

HIBERNATION

Written by

Geneva Robertson-Dworet & Will Frank

Story by

Dave Hill and Geneva Robertson-Dworet & Will Frank

William Morris Endeavor
310-285-9000

Management 360
310-272-7000

BLACK.

DR. BRIGITTA SORENSON (V.O.)
(Norwegian accent)
Anna Bagenholm was skiing the first
time she died.

REAL NEWS FOOTAGE: RESCUERS reach ANNA. She's buried under ice.
Only her feet and skis poking out.

SORENSON (V.O.)
She fell headfirst into a frozen
stream. She had been dead for an hour
by the time they found her. Her
temperature had dropped 45 degrees.

FOOTAGE: doctors resuscitate Anna. Her pupils eerily dilated.

SORENSON (V.O.)
As a last resort, they attached her to
a machine that warmed her blood. And
then -- her heart started to beat...
People say death is the great
equalizer. But Bagenholm taught us not
all death is equal.

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. We move forward into:

A MASSIVE LAB

Starred with display lights. Technicians deferentially step out
of our way, giving us a view of shelves laden with glowing
PETRI-DISHES. MONITORS magnify the BACTERIAL CULTURES inside.

SORENSON (V.O.)
Hibernation has been possible since
the earliest forms of life. Bacteria
dormant since the dinosaurs can be
revived 250 million years later. And
start up exactly where it left off...

And then we see VAULTS: each containing a HUMAN HIBERNATING in
the fetal position. Thermal Scans read "CORE BODY TEMPERATURE:
40° F" and show their hearts contracting a mere 9 BEATS/MINUTE.

SORENSON (V.O.)
Imagine the benefits of hibernation.
If diagnosed with a fatal illness, you
could enter stasis, only to be woken
up when a cure was found. During a
biological attack or deadly outbreak,
people could hibernate until it was
safe to return to normal life.

SORENSEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It could make human exploration of
deep space possible...

We see ourselves reflected in the glass of the vaults as a
WOMAN (38). Keen eyes filled with idealism. We realize this
move through the lab has been from Sorenson's POV:

SORENSEN (V.O.)
But who would sign up for an
experiment with an unknown survival
rate?

PUSH IN ON: SEAN QUINN (34) in a chamber. Tattooed, scarred.
Imposing, like he's too big for his vault. Ready to burst out.

MATCH CUT TO:

SEAN QUINN APPROACHING AN APARTMENT COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

Easy gait. Warm smile, which helps because he has a mouth that
draws trouble. He wears a UPS UNIFORM and carries a delivery.

SUPER TITLE: 2013

Quinn RAPS at a door in 10 HILLS, a rundown section of Boston.
A YOUNG BOY (5) answers. Clearly anxious at the sight of Quinn--
huge, tattooed, a SCAR on one cheek.

Quinn looks way down at him...and grins.

QUINN
You know what? I think I have those
same pajamas.

The young boy glances at the COLORFUL DINOSAURS on his PJs.

BOY
What happened to your face?

QUINN
T-Rex bite.

The boy smiles.

QUINN'S UPS TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn hops into his truck. Startles as he sees A MAN IN A
BASEBALL CAP squatting on the floor. He's opened and is sifting
through one of the boxes.

QUINN
Hey! Don't touch those!

He throws the man against the shelves -- the man's hat falling off -- Quinn recognizes AUSTIN MORAN (18), white-blond hair.

AUSTIN

Didn't think they'd hire someone with
a grand theft conviction.

QUINN

Thinking doesn't suit you. The fuck
are you doing here?

AUSTIN

My brother wants to see you.

Quinn tenses. Tries to hide it.

QUINN

I've got a route to finish.

Austin -- the cocky smile of someone whose brother is boss.

AUSTIN

It can wait. He can't.

He nods to something behind Quinn -- LATICIA (19, striking, Hispanic) steps inside. All business. She frisks Quinn.

Finding nothing, she leads him to a JEEP parked outside. Austin kicks the UPS truck's door closed and follows.

SMASH CUT TO:

A DILAPIDATED DOG TRACK

Gamblers watch race broadcasts from across the globe. Austin leads Quinn to a different wing, down a dark corridor to

A CRAMMED OFFICE

Guarded by THREE YOUNG DOBERMANS. They put their paws on Quinn's chest, greeting an old friend.

"RAJ" MEHTA (51, dapper in an Oxford shirt and alligator shoes) works souped-up computers running so hot the windows have steamed. The monitors show he has hacked the police network.

Quinn gives him a friendly nod, but Raj stares back with an unsettling intensity. Austin disappears through a door. Once he's gone, Raj whispers:

RAJ

Do what he tells you. If you don't, I
can't protect you --

Before he can say more, Austin reappears, motioning Quinn into

THE OWNER'S OFFICE

Overlooking the decaying track. Nobody's inside the room: just a crappy desk and some cheap plastic chairs. Quinn takes a seat, waiting for Moran. Then, through the far door:

A MUFFLED GUNSHOT. Then ANOTHER. Then A THIRD.

Quinn gets up to leave, but Austin stares him back into his seat.

The door opens. In comes ANDREW MORAN (35): well-groomed, charming. In another life a banker or lawyer, but he never got out of the hard world he grew up in. Moran holds a TENNIS BALL and wears a medical smock splattered in BLOOD.

MORAN

(smiles)

Sean. Good to see you.

Quinn stares at the blood. Off his look, Moran laughs.

MORAN

Just dogs. You heard they're shutting down the track, right? Because it's "inhumane?" So now we have to do the nice, humane thing and kill all these dogs before investigators show up and see how they've all got parasites or whatever.

He removes the smock, revealing an EXPENSIVE SUIT.

MORAN

It's hard, you know? But things change. Sometimes you have to say goodbye to your old friends. Anyway, I throw them the ball before I do it.

He tosses Quinn the ball.

MORAN

So at least they're not looking me in the eye as they're shot. Speaking of shots, want one?

QUINN

(shaking his head)

Seeing Chloe later.

MORAN

Never stopped you before. Can we get all the children outside before we start?

Moran looks at Austin, but Austin doesn't get it.

MORAN

Austin. You. Go. I think I hear the ice cream truck.

Austin blushes. Exits.

MORAN

I've got a job for --

QUINN

-- No. I'm sorry, no. I can't risk doing more time.

A gunshot from outside. Moran's face darkens.

MORAN

This isn't a social club, Quinn. Nobody walks away.

QUINN

Maybe I don't want to miss any more of my daughter's life --

MORAN

(cutting him off)
Close your eyes.

Quinn -- scared now -- as another shot rings out. He glances at the blood all over Moran's smock.

QUINN

Why?

MORAN

Close them.

Quinn -- seeing no alternative -- closes his eyes.

MORAN

Picture you stay with us. Picture what you'll be able to provide for Chloe -- private school, all the shit you never had as a kid...Now picture what it's like without me. You see anything?

(beat)

Exactly. Without me there is no future.

Quinn opens his eyes.

QUINN

That's where you're wrong. I don't need your paycheck. I'm happy to punch the clock with everyone else. I don't care if I get stuck doing it forever, long as --

MORAN

(cutting him off)

Don't bet on forever, Sean. That gives the rest of the world forever to fuck it up for you.

This is clearly a threat. And taken as one.

QUINN

I have real work to do.

(he turns to leave, stops)

Are you going to shoot me in the back as I walk away?

MORAN

Nah. You're already dead to me.

A chill. Quinn strides out. As he passes through the door: a wave of relief that he's still alive.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S MATCHBOX OF A HOUSE

Iron bars over every window. But the open picture books and scattered board games breathe with life.

Quinn holds his daughter, CHLOE, up so she can hammer a DEAD BOLT to the front door. Chloe's a six-year-old REDHEAD, with the scraped knuckles and knees of a tomboy.

CHLOE

Mommy says this is a bad neighborhood.
Is the new lock cause you're scared?

He *is* scared. But he would never let his daughter know it.

QUINN

Not at all! It's the outside that's scared of me. Plus I have to keep out all my fans.

She finishes hammering and shuts the bolt. Crows in victory.

CHLOE

We did it!

Quinn puts her down and she flexes in the mirror, admiring her tough-ass self in her dad's tool belt and giant work boots.

A sudden KNOCK. Chloe starts to unlock the door, but Quinn stops her --

QUINN

You can't trust people, Chloe. You gotta be careful who you let in.

AMY (O.S.)

I can hear you! Open the damn door!

QUINN

Speaking of my fans...

He unlocks it. AMY (28, now we know where Chloe got her red hair) brushes inside. She hands Chloe her backpack as Quinn looks through the doorway:

A BMW pulled up outside. BRAND-NEW. No plates yet.

QUINN

Ooh, that's some new car Mommy's got. Santa Claus, huh? How often does he spend the night?

But Chloe pulls something from her backpack. Tugs Quinn's arm.

CHLOE

Look! Look what I made!

His anger boils off as he sees: a woven BRACELET IN HER HAND.

CHLOE

It's a friendship bracelet. Mom says you don't have any friends --

QUINN

Oh, she does? Well, you can tell Mommy she has too *many* friends.

She wraps the bracelet around Quinn's wrist.

CHLOE

You can wear it all the time and think of me!

But it's TOO SHORT. Chloe's face falls. Her moment ruined.

QUINN
Wait wait wait --

He ties it around her wrist. Perfect fit.

QUINN
Now you can wear it and think of me
thinking of you.

Chloe beams. Amy gives him a look: *good save*. But that's when Quinn notices the STACK OF PAPERS in her hands.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

O.S. Chloe practices a SIMPLE MINUET on the piano as Quinn skims custody documents. Looks up at Amy, aghast.

QUINN
"Sundays from noon to five"? Her T-
ball coach gets more time with her
than that.

Quinn opens a drawer: inside, a bottle of Jameson next to his .40 BERETTA. He pours some into the nearest glass. Drinks it.

AMY
Just sign. We both know you don't have
money for lawyers --

QUINN
(too loud)
And how do you, Amy? Is Moran giving
it to you? That would explain the car--

The piano playing stops abruptly. Chloe's clearly listening. Quinn downs another drink.

QUINN
You take her away and -- I don't know
what I'll do --

She looks at him. Moved by his vulnerability.

QUINN
We could be happy here. Without that
other life. Without Moran's money.
(begging)
I know it.

AMY
It's sweet that you think so.
(beat)
And sad.

She turns away. Doesn't see that Quinn has a cloudy look in his eyes. Unclear whether it's humiliation or anger or tears or --

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Quinn awakens in an armchair. Disoriented. A pounding headache.

The bottle of Jameson has spilled all over the coffee table. He reaches forward to clean it up, then slowly turns his arm over--

LONG RED SCRATCHES. Like he picked a fight with a bear.

His eye falls on something on the floor. His .40 BERETTA.

QUINN
(horrificed)
Chloe?

No answer. He tries to move, but he's dizzy. He dry heaves.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn stumbles down the hall. SIRENS in the background.

QUINN
CHLOE!

He opens the door to a darkened room. Just enough light to see

A LITTLE GIRL'S BED. BLOOD ON THE SHEETS and WALL. His heart almost stops. BANGING from the front door.

VOICE (O.S.)
Police! Open the door!

Quinn sees the BATHROOM LIGHT on in the otherwise dark house.

HE STEPS INTO THE BATHROOM.

BLOOD COMING FROM BEHIND THE DOOR. He slowly turns. Sees:

Amy hanging from the bathrobe hook. BULLETS IN HER CHEST drain blood.

TWO COPS BURST IN, guns out.

COP 1
Hands up, hands up --

EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn, dazed and handcuffed, struggles to get free as cops force him toward a squad car. His vision still blurry as he takes in the growing crowd of neighbors, cops, ambulances.

QUINN
(panicked)
My daughter's still in the house -- we
need to find her --

Tears form in Quinn's eyes, his desperation growing --

QUINN
SOMEBODY FIND MY DAUGHTER.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONCORD PRISON

SUPER TITLE: 2014.

Dark, imposing cells. Quinn, in a PRISON UNIFORM, sits on his hard cot, filling out "HAVE YOU SEEN ME" ads with photos of Chloe.

His CELLMATE, skinny as a reed, peers down at him from the top bunk.

CELLMATE
Everyone says you killed her.

Quinn's jaw unconsciously tightens.

QUINN
I was never accused of that.

CELLMATE
(coy smile)
That's 'cause they never found a body.
Where'd ya hide it?

Quinn forces himself to ignore him. Continues writing descriptions of his daughter on the forms.

SORENSEN (O.S.)
The Department of Corrections can't
afford this palace you're in...

INT. CONCORD PRISON AUDITORIUM

INMATES watch as DR. SORENSON (33 now), flanked by guards, gives a Powerpoint presentation. Quinn barely listens, reading a book on how to appeal prison sentences.

SORENSEN

So they're allowing clinical trials to pay for the upkeep. My company, Hematech, is a network of hematology labs. But we're expanding beyond analyzing bloodwork...

A video plays of a DNA strand against a silhouette of a rat. One GENE is lit up -- staying in place even as the rat morphs to a dog then a bear then a human --

SORENSEN (O.S.)

Evolution is imperfect. 95% of the DNA we carry around is never activated.

Quinn watches curiously as Hematech employees remove FURRY OBJECTS from CAGES and pass them down the rows of prisoners.

SORENSEN

We believe we've discovered the latent genes and medication to induce in humans the kind of deep hibernation you see in your hands.

The OBJECT reaches Quinn. It's a SQUIRREL, tightly curled in a ball. Quinn's touch doesn't rouse it from HIBERNATION.

SORENSEN

Ours will be the first long-term study of hibernation in human beings.

But the Prisoners are getting restless. One yells --

PRISONER 1

What's in it for us?

SORENSEN

For undergoing forty years of hibernation, you will have one day of monitored parole every five years to visit your loved ones --

This gets Quinn's attention. He raises his hand.

SORENSEN

If we could save our questions --

QUINN

(ignoring her)

How are they going to let us out? Half the people here have been convicted of murder.

SORENSEN

Violent criminals are released back into society every day. The average murderer serves only twenty years. Terrifying, right? You, on the other hand, will be released under strict supervision --

QUINN

You mean with a guard?

SORENSEN

(smiles)

Nothing so outdated.

She flips to a SLIDE of AN ELECTRONIC ANKLET: with no joints or hinges, it appears completely fused around the model's ankle.

SORENSEN

The GPS Tether system has been used in over 45 clinical trials in eight countries without any serious problem.

PRISONER 2

(fake polite)

On our day out, is recreational gun use permitted? It's a hobby of mine.

The other inmates laugh.

SORENSEN

Obviously there will be strict limitations on your freedom. You'll only have six hours of parole, and you will have to pass exams to prove you are not psycho- or sociopathic --

PRISONER 2

(getting up to leave)

Good luck with this crowd.

More prisoners get up. Follow him out. Sorenson, rattled, flips to the NEXT SLIDE charting the experiment's dangers.

SORENSEN

We're not sure which proteins in the bloodstream activate the hibernation gene. That's why we need a range of applicants. Not everyone will be accepted, and, to be frank, not everyone accepted will survive the treatment.

PRISONER 3
 (reading the chart)
 "Survival rate may be as low as
 fifteen percent"?

PRISONER 4
 (shouting)
 People who take bullets to the head
 have a better survival rate!

Grumbles grow to a ROAR of disapproval. Sorenson, overwhelmed,
 shouts over them --

SORENSEN
 Hibernation freezes your metabolism.
 After the study, you will basically be
 the age you are now. But you'll have
 served forty years of your sentence
 and be that much closer to freedom!

But the room has descended into chaos: INMATES shouting,
 outraged by her offer; GUARDS rushing in to restore order.

Only Quinn remains seated -- staring at Sorenson --

INT. PRISON MEETING ROOM

Quinn paces as his lawyer, BARRY SHEAR (63) sits at a rickety
 table. Shear looks like a chair that needs reupholstering:
 wrinkled suit, lumpy body.

QUINN
 Tell me you've found something on
 Moran --

SHEAR
 Dead end.

QUINN
 (furious)
 You haven't looked hard enough! He set
 me up. And he knows what happened to
 Chloe. He could be *keeping* her
 somewhere. You should've found
 something to get me off by now --

SHEAR
 (heating up)
 The only way I could get you off is if
 I pleaded guilty. Bullets from your
 gun were in Amy's chest. Four locks on
 your door, yet no sign of a break-in.

SHEAR (CONT'D)

And your blood shows you were so drunk that night, you could have fucked the President and wouldn't remember it.

QUINN

That would be a great alibi. We try that angle?

(as Shear rolls his eyes)

I wasn't drunk, I was *drugged*. I only had two drinks that night --

SHEAR

Sounds like you remember it perfectly.

Shear stands up. But Quinn won't let him leave. Snaps --

QUINN

I trusted you to find her. To help me. In two years, you've done nothing. I'm going to find her myself.

(off Shear's look, "Oh really?")

You heard about the hibernation research they're doing? They're giving prisoners furlough --

Shear's halfway out the door when he stops. Alarmed.

SHEAR

How will you help your daughter by going into a coma for five years? It's too dangerous. They're going to stop your metabolism -- basically kill you-- then hope you come back to life.

Quinn -- what was a scar suddenly feels like an open wound --

QUINN

How else am I going to find her?

MATCH CUT TO:

QUINN'S FACE as he hibernates inside a vault in

HEMATECH'S MASSIVE HIBERNATION LAB

SUPER TITLE: 2019

Sorenson (38 now) taps a touchscreen and the vault SLIDES OPEN.

The lab JOLTS INTO ACTIVITY. Doctors remove Quinn's hydrogen sulfide IV and place him on a gurney with a BREATHING MASK.

DR. ERIC KIMURA (32) attaches an INFUSION PUMP to a tube sticking out of Quinn's abdomen. A straw-colored fluid flows into Quinn's stomach for immediate absorption.

KIMURA
Atropine on board.

Sorenson watches the monitor closely as QUINN'S HEART RATE INCREASES. A recurring wave that quickly morphs into chaos.

SORENSEN
Paddles! And clear!

She slams defibrillator paddles against Quinn's chest. His body jolts upwards. She checks his heart rhythm. Still chaos.

KIMURA
Shit, we're losing him!

Sorenson shocks Quinn again. Kimura gasps as --

QUINN'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

His vision is blurred. As the world takes shape, Sorenson hurries to reassure him --

SORENSEN
You're going to be OK. You have been
in hibernation for five years. Do you
know what year it is now?

He considers. Remembers. Panics.

