

MONSTER HOSPITAL

by

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**TEASER**

INT. HAYNES HOUSE - DUSK

Three items on a dresser: A framed, happy family photo of a woman, a man, and a young girl. In a made-by-a-child ceramic bowl, a wedding band and diamond engagement ring on a necklace. And a hospital ID badge for the woman: Dori Haynes, attending ER physician, Miriam Onsterholm Hospital.

A hand hovers over the necklace -- then picks up the badge.

DORI HAYNES, 42, clips it to her scrubs. Looks in the mirror on the dresser. Pile of unfolded laundry on her bed. Sighs, bone-tired. Frowns at her ashy elbows. Rubs lotion on them.

From down the hall, her six-year-old daughter LEILA calls:

LEILA (O.S.)  
Mamaaaaa!

Dori checks her watch, heads toward

INT. LEILA'S ROOM

Dark inside. Dori opens the door from a lighted hall.

DORI  
I told you, Leila, Princess  
Sparklehooves will turn up. We'll  
look for her tomorrow.

Leila -- the girl from the photo, maybe a year older now -- has the covers pulled up to her chin. Spooked. On a shelf above her bed, her impressive collection of My Precious Pony Pals lined up, with one notable gap.

LEILA  
There's a monster under my bed.

Dori softens. Smiles.

DORI  
Oh, baby. I promise you. There's  
nothing here gonna hurt you.

She steps forward to give Leila a kiss...

DORI (CONT'D)  
Now get some sleep. I'll see you  
--

SPLUCK. Dori has stepped in something. Looks down.

BLACK ICHOR Oozes FROM UNDER THE BED.

Dori slowly bends down for a closer look.

The bed LURCHES AND RATTLES from beneath. Leila shrieks.  
Dori jumps back.

A SPINDLY CLAW from under the bed GRABS DORI'S ANKLE!

Dori falls backward, trying to jerk her leg away, but only pulling the thing under the bed out into the light:

Three asymmetrical eyes, four scrabbling arms, a rill of bright yellow fur around a pointy-snouted head -- and a wide open mouth with ROWS AND ROWS OF RIPPLING TEETH going alllll the way down. Like a garbage disposal in a hall of mirrors.

The BED MONSTER wheezes, rears up as Leila screams --

And TOPPLES SIDEWAYS to the floor. Its arms flail toward its throat, clutching at it in a familiar sign. Eyes PLEADING.

DORI (CONT'D)  
It's choking. [Beat] Leila, get my bag from the kitchen, quick like a bunny.

Leila darts out of bed, giving the Bed Monster a wide berth. Runs down the hall. Dori leans over it.

DORI (CONT'D)  
Stay calm. I'm gonna try to give you the Heimlich ... somehow.

She HAULS the monster up under its first two arms as it gurgles and spasms. Tries to find the right spot, but--

DORI (CONT'D)  
How many rib cages do you have?

The Bed Monster looks apologetic.

Leila returns with an unzipped medical bag. Dori sets the Monster down. Dons rubber gloves. Removes long steel tongs.

As Leila watches, Dori positions herself over the Monster.

DORI (CONT'D)  
All right. Stay calm. I need you to keep your mouth wide open.

The Monster, gagging, complies. Sooo many teeth.

DORI (CONT'D)  
And whatever you do? Don't. Bite.

Dori takes a deep breath. REACHES INTO THE MONSTER'S OPEN MOUTH. Inserts the tongs deep into the undulating, toothy recesses of its throat.

The Monster gasps and spasms. Its jaw clenches. Ichor spatters Dori's scrubs. Dori reaches deeper. Her whole arm in its jaws now.

DORI (CONT'D)  
Almost ... almost ...

The Monster's eyes roll back in its head. It starts to convulse, each jerk making its jaws contract...

Dori YANKS HER HAND BACK TO SAFETY as the Monster's jaws REFLEXIVELY SNAP! It breathes heaving gasps.

In the tongs, mangled and half-melted by God knows what, is a purple toy pony. Leila's eyes light up.

LEILA  
Princess Sparklehooves!

Dori sags with relief.

The Bed Monster nudges Dori, holding out a dog-eared card covered in arcane script.

DORI (CONT'D)  
I don't need your insurance card.  
Just ... next time go to the  
hospital, okay? Plenty of beds  
there. This is my home.

The Bed Monster grunts gratefully, shakes itself like a dog, and slithers back under the bed, vanishing into the shadows.

DORI (CONT'D)  
And now I'm gonna be late for  
work.

LEILA  
Princess! Sparklehooves!

DORI  
Let's wash her off first, baby.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

EXT. URBAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Traffic putters along. A half-moon rises.

RADIO NEWS (V.O.)  
... Police say the fraternity and  
sorority members were staging a  
hazing ritual at the abandoned  
Fairborne State Home for Children.

INT. DORI'S CAR

Neither fancy, neat, nor new. Behind the wheel, Dori -- in  
fresh scrubs -- shakes her head: *These idiots never learn.*

RADIO NEWS (V.O.)  
This marks the twelfth mass-  
casualty slasher incident in the  
country this year, and the fifth  
at Fairborne since 1981, when --

The radio cuts out as a call comes in. The car's screen  
reads BERNICE. Dori braces herself and takes the call.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
I found you the perfect gig.

DORI  
Hi, sis. Really appreciate the  
lack of preamble there. I feel  
loved.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
Duke University needs to beef up  
their emergency medicine  
curriculum. Darrell's got a friend  
on staff. I sent them your  
resume--

DORI  
I have a resume now?

BERNICE (V.O.)  
Of course you do, and it's  
perfect, you're welcome.  
(MORE)

BERNICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Darrell's friend says they want to  
make you an offer.

DORI  
Are they bothered by my complete  
lack of interest?

BERNICE (V.O.)  
You're absolutely interested in  
these hours and this salary. You  
don't take it, I'll steal your  
identity and do it.

DORI  
You're a realtor.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
Yes. I'd be terrible. Which is why  
you should take it.

DORI  
I like where I am.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
And Ben? Do you like that whole --  
I'm gonna be nice and call it a  
situation?

Ouch. That one hit home.

DORI  
The Ben thing is ... complicated.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
The Ben thing is messed-up and  
unhealthy and I love you and also  
it's a disaster. And unhealthy.

DORI  
When you're subtle like this, I  
have trouble catching your  
meaning.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
Does Leila even know?

DORI  
... Look, I don't want another  
job.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
I'm emailing you the details. Just  
-- please, give it a look? For me?

DORI  
I won't send it to the spam  
folder.

BERNICE (V.O.)  
You are so taking this job.

Dori cannot help smiling.

DORI  
Goodbye, sis. Love you.

Dori hangs up, rolls her eyes and the wheel, pulling into

EXT. MIRIAM ONSTERHOLM HOSPITAL

Looks like a circa-1980s hospital, but ... off slightly, the building's angles just a little bit wrong. The hospital's glowing sign -- backlighting flickering, so that only the words "MONSTER" and "HOSPITAL" stay lit, and yes, you see what we did there -- has a logo that gets more unsettling the closer you look at it.

INT. DORI'S CAR

Dori parks. Checks the time on her phone -- another picture of her, Leila, and presumably, Ben. Stares at it a little too long. Head on the steering wheel, mutters a prayer:

DORI  
Please, God. Just a little bit  
better today than yesterday.

She takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Eerily empty. Fluorescent-lit. Dori enters, swiping her badge to open the locked security doors.

She stops at a bulletin board. Health announcements. Hospital movie night. And HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GHOST? flyers. Lots. Old, new, official, handmade. Dori frowns, curious.

Down the hall behind her, a TWISTED FIGURE stumbles toward her. Lurching, unsteady gait. Dori senses it. Turns --

DORI  
Oh, hey, Bud. Place looks great.

BUD is a zombie, rotting flesh hanging off his decaying face, jaw hanging open, one eye lolling blind in his head. He's wearing janitorial coveralls, a baseball cap (Pittsburgh Pirates, of course!), and his own ID badge. He groooooans -- then gives a cheery little wave.

BUD  
Grrrrrrnggh.

DORI  
Have yourself a good night, OK?

Dori gives him a fond pat on the shoulder as she passes. Bud continues stiffly cleaning the floors.

INT. INTAKE

A sea of plastic chairs and outdated magazines. Main desk where triage nurses answer phones. Double doors on one side of the large space lead to the hospital chapel.

Dori weaves through the crowd of waiting patients: flickering ghosts, pale vampires, humans, a few straight-up monsters reading magazines or eating vending machine snacks.

Dori passes a young couple -- pallid HORACE, a vampire, and wan DELIA, a human. Horace stares at Delia intensely.

HORACE  
Are you all right? I should go  
check at the desk. I'll go check.

DELIA  
It's fine, really.

HORACE  
You know I'd never let anything  
happen to you.

DELIA  
I know.

Dori continues to the front desk, waving to NURSE CALAVERA, a skeleton straight out of the Day of the Dead, who's in the middle of a phone conversation about an order of latex gloves, in machine-gun Spanish. Calavera waves back.

Dori turns to cheery Irish NURSE AISLING, who hands her a tablet with the night's patient roster. In the background, a young woman in scrubs and a hijab hovers, eyes on Dori.



AISLING  
Evening, boss. Lively tonight.

DORI  
Usual lively, or more so?

AISLING  
Got a crowd of teenage ghosts in  
who saw the Tinfoil Challenge on  
YouTube and got themselves the  
flickers something awful. Vampire  
model who got sun poisoning from a  
tanning bed. Plus the new --

Dori spots someone and heads off.

DORI  
Hold that thought. Brody! Brody,  
are you breaking my ER?

DREW BRODY is a set of legs on a ladder, disappearing up  
into the acoustic-tile drop-ceiling. From within:

BRODY  
I'm fixing your ER.

Electric blue sparks and a yelp from the hole in the  
ceiling do not inspire confidence.

DORI  
Do the gremlins know that?

Brody climbs down, wincing and sucking at a scorched  
finger. He's just a dude in maintenance coveralls. Not  
particularly in shape, sweet, earnest, possibly a wee bit  
baked.

BRODY  
Hey, these little guys are  
artists.

DORI  
Last week they dismantled an  
elevator.

BRODY  
They're serious about proper  
maintenance.

A tiny clawed hand emerges from the ceiling tile, handing  
Brody a tool. In response:

BRODY (CONT'D)  
No, no, Chuck, I wanted a 10  
gauge.

Irate chattering from the owner of the tiny hand.

BRODY (CONT'D)  
I appreciate that you feel this is  
a better choice, but like I  
said...

Brody climbs back up to continue the conversation. Dori  
shakes her head as if to ward off the incipient headache.

The young woman in the hijab (ASIYAH, 25) approaches.  
Dori's distracted by the tablet, reading through patients.

ASIYAH  
Excuse me, Doctor?

DORI  
Nurses are at the desk.

ASIYAH  
But I --

DORI  
Aisling! What were you saying?

Aisling grins from the desk:

AISLING  
I was saying you've got that new  
intern starting tonight.

Dori turns. Yep. Hijab lady. To her:

DORI  
Shit. That was today, wasn't it?

ASIYAH  
Asiyah Masoud. Uh, doctor. Doctor  
Masoud. And you're Dr. Haynes?

DORI  
I am. And I'm very busy tonight,  
so if you'll just talk to the  
nurses, I'm sure they can find  
something --

Lights. Commotion. From the ambulance bay, a HUMAN  
PARAMEDIC and a VAMPIRE PARAMEDIC wheel in a gurney on  
which a panicked ghost, STUART, jitters in and out of  
focus.

DORI (CONT'D)

Shit. Just -- stay there, okay?

She runs to the paramedics, who see her approaching.

