

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

It is late afternoon as the setting sun filters through the windows into the Kirkwick Club at Miskatonic University. The club is decorated with the best that old money can buy.

At this late hour the Kirkwick Club is hosting the wake of Herbert West. Somber looking gentlemen circulate talking in hushed tones. At the front of the room the NARRATOR a serious looking middle aged man taps his glass with a spoon to gather everyone's attention. The Narrator clears his throat.

NARRATOR

Umm. I wanted to thank you all for coming tonight. Herbert, I mean Dr. West, was known to all of us but I doubt that any of us really knew him. Many things have been said of him, most of them negative, some of them true, but of him I will say one thing, his was a genius too big to be contained in one body or in one age.

The Narrator raises his glass.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

To Dr. Herbert West.

The guests glance at each other nervously before raising their glasses in unison.

GUESTS

To Dr. West.

Soft music begins playing and the guests break into small conversation groups. The Narrator circulates among them. PROFESSOR ELLERY, PROFESSOR LAKE, and "OLD" WALDRON stand in a tight cluster talking in hushed tones.

PROFESSOR ELLERY

You know they say he's not quite right, you know, in the head.

PROFESSOR LAKE

Who? West or him?

PROFESSOR ELLERY

Both of them. Odd pair really.

"OLD" WALDRON

Still West was a brilliant one.

PROFESSOR ELLERY
But one what?

PROFESSOR LAKE
I guess we'll never know.

The Narrator wanders over and joins the conversation which quickly grind to a halt.

NARRATOR
Know what?

The others glance at each other nervously.

"OLD" WALDRON
Uh, know whether Dr. West would have...

PROFESSOR LAKE
...made great discoveries.

PROFESSOR ELLERY
I mean he was a brilliant doctor.

A long awkward pause follows broken when the Narrator clears his throat.

NARRATOR
Well thank you very much for coming.

There is a tap on the Narrator's shoulder and he turns to find himself faced with DETECTIVE WHITBY and a younger junior officer.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Hello there Detective, it's nice to see you here.

DETECTIVE WHITBY
I only wish it were so.

NARRATOR
What do you mean?

DETECTIVE WHITBY
Would you mind coming with us.
There are some questions we'd like you to answer.

NARRATOR
Really? Can't this wait?

DETECTIVE WHITBY
No. I'm afraid these are questions
of a most pressing nature.

NARRATOR
Just like all the other times?

DETECTIVE WHITBY
Please if you'd just come with us.
You wouldn't want to cause a scene.

NARRATOR
(mocking)
Oh no we wouldn't.
(loudly to partygoers)
Please continue to have a wonderful
wake while I am once again
interrogated without cause or
reason. Party on!
(to Detective Whitby)
Well I don't think that caused much
of a scene. Let me get my coat and
we'll be off.

The Narrator followed by Detective Whitby and the officer
leave the party while stunned partygoers look on.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Narrator and Detective Whitby have been in the
Interrogation Room for several hours.

DETECTIVE WHITBY
So let me get this straight, you
did not initially seek out the
company of Dr. West?

NARRATOR
No like so many things in life it
just happened.

DETECTIVE WHITBY
Really? And exactly how did it
just happen?

NARRATOR
By now you probably know the story
better than me.

DETECTIVE WHITBY
Humor me.

NARRATOR
(sighing)
Fine. It was our third year of
medical school...

The scene dissolves.

INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

On this first day of class the room is filled with dissection tables each with a covered cadaver. At the front on a raised stage is another covered cadaver on a dissection table as well as chalkboards and a lectern.

The students, studious looking young men in suits fill in and begin pairing off into groups around the tables. HERBERT WEST is the last to enter and stands by himself at a table.

The bell rings and DR. RICHARDSON steps onto the stage.

DR. RICHARDSON
Hello students. This is the day
that you cease to be gentlemen and
you begin to be doctors. Don your
gowns, gloves, and masks and let us
begin.

The students are busily donning the unfamiliar garb when the door at the back of the classroom bangs open and an out of breath and disheveled Narrator runs in. For a moment all eyes are on him.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
And who might you be?

NARRATOR
I'm...

DR. RICHARDSON
Nevermind, you're late. Go partner
with...

Dr. Richardson looks around and settles his gaze on Herbert West.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
You! Who are you?

HERBERT WEST
Herbert West sir.

DR. RICHARDSON
(to Narrator)
Go partner with Mr. West.

The Narrator goes to West's table.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
And since you're late you'll just
have to dissect in your suit. Pity
it's a nice looking suit.

Dr. Richardson returns to pacing the stage as the Narrator
joins West. West picks up his tattered coat and hands it to
the Narrator.

HERBERT WEST
Here swap coats. This thing's
destined for the rubbish heap
anyway.

Surprised, the Narrator quickly changes coats and gets ready.

NARRATOR
Thanks. I'm...

HERBERT WEST
Don't bother. Never had much need
for names. Can't remember them
anyway.

NARRATOR
So you are?

HERBERT WEST
Herbert West if you insist on
knowing.

From the stage Dr. Richardson loudly clears his throat
annoyed.

DR. RICHARDSON
Now that you are done playing
social hour, can we please dissect
these corpses before their souls
haunt us for wasting their flesh?

Herbert West glares at the Narrator. Dr. Richardson turns
his attention to the corpse on the stage.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Now before you is a male corpse.
Women are pretty much the same only
more complicated, so for now we'll
focus on men.

(MORE)

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

The most important tools you have as a doctor are your senses. For the first half of the class I want you to learn as much as you can about your corpse without touching it. For the second half you may touch your corpse. Take notes, you'll need them.

INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

The end of the first day of the class has approached. The students are weary from observation and have pages of notes.

DR. RICHARDSON

Congratulations you've survived your first day.

The students begin packing up their materials.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

You're homework for next week, take your notes and write me a case report about everything you know about your patient. I expect them in my box by Wednesday.

The students protest under their breath as they file out of the room. Herbert West quickly rushes out and the Narrator looks for him among the crowd. CHARLES, a fellow student stops the Narrator.