QUINN
Chloe --

INT. HEMATECH LABS

QUICKS CUTS as Quinn undergoes a BATTERY OF TESTS: going into an MRI scanner, having his reaction time tested, running on a treadmill with sensors all over his body --

INT. OFFICE - HEMATECH LABS - LATER

Quinn's ushered to where Sorenson and Shear (considerably grayer at 68) wait with --

Hematech SECURITY CHIEF PATRICK FELTON (43, black, head like a bullet, never jay-walks). Felton eyes Quinn with suspicion.

FELTON

Sean Quinn, you are now starting six hours of limited parole. You may reclaim your personal effects.

He slides over a safe box with Quinn's OLD CLOTHES and KEYS, then attaches a GPS "TETHER" to Quinn's ankle so the world can see he's a criminal.

FELTON

This tracker will relay your location to us at all times.

Felton takes a HANDGUN from his holster. Hands it to Quinn.

FELTON

Aim this at me and pull the trigger.

Quinn shoots an uncertain look at Shear, who nods, "Go ahead." Quinn pulls the trigger, but it LOCKS.

FELTON

Guns are now biomatched -- fingerprint to trigger. We also have the right to disable you with the Tether if you stray more than 10 miles from Boston or break any parole terms. Like this:

He pushes a button on his laptop and A SURGE of electricity shoots from the TETHER up Quinn's leg. He doubles over, drops the gun. Sorenson grimaces.

FELTON

And if we find a weapon on you --

SHEAR

That includes knives, boxcutters, explosives, fertilizers --

FELTON

-- you'll be resentenced to life imprisonment.

He hands Quinn a release. As he signs it, Sorenson notices a strange tremor in his fingers. She takes his hand in hers.

SORENSEN

You're due for your medicines.

Kimura wheels over INSTRUMENTS. Sorenson lifts Quinn's shirt to refill the DRIP PUMP attached to the tube in his abdomen.

SORENSEN

We've found hibernation lowers plasma glucocorticoids. This counteracts that with a steady drip of hormones. The D.O.C.'s ordered we only give you six hours worth.

QUINN

Why?

SORENSEN

As insurance you come back. You're basically on life support and this--
(tapping the drip pump)
Is your "oxygen tank."

She hands him a cell phone.

SORENSEN

If you feel sick, you are legally obligated to call us immediately.

FELTON

(tougher)

If you come back with anything that implies you put your body in peril -- jeopardizing the experiment -- we can refuse you future release. Got it?

QUINN

Preach all you want. I'm spending the next six hours doing heroin in a tanning bed.

Felton's face: *fuck you*. But Sorenson sees Quinn's sly smile. She swallows a laugh, delighted someone stood up to Felton.

Sorenson pushes a button and Quinn's time on the DRIP PUMP starts racing down. 06:00:00, 05:59:59...

FELTON

Parole starts now.

EXT. HEMATECH LABS - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn pulls on a Hematech parka and gloves as he and Shear exit the hilltop LAB (a squat, unimpressive building). A view of Boston we will see on each release. It's snow-covered but looks much the same as Quinn remembers.

SHEAR

I have to sign that you've read these thoroughly.

He hands Quinn a booklet: "Regulations for Clinical Prisoners."

QUINN

I have six hours to find my daughter.
You think I'm going to waste a second
reading this?

Quinn takes off toward the BUS STOP where a BUS is pulling up.

SHEAR

(furious)

Quinn!

INT. CITY BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn's Tether beeps as he boards. The Driver's computer displays a photo and "SEAN QUINN. IF SEEN AFTER 12/2/19, CALL 9-1-1." The Driver grips the wheel tighter.

Out the window on the sidewalk: a RED-HAIRED GIRL. Quinn bolts upright. As the bus passes, he sees she's 17. Too old.

CUT TO:

Quinn rushes up the road toward

MORAN'S DOG TRACK

But as he gets close he realizes the windows are smashed. The track's overgrown with weeds. Reclaimed by nature. Abandoned.

Quinn's face -- *fuck*. He turns around, racing back the way he came.

EXT. SUBURBAN SOMERVILLE

Quinn sprints down the street. On the Drip Pump: *4 hours 56 minutes* remaining.

Worried his Tether is drawing attention, he checks for anyone watching him. Passing a garbage can, he reaches inside.

Finds a glass bottle. Slams it against the inside of the can.

CRACK! The bottle's neck is intact to use as a handle but there's a LETHAL JAGGED EDGE where the bottom blew off. He hides the bottle in his jacket pocket and approaches

A MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSE DUSTED WITH SNOW

He rings the bell. His body tense. Ready to attack.

WOMAN'S VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR (O.S.)

Hello?

QUINN

I need to talk to Raj.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You mean Mr. Mehta? We bought the house from him eight months ago.

Quinn -- not sure he believes this.

QUINN

You know where I can find him now?

A beat, then A BUSINESS CARD slides under the door.

Quinn looks at it, stunned: Raj's name and number printed next to a cartoon TAXI CAB. Quinn dials the number.

INT. ELECTRIC TAXI

RAJ MEHTA (58 now) drives. His GPS is hacked to play BOLLYWOOD MOVIES. Raj sings along, loudly. His arm dangles out the window with a cigarette, despite all the non-smoking signs in his cab.

He pulls up at a corner. The door opens and a hooded figure gets in back --

RAJ

You the guy who called?

Quinn presses the broken bottle against Raj's neck. Raj rolls his eyes.

RAJ

I have four bucks on me, man. I should be robbing you.

QUINN

I don't want your money.

Raj checks his rearview mirror. Is stunned to see Quinn.

QUINN

Where's Moran?

RAJ

(terrified, babbling)

I don't know -- he fired me. Some Bulgarian hacker kid took my place.

QUINN

But you know what he did with my daughter.

RAJ

No, no! Please don't kill me --

QUINN

I should. You spent years helping him rob people. Destroying lives --

RAJ

Oh right, and you only helped him with his charity ventures.

QUINN

But I hated it. I got out.

RAJ

And you never committed an act of violence again.

Pause. Quinn glances at the bottle he has against Raj's throat.

QUINN

You're still working for him, aren't you?

RAJ

Then why would I be driving a cab? And don't say something racist, not that I'm in a position to make demands.

QUINN

I'll give you one chance.

INT. RAJ'S TAXI CAB - LATER

Quinn drives. No sign of Raj. The time on Quinn's Drip Pump races down -- *3 hours 6 minutes left* -- as he steers up a PARKING STRUCTURE. He parks on the completely vacant top floor and looks out --

A part of Boston the city gave up on. Quinn focuses on a once-stately, now-decrepit building: columns out front, a stone eagle by the stairs. It's an ABANDONED POST OFFICE.

QUINN

Fuckin' email.

Quinn steps out of the car and opens the trunk:

RAJ is INSIDE. Taped up and gagged. Quinn pulls the gag down.

QUINN
Is this a trap?

RAJ
Sure, you could put it that way.
Moran's in there, and he's definitely
going to kill you. So if you don't let
me out now, I'm just going to
suffocate in here.
(pleading)
Please -- we were friends.

QUINN
I don't have friends.

RAJ
How about non-killing associates?

Quinn slams the trunk shut.

CUT TO:

It's 4pm, but the sun has set. Welcome to winter in Boston.

STREET LAMPS have MOTION DETECTORS so each light Quinn passes
CLICKS ON. Illuminating his path as he hurries toward --

EXT. ABANDONED POST OFFICE

A large sign over the marble edifice "MASS MOVERS & STORAGE."

Quinn scans the entrance. Totally sealed off. He hustles to

THE BACK OF THE BUILDING. GARAGE DOORS tightly shut. CAMERAS
point at oncoming traffic -- if he moves any closer he'll be
seen.

A TRUCK ROARS toward the garages. Quinn LEAPS onto the back of
it as it passes. He tenses. *Did the driver see him?*

Quinn hears the driver talking to someone. The TRUCK lurches

INTO THE OLD POSTAL WAREHOUSE

The Truck's engine obscures Quinn's footsteps as he RUNS AWAY,
past HUNDREDS of crates. A strange whirring sound coming from a
row of 3D PRINTERS printing GUNS. Some appear fully formed.
Probably operational.

Quinn reaches out for one that appears finished...

But dives back as TWO ENGINEERS APPROACH. Quinn takes off in
the other direction. Toward a door that reads "DO NOT ENTER."
He opens it. Sees:

MORAN'S THREE DOBERMAN PINSCHERS on the landing of a STAIRCASE, a closed door at the top...

QUINN
(mutters)
Found you.

The DOGS leap to their feet, snarling. Quinn goes rigid as they approach. Sniff his fingers. Then lick them. They remember him.

Suddenly the DOOR at the top of the stairs opens. Men's VOICES.

Quinn presses into the CORRIDOR off the landing. Whips out the broken bottle, READY TO ATTACK, as the men descend:

Four GUARDS surround ANDREW MORAN (42 now). Then a flash of white-blond hair: AUSTIN MORAN (24 now), a few steps behind.

Like a wolf grabbing the nearest sheep, Quinn springs behind Austin. The bottle-edge to his neck.

QUINN
DON'T MOVE!

Moran's men already have their guns drawn as Quinn covers himself with Austin. Pulls him into the corner by the WINDOW.

QUINN
Drop your weapons! Or I slit his
throat. I already have a life
sentence.

Moran stares at Quinn, shocked he's out of prison. Quinn looks back at him -- eyes burning. Moran nods to his guards and they drop their guns.

MORAN
Fuck do you want?

QUINN
Did you kill my daughter?

MORAN
Why would I?

QUINN
Because I wouldn't work for you. You
said I'd regret it.

MORAN
And do you?

Silence. Moran senses weakness.

MORAN

You even sure Chloe's your kid? I
can't be the only guy Amy was fucking--

QUINN

(enraged)

Where is my daughter?

Moran sees the insane look in his eyes. Austin's terror.

MORAN

If I tell you, will you let him go?

MORAN'S OFFICE DOOR opens above them. Quinn glances up.

And Austin seizes his chance. Slips out of Quinn's grasp. Quinn tries to stop him -- Austin's neck SLIT by the bottle-edge -- he screams as hot red BLOOD sprays out.

Quinn -- realizing he only has a second as MORAN'S MEN reach their guns -- HURLS HIMSELF THROUGH THE WINDOW. His gloved hands protect his face as he BREAKS THROUGH THE GLASS.

FALLING 25' to the ALLEY BELOW. A SNOW PILE cushions his fall.

MORAN

Shoot him!

Moran's men OPEN FIRE through the window.

Quinn -- bullets whizzing all around -- blasts into

THE BLIGHTED NEIGHBORHOOD. He twists down different streets, but the STREET LAMPS go off as he runs. Leaving a trail.

A ROAR. He turns back --

A BLACK JEEP CAREENS TOWARD HIM. Moran's THUGS inside.

Quinn knows he's too exposed. Scrambles up the wall running along the road. On the other side:

THE MYSTIC RIVER 15 feet below. COVERED IN A SHEET OF ICE. Swirled black and white like solid marble.

But he's in the headlights now. No other option. He hurls himself toward THE FROZEN WATER.

CRACK! From the sound it's unclear whether the ice broke or he did. UNDERWATER -- the cold sears through him like electricity.

Moran's Thugs leap onto the wall. They FIRE as Quinn swims toward the far side of the river. Bullets ricochet off the ceiling of ice above him.

But Quinn's going to suffocate. He punches at the ice over his head. Can't get through. Punches again and again until --

A TINY BREAK IN THE ICE. He puts his mouth against it and desperately sucks down air.

The Thugs see Quinn's ghostly shadow beneath the surface.

THUG #1

There!

They fire. Bullets streaking through the hole into the water like comets, tails of bubbles behind them.

Quinn tries to swim away, but there are so many bullets that the ICE ABOVE HIM CRUMBLES. Suddenly his head bobs above water.

He gasps a breath and RE-SUBMERGES. Swims on. Too far from the glow of the streetlamps, he's out of the Thugs' visibility.

EXT. RAJ'S TAXI IN THE PARKING STRUCTURE - LATER

Quinn, his wet clothes frozen to his body, opens the trunk. Raj, curled in a ball for warmth, looks at Quinn, terrified --

QUINN

Tell me your taxi has a clothes dryer.

INT. RAJ'S TENEMENT BUILDING

Black mold scales the walls. A "BROKEN" sign on the elevator. Quinn, shivering, follows Raj up the stairs to the 20th floor.

QUINN

Moran was behind it. I'm not going back to the lab til I find proof. I can't make Chloe wait five more years.

RAJ

The only way to get rid of your Tether is to cut off the leg.

It hangs between them. Raj, unlocking his door, realizes Quinn is still holding the BROKEN BOTTLE to his back.

RAJ

Put it away. My kids will be there.
(Quinn shakes his head)
I told you where Moran was --

But Quinn doesn't trust him. He pushes Raj into --

INT. RAJ'S THREADBARE STUDIO

RAJ'S KIDS

Daddy!

RAJ'S SON (5) and DAUGHTER (3) rush up. Seeing them, Quinn's face softens. He hides the bottle. As the kids hug Raj, Quinn takes in the DINGY APARTMENT. Raj, seeing Quinn's look:

RAJ

Believe it or not, taxi drivers don't
live the movie star lives they used
to.

His wife, DESHANI (37), comes out from the kitchen area. Balks at the sight of Quinn and the Tether, but Raj mouths "It's OK."

RAJ

(brightly)

Time for their bath.

The kids shout "NO!" as Deshani, still anxious, shouts "Yes!" and pulls them into the bathroom. Raj closes the door.

Quinn looks at HIS DRIP PUMP. Remaining time: 00:47:35,
00:47:34... Starts to panic.

QUINN

The lab said hibernation makes me
deficient in stuff. This pump feeds me
meds, so I have to go back. But if I
found out what drugs I need...

(with difficulty)

We could cut off the Tether. I could
escape.

Raj's amazed Quinn will take it so far.

RAJ

Doctors won't treat clinical
prisoners...it's a felony.

Raj takes out a pair of BAGGY PANTS and tosses them at Quinn.

RAJ (CONT'D)

I know someone. We get her to test
what meds you need. Then you and I
can...deal with your leg.

EXT. VACANT LOT OVERGROWN WITH WEEDS

Quinn wears the baggy pants over his own to hide his Tether. Raj guides him toward a YOUNG WOMAN in high-heeled boots, locking up a TRAILER that reads "CLINIC ON WHEELS."

RAJ

You get all dressed up for me?

LARA ROSS (20) turns. A blue streak in her cropped black hair. A T-shirt for a Mexican punk band under her coat. Mischievous eyes.

LARA

Sorry Raj, I'm late for a date.

RAJ

But doc, you need to treat my friend here. Some bastard tried to rob me, but he showed up and saved my life!

Lara looks at Quinn with interest, inspecting the scratches.

LARA

Come back if they get infected. We closed an hour ago.

Raj shoots Quinn a desperate look as Lara brushes past them --

LARA

My boyfriend's waiting for me.

QUINN

Don't you think you're worth waiting for?

Lara looks at him, surprised. Quinn smiles.

INT. CLINIC ON WHEELS - MOMENTS LATER

As Lara applies ointment and bandages to Quinn's scratches:

QUINN

Hey, a doctor told me a while ago I might be deficient in some stuff. Hormones, I think. Can you figure out what I need prescribed?

LARA

I'm not supposed to do lab tests. I'm just a volunteer.

RAJ

Whatever Quinn needs, I'll pay for.

LARA

How's that when you can't afford your insulin?

RAJ

Richard Branson left his wallet in my taxi.

Quinn watches as Lara clumsily opens a syringe.

QUINN

You know what you're doing, right?

LARA

Yes, so this is a suppository.

(off his look)

Kidding. I've seen them do it a million times. They ask some dumb distracting question and plunge it in... So: if you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?

QUINN

Here. At my house on Park.

She stabs the needle into his arm, gives Raj a look, "What kind of shit answer was that?"

QUINN

Oh, so you're slumming it down here?

LARA

Not for long.

She pulls the needle out. As they talk, she drops the syringe into a chute that feeds his sample through a BLOOD ANALYZER.

LARA

I'm going to Ghana. Over there, you work in the hospital a couple years and they hand you a nursing degree.

QUINN

Sounds like your boyfriend better get used to waiting.

LARA

Who says I want him to?

RAJ
Who says her boyfriend isn't the
prince of Ghana?

Lara skims over her paperwork.

LARA
Sorry, what's your full name? And you
can take off the bandages.

QUINN
Sean Abbot.

LARA
He said your name was Quinn.

QUINN
You noticed.

She's embarrassed. Tries to hide it.

QUINN
Quinn was my maiden name. It's Abbot.

He peels the bandages off. His skin is MOSTLY HEALED. Amazed,
he looks at the box: *INSTA-BANDAIDS. Now in Less than 3 Mins.*

Lara applies more bandages to the scratches still visible.

LARA
Take these off in a few minutes.

The BLOOD ANALYZER spews out results. Lara reads them. Behind
her, Raj and Quinn share an excited look.

She looks at Quinn -- stunned.

QUINN
I've had some health problems. What do
I need to make myself normal?

Lara skims the results again. Wide-eyed.

LARA
You have to talk to a real doctor.

Quinn -- the color draining from his face as he realizes --

INT. RAJ'S TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn panicking as Raj's cab tears away from the Clinic.

QUINN

We can still cut off the Tether --

RAJ

You think you can outrun the police
sick *and* on one leg?

Quinn, beyond furious, looks at his DRIP PUMP. *1 minute left.*

QUINN

If new evidence emerges, they'd have
to wake me up. If you find something
that leads to my daughter or proves
Moran was involved --

RAJ

Investigate Moran? Are you fucking
crazy? Like I'm going to jeopardize my
kids to find yours.

QUINN

You know I was set up. By someone who
knew I drank. Someone who knew I had a
prior. Someone who knew about me and
Amy fighting over Chloe. Moran knew
all of it.

RAJ

But why would he take Chloe? And if he
killed her, why hide the body? I know
you're hoping she'll prove you
innocent --

QUINN

I'm not trying to find her just to
help my case!

His anguish is palpable. Raj looks away.

QUINN

I need to know she's OK. If you find
something, I'll give you my house.

RAJ

You still own it?

QUINN

(nods)

It was boarded up after I was
arrested. Please, I saw how you were
living --

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP. The LOUD ALARM on the DRIP PUMP goes off.
He sees he has ZERO MEDS LEFT.

RAJ
Swear I'll get the house?