VAMPIRE PARAMEDIC

Male ghost, approximately 15 years  
PD. Sudden onset ectoplasmic  
collapse at dinner with a mortal.

Whatever's happening to Stuart, it hurts. A lot.

STUART

Aaaaahhhhhellllppp mmmmeeee!

When the fit subsides:

DORI

What's your name?

STUART

Stuart. Stuart Price.

DORI

Stuart, have you been exposed to  
any strong electromagnetic fields?  
Power substation? Faulty  
microwave?

STUART

No, no, never. I know  
betterrrrraaaahhh!

As he thrashes in pain:

ASIYAH

Where did you pick him up?

Dori finds Asiyah at her elbow. What the hell?

HUMAN PARAMEDIC

Burrito Inferno, Sixth and Elm.

ASIYAH

Oh, I know that place! It's so  
good. Stuart, listen to me -- did  
you try to eat the food?

STUART

Aaahhh. Ahh. A bite. Of my  
sister's burrito. I know it's  
stupid, but I thought it'd be  
funnnnnnaaaaaahhh!

Another fit, more violent than before. Asiyah looks at Dori:

ASIYAH  
Where's your break room?

Dori looks hard at Asiyah. Asiyah doesn't blink.

ASIYAH (CONT'D)  
I can help. Break room!

DORI  
Down the hall, first right, second door on the left.

Asiyah RUNS, dodging patients and orderlies. Bursts into

INT. HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM

Surprising a few scrub-clad doctors, one of whom is a lizard-man eating a sandwich on the ceiling.

Asiyah starts flinging open various drawers in the cabinets. Finally, in a drawer full of takeout menus --

ASIYAH  
Yes!

She grabs a wrapped PAIR OF CHOPSTICKS.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Stuart's seizures are getting worse as Asiyah runs back, tearing the paper off the chopsticks.

She pauses over him as Dori watches. Deep breath. Sinks the chopsticks INTO HIS INCORPOREAL FORM.

Asiyah fishes around. Fumbles. Almost ... got it... YANKS THE CHOPSTOCKS FREE!

Stuart SNAPS BACK into focus. No more seizing.

Asiyah's chopsticks hold a wad of chewed-up burrito. She picks through it. Finds -- A SMALL PIECE OF TINFOIL.

ASIYAH  
They serve the burritos in extra-thick foil. Must have accidentally gotten some in the tortilla, messed up his EM field.

She drops the gunk in a trash can.

ASIYAH (CONT'D)

Wooh. Was that okay? I hope that was okay.

STUART

(woozy)

That was okay, yeah.

Dori's look says: Okay. Not bad.

DORI

All right. Do what I tell you, when I tell you. And as long as I'm not up to my elbows in someone or something, you can ask me any questions you want. Doctor Masoud.

ASIYAH

Yes, ma'am. Where do we start?

Dori looks over Asiyah's shoulder -- sees BEN, the man from the photo on her dresser, talking with one of the orderlies. He looks up, makes eye contact with Dori. She looks away.

DORI

Somewhere not here.

ASIYAH

Beg your pardon, ma'am?

Dori catches herself, checks the tablet.

DORI

How many surgeries have you seen?

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING ROOM

DR. TOSHIRO FUJISAKI has swagger for days, even in a surgical mask. Flinty, cynical eyes. Deep, gravelly voice. 100% sex symbol. As he operates:

TOSHIRO

Scalpel.

He's handed one.

TOSHIRO

Suction.

We hear suction applied.

TOSHIRO

One unit of B negative.

Gloved hands offer a pouch of blood -- with a straw in it, which is slipped behind Toshi's mask. He starts slurping even as he works. He's more than 200 years old. He doesn't look a day over 35.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Watching Toshi and a team of nurses operate through a pane of glass, Dori turns to Asiyah.

DORI

So. Doctor Masoud. Vampires make good surgeons because...?

ASIYAH

Excellent vision. Their hands don't sweat or shake. They rarely tire. Decades to hone their technique.

With a final, noisy SLURP, Toshi finishes off the blood bag.

ASIYAH (CONT'D)

And they don't mind blood.

Dori hits an intercom button to talk through the glass to the OR:

DORI

Dr. Fujisaki, how's she looking?

TOSHIRO

Evening, Dr. Haynes. Nothing yet, but I'm still going in.

The doors to the OR bang open. DR. CLAIRE FURLOW, mid-30s, Midwestern freckled gal-next-door, is hastily tying on sterile gear. Pissed as hell.

CLAIRE

What are you doing with my patient?

Dori closes her eyes wearily.

DORI  
Ohhhhh, shit.

Toshi doesn't flinch.

TOSHIRO  
Routine thoracic parasitectomy.  
And she's my patient now, Dr.  
Furball. Excuse me. Furlow.

Claire's eyes narrow, but she keeps her cool.

CLAIRE  
We could have treated her with  
anti-parasitics.

TOSHIRO  
Unless this is one of the new  
drug-resistant ones. In which case  
we'd be operating anyway.

CLAIRE  
Do you just get a hard-on from  
cutting people open?

TOSHIRO  
Come back later. I'll save you a  
doggie bag with some scraps.

Claire GROWLS, her eyes suddenly changing color, looking more lupine. When she points angrily at Toshi, we see her fingers beneath her rubber gloves starting to lengthen to claws. Her voice is getting lower, rougher:

CLAIRE  
I have *had it* with you --

A LOUD SQUAWK from the intercom.

DORI  
Claire! You know our curse  
transmission protocols. And you  
know that if you breach them, I  
will suspend your ass for the next  
three full moons. Toshi! You know  
our diversity policy. And if I  
hear you say that kind of bigoted  
shit again, I'll drag you to HR  
myself.

Claire and Toshi both look appropriately chastened.

Asiyah furrows her brow, leans in and hits the mic button:

ASIYAH  
Is the patient supposed to have  
three kidneys?

Claire and Toshi look down.

Yep. Three kidneys within the patient's open abdomen -- one on the left, two on the right.

TOSHIRO  
Oh, shi--

The third kidney opens a tiny, razor-toothed mouth and emits a BLOODCURDLING SCREECH! It surges, morphs, ripples into a ghastly little creature, detatching blood vessels that form tendril-like legs -- and then SPRINGS into the air, at the face of a nearby nurse!

Claire LEAPS through the air, intercepts the parasite in mid-spring before it can get to the nurse. It squirms, shrieks, and wrestles in Claire's grip, tendrils twining around her arms, razor maw lurching and snapping at her!

The parasite rears back, ready to strike -- and gets a SUCTION HOSE JAMMED INTO IT! Toshi holds the hose and Claire holds the parasite as the hose sucks out its guts, eventually turning it inside out and slurping it up.

We see it SPURT from the hose into a clear collection jar: a ragged, mewling clot of flailing tissue. Toshi grimaces.

TOSHIRO  
No way I'm drinking that now.

Claire storms out of the O.R., glaring daggers at him. Once she's gone, Toshi softens -- regret in his eyes.

INT. OUTSIDE O.R.

Dori, Asiyah in tow, meets Claire coming out of the O.R., stripping off her mask and gloves in disgust. She looks fully human again.

CLAIRE  
Dori, I'm going to kill him.

DORI  
Claire.

CLAIRE  
I will chain him in the parking  
lot and wait for sunrise.  
(MORE)



CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'll bring a lawn chair. I can  
sell tickets.

DORI  
Claire.

CLAIRE  
That's the sixth patient in three  
months he's stolen out from under  
me! He's increasing the risk of  
complications, driving up their  
bills --

DORI  
I'll talk to him. Again. But be  
honest: If drugs didn't work? Who  
would you have wanted for the  
surgery?

CLAIRE  
Literally anyone with a pulse. Or  
without. Bud, even!

Bud, mopping floors nearby, looks up: Who, me?

DORI  
Claire, look--

CLAIRE  
Forget it. I have other patients.  
Unless he's poached them, too.

Claire stalks away, emitting a low, rumbling GROWL.

Dori takes a deep breath, shakes off that new source of  
stress, and turns to an ever-attentive Asiyah.

DORI  
Nice catch on the kidney. Most  
people wouldn't --

Dori's phone buzzes. She knows the sound without looking.

DORI (CONT'D)  
Shit. I'm being paged. Just --  
just wait here, okay? I'll be  
right back.

Dori heads back toward the front desk. Asiyah waits  
dutifully, until --

NURSE HECTOR  
Hey! You a doctor?

Nurse Hector takes no crap from anyone. Arms full of charts.

ASIYAH  
Uh ... Yes, yes, I am.

NURSE HECTOR  
Great.

He hands her a couple of charts off the pile.

ASIYAH  
No, wait, you don't understand,  
I'm supposed to--

NURSE HECTOR  
Start with Room 12. Have fun.

Asiyah looks at the chart. Deep breath. Oookay, here goes...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

As Dori walks, the man from her photo falls into step next to her. BEN MARSHALL, mid-40s, handsome, kind-eyed. Dressed approachably, no white coat, but a hospital ID badge.

BEN  
Slow night?

Dori jumps.

DORI  
Jesus, Ben! Don't sneak up on me  
like that.

BEN  
Can't help it if I move quietly.

DORI  
You almost gave me a --

She stops, oddly mortified. Looks away.

BEN  
I just wanted to know if you'd  
have some time to talk later.

He takes her hand. Dori stares at it, then at him. Sad. Yearning.

DORI

Ben, I--

Dori closes her eyes for a second. Squeezes Ben's hand. Her pager beeps again. She makes herself let go.

DORI (CONT'D)

I've gotta go, Ben.

Moving away, she composes herself, wipes a flash of sadness from her face. Ben watches her go mournfully.

INT. INTAKE

Dori approaches the nurses' desk. Nurse Calavera sees her and holds out a phone.

CALAVERA

Dispatch is holding for you.

DORI

Shit. Did they say what they wanted?

Calavera shakes her head. Dori braces herself before she takes the phone. Dispatch is never good news.

DORI (CONT'D)

This is Dr. Haynes.

DISPATCH

(over the phone)

Hi, this is Madeline with dispatch. What's your bed situation look like tonight?

DORI

We've got --

She mouths to Calavera: "Twelve?" Calavera: Nine fingers.

DORI (CONT'D)

Nine open at the moment. And filling up fast. So if you've got something big, maybe try Hemlock General, or--

DISPATCH

No, no, don't worry. We just need you to take one patient.

DORI  
Just one?

DISPATCH  
How many of those beds are secure?

DORI  
We can maybe rig up one. What kind of -- wait, why are you calling about just one patient?

DISPATCH  
Because ... Um ... It's Babyface.

Dori's face tightens.

DORI  
No. No. Absolutely fucking not. Hemlock and Innsmouth both have secure slasher wings. We don't. We're not prepared for that --

DISPATCH  
We'll send a SCAR team with him --

DORI  
Great. Send them to Hemlock or Innsmouth.

DISPATCH  
They're both full up.

DORI  
Bullshit. They've got three secure beds between them.

DISPATCH  
And they're full up. Peak summer camp season. It's been a big year.

DORI  
And what am I going to do, just tie him to a bed and hope for the best? We'd have to clear out an entire wing and -- No way. No way are you sending him here. The administrator will back me up on this.

DISPATCH  
Your administrator signed off on this ten minutes ago.

DORI resists the urge to smash the phone to pieces.

DORI  
How long do we have?

DISPATCH  
Secure transport will be moving  
shortly. ETA is nine PM. I'm --  
I'm sure it'll be fine. Good luck.

Dispatch hangs up.

DORI  
Yeah, fuck you, too.

CALAVERA  
So what is it?

