

GTFO RUNDOWN 8.0 - LOG 2

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INT. GARGANTA — SMALL ROOM WITH A WINDOW AND A SINGLE BED —
NIGHT

VIOLA (FEMALE, 34) sits curled up against the wall, detached, struggling to perceive reality. She is speaking to herself in a weak and faraway voice, as if sucked completely dry of life juice.

VIOLA
There's that noise again. Almost by
my ear, like a mosquito.

She licks her cracked and bleeding lips. Her stomach throbs in ebbs and flows, the rhythmic pain a days-long companion. She barely notices anymore.

VIOLA
I thought it would disappear now
that... I mean, I lost it. There's
blood on the sheets. I woke up and
there it was... but the smell!
(gagging)
Like death.

Viola starts laughing, struggling to breathe in-between fits. She's crying too - it's an emotional hotpot. It takes her a while to calm down.

VIOLA (CONT'D)
Good riddance.
(then, almost gleefully)
John is going to be devastated.
(beat)
Mm. Pathetic, of course. Hell
awaits me, but I'll gladly burn
before mothering that little freak.
Never felt so disgusting, ever. And
now... what?
(uneasy)
That thing is just dead in there?
It's been too long... I need to
take it out. I think-

Viola slowly reaches inside herself, feeling for some - any - proof of the fetus' expiry. She fishes out little bits of something fleshy.

VIOLA (CONT'D)
It's... what is this? Flesh? Is it
the fetus? It must be...

She's almost panicking but forces herself to composure.

VIOLA (CONT'D)

Yeah... yeah. It's coming out.

Good.

(exhausted)

Easy.