QUINN
Only if you find something and take it
to the police.

RAJ
I told you, you can trust me. I'll
have you out of there within a month.

Quinn -- *has to believe him*. Gets out of the car.

RAJ
Take those bandages off so they don't
suspect you got medical help.

He guns the car round the corner as Quinn removes the bandages.
There's something written on one: *Lara's phone number*.

Quinn looks at it a moment. Another life. It's flattering, but--

HEADLIGHTS in his eyes. A HEMATECH VAN barrels down the street.

Quinn tosses Lara's number aside. Instinctively, like a
cornered animal, he TAKES OFF RUNNING.

INSIDE THE SECURITY VAN

SECURITY CHIEF FELTON sees Quinn sprinting away. PUSHES A
BUTTON on his laptop sending --

A JOLT of electricity from the Tether into Quinn. Quinn falls
to the ground.

INT. HEMATECH HIBERNATION LABS

Quinn lies on a gurney as Sorenson, Kimura, and the other
doctors prepare him for hibernation.

SORENSEN
What happened here?

Lara didn't treat a bruise on his knee. Quinn tenses.

QUINN
Bumped into a chair. Lap dancing
class.

Sorenson looks at him a moment, measuring him. Then she nods to
Dr. Kimura, who hits a touchscreen and --

The gurney lifts Quinn UP INTO THE HIBERNATION CHAMBER. IVs feed him hydrogen sulfide.

His eyes shut. Hold on his slack expression and --

SMASH CUT TO:

A blurred diaphanous image -- like the world was painted with too broad a brush --

SORENSEN

One moment, Sean. Dr. Kimura has your contacts.

This is QUINN'S POV: fingers open his eyes wider. Pop in contact lenses -- the world snapping into focus and Quinn sees

SORENSEN, KIMURA, and technicians above him, applying sensors, taking readings. Quinn's groggy.

QUINN

How long? How long has it been?

Kimura and Sorenson exchange a look. Quinn notices Kimura's put on 30 pounds. The responsibility of running a massive lab has started to line Sorenson's brow.

Horror on Quinn's face as he realizes: *It hasn't been weeks...*

SUPER TITLE: 2024 - DAY 2.

INT. HEMATECH LAB - LATER

Quinn runs in an iCube -- a fully-immersive virtual reality box with an omnidirectional treadmill for flooring. He reacts to the virtual outdoors projected around him -- sprinting through forests, leaping over streams.

Kimura and Lab Techs monitor his reactions:

LAB TECH

15% slower than in '19. He's deteriorating.

Kimura, worried, punches a button. Suddenly in Quinn's virtual outdoor world, a window opens in the sky and he can see Kimura.

KIMURA

Do you feel tired, Sean?

QUINN

(intense)

I need to make a phone call. About my daughter --

KIMURA

Unfortunately the D.O.C. dictates when you may contact friends and relatives, and it's only during furlough.

Quinn, furious at his own captivity, paces around the iCube.

QUINN

Then get this over with.

Kimura starts the iCube again.

INT. HIBERNATION LAB - LATER

Shear (73 now, sickly, his voice little more than a wheeze) oversees Sorenson and Felton (48) prepping Quinn for release.

SHEAR

Good news. You no longer have to wear a Tether.

Quinn -- stunned -- smiles.

SORENSEN

After a prisoner in the Ebola study attempted to escape by cutting off his foot, the D.O.C. required we embed the tracking chip directly into your body.

QUINN

(horrified)

What?

Shear holds out a tablet with the latest D.O.C. directive. Quinn's too preoccupied to read it -- searching his arms, legs--

QUINN

Where's the chip?

CHIEF FELTON

Obviously the whole purpose is to prevent you from knowing and removing it.

Quinn looks at Felton, realizing no matter how much time goes by, he's always going to want to punch this asshole in the face.

As Sorenson steps forward to attach the DRIP PUMP, Quinn sees: A THIRD OF THE HIBERNATION CHAMBERS are empty.

QUINN

What happened to the others?

Sorenson avoids his gaze.

SORENSEN

You're doing extremely well. You have
nothing to worry about.

For the first time, a hint of fear in Quinn's eyes.

EXT. HEMATECH LABS

Quinn hurries out, struggling to use a 2024 CELL PHONE: a
DEVICE around his neck projects a number pad onto his hand. He
pushes the buttons, the device recognizing his movements.

As the phone rings, he has the SAME VIEW of Boston, this time
in summer. A new skyscraper capped with CHINESE LETTERS soars
400 feet above the others. Behind him, Hematech has expanded
with two wings.

AUTOMATED VOICE

*The number you have called is no
longer in service.*

Quinn's face -- frustration turning to worry.

INT. BUS - LATER

Quinn, on the phone with 4-1-1, struggling to hear because the
ADVERTISEMENT on his SEAT'S MONITOR is so loud:

QUINN

(to 4-1-1)

Boston area...

ADVERTISEMENT ON MONITOR

Press the screen if you would like to
purchase a napping pill. Ten Minutes.
No side effects.

Quinn moves toward the bus's doors to get away from the noise.

QUINN

(into the phone)

This is a message for Raj...I don't
know if this is even the right one,
but it's Quinn. I don't know where the
fuck you are or why you couldn't get
me out, but I'm coming to your
apartment. Meet me there.

Quinn angrily hangs up. He's momentarily distracted a nearby
BOY, who seems to be LAUGHING at nothing.

Mystified, Quinn leans forward: the BOY wears wireless earbuds and CONTACTS THAT PLAY VIDEO. A cartoon embedded in the lenses.

The bus slows for a FLOOD OF FOOT TRAFFIC. Quinn looks out at

EXT. FENWAY PARK

20-STORY-TALL HOLOGRAMS of BALL PLAYERS soar above Fenway with bombastic sound effects. The PLAYERS are mostly CHINESE.

Quinn gapes, with the same expression of awe as the THREE-YEAR-OLD has standing next to him. No one else is interested. They've seen it all before.

The bus stops, the DOORS next to Quinn open and suddenly --

ANOTHER MAN inside the bus bears down on Quinn, knocking him out into the crowd of fans, scalpers, and souvenir hawkers.

Quinn shoves the man off him. Realizes: IT'S RAJ.

RAJ

Moran found out -- found out I was
looking into him, all his guys --

He's ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE. Dirty, his face creased with deep wrinkles like it was poorly ironed. He pulls Quinn along.

RAJ

I've lost everything. Haven't been
able to go home, to work. You have to
sell your house. Send them the money--

QUINN

(can barely follow)
Them?

RAJ

My wife, kids -- I sent them back to
Mumbai. You brought me into this, and
now what happened to you is going to
happen to me!

QUINN

But did you find anything?

RAJ

I think they had your daughter.

Quinn's shocked. Heart pounding. He waited years for any news:

QUINN

Had her? Or *have* her?

A VENDOR, rushing through the crowd, SLAMS into Raj, spilling a TRAY of SUPERSIZED DRINKS all over him. Raj's SOAKED.

Quinn sees the Vendor's eyes are DIFFERENT COLORS -- one green, one brown -- as THE VENDOR mutters something and pushes through the crowd.

Raj seems more frightened than angry. Quinn grabs him --

QUINN

What did he do with her? Is she alive?

RAJ

(eyes widening)

You smell that?

BANG! CRACK!

Raj CRIES OUT. Terrified. Everyone turns. Quinn takes a few steps forward to get a view of where --

Someone's thrown FIRECRACKERS IN A NEARBY TRASH CAN. Sparks dance above the bin.

Quinn turns back to see --

A man brushes by Raj and flicks on a lighter --

The liquid spilled all over Raj IGNITES. PFOOSH!

Raj -- a sun of WHITE FLAMES AND INCREDIBLE HEAT. A futuristic chemical fuels the flame. Eats his body in seconds.

PEOPLE SCREAM.

Quinn, horrified, rips off his jacket, rushes to Raj, and tries to BEAT OUT THE FLAMES. But Quinn's jacket ignites as well --

MAKING EVERYONE PANIC. NOW PEOPLE ARE RUNNING. SECURITY GUARDS push Quinn back, knocking him to the GROUND.

SECURITY GUARD

Get back! Back everyone!

Quinn struggles to pick himself up, but A STAMPEDE bears down on him. TENS becoming HUNDREDS becoming THOUSANDS IN SECONDS.

Below the mob's field of vision, Quinn sees a SCREAMING CHILD -- separated from her parents, barely avoiding getting trampled.

He forces himself up. Waves of people throw him around like a rough tide as he shoves his way through. PICKS UP the GIRL.

RUNS WITH THE REST OF THE CROWD. The KID KEEPS SCREAMING.

A hand on his arm. He turns -- fearful it's the police.

But it's the girl's mother who snatches the child and runs.

Quinn looks back -- an AMBULANCE AND MEDICS swarm around the ashy remains of Raj's body.

Quinn stumbles forward: numb, beaten, more isolated than ever.

EXT. RAJ'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Quinn sprints toward Raj's building. Sidewalks are now BRIGHT SCREENS, playing ads continuously with his step. Passing cars are AUTOMATED. Drivers watch TV.

Quinn rummages through a recycling bin outside Raj's building. Fishes out plastic bags to cover his hands and shoes.

INT. RAJ'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn gets off the elevator and hurries up to Apartment 21A.

VOICE (O.S.)

Resident or visitor?

Confused, Quinn realizes the question comes from a SECURITY SYSTEM by the door.

QUINN

Resident.

VOICE (O.S.)

Welcome home. Please step forward for scanning.

QUINN

(frowns)

Visitor.

VOICE (O.S.)

Please wait while we contact your host.

A few beeps are heard inside. Silence.

QUINN

OK, you got me. Intruder.

VOICE (O.S.)

I didn't understand. Please --

Quinn RUSHES FORWARD AND KICKS DOWN THE DOOR.

INT. RAJ'S DARK APARTMENT

VOICE (O.S.)
*ATTENTION. The police have been
 notified. ATTENTION. The police...*

Quinn opens the blinds. DUST FLIES. Clearly Raj left months ago and in a hurry: drawers half emptied, pots in the sink.

QUINN
 C'mon Raj, what did you find?

The ALARM continues as Quinn searches Raj's desk. His eyes light on a photo: Raj beams with his wife and kids. Quinn forces himself to look away.

His nerves beginning to surface, he rips open drawers. In the bedside table, he finds a file marked "Quinn."

Quinn's face -- *Thank God*. He rips it open. It's EMPTY.

A DOUBLE CHIRP FROM OUTSIDE. Quinn peers out the window:

20 STORIES BELOW two sleek POLICE VEHICLES pull up. Four COPS, in armor and helmets, hurry into the building.

Quinn looks around, frantic for a way out. Sees there's a COP keeping guard by the bottom of the FIRE ESCAPE.

INTERCUT:

INT. STAIRWELL -- RAJ'S BUILDING

The COPS draw 90-DEGREE GUNS, letting them see and fire around corners. They check the ELEVATOR. Pull its emergency stop.

COP 1
 Clear.

They advance up the staircase, sweeping each floor.

BACK IN RAJ'S APARTMENT --

Quinn desperately tries to find a way out. His eyes linger on a DISPLAY CASE. Inside:

An AGED PHOTO of Raj's grandfather in WWII uniform and next to it -- his WWII ENFIELD .38 REVOLVER: long-nosed, wood-handled.

Quinn hurls the case to the floor. GLASS SHATTERS. He grabs the REVOLVER. Sees six deteriorating bullets in the chamber.

He races out the front door onto --

THE LANDING

He hears the DETECTIVES CLIMBING THE STAIRS. Scans the landing. NOWHERE TO HIDE. Just a door to another apartment and --

Three metal HATCHES built in the wall. The smallest says "Trash," the second "Compost," the largest "RECYCLING."

He opens the Recycling hatch. TWENTY STORIES BELOW him down a NARROW TUNNEL: DAYLIGHT and a DUMPSTER full of GLASS BOTTLES.

He jumps in, feet first. ENTERS A FREEFALL DOWN THE CHUTE.

He thrusts out his hands and feet, like a kid on a slide trying to slow himself down --

The SHARP GLASS BELOW coming at him -- closer and closer.

Finally -- throwing his limbs out with all his strength -- he BREAKS HIS FALL. Suspended in the tube. The GLASS just twenty feet below.

BACK AT RAJ'S APARTMENT

Finding the door kicked down, the Cops move in. See the place is empty.

BACK IN THE RECYCLING CHUTE:

Quinn's arms and legs are thrust against the tunnel walls. By relaxing his limbs for a split second, he can control his fall, sliding down a foot at a time. It's EXCRUCIATINGLY PAINFUL.

BACK AT RAJ'S APARTMENT

DETECTIVE 1

Heat detail?

Detective 2's infrared visor displays an ULTRA-SENSITIVE TEMPERATURE READING, showing where even trace amounts of heat were absorbed by the floor.

Faint BLUE SHOE PRINTS appear where Quinn stepped.

DETECTIVE 2

Detail shows intruder was here less than 90 seconds ago.

He follows the faint prints back TO THE LANDING. Sees where Quinn stood for a moment by THE CHUTE.

The Detective opens the hatch -- AIMS HIS GUN down the tunnel --
But the CHUTE'S EMPTY. Just the RECYCLING BIN at the bottom.

IN AN ALLEY NEARBY

Quinn, moving fast, turns the corner and finds himself in the
midst of a HUGE RALLY, LCD PROTEST SIGNS reading: "Vote Yes on
Mystic Reservoir" and "Create Jobs: Yes on Mystic Dam!"

Quinn quickly disappears into the crowd.

INT. CLINIC ON WHEELS - MINUTES LATER

Quinn bursts in. See a RECEPTIONIST (mid-40s).

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

POLICE SIRENS. GROWING LOUDER. Quinn tenses.

QUINN
I'm looking for Lara.

RECEPTIONIST
You mean Dr. Ross? She left ages ago.

But he's listening to the SIRENS. They PASS, then grow quiet.

QUINN
You have any idea how I can reach her
there?

RECEPTIONIST
There?

QUINN
Africa.

The Receptionist looks at him from under raised brows.

RECEPTIONIST
I don't know about Africa. But if you
wait, her next shift starts in an
hour.

Quinn -- a wave of relief. *She's here.*

QUINN
There any way to reach her sooner?

The Receptionist shakes her head as her phone rings. She sticks an adhesive wireless mic to her cheek and answers.

Quinn looks at his watch -- 03:26:12...03:26:11...

He anxiously takes a seat in the waiting area. TABLETS are piled on the coffee table, as thin and flexible as magazines.

He sifts through them, each one lighting up and talking as it senses the heat of his hands. There's a Teen Vogue, a National Geographic; his hands linger on the CNN one as --

REPORTER (ON TABLET)

And in local news, an Indian man set himself on fire today in a suspected act of terrorism...

The video shows the Police Commissioner addressing the press:

POLICE COMMISSIONER (ON TABLET)

Jihadi literature has been found in the boarding house Raj Mehta had been living in for the past two months --

Quinn takes out his Hematech cell phone. Dials.

SHEAR (ON PHONE)

Office of Barry Shear.

QUINN

I need you to sell my house. And find a Deshani Mehta in Mumbai who used to live in Boston...

INT. CLINIC ON WHEELS - MUCH LATER

Quinn now looks more ill than anxious, the color drained from his face. His watch: 02:29:36...02:29:35...

Lara walks in. It takes him a moment to recognize her -- her hair now honey-blond and shoulder-length. She's five years older, just as beautiful.

Thinking he'll have to flirt like last time to get anywhere, his demeanor immediately changes -- charming, a smile.

QUINN

We need to talk.

(as she clearly doesn't
recognize him)

My name is Sean Quinn and I was here five years --

A glimmer in Lara's eyes.

LARA
I thought it was Sean Abbot.

She gives him a meaningful look and waves for him to follow as she leads him down a HALLWAY.

QUINN
And I thought you'd be in Africa.

LARA
(blankly)
Africa?

He looks at her. For him, it was just yesterday --

QUINN
When I met you, you said you were going to Ghana.

LARA
(laughs)
Sounds like one of my phases. I've been through a few.

QUINN
I guess when you're 20 you think you'll have time to do everything.

LARA
And by my age you realize you only get to do a few things. I chose a family.

She's taken off her coat now and he sees she's SIX MONTHS PREGNANT. He notices the RING on her finger.

QUINN
Boy or girl? Do you get to choose now? Back in my day, it was blind luck.

LARA
Boy. We flipped a coin.

QUINN
Excited?

LARA
Anxious.

QUINN
Don't be. My daughter's the only good decision I ever made.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You get to watch Sesame Street, eat
the good cereal again --

She leads him into a

PRIVATE EXAM ROOM

She closes the door behind him. Quinn's voice is quiet, urgent--

QUINN

Have you seen Raj? Did he say anything
about me?

LARA

He said he was helping you. That he
thought you were innocent.

For the first time since Raj's death, hope lights Quinn's eyes.

QUINN

He found proof? Did he find my
daughter?

LARA

I don't know --

QUINN

Did he give you anything?
(as Lara shakes her head)
Raj would never have left anything in
the apartment -- it would have been
too easy to find -- but you -- you're
the only other person we both talked
to that day. You're the link --

A KNOCK on the door. Lara shuts her mouth as an UPBEAT NURSE
(mid-fifties) enters with a file --

NURSE

Mr. Abbot's chart.

LARA

That's okay, I'm not treating...

But then she sees: QUINN'S FILE obviously has something in it.
Quinn sees it too, tenses --

LARA

(flustered)
Or...just leave it.

She waits for the nurse to leave, then opens the chart: A
CONTACT LENS CASE and HEARING AID. She reads the prescription:

LARA
Ordered by...Dr. Lara Ross, May 8
2023...

It sends a chill through her. Her face darkening.

QUINN
That must be from Raj.

LARA
Writing orders in my name is against
the law. Leave me out of whatever you
and Raj --

QUINN
(cutting her off)
Raj is dead.

Lara's stopped in her tracks. She gapes at him.

QUINN
He was murdered this morning. The
police are saying it was a suicide.

She covers her mouth -- her anger melted away. Seeing her
fighting back tears pulls his emotions to the surface.

He puts a comforting hand on her shoulder. She puts a hand on
top of his. Then he sees: the file is just sitting on the desk.

He GRABS it.

LARA
(too loud)
Sean! No --

She looks anxiously at the door, worried someone heard.

QUINN
Raj told you I'm looking for my
daughter. With every five years that
goes by -- my chances of finding her
become less and less. If you let me
have this, maybe I can find her today.