Dori just looks at her, trying to put a brave face on.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRBORNE STATE HOME FOR CHILDREN

The haggard, older-than-her-years, blood-matted face of a Final Girl, 19, sitting in the open back of an ambulance, thousand-yard staring as EMTs drape her in a blanket and check her various cuts and wounds.

Pull back to reveal the looming, decrepit bulk of Fairborne, illuminated by police lights, as cops and crime scene investigators swarm around behind extensive police tape. Move to a TV NEWS REPORTER doing a standup in front of the scene:

REPORTER  
... Details are still sketchy, but police indicate that Babyface left only a single survivor, a 19-year-old student who has not yet been identified. The number of victims have not yet been established, but will doubtless add to Babyface's 48 known victims to date, currently the fourth highest body count of any American slasher ...

Move from the Reporter to four grim-faced, body-armored, heavily armed SCAR team members loading what looks like an armor-plated coffin into the back of a black van. Two SCAR cops keep their guns on the sealed coffin at all times. All of them look nervous.

They close and lock the heavy back door of the truck -- the doors read SLASHER CONTAINMENT ARMED RESPONSE -- SECURE TRANSPORT -- with a sound like the crack of doom.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. HOSPITAL TOP FLOOR

Dori storms out of the elevator onto the hospital's executive floor -- less clinical, nicer decorations. Pauses before a particular door, steels herself, then enters.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Black mold stains on rotting wallpaper. Water dripping from the ceiling. Another door at the far end of the room, flanked by a long-dead potted plant and a secretary's desk, unoccupied. Computer screen casts an eerie blue-white glow.

DORI

Judith, I need to see Doug. Now.

The door slams shut behind Dori. A low, rasping chuckle. Slithering sounds. Dori looks annoyed.

DORI (CONT'D)

Judith, I don't have time for this.

A jittery, spindly form in tattered businesswear CRAWLS ACROSS THE CEILING ABOVE DORI.

DORI (CONT'D)

Doug, I know you're in there!

Long, pale WHITE FINGERS appear over one of Dori's shoulders. A bony arm oozes around her neck. Tendrils of black hair follow, and then a woman's head appears, improbably, over the same shoulder -- the face mostly hidden behind long, filthy black hair, with glimpses of mottled skin and bloodshot eyes.

This is JUDITH. She breathes wetly into Dori's ear.

DORI (CONT'D)

Judith, I swear to God, I will report you to HR --

Judith's jaw UNHINGES, and she lets out a horrifying HISS  
--

DOUG (O.S.)  
Judith?

Judith stops, awkwardly, mid-hiss. Dori's face: *About damn time*. The voice comes from a speaker on Judith's desk.

DOUG (O.S.)  
Let her in.

With uncanny speed, Judith retreats. The door to the office beyond opens. Dori brushes dry rot off her shoulders.

Judith's desk drawer opens. Long, bony white arms reach out from within, to ... resume a game of Minesweeper on the computer. As Dori passes:

DORI  
That shit is inappropriate,  
Judith.

From the pitch-black depths of the drawer, between the arms, Judith's face HISSES at Dori.

Dori, nonplussed, continues through the opposite door to

INT. ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Totally normal office, with a big window looking out over the night skyline. Behind a totally normal desk, covered in totally normal paperwork, sits totally normal DOUG SPAULDING, late 50s, good-natured and weary.

DOUG  
Dori, look, I'm in the middle of  
--

DORI  
Babyface, Doug? What the hell? We don't have a bed anywhere near that secure.

DOUG  
I know. But there's no other place to send him--

DORI  
Bullshit.

DOUG

There's no other place to send him, and the Pact says --

DORI

I know what the Pact says --

DOUG

The Pact says that slashers are entitled to stabilization --

DORI

-- Prior to resurrection and containment. Doug, we don't have a hardened room. We don't have slasher-grade restraints. We don't have any way to isolate him from the other patients.

DOUG

We have lockdown.

DORI

Doug, have you seen his file? He scores a zero on the Hooper-Carpenter. Zero. No detectable soul. He's a pissed-off woodchipper on legs. Electronic locks on the doors won't do shit. Why the hell would you sign off on this?

DOUG

Because the board told me to.

This floors Dori.

DORI

No. No way. Greentown wouldn't do that. Maybe those bloodless fucks over at Lovecraft, but --

Someone else in the room CLEARS HIS THROAT.

MR. GREY (O.S.)

I assure you, we have plenty of blood. Some of it inside our bodies, even.

Dori turns to see MR. GREY -- the living embodiment of "sepulchral" in an immaculate suit -- seated in a chair in a dark corner of Doug's office, sipping tea. Unperturbed.



DOUG  
Dori, this is Mr. Grey. From  
Lovecraft. Who are in talks to buy  
the hospital from Greentown.

DORI  
... What?

DOUG  
It's over my head, Dori.

MR. GREY  
Dr. Haynes, is it? I'm pleased to  
see you live up to your  
reputation.

DORI  
Greentown would never sell.

MR. GREY  
Precisely the problem we're  
attempting to solve.

DOUG  
All I know is, Greentown's open to  
it. And if we do Lovecraft this  
favor, it sweetens the deal. Which  
the board seems to want.

DORI  
Doug, people could die. My people  
-- our people -- could die.

DOUG  
You can handle this. I trust you.

Doug's eyes plead with Dori: *Let this go*. She fumes, shoots  
a death glare at Mr. Grey.

DORI  
I used to be able to say the same.

Dori storms out. From the office beyond, we hear Judith  
HISS again, and then:

DORI (O.S.)  
I SWEAR TO GOD, JUDITH

MR. GREY  
Oh, I like her. I think that went  
well. Don't you, Douglas?

The weight of the world settles on Doug's shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN FLOOR HALLWAY

Dori emerges from the elevator and runs into Asiyah, who's winnowed her stack down to one clipboard.

ASIYAH

Ohmygosh, I am so sorry. I just had the most interesting case of wolfsbane poisoning and *yerk*

No time to chat, Dori drags Asiyah along to an intercom station on the wall. Leans on the button:

DORI

Staff meeting. Now. *Everyone.*

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF ROOM

The assembled staff, including Brody, Calavera, Aisling, Claire and Toshi (as far apart as possible), Hector, Ben, and Asiyah. Even Bud, dusting a fake potted plant. Stunned looks on all the not-Bud faces.

TOSHIRO

... So, on a scale of one to utterly fucked, we're...

DORI

(lying)

I'd say about a solid six. Look, we've handled worse. We got through Lazlo Skurge.

Asiyah perks up -- then deflates as she reads the room:

ASIYAH

You had *Lazlo Skurge* in here? How did you -- uh -- never ... mind ...

CLAIRE

Skurge was a talker. You could play to his ego. Babyface is just ...

DORI

Babyface is barely in one piece.  
And likely to stay that way for a  
while. Sounds like the SCAR team  
did a job on him. And we'll have  
officers on site, in the room,  
ready to do it again.

This is cold comfort to the assembled staff.

DORI (CONT'D)

We just need to supervise him  
until the regeneration kicks in.  
Then he's SCAR's problem again.  
So. Everybody, let's get as many  
patients treated and out the door  
as we safely can. Calavera, tell  
dispatch we're closed for the  
night. Route any incomings  
elsewhere. Doubt they'll want to  
come here anyway. Hector! I need  
you to start moving patients out  
of Ward 4. Double up if you gotta.  
413 is the hardest room we've got.  
Brody! I need you and the gremlins  
to fix whatever you broke.

BRODY

We didn't break --

A look from Dori.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Okay, yeah, sure thing.

DORI

And double-check all the hardware  
in 4. No loose restraints, no  
rusty hinges on the door, nothing.  
Get IT in to check that all the  
spells are up to spec. Claire, I  
need you to review our triage  
protocols for a worst-case  
scenario. Toshi, get the ORs  
prepped in case we need them. And  
Aisling?

AISLING

Yes, boss?

DORI

You feel a song coming on?

AISLING

Not one note.

DORI

You so much as hum, I want to know. One last thing. You all know slasher protocol, but I gotta say it. Once he gets here, keep it in your pants, people. You heard me. Get all your on-call-room hookups out of the way before nine p.m. Science says your average slasher goes berserk for any kind of sexual activity within at least 200 feet. Shark. Chum. Water. We clear? Good.

The staff disperses. Asiyah hovers nervously near Dori.

ASIYAH

So is there anything I could --

DORI

You kill anybody?

The question hits Asiyah harder than you'd expect.

ASIYAH

What? I -- oh. No. Not yet.

DORI

Good. Don't. You got this, chopsticks. Page me if it gets hairy. Literally or otherwise.

Asiyah practically glows with pride.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Dori catches up with Ben as the staff meeting disperses. Ben notices her, smiles.

BEN

Hey. Are you free? Want to talk?

Dori takes his hand. There's a certain look in her eye. This is a bad idea. She's gonna do it anyway:

DORI  
No. I don't.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S OFFICE

Ben's office door closes: BEN MARSHALL GRIEF COUNSELOR on the frosted glass.

Ben's desk. Fine layer of dust on his desk and nameplate. Sounds of kissing, clothes coming off.

Photo on a bookshelf -- Ben, Dori, Leila, same as we saw on Dori's nightstand. Also dust-filmed. Reflected in it, Ben and Dori's silhouettes as they go at it.

Ben and Dori fall onto a couch, wearing little, and soon to be wearing less.

CUT TO:

INT. EXAM ROOM

Stuart, the ghost from earlier, lies on an exam bed as Asiyah scans him with some kind of wandlike device.

STUART  
I feel so stupid.

ASIYAH  
Your field's stabilizing nicely.  
Fifteen more minutes, okay? Just  
to make sure you're 100%.

STUART  
Hey. Thank you. You're really good  
at this. Your family must be  
proud.

A flash of sadness on Asiyah's face; a touched nerve.

ASIYAH  
I hope so. Okay! No offense, but I  
hope I don't see you again.

STUART  
Hard same.

Asiyah smiles as leaves. Stuart waits alone in the room, twiddling ghostly thumbs.

The lights above Stuart flicker. He looks up at them, puzzled. Are they getting ... dimmer? He frowns.

The room grows darker still. Shadows deepen. The light begins to shrink to a pool around Stuart. He looks around. The darkness seems to WHISPER. Guttural. Unearthly.

STUART

Hello?

The light shrinks further. Stuart tucks his legs up onto the bed reflexively, growing more frightened.

STUART

Hey! Hey, somebody, anybody,  
what's--

The words catch in his throat as his voice just SPUTTERS OUT. He tries to talk -- can't. Tries to move. The shadows pin him. Stretch him like taffy. Stuart SCREAMS SILENTLY --

Nurse Hector pokes his head in the door.

HECTOR

Hello?

Normal lighting. No shadows. No Stuart. Empty room.

Hector shrugs and closes the door again.

INT. OTHER EXAM ROOM

From inside, we hear Asiyah knock, then enter.

ASIYAH

Hi, Chloe? I'm Asi-- Doctor  
Masoud. I am definitely Doctor  
Masoud.

CHLOE: 16, sweet, dazed. Hospital gown and colorful socks.

CHLOE

Hello. Do you ... Uh ... Do you  
know how I got here?

Asiyah checks the chart.

ASIYAH

I was going to ask you. Looks like your friends dropped you off. What can you remember?

Asiyah proceeds to check Chloe's temperature, pulse, lymph nodes, etc. All normal.

CHLOE

I was ... We were at a party.

ASIYAH

Mmm-hmm. Open wiiiide -- good. Are you in any pain? Headache?

CHLOE

No. No. But I feel weird.

ASIYAH

No bite marks ... Were you drinking anything at the party?

CHLOE

Bottled water. Didn't put it down. Didn't leave it.

ASIYAH

Anyone you didn't know at the party?

