

MOMMY'S HOME

by james morosini
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90s TV, static crackling.

A hand pushes a VHS tape into the VCR. The screen comes alive.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS OF NATURE - ALCOR VIDEO

A grainy montage of ethereal landscapes: Forests shrouded in mist. Crashing waves. Lightning... A hypnotic melody plays.

CALMING VOICE

What if you didn't have to say
goodbye? What if you could hold the
ones you love, forever?

INT. LABORATORY - ALCOR VIDEO

A team of scientists in lab coats, working on preserving a body. The camera pans over the machines and cryogenic tanks to a family, happily waving to their DYING FATHER.

CALMING VOICE

Welcome to the future, where death is
no longer the end. But the beginning
of an exciting new adventure...

INT. CRYONIC CHAMBER - ALCOR VIDEO

A close-up shot of a person's face, unnervingly frozen in time. As the video plays, we hear quiet crying OFFSCREEN.

JACK (O.S.)

Mommy?

WE CUT OUT TO:

INT. HOPE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK (5) lingers at the door in his Captain Planet pajamas.

JACK

Is that from Blockbuster?

Amidst the soft weeping, we reveal **HOPE** (24, Jack's mom) disheveled from her night shift at the club. Lost in her thoughts.

JACK

You look so pretty mommy.

Despite her cocktail dress and impulsive tattoos, her eyes radiate an undeniable tenderness.

HOPE
Thank you, baby...

JACK
Why are you sad?

Hope musters a fragile smile.

HOPE
Time for your bath.

Jack raises two ACTION FIGURES. His naive grin shatters her.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Their battleground: A bathtub.

HOPE
Help me!

JACK
My cape is wet! I can't fly!

Suddenly, Hope coughs a little. Tries clearing her throat... But can't. She starts wheezing. Can't breathe.

JACK (cont'd)
Mommy?

It's horrible. Jack panics --

JACK (cont'd)
MOMMY!

Finally, she's able to breathe again. Then, reassuring Jack:

HOPE
Just a tickle in my throat...

INT. HOPE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Hope sits in bed with a fading Jack, her damp hair clinging to her shoulders. She reads from a well-worn copy of "Sleeping Beauty", her voice animated.

HOPE
...On her sixteenth birthday, she pricked her finger and fell into a deep, enchanted sleep...

JACK
Will she ever wake up?

Hope pauses. Then, sets the book aside.

HOPE
Well... The fairies put her in a
special place where she would always
be safe... and snore peacefully...

She lays down, dramatically pretending to sleep. She lets out an exaggerated snore. Jack giggles, delighted.

JACK
Hey, wake up!

Hope stays still, eyes closed. She cracks a smile. Her mouth barely moving as she talks:

HOPE
Mommy is in a deep sleep... She can
only be woken up by a kiss...

Jack leans in and gives her a big kiss on the cheek.

JACK
Mommy, mommy, mommy!

Hope remains still, building suspense... Jack, leans in and -- she SUDDENLY JUMPS UP, PLAYFULLY ROARING!

HOPE
RAH! SLEEPING BEAUTY'S ALIVE!

Jack laughs, snuggling into her. She settles. Then:

HOPE (cont'd)
You know mommy's... very sick...

JACK
You're gonna get better, though...

Hope looks at Jack. Manages a smile.

HOPE
Well... Mommy was very lucky and...
there's a special chamber. And
Mommy's gonna sleep in it. So she can
wake-up one day... And be all better.

Hope twirls her finger around Jack's hair. Soothing him.

JACK
Like sleeping beauty?

HOPE
Exactly like sleeping beauty...

JACK
But what will I do? Where will I go?

She doesn't have a good answer. Her voice, breaking:

HOPE
If you're ever lost... Meet mommy at home.

Jack begins drifting off.

HOPE (cont'd)
And when you're older... And big and
strong... You can be mommy's little
prince... and wake her back up.
You'll do that for mommy, won't you?

Mommy needs him to be strong. So, he nods.

HOPE (cont'd)
You're a good boy, Jack...

She looks at his sleepy face. Her eyes brim with tears.

INT. CAR - DAY

Hope's dad, Jack's **GRANDPA** (60s, sweet) drives as Hope sits in the back with Jack. Alanis Morisette's "Ironic" plays. Hope looks out the window. Jack wants to cheer her up.

JACK
(singing softly)
Rain... wedding day...

Hope's gaze shifts to her son. A smile forms on her lips.

HOPE
It's a sweet ride... That you just
can't escape.

As they sing, Grandpa glances at Hope. Concern on his face.

INT. ALCOR PRESERVATION FACILITY - PREP ROOM - DAY

A large window pane separates the prep room from the actual preservation chamber. Jack stands by the window, holding Hope's hand, watching technicians prepare the equipment.

JACK

...And Scott said that at
kindergarten graduation we all get
paired with first grade buddies and
then we have play-dates together and-

Hope's dad gives her a look. Time to say goodbye.

HOPE

I love you more than anything, Jack.

JACK

(trying to hold on)

But... isn't that so cool?

HOPE

(starting to cry)

...And I'll always be with you, even
when I'm not here.

Jack looks down. Then, small:

JACK

Will I ever see you again?

Hope hesitates. Then --

HOPE

If you're a good boy and you come back. Do
you promise you'll come back for mommy?

JACK

Like sleeping beauty...

Hope holds him close. One last time.

GRANDPA

Are you sure about this?

Hope manages a small nod. Then, kisses Jack on the forehead.

INT. ALCOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Grandpa are about to exit the facility, approaching
the double doors when suddenly --

Jack BREAKS AWAY from Grandpa --

GRANDPA

JACK!

He RUSHES BACK down the hall --

Dashing past doctors and patients, dodging security --

PUSHING OPEN A DOOR INTO --

THE REVIVAL CHAMBER

Where he's surrounded by people in large metal containers.

Frozen with ghastly expressions.

He turns a corner. More rigid faces. It's horrifying.

Finally, Jack turns a corner and find himself --

FACE TO FACE WITH HOPE

In the process of being frozen --

JACK

...Wait. Mommy!

The HISSING of cryogenic gas fills the room as the temperature drops. The chamber, engulfed in a freezing mist.

JACK (cont'd)

MOMMY! NO! COME BACK!

Through the misted window, Jack catches a faint glimpse of Hope... Smiling at Jack through crystallizing tears...

JACK (cont'd)

Mommy...

WE PUSH IN ON HOPE AS SHE CHOKES IN HER FINAL BREATH --

And as the process takes hold, flashes of Hope's memories flood the screen: A 5-year-old Hope watching her parents fighting... A teenage Hope working in a dingy strip-club... A 19-year-old Hope holding a newborn Jack, tears of joy...

The flashes speeding up now, swirling to form a surrealistic dream-scape of abstract colors and shapes...

The freezing distorts the sound... And an unnerving chorus of voices whisper unintelligibly AS WE ---

SMASH TO TITLES

MOMMY ' S HOME

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Jack STARTS AWAKE.

Now in his mid-30s, his boyish look complete with receding hairline and Haagen Dazs gut.

His wife, **BROOKE** (38) lays in bed beside him, reading a therapy article on her iPad about transference.

It's not lost on us that she resembles Hope.

BROOKE
Another bad dream?

He rubs his face.

JACK
Everett's birthday's coming up. He'll be
the same age I was when my mom...

She studies him with eyes that dissect more than they see, then inches closer. A calculated warmth in her snuggle.

BROOKE
You're a good boy, Jack.

After a beat. He laughs nervously. Swallows.

BROOKE (cont'd)
Take it in... Really take it in...
You're a good boy, Jack.

He nods, closing his eyes. Taking in the odd affirmation.

JACK
...I'm a good boy.

And with that, nestles in closer to Brooke's embrace.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

EVERETT (5, nerdy) sits at the kitchen table eating eggs next to Jack and Brooke.

BROOKE
They're called "Happy eggs."

JACK
Why are they happy though, like, how
do they know the chickens-

BROOKE

The hens-

JACK

The *hens*, were happy?

BROOKE

They move the hens from coup to coup
so they can eat fresh grass-

JACK

That sounds like a total pain in the
ass for the hens-

EVERETT

Butt.

JACK

Sorry, yes, butt, but why would that
make the eggs better, or happier-

BROOKE

(joking)

I can taste the difference. The
happiness.

JACK

Oh yeah? You can taste the, uh- the
delicious virtue-signaling?

Brooke laughs.

EVERETT

Do fishies have dreams?

JACK

I think fishies do have dreams, bubba.
(noticing Everett's shirt)
Is that yesterday's shirt?

BROOKE

Got home late last night, couldn't do
laundry.

SMASH! A plate crashes to the floor.

Brooke begins cleaning, not missing a beat.

BROOKE (cont'd)

Maybe we should consider that help
we've been talking about...

JACK

What about your mom?

BROOKE

You really want my mom here?

JACK

I mean, it's an option... Your mom is great, I love your mom-

BROOKE

(laughing, yeah right)

You LOVE my mom... What do you think Everett? Should we get some extra help around the house?

EVERETT

Frankie's having a long dream...

Jack leans down to look at Everett's fishbowl. And a very dead Frankie bobbing upside-down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Everett sits between Jack and Brooke, tears streaming.

EVERETT

But can I still keep her though?

BROOKE

No, honey... When something dies, we have to say bye-bye...

EVERETT

But I don't wanna say bye-bye...

BROOKE

I know honey...

JACK

If you don't want to say bye-bye then you don't have to, buddy.

EVERETT

What?

JACK

Frankie will be with you forever. And you can talk to her. And ask her questions, get advice from her-

BROOKE

Or we can do the healthy mature thing and say bye-bye...

EVERETT
(crying harder)
But I don't wanna be healthy and
mature...

INT. AD AGENCY - OFFICE - DAY

Jack sits at his desk, messy with action figures.

We recognize one of the figures from the bathtub, its cape long gone. Jack hasn't grown up at all.

He notices his co-worker, **MIKE** (28, grown up frat bro) who shamelessly flirts with the girl at the front desk.

The front desk girl giggles. Jack shakes his head.

Mike peels off, passing Jack.

MIKE
Hey bud! How's your pitch for the
Eskrin account going?

JACK
Hey Mike. Great. Really great. Thanks
for checking in on my progress.

MIKE
Looks like it's you or me, huh?

JACK
Looks like it.

MIKE
Lotta money on that account. You
close it, there's your kid's college.

Mike puts his fist out for a bump. Jack hesitantly goes to give it to him but Mike pulls his hand away.

MIKE (cont'd)
But if I close it, I'm goin on a fuck
tour of Ibiza!

Mike gives Jack an aggressive smack on the shoulder, and saunters over to their boss, **RICHARD** (60s, stern).

Jack twirls his hair around his finger.

Trying to sooth himself.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Jack sits in the cafeteria, eating lunch by himself. At the other end of the table, a group huddles around a phone.

OFFICE WORKER #1
Holy fucking shit no way.

OFFICE WORKER #2
Yes dude. Yes! Read it.

OFFICE WORKER #1
So they're dead? I don't get it.
They're like... zombies?

Jack's ears perk up.

JACK
What are you guys looking at?

They totally ignore him.

JACK (cont'd)
What's going on?

OFFICE WORKER #2
Some silicon valley dudes figured out
how to bring back frozen dead people.

Mike glances over at Jack.

MIKE
Shit's fucked.

Jack walks over to stand behind them as they watch a clip:

CNN ANCHOR
*Using nano-bots and a process of
reverse vitrification, there is now a
way to bring cryonically preserved
people back to life.*

The news segment cuts to an interview with a recently revived WOMAN, wrapped in a blanket.

CNN ANCHOR (cont'd)
How are you feeling?

WOMAN
*Still warming up a bit, but... I have my
life back, get to see my KIDS...*

Jack, suddenly emotional. She begins laughing hysterically:

WOMAN (cont'd)
MY KIDS ARE OLDER THAN ME!!!

As the video continues, we PUSH IN ON JACK...

Jack begins hyperventilating, staggering away, knocking over a chair. It's all too much for him, his world closing in.

He can't breathe. It's real. It's happening.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Brooke gives Everett a bath.

EVERETT
But I want to marry you mommy...

BROOKE
Well you can't honey... That's not how it works.

EVERETT
Why not?

BROOKE
Because honey, it's illegal, people would get very upset.

EVERETT
But WHY?

JACK (O.S)
Because I'm married to her.

Brooke and Everett turn to Jack who stands in the doorway.

EVERETT
Marry your own mommy!

JACK
Well... Speaking of...

Brooke looks at him, frowning, like: *what?*

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jack lies in bed next to Brooke, illuminated by the soft glow of his laptop screen. ONSCREEN: Alcor's website.

BROOKE
You think its... safe?

JACK

CPR was invented less than a hundred years ago. Defibrillators. People are revived all the time.

BROOKE

We'd have to dip into Everett's college fund...

JACK

I'm ABOUT to close Eskrin. The revival's 50K, I close that deal, we're covered.

Jack softens as he looks deep into Brooke's eyes. Brooke places her hand on his arm.

JACK (cont'd)

I've had this, fucking, HOLE... My entire life. And now I can fill it.

BROOKE

You have so much right here. Aren't we filling your hole?

JACK

It's different.

BROOKE

She could fill it more?

JACK

It's not, like... A hole filling competition... I just...

He chokes back tears. Laughs, despite himself.

JACK (cont'd)

...Miss her.

He looks like a lost, little boy. And Brooke can tell how much this means to him.

