

Darkest Night 2x02

"Yes, I Cannibal"

Written by

Michael Varrati

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Final Draft (1)

mvarrati@gmail.com

DARKEST NIGHT

SEASON 2

EPISODE 1: Yes, I Cannibal

Characters:

Katie Reed: Mid 20s. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn't afraid to speak her mind.

Dr. Lionel Ricketts: 30s. Younger member of Project Cyclops, working independently from Dr. Kinsler. Extremely cold. Soft spoken, but menacing.

Senator Jackson Carlisle: Late 40s/Early 50s, a well-known politician. Has a statesman's gift for natural charisma and charm. Harbors a dark secret: A taste for human flesh.

Beth Newman: 20s, an eager young staffer of the Carlisle campaign. She's optimistic to a fault.

Miriam: 30s, Senator Carlisle's personal assistant. Plucky and unflappable. She's seen it all and reacts to very little. Prone to dry humor.

Eli Dale: 20s, another staffer for Carlisle. Mostly groans.

Locations:

1. Lab at Roth-Lobdow Center for Advanced Research
2. Campaign Rally
3. Car
4. Senator Carlisle's Home

Time of Day:

Night

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTRO BUMPER

ROTH-LOBDOW CENTER FOR ADVANCED RESEARCH

EFX: Recorder button/tone.

KATIE
(whispering)
Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced
Research. Project Cyclops, Day 12,
about to begin. Entering the
laboratory now.

EFX: Key card beep. A loud buzz, a metal lock unlatched. Door opens, footsteps.

KATIE (cont'd)
Good morning, Dr. Ricketts.

EFX: Papers rustling.

DR. RICKETTS
What? Hm. Oh yes. Good morning.

KATIE
What are you reading?

DR. RICKETTS
Previous lab reports. At least, the
ones made available by the Center. A
good scientist familiarizes
themselves with the research that
came before. Which, isn't
particularly easy in this case. Your
Dr. Kinsler wasn't the most
organized, was he?

KATIE
(annoyed)
He didn't exactly have time to
itemize things for his successor.

DR. RICKETTS
(dismissive)
Ah well, I'll make do.

EFX: Papers rustling again.

KATIE
Can we talk about something else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. RICKETTS

I was under the impression that Kinsler's work and Project Cyclops was exactly what we were here every day to talk about, but yes. Fine.

A beat.

DR. RICKETTS (cont'd)

You look tired.

KATIE

Wow, what a way to change topics for the better.

DR. RICKETTS

Just an observation.

Katie sighs.

KATIE

Well, I am. I was up late last night, reading article after article online about the plane crash we saw via yesterday's subject.

DR. RICKETTS

...and?

KATIE

...and all of the articles suggest the plane went down due to equipment malfunction. But, we know that's not true.

DR. RICKETTS

Right. So?

KATIE

What about the black box? Communications with air traffic control? Someone has to have actual evidence of the truth.

DR. RICKETTS

We work for a company that has developed the technology to see through the eyes of the deceased. Does it seem so unlikely that someone could alter the findings of a black box?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATIE

No, but...doesn't it bother you to know that all those lives were lost and the real cause is being suppressed?

DR. RICKETTS

It's not my job to be bothered. It's my job to collect scientific data. And I should think that you, of all people... with your experience here... should want to take the same course.

KATIE

Yes, but... I...

A beat.

KATIE (cont'd)

(Frustrated)

Fine. Let's get to work.

DR. RICKETTS

Yes, let's.

KATIE

What have we got?

DR. RICKETTS

Female, mid-20s. Extreme trauma to face.

KATIE

That's putting it mildly. She's been mutilated.

DR. RICKETTS

...as I was saying, "extreme trauma to face..."

EFX: Katie sighs.

KATIE

Okay, then. Removing optic nerve...

DR. RICKETTS

Project Cyclops. Trial 7-zeta-2. Time stamp is registering correctly.

Initiating playback in 3...

2...

1...

Initiate.

CAMPAIGN RALLY - NIGHT

EFX: Crowd noises. Applause, cheers, etc.

We open on a campaign rally in progress. From the sound of it, the crowd is an *extremely* enthusiastic one.

