be. I've been learning how to do a lot of things, lately.

She retrieves A BOX from the corner, hands it to Andrew. The levity of the moment is suddenly replaced by finality.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
This should be everything. If not, I can reimburse you for --

ANDREW
-- Don't worry about it.
(a beat)
Everything's okay? You're good?

MEGAN
Yeah. Really good.

He eyes her, not completely sure.

ANDREW
You're in your pajamas. You've been sleeping during the day?

MEGAN
I started a new job last week. A night job.

ANDREW
Doing what?

MEGAN
Overnight intake assistant. At the
county morgue.

Andrew studies her, like he's waiting for the punch line --
and he just realized it's not coming.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
It's better than it sounds. I'm
basically running the place at
night. All on my own.

ANDREW
You think that's a good idea?
Spending so much time alone right
now?

Megan sinks a little.

MEGAN
What's that supposed to mean?

ANDREW
It wasn't an accusation. Too much
time alone isn't good for anyone.

MEGAN
Says the guy who moved out.

ANDREW
You didn't give me much of a
choice.

MEGAN
That's not true. You *know* that's
not true.

ANDREW
Since when are you concerned with
the truth?

That devolved quickly. And now Megan looks stung.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Look, I didn't come over here to
... I should go.

He starts for the door.

MEGAN
Wait.

He turns back. Megan approaches him, takes a deep breath.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You're right. I lied to you. At the end, all I did was lie. It's what addicts do. But that's not who I am anymore.

(off Andrew)

I'm doing everything I can. Everything I know how to do -- to prove it to you.

Andrew considers ...

ANDREW

Do it for yourself, Meg. Not me.

With that, he's out the door. Off Megan, trying to hold herself together --

EXT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

A FADING SUN sinks behind the building.

Megan hurries across the parking lot, toward the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Megan presses the elevator's call button. Leans against the wall, sleep deprived. Her puffy, red eyes glance over at --

DAVE, a security guard. He looks like a gawky kid, not a day over 21. And he's smiling at her. He might have a crush.

MEGAN

Where's Ernie?

DAVE

In the can. For like an hour.

MEGAN

Should I be worried or disgusted?

DAVE

Be afraid. Be very afraid.

Megan laughs.

DING! The elevator arrives.

MEGAN

Have a good night.

DAVE
You too, Megan.

Megan steps into the elevator. The doors slide shut and --

INT. MORGUE - ENTRY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DING! The elevator doors open.

Megan walks to the morgue door, swipes her key card through the reader -- CLUNK.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

MEGAN'S FINGERS TAP against the keyboard as she enters files into the computer. The sound ECHOES through the morgue.

She finishes up a stack of files, looks up at --

THE CLOCK -- 7:30.

Megan promptly swivels around in her chair, to a small coffee maker. She pours herself a cup, takes a SIP.

Then she spins back around, pulls THE RUBBER BAND BALL from a desk drawer. It's the size of a softball now.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Megan walks down the empty hall, leisurely bouncing the rubber band ball against the floor.

THUMP ... THUMP ...

It creates a THUNDEROUS ECHO.

INT. SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

THE CLOCK -- 9:00

Right on the dot. Megan looks away from the clock, grabs her purse. She digs a book out, "*Rational Recovery*."

She has a routine now. And it seems to be working for her. She opens the book and begins to read. After a moment --

A CLICKING sound ECHOES down the corridor.

Megan lowers the book, listens.

CLICK -- CLICK

Her brow furrows ... *what is that?*

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

Megan emerges from a connecting corridor, looks up and down this one.

CLICK -- CLICK.

She turns to her left, moves down the hallway ...

CLICK -- CLICK -- CLICK

She follows the sound, right up to ...

THE MAIN ENTRANCE

As she reaches the door, the CLICKING STOPS.

She stands there a moment, thinking. Then she reaches to the door knob, jiggles it back and forth.

It makes the exact same CLICKING sound.

A moment as she ponders ... *was someone trying to get inside without a key card?* She leans toward the door, calls out --

MEGAN

Hello?

(silence)

Is someone there?

More silence. Then --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(through door)

Hello?

Megan startles.

MEGAN

Who's there?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(through door)

I lost my key. Will you open the door?

Megan stares at the door. There's something odd about the tone of his voice.

MEGAN
Do you work here?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes. Now let me in.

A beat.

MEGAN
What's your name?

Momentary silence, then --

MAN'S VOICE
Please. I'm in a hurry.

Megan eyes the door ... *this seems weird.*

MEGAN
Sorry, you'll have to clear it with
hospital security.

Silence again.

Megan presses her ear to the door, listens. When she doesn't hear anything, she pulls away. Heads back down the corridor.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - LATER

A COFFEE POT is emptied into a mug.

Megan downs it in one gulp. Rubs her tired eyes. Then she grabs the empty pot, heads into the hallway.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

AT THE SINK, Megan fills the coffee pot with water.

The coolers HUM behind her.

Megan turns off the sink, fighting a yawn when --

A BUZZER SCREAMS through the morgue.

Megan startles, realizes it came from the intake bay.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

Megan arrives at the double doors, AN AMBULANCE visible through the window. She reaches into her lab coat pocket, pulls out her key card and swipes it through the reader.

CLUNK -- the door unlocks.

She pulls it open, sees A MALE AMBULANCE DRIVER (30) waiting for her on the loading dock.

MEGAN

Drop off?

AMBULANCE DRIVER

You new here?

MEGAN

I'm Megan. *Drop off?*

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Yeah. I'm Randy. You mind giving me a hand? I'm on my own tonight.

Megan surveys the area, cautious. When she doesn't see anyone else around --

MEGAN

Sure.

She pushes both doors open, lowers the stop. Then she --

EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SAME

-- steps outside and approaches Randy at the ambulance. As he opens the back doors of the vehicle ...

RANDY

Really appreciate this. Partner called in sick with strep throat, which is one hundred percent grade-A bullshit. He's holing up with his psychotic ex-girlfriend, who is absolutely, without a doubt, banging all of his friends behind his back.

Megan studies him. This guy's a talker. Nice enough though.

MEGAN

Sounds like he should pick his friends more carefully.

RANDY

His psychotic ex-girlfriends, too.

Megan can't help but smile. Randy slides a gurney out of the ambulance, which holds A BODY COVERED BY A WHITE SHEET. As Megan helps him lower it from the vehicle, we notice --

IN THE BACKGROUND, BEHIND THEM

A FIGURE is sneaking through the intake bay door.

A quick blur, disappearing inside just as --

-- Megan and Randy lower the legs of the gurney and turn back to the intake bay, barely missing it.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

Quiet. Still. No sign of an intruder.

Megan and Randy wheel the body through the doorway. As soon as they're inside, Megan closes the doors.

RANDY

Thanks again. The guy who used to have your job? Never would have done that. Total prick. Hideous breath, too. How long have you been here?

MEGAN

About a wee--

-- Now that they're in the light, she can see that THE SHEET covering the corpse is drenched in blood.

RANDY

Yeah. It's bad.

MEGAN

What happened?

RANDY

Police found her body in an alley. Some guy was still cutting her open. Ran off when they showed up. Still haven't found him.

Megan looks from the sheet to Randy. Then back to the sheet.

MEGAN

Do they know who he was?

RANDY

No clue.

MEGAN

What about her?

Randy hands her the admittance paperwork. Megan consults it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Anna Grey.

RANDY

According to the ID in her purse.
It was with her, in the alley.

Megan pulls the sheet from the corpse's face, revealing --

ANNA GREY, mid-20's. Blonde hair. Blue eyes. Also --

HER THROAT is one big gaping wound.

Megan tries not to recoil at the sight.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Wait until you see the rest of her.

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

Randy signs paperwork as Megan transfers Anna Grey to the hydraulic lift. She's having trouble. Randy tries to help.

MEGAN

It's okay. I've got it.

RANDY

I really don't mi--

THUNK! Anna lands on the lift, the sheet falling away to reveal --

ANNA GREY'S NUDE BODY

Hideously mutilated. Like someone tried to eviscerate her.

HER NECK WOUND actually extends down to her chest.

HER CHEST itself has been cut wide open.

THE SIDE OF HER ABDOMEN is one long gash.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Told you it was bad.

Megan tries to appear unaffected, but she's clearly disturbed by the viciousness of the crime.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What kind of lunatic mutilates a girl who's already dead? Must have been trying to send a message. Her pimp, maybe? Drug dealer?

Megan reacts to that, but tries not to show it.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Could have been a sex thing, too.
Necrophilia is more common than
you'd think. I knew this guy in
college who --

MEGAN
-- Thanks, I can take it from here.

Randy studies her, notices how anxious she seems now.

RANDY
It gets easier. I promise. It's
all just part of the job.

He offers an empathetic smile.

INT./EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

THROUGH THE WINDOW -- Randy heads back to his ambulance.

REVERSE ANGLE -- MEGAN'S FACE in the window, watching him go.
Wishing now that she hadn't sent him away so quickly.

BEHIND MEGAN

SLOWLY MOVING toward her as she stares out the window ...
getting closer ... closer ... right up to her back and --

-- she whips around, sensing something.

As she surveys the empty hallway, a chill inexplicably runs
up her spine.

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - LATER

A PAIR OF LATEX GLOVES snap onto Megan's hands.

THE OVERHEAD CAMERA is positioned just above Anna's legs.

Megan CLICKS a button, snapping the photo. Then she moves
the camera further up the body. Presses the button and --

-- nothing happens.

She fiddles with the control panel. Tries again to snap a
photo -- no click.

MEGAN
Seriously?

She makes sure the machine is still plugged in. Stares at it. Gives it a WHACK. Nope, that didn't do it.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Great.

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

ANNA GREY'S FINGERS are pressed into the ink pad.

Megan captures the prints on the white card. Then she walks them over to --

THE SCANNER, its status light glowing GREEN.

Megan feeds the card inside, looks over at --

THE MONITOR -- A PROGRESS BAR starts to move forward.

BOOM! The monitor goes dark. The scanner shuts off.

MEGAN

What the ...

She turns the power switch OFF. Then back ON.

THE MONITOR remains dark.

Megan bends down and unplugs the machine. Then she plugs it back in. Rises up and checks --

THE MONITOR -- it's still dark.

She eyes the unresponsive monitor ... the broken photography equipment ... and Anna Grey. *Strange.*

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

A METAL COOLER DOOR opens, revealing an empty drawer inside.

THE HYDRAULIC LIFT rises, lifting Anna Grey up to the drawer.

CLUNK -- Megan releases the tray.

She rolls Anna inside the cooler. About to close the door and lock Anna inside, she hears --

A RATTLING SOUND

Megan pauses. Listens.

Her eyes search the room, finally landing on --

A GLASS JAR, containing surgical instruments. Something is causing it to VIBRATE against the autopsy table.

MEGAN'S EYES narrow as she studies it ...

THE JAR RATTLES LOUDER, teetering on the edge of the table now, about to fall off.

Megan goes for the jar, reaching for it just as --

The jar spontaneously SHATTERS, glass flying.

MEGAN

Shit.

She looks at her hands, sees TINY SHARDS OF GLASS protruding from her palms.

Megan stands there a moment, stunned ... *how did that happen?*

She hurries over to A SINK, turns the water on. Starts picking the tiny shards out of her palms. As she does it, she can't help but throw a glance over at --

ANNA GREY, her feet protruding from the open cooler door.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

SLAM! Anna's cooler door locks into place.

Megan hurries to the exit, opens the door -- CLUNK -- and turns the lights off.

Silhouetted in the doorway, she glances back at Anna's cooler ... a little spooked.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - LATER

A POLICE DEPARTMENT WEBSITE on the computer screen.

Megan enters a USERNAME and PASSWORD. Hits "RETURN." She waits, not sure her password still works ...

