

WAKING BEAUTY

Written by

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ACT I

INT. RAJER'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

In the sleek black Tesla, DR. RAJER MADAN (30, Indian-American, fit, clean shaven) grabs his lanyard with an official looking picture of himself beside the words: VIROLOGY over the logo of the building towering above him: GORMAN LABORATORIES.

He shoves open his car door.

EXT. GORMAN LABORATORIES - CONTINUOUS

Walking across the parking lot, he waves at JOE, a Black, middle-aged lab tech with graying beard, buzzed hair, in the distance.

RAJER

Morning!

JOE

Morning!

At the main glass doors, he pulls them open, entering.

INT. GORMAN LABORATORIES - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Walking across the large lobby area, a wide space of gray tile flooring that matched the walls, Rajer passes by the receptionist, SHANDRA COLEMAN (Female, Black, 20s, efficient, kind) who waves while she's on the phone dispatching calls. Past the security guard, JEP MARSHALL (Male, White, 40s, fit, by the book) at his corner station desk from reception. Waving his ID to the guard, Rajer moves to the hallway of elevators where other workers wearing similar lanyards wait for their ride up.

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - MOMENTS LATER

The BEEP of the key-fob allowing him access, proceeds Rajer before he pushes the door open. When it closes behind him, the magnetic lock engaging sounds. Inside, a subtle whirling sound floods the room.

His partner, DR. LISHELL BURNISH (30s, Latin-American, driven, pretty, glasses) looks up from her computer at her station.

LISHELL

Morning.

RAJER

Hey. How's it going?

LISHELL

It's going. I came in early to set out the specimens we wanted to test today to prep.

Rajer nods. A tense air fills the room as he takes he sets his keys beside the computer next her hers.

LISHELL (CONT'D)

They have a couple more minutes in the subterfuge before they're ready.

Rajer walks over to the large machine, looking down at the fast-spinning wheel under the glass cover. It's going too fast to make out the specimen tubes inside. Lishell comes up behind him, holding a steaming cup of coffee.

LISHELL (CONT'D)

Here.

Rajer turns, taking the mug from her.

RAJER

Thank you.

Smiling, she walks away, moving around the lab, opening drawers, pulling out a sterile sealed needle, setting it on the large stainless steel counter at the center of the room between the computer station and the machines. She then moves deeper into the lab, disappearing from view.

A metallic creaking reaches Rajer's ears as he takes a sip, eyes locked on the spinning tubes. Behind him, Lishell reappears, setting a clear plastic case, a little larger than a shoe box, on the counter.

Turning finally, Rajer looks down at the test subject; MUNSTER the rat. Crouching down, to eye the ball of fur through the glass, he talks to it.

RAJER (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy. You ready to make history?

Munster sluggishly cleans his face.

The machine beeps behind him and the whirling sound stops.

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Rajer pulls the empty needle from Munster's neck, giving it a little sympathetic rub before shutting the cage door. Behind him, Lishell announces to the room.

LISHELL

Computer, time stamp and make note.

A short affirming sound rings, letting her know it's ready.

LISHELL (CONT'D)

Munster, AKA Subject 4095, has been given Formula C79, 48 hours post infection of virus.

Rajer walks to his workstation, picking up a small black device from the counter. Returning to the cage, he places it on the plexiglass side, it sticks. At closer look, a small light activates.

On his computer screen, Rajer sees an image of Munster. Walking back to it, he taps the computer screen. As he does, the image changes to show molecules within the rat. No microscope needed.

Lishell moves to stand anxiously behind him, watching the screen with him.

LISHELL (CONT'D)

Come on...

On the screen shriveled blood cells, move sluggishly, pieces breaking apart as they do, rather than duplicating. As they watch, a new cell appears: Formula C79. A teal colored round cell with spikes on the outside, attaches itself to blood cells before their eyes, consuming it. Immediately, the red cell turns a deep violet color as it mixes with the antigen.

Lishell and Rajer watch with anxious anticipation as a number on the side of the screen appears, starting at 0%. Quickly, it rises as the purple cell floats on the screen. Finally, it reaches 100%, flashing green as a positive ding sounds.

Shocked, Rajer just stares at the screen. Brought out of his daze when Lishell clasps his shoulder.

LISHELL (CONT'D)

You did it.

Beat.

RAJER

We did it.

Lishell smiles at him when he turns around. They exchange a platonic hug before turning to the cage where Munster is cleaning happily licking and chewing on a food pellet.

RAJER (CONT'D)
Congratulations, friend. You just
made history.

INT. GORMAN LABORATORIES - ELEVATOR - LATER

Standing in the stainless steel car, silence surrounding him, Rajer rides down until the digital screen above the doors reads: Lvl -3.

Ping. The doors open.

INT. GORMAN LABORATORIES - LEVEL -3 - CONTINUOUS

Stepping out of the lift car, Rajer walks through a dark concrete hallway. The only light in the harrowing space, is blue LED dome lights on the walls lighting up every few minutes.

At the end of the hall, he meets a locked door. Placing his hand in front of a black panel at the side of it, a red light scans his palm. Lock disengaged, it slides open with a hiss. He steps in, again, dark for a second before a blue light turns on. He can see his breath now, as he walks farther in the room.

As he walks, and the lights turn on, they illuminate pod-like structures, in each one is a person; frozen. Cryogenically. Outside of each stasis pod is a small computer panel, gauging the temperature, hydrogen levels, stability - 100% and an ID Number.

He passes a few before stopping in front of one in particular. Patient 834U7Y

The young woman inside, with eyes closed as if in sleep, her pale skin appearing blue behind the glass, appears to Rajer when he speaks.

RAJER
(To 834U7Y)
Hello, Beauty. I have amazing news.

He wipes at a spot on the glass.

RAJER (CONT'D)
(To 832U7Y)
We've found it. Soon...you'll open
those gorgeous eyes.

SUPER IN/OUT: 2 MONTHS LATER

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - MORNING

Pen clamped in his mouth, Rajer turns from a monitor full of vital signs, to look at 834U7Y laying on a hospital bed, eyes closed, blonde hair fanned out over the stark white pillow. Thawed now, her skin is pinker, but still pale. Still as death, electrodes and catheters weaving around her, Rajer stands over her, brushing a hand over the crown of her head.

RAJER
(to himself)
Not long now.

A beep sounds before the door opens and Lishell enters the lab now decked out with the bed and necessary equipment for bringing someone back to life.

LISHELL
Any change?

Rajer shakes his head, eyes glued to his patient.

Lishell nervously chews on her thumb before catching herself and dropping it.