Lara gets hold of part of the file. Quinn's not letting go --

LARA
Take it, I'll call the police.

QUINN

You'll have to tell them how we met.
You committed a felony treating a
prisoner. Think they'll let you keep
your medical license?

She finally lets go. He tucks the chart in his jacket and
strides out, leaving her standing there -- utterly conflicted.

EXT. CLINIC ON WHEELS - MOMENT LATER

Quinn steps shakily into the vacant lot next door, now A PARK
UNDER CONSTRUCTION. The workers have left for the day.

He sweats profusely. GRAVELY ILL. With trembling hands, he puts
in the hearing aid. They BUZZ until he pokes in the contacts:

POV QUINN: a flood of VIDEO superimposes over the vacant lot
like a HOLOGRAM, showing Raj filming himself in a mirror.

RAJ (ON THE CINETACTS)

If you're watching this, I can only
assume it got too dangerous for me to
stay in the U.S.

It tears at Quinn to see Raj alive when he last saw him as a
pile of smoldering ashes.

QUINN

Raj --

The footage cuts. Clearly filmed on a HIDDEN CAMERA: a HISPANIC
WOMAN, early 30s, slumped at a table. Her good looks walked out
on her. She seems drunk or drugged or both.

RAJ (NARRATING)

Remember Laticia? She dated Austin
same time you were arrested. I could
only record her without her knowing.
I'm sorry I couldn't get anything you
could take to the police. I'm sorry --

There's something foreboding about the desperation of Raj's
apology. The audio changes and Quinn can hear Raj, from
somewhere behind his hidden camera, talking to Laticia:

LATICIA

-- but one night I caught Austin. He
said he was meeting with his brother,
but...I followed him. He went to
Amy's. The place she was living after
she and Quinn split up.

RAJ
But why'd he lie to you?

Laticia shrugs. Still angry.

LATICIA
He said he was just giving her money.
To help her get custody of the little
girl. After Amy died, I started to
worry that he had something to do with
it --

RAJ
Why? What happened?

Laticia hesitates. Tears in her eyes.

LATICIA
You have to swear you won't tell
anyone...

Raj must have nodded from somewhere behind his hidden camera.

LATICIA
If Moran had a little girl, he'd try
to make money off it.

RAJ
How?

LATICIA
Austin was selling girls for him...If
that girl died that night with her
mother, it's probably better than what
would have happened to her if Austin
got her alive --

The footage on the CINETACTS cuts out.

Leaving Quinn staring at the vacant lot. Quinn -- like he's
swallowed a gallon of acid -- the pain burning through him.

QUINN
Austin -- I'll fucking kill you --

He takes a few steps forward, charging at the world --

But his body mutinies. He dry heaves. His head drenched with
sweat. His vision blurs. *He's going to have to get help.*

His fingers move to the ENFIELD REVOLVER -- what to do with it?

He stumbles through the construction site, passing equipment, mounds of earth. Sees: a row of shallow HOLES. A few tiny saplings already planted, the rest waiting nearby.

Quinn grabs an unplanted sapling and drops it in the first empty hole, the fourth in the row. Fills dirt around the roots.

He drops the bag with the REVOLVER into the hole, near the surface. He forces himself to compact dirt on top of everything then staggers back toward

EXT. CLINIC ON WHEELS

Through the open door, the RECEPTIONIST sees Quinn trying to pull himself up the steps.

RECEPTIONIST
Doctor Ross!

Quinn loses his grip. Falls to the ground. Passersby stare.

Lara rushes out. He tries to talk but is unintelligible. She sees written on the breast of his jacket "IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, CALL" with a phone number. Pulls out her phone.

Quinn's eyes freeze in place. OPEN. A corpse.

LARA
Sean? Sean!

Quinn on the ground, looking straight up at the sky. Lara screaming into the phone --

FADE TO BLACK.

LARA (O.S.)
Do you remember your name?

Quinn opens his eyes. As Lara puts in his contact lenses, her concerned face comes into focus above him.

QUINN
Lara?

LARA
What are the odds? That's my name too.

Dr. Kimura (even paunchier at 42) steps away the gurney.

DR. KIMURA
I'll get Sorenson.

Quinn tries to process his surroundings. He's

BACK IN THE HEMATECH LABS

QUINN

What are you doing here?

LARA

(smiles)

I met Dr. Sorenson when I brought you in. She told me about the work they're doing. Then when the clinic shut down--

Quinn's examining Lara's face: her hair's short again, the faintest smile lines framing her mouth. He realizes --

SUPER TITLE: 2029 - Day 3

QUINN

(cutting her off, furious)

It's been five years? What about the two hours I had left last --

SORENSEN

You spent them in the ICU.

Sorenson approaches, Kimura and two assistants trailing behind.

SORENSEN (CONT'D)

Other patients have suffered from the same heart-rhythm disorders during their furloughs --

She motions to the hibernation vaults: only six patients still hibernating. The other vaults are EMPTY. Quinn realizes he's one of the few subjects still alive. He blinks back his fear.

SORENSEN

-- So we've gained permission from the D.O.C. to have a doctor and guard accompany all patients on furlough.

(Quinn's already shaking his head)

You're now more valuable to us. If your heart stops again, Dr. Kimura will be there to help you --

QUINN

Where's my lawyer?

BARRY SHEAR steps forward. He looks THIRTY YEARS YOUNGER.

SHEAR, JR.

Barry, Jr. I took on Dad's pro bono clients after his death.

Quinn, stunned, shakes Jr.'s hand.

QUINN

The original agreement said nothing about a doctor and guard riding shotgun.

SHEAR, JR.

The D.O.C. agreed with Hematech on this. We can sue, but then you won't be released today and I'll have to fight them while you're under.

Quinn sees he's trapped. Looks past Shear, Jr. to Sorenson.

QUINN

If I need a baby-sitter, I want her.

He points to Lara, who's preparing Kimura's medical case.

INT. HEMATECH LABS HALLWAY - LATER

Quinn and Shear, Jr. by an observation window overlooking another EXPERIMENT. Quinn's time racing down: 05:42:56...

SHEAR, JR.

Your house sat on the market for three years. Then...a miracle! Department of Power slapped down a hundred ten grand for it.

He shows Quinn on his tablet: a lake in the center of 10 Hills.

SHEAR, JR. (CONT'D)

Mystic Dam. Built for the water, hydropower, and -- if you're a cynic -- the waterfront homes. Your house was in the flood zone.

QUINN

(gapes)

Did you get my things out of it?

Shear, Jr shifts like he's suddenly in quicksand.

SHEAR, JR.

My father was dying. He didn't have time to get anything out. But he researched widows named Deshani Mehta living in Mumbai. Said you asked.

Shear, Jr's amassed ID photos on his tablet. Quinn scrolls through them -- recognizes RAJ's WIFE. He taps on her and a FAMILY TREE appears, showing Raj's kids. A pang of guilt.

QUINN

Send them the money.

SHEAR, JR.

(surprised)

Maybe you want to think about it. I mean, are they relatives?

QUINN

Send it. All of it.

Lara waits for Shear to exit before coming up. She sees Quinn watching an EXPERIMENT below through the observation window:

Technicians with ORANGE CANISTERS spray A GREEN GAS over SICKLY COWS. The gas has all the directional control of a liquid.

LARA

They have pig pox. Misnamed actually, all mammals can carry it. It kills humans in 48 hours, so the FDA banned all livestock.

The gas covers the cows, their legs folding under them.

LARA

This sedates them before they're exterminated...

Quinn turns, leading Lara toward the exit. Her manner is more reserved than before. Pleasant, but formal. Classic doctor.

QUINN

Has everything changed for the worst?

LARA

Not everything. Look what's in beta -- elastic floors --

She hurls her tablet at the floor, and the floor, sensing the object about to impact, compensates, cushioning its fall, like a trampoline. But Quinn's mind is elsewhere, thinking about the ENFIELD REVOLVER.

QUINN

So why'd your clinic shut down?

LARA

The city built a park on the lot. One of those awful climate-controlled ones.

QUINN

I've never been to one. Let's go.

LARA

(surprised)

I thought you'd want to look for your daughter.

A sadness in his eyes. His voice toughens.

QUINN

There's only a two percent chance of ever finding a missing child after the first 48 hours. It's been...17 years. Time to move on.

LARA

(regards him, then)

I admire that. Some patients have trouble accepting that things have changed while they're in hibernation.

QUINN

(softening)

Looks like you've moved on too.
(off her confusion)
Second finger from the right.

LARA

We in the science community call that one the "ring finger."

But her WEDDING RING is gone. She slips her hand into her pocket.

LARA

I guess that whole "to love and to cherish forever" thing just didn't work out for us.

QUINN

An old friend told me never bet on forever. It just gives the rest of the world forever to fuck it up for you...

LARA

(a pained smile)

Smart friend.

QUINN
So what happened?

LARA
(starting to blow him off)
Oh, it's --

But he looks at her with such genuine concern, she stops.
Finally --

LARA
My son...he's sick. And my ex lost
hope about a year ago. So now he's
just a big paycheck at the end of the
month. I like him better that way
anyway.

For a second Quinn sees the old Lara. The mischievous smile.

EXT. HEMATECH TOWER - CONTINUOUS

As they walk out, Quinn sees he's been hibernating in a MASSIVE
NEW TOWER. The view ahead: mass urbanization has caused much of
Boston to resemble the haphazard slums of the Third World.

QUINN
What does your son have?

LARA
Ewing's sarcoma. There's no treatment.
But if he gets too sick, we might put
him in hibernation til there's a
cure...
(she smiles, trying to
bury her emotions)
I found out about the experiment
because of you. And I joined it
because of him.

They both fall silent as they ENTER

A HEMATECH VEHICLE AT THE CURB.

SECURITY OFFICER DANIELS (32, a diesel truck of a man) is
already inside, armed with weapons Quinn barely recognizes.

Daniels stares at Quinn suspiciously as Lara speaks to the
CAR'S NAVIGATION SYSTEM:

LARA
Menino Park.

The car takes off, all automated. No driver. With Daniels watching them, Lara and Quinn sit in silence. He stares out the window at a world he no longer recognizes.

EXT. MENINO PARK (FORMERLY THE CLINIC'S VACANT LOT)

Half a normal park on a summer's day; half a "winter park" encased in transparent steel with snow falling on pine trees.

Quinn, Lara, and Daniels descend from the Hematech car. It FOLDS in PARKING MODE, its center contracting so it saves space on the road. Daniels talks into a device round his neck:

DANIELS

Patient Quinn with us at Menino Park.

INT. HEMATECH SECURITY CENTER

CHIEF FELTON (53 now) checks a monitor. Sees where a DOT marked "SEAN QUINN" is on the map.

FELTON

Confirmed.

EXT. MENINO PARK (FORMERLY VACANT LOT)

Quinn scans the park, glancing nervously at the ROW OF TREES where he hid the gun. What were 18" saplings are now 8' trees.

He steps unsteadily. Lara, concerned, takes his arm --

LARA

You feel sick?

QUINN

My stomach... I need a bathroom...

Lara spots a PUBLIC RESTROOM in a corner of the park.

INT. PUBLIC RESTROOM

A sink and one stall. Quinn coughs, his face turning red.

LARA

(alarmed)

Deep breaths -- OK?

Quinn goes into the stall. Starts to shut the door when DANIELS blocks it.

DANIELS
I have to keep you in sight.

QUINN
(gasping for breath)
You're going to watch me? GET OUT.

DANIELS
(not moving)
Do what you need to.

Quinn stands over the toilet, dry-heaving. Quinn positions himself so Daniels can't see as he PULLS HIS OWN TRIGGER.

He VOMITS. Daniels, disgusted at the smell, turns away --

And at that moment -- Quinn leaps onto the seat of the toilet, grabs the top of the stall wall as a fulcrum and SWINGS OUT FEET FIRST --

Daniels grabs his gun -- Lara SCREAMS as --

Quinn KICKS DANIELS in the face, knocking him down, his GUN flying from his hands. Quinn grabs him and SLAMS his head against the stall's metal wall.

LARA
STOP OR I'LL SHOOT.

LARA AIMS DANIELS' GUN AT QUINN.

Quinn lets go of Daniels, who slumps to the floor.

LARA
Oh my God. You killed him.

QUINN
He'll live. Check his pulse if you don't believe me.

They stare at each other. Neither can quite believe it's come to this.

QUINN
You can't kill me, Lara. I'm one of three survivors. You need me for your son. You said it yourself --

LARA
Don't come closer --
(nods to the gun)
This is a company weapon -- I'm Biomatched.

His voice is gentle. Quiet.

QUINN

You think I'd hurt you? You gave me your number once -- it's the only good thing that's happened to me in ten years.

He takes a tiny step forward. Her eyes narrow.

LARA

I'm not some gullible kid anymore.
Don't move --

QUINN

I'm not a killer, Lara. Neither are you.

He leaps toward her --

Lara FIRES.

Too late -- the bullet hits the stall -- Quinn rips the gun away as he presses his body against hers, PINNING HER TO THE WALL --

QUINN

You're going to help me escape. Give me the medicine for the drip pump so I don't have to go back.

He nods to her MEDICAL CASE, which she's dropped at her feet.

LARA

It's a whole cocktail. More drugs than would fit in a suitcase.

QUINN

You're lying -- you have to have more!

Lara shakes her head. Quinn -- furious -- now he's fucked.

QUINN

Then the Tether -- the tracking chip Hematech implanted -- you're going to take it out.

Lara, eyes fearful, nods. Seemingly compliant. She slides down the wall to reach the case, Quinn moving with her. Ready to block her from grabbing the gun or escaping.

She opens the case. In an instant, she snatches a SCALPEL. GOES FOR QUINN'S FACE --

He GRABS HER ARM. TWISTS it so she drops the blade. They STRUGGLE for it, their arms entangled --

QUINN

Take out the tracker!

He grabs the blade and holds it to her throat. Wraps his legs around her so she CAN'T BREAK AWAY. She quiets. Then:

LARA

It's in your neck.

She points to a tiny bump a few inches below his ear.

LARA

I need the scalpel.

Like he's falling for that. He nods to a metal sickle probe, like a dentist's, in the case.

LARA

That's too blunt.

QUINN

Use it.

Her hands shaking, she picks up the probe. Forces it violently into his skin. Blood pours out. Quinn, in agony, anxious she might rip too deep into his jugular --

QUIN

If you try to kill me, I'll have to kill you first.

She rips through membrane. Tissue. Finally something GLINTS through the blood. She scrapes out A TINY CHIP.

QUINN

(relieved)

Now give me a syringe with whatever would knock someone out a few hours.

She picks up a vial from the case. Loads the syringe. He takes it. Pulls up her sleeve to inject the inside of her elbow --

LARA

You'll never find the vein. Put it in the shoulder muscle.

She undoes the top buttons of her blouse and pulls the neckline down to expose her shoulder.

He plunges the needle in. Watches her intensely. Already the medicine's working. Her body relaxes under his grip.

LARA

I really thought you'd moved on.

QUINN

You have a son. You should have known better.

Their faces are incredibly close. Tears in her eyes.

QUINN

There's a lot you don't know about me...If I told you everything, it would scare you. But what happened to Chloe was my fault. Not because I killed my wife -- but because I let the wrong people into Chloe's life.

Just admitting it hurts.

LARA

(desperate to stop him)

But Quinn...it's been 16 years. She won't even be your daughter anymore.

QUINN

It doesn't feel like 16 years to me. I need to see her. Let her know how sorry I am.

LARA

But...do you really think she's still alive?

She's picked him open. He's bleeding now.

QUINN

When you lose your child, there's no moving on. As long as I'm alive, I'll look for her. If she's buried by the side of some road --

(starting to lose it)

I want to know where it is. And who put her there. It doesn't matter how much time has gone by.

LARA

(fading)

The police will hunt you down and if we lose you...I could lose my son, too.

He searches her face. Her eyes going glassy...she's unconscious. He checks his DRIP PUMP. 3 hours 28 minutes. He has to hurry.

MOMENTS LATER:

Daniels, still out cold, is stripped to his underwear. Quinn, wearing his UNIFORM, locks the bathroom door. Clambers out the HIGH WINDOW

INTO THE PARK

He tosses their phones and devices -- anything with a GPS -- into the garbage next to the restroom.

Sprints to the ROW OF TREES. He starts digging under the fourth tree from the left. He looks around anxiously -- but nearly everyone's in the park's winter half.

He tears at the earth like a wild animal. But there's nothing but tree roots. *Someone must have taken the gun.*

QUINN

No -- no --

Finally he touches plastic. Unearths the bag with the ENFIELD REVOLVER. He finds all SIX BULLETS still in the chamber, but more deteriorated than before. He's not sure it will even fire.

QUINN

Fuck.

He tucks it under his jacket and TAKES OFF RUNNING.

EXT. 10 HILLS

The once-desolate neighborhood is now lush. New "invisible buildings" project sky on their outer walls, making the windows appear suspended in air.

Billboards read "PROTECT YOUR FAMILIES: REPORT ILLEGAL MEAT."

Beneath it all -- QUINN runs, crossing the city on foot. He's exhausted, pushing the limits of his body. Finally reaches:

What was Moran's POST OFFICE HEADQUARTERS. The columned edifice is now just the ground floor of a luxurious highrise. The building was previously atop a steep hill above the Mystic; it's now directly on the shores of the MYSTIC RESERVOIR.

Quinn panics. The building's completely transformed -- *Moran probably doesn't still own it.* Quinn rushes inside

THE HIGH-RISE'S GRAND LOBBY

A robotic fridge next to the door slides open, "*Complimentary refreshments.*" Quinn doesn't even hear it, rushing toward the CONCIERGE (23, too large for his suit) behind the front desk.

QUINN

I'm looking for Austin Moran. Or
Andrew.

CONCIERGE

Who?

Quinn -- his heart sinking --

Then: his focus shifts to the SIGN behind the Concierge: "VALET YOUR DOG" with an arrow pointing down the hall. And Quinn's on the move. Charges round a corner into --

DOG VALET KENNEL

Laser pens keeping the dogs in place. In a large pen:

THREE DOBERMANS. Ancient now. Scruffy.

CONCIERGE

(a step behind Quinn)
I'm sorry but you can't --

Quinn turns on him with the ENFIELD in hand.

QUINN

-- Yeah, but I'm going to try anyway.

INT. HEMATECH SECURITY HEADQUARTERS

Felton studies a satellite view of Menino Park. The "SEAN QUINN" DOT blinks in place. Not moving.

