

GTFO RUNDOWN 8.0 - LOG 3

Written By
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INT. GARGANTA — IN THE PASSAGEWAYS — NIGHT

VIOLA (FEMALE, 34) is sitting outside the infirmary, rocking back and forth.

VIOLA
(mumbling)
Please, make it stop.
(a shudder)
The blood. There's so much — and
the stench... it's alive.
(furious)
I told them! Look at what you have
done. But you wanted this, you
fucking bastard. You—

She lets out a frustrated scream.

VIOLA (CONT'D)
It's taking me. But by bit, the
little one. Chomp and spit it out.
I'm too soft, not much left of me
soon. Not by the morning. When the
noises leave. Can't be long now...
(then)
Where's John?
(guttural)
John! John!

A stab of pain, and a gasp.

VIOLA (CONT'D)
Your fault. Help me, John. You need
to cut — a knife. I need a knife.
(breathing heavily)
Need to open me up. Rip. It out.
And then... you know what you need
to do. Not too pure are you? No,
not you. You're the worst. You're—
(tormented shriek)
Fuck. Fuck!

Viola coughs violently. Then, through clenched teeth:

VIOLA (CONT'D)
No time.

She slams apart the glass-paneled infirmary door, which
bursts into a mess of shards. She picks one off the floor.

VIOLA (CONT'D)
I'll do it myself.