Rajer smiles up at her, knowing her all too well.

RAJER
This is going to work. I know it.

Lishell doesn't look as convinced but remains silent.

Time goes by. Hours. Rajer hardly moves from his diligent sentry by 834U7Y's side.

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - NIGHT

Hair in disarray, tie hanging limply around his neck and lab coat tossed over his chair, Rajer types away at something on his laptop when a soft moan from behind him jolts him.

Whipping around, he watches as 834U7Y's eyes flutter, her head turning just slightly.

Standing up, he turns to study the vitals on the monitor. Satisfied, he steps over to her bedside, a hand lifting towards hers before stopping himself and gripping the guard rail.

RAJER

Hey there. Can you hear me?

Delicate brows lift at his voice, heavy lids lift, revealing the most gorgeous blue eyes he's ever laid eyes on.

RAJER (CONT'D)

Take your time. Don't rush it.

Her mouth opens and a breath of air wheezes out before the start of words.

834U7Y

Wh-- What...

RAJER

Shh. Don't worry. You're safe. Take your time and when you wake up, I'll tell you everything. But for now, just know you're safe.

834U7Y

Where am I?

Her voice croaks and rasps from years of disuse.

Rajer dodges the question.

RAJER

How are you feeling? Pain anywhere?

Turning to look over his shoulder, he watches the monitor for a moment.

Beep.

Lishell enters the lab.

LISHELL

She's awake?

She rushes over to stand on the other side of the monitor to make her own evaluation.

LISHELL (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Oh my god.

She looks to the young woman trying to regain complete consciousness.

LISHELL (CONT'D)
We did it. Raj, we did it.

Rajer turns to share a deliriously elated smile with his partner of years.

LISHELL (CONT'D)
Has she said anything?

834U7Y
She's right here.

Surprised, Lishell chuckles.

LISHELL
I'll get you some water.

She turns to move around the lab, grabbing a stainless steel cup from a small sink area, filling it with water from the tap, dropping a metal straw in. 834U7Y tries to take it, her arms falling to the bed, useless.

LISHELL (CONT'D)
Here.

She holds the cup up to her lips.

LISHELL (CONT'D)
Go slow.

A sip. Another. 834U7Y pulls back.

Exhausted, 834U7Y falls back onto her pillows, panting.

834U7Y
I feel like I've been hit by a bus.
How long have I been here?

The scientists exchange a look.

RAJER
Not long.

She closes her eyes as she tries to regain her strength.

RAJER (CONT'D)
Do you have any pain?

834U7Y

No. At least, I don't think so. My arms and legs feel like I have the worst case of pins and needles though. Who are you?

Rajer smiles down at her, unable to help covering her hand with one of his.

RAJER

Hopefully that will go away soon. If it gets worse, though, let us know. My name is Dr. Rajer Maden and this is Dr. Lishell Burnish. We're scientists.

LISHELL

Are you hungry?

A pause before 834U7Y nods.

LISHELL (CONT'D)

I'll get you some broth. Nothing solid for a little bit, I'm afraid.

She goes back to the sink area as Rajer turns to make notes on his laptop. When Lishell returns a moment later, a steaming bowl in hand, she stops beside him, bewildered. Catching his attention, he turns to look at 834U7Y together.

She's asleep again, chest rising and falling evenly. Aside from the lack of icicles on her lashes, she looks just as beautiful as she had in cryo.

RAJER

(to Lishell)

Lets go ahead and get things started.

Lishell starts going to work around the freezer, pulling out vials and supplies. Rajer's laptop dings. Turning to it, he taps the screen, opening a message. A short pause as he reads.

RAJER (CONT'D)

What in the world?

LISHELL

(OS)

What is it?

Rajer turns a perplexed look to his patient. A pregnant pause follows before he turns it to his partner.

RAJER
Blood work just finished.

LISHELL
And?

RAJER
She's not infected.

LISHELL
What? That's impossible.

RAJER
She has a dead virus.

Lishell walks over to him, looking over his shoulder to the results on the screen.

LISHELL
There must have been an error.

RAJER
You and I both know the blood is triple analyzed.

LISHELL
Yes, but there's always...I Mean, this isn't possible. It couldn't have died while in cryo, we know that it's not effected by it.

Rajer only nods, his eyes on the screen but his gaze faraway.

LISHELL (CONT'D)
Then...what does this mean?

RAJER
It means, that she was never sick.

They both look at patient 834U7Y.

LISHELL
Why the hell was she in cryo then?

834U7Y sleeps on as they both watch.

ACT II

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - DAY

834U7Y sleeps soundly alone in the lab.

INT. BREAK-ROOM AT GORMAN LABRATORIES - CONTINUOUS

Lishell sets a glass mug of coffee down on metal table, taking a seat across from Rajer who cups his own cup of tea.

Both take a quiet sip before Rajer looks up at her.

RAJER

I...uh. I guess we'll have to find another candidate to test the antigen on.

Lishell stares at him for a moment, stunned. Then...

LISHELL

Are we just going to breeze over the fact that someone cryo'd that woman when she wasn't even sick?

Rajer winces.

RAJER

I'll do some research, see who was responsible for her processing.

Lishell scoffs but doesn't say anything.

RAJER (CONT'D)

Obviously we can't stop our research though. Not when we have the momentum and funding we need to get this done.

A long and noisy sigh from his partner.

LISHELL

You're right. I'll dig around and see who would be the next best candidate. We can start back up tomorrow.

Rajer nods, back to business as usual.

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Blinking awake, 834U7Y turns her head to look out the window, seeing the tall spires of the neighboring sky scrapers outside. The sky blue, but a dark purplish hue. Not night, though. The obvious glare of the sun bouncing off spots on the buildings.

She tries to sit up, her muscles struggling the mere inches before collapsing into the pillows, exhausted.

Beep. Rajer enters, coming to a halt when he sees she's awake again.

RAJER

Hey, there.

Looking at him, she pants.

834U7Y

Hey. Uh. Can you please tell me what's going on? This doesn't look like any hospital.

He walks to her, handing her the cup of water at the side of the bed, holding it as she sips. Done, she pushes it away, anxious for answers.

After he sets the cup back down, he sighs, resigned.

RAJER

You're right. You're not in a hospital. You're in the virology lab of Gorman Laboratories, a research facility in New Mesa, California.

A pregnant beat while she stares at him, processing.

834U7Y

What...

RAJER

I know this is a lot to take in. But, first and foremost, you're safe.

She doesn't look any less confused or worried.

RAJER (CONT'D)

The truth of the matter is, you're here because you were sick. At least, we thought you were sick.