CHARLES

Tough luck drawing West.

NARRATOR

(distracted)

Huh? Have you seen him?

CHARLES

Wouldn't get lost to him if I were you.

NARRATOR

What'd you mean?

CHARLES

He's different.

NARRATOR

So. That's no bad.

CHARLES
For him it is.

DANIEL another student comes up behind Charles making scary faces.

DANIEL
Oh come on Charles you're just mad
because now you're not the resident
genius.
(to Narrator)
Just ignore Charles he sees evil in
every dark corner. A drink always
cheers him up. Care to join us?

NARRATOR
Perhaps another time. I think I'll
get a start on the paper.

DANIEL
It's not due for two whole days.
Come have a drink.

NARRATOR
Thanks but maybe next time.

The Narrator turns and walks away.

DANIEL
Your loss. A good drink reminds us
why we'd rather be alive than dead.

INT. WEST'S ROOM - NIGHT

It is late at night and Herbert West is busy at work in a makeshift laboratory he has set up in one corner of his room. There is a knock at the door which West ignores. A second more urgent knock breaks West's concentration and he stomps over to the door.

HERBERT WEST
(angrily)
What?

From the other side of the door the Narrator's voice can be heard.

NARRATOR
I hope I didn't wake you. Can I
come in?

HERBERT WEST
No.

NARRATOR

Please. I'll only be a minute.

HERBERT WEST

No! Time is of the essence and I'm wasting it standing here talking to you!

NARRATOR

The time that you've spent telling me you can't answer my question is longer than the time to actually answer my question.

Herbert West unbolts the door and lets the Narrator in. The Narrator is in awe of the laboratory in West's room. West points to an unkempt bed shoved in one corner.

HERBERT WEST

You, there. No questions. No sounds. I don't even want to hear you breathe.

The Narrator sits on the bed and places his books and papers beside him. Herbert West bolts the door and returns to his experiment oblivious to the Narrator.

The Narrator glances around the room which is under the sloped roof. The walls are covered with scientific diagrams and a large bookcase sags under the weight of books and papers. The whole room appears to be in a state of general neglect except for the laboratory portion which is clean and orderly. Candles and lamps augment the pale moonlight filtering through the window. Bored the Narrator clears his throat.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)

What part of no sound was confusing?

NARRATOR

I was just wondering...

HERBERT WEST

If your mundane academic question had an equally mundane academic answer.

NARRATOR

(taken aback)

It's about the paper.

HERBERT WEST

It's a report, people read those.
People don't read papers they rot
in some moth ridden library.

NARRATOR

Very well the report.

HERBERT WEST

How's yours going?

NARRATOR

Not well. I can't figure out what
conclusions to draw. What about
you?

HERBERT WEST

Very nearly started it.

NARRATOR

(shocked)

You haven't even started it? You
do realize that it's due in a few
hours?

HERBERT WEST

And in a few hours it will be done.
Now return to your question about
conclusions.

NARRATOR

Yes?

HERBERT WEST

There's only one conclusion to be
drawn.

NARRATOR

Which is?

HERBERT WEST

That the patient died! All
evidence points to this conclusion.

NARRATOR

But isn't that stating the obvious?

HERBERT WEST

It's obvious to you and it's
obvious to me, but there are a lot
of stupid people in the world and
some of them have M.D. after their
name.

Herbert West returns to his experiment.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
No the real question isn't if he is
dead, but what we can do about it.

NARRATOR
(confused)
Do? He's dead, nothings going to
change that.

HERBERT WEST
But what if I could?

NARRATOR
Huh?

Herbert West spins around surprised to see the Narrator still
sitting on the bed.

HERBERT WEST
What are you still doing here?

NARRATOR
My question?

Herbert West quickly gathers the Narrator's things and shoves
him out the door.

HERBERT WEST
You've got your answer. Now go
I've got a report to write.

NARRATOR
But you said people didn't read
reports.

HERBERT WEST
Oh they'll want to read mine.
Clamoring to get it in their hot
hands.

Herbert West slams the door and bolts it leaving a confused
Narrator to gather his papers and walk down the darkened
stairway.

INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

Dr. Richardson paces up and down the aisle thrusting papers
covered in red ink back at the students.

DR. RICHARDSON
Your first attempts were woefully
childish. Let the blood stain of
my ink serve as a reminder that
this is medical school gentlemen.
We're not in grammar school
anymore.

All of the papers have been returned except for West's and
Dr. Richardson leans close to him to whisper.

DR. RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
My office after class.

EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - EVENING

The Narrator is pacing nervously outside of the brick
building when West rushes out of the front door enraged. The
Narrator rushes to catch up.

HERBERT WEST
The nerve! That pompous idiot has
never had an original thought and
yet he dares to criticize mine!

NARRATOR
What happened?

HERBERT WEST
You want to know what happened?
I'll tell you what happened! That
idiot!

NARRATOR
Yes I got that he's an idiot.

HERBERT WEST
Oh he's no idiot! He's a doctor
idiot!

NARRATOR
Okay! Okay! Look let's have a
drink and sort this out. Come on a
drink will help calm your nerves.

West stops in his tracks suddenly calm.

HERBERT WEST
Yes a medicinal drink, just what
the doctor ordered. But where on a
Sunday?

NARRATOR
The Gentlemen's Club?

HERBERT WEST
That refuge of wannabe doctor's?

NARRATOR
Happens to have the best brandy
around.

Herbert West ponders this for a moment before deciding.

HERBERT WEST
Agreed, but only for medicinal
purposes.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

The Gentlemen's Club is a bastion of rich leather and polished wood. A long bar at one end is stocked with expensive liquor. Clusters of formally attired students sip their drinks and engage in deep discussion. When Herbert West, dressed in a worn tuxedo, and the Narrator enter all conversation stops and everyone focuses on them.

HERBERT WEST
Well it's nice to see I can still
stop a party. You look as if
you'll die of shock. Guess that
would save the school the trouble
of getting corpses for next
semester.
(to Narrator)
Shall we?