A NEW SCREEN loads -- "DMV ACCESS."

MEGAN

Bingo.

She grabs Anna Grey's paperwork from the desk. Types Anna's DRIVER'S LICENSE NUMBER into the website. Hits "RETURN."

A DRIVER'S LICENSE slowly loads on the monitor, in pieces.

LAST NAME: GREY
FIRST NAME: ANNA

A BLURRY PHOTO is still rendering. Pixel by pixel. Then --

BOOM! THE PHOTO sharpens, Anna Grey's features becoming crystal clear.

ON MEGAN, studying the photo, a curious look on her face.

THE PHOTO -- it resembles the woman that Megan just put inside the cooler, but something seems off.

BACK TO MEGAN, unable to put her finger on it.

She CLICKS on a PRINT ICON.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

ANNA GREY'S DRAWER, as it's pulled open.

REVEAL MEGAN, looking down at the body.

She raises a printout of ANNA'S DMV PHOTO to Anna's actual face. Compares the two, side by side.

Now it's more obvious. There's a difference in the cheekbones. Her lips are thinner in the photo. A slight difference in the shape of her nose, too.

MEGAN SQUINTS at the photo, picking up on something else ...

THE CORPSE'S EYES are blue.

THE WOMAN IN THE PHOTO has brown eyes.

Off Megan, no idea what to make of it ...

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - LATER

MEGAN'S FOOT nervously taps against the ground.

RISING UP, we find her playing computer solitaire. Anxious. Unable to concentrate.

She finally stands up. Paces.

Wipes a trail of perspiration from her forehead.

Tugs off her lab coat, hangs it on the back of her chair.

DEEP BREATH ... there. That's a little better.

She grabs HER BOOK from her purse. Sits back down. Begins to read, her anxiety subsiding ...

BANG!

It ECHOES through the morgue.

Megan bolts up.

She looks around ... *what the fuck was that?*

BANG -- BANG

There it is again. She hurries out of the station.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

Megan steps into it, cautious. She looks around, spots something peculiar ...

THE COOLER ROOM DOOR is cracked open -- and there's a light on inside.

MEGAN

Hello?

Silence. Megan steps toward the door.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Who's in there?

Nothing. She reaches out with her fingertips and --

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SAME

-- pushes the door open. As she steps inside ...

MEGAN

Oh my god.

ANNA GREY'S DRAWER is hanging out.

Her body is gone.

Megan stands frozen, her brain not sure how to process it.

BANG -- BANG

She jumps out of her skin.

Spins toward the hallway.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

Megan steps out of the cooler room, surveys ...

MEGAN

Hello?

She moves down the hall, until it T's off into --

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Megan steps into it, looks both ways. Empty.

BANG -- BANG

She snaps to her right. That's where the sound came from. Moving further down the hall, she eyes --

A CLOSED DOOR, only a few feet away.

BANG -- BANG -- BANG

It's coming from behind that door.

Megan walks to it. Steeling herself, she reaches out ... grabs the knob ...

INT. MORGUE - INCINERATOR ROOM - SAME

THE DOOR swings open. Megan steps inside and --

-- her face drops.

ANNA GREY'S CORPSE

It's lying on the floor.

THE INCINERATOR BANGS LOUDLY, gas surging and expanding through the pipes as it heats up.

It takes Megan a second to move. Finally, she steps toward Anna's body ...

BEHIND MEGAN

THE DOOR begins to close, slowly revealing ...

A Man is standing behind it.

TIGHT ON MEGAN, completely unaware. She takes another hesitant step toward Anna and --

A HAND slaps over her mouth, from behind.

A SCALPEL appears at her throat.

MEGAN'S EYES bulge.

THE MAN holds her tightly. He's in his mid-40's. Wild, crazed eyes. Dried blood speckling his face and clothes.

MAN

Stay calm and I won't hurt you.
Understand?

Megan nods emphatically.

MAN (CONT'D)

Now, I'm going to remove my hand
from your mouth. If you scream,
I'll have to slice your throat open
with this scalpel. Got it?

Again, Megan nods.

The Man removes his hand from her mouth. Keeping the scalpel to her throat, he pushes her toward the corner of the room.

MAN (CONT'D)

On the ground. Now.

Megan drops to the floor.

MEGAN

Whoever you are ... whatever you
want ... it's yours.

MAN

That's right. Very good.

Keeping one eye on Megan, The Man walks over to the incinerator. Presses the IGNITER.

WHOOSH! The incinerator fires up.

The Man approaches Anna's body. He stares down at her, shakes his head in frustration ...

MAN (CONT'D)

They never should have tried to
stop me.

And that's when Megan knows with certainty ...

This man is Anna Grey's killer.

He drags Anna's body to the incinerator. Then he kneels down ... stares into her cold, dead eyes.

ON MEGAN, watching him, completely bewildered ...

THE MAN reaches to Anna's face. His breathing quickens.

BACK TO MEGAN, her eyes snapping between the door and The Man. Trying to gauge the distance.

THE MAN runs his hands over Anna's face, caressing it. Then his fingers find their way into her hair ...

BACK TO MEGAN, repulsed ... not sure what he's about to do, but absolutely certain she doesn't want to see it. She rises to her feet.

THE MAN stares down at Anna, lost ...

MEGAN, making a break for it now.

She races out of the room.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

Megan tears down the hallway, adrenaline pumping. Checking over her shoulder --

-- no sign of The Man.

She keeps going. Heading straight for --

THE ENTRY DOOR at the end of the corridor.

She makes it. Reaches down to retrieve her key card from her lab coat pocket and realizes --

MEGAN

Shit.

-- she's not wearing her lab coat. She spins around, bounds back down the corridor as --

-- The Man emerges from the incinerator room.

Megan freezes. So does The Man.

They lock eyes. A stand off.

Megan moves first, darting into --

THE ADJOINING CORRIDOR

She charges down the hall.

As fast as she can go. Trying to make it to --

THE COOLER ROOM, just up ahead.

THE MAN bursts into the corridor, trying to catch up to her ... gaining on her ... ten feet behind her ... five feet ...

He's about to touch her.

Megan flies into the cooler room, closing the door as --

-- The Man's hand grabs her by the hair.

He yanks her backward.

Megan SCREAMS, pulls away -- RIP -- leaving a clump of hair in his hand.

She SLAMS the door.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SAME

CLICK -- Megan slides the dead bolt into place. Tries to catch her breath.

BANGING against the door, from the other side.

Megan races to a desk, grabs the phone and dials security. The line RINGS, then --

ERNIE (O.S.)
(through phone)
Security.

MEGAN
(panicked, into phone)
Ernie, there's a man down here with
a knife.

ERNIE (O.S.)
Who is this?

MEGAN
Megan Reed. In the morgue. Just
get the fuck down here.

She hangs up, turns back to the door and --

THE BANGING stops.

THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS, moving away from the door. Not walking, but running.

Megan kicks into cop mode, searches for a weapon.

A CABINET, as she pulls the door open. It's filled with autopsy supplies. Scalpels, knives, bone saws.

Megan grabs the bone saw, hurries back to the door. She places her ear against it, listening ...

... nothing. She reaches to the knob, turns it.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

THE COOLER ROOM DOOR slowly opens.

Megan steps into the hallway, armed and ready. She looks in both directions ... doesn't see anyone.

She takes off running.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SAME

Megan comes charging down the hall, makes it to her desk. She grabs her lab coat from the back of the chair, retrieves the KEY CARD from the pocket.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

MEGAN'S FACE slowly appears from around the corner. She carefully looks both ways.

The coast is clear.

Gripping the bone saw, she scurries toward THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

Getting closer ... closer ... almost there ...

BANG - BANG - BANG

Megan startles, spins back around. Looks at THE INCINERATOR ROOM. Is he in there again? She turns back around, swipes her card through the reader.

CLUNK! The door unlocks.

She quickly pulls it open and --

-- there's A MAN standing at the door.

In a flash, Megan raises the bone saw and --

ERNIE

Whoa. Easy.

-- sees that it's just Ernie. Thank god. And there's Dave standing behind him.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

MEGAN

The incinerator room. He's in there.

DAVE

Armed?

MEGAN

With a scalpel.

Dave and Ernie hurry past Megan. She follows them ...

INT. MORGUE - INCINERATOR ROOM - SHORTLY

Dave and Ernie step into the room. Megan is right behind them as they spot --

THE MAN, holding Anna Grey in his arms, about to stuff her body inside the incinerator.

ERNIE

Stop.

The Man snaps to Ernie. Then back to Anna. And frantically tries to shove her body inside the incinerator.

Ernie and Dave rush him.

As The Man tries to fight them off --

THUD!

ANNA'S BODY drops to the ground.

WHOOSH!

The Man swings the scalpel at them.

It slices Dave's arm.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Son of a --

WHOOSH! The Man swings again, but Ernie catches his wrist in mid-air. SLAMS it against the incinerator.

THE SCALPEL falls to the floor.

Dave heaves himself at The Man -- takes him to the ground.
As Ernie scrambles to cuff him, The Man goes ballistic --

MAN

Get the fuck off me ... you don't
understand ... she's not dead.

Dave helps Ernie lift The Man to his feet.

MAN (CONT'D)

Please ... listen to me ... you
have to destroy her body.

ERNIE

Yeah, we'll be sure to do that.

The Man kicks and squirms, trying to free himself as they
drag him across the room. Right as he passes Megan --

-- The Man locks eyes with her.

MAN

You have no idea what you've done.

There's something about the look in his eye ... the way he
says it. It chills Megan to the bone.

Ernie and Dave yank The Man into the hallway.

Megan's wide eyes snap over to Anna Grey ... staring ...
wondering ... *who the hell is she?*

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Megan arrives at her desk. Sweating. Heart pounding.
Breathing quickly.

Something is wrong.

She tries taking a deep breath ... nope. Her heart is still
about to burst out of her chest.

MEGAN

Goddamn it.

She reaches into her purse, fishes around for something. Her
hand emerges with --

A BOTTLE OF PILLS -- "XANAX"

She pops the cap off, shakes a pill into her hand. About to
pop it in her mouth --

-- she stops. Lowers her hand. Stares at the pill.

Another deep breath. She swallows hard. Forces herself to place the pill back in the bottle.

INT. MORGUE - INCINERATOR ROOM - SHORTLY

ANNA GREY lies on the floor, near the incinerator.

REVEAL MEGAN, standing in the doorway with the cadaver lift ... staring in at Anna.

Eating her nerves, she wheels the lift over to Anna and lowers the tray.

MEGAN

Okay ...

She pulls a pair of latex gloves from her pocket, snaps them on. Quickly, she maneuvers Anna onto the tray. Fastens a strap over the body, holding it in place and --

-- quickly jerks her hands away.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

THE CADAVER LIFT rises, lifting Anna up to the drawer.

Megan reaches over the body, careful not to brush up against it, and releases the strap holding it in place.

WHOOSH! She covers the body with a white sheet, the fabric sinking and settling into place.

Megan snaps off her gloves, turns around and tosses them in a trash can. As she turns back to Anna --

A TWITCH from beneath the sheet.

Like one of Anna's fingers just moved.

Megan freezes. *Did she just see that? Was it the sheet settling?*

She stands there a moment, unsure.

Then she forces herself to reach out ... grab the sheet ... and WHIP it away.

A SNAIL PACED ZOOM toward Anna's hand. Moving closer ... closer ...

BACK TO MEGAN, eyes trained on Anna's hand ...

STILL ZOOMING, closing in on Anna's fingers ...

BACK TO MEGAN, watching breathlessly ...

ZOOMING right into one of Anna's fingers. Just waiting for it to move. We're absolutely convinced it's going to when --

-- Megan decides she can't stand it anymore.

She reaches out, puts her fingers right on Anna's wrist. Checks for a pulse ...