(MORE)

RAJER (CONT'D)

You've been in a cryogenic stasis
for the past hundred years.

He paused, gauging her expression.

She leans back into her pillows, panic beginning to cross her
features.

834U7Y

But...that's impossible. I...I
don't remember...How...

RAJER

There was an illness. A virus. It
killed thirty percent of the
population before it eventually
disappeared.

834U7Y

That doesn't explain how I just
woke up a hundred years later.

RAJER

Right. Well, the virus spread so
rapidly and the chances of survival
were so slim that, towards the end
of it's reign, many doctors started
offering cryogenesis before it
consumed their bodies. With the
hope of finding a cure in the
future.

Quiet, 834U7Y turns away from him to look out the window
again, at the proof of his words.

834U7Y

I didn't know I was sick.

Tense, Rajer perks up at her whispered words.

RAJER

What was that?

834U7Y

I don't remember being sick.

Looking at the back of her head still, he shakes his own.

RAJER

You probably just don't remember it
yet. It may take some time for all
of your memories from before you
were-

She whips around to pin him with a deadly look.

834U7Y

Turned into a meat popsicle?

Somberly, Rajer covers her hand with one of his own.

RAJER

It will take some adjusting, I'm sure. For now, lets focus on something simple. Like, do you remember your name?

834U7Y

Yeah. Of course. Lucy Chamberlin.

Jumping into action, he pulls away to walk around the bed, seating himself before his laptop, tapping keys on the screen.

Watching aptly, she sees him enter her name.

LUCY

Wait...You didn't know my name?

Preoccupied, he watches his screen as he answers.

RAJER

Your file didn't include it. It wasn't uncommon for doctors not get all their patients information before finalizing the process of cryo. It was a rush, sometimes, against time and the virus.

LUCY

What did my file say?

He lowers his hand and turns to look at her.

RAJER

That you were processed February 4th of 2025 at Blue Samaritan Hospital.

When he stops, saying nothing else, she frowns, her chest rising and falling faster than before. Panicking.

LUCY

That doesn't sound right. What about my dad? My friends. Did no one come to complete the paperwork?

RAJER

It's possible they were already
dead.

Shocked tears start to fill and fall from her eyes.

RAJER (CONT'D)

Damn it. I'm sorry. I...

Science abandoned, he turns to sit on the side of the bed,
gathering her to his chest as she cries, hands on her back
and shoulders.

INT. GORMAN LABORATORIES LOBBY - MORNING

Tall, fit and stoic, Security Guard Jep, holds open the door
for the power suit walking from his slick black matte
electric car.

Clothes at the top of fashion for 2125, hair in a high and
tight cut with sleek lines cutting from his temple to his
neck. The rest styled classically with product, ILLIAN
MONREAUX was a physical phenomenon.

JEP

Good morning, Mr. Monreaux.

Monreaux nods in greeting to the guard as he steps farther
into the lobby. His looks are stuck in time, a light dusting
of salt at the sides of his hair says he could be just over
40 but the lack of lines on his face says otherwise.

Standing and coming out from behind her station, the
receptionist holds out a tablet to her boss. Large tanned
hands take it from her.

SANDRA

Good morning, Mr. Monreaux. I have
the reports you requested last
night here for you.

Glancing down at the tablet, he studies it, still walking
towards the elevators.

MONREAUX

Thank you, Sandra. Are they in the
lab?

Racing a few steps ahead of him, she punches the call button.

SANDRA

Yes, sir.

MONREAUX

Good. Will you please meet me in my office in an hour? I'd like to go over the budget reports from abroad.

Ding. The lift doors open. He steps in.

SANDRA

Yes, of course.

Briefly, he glances up at her to give a half-hearted smile before the doors close.

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Ding.

Looking down at his laptop, Rajer reads a message that pops up on the screen.

SANDRA

HE'S COMING.

RAJER

Crap.

LISHELL

(OS)

What?

RAJER

He's here.

LISHELL

Crap.

Standing up, he turns from his workstation to look at her, latex covered fingers holding a test tube aloft from the subterfuge machine.

RAJER

Just...keep doing what you're doing. I'll handle him.

LISHELL

Raj, no one handles Illian Monreaux.

Ego bruised, he waves her off just as the door fob beeps and Monreaux walks in.

RAJER

Mr. Monreaux, what a surprise.

Unaffected by the happy greeting, Monreaux walks in like he owns the place. Which he does. Eyes flick to the now empty patient bed with fresh linen as he gravitates to Rajer's computer.

Skipping pleasantries, Monreaux simply starts tapping on the screen, quickly glancing over windows of information before opening more.

MONREAUX

I bet it is.

Trying to act cool, Rajer crosses his arms over his chest, feet slightly apart as he watched his work get the 3rd degree.

RAJER

I suppose I don't need to ask what brings you down to the slums of the virology department?

Attention finally drawn away from his investigation, Monreaux stops to look up at the scientist. Straightening to his full six-foot plus, he meets Rajer's gaze with his steel colored one.

MONREAUX

Am I sensing some protectiveness over the work that I finance?

He slowly, with a mocking air, crosses his own arms over his wide chest, muscular chest.

Seeing the error in his attitude, Rajer drops his arms and the irritation in his expression.

RAJER

No. Just...well, yes, actually.

Monreaux chuckles, then turns away to look down at the tablet again.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Lishell moves silently behind Rajer, wide eyes flicking over to the two men as she fills a syringe with the contents from the vial.

MONREAUX

Don't worry, Raj. I'm only trying to get the details without the fancy smart jargon you usually give me whenever I ask for it.

Lishell scoffs before covering her mouth. Too late though, Monreaux looks over his shoulder, peering around Rajer.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Remember who just approved your vacation time for next month, Dr. Burnish.

Worried, she bites her lip to keep quiet and caps the needle, setting it on a small metal tray.

Monreaux looks back at the screen, reading the report of patient 834U7Y: Lucy Chamberlain.

A note at the top of her file, clear for any who looks upon it: FAILED SUBJECT.

Turning away from the computer, Monreaux stands straight again, to study Rajer.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Did patient 834U7Y succumb to the virus before you could give treatment?

RAJER

No. Nothing like that.

Monreaux looks to the empty bed, then back at the two scientists who now stood shoulder to shoulder.

MONREAUX

Then what exactly, *is it like?*

RAJER

The subject revived just as we'd hoped for. However, before we could administer the antigen, the blood work showed the patient didn't have an active virus within their system. It was dead.

MONREAUX

As a result of the cryogenics?

RAJER

No. We think...that she was never sick, before she was processed.

