

DARK HARVEST

by

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Base on an original story by
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Registered WGAW

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Roxy Pictures Inc
Bad Bunny Pictures Inc

AUDIO FX

TRIBAL DRUMS sound an ominous warning. GUNSHOTS, SCREAMS and the sounds of PEOPLE FLEEING pierce the darkness.

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLE - NIGHT

Chaos. A terrified NATALIE (NAT) WILCOX, (29, Thai/American) runs through the thick underbrush. She wears only a sweat-stained nightgown. Palm fronds slap against flesh as she charges through the rough terrain.

Exhausted, Nat stops to catch her breath. BOOM! A nearby tree rips apart! Nat sprints deeper into the thick black jungle.

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Nat comes to a clearing. A CLIFF'S EDGE. A rapidly-moving STREAM splits the jungle 100 feet below. Nat turns back. FIRES poke out over the trees. Right where the village used to be. Then...

VOICE #1

There's one!

VOICE #2

Don't move, bitch!

A BULLET ricochets off a rock at Nat's feet. Nat takes one step back...two steps...right off the cliff's edge!

Nat turns end-over-end in mid air. She disappears into the black and gray froth with a distant splash.

MOMENTS LATER...

Nat takes a huge breath as she surfaces through murky water. Pulls herself up a muddy embankment. Looks. She's in...

EXT. BANGKOK STREET - NIGHT

NAT

(pleading)

No...

RAIN lashes down. At the end of a long, deserted street, smoke pours from a crumpled, upside-down MERCEDES. Nat trembles as she moves towards it.

NAT'S POV

The wreckage is horrific. It's pretty clear the car rolled repeatedly at high-speed. PIECES litter the blacktop.

BACK

Nat stops. A LITTLE GIRL lays in the road. Face down. Motionless. This is EVA (6). Nat pulls a cross from under her mud-stained nightgown.

NAT
(quickly, scared)
Holy mother of God listen to our
prayers. Save us from danger
glorious and blessed Virgin.

Nat holds her breath. Approaches... Blood glistens from numerous cuts on the little girl's back. Still, no movement.

EVA
(weak)
Mommy...?

Nat takes a deep breath. Smiles.

NAT
I'm here, baby. I'm here. I'm
going to help Daddy. Ok?

EVA
Ok mommy...

Nat wobbles over to the Mercedes. Leans down. Looks... CAMERA stays on Nat's face. She holds a shaking hand to her mouth as tears stream down her cheeks. What she sees must be horrific. Then...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Can you help me?

Nat wipes tears from her cheek and reluctantly stands. She slowly moves to the front of the car. A WOMAN lays on the berm 25 feet away. Well-dressed. Facing away from Nat. The car's rear AXEL rests across the woman's lower back, trapping her to the ground. The woman turns... it's Nat!

INJURED NAT
Can you help me please?

NAT
I told you. I can't help you.

INJURED NAT
Can you help me? Please?

NAT
I CAN'T HELP YOU!

INJURED NAT
Oh God... no...

NAT
(scared, seen it before)
Don't you do it...

Injured Nat turns and cranes her neck. A small puddle of BLOOD forms on her shoulder. It grows!

INJURED NAT
No...

Her DRESS tears! Underneath, her SKIN TEARS!

NAT
STOP IT!

INJURED NAT
NO! NO!!!

A large piece of SKIN pulls from her back like an old carpet torn from a floor! She's being ripped to pieces!

NAT
STOP!!!

INJURED NAT
NO!!! NO!!!!...

CUT TO:

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

NAT
NO!!!

Nat sits straight up in bed. The same 'now clean' nightgown clings to her sweaty body. Nat raises a hand to her chest. Her heart races. Takes deep breaths to calm. Looks around the room. Sees...

NAT
JESUS!

Eva stands in the doorway. Fear etched on her tiny face. A BEAT passes. Nat pulls the blanket down.

NAT

Come on.

Eva just stares... Unsure. Then... she pads across the room, climbs under the blanket, slides as far away from Nat as she can and closes her eyes. Nat tucks the blanket around Eva, lowers her head down onto the pillow, and closes her eyes.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MORNING

The morning whirlwind. Nat scoops RICE CONGEE from the stove, puts it in a bowl and places it on the table in front of Eva. Eva doesn't look up...focused solely on the PICTURE she draws with CRAYONS.