... nothing.

Megan jerks her hand back to her side, contemplates. One last thing. To be completely sure.

Megan leans down over Anna ... puts her ear right up to Anna's mouth ... and listens.

ANNA'S MOUTH TO MEGAN'S EAR

Dead silence. So quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Megan's ear moves closer to Anna's mouth, ears and lips almost touching ...

Dead silent still. Until --

AN EXHALE from Anna's mouth.

Megan jumps away.

WHOOSH! She shoves the drawer inside the cooler.

SLAMS the cooler door shut.

Races to the exit.

Pulls the door open and --

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

-- flies out of the room. She yanks the door shut, turns around to the hallway and --

She smacks right into someone.

Megan SCREAMS!

And immediately feels like an idiot when she sees --

DR. LISA ROBERTS (late 30's), her addiction therapist.
Motherly, yet professional.

ROBERTS
Sorry, I didn't mean to ... are you
okay? Security just told me what
happened.

MEGAN
I'm fine. On the verge of losing
my mind -- but fine.

ROBERTS
The police are upstairs. They're
taking that lunatic to jail.

Megan nods, let's out a deep, calming breath. Her eyes fall
on A TAKE-OUT BAG in Robert's hand.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Grabbed you dinner from the
cafeteria.
(a beat)
Not that you need a second attempt
on your life tonight.

Megan smiles.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

Megan and Roberts sit at the desk, sharing bad hospital
cafeteria food.

MEGAN'S FOOT taps nervously against the floor again.

Roberts notices ...

ROBERTS
How's the anxiety? Any more panic
attacks?

Megan looks at her, stops tapping her foot.

MEGAN
A few.

ROBERTS
(reassuring)
Just your brain trying to find new
ways to cope with stress.

MEGAN
And failing. Miserably.

ROBERTS

Because drugs are the only way it knows how. The anxiety gets better with time.

Megan forces a smile, looks down at her food. Her foot starts TAPPING again. Roberts studies her ...

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

You sure you're okay?

Megan looks back up at her. Hesitates. Then --

MEGAN

This is going to sound insane, but ... I was moving one of the corpses earlier and ... I thought I heard her breathing.

ROBERTS

Breathing?

MEGAN

Right. Like an exhale.

Megan cringes, knowing how that sounded. Roberts smiles, places her hand on Megan's shoulder.

ROBERTS

It's completely normal.

MEGAN

Define normal.

ROBERTS

It happens sometimes -- corpses expunging air when they're moved. Dr. Lewis didn't mention it to you?

Megan recoils at herself.

MEGAN

In his defense, he probably assumed I was smart enough to know that dead people can't breathe.

ROBERTS

Dr. Lewis doesn't assume anyone is smart. Other than Dr. Lewis.

MEGAN

Great. I managed to defy even Dr. Lewis' barometer for low expectations.

Roberts takes a bite of food, eyeing Megan.

ROBERTS

You learned how to take your recovery seriously. Some people never figure that out.

MEGAN

At least it's *something*.

ROBERTS

It's everything.

MEGAN

Still haven't figured out why it happened. Why I completely lost sight of who I was. What I wanted.

She fiddles with her food. Then --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I think it's why this job was so appealing. Plenty of time to figure things out. Who I was ... who I am now ... who I want to be.

ROBERTS

Any regrets? Taking the job, I mean.

MEGAN

Aside from the psychotic corpse mutilators? *Dream job*.

Roberts smiles, knowing it's a lie.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Seriously. The co-workers keep to themselves. Stay in their tiny little boxes, without a hint of attitude. And they never judge me.

ROBERTS

Is that something you're afraid of? Being judged once you go back to the force?

FOOTSTEPS heading their way. The perfect distraction so that Megan doesn't have to answer. Then --

-- Dave pokes his head into the station, his arm bandaged now.

DAVE

(to Megan)

Hey, there's a cop upstairs who wants to talk to you. I can cover down here, if you want.

MEGAN

Thanks. How's the arm?

DAVE

Good as new.

MEGAN

And Ernie?

DAVE

Grumpiest bastard I've ever met. And now he thinks he's a bad ass.

MEGAN

I think you're both bad ass.

Dave blushes. Roberts puts her arm around Megan --

ROBERTS

Come on. I'll walk up with you.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - SHORTLY

DING! The elevator door slides open. As Megan steps off --

ROBERTS

I have my last group at ten, but I'll check in before I leave.

MEGAN

It's okay. I'll be fine.

ROBERTS

I know you will.

Megan smiles. She starts toward the SECURITY DESK, notices --

A POLICE OFFICER standing near Ernie, waiting. It's Andrew.

ERNIE

(to Andrew)

... No big deal. Just looked him in the eye and let him know exactly who he was dealing wi--

(noticing Megan)

-- Oh. Officer here says he needs a statement from you.

MEGAN
Thanks, Ernie.

Megan and Andrew step away, gaining some privacy.

ANDREW
You okay? He didn't hurt you, did he?

MEGAN
Just my ego. Know who he is yet?

ANDREW
He's not talking. We'll know more once he's processed

Megan nods, fidgety. Andrew zeroes in on it ...

ANDREW (CONT'D)
You seem anxious. Are you staying here all night?

MEGAN
Only if I want to keep my job.

ANDREW
I just know how you get when you're stressed out and --

MEGAN
-- I'm a big girl, Andrew. I appreciate your concern, but I've got this covered.
(a beat)
Was there something else?

Andrew hesitates, then --

ANDREW
When I picked up my stuff last week, there was something missing.

MEGAN
Like I said, I'll reimburse you for whatever --

ANDREW
-- A bottle of Xanax.

Megan stares at him. A second too long.

MEGAN
And you assumed that I ... what? I stole them from you?

ANDREW

Did you?

Megan just shakes her head.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

It's a valid question. You're not supposed to be around addictive medication -- of any kind.

MEGAN

You misplace a bottle of pills and automatically assume that I --

ANDREW

-- Why are you getting so defensive?

MEGAN

I'm not getting defensive. I'm getting pissed. It's like you're physically incapable of giving me the benefit of the doubt.

Andrew just stares at her. He's been down this road with her before. And he's concerned.

ANDREW

If you ever need help, I'm a phone call away.

Megan breaks eye contact, guilt consuming her. She starts to say something, but stops ... thinks a moment. Then --

MEGAN

Actually, there is something you can help me with.

Off Andrew's curious expression --

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

Megan enters from the hallway, hurries over to the scanner. She grabs THE FINGERPRINT CARD containing Anna Grey's prints.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

Megan pops her head in, sees Dave sitting at the desk.

MEGAN

I need to run something upstairs.
Be back in a minute?

DAVE

No problem. Take your time.

Megan smiles, heads away. Dave turns around to the computer, CLICKS on a minimized window.

A DATING WEBSITE fills the screen, a profile in the process of being created. Dave types in a USERNAME - "ERNIE HOBBS."

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Megan steps off the elevator, hurries over to Andrew. She hands him the fingerprint card.

MEGAN

Can you run these for me at the station? The scanner broke down before I could run her prints.

ANDREW

Her?

MEGAN

Anna Grey. That guy who broke in killed her.

ANDREW

We already have her ID. Why do you need me to --

MEGAN

-- I think her ID is fake.

ANDREW

You looked up her license?

Megan shrugs.

MEGAN

It's not my fault if HR can't figure out how to delete a password.

Andrew gives her a look.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Maybe if you knew more about *her*, it would tell you something about her killer. Why he did it.

Andrew looks down at the prints. Then back up to Megan.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What?

ANDREW

One day, you're going to make a
great cop again.

Megan can't help but smile. Neither can Andrew. Off this
awkwardly intimate exchange --

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Dave is still at the computer, working on Ernie's dating
profile when --

A TAPPING sound ECHOES down the corridor ...

Dave ignores it, too distracted by what he's uploading to the
dating profile to care. He SNICKERS at --

THE MONITOR -- A PROFILE PHOTO of Ernie. He's asleep at the
security desk, drool running down his chin.

TAP -- TAP -- TAP

Dave turns away from the computer, listens ...

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

Dave appears from around the corner, stops. He scans the
corridor, listening closely ...

MORE TAPPING

It ECHOES down the corridor ...

DAVE

Hello?

He moves forward, attempting to track the sound. As he
passes THE COOLER ROOM DOOR --

TAP -- TAP -- TAP

Dave stills, turns toward the door.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SAME

THE DOOR swings open ...

Dave steps into the room, surveys.

TAP -- TAP -- TAP

His eyes snap across the room, to all of those METAL DRAWERS.

DAVE
No. Fucking. Way.

The sound came from inside one of them.

It takes him a minute to move. Finally, he starts toward the cooler doors ...

TAP -- TAP -- TAP

Louder now. Like fingernails tapping against metal.

Dave's eyes hone in on ONE OF THE METAL DOORS in particular -- three drawers up from the ground. He approaches it.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Hello?

He waits. Nothing. Puts his ear up to the metal door.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Someone in there?

TAP -- TAP -- TAP

Dave jumps out of his skin.

He stares at the metal door, wide eyed.

HIS HAND moves toward the handle ... wraps around it ... jerks it open and --

THE DRAWER appears to be empty. Just darkness inside.

Dave bends down a little, eye level with the drawer. Nope. Nothing in there.

He closes the door. Stares at the other metal doors a moment, wondering ...

... then he shakes it off. Turns away from them. As soon as he starts to walk away --

POUNDING from inside the same cooler drawer.

Dave snaps back around to it.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What the fuck ...

MORE POUNDING, like fists beating against metal.

Dave races back to the cooler door. Yanks it open and --

INSIDE THE DRAWER

LOOKING OUT at Dave as he bends down, squints into the darkness.

REVERSE ANGLE

SLOWLY CREEPING up on Dave from behind ...

INSIDE THE DRAWER

Dave's brow furrows, like he sees something. He sticks his head further inside, trying to get a closer look.

REVERSE ANGLE

MOVING right up on Dave's back ... so close we can see tiny hairs on the back of his neck. Then, suddenly --

His body jerks forward.

Something inside the drawer just grabbed hold of him.

Dave HOWLS in pain.

He struggles wildly, trying to pull himself free.

HIS BODY jerks forward again, slipping further into the drawer.

HIS FEET rise from the ground.

HIS HANDS grasp the edges of the drawer, trying to brace himself.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Help!

CRUNCH! The sound of his BONES BREAKING.

Dave CRIES OUT in agony, just before --

WHOOSH!

His entire body disappears inside the metal drawer.

SLAM! The metal door closes as we --

SOUND BRIDGE TO:

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SLAM!

The MAIN ENTRANCE closes behind Megan, as she arrives back in the morgue. She heads down the hallway ...

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

WITH MEGAN, as she turns into the security station --

MEGAN
Sorry that took so --

-- and realizes Dave isn't at her desk. She turns around, looks back down the hallway.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Dave?

She waits. Nothing but silence.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

Megan arrives at the double doors, looks out the window.

MEGAN'S POV -- THE LOADING DOCK is empty.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

A SMALL FIGURE comes into view at the opposite end, quickly moving down the hallway. It's Megan. She stops at --

A DOOR - "MEN'S RESTROOM"

She reaches out, KNOCKS on the door.

MEGAN
(calling out)
Dave? You in there?

Silence. She pushes on the door and --

INT. MORGUE - MEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

-- she peeks her head inside.

MEGAN
Dave?

She glances around the room. Nobody in here.

Off her puzzled expression ...

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

MOVING WITH MEGAN, down the hallway. She's on her way back to the security station when --

CLANK!

She stops. Turns toward THE COOLER ROOM DOOR.

MEGAN

Dave?

Slowly, Megan moves to the door. She pushes it open ...

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SAME

Megan steps inside, looks around the room.