Stunned, Monreaux is quiet for a moment.

MONREAUX

Where is the patient now.

RAJER

Lucy. Her name is Lucy Chamberlain.
And I put her in one of the spare
rooms in the basement while she
recovers.

MONREAUX

Show me.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Seated in a small chair looking up at the slim window that runs the length of the exterior wall, Lucy watches as a sparrow swoops by.

Smiling a little to herself, she turns to look at the wheelchair nearby. Left within arms reach, she frowns at it with contempt.

A knock.

RAJER

(from behind door)

Lucy, it's Dr. Maden. May I come in? I've brought someone with me. They wish to meet you.

She straightens a little in her chair.

LUCY

Come in.

Rajer enters, Monreaux towering behind him.

Her shoulders go back at his foreboding presence in the small room.

RAJER

Lucy, this is Illian Monreaux. He
owns the lab and this building.

A tried and failed attempt at smiling crosses her lips.

LUCY

Hello.

MONREAU

Good morning, Lucy. I hope you
don't mind my unannounced visit.

Rajer lifts a discreet brow at his boss' words.

LUCY

It's alright. I was just watching
the birds.

She gestures to the window, drawing Monreaux's gaze to it.
Just as another bird flutters by.

MONREAU

Ah. The swallows. They make their
nests in the eaves of the building
every year.

LUCY

And you haven't done anything to
keep it from happening?

Bright blue eyes look up to him as he looks back at her.

MONREAU

There's no need. They don't bother
anyone.

No words, just a nod of agreement from her. Rajer gives a
little cough.

RAJER

Mr. Monreaux had just learned of
the uniqueness of your case.

With silent patience, she settles her elbows on the armrests
of the chair and waits for the inevitable string of
questions.

MONREAU

What is the last thing you remember
before waking up here in the lab?

Like dealing with an injured animal, he slowly sits down on
the bed, her profile to him.

LUCY

It's a little fuzzy. I remember my
life. My family. Birthdays,
celebrations...but nothing about
the virus.

MONREAU

Do you know how old you are?

Perplexed, she answers.

LUCY

Twenty-two. At least, that's the last age I can remember being. Crap...

The two men watch as she fights a silent battle.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Do you think I could have lost time, like even be older than I think I am? I mean you don't know anything about me. How...

Rajer moves to crouch before her.

RAJER

Don't worry about that right now. Lishell and I are already looking at the birth records.

MONREAUX

Where were you born?

LUCY

San Diego. But I didn't live there...at least I don't think I did, before this happened.

RAJER

(to Monreaux)

The archives are a mess.

MONREAUX

We'll be lucky to find it.

LUCY

I remember watching movies and reading books about people who got amnesia after a traumatic event. Is that what this is?

Monreaux smiles, showing off perfectly straight teeth, save for a slight overlap of the two bottom front.

MONREAUX

It's possible. But this is more likely just a side effect of being on ice for a hundred years.

She studies him for a second, then giggles. Her first smile since waking. Contagious, Roger and Monreaux smile in response.

LUCY

I hope so. I mean, that would mean
it's probably not permanent, right?

Both men nod, leaving a lot unsaid, but she doesn't question it.

MONREAUX

I have to get going, but I'm going
to leave my number for you to
contact me if you need anything.
Dr. Maden and Dr. Burnish will be
rather busy for the next few days.
I'd hate for you to be cooped up
while they are.

Rajer frowns up at him, then stands.

RAJER

We wont be too occupied, I'm sure.

Monreaux digs into his suit chest pocket, pulls out a square black paper card.

MONREAUX

Still, here's my card. Call me,
morning or night, if you need
anything. If I'm not able to
answer, my assistant will.

Lucy nods.

RAJER

We'll leave you to rest now, Lucy.
Your lunch will be here soon, as
well.

She remains quiet, her attention already back to the window. They exit.

INT. GORMAN LABORATORIES - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Door closed behind them, Monreaux slides a hand in his pants pocket, wearing a calm façade.

MONREAUX

Keep me in the loop of any changes
with her and the next subject.

Reluctantly, Rajer nods and watches as his boss walks away.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. GORMAN LABORATORIES - LEVEL -3 - MORNING

Surrounded by people, all frozen and in their cryo chambers, Lishell and Rajer watch as Joe, the lab tech, uses a small crane like machine to lower one of the chambers onto a waist-high cart. A hissing sounds comes from the large metallic tubing he disconnects from the chamber.

LISHELL

Thank you, Joe.

Joe smiles at her kindly as he goes to unlock the brakes on the cart and starts pushing it down the main aisle between the sea of others.

JOE

Think this one will be the golden ticket?

Lishell and Rajer share a hopeful look.

LISHELL

Maybe. Keep your fingers cross for us, huh?

JOE

You got it.

The three of them, four if you count the still frozen guy on the wheeled slab, board the elevator together, the doors close.

SMASH TO 2024

EXT. CHAMBERLIN RANCH - DAY

Blue with a dotting of clouds paint the sky above a prairie of land, tall green grass sways to the breeze and the sound of an approaching car.

Tires stop on a dirt road along the glass, the driver exits, sandaled feet, brushed by flowing dress, move away from the car to pause at the line of greenery.

Dragging up the body of Lucy Chamberlin, she looks out over the expanse of land, beyond the grass to a large ranch house with fresh paint, trimmed yard and towering oak tree.

Gravel crunching under another set of shoes sounds behind her, just before WES JAMESON'S (handsome, suit wearing, MBA graduate) hands cup her shoulders intimately, squeezing them as he looks over her head. She leans into him.

WES

Is it just how you remember it?

LUCY

Hmm. Not really.

Frowning, Wes tips his head down to watch her closely.

LUCY (CONT'D)

It's missing the best dog there ever was.

On cue, a bark echoes over to them.

Looking, they see an ugly mutt with an over-bite standing in front of the front door on the porch, watching them suspiciously.

EXT. CHAMBERLIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

POKER, the best mutt there ever was, bounces around her as Lucy climbs the porch steps. The screen door swings open.

PIERCE

(os)

Well, I'll be darned, look who the car dragged in.

In his 50s, PIERCE CHAMBERLIN has kept his handsome looks and just added some rugged swagger into his Wranglers. Dirty blonde hair mussed from his hat, his strong, tanned hands cup his daughter's face before hugging her.

LUCY

Hey, Dad.

PIERCE

Hi, baby girl. How was the drive?

He releases her from the hug, only to gather her to his side, not ready to let her go just yet. Looking to Wes, he holds a hand out, shaking the other man's hand.