The Narrator still shocked follows West and calls over his shoulder to the WAITER.

NARRATOR
Two brandies please.

HERBERT WEST
Just get the whole damned bottle.

Herbert plops unceremoniously into a leather wing chair and the Narrator sits opposite him. The Waiter brings over an expensive bottle of brandy and two glasses.

WAITER
Here you are gentlemen.

The Waiter pours the brandy and then melts into the background. West and the Narrator raise their glasses.

HERBERT WEST
To great minds, forever ahead of
their times.

The Narrator takes a sip of his brandy while West tosses his back in a single drink. West slams his glass on the table and begins pouring another drink.

NARRATOR
We have all night, you can pace
yourself. It's vintage brandy,
it's not going anywhere.

West polishes off another glass and begins filling his glass again.

HERBERT WEST
It may not, but I am.

NARRATOR
I'm afraid I don't understand.

West finishes off another brandy and pours himself another.

HERBERT WEST
Don't worry my dear friend no one
else here does. It's a blessing
and a curse.

The Narrator gives West a quizzical look.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
It's a blessing because none of the
simple minds that inhabit these
hallowed walls could ever steal my
work. After all what good would a
Gutenberg Bible be to an illiterate
pheasant.

Several patrons of the club turn to look at West displeased.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
And it's a curse because I find
myself adrift in a sea of ignorance
and superstition. The men here. If
you can call them that, profess to
worship at the alter of science yet
run to the protection of
superstition at the merest mention
of anything new or novel.

By now West's tirade has drawn the attention of the entire club which watches with disapproval.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)

In fact the only difference between these so called men of science and a snake oil salesman is the salesman knows he's a fraud.

The Waiter hurries over and leans close whispering loudly.

WAITER

Perhaps the gentleman has had enough for the evening.

HERBERT WEST

And perhaps he has just begun.

A STUDENT pushes forward.

STUDENT

Look we'd all prefer if you and your companion would leave.

NARRATOR

West I think we'd better leave.

STUDENT

Yes you'd better.

West looks around at the angry disapproving faces before polishing off his drink.

HERBERT WEST

Very well this party's dead anyway.

West and the Narrator stand up to leave. As they are leaving West turns and grabs the brandy bottle.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)

You can't come to our party empty-handed. In fact you can't come to our party at all.

The crowd parts to let West and the Narrator leave.

EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

West and the Narrator sit in the Bell Tower relaxed passing the brandy bottle back and forth and looking down at the university and town below.

NARRATOR

And that was when my father decided to send me to medical school.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The parent's would have me, maybe
the professors would.

The Narrator takes a drink.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

What about you? You're almost too
smart to be a doctor. What's your
story?

HERBERT WEST

Almost?

NARRATOR

You're certainly the most brilliant
clinician here, but you don't like
dealing with the patients. You've
said so yourself. How can you be a
doctor if you don't see patients?

West takes a drink.

HERBERT WEST

But we see patients everyday.

NARRATOR

But they're dead. They don't talk
much.

HERBERT WEST

But what if they could?

NARRATOR

But they don't.

Herbert West stands up and begins pacing around.

HERBERT WEST

The living don't interest me
because we all know what it's like
to be alive. But the deceased, now
there's a story. Imagine if we
could peel back the veil of death
as easily as the wind parts a
curtain.

NARRATOR

But it can't be done.

HERBERT WEST

Can't or shouldn't?

NARRATOR

Well both I suppose.

HERBERT WEST

Shouldn't because some dusty old book says it? God gave us death as the ultimate puzzle to solve. If he weeps when we die than why would he want us to die?

NARRATOR

But it can't be done!

HERBERT WEST

Can't just means not yet, but who better than a doctor, who better than me to do it?

NARRATOR

But...

HERBERT WEST

It's just a matter of physiology. I've already made great progress.

NARRATOR

But what about the rules and regulations?

HERBERT WEST

Edicts made by narrow-minded men blind to true progress.

NARRATOR

That may be true.

HERBERT WEST

So what then can they really do?

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Narrator and Herbert West make their way toward West's room slightly drunk. On West's door they find an official notice which West reads.

HERBERT WEST

Mr. West, your presence is requested before the Miskatonic University Student Ethics and Scientific Review Committee. A hearing has been scheduled for Friday the fourteenth at nine am to answer charges of unlawful and unregulated scientific experimentation.

Herbert West lowers the paper and stares into the distance.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
And so it goes.

NARRATOR
That's insane! You're experiments
are no worse than anyone elses!

HERBERT WEST
They're not punishing me for what I
have done. They're prosecuting me
for what I will do.

The Narrator gives West a questioning look.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Nevermind.

Herbert West enters his room and shuts the door on the
Narrator.

INT. ANATOMY LAB - DAY

Hushed sounds of students intently dissecting bodies hang in
the background. Herbert West and the Narrator are busy
dissecting their corpse.

NARRATOR
Nervous about tomorrow?

HERBERT WEST
Not especially.

NARRATOR
What's your plan?

Herbert West is silent for a long moment.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
So?

HERBERT WEST
You like your life in the dorms?

NARRATOR
It's alright I guess. As long as
you don't mind the cold in the
winter, the heat in the summer and
the general annoyance of paper thin
walls and loud neighbors.

HERBERT WEST
Come to the ethics committee
meeting.

NARRATOR
I was planning on it.

HERBERT WEST
And I'll solve both of our
problems.

Dr. Richardson approaches West and the Narrators work
station.

DR. RICHARDSON
(clears his throat)
Mr. West prepared for tomorrow?

HERBERT WEST
Yes sir.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Morning sunlight filters into the courtroom. Herbert West
sits at a table facing a long table filled with the five
members of the Ethics Committee. Behind West in the empty
spectators gallery sits the Narrator.

The members of the Ethics Committee are Dr. Richardson, DEAN
HALSEY, PROFESSOR WINGATE PEASLEE, "OLD" WALDRON, and
PROFESSOR LAKE.