Nobody in here. And nothing appears to be out of the ordinary. About to leave, she glances over at --

THE COOLER DRAWERS

Beneath them, on the floor, a couple of RED DOTS.

Megan's eyes narrow. She walks over to the drawers, bends down and inspects.

THE RED DOTS -- they look like blood.

Megan's eyes snap up to --

THE COOLER DRAWERS

One of them has BLOOD DRIPPING from the bottom corner.

It's Anna Grey's drawer.

Megan rises back up. Stares at the blood collecting around the drawer's crevice. She quickly pulls it open and sees --

ANNA'S SHEET, blood soaking through, near her abdomen.

MEGAN

Oh my god.

She yanks the sheet back, quickly examines --

ANNA'S ABDOMEN

No blood. In fact --

That long gash down the side of her stomach is gone.

Megan looks at the blood on the sheet, confused. Then she turns back to Anna.

HER FINGER slowly reaches to Anna's abdomen, traces the area where the wound should be.

The skin isn't even broken.

Confused, Megan looks over the other GRISLY WOUNDS covering Anna's body. Those are right where she remembers them.

And that's when she takes a step back from Anna, almost involuntarily. Instinctual. *This isn't right.*

Off Megan staring at the body, unsettled ...

INT. MORGUE - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

A row of sinks. Three stalls. Basked in the stained yellow glow of fluorescent lighting. Eerily silent as we --

MOVE ALONG the ground ... and spot MEGAN'S FEET inside --

THE MIDDLE STALL

Megan sits on the toilet, taking a bathroom break. And typing something into her phone --

A TEXT TO ANDREW -- *"Run those prints yet????"*

She sends the text. As she finishes up, she hears --

C R E A K ...

The restroom door just opened.

Megan stiffens, suddenly very alert.

MEGAN

Hello?

Silence.

Megan's eyes dart around.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Dave?

More silence.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Uh ... I'll be out in a minute.

As she clamors to finish up, she suddenly hears a very strange sound ...

... like WET FEET SLAPPING against the cement floor.

Megan freezes.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Is someone there?

Silence.

Megan leans forward on the toilet, stretching her neck so that she can look beneath the stall door.

MEGAN'S POV

THE CEMENT FLOOR, stretching beyond the stall. Empty everywhere she looks.

Until --

BARE FEET pass right in front of the stall.

They're BLUE and covered in VEINS.

And they almost look ... female.

ON MEGAN, as she bolts upright, eyes bulging from her skull. She jumps to her feet, pulls her jeans up and --

SOMEONE POUNDS on the partition, from the stall to her left.

Megan snaps in that direction.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Who's there?

No answer. Ever so slowly, she kneels down to look beneath the stall when --

MORE POUNDING, this time from the stall to her right.

Megan bolts up.

She races out of the stall, into --

THE MAIN AREA OF THE RESTROOM

-- and sees that --

THE STALL DOORS are wide open. Nobody visible from where she's standing.

Conjuring courage, she forces herself to step over to ...

THE STALL ON HER RIGHT

She checks inside. Finds it empty. Then she snaps back around, eyes --

THE STALL ON HER LEFT

It's the only place left where someone could be hiding. She moves toward it, darts around the edge of the partition and --

-- that stall is empty too.

Off Megan, scanning every inch of the area. Realizing she's completely alone in that room ...

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

CREAK -- the restroom door opens.

Megan carefully pokes her head outside, checks the hallway in both directions.

THE HALLWAY is completely empty.

Megan steps into it, unnerved. Then something happens. That look of fear washes away ... replaced by anger.

She charges down the hallway.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - NIGHT

Megan throws open the door, looks around. Checks the corners of the room, where someone could be hiding.

When she's certain that she's alone, she hurries over to --

THE SUPPLY CABINET -- she yanks it open. Grabs the bone saw.

INT. MORGUE - TEACHING MORGUE - NIGHT

CLICK! The room lights up, revealing --

A CAVERNOUS, AUDITORIUM STYLE ROOM

There's an autopsy table. Surgical supplies. Elevated seating.

Armed with the bone saw, Megan makes her way around the lower, teaching area. Checks beneath the surgical table.

Then she climbs the steps that lead to --

THE ELEVATED SEATING

Megan checks each row, making sure nobody is crouched below the seats.

INT. MORGUE - INCINERATOR ROOM - NIGHT

Megan sticks her head inside ...

... nothing in here but the incinerator.

INT. MORGUE - MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

BAM! Megan kicks open a stall door. Empty.

BAM! Another one. It's empty too.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Megan scours the connecting hallways, throwing open doors as she goes. Looking inside each one.

When she runs out of doors, she stops. Stands in the middle of the hallway, thinking ...

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

THE PHONE, as Megan's hand grabs it. She punches in a number, puts it to her ear. The line rings, then CLICK --

ERNIE (O.S.)
(a grunt, through phone)
Security.

MEGAN
(into phone)
Ernie, it's Megan. There's someone
down here again.

ERNIE
Are you sure? Who is it?

MEGAN

I don't know, but I heard them in the bathroom. Can you come take a look?

ERNIE (O.S.)

Isn't Dave down there?

MEGAN

He was gone when I got back.

ERNIE (O.S.)

Well, he's not up here. Maybe *he's* the one you heard.

Megan's jaw clenches.

MEGAN

In the *women's* restroom. Banging on the stall while I was trying to take a leak.

Ernie is silent.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

ERNIE (O.S.)

Could have been the furnace kicking in. It's an old building. That furnace is a giant piece of shit.

MEGAN

That's not what I heard. Will you just send someone down here?

ERNIE (O.S.)

I don't have anyone right now. Dave probably took an early break. Wouldn't be the first time. I'll send him down when he gets back.

Megan SIGHS, rolls her eyes.

MEGAN

Fine.

She hangs up the phone. Crosses her arms over her chest, unnerved. Thinks a moment, then --

-- her hand dips into her pocket, pulls out her cell phone. She checks her texts for a response from Andrew. Nothing.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Megan sits at her desk, trying to calm her nerves by reading her book. It's not working.

HER FOOT taps incessantly against the floor.

She turns the page, glances over her shoulder ... convinced she'll catch a glimpse of whoever, or whatever, was in the restroom with her.

As her gaze settles back on her book --

HER CELL PHONE RINGS

Megan startles. Grabs her phone.

THE DISPLAY -- "Andrew."

She quickly answers the call with --

 MEGAN
 (into phone)
Did you run the prints?

 ANDREW (O.S.)
Yeah, but the results are odd.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Andrew is at his desk, looking over A LIST OF NAMES.

 ANDREW
Those prints matched a half dozen
names. None of them are "Anna
Grey."

 MEGAN (O.S.)
How is that possible?

 ANDREW
Probably a glitch in the system.
I'll have the lead investigator
look into it in the morning.
Everything okay there?

INTERCUT MEGAN/ANDREW

Megan's eyes search the air, thinking ...

 ANDREW (CONT'D)
Megan?

MEGAN

I'm here. What were the names?

ANDREW

They're based on a glitch. Doesn't matter.

MEGAN

It matters to me. Can I have them?

Andrew SIGHS.

ANDREW

I'll e-mail them to you. Listen, there's something else you should know.

REVEAL OTHER OFFICERS behind Andrew in the station, mulling around ... somber.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

The guy that broke into the morgue tonight ... he's missing.

MEGAN

What?

ANDREW

When Schrader and Clarke were driving him to the station ... something happened. We just found their car on the side of the road.

MEGAN

Oh my god. Are they okay?

ANDREW

No. They, uh ... they were dead when we found them.

It hits Megan like a ton of bricks.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I've already alerted hospital security. That guy would be an idiot to go back to the morgue, but ... keep your eyes open, okay?

MEGAN

Yeah. Okay.

(a beat)

Andrew, I'm so sorry about Schrader and Clarke.

ANDREW
Thanks. I'll call if I hear
anything else.

MEGAN
Okay. Bye.

She ends the call. We stay on her side of the scene. For a moment she does nothing, still processing the information.

Finally, she sets her phone down. Immediately checks over her shoulder again.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - NIGHT

Megan checks the door, makes sure it's locked. Then she peers out the window ...

MEGAN'S POV -- not a soul in sight.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE MAIN ENTRANCE, as Megan checks this door too.

Then she turns away from it, antsy. She can't help but look over at THE WOMEN'S RESTROOM, wondering ...

... and as she wonders, she glances up at something.

A SECURITY CAMERA

It's aimed at the main entrance.

Megan stares at the camera for a moment. Then she looks back over at THE WOMEN'S RESTROOM. It's only a few feet away from the entrance.

Off Megan, an idea sparking ...

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

THE SECURITY MONITOR

It displays a split image of THE ENTRY DOOR and THE INTAKE BAY DOORS.

REVEAL MEGAN

She's examining the image on the monitor. Then she reaches to a keyboard, hits a button and --

THE SECURITY MONITOR

It changes to a single view of THE ENTRY DOOR. But the view is a little wider now ... and it includes THE RESTROOM DOOR at the edge of the frame.

MEGAN

Bingo.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

A BINDER is pulled from the desk drawer.

MEGAN'S FINGER moves over a typed page inside the binder, consulting instructions.

THE KEYBOARD, as Megan types in a command.

THE SECURITY MONITOR

The footage suddenly REWINDS, a TIMECODE reversing at the bottom of the screen.

BACK TO MEGAN

She watches the timecode, waits for the right spot. There. She stops the footage. Plays it.

THE SECURITY MONITOR

Megan enters the frame, opens the door to the women's restroom, then disappears inside.

BACK TO MEGAN

She leans toward the monitor, eyes peeled on the bathroom door. Waiting ...

THE SECURITY MONITOR

The timecode advances, second by second. No sign of anybody entering the restroom.

BACK TO MEGAN

HER FOOT anxiously TAPS against the floor.

She fast forwards the footage, stops when she sees --

THE SECURITY MONITOR

The restroom door opens. Megan peeks her head into the hallway, looks around ...

BACK TO MEGAN

She stares at the image, utterly confused. And realizes --

MEGAN
You're completely nuts.

DEEP BREATH ... she lets it out. Goes back to the footage.
Rewinds until she sees --

THE SECURITY MONITOR

Megan enters the restroom.

No fast forwarding this time.

Second by second ticking away ... in real time ... until --

A QUICK FLICKER OF VIDEO DISTORTION

BACK TO MEGAN

Her eyes narrow. She quickly rewinds. Then she plays the moment back again.

THE SECURITY MONITOR

Same exact thing. A momentary flash of a FUZZY DISTORTION in the video.

BACK TO MEGAN

She CLICKS back, frame by frame. Trying to isolate the frame that contains the distortion. Back one more frame, then --

THE SECURITY MONITOR

There it is. A QUICK FLICKER.

But now it looks more like A DARK SHADOW standing in front of the bathroom door.

BACK TO MEGAN

She squints, parsing the image for details ... *what is that?*

She fiddles around with the settings on the monitor. Adjusts the contrast. Turns up the brightness, until she can clearly make out --

THE SECURITY MONITOR

The outline of A NAKED, FEMALE FORM stands in the doorway.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god ...

She CLICKS forward one frame. *Nobody there.*

She CLICKS back one frame. *There it is again.*

Megan studies that figure in the doorway, unable to believe her eyes.

Her breathing quickens.

Her heart begins to race.

HER FOOT rapidly TAPS against the floor again.

She jumps up from her seat, begins to pace.

Wipes a trails of sweat from her forehead.

Hand to her heart, she tries to catch her breath.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Breathe, Megan. Just breathe.

She INHALES deep through her nose, then EXHALES through her mouth.

Again. In through her nose, out through her mouth.

It's not helping.

She hurries over to her purse, fishes around inside, and pulls out --

THE BOTTLE OF XANAX

This time, the name on the label is clearly visible --

"Andrew Kurtz."