WES

It was good. Barely any traffic.

PIERCE

Good. Good. Do you need any help
with your things?

WES

Nah. I got it. You two go on it.

Lucy smiles at him appreciatively and walks back inside with her father as Wes heads back to the car parked at the bottom of the steps, the dog following at his heels.

INT. CHAMBERLIN HOUSE LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

The large brown suede couch and matching lounge chair dominate the space, leaving just enough room for a bench where muddy work boots are parked below a sweat stained baseball hat and dog leash hang from hooks above.

The television is paused on some sports report show, as father and daughter walk in.

PIERCE

I see you were able to convince him
to come along.

LUCY

Hmmhm.

Pierce eyes his daughter as he moves to flick off the television with the remote.

PIERCE

Want me to play overbearing dad and
pretend I don't know you're a grown
woman doing grown up things and
prep the spare room, or...

LUCY

Dad, please. You know that ship
sailed long ago.

PIERCE

A father can always hope.

As they both chuckled, Pierce turned away towards another room in the house. She takes a step to follow, her stride tripping to a halt as a flash of another image enters her vision.

INT. DARK ROOM - A FORGOTTEN TIME

Surrounded by darkness, except what could be moonlight, Lucy's breath saws in and out of her chest as an arm wraps tightly across it. It's owner leans close, his lips close to her ear.

WES

You just had to ask questions.

LUCY

Please. Don't.

WES

You were never part of the plan.

He presses a kiss to her ear, drawing a terrified whimper from her.

WES (CONT'D)

Which makes you expendable.

LUCY

No, please!

SWING BACK TO 2125

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Blinking awake, Lucy opens her eyes, a tear falling onto her pillow before she sits up and wipes her cheeks with shaky hands.

Grabbing the glass looking mobile device from the nightstand, she taps on the glowing screen, then presses it to her ear, before realizing it's a video call, not voice. Then she waits.

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Lishell stands over their newest, freshly thawed, subject, PAUL BANKS, as he lays on the same bed Lucy had first woke up on. Lines and machines monitor his vitals.

Rajer looks up at the beeping monitor, making notes on his computer as Lishell voices observations.

LISHELL

Subject's temperature and vitals
are stabilizing.

RAJER

We're looking at an estimated
treatment time at zero-five-thirty.

A foot away from his elbow, his mobile lights up with an incoming call, but it's silent...missed.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Call failed, her hand drops into her lap, still holding the device. She chews on her lip nervously, her breath shuddering still from the after effects of the dream.

Looking to the nightstand again, her eyes catch on Monreaux's business card. Snatching it up, she punches in the new number and waits.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

She covers her mouth with her hand worriedly, panic starting to set in.

Beep. Beep. Be-

MONREAUX

Hello?

The screen is still black. She hesitates.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Hello? Lucy? Is that you?

She sighs out a rattling breath.

LUCY

Yeah. Yes, it's Lucy.

Suddenly, his face appears on the screen, hair sleep mussed.

MONREAUX

Is everything alright?

Surprised, she pulls the device away to look at it fully, giving him a better view of her face.

LUCY

I uh...I'm sorry. I must have woke you.

MONREAUX

Nah. I was just resting my eyes.

They both smile.

MONREAU (CONT'D)

Wanna get some coffee?

Relieved, her shoulders slump, some of the tension gone.

LUCY

Yes.

MONREAU

I'll be there in ten minutes.

Seeing his finger move towards the screen, she halts him.

LUCY

Wait. I have no idea where the front door is to this place.

MONREAU

I'll come to you.

With that, the screen goes dark, bathing the room in the same darkness again. Looking out the window, she can just barely see the violet sky as the sun grows closer to the horizon.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Instead of hanging art or shelves, the panels on the walls change periodically with a revolutionary LCD system with various patterns or landscapes.

Muted sounds of steaming machines and the murmured conversation from the one other couple in the shop, fill the air.

Taking their steaming cups to the steel table, Monreaux pulls out a matching low-back chair for her. When both are seated, Lucy takes a cautionary sip, closing her eyes as she does.

Monreaux chuckles at her as he takes a sip of his own.

LUCY

Thank god coffee's still a thing.

Leaning an elbow on the table, comfortable, Monreaux chuckles at her words.

MONREAU

Oh, please. Even the U.S.S. Enterprise had coffee.

She laughs with him a little, before a shadowed expression crosses her face. Monreaux sees it, sets his coffee down, wrapping both hands around it to absorb the warmth.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Wanna tell me why I got a wake up
call before the ass crack of dawn?

The half-smile he wears, helps her relax.

LUCY

I had a dream.

MONREAUX

Ah. And I suspect it wasn't
unicorns and rainbows?

Lucy cracks a smile.

LUCY

No. Not at all.

MONREAUX

A nightmare then?

LUCY

No. Well, not at first. Just...It
was a memory. I'd just graduated
from Stanford and I was coming
home.

Monreaux takes a sip, giving them both a second to breath.

MONREAUX

In San Diego?

She frowns at him briefly.

LUCY

Right. New Mesa used to be San
Diego.

He nods, waiting.

LUCY (CONT'D)

No. Actually, I'm from a small town
near Bakersfield. My family had a
farm. We grew almonds.

Monreaux remains quiet, sipping on his cooling coffee, as she
tells her story.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Wes, my...friend.

MONREAUX

Boyfriend?

She tucks wayward hair behind her ear, jumping a little as she touches the shell of it, dropping her hand.

She shakes her head, with a knowing smile.

LUCY

I'm sure he'd like to think that.
But I was just having fun at the
time.

Monreaux nods and sips, gesturing for her to go on.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That's it really. I just got home.
Wes was with me. My dad and I
hugged and we went inside.
Then...it was like I'd fallen into
a different room. A different time.
He...Wes...he wanted to hurt me.

Monreaux leans closer at that.

MONREAUX

What did he do?

LUCY

I don't know. I woke up before
anything could happen.

Her gazes sightlessly at the table, lost in the dream.

Monreaux nudges her coffee with his, and she jerkily picks it up to take a quick sip, as if she'd forgotten it was there.

MONREAUX

Give yourself time. I don't know
from personal experience, but I'm
sure being asleep for a hundred
years can really take a toll on
your body and mind.

Lucy shrugs, raising a foot onto the chair, wrapping her arms around her knee, cup still in her grasp.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Remembering is good though, right?
Do you want me to get you a dream
journal, so you can write them all
down?

A laugh escapes her. He smiles; mission accomplished.

LUCY

No thanks. I'm good.

MONREAUX

I'm sure I could find one of those
vintage ones with the lock on it.