BROOKE

Maybe you're right. Maybe it would be good for you. And for us...

Jack's eyes light up. He embraces her, like a kid on Christmas.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack lounges in the bathtub, contemplative. Brooke stands at the mirror, applying her skincare routine, studying him.

JACK - VO
(leaving a message)
Hey, uh- Jack Hagger here, I'm, uh,
Hope's son? She's being stored there.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - AERIAL SHOT

AN ARIEL SHOT captures Jack's Subaru snaking along a secluded highway, flanked by desert and sparse palm trees.

JACK - VO
I'm just calling to let you know we wired the payment for her... revival or... unfreezing or whatever... and... we're just... very excited!

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack's hands grip the wheel.

Beside him, Brooke flips through a stack of papers.

The car pulls up to Alcor, a facility that looks unexpectedly modest. A sea of picketers wave signs outside the entrance.

Jack glances at Brooke: *Isn't this exciting?*

EXT. ALCOR PARKING LOT

They exit the car and make their way towards the building. Suddenly, a BLIND MAN carrying a sign blocks their path:

BLIND MAN
AND THE DEAD SHALL RISE! THE DEAD
SHALL RISE AND OVERCOME US ALL!

JACK
(to Brooke)
Come on honey-

They attempts to sidestep him, but the Blind Man seizes his arm, drawing him closer.

BLIND MAN
BEWARE!

And as the blind man SCREAMS IN JACK'S FACE WE CUT TO:

INT. ALCOR WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A warm waiting room where families gather. Jack and Brooke approach the front desk where an ALCOR EMPLOYEE answers phones.

ALCOR EMPLOYEE

Good morning, Alcor Cryogenics. Yes, I can help you with that. Our next availability for revival is in two weeks... Okay... Alright...

(then, to Jack)

Hi there!

JACK

Hey- Jack Hagger? My mom was-

His voice cracks. He swallows. Brooke grabs his arm, comforting him. He can't believe he's here.

JACK (cont'd)

IS... a patient?

ALCOR EMPLOYEE

(checking computer)

Yes! Dr. Chen is expecting you.

INT. ALCOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DR. CHEN, 60s, in a crisp lab coat, leads Jack and Brooke down a hallway past labs and offices. He speaks with a familiar warmth, calm and professional.

DR. CHEN

Jack, Brooke. Welcome to Alcor. Big day. How are you feeling?

BROOKE

Think we're both really excited!

DR. CHEN

Glad to hear it!

Jack's eyes dart around the sterile, high-tech environment. Remembering walking these same halls as a kid. They pass rows of human-sized metal containers...

BROOKE

What are these big tube things?

DR. CHEN

Our chambers! They're known as "doers..." Each is the temporary home of someone in a state of cryogenic sleep.

Brooke flinches, trying to be a good sport. Despite Dr. Chen's friendly attitude, this whole thing is just so weird.

DR. CHEN (cont'd)
And here my friends is where our world-class medical team performs the revival procedures.

They finally reach a large LABORATORY DOOR:

BROOKE
What about the cancer?

Jack looks at her. Brooke continues:

BROOKE (cont'd)
I mean... won't she still be sick?

DR. CHEN
While Hope was in stasis, we used a targeted therapy for her leukemia that wasn't available in the 90s.

JACK
So does that mean...

DR. CHEN
Hope's cancer is completely gone.

As Jack processes this, Dr. Chen continues:

DR. CHEN (cont'd)
I should warn you, the revival process can be a bit startling. Most people prefer to wait in our lounge.

JACK
I was there when she went to sleep. I want to be the first person she sees when she wakes up.

BROOKE
Are you sure, honey? You could wait in the lounge with me-

JACK
I need to do this.

Brooke nods. Gives Jack a kiss.

BROOKE
I'll see you on the other side.

INT. REVIVAL CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

The ultra-modern revival chamber dominates the center of the room, surrounded by machinery and tools. Jack and Chen, now suited up in HAZMAT SUITS. Jack watches through the window as the chamber LIGHTS UP, bright and blinding --

REVEALING HOPE

Upright in the chamber. A spiderweb of IV lines and electrodes run through her body. And...

She's completely naked.

JACK
(muttering)
Didn't realize she'd be...

Jack feels a mix of emotions: excitement... fear... And confronted with Hope's stunning, naked body: Discomfort.

DR. CHEN
For the revival process, we gradually rearm the body to avoid cellular damage.

The harsh white light illuminates Hope's curves as the scientists massage warmth back into her skin. A technical process that looks very... non-technical.

DR. CHEN (cont'd)
We're also reintroducing oxygen to her bloodstream and stimulating her heart to restart natural rhythms.

Hope's body quivers... And a slight moan escapes her lips.

JACK
Is this... normal?

More moans. Jesus. It looks like an orgasm.

DR. CHEN
Just her body remembering old patterns.

Dr. Chen smiles at Jack. It's a bit unsettling.

Jack returns his gaze to Hope, trying not to stare...

Look at her eyes, look at her eyes.

The machines beep more rapidly --

Hope's body JERKS. Soft moans turn to strained gasps.

JACK
What's happening?

Technicians scramble to stabilize her.

TECHNICIAN 1
Administering epinephrine-

Hope's body thrashes wildly on the table.

JACK
What the fuck is happening?

TECHNICIAN 2
More oxygen, Fifteen liters-

Hope's body JOLTS in another, more violent spasm.

JACK
Is she okay?

DR. CHEN
Everything's under control.

And then, suddenly, Hope's body goes still.

The room falls silent, except for the beeping of the monitors. No one speaks. Jack's heart pounds.

Then, Hope's eyes slowly open...

AND SHE LOCKS EYES WITH JACK.

Her pupils dilated and expression blank. Then...

A smile spreads across her face.

Jack stares back. Shocked.

Everything he's been waiting for... is here.

INT. ALCOR - HALLWAY - DAY

Brooke waits patiently in the lounge.

She glances over at a family in matching "Welcome Back Dad" shirts embracing their REVIVED FATHER. Brooke smiles, moved.

Suddenly, the revived father turns towards Brooke. Frowning. As if recognizing her. A panic in his eyes.

He raises his finger... And begins walking towards her.

BROOKE

...Sir?

The man, getting closer. Brooke, panicking a bit now...

BROOKE (cont'd)

Excuse me? Sir?

She stands. Stepping backward.

BROOKE (cont'd)

Hey- HEY! SIR!

The man getting closer... Brooke, terrified now.

SUDDENLY, A HAND GRABS HER --

DR. CHEN

There you are!

Startled, she glances over at the family as they comfort their disoriented father. Jack, confused by her reaction.

JACK

You okay?

Brooke shakes off her concern, forcing a smile.

BROOKE

...Yeah! How was it?

JACK

(shaking his head)

It was her. I saw her... She's back,
Brooke. She's back.

Jack smiles at Brooke. Beaming. Brooke tries to match him.

DR. CHEN

(turning to Jack)

...Shall we say hi to mommy?

Jack, still processing, nods.

Dr. Chen leads them towards the recovery chamber.

Opening the door with a sense of ceremony into --

THE RECOVERY ROOM

Equipment lines the walls. A table in the center. Hope, now in a gown, sits on the table talking to a doctor. She turns to face Jack, Brooke hanging back. Hope and Jack lock eyes.

JACK

Hi...

HOPE

...Hi.

Jack gives in. Runs to her, breaking down. All the pain and yearning of the last 30 years pouring out of him.

JACK

I've missed you so much...

Hope gently pulls away from Jack, still out of it:

HOPE

Did my dad tell you I was here?

JACK

...What?

HOPE

I haven't seen you since... I got pregnant! I thought you were gone... Where's Jack?

Jack frowns, trying to follow...

HOPE (cont'd)

Paul? Is Jack in the play room?

Then, he realizes... The last time she saw Jack he was a little kid... And Hope thinks Jack is Paul, HIS DAD.

DR. CHEN

Hope, I know this must be confusing. I know it feels like just moments ago-

HOPE

Where's my little Jack?

Jack stares back, stunned. Brooke narrows her eyes with clinical precision, gauging Hope's mental state.

JACK

Mom, it's me...

Hope frowns. Something isn't right.

JACK (cont'd)

I'm... Jack.

HOPE

No- where's- where's our son?

JACK

Mom-

HOPE

No, why are you calling me that-
stop calling me that-

DR. CHEN

Sometimes patients can confuse-

HOPE

He- he was standing right there- I- I
was with him just a second ago.

JACK

I am Jack, I am your son-

Suddenly, Hope erupts in a frenzy --

HOPE

YOU'RE NOT MY JACK! I WANT MY JACK!

Hope thrashes violently. Ripping IV lines from her arms. Her
heart monitor, BEEPING RAPIDLY --

HOPE (cont'd)

GET AWAY FROM ME!

Medical staff rush in, struggling to sedate her.

JACK

WOAH! HEY! HEY! MOM IT'S ME!

Jack and Brooke watch, horrified. And as the sedative take
effect, Hope's eyes flutter to white and we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Chen stands outside the hospital room, quietly
conferring with a nervous Jack and Brooke.

DR. CHEN

The rehabilitation process is extensive.
She could stay for observation at an
extra cost... Some people don't have
family to come home to.

JACK

She's coming home with us. Today. My
wife's actually a therapist, so-

BROOKE

Are we really prepared for this?

JACK
Yes. We are.

A beat. Chen realizes Jack is not going to budge.

DR. CHEN
You need to ease her into her new reality... Avoid anything that might overwhelm her... modern technology. Phones, internet.

Dr. Chen offers a reassuring smile.

DR. CHEN (cont'd)
This is all part of the process.

Jack and Brooke exchange a look.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hope's eyes flutter open... and the world returns to focus.

JACK
It's okay, Mom. You're safe now.

Hope lies on the bed, Jack at her side.

JACK (cont'd)
I know I look like him... I've seen the pictures. Thirty years, Mom... I grew up.

Her gaze focuses on Jack, taking in his face.

HOPE
...Jack?

Jack smiles with pained relief.

JACK
It's me.

Hope looks behind Jack at Brooke.

JACK (cont'd)
And this is my wife. Brooke.

HOPE
Your wife?

BROOKE
Hi Hope. I've heard so much about you.

Brooke offers a feeble smile and wave to a guarded Hope.

EXT. ALCOR - DAY

Jack watches as Hope steps into the fresh air and sunlight, marveling tentatively at the world around her.

DR. CHEN (V.O)
Help her find her place.
Help her feel needed...

Then, Hope looks at Jack with a heartfelt smile. Tears of joy glistening in her eyes.

DR. CHEN (V.O.)
Help her be... mom.

Brooke glances at Hope and Jack sharing a moment... a subtle frown flickers across her face. Something feels off.

INT. JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

From the passenger seat, Hope gazes out the window. Overwhelmed by the modern world around her. Jack drives, rambling, trying to normalize. Brooke sits in the back.

JACK
...We cleared out the office so
you've got a nice little room to
yourself... Obviously a lot's
changed, you know, between then and
now, but... We're here to help...

Seeing Jack and Hope together like this gives us a weird feeling: Jack in his mid-30s, and Hope, his MOM, her 20s...

HOPE
How was graduation?

Jack smiles bashfully, excited to catch her up.

JACK
College was tough... Felt good finally
walking across the-

HOPE
From kindergarten. You were so
excited for first grade.

Jack looks over. Slightly taken aback.

JACK
...Good. I think it was good.

Hope realizes Jack doesn't remember. She hides her disappointment with a smile. Brooke senses the tension.

Hope, overwhelmed, points to Jack's iPhone.

HOPE
What's that thing?

JACK
That? Oh uh- It's my iPhone.

HOPE
Your... "you" phone?

Jack lets out a nervous laugh, glancing at Brooke in the rear-view. She looks concerned but doesn't interrupt.

JACK
They're- uh- they're like little computers that fit in your pocket.

HOPE
How do I-

JACK
You just use your finger to-

HOPE
(scrolling, amazed)
How does it know?

JACK
(laughing)
I don't know...

HOPE
It's like... magic.

BROOKE
A lot has changed since you were here...
climate change... social movements...

Hope suddenly looks confused by their direction.

HOPE
Are we going home?

Jack and Brooke glance at one another in the rearview.

JACK
We're going to your new home.

BROOKE

Until we get you setup with your own home. (off a look from Jack) But, you can stay for as long as you want.

Hope processes this. It's tough for her to wrap her head around. In her experience, she was just alive, with a kid and it was the 90s... Now, everything is different.

HOPE

(then, excited)

Oh my gosh! Is- is my dad there?

Jack glances at Brooke in the rear-view. She nods.

JACK

Grandpa... passed. When I was in high school...

Hope pauses, floored by the news. The lost time hitting her.

HOPE

I've missed so much...

Her eyes fill with tears.

JACK

I'm sorry...

They drive in silence as Hope watches the unfamiliar modern world rush by outside. Her heart, heavy with grief.

Noticing her distress, Jack takes out his phone...

He's thought of this moment for years.

A familiar tune begins to play: Alanis Morisette's "IRONIC."

Jack begins singing softly...

JACK (cont'd)

An old man... turned ninety-eight.
Won the lottery...

Hope hesitates. Then, through tears of mixed emotion, joins in.

HOPE

...And died the next day.

JACK

It's a... black fly... in your Chardonnay...

Then the chorus drops. And they both GO FOR IT:

HOPE AND JACK
IT'S LIKE RAAAAAAAAN!!!
ON YOUR WEDDING DAY!!!!