Mid-speech, Senator Carlisle's voice, amplified by a microphone, echoes across the audience.

SENATOR CARLISLE
(via microphone, mid-sentence)

...and though the recent tragedy of G Valor Flight 7891 weighs heavily upon us all, I find a glimmer of solace in the sense of community support that has risen in its wake...

Although the Senator's speech continues, it fades into the background. We can still hear him faintly speaking.

From the wings, Beth watches the speech. Miriam stands beside her.

BETH
He really is something, isn't he?

MIRIAM
Mmmhmmm.

BETH
I'm sorry. I don't mean to gush. I'm sure that since you're his assistant this is all very routine for you. But, I've campaigned and worked for the senator for years...and this is the closest I've ever been during one of his speeches. It's the one drawback of working at a branch office. The up close and personal sometimes gets lost. When you're in the crowd, you never really realize how big it is.

She pauses a beat.

BETH (cont'd)
...are they always this big?

MIRIAM
(glib)
Sometimes bigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH

Wow.

MIRIAM

...and that's thanks in part to you.

BETH

(bashful)

Well, I don't know if that's...

MIRIAM

(cutting her off)

Look, Beth... you wouldn't be here if you weren't supposed to be. The Senator knows the amount of work his staffers put in, and he's been making an extra special effort to invite those of you who have gone above and beyond to spend time with him so that he can offer his thanks. It's why he invited you and your associate to dinner tonight. To express his gratitude.

BETH

I know, I know. It was just a nice surprise, that's all. Eli and I were thrilled to receive the invite.

A beat.

BETH (cont'd)

Which, now that we mention it, I'm surprised Eli is running late. It's not like him at all. And he'd love this.

MIRIAM

Well, you of all people should know that a staffer's job is never done. Mr. Dale had a few other matters to attend to at the request of the Senator. He'll be joining us shortly.

BETH

Oh, I see.

MIRIAM

Look at it this way, Beth: At least you're not the one who had to work late.

At this, Beth laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETH

Fair point.

Focusing back on the Senator, we catch the tail end of his speech.

SENATOR CARLISLE

(into microphone)

...and it's this sense of unity that truly fills me with pride for our nation. Kindness, strong morals, and being there to lend a helping hand... that is a *taste* of the true America!

EFX: Thunderous applause.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

(into microphone)

Thank you and good night!

A patriotic fanfare plays as the Senator exits the stage, the sound of applause still lingering behind him.

THE NARRATOR

Although Beth had worked for him for years, as Senator Jackson Carlisle made his way from the stage toward the spot in the wings where she stood... the young staffer couldn't help but feel a twinge of nervous energy in her gut. The Senator, beloved by colleagues and constituents alike, often had hundreds vying for attention at any given moment. That he would choose to so freely give *his* attention to Beth seemed almost preposterous to the young woman. Yet, there he was, walking directly toward her.

EFX: The Senator's footsteps.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Beth! I'm so glad you could make it.

THE NARRATOR

Beth took note of the shift in the Senator's persona -- from the stoic statesman behind the podium to a more jovial, relaxed individual. It was a subtle charisma that had served him well over the years in D.C.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)
and one that immediately helped put
the butterflies in Beth's stomach at
ease.

BETH
Thank you, Senator Carlisle. I
wouldn't have missed it!

SENATOR CARLISLE
How'd I do?

BETH
Huh?

SENATOR CARLISLE
The speech! The speech!

BETH
Oh, it was truly something. You speak
with such conviction. It's admirable.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Well, thank you kindly, Beth. And
what about you, Miriam? Thoughts?

EFX: Texting noises.

MIRIAM
Hm? Oh, yes. Thrilling.

Senator Carlisle chuckles.

SENATOR CARLISLE
She's never impressed.

Beth laughs.

MIRIAM
(unfazed)
I like the Press Correspondent's
Dinner.

SENATOR CARLISLE
I've never spoken at that.

MIRIAM
No. But the Fregola Sarda Salad is
out of this world.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Oh, Miriam. You're incorrigible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIRIAM

No, I'm in politics.

The Senator laughs.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Any pressing matters I need to be made aware of before we continue our evening with Beth here?