She laughs again, shaking her head, the shadows gone. A
moment passes as they both quiet and sip their coffee.
Then...

LUCY

You surprise me.

MONREAUX

How so?

LUCY

When I met you yesterday, you
seemed...

MONREAUX

Impressive? Regal? Handsome?

LUCY

Douchey.

MONREAUX

Ouch.

LUCY

Sorry.

MONREAUX

That's the price I pay, I guess,
for being the boss.

LUCY

So, you own the lab?

MONREAUX

Among other things, yes.

LUCY

Is it just about the money, or do
you actually care about the
research happening?

MONREAUX

I wouldn't own something that I
didn't have an interest in.

LUCY

Good to know.

He grins widely at her before they both take another sip.

MONREAUX

Come on, I'd better get you back
before Rajer notices his unicorn is
missing.

LUCY

Unicorn?

They both stand and move towards the glass door.

MONREAUX

Uh, huh. You're an enigma to him.
You were supposed to be all these
things for him and his research.
Instead, you're so much more.

LUCY

But, doesn't he have to find
another popsicle to test his anti-
virus on?

MONREAUX

True. But that doesn't mean that
you aren't still a mystery for him
to solve.

Lucy doesn't say anything to that as he opens the door for
her to pass through.

END OF ACT III

ACT VI

INT. MONREAUX'S TESLA - MOMENTS LATER

Driving on the dark streets, the engine silent, the ride smooth, Monreaux barely rests a single hand on the wheel like an armrest. The vehicle doing the driving for him. Seatbelts tucked away.

Turning away from the street, he watches her gaze out the windows. The sun has risen and the first rays of the morning have finally shown and bounced on the towering buildings as they passed by.

Her awe-struck expression has his mouth tugging up in amusement.

MONREAUX

After the virus, there were a few years where they had to reconfigure the government as nearly all of congress had been wiped out.

They pulled to a stop at a light, waiting as other cars crossed in front of them.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Once that was figured out, people were too spread for utilities, food and healthcare so a lot of towns were abandoned and new ones were developed.

LUCY

Looks like I've stepped into a version of Demolition Man.

MONREAUX

What?

LUCY

Nevermind.

Monreaux let it go and watched the road as the light turned green and they moved along the intersection.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What's up with the purple sky?

MONREAU

Dealing with Global Warming was a big deal when things were under reconstruction. Scientists found that if they pumped the atmosphere with sulfur that it would create a barrier of the sun's heat.

Lucy turns to look at him finally.

LUCY

Is that healthy?

MONREAU

Yeah, we just don't see the blue anymore.

The car slows again, approaching another light.

LUCY

I swear, I'm just stuck in the Twilight Zone.

MONREAU

Hey. I know that one. What a classic.

The second the words leave his mouth, the car jerks forward, a metallic *thunk* accompanying it. With quick reflexes, Monreaux throws an arm out stop her from hitting the dash, at the same time, he's tossed into it sideways.

The car doesn't move an inch from it's position at the line, still safe from cross traffic, but the engine shuts off.

Grimacing in pain, he reaches his other hand across to her, cupping her shoulder and face.

MONREAU (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Only a little dazed, she presses a hand to her forehead.

LUCY

I think so.

MONREAU

Ok. Stay here. I'm going to see what the hell happened.

He pulls away to open his door and climb out. The second he does, a high-pitched whistle followed by a *ping* sounds. He ducks back into the car lightning fast.

MONREAU (CONT'D)

Shit!

He looks down at his car door. Wide eyed, Lucy looks as well, spotting the smoke coming from a small, singed hole in the panel.

LUCY

Was that a gunshot? Did someone shoot at you?

Monreaux starts the car again, holding the Start button for a long hopeful moment before it revs. Hitting another button, Monreaux sets it to manual and takes the wheel.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Monreaux.

He punches the gas, throwing her back into her seat.

MONREAU

Concentrating.

Reaching over her shoulder, she fumbles with the neglected seat belt, pulling it over, scrambling to latch it.

Click.

In the rearview camera, Monreaux watches as the car behind him follows in hot pursuit. Narrowly missing cars in cross traffic.

LUCY

What the hell is happening?

MONREAU

We're being chased.

She doesn't reply, though her expression reads that she already figured as much.

EXT. MONREAU'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

The other car; a black sedan, dark windows, revs and moves forward, bumping into the Tesla again.

INT. MONREAU'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

The car jerks at the contact and Monreaux works the steering wheel to correct it. It rights itself just as the sound of glass breaking rings through the interior.

Lucy cries out in surprised panic, seeing the perfect hole through the windshield, the circular edge already melted.

MONREAUX

Shit. Keep your head down.

Ducking below the top of her seat, she watches him drive.

EXT. MONREAUX'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

The sedan revs up again, coming up alongside the Tesla, the nose reaching the rearview mirror.

INT. MONREAUX'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

Monreaux looks over his shoulder to check the driver, unable to see anything but dark glass, just as it rams into the side of the Tesla.

Lucy screams, Monreaux jerks the wheel to the side, knocking back into the sedan.

MONREAUX

Shit.

LUCY

Can we call the police?

Monreaux looks at the car's dash, the electronics system that was illuminated earlier, now dark.

He reaches into his blazer pocket, pulling out his mobile, tossing it to her.

MONREAUX

You'll have to.

Fumbling with the device, she opens it for a call. She starts to dial 9-1, then stops.

LUCY

What number do I call?

The car suddenly jerks to the side again, the sickening scream of metal scratching and rubbing together surrounding them.

Monreaux corrects the car before answering.

MONREAUX

9-1-1.

Wide-eyed, she shakes herself out of her surprise to dial the last 1, hitting "call."

DISPATCHER
(over phone)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

LUCY
Yes, we're being chased and shot at
on the road.

DISPATCHER
(over phone)

By another driver?

LUCY
Yes.

DISPATCHER
(over phone)

Okay. An officer has been dispatched to your vehicle's location. We ask that you don't exit the vehicle until help has arrived and the officer has directed you to do-

LUCY
We won't be getting out of the
friggin' car while someone's
shooting at us. Just...get someone
here fast.

Disconnecting, she glares at Monreaux as another shot pings, this time in the LCD screen on the dash.

MONREAUX
Mother-

EXT. MONREAUX'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

Ahead of them, the lab's main gate, complete with security check-in, comes into view.

INT. MONREAUX'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

Monreaux quickly looks down at Lucy.

MONREAUX
We're almost to the lab.

Lucy looks at him worriedly, holding on to the sides of the car and seat as they continue to race at break neck speed.