Brooke smiles. Happy to see Jack reconnecting with his mom... but also feeling a bit left out.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JACK'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The car pulls up.

Jack, Hope, and Brooke step out. Hope looks around, wide-eyed. A NEIGHBOR glances over and waves, smiling.

Jack waves back. The neighbor does a double-take at Hope, his smile turning to a stare. Lust in his eyes.

Jack notices. Turns to Hope:

JACK
Come on, let's go in. Everett's
excited to meet you.

Hope takes a deep breath, following them into...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The family enters the house. Brooke's mom, **MARGARET**, 70s, greets them. She's a big personality. Too big for Jack.

MARGARET
There they are! The scientists!

JACK
Hi Margaret.

BROOKE
Hope, this is my mom.

MARGARET
Hi, darlin! Well isn't this something!?

Everett comes rushing up to Brooke, in a fireman costume.

EVERETT
Mommy! Watch this!

On "mommy," Hope instinctively glances down at Everett...

JACK
And this is our son, Everett.

Seeing Everett takes Hope's breath away. He looks exactly like Jack as a kid. It's almost too much for her.

JACK

Buddy- I want you to meet someone. This is Hope... This is MY mom. Your grandma.

Everett looks confused.

EVERETT

I thought your mom was dead?

Looks of discomfort. Jack pushes through.

JACK

She's back now.

EVERETT

She's prettier than Grandma Margaret.

JACK

Everett!

Margaret and Brooke both don't love hearing this. Hope does.

HOPE

Thank you, sweetie...

EVERETT

You're welcome.

HOPE

Can I have a hug?

Hope kneels down, arms outstretched. Everett hesitates...

JACK

It's okay, buddy...

Then, Everett runs to Brooke, hugging her instead.

BROOKE

Takes him a bit to warm up.

Off Hope, stung. Jack notices.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Brooke get the food ready while Everett talks with Hope at the dinner table.

JACK

That whole in-patient recovery thing.
They'll squeeze every last dollar out
of you. Look how happy she is here...

BROOKE

And its always an option.

JACK

Yeah. Totally.

BROOKE

I'm just glad she's back.

Jack smiles at his wife. Loves her so much.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The four sit at the dinner table. It's a bit awkward.

HOPE

So... how'd you two meet?

BROOKE

Jack and I?

Jack and Brooke exchange a glance. Brooke shifts uncomfortably.

BROOKE (cont'd)

Do you want the real story, or...

HOPE

Or... what?

Brooke shakes her head laughing. A bit embarrassed.

BROOKE

We met at my office. I'm a therapist.

Jack nods, his expression strained.

JACK

I had a lot of problems growing up...
then I met Brooke and... she helped
me. A lot.

HOPE

You were her patient?

JACK

Uh, yeah. I was.

Hope clocks this sounds a bit weird.

BROOKE

We usually tell this whole elaborate story about how we met, but really, it was just at my office.

They double down, sweatily over-explaining:

JACK

I know it sounds kinda weird, but it was all totally by the book.

BROOKE

There was a clear boundary between our sessions and anything personal.

Hope's eyes narrow slightly. Jack and Brooke exchange a self-conscious glance.

JACK

We waited two years after my last session before we even went on a date.
(then, with a
mischievous grin)
Or so we say...

Hope nods, looking away. Brooke, sensing the tension:

BROOKE

All this time talking about the mother wound and here you are!

HOPE

The mother wound?

BROOKE

Just a little therapy humor-

JACK

We clicked. It felt right.

BROOKE

Free sessions ever since!

JACK

Well. I don't know about FREE, but-

She laughs, playfully nudging Jack. Throughout this conversation, Everett has been staring at Hope.

EVERETT

Was god naked?

A beat, then:

JACK
Everett, buddy, that's rude.

EVERETT
Can Frankie the Fish come back?

BROOKE
No, honey...

EVERETT
Why?

JACK
Fish can't come back, buddy.

EVERETT
Then how did she?

Brooke stares at her son's confused face. She realizes she's equally confused.

BROOKE
Well, her body was frozen...

EVERETT
Like a Popsicle?

BROOKE
Yeah... Kind of like a Popsicle...

JACK
Then some really smart scientists
figured out how to wake her up.

EVERETT
But how do you wake up a Popsicle?

Everett looks up at Hope, fascinated.

EVERETT (cont'd)
Wouldn't it melt?

BROOKE
I don't know, honey. But... we're
very very happy to have her back.

EVERETT
(to Hope)
What was it like? Being frozen?

HOPE
Being frozen?

JACK

Ah, you don't have to-

HOPE

At first it was kinda nice. Like falling asleep. Like a dream.

The table falls silent. Her tone shifts, growing darker.

HOPE (cont'd)

But then... then it's like you're... trapped. You can't move... And the cold... it seeps right into your bones.

Brooke reaches out, gently touching Hope's arm.

BROOKE

Maybe we should talk about something-

Hope ignores her, leaning even closer to Everett.

HOPE

And it's so quiet... You start to wonder, "Will I ever wake up? Or will I be stuck like this forever?"

Everett's eyes widen, fear creeping in. Hope's face is inches from his, expression intense, almost predatory.

JACK

Hey, why don't we-

Hope's demeanor shifts abruptly, something very wrong in her expression, as if something has taken her over.

HOPE

And just when you think it can't get any worse --

HOPE'S HAND SHOOTS OUT TOWARDS EVERETT!

But instead of attacking --

Hope's fingers start TICKLING HIM!

She breaks into a wide grin, erupting with laughter.

HOPE (cont'd)

...YOU REALIZE IT WAS ALL A JOKE!

Everett bursts into laughter, squirming as Hope tickles him.

Jack and Brooke laugh too, tension breaking.

JACK

Ha! You got us!

BROOKE

Yeah, really had us going there...

Brooke casts an uneasy glance to Jack as he laughs. Hope settles, looking at both of them. Sincere:

HOPE

I went to sleep... Then I woke up.
And everything was different.

INT. HOPE'S NEW ROOM - DAY

Jack gently places a stack of clothes on the bed, turning to Hope, admiring her new room. Then, as Jack fluffs her bed... Hope stares at his muscles. How is this man her little boy?

JACK

Brooke thought you might like these
clothes. We can get more if you need.

HOPE

Look at you...

Hope, suddenly hit with a wave of emotion.

HOPE (cont'd)

All the birthday parties... And
soccer games... I wanted to be there.
I wanted so badly to be there. I
loved being your mommy.

The air in the room grows thick, words hanging heavy.

HOPE (cont'd)

Can you... say it?

JACK

Say... what?

HOPE

Can you call me... "mommy?"

Jack pulls back a bit.

JACK

I'm not sure that's... appropriate.

Hope's lips curl into a sly smile. She tilts her head:

HOPE

You like it when Everett calls Brooke
mommy... How inappropriate can it be?

Jack considers, frowning slightly. His hand fidgets with the edge of the blanket, a nervous habit.

HOPE (cont'd)

It's just a word that makes mommy
feel good...

She reaches out, lightly touching his arm.

HOPE (cont'd)

I know it sounds silly. But... I just
need to hear you say it.

Remembering what Dr. Chen encouraged, Jack swallows.

JACK

...Okay, mommy.

A huge smile spreads across her face as tears brim her eyes. He laughs a bit, shaking his head.

JACK (cont'd)

I've spent the last 30 years looking
at pictures of you. Now it's like one
of those pictures is looking back. I
feel like I'm five years old again.

A beat. Finally, Jack works up the courage to say:

JACK (cont'd)

Can you do something... for me?

HOPE

Can I do something for you... What?

Jack realizes what she wants. Surrenders to it.

JACK

Can you do something for me... Mommy?

Hope's eyes light up. She nudges him.

HOPE

Anything, baby.

JACK

Can you tell me... That everything is
going to be okay?

HOPE
Everything is going to be okay, baby.

JACK
Can you... Can you hold me and say
it? I mean, you don't have to if you
don't want to, it's just.

Takes his head and presses it against her chest.

At that moment Brooke, carrying extra linens, walks by...

Stops just outside the door. Eyes widening as she watches:

HOPE
Everything is going to be better than
okay. Mommy's here... Mommy's back...

This means everything to Jack. He looks up at her like a
child, seeking reassurance.

HOPE (cont'd)
Mommy's home.

Jack smiles at Hope. so relieved.

Hope's gaze shifts from Jack and locks onto Brooke's. Her
sweet smile unwavering as she holds Jack more tightly...

Rocking him slightly now... Shushing him...

Brooke just stares back. AND WE CUT TO --

INT. EVERETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Brooke gets Everett ready for bed, putting him in
his pajamas. He protests.

EVERETT
...But I want a story!

BROOKE
Honey, it's past bedtime...

EVERETT
But I want one!

Suddenly, Hope appears at the door.

HOPE
I can read it.

Jack and Brooke share a look. Hope approaches Everett.

HOPE (cont'd)
Want me to read you a story, Jack?

Brooke clocks Hope's mistake immediately.

BROOKE
Everett.

HOPE
What?

JACK
That's Everett... I'm Jack.

Hope smiles, shaking her head.

HOPE
Duh. Of course.

She leans down, taking the book from Everett. The cover, a boy standing alone in a vast forest.

HOPE (cont'd)
This was Jack's favorite...

Jack watches from the doorway as Hope twirls her finger around Everett's hair, soothing him.

Jack unconsciously mimics the motion with his own hair.

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S BEDROOM

Jack and Brooke, laying in bed with one another.

BROOKE
Do you still think I'm hot?

JACK
What?

BROOKE
As hot as I was in my 20s?

JACK
...Hotter.

And with that Brooke kisses Jack. He kisses back.

And as they begin to make-out, we CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Brooke and Jack mid-sex, bodies pressed against the bathroom counter. The mirror fogs up from the shower.

BROOKE

I needed this.

JACK

Me too.

As Brooke reaches climax, her hand smudges the mirror.

In the reflection, we reveal... Hope.

Standing outside the doorway.

Watching.

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S BEDROOM

Jack, now asleep. But Brooke lies wide awake.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brooke tiptoes down the stairs.

Each step creaks. She reaches the bottom and pauses.

Another creak, not hers. Then, silence.

BROOKE

Hope? Everett?

She pauses, listening. Then, steps into --

THE LIVING ROOM

Another faint sound catches her attention.

BROOKE

Hello?

She hears a soft, almost imperceptible HUMMING.

Brooke follows the sound into --

THE KITCHEN

Hope stands with her back to Brooke, facing the open freezer. The eerie glow from the freezer light framing her figure.

BROOKE

...Hope?

No response. Brooke's heart pounds as she approaches.

BROOKE (cont'd)

You okay?

Still no response. Brooke inches closer.

BROOKE (cont'd)

Hope, do you-

As Brooke reaches out, Hope suddenly whips around.

Her face, blue from the cold. Covered in tiny ice crystals.

Eyes wide, unblinking.

BROOKE (cont'd)

...Hope?

HOPE

I like it cold.

Hope tilts her head, a smile spreading across her lips.

HOPE (cont'd)

Do you like it cold?

Suddenly, Hope winces. Clutching her head.

HOPE (cont'd)

How long have I been...

(grabbing her hair)

My hair... its frozen...

Brooke forces a reassuring smile.

BROOKE

Let's get you to bed, sweetie.

Hope blinks slowly, staring at Brooke.

INT. MALL - NEXT DAY

Brooke, Jack, Hope, and Everett stroll through the mall.

They pass a BEST BUY, where flat-screen TVs display global revival events: **"Worldwide Revival Wave Sweeps Globe!"**

Onscreen, large groups of revived people happily reunite with their families. Jack smiles, wonder in his eyes.

EVERETT

Candy! I wanna get candy!

JACK

We're here for Hope today, bud.

HOPE

(to Everett)

YOU WANT CANDY?!

INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

Hope and Everett fill their baskets with candy, giggling like kids, while Jack and Brooke fall back and watch. An OLDER MOM remarks to Hope:

OLDER MOM

Cute kid. He's got your smile.

Hope realizes she's talking about Everett. And that she thinks he's Hope's son. This feels so good to hear.

HOPE

Thanks.

OLDER MOM

Where's he in school?

HOPE

...Country School?

OLDER MOM

Didn't they tear that place down?

HOPE

...Guess not!

After a confused look, the older mom gets distracted by one of her kids, across the store.

From right outside the store, Jack watches Hope and Everett, almost wishing he could be in Everett's shoes...

BROOKE

She's good with him.

Jack turns to Brooke. Smiling warmly.

BROOKE (cont'd)
How's it felt? Having her back?

JACK
I'm happy. I'm really, really happy.

BROOKE
Yeah?

JACK
Best thing that ever happened to
me... Aside from our wedding day.

BROOKE
And Everett...

JACK
Obviously, yeah.

Brooke smiles, nodding... Her expression turns serious.

BROOKE
I found her wandering around
downstairs last night. It scared me.

JACK
Why'd it scare you?

BROOKE
Just worried about her... Not sure if
there's more we should be doing.

JACK
I'll take her in. Dr. Chen said there
would be an adjustment period...

Hope glances at Jack and Brooke, still distracted.

HOPE
Watch this.

She shoves a handful of skittles into her mouth.

Everett isn't sure what to make of it. She shoves ANOTHER
handful in. It's cute but also...

There's something really off about this.

But Everett loves it. Cracks up, wide-eyed.

Suddenly, a BIGGER KID bumps Everett out of the way.

