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# Pathology

By Mark Neveldine

It's possible.  
Get outta here.  
Why, most women at one time or  
another faked it.  
Well, they haven't faked it with me.  
Ohh, right right, I forgot,  
you're a man.  
You don't think that I could tell  
the difference?  
Oh, Ohh, Ohh...  
Hey, you ok?  
Oh, Ohh, Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Ohh...  
Ohh, right there! Yes! Yes!  
Ohh, Ohhh...  
I want what she's having.  
Yeah, we're going to hell.  
Fuck me, please.  
You're bad.  
I'm gonna be late for my flight.  
I don't care.  
- I can not see you for three whole months.  
- Don't be a baby.  
- I love you.  
- Careful, I may just marry you and ruin your life.  
You better...  
Fine, go be with your...  
dead people, Doctor.  
Figuring out how they die is gonna help people.  
Your hands are so cold.  
Time's gonna feel like nothing ok.  
I miss you already.  
- Love you.  
- And I love you.  
T..Ted Gray?  
- Ben Stravinsky.  
- I am. Ben Stravinsky.  
- Take it you'll be showing me around?  
- Ted Gray, I'm all over it.  
Here we are.  
County morgue. Ze real banana.  
If you check out from any unnatural or  
unexplained cause within the city limits  
will end up here.  
As resident we get full access.

Ah right. This is Pathology Room No. 1.  
It's been pretty slow lately, but holiday season's  
around the corner, it should hopefully pick up.  
Certain people around here couldn't  
possibly be anymore annoying.  
Beg your pardon?  
- Oh no.  
- What?  
Some of these guys last year,  
they decided that...  
...they were gonna be God's  
gift to this place.  
Hey, you have a girlfriend?  
As pathologists, we'll learn  
the nature of disease and its causes...  
its processes, development, consequences.  
But far from more than that. I'd like to think that  
the pathologists has offered a window to God if you will.  
Now, it maybe said...  
the pathology is a study in all things  
human, save for the soul of course.  
But it is in that particular branch of  
pathology known as forensics  
that we will delve into what it means  
to be inhuman.  
You will see the perversion...  
and the corruption of the flesh  
by all means unnatural.  
By violence.  
By toxins.  
By madness.  
And then we will work backwards,  
always back...  
To that original pristine design  
to determine the offending cause of death.  
Dr. Morris?  
- Oh, you're...  
- Hi.  
Dr. Stravinsky, I want you  
to hunt down Jake Gallo.  
Tell him, I want to see him chop-chop.  
Yes sir.  
Ahh... quite a pleasure.  
I've heard a great deal about you.

How was Africa?

Was a challenge. Quite humbling though.

- A very privileged year.

- Indeed.

I spoke to your future father-in-law this morning,  
he's quite proud of you, you know.

And Gwendolyn.

Have had the chance to see her  
since you've been home?

- Only briefly.

- Oh, that's a pity.

I have known that girl since she was  
barely out of braces.

She's become quite a woman.

You are indeed privileged  
and evidently quite talented.

Dr. Morris.

Dr. Gallo.

I would like you to meet Dr. Gray.

Hello Doctor Gray.

Ted comes to us top of his class from Harvard.

- Eighteen weeks at Bellview in New York city.

- Ohh, patient?

Before being accepted in the UNICEF program in Legos,  
where he has been for the past four months.

Bleeding heart. I cut one of those  
in half this morning.

Jake is our young... star in residents.

Single-handedly solved the Hordon family murders.

If it weren't for a little student intership,  
I think the FBI would still be fingering around.

Damn.

I expect you two would get along quite well.

Doctors, this is a simple case of kidney failure.

Blood in the urine, general swelling.

Hey, look at his skin.

Looks like cheddar cheese.

- Excuse me. Pardon my interject.

- By all means.

- He may interject?

- Given the boy's medical history, I believe  
he died during a state of hypoxia and asthma attack.

Fresh out of medical books.

Oh forgive me, that seems more like a hypercondural

conclusion than an answer for the deceased.  
This last report, Daniel stated he's  
been ridiculed at school for his weight.  
The weight he started gaining when he began  
taking PEDIAPRED to treat an acute asthma condition.  
You'll gonna notice there's no trace  
of the steroid in blood or bladder.

- Blah blah blah blah blah.

- Is there a problem?

- Doctor please, continue.

- He stop taking the steroid.

In his mind the abuse he suffered from his peers  
for being fat was worse than the asthma itself.

Finally during a field-trip to the zoo,  
he died from a severe attack.