CHLOE

No, just friends. We were ... Playing some kind of game?

Asiyah gets a squarish-looking device down off a charging station on the wall. Onscreen: a thermal image of the room.

ASIYAH

Do you remember what kind of game?

CHLOE

It was a board...

Asiyah looks at Chloe through the screen. In the image, A MONSTROUS, UNDULATING SHAPE SURROUNDS HER BODY.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I think a Ouija board?

THE SHAPE LOOKS DIRECTLY AT ASIYAH.

ASIYAH

Oh, fudge.

Chloe begins to convulse, her eyes rolling back in her head -- and then slowly starts to RISE OFF THE EXAM TABLE. The entire room begins to SHAKE, and somehow, a WIND BEGINS TO BLOW.

ASIYAH  
Fudge, fudge, fudge, fudge...

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S OFFICE

Ben and Dori get dressed. Guilty. Grinning.

BEN  
Had to get that out of the way  
before nine p.m., huh?

DORI  
How do you still do that to me?

BEN  
You still remember your anatomy  
classes, right?

DORI  
Not what I meant. [Beat] You know  
this was --

BEN  
A mistake. Yes. Just like the last  
six mistakes.

DORI  
I can't keep doing this. It's not  
fair to you --

BEN  
It felt pretty fair!

DORI  
Or to me.

BEN  
Again, I protest.

DORI  
Or to Leila.

BEN  
... How's she doing?



DORI  
She's great.

BEN  
Does she ask about me?

DORI  
You know I haven't told her.

BEN  
You know I'd come see her if --

DORI  
I know. I know. [Beat] Bernice  
found me a job. Back home at Duke.

BEN  
... And?

DORI  
I haven't said yes. Haven't even  
taken the call.

BEN  
You're not wearing the rings  
anymore.

DORI  
I'm just thinking about it.

BEN  
Dori, you can't do this.

DORI  
I can't do this? Oh, please,  
please tell me exactly what I  
can't do, because it might hurt  
you.

BEN  
I didn't -- you know I didn't mean  
-- You and Leila are all I have.

DORI  
You had us. We had you. And then  
you left.

BEN  
It wasn't my fault.

DORI  
They told you, I told you, the  
stress was too much. To cut back.  
(MORE)

DORI (CONT'D)

You didn't. And you died. You died right out there in the hall, in my arms. [Beat] And then you came back. And you were still *here*.

BEN

I came back because I love you.

DORI

If that were true, you wouldn't be tethered here. To *this* place. You could come home without stretching yourself so thin that you --

BEN

So what am I supposed to do? Just stop? I'm here now. No telling when or if I'll ascend. So I, what, stop helping people? Stop doing my job? What else do I have, without you?

DORI

It's not fair, Ben. You can't put all that on me! [Beat] The deal was till death do us part.

BEN

I know. I know. Dori, look, I --

DORI

I don't want to hear it. I can't hear it. Not again. Look, you want to be useful? Ask around. Phone a phantom friend. I keep hearing patients talking about ghosts going missing. And last week this PD couple came in and just -- they never checked out, no one could find them, they're not answering calls. It's weird, okay? [Beat] Weirder than usual.

BEN

Okay. I'll see what I can find. And look, if I can help with this Babyface thing -- I'm here, Dori. That's all I'm saying.

DORI's pager goes off, and she glances at it, making final adjustments to her clothing.

DORI

I know. You're always here, Ben.

She leaves, and on Ben's stricken face, we

CUT TO:

INT. OTHER EXAM ROOM

Dori bursts into Asiyah and Chloe's exam room to find all Hell breaking loose, literally. Jars are breaking. The paint on the walls is bubbling and turning black in the shape of an inverted cross. Unearthly wind howls.

In midair, Chloe contorts, eyes rolled back in her head, gibbering in guttural tongues.

ASIYAH

They didn't cover this in school!

Dori, completely nonplussed:

DORI

Knock it off, Lou.

Chloe -- or the demon possessing her -- immediately stops. So does the chaos. Chloe's head lolls upward, seeing Dori. Smiles, ghastly but genial.

CHLOE/LOU

Hey, Doc! Long time, no see!

DORI

Dr. Masoud, this is Lou. Lou's an addict.

CHLOE/LOU

That's hurtful.

DORI

Admitting you need help is the first step toward recovery, Lou. [To Asiyah] Textbook exorcism-seeking behavior. He gets off on being driven out of a host.

CHLOE/LOU

Don't judge me! I got needs!

DORI

Dammit, Lou, I don't have time for this tonight.

CHLOE/LOU  
Ooh, I heard. Special guest, huh?

DORI  
Why, you want his autograph?

CHLOE/LOU  
Are you nuts? Even Hell won't go near that freakshow. Why do you think we keep sending him back?

Dori opens a cabinet, rummages around:

DORI  
I think we set these up in each of the rooms, if I can just -- oh, thank God.

CHLOE/LOU  
(offended)  
Hey! Language!

Dori's found a bag of saline solution -- big cross drawn on it in Sharpie.

DORI  
See, after last time you came round, Lou, Padre and I put our heads together.

CHLOE/LOU  
You didn't. You *wouldn't*. You had that shit *blessed*?

DORI  
Next best thing to holy water.

Dori holds Chloe's thrashing body steady for Asiyah to put the IV line into Chloe's arm. Lou howls, furious:

CHLOE/LOU  
Fuckin' teen girl with these noodle arms -- next time I gotta possess a gym rat -- Hey! This ain't right! The Pact says you gotta exorcise me! The chanting, the power of yadda yadda, all the good stuff!

DORI  
The Pact just says we gotta get you out, Lou.

As the blessed saline travels into Chloe's arm:

CHLOE/LOU

Ahhh! It burns! No fair, doc, no fair!

Chloe contorts, vomiting a swirling red cloud that buzzes like a swarm of flies.

Dori steps up, opens a container, and the cloud swirls into it. She seals the lid -- it's a SPECIMEN JAR, filled with urine, into which Lou's crimson essence now dissipates. Faintly, you can almost hear him shrieking...

Chloe falls back onto the bed, coughing, dazed, herself.

CHLOE

Wha-- what--

ASIYAH

Just a mild possession. You're okay. We're gonna take care of you.

Asiyah looks to Dori. Mouths, "THAT WAS AWESOME." Dori shakes her head, smiling. Looks at the specimen jar. *What am I gonna do with this?*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Dori and Asiyah leave the exam room, heading for Intake. Bud dutifully mops the hall.

DORI

So you know she'll be out of it --

ASIYAH

For six to twelve hours, right. Rest, fluids, keep an eye on her. They covered post-exorcism care in school. Just not the --

Asiyah mimes brandishing a cross.

DORI

It's not that exciting. [Beat] Most of the time Padre doesn't even get to bust out his sleeper hold. You eaten yet? I'm starving.

ASIYAH

Is it lunch already?

INT. INTAKE

The waiting room looks emptier -- just a few stragglers waiting. Dori nods, satisfied. The ER's in good shape.

DORI

Go ahead. I just gotta check a few things, and I'll meet you--

The doors fly open. The SCAR team enters, armed and armored to the teeth -- male and female, total hardasses. BARRETT, PRIEST, HILL, and STONE. (Don't get attached. Only one will survive the night.) They wheel the armored coffin with them.

BARRETT

SCAR reporting with prisoner.  
Who's the attending?

DORI

(ulp.)

I am. Dr. Haynes.

She offers a hand to shake. Barrett doesn't take it. Nothing personal. He just won't take his hand off his gun.

DORI (CONT'D)

We've got you in 413. Down the hall, second left, to the end.

BARRETT

Thank you, Doctor. Stand clear!

With clockwork precision, the SCARs step away from the coffin, training their guns on it. Dori, Asiyah, and Padre back up. Barrett hits a control on his wrist.

The coffin hisses. Unfolds. Inside, strapped to a heavy-duty gurney with massive chains, lies a huge, hulking figure in bloodstained coveralls. Gaping wounds in his limbs and chest. Filthy plastic mask, of an angelic cartoon cherub, covering his head. Still as the grave. BABYFACE.

You can practically see Dori and Asiyah's stomachs drop.

BARRETT

Moving in three, two, one...

Barrett taps another control on his wrist. The gurney rolls forward on motorized wheels, the SCAR members following at a measured pace, guns on Babyface.

Dori and Asiyah watch them move.

DORI  
... So. What'd you bring for  
lunch?

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. HALLWAY/ROOM 413

Ward 4. Emptied. Deserted.

The door to Room 413. Arcane symbols faintly glow around the doorframe.

Inside the room: Mechanized chains tighten across Babyface's torso.

The wheels of the mobile gurney shift to clamps, locking into the floor.

The SCAR team stands beyond arm's reach, weapons ready.

Babyface lies on the gurney, chained, motionless. Remote probes descend from the walls around the gurney, snaking onto his neck and under his coveralls. No sentient creature's going anywhere near him.

The monitor screen next to him. No pulse. No brain activity.

Close on Babyface's mask. His eyes remain closed. For now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM

The specimen jar Dori trapped Lou in, sitting in the break room fridge. Sealed tight. Label in marker: DEMON INSIDE! DO NOT OPEN!!! A hand moves it aside, rummaging.

TOSHIRO  
Dammit, who took the B negative?  
Two units, *with my name on them*. B  
positive is not a substitute!

The break room's crowded with doctors of all shapes and sizes eating fast, before a page calls them away. Claire, sharing a table with Dori, rolls her eyes at Toshi's ranting as she devours the latest in a series of burgers. Dori picks at a salad.

CLAIRE

(with her mouth full)  
... Alpha, beta, omega, blah blah  
blah, it's just one big endless  
round of buttsniffing. I thought  
dating would be different online.

DORI

What about plain vanilla humans?

CLAIRE

There was this cute veterinarian.

DORI

And?

CLAIRE

He freaked out about my time of  
the month. Everyone knows it's a  
manageable condition, but still...

DORI

Ouch. I'm sorry.

CLAIRE

Eh. Plenty more rabbits in the  
woods, so to speak. And you?

DORI

I appreciate you being polite,  
Claire, but I know your nose.

Claire grins, and quickly punches Dori in the arm.

CLAIRE

You dirty dog! It's okay, I can  
say that.

DORI

(embarrassed)

Ugh. Please, stop. It's a mess.

CLAIRE

At least you're getting some.

Claire shoots at glance at Toshi, who's sourly chugging B-  
pos in the corner. He's got a portable kit of gleaming  
scalpels unrolled in front of him, and with his free hand,  
he's practicing surgical techniques on empty air. Scrubs  
show off his muscular arms and geometric sleeve tattoos.

Claire shakes off an unwanted thought.



CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
So how's your newbie working out?

Dori looks across the room. Asiyah is chatting happily with Nurse Hector, who seems to have thawed a bit toward her.

DORI  
She's not bad. Hasn't puked yet.  
Or killed anyone. Knows how to put  
in a central line, which is nice.  
Maybe she'll even --

A LOUD CRASH. EVERYONE JUMPS. DEAD SILENCE.

A metal Godzilla lunchbox lies open on the floor in the middle of the room. Crickets and beetles spill out of it.

From the ceiling, the LIZARDMAN we saw earlier grins sheepishly.

LIZARDMAN  
Sorry. Butterfingers. Can someone  
get that for me?

Nervous laughter circles the room. But everyone, even Dori, looks rattled.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Brody on a ladder, rummaging in the ceiling, talking to gremlins.

BRODY  
Come on, guys, you heard Dr.  
Haynes, we gotta -- Francesca! I  
said the red wire! Red! ... Yes, I  
know you're red-green colorblind.  
That's why I asked Gladys to help  
you! Step up, Gladys!