NAT

Eat.

Eva ignores her.

NAT

Eva...

Without looking up, Eva brings a small spoonful of congee into her mouth, and makes a "tastes disgusting face".

NAT

(playfully sarcastic)
All the reinforcement I need.
(shifting gears)
Did you put on your medicine?

Eva shakes her head "no".

NAT

(frustrated)
Eva, were running late.

Nat exits. A few seconds later she returns, a TUBE of BURN MEDICATION in her hand.

NAT

Up.

Eva scoots forward in her seat. Nat sits down behind her.

NAT

And up.

Eva lifts her shirt. Her back is a macabre tapestry of healing SCARS. Nat applies the medicine to Eva's back.

Finished, Nat caps the tube, pulls Eva's shirt down, and tickles her. Eva giggles and pulls away. Nat looks over Eva's shoulder and down to the picture.

NAT

That's nice. What is it?

Eva hunches over the picture so Nat can't see.

NAT

Why can't I see?

EVA

Cause you won't understand.

NAT

Oh. Okay...

EXT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL - MORNING

CARS pour into the parking structures of this modern, sprawling HOSPITAL CAMPUS.

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An OFFICE CUBICLE on the 22nd floor. Nat stares out the window. The CURSOR on her MONITOR blinks over and over and over...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Do you have treatment today?

Nat turns. Her supervisor LAWAN, (45) stands in the doorway, a painted, nervous smile on her face.

NAT

(surprised, embarrassed)

Umm... When's the Foundation Newsletter due?

LAWAN

We'll hand them out at the gala.

NAT

So I have less than two weeks.

LAWAN

Nat, do you have treatment today?

NAT

Yes.

LAWAN

There's plenty of time to get to
the newsletter. Go downstairs.
It's okay.

Lawan retreats into her office. Closes the door.

BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - LATER

Natalie sits among OTHER PATIENTS. No one talks. A
CANDYSTRIPER, (16) approaches. Nat smiles. The Candystriper
turns her head the other way.

VOICE

Natalie?

Nat turns. A NURSE stands in a doorway.

NURSE

They're ready for you.

Natalie follows the nurse inside. A PLACARD on the wall
reads... "POSTOPERATIVE THERAPY".

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, POST-OP TREATMENT - MOMENTS
LATER

Nat lays in an MRI tube, the rounded ivory-colored walls just
inches from her face. An ELECTRONIC BUZZ is all she hears.

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - LATER

Nat shyly holds a SCRUB SHIRT against her breasts as she lays
on a gurney; stomach exposed. Two large diagonal SCARS run
from her lower rib cage to just above her SCRUB PANTS. A
DOCTOR presses his fingers down against her scars. Nat
watches a VIDEO CAMERA on the ceiling as it zooms in on her.

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nat's wounds appear on a CLOSED CIRCUIT MONITOR. A TEACHING
PHYSICIAN (40's) addresses eight MED STUDENTS (20's).

TEACHING PHYSICIAN

...in this kind of case it's
extremely rare to perform a dual
transplant, but blunt force trauma
crushed both kidneys, rendering
them inoperable.

(MORE)

TEACHING PHYSICIAN (cont'd)

Now, four months after surgery, you can see how well the tissue is healing. Prednisone was prescribed as a phase one immunosuppressive, with cellcept being used during...

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Knowing that she's being watched, Nat turns her head away from the ceiling camera.

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATER

Nat sits on one side of a large glass desk, her THERAPIST (50) on the other. The lights are dimmed.

THERAPIST

You seem agitated today.

NAT

How would you feel? It's like my memory's a book and someone's torn out every fifth page.

THERAPIST

Memory loss is a common symptom of acute post traumatic stress.

NAT

I told you before I don't believe in that bullshit.

THERAPIST

Anger's another symptom. So's denial.

Nat goes quiet.

THERAPIST

You still having the dreams?

NAT

If it wasn't, I wouldn't even know what Scott looked like.

A BEAT

NAT

God, how sick am I? I wouldn't know what my husband...the father of my little girl, looked like.