The sound of approaching sirens echoes over them.

LUCY

Thank god.

500 yards away from the lab...

EXT. MONREAUX'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

A police car pulls onto the road, coming up behind the other vehicle, sirens and lights going.

Just as they cross another intersection, the last before the lab's main gates, the sedan cuts right, leading the police on a chase.

Monreaux pulls up to the security box at the gates, jumps out and points at the GATE GUARD, calling out orders.

MONREAUX

Get me the police on the phone
right now and lock down the
building.

From inside his box...

GUARD

Yes, sir.

A second late, a buzzing sounds from the distance, coming from the lab. Monreaux rounds the hood to the passenger side.

MONREAUX

Escort them inside when they
arrive. Get another guard out here
to cover the gate.

Guard nods, already on his radio, relays Monreaux's orders.

Opening the door, Monreaux hands Lucy out of the car.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

LUCY

Yeah. I'm okay.

MONREAUX

Come on.

Hand behind her back, he ushers her to the man-gate behind the security box, punches in a code, and guides her through, the gate slamming closed, locking behind them.

Nearing sirens follow them as they walk towards the lab.

INT. GORMAN LABORATORIES LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Monreaux and Lucy enter the building, Sandra meeting them at the door as Jep re-secures the door, standing beside it on the inside, watching the activity at the gate outside.

SANDRA

Mr. Monreaux, what's happening?

Monreaux and Lucy walk towards the elevators.

MONREAUX

Someone chased and shot at us on the way here.

SANDRA

Oh my god.

MONREAUX

The police will be in shortly, show them to my office when they do. I'll be there shortly.

SANDRA

Yes, sir.

Monreaux punches the call button, the doors open and the two step inside, the doors closing them in again.

END OF ACT VI

ACT V

INT. VIROLOGY LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Rajer pulls the needle away from the machine holding a drip over the new patient: ROBERT "BOBBY" JAMES, as he lays quietly on the bed in the lab.

Monitors beep, reporting vitals. Lishell makes observations outloud.

LISHELL

C79 has been administered and
subject is awake and alert.

RAJER

(to Robert)

How are you feeling?

The man on the bed rolls his head to look at the scientist, his brown eyes more than a little bleary, his dark skin pale under the bright lights after being frozen for a hundred years.

BOBBY

Good, I guess.

LISHELL

Let us know if anything changes.

Bobby nods slowly, his throat bobbing as he swallows.

RAJER

Would you like more water?

BOBBY

Please.

Rajer takes the cup already waiting on a nearby wheeled table, holding it up for Bobby as he sips, his gaze moving back and forth between his computer and the monitors.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

That's enough, thanks.

Rajer places the cup back on the table.

Beep.

A disheveled Monreaux walks into the lab. All heads turn to look at him.

RAJER

Jesus, what the hell happened to you?

MONREAUX

Just your average car chase and shooting.

LISHELL

What?

RAJER

Are you serious?

MONREAUX

Very.

He takes a moment to run a hand over his hair, dropping it midway.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Lucy was with me.

RAJER

What? Lucy? Is she alright?

Leaving his spot at the computer and monitors, he rounds the foot of the bed to step closer to Monreaux.

MONREAUX

She's fine. A little shaken up, she wasn't hurt.

RAJER

What happened?

MONREAUX

I don't know. But I'm about to go talk to the police. I wanted to let you know. Maybe go check on her later...

He turns to look at Bobby, watching aptly from his position propped up on pillows.

MONREAUX (CONT'D)

Is this your new sub-patient?

RAJER

Yes. Uh. We administered the anti-virus just forty-five minutes ago.

MONREAUX

Right. Well, I'd better get upstairs.

He heads for the door.

RAJER

I'll check on Lucy as soon as I'm done here.

Monreaux nods, exiting the lab, leaving Lishell and Rajer to stare at one another, bewildered.

INT. MONREAUX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Door open, two officers stand in stand idly in the center of the large space. Free of memorabilia or personal items, only a large desk, complete with a state of the art, glass screen computer, a tablet where pen and paper would sit and a large cushy chair behind it.

The two black chairs facing it, were low-backed with only minimal padding and a faux leather covering. Against one wall rested a matching couch opposite of a glass screened television. Gray walls were darker than the rest of the building's sleek business style.

OFFICER CAPELLA stared out the expansive window taking up the whole of the wall at the back of the large desk. Even at six-foot the view of the parking lot non-existent because they were so high up.

His mixed heritage gave him the graceful features of his Asian mother and the dark skin of his Italian father.

OFFICER CAPELLA

Think he actually uses this office?

OFFICER WILDER scoffs as he starts to sit in one of the visitors' chairs, stopping short when Monreaux strides into the room.

MONREAUX

Officers.

Capella and Wilder hold their hands out to shake.

OFFICER CAPELLA

Mr. Monreaux, I'm Officer Capella.
And this is my partner, Officer Wilder.

Wilder tried for a smile but Monreaux kept his gaze on Capella.

MONREAUX
Did you catch the guy?

The two officers exchange a regretful look.

OFFICER CAPELLA
I'm afraid not.

What little patience Monreaux had coming in, left him at hearing that.

MONREAUX
That's disappointing.

OFFICER WILDER
We still have officers scouring the city but those that followed the vehicle, lost track of them.

Capella watches his partner, taking out his mobile device, tapping a couple buttons, holding it up between them.

OFFICER CAPELLA
Can you tell us what happened, Mr. Monreaux?

MONREAUX
I was on my way back from grabbing a cup of coffee and they ran into me as I was stopped at a light. When I got out to check the damage, they shot at me.

Both officers exchanged a surprised look.

OFFICER WILDER
Are you sure they shot at you?

If looks could kill, Monreaux's would have seared the officer on the spot.

MONREAUX
Did you take a moment to look over my car on your way in, officer?

OFFICER CAPELLA
Ah, what my partner meant was that it's hard to come by a gun nowadays.

MONREAUX

Yes, well, I can assure you, if you inspect my car, you'll find at least three gunshots in it.

OFFICER CAPELLA

We'll be sure to take a look at it for evidence, Mr. Monreaux.

OFFICER WILDER

Was there anyone else in the vehicle with you?

MONREAUX

Yes, my secretary, Sandra was with me.

OFFICER CAPELLA

Right. Well, we'll keep you posted on the investigation and let you know if we have any further questions.

MONREAUX

That's it? You don't have any speculations as to who just tried to kill me?

The two exchange another look.

OFFICER WILDER

Mr. Monreaux, no matter how smart our cars get, there's already going to be cases of road rage.

Monreaux shakes his head, already denying their assumptions.