Follow Claire as she passes, licking burger juice off her fingers. She hits the hand-sanitizer station outside an exam room before entering.

INT. EXAM ROOM

Delia hunches on the exam table, shrinking into her cowl-neck sweater. Horace lurks protectively.

CLAIRE  
Hi, sorry for the wait. I'm Dr.  
Furlow, and you must be Miss  
Drake?

Delia starts to talk, but:

HORACE  
Delia, yes. I'm Horace Crane.  
She's my girlfriend.

DELIA  
Hi.

CLAIRE  
(ooooookayyyy)  
Nice to meet you. So you say you  
hurt your arm?

HORACE  
She's really clumsy.

DELIA  
I'm really clumsy.

CLAIRE  
How'd you hurt it?

HORACE  
She--

CLAIRE  
I appreciate that, Mr. Crane, but  
I think she can tell me best.

Horace doesn't like that. Claire notices; doesn't care.

DELIA  
I don't know. Somewhere, I guess.  
I woke up and it hurt to move.

Claire gingerly examines Delia's arm, moving it gently.  
Horace flinches in sympathy when Delia winces.

CLAIRE  
Can I take a look at it?

Delia hesitates. Rolls up her sleeve. Ugly bruises.

DELIA  
Like I said. Clumsy.

CLAIRE  
Mr. Crane, would you kindly step  
outside for a moment?

HORACE  
Why?

CLAIRE  
I'd like to talk to Delia alone  
for a second.

HORACE  
I need to keep her safe.

CLAIRE  
I promise, she's safe with me.

HORACE  
I know what you are.

CLAIRE  
I'm a doctor. I swore an oath to  
help people. Now please, step out  
of the room for just a few  
minutes.

DELIA  
Horace, please.

Horace ignores her. Getting angrier with Claire. His eyes  
start to grow bloodshot.

HORACE  
What are you trying to say here?

DELIA  
Horace--!

HORACE  
No, no, I want to know what the  
doctor's trying to imply.

CLAIRE  
(cucumber cool)  
What am I trying to imply, Mr.  
Crane?

HORACE  
I love her. She's everything to  
me. I would never-- never --

CLAIRE  
What, Mr. Crane? What's the rest  
of that sentence?

INT. HALLWAY

Toshi's hands, miming surgical motions, as he walks.

He's passing in the hall. Sees Claire, Horace, and Delia through the exam room blinds. Horace is getting angrier, yelling, swatting away Delia's attempts to calm him as Claire stands her ground.

Toshi doesn't like what he's seeing.

INT. EXAM ROOM

Horace, right up in Claire's face. Claire doesn't flinch.

CLAIRE

Mr. Crane, I need to make sure your girlfriend's all right. And to do that right now, I need you to step outside for just a few minutes.

HORACE

How dare you? You walk in here and start making accusations--

DELIA

Horace, it's okay--

CLAIRE

Mr. Crane, please step outside. I'm asking you politely. I don't think any of us would like it if I had to call an orderly.

HORACE

You can't talk to me like that.

Horace BLURS forward at VAMPIRE SPEED, just enough to SHOVE Claire back. She stumbles, but doesn't fall. Can't hold back a GROWL. Claire turns, reaches for the phone on the wall -- Horace BLURS AGAIN, rips it out before she can grab it.

DELIA

Horace!

Horace PINS Claire to the wall. She grits her teeth. Her eyes go lupine.

HORACE

I'm leaving? No. You're leaving.  
You're leaving right now, and  
you're going to find a real  
doctor, not some jumped-up  
veterinarian, who can do his damn  
job without --

The door SLAMS open, and in a blink, Toshi has Horace in a headlock.

TOSHIRO

Pretty sure you're the one  
leaving. [To Claire:] This your  
patient?

CLAIRE

No. Her.

TOSHIRO

So you don't mind if I steal him?

CLAIRE

Be my guest.

DELIA

Don't hurt him!

TOSHIRO

Not if he minds his manners.

HORACE

Let go of me! Delia!

TOSHIRO

Forgive the intrusion, Miss. Dr.  
Furlow.

CLAIRE

Dr. Fujisaki.

Toshi blurs away. Claire takes a deep breath. Blinks. Eyes human again.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry about that, Delia. He'll  
be okay. I promise.

DELIA

I'm so sorry. He just -- he's very  
protective --

CLAIRE

Delia ... Do you mind if I take a  
look at your neck?

Delia hesitates. Slowly pulls down the high collar of her  
sweater. Hasty bandages slapped over multiple, bruised BITE  
MARKS on both sides of her neck.

Claire looks grim. She's seen this before.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Toshi dumps Horace onto the asphalt. Horace turns,  
snarling, full vamp --

TOSHIRO

She's your fix, isn't she?

The question hits Horace like a slap in the face.

HORACE

My -- my what?

TOSHIRO

The clinical term is "Pratchett  
Fixation." The thing you focus on  
so you don't focus on...

Toshiro taps on his own jugular vein.

TOSHIRO (CONT'D)

And that's her, isn't it?

HORACE

She -- I love her. I do. She's my  
whole world.

TOSHIRO

Funny thing about being a surgeon,  
kid. You get to see up close,  
every day, all the things that can  
go wrong with a human body. Maybe  
no one told you, maybe you didn't  
listen, but you never, ever make a  
human your fix. Because they  
break. So. Easily.

INT. EXAM ROOM

Claire peels back the bandages on Delia's neck. Worse underneath.

CLAIRE  
Delia, I have to ask -- and this is completely confidential -- have you and Horace been ... intimate?

DELIA  
We're safe. He knows when to stop. Not to take too much.

CLAIRE  
Okay, but that's not what I meant.

Delia looks away, embarrassed.

DELIA  
He said I was really good.

CLAIRE  
He said?

DELIA  
I kinda ... don't ... remember it.

CLAIRE  
Delia, you know that vampires are a lot stronger than humans, right? And unless they're very careful -- I mean very careful --

DELIA  
I wanted it. I did. I told him yes. I just -- it got really intense, and ... He said I was amazing. You should have seen the way he looked at me when I woke up.

CLAIRE  
Is that how you hurt your arm?

DELIA  
He feels bad. He really does. He loves me.

CLAIRE  
And how do you feel about it?

Delia's expression crumbles.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Toshiro kneels down on the pavement next to Horace.

TOSHIRO

When were you born?

HORACE

Nineteen thirty-one.

TOSHIRO

Heh. The first century flies by. You don't really feel it. And, you know, when I was born, people didn't live too long anyway. Here and gone in a blink. So it just seemed normal at first. But you get into that second century, kid ... you start to look back. So you don't have to look forward.

Toshi scratches at the tattoo on one arm. Samurai didn't get tattoos. Peasants couldn't afford them. Tattoos were for Yakuza. Criminals. Murderers. Worse.

TOSHIRO (CONT'D)

And when you look back, you gotta like what you see. 'Cause you're going to be seeing it for a long time. I know. I was a feral, bloodthirsty piece of crap long before I became a vampire. So I'm telling you: Find another fix. Skateboarding. Chess. Knitting. Don't laugh, it's very soothing, and you've always got thoughtful gifts for the holidays. People leave you. Regret sticks around. And eternity is a very, very long time to have to live with yourself.

HORACE

I love her. In my way. I love her so much.

TOSHIRO

Then you know what you have to do.

Horace does.



INT. HALLWAY

Horace stands in the hallway outside the exam room. Toshi watches, far enough to be respectful, close enough to intervene if he has to.

Through the window, he can see Claire putting fresh bandages on Delia's neck. Delia sees Horace. They lock eyes.

Horace's face: *I'm sorry.*

Delia's: *I know.* She turns away. A door closing.

Horace's shoulders sag. He knows.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF

Claire sits at the edge of the roof, messenger bag hugged to her lap, smoking a joint that she's lit with one of those huge, serious, blue-flame lighters. Gravel crunches. She turns, sees Toshi, with his own bag, coming out of the stair door.

CLAIRE  
(surprised, coughing)  
Oh, shit.

Toshiro sits, keeping his distance.

TOSHIRO  
Purely medicinal, I assume.

CLAIRE  
For periodic stress relief. I wrote a prescription and everything.

TOSHIRO  
An actual joint. Old school.

CLAIRE  
That's how I used to sneak 'em back on the farm.

TOSHIRO  
... I'm sorry I stole your patient.

CLAIRE  
No, you're not.

TOSHIRO  
Of course not. Did you see that thing?

CLAIRE  
I most certainly did.

TOSHIRO  
But I didn't have to be a dick about it.

CLAIRE  
You most certainly did not.

Claire exhales. Looks at Toshi. Reluctantly offers the joint. After a moment, Toshi accepts.

TOSHIRO  
So how's the girl?

CLAIRE  
Fucked up. Same as the rest of us. Maybe a little less so now. How's her shitty boyfriend?

TOSHIRO  
No longer her boyfriend. Maybe.

CLAIRE  
Well, that's a start. [Beat] I could have handled it myself.

TOSHIRO  
I know.

She gestures for the joint. Toshi hands it back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
My parents were fundies. Hardcore Church of Selene. And my dad had very specific ideas about what it meant to be a pack alpha. Took 'em out on my mom. My sisters. Me. [Beat] I gotta lay off this thing. I don't even know why I'm telling you this.

TOSHIRO  
I'm such a good listener?

Long beat. Then they both start laughing. Partly the weed.

CLAIRE  
So why are you such a dick,  
anyway?

TOSHIRO  
Do what you love, and you never  
work a day in your life, right?

CLAIRE  
Come on, Fujisaki. Level.

TOSHIRO  
I can think about how you and  
everyone else I know is gonna die  
someday, and I'll still be here. I  
can think about how part of me  
really, *really* wants to kill and  
eat every single one of you. Or I  
can think about surgical  
technique.

Claire understands. Sympathizes. But:

CLAIRE  
(mock flattered)  
... Aww, you want to eat *me*?

TOSHIRO  
Hell, no. Loops taste awful.

CLAIRE  
Lupine-Americans, please. And  
that's discrimination.

TOSHIRO  
I'm just stating a fact.

Claire holds up the joint before passing it to Toshi.

CLAIRE  
I get it, though. All these  
noises, all these smells, all  
these ... impulses. You need  
something to take the edge off.  
Distract from your ...

Claire and Toshi's eyes meet.

CLAIRE AND TOSHIRO  
... Appetites.

A long, expectant moment. Ozone smell before a storm.

TOSHIRO  
How far did Haynes say?

CLAIRE  
Two hundred feet.

TOSHIRO  
How high up are we?

CLAIRE  
Fourteen feet to a story times  
twenty stories -- two hundred  
eighty feet.

Another long pause. Absolutely still.

CLAIRE AND TOSHIRO KISS LIKE THE BUILDING'S ON FIRE.

CUT TO:

CUTTING BETWEEN:

INT. INTAKE

Mostly empty now. Just a few patients still waiting at this hour. Quiet night.

Brody on his ladder, pulling wires out of the ceiling, nodding along to tunes on a set of headphones.

Aisling's fingers drum on her desk. Rhythmic. Once. Again. Sounding out a beat.

Aisling starts to hum, distractedly.

I know music rights are a thing, and there was that whole Levi's commercial back in the day, but for placeholder's sake, let's say it's "Tainted Love." The Soft Cell version.

AISLING  
Sometimes, I feel I've got to...

She stops herself. Frowns. Goes back to her phone.

AISLING (CONT'D)  
... Run away, I've got to ...

She stops again. Clamps her lips shut. Her jaw muscles clench. But the song won't be stopped. It forces its way out. She can't stop it. This is bad. She knows it.

AISLING (CONT'D)  
... Get away ...

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF

Aisling's singing continues over Claire and Toshi. If you were watching this with your parents, you'd be feeling pretty uncomfortable right now.