DEAN HALSEY
This session of the Miskatonic
University Student Ethics and
Scientific Review Committee has
been called into session. The
agenda for this session is to
discuss the charges leveled against
Mr. Herbert West regarding unlawful
scientific experimentation. Mr.
West how do you plead?

HERBERT WEST
I don't.

PROFESSOR WINGATE PEASLEE
But you must.

HERBERT WEST
I have the right to judged by my
peers.

PROFESSOR WINGATE PEASLEE
This is an academis hearing not a
legal hearing.

HERBERT WEST
Than legally I don't have to be
here.

West turns to leave.

DEAN HALSEY
But if you want to continue your
studies you'll stay.

West stops considers this for a moment and turns around.

HERBERT WEST
What exactly is your problem with
me?

"OLD" WALDRON
We have no problem with you. It's
more a problem with what you do
upstairs in that room of yours.

HERBERT WEST
And what exactly is it that I do?

"OLD" WALDRON
Animal experimentation.

PROFESSOR WINGATE PEASLEE
Organ transplantation.

PROFESSOR LAKE
Embalming.

HERBERT WEST
(Cavalier)
Oh, is that all?

DEAN HALSEY
And the general manner with which
you conduct yourself.

HERBERT WEST
Ouch that one hurt.

DEAN HALSEY
Your dorm mates are terrified of
you. No one will be your roommate
for over a week. You're too
brilliant to expel and too
terrifying to live with.
(MORE)

DEAN HALSEY (CONT'D)
Frankly we're at a loss when it comes to you.

HERBERT WEST
What exactly do you want from me?

DEAN HALSEY
We want you here...

"OLD" WALDRON
...but not really here.

HERBERT WEST
What if I moved into the town?

The committee looks back and forth at each other.

DEAN HALSEY
I think we could accept that arrangement.

PROFESSOR WINGATE PEASLEE
Of course living in town is different than within the university walls.

"OLD" WALDRON
Are you sure you have the financial resources to set yourself up properly?

PROFESSOR LAKE
As a young gentleman...

"OLD" WALDRON
...a future doctor should.

HERBERT WEST
I think I'll manage.

DEAN HALSEY
From time to time we may check on you to make sure that things are alright. And I think I speak for everyone here that we'd feel better if you we're alone.

HERBERT WEST
My lab partner and assistant would also like to share lodgings with me.

DEAN HALSEY
That satisfies the committee.

HERBERT WEST
Professors, dean, I bid you good
day!

DEAN HALSEY
Where are you going? We haven't
finished yet.

Herbert rushes out of the room banging the doors behind him.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

West stands outside a house whose sign advertises a room for rent. He is talking to a portly HOUSEKEEPER who is blocking the door.

HOUSEKEEPER
Sorry we're full.

HERBERT WEST
But the sign says...

HOUSEKEEPER
That sign's for honest folk, not
you shifty university men.

HERBERT WEST
Please we've tried every place in
town.

HOUSEKEEPER
You stay on your side of the river
and leave us honest folks to ours.

The Housekeeper slams the door. West turns to face the Narrator.

NARRATOR
Better luck tomorrow?

West turns down the street as the Narrator follows.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - NIGHT

West and the Narrator are walking by the cemetery when West spots a house abandon but in good condition. West looks at it excitedly.

HERBERT WEST
That's it!

NARRATOR

That?

West spots a smaller house up the road. He rushes up and knocks on the door. A YOUNG WOMAN answers the door.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hello?

HERBERT WEST

Ahh, yes, good evening. I was wondering if you could tell me who owns that house.

YOUNG WOMAN

My pa. Why'd you ask?

HERBERT WEST

Because I was wondering if it was available.

YOUNG WOMAN

To rent?

HERBERT WEST

Yes. I have money. I can pay, say twenty dollars a month. Three months in advance.

YOUNG WOMAN

Just a minute.

The Young Woman closes the door and returns a moment later.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Thirty dollars, six months in advance.

West pulls out the money and hands it to the shocked girl.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh and pa says no single renters, safer that way.

Herbert pulls the Narrator by the sleeve toward him.

HERBERT WEST

This is my cousin.

YOUNG WOMAN

Here are the keys. If I find the coppers up there you're gone no questions asked.

The Young Woman shuts the door.

NARRATOR
Cousin? But I look nothing like
you.

HERBERT WEST
I never said by blood. Shall we
check out the place?

Herbert West and the Narrator start up the hill to the house.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
By the way you owe me ninety
dollars.

NARRATOR
What?

HERBERT WEST
Your half of the rent of course.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

West and the Narrator stand at the entrance to the house.

HERBERT WEST
Ready?

NARRATOR
Not really.

HERBERT WEST
Welcome home.

Herbert opens the door and they enter.

INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT

The darkened first floor reveals old furniture covered in dust and a kitchen in need of repair in the corner. Two large fireplaces stand at either end while a pair of staircases one leading to the second floor and one leading to the cellar are in one corner. West enters theatrically throws his hands in the air and turns to face the Narrator framed in the doorway

HERBERT WEST
Absolutely perfect don't you think?

NARRATOR
Perfect wasn't my first word.

West goes and puts his arm around the Narrator's shoulder and sweeps his hand wide pretending to paint a picture.

HERBERT WEST
You're just not seeing the
potential.

INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT

West's potential has been realized as the house has been transformed into a cozy, and clean house lit with warm light.

The Narrator comes down the stairs rolling his sleeves down. At the same time Herbert West comes rushing in the front door disheveled and clutching a newspaper. West's frantic gaze meets the Narrator's.

HERBERT WEST
There you are!

NARRATOR
Where else would I be?

West grabs the Narrator's wrist and begins dragging him out the door.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

HERBERT WEST
Nothing.

NARRATOR
Then where are we going?

HERBERT WEST
Out.

NARRATOR
But dinner's almost ready.

HERBERT WEST
Nevermind dinner. Grab some
shovels.

NARRATOR
Why do we need shovels?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

West drops the Narrator's wrist long enough to grab two shovels. He shoves a shovel into the Narrator's hands.

NARRATOR
What's the matter?