Hope notices, mouth still full of skittles. Rainbow juice
dripping from the corner of her mouth. And, on IMPULSE --

VIOLENTLY PALMS THE KIDS FACE AND BOUNCES HIM OFF THE THE CANDY CONTAINER

The BIGGER KID starts crying, startled and hurt. Hope quickly tugs Everett away, winking playfully at him:

HOPE

No pushing.

She puts her finger to her lips: *Shhh.*

INT. MALL - DAY

Hope and Everett emerge from the Candy Store.

BROOKE

They've got some great dresses on sale at Nordstroms this month-

Hope's eyes land on FOREVER 21, edgy 90s fashion.

INT. FOREVER 21 - DAY

Brooke and Hope disappear into the dressing room, giggling. Jack stands outside, smiling. Thrilled his mom and wife are getting along. Brooke emerges in an oversized band t-shirt.

BROOKE

What do you think?

But his face drops when he sees HOPE: wearing a Britney Spears-esque, belly-revealing schoolgirl outfit...

As Hope struts and twirls, Jack notices a GROUP OF GUYS near the store entrance. Their eyes, locked on Hope.

Their gazes, not admiring... But predatory. One licks his lips, nudging his buddy. They laugh, sinister.

HOPE

You like it, sweetie?

Tiny skirt. Cleavage spilling out of her top. *She looks so hot.* Noticing Jack's stupor, Brooke narrows her eyes.

BROOKE

...Jack?

Then, Jack (and us) snap out of it: *THAT'S MY MOM.*

JACK

You... found some clothes!

For the first time, Jack feels the jarring cognitive dissonance between the mom he remembered... And the attractive 24 year old woman in front of him.

EXT. MALL - DAY

They emerge, arms full of bags. Hope, up ahead with Everett.

Jack and Brooke force smiles, hiding their uncertainty as Hope helps Everett into the car.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack, in a suit, fixes his tie in the mirror. Hope enters and fixes it for him. They share a look. An awkward smile.

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - DAY

Hope and Everett plant flowers. Jack and Brooke watch from the porch. Brooke watches Hope bonding with Everett...

BROOKE
Guess we found our nanny?

Jack puts his arms around Brooke. Kisses her cheek.

INT. HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Jack's computer shows a Zoom call in progress. The title reads: "ESKRIN ACCOUNT." Jack, in a suit, mid-presentation:

JACK
... and as you can see, Mr. Eskrin,
sales numbers have been rising
steadily this past quarter.

Dennis **ESKRIN** (60s, scruffy, shrewd) pauses dramatically.

ESKRIN
Encouraging, Jack. But these
additional fees we're incurring...

Suddenly, the door creaks open. In saunters Hope, wearing a towel:

HOPE
Hi there, handsome.

JACK
(trying to ignore her)
As I was saying-

HOPE
I couldn't find any clean towels so-

Mike speaks up:

MIKE
Who's the new intern, Jack?

Hope approaches the computer screen, intrigued.

HOPE
What are you watching?

Hope, mesmerized by the technology, leans in-

ESKRIN
Is this your wife?

Jack stammers, struggling to explain the situation.

JACK
No this is my... cousin...

ESKRIN
Hi there!

HOPE
Why are you talking to the tv?

JACK
(turning to Hope)
Can you help Brooke with dinner?

Hope blinks. Startled by being dismissed so curtly. Then, quickly turns and leaves the room.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family sits, eating dinner.

Laughter flows, but Brooke's eyes dart between Jack and Hope. They seem to be connecting a lot.

BROOKE
So Hope, what was Jack's dad like?

JACK
She didn't really know him...

HOPE

That was the story poppa told you...

Jack pauses, surprised. Frowning.

JACK

What was... the real story?

HOPE

Well... I was young. Trying to make
money. I gave dance lessons... It
wasn't enough... One of the girls I
knew had a side-hustle at a strip club.

As Hope reminisces, we plunge into the past --

INT. STRIP CLUB - FLASHBACK

A blurred memory: Hope, on a nightclub stage, dancing.

HOPE (V.O.)

One night, this guy walks in...

A customer's figure blurred by the passage of time.

HOPE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Started tipping me... A lot.

Money starts to accumulate on the stage.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - FLASHBACK

The memory distorts further into a collage of intimate
moments between Hope and the faceless customer.

HOPE (V.O.)

He was different. Looked me in the
eyes. Asked about my day. Treated me
like a person. He started coming
every weekend. Then one night he
asked me out to dinner.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

Hope, out of place at a bougie restaurant, sits across from
the mysterious stranger. She fidgets with her silverware.

HOPE (V.O.)

Most expensive place in town. We
talked for hours. He wanted to know
everything. My hopes, my dreams...

We PUSH IN on Hope, animated and smiling, falling in love.

INT. SERIES OF RESTAURANTS - NIGHT

Hope twirls spaghetti, laughing. She tries escargot. She fumbles with chopsticks; the man helps, smiling.

HOPE (V.O.)

We started seeing each other more and more. Every week, a different restaurant. Italian, French, *sushi*. He was so caring... So... kind.

INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Hope lays in bed, looking up at the same guy. He brushes a strand of hair from her face. She bites her lip...

HOPE (V.O.)

Then one night, he finally came over to my place... We started kissing, and, oh my god, Brooke, it was electric, I just couldn't get enough, he threw me around like-

BACK TO PRESENT

BROOKE

(interrupting)

Maybe we should leave it there.

Hope looks up to see everyone sitting there, a bit shocked.

JACK

But... what happened? Where'd he go?

HOPE

When I told him I was pregnant he said he'd be there for me no matter what... But then he disappeared.

JACK

What do you mean?

Jack lets out a bitter laugh.

JACK (cont'd)

He just... left? Just like that?

Hope nods staring at Jack, pain in her eyes.

HOPE
I still remember his face...

IN A FLASH, WE SEE JACK'S DAD: HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE JACK

HOPE (cont'd)
He... he looked a lot like...

Jack takes a breath, struggling to process.

JACK
Alright, mister. Think its past your
bedtime.

Hope continues searching Jack's face, confused by the uncanny resemblance. As they get up to leave, she speaks up.

HOPE
I can put him to bed if you want...

BROOKE
I've got it.

As Brooke leaves with Everett, Hope watches them ascend the stairs together... And feels a pang of uselessness.

INT. HOPE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hope sits alone, flipping through an old photo album.

Wedding photos, birthdays, Christmases... She comes across a photo of young Jack and another of Everett, both smiling.

Her gaze fixates on each photo, scrutinizing with growing suspicion. Hope's brow furrows as she compares the two.

Something's not right...

Her eyes dart back and forth between the two faces.

Jack and Everett look SO similar...

TOO similar.

INT. EVERETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A creak. Everett's eyes flutter open.

He listens. Frozen. Another creak. Louder. Closer.

Everett dares to look around the dark room...

Shadows stretch across the walls, distorting familiar shapes. He squints, trying to see in the dark.

EVERETT

...Hello?

Silence. He pulls the blanket closer.

EVERETT (cont'd)

Mommy?

No response.

His eyes dart to the corners of the room, searching.

Another CREAK. Closer still. He turns and --

HOPE IS RIGHT THERE

Her face, inches from his. Pale. Smiling. Everett gasps.

HOPE

Shhh... It's just me, honey.

Her voice, eerily calm.

EVERETT

...Why are you in my room?

Hope strokes his hair. Tenderly. Chills down his spine.

HOPE

You know you can tell me anything...

Hope leans in, breath warm against his ear.

HOPE (cont'd)

You trust me, right?

Everett's eyes widen.

EVERETT

I have school tomorrow.

HOPE

It's okay, baby. Go back to sleep.

Her fingers trail down his back. Scratching. Everett squeezes his eyes shut, hoping it's a nightmare.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Brooke startles from sleep to the sound of CLINKING pots and pans downstairs. She squints, listening...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Brooke enters the kitchen to find Hope in one of Brooke's revealing nighties. She's whisking eggs while Everett giggles at the table.

BROOKE
You're up early.

HOPE
Thought I'd whip up some breakfast
for our boys! They need their energy.

Hope winks at Brooke. Brooke looks away, taking in the immaculate kitchen.

HOPE (cont'd)
And give the place a spruce.

Brooke's eyes land on Hope's revealing nightie. Way too much skin on display for morning pancakes.

HOPE (cont'd)
(re: Nightie)
Hope you don't mind I borrowed this-

BROOKE
Um... No...

Jack shuffles into the room, rubbing his eyes.

JACK
Mmm... something smells good.

BROOKE
Hope made pancakes...

Hope turns to Jack, beaming:

HOPE
Hi, baby!

Hope pirouettes over to Jack, giving him a big kiss. Jack laughs, not used to this attention.

JACK
Looks great in here...

Brooke feels a pang of something she can't quite place.

HOPE
Just doing my part.
(Turning to Everett)
More pancakes, sweetie?

EVERETT
Okay.

Hope plops more pancakes onto his plate.

HOPE
(to Everett)
Nappy on your lappy.

Brooke narrows her eyes. *Why is Hope talking to Everett like its her son?*

BROOKE
(to Everett)
Ready for your big birthday buddy?

EVERETT
Maybe.

BROOKE
We're gonna go to grandma and
grandpas. Big pool party, all your
friends will be there-

HOPE
And there'll be tickles!

Hope leans down, tickling Everett. Brooke clocks that Everett seems nervous around her.

EVERETT
STOP! PLEASE! DAD!

HOPE
DADDY LIKES TICKLES TOO!

Hope then turns to Jack, tickling him as well. He loves it.

JACK
OKAY OKAY OKAY!!!

But Brooke doesn't like this one bit.

EXT. STREET CORNER - BUS STOP - DAY

Brooke stands outside with Everett, waiting for the bus.

BROOKE

Gonna invite some friends from school
to your birthday?

EVERETT

Mhm.

He seems quiet. Huh.

BROOKE

Everything okay, honey?

EVERETT

Is she gonna be here long?

BROOKE

Why do you ask? Is something wrong?

EVERETT

Maybe she's too nice.

The bus pulls up. Everett steps on.

And Brooke watches with concern as it drives away...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Brooke jogs down the street, absorbed in a podcast:

PODCAST HOST (V.O.)

Today's topic: The Revived. Concerns
are mounting as Alcor's quick move to
market stirs widespread controversy...

Her stride slows as she takes in the unsettling details.

PODCAST HOST (V.O.) (cont'd)

Reports are piling up about
individuals displaying sudden,
uncontrollable actions. It's as if
some have returned... But with parts
of themselves left behind...

Brooke stops running. Breathing heavily.

INT. COMMUNITY ROOM - DAY

Chairs form a circle. A sign: "REVIVED SUPPORT GROUP." Patients and family settle as Jack and Hope shuffle in.

DR. CHEN
 (approaching)
 Jack! Hope! Welcome! Please...

He motions to a group of chairs.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The Revived Dad from earlier, sharing.

Jack's phone buzzes.

Texts from Brooke: "Ask Chen @ this. Concerning."

Another message pops up, an article headline:

"Rising Incidents Among Revived Population."

Jack's eyes narrow. Hope nudges him.

HOPE

Okay?

JACK

Yeah.

He pockets his phone, refocusing. The share

REVIVED DAD
 ...I- I'm just grateful to be back.

People clap.

DR. CHEN
 Anyone else?

Silence. Jack grabs Hope's hand. Smiles at her.

HOPE
 Hi... I'm Hope.

THE GROUP
 Hi Hope.

Hope strains a smile. She continues tensely:

HOPE
 I've been back for a few weeks now.
 When I left, my son Jack was just a
 child, and now he's all grown up...
 And I'm so happy for him. And
 proud... But... It's... It's also
 overwhelming.

Dr. Chen scribbles notes. Possibly masking concern.

DR. CHEN
Can you tell us more?

HOPE
The world's changed so much. I feel like a stranger. I want to be there for my family, to be the... mom... I once was, but...

Jack takes her in. It breaks his heart.

HOPE (cont'd)
Sometimes, it's all too much. Being a mom is who I am. And if I can't be that... I don't know what I can be...

The empathetic GROUP offers nods and understanding smiles. Jack puts his hand on her leg. She grasps it.

HOPE (cont'd)
But here we are.
(to Jack)
Together.

TEN MINUTES LATER

As the support group meeting concludes, people disperse. Dr. Chen approaches Jack while Hope stands by the coffee machine.

DR. CHEN
Jack. How have things been?

Jack gazes at Chen, who is calm and attentive.

JACK
Yeah, uh, good. Brooke's been having some trouble... She's a bit concerned.

DR. CHEN
Concerned... how?

JACK
Ah... she's just feeling protective of our son... She sent me some article about people who have been revived, how their, like, "prefrontal cortices" aren't coming totally back online? So they're like... Lashing out?

Jack shakes his head, feeling silly.

JACK (cont'd)
I don't know how legit it is but-

DR. CHEN
There have been some reports...

Jack pauses, looks to Chen.

DR. CHEN (cont'd)
But those are from other facilities.
Some people cut corners when this
tech became available. Not here.

Jack nods. Wants to believe him. So he does.

DR. CHEN (cont'd)
Remember. She is still the person you
knew. Support her and let her
readjust at her own pace.

NEAR THE COFFEE MACHINE

Hope stands alone, lost in thought. The REVIVED DAD that we
saw at Alcor earlier sidles up beside her.

HOPE
Hi.

REVIVED DAD
...Hi.

HOPE
Were you...

REVIVED DAD
"Revived?"

He chuckles. Hope notices his strange tone but smirks,
thinking he might be flirting.

HOPE
...What?

The Young Dad scoffs with a nervous glance back to the
group. He lowers his voice.

