



Three floors below, eight patients are halfway through the final trial of the revolutionary product created by Edgewater's Chief Science Officer, Dr. Ruby Beck. She named it *Ichor*, for the mythical golden fluid that ran in the veins of the gods. Unlike the myth, Ruby's *Ichor* is good old blood red.

An activist protest has put a spotlight on the ethics of artificial blood—and put Edgewater in moral crosshairs about scientists playing God. Now a U.S. Senator is calling for a moratorium on all of the company's activities. After all, if blood is the divine essence of life, what does it mean if it comes out of a can from the store?

The board rushed approval of a new security system to address investor questions about what it's doing to protect its technology and IP. Code Red was designed to protect against threats by locking down the facility. But minutes into Investor Day, something goes terrifyingly wrong.

Code Red initiates a room-by-room lockdown after it detects an airborne contaminant released by the exploding corpse of one of the trial patients.

One by one, the remaining patients begin suffering distinctly violent and extreme symptoms. They include a woman hiding her pregnancy, a single mom who's transformed into a fighting machine complete with natural body armor, and an 18-year-old elite athlete who's gone missing, picking off victims and leaving a trail of blood.

Trapped, Ruby must rely on her expertise and wits to make her way back to the medical floors to save who she can and uncover the deception behind what went wrong.

Was it the board's chief of staff with full access of the facility despite the lockdown? Ruby's otherwise trusted assistant, the only one with knowledge of the transfusion system? Or the chairman, whose involvement in a decades-old conspiracy to formulate a super soldier serum is unearthed as a possible remedy for his dying, comatose wife?

By the end, Ruby is forced to wonder whether her creation is the pinnacle of healthcare or a threat to humanity.

WINNER
HORROR
Underground Film &
Screenplay Festival
2025

Written by: Rob Roy **Format:** Feature **Genre:** Thriller / Sci Fi / Horror

Logline: When human trials of an artificial blood are sabotaged, a scientist hoping to revolutionize the world of medicine now must survive being trapped with patients suffering violent symptoms.

Comps: *Die Hard* meets *Resident Evil*

Synopsis: *Everything changes after today.* At least that's what Edgewater Laboratories CEO Neal Argent tells his chief of staff an hour before kicking off the company's Investor Day to announce its breakthrough in transfusion therapy: a stable, cost-effective synthetic blood.

No more relying on donations. No more chance of contamination or supply and delivery issues. Everything changes, including Edgewater's valuation.



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MINERVA <edgewat...

[Patient File: Jervis, Margaret](#)

NICU patient, type B Neg...

Ruby Beck <r.beck@

Ichor Sabotage Investigation

Major, I'm writing to you ou...

Boston PD <boston...

[Advisory: Shutdown on Highway 45 near](#)

Please be advised that the...

Emmet Wilcox <e.wi

[File No. C07383727](#)

Forward all related casewo...

Charlotte Weir <cwe

[RE: Voranos Project](#)

I apologize for the misunde...

Ichor Sabotage Investigation

Sat., 18 Oct 22:13:29

Major, I'm writing to you outside of official channels. I need your help. I may even need the entire goddamn army. I'm under lockdown at Edgewater's HQ, dozens are dead.

We had eight patients—one for each blood type—in our final trial for Ichor, the synthetic blood substitute I wrote to you about last year. We were so close. But Neal rushed a security system after the protest at our building you may have heard about. You remember Neal, our star CEO? Mr. Profits Over Lives? Well, former, I tripped over his severed head on our lobby floor an hour ago.

One of our lab rat's infected remains went airborne and hit our filtration systems. That triggered a lockdown that even Minerva couldn't undo. That's right—Minerva. My dissertation on an AI neural processor that would reduce months of research down to seconds—well, she's real.

The lockdown could only be disarmed by key codes from three board members. They were all here today. All except Weir, our chairman and my former mentor who recruited me off of your team all that time ago.

I think it was Weir who had a toxin added to this morning's batch that had horrifying effects on our patients. It mutated in unique ways for each one based, I think, on their blood type. My guess is Weir was trying to cure his dying wife using an old super soldier serum research project, something called Voranos.

Weir held us hostage for the mutated Ichor array for his wife. Wasn't long before she tore him apart.

There are three others still alive: My assistant, who I suspect was working with Weir, a baby in NICU from a patient who hid a pregnancy from us, and an 18-year-old test subject who went on a killing spree.

I know I'm not supposed to get close to patients, but something about the kid. Zack. The look of fear, like he was fighting the cannibalistic rampage the molecule was forcing on him. Another, Audrey, a single mom. She tried to stop him, to defend us. She almost did.

There may be a connection. Zack's blood type is B Negative, same as Weir's wife. I've attached a report on how the toxin mutated the Ichor molecule. I'm also sending you his patient history. Maybe someone can figure this out if I don't make it. I also asked Minerva to send you the baby's file and lab results when she's back online. Hope you get them.

Thanks, Mike. You were a great boss. I'm sorry things didn't work out here and for the trouble we've started. We could have changed the world. Now I just want to see the sunrise.