One can't disregard psychology  
when forming a diagnosis.

Ted Gray! Home Run!

No question about it. Acute asthma.

Uhh... no.

I think it's coagulated nasal mucus.

Death by booger.

Sorry man, I didn't see you there.

You wanted to know if there was a problem?

- There is one. We don't like you.

- That's not a problem.

Yeah, so I met Dr. Morris today.

I think the guy still has a crush on you  
or me.

Can't be too sure.

Yeah, yeah I'm st.. of course I'm still excited.

The place is beautiful.

The school's beautiful, everything's beautiful.

You're beautiful.

Hey, I gotta get up in four hours,  
you're corrupting me.

Yeah, I love you too.

Bye.

Alright everybody, gather around.

I want you to meet my friend Carl.

- Hello Carl.

- Hey Carl.

Now several weeks back, his doctors  
recorded that Carl

was experiencing frequent nauseous,  
discomfort while urinating, dizziness.

- You're describing my weekend.

His symptoms increased in severity until  
Carl decided it's was time to pay us a visit.  
Jesus. You killed him.

Oh ohh Jesus!

Dr. Gray has quite nicely severed  
the parametral tract.

Disconnecting Carl's nerve from his brain,  
which had momentarily forgotten it was dead.  
A decidedly entertaining although unnecessary  
display of skill. Thank you, young man.

- Dr. Gray. Dr. Gray.

- Ted.

- Ted Gray

- Ben Stravinsky.

That was pretty over the top today huh?

Yeah.

- I'm sorry, you were saying?

- Oh... no... the whole...

- Take care.

- No, yeah.. of course, of course.

It's just like pap... it's pretty cool.

This is what we like to call the food stand.

You guys haven't even got that cage open yet?

Why are we here?

All of us. In here instead of out there.

Why?

Because we prefer the company.

This kind of company.

Am I right?

Vernish.

When I think about them, you know, out there...

...in their rooms, on the streets,

utilising public transportation...

...downloading pornography,

ordering their lives out of catalogs...

...shitting out processed foods,

cashing welfare checks...

...opining, bitching, moaning, consuming, copulating...

...and multiplying.

It makes me sick.

What we need, brothers and sisters,

is less of them  
and more of this.  
Don't you agree, Dr. Gray?  
I can see your point,  
not sure I agree.  
Ah well, nobody's perfect.  
Not even you, Dr. Gallo.  
- Ohh God!  
- You don't wanna be cutting into the poop pipe, kid.  
That stuff will kill you.  
Well, we gotta go at some point right?  
In that case, wanna come and join us?  
We're heading to Thirteen Stones.  
Ohh... doctors' in.  
Mother fucker...  
Fucking hurts man!  
Alright.  
Ah ahh...  
- To the dead!  
- To the dead!  
Ok. Guys, let's play tell the truth.  
Question.  
If you could kill anyone and get away with it,  
who would you kill?  
The guy who invented condoms.  
Fuck that guy.  
- Griffin.  
- I don't know.  
C'mon it's an easy quesiton, Griff.  
- You maybe.  
- Oh I'm sorry, did you want to fuck me that bad?  
Just your skull.  
Trust me Dr. Cavanaugh,  
it's not as good as it looks.  
I am interested in what Dr. Gray has to say.  
Yeah, c'mon Teddy.  
You guys want the truth or something clever?  
- The truth.  
- Just something clever.  
Truth is ya'll full of shit.  
Well go on, elaborate.  
I mean, who needs motif, who needs a reason to kill.  
Just today, Jake, you opened a 16 year old boy  
who was shot in the stomach

because somebody wanted his fucking Ipod.  
What kind of reason is that?  
We're animals. It's in our nature to kill.  
Basic, simple.  
You should've all figured that out by now.  
And of course, if we were civilized or socialized,  
we'll be seating around talking about it over a beer,  
we don't actually do it.  
But could we really get away with it?  
To kill anyone? Anyone at all?  
Would you kill anyone? Anyone at all?  
Good show! Now that's a man after my own heart.  
Griff, waddaya say we get some shots?  
I wonder about you.  
Quit flirting with Teddy, we have to go soon.  
Go play with the boys.  
So, where're you from?  
Where am I from?  
Maybe we should just get past that.  
Ok.  
Drink up. We're outta here.  
Where're we goin?  
Oh no, not we.  
- We. You can take a cab.  
- Cool.  
I'm sorry man.  
Aww, don't be hurt.  
Have another beer.  
Tomorrow night, just you and me.  
Oh yeah? Doing what?  
Nothing too exciting.  
- W..Watch out!  
- Whoaa!  
- What the f...?  
- That guy was in my fucking lane.  
Hello!  
It's dead.  
C'mon, I want you to see something.  
- Fuck!  
- Shhh...  
How many?  
How many do you see?  
- One fitty.  
- Fitty?