REVIVED DAD
You're buying this?

HOPE
...What do you mean?

REVIVED DAD

Listen to the birds. The sky, all the little conversations... "Hi, how are you?" "Fine, how are you..." It's all too neat. Too perfect. It's fake.

She looks at him. Bewildered. As she turns to go, he urgently GRABS HER ARM --

REVIVED DAD (cont'd)

Think about it. What if no time has even passed? What if it's still 1990 and this is all one big experiment?

Hope frowns, skeptical. He sounds like an insane conspiracy theorist. She nods, laughing slightly:

HOPE

And why would they do that?

REVIVED DAD

A prototype. The government wants to see how people would respond if they actually DO end up freezing people... This is all one big set. Movie magic.

He glances at his daughter across the room, who waves with a smile. He waves back, overdoing a fake smile in return.

HOPE

And what about your daughter?

REVIVED DAD

That's not my daughter.

HOPE

Well... That's my son, so-

REVIVED DAD

That's not your son. It's someone else.

FROM HOPE'S POV

The world around her becomes a kaleidoscope of fragmented memories... She sees Jack, but his image FLICKERS, interchanging with his DAD: THE MAN FROM THE NIGHTCLUB.

FLASHBACK - STRIP CLUB - YEARS AGO

Dim, pulsating lights. The man from her past laughs, his features similar to Jack's, yet distinctly different.

BACK TO PRESENT

Hope's breathing quickens, eyes darting between the present and her haunting memories. Her hands tremble, clutching the edge of the table for support.

REVIVED DAD (cont'd)
No time has passed.

HOPE
This... can't... be...

The Revived Dad's cheery daughter comes over and greets him.

DAUGHTER
Ready to go, dad?

He smiles at his daughter, demeanor shifting completely. As the man leaves, he casts a final unsettling glance at Hope.

HOPE
(then, realizing)
It's... it's him.

Hope's reality crumbles as the distant echo of nightclub laughter fills her ears and we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CAR - LATER

Hope sits in the passenger seat, staring out the window. Jack glances over, concerned.

JACK
You okay?

HOPE
When I was pregnant I was always worrying... How's this big... bowling ball... going to come out of me... out of my... And to think... That bowling ball was you... IS you.... It seems almost too hard to believe... That you were... Inside of me.

Jack shifts, uncomfortable.

HOPE (cont'd)
You wouldn't lie to me would you?

JACK
What? What do you mean?

Hope turns to look at Jack. Studying him. Pivots.

HOPE
Are you happy in your marriage?

This catches Jack off guard. He laughs, covering:

JACK
Why are you asking me that?

Hope nods, her gaze steady on Jack.

HOPE
She should take care of you, sweetie.
Make sure you're happy.

JACK
Brooke and I are partners. She's not,
like... my...

HOPE
Mommy?

JACK
Caretaker.

Hope rolls her eyes.

HOPE
Just make sure she takes care of you.

She puts her hand on his thigh.

HOPE (cont'd)
Like I took care of you.

Jack takes this in... Uncertain how to feel about it.

EXT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Jack and Brooke are busy setting up for Everett's birthday party in the backyard.

BROOKE
And Chen said there's no issues?

JACK
Some at other facilities, but nothing
at Alcor...

BROOKE
Okay. That's a relief...

JACK
Where is she?

INT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

Hope looks outside at Everett's birthday party.

Sees Jack, laughing with Brooke as she kneels down and plays with Everett. Hope hyper-fixates on Brooke... Her HAIRCUT...

Glances at her OWN HAIR in the mirror. She grabs a pair of scissors from a drawer. Starts cutting. *Snip, snip, snip...*

EXT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Hope joins the party. Brooke glances over at her.

She's wearing cutoff jean shorts and a tiny top.

And Brooke notices Hope has the SAME HAIRCUT as her.

HOPE

So fun!

Brooke manages a smile back.

INSIDE THE BOUNCY CASTLE

Jack and Hope jump around like kids, their faces flushed with excitement. Dads steal glances at Hope. Moms notice.

HOPE (cont'd)

How high can you jump!

Jack tries jumping high, showing off his skills.

HOPE (cont'd)

WOW! YOU'RE SO GOOD!

(to Everett)

What about you?

Everett jumps super high.

HOPE (cont'd)

You're like a superhero!

CLOSE ON HOPE

Watching Everett. Her face shifts from joy to a deep, unsettling recognition.

FLASH OF REALITY

A brief, jarring glimpse of Young Jack, mid-jump, laughing.

BACK TO HOPE

She freezes, her joy replaced by confusion and dread.

Her eyes locked on Everett.

Mind-racing. Reality and memory blurring.

Something is wrong. *Very wrong.*

ACROSS THE PARTY

Brooke, conversing with her parents, Margaret and BOB (73).

MARGARET

I've heard some reports on the news.
Some of the people being brought back
have been having outbursts...

BROOKE

No no, not from Alcor. They're
considered the best.

Brooke glances at her mom... Lets her guard down.

BROOKE (cont'd)

She's very sweet. She's trying.

MARGARET

Mhmm...

BROOKE

And I'm trying. To be supportive. And
its been nice having the extra help.

MARGARET

Boys don't want to become men. If it
were up to them, they'd stay little
boys forever.

Brooke takes this in. Then, calls out --

BROOKE

Jack? We need help setting the table.

Jack and Hope look back at Brooke, out of breath.

AT THE TABLE

People eat cake and laugh.

BOB

So Brooke tells me you landed a big
account?

JACK

Almost. They're coming into town next week. Everyone's really excited.

While Jack makes small talk with her dad, Brooke turns her attention across the table to Hope, who scolds Everett:

HOPE

Stop playing with your food, honey.

Brooke narrows her eyes. Doesn't like Hope scolding her son.

HOPE (cont'd)

Stop playing with your food or no movie tonight-

Everett glances up at Hope, confused.

BROOKE

Hope, did you cut your hair?

Now Hope is cutting Jack's food for him...

HOPE

Do you like it?

BROOKE

It's just like mine.

HOPE

(turning to Jack)
Who wears it better, honey?

Jack laughs... Brooke clocks his non-response.

BROOKE

Yeah... Who wears it better, honey?

JACK

I love both your... hairs.

HOPE

But mine more, right?

Hope cracks up, leaning into Jack. Brooke bristles.

HOPE (cont'd)

Jack loved helping me with my hair...

She affectionately touches Jack's hair.

HOPE (cont'd)

He loved cuddles... And kisses...
He was mommy's little man.

Hope's face falls. Going to a dark place. Jack panics.

JACK
I still am.

Brooke's Mom turns to face Brooke: See?

HOPE
Still are... what?

Hope looks up at him. Wants to hear him say it.

JACK
I still am... Mommy's little man.

People glance around. Uncomfortable. And Brooke is so fucking mad. But, Hope... LOVES it.

INT. POOL-HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Brooke have a private conversation as they change into their bathing suits.

BROOKE
You called her mommy.

JACK
So what?

BROOKE
You called your mom, MOMMY.

JACK
Mommy, mom, who gives a shit.

BROOKE
There's a difference.

JACK
Jesus! Not everything has to be, like, pathologized, Brooke! I called my mom mommy because she asked me to. So what? If it makes her feel better, I'm gonna call my fucking mom mommy and I don't really care what you think-

BROOKE
Well, maybe you should.

JACK

(more adamant)

They said it's vital for her acclimation to simulate the way things were before she left. Look, I KNOW it's fucking weird.

BROOKE

It is fucking weird.

And with that, Brooke leaves.

EXT. BROOKE'S PARENTS HOUSE - POOL - DAY

As the party continues, Brooke and Everett sit on pool chairs while Jack lays on his stomach next to Hope.

Brooke's one piece bathing suit feels conservative and Hope's figure bursts from hers.

Family's barbecue and kids play in the water.

BROOKE

(to Everett)

Alright sweetie, let's get you covered up...

Brooke starts rubbing sunscreen into Everett's back.

HOPE

(to Jack)

Yeah, honey. It's bright today.

Hope grabs the sunscreen and SQUIRTS A DOLLOP on Jack's back... Rubbing it in. Brooke stares. Hates this.

BROOKE

You know... In grad school we learned about enmeshment?

JACK

Okay, Brooke-

HOPE

What's that?

BROOKE

It happens when a man has excessive emotional ties to their own mothers... They present this "nice guy" exterior that mommy loves but then they never meet their true selves.

(MORE)

BROOKE (cont'd)

And they need mommy's permission to make any of their own decisions so they become trapped in a state of perpetual childhood.

HOPE

Interesting.

BROOKE

When Jack was in therapy I'd tell him over and over. You're not looking for mommy, you're looking for yourself.

HOPE

Well. There are some things only a mother can provide...

BROOKE

Like what?

JACK

I'm just glad there was such a great turnout today-

HOPE

Nurturing, care, support-

BROOKE

And someone can't provide that to themselves? There's an inner child that exists within all of us-

HOPE

And that inner child said it was okay for you to date one of your patients?

JACK

Seems like we're maybe drifting into some tricky territory...

HOPE

I just think it's...
(using Brooke's word)
Inappropriate.

Hope massages the sunscreen into Jack's back more intensely... His eyes flutter slightly.

BROOKE

Well, sounds like we've got very different definitions of inappropriate. Anyways-

HOPE

What's your definition? Telling other people what they're doing wrong so you feel better about yourself?

BROOKE

Definitely not abandoning my five year old because of something I read about in a magazine and then making them promise to "kiss me and bring me back, just like sleeping beauty—"

HOPE

You're really smart, aren't you?

BROOKE

Guess that's what happens when you go to college.

JACK

(breaking the tension)

Hey, who wants to go for a dip!?

EVERETT

Me!

The four of them get up, Hope pulling Everett towards the pool. Brooke narrows her eyes as Jack... *adjusts his shorts?*

BROOKE

Jack?

JACK

What's up?

BROOKE

...Are your shorts okay?

JACK

Uh... Yeah?

Brooke stands up, approaching.

JACK (cont'd)

What are you doing?

She subtly puts her hand over his bathing suit. Grabbing him. Checking. She can't help but let out a disturbed snort.

BROOKE

(under her breath)

Why are you hard right now?

Jack, laughing and covering.

JACK
(laughing, covering)
You look, fuckin, good in your
bathing suit! Jesus, Brooke!

Jack looks at Brooke, poorly concealing his deep-discomfort.

Off Brooke, not totally believing him we CUT TO:

IN THE WATER - MOMENTS LATER

Jack plays with Everett in the shallow end. Meanwhile, Hope bobs in the deep end with Brooke who treads water. Hope takes a mouthful and playfully spits it at Brooke.

BROOKE
How long are you thinking about
staying, Hope?

HOPE
I'm not sure yet. Maybe a week...
Maybe a couple months... Maybe I'll
stay forever.

Hope playfully splashes Brooke. Brooke smiles, furious.

BROOKE
Sorry, can you stop please? I don't
wanna get my hair wet.

Hope splashes Brooke again, more aggressively this time.

BROOKE (cont'd)
Can you please stop it?

HOPE
LOOSEN UP!

Another splash.

BROOKE
STOP!

This time, Brooke retaliates, splashing Hope.

HOPE
There you go!

Jack notices the two women playing and smiles, returning his attention to Everett, playing in the shallow end with his toys.

EVERETT
Look dad!

Suddenly, Hope surprises Brooke, shoving her forcefully --

UNDERWATER

We FOLLOW BROOKE as she's submerged.

She holds her breath. Maybe Hope is still playing.

But as she tries to surface... She realizes she can't.

Panic sets in. She starts thrashing, arms flailing.

All sound, muffled and distorted...

Brooke struggles to surface... But Hope HOLDS HER THERE...

She's running out of air. Everything turning black and-

JACK
(muffled)
HEY! HEY MOM!

Hope lets Brooke surface. Brooke, gasping for air --

JACK (cont'd)
(laughing)
Easy, you two!

BROOKE
WHAT THE FUCK?!

JACK
Woah! Honey!

Parents look on, nervous. This is quickly turning into a public display.

HOPE
We were just playing around!

BROOKE
You could've killed me!

Hope bobs in front of Brooke, smiling innocently.

JACK
Hey! What's going on?

BROOKE
(her voice shaky)
She just tried to drown me!

HOPE
It was a joke, you're fine!

JACK
(to Brooke)
Honey...

BROOKE
Don't "honey" me! There's something wrong with her!

JACK
Brooke!

BROOKE
I don't want to be around her and I don't want her around my kid.

Brooke gets out of the pool, tugging Everett along with her.

HOPE
We were just having fun!

INT. CAR - DAY

Tension heavy in the air.

Brooke glances in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR to find Hope: Provocatively mouthing her POPSICLE.

Eyes, taunting.

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Brooke sits at the computer desk.

Her brow furrows as she scans the article in front of her: *"Outburst highlights risks of revival"*

CLOSE ON VARIOUS SNIPPETS: *Degraded pre-frontal cortex...*
Lack of impulse control... *Role confusion...* *Erotic impulsivity...* *Violent outbursts...*

She clicks on a video, heart racing:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (FOOTAGE)

Handheld camera pans to a REVIVED WOMAN on stage. We'll recognize her from being interviewed by CNN earlier.

REVIVED WOMAN
Thank you for welcoming me back. It's been a long, strange trip.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
(reassuring)
You look great!

The woman's laughter stops, locking eyes with the well-intentioned audience member.

WOMAN
What did you say?

AUDIENCE MEMBER
You look fantastic! We're happy to
have you back.