Megan stares at the bottle, contemplating, when she hears --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Megan?

She spins around, sees --

-- Dr. Roberts is standing behind her.

Megan covertly shoves the pills back in her purse.

MEGAN

Hey.

Roberts looks at Megan's purse. Then back to Megan.

DR. ROBERTS
Everything okay?

MEGAN
Fine.

Roberts eyes her ... *really?* Megan takes a deep breath, still on the verge of an attack. And relents --

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Andrew called. That man who broke in ... he killed the officers driving him to the station.

DR. ROBERTS
What? Oh my god ...

MEGAN
(a mile a minute)
Andrew let security know, but Ernie can't find Dave anywhere. I thought there was somebody down here earlier, so I checked the security footage and saw something that looked like ...

She trails off, not sure how to say it without sounding like a mental patient. Roberts gives her a quizzical look.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Here, take a look.

She turns toward the security monitor, accesses the footage of the bathroom door. She backs up frame by frame, to --

THE SECURITY MONITOR

THE NAKED FEMALE in the doorway.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
There. What do you think that is?

Roberts squints at the monitor. Studies the image.

ROBERTS
I'm really not sure.

MEGAN
It looks like a woman.

ROBERTS
Yeah. I guess it does. A little.

She gives Megan another curious look.

MEGAN

When that man broke in, he kept
talking about the woman he killed
... how she wasn't really dead. I
know he was insane, but ...

Roberts looks at the security monitor. Then back to Megan,
concerned.

ROBERTS

Sit down for a minute.

Megan takes a seat, barely able to sit still. Roberts sits
down next to her.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Remember what I said about an
addict's brain needing to learn new
coping mechanisms?

Megan nods.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Everything that's happened tonight
... the stress it's creating ...
your brain is just desperate for a
way to cope. It will do anything
to persuade you to use again.

MEGAN

My brain didn't put a walking
corpse on the security footage.

ROBERTS

No, but it *did* convince you that a
shadow or a camera glitch could be
a walking corpse.

Megan glances at the monitor, a little less sure now.

MEGAN

You think that's all it is?

ROBERTS

I don't know what's on that screen.
But I *do* know that you're jumping
to the least plausible explanation.
You can see that, right?

Off Megan, trying to ...

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

ANNA GREY'S DRAWER, as it's pulled open.

REVEAL MEGAN AND ROBERTS, looking down at the body.

ROBERTS

Right where she's supposed to be.

MEGAN

Yeah, I get it.

ROBERTS

You just have to re-train your
brain. Learn how to recognize when
it's trying to manipulate you.
Before it's too late.

Megan nods, feeling like a complete asshole now.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Sobriety is a long, tough battle.

MEGAN

And capable of turning me into a
complete idiot, apparently.

ROBERTS

Nope. You're a recovering addict.
But you're strong, too.

Roberts takes Megan's hands in her own.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

You can do this, Megan. I know you
can.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

Megan and Roberts emerge from the cooler room ...

ROBERTS

You sure you don't want me to stick
around until Dave gets back?

MEGAN

Thanks, but I'll be fine. Really.
I'll see you in group tomorrow.

ROBERTS

Okay. See you tomorrow.

She gives Megan's arm a squeeze, then heads down the hall.

Megan heads in the opposite direction, disappearing around the corner.

WITH ROBERTS, making her way down the hall.

She opens her purse, fumbles around inside of it ... pulls out her key card. When she looks up --

A QUICK, FLEETING GLIMPSE OF --

-- Dave disappearing into another corridor.

Roberts stops. Stands there and thinks a moment ... *didn't Megan say Ernie couldn't find Dave?*

Curious, she hurries down the hallway. Arriving at the junction, she turns into --

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

There's Dave at the end of the hall.

He's standing in front of a closed door, staring at it. Completely still.

ON ROBERTS, trying to figure out what the hell he's doing.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Dave?

He doesn't move a muscle.

Roberts starts toward him and --

-- Dave opens the door and disappears into the room.

Roberts reacts ... *was that blood she saw running down his arm?*

She approaches the door at the end of the hall ...

INT. MORGUE - TEACHING MORGUE - SHORTLY

Pitch black.

CLICK! Roberts turns the lights on.

She takes a look around the room, scanning past THE AUTOPSY TABLE covered with SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS ... and then up to --

THE ELEVATED SEATING

Dave is standing at the top of the steps.

Completely still.

His back is turned toward her.

And that's definitely BLOOD DRIPPING down the length of his arm. It's collecting in a pool at his feet.

ROBERTS
(worried)
Dave?

Silence. He keeps his back turned to her.

ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Are you okay? Do you need help?

He remains eerily still. Silent.

Roberts moves toward the steps. She's about to climb the first one when --

A GIANT TELEVISION SCREEN flashes to life behind her.

Roberts startles, spins around and looks at it.

THE TV SCREEN

It displays A VIDEO of an old autopsy. AN INSTRUCTOR is in the process of dissecting a cadaver --

INSTRUCTOR
(on video)
*... The classical way of beginning
is to make a Y shaped incision,
starting on the chest ...*

Roberts stares at it, confused as to who turned it on. When she turns back to Dave --

-- he's gone.

Roberts glances around the room. It's like Dave just disappeared into thin air, except for --

THAT POOL OF BLOOD on the top step.

Roberts climbs the stairs, the video playing behind her ...

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
(on video)
*... The first flap I'm reflecting
exposes the neck organs ...*

When Roberts reaches the top step, she looks down at --

THE POOL OF BLOOD

Neat. Contained. No trail of it leading away.

Roberts scans the room from above.

ROBERT'S POV

A sea of empty seats below. And that video playing on the TV screen. Her eyes land on it again.

THE TV SCREEN

The Instructor has stripped the skin from the cadaver and is now removing organs.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

(on video)

... Examining the appendix can help to identify the specimen. If it's in place, it becomes an identifying feature.

He looks up from the cadaver momentarily, his eyes meeting --

ROBERTS' EYES

They narrow as she looks at the instructor on the screen. Entranced. Almost mesmerized.

Slowly, she moves back down the stairs ..

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

(on video)

... From here, we want to remove the pericardial sack and reflect the diaphragm in order to free up the liver for removal ...

Roberts arrives at the bottom of the stairs, keeps moving forward. She reaches THE AUTOPSY TABLE, eyes glued to the screen in front of her.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

(on video)

... The spleen sits in the left upper quadrant of the abdomen. This one appears to be of normal shape and size ...

THE TV SCREEN

The Instructor cuts into the cadaver's abdomen, carefully removing organs and placing them in a metal tray.

BACK TO ROBERTS

Her eyes fixed on the screen. She doesn't even blink.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
(on video)
... By clamping the proximal end of
the small intestine, we free it up
and remove it from the block.

DRIP ... DRIP ...

Roberts continues to stare, an odd expression on her face now. Bordering on pained.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
(on video)
... After incising the renal
capsule we strip it back, allowing
us to remove the kidney.

DRIP ... DRIP ...

Louder this time, enough to interrupt her daze. She peels her eyes from the screen. Slowly looks down and realizes --

-- she's holding the surgical instruments from the autopsy table.

And they're covered in blood.

So are her hands.

Because she's been cutting in to her own abdomen.

It's one big gaping wound.

Blood spills outward, DRIPPING to the floor.

ROBERTS
(horrificed)
Oh my god ...

THE SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS CLANG to the floor.

Panicked, Roberts tries to call out --

ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Someone ... help ...

She takes a step toward the door, woozy. She opens her mouth to call out again and --

-- the only thing that emerges is blood.

Roberts GASPS for air.

She tries to take another step forward and --

-- she collapses to the ground, just as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Megan sits at her desk, impatiently composing --

A TEXT TO ANDREW -- *"Still waiting on those names ..."*

She's about to hit "SEND," when --

BLURP! A new e-mail alert sounds from the computer.

Megan's eyes snap to it.

THE COMPUTER -- AN E-MAIL from Andrew appears at the top of Megan's inbox. The subject heading reads, "FINGERPRINTS."

Megan CLICKS on it. The e-mail loads, revealing --

A LIST OF SIX FEMALE NAMES, along with their BIRTH DATES.

MEGAN

(smiles)

Thanks, Andrew ...

She CLICKS on a PRINTER ICON.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

VARIOUS SHOTS of --

-- Megan entering names from Andrew's list into Google ...

-- Perusing name matches on Facebook ...

-- Parsing Twitter accounts for personal details ...

-- Handwriting notes next to each name on the list ...

A flurry of NEWSPAPER HEADLINES flash across the monitor --

"Los Angeles Woman Found Dead in Her Apartment."

"Missing Woman's Body Located in Park."

"Body Found in River Identified as Missing Mother of Two."

GRAINY, BLACK AND WHITE NEWSPAPER PHOTOS

All of women in their 20's. The image quality is poor, but none of them appear to be Anna Grey.

THE LIST OF NAMES

As Megan hurriedly scribbles down more notes.

A FACEBOOK PROFILE

No photo. Just an anonymous outline of a female head. Followed by A BARRAGE OF POSTS that read --

"... Rest in Peace ..."

"... an enormous loss to our family ..."

"... such a horrible tragedy ..."

BACK TO MEGAN

She writes one word next to the final name on her list --

"DECEASED."

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- THE ENTIRE LIST

Megan has written *"DECEASED"* next to every single name.

ON MEGAN

She stares at the list, TAPPING her pen against the page, thinking ...

She STOPS TAPPING. Quickly writes something else down --

"MURDER?"

Megan stares at the word, TAPPING her pen against the paper again. She's completely lost in thought until --

-- she writes down two more words.

"WHY THEM?"

BACK TO MEGAN

Studying those grainy B&W PHOTOS on her monitor again. After a moment, she pulls out her phone. Types something into it.

A TEXT TO ANDREW -- *"Need their DMV info. Out of state. Can't access."*

She sends the text, then pockets her phone. Turns her attention back to THE LIST OF NAMES. Nervously chews her fingernail as she stares at it ...

A BUZZER sounds.

Megan startles.

A moment for her to catch her breath. Then she gets up, heads for --

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

Megan arrives at the double doors, takes a look out the window and sees --

MEGAN'S POV

Randy, the same driver who dropped off Anna Grey earlier, is emerging from the ambulance.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Megan fishes her key card from the pocket of her lab coat, swipes it through the reader.

CLUNK! The doors unlock.

She pushes them open, but stays firmly planted in the doorway this time. She cautiously peers around the exterior of the building ...

RANDY

Hey.

MEGAN

Need some help?

RANDY

I'd say "yes," but I'm afraid you'd let another corpse mutilator inside.

Megan cringes at the thought of everybody already knowing what happened. Shoots Randy a look.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Too soon?

MEGAN

What do you think?

Randy offers an apologetic, puppy dog smile. Megan rolls her eyes, smiles too.

RANDY

How about you let me back up the disabled ramp, while you stand guard?

MEGAN

Think you can refrain from being a complete douche?

RANDY

I can try.

MEGAN

Hard. Try hard.

Randy smiles, hops back inside the ambulance and backs it up the ramp.

INT. MORGUE - RECEIVING ROOM - SHORTLY

Megan transfers the new cadaver to the hydraulic lift as Randy signs paperwork.

RANDY

... Couldn't believe it when I heard what happened. I was just glad you were okay.

Megan smiles, finds it kind of sweet.

MEGAN

Thanks, Randy.

RANDY

I mean, you're lucky that guy didn't kill you. That's a special flavor of crazy sauce, right there. Trying to eviscerate some chick's corpse in an alley? Following her to the morgue to finish what you started?

Megan takes a deep breath, not eager to relive the memory.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Then he kills two cops on the way to jail? Jesus. If he's that fucking crazy, who says he won't come back and --

MEGAN

-- Randy.

He falls silent. Looks over at her.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Are you always this terrible at making people feel better?