FELTON

Daniels, your position?

Five seconds. No response.

FELTON

(worried, to computer)
Track the location of Dr. Ross' phone.

A dot appears in Menino park. He zooms in -- on the dumpster where Quinn deposited the phones.

FELTON

Somebody get Sorenson.

INT. DINGY ELECTRICAL ROOM - MORAN'S HIGHRISE

Quinn keeps the gun on the Concierge as he opens what looks like a GIANT WATER HEATER. Its sides split to reveal:

A NARROW TUNNEL. A ladder leading down to TOTAL DARKNESS.

QUINN

What's down there? My grave?

CONCIERGE

Sullivan T Station. Austin's at Lechmere.

QUINN

How could he be operating out of the fucking T?

The Concierge looks at Quinn like he's crazy.

CONCIERGE

T's been closed since they dammed the Mystic, since the water table rose --
(as Quinn shoves the gun
against his head)
I swear -- it's the safest place to transport goods.

Quinn searches the Concierge's face. Deciding whether to believe him. He looks at his DRIP PUMP. *42 minutes left...*

He grabs a FLASHLIGHT and EXTENSION CORDS from the shelves of service equipment. Starts tying up the Concierge --

EXT. MENINO PARK (FORMERLY THE CLINIC'S VACANT LOT)

Homeless people sleeping on the summer lawns awaken, then run for cover as a HEMATECH SECURITY HELICOPTER noisily descends.

Sorenson, Felton and Kimura rush out with a SECURITY TEAM.

Felton and the Guards BREAK DOWN down the bathroom door...

Find Lara and Officer Daniels unconscious inside. Sorenson fills a syringe from her medical case and injects it into Lara.

Lara's eyes SNAP OPEN.

BACK TO:

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - MORAN'S HIGHRISE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Concierge is gagged and bound with extension cords.

Through the hole in the wall, 60 feet down the ladder, Quinn descends, with the flashlight in his mouth, into

INT. ABANDONED T STATION

Turnstiles frame spider webs. The stairs to the Victorian station have been cemented off. The tracks flooded. Abandoned SUBWAY CARS sit half-filled with water.

Quinn rushes to the subway map rusting on the wall. Orients himself: Austin and Lechmere Station are six stops away.

QUINN

Fuck!

He drops into the flooded tracks. The water up to his waist. Beneath the surface, the slight ripple of activity. Something -- or things -- is alive down there.

Quinn, hellbent, ignores it. Charges down the tunnel.

INT. HEMATECH SECURITY HELICOPTER

Sorenson, Lara, and Felton are surrounded by security techs and search equipment. Their voices overlap, tension running high --

SORENSEN

Without the Tether in him, how do we stop him from hurting someone?

FELTON

We can't. We're legally obligated to tell the police we lost control of him.

LARA

You bring police in, they'll kill him--

FELTON

(turning on Lara)
He almost killed you and you're defending him?!

LARA

He wasn't trying to kill us -- he was trying to escape us. He says he's going to prove his innocence. Maybe he is.

FELTON
(darkening)
We all know you have a personal stake
in this.

Lara blushes.

FELTON
But we can't let your son's needs
dictate our decision. I'm sorry.

Lara sees there's no hope with Felton. Turns to Sorenson.

LARA
Please -- he's too valuable to the
research --

FELTON
(cutting in)
You have two other hibernation
survivors. Study them.

LARA
And if one of them dies? Or both?

SORENSEN
(to Felton)
We don't want the D.O.C. shutting down
this experiment because we lost
control of one patient.

FELTON
And if they find out later you covered
it up? They could shut down your
entire company.

As Sorenson wavers...

CUT TO:

INT. FLOODED SUBWAY TUNNEL

QUINN sprints through three feet of water. It's like running
into a 40 mph headwind. On the DRIP PUMP: *48 seconds left.*

Turning a corner, he sees two boats moored at:

LECHMERE STATION

Dimly lit. Generators hum. The platform's lined with HUGE
FREEZERS. Quinn, just his eyes and nose above the water, creeps
forward. Seeing no one, he hoists himself onto the platform.
Rushes for the stairs leading to the rest of the station.

BEEP BEEP. BEEP BEEP. The DRIP PUMP is EMPTY. Its ALARM ECHOES LOUDLY through the empty tunnels.

Quinn, panicking -- doesn't know what he's about to deal with, doesn't even know if his gun works -- looks for a place to hide. Opens one of the giant freezers lining the wall. It's full of huge legs of ILLEGAL BEEF.

INT. ABANDONED LECHMERE STATION - ELSEWHERE

A GUARD, the size of a refrigerator, watches glasses-free 3D TV, blurring the line between the room and movie.

He hears a faint BEEPING. Turns off the movie. Draws his gun --

INT. LECHMERE PLATFORM

The Guard descends the stairs. The BEEPING continues. Seeing no sign of an intruder, he cautiously walks forward.

Stops next to QUINN'S FREEZER. The BEEPING clearly coming from inside. The Guard flexes his finger on the trigger...

OPENS THE DOOR. FIRES A SHOT INSIDE.

But Quinn's NOT THERE. The Guard leans in. Sees the DRIP PUMP on the fridge floor. And in that moment of confusion --

QUINN leaps out from behind and SLAMS the Guard with one of the COW LEGS, wielding it like a baseball bat.

CRACK! The GUARD'S NOSE DISLOCATING. TEETH DISLODGED. Quinn can take no chances. PUMMELS the Guard unconscious.

Quinn bends down, unstraps the man's BULLETPROOF VEST. There's a TEMPERATURE GAUGE on it. He has no idea what it's for, but straps the vest on anyway.

But Quinn's hands are turning blue. He's covered in sweat. He clearly needs the medicine he was due for.

He picks up the Guard's PHONE. Dials HEMATECH. No reception.

INT. GIANT ESCALATOR TUNNEL - LECHMERE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn, on the lookout for Moran's men, hustles up the stalled escalator. He bends over. Nauseous. Now that he's higher, he dials HEMATECH again. RINGING.

INTERCUT:

HEMATECH MOBILE SECURITY HEADQUARTERS

TECH
Quinn's on the line.

SORENSEN
(picking up, furious)
Have you lost your mind?

QUINN (ON PHONE)
(whispering)
Bring my medicines to the Lechmere T.
And stay on the line --

SORENSEN
What are you doing? You --

QUINN
-- Make sure you record this. I'm
going to get a confession.

Quinn doesn't hang up, but puts the phone in his pocket so --

IN THE HEMATECH SECURITY HELICOPTER

Sorenson, Lara and Hematech Security can hear everything. An
AUDIO WAVEFORM pulses on the security screens as it records.

SORENSEN (INTO PHONE)
Quinn?

FELTON
(to the Techs)
Plug into the phone's GPS location. We
can't lose him again --

INT. TOP OF THE ESCALATOR TUNNEL

The Guard's immersion theater plays in front of a closed STEEL
DOOR. Quinn, ENFIELD in hand, slowly opens it. Peers into

THE T STATION'S CENTRAL HUB.

Now a massive REFRIGERATED ROOM filled with DEAD COWS, PIGS,
DEER hanging from meat hooks. A BLACK MARKET SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

Quinn's breath steams in the cold as he creeps forward between
the animals. From deeper inside: a Golden Oldies station blasts
Jay-Z's "99 Problems." Quinn turns toward the sound:

Through the doorway to the TICKETING OFFICE, Quinn sees a MAN
facing the other way. AUSTIN MORAN'S white-blond hair.

INT. FORMER TICKETING OFFICE

Austin turns on a state-of-the-art CAPPUCCINO MACHINE just as Quinn, in the doorway, COCKS THE REVOLVER'S HAMMER. The gun trained on Austin.

QUINN

Don't move.

Austin freezes. Quinn struggles to keep his emotions at bay -- but it's been 17 years -- *this is it* --

QUINN

What'd you do with Chloe? Is she OK?

Austin's VOICE SOUNDS STRANGLER, like it's half-air.

AUSTIN

I don't know any Chloe. But if she's a cow, I sold her and someone ate her.

QUINN

Turn around.

He does. Quinn's shocked: at 34, Austin's cheeks are gaunt. A life of brutality has turned him manic, scarred his face.

But Austin's the more startled by Quinn -- a living memory, unchanged in 15 years.

QUINN

What happened to your voice?

Austin's eyes burn into him, but the voice is just as weak.

AUSTIN

Some asshole slit my vocal cords ten years ago.

Quinn realizes Austin's talking about him. Austin looks at Quinn -- pale, sweaty, sick -- then at the ENFIELD. He smiles.

AUSTIN

Bet my life that doesn't fire.

AND AUSTIN'S MOVING. Quinn -- no other option --

PULLS THE TRIGGER. CLICK. The ENFIELD DOESN'T FIRE.

Austin hits the lights. THE ROOM GOES COMPLETELY BLACK.

Scrambling sounds, God knows what's happening -- then LIGHT slices in as Austin runs out. The door slams behind him.

BANG! BANG!

Two bullet holes appear white in the darkness of the office. Quinn's shot two holes in the door. He rushes forward, opens the door, sees --

Austin darting between the rows of animals, tightly packed and straight like a cornfield. Quinn takes off after him, but has NO CLEAR SHOT. CAN'T WASTE BULLETS.

Austin disappears out of the refrigerated room and is BACK AGAIN. MASSIVE GUN IN HAND.

Now instead of chasing Austin, Quinn's trying to get away --

BOOM! Austin fires. Quinn, on the move, but the BULLET CURVES TOWARD HIM.

HEAT-SEEKING.

It HITS Quinn in the chest. He looks down -- the smoking bullet embedded in his BULLETPROOF VEST.

And like that, Quinn realizes what the TEMPERATURE SETTING on the vest is for. He jacks it up all the way. 115 degrees.

He steps out from behind the carcass.

A BARRAGE OF HEAT-SEEKING BULLETS slam into the vest, the impact jostling him, making it hard for him to AIM.

He FIRES ONCE. MISSES. Keeps running -- but Austin's now only ten feet away --

Austin FIRES AGAIN -- the bullet HITS THE ENFIELD. Knocks it from Quinn's hand.

AUSTIN: SPRINTING full speed -- raises his gun to fire again -- he's so close, there's no way he'll miss a headshot --

Quinn SWINGS A BULL'S BODY IN FRONT OF HIMSELF --

The BULLET HITS THE BULL'S HEAD and --

AUSTIN -- at full speed -- too much momentum -- can't stop --

GOES STRAIGHT INTO THE BULL'S HORNS.

Piercing DEEP into his stomach. In that moment of shock -- *he's been fucking impaled* -- Quinn tosses Austin's gun aside. He grabs the Enfield. Presses it against Austin's head.

QUINN

What'd you do with my daughter?

He pushes Austin back into

HIS OFFICE

QUINN

Tell me, you fuck!

Quinn hits the lights. The COFFEE MACHINE, still on, sputters BOILING HOT COFFEE all over the counter as Austin screams --

AUSTIN

Call Andrew -- Call Andrew --

There's a loud RINGING from every speaker in the room.

Suddenly PROJECTED ON THE WALLS:

ANDREW MORAN is 15 FEET HIGH IN FRONT OF THEM. He's 51 now, hustling his YOUNG SON away as he answers the video phone.

For a moment he does nothing. Stares at them. Quinn stares at him. They're face-to-face when neither expected it.

QUINN

(to Austin)

Turn this off!

Andrew -- assessing the scene -- the bloom of red blood soaking Austin's shirt -- yells into his headset --

ANDREW

Send a team to Lechmere --

QUINN

(to Austin)

What'd you do to my daughter?

Austin gapes at him -- open mouthed -- no idea what to say --

ANDREW

-- Put the gun down. I'll have men there in minutes --

QUINN

Maybe some coffee will help.

He grabs Austin by the hair and shoves his FACE UNDER THE SPEWING COFFEE MACHINE. Austin screams as COFFEE SCALDS HIM.

QUINN

Where is she?!

Andrew yells from the screen, but Quinn doesn't even hear it. He yanks Austin out. Austin sputters, terrified--

AUSTIN
You killed your wife -- your daughter--
everyone knows --

Quinn turns on the STEAMER. Sticks a finger up each of Austin's nostrils and forces Austin's face under it -- the steam 200 DEGREES -- Austin's skin at 200 DEGREES --

AUSTIN
(in agony)
I took Chloe!

He pulls Austin out. Austin gasps in pain, his skin raw.

AUSTIN
You'd already passed out when I got to
your house. I took her with me --

QUINN
(enraged)
What'd you do with her?

ANDREW
(horrificed)
Shut the fuck up, Austin -- we're
coming!

He HANGS UP, disappearing from the wall. Quinn keeps the Enfield on Austin as he snatches the Guard's phone.

QUINN (INTO PHONE)
You record his confession? We have to
take it to the police!

INTERCUT: HEMATECH SECURITY HELICOPTER

Sorenson -- beside herself; Lara -- pale.

SORENSEN
Quinn -- you're *torturing* someone?

AUSTIN
(screaming into the phone)
HELP! He's going to kill me!

Quinn SLAMS Austin across the face with the Enfield. He rifles through Austin's desk. Finds DUCT TAPE. Gags him with the it.

Sorenson and Lara look at each other. Not sure what to believe.

SORENSEN
The police will never accept that
confession. They'll arrest you for
what you've done to him.

QUINN

Then let the cops interrogate him --
he'll admit the same to them.

He binds Austin's hands behind him with the tape.

SORENSEN

If you don't get more medicine soon,
you're going to get --

QUINN

(cutting her off)
Just help me get him to the cops.

SORENSEN

Our team will be there in three
minutes.

A eerie BUZZING. Suddenly the POWER CUTS OUT in the subway
station. Quinn and Austin just visible in the phone's glow --

QUINN

I'll be dead in three minutes.

FELTON

Don't hang up or we'll lose your
location --

Guided by the phone's glow, Quinn hauls Austin from the office.

QUINN

How do we get out of here?

EXT. ALLEY - MINUTES LATER

A piece of cement opens like a trap door as Quinn pulls Austin
up a spiral staircase to the outside world.

A MERCEDES SUV parked next to it. Quinn shoves Austin up to the
car's security device. It SCANS Austin's eyes. The door POPS
OPEN. Quinn pulls him

INSIDE AUSTIN'S MERCEDES

AUTOMATED CAR

We are automatically routing you home.

And the car takes off.

QUINN

No, no -- reroute -- nearest police
station!

AUTOMATED CAR
 Rerouting. Bunker Hill Station.
 Estimated arrival - 7 minutes.

OUT THE REAR WINDOW: Quinn sees a JEEP turn down the alley.
 GUNNING toward them. Quinn jumps into the driver's seat and

SLAMS DOWN THE ACCELERATOR. But the car continues leisurely
 forward -- its computer still controlling everything. Quinn
 doesn't understand how the future works --

QUINN
 (screaming at the car)
 Let me drive!

He frantically punches buttons on the dashboard -- transforming
 the windshield into a TV that plays a 3-D AD for ANTI-AGING
 MEDICATION: an old woman losing wrinkles, thanks to her pills.

Quinn hits more buttons to get it off -- instead ALL THE
 WINDOWS start playing the ad too. Now Quinn can't see where the
 JEEP is. Austin smiles at Quinn's confusion -- *he's done for.*

QUINN
 Manual! Manual!

AUTOMATED CAR VOICE
 I think you're trying to initiate
 Human Steering. Is that correct?

QUINN
 YES!

The windshield and windows again go transparent -- Quinn can
 see the JEEP IS JUST BEHIND THEM --

And suddenly the car recognizes that his FOOT IS ALL THE WAY
 DOWN ON THE PEDAL. The car ROCKETS FORWARD. TURNS THE CORNER

-- as MORAN'S MEN FIRE AT HIS WHEELS, trying to stop him.

Quinn's accidentally navigated to A CROWDED STREET. Swerves
 around OTHER CARS --

The OTHER CARS -- all automated -- sensing Austin's car and the
 Jeep barreling down the road, beyond control -- all stop --
 making it harder for Quinn to weave around them, like dribbling
 through cones a foot apart.

He looks back -- the JEEP IS GAINING ON HIM and --

WORSE -- Austin has wormed his way to the right-side of the car
 and is OPENING THE CAR DOOR WITH HIS FEET.

Quinn -- can't let go of the wheel. Can't let Austin escape.

The BACK RIGHT DOOR IS NOW OPEN. Austin's about to get out --

Quinn SWERVES THE CAR HARD RIGHT --

A TOTAL U-TURN, the car nearly flipping over. It SLAMS Austin's door shut again and sends Austin FLYING across the car --

But now Quinn's nearly in a HEAD-ON COLLISION with MORAN'S MEN.

Who OPEN FIRE THROUGH THE WINDOW as he passes. Quinn ducks just in time. Shattered glass raining down on him.

Austin's car slams to a halt.

AUTOMATED CAR VOICE

The vehicle is damaged. Contact towing company?

QUINN

No! Override! Go! GO!

The car lurches forward again. It jabbers away with a self-diagnosis, telling Quinn all the things that are now broken as

Quinn swerves down A NARROW STREET. He glances in the mirror -- behind him is a BLUE VAN full of teenage girls.

He seems to have lost the Jeep.

But he's soaked in sweat. Jaundiced. Clearly needs medicine.

Looks in the mirror again. Sees -- THE JEEP TURNING ONTO THE STREET. Quinn grabs the ENFIELD.

QUINN

You drive -- automatic drive!

AUTOMATED CAR VOICE

Switching to -- auto drive.

The car decreases speed suddenly, but at least now Quinn can TURN AROUND. He tries to control his shaking hands as he --

SHOOTS OUT THE TIRES of the BLUE VAN behind him. BANG! The teenage girls SCREAM IN TERROR. Their van automatically STOPS -- creating a ROADBLOCK for the Jeep --

And as a SILVER CAR going the other way comes alongside the van, Quinn aims at its tires -- BANG! CLICK! CLICK! The Enfield's out of bullets --

But the first bullet hit -- the SILVER CAR skids to a stop next to the van --

THE TWO VEHICLES BLOCKING THE ROAD. The Jeep has too much momentum -- plows into a parked car, stopping mere inches from the van -- the teenage girls wailing hysterically --

Giving Quinn the chance to get away!

QUINN

Human steering!

The car lets him take over and he SPEEDS AWAY round a turn.

But he convulses. Barely manages to grab the PHONE. He calls Hematech, gagging as his body stiffens:

QUINN (INTO PHONE)

Where are you? I need help!