West rushes off toward the graveyard occasionally glancing at the newspaper in his hand and muttering to himself.

HERBERT WEST
Come. We haven't much time.

NARRATOR
Time? What happened?

The Narrator stops abruptly and forces West to stop and meet his eyes.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
I'll have you know that I won't be a party to murder. I go along with what you do in the basement, turn a blind eye to what I cannot begin to understand, but murder is too much. Man has no right to decide who dies.

HERBERT WEST
(shocked)
I'm not deciding who dies, I'm ensuring everyone can live!

West and the Narrator regard each other for a long moment before West glances at the newspaper once again frantic.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Potter. Jack Potter he's the one.
Look for the fresh dirt.

West spots the fresh grave and runs up to it. He compares the newspaper to the headstone excitedly.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
There you are Mr. Potter! No time to waste.

West plunges his shovel into the fresh grave and begins digging. The Narrator grabs his arm and looks at him horrified. West shrugs him off and continues digging.

NARRATOR
What are you doing?

HERBERT WEST
Conquering death my dear man. What else?

NARRATOR
But you can't do that!

HERBERT WEST
Can't?

NARRATOR
The veil between this life and the
next is not man's to part.

HERBERT WEST
Did some wrinkled bag of bones
preacher tell you that lie?

The Narrator stares in shocked disbelief.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
You're fed that lie to keep you in
fear. As long as you fear
something you can be controlled.
I'm not giving life, I'm giving
freedom.

West's shovel hits the wooden coffin lid.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Well hello Mr. Potter! Tonight's
your lucky night!

West opens the grave and stares down at the corpse of Mr.
Potter.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Not the best looking, but we can't
really be choosy.

West starts passing Mr. Potter to the Narrator who is
horrified.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Oh come on. You weren't any help
digging. Now grab him by the
shoulders.

The Narrator clumsily grabs Mr. Potter's shoulders and pulls.
He drops Mr. Potter and falls back on the ground.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
(sharply)
Careful! He's damaged enough
already.

The Narrator gets up and West and him get Mr. Potter's corpse out of the grave. They clumsily carry Mr. Potter out of the cemetery.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The Narrator staggers through the front door clutching Mr. Potter's feet and leaving a trail of mud and grass behind him. He is followed by Herbert West carrying the other end of Mr. Potter's body. West uses his foot to shove the door shut.

The Narrator and West put the body on the floor and catch their breath.

HERBERT WEST
Water?

NARRATOR
Sure.

Herbert West heads into the kitchen.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
So what now?

HERBERT WEST (O.S.)
Well we need to get Mr. Potter downstairs. Anything beyond that isn't your concern.

NARRATOR
Well...

There is a knock at the front door.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Are you expecting anyone?

HERBERT WEST
Beyond Mr. Potter?

The knock at the front door is louder and more insistent. West pops his head out from the kitchen.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Who is it?

NARRATOR
How the hell should I know!

This time the knock is very loud and angry.

HERBERT WEST

Don't just stand there! Answer the door!

The Narrator stares frantically between Herbert West and Mr. Potter's corpse. After a long moment West gets the hint.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)

Oh him? Umm, in the closet.

West and the Narrator struggle to move Mr. Potter's corpse to the closet as the knocking continues.

DEAN HALSEY (O.S.)

Mr. West we're in the neighborhood and thought we'd drop by.

West and the Narrator stop and stare at each other before redoubling their efforts.

DR. RICHARDSON (O.S.)

Mr. West is everything alright?

West frantically waves the Narrator to the door. The Narrator goes to the door.

NARRATOR

Can I help you?

DEAN HALSEY (O.S.)

Can we come in?

NARRATOR

Uhh...

The Narrator turns to see West frantically shoving Mr. Potter's corpse into the closet and slamming it shut.

DR. RICHARDSON (O.S.)

Is everything alright?

NARRATOR

Yes, yes.

The Narrator opens the door to find himself facing Dean Halsey and Dr. Richardson.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Come in. Can I offer you some water?

Dean Halsey and Dr. Richardson enter to find themselves backed against the wall by Herbert West and the Narrator.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Can we help you?

DEAN HALSEY
Uh. We're just in the
neighborhood...

DR. RICHARDSON
Thought we'd drop in and say hi.

HERBERT WEST
Hi.

DEAN HALSEY
So how are you settling in?

HERBERT WEST
Fine.

Dr. Richardson spies the mud on the floor.

DR. RICHARDSON
Gardening?

HERBERT WEST
Huh?

DEAN HALSEY
Mind if we come in?

HERBERT WEST
You already are.

DR. RICHARDSON
So what are you up to these days?
We hardly see you on campus
anymore.

HERBERT WEST
Nothing there for me.

Dean Halsey escapes and begins wandering around the room. He reaches the closet and begins to turn the knob. West rushes over to stop him.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

DEAN HALSEY
No. Just looking around.

HERBERT WEST
Well you've looked. Now please go
we're busy.

DEAN HALSEY
What are you up to?

HERBERT WEST
Nothing.

DEAN HALSEY
It's impossible for you to be up to nothing. Half the school is in awe of you, the other is terrified.

HERBERT WEST
And which are you?

DEAN HALSEY
Neither. I see the darkness in your soul and I will stop it.

HERBERT WEST
You're a scared old man, you can't begin to know what's in my soul.

The Narrator speaks up loudly.

NARRATOR
Well thank you very much for stopping by. Sorry to cut your visit short but we're getting ready for dinner. If we'd known you were coming we'd have made more.

Herbert West forcefully escorts Dean Halsey to the door and the Narrator and he roughly pushes Dean Halsey and Dr. Richardson out.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Great to see you! Have a good evening!

HERBERT WEST
Good night.

Herbert West slams the door shut leaving a bewildered Dean Halsey and Dr. Richardson to walk away.

The Narrator collapses to the floor and Herbert West rushes to open the closet door and pull Mr. Potter out.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Don't just sit there! Help me.
Time is of the essence!

Slowly the Narrator gets up and goes to help Herbert West move Mr. Potter to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Herbert West follows the Narrator struggle to get Mr. Potter's corpse down the stairs and onto a wooden table.