A beat.

RANDY

Yeah. Sort of.

Megan just shakes her head. Randy hands her the paperwork.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Seriously, though. Shouldn't they get some extra security down here?

MEGAN

They were supposed to send one of the guards down earlier, but ... it's been hours and ...

(off Randy)

I think he might be missing.

RANDY

(incredulous)

You think he might be *missing*?

MEGAN

Right.

RANDY

Your security guard is *missing* and that doesn't alarm you.

MEGAN

By comparison, I'd say it's the least alarming thing that's happened since you dropped off Anna Grey.

Randy stares at her, foaming at the mouth for details.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

How well do you remember her wounds?

Off Randy's bemused look --

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

WHOOSH! Randy watches Megan slide Anna out of her drawer.

MEGAN

Okay. So it's obviously been a long night. And I'm probably just remembering things wrong.

Megan reaches to the sheet covering Anna's body, pulls it back and exposes her body.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

But didn't she have a huge wound on the side of her abdomen when you brought her in?

Randy studies Anna's body, thinks hard ...

RANDY

Yeah. Could have swore she did.

MEGAN

Where is it now?

They share a look.

RANDY

Huh.

MEGAN

Yeah. Huh.

RANDY

Well, she was covered in blood. And there were holes everywhere. Maybe I'm just getting them all confused.

Megan looks back down at Anna's body. After a moment, a strange look washes over her.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What?

MEGAN

Does her skin look weird to you?

RANDY

Yeah. She's dead.

MEGAN

No, I mean ... healthier. Less blue.

It's true. Anna's skin does appear to be healthier.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Does that sound insane?

RANDY
Completely. I see what you mean,
though.
(a beat)
Have you checked her admittance
photos?

MEGAN
Get this. Camera broke down while
I was trying to photograph her.
And then, when I tried to scan her
prints? Scanner died, too.

RANDY
Weird.

MEGAN
Right? It's almost like ...

She can't quite bring herself to say it. Randy's more than
willing --

RANDY
Like she didn't want to have her
photo or fingerprints taken?

Megan shrugs. They stare at each other. Then Randy smiles --

RANDY (CONT'D)
Awesome.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SHORTLY

Megan walks Randy back toward the intake bay ...

MEGAN
... That's why I had a friend run
her prints at the police station.

RANDY
And?

MEGAN
And they matched a half dozen
names. Women who were murdered. I
think Anna Grey -- or whoever she
is -- I think she killed them.

RANDY

Whoa.

MEGAN

Still haven't figured out why she chose them. There has to be some kind of pattern. Always is.

They arrive at the double doors. Randy studies her.

RANDY

Why are you working the graveyard shift in a morgue?

MEGAN

Because it's my job?

RANDY

No, I mean ... you're smart. Resourceful. What happened?

Megan breaks eye contact, doesn't say anything.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Sorry, it's none of my business.

(a beat)

I only asked because I went through a rough patch a few years back and ... I don't know. I thought I recognized something like that in you.

Megan chews the inside of her lip, studies him. Then --

MEGAN

So what changed things for you?

Randy retrieves his cell phone from his shirt pocket. He pulls up A PHOTO on the display, hands the phone to Megan.

THE PHOTO -- A two year-old boy, smiling into the camera.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

He's adorable.

RANDY

Takes after his dad.

(a beat)

Thing is, I used to drink a lot. And drinking usually meant cheating. Telling lies. Made me kind of a dick.

Megan hands him back the phone. He studies his son's photo.

RANDY (CONT'D)
He changed everything. I wanted
that kid to grow up with a dad who
was a little less rotten, you know?

He pockets the phone. Shrugs.

RANDY (CONT'D)
So I quit drinking ... quit lying.
It was a lot easier to be honest
with the people I loved, once I
started being honest with myself.

Megan remains silent, his words hitting close to home. A
little too close. Then --

MEGAN
That makes a lot of sense.

He smiles, something supportive and understanding behind it.

RANDY
Sorry for running on. We barely
know each other, but ... if you
ever need someone to talk to, you
know where to find me.

MEGAN
Thanks.

Randy nods. Megan swipes her key card through the reader.

CLUNK! The door unlocks.

RANDY
Goodnight.

MEGAN
Goodnight, Randy.

As soon as he's out the door, Megan shuts it. Leans back
against it. DEEP BREATH ... then a look of resolve.

She reaches into her pocket, pulls out her cell phone.
Quickly dials a number and hits SEND. As she heads down the
corridor, the line RINGS. Then --

ANDREW (O.S.)
(through phone)
Hey. I haven't had a chance to
pull that DMV info yet, but --

MEGAN
-- That's not why I'm calling.

She stops walking. Another DEEP BREATH. Then --

MEGAN (CONT'D)
That bottle of Xanax you were
looking for ... I didn't take it.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Megan, you already told me --

MEGAN
-- I found it in the medicine
cabinet, after you moved out. I
should have packed it up with the
rest of your things, but I kept it.

She squeezes her eyes shut, waits for a response. When she
doesn't get one, she opens her eyes.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I've been feeling really anxious
lately and ... I just felt safer
knowing they were there. In case I
needed them.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Why are you telling me this?

MEGAN
I'm just tired of lying.
(momentary silence)
Anyway, I'll drop them off at your
place in the morning -- if that's
okay.

ANDREW (O.S.)
I'll be there. And thanks for ...
I'm really glad you told me.

MEGAN
Me too. See you in the morning.

ANDREW (O.S.)
See you in the morning.

She ends the call, feeling good about what she's done. But
her anxiety is once again on the rise ...

EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - NIGHT

THE AMBULANCE, still parked on the disabled ramp. Randy is
visible through the driver's side window.

EXT./INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

Holding his cell phone to his ear, Randy punches coordinates into a GPS unit affixed to the dash.

RANDY
(into phone)
... Got it. I'm on my way.

He ends the call, drops his phone into his shirt pocket. Then he starts the engine, about to pull out when he glances at the driver's side mirror and notices --

A REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

A fleeting glimpse of A NAKED WOMAN.

She just disappeared behind the ambulance.

ON RANDY, as he does a double take. *Did I just see that?*

His eyes snap to --

THE REARVIEW MIRROR -- nobody behind the ambulance.

THE PASSENGER MIRROR -- not a soul in sight.

BACK TO RANDY

He sits there a moment, weighs his options.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Crap.

He reaches to his door, opens it and --

EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SAME

-- emerges from the ambulance. Standing at the open door, he looks around ...

RANDY
Hello?

All is still. Silent.

He walks along the side of the vehicle, up the ramp. Checks around the back of the ambulance and --

-- nobody's there.

RANDY (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Someone out here?

Silence.

He moves around to the passenger side ... nobody in sight.
Baffled, he stands there a moment.

SQUISH ... SQUISH ...

Randy hears it, realizes it's coming from the other side of the vehicle.

SQUISH ... SQUISH ...

Like WET FEET SLAPPING against the asphalt.

Randy bends down, looks underneath the ambulance and sees --

BLOODY, BARE FEET standing on the other side.

Randy's eyes widen. *Who the fuck is that?*

As he moves to stand back up --

HIS PHONE falls from his shirt pocket.

CLUNK! It drops to the asphalt, sliding underneath the ambulance. Several feet down the ramp.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Shit.

He drops back down, looks underneath the ambulance again and sees --

-- the bloody, bare feet are gone now.

Randy reaches under the ambulance, toward his cell phone.
The tips of his fingers can't quite reach it.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Fuck.

He looks around, makes sure he's still alone.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Dad-dee?

It comes out of thin air. Haunting. Ethereal.

Randy reacts. He slowly looks back underneath the ambulance.

HIS CELL PHONE suddenly glows to life, displaying --
THE PHOTO of his son.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Help ... me ...

ON RANDY, staring at the photo. An odd look on his face,
like he can't quite comprehend what he's seeing. Or hearing.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Help ... me ... Dad-dee ...

BENEATH THE AMBULANCE

Peering out as Randy drops down on his stomach, eyes trained
on his son's photo. Entranced. Mesmerized. The same way
Roberts was earlier.

He slides toward us, desperate to reach the phone now. It's
a tight squeeze, but he manages to clear the space.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Help ... me ...

Randy scoots closer to his phone.

THE IMAGE OF HIS SON stares back at him. Inexplicably, it's
the only thing that matters to him at this moment.

RANDY stretches his arm out, desperately grabs for his phone.

HIS FINGERS touch it. He tries to pull it toward him, but it
won't move.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad-dee, help ... me ...

Randy tugs at the phone, frantic. It just won't budge, like
it's been super-glued to the asphalt.

He manages to pry his fingers under the edges, the asphalt
tearing at his skin.

There. He can grip the underside now. With all of his
strength, he yanks the phone from the ground and --

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

CLUNK!

THE EMERGENCY BREAK suddenly disengages.

EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SAME

BENEATH THE AMBULANCE

As it jerks forward.

A HORRIBLE GRINDING SOUND, then --

Randy suddenly snaps out of his daze. He looks around, no idea where he is. He's even more confused when he notices --

HIS HAND

It's covered in blood.

And he's not holding his phone

He's holding a FRAYED EMERGENCY BREAK CABLE.

His eyes snap over to --

THE AMBULANCE'S GIANT, THICK TIRES

They're rolling down the disabled ramp.

Right toward him.

RANDY

Jesus Christ.

He clamors to scoot out from beneath the ambulance. The space is too narrow -- he can't quite arch his elbows high enough to push his way out.

THE TIRES, picking up speed, inches away from him.

ON RANDY, frantically inching out. Almost clear when --

THE TIRES are right at his face.

He lets out an AGONIZED SCREAM, just before --

CRUNCH!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

WHOOSH! A WHITE SHEET lands on top of the new cadaver.

Megan wheels it to the cooler, opens one of the metal doors. Quickly, she uses the lift to raise the cadaver and --

CLUNK -- she releases the tray. Slides the new body securely inside the empty drawer. Closes the door.

As she heads away from the coolers --

C R E A K ...

Megan freezes. Turns back around and sees --

-- Anna Grey's cooler door just opened.

For a moment, Megan just stands there, eyeing it. Then she walks back to the drawer and SLAMS it shut.

She scurries away, over to --

THE SINK

-- where she snaps off her gloves. Tosses them in the trash. Turns the sink on. Soaps up.

As she washes her hands, she throws a glance back at --

ANNA GREY'S COOLER DRAWER

The door remains closed.

BACK TO MEGAN

Anxious again, as she vigorously washes her hands. Finally satisfied, she turns the sink off. Dries her hands with a paper towel. Tosses it in the trash. Turns around and --

A STARTLED GASP!

Megan's eyes go wide.

REVEAL THE COOLERS

Every single door is now wide open.

All of the cadavers have been pulled out.

Megan stares at them. Frozen. Her eyes bulging.

A SHUFFLING SOUND

The RUSTLING of white sheets.

Megan's heart catches in her throat as --

Each and every one of the cadavers slowly rises up.

C R U N C H ...

Their heads turn to look over at Megan.

Men. Women. Young. Old. Even babies.

Their skin blue and bloated.

Amongst them is DR. ROBERTS ... and there's DAVE, too.
Looking right at her.

Megan lets out a terrified SCREAM as --

-- she races out of the room.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SAME

Megan flies down the hallway, her face white as a sheet.

She SLAMS into her desk, gasping for breath. Trying to make sense of what she saw. Remembering what Roberts told her ...

MEGAN

My brain ... just my brain trying
to cope ...

She takes a deep breath, catches some air in her lungs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

... Anything to make me use again
... anything ...

Another deep breath, going over her options. She lands on one quickly --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Fuck. This.

She frantically grabs her purse. Her coat. Then she bounds away, toward --

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SAME

WITH MEGAN, booking it toward the double doors. Digging inside her lab coat pocket. Pulling out her key card.