She steps closer, feigning politeness.

WOMAN
Thank you so for your kind words.

She grabs a butter knife, THRUSTS IT IN THE AUDIENCE MEMBER'S FACE—

The camera feed remains chaotic, capturing the horrifying spectacle. Blood. Chaos. The crowd scatters.

The footage cuts out.

BROOKE
...Jack? Can you come in here?

She looks upstairs, horrified.

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack lays in a bubble bath, trying to relax.

He takes a deep breath. Rough day. Suddenly, Hope enters the room, wearing her bathing suit from earlier....

JACK
Mom—

HOPE
(opening the door)
Look at you in your little bath...

JACK
Can you please give me some privacy?

HOPE
Do you want me to help you wash your
hair? I can make sure you don't get
any soap in your eyes.

Jack shakes his head vigorously.

JACK
No- thanks- I can do it myself.

Hope sits at the edge of the tub. Runs her hands through Jack's hair. This is all very uncomfortable for him.

HOPE
Feels like just yesterday I was giving you a bath...

JACK
Hey-

HOPE
Could I please just... help? Like I used to?

JACK
No- I'm sorry-

HOPE
Just this once? It would really help me... adjust.

Jack hesitates. Hope takes it as a yes.

JACK
This... isn't... appropriate.

Jack feels her body rub against his as she climbs in behind him. Jack, between her legs.

HOPE
I just want to help my baby relax. I think that's verrry appropriate.

JACK
Can we talk for a second?

HOPE
Of course. Tilt your head back, baby.

He does, tentatively. Hope pours water over his head...

JACK
It's great having you back... It's really great. But... I'm an adult now. And... And it's different than when I was a kid. I need to make sure I'm setting healthy boundaries...

HOPE
"Healthy boundaries?"

Jack sees Hope's wet BATHING SUIT TOP flop onto the floor beside the tub. Feels her chest against him. He swallows.

JACK
Yes. Healthy boundaries.

HOPE
(whispering)
Did she tell you to say that?

JACK
No.

HOPE
(teasing)
She didn't? You sure?

More warm water down his back. His eyes flicker closed. He hates that it feels so good.

HOPE (cont'd)
You look so much like your father...
(then, pointed)
Sometimes... I think you are him.

JACK
What?

HOPE
It's okay. I'm not mad at you. You can tell me.

Hope begins to rub Jack's chest...

HOPE (cont'd)
You can tell me the truth.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Jack freezes.

JACK
...Be out in a minute!

BROOKE (O.S.)
I need to talk to you right now-

Jack quickly stands, naked.

JACK
Hold on, just-

He closes the shower curtains to conceal Hope, puts his finger to his lips. Shhh. Then, opens the door.

JACK (cont'd)

What's up?

Jack stands in the doorway, blocking Brooke's view. Hope watches his naked figure from behind the curtain...

BROOKE

What were you doing in here?

JACK

I was taking a bath.

BROOKE

Why are you standing?

JACK

What do you mean?

BROOKE

You're standing. And you look-

JACK

...you knocked on the door.

A tense moment of silence between them. Jack swallows, then:

JACK (cont'd)

Why don't I meet you in the bedroom?

Brooke takes this in...Jack is off the hook.

Then, Brooke steps through the door and slides back the curtain. Sees Hope, sitting there, naked in the tub.

HOPE

(smiling)

Hi Brooke.

Brooke is stunned. Silence. Tension. Water drips.

JACK

Brooke-

But it's too late.

BROOKE

THIS IS MY HOUSE. THIS IS MY HUSBAND.

HOPE

Are you sure about that?

BROOKE
YOU NEED TO GET THE FUCK OUT NOW!

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack rushes into the bedroom in a towel.

JACK
Look. I can explain.

Brooke sits on the bed, in shock. Staring directly ahead.

BROOKE
The most intimate experience we ever have is our mother's affection during infancy. Then we spend the rest of our lives hunting for that same feeling... Like a drug addict, chasing that first high. Problem is, only person that can give you that high is gone.

Jack attempts therapeutic vernacular to meet her halfway:

JACK
Brooke, I understand you're upset. I want to validate the experience you're having right now and-

BROOKE
YOU WERE NAKED IN THE BATH WITH YOUR FUCKING MOM.

Jack falters, swallowing, averting his eyes.

JACK
You're my mom, she's my wife-

BROOKE
I'M YOUR MOM?

JACK
SHE IS MY MOM. SHE IS. YOU ARE MY WIFE-

BROOKE
All these years... You weren't looking for a WIFE. This whole time, you were looking for her. You were looking for *mommy*. And there I was. Your replacement mommy.

Jack tries to find his words. Brooke seethes.

BROOKE (cont'd)
 Is that what you want?
 You want me to be your MOMMY?

Jack shakes his head, tears brimming.

JACK
 I know everything's a mess right now,
 but we can fix this. We can help her-

BROOKE
 SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HER! SHE IS
 FUCKED UP, OKAY?! THEY ALL ARE!

Jack shakes his head. Unwilling to accept this.

JACK
 She's still adjusting.

BROOKE
 I want you out. You're leaving.
 She's leaving. I am DONE.

Beat. Jack's voice breaks:

JACK
 I'll get a hotel tomorrow-

BROOKE
 No. Not tomorrow. Tonight. Go on your
 phone, find a hotel right now-

JACK
 I can fix this.

BROOKE
 Do you want to be a man or do you want
 to stay a little boy forever? Choose.

Jack looks up at Brooke. Her ultimatum, sinking in.

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jack walks in the kitchen to find Hope standing at the
 fridge. Drinking milk from the carton... Completely naked.

HOPE
 Oh, hi honey!

She tilts the carton back, milk spilling from the corner of
 her mouth. Down her chin...

HOPE (cont'd)
 Do you remember when mommy used to
 nurse you?

Jack stands there, confused...

HOPE (cont'd)
 Seems like just yesterday... Now look
 at you... All grown up...

Jack doesn't know what to say.

HOPE (cont'd)
 But let's be honest... even though
 you're a big boy... you still need
 mommy. Right? And that's fine, baby.
 It's only natural to need your
 mommy... No matter how old you are.

This is the weirdest thing he's ever fucking heard.

HOPE (cont'd)
 It's okay to crave it. Our bond. Our
 love, that only I can provide... And
 guess what? Mommy is still here for
 you... Just like I always have been.

She turns to face Jack, still holding the carton of milk.

HOPE (cont'd)
 Are you hungry, baby?

Hope brings the carton to Jack's mouth, grabbing his chin...

JACK
 No- No-

AND BEGINS POURING THE MILK DOWN HIS THROAT.

HOPE
 Let mommy feed you...

Jack tries to pull away, but Hope holds him in place with a
 forceful grip. Like he's a little baby.

JACK
 (struggling)
 I- I can't breathe-

His eyes wide, staring up at her. Milk spilling all over
 Jack's face and shirt. He begins to THRASH...

HOPE
 Good booooooy... You're doing so well.

Jack choking on the cold, white liquid.

HOPE (cont'd)
Mommy's so proud of you...

Hope's grip tightens as she leans in closer --

HOPE (cont'd)
You like that, baby? The way the milk
feels going down your throat?

Jack's eyes widen, the milk filling his lungs --

HOPE (cont'd)
Don't fight it, baby. Let mommy feed
you. You need this...

The milk now filling the kitchen with a sea of white liquid.

HOPE (cont'd)
You need me.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jack's eyes shoot open.

HOPE
Are you hungry sweetie?

Hope is laying right next to him. Jack quickly sits up.

JACK
I thought you were going to sleep on
the pullout couch...

HOPE
Your phone was ringing. I didn't want
to wake you.

JACK
What?

Jack grabs his phone. Sees a series of TEXTS FROM RICHARD:

ESKRIN'S HERE! MIKE GOT TABLE AT WHITE RHINO!

Jack rubs his eyes, trying to process the situation.

Another text comes in: *COME IN OR THE ACCOUNT IS MIKE'S.*

JACK (cont'd)
I need you to wait in here, okay?
This is a very important meeting.

HOPE
I'm sorry. I messed everything up...

She pauses, a hint of mischief in her tone.

HOPE (cont'd)
We could go somewhere. Start over.
Just you, me, and... "Everett."

She inches closer to him, his discomfort growing.

JACK
I can't do this right now.

He stands up, determined.

HOPE
Where are you going?

JACK
This fuckin- White Rhino place, I don't
know. I'll just be an hour. Two, tops.

HOPE
I'm so proud of you.

Even amidst Jack's overwhelm, the compliment feels nice.

INT. WHITE RHINO STRIP CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Neon flickers as Jack enters, scanning the club. He spots his co-workers and the Eskrin folks at a table.

INT. BROOKE AND JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke half-listens to a news broadcast while scrolling through her phone. The TV plays softly in the background.

REPORTER (ON TV)
...recent violent incidents have been
linked to impairments in brain
function, particularly the pre-
frontal-cortex...

Brooke's attention shifts to the TV. She grabs the remote, turning up the volume.

REPORTER
...Alcor has issued a mandatory
recall for all cryogenically revived
patients....

INT. STRIP CLUB - TABLE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

At a dimly lit VIP table, Jack sits with Eskrin, Richard, and Mike. His phone buzzes silently on the table; Brooke's name flashes on the screen.

JACK

We're confident we can increase your revenue by 20% in the next year. Now, in terms of expansion in -

Suddenly, something catches Mike's eyes.

MIKE

Who the fuck is THAT?!

Jack sees who Mike is looking at.

HOPE

Entering the club. Now wearing a tight-fitting, low-cut dress. All eyes on her, she approaches the table, beaming.

HOPE

Hi!

MIKE

Jack it's your cousin!

Jack quickly stands, silently conferring with his mom:

JACK

I told you to wait at the hotel-

HOPE

I used to work here.

Eskrin stares at Hope. She smiles back at him.

ESKRIN

Join us!

JACK

I don't think there's enough seats...

HOPE

Sure there are!

Hope plops down on Eskrin's lap, grabbing his cheek.

HOPE (cont'd)

Thank you for giving him this deal-

ESKRIN

Well, we haven't decided on anything
just yet...

HOPE

Oh yes you haveeee!

Eskrin chuckles at her audacity.

ESKRIN

Jack, your cousin's about to close
this deal for you!

HOPE

I'm not his cousin. I'm his...
(quotation fingers)
"Mom"

Jack notices Hope slowly grinding against Eskrin.

ESKRIN

Wait. WHAT?!

HOPE

Yup!

ESKRIN

You're a REVIVED?!

Jack leans in, whispering to Hope.

JACK

What are you doing?!

HOPE

You have to choose, right? So let me
show you how much mommy can help.

MOMENTS LATER

The group does shots, still reeling from the discovery. Hope shifts suggestively on Eskrin's lap. Jack is horrified.

ESKRIN

I can imagine its a bit of shock, no?
You're younger than your own son?

HOPE

Guess I am.

Hope grabs Jack's cheek. Jack flinches, totally emasculated.

HOPE (cont'd)

But mommy still knows best, right Jacky?

Jack clocks ESKRIN'S HAND MOVING UP HOPE'S BARE THIGH.

ESKRIN
MILF on the loose!

JACK
Alright- alright-

HOPE
A what on the loose?

JACK
Nothing-

HOPE
Jacky! What'd he say?

ESKRIN
(getting drunk)
Tell her Jacky!

Jack shakes his head, swallowing.

HOPE
What's a MILF?

JACK
(trying to win back
the group)
Monkeys in... Little... Fedoras-
(off group's laughter)
Alright, moving on-

ESKRIN
A Muffin I'd Like to Frost!

Everyone laughs harder. Jack, very uncomfortable now.

HOPE
NO! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S A MILF?

MIKE
A Mom I'd Like to Fuuuuuuck!

Hope bursts out laughing, Eskrin's eyes glued to her.

HOPE
What does everyone think? MILF?

Everyone cracks up, offering cat-calls. She turns to face Jack. A deviousness in her eyes.

HOPE (cont'd)
...Jacky?

Here's where shit gets real weird for Jack.

JACK
(going for a joke)
This is NOT the most fun game!

MIKE
(winning now)
Come on, bro! Answer the question!

Jack's face flushes as he stammers a weak reply.

JACK
No.

HOPE
(playfully hurt)
No, you won't answer or no, I'm not
a MILF?

Eskrin laughs even harder. This is torture for Jack.

HOPE (cont'd)
You don't think Mommy's a MILF?

Jack can feel all eyes on him, his face burning.

JACK
I'm gonna grab a drink.

Jack stands and heads for the bar. Hope watches him go.

CUT TO AN INCREASINGLY INTENSE MONTAGE:

--AT THE BAR: Jack slams back shots as strippers twist and gyrate around him, their movements hypnotic. The room spins, colors and sounds blurring together.

--AT HOME: Brooke dials Jack's number, fingers trembling. No response. Her eyes well with worried tears...

--AT THE TABLE: Hope's laughter grows more reckless, cheeks flushed and eyes glazed. A wasted Eskrin leans in, breath hot in her ear:

ESKRIN
So, Hope. Heard about the recall?

HOPE
The... what?

RICHARD

You haven't heard? Some of the
revived are losing it. Getting all...
mixed up. Violent, even.

MIKE

You probably shouldn't even be here
right now!

They all laugh. Hope, getting nervous.

ESKRIN

Heard about this one fella... His
wife got him a chainsaw for
Christmas. Cause he was a gardener
before, you know, he was frozen...
Bet she regretted that. Guy took that
chainsaw...