CLAIRE  
No biting?

TOSHIRO  
No biting.

Claire no-look presses a condom into Toshi's hand.

TOSHIRO  
You just carry these around?

CLAIRE  
I'M AN OPTIMIST SHUT UP

INT. ROOM 413

The Scar team look tired. But they're not faltering.

Babyface, still motionless. Nothing on the monitors.

INTAKE

Calavera has noticed Aisling's singing. Also starting to freak out.

Cabinet doors begin to open and shut on their own. Sounding out the beat. Phone keys dial themselves. Bleeping the melody.

Aisling gestures at Calavera, even as the song keeps spilling out of her: *Go tell Dr. Haynes! GO!*

Calavera runs.

INT. ON-CALL ROOM

Aisling's singing continues over. Dori's walking Asiyah through the duty roster, written on a giant whiteboard on the wall. Calavera bursts in, frantic.

Dori jolts. Runs. Asiyah, confused, follows.

INT. WARD 4 HALLWAY

Bud mops the floor in the empty hall. Oops. Missed a spot. There. Got it.

HOSPITAL ROOF

Claire and Toshi. Messy, frantic. If you were watching this with your parents, at least one of you would be covering their eyes.

TOSHIRO  
(affirmative consent)  
Should I...

Claire's eyes are full lupine. Hands claws, gouging furrows in concrete. A low growl:

CLAIRE  
Yes.

He does. Does he ever.

ROOM 413

Babyface. Not so much as a twitch.

INTAKE

Calavera, Dori, and Asiyah run past Brody -- still oblivious -- to find a howling gale filling the room. Lights flickering. Patients cowering as magazines whip past them.

Aisling is FLOATING IN MIDAIR, consumed by the song, BELTING IT OUT. The whole front desk -- printers, computers, phones, cabinets -- is her backing band.

DORI  
(Over the gale)  
Ahhh, shit, she's gone full  
musical number!

ASIYAH  
What?

Dori's already running for the intercom on the wall.

CALAVERA  
She's a banshee! And when she  
sings like this --

Asiyah gets it. Oh, fudge.

Aisling's eyes are BLACK VOIDS.

Dori at the intercom, shouting:

DORI  
413! Get out of there!

ROOM 413

The intercom crackles to life. The SCAR team's focus snaps to the unit on the wall. But the message is garbled, distorted, drowned out by wind and song.

BARRETT moves cautiously toward the intercom.

INTAKE

Dori keeps screaming above the noise:

DORI  
413! Get out now!

Aisling's singing rises to a DEAFENING SHRIEK. Overhead lights EXPLODE in showers of sparks.

Brody yelps and tumbles off his ladder.

Aisling's bansee wail persists, an EKG in flatline, drowning out all sound from the following scenes:

HOSPITAL ROOFTOP

Toshi and Claire. Fireworks. Minor property damage. If you were watching this with your parents, one or more of you would have passed out from sheer embarrassment.

ROOM 413

Barrett reaches for the intercom to respond to the wall of noise --

BABYFACE'S EYES SNAP OPEN. MONITORS SPRING TO LIFE.

Everything happens *very quickly*.

Babyface SITS UP, BUSTING CHAINS LIKE NOTHING. They EXPLODE OFF HIM, the heavy links pulping Priest and Stone's skulls instantly and simultaneously.

Hill, at the end of the bed, tenses to fire. But in one fluid motion Babyface TEARS ONE METAL RAILING OFF THE BED, shearing off a jagged edge, and SPEARS HILL TO THE WALL WITH IT.

Barrett turns -- and BABYFACE IS THERE, OUT OF BED, RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.

WARD 4 HALLWAY

Bud hears a burst of gunfire. Stops. Resumes mopping.

INTAKE

Aisling's shriek dies away. Sound returns. She COLLAPSES to the floor.

Dori at the intercom:

DORI  
413? Hello? Hello?

But she already knows.

Dori sprints. Vaults the front desk, more urgency than grace. Opens a fuse-box-looking thing on the wall.

Inside, a lever, with a sticky label: LOCKDOWN.

Dori pulls it. Sparks erupt as she flinches back.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

The doors SLAM SHUT. We hear them LOCK.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

We hear a panoply of doors UNLOCK. SWING OPEN. Red emergency lights switch on overhead. Patients stick their heads out of the newly open doors, confused.

Lockdown has gone horribly wrong.

INTAKE

Dori looks around. Gazes back over the desk.

So does Asiyah. And Calavera.



They're looking at Brody, on the floor, as it dawns on him how monumentally his fault this is.

DORI  
Brody, *did you break my ER?*

BRODY  
Oh, shit.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOF

Toshi and Claire, post-coital. Sweaty, hazy, catching their breath. *Wow, what did we just do?*

Their eyes meet. Reality creeps back in. *Wait, what did we just do?*

Both their phones ping simultaneously. They fumble through clothing. Look at the screens. Bright red crisis icons. Panic. Horror. *What did we just do?*

CLAIRE AND TOSHIRO  
Oh, fuck!

They lunge in opposite directions for their clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. WARD 4 HALLWAY

Outside Room 413. A shadow looms in the open doorway, thudding itself against an invisible barrier across it. With each blow, orange energy sizzles at the touchpoints, and the wards around the doorframe glow brighter. Then the shadow PUSHES -- energy flares -- the wards FLICKER OUT.

A massive, work-booted foot steps into the hallway. Then another. Walks forward. Dragging BARRETT's shattered, ghastly remains behind it.

Babyface is on the hunt. Lumbering down the dark hall, washed in red light.

Babyface walks right past Bud, right through his mopping, trailing poor Barrett's blood across Bud's clean floor.

Bud groans, shuffles over to clean it up. Stares after Babyface, not pleased, as Babyface plods onward.

CUT TO:

INT. INTAKE

Organized chaos. Orderlies and nurses help patients evacuate the wards, some walking, some in wheelchairs, some wheeled in their beds. Dori directs traffic, as calm as she can be.

DORI  
Move, move! Everyone into the chapel!

Dr. Lizardman moves past, cradling an out-of-it Aisling, who reaches out and touches Dori's arm.

AI SLING  
Sorry, boss. Bit of a big one that was.

DORI  
You did fine, Aisling.

AI SLING  
Could have been worse. Could have been Sondheim.

Calavera and Asiyah run up to Dori.

ASIYAH  
I tried every door. Elevators won't open, windows warded. The other floors know to stay away, at least.

DORI  
Phones?

CALAVERA  
Every call, and I mean every call, goes to some old lady in Kansas. In 1959. She is very confused.

DORI  
Get everyone to the chapel. It's not much, but it's the biggest, hardest room we've got. SCAR protocol requires half-hour check-ins. Cavalry's gotta come soon.

On her face, the unspoken addendum: *I hope.*

Nurse Hector appears, handing Dori a tablet.

DORI (CONT'D)  
Hector, how we looking?

HECTOR  
Furlow and Fujisaki signed out on break. Probably outside, lucky bastards. Two patients unaccounted. Price, the ghost with the flickers. But he doesn't have a pulse, so Babyface probably won't even notice him.

Another missing ghost. Dori takes note, but:

DORI  
We'll worry about him later. And?

HECTOR  
Chloe Sinclair. Lou's latest joyride. Still probably out of it. She was supposed to be resting, but I checked the room --

DORI  
Shit.

Dori silently reaches a decision. Doesn't like it.

#### INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL

Interfaith -- which in this world means everything from Episcopalian to Satanist to the Cult of Ry'leh. Orderlies, healthier patients, and Ben move pews, clearing a space in the center of the room. Asiyah, Calavera, and Hector see to patients. Brody and his ladder are set up in the back corner, doing battle with a huge spaghetti tangle of wires spilling out of the opened ceiling.

Dori appears at the double doors to intake.

DORI  
Stay here, stay quiet, barricade the doors as best you can. I'll be back soon.

Ben doesn't like this.

BEN  
(quieter)  
No way you're going out there. Let  
me go. He can't hurt me.

DORI  
(low voice)  
You don't know who you're looking  
for. And if she's hurt, I can help  
her better than you can. They need  
you here. You've always been good  
at keeping people calm.

BEN  
Leila already lost me. She can't  
lose you, too.

DORI  
She won't. But I gotta go. This is  
the job.

She squeezes Ben's shoulder, quickly. Then pulls the doors  
shut. Orderlies and patients shove pews across the doors,  
threading flagpoles through the handles. Ben stands before  
the doors, bereft, worried.

Dori stands alone before the doors. Very alone. Very dark,  
empty intake room. She takes a single deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

The numbers on the display descend as Claire and Toshiro  
awkwardly ride down, still straightening their scrubs.  
Claire has her bag slung over her shoulder.

CLAIRE  
We did this.

TOSHIRO  
(knows she's right)  
You don't know that.

CLAIRE  
Oh, sure, Babyface just happened  
to wake up right as we were --

TOSHIRO  
Could have been Winslow up on 12  
jerking off in the supply closet.  
[Beat] What? You know Winslow.

The elevator descends to the ground floor -- and shudders. The lights flicker. The doors try to open a fraction of an inch -- and then slam shut again. Toshiro hammers the DOOR OPEN button to no avail.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You know those aren't actually  
wired to anything.

TOSHIRO

OK, fine, we go one floor up and  
take the stairs down.

He hits the button for the floor above. No response save an angry buzz from the elevator. He hammers the button. ORANGE WARD ENERGY leaps from the button into his hand, jolting him painfully, and he jerks back, cursing in Japanese.

Claire and Toshiro's eyes meet. Same idea, same time:

CLAIRE AND TOSHIRO

*Brody.*

They sigh. Toshiro crouches down, unslings his bag, and pries open the panel below the elevator buttons. Starts fiddling around in it. The inside of the elevator panel: A weird, creepy mix of wires, twisted roots, arcane trinkets, and pulsating tissue-like substances.

CLAIRE

Professional sorcerors made that  
ward, and you're gonna, what,  
hotwire it?

TOSHIRO

Just try to pull the doors apart,  
okay?

Claire grumbles, braces herself, and starts trying to force a gap in the door.

Sparks fly from the panel as Toshiro flinches back. The doors give a little. Toshiro stands -- starts to help Claire pull -- the doors open --

Toshiro and Claire jump back as a bloody wreck of a woman TUMBLES INSIDE! It's Hill, the SCAR team member, the jagged bedrail STILL IMPALED THROUGH HER TORSO! She collapses, convulsing, looking at Toshiro and Claire with pleading eyes that then roll back in her head.

The elevator doors close behind her -- with a sizzle of orange ward energy -- before Claire or Toshiro can get them.

Claire and Toshiro barely have time to look at each other before the elevator lights begin to flicker ominously --

TOSHIRO

No. No no no no no --

The lights go out. Pitch darkness.

CLAIRE

Well, *shit*.

Fumbling sounds. Claire turns on her phone light and crouches next to Hill, who's lying on her side, unconscious, chest heaving as her body fights to breathe. Presses her ear to Hill's chest.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hemothorax. One lung's collapsed.  
I can hear the blood pooling,  
pressing on the intact lung.

TOSHIRO

We can't fix her here.

CLAIRE

She needs help. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL

Patients huddle, worried, talking quietly. Some try to get a signal out on their phones. Nurses circulate, checking on them. Padre and Ben reassure people.

Brody's on his ladder, and at the end of his rope. Hiss-whispering to the gremlins:

BRODY

Dammit, Steve, that's not helping!  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I know you  
guys are doing your best. I'm  
just really stressed out --

Asiyah knocks on the ladder.

ASIYAH

(sotto voce)

Mr. Brody?

BRODY (CONT'D)  
Oh, hey. Dr. Masoud, right?