MIRIAM

Just a few.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Go ahead.

MIRIAM

We received an e-mail from the charity founded by the families of the crash victims and--

SENATOR CARLISLE

Make a sizable donation. Whatever you think is appropriate. Next.

MIRIAM

Sigma Corporation requested a phone call at your earliest convenience.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Pass. I'm busy tonight. I'll call them tomorrow.

MIRIAM

Noted. Similarly your other... uh... campaign donor... has requested you touch base whenever possible. She seemed to suggest it was a matter of some urgency.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Everyone thinks their problems are the most urgent. As with Sigma, she will have to wait until tomorrow. As of now, the most pressing matter on the plate is getting this young lady some dinner. If you could bring the car around Miriam, let's not make her wait any longer.

MIRIAM

As you wish, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

EFX: Footsteps as Vivian walks away.

A beat.

SENATOR CARLISLE

(To Beth)

My apologies. As you know, a
Senator's work is never done.

BETH

Oh, I don't mind, really.

SENATOR CARLISLE

A hard worker *and* polite! I love
that.

BETH

I'm just doing my job, Senator
Carlisle.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Jackson, please. You've been working
at our branch office for how long
now?

BETH

Going on six years, give or take.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Six years! Why, that's a whole
senatorial term. I couldn't do it
without people like you, Beth. Lots
of folks "just do their jobs," but
it's the ones who come and give it
something extra that make the
difference.

BETH

Well, thank you, sir...

SENATOR CARLISLE

Jackson.

BETH

Jackson. That really means a lot,
coming from you.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Nonsense. A politician is only as
good as the people around him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
 And that's why I'm trying to take
 time out to express my gratitude to
 those of you who have gone above and
 beyond.

EFX: Text alert.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
 Speaking of which...

EFX: Phone button noises.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
 ...it seems Miriam has brought the
 car around, so we can get this
 evening underway.

BETH
 Shouldn't we wait for Eli?

SENATOR CARLISLE
 Eli...? Ah yes. As Miriam might have
 mentioned, I tasked Eli with a
 special assignment... and he'll be
 meeting us at dinner.

BETH
 Oh. What assignment was that?

SENATOR CARLISLE
 Now, now... that's part of the
 surprise! Shall we?

BETH
 Sure. I mean, yes, please...

SENATOR CARLISLE
 ...Jackson.

BETH
 Jackson.

EFX: Footsteps as they walk away.

EFX: Door open, faint crowd noises in the distance.

THE NARRATOR
 After leading Beth through several
 dark corridors of the venue's
 backstage area, the Senator and the
 young woman emerged through a
 nondescript door into an alley.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Although the faint chatter of the crowd could still be heard in the distance, the alley itself was devoid of any signs of life, save for one black town car, parked ominously under the splash of the door's one, dull yellow service light. The windows of the vehicle were covered in a dark tint, revealing no clues to car's interior... or those who may occupy it.

SENATOR CARLISLE

This is us.

BETH

It's nice.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Perks of the job.

EFX: Car door.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

After you.

EFX: Sounds of the two getting in the car, door shutting after them.

THE SENATOR'S CAR - NIGHT

EFX: Sounds of a car in motion.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Now, make sure you buckle up. We should be fine, but Miriam can be a little aggressive on the brakes.

EFX: Seatbelt noises.

MIRIAM

I heard that.

SENATOR CARLISLE

You were supposed to.

BETH

I didn't realize Miriam was also your driver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR CARLISLE

Well, she's not usually. But my regular driver left recently to go work for a private limo service and we haven't found a replacement yet.

BETH

That's unfortunate.

A beat.

BETH (cont'd)

So, where are we headed? I guess I'm not really sure where senators eat.

SENATOR CARLISLE

(feigns disgust)

Yuck. Who would want to go where senators eat? Those guys are boring.

Beth laughs.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

No, no restaurants. I'm really picky and most of the places in town are just so lackluster.

BETH

Then, what...?

SENATOR CARLISLE

I'm having a meal specially prepared for us at my home. Not just to suit my refined palette of course, but also because I felt a personal touch was important. I hope that's okay.

