

BIOLOGICAL

Written by

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INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

DOCTOR ALEX WHITTEN (40s), dressed in full autopsy Personal Protective Equipment, is conducting an autopsy of a teenage boy sitting on a metal slab. A voice recorder captures her dictation.

ALEX

Time: 11:13PM.

Case file: 03-06.

Subject is Elias Julius Voss, age 18.

Cause of death: high impact motor collision.

Commencing toxicology draw.

Alex extracts vitreous fluid and femoral blood samples and stores them in a fridge.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Blood viscosity is dangerously low. Minimal hemorrhaging on the multiple lacerations spanning from his face to his chest... no fractures... Moving onto the internal examination.

ZZZ: The whirr from a saw begins and ALEX cuts into the cadaver. She makes her incisions and sets the saw down.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Strange resistance in the tissue as the Y-incision was made. Tissue is rubbery. Moving onto the ribcage- uh... noting a remarkably enlarged heart- and it looks like the liver is showing advanced scarring? No jaundice, no toxicity, no history of prior hospitalizations...

Suddenly, the door opens and in walks PATRICIO (50s), sharply suited with a calculating gaze.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sir, you can't be in here-

PATRICIO

I am Legal Liaison to the Voss family. There's been a clerical error and the family would like to exercise their religious objection. I have a court order waiving the state's right to an autopsy.

ALEX

The sanctity of the 'whole body'  
has been ruined to say the least,  
there's no way to— By law, I have  
to finish. I can't just—

PATRICIO

You can and you will. The transport  
team will be arriving shortly.

ALEX

There's no way Dr. Carson signed  
off on this.

PATRICIO

He must've.

PATRICIO hands ALEX the order, who scans over it.

ALEX

This was issued after the autopsy  
time... Look, law aside, this kid  
is an anomaly. His organs,  
they're... old.

The TRANSPORT TEAM of four walks in with an empty body bag.  
ALEX attempts to step in their way. They move around her and  
seize the cadaver.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Stop, you can't take him!

PATRICIO

I have a county Sheriff that says  
otherwise.

ALEX steps aside after seeing SHERIFF (50s) walk into the  
examination room.

PATRICIO (CONT'D)

We'll need the recorder too.

A member of the TRANSPORT TEAM stops and seizes the recorder.

ALEX

Hey, I need that!

SHERIFF

Thank you, Ms. Whitten. You've been  
very helpful.

Patricio smiles as he leaves after the Transport Team, the  
Sheriff following.

INT. VOSS ESTATE BEDROOM - DAY

MUSIC blares, echoing throughout the ornate mansion. ANNA VOSS (40s), a gothic beauty, is slouched over on her bed. There is a needle of heroin lying on the night stand next to her. Her wristwatch's alarm goes off. She jolts awake and stops the alarm. She gets ready, finishing a somber look in all black. She sits down on a chair near a window and stares. CARLOS (50s) walks into the room and turns the MUSIC off.

CARLOS

I gotta go. Just checking to see you're up. Try to stay awake for the service later. You should get outta here for a bit. Get some sun.

ANNA stares blankly out the window.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

All right. Well... Just remember: sleep is the cousin of death.

ANNA

And death is the uncle of your son... or was it father? I forget.

CARLOS

Elias would have hated to see you like this. Look at you.

ANNA

(Shrugs)

Must be the effect you have on women.

(Begins to light up a cigarette)

CARLOS snatches the cigarette and extinguishes it. His phone buzzes. CARLOS leaves the bedroom, answering the phone in the hallway, where his SECURITY GUARD (40s) stands watch. ANNA lights another cigarette.

INT. VOSS ESTATE HALLWAY - DAY

CARLOS

(Into phone)

Accept.

INT. JAIL CELLBLOCK - DAY

A buzzing cell block is filled with men in orange jumpsuits. JOHAN (30s) is using an available phone hanging on the wall.

INTERCUT - CARLOS AND JOHAN

JOHAN

You just gonna leave me here?

CARLOS

We're doing everything we can, Jo.

JOHAN

I need money.

CARLOS

As much as you need. Anything else?

JOHAN

Yeah. Why am I here, 'Los?

CARLOS

I know. I know. I'm working on it, you'll be out before Christmas.

JOHAN

Fucking Christmas?

A beat.

CARLOS

Look, I'm gonna be out of the office today. We're paying our respects to Elias, so... I'll have my assistant send wire that asap. I'll talk to you s-

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Thank you for using GTL. Goodbye.

The call is disconnected.

INT. VOSS ESTATE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Pictures of ELIAS VOSS and flowers litter the room. Carlos stands at a podium behind SELIA (16) and AMELIA (16), who are standing at the podium before a gathering of FAMILY. Behind them is an urn that reads 'ELIAS JULIUS VOSS.' Selia steps up to the podium.

SELIA

In the light, there was Elias. In the dark: Elias. There was nothing if not Elias... I held him days ago. I can still hear his laugh, the same as when he was a kid. It never changed whether he was 2 or 10. And I can still hear his voice echoing in my mind... I wonder when I won't anymore.

Selia is overcome with grief, Amelia rushes over to console her. Carlos takes over the podium.

CARLOS

I never thought something like this was possible for my son. To lose something— someone— so close to you... It makes you realize that the only thing making life worth living is those that fill up your time.

Anna makes her way to a seat near the podium.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

But anyone who knew Eli also knew that he wouldn't have wanted us to cry. He wouldn't have wanted us to waste all these tears. He was a light in this dark, dark world. And for that reason, I propose a toast.

A flurry of waiters sweep through the room serving champagne flutes on silver trays to the Family.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

To Elias.

The Family raise their glasses and give cheers. Anna's gaze softens and her head starts to nod off.

dun DUN dun DUN dun DUN: her heartbeat.

Her eyes begin to flutter.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Anna...

Anna jolts, suddenly becoming alert.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I'm sure would love to say a few words as the boy's mother.