One fitty!  
Look bro, here's 80 bucks.  
Last in to walk and talk.  
Watch your step!  
Hey, how's the herb?  
You nervous?  
No, but I think it's staying in my pants.  
You sure about that?  
Hey sport!  
Shit!  
Is this for real?  
Hey sexy!  
Fuck!  
This is an illustration Dr. Gray  
of why I hate doing it.  
- This is fucked up man.  
- Yeah, you think?  
Ok, get me the fuck outta here!  
- You sure? I mean we're already paid up.  
Ok, let's go!  
I want you all to work closely  
with me on this one.  
Sorry.  
You smell like a liquor cabinet.  
Doctor Bentwood, will you do the honour?  
Harper Johnson, 40.  
Convicted murderer, recently paroled,  
subject was found...  
One fitty!  
I have to go out.  
Forget to use the little boy's room, Dr. Gray?  
All the blood tests are negative.  
Alright, we have four scenarios running.  
We have to narrow this down.  
You want to present first?  
Sure!  
Simple assignment.  
The subject was stabbed, excessively.  
A minor struggle ensued, and he was shot  
at the back of the head.  
Cause of the death,  
a gunshot wound to the brain.  
The lack of blood from the head and the gradations of color  
from the toraxic cavity of the neck, would tell us otherwise.

He would've lost too much blood to live  
by the time he was shot in the head.  
I think it was a mark, like a gang sign.  
They probably watched him die  
and then shot him.  
Exsanguination via stab wounds.  
Alright, let's discuss the trauma  
on the left side of the head.  
Any information of the meninges?  
It's a domino effect in a trauma  
of a gunshot wound.  
I don't think so.  
You wouldn't find any information  
after a fatal wound like this.  
The subject was obviously struck in the head  
on the left side with a bat or kick  
or one hell of a hard punch.  
Look, there's a left epidural hematoma which caused injury  
to the right temporal lobe from shifting in the skull.  
This could've happened in the original confrontation.  
What concerns me more, is this discoloration.  
Well the blood tests did negative.  
Well, a solution of potassium cyanide,  
will leave no trace in the blood  
or organ tissue sample detectable by standard tests.  
Besides the stains on Harper's clothes were 70% plasma.  
Most of the blood began coagulation  
before exsanguination.  
So whether he was moved or not...  
majority of the blood remains in the body.  
I say we run a post-mortem Chem-7 on his major organs  
to evaluate his potassium levels.  
You really think he was poisoned?  
Six to seven hours before cuts were made to his body  
the gunshot, followed shortly after.  
You know there was actually gunpowder in the stab wounds.  
Didn't anyone else notice?  
I agree with Ted.  
Signs of livor mortis, algor mortis, rigor mortis,  
in the percede external wounds.  
It's possible that the poison was injected directly  
into the heart, be it the left axle or subscapular regions  
or the lungs, be it the intercostal spaces...  
enabling the killer to use less of a solution.

This will allow it to go undetected while still getting the job done.

Lemme get this straight...

Are you proposing that the man was poisoned with potassium cyanide then the killer waited 7 hours, stabbed him 18 times and then shot him in the back of the head?

- I realise this is highly improbable.

- That's an understatement.

However, we will explore it.

I will order Chem-7 and we will re-convene.

Ladies, gentlemen.

Nicely done. Might be onto something here.

Hey, meet me here tonight, 9pm.

You truly have a gift Ted.

Wh..What? You gonna bum-poke me?

- Let's go.

- You're late.

This's where you bring all your dates?

Now this wing is over a 100 years old. Obsolete.

If I'd, I'll tear it out and re-built it someday.

So, impress me.

You killed him.

Maybe.

The point is, how?

That is this? A game?

Exactly!

It's a game.

I don't fucking believe this.

- C'mon get over it, will you.

- Get over it?

There are 6.5 million people in this city, Ted, trust me this asshole will not be missed.

Really?

You can't say he didn't have it coming.

Right?

Yeah, he was not exactly a boy scout.

Is that what you want me to say?

Not exactly a boy scout Ted,

he was irredeemable filth.

That was his grandmother, by the way.