BETH

(slightly uncertain)

Oh, yes. Yes, that's fine. It's awfully nice of you to invite us into your home.

SENATOR CARLISLE

It's my pleasure, really.

BETH

...and Eli knows to meet us there?

SENATOR CARLISLE

Oh yes, Eli has the details and has been prepared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETH

Great.

A beat.

BETH (cont'd)

I didn't realize you were such a gourmand.

SENATOR CARLISLE

I would hardly call myself a gourmand. I dabble. I still make too much of a mess in the kitchen to be pro, though.

BETH

I sympathize. I can barely boil water.

The Senator laughs.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Well, that's one thing I won't ask you to do.

BETH

Thank heavens.

The duo sit in contented silence for a few beats.

EFX: The sound of the car in motion.

SENATOR CARLISLE

This is our stop.

BETH

It's...lovely.

EFX: The car pulling to a stop.

THE NARRATOR

Miriam pulled the car to a halt in front of a large, stone mansion. Despite being in the heart of the city, the home's palatial nature made it feel like an island apart. Though small flourishes had been made to the building's exterior to make it seem more inviting, there was nonetheless a subtle coldness to the home that almost whispered "Stay away."

EFX: Car doors opening, foot steps on gravel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EFX: Front door opening/closing. Lock clicking.

THE SENATOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

EFX: Footsteps.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Welcome to my home.

BETH
Wow, it's really nice.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Thank you. It's been in my family for generations. It certainly requires some upkeep, but there is something to be said about preserving a legacy.

BETH
Well, you seem to have done a wonderful job. And it smells so good in here!

SENATOR CARLISLE
Ah yes! It seems our chef for the evening is already at work! Miriam, would you mind checking on that?

MIRIAM
Of course.

EFX: Miriam's heels on the tile as she begins to walk away.

BETH
Are you going to be joining us for dinner, Miriam?

EFX: Miriam's footsteps stop.

MIRIAM
Me? No. I'm...a strict pescatarian. I'll be skipping the meal. But, I will be working with the chef to coordinate the courses. So, I'll be in and out. You're not rid of me, yet.

BETH
Oh. I didn't mean...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENATOR CARLISLE

Oh, don't mind Miriam. All that fish in her diet, I'm convinced that the mercury has effected her sense of humor.

MIRIAM

No sir, just the hours on the clock.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Off you go, Miriam.

MIRIAM

Sir.

EFX: Miriam's footsteps, the echo of the kitchen door in the distance.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Everyone's got special diets these days. Vegetarians, pescatarians. It's so limiting. Though, I suppose I forgot to ask: Any restrictions?

BETH

Oh, no. I grew up in the Midwest on a Midwest diet. I'm a meat and potatoes girl.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Bless you. One thing I've always said about the fine folks of the Midwest: The know how to eat and they know how to vote.

He laughs. She does too.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

Come in, come in. Make yourself at home.

EFX: The pop of a cork, the sound of wine pouring into a glass.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

Here, a glass of wine. From a colleague in Martha's Vineyard.

BETH

Oh, I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SENATOR CARLISLE
I insist. It pairs well with the
meal.

BETH
Well, okay.

SENATOR CARLISLE
To hard work. And, of course, to
America.

Beth laughs.

BETH
Cheers.

EFX: The clink of the glasses, the sound of Beth sipping her
wine.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Good, right?

BETH
Very.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Told you.

EFX: Door opening, footsteps.

MIRIAM
If you'd like to convene in the
dining room, the appetizers have been
set out.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Wonderful.

BETH
Where is Eli? It's not like him to be
late.

SENATOR CARLISLE
I'm sure he's almost ready. In the
meantime, more food for us. Let's go.

EFX: Footsteps, door noises.

THE NARRATOR
As the Senator and Beth entered the
dining room, the young woman could
see that the table...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)
 an exquisite piece boasting the
 finest wood and ornate carving... was
 set with an array of elegantly plated
 appetizers. Each piece of meat,
 crudit , and garnish was arranged to
 appeal to the senses...

A beat.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)
 ...an appeal that was certainly
 successful, as Beth could feel her
 stomach growling.

BETH
 Wow. There's so much.