INT. HEMATECH SECURITY HELICOPTER - INTERCUT

SORENSEN

We're almost there. Are you hurt?

INT. AUSTIN'S CAR

Before Quinn can reply, he goes into seizure -- arms and legs contracting violently. He can't see that AUSTIN has opened the door again with his feet. Austin hurls himself OUT OF THE CAR. Hitting the ground outside.

Quinn's eyes roll back. He slumps onto the wheel, pushing the PEDAL ALL THE WAY DOWN -- the car speeding up to 110 mph --

BACK TO AUSTIN, covered in blood. With the last of his strength, he starts running. His hands still bound behind him.

BACK TO QUINN -- unconscious as the car rockets off the road. Plows through a divider and SLAMS INTO A WALL.

Quinn -- no seatbelt -- FLIES HEADFIRST THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

EXT. AUSTIN'S CRASHED CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The HEMATECH SECURITY HELICOPTER lands nearby. Sorenson, Lara, medics, guards all run out --

-- as Austin's Mercedes UNCRUMPLES. Popping itself back into shape. German cars. Still the best.

Lara gasps at the sight of Quinn -- mangled on the ground.

LARA

No --

Blood all over his face. Sorenson can barely look, overwhelmed, trying not to cry --

SORENSEN

You've killed yourself. My God --
you've killed yourself.

FADE OUT.

INT. HEMATECH - NIGHT

A hibernation chamber slowly opens...

And Lara methodically contracts Quinn's muscles with a guided electrical current, so he doesn't atrophy during hibernation.

The rest of the lab is silent and still. It's just Lara and Quinn. She glances at his face, as if expecting his eyes to open. A scar from the car accident plows across his cheek.

INT. HEMATECH LABS - DAY

QUINN'S BLURRED POV as he regains consciousness.

SUPER: 2034 - DAY 4

LARA

Do you remember your name?

Quinn sees Lara (35 now) above him. He stares at her, unsure who she is.

But then pieces come back --

QUINN

Austin.

LARA

Austin?

QUINN

The man in the car -- did you get a confession?

LARA

He wasn't there when we arrived. Our focus was saving you.

QUINN

But he confessed he took my daughter --

LARA
(uncomfortable)
That's for you to discuss with your
lawyer.

Quinn remembers more. His heart freezing over. Alarmed.

QUINN
They're not going to let me out again,
are they?

She doesn't answer.

QUINN
Lara, help me convince them.

LARA
You held a knife to my throat.

QUINN
I told you I wouldn't hurt you -- and
I didn't. I just needed to find my
daughter. I shouldn't be here --

He's begging now. Finally --

LARA
I couldn't forgive you...

Quinn deflates.

LARA
But then -- you're the reason my son's
still alive.

She looks past Quinn. He turns to follow her gaze. Sees:

All the HIBERNATION CHAMBERS are filled again. Lara pushes his
gurney toward

A YOUNG BOY INSIDE A CHAMBER. Nine years old. Lara's son.

QUINN
So hibernation's safe now?

LARA
We're still perfecting the drugs based
off your survival. You and the other
two who made it through the prisoner
study. But this is our first civilian
trial.

She puts a hand up to her son's heart monitor. Completely flat
at the moment...

LARA

We've already lost a few patients.
Sometimes their heart rate just slows
to nothing. I watch it --

An anxious moment. Them both watching.

LARA

Worried it just won't beat again...

Her son looks tiny and helpless in the giant vault built for an adult. Finally --

ANOTHER HEARTBEAT. His monitor reads: 9 BEATS/MINUTE.

LARA

(optimistic)

We've discovered you and the other
survivors have a protein that we're
trying to synthesize to give to the
other patients. That's why I need you
to keep going.

QUINN

So you'll help me?

CUT TO:

INT. SORENSON'S GIANT OFFICE - LATER

Quinn across the desk from a graying Sorenson (53 now). She clearly sleeps here a lot: behind her, an assistant pushes a button and Sorenson's sleeping pod slides into the wall.

Kimura (47, thin again; the future's solved the obesity crisis), Lara, and Quinn's lawyer, Shear, Jr., sit nearby.

QUINN

You heard Austin's confession! He said
he took my daughter --

SORENSON

Put a loaded gun in the face of anyone
in this lab. Tell them you'll kill
them unless they confess to kidnapping
your daughter. What do you think
they'd say?

Quinn -- realizing she's right --

SHEAR, JR.

Hematech already did you a favor by
not reporting it to the police --

QUINN

Of course they didn't report me. Why would they want that kind of publicity?

(as Sorenson's face tightens)

You have to let me go out. You have to let me find her --

LARA

Maybe she could corroborate his story. Find her -- and maybe we prove his innocence.

SORENSEN

How could we possibly let him out?

(to Quinn)

We have over thirty different clinical programs now. The D.O.C. might shut down all of them if we let you go on another violent rampage.

(shaking her head)

In my position, you'd do the same. I'm sorry --

Quinn responds calmly -- his conviction growing.

QUINN

Not as sorry as you will be. I only joined this program -- risking my life -- so I could have one day out to find my daughter. One day out. Every five years. But if you take that away from me, my lawyer --

(he nods to Shear, Jr.)

-- will call the police. He'll tell them I beat up your guard, he'll admit I shot Austin. The police will have to investigate. I'll be removed from clinical and put back in prison. You want to lose one of the only subjects who's managed to survive?

The air in the room goes cold. Even Lara is stunned.

SORENSEN

Are you blackmailing us?

QUINN

You don't want me jeopardizing the program. Fine. I'm not asking to go out alone. I'm asking you to help me find her.

Sorenson considers. Her gaze wanders to the windows. The Hematech campus now stretches for acres around the Tower.

SORENSEN

The easiest way to find someone is with DNA.

(turning back to them)

This company started with hematology labs before we ever got into hibernation and clinical experiments. Tens of millions across the country still get blood tests at our subsidiaries. If you had a DNA sample from your daughter, maybe we could match it to a name or address on file--

Quinn -- realizing this means hope --

KIMURA

We're not authorized to use people's information that way.

SORENSEN

(with difficulty)

I'd be more comfortable with that than having an innocent man in my program.

LARA

But how can we get DNA from a child who disappeared 21 years ago?

Beat.

QUINN

Am I allowed to go swimming?

EXT. MYSTIC DAM - LATER

MASSIVE, generating power for the entire city. Behind it:

THE NEW MYSTIC LAKE. Mansions line the shore. Yachts loll on the water.

ON A SMALL BOAT PULLED BY A TOWING KITE:

LARA and QUINN with CHIEF FELTON (58 now) and three SECURITY GUARDS, all donning scuba gear. Felton watches Quinn intensely. Leans in, his voice quiet:

FELTON

Do me a favor -- try to escape again. I've been waiting five years to shoot you for what you did.

He nods to OFFICER DANIELS, also in scuba gear.

LARA

Problem?

FELTON

Anything he had was probably looted or floated away. The odds are nothing's down there.

Lara ignores him. Turns to Quinn as he pulls down his mask.

LARA

Tell me immediately if you feel sick.

He nods and JUMPS OVER THE BOAT into the water. Lara and the Security Team follow him

UNDER THE LAKE'S SURFACE

It's like the view from a helicopter, as they swim 60 feet above A SILENT UNDERWATER CITY. Beautiful and ghostly.

They click on FLASHLIGHTS. Quinn presses ahead, excitement kicking in, until he sees:

TWO FORMS coming toward them out of the darkness.

The Guards swim in front of Quinn. Reach for their weapons...

...until they sees it's just DIVERS with metal detectors. The Divers wave, like neighbors passing on the street. Lara waves back. They continue to where a STREET SIGN still stands at --

PARK ST. Full of rotting houses. And QUINN'S HOME. Looking even smaller from above, like a doll's house dropped in the lake.

Quinn swims over the fence and makes the familiar journey down his front path, now in the most surreal of settings. Sweeping aside a curtain of algae in the doorway, they enter

INT. QUINN'S UNDERWATER HOUSE

Only the skeletons of furniture remain. The fireplace is a colony of oysters. Water grass slithers between floorboards.

Rotting board games, the old piano -- artifacts of Chloe float like ghosts before Quinn's eyes. It's a lot to take in. *This was his life.*

INT. QUINN'S SUBMERGED BEDROOM

They swim to the dresser, billowing at an angle in the current.

QUINN

This is where I saved her first tooth.
Her first haircut.

He wrestles open a swollen drawer. He stares. Inside is A BLUE PLASTIC BRACELET. *Chloe's friendship bracelet*. From the last time he saw her.

LARA

Any chance of DNA -- ?

He shakes his head. Lara looks at the bracelet. It obviously belonged to a little girl.

LARA

(softly)
Save it for her.

Felton rolls his eyes but Quinn looks at her -- appreciative. Someone believes in him.

He tucks the bracelet in his wetsuit pocket. Searches the other dresser drawers. ALL EMPTY.

Panicking -- he turns back to Lara. *What now?*

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - UNDERWATER - LATER

Lara inspects the shredded clothing in the closets for a stray hair. Her eyes linger on FRAMED FAMILY PHOTOS. Bleached by the water. She can just make out Quinn and Chloe on a tire swing. Quinn beaming. Happier than she's ever seen him.

The GUARDS search a desk. A Young Guard, barely out of his teens, looks at a few CDs.

YOUNG GUARD

What are these?

Felton maintains a close proximity as Quinn swims into --

THE BATHROOM

He hasn't been here since the night of the murder. He tries to open the CABINET, but the wood has swelled in the water.

Lara sees Quinn struggling. Together, they yank the door open a crack. He wiggles his hand inside. PULLS OUT --

A PINK HAIRBRUSH. Beneath Lara's flashlight, A FEW STRANDS OF HAIR, still tangled in the bristles, glow copper.

INT. HEMATECH LABS - LATER

Lara washes the strands of hair in a chemical base. Spools the hair around a tube, then drops it into a DNA ANALYSIS MACHINE.

Sorenson goes to the computer. Puts her eye up to the reader. The screen flashes:

"CLEARANCE LEVEL 4"

SORENSEN

(to the computer)

Compare sample with the databases of Hematech and all subsidiaries. Include lab tests of any kind. 2013 to present.

The computer scans. And scans. Lara, Quinn, and Sorenson anxiously watch the screen.

LARA

The sample may be too old. Damaged.

Then: "MATCH FOUND." A LAB TEST appears. Quinn reads: "Rachel Jenkins, 475 Canyon Rd, Utica, Ohio" with her birthdate.

QUINN

She'd be 27...

(breathless)

It's her.

SORENSEN

(reading)

Blood test for anemia taken August 17 2036. It's recent...

(to computer)

Show 475 Canyon Rd, Utica.

"NO PHOTOS FOUND." Sorenson and Lara look uncomfortable.

LARA

Ohio has harsher laws against surveillance. A lot of cults, anti-government groups. If you want to hide someone, that's the place to do it.

QUINN

(to Sorenson)

I need to see her.

SORENSEN

If you think someone's really taken her from you, how do we know they won't try to stop you from seeing her?

QUINN

You've tried to stop me. How's that going so far?

Sorenson regards him.

SORENSEN

You'll have a lot of company.

CUT TO:

INT. MULTI-FUNCTION VEHICLE FLYING OVER COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Packed with FELTON and HEMATECH GUARDS. Somewhere among them -- Lara works on her tablet as Quinn peers through DIGITAL WINDOWS, which automatically brighten the outside world.

QUINN

This is Cleveland?

LARA

(nods)

Some of the most naturally fertile land in the country.

It looks like rabid agriculture took over the city. Abandoned offices decay among corn fields. Robotic farm equipment toils in the darkness.

LARA

I see you're nervous...

He turns back to her, surprised. She nods to her tablet.

LARA

I can watch your vital signs on my tablet. Yours are what you'd expect on a quarterback before the Super Bowl.

QUINN

...It's bad enough she won't recognize me. It's even worse I won't recognize her.

LARA

You will. Want to see her now?

She pushes a few buttons on her tablet --

LARA

DNA projection technology. Expecting parents never ask their doctor "boy or girl" anymore -- they want a full projection of what their kid will look like at different ages. Of course, we can't predict the face tattoos and piercings ...yet.

A PROJECTION POPS UP. 50 IMAGES OF CHLOE at all different ages. Quinn turns back to the window.

LARA

What age is she now?

QUINN

(quietly)

27.

LARA

(to tablet)

27. Show all variables in gene expression for mineral deficiencies, sun exposure, weight variance --

A range of images appears showing Chloe at 27 under different conditions -- all are recognizable as the same woman. But Lara realizes Quinn's not looking at pictures.

LARA

What's the matter?

QUINN

I keep thinking I'm going to pick her up -- hug her -- my little girl still in a ponytail and glasses...

He points vaguely at the projections, still not looking at them.

QUINN

You always think your child is going to need you. You always think you need to stay alive to protect them...But what does a woman her age want with a father she hasn't seen in 20 years?

She can feel his anguish. That he's completely out of touch with a future -- a *present* -- he can't wrap his head around.

LARA

Maybe she doesn't still need a father. But who doesn't need a friend?

She turns off the DNA projections.

LARA

You don't need these. You'll find out
in ten minutes which one is right.

As the enormity of the statement sinks in -- Quinn's
overwhelmed. Struggles for words --

QUINN

If we find her today -- it's because I
finally met someone who believed me.

She smiles. Her face close to his...

As the Multifunction Vehicle hits the ground, its wings tuck in
like a bird's, allowing it to drive down the road.

GUARD 1

(worried)

Haven't seen a house for miles.

Lara clearly finds it strange as well -- this is too isolated.
The car stops outside the STONE WALL surrounding

EXT. 475 CANYON RD - NIGHT

The Guards quietly load weapons. Even they seem unnerved by the
remote location, the eerie silence. Felton whispers to Quinn:

FELTON

(suspicious)

You really have no idea why your
daughter would be out here?

(as Quinn shakes his head)

If you sense danger, say you're lost.
We'll move in.

He hands Quinn a tiny mic. Quinn looks at the OLD FARM HOUSE in
the distance. Hesitates. Suddenly fears what he'll find there.

He turns uncertainly to Lara -- who gives him a look as warm as
an embrace.

He starts up the path to the HOUSE. THE GUARDS fan out behind
the wall, creating a perimeter in case this all goes to shit.

As he moves closer to the house, he can see through the window:
a MAN (mid-thirties), sitting at a table opposite:

CHLOE

Her red hair cut short now. 27 with the same wide-set green eyes. Quinn stares. Doesn't know what to make of the scene. Can't believe it's real.

A CRASH from behind the wall as a GUARD stumbles in the dark.

CHLOE
What was that?

The Man gets up -- moves out of Quinn's sight through the window. Chloe sees Quinn's shadowy figure standing outside --

CHLOE
(frightened)
Matt! There's someone out there --

Matt opens the door, a '34-model rifle in hand.

MATT
Who the hell are you?

And then she's there -- behind Matt. She looks at Quinn. And keeps looking. It's been over 20 years but his face looks exactly the same.

This is it.

Quinn dumbly holds out the SPARKLY BRACELET.

CHLOE
(trembling)
No --

QUINN
Chloe --

CHLOE
Oh my God.

QUINN
(opening up)
It's me -- it's me, Chloe --

MATT
Who is this?

She stares at Quinn -- her eyes already gleaming with tears --

CHLOE
I tried to forget you -- I tried to
forget everything about you --

QUINN
I never forgot you.

He takes a step toward her -- she grabs her husband --

CHLOE
No -- don't get closer!

EXT. STONE WALL OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

LARA
Shit --

Chloe and Matt see the Guards and Lara running toward them.

CHLOE
(nearing hysterics)
Are you from the prison? Take him away
-- take him away from me!

Lara sounds tougher than we've ever heard --

LARA
You *have* to talk to him. He's gone
through everything to find you.

CHLOE
He killed my mother!

Lara -- stunned. *She let herself believe in a murderer.*

Quinn feels like he slammed into a wall at 100 mph. There it is. He did it. But --

QUINN
Austin told me he took you away.

CHLOE
You can't remember what happened?

He shakes his head.

CHLOE
I heard you yelling -- crazy -- you
said you were going to kill her...

QUINN
No, that's impossible.

CHLOE
I saw you do it.

Quinn blanches. His world slowing down, falling off its axis.
Lara looks at him with anger. Confusion.

CHLOE

You saw me in the doorway -- started
to come after me --

QUINN

No --

CHLOE

But you passed out. Austin found me --
took me away.

QUINN

Why...why was Austin there?

CHLOE

Mom called him. Because she was scared
of you. Moran was helping her get
custody --

Quinn, anguished, pushes forward. Trying to reach her --

QUINN

Chloe -- whatever I did -- I'm sorry --
I'm so sorry -- but you're still my
daughter -- I still love you --

Matt blocks Quinn, raising his gun.

MATT

Get back!

Setting off the guards. They lift their weapons --

GUARD 1

Put down your gun!

QUINN

Chloe, give me a chance --

Lara -- can't believe Quinn was a murderer all along -- watches
as two of the Guards grab Quinn, yank him back. Quinn tries to
fight them off.

FELTON

Bring him down!

A Guard SHOCKS QUINN with a device. He shakes violently. Falls
to the ground, UNCONSCIOUS.

SMASH CUT TO:

Sorenson walks out the main doors of

THE HEMATECH TOWER - NIGHT

The security team unloads Quinn, still unconscious, from the Multi-function Vehicle onto a gurney. Lara watches, heart-broken, as Quinn is wheeled into the building.

LARA

You always think people are what you
want them to be.

Sorenson's surprised by Lara's face -- shell-shocked. Dead.

SORENSEN

Go home. It's bad enough this place is
home for me. Don't let it become yours
too. You're still young.

But Lara doesn't feel young. Sorenson follows the gurney inside -- leaving Lara alone on the dark, empty steps.

INT. HIBERNATION LAB - LATER

CLOSE ON: Sorenson's eyes as her CINETACTS light up, receiving a video-intercom:

LAB TECH (VIA CINETACT)

Dr. Sorenson, report to lab six.

SORENSEN

Be there in a minute.

The Tech disappears from her Cinetacts as she preps QUINN for hibernation. Quinn's conscious. But broken. His eyes lifeless.

QUINN

That stuff you use to knock me out.
Give me enough I don't wake up again.

Sorenson looks at him, startled to see he's completely serious.