She arrives at the doors. Swipes her card.

CLUNK! The doors unlock.

Megan throws them open and --

EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SAME

-- flies outside. The doors SLAM behind her.

Megan stops on the loading dock. Bends down, hands on her knees. Deep breath. She glances up and spots --

RANDY'S AMBULANCE, parked at an odd angle in the alley.

MEGAN

Randy ...

She takes off running down the ramp, GASPING for breath as she goes. On the verge of hyperventilating, she reaches --

THE AMBULANCE

She moves to open the driver's side door and --

-- catches A REFLECTION in the window.

There's someone standing behind her.

A HAND slaps around her mouth.

THE BARREL OF A GUN appears at her temple.

Megan freezes, eyes bulging from her skull.

A FACE slides up to hers from behind ...

MAN

That was a huge mistake you made earlier.

It's Anna Grey's killer. He's back.

Megan SCREAMS something indiscernible through his hand.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ssshhhh ...

Megan quiets, frantically INHALING through her nose.

MAN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

He YANKS her out of frame, toward --

THE INTAKE BAY

They arrive at the double doors. The Man keeps one hand over Megan's mouth, the other holding the gun to her head.

MAN (CONT'D)
Your key card. Where is it?

Megan's eyes drop to the pocket of her lab coat. The Man removes his hand from Megan's mouth, reaches inside her lab coat, fishes out --

THE KEY CARD. He swipes it through the reader and --

CLUNK! The doors unlock.

The Man yanks them open.

MEGAN
No, please --

MAN
-- Shut up.

THE MAN'S POCKET, as he slides the key card inside.

THE DOORS, as The Man pulls Megan through them.

SLAM! They close behind them.

MEGAN'S TERRIFIED FACE disappears through the window.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Man pushes Megan down the hall, his gun positioned in the crook of her back. As they approach THE COOLER ROOM, Megan digs her heels into the ground.

MEGAN
Don't make me go in there. Please.
I can't do it.

The Man notices the panicked look on her face, realizes ...

MAN
What did she do? Get inside your
head? Make you see things?

Megan just stares at him, terrified. *How does he know?*

MAN (CONT'D)
It's what she does. Whatever she's
been making you see, it's not real.

Now he looks worried. He throws the cooler room door open, yanks Megan inside and --

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SAME

-- Megan's face drops.

THE COOLER DOORS are all closed now.

The Man shoves Megan toward them.

MAN

Get her out of there. Hurry.

Megan stares at the drawers, completely bewildered. *Did I imagine the whole thing?*

CLICK! The Man cocks the gun, points it at her.

MAN (CONT'D)

Do it.

Megan reaches for ANNA GREY'S METAL DOOR. She grabs the handle, yanks it open and --

ANNA'S BODY lies inside, covered by the sheet.

Megan's shaky hand grabs hold of the tray, slides it out. The Man rushes over and whisks the sheet away, revealing --

MEGAN

Oh my god ...

ANNA GREY'S BODY

HER CHEST WOUND is half the size it was earlier.

THE MAN studies Anna, knowingly. Then his eyes rise to Megan, a grave look on his face.

MAN

You let it happen.

MEGAN

Let what happen? I don't understand wha--

MAN

-- I told you. She's not dead.

MEGAN

But you cut her open. Everywhere. How could she be --

MAN

-- *Look at her.* See what's happening to her body?

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)
It means innocent people have died
here tonight. She's growing
stronger. *And it's your fault.*

The Man snaps around, grabs the hydraulic lift. Pushes it
over to Megan. Points his gun at her.

MAN (CONT'D)
Get her on there. Hurry.

Megan raises the lift -- CLUNK! It connects to the tray.

MAN (CONT'D)
The security straps. Fasten them
around her. Tight.

Megan scrambles to strap Anna Grey to the lift. The Man
motions toward the doorway with his gun --

MAN (CONT'D)
Let's go. Hurry.

Megan pushes Anna's body across the room, through the
doorway, and into --

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

FOLLOWING THEM down the hallway, as Megan throws anxious
glances at The Man.

MEGAN
What did you mean about people
dying? About it being my fault? I
haven't killed anyone.
(no response)
But *you* have.

The Man looks over at her, clenches his jaw.

MAN
I did what I had to do.

MEGAN
You had to kill two police
officers? I knew them. They were
good men. They had families.

Surprisingly, that weighs on him. He quickly shakes it off.

MAN
It saved the lives of others.
Hundreds. Maybe even thousands.

MEGAN

What are you talking about?

The Man looks at Megan. Then down to Anna Grey.

MAN

There's something evil hiding
inside of her. Something that
wants to stay hidden.

MEGAN

Evil?

MAN

I thought they were crazy when they
first said it. The priests. The
church. They thought they could
make it go away. Exorcise it. But
they were wrong.

Megan just stares at him, incredulous.

MAN (CONT'D)

No matter what they did, it just
stayed inside her body ... made her
do things. *Horrible* things.
Things my little girl was incapable
of even imagining.

MEGAN

(stunned)

She's your daughter.

They stop at THE INCINERATOR ROOM. The Man looks Megan right
in the eye --

MAN

Not anymore.

He throws open the door and --

INT. MORGUE - INCINERATOR ROOM - SHORTLY

CLICK! He turns the lights on.

MAN

Get her to the incinerator.

Megan quickly wheels Anna to the incinerator.

The Man unfastens the SECURITY STRAPS holding Anna to the
lift, yanks them off.

Megan stares at him, like he's a monster. The Man notices.

MAN (CONT'D)
You don't understand.

MEGAN
No. I *really* don't.

The Man looks down at Anna's body, sadly ...

MAN
When it first started, I knew
something was wrong. I just didn't
know what. The way she was acting.
It wasn't my little girl.
(looks at Megan)
Something was working on her. Day
by day. Until it broke her. Found
a way inside of her.

Megan glances between The Man and Anna. Trying to
understand. *Is any of this possible?*

MAN (CONT'D)
I watched it just ... wear her body
down. And when she finally died, I
thought that was the end. That her
suffering was over. But that *thing*
-- it wouldn't leave. It liked
where it was. *Loved* where it was.

He reaches down, caresses Anna's face. Lost ...

MAN (CONT'D)
It loved being inside of her so
much that ... it just kept healing
her. Killing people to do it.

MEGAN
(connecting the dots)
That's what you meant. About
people dying tonight. That's how
she's been healing her wounds?

The Man looks at Megan, pained. Devastated. Tears in his
eyes.

MAN
Why couldn't it look like someone
else? Why does it have to keep
fixing *her*? Sarah. My little
girl.

There it is. Anna Grey's real name. Regardless, we'll keep referring to her by the name she currently prefers -- "Anna."

Megan remains silent, her uncertainty written all over her face. The Man forces himself to regain his composure, then raises his gun.

MAN (CONT'D)

Turn around. Hands behind your back.

MEGAN

Please. You don't have to --

MAN

-- I'm not taking any chances this time. *Just do it.*

Megan turns around, clasps her hands behind her back. The Man binds them together with the security strap.

MEGAN

Please ... I believe you ... I really do.

He shoves her across the room, toward some OVERHEAD PIPES.

Megan keeps working on him ...

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I ran her prints. And you're right. She did horrible things. Killed people. Took their names.

The Man seethes, binds Megan's wrists to one of the pipes.

MAN

Fuckin' thing thinks it's being clever. Stealing identities so it never gets caught. So it can keep going on its merry little way. Murdering. Corrupting. Destroying. With my baby's face.

He pulls the strap taught. Looks over at Anna's body.

MAN (CONT'D)

Until now.

He races to the incinerator. CLICKS the igniter.

BANG -- BANG -- BANG. It fires up.

ON MEGAN

Tugging at her restraints. Trying to loosen them.

THE MAN

He hurries over to Anna's body, glances back at Megan --

MAN (CONT'D)

Why couldn't you have listened to
me earlier? This would all be --

WHOOSH!

An unseen force sends him flying through the air.

BAM! He lands across the room, on the floor.

Megan SCREAMS!

The Man looks around, disoriented. Panicked. He leaps to his feet, rushes toward Anna's body and --

WHOOSH!

He flies backward, SLAMS into a wall.

His body slides to the ground.

Then he slowly looks up at Megan, horrified ...

MAN (CONT'D)

It's too late ...

WHOOSH!

He's sent flying through the air again.

Right toward --

CRUNCH!

His body lands inside the incinerator.

AN AGONIZED SCREAM as flames consume his body.

Megan loses her mind as she watches it happen.

She tugs at her restraints, trying to free herself. They won't budge. But then she gets distracted by --

ANNA'S BODY

The wound on her chest closes up.

It happens right there. Before Megan's eyes. The corpse just healed her own wound. And now --

-- she only has one wound left. Her gaping NECK WOUND.

ON MEGAN, freaking the fuck out. Pulling at the straps around her wrists. Trying to break the pipe they're tied to.

MEGAN
(screaming)
Help ... someone help me ...

THE SECURITY STRAPS cut into her skin as --

CRACK!

She breaks her own wrist.

HOWLS in pain.

Pulls it from the strap.

Unties her other wrist.

There. She's free. She races out of the room and --

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SAME

-- tears down the hallway. Racing toward --

THE MAIN ENTRANCE

With her good hand, she reaches inside her pocket. Feels around and realizes --

MEGAN
No.

-- her key card just went up in flames with The Man. She frantically tugs at the door. Beats at it with her fist.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Help ... someone help me ... get me
out of here

She continues to pound on the door for a moment. Then she turns away from it, slowly accepting the inevitable ...

... she's trapped inside the morgue.

That's when the QUICK, SHORT BREATHS start coming.

Her hand flies to her chest, feels her HEART BEATING faster and faster.

Her panicked eyes dart around.

She takes off running down the hall.

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

Megan flies into the Security Station. She grabs the phone, frantically dials Security. The line RINGS ...

MEGAN

Come on, come on ...

The line continues to RING ... and RING ... and RING.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Goddamnit!

She SLAMS the phone down.

GASPS for breath.

Dizzy now, she reaches to the desk and steadies herself.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Shit ...

The panic attack she's been staving off all night is finally consuming her.

She grabs her purse, desperately rifles around inside of it. She pulls out the XANAX BOTTLE.

THUNK! She drops her purse to the ground, its contents spilling across the floor.

As she fumbles with the Xanax's safety cap --

HER CELL PHONE RINGS

Megan tosses the pills onto the desk, digs her cell phone from her purse.

THE DISPLAY -- "ANDREW."

She quickly answers the call, barely able to get the words out as she GASPS for air --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Andrew ... call hospital security.

ANDREW (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Megan? What's wrong?

The line CRACKLES, the signal dropping in and out.

ANDREW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (through phone)
 Hello? Megan?

MEGAN
 I'm here. Just call --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 -- Andrew, please. I'm really
 scared.

Megan freezes. *Who was that?*

ANDREW (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Megan, is that you?

MEGAN
 Can you hear --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 -- It's me, Andrew. I'm so scared.

She sounds a little like Megan, but more like someone trying to imitate her voice.

ANDREW (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Is everything okay?

MEGAN
 Andrew --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 -- Everything that's happened
 tonight ... I'd just feel so much
 better if you came down here.

MEGAN
 Andrew, no ... stay where you are.

ANDREW (O.S.)
 Of course. I'll be right there.

He clearly can't hear Megan, but she keeps trying --

MEGAN

No, it's *her* ... she's trying to
lure you here. She'll use you to
heal hers--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(through phone)

-- Hurry, okay?

ANDREW (O.S.)

I'm on my way.

Megan starts HYPERVENTILATING.

CLUNK! She drops the phone to the ground.

HER FACE goes white as a ghost.

Beads of sweat break out all over.

MEGAN'S POV -- the room starts to SPIN.