SENATOR CARLISLE
 I told you: I like to be open to
 dining options. Go ahead, dig in.

BETH
 I don't even know where to start!

SENATOR CARLISLE
 Allow me.

EFX: The sound of a plate scraping across the table, utensils
 shifting.

THE NARRATOR
 With no small amount of showmanship,
 Senator Carlisle approached the
 table, carefully selecting one of the
 many plates. Lifting it, he carried
 the dish over to Beth, who surveyed
 its contents. She saw small crackers,
 topped with tiny chunks of red,
 lightly grilled pieces of meat. Each
 was covered with a dollop of thin,
 red sauce. The smell was strong. At
 once foreign, but also oddly
 familiar.

BETH
 What are these?

SENATOR CARLISLE
 House specialty. Go on, try one.

THE NARRATOR
 Lifting a cracker from the plate to
 her mouth, Beth took a bite.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)
The meat, was salty, but flavorful.
The sauce, spicy...but with the
vaguest hint of something...almost
like copper. It was unlike anything
Beth had ever had before.

EFX: Munching noises.

BETH
That's good.

SENATOR CARLISLE
...isn't it just?

BETH
Mmm.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Have another.

BETH
Just one more. Don't want to spoil my
appetite before Eili gets here.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Of course.

THE NARRATOR
Allowing Beth to remove one more of
the treats from the tray, the Senator
returned the dish to the table.

SENATOR CARLISLE
More wine?

EFX: Swallowing.

BETH
Oh, I couldn't possibly. You've
barely touched yours and I'm almost
done with my glass. I don't want to
look like a lush in front of the
boss.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Nonsense. I insist.

EFX: The sound of wine pouring, sipping.

BETH
It *is* good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SENATOR CARLISLE

As I said, it's a very specific vintage.

A beat.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

Now, Beth... before the evening continues any farther, I want to discuss with you the *real* reason I asked you here tonight.

THE NARRATOR

Beth had just finished a gulp of wine when the Senator placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. The phrasing of his words combined with familiarity of his touch caused the butterflies, long since dissipated, to return to her stomach.

BETH

(anxious)

Oh. Senator Carlisle. I...

THE NARRATOR

Before Beth could finish her thought, the door to the dining room swung open. Miriam, usually unflappable, entered with a look of uncharacteristic dismay.

MIRIAM

(Urgent)

Sir.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Miriam, I am in the middle of something.

MIRIAM

It's... it's the "other donor," sir. She's on the line and is quite insistent that you speak. Now.

The Senator sighs.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Fine. Transfer the call to the study. I'll be right there.

MIRIAM

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

EFX: The sounds of Miriam exiting.

SENATOR CARLISLE

(To Beth)

If you'll excuse me just *one* moment.
We'll resume this when I get back.
Have some more wine. And eat.

BETH

(Flummoxed)

Sure.

EFX: Footsteps, a door. The Senator exits.

Beth exhales.

BETH (cont'd)

What the hell is going on? Is my boss
hitting on me?

A beat.

THE NARRATOR

Digging into her purse, Beth
frantically grabbed her phone,
dialing Eli's number.

EFX: Phone buttons.

BETH

Eli, where are you? I need you here,
pronto.

THE NARRATOR

As the phone began to ring on Eli's
end, Beth was surprised to discover
another noise joining the digital
chime: The sound of a phone
simultaneously ringing somewhere in
the house.

EFX: Phone ringing noises, both on the phone and in the
distance.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Curious, Beth began to follow the
sound. Each step drawing her closer
to the ringing. Eventually, she found
herself outside a thick service door,
the chime of the phone clearly coming
from the other side.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

The pungent aroma of the cooking meal was extremely strong here, the faint sound of sizzling suggested that the ringing had to be coming from the kitchen. Cautiously, Beth pushed open the door and entered.

THE SENATOR'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

EFX: The phone ringing, the sizzling of something in a skillet.

BETH

Oh my god.

