

(figure makes finger-
quotation marks
while saying "me")
"me" one more time, but that is all,

The screen goes black, but its audience continues to gaze in wonder.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Harry and the pathologist MORRIE BRONFMAN look down at Toozy's skeleton, which is neatly laid out on a steel autopsy table. A metal tray set on the table contains some black hair. Harry is in a bespoke suit, Morrie in autopsy scrubs.

MORRIE

The recovery team did a good job. They got almost all the bones, which are intact and clean, and also salvaged most of her hair. All the soft tissue dissolved, apparently digested. The creature, whatever you call it, neatly removed the top of the skull.

The two men look at the skeleton in silence for a moment.

HARRY

It's strange, you know, Morrie.

MORRIE

How so?

HARRY

I used to believe in progress and enlightenment. I spent my entire youth learning science, believing that the methods of disciplined empirical inquiry would develop the drugs that would save humanity from needless death and suffering. And now what am I?

MORRIE

I don't know. What are you?

HARRY

I'm something like a high priest offering up human sacrifices to a bizarre and fickle god in hopes of being granted divine favors.