The basement is filled with laboratory equipment and other scientific equipment. Rows of specimen jars line one wall while a bookcase groans under the weight of books along another wall.

Once Mr. Potter is on the table West begins rushing around manically talking to himself.

HERBERT WEST
Phosphorus, spirits, mercury...

NARRATOR
What are you doing?

HERBERT WEST
Why bringing him back to life.

NARRATOR
But he's dead.

HERBERT WEST
That's the point. Keeping a living person alive isn't much of a challenge. Bringing life to the dead, now that's a challenge.

NARRATOR
You're going to reanimate Mr. Potter?

HERBERT WEST
I'm reanimating his corpse. How much of Mr. Potter remains we'll see.

NARRATOR
But...

HERBERT WEST
Silence! Time is of the essence! Stand over there and do exactly what I say.

The Narrator stands mutely where West points and stands as a silent witness. Herbert West continues rushing around gathering his materials. In quick order West light Bunsen burners and begins making his potion.

West takes his newly completed elixir and turns to Mr. Potter's corpse. He grabs a large syringe and fills it.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)

Hold his arm.

The Narrator holds Mr. Potter's arm.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)

Tighter. He won't jump at you... yet.

Herbert West plunges the syringe deep into Mr. Potter's arm and injects his elixir. West and the Narrator step back staring at the corpse.

NARRATOR

Now what?

HERBERT WEST

We wait. Even I cannot change time.

Time passes slowly as Herbert West paces occasionally stopping to put his stethoscope to Mr. Potter's and makes notes in his lab book. The Narrator paces eventually sitting on the stairs falling asleep.

It is the early hours of the morning, the Narrator is asleep on the stairs and Herbert West's back is turned to Mr. Potter mixing a new elixir.

MR. POTTER

(hellish cries)

The Narrator leaps up terrified and West faces Mr. Potter with a look of fear and triumph. West becomes horrified and looks toward the Narrator. The Narrator and West rush up the stairs knocking lab equipment over, and run out into the night.

INT. WEST'S ROOM - NIGHT

Exhausted and terrified the Narrator climbs through the window into West's room. He then helps West into the room and they tumble onto the floor.

HERBERT WEST

Shh! Turn the gas up!

The Narrator turns the gas up to illuminate West's very messy room.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Only a few hours until dawn.

INT. LIVING AREA - DAY

Exhausted the Narrator gets the paper from the doorstep. He glances through it as he walks to the table where West is sitting eating breakfast.

HERBERT WEST
I figure we'll start our search
tonight over by the mill. With any
luck we'll find him there.

The Narrator looks at the paper horrified.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
You look as through you've seen a
ghost.

NARRATOR
I have.

West grabs the paper and reads.

HERBERT WEST
So the house burned. What a waste
of equipment.

West reads further on and looks up a bit shaken.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
It sounds like Mr. Potter tried to
return to his grave. Let's hope
that's the last we hear of him.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Several years have passed. West has matured into a young doctor with grey hair at his temples and haunted possessed look in his eyes.

The other men of his class, DOCTOR #1, DOCTOR #2, DOCTOR #3, and DOCTOR #4 talk in small groups casting disdainful looks at West as he walks past them.

DOCTOR #1
Yeah old lady loaded and bored.

DOCTOR #2
I'm telling you socialites...

DOCTOR #3
...are the way to go.

DOCTOR #4
Nah. Nothing wrong with him.

DOCTOR #1
Just gave her some rose water.

DOCTOR #4
Swears it cures him every time.

As West walks past him he trips dropping a book. He bends to pick it up but Doctor #1 snatches it up and begins to tease West loudly in front of the other doctors.

DOCTOR #1
What do we have here?

HERBERT WEST
My book.

DOCTOR #1
Oh it's your book?

DOCTOR #3
And what's it about?

HERBERT WEST
Nothing you'd understand. I have
no time for your childish pranks.

DOCTOR #3
Thinks he's too good for us.

West snatches his book back.

HERBERT WEST
I don't think, I know.

West stalks off down the hall and down the stairs. The Narrator jumps up from his place on the stairs and rushes to catch up to West.

EXT. QUAD - DAY

The Quad is the lush center of the Medical Building. West stalks across it in a rage as the Narrator to keep up.

HERBERT WEST
Imbeciles! Morons! Not a brain
among them.

NARRATOR

They only tease you because you react.

HERBERT WEST

I'm not some damned experiment, poked to see if I react!

NARRATOR

But that's what they think.

HERBERT WEST

Ha! I doubt they think at all, and not like this school's taught them to.

As they pass by an open window Dean Halsey leans out and calls them.

DEAN HALSEY

Mr. West just the man I wanted to see!

HERBERT WEST

Now you see me, soon you won't.

West turns to walk away.

DEAN HALSEY

About that talk we were supposed to have. I think now is the perfect time. Don't you?

HERBERT WEST

Actually I was on my way...

DEAN HALSEY

...to rounds. I know a few minutes won't matter to them. Come in and have a seat.

West trudges up the steps into Dean Halsey's office and the door closes with a thud.

After a few minutes the door flies open and an enraged West storms out of the office with an angry Dean Halsey behind him.

DEAN HALSEY (CONT'D)

Look here young man! I've tolerated all your eccentricities long enough! Fall in line and behave like a gentleman or so help me!

HERBERT WEST

Don't make threats you cannot keep.
I'm the best damned doctor here!
If I choose to change the world on
my own time then why the hell
should you care!?

DEAN HALSEY

Because I'm the dean...

Everyone falls silent and looks toward the bell tower as the bell begins tolling.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

All the doctors in the school are gathered on the main floor of the hospital donning gowns, gloves, and masks. Nurses, patients, families work busily on the background. The doctors talk in nervous whispers. West calmly prepares as Dean Halsey in medical attire calms the doctors and addresses them.

DEAN HALSEY

Now young men today is the day you
become doctors. I have no grand
speech prepared, just know that
what started as one case a day ago
has spread to the entire second
floor.