MONREAUX

No. This wasn't someone in a bad mood. Someone just tried to kill me.

OFFICER CAPELLA

Alright.

He eyes Monreaux speculatively.

OFFICER CAPELLA (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea of who would want to hurt you?

MONREAUX

I'm a multi-millionaire with dozens of businesses under my name and thousands of employees. There's bound to be someone I've pissed off over the years. Hell, I'm pretty sure my twelve grade P.E. Teacher had it out for me.

Officer Wilder lips tilt up before he looks down to cover it up.

OFFICER CAPELLA

And what about your secretary, do you think she has any enemies?

MONREAUX

You'd have to ask her, but they were shooting at me.

OFFICER WILDER

We'll do that.

OFFICER CAPELLA

Right. Well, if you think of anyone in particular, give me a ring. I gave my information to your secretary already.

MONREAUX

I'll do that.

The officers nod cordially before filing out of the office and Monreaux shuts the door behind them, already pulling out his mobile from his pants pocket, thumbing a few buttons and holding it to his ear.

SANDRA

(over phone)

Yes, sir?

MONREAUX

(into phone)

The officers ask, you were in the vehicle with me.

SANDRA

(over phone)

Yes, sir.

He disconnects.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - LATER

Lucy sits on the bed, flipping through news articles on her mobile device, headlines popping up one after the other.

HEADLINES:

MYSTERIOUS VIRUS OUTBREAK IN SMALL AFRICAN VILLAGE

Swipe.

NEW STRAIN OF MARBURG VIRUS SPREADS ACROSS AFRICA

Swipe.

UK SHUTS DOWN TRAVEL IN LIGHT OF NEW OUTBREAK

Swipe.

DEADLY VIRUS REACHES UNITED STATES

Knock.

Lucy jolts in surprise, looking up from the mobile to the door.

RAJER

(from other side of door)

Lucy, it's me Rajer. Dr. Maden.

LUCY

Come in.

She turns off the device and sets it to the side as Rajer enters, shutting the door behind him.

RAJER

Hey. Monreaux said you were with him during this morning's fiasco. How are you feeling?

LUCY

Alright. Maybe a little sore.

RAJER

May I give you a quick check-up anyway?

LUCY

Sure.

He sits on the side of the bed, proceeding to check her pulse, look at her eyes, pressing on her neck.

RAJER
Any pain when I press here?

LUCY
No.

He pulls away.

RAJER
Looks good. Let me know if anything
does start to hurt. Want some pain
medicine for the soreness?

LUCY
I'm alright. Thanks, though.

RAJER
Do you want to talk about it?

LUCY
Did he already tell you about it?

RAJER
In his own way.

LUCY
Yeah, well, I'm not really sure
what happened myself. One minute we
were just waiting at the light, on
our way back from getting coffee
and all of a sudden someone's
running into us and then shooting
at us.

RAJER
You...went to get coffee with Mr.
Monreaux?

LUCY
Um...yeah. I couldn't really sleep.
I tried calling you but I guess you
were busy. He said to call him if I
ever needed anything and you never
said I couldn't leave the lab-

RAJER
No. No. That's fine. Of course, you
can go when you please.

LUCY
Oh. Okay. We just talked for a few
minutes. It was nice to see some of
the city.

RAJER

I imagine it's all a little
overwhelming.

She nods and gives him an awkward smile and a quiet moment
passes between them.

RAJER (CONT'D)

Well, I'd better get back to the
lab. Let me know if you need that
medicine.

LUCY

Thanks.

SWING TO 2025

INT. CHAMBERLIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

A small round, wooden table in the corner of the kitchen,
surrounded by matching chairs, was covered with an array of
legal documents, maps and informational pamphlets regarding
land rights.

Pierce brought a mug of coffee with him to sit before it all,
sighing.

LUCY

(OS)

What did the lawyer say when he
stopped by today?

Pierce looks over at her standing at the kitchen sink, drying
a dish.

PIERCE

Same bullshit. That I need to find
the original plot lines of the
property before we can go any
further.

LUCY

That's ridiculous, those are over a
hundred years old and who knows
where they are now. Or if they
still exist.

Pierce grunts in response and takes a sip, lifting a pamphlet
reading: KNOWING YOUR RIGHTS AS A PROPERTY OWNER.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This is all so unbelievable. This land has been in our family for generations.

Pierce doesn't say anything, just stares down the pamphlet with contempt, coffee still in hand.

Just then, Wes enters the room.

WES

If you want, I can ask my dad to look into it for you. His firm might be able to find a loophole or something. Maybe buy you some time.

LUCY

Would you? That would be-

PIERCE

I don't want to inconvenience your father with my problems. I'm sure he has better things to do.

WES

It'd be no bother, I'm sure. I can call him in the morning.

PIERCE

I don't have any way of paying him, son.

WES

Don't worry about that. He loves Lucy. And you're her family.

He shares an adoring look with her as he moves to wrap an arm around her shoulder.

PIERCE

Then I'd appreciate any help he can give me.

WES

Great. I'll call him first thing in the morning.

He turns to look down at Lucy.

WES (CONT'D)

I'm going to turn in.

LUCY

Ok. I'll be up in a little bit.

He presses a kiss to her temple before walking out.

PIERCE
Good night.

WES
(os)
Night.

FLASH TO DARKNESS

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN

This again. Panting, Lucy looks around, her eyes seeing nothing. Her ears, deaf. She turns in panicked circles.

LUCY
Please.

Nothing. Silence, darkness. Turning. Turning. Breathe sawing in and out of her chest.

Then...

WES
(in her ear)
You don't belong here.

Whipping around, trying to see him, all she finds is more darkness.

WES (CONT'D)
(os)
You just had to get involved. Stick your nose where it didn't belong.

LUCY
What did you do?

WES
Stupid girl.

Twisting her neck from one side to the other, she struggles to find him in the dark. Nothing.

LUCY
But...

WES
Do something right for a change.
Stay asleep.

Just then, an arm wraps around her, pinning her own to her sides and a needle is shoved into the side of her neck, the plunger pushed down before she can even think to fight it.

She cries out a second prior to her body going lax as she succumbs to the darkness entirely.

BACK TO 2125

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Beneath the bed covers, Lucy is in the throws of a nightmare. Sweat plasters her hair to her forehead as her eyes move rapidly under their lids.

A breathy whimper comes from her parted lips as a MYSTERIOUS MAN stands at the foot of her bed, watching, his back to us. Dark hair, dark suit, the only sign of movement; a hand at his side, fingers opening and closing in a loose fist.