ASIYAH  
Could that ceiling take my weight?

Brody, intrigued, sizes her up.

BRODY  
Maybe? If you stayed on the frame,  
not on the tiles?

ASIYAH  
I need your help.

She shows him a sizable vial of liquid medicine.

ASIYAH  
I borrowed this from the pharmacy  
while I was checking the doors.  
Succinylcholine. Powerful  
paralytic. Forty-five seconds and  
you're basically an invertebrate.

BRODY  
Whoa, whoa, and you're gonna dose  
Babyface? That dude's a tank.

Asiyah reveals a MASSIVE SYRINGE, wrapped in plastic.

ASIYAH  
Got that covered. I wait till I  
hear him underneath me, I get the  
drop on him, jab jab, then I run.

BRODY  
Doc, no offense, I got bowling  
balls that weigh more than you.  
Plus, twentysomething young woman?  
Classic slasher catnip.

ASIYAH  
[Awkward, embarrassed mumbling]

BRODY  
What?

ASIYAH  
(shout-whispers)  
I'm a virgin, okay?

BRODY  
... Wait, really?

ASIYAH

I am *focused, goal-oriented*, and I  
have *very strict* parents.

BRODY

Look, doc, I feel like maybe I  
already fucked up enough for one  
lifetime tonight, okay?

Asiyah looks around. Faces of worried patients. One LITTLE GIRL in particular, her forehead wrapped in thick bandages, seems to stare intently at her.

ASIYAH

Then help me make it right.

Brody wavers. He *really* wants to help.

BRODY

Okay, fine, hurry. And remember,  
*stay off the tiles.*

He whispers up to the gremlins. Makes "I'm watching you" hand gestures.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Guys, we got a visitor coming up.  
Best behavior, okay? Lookin' at  
you, Harriet.

Brody hustles down off the ladder, tries to look nonchalant and inconspicuous as Asiyah hurries up.

INT. DROP CEILING

On hands and knees in the low space, Asiyah gingerly puts her weight on the steel frame holding the acoustic tiles. It holds. She starts to creep forward...

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL

Brody climbs the ladder again, looking worried for her.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

Hill, impaled, looking if anything even worse. Her breathing's growing fainter.



CLAIRE

We don't have to fix her. Just stabilize her. Drain the chest cavity, patch up or tie off whatever's leaking into it before she hemmorrhages out --

TOSHIRO

-- And she's stable until we can get her to an OR. Still, we've got no monitors, no suction --

CLAIRE

I'm your monitors. Wolf ears.

She opens her bag, pulls on sterile gloves, starts rummaging. Gets out a spare specimen cup, punches holes in the lid with a pen, wipes it with an alcohol wipe, gets out two lengths of surgical tubing, making an improvised suction chamber.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

And you're the suction.

TOSHIRO

What? No, that's disgusting.

CLAIRE

Suck it up, buttercup. Literally. And I think I have a scalpel in here somewhere --

Toshiro opens his own bag, gets out the portable scalpel kit, unrolls it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You just carry that around with you?

TOSHIRO

I'm an optimist. Shut up.

Claire gets out a pair of shears from her bag and begins to cut away Hill's uniform. Toshiro helps her peel it away around the ghastly impalement.

TOSHIRO (CONT'D)

OK, Wolf Ears. Where's the bleed?

Claire points. Toshiro looks hard: *You sure?* Claire nods. Toshiro readies a scalpel and begins to make the incision...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Dori flattens herself into a recessed doorway, stock still. At the junction down the hall, Babyface thuds past, shoes clomping on the floor.

Babyface pauses at the junction. Waits an endless second. Keeps moving forward. Dori exhales silently.

Babyface continues down his corridor. Behind him, we see Dori dart across the junction. Babyface stops. Turns. Sees nothing.

INT. DROP CEILING/HALLWAY

Asiyah crawls, shaky step by step. Using phone GPS to track herself on a hospital map. Stops when she hears...

BABYFACE'S FOOTSTEPS drawing closer. Asiyah fumbles to peel the syringe from its packaging. FOOTSTEPS CLOSER. Pops the cover off. CLOSER. Draws a huge dose from the vial.

FOOTSTEPS STOP. JUST BELOW HER.

With shaking hands, Asiyah slowly, sloooowly pries up the tile in front of her. Just a tiny fraction. Peers through the crack --

BABYFACE'S HAND BURSTS THROUGH THE TILE AND YANKS HER DOWN!

Asiyah sprawls, coughing at Babyface's feet. Fumbling for the syringe. Can't find it.

Oh, there it is. Under Babyface's boot. CRUNCH.

Asiyah tries to crawl away. Looks up at Babyface.

Babyface slowly looks down at her. Starts to follow her.

ASIYAH  
(terrified/annoyed)  
That thing at summer camp was one  
time! She said it didn't count!

Babyface reaches down for Asiyah.

Through his legs, down the hall, Asiyah sees ... the Little Girl with the bandaged head from the chapel?

Grim recognition on Asiyah's face. Not surprised.  
Babyface's giant hand closes in on her...

SPLAP. A wet mop slaps limply against Babyface's head. He stops, inches from grabbing Asiyah. Stands up. Turns.

Bud pokes Babyface with his mop again.

BUD  
Grrrrnnnnnngh.

Babyface turns toward Bud. Another mop in the face.

Asiyah scrambles to her feet and limp-runs to safety.

Bud mops Babyface again, and --

Babyface GRABS THE MOP. SNAPS IT IN TWO. PINS BUD TO THE WALL WITH IT.

This does not faze Bud in the slightest. He stares blankly.

Babyface stares back. Then ... Babyface tilts his head.  
SNIFFS THE AIR. Turns. Walks away, not in Asiyah's direction. Not aimless. Purposeful.

Bud, dangling from the wall, looks down at the mop pinning him there. Sighs heavily.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

By the eerie light of a phone flash, follow a tube from a taped-up incision on the unconscious Hill's chest, blood flowing through it, to the makeshift suction jar -- and from there, up another tube to the corner of Toshiro's mouth. He's drinking her blood to relieve the pressure on her lungs.

TOSHIRO  
Thish ish so grosh.

Claire has her stethoscope back to Hill's chest.

CLAIRE  
But it's working.

TOSHIRO  
I can tashte ... Ugh, I shink itsh  
lymphatic fluid ...

CLAIRE  
BP's ... Doing the math ... 75  
over 50, but holding.

Toshiro catches Claire looking impressed as he sutures inside an incision with forceps. Gives her a cocky grin. She rolls her eyes.

TOSHIRO  
Shee that blood vessel? Get ready  
to cauterizhe.

CLAIRE uses her lighter, heating the tip of a pair of forceps until it glows hot. Lowers it into the incision.

TOSHIRO (CONT'D)  
Shteady ... Toward you a  
little ...

CLAIRE  
I see it.

The HISS of burning flesh as Claire cauterizes the cut. Toshiro spits the suction tube out of his mouth, relieved. Grimaces at the taste.

TOSHIRO  
That's it. I'm going to close.  
She'll be stable long enough to  
get this thing out.

Claire relaxes -- then, hearing something, tenses again.

CLAIRE  
Wait. *Wait*. Let me listen.

TOSHIRO  
Furlow--

CLAIRE  
*Shut up*. You can't close yet.  
There's something else in there.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Another part of the hospital. Chloe, the patient Lou possessed, stares, dazed, at a SODA MACHINE. Tries to put a crumpled-up dollar in the bill slot.

At the end of the hall, Babyface's silhouette appears.

Chloe tries again. The machine spits out the bill.

Babyface heads toward her. Leisurely. Shoes thudding.

Thudding continues as Chloe smooths out the dollar on the edge of the machine. Tries again. The dollar slides in.

Chloe smiles. Babyface is twenty feet away.

She presses a button for her drink of choice. The machine buzzes. ERROR. Chloe frowns.

Babyface is ten feet away.

Chloe jiggles the button again. ERROR. Mashes the coin-return button. ERROR. Listlessly whacks the machine.

Babyface is RIGHT BEHIND HER.

She senses a presence. Turns. Babyface looms over her.

CHLOE  
(dazed)  
I think it's busted.

Babyface rears back a fist to PULP CHLOE'S SKULL.

Dori, FULL ON SPRINTING, TACKLES Chloe out of the way. Babyface buries his fist in the machine instead.

Dori, terrified, tries to drag Chloe to her feet.

DORI  
Come on, get up.

CHLOE  
But my dollar...

Babyface turns his head. Locked onto Dori. Sniffs the air.

A FLASH of Dori and Ben having sex.

Dori realizes.

DORI  
Oh, shit. Run!

Dori drags Chloe to her feet. They run. Babyface YANKS his fist out of the machine and follows. Highly motivated.

Dori and Chloe scramble down the hall. Round a corner, out of Babyface's line of sight. Dori starts zigzagging, FLINGING DOORS OPEN as decoys. Doubles back into

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Large, with four beds. Curtained dividers. Dori drags Chloe to the back of the room, under the farthest bed. They huddle in the dark, Dori's hand clamped over Chloe's mouth.

Dori hears Babyface's footsteps thudding down the hall.

Babyface stops before the doorway, shadow spilling in.

Huge booted feet shuffle into the room.

Babyface stops before the first of the four beds. A pause.

Quick motion. Screech of metal. Babyface OVERTURNS THE BED.

Dori puts her other hand over her OWN mouth.

Big feet walk to the second bed.

THE SECOND BED FLIES THROUGH THE CURTAIN, TEARING IT DOWN. CRASHES AGAINST THE WALL BEHIND CHLOE AND DORI.

Chloe whimpers softly, masked by the crashing bed.

Big feet lumber to the THIRD BED, opposite Dori and Chloe's. It SCREEEEEEEECHES SLOWLY ACROSS THE FLOOR, dragged aside.

Nowhere to run. Babyface's feet turn.

Dori and Chloe huddle in the dark. Completely doomed.

A huge, pallid hand, fingernails black, curls its fingers under the frame of Dori and Chloe's hiding place.

FOUR FAMILIAR SPINDLY ARMS steal out of the dark behind Dori and Chloe. GRAB THEM TIGHT. Dori's eyes: *WHAT THE FUUUUU--*

Babyface LIFTS THE BED.

He finds NOTHING underneath.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL

A makeshift cot in one corner. Calavera wraps Asiyah's sprained ankle.

CALAVERA  
I have seen interns do some  
*unbelievably* stupid *mierda*, kid,  
but you take the --

Chloe comes TUMBLING OUT from under the cot AT SPEED.  
Covered in clear viscous goo.

Calavera jumps back. She and Asiyah SCREAM.

Dori follows, goo-covered, SLIDING out from under the bed.

DORI  
Pfagh. Aah. What the hell?

The BED MONSTER from the teaser crawls out behind them.  
Grunts sheepishly. Kind of adorable?

DORI  
(to the Bed Monster)  
Apology accepted.

Hector and Ben have moved to help Chloe.

Dori looks at Chloe. Idea. Turns back to the Bed Monster.

DORI (CONT'D)  
Wait. I need a favor.

The Bed Monster chirps, intrigued.

DORI (CONT'D)  
So do you just do beds, or...?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BREAK ROOM

Empty. Dark. Refrigerator hums.

DORI TUMBLES OUT FROM THE CABINET UNDER THE SINK, freshly be-goo-ed again. Lies gasping on the tile floor, shaking off whatever-it-is.

DORI

Ew.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

Claire taps Hill's chest, listening through the stethoscope.

CLAIRE

Sounds like ... A bone fragment?  
Must have sheared off from the  
impact, been driven up into the  
left superior vena cava.  
Pressure's keeping it to a slow  
leak. But if it gets moved or  
jostled, it could tear the whole  
thing open.