Doctor #2 raises his hand.

DOCTOR #2

What is it?

DEAN HALSEY

Typhoid. Nervous fever. However
you call it, it's here. Dark times
are among us. Go to your wards.
The nurses there will direct you.

The doctors disperse. As the Narrator and Herbert West start up the stairs, Dean Halsey grabs West's arm and stares into his eyes.

DEAN HALSEY (CONT'D)

I put you in the worst ward not
because I hate you, but because
you're the best doctor here. I've
no doubt you have the clinical mind
for it. I only hope you can find
some of the humanity and compassion
you seem to be lacking.

HERBERT WEST

I am a doctor. The rest needn't
concern you.

West breaks free of Dean Halsey's grip and starts up the stairs with the Narrator.

DEAN HALSEY

That's what concerns me the most.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

The hospital ward is lined with beds, everyone of them full. Exhausted nurses move among the patients who moan in delirium.

Occasionally morgue nurses will carry a corpse away, its empty bed immediately filled with another patient.

The Narrator moves among the patients exhausted, but West soldiers on not showing any signs of exhaustion. West and the Narrator find themselves at the bed of a dying man.

NARRATOR

How are you holding up?

HERBERT WEST

Not bad. Yourself?

NARRATOR

I don't even know what day it is.

HERBERT WEST

July twenty-fifth.

NARRATOR

You're joking.

HERBERT WEST

What a boring thing to joke about.

NARRATOR

It's only been three weeks.

Herbert drops the wrist of the patient.

HERBERT WEST

And the last three weeks of his
life.

The Narrator pulls the sheet over the patient.

NARRATOR
Such a waste.

HERBERT WEST
What?

NARRATOR
This. So many futures lost.

A NURSE approaches.

NURSE
Take a break. You've been on your feet for hours.

NARRATOR
But...

NURSE
No buts. We need more doctors not more patients. Now go.

West and the Narrator leave the ward.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The main staircase is crowded with more typhoid patients as West and the Narrator step around them.

HERBERT WEST
Hey I've got something to show you.

NARRATOR
Does it involve food and a place to sit?

HERBERT WEST
It could.

NARRATOR
Than I could be interested.

West and the Narrator reach the bottom of the stairs and leave the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The grounds of the hospital have been covered in tents and turned into a makeshift extension of the hospital. The moans of the sick and dying can be heard.

West and the Narrator walk through the tents dull to their surroundings.

NARRATOR
So much suffering. So much death.

HERBERT WEST
Certainly makes one contemplative.

NARRATOR
I'd contemplate if I weren't dead
on my feet.

HERBERT WEST
(under his breath)
Once again death intrudes on life.

NARRATOR
What'd you say?

HERBERT WEST
Oh nothing. Just remarking what a
pity all this suffering a death is.

NARRATOR
Yes, but right now the tragedy I'm
concerned with is not getting some
food and a place to rest.

HERBERT WEST
Patience is a virtue.

NARRATOR
One I do not have.

HERBERT WEST
We're almost there.

NARRATOR
Where?

HERBERT WEST
The dissection lab.

NARRATOR
Why there? It hasn't been used in
months.

HERBERT WEST
That's precisely why.

Herbert West and the Narrator approach the door of the
Dissection Lab and West opens the door with a flourish.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Central location. Perfectly
equipped. Complete privacy.
Absolutely perfect.

NARRATOR
For what?

West leads the Narrator toward a dissection table which has a
corpse covered by a sheet on it.

HERBERT WEST
Why reanimation of course.

NARRATOR
(yelling)
Are you kidding me!?

HERBERT WEST
I never kid about matters such as
this.

NARRATOR
But?

Herbert West pulls the sheet back to reveal a greying corpse.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
A bit ripe, don't you think?

HERBERT WEST
Best I could do on such short
notice.

NARRATOR
What do you want me to do?

HERBERT WEST
Stand back and watch.

West wipes the injection site clean and injects a large
syringe filled with fluid into the corpse. He monitors the
corpse for signs of life.

NARRATOR
Anything?

HERBERT WEST
Silence! It doesn't work that
fast.

Several tense moments pass.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
There we go!

NARRATOR
Is it working?

HERBERT WEST
Perfectly.

West mentions to the Narrator who rushes over. They watch as the corpse's eyes open and stare into the distance in utter terror. After a moment the corpse dies for the final time.

HERBERT WEST (CONT'D)
Interesting.

NARRATOR
What did he see to scare him?

HERBERT WEST
Nothing. He saw nothing.

NARRATOR
Whatever he saw scared him to death.

HERBERT WEST
Nonsense. I'm shocked to hear such superstitiousness nonsense from you.

NARRATOR
Than what killed him?

HERBERT WEST
Typhoid, of course.

NARRATOR
But what just happened now?

HERBERT WEST
He wasn't fresh enough. You said so yourself. Now let's get rid of him before he stinks the place up.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Herbert West and the Narrator struggle to carry the wrapped corpse to the incinerator. A stern NURSE stops them.

NURSE
Stop!

HERBERT WEST
Us?

NURSE
Of course you!

HERBERT WEST
What's the matter?

NURSE
Gloves!

NARRATOR
Gloves?

NURSE
Gloves! You're not wearing any
gloves!

West and the Narrator look down at their hands.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Are you trying to catch your death?

HERBERT WEST
Such an oversight.

NARRATOR
So tired.

The Nurse pulls gloves from her pocket and shoves them toward West and the Narrator.

NURSE
Here! You're never too tired to
protect yourself.

HERBERT WEST
True. True.

The Nurse spots something she must attend to.

NURSE
Please. You must excuse me. Put
him there with the others.

The Nurse rushes off. West and the Narrator head off toward the incinerator.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

West and the Narrator are tending to a ward of sick patients when there is the sound of running and screams. West and the Narrator continue their work ignoring the commotion.

NARRATOR

What's the damned noise about?

HERBERT WEST

Don't know. Don't care.

A NURSE rushes in and taps West on the shoulder who ignores it.

NURSE

Dr. West! Dr. West! Come quick, we need you!