But really, who needs a reason.  
We're animals. It's our nature to kill.  
Remember?  
Why show me this?  
I don't know, Ted.  
I thought the intellectual challenge  
might be of interest to you.  
- Was I wrong?  
- No. No, I find it extremely fucking interesting.  
Good. So, what's your theory?  
I stay to my case.  
Potassium Cyanide?  
What are you? Some kind of serial killer?  
Oh...  
I obviously misjudged you.  
Maybe you should just  
run along home before the others get here.  
The others?  
Seriously man, get the fuck outta here.  
- Yes?  
- How do you know I won't tell?  
Because there so happens to exist,  
distinct physical evidence putting you  
at the crime scene at the time of death.  
I know because I placed it there.  
And if I was amind to it I could prove with mathematical certainty  
and beyond reasonable doubt that you were the one that did it.  
But none of that really matters if  
you're the boy I think you are.  
You won't tell because  
that would mean the game is over.  
And you never got to play.  
I don't know if you've heard but we got  
the results back on our black male. Negative.  
I heard. I'm sorry sir.  
No, no, no, priviledged from time to time.  
- Interesting theory.  
- Thank you.  
- Well, carry on.  
Teddy!  
What're you doin here?  
It wasn't potassium cyanide because there was no ragged stippling  
in the red blood cells. The blood was hypo or smaller.  
It was nitric acid.

You brought him a bottle. A gift.  
You shared a drink with him,  
but you didn't drink.  
You mixed athenol and nitric acid with the alcohol.  
Probably a flavor to alcohol  
to mask the bitter taste.  
Using a needle would've been too dangerous because any first  
year fucking med student would know to look for the mark.  
You cut him up when he was still alive  
but unconscious.  
So there was no struggle.  
Then you put him in the back of your truck,  
drove him to fourth avenue  
and shot him in the back of the head.  
Mother fucker. Ah, you are good.  
Hey, you wanna play the game, you gotta bring  
something to the table. Comprendo?  
So Jake told you about the game?  
It's alright, you can say it.  
So, are you in?  
I don't know.  
- You know what you have to do, right?  
- Yeah.  
I get the idea.  
It's an interesting case.  
You know it's always me that ends up with the dirt.  
It's a waste of a goddamn ICU.  
Mother fucker shoots his wife  
and two kids, execution style  
then he shoots himself in the throat  
two more in the stomach and  
he still couldn't get it done.  
Double his morphine.  
I'll check back in a couple of days.  
- He's strapped in.  
- Lot of pain.  
He tried to pull out his wires.  
He see devil soon I think.  
- Oh my God, stop the bus. We need a doctor.  
- Someone call 911.  
- Is anybody a doctor?  
- Is she breathing?  
- Teddy?  
- Hey baby.

- You alright?  
Yeah, I'm great. I'm good.  
- I got your message.  
- You sounded like someone else.  
Anyway, do you miss me?  
Of course.  
How's the work load goin?  
Actually that's one of the things  
I wanted to talk to you about.  
- It looks like next weekend...  
- You're fucked?  
I'm sorry. There's this mob trial and...  
I understand.  
Don't be rational, I'm gonna start crying  
right here in the middle of the street.  
Baby, to be honest, I have expected it.  
Atleast there's Thanksgiving.  
Absolutely.  
My parents are still expecting  
us to stay with them.  
Of course.  
Are you sure it's alright?  
Because it's not too late to change your mind.  
It's too late.  
How so?  
Yeah, no...  
your parents are great.  
It's beautiful there.  
We're gonna have the back house  
to ourselves, right?  
That's true.  
- Then it's settled.  
- Ok then. I can't wait.  
I'll call you tomorrow.  
I love you.  
You too.  
I know exactly what you're thinking.  
You think you feel guilty but it's not that.  
There's not such thing as guilt.  
There's just the fear of getting caught.  
It's the first day after,  
so that fear's still fresh.  
Your brain is all sick and twisted up.  
You're paranoid everyone knows.