QUINN

Just tell the Department of
Corrections I died in hibernation.
Please --

Sorenson shakes her head. Gently puts a hand on his shoulder, steadying him for a shot. The syringe has a monitor that scans under the skin for veins, so it's easier to inject.

SORENSEN

Maybe look at it a different way. Your
daughter has a life now. She's happy.
Isn't that what every parent wants for
their children?

He tries to accept it. Can't.

QUINN
(fighting back tears)
I found her --

He's losing it. Pained, she turns away.

QUINN
I found Chloe --

SORENSEN
I know how much you risked to find
her. I know what it means to have
something for which you'll sacrifice
everything...

She looks at the dark hibernation vaults, shaking her head.

SORENSEN
I never thought I'd spend so much of
my life on this experiment. I thought
we'd have perfected the technology
decades ago. But it's become my life's
work. And Kimura's. And Lara's...

Guilt fills his eyes at the mention of Lara's name.

SORENSEN
Have you ever heard of the Seven
Sleepers?

Quinn is too upset to answer.

SORENSEN
In Ancient Rome, early Christians were
considered criminals. Seven hid in a
cave and slept for two hundred years.
And when they awoke: Rome had become
Christian and they were no longer
persecuted... The world may be a very
different place when you finish
serving your sentence. But you'll
still be the age you are now.

He looks at her. The youthful blond he remembers from 2014 now
could be a grandmother. Her hands wrinkled. His still smooth.

SORENSEN
You can start over. Maybe with better
luck this time.

She thinks she sees understanding in his eyes. Her CINETACTS
light up again.

TECH (VIA CINETACT)
Doctor, we need you in lab --

SORENSEN
(annoyed by the
interruption)
-- Alright, alright.

She CLOSES THE CASE OF MEDS and walks out. Seeing he's alone, Quinn tries the case, but it has a futuristic seal he has no idea how to open.

He sneaks out the other door into

INT. HEMATECH HALLWAY

Automated trolleys of equipment drive themselves between labs. No people. Quinn searches the trolleys: finds SYRINGES, VIALS.

Finds bottles of anesthetics, barbiturates, sedatives. He loads them into syringes the way Lara taught him on Day 3.

BACK IN THE HIBERNATION LAB

Sorenson returns to see Quinn gone. Her heart quickening, she opens the door to the hall.

SORENSEN
Quinn!

He turns around. And she sees -- he's injecting a syringe.

On the floor are a DOZEN ALREADY USED.

Sorenson gapes at him. Emotion flooding her face.

QUINN
Tell Lara I'm sorry.

Sorenson takes a step toward him and --

QUINN TAKES OFF RUNNING. Sorenson bolts after him into

A DIFFERENT HALL -- passing Techs --

SORENSEN
Stop him!

A TECH calls an EMERGENCY CODE into his headset. Another TECH tries to block Quinn's path --

But Quinn has too much momentum. Knocks the man to the ground -- crashing through carts, gurneys -- rushing deeper into the lab. He bursts through random doors into

A SPLENDID LOBBY

Filled with Hematech employees leaving for the night. GUARDS, seeing a patient being chased, raise their guns.

SORENSEN

Don't shoot! Grab him!

The Guards chase him too now as Quinn, dazed from the overdose, blows through an upside-down garden growing from the ceiling.

But he realizes the Guards are about to catch him.

So he turns and LEAPS OVER THE BALCONY RAILING. Sorenson screams as Quinn whips through the air.

Total freefall.

People on the ground 25 feet below run out of Quinn's way --

As he BELLY-FLOPS onto the floor -- which CRADLES THE FALL -- the surface sensing impact and compensating for it, the "elastic floors" from 2029.

Momentary chaos. Sorenson and Kimura shove through onlookers as Quinn's overdose takes effect. His face blue. His back arching.

SORENSEN

We need to flush his blood! Get him upstairs!

GUARDS lift him up, pushing people back. Quinn gazes up at them as he begins to lose it. He sees:

One of the Guards is mid-40s with black hair. The palest skin.

And DIFFERENTLY-COLORED EYES. One dark, one light.

And as Quinn's mind is awash with drugs, his vision doubles to

FENWAY: the black-haired man with the palest skin and DIFFERENTLY-COLORED EYES slams into Raj, douses him in flammable liquid.

Quinn tries to say something, fixated on the GUARD'S EYES and HEMATECH UNIFORM, but his words come out garbled as

DARKNESS WASHES OVER HIM.

CUT TO:

CHERRY TREES IN FULL BLOOM

Lara walks beneath them. Holograms of home movies play in the air at her ankles as she walks through:

EXT. MT. AUBURN CEMETERY

Each grave plays video of the deceased's happiest moments: graduating college, getting married...

Lara lays a bouquet of flowers on a grave. As she watches the hologram play over it, it becomes clear this is --

Her son's grave. In the HOME MOVIE: he blows out candles from his third birthday cake, as a younger Lara, 13 years ago now, kisses him, tries to get him to talk to the camera. He waves and smiles at it --

A happier time. Another life.

CUT TO:

Blurry shapes take form as ROBOTIC EQUIPMENT revives Quinn in THE HIBERNATION LAB

SUPER TITLE: 2039. Day 5.

The lab, once bright and hopeful, feels dark and ominous as he stares up at LARA (40) and Kimura (52).

INT. HEMATECH EXAM ROOM - LATER

Quinn, naked but for shorts, in a windowless room. A snake-like device scans over his body, beaming data to Lara's Cinetacts.

REVEAL: He's enclosed in a LASER PEN. Dozens of sharp lines crisscross around him -- accompanied by the eerie hum of electricity.

Lara impassively gives him directions from outside the pen. Avoiding eye contact.

QUINN

Why am in here?

LARA

Because we can't trust you. Raise your arm.

But Quinn's in turmoil -- trying to make sense of what he saw.

QUINN

That girl you had led me to. How do I know that was Chloe?

It takes her a moment to remember what he's talking about -- it was five years ago --

LARA
She matched the DNA sample.

QUINN
That information came from your database. I want to talk to Austin.

LARA
Who?

QUINN
(losing patience)
The man in the car -- I need to talk to him. Or to Andrew Moran --

LARA
That won't be possible. Your parole privileges have been revoked.

Finishing the test, she pushes a button, changing the opacity of the walls so they're WINDOWS. Letting in blinding DAYLIGHT

-- and a view of the Hematech campus: now an elegant fortress. Walls with Guard Towers protect their bio-military projects. A MONORAIL winds between the buildings, transporting workers.

QUINN
As long as I'm here, I get parole. Otherwise you have to send me back to the Department of Corrections --

Lara turns on another scanner, which opens up from the wall behind Quinn.

LARA
(coldly)
You don't know how things work anymore. Hematech changed the rules for all its clinical trials.

Quinn reels. Stunned that she's turned on him so much --

QUINN
I signed a contract. You can't change it after the fact. That's illegal --

LARA
Not anymore. This state's prison system gets a quarter of its funding from Hematech's studies.

Quinn -- furious -- TRIES TO STEP TOWARD HER. The LASERS slice through his arms and legs like surgical knives. He jerks back into the pen. Lara gasps.

LARA

What are you doing?

QUINN

(through the pain)

What's special about me, Lara? You said I had something that made hibernation work --

Lara -- stricken -- stares at the blood and smoke pouring from his burned tissues.

QUINN

-- a protein -- what is it?

LARA

CX-17. A variant within the hibernation gene--

QUINN

How many people have it?

LARA

Fewer than one in a million.

QUINN

That's why I'm here, isn't it? *That's why you people put me in here --*

He rushes forward. Dozens of lasers cut into him. Freezing him in pain. Deeper and deeper they cut. Lara screams. Bolts for the door.

He forces himself forward as the lasers char his skin. Out of the pen now, he's COVERED IN BLOOD, his skin fried. He knocks her away from the door. Blocking it with his body.

QUINN

Only someone with a life sentence would agree to this experiment. You know how many people in Massachusetts have sentences that long?

She backs away from him -- terrified.

QUINN

Maybe two thousand. If CX-17 is so rare, what are the odds there would be ANYONE with it in prison at all?

Surreptitiously, she activates a device around her wrist. There's a glimmer in her eyes, as suddenly her CINETACTS are broadcasting to:

THE HEMATECH SECURITY CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

A TECH watching a bay of monitors suddenly sees EXACTLY WHAT LARA SEES -- Quinn blocking the door, speaking with a barely controlled rage --

QUINN (ON SCREEN)
I wasn't chosen after I got in prison.
I was chosen before.

The TECH springs into motion, paging --

TECH
Guards to room 147. Guards to 147 --

CUT BACK:

IN THE EXAM ROOM

QUINN
I trusted you, Lara --

Her betrayal tearing through him -- he's coming toward her now. She darts away.

QUINN
And you brought me to some woman --
said it was Chloe --

LARA
No --

QUINN
-- Cause you wanted to keep me in
Clinical. And keep me from going to
the police.

LARA
You're paranoid! It's in your
psychological report. Always
distrusting -- always blaming others --

Quinn, not listening, GRABS HER. She cries out.

QUINN
And you guys needed someone to set me
up. And Austin knew everything about
me -- my whole life. He framed me --

CHIEF FELTON (63 now) and GUARDS burst in. Pry Quinn from Lara, but Quinn won't let go.

QUINN
(screaming)
What happened to my daughter? Did
Austin kill her?

Quinn wildly throws punches and kicks. Between the blood and the violence he looks completely mad.

They throw a webbed device over his head, which tightens against his face like a MUZZLE, his screams now INAUDIBLE as they drag him into

THE HALLWAY

Lara stumbles behind them. Suddenly SORENSON appears beside them in a holographic projection.

SORENSON (VIA PROJECTION)
What happened?

LARA
(stunned)
He's gone crazy -- we need to put him
back under --

There's a strange blurring of projection and reality as

SORENSON opens the door and enters the hall in person. Lara breaks down -- the terror sinking in, *he nearly killed her* --

SORENSON
Oh, my dear...

She takes Lara in her arms. Supports her as they follow THE GUARDS DRAGGING QUINN into

THE HIBERNATION LAB

Quinn tries to scream through the MUZZLE as Kimura helps the Guards deposit Quinn onto the gurney.

SORENSON
Secure patient.

Arms snap out of the gurney, caging Quinn in. He tries to break free, straining his muscles as hard as he can, but it's futile.

As Sorenson talks, ROBOTIC ARMS spray medication into Quinn's wounds and, like a sewing machine, stitch them up.

SORENSEN

(to Kimura; upset)

We'll test how long he can remain in hibernation, but never return him to full consciousness. You understand? We cannot risk the lives of our staff this way.

Kimura nods solemnly. Taps a console. The gurney pins Quinn down as a robotic syringe injects him with hydrogen sulfide.

He desperately tries to make eye contact with Lara. Knows these are his last moments. She stares back. Her eyes barbed wires.

The doctors watch gravely as Quinn loses consciousness. The gurney lifts his body up, up into the HIBERNATION CHAMBER.

Sorenson and Kimura pull Lara away, pausing at the door as Quinn's chamber SEALS shut. The lights in the lab dimming.

SORENSEN

We need to remember Sean Quinn for the good his sacrifice will do for the world. Not for the crimes he committed.

They exit. Quinn in the distance, trapped in his chamber, his coffin, forever asleep...

SMASH CUT TO:

Lara carries a bouquet. Trees behind her. It looks like she's again at her son's grave, but she actually approaches

CHLOE'S FARMHOUSE - OHIO COUNTRYSIDE

As she gets closer, it's clear the place is long abandoned.

EXT. OHIO COUNTRYSIDE

A FARMER (80) talks to Lara across a PROJECTION WALL: no wall can be seen, but every few seconds electricity surges through the air of the fence like lightning.

LARA

I saw her. She was living there six years ago.

OLD FARMER

No one's lived in that house since 'bout '25. Company came in a while ago -- I think they were shooting a commercial or something.

OLD FARMER (CONT'D)

They dressed the whole house up. Came
and went in in a day. But that was it.

CUT TO:

Lara's automated car moving through

DOWNTOWN BOSTON

Mostly deserted. Everyone works from home. Office buildings are
obsolete, abandoned, except for

A SINGLE SKYSCRAPER

Lit with activity. Armored vehicles protect a five block
radius. Walls have been erected to prevent entry from land.

It's a PRISON.

INT. MASSIVE PRISON VISITING HALL

Crowded with inmates and visitors. Lara looks up as a GUARD
leads in:

ANDREW MORAN (64). Grayed, sickly. Almost unrecognizable from
that first day at the track when his presence filled the room.

MORAN'S POV: his Cinetacts' facial recognition software scans
Lara and plugs in social networking information: "LARA ROSS.
Age 41. Marital Status *Single*. Employed by *Hematech Labs*."

The Guard hits a button, creating WALL PROJECTIONS around Lara
and Moran, shutting out the rest of the room VISUALLY and
AURALLY. Lara and Moran are now in silence and private.

MORAN

What do you want? A woman like you is
only here to preach, teach, or fuck.

LARA

I was looking for your brother. Saw
the old news reports.

She taps her tablet and NEWS FOOTAGE projects around them
creating a

FULLY IMMERSIVE ENVIRONMENT: Moran and Lara now on a FORESTED
STRETCH of the I-495.

A strip of text winds through the trees reading "NEWS
EXPERIENCE © CNN 2035."

Wreckage where a motorcycle hit a tree. A body thrown 20 feet.
AUSTIN MORAN'S bloody but recognizable. A REPORTER in front:

REPORTER

-- the police reports show Austin
Moran was intoxicated and high --

MORAN

(angrily)

I don't want to watch this. It wasn't
an accident. He'd been clean eight
years. The police set him up --

LARA

No. Not the police.

She pauses the News Experience as it shows the POLICE REPORT on
Austin's death. She zooms in on --

Austin's blood tests. Farther in on the --

NAME OF THE LAB: "Cambridge Labs. A subsidiary of Hematech."

Moran doesn't know what it means. She hands him her tablet:

LARA

You may remember Quinn was also drunk
the night he was arrested for murder --

He sees on the tablet: scans of the physical pages of QUINN'S
BLOOD TESTS from the night of his arrest.

LARA

-- He always claimed he only had two
drinks that night, that he must have
been drugged to pass out --

She zooms in on LAB'S NAME on the blood tests. HEMATECH LABS.

Moran looks at her --

LARA

Quinn had value to Hematech. They
needed him framed -- hired your
brother to do it --

MORAN

No --

LARA

Why else would they kill Austin? He
knew too much. They set him up. Same
way he helped them set Quinn up --

MORAN

But you're from Hematech --

LARA

That's why I need your help.

MORAN

They co-own the prisons. They probably know you're here.

LARA

(shaking her head)

I need connections you might still have on the outside. In exchange you get revenge for what they did to Austin.

MORAN

How do I know this isn't a set-up?

LARA

(desperate)

I've wasted 15 years there --

But Moran is leaving -- doesn't believe her --

MORAN

That says enough about you. For years everyone's known they're corrupt. Questioned the experiments.

LARA

(emotional now)

I thought they'd save my son --

Her voice stops him.

LARA

They made us all believe hibernation could work.

(raw)

And I thought I'd make a lasting contribution, something the world would remember forever.

(smiles at her own
niavete)

But you can't bet on forever. It only gives the rest of the world forever to fuck it up.

Quinn's words. Moran's words. HOLD ON MORAN'S SURPRISE.

And finally -- he smiles.

MORAN
There's this Bulgarian hacker...

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK FILLS THE SCREEN.

An ALARM grows louder, louder -- until it's SHRIEKING.

Quinn's eyes open: blurred forms rush above him. SMOKE IN THE AIR. Something is very wrong. Voices emerging from chaos --

JITTERY TECH (O.S.)
Can you hear me? There's a fire!
You're being evacuated --

The terrified Tech gives Quinn a series of quick injections. Fills the DRIP-PUMP. The medicine pours into Quinn's stomach --

Now he's conscious enough to realize -- he's on a gurney in
THE HIBERNATION LAB

And he's alive again -- *this* is his chance.

He can't even see clearly but he's already stumbling toward the door -- the Tech tries to stop him -- Quinn shoves him away, toppling the guy over.

LARA
(sprinting toward him)
Restrain this one!

THREE TECHS lock Quinn back into the GURNEY. Caging him in.

A DEAFENING BOOM!

Everyone but Lara turns -- out the window: an ENORMOUS FIREBALL consumes a REMOTE BUILDING on the HEMATECH CAMPUS.

ALL THE POWER GOES OFF in the building. Yelling and screaming --
"Those were the generators!" "Is it an attack?"

At that moment, Lara bends over Quinn, her lips to his ear.

LARA
Don't scream.

She pushes A DEVICE against his hand. LASERS shoot out, so hot they alter the morphography of the skin. He barely suppresses a scream as his FINGERPRINTS are REWRITTEN.

Lara pockets the DEVICE as doctors and techs rush to the few remaining hibernation patients. The doctors' CINETACTS make their eyes glow like demons in the darkness.

KIMURA

These emergency generators won't last long. Hurry! Get the patients out!

Lara, harried, brushes away the Tech who comes to assist her.

LARA

I'll take him. Get one of the others out!

And she pushes Quinn's gurney into

INT. HEMATECH TOWER HALLWAY

Panicked people moving every which way. Evacuation video plays loudly on all the walls, adding to the sense of chaos. Halfway to the stairwell, Lara opens a door. Steers Quinn into --

AN EMPTY CONFERENCE ROOM

QUINN

What is --

Lara unlocks Quinn from the gurney. Her voice quiet, urgent --

LARA

We're getting out separately. These show your exit route.

She hands him CINETACTS.

LARA

You can get through exits with your copy of my fingerprints.

The CINETACTS LIGHT UP as he puts them in. A bright green route superimposes over his actual VIEW OF THE CAMPUS through the window:

It's DARK out. Helicopters shower chemicals on the two BURNING BUILDINGS, giving the WINTRY CAMPUS a hellish glow. People pour toward exits where each has to be IDed.

LARA

I'll be in the Security Center to reroute you according to the guards' movements -- we can't let them scan your face. They'll know you're a patient on the run. Wait for me outside the last gate. Then we leave --

QUINN

Leave -- leave to where?

LARA

Ghana. They don't extradite.

(off his surprise)

Took me thirty years to get there. But we're going.

They're side by side now. He looks at her -- her hair now short and black like the first night they met twenty years ago. He's drawn to her -- she's sacrificed so much for him --

QUINN

I can't go yet. I need to know what happened to my daughter --

LARA

(desperate)

You don't want to believe it but Austin probably killed her -- and Austin's dead -- there's no way to know --

QUINN

Where's Sorenson? She'd know --

LARA

The campus is on *fire* -- you can't go looking for her.