MEGAN

Shit ...

THE XANAX BOTTLE, as she grabs it off the desk. Fumbles with
safety cap again. Her hands are too shaky to get it off.
She beats it against the desk and --

-- the pills go flying.

ON MEGAN, as she drops to the ground, GASPING for air. She
scoops the pills up from the ground. Shoves them in her
mouth. Swallows them dry.

MEGAN'S POV -- EVERYTHING SPINNING.

Going HAZY. Starting to FADE away.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(barely)

Andrew ...

She GASPS for air. HER EYES suddenly flutter. Everything
goes BLURRY as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The hallway is empty.

Everything is completely still ... and silent.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - NIGHT

THE DOUBLE DOORS are just a few feet in front of us, their windows like eyes ... peering out into the night.

CLUNK! The lock suddenly disengages on its own.

A long, silent beat. Then --

ANDREW'S FACE appears through the window. He KNOCKS on it.

ANDREW
(calling out)
Megan?

He puts his face right up to the window, strains to see inside the morgue.

EXT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SAME

Andrew pulls away from the window, confused.

He pulls his phone from his pocket. Dials a number, then puts the phone to his ear.

A FAINT RING ECHOES from somewhere inside the morgue.

Andrew hears it, squints through the door again as --

MEGAN (V.O.)
(through phone)
You've reached Megan Reed. Please
leave a message.

BEEP!

Andrew ends the call, pockets his phone. Thinks a moment. Decides to give the door's handle a tug and --

-- the door opens right up. Andrew steps inside.

INT. MORGUE - INTAKE BAY - SAME

CLUNK! The doors close behind him, locking.

ANDREW
(calling out)
Megan?

Silence.

He moves down the hallway, his FOOTSTEPS ECHOING as he goes.
And now we notice that he's holding A FOLDER in his hand.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Megan? You here?

No answer.

He continues down the hall, arrives at --

THE SECURITY STATION

MEGAN'S CELL PHONE is lying on the ground.

THE EMPTY XANAX BOTTLE sits next to it.

PILLS are scattered everywhere, along with the CONTENTS OF
HER PURSE.

No sign of Megan.

Andrew absorbs the scene, his mind jumping to the worst
possible conclusion.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Jesus ...

He tosses the folder to the desk, barely missing. As it
drops to the floor, he rushes away. REVEAL --

THE FOLDER, lying open on the ground amongst Megan's
belongings. Several loose PAPERS that were inside have
scattered across the floor ...

... they're the DRIVER'S LICENSE COPIES that Megan requested.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

Andrew sticks his head inside.

ANDREW
Megan?

Nothing but the HUM of the cooler drawers.

INT. MORGUE - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SHORTLY

Andrew rushes in, growing panicked.

ANDREW
Megan? You in here?

He frantically checks THE THREE STALLS, finds them empty.
Races back into the hallway.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

From the other end, Andrew comes running up.

ANDREW
(calling out)
Hello?

He stops. Listens ... hears nothing.

FOLLOWING HIM, as hurries forward, glancing in each room that he passes. Then he arrives at --

INT. MORGUE - INCINERATOR ROOM - SAME

Andrew ducks inside, surveys.

ANDREW
Hello?

ANDREW'S POV -- AN EMPTY ROOM.

The incinerator is off.

Anna is no longer on the floor where Megan left her.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

WITH ANDREW, as he runs down the hallway, increasingly panicked. He passes A CONNECTING CORRIDOR and --

-- he stops suddenly. *What was that?*

He backtracks, looks down the --

CONNECTING CORRIDOR

There's Megan.

She's standing at the end of the hall. Completely still.
With her back to Andrew.

ANDREW
Megan.

Not even the slightest hint of a reaction from her.

Andrew starts down the corridor ...

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Megan, are you okay?

She doesn't respond.

Andrew's eyes narrow as he goes. There's definitely something wrong with her.

ANDREW'S POV

MOVING CLOSER to Megan ... closer ... almost there ...

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Megan?

He reaches out. Grabs her shoulder. Turns her around and --
-- it's not Megan.

ON ANDREW, recoiling at the sight of --

A WOMAN, wearing Megan's clothes.

Her neck is one big gaping wound.

It's Anna Grey.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Oh my --

She lunges at him, just as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.

SILENT.

Wait. Did you hear that?

A SOUND in the distance. Faint, but getting louder.

SHALLOW BREATHING.

As our eyes adjust to the darkness, something becomes discernible ...

A HUMAN BODY

Barely visible in the darkness.

A GASP!

HANDS moving now. Feeling around. Finding walls in every direction.

THE BREATHING becomes louder. Faster. Frantic.

MEGAN
Where ... oh my god ...
(screams)
HELP!

It ECHOES, like she's in a tin can ...

... or a metal drawer.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Get me out of here ... oh god ...
someone help ...

She kicks and claws at the metal walls.

Shivering.

Completely losing her mind.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Oh god ... no, no, no ...

Quick, frantic breaths. They're VISIBLE in the freezing air.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Come on, Meg ... calm down ...

She takes a DEEP BREATH this time. Then a big EXHALE.

She wriggles around in the tiny box.

Repositions herself.

Starts to kick at the walls.

BANG!

She kicks harder.

BANG -- BANG -- BANG

Harder.

BAM!

The cooler door flies open at her feet, LIGHT invading the tiny metal box as --

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - NIGHT

-- she squirms and slides her way out of the cooler drawer.
She's naked. Shivering. So cold she's barely able to move.
Quickly, she wraps her arms around her chest and tries to warm herself. It's not working.

Disoriented, she hobbles across the room. Over to --

THE SUPPLY CABINET

With some difficulty, she manages to open the cabinet door.
Then she reaches inside, pulls out a lab coat.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - SHORTLY

Megan emerges from the cooler room, wearing the labcoat.
Still SHIVERING. Dazed from the Xanax.

She looks up and down the corridor.

It's empty.

She takes a step forward. Then another. Now she's moving.
And we're --

MOVING WITH HER, cautiously ... eyes peeled ... ready for anything. She arrives at --

THE CONNECTING CORRIDOR

She turns into it, takes a few steps and --
-- stops dead in her tracks.

MEGAN'S POV -- JUST DOWN THE HALLWAY

Someone is lying on the ground. Oh, god. It's --

MEGAN

Andrew?

She races toward him, finally able to pick up some speed. As she reaches him --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Andrew.

-- her eyes bulge from their sockets.

ANDREW'S BODY is hideously contorted.

A POOL OF BLOOD surrounds him on the floor.

Every single bone in his body is broken.

Megan drops down next to him, emitting what can only be described as a HOWL of anger and sadness.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
(howling)
Nnoooooo!

Silence.

She looks up, tears spilling from her eyes. And something dawns on her ... *Andrew's death can only mean one thing.*

Megan's eyes dart around. Panicked. Terrified. And something catches her eye.

She rises to her wobbly feet, staring. Groggily, she plods over to --

THE SECURITY STATION

-- and stops in the doorway. Looks down at something on the ground.

THE DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTOS

Six of them, staring up at Megan from the floor. They're all different women, but with similar features. Thin. Mid-20's ... and most notably, they all have blonde hair.

MEGAN bends down, picks up the photos. Compares them. Realizes ...

MEGAN (CONT'D)
They looked like her ... that's why
she chose them.

Her eyes drift away, searching the air. Thinking. Then they land on something nearby, widening as she stares at --

MEGAN'S OWN DRIVER'S LICENSE, lying on the ground amongst the other items that spilled from her purse earlier.

She reaches to it, picks it up.

Stares at it.

For a long, chilly moment.

MEGAN'S DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTO

She looks much different in the photo. As Andrew mentioned when we met him, her hair has changed recently.

It's blonde in the photo.

ON MEGAN, her eyes vacillating between her own photo and the other women's photos. A horrifying realization sets in.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god ...

The license begins to shake in her hand. She quickly drops it to the ground.

She has to get out of her. Immediately.

She rises up. Stumbles into --

THE CORRIDOR

-- where she stammers down the hallway. As fast as she can go. Heading straight for --

THE INTAKE BAY

THUNK! She falls against the double doors. Catches her breath.

With every ounce of strength she has left, she begins POUNDING on the doors with her fists. Even the broken one. She either doesn't feel the pain or doesn't care.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Help! Help me! Somebody he--

Suddenly, she falls silent. Sensing something.

MEGAN'S FACE

A look of horror spreads across it. Then she slowly lowers her head, looking down at --

HER LAB COAT

Blood is seeping through the white fabric.

She reaches to it, pulls it open and --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god ...

A GAPING WOUND spreads across her chest.

RIP!

A LACERATION runs down the side of her abdomen.

HER NECK, as blood pours from a wound that is spontaneously spreading across it.

A look of utter horror from her, as she realizes ...

She has taken on Anna Grey's wounds.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh god ... help ... somebody hel--

BLOOD GURGLES from the wound in her neck, cutting her off.

She stumbles forward, away from the doors, trying to get her words out when --

BOOM!

Anna drops from the ceiling.

She lands on Megan, taking her to the ground.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

AN EARLY MORNING SUN rises above the building.

CARS are just beginning to pull into the lot.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

SUNLIGHT filters through the main entrance, along with EMPLOYEES arriving for the day shift.

Ernie sits at his post, reading a newspaper when --

DING! THE ELEVATOR DOORS slide open, revealing --

AN ID BADGE -- "MEGAN REED."

It's clipped to a fresh, white lab coat.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

A WOMAN, as she steps off the elevator, wearing the lab coat and ID badge. Megan's purse is strung over her shoulder.

It's Anna Grey.

She's completely healed.

Beautiful. Skin glowing. A new woman.

She slides Megan's sunglasses over her blue eyes, walks right past --

ERNIE, at the security desk, his head buried in a newspaper. He doesn't even bother to look up as --

-- Anna disappears through the exit.

INT. MORGUE - CORRIDOR - MORNING

An empty hallway.

CLUNK! The sound of the main door unlocking.

FOOTSTEPS ECHO through the empty hallways, growing LOUDER with each step. Getting closer.

Dr. Henry Lewis, Lead Pathologist, emerges from the connecting corridor. As he moves right past us --

WE FOLLOW HIM to the end of the corridor ... around the corner ... right up to --

INT. MORGUE - SECURITY STATION - SHORTLY

-- where he pokes his head inside, looks around for Megan.

She's not here.

In fact, there's no sign that she ever was. Everything is now neat and tidy. There isn't a single pill on the floor.

Lewis frowns, unhappy with Megan's absence.

LEWIS

Huh.

He walks away.

INT. MORGUE - COOLER ROOM - SHORTLY

THE SUPPLY CABINET

Lewis opens it, pulls out a fresh lab coat and tugs it on.

PATHOLOGY ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Dr. Lewis?

He turns, notices her standing in the doorway. She's holding THE INTAKE LOG that contains all of the admittance paperwork.

HENRY

'Morning.

PATHOLOGY ASSISTANT

You're not going to like this.

She walks over to him, opens the log to the last page.

PATHOLOGY ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Two bodies came in last night.
Megan didn't bother to photograph
or fingerprint either one of them.

Henry SIGHS. Shakes his head. Pissed.

HENRY

Last time I hire a drug addict.
(grabs log from her)
Okay, let's see what we've got

He walks over to THE COOLERS. Consults the intake log. Then looks up at the metal doors, zeroing in on --

ANNA GREY'S COOLER DOOR

He grabs the handle, yanks the door open. Then he reaches inside ... slides out the tray ...

HENRY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

The Pathology Assistant hurries over.

PATHOLOGY ASSISTANT

What's wrong?

She follows Henry's stunned gaze down to ...

MEGAN'S MUTILATED CORPSE, lying on the tray.

Her wide eyes stare right back at us.

A hideous expression of sheer terror frozen on her face.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END