Eskrin lamely mimics a Chainsaw Massacre.

ESKRIN (cont'd)

Went through his whole family.
Bloodbath. Real horror show.

(slyly, to Hope)

You're not feeling any... urges, are
you, Hope?

This is all too much for Hope. She swallows, playing along:

HOPE

Maybe I am...

ESKRIN

Bet a girl like you's got a wild
side, huh? I'd love to see it.

Hope, unnerved, stumbles away from the table --

ESKRIN (cont'd)

Hey, where you goin'?

WE FOLLOW A FRANTIC HOPE

As she wanders through the crowd, INTERCUT WITH FLASHES OF:

Hope's revival, the night Hope met Jack's dad, Hope reading to Everett, and finally A YOUNG JACK standing at the doorway of their old house... AND WE'RE BACK TO PRESENT --

Hope falters, drunk. She rushes away, stumbling towards --

THE BAR

Where she finds Jack.

HOPE
There you are-

JACK
Do you have any idea what just
happened? Why did you do that? You
HUMILIATED me.

HOPE
Humiliated?

JACK
YES! YOU HUMILIATED ME!

HOPE
But I thought-

JACK
No, you didn't think! I'm not your
little fucking Jacky anymore, I'm a
person! I have a life! You can't just
treat me like a little kid that you
can do whatever you want with-

His voice cracks with emotion, his eyes welling up.

JACK (cont'd)
I had this image of you, this perfect
image in my head for 30 years. But
now you're here and... it's like you
don't even see me. All you care about
is yourself.

He takes a deep, shaky breath

JACK (cont'd)
You were supposed to come back and...
and be there for me.

A beat. Then, so small:

HOPE
I never meant to hurt you.

Jack looks at his mom, her eyes pleading.

JACK
This isn't working.... We need to
find another place for you. An
apartment. Something.

Hope taken aback. Jack pushes on, voice shaking.

JACK (cont'd)
 I think it's time. For both of us.

Overcome with emotion, Hope looks down. She smiles, nodding. Trying to mask the hurt.

HOPE
 Okay. If that's what you need.

JACK
 This whole thing is unnatural... I've been waiting for you my whole life and... I'm stunted. I'm fucked up. And... I need my space.

HOPE
 Or we could finally be a family. A REAL family. Like we talked about.

And as Jack tries to process what she means, a 90s banger blasts through the speakers.

HOPE (cont'd)
 Oh my god... I LOVE THIS SONG!

With a mischievous grin, Hope takes Jack's hand...

And leads him to the center of the --

DANCE FLOOR

Kaleidoscopic colors pulse through the room, casting shadows on glittering poles and their dancers.

Jack watches Hope twist with wild abandon.

Can't help but admire her complete lack of restraint.

He's still upset but... Hope grabs him, swinging him. He's dancing now, whether he likes it or not.

HOPE (cont'd)
 COME ON HONEY! YOU'VE GOT IT!

Tentatively at first, Jack gets more and more into it. As they dance, their eyes lock... Emotions swirling.

It's actually fun

AND WE INTERCUT WITH FLASHES FROM JACK'S POV: Jack and Hope dancing in their living room when Jack was little...

Jack forgets about the strip club, focusing on Hope, his heart swelling... He pulls her closer... And for a moment...

Forgets about the outside world.

AND WE SEE JACK, AS A LITTLE KID: In the middle of the strip club, dancing with his mom...

Everything is okay. It's just him and his mom.

All he's ever wanted.

HOPE (cont'd)
(a whisper)
I knew you'd come back.

She touches his face. Just like she did with Jack's dad.

JACK
What?

HOPE
You chose me.

Then, Eskrin stumbles over.

AND WE'RE BACK TO REALITY: As Eskrin starts dancing with Hope... And Hope reciprocates, eyes glossed over.

JACK
Wait- mom- mom-

HOPE
(winking)
I'm working.

Jack looks on in horror as his mom grinds against Eskrin.

HOPE (cont'd)
But don't worry. I'm still yours.

Eskrin pulls her closer, hand sliding down her dress.

JACK
Alright you two!

Eskrin dips Hope, her dress rising up, exposing her thigh.

She giggles, throwing her head back, catching Jack's eye, upside-down. Eskrin pulls Hope up from the dip...

ESKRIN
What about your son?

Hope smiles at Jack, whispering in Eskrin's ear:

HOPE
...That's not my son.

AND SHE PULLS ESKRIN IN FOR A DEEP, PASSIONATE KISS.

Right in front of Jack.

Jack's jaw drops. This moment, shifting into nightmare.

People swirl in front of Jack, blocking his line of sight...

Then they're gone. His eyes dart through the crowd.

JACK
 MOM! MOM!

The Prodigy's "Smack My Bitch Up" begins playing (If you're not familiar, press play over the following.)

Jack searches frantically. Can't find them anywhere.

Sees Brooke calling. He answers. We INTERCUT WITH BROOKE:

JACK (cont'd)
 Brooke I can't-

BROOKE
 Jack I've been trying to fucking
 reach you all night!

JACK
 I'll be home-

BROOKE
 NO- SHE'S DANGEROUS- THEY'RE
 RECALLING EVERYONE- ALL THE REVIVED-

Jack pushes through the thrumming nightclub.

JACK
 I CAN'T HEAR YOU! I'LL BE HOME SOON!

BROOKE
 JACK!

He hangs up and bursts into the --

THE STRIP CLUB BATHROOM

From under one of the stall doors, Jack hears a familiar giggling and laughing...

A MALE VOICE
I want you so bad-

And Jack realizes something absolutely fucking horrible.

FEMALE VOICE
Yes, yes, mmm, yes honey-

He freezes, unsure what to do...

And, trembling, Jack slowly pushes open the stall...

To find HOPE:

Seated on top of the toilet, skirt hiked up.

And Eskrin, bare ass exposed...

The two, mid-coital. I.e. Eskrin is fucking Jack's mom.

Jack's fists clench as he stands there, trembling...

Hope stares directly at Jack, EYES GLEAMING.

HOPE
You can have mommy too if you want...

Jack completely loses it.

JACK
(lunging at Eskrin)
AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

But Eskrin SLAMS Jack in the stomach, smashing him against the walls and toilet stalls.

ESKRIN
That all you got, pussy?

Hope watches as Eskrin easily overpowers Jack. Eskrin throws Jack to the ground... Holds his neck in a tight choke.

JACK
Please...

Jack can't breath. Eskrin drunkenly whispers into his ear:

ESKRIN
Who's your daddy?

Jack's face contorts in agony, on the brink of blacking out.

ESKRIN (cont'd)
Huh? Who's your fucking daddy?

JACK:

...You are

ESKRIN

I'm... what?

JACK

You're... my daddy-

Eskrin grins and -- *CRUNCH! HIS HEAD JERKS VIOLENTLY* -- Jack looks up to see Hope holding the BACK OF THE TOILET BOWL --

ESKRIN

AHHH! FUCK!!!

Eskrin STUMBLES UP and ATTACKS Hope, pinning her to the bathroom stall wall.

ESKRIN (cont'd)

FUCKIN BITCH!

Jack gets up, grabs a broken piece of toilet, and SLAMS ESKRIN. He goes down. Hope takes over, SMASHING ESKRIN'S HEAD --

JACK

MOM STOP! STOP!!!

But Hope doesn't stop, unhinged.

It's gory and overwhelming and just oh my god so fucked up.

Hope stands over Eskrin's unconscious body...

Jack leans against the wall, shocked.

JACK (cont'd)

What did... what did we...

Hope stares back, doused in blood.

JACK (cont'd)

We... we need to...

He takes out his phone, hands trembling. Hope grabs it and SMASHES IT against the corner of the sink, laughing.

HOPE

I lied to him...

(laughing)

"Everett," as you call him.

Her voice grows stronger, insanity in her eyes.

HOPE (cont'd)

When they put me in that machine... It wasn't quiet. It wasn't peaceful. It was like my insides were being ripped apart.

She mimics the sound, "RHEEEE!" her face contorting with rage.

HOPE (cont'd)

And the whole time, all I could think about was him. My baby... And a mommy gets real mean when it's about her kid... I felt it. I still feel it now. Burning inside. Like an infected fire. I will do anything, ANYTHING, to keep my baby safe...

A surge of raw rage courses through her as she SLAMS her blood-soaked hands against the bathroom counter --

HOPE (cont'd)

SO IF ANYONE TRIES TO TAKE HIM I WILL HURT THEM! I WILL KILL THEM! I WILL MAKE THEM FUCKING DEAD!

The bathroom door swings open. MIKE stumbles in --

MIKE

What the...

He glances around the BLOOD-SOAKED BATHROOM in horror. Prodigy's violent banger BLASTING through the walls.

MIKE (cont'd)

What the fuck did you do?

HOPE

What was it again? Mom I'd like to...

And with that, Hope calmly grabs Mike by the hair and --

BASHES HIS FACE INTO THE SINK WITH A SICKENING THUD.

She does it again and again. Blood splatters, spraying her.

Mike collapses, motionless.

JACK

(voice trembling)

This... this isn't you...

Hope looks up at Jack, face twisted in a sarcastic grin.

HOPE

See that?

Streaked in gore, Hope stands. Approaching Jack.

HOPE (cont'd)
See what MOMMY does for you, baby?

Jack stands in shock, unable to move.

HOPE (cont'd)
But I know what's really going on...
I've seen the way you look at me. I
know who you really are.

She pulls a strap off her shoulder, biting her lip. *Trying to seduce him, trying to PROVE she's right...*

HOPE (cont'd)
I know I'm not REALLY your mommy...

She inches closer, her breath hot on his skin.

HOPE (cont'd)
And I know you're not really my son.

The bass THUMPS, snapping Jack out of it. He grabs her hand and pulls her INTO --

THE STRIP CLUB

Where the familiar energy of the club engulfs Hope. She suddenly leaps onto the stage, twirling around a pole.

JACK
WE NEED TO LEAVE!

The crowd CHEERS, their salacious shouts feeding the chaos.

SWEATY MAN
HAHA!!! YES!!!

As the catcalling intensifies so does Hope's dancing...

JACK
MOM!

Her movements, seductive and insane.

HOPE
YOU WANNA SEE ME DANCE, HUH?

Hope gyrates around the pole, clawing at her clothes with feral determination... Alluring and terrifying.

HOPE (cont'd)
WANNA SEE WHAT I'VE GOT??!

Hope bends down, legs spreading --

SWEATY MAN
YOU'RE FREAKY, HUH?!

She bites her lip, giggling, pulling at his tie:

HOPE
YOU HAVE NO IDEA!!!!

Hope grabs a bottle from a nearby table and --

JACK
NO!!!

SMASHES IT OVER HIS HEAD!

The man crumples to the floor, blood gushing from his scalp.

The violence here is raw and visceral.

ONLOOKER
...the fuck-

But before his friend can react, SHHHNK --

Hope SHOVES THE SHATTERED GLASS INTO HIS THROAT --

BLOOD SPRAYS, SHOWERING THE CROWD --

HOPE
WHO WANTS MOMMY?!

The music still pounding as the crowd scatters in full panic. It's chaos. A mix of screams and stumbling bodies.

JACK
WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE, NOW!

Hope leaps from the stage. A bouncer CHARGES HER --

JACK (cont'd)
PLEASE! NO! SHE'S NOT IN HER RIGHT-

Hope kicks the bouncer HARD in the balls, SLASHING his face with the broken bottle. He SCREAMS as he collapses --

JACK (cont'd)
NO!

HOPE DRIVES THE HEEL OF HER STILETTO INTO HIS EYE --

AND WE SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jack drags Hope from the club, drenched in blood. Smokers gawk. Another BOUNCER rushes out, baseball bat in hand --

BOUNCER #2
STOP YOU FUCKIN BITCH! FUCKIN STOP!

JACK
MOM!! COME ON!!!

They get in the car and *SPLSHHH!!!*

The bouncer SMASHES the passenger window.

Glass EXPLODING into the car as they SWERVE from the lot.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jack races through the night, gripping the wheel.

Hope lets out a wild, feral scream.

HOPE
IT'S LIKE RAAAIIN ON YOUR WEDDING
DAY!!!! IT'S A SWEET RIIIDDEE!!!

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brooke sits at the edge of her bed, clutching Everett as a report plays on TV. Helicopter footage shows a city in chaos. She calls Jack again. No answer.

NEWS ANCHOR
...Reports are flooding in of Revived patients rapidly deteriorating and exhibiting violent behavior.

We PUSH IN on Brooke as she watches.

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
...National Guard has been called upon to assist with containment efforts...

BACK IN JACK'S CAR

Jack clenches his jaw as we INTERCUT BETWEEN the dire news reports on Brooke's TV and Jack's tense drive.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
Authorities are urging all citizens to shelter in place. Avoid any and all contact with revived individuals...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - SAME

As they approach Jack's house, Jack sees the neighborhood in chaos. REVIVED individuals roam the streets. It's mayhem. Jack pulls into his driveway. Turns to face Hope:

JACK
I need you to WAIT HERE. Okay? FOR REAL. WAIT HERE. DO NOT MOVE.

HOPE
Is this because I fucked your friend?

She smiles. VERY unsettling. Jack shakes his head and gets out. She watches him enter --

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jack bursts inside, Brooke stands up from the couch, TV blaring in the background...

BROOKE
What's all over your clothes-
Is that fucking BLOOD?!

JACK
We- we need to get her out of the country- If they get their hands on her-

BROOKE
What the fuck are you talking about?!