THE NARRATOR

Emerging into the kitchen, Beth was able to confirm what she had already suspected: The ringing on her handset and the ringing in the house were one in the same. Standing before her at the stove was Eli, her co-worker and the evening's assumed tardy party. Eli's phone, which continued to ring, was buried somewhere in his pocket. Physically surveying the young man, it was clear why he had yet to answer it: His left arm, severed at the elbow, now lay on the stove top, sizzling with a marinade of onions and olive oil. In his right hand, Eli clutched a spatula, casually pushing pieces of his severed appendage around in the skillet. In the spot where his arm once existed, a neat bandage dressed the amputation... and though the occasional droplet of blood would fall from the fresh wound to the floor, the garish chef didn't seem to notice.

BETH

(nauseated and
panicked)

Oh my god, oh my god. What the fuck...

THE NARRATOR

At the sound of Beth's voice, Eli turned to her. His eyes glassy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Although Eli was standing in front of Beth, one look confirmed that whoever was looking back at her was not present. Blood, fresh and thick, was caked around his mouth. Almost lazily, he opened his lips as if to speak, but only a soft moan escaped.

EFX: Groan.

THE NARRATOR (cont'd)

Although she was able to see inside his gaping maw for just a moment, Beth knew instantly that Eli no longer had his tongue.

Beth screams.

EFX: Footsteps, door opens.

SENATOR CARLISLE

What?

BETH

What the fuck is going on?

SENATOR CARLISLE

This is why we don't leave guests unattended to wander the house.

MIRIAM

Then you need to learn to transfer your own calls.

BETH

What did you do to him?

SENATOR CARLISLE

I didn't do anything to him. As you can see, he's cooking himself.

BETH

...what happened to his tongue?!

SENATOR CARLISLE

Remember that appetizer you enjoyed? I think that was it. Though it might have been someone else's... we had a few leftovers we reheated. Gauche, I know.

BETH

You mean, I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EFX: Vomiting.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Oh, now. That's no way to show
gratitude to your chef.

EFX: Beth continues retching.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
Ick. Miriam, get her a glass of
water.

BETH
(hysterical)
No! Stay away from me! Both of you!

SENATOR CARLISLE
I don't think you're in any position
to be telling us what to do.

BETH
(crying)
Please, please stay away...

The Senator sighs.

SENATOR CARLISLE
You... need to shut up. Right now.

THE NARRATOR
Despite the overwhelming terror
clutching at her chest, Beth found
that as the words left the Senator's
lips... she could no longer speak.
Even her sobs of fear were
immediately silenced. Inside, her
mind was screaming... but her
physical self refused to respond.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Miriam, if you could tend to our
chef, Beth and I need a moment.

MIRIAM
Sir.

SENATOR CARLISLE
...oh! And make a note to contact the
"donor" and apologize. We didn't get
to properly finish our call thanks to
someone causing a racket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIRIAM

Of course.

EFX: Footsteps, Miriam crossing the room.

SENATOR CARLISLE

...now you, sit down.

THE NARRATOR

Once again, Beth found herself compelled to follow the Senator's orders against her own will. She crossed to a small table in the corner of the kitchen, and had a seat.

MIRIAM

(to Eli, in the distance)

...and you, turn that meat over. It's starting to burn on that side.

Eli groans his consent.

EFX: Footsteps. The Senator is crossing to where Beth sits.

SENATOR CARLISLE

You can talk now.

Beth gasps for air as if she had just emerged from deep water in the pool.

BETH

How are you doing that?

SENATOR CARLISLE

(glibly)

I don't know. Mind control? Or maybe you just had too much wine.

At this, the Senator laughs to himself.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

I know how you girls can get.

A beat.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

Well, this isn't exactly how I had planned the evening to go, but you gotta roll with the punches, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BETH
(Sniffling)
I don't understand.

SENATOR CARLISLE
We were interrupted earlier, but you
and I have some business to attend
to...

Beth sobs.

BETH
Oh god...oh god...are you going to
force me to have sex with you?

The Senator snorts.

SENATOR CARLISLE
What?! No! You think I want to fuck
you? Absolutely not. Do you fuck your
food? Come on, Beth.

BETH
Then, what...

SENATOR CARLISLE
Speaking of which... Miriam? Could
you have Eli service us at his
convenience? This is supposed to be a
dinner party, after all.

MIRIAM
Sir.

A beat.