You fucked up, you're gonna lose everything.  
You wanna throw-up but  
there's nothing in your stomach.  
You're not gonna sleep tonight.  
You'll hit the bottom, you'll watch some TV, and look for  
any news that they're on you, but there won't be any.  
Tomorrow morning, you're gonna wake up and it's gonna  
be the same world. Nothing has changed.  
That fear, it will start to creep away and after a few days  
you're gonna realise no one knows shit.  
That this whole bloody thing,  
disadvantage to you, so cataclysmic  
has somehow  
slipped beneath the notice of the world.  
And then...  
you'll be a new man.  
That sheet  
on which she embroiled fantails once  
spread it so as to cover her face  
If her horny feet protrude,  
they come to show how cold she is  
and dumb.  
Let the lamp affix its beam.  
The only emperor, is the emperor of ice-cream.  
How did you do it?  
Later.  
Welcome.  
I knew you had it in you.  
Had what in me?  
C'mon, he was gonna die anyway.  
Yeah, we're all gonna die anyway.  
Fuck you!  
So who is he?  
Sort of this great man once. He never might know. He built  
'em saved up from nothing. At one point he owned seven stores.  
He married his highschool sweetheart.  
Started a family.  
Didn't last long though.  
She left him, took the kids.  
His business ran down,  
he pissed away most of his money.  
Why did she leave?  
- The highschool sweetheart?  
- Yeah.

I forgot to mention, he likes little girls.  
In the worse way.  
You wouldn't believe what he does to them.  
He should've gone to jail but  
you know how it goes, right?  
It's easier for everyone to say nothing.  
How do you know all this?  
Because you never forget your first fuck.  
He's my father.  
I want you to help me.  
Because it's my turn for the game.  
- Doesn't seem like your type.  
- No?  
Clearly not like the usual lost cause  
from the tournament award.  
Oh he may had a few issues with  
alcohol and tobacco.  
Don't we all.  
But for the most part, he seems to have been in  
relatively good health for a man of his age.  
That is until you came along.  
Could you be anymore hot right now?  
I wonder what came over you?  
It's as if he dropped his lungs  
off the side of a building.  
Yet the rest of his organs are pristine.  
Donor material.  
- No signs of asphyxia.  
- He didn't asphyxiate.  
How can you be so sure?  
Because I know what asphyxiation looks like, dummy!  
And it don't turn your lungs to jelly.  
No.  
I was thinking more along the lines of frostbite.  
You're kidding.  
The epidermis is healthy,  
save for a few batches of sun damage.  
Are you suggesting that Juliette  
locked him in a freezer?  
Because, I do not see it.  
You don't?  
Well, I see it all quite clearly.  
This is some kind of bud baby.  
This is really medical marijuana for free?

Well, I am in favor.  
It's been proven to naturally alleviate pain.  
Why should anyone have to suffer, right daddy?  
Ain't that the truth.  
That's your boyfriend huh?  
What was it you said you was again?  
A General Practitioner.  
So you can prescribe this shit for me, legal?  
Yeah, that's right.  
Legal, beagle.  
Where do I sign?  
- No, let's do some whippets first.  
- No shit!  
You got a prescription for that too?  
Who's first?  
Thank you.  
Med school has its perks huh?  
Liquid Nitrogen.  
A mixture of chlorofluoro carbons,  
nitrogen and a bit of free on my boy.  
He died of anoxia.  
It wasn't just that he couldn't breathe,  
he couldn't adsorb the oxygen.  
More challenging mystery is  
how Miss Bath here  
forced a 340 pound man  
to ingest a canister of -75 degree air  
all by herself.  
She is a very charming girl.  
That's true.  
She could convince almost anyone  
to do what she wanted them to.  
You know, one could almost see a  
resemblance between the two of you.  
But maybe that's just the temperature.  
Question.  
Are you playing fair?  
Is there such a thing?  
No.  
But don't you wanna know who's the best?  
Aren't you a bit curious?  
- That was pretty good last night.  
- No idea what you're talking about.  
Oh c'mon.

You don't expect me to believe that  
our little Juliette,  
came up with that one on her own, do you?  
I've seen her work.  
Oh no, maybe there's more to her  
than you thought.  
Mmm... No, I don't think so.  
But maybe there's more to you.  
Me?  
I'm an open book, Jake.  
Priceless.  
I'll catch you later, Dr. Gray.  
Oh Teddy?  
She didn't give you that whole routine  
about how her father raped her  
when she was a little lass, did she?  
Oh... what an imagination.  
No, her father is alive and well.  
Paid a visit just last month in fact.  
Chairman of an obscenely profitable  
banking institution.  
And a hell of a guy I might add.  
A hell of a guy.  
Hey...  
Who was he?  
Who was he?!  
Anyone.  
Don't fuck with me.  
Doctors?  
Let's have a look inside.  
Cyanide Pill.  
I love that band.  
Thanks so much.  
Thank you.  
You want a smoke?  
As he inhales, he'd activates the vapors.  
Ohh, genius!  
It was genius!  
You've been doing alot of urine work lately.  
Good work.  
My bad.  
You switched his blood.  
You found another patient  
with an S.H.N.