THERAPIST

Nat...your body went through a trauma, but your mind did as well. You need to give them both time to heal. Your memories will come back... in full. Something will trigger them...

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, CAFETERIA - LATER

The cafeteria is abuzz. Lunchtime rush. DOCTORS, ORDERLIES, NURSES, PATIENTS. Nat sits alone at a ten-seat table finishing COCOANUT CAKE with MANGO SAUCE. An APPLE drops down on her tray.

MAN'S VOICE

I once had a daughter who wouldn't eat dessert unless it came from a tree.

NAT

Fortunately, I have no memory of that woman at all. How are you Dad?

DR. GORDON HILL (50's), grey and distinguished, sits down next to her.

GORDON

I'm good. Better question... how are you?

NAT

Bored out of my mind. But I guess that's what happens when everyone at your job treats you like a leper and refuses to give you any real responsibilities.

GORDON

No real responsibilities? You're putting together the foundation gala, aren't you?

Natalie just stares at him.

GORDON

Look, you don't think I'd like to have you back working with me? Just give it time Nat. You've been through trau...

NAT
 (Cutting him off)
 Trauma. Yes, I know. Two new
 kidneys and one damaged brain.

GORDON
 I seem to remember a damaged brain
 before the accident.

NAT
 Nice bedside manor, Dr. Hill.

GORDON
 That's why they moved me upstairs.
 (serious)
 You still seeing the therapist?

NAT
 Yep.

GORDON
 And... anything yet?

Nat shakes her head.

GORDON
 Stick with it. The memories will
 come back. I'm sure of that.

NAT
 That's what I keep hearing.

GORDON
 How's Eva?

NAT
 She's okay. Although she would
 like proof that her grandfather is
 still alive.

GORDON
 I'm sorry, I've been so busy.
 Thursday night after work...deal?

NAT
 She'd like that. Deal.

Gordon looks past Natalie. She turns to follow his gaze.
 Eight high-level ADMINISTRATORS wait outside an up-scale
 MEETING room. A stone-faced LUCY (45) taps on her watch.

GORDON
 Finance meeting. Always a fave.
 Have to go.

Gordon stands. Kisses Nat on the top of the head.

GORDON
See you Thursday.

He exits. Nat takes the apple off of her tray.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nat cooks BOK CHOY as Eva again draws at the table.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT, EVA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Nat reads a bedtime story as Eva slowly drifts into sleep.

EXT. NAT'S APARTMENT, BALCONY - LATER

Unlit GLASS CANDLES line SHELVES and RAILINGS. Nat pours a glass of RED WINE. Lights a CIGARETTE. Listens to the city's sounds from five stories up.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nat restlessly flips through channels...nothing she wants to watch. Then, something catches her eye. A PIECE of PAPER juts from under a COFFEE TABLE BOOK. Nat opens it. Looks...

It's Eva's drawing. On one side is a smiling little girl. "Me". On the other is jagged lines and macabre swirls in black, brown, purple and red. The little girl reaches a roughly-drawn arm towards what looks to be an OPEN MOUTH.

EXT. NAT'S APARTMENT, BALCONY - LATER

Traffic noise has died. The candles all now lit. In the flickering glow we can see they're PRAYER CANDLES. Nat finishes her wine. Kneels. Lights the last candle. ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

Nat stares into a PHOTO at the base of the candle. A smiling, handsome MAN in DOCTOR'S SCRUBS stares back. SCOTT. Gone...

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, PUBLIC RELATION OFFICE -
AFTERNOON

Rain lashes the window. Nat stares right though it. A LONG BEAT PASSES and... BAM! SOMETHING slaps down on Nat's desk!

She looks... THE NEW HOPE FOUNDATION NEWSLETTER. Headline -- "GRAND OPENING BALL -- Bangkok Mercy Organ Transplant Center to Open this Month... Aims to be Largest in Asia".

Nat looks up, confused. Lawan smiles.

NAT

I thought I was writing the newsletter?

LAWAN

It's just a first draft.

NAT

Lawan, I've been working on it. What do you want me to do the rest of the day?

LAWAN

Why don't you go home?

Nat looks up to the clock.

NAT

It's 2:30.