MIRIAM (cont'd)
(To Eli)
You heard him. Get on with it.

THE NARRATOR
With his free hand, Eli, as if
impervious to pain, reached into the
skillet and grabbed his cooked arm.
Crossing to the small table where the
Senator and Beth sat, Eli placed the
still steaming meat between them.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Fantastic! You've done good work here
here tonight, Eli... and I wouldn't
dream of imposing on you further. You
are now relieved of your duties.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
Miriam, make sure our young chef is
taken care of, won't you?

MIRIAM
Of course, sir.

EFX: Footsteps as Miriam walks over.

MIRIAM (cont'd)
Now, Eli...you can retire for the
evening. Let's get you situated in
the walk-in freezer.

Eli groans.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Oh, and Miriam?

MIRIAM
Sir?

SENATOR CARLISLE
Don't forget the marinade.

MIRIAM
Ah yes. Now, Eli... once we get to
the freezer and you slit your throat,
we must remember to sprinkle some Bay
seasoning on the blood before you
expire. The Senator insists it helps
with the flavor.

Eli groans again.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Thank you, Miriam.

MIRIAM
Just doing my job, sir.

EFX: Shuffling feet. The sound of Miriam and Eli exiting, the
freezer door in the distance. Beth's sobs.

BETH
(crying)
Why are you doing this?

SENATOR CARLISLE
You really should have a taste of
this arm while it's hot. It should be
tender enough that you can tear a
little piece off with your fingers.
It's all in the sauteing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BETH
Please. Don't.

SENATOR CARLISLE
(stern)
Eat it.

THE NARRATOR
Despite willing herself to resist with every fiber of her own being, Beth could feel her hand ripping a piece of meat from Eli's cooked arm. Slowly, she popped the morsel into her mouth, rolling the flesh over on her tongue several times before chewing. Her stomach wretched as she ate part of her friend, even as she attempted to suppress the thought that it was actually, in its own way, quite delicious.

EFX: Chewing, swallowing.

BETH
Oh god...

SENATOR CARLISLE
There's really nothing like it, is there? Once that taste graces your tongue, it's one that you'll crave for the rest of your life.

A beat.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
Which, for you, unfortunately isn't long. A shame, really. It's even better the next day in a frittata.

Beth sobs.

BETH
Why?

SENATOR CARLISLE
Why? *Why?!* For the exact reason I told you that you were invited. That's why. You're a good employee.

BETH
I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SENATOR CARLISLE

...perhaps too good, aren't you? But apparently not good enough to clean out your e-mail cache. Or else maybe we wouldn't have noticed that little expenditure report you and Eli shared with one another a few weeks ago.

BETH

I... I don't know what you're talking about.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Oh, come now. Feigning ignorance is a politician's job. Don't scam a scammer, Beth.

BETH

I'm serious.

The Senator sighs.

SENATOR CARLISLE

So am I. Now, let's get back to the matter of hand. Bite off your finger.

THE NARRATOR

Before she could even register the command, Beth could feel her index finger pressing into the back of her throat, the joint connecting the digit to her palm resting on her bottom row of teeth. Compelled by forces beyond her, she bit down. Blood frothed across her tongue, leaking out of her mouth and down her shirt. Eventually the bone snaps under her jaw's pressure. With a few more gnashes, she severs the last bits of meat. Her finger now independent of her body.

EFX: Biting, bone cracking.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Now, spit that out. You don't want to eat that raw.

EFX: The sound of spitting. The finger plopping on the table.

Beth cries uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
Get a hold of yourself.

She does.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
Now, those e-mails.

BETH
(very shaky)
The Sigma Corp donor e-mails?

SENATOR CARLISLE
Bingo.

BETH
We found a discrepancy. Money donated to the campaign by Sigma Corp was being sourced to fund a project by a competing donor.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Yeah. I wasn't thrilled that you were able to connect those dots so easily.

BETH
(incredulous)
That's why you're doing this? Because we found out you shifted money? That's not even all that remarkable, by DC standards.

SENATOR CARLISLE
Yeah, it's not just the money. But also what the money's funding.

BETH
I... don't understand.