Then you switched his blood to John Doe.

Am I right?

Fuck you!

Dr. Gray?

Sir.

Is there anything that you would like to share with me?

I'm sorry. I don't quite follow, sir.

No doubt.

Look, your work has been beyond reproach exemplary.

- But what concerns me...

- Thank you, sir.

What concerns me is your extracurricular life.

I'm sorry?

C'mon!

It is obvious that you are using.

One can experiment from time to time, I mean, God knows I have done my share.

You should know that I planned on giving you my highest recommendation.

I appreciate it, sir.

No doubt.

What're gonna be doing for the holidays?

Actually I plan on spending it with Gwen's family.

That's good.

Opportunity to re-think your priorities.

Yes, sir.

And a little time away from Dr. Gallo wouldn't hurt either.

No, it wouldn't.

Look...

I know you got it all worked out.

The money, the family with means, pussy...

It would really be a shame if you fucked it up.

Sir.

What's up with Morris?

Lonely.

C'mon, let's get the fuck outta here and get a beer. C'mon.

- Hey, it's me. How are you?

- Hello.

Oh Jesus!

- What're you doing here?

- Are you going somewhere?

I told you. I'm leaving town for the holiday.

Right.

The fiance.

So you're going through with that?

Why wouldn't I?

What about you and Jake?

Don't you have some sort of arrangement?

Nobody owns anybody.

- Hey.

- Hi. How are you?

- You missed me.

- Of course. How could I go on s'long without you.

Look at you.

Baby, you're working too hard.

Oh I'm ok.

Everything's ok now.

So?

I hear you're kicking ass  
with the residency.

It has been an experience.

Quentin Morris is a good man.

I never liked that fruitcake.

He speaks pretty highly of you.

Of course. Why wouldn't he?

Look Ted. Bottom line, this program is the right thing  
for you right now. Let's me sell you to the brass.

Working for Acxicom D.C.

it's as good as it gets.

Listen Ted.

This job withstand, whether you  
and I liked it or not

- is what you have it.

- Thank you.

So what about Africa?

- Enjoy hunting yet?

- Hunting?

I would say hunting is alot better than the city.

Attaboy, I think.

- Daddy.

- Hey honey.  
- I'm stealing my fiance back now.  
- Uh oh.  
So I have an early Christmas  
present for you.  
Hey, can you just get it?  
No.  
It's better.  
Impossible.  
I'm gonna come back with you.  
Not in two months from now.  
But now.  
I finished all my work and  
I can fly back up to take the bar exam.  
Hey, only if it's ok with you?  
- Are you serious?  
- Yeah.  
Sounds incredible.  
You don't mind?  
Wow look at this place.  
I didn't know you were coming or  
I would've cleaned up a bit.  
Baby, it's perfect.  
Hey, so what're you gonna wear tonight?  
Gwen?  
What the fuck is this?  
Don't freak out.  
I holding it for someone.  
A resident.  
He's trying to kick it.  
I'm helping him out.  
- A resident?  
- Baby, do I look like a twigger to you?  
- Why don't you throw it away?  
- Because I ran out here in a flash to see you.  
If you need help  
now is the time to ask for it.  
I'm sorry you had to see this.  
That is not mine.  
- Look.  
- I love you.  
I love you too.  
Look... Hey, look at me.  
I know that this is not the world

that we're used to, ok.

If we're gonna to that party,  
we should probably get ready.

- Ben.

- Hey, how are ya?

- I want to introduce you to my fiance, Gwen.

- Wow, the one and only huh.

Well it's a pleasure. Yeah, I've been hearing  
all about you from day one.

Oh well, you too. It's nice to meet you, Ben.

- He's great huh?

- Yeah, he's a cute one.

- Oh, this is Donna.

- Hi!

- Hi, Donna. Oh I love your dress.

- Thank you.

Oh look at this.

The prodigal son returns.

Ok, ok, we can go now.

It's ok.

Stravinsky.

Stravinsky, you little turd.

Gwen, I'd like you to meet some  
fellow residents of mine.

This is Dr. Jake Gallo and

Dr. Juliette Bath. Gwen Williamson.

- Hi!

- Hi!

Has Ted told you about all  
the people he's killed?

Yes. I hear he cuts 'em up quite well.

- Well, he's learning.

- Yes, he's learning.

Practice makes perfect.

The wonderful thing about the death business

- Never shortage of cliental?