(imploring)

I've spent months planning this. Moran too. Do as I say and you'll get out safely. Please --

She takes his hand.

LARA

We can't get back what we've lost. Your daughter. My son --

A mother's pain. Quinn feels it.

QUINN

I'm sorry, but I can't. You have to go now.

LARA

No! Come with me!

She looks at him, her eyes begging him to change his mind.

But his face is resolute.

Lara steps away.

LARA

I'll try to help you find Sorenson.
You'll be able to hear and see
everything I do through the Cinetacts.
I'll be able to hear you. But then I'm
cutting off communication so they
won't kill me too. In the meantime,
get a weapon.

(to her wrist-controller)

Reroute Quinn to the Experimental
Weapon Labs.

QUINN'S CINETACTS: a BLUE ROUTE lights up to the WEAPONS LABS,
casting the halls through the door in a BLUE GLOW.

He takes a step toward her -- to hold her -- maybe more -- but
she won't let him --

LARA

(firmly)

This isn't goodbye.

A long beat. They look at each other. Knowing it is.

LARA

(smiles, eyes moist)

Ghana.

QUINN

Ghana.

She leaves.

Quinn takes the other door, pushing through the crowd.
Following the GLOWING BLUE path Lara's programmed.

EXT. HEMATECH TOWER

Lara exits the bottom of the stairwell and fights her way
through the panicked throngs crowding the PARKING LOT.

INT. HEMATECH TOWER -- STAIRWELL

Quinn races up the stairs, the air nearly opaque with smoke. He
holds his shirt over his mouth. He can see the door to the

WEAPONS LAB. But FLAMES BLOCK HIS PATH. NO HOPE OF GETTING
THROUGH.

QUINN

Lara -- where else can I get a weapon?

INTERCUT:

But Lara can't answer as she's just stepping inside:

A MAKESHIFT SECURITY CENTER IN THE PARKING LOT

Inside a huge truck, powered by its RUNNING ENGINE. A gaggle of TECHNICIANS coordinate evacuation efforts.

LARA

How scared should we be?

INTERCUT: Through Lara's Shared Vision, Quinn can hear and see CHIEF FELTON (68 now) standing before a BAY OF MONITORS.

FELTON

Could be terrorists. Could be thieves.
But security cameras are out. We're
operating on the Shared Vision system.

ON THE MONITORS: since stationary security cameras are dead, Lara sees what every SECURITY GUARD on campus is seeing -- with each Guard's vision projected on a different monitor.

FELTON

Power should be back in 10 minutes.
Meantime we have guards IDing everyone
they pass.
(to Guards on the screens)
Use infrared on every room -- someone
could be hiding in the closets -- go!
-- go!

LARA

Has Dr. Sorenson been evacuated?

FELTON

(concerned)
She won't leave. See if you can
convince her --

He points to a monitor showing: SORENSON entering a BUILDING.

Quinn RECOGNIZES it. Rushes to the window: looks out at BUILDING 1, the original Hematech building he was housed in until 2029. It only has one door, barricaded by Guards.

QUINN

(desperate)
How can I get in there?

Lara -- wracking her brain for how to answer Quinn and seem innocuous to Felton.

LARA
(to Felton)
We have to get Sorenson out. Patch me
in to her --

Felton does so -- suddenly Lara and Quinn can see Sorenson through the Shared Vision of the Guards accompanying her as she descends to BUILDING 1's BASEMENT.

Huge metal doors read: "CLEARANCE LEVEL 4"

LARA
Doctor, we need you to follow security
protocol and evacuate --

SORENSEN
I need to check on Clearance Level 4.
God forbid terrorists have gotten in --

MEANTIME IN THE TOWER: Quinn sees GUARDS approaching, waving an ID scanner over each person they pass. *He's about to be caught.*

Quinn tries to duck through the nearest DOOR, but it's LOCKED. He holds his finger over the SCANNER. The screen flashes:

"DR. LARA ROSS, HIBERNATION DIV" and the locked door pops open.

Quinn enters A DARK LAB. Hears MOVEMENT. *Are Guards in here?*

LARA
(to Sorenson)
Terrorists can't get in, Doctor. You
and Kimura are the only ones with
access -- But if they blew up the
generators, they could blow up
Building 1. *You need to get out--*

SORENSEN
(cutting her off)
I will. As soon as I know it's secure.

As emergency lights flash, Quinn sees he's surrounded by:

CHIMPANZEES, SHEEP, PIGS running wild after escaping from their electric pens, hooting and screeching. He's in

THE ANIMAL LABS

Along the wall: ORANGE CANISTERS OF GAS. *The directional gas he saw sedate the cows Day 3.* He grabs a canister and gas mask.

Suddenly LIGHT from the GUARDS' SCANNER pours in. Quinn bursts into the NEXT ROOM, shoving the canister and mask under his shirt. But the GUARDS are after him now. Quinn runs --

-- trying to focus at the same time on the vision of SORENSON on his CINETACTS, putting her hand into a security reader outside the door to CLEARANCE 4. The DOOR slides open --

SORENSON

-- I'm shutting off Shared Vision for the security of Clearance 4. Kimura's in charge until I initiate contact.

Lara is about to protest further when A BABY-FACED TECH turns to Felton.

BABY-FACED TECH

Un-IDed man in the Animal Labs.

Lara stiffens as a MONITOR shows a video feed of the Guards chasing Quinn. Felton's intensity now has a target --

FELTON

Rewind all Shared Vision within 1000 feet of the lab. Get me an ID. Block off all stairwells -- the driveway -- trap him!

Felton pushes a button and suddenly the video feed of Quinn running away is BROADCAST on every emergency screen on campus --

INTERCUT:

-- Playing on the entire OUTSIDE WALL of the Tower. TEAMS OF GUARDS armed with SHORT-FIRE MISSILES push through the crowds toward Quinn.

BACK IN THE TOWER:

QUINN

(running, desperate)

Lara -- how do I get to Sorenson?

Lara, terrified, tries to come up with a new plan. Turns to Felton.

LARA

What about the monorail? You're not worried about someone using it to follow Sorenson to Building 1?

FELTON

All trains are stalled. No power.

QUINN
(murmurs)
The monorail --

He bursts into --

AN INDOOR PARKING LOT

Vehicles Quinn doesn't even recognize as cars are bottle-necked in a CORKSCREW DRIVEWAY descending eight floors to the ground.

As he starts to run down it, Quinn sees GUARDS at the bottom. It's too blocked for them to drive up. So they rig themselves to short-range missiles and --

LEAD GUARD
Go!

The missiles FIRE -- like vertical chariots, pulling the Guards up, up the hollow center of the DRIVE --

They shoot out HOOKS. Clamber over the railing toward Quinn --

Quinn turns round, just as the ORIGINAL GUARDS chasing him BLOCK HIS EXIT. He scans for options. Just ahead --

A MAN has a vehicle so sleek and strange -- its shell covering its wheels -- it takes Quinn a moment to recognize it's a

MOTORBIKE. The man is about to step on it when QUINN shoves him off. Leaps on himself. Weaves between cars, screeching turns --

BACK IN THE SECURITY CENTER:

BABY-FACED TECH
Sir! Got an ID!

He points to a MONITOR: Quinn's visible entering the Animal Labs. Facial recognition software identifies: "SEAN QUINN. HIBERNATION PATIENT 03."

ALL OVER HEMATECH: Quinn's ID photo is on every Guard's Cinetacts, every emergency screen.

IN THE SECURITY CENTER: Felton stares. Stunned.

FELTON
How'd he get through the door?

SECOND TECH
Door security recognized him as...
(stunned)
Dr. Lara Ross.

Felton turns to Lara, his eyes blazing. She shakes her head --

LARA

Impossible. Unless he stole my prints
somehow --

BACK TO:

QUINN can't pay attention to what's happening with Lara as the Guards OPEN FIRE across the parking lot. People scream as Quinn swerves to avoid the bullets. The GUNFIRE BLOWS OUT THE WINDOWS. Glass falling like raindrops over Quinn.

Through the blown out windows: Quinn sees the MONORAIL STATION 20 FEET BELOW. Only one way to get down. He turns sharply --

And DRIVES STRAIGHT OUT THE WINDOWS --

QUINN on the BIKE falling through the air -- 80 feet above the earth -- DIZZYING, TERRIFYING --

A HUGE BOOM as he LANDS ON THE MONORAIL STATION -- barely keeping the bike upright --

BACK IN THE SECURITY CENTER:

BABY-FACED TECH

Quinn's Cinetacts are receiving a
signal from within ten feet of this
location --

Lara blanches as HER OWN VISION FILLS THE MONITORS as the Tech patches into the signal she's sending Quinn, showing the Security Center itself from her POV.

Lara -- panicking -- exposed -- runs for the door --

Felton TACKLES her. She fights him off, but a half dozen men pin her down.

LARA

Listen to me -- Sorenson killed his
daughter -- set him up --

They MUZZLE her the way they did Quinn the prior day. She screams, but no sound emerges.

TECH

(to Felton)

Sir, we've patched into Quinn's
vision.

QUINN'S VISION -- as he races the bike along the platform of the Tower's Monorail Station -- fills a security screen.

MATCH CUT TO:

THE TOWER MONORAIL PLATFORM

Quinn sees BUILDING 1 a quarter mile away -- connected by an 18-inch wide MONORAIL TRACK.

No other choice -- he TAKES THE BIKE ONTO THE TRACK itself -- basically tight-rope walking at 70 miles per hour. 100 feet a second. 60 FEET above the ground.

He plows through CLOUDS OF SMOKE obscuring the track for seconds at a time -- Quinn's about to drive off the edge --

BACK IN THE SECURITY CENTER

Felton watches Quinn's vision.

FELTON

Take him out! Now!

And at that moment -- the POWER GOES BACK ON. The lights turn the smoky air OPAQUE as Guards on the ground OPEN FIRE.

Bullets whiz by Quinn. He hears A STRANGE HUM. Looks up.

A MONORAIL TRAIN RUSHES TOWARD HIM. 300 feet ahead. The BUILDING 1 MONORAIL station about 50 feet before it -- and with it -- the chance of finding Sorenson --

FELTON

(watching Quinn's vision
on the monitors)

You've killed yourself now --

Quinn speeds up. He's almost reached the building -- only 40 feet away --

Bullets hitting the bike now -- POPPING HIS FRONT WHEEL --

He's losing control and --

The TRAIN is about to hit him! He SWERVES OFF THE TRACK.

Falling through the air. HIS MOMENTUM CARRYING HIM FORWARD as he BLASTS THROUGH THE HUGE WINDOWS of

INT. BUILDING 1 - 6TH FLOOR

QUINN covers his face as he rockets in, wiping out tables, chairs. Hits the ground with brutal force.

Quinn's slumped on the floor, bleeding, ribs broken. Slowly, agonizingly, forces himself up. Pulls out the cannister and gas mask he stole from the Animal Labs. It's dented but intact.

Quinn -- in this first moment of quiet -- finally realizes he's lost Lara's signal --

QUINN

Lara?

(worried)

Lara -- where are you?

INT. SECURITY CENTER

Lara, muzzled and restrained, can hear Quinn but do nothing as Felton monitors QUINN'S VISION. He patches into KIMURA:

FELTON

Kimura -- he's descending the North
Stairwell, Building 1 --

INT. BUILDING 1 HALLWAY

Quinn hobbles down to the GROUND FLOOR just as --

Kimura and the ARMED GUARDS enter at the FAR END.

Quinn flies back round the corner as the Guards OPEN FIRE. He shoves the gas mask over his face. Rips open the GAS CANISTER and HOLDS IT OUT AROUND THE CORNER.

A POP. Then ROAR --

As the gas Quinn saw used on the cows POURS FROM THE CANISTER, unbelievably dense, crushing forward like a TIDAL WAVE.

The guards reel -- the closest already collapsing, unconscious.

INT. SECURITY CENTER

Felton and THE SECURITY PERSONNEL see Quinn take off after Kimura through Quinn's Shared Vision.

FELTON

(screaming to his Guards)

Team C to Building 1 --

INT. BUILDING 1

Quinn reaches Kimura, who's doubled over, coughing. Quinn HOLDS HIS BREATH, RIPS OFF HIS MASK and shoves it over Kimura's face.

He alternates holding the mask over himself and a barely-conscious Kimura as he drags Kimura down the stairs to

THE BASEMENT LEVEL. The air clearer here. Huge DOORS read: CLEARANCE 4.

Kimura's regained consciousness enough to struggle as Quinn forces his hand onto the palm outline on the door's SECURITY DEVICE. Kimura seems unhinged, hysterical --

KIMURA

You can't go in there!

A NEEDLE shoots out of the SECURITY DEVICE into Kimura's hand muscle. An instant DNA test. The device IDs Kimura and the

DOORS SLIDE OPEN. Revealing

CLEARANCE LEVEL 4. A DARK STORAGE FACILITY.

And in that moment of Quinn staring into the darkness --

Kimura snatches a box out of his pocket. It UNFOLDS into a COLLAPSIBLE GUN. Quinn reacts just as Kimura FIRES, a BULLET BURYING ITSELF in QUINN'S ARM.

Quinn fights Kimura for the weapon -- Quinn's fingerprints on the trigger -- the gun IDs "LARA ROSS," and

FIRES into Kimura's abdomen. He falls to the floor. Dead. Quinn staggers into

CLEARANCE LEVEL 4

The doors close behind him, jam against Kimura's body.

Quinn presses further into the darkness -- past giant machines. The faintest light. An unsettling silence.

SORENSEN (O.S.)

Put the gun down.

He sees SORENSON standing over what looks like an open casket.

QUINN

What happened to my daughter?

SORENSEN

You shut off the power. Blew up the generators. It may have killed her...

Quinn hears a SLOW BEAT through a heart monitor.

Then he sees it. He loses himself, nearly drops the gun --

A HIBERNATION CHAMBER. Its LID OPEN. Inside:

CHLOE.

STILL A LITTLE GIRL.

Her metabolism has barely aged her since thirty years ago and that day at the piano.

Like Sleeping Beauty -- she looks serene, unaware of the chaos around her.

BACK IN THE SECURITY CENTER:

Felton sees the LITTLE GIRL through Quinn's vision.

Stunned, he turns to Lara, who meets his gaze from behind the muzzle...

BACK IN CLEARANCE 4:

Quinn stares at Chloe, realizing --

QUINN

She has what I have. The protein...you wanted her, too.

SORENSEN

You know how it works. Her heart will beat like this for a few minutes. But if we don't attach the drip pump, she *will* die...

Quinn -- still trying to comprehend -- trains his gun on her.

QUINN

How'd you find us?

SORENSEN

Some routine test your doctor ordered. Came into our hematology labs. I saw you had a variant of the hibernation gene -- the rarest. I didn't know then it was the only one that would work.

SORENSEN (CONT'D)
I just knew I had to have every
variation. I couldn't do an experiment
this long twice.

Quinn is mad with rage, still weak from the gas --

QUINN
Two for one. Is that what you figured?

SORENSEN
And your criminal record guaranteed a
conviction...

Chloe's heartbeat, beeping through the monitor like an alarm,
grows still SLOWER, less REGULAR.

SORENSEN
She's dying, Quinn.

QUINN
(threatening)
Give her the medicines --

SORENSEN
Give me the gun. If you kill me,
she'll die. Or do you know which
medication she needs?

Sorenson nods to easily three dozen vials. Quinn has no idea.
Doesn't know what to do. His voice fills with emotion, his
desperation surfacing --

QUINN
But how can I trust you?

SORENSEN
She's only been awake a few hours in
thirty years. Never knew where she
was. She can be adopted. Have a life.

A SUSTAINED BEEP from the heart monitor. Chloe's FLATLINING.

Quinn, in agony, looks at his daughter. Her skin going blue. He
reaches out. Takes her hand. Cold. Like a corpse already.

QUINN
Give her what she needs.

He holds out the gun. Sorenson takes it.

AND SHOOTS HIM.

Quinn's blown back against the wall. Blood floods his shirt.

He gasps -- the world going hazy -- but he can still see --

Sorenson put the gun down. Fills the drip-pump. The medicine flowing into Chloe.

Quinn watches -- embracing his fate, his final seconds of life --
-- as he collapses to the ground.

FELTON and LARA BURST IN. A team of Guards behind them.
Sorenson grabs the gun --

SORENSEN

You shouldn't have come in here --

LARA

We were recording his vision.

Sorenson looks at them. Their faces say it all: they saw everything.

Lara slowly -- carefully -- approaches Sorenson.

LARA

Put the gun down, Doctor.

Sorenson shakes her head.

SORENSEN

The work has to go on. It's too important.

Lara grabs Sorenson -- but Sorenson moves too quickly --

A GUNSHOT RINGS THROUGH THE ROOM. Lara and Sorenson collapse together --

FELTON

(rushing forward)

Dr. Ross!

He grabs Lara -- she's covered in blood.

But UNHARMED. It's Sorenson who's bleeding, still clutching the gun, which she's pulled on herself.

As the Guards swarm around Quinn and Sorenson, the sound of Sorenson's DYING BREATHS grows louder and --

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK. The raspy breathing continues. Grows more normal.

P.O.V. of blurred shapes finally clarifying into --

A CIVILIAN HOSPITAL ROOM. Futuristic yet familiar -- the same dull furniture and art that hospitals have always had.

REVEAL: that wasn't Quinn's P.O.V., but

CHLOE'S.

She lies on a hospital bed. Blinking awake. Her eyes fall on --

THE PLASTIC FRIENDSHIP BRACELET on the bedside table.

QUINN is in the next hospital bed over. Chloe's turned away from him. Hasn't seen him yet. Not that there's much to see -- his body is bandaged and his face bruised and pulpy like an overripe piece of fruit.

Quinn -- watches breathlessly as Chloe reaches out for the bracelet.

She puts it on. Still fits perfectly.

Quinn -- it's still her. Chloe's still Chloe. He's choking back emotion. Can't even talk --

So LARA -- sitting in the chair next to his bed -- speaks for him.

LARA

Chloe?

Chloe whirls round. Sees --

LARA and QUINN. It takes her a second to recognize this man -- with the swollen, discolored face -- is --

CHLOE

Daddy?

Everything Quinn wanted to hear. He's still someone's Dad. And even though it hurts like hell --

He smiles.