SENATOR CARLISLE
...well, that's probably because you're losing a lot of blood. That gaping wound where your finger was sure is a doozie.

A beat.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)
Did you share this information with anyone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

BETH

(fading)

No, why would we? Like I said, it seemed par for the course. We were loyal. You killed us for nothing.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Oh, dear Beth. You're misunderstanding. I was *always* going to eat you. I noticed how delicious you looked when I visited the branch office *ages* ago. This little incident just helped bump you up on the menu. I was just curious how traceable that data was, but it really was just a red herring.

A beat.

SENATOR CARLISLE (cont'd)

Speaking of which, I'm pretty sure we had *actual* herrings on the appetizer table that we never got to sample because you decided to go all Jessica Fletcher. And because of that, I'm still peckish.

BETH

You'll never... get away with this.

SENATOR CARLISLE

Oh, but I have. You've worked in my branch office for years... and you never *once* noticed that staffers come... and staffers go. My tastes aren't a new development... just my ability to urge you to prepare the meal for me. Which, I much prefer. As I told you in the car... I'm a mess in the kitchen.

He chuckles.

THE NARRATOR

Pushing away from the table, the Senator stood. He crossed to the counter, where an array of utensils were laid out, Carefully selecting one.

EFX: Clanking steel against the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

SENATOR CARLISLE

...but, I gotta hand it to you Beth. You got to be privy to one of the Senate's best kept secrets. One that kept me energized on the campaign trail and well-fed enough to filibuster for hours on end. So, that makes you one of the special ones. Couldn't you just eat your heart out?

THE NARRATOR

Crossing back to Beth, Carlisle gently laid a meat cleaver in front of her. The young woman looked down at it in paralyzed terror.

SENATOR CARLISLE

...in fact, I think you *should*. I did promise you a meal, after all.

THE NARRATOR

With tears streaming down her face, Beth picked up the cleaver.

EFX: Sound of the blade scraping across the table.

BETH

Please no.

SENATOR CARLISLE

...I hope I have enough garlic cloves for this...

EFX: A stabbing noise. Beth gurgling and choking on her own blood.

OUTRO BUMPER

EFX: Distinctive Noise

KATIE

I think I'm going to be nauseous.

DR. RICKETTS

Do you need a minute?

KATIE

No, I'm fine. I just don't know how anyone could eat another person.

DR. RICKETTS

Cannibalism is found in a number of different species.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

KATIE

(dryly)

You know, this is one of those occasions where science isn't really much solace.

DR. RICKETTS

I *always* find solace in science.

KATIE

Still. The idea that there's a cannibal operating in modern society... let alone a member of our government? Do you know who that was? I *voted* for him!

DR. RICKETTS

...the lesser of two evils?

KATIE

Something like that.

DR. RICKETTS

(uncharacteristic)

Ha.

KATIE

But, I think we're burying the lede here. Carlisle was using mind control.

DR. RICKETTS

You're a very inquisitive lab *assistant*, you know that?

KATIE

I've seen drugs here that do something similar... not quite to that extent, but still...

DR. RICKETTS

The Senator did essentially admit that he dosed her wine.

KATIE

Right, and it can't be a coincidence that he had dealings with Sigma Corp. How much do you want to bet the "other donor" that he kept talking about was our very own Roth-Lobdow Center?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

DR. RICKETTS

It's not my job to speculate on such things.

She ignores him.

KATIE

Dr. Kinsler once told me that it would be useless to attempt to go to the authorities about the things we see here. Maybe he knew that The Center had government protection.

DR. RICKETTS

Kinsler also knew to mind his own business. Until he didn't. And we saw how that ended.

KATIE

Wait... you know...?

DR. RICKETTS

Know... what? That Dr. Kinsler's dead? No, but I presumed. And you've just confirmed.

KATIE

Shit.

DR. RICKETTS

It doesn't change much. I mean... what else could 'early retirement' really mean in the grand scheme of things? I don't want to talk about it anymore. We're done for the day.

EFX: Footsteps. Keycard sound. Door opening and closing.

KATIE

(into recorder)

Roth-Lodbow Center for Advanced Research. Project Cyclops, Day 12, completed.

EFX: Record button press/tone.

END OF EPISODE