- Yes Gwen, exactly. Exactly.

Blessful immunity from the sicklecal,  
economic avenflow.

You know, people just keep dying  
and dying.

You mind if I straighten this a little tighter?

I cant...

Are you a school teacher?

Eh, no, I'm doing my bar exams in February.  
Wow that's impressive.  
You haven't killed any lawyers yet,  
have you Ted?  
Well, there's still so many.  
It's hard to keep track.  
You know, I might've ended up a lawyer  
if I hadn't passed my M-CATs.  
Oh that's too bad.  
We might've been room-mates.  
Oh if you'll excuse us,  
Dr. Morris would wanna see Gwen.  
Oh yeah. You two have a great time.  
I mean this is a party.  
You two enjoy yourselves. We'll be at  
the trough assembling our meat plates!  
Sorry about that.  
Was it him?  
Very perceptive, counsellor.  
- I love you.  
- Love you too. C'mon.  
Dr. Morris.  
- Hi!  
- Hi!  
Well, you look very sexual.  
I mean alluring.  
Are you fucking kidding me?  
Huh?  
- Don't fucking touch me.  
- Oh what? Huh? You wanna fuck that guy?  
You wanna fuck that guy? Go fuck that guy.  
Hey we got a fucking whore in the room!  
Go fuck him.  
Just remember your ass belongs to me.  
You don't fucking own me.  
Oh, I fucking do!  
Fuck this!  
Shit! I gotta take this.  
Yeah?  
What's goin on? Where're ya?  
Ok, be right there.  
I gotta go.  
It's him, isn't it?  
I'm sorry.

I know. Be careful.  
Teddy-boy!  
Hello Jake.  
Oh fuck!  
Where're the others?  
Those sick-pants! Fuck 'em!  
What happened?  
Eh, simple transaction Teddy. I paid my money.  
I got my money's worth.  
I got stabbed too.  
Good thing you're a doctor.  
- We gotta clean this up!  
- Clean this up?  
What? This? You wanna clean... like what?  
Like this? Like this?  
You're losing it, Dr. Gallo.  
Losing it? Teddy!  
Teddy, I just fucking found it!  
This is it.  
This... this is it.  
Uh oh, who's that?  
That's you. That's me. That's me.  
Me. You. Me. You. Me. You're me.  
You're fucking killer.  
You're fucking enemy.  
Huh?  
You fucking, fucking golden boy.  
Playing ramsey with your  
fucking eye-pleat cunt!  
She doesn't know you!  
I know you.  
What about the game?  
What about it?  
Is that why you called me here?  
C'mon, let's play.  
This woman here...  
By the bubbles in her mouth,  
I could see the subdued dire blood lost.  
She died of suffocation.  
Precisely.  
She choked on her own blood.  
So you pocked this one bloodygade in the  
temple with that pipe right there?  
- A near fatal aneurism?

- What?

Of course you need to crack her head open  
to know with mathematical certainty.

Ermm, waddaya mean near fatal?

You disemboweled...

Probably while she's still alive.

There's blood on her right hand and  
her wrist is broken.

So I guess I know who stabbed you,  
probably while gutting.

Bravo!

I failed to see the genius here.

You failed to see?

You failed to see?

Buzzkill.

Let's go to the incinerator.

Hey!

What the fuck are you doing here?

'Coz I missed you.

Do you know where I just was?

With Jake in the dungeon.

He went ape-shit and thrill  
killed three women.

I'm done with Jake.

I think you should leave.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Your fiance was really beautiful.

You must be very happy.

This is taken directly from  
the center of the seminiferus tubulus.

The mature sperm is showing  
definite signs

of structural abnormalities.

Dr. Gallo?

You have a moment?

Certainly Dr. Gray.

Excuse me.

I'm done. I'm out.

The words you're saying right now  
are very dangerous.

You should probably be more careful.

- Nobody gets out.

- Don't be so fucking dramatic, ok?

It's not like I can

say anything to anybody.

I'm up to my eyeballs in this shit.

Yes you are, Ted.

- I've got my fiance.

- Oh yeah, your fiance. That's right. Gwen?

Hey, maybe she should come down some night.

Hey, how about you don't mention her name again.

I'm sorry. It's just...

You took me off guard last night.

- Yeah, that was some crazy shit huh?

- Yeah.

You good then?

- Yeah. Yeah, I'm good.

- Good.

Hey, ermm, we have a meeting tomorrow night.

- Tomorrow?

- Yeah.

That's right. You busy?

Good 'coz you won't wanna miss this one.