JACK
We can get her a fake passport or something, a new identity -

BROOKE
Jack, you need to calm down, think about what you're saying-

EVERETT'S BEDROOM

Everett listens to the argument from his bed, scared. Suddenly, he hears a creak outside his room. He listens.

EVERETT

...Mommy?

And the door opens. Hope enters. Still drenched in blood.

HOPE

It's okay, baby. Mommy's here.

EVERETT

You're not my mommy...

BACK TO JACK'S KITCHEN

Jack paces, frantically rambling:

JACK

(breaking down)

I- don't know what do I do- I'm scared
and- and I'm trying-

BROOKE

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Woah. Jack is as stunned as we are.

BROOKE (cont'd)

I AM SO FUCKING SICK OF YOUR
WHINING!!! MAN... THE FUCK.. UP!

(almost laughing)

THESE ARE OUR LIVES! TAKE SOME
RESPONSIBILITY! YOUR SON NEEDS YOU! I
NEED YOU! GET... YOUR SHIT... **TOGETHER!**

Just then, HEADLIGHTS splash across the kitchen. VROOM!

Car tires squeal outside.

BROOKE (cont'd)

What-

Brooke rushes to the window to see Jack's car -- rapidly reversing out of the drive-way.

And Jack is struck with a terrible thought.

JACK

Everett.

He scrambles UPSTAIRS --

BROOKE (O.S.)
EVERETT?! EVERETT, HONEY?!

He reaches the landing and rushes into --

EVERETT'S ROOM

Sheets strewn aside. Bed empty. And the window is open...

JACK
No.

Brooke rushes up the stairs to meet him.

BROOKE
...Jack? Where is he?

Brooke, now fully losing it.

BROOKE (O.S.)
HE'S NOT IN HIS FUCKING ROOM JACK!!!

JACK
(imploding)
We'll find him okay, we'll find him-

BROOKE
No no no no- I can't- I can't lose him-
please- I knew something was fucking
wrong I fucking knew it- but you didn't
listen- YOU NEVER FUCKING LISTEN!

Brooke begins pounding on Jack's chest, crying, inconsolable

BROOKE (cont'd)
SHE TOOK HIM!!! SHE TOOK OUR SON!!

INT. BROOKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack and Brooke drive, Brooke at the wheel.

BROOKE
You knew she was dangerous- you KNEW-
and you BROUGHT HER HOME...

Brooke shakes her head, furious.

BROOKE (cont'd)
You chose her. You chose your MOMMY.

Jack bursts out sobbing.

JACK

I didn't know- and now she thinks...
I'm my dad and Everett is me...

BROOKE

What did you say?

JACK

She's confused, she thinks we tricked
her or something, she thinks I'm my
dad and that Everett... is me.

Then, Brooke realizes:

BROOKE

Where would she take you?

JACK

...What?

BROOKE

If she thinks Everett's you, WHERE
WOULD SHE TAKE YOU?

Getting it, Jack thinks.

WE CUT TO FLASHBACK: YOUNG JACK READING WITH HOPE --

HOPE

If you're lost... **meet mommy at home.**

EXT. JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Hope leads Everett out of Jack's car and up to her old home.
The house is familiar but refurbished beyond recognition.

EVERETT

Where are we going?

HOPE

We're back home, honey. You don't
have to pretend anymore.

Hope reaches the front door. Jiggles the doorknob. Locked.

A MANS VOICE (O.S.)

What do you want?

Hope hesitates, choosing her words carefully.

HOPE

My son and I were in the neighborhood, and we don't have anywhere to go...

A man wearing a WIFE-BEATER opens the door. Sees Hope.

HOPE (cont'd)

Could we come in?

Hope smiles seductively and we CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - STREET - NIGHT

Brooke races down the dimly lit street, spotting Jack's car parked outside his childhood home in the distance.

BROOKE

There! Hope's there!

Suddenly, a FIGURE EMERGES IN THE STREET --

BROOKE (cont'd)

OH MY GOD!

Brooke SLAMS her brakes! But it's too late. The figure BOUNCES off the hood and is THROWN ACROSS THE STREET.

BROOKE (cont'd)

Oh no oh no oh no --

They exit the car, rushing to the sprawled figure on the pavement. The figure rises, their face TWISTED IN A SMILE.

IT'S THE REVIVED DAD FROM THE SUPPORT GROUP.

REVIVED DAD

HONEY?!?!

Oh fuck. This guy... is totally unhinged.

JACK

We're- sorry! We didn't mean-

The Revived Dad starts ADVANCING with an eerie calmness. And he's not alone. Others join him, closing in --

JACK (cont'd)

We need to get inside.

The man, wildly advancing toward them, picking up speed --

REVIVED DAD
MY BABY!!! MY SWEET BABY!!!

The moonlight reveals his empty eyes.

REVIVED DAD (cont'd)
PEEK-A-BOO!!!

JACK
(to Brooke)
Stay behind me!

But the man CHARGES Jack TACKLING him to the ground. Jack struggles as the man CLAWS at him, drawing blood.

BROOKE
STOP! GET OFF OF HIM!

Brooke snatches a broken GARDEN GNOME and SWINGS it at the man's head, but it only makes him SCREAM AND THRASH MORE.

REVIVED DAD
I CAN'T COME IN TO WORK TODAY!!!!

JACK
BROOKE!!! HELP!!!

Brooke snatches her KEYS and STABS THEM IN THE MAN'S EYES.

REVIVED DAD
THERE'S SOMETHING IN MY EYE!

Jack seizes a GARDEN TROWEL and STICKS the man's NECK. He HAMMERS it in, plunging it deeper with every strike --

REVIVED DAD (cont'd)
(gurgling)
I LOVE YOU...

The man collapses. Lifeless.

JACK
(panicked)
Brooke, we need to-

MORE REVIVED emerge from the darkness down the street.

A MOTHER AND LITTLE BOY AND GIRL.

The MOTHER holds a bottle with a rag: A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

She flicks a lighter, IGNITING THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL --

REVIVED WOMAN
(singing, eerily)
...Happy birthday to you...

Jack KICKS open the door to his old house.

INT. JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack and Brooke enter. He glances around the house: Flashes of his childhood STROBE with current reality --

BROOKE
Jack.

The man in the WIFE BEATER, standing right there... They freeze. Nowhere to go. He approaches them. Oh no.

WIFE-BEATER
Help... Me...

The man staggers out of the room.

A KITCHEN KNIFE EMBEDDED IN HIS BACK.

The woman out front with the flaming Molotov cocktail gazes at them. Jack SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT. The MOLOTOV COCKTAIL EXPLODES against the door, igniting the house.

JACK
EVERETT?!

They race UP THE STAIRS --

BROOKE
WE HAVE TO HURRY, JACK-

They reach the top of the stairs and hear a MURMUR from one of the rooms. They slowly open the door INTO --

JACK'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Crouched in the corner of the room, Hope SQUEEZES Everett to her chest... Eyes crazy, mind deteriorating.

HOPE
He's mine... You can't take him-

Everett reaches out to Brooke, terrified and crying.

EVERETT
Mommy...

Hope's grip is so tight, she's literally smothering him.

BROOKE
Give me my son, Hope-

HOPE
You- you stole him from me- trying to
replace me- he's mine- they're mine-

BROOKE
YOU NEED TO GIVE ME MY SON RIGHT NOW-

Hope shakes her head, grip tightening. Literally smothering Everett, his face turning an alarming PURPLE.

HOPE
You can't take him away from me.

BROOKE
Please- please...

HOPE
He's all I have left....

Desperate, Jack has an idea. He steps forward, voice gentle.

JACK
You're right. About everything.

Brooke grabs Jack: *what are you doing?* But he continues, playing along with Hope's warped reality:

JACK (cont'd)
But we can start over... Just you and
me... and... Jack.

Hope's eyes flash. She knew she was right.

JACK (cont'd)
We can be the family we should've
always been... But I need you to let
him go, okay? So we can start over.

Hope hesitates for a moment, loosening her grip on Everett. and, in that moment, he scurries into Jack's arms.

JACK (cont'd)
It's okay... It's alright...

Suddenly, Hope changes her mind.

HOPE
Wait- wait what are you doing-

But as Hope steps forward, Jack DASHES OUT OF THE ROOM WITH EVERETT. Hope CHARGES past Brooke, down the hall --

HOPE (cont'd)
YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM FROM ME!!!

They RACE down the hall, Hope close behind --

HOPE (cont'd)
MY BABY!!!!

Hope SPRINTS TOWARDS EVERETT, ARMS OUTREACHED.

At the last moment, Jack LIFTS EVERETT --

And Hope CRASHES through the wooden stairwell.

Jack looks on in horror and rushes --

DOWNSTAIRS

To find HOPE: IMPALED by the sharp stairwell banister.

JACK
...Mom

Hope begins to cry, like a scared child. So confused.

HOPE
W-what's... happening?

Brooke holds a terrified Everett.

JACK
Just take deep breaths- we're gonna
call someone-

Still clinging to the idea Everett is really her son...

HOPE
I never got to say goodbye...

Brooke glances at the flames, licking the ceiling.

BROOKE
Jack, we need to go-

The fire, moments away from claiming the building.

JACK
We can't leave her-

HOPE
(looking at Everett)
I never got to say... goodbye. I- I
just want to say goodbye...

Hope's eyes glisten, struggling to breathe...

HOPE (cont'd)

J-Jack?

Jack holds Everett against him. Hope's sweetness peeking through as she says goodbye to the boy she believes is her son.

HOPE (cont'd)

From that first kick in my belly...

As Jack listens, MEMORIES OF HIS CHILDHOOD FLASH ACROSS THE SCREEN -- COALESCING WITH THE PRESENT MOMENT --

HOPE (cont'd)

I knew I'd do anything for you.

FLASH: Young Jack with his mom in the kitchen... The two of them, playing in the front yard together...

HOPE (cont'd)

You make me feel so lucky.

As Jack listens, he begins silently weeping.

HOPE (cont'd)

This time it's goodbye, honey.

The memories SPEED UP, becoming impressionistic, psychedelic.

HOPE (cont'd)

This time it's goodbye for good.

And now, we stay in the PRESENT. With Hope. Fading fast.

HOPE (cont'd)

I hope someday you're lucky enough to love someone as much as I've loved you.

And with that Hope glances up at Jack. Eyes cloudy...

HOPE (cont'd)

Promise me... Promise me you'll take care of my Jack.

Jack nods, his heart breaking. Another promise. A final one.

JACK

...I promise.

And, with her final breath:

HOPE

Goodbye... my little light...

A window shatters, flames and smoke bursting through.

EXT. JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - THE STREET

As the family hurries to the car, Jack glances back at his childhood home, now engulfed in flames...

Brooke holds Jack. And Jack holds Everett. A family.

And Jack says goodbye to his childhood.

Once and for all.

CUT TO:

A TV NEWSCAST

A REPORTER discusses the aftermath of the revival fiasco. The chyron reads: "ONE YEAR POST-REVIVAL UPRISING".

REPORTER (ON TV)
It's been one full year since the resurrection crisis- the scientific miracle turned dystopian nightmare.

Footage flashes across the screen - candlelit vigils, protests, lab equipment seized, courtrooms swarming with media.

REPORTER (ON TV) (cont'd)
Lawsuits, controversies, and the question still on everyone's mind - should we tamper with the natural cycle of life and death?

INT. THERAPY SESSION - DAY

We're in a couples counseling office. The COUPLES COUNSELOR looks at the Jack and Brooke. At a loss for words.

COUPLES COUNSELOR
That's a lot.

Jack swallows. Nods.

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brooke and Everett and a NEW GOLDFISH sit at the dinner table, Jack walks in, setting down a plate of spaghetti.

EVERETT
(turning to Brooke)
This looks good, huh mommy?

She smiles back at Everett.

BROOKE
Let's call me mom from now on.

She and Jack exchange a look.

INT. EVERETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits by Everett's bed, storybook in hand. He kisses Everett's forehead. Brooke watches from the door, smiling.

INT. JACK AND BROOKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Later, Jack and Brooke unwind. He wraps an arm around her as they settle into bed. Jack watches her... Then:

JACK
It's you. And Everett. And us. Always.

Brooke looks at him, searching for his sincerity... And feels it. She leans into him and he takes her in his arms.

EXT. JACK AND BROOKE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The backyard teems with children's laughter, a birthday banner declaring "HAPPY 6TH BIRTHDAY, EVERETT!" Jack happily watches the party unfold, finally with his family. His phone vibrates. Unknown number. He hesitates, answering:

JACK
Hello?

Dr. Chen responds on the other end.

DR. CHEN (O.S.)
Jack! Chen here. Calling from Japan!

JACK
Why are you calling me?

DR. CHEN
I'll get straight to the point. During Hope's revival process, we created a digital scan of her consciousness.

Jack glances at Brooke who watches him with concern.

DR. CHEN (cont'd)

A biotech company here in Japan has made huge strides using these scans to enhance the entire revival process.

JACK

What are you saying?

DR. CHEN

With this advancement, we could bring Hope back without any complications. And with your consent... we could start immediately.

The sounds of the party FADE as his words sink in. Jack's hand holding the phone slowly falls.

BROOKE

What was that about, honey?

Jack looks back at Brooke, then to Everett... Joyfully unaware, basking in his party.

BROOKE (cont'd)

...Honey?

Something shifts in Jack's eyes. A spark...

A flicker of Hope.

SMASH TO BLACK