HERBERT WEST

There's a bed at the end. Put them there.

NURSE

But...

HERBERT WEST

There is an order to this madness and I intend to keep it. Bed at the end. I'll see him when I'm finished here.

NURSE

It's...

HERBERT WEST

(annoyed)

It's who? The mayor? He's partially to blame...

NURSE

Halsey.

West and the Narrator look up shocked.

NURSE (CONT'D)

He collapsed in the stairwell.

HERBERT WEST

Exhaustion?

NURSE

'fraid not. We've taken him to his room.

HERBERT WEST
Let me examine him before you
proclaim the fever.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Halsey's bedroom is carefully appointed and dominated by a large four poster bed. Halsey lies on the bed unconscious and near death.

The nurse, Herbert West, and the Narrator stand crowded around his bed as West completes his examination.

HERBERT WEST
Well...

NURSE
(whispering)
We should go outside that way he
won't hear.

HERBERT WEST
No use. He's too far gone to hear
us.

NURSE
What?

HERBERT WEST
When did you first notice symptoms?

NURSE
I... I don't know.

HERBERT WEST
Well it's no matter now. I give
him a few hours at most.

NURSE
I'll see what I can arrange.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The last few rays of sunlight are fading. A small group of mourners huddle around an open grave. Herbert West and the Narrator are two of the pallbearers carrying a simple pine coffin to the grave. A PASTOR speaks.

PASTOR
At times like these I find no words
can comfort the pain of such a
loss.

(MORE)

PASTOR (CONT'D)

Dean Halsey was amazing and giving
until the end. He will be missed.
Let us observe a moment of silence.

After a brief moment of silence the coffin is lowered into
the grave and covered with dirt. The mourners disperse. As
the Narrator walks away Herbert West grabs his sleeve holding
him back. They walk out of the graveyard.

NARRATOR

No.

HERBERT WEST

No to what?

NARRATOR

No to what you're thinking.

HERBERT WEST

How do you know what I'm thinking?

NARRATOR

Because I know you too well. The
answer's no.

HERBERT WEST

Why not? Not like he's using it
anymore.

NARRATOR

(angrily)
Because he is...

HERBERT WEST

...was...

NARRATOR

Dean Halsey. There are some lines
you don't cross.

HERBERT WEST

If you never cross the line you'll
never do anything new.

NARRATOR

But we knew him! You hated him!
(pause) That's why you want to do
it! He wouldn't let you do your
experiments so your revenge is to
make him one.

HERBERT WEST

Hadn't thought of it that way, but
it does sound good.

NARRATOR

You are a horrible person with no morals or conscious! How can you live with yourself?

HERBERT WEST

Wow! I've never seen you react like this.

NARRATOR

That's because you never see anyone! This whole world is one big experiment to you! Humans are just test subjects to you!

HERBERT WEST

I never forced you to do any of this! You have been a willing participant in everything. If you want to put the blinders on, pretend you know nothing that you know and join the ignorant masses, be my guest. You're either with me or you're in my way.

West begins digging up the grave. After a long pause the Narrator picks up a shovel and begins digging alongside West.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

West and the Narrator have Dean Halsey's corpse hung between them and are trying to sneak the corpse up the stairs. The room is dimly lit and West bumps into a table.

The LANDLADY, dressed for bed opens her bedroom door and peers out.

LANDLADY

Whose there?

HERBERT WEST

West m'am.

LANDLADY

Huh. I've told you to be quiet. You'll wake the dead with the noise you're making.

West and the Narrator look at each other and Dean Halsey's corpse.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
Whose that?

NARRATOR
Uh...

LANDLADY
You know I don't allow ladyfolk in
lodger's rooms. Then again I've
never had that problem with you
fellows. Still...

HERBERT WEST
He's a friend of ours.

NARRATOR
Had a bit too much to drink.

HERBERT WEST
We're just watching him.

LANDLADY
Well... he can stay the night. Any
longer and he pays. And he'd
better be quiet.

HERBERT WEST
No problem there.

LANDLADY
Night.

West and the Narrator drag Dean Halsey's corpse up the
stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is still and dark. A grandfather clock
strikes three times. Soon after panicked screams are heard
coming from inside West and the Narrator's room. Chaos
ensues as the Landlady, her husband MICHAEL, and other
tenants rush to the room. Michael tries to open the door and
finding it locked pounds on the door.

MICHAEL
What's the matter? Are you
alright?

The screams continue and Michael breaks the door open.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

West and the Narrator's bedroom is a mess of broken furniture and destroyed lab equipment. The window has been broken open. West and the Narrator lie in the corner beaten and bloody. The Landlady pushes her way in and stares in shock.

LANDLADY

What in heaven's name happened? My chairs! My linens!

HERBERT WEST

Not to worry we have everything under control.

LANDLADY

The state of this room makes me disagree.

HERBERT WEST

Not to worry...

Screams from outside.

LANDLADY

Tomorrow, you two out.

NARRATOR

But we're paid through the end of the month.

LANDLADY

Which should cover the cost to repair the room, if I'm lucky.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY - MONTAGE

A shadow can be seen running through the city as a growing mob chases it. The pace grows more frenzied as each fresh body is discovered.

Just as the sun sets shoots ring out. The mob surrounds the wounded body of what used to be Dean Halsey. He is almost unrecognizable and the only emotion in his dead eyes is fear. Halsey lies wounded in the street staring up at the crowd. Finally a POLICE OFFICER pushes through the crowd horrified at what he sees. A TOWNSMAN speaks up.

TOWNSMAN

What is it?

POLICE OFFICER

I dunno.

Two MEDICS push through the crowd.

MEDIC
We'll take it from here.

TOWNSMAN
Where will it go?

MEDIC
The asylum.

POLICE OFFICER
Will it get out?

MEDIC
No one ever gets out.

The medics load Halsey onto the stretcher and into a waiting ambulance. As the ambulance pulls away Herbert West and the Narrator can be seen on the background.

HERBERT WEST
Damn it, it wasn't quite fresh
enough.