So I need to take off for a few hours flat.

I know but

I have to.

- You don't have to.

- It'll be the last time, ok? I promise.

- I believe you.

- You want one of these?

Here you are.

Whoa, we're contiguously short this evening.

She's with him.

No.

I don't think so.

I think it's time we get

rid of that cocksucker.

- I concur.

- And her.

Yeah. Fuck yes, and her.

Well, if we're all in agreement,

let the lamp affix its beam.

- What the fuck.

- What the fuck?

Alright, let's do this.

Doctors, let's have a look inside.

Oh I get it.

- What happened?

- Oh my God, you haven't heard?

Heard what?

There was a fire here last night,  
on the lower level.

Some of our residents were killed.

Who?

Juliette Bath and Griffin Cavanaugh  
and there's two bodies yet to be identified.

Wait, you said two bodies?

Unidentified.

- Plus Julieth Bath. Plus Griffin Cavanaugh.

- Right. That's right.

Then there were four.

Correct. Four.

- Look, I know that you're upset.

- Excuse me. I'm just gonna step outside.

Fuck!

Hi, you remember me from the party?

- It's Jake Gallo, isn't it?

- Yeah.

Um, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

- Ted already left.

- I know.

I just spoke to Inspector Vincent  
from the homicide division.

He finds Jake Gallo's absence  
to be quite suspicious.

He also asked me if there was anyone who  
might be able to offer any insight or clues  
as to why one of my top doctors  
would have committed such an atrocity.

I could think of no one.

Can you think of anyone doctor?

Several names come to mind  
but since they're all individuals  
who were killed in the fire

I suspect that questioning them  
would prove fruitless.

Concerning Gwendolyn.

I can't tell you how devastated I was  
when I got the news,  
compounding what is already a tragedy  
for the hospital.

- I know that you loved her a great deal and I'm truly sorry.

- Thank you.

As for the cause of her death, I haven't been able to come up with a firm conclusion.

Based on my initial examination, a full autopsy is gonna be necessary.

I'm doing it.

Excuse me?

I don't want anyone else to touch her but me.

- You would have to get the parents' permission.

- I've already spoken to the Williamsons.

They gave me their full blessing.

- I vehemently disapprove.

- Dr. Morris.

I urge you not to stand in the way of the parents' wishes and my own.

Alright then. She's yours.

- Dr. Gray, good night.

- Good night, David. Rajeeve.

Well?

Well?

I read something wildly amusing today.

Thought I'd share.

**Patient Name:**

Age 28, eyes brown, blah blah blah blah blah.

Ahh haha!

Conducting pathologist determines cause of the death to be due to an arrhythmia of the heart!

A direct consequence of mitral valve prolapse?

- That's great shit huh?

- That's right. What the fuck do you care?

Because...

I have composed a poem sublime and you are my critic, you are my only critic, Teddy.

And have you read carefully your review of my work, my conclusion is that it sucks!

- Maybe it's just your clothes.

You know that this one was well above average.

This one was fucking meticulous.

Oh shit...

She never really knew you, did she?

- My fiance?  
- Yeah, her.  
Just the good side.  
No, I didn't think so.  
And there you were... oh boy!  
Good little soldier  
ready to march down the aisle.  
Fuck man. Fuck.  
I did you a fucking favor huh?  
You owe me.  
By the way  
Props to you for killing everyone.  
Oh yeah, sorry about that.  
No, no, no, no, my bad.  
I should've seen it coming.  
It's in the past.  
The important thing is, Teddy  
That in the end... in the end  
I won!  
How so?  
Because I did one that you couldn't figure out.  
I win!  
You like that?  
I don't think so.  
I think so.  
Mitral valve prolapse bullshit!  
It's what I told the parents  
so that they won't freak out.  
Aha?  
- I actually do have a theory.  
- You have a theory?  
Alright. Impress me.  
Gwen made a fatal mistake  
trying to get back on you and when she did,  
you covered her mouth with any of your soaked cloth.  
You were careful not to  
let her lose consciousness though.  
After that  
you injected the potassium into the  
basilica vein under her armpit  
to help preserve the body  
before dripping nitroglycerin  
on her tongue.  
And then, you slowly let her fade

into the after life.

She took approximately 7 minutes,  
about the same amount of time it takes  
for an average person to fall asleep.

She could hear everything  
that you said to her.

The last thing she saw on this earth  
was your delightful face.

Time?

Six minutes, thirty seconds.

Dr. Stravinsky?

Let's have a look inside.