Toshiro sighs. Reopens the incision. Gingerly probes--

TOSHIRO

Son of a *bitch*. You're never going  
to let me forget this, are you?

CLAIRE

I can't *wait* to forget all of  
this.

TOSHIRO

Going in now...

Toshiro lowers forceps into the incision.

TOSHIRO (CONT'D)

Slippery bastard. Almost ...

HILL'S EYES SNAP OPEN, WIDE AND PANICKING! She begins to thrash and flail, the jagged bedrail protruding from her back narrowly missing Claire in her contortions.

CLAIRE

Shit!



TOSHIRO

Hold her down! Hold her down!

Claire pins Hill down as she struggles, straining to keep her stable.

CLAIRE

Hurry up!

Toshiro goes back into the incision with the forceps. Probes, working by feel alone --

TOSHIRO

Got it. Now to get it out...

CLAIRE

(to Hill)

Shhh, it's okay, it's okay...

Gingerly works the forceps inside the incision as Claire struggles to stabilize the convulsing Hill. Finally in the clear, he yanks free a bloody BONE SPLINTER and tosses it aside.

TOSHIRO

She's bleeding again. No time to suture --

He grabs Claire's lighter, heats up the tip, takes a deep breath as he focuses and aims -- and PLUNGES THE SCORCHING FORCEPS BACK INTO THE INCISION with a swordsman's precision! STEAM RISES from the incision -- Hill SCREAMS -- and passes out again.

Claire and Toshiro slump back against the elevator walls, exhausted.

CLAIRE

Nice work.

TOSHIRO

Nice catch.

CLAIRE

You gonna close, or...?

TOSHIRO

Just gimme a minute.

CLAIRE

What, you want a cigarette?

TOSHIRO

Screw you, Furlow.

CLAIRE  
Already did.

CUT TO:

INT. INTAKE

Babyface's shadow stretches long over the empty room.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL

From inside, the barricaded doors don't look so strong.

Patients and staff huddle, quiet, some praying. Grim faces.

Brody. Asiyah. Calavera. Aisling. Hector. Ben.

The doors ever so slightly flex. A test.

THEN THEY BOOM. The flagpoles through the door handles rattle. The stacked-up pews scoot back an inch.

ANOTHER BLOW. ANOTHER. Cracks appear in the wooden door.

BABYFACE IS BEATING DOWN THE DOOR.

Ben runs to the barricade. PUSHES BACK against it, so hard he starts to flicker, as the BLOWS FROM OUTSIDE CONTINUE.

Asiyah watches. Wants to help. But she's too scared to move.

Ben throws his WHOLE BODY against the door.

One more MASSIVE, ROOM-SHAKING BLOW. The wood FISSURES.

Silence. Ben waits, listening. Nothing. He relaxes, fractionally.

BABYFACE'S ARM PUNCHES THROUGH THE DOOR. AND BEN'S CHEST.

Ben FLICKERS, screaming in pain and terror. Falls to the floor, clutching his chest. Remembering his death.

Patients SCREAM as Babyface widens the hole with BASH AFTER BASH. The pews piled before the door begin to CRACK.

Asiyah again. The Little Girl is RIGHT BESIDE HER. Asiyah looks at her. The Girl stares back.

A SINGLE THREAD OF BLOOD trickles down the Girl's forehead from under the bandage.

A WILD YELL from inside the chapel. BRODY CHARGES up the aisle with his ladder.

SLAMS IT LENGTHWISE ACROSS THE DOORS.

SHOVES IT SIDEWAYS, trapping Babyface's reaching arm between the rung of the ladder and the edge of the hole in the door.

Brody is SCARED SHITLESS. But he looks at the faces of the others. And he WILL NOT LET THEM DOWN. (Again.)

Babyface's arm flails wildly, inches from Brody's face. BENDING THE METAL OF THE LADDER. Clawing for Brody's eyes --

DORI  
(from outside)  
Babyface!

INT. INTAKE

Babyface turns, wrenching his arm free from the door.

Dori stands behind him. Takes one last deep breath.

DORI  
Come and get m--

Before she can finish, Babyface has CLOSED THE GAP between them and LIFTED HER OFF THE GROUND BY THE THROAT.

She chokes, struggles. He watches, impassive.

Dori reaches up. CLAWS OFF THE MASK. Underneath, Babyface is -- ridiculously handsome? Chiseled, even, save for one exotropic eye. He stares through Dori, gaze dead and blank.

And as Dori starts to black out, she lifts her other hand.

HOLDING THE SPECIMEN CUP. "DEMON INSIDE! DO NOT OPEN!!!"

Fumbles with the cap. Pops it off.

SPLASHES THE CONTENTS IN BABYFACE'S FACE!

Babyface drops her. Reels, clawing at his own face. We see reddish ooze SEEP INTO HIS EYES, NOSE, EARS, MOUTH.

Then he STOPS. Dori lies gasping on the floor.

Babyface looks down. Eyes bright, alert. Squints.

BABYFACE/LOU  
Doc? Izzat you?

Babyface is now LOU. Looks at his new body. Does a full body ants-in-his-pants squirm of revulsion.

LOU (CONT'D)  
Ew. Ewww! Awww, it's all clammy  
in here! What'd you do to me?

DORI  
(wheezing)  
Nice to see you, too, Lou.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

## **ACT FIVE**

INT. INTAKE/HALLWAY

Full of cops, paramedics, SCAR members, patients, family.

Chloe, wrapped in a blanket, with her two moms, who crush her with hugs. She's okay.

Follow Dori as she weaves through the crowd. We see Aisling, Brody, Hector, and Calavera toasting with vending machine sodas. Here's to surviving.

Dori passes an exam room. Sticks her head in.

INT. EXAM ROOM

DORI  
Nice work, you two. That SCAR  
trooper you saved is out of  
surgery. Gonna make it.

Claire and Toshi, on opposite sides of the exam table, patching up a groggy Bud, just nod awkwardly. Dori frowns.

DORI (CONT'D)  
Everything OK with you?

CLAIRE AND TOSHIRO  
(way too quickly)  
Yes.

Dori frowns deeper. Weird. But whatever. She leaves.

Claire and Toshi resume working. Not looking at each other.

CLAIRE  
... Nothing happened.

TOSHIRO  
Not. A. Thing.

Claire steals a glance at Toshi. Then Toshi, at Claire. It *totally* happened. (Even Bud can tell something's up.)

INT. OTHER EXAM ROOM

Lou, in huge clunky glasses, stares at himself in the mirror. Prods and pokes his new face.

LOU  
At least it's roomy in here.

Reveal Dori behind him, rubbing her sore throat.

DORI  
Zero detectable soul. Plenty of space for you to redecorate.

LOU  
What? No! Doc, you gotta let me out! This is malpratice! I'll sue!

DORI  
You've racked up a pile of bills with your demon dine-and-dash shit.

LOU  
The evil's kinda the point, doc.

DORI  
Turns out we could use an extra orderly around here. No Latin for you until you pay off your debt.

LOU  
(shudders)  
I thought I'd seen diabolical, but this -- this --!

Dori smirks and walks out, leaving Lou wailing:

LOU (CONT'D)  
Tell me you at least offer dental!

INT. ON-CALL ROOM

Asiyah lies curled on the bed, staring at her phone.

On the screen, a picture of somewhat younger Asiyah. And the Little Girl from earlier.

(One day, Asiyah and her little sister were playing. And Asiyah found her father's gun...)

Knock knock. Dori enters. Asiyah sits up.

DORI

You okay?

ASIYAH

I'm fine.

DORI

Good. Because if you ever, ever try that lone-wolf hero bullshit again, you're fired. Do you understand?

Asiyah hangs her head. Nods. Dori softens. Crouches down.

DORI (CONT'D)

I say a prayer every time I go on shift. "Please, God. Just a little bit better today than yesterday."

Dori pats Asiyah on the shoulder. Stands up.

DORI (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow, Dr. Masoud.

She leaves. A smile breaks through on Asiyah's face.

ASIYAH

(to herself)

Tomorrow.

INT. HALLWAY

Dori shuts the on-call door. Looks up to see Ben waiting for her. He looks immensely relieved.

BEN

Are you all right?

DORI

I'll live. Gonna have some fun bruises to explain to Leila.

BEN

Listen, you were right -- I asked around. Our missing ghosts aren't the only ones. Hemlock, Innsmouth, the Bureau of Ascention, they've all been piling up reports --

DORI

Ben.

BEN

I know, you've had a rough night. We can regroup tomorrow and--

DORI

I'm taking the job, Ben.

Ben stops. Gut-punched. Dori sympathizes. But:

DORI (CONT'D)

I almost died tonight, Ben.

BEN

Just -- just go home, sleep it off. You'll feel better in the morning.

DORI

I can't do it, Ben. I can't make this place my life. I can't die for it. I'm not you. I'm sorry.

Dori kisses Ben goodbye. Tears in her eyes.

DORI (CONT'D)

I have to move on. And so do you.

Dori walks away, wiping tears. Ben can only watch.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Dori, showered, changed into spare clothes, shuffles exhaustedly toward the parking lot and her drive home.

MR. GREY

Doctor Haynes!

Mr. Grey catches up to her in brisk strides. Self-satisfied.

MR. GREY (CONT'D)

I hear you had quite a night.

Dori's had it.

DORI  
You sent him here.

MR. GREY  
I beg your pardon?

DORI  
Babyface. You knew he'd cut loose.  
Rampage. Damage the hospital.  
Maybe kill some staff. Knock down  
the asking price. Give Greentown  
another reason to sell us.

A long pause. Dori's hard stare vs. Grey's placid smile.

MR. GREY  
Really, now, Doctor Haynes.

Mr. Grey blinks. BLACK NICTITATING MEMBRANES SLIDE SIDEWAYS  
ACROSS HIS EYES as he does.

MR. GREY (CONT'D)  
I'm not a *monster*.

Dori gives up. Turns and storms off. Mr. Grey looks  
pleased.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAYNES HOUSE - DAWN

Nice enough. Dori's car parked in the driveway.

INT. LEILA'S ROOM

Leila sleeps. Perfect. Princess Sparklehooves in her hand.

Dori sits by Leila's bed. Kisses her forehead. Looks at her.

A FLASH of Babyface choking the life out of Dori.

Dori puts a hand to her mouth, holding in a sob. Breaks  
down crying as everything hits her at once. Crying for the  
victims, for herself, for Ben.

CUT TO:



INT. HAYNES KITCHEN

Dori's laptop, open on the kitchen table. Email on screen. The job offer, forwarded from Bernice with subject line PERFECT JOB YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY ACCEPTING. Behind it, a view of the back yard, pink and strange in the dawning light.

Dori, in comfy sleepwear, sits down with a cup of tea. Tired. Starts typing. Replying to Duke.

Behind the screen, out the window, A FIGURE MOVES IN THE BACK YARD. It wasn't there before.

Dori looks up.

BEN IS IN THE BACK YARD. Shouting without sound. Moving as if underwater. Ben stumbles.

Dori bolts up from the table.

BEN IS IN THE HOUSE, collapsing into her arms. Stretched like taffy, in agony, pieces of him dissolving away.

DORI

Ben!

BEN

Listen. You have to listen.

DORI

Don't talk. You have to go back, Ben. You're too far from the hospital. I didn't mean--

BEN

I found them. They found me. They're coming, Dori. From the other side of the dark. They're coming for all of us. First for the dead. Then for the living.

Ben crumbles. Sad smile for Dori, until it's all that's left of him:

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I love --

And then he isn't.

Dori kneels on the carpet, cradling nothing, gutted and weeping and completely unsure what to do next.

**END OF ACT FIVE**