LAWAN

Nat, the newsletter needs to be proofed. Do it where you feel comfortable. It's okay.

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

With an UMBRELLA in one hand and the Foundation Newsletter in the other, Nat walks down a lonely white antiseptic hall. She stops in front of an ELEVATOR. Presses the button. FLUORESCENT lights in the ceiling flicker.

The elevator doors open. Nat gets on. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Nat presses the "P3" button. It lights. Then...ALL OF THE BUTTONS on the PANEL ILLUMINATE.

NAT

What..?

Nat looks across the elevator. A TINY WHITE HAND smears BLOOD down the other BUTTON PANEL.

NAT

Oh my God.

Nat pushes the "STOP" button. An ALARM sounds. A FRAIL MAN (60's) turns to her. His skin ghostly white. DRIED, SMEARED BLOOD on his face, arms, legs and torso.

FRAIL MAN

Please help...

NAT

What happened!?

FRAIL MAN

Please...?

NAT

Did someone do this to you?

FRAIL MAN

Please...

The man collapses in Nat's arms.

CUT TO:

INT. BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, PUBLIC RELATION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The door slams open. Nat struggle to get the man inside.

NAT

Lawan!

Lawan comes out of her office.

LAWAN

Oh my God...what happened!?

NAT

I don't know. Help me.

Lawan takes the man's arm. Together they get him over to a couch. He collapses onto it.

FRAIL MAN

Please...

LAWAN

Where did you find him?

Nat ignores her. Runs to the phone. Presses the button marked "ER". Waits...

NAT
How can the ER not pick up!?

LAWAN
Storm. Probably a lot of
accidents.

NAT
I'll run down and get someone.
Find a blanket or...

A BONY HAND reaches out and grabs Nat's leg in a VICE-LIKE GRIP!

FRAIL MAN
Don't...leave...me...

Nat struggles to free her leg. Can't.

NAT
Sir... Sir! I need to get you
help. You'll be safe here. Please.

The man releases his grip.

FRAIL MAN
No one is safe here...

The man trails off. Passes out again.

NAT
(to Lawan)
Watch for shock. If you see any
signs raise his feet and keep him
warm. I'll be right back.

LAWAN
Hurry.

Nat EXITS.

BANGKOK MERCY HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nat runs down the hall. Two ORDERLIES with a STRETCHER follow.

NAT
Right down here. Really frail.
Looked like he may go into shock.

Nat gets to the door. Opens it.

NAT
I told my supervisor to keep him
warm and...

She stops. Brings a hand to her mouth. Suppresses a gag.

NAT'S POV

BLOOD slathers the walls and desks! CHUNKS of BLOODY
CLOTHING line the floor. LAWAN'S!

BACK

The orderlies arrive behind her.

ORDERLY #1
Holy Shit...

ORDERLY #2
Call Security.

Orderly #1 exits back down the hall. Orderly #2 pushes past
Nat and into the room.

ORDERLY #2
(to Nat)
Wait here.

Nat nods. The orderly moves further into the room. Grabs a
pair of SCISSORS. Crosses behind the couch. Looks down.
Steadies himself... His face goes white as a ghost.

NAT
What is it?

The orderly doesn't answer.

NAT
Oh God, no. What is it!?

The orderly drops to a knee. Nat steps into the room.
Crosses herself.

NAT
Hail Mary full of grace, pray for
us sinners, now and at the hour of
our death. Hail Mary full of...

SOMETHING catches Nat's eye. BEHIND HER. UP HIGH. SHE
SLOWLY TURNS...

NAT'S POV

The frail man sits perched atop a bookshelf like some demon bird of prey. His eyes are wide. Dilated. Blood cakes his chin and neck. Shirt off, he digs a LETTER OPENER into his milky-white chest. Carving what looks like a bloody TRIBAL TATTOO. Dozens more ooze on his stomach and arms.

The frail man looks right at Natalie...right through her; like a primal contemplation of "friend or foe".

BACK

NAT
(terrified, to the
orderly)
Hel..hel...help...

In a flash, the frail man bounds from the shelf down to a desk, leaps to a file cabinet, then to a radiator and CRASH... right out the window! 22 stories down...