

*TIMMER has spent all night trying to save the life of a young man. It's been exhausting, and upsetting, and it's pretty clear now that he's going to die.*

*The last thing TIMMER can do is get consent for the young man's body to be used in what is essentially a very grisly and taboo form of organ donation.*

*What we want to hear is the decency, exhaustion, and strain of a doctor who knows they're asking for too much.*

TIMMER:

*(As if broaching a sensitive subject)*

After you die, Finick - will you let me use you?

FINICK:

*(Not comprehending)*

Use me?

TIMMER:

Use your carcass, once you're gone. For the company. You've got good strong legs, a soldier's arm. We could benefit from them.

FINICK:

*(Uncertain)*

My mutter always said I should never...

TIMMER MOREL:

If you don't want me to, I won't.

But odds are, a year from now, they'll dig you up and use you all the same. Put you to work in the mills or fields. Dimboxed, faint. Just enough of you left to labour, and obey.

That's no way to come back.

What do you think, Finick?

If you let me. I'll slit your throat, Finick, to make certain you're truly gone. And then I'll box you up, piece by piece, in the yearningfrost trunk. Nice and cold in there. It'll be like you're walking in the mountains, like you're playing in the snow. You ever see snow before?

FINICK:

Once. When I was small.

TIMMER:

*(Softly)*

So it'll be like being small again. And you'll be on the cart, you won't have to walk, and we'll have Gesinge and Bonda hauling you along like our guest of honour. Until one of us loses a leg or something worse, and that's when we'll call on you.

And you'll go on being a part of the company, you'll march on with us.