

FROZEN BLUE - PILOT

By

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TEASER

SUPER: 1965

EXT. BRONX/RUNDOWN ALLEYS - DAY

A young NYPD OFFICER chases a tall Puerto Rican TEEN THUG on foot. With the polished ease of a defensive-end, he tackles the Thug, cuffs him and stands him upright as he pushes his face into an old, rotted wooden fence.

OFFICER  
(While frisking)  
All right, you useless  
bastard! Where'd you put the old  
lady's purse?

TEEN THUG  
What you talkin' 'bout, Man? I  
don't know nothin' 'bout no old  
lady's purse!

OFFICER  
The one that four people saw you  
take after you punched her in the  
head and knocked her over.

The Officer punches the Thug in the back of the head.

OFFICER (CONTD)  
Like that! Where is it?

TEEN THUG  
Ouch, Man! Those people, they're  
lyin', Man!

OFFICER  
Oh, okay. Let me guess. You just  
happened to be running like Hell,  
'cause you didn't want to be late  
for English class!

(Beat)  
Wait, that can't be it. It's  
summer break you piece of crap!

He pushes the Thug's face into the fence even harder. The Thug moans with pain, as blood trickles down from his nose and top lip.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN THUG

I don't know what you're talkin'  
'bout. I didn't steal nothin'!

OFFICER

Any I.D.?

BANG - BANG

GUNSHOTS ring out from close range. Two red bloodspots rapidly spread on the back of the Officer's shirt. The Thug turns his head slowly with a look of absolute horror, as the Officer falls down along the Thug's legs to the ground. He spots a man, late 30s, who rises from behind a parked car and waves him over from about 40 feet away.

Still handcuffed with his arms behind his back, he runs awkwardly towards the man. They flee through the alley together, round a corner and fade from sight.

END OF SCENE

EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTAN CEMETERY - DAY

Crowded, full section attended by several hundred police personnel in full regalia. An attractive 26 year old WOMAN in black stands front and center in the family area nearest the coffin. Her beehive hairdo protrudes through a thin black veil. She cradles a baby GIRL, while she holds the hand of a standing 18 month old BOY.

PRIEST

In John Eleven:Twenty Five, Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will live, even though he dies; and whoever lives and believes in me will never die'.

A male family member, 50s, with horn rimmed glasses crouches down to pick up the young boy to hold him upright in his right arm, while he wraps his left around the grieving Woman's shoulder.

PRIEST (CONTD)

We now commit MITCHELL LIAM O'TOOLE to his final resting place to await the fulfillment of another promise of scripture.

The Priest makes an ashen cross on top of the coffin, to the sound of a bagpiper playing Amazing Grace.

END OF SCENE

SUPER: FEBRUARY - PRESENT YEAR

EXT. MID-TOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

POV CURBSIDE

Establish location with view of an engraved sign in front of a 5 story office building with an institution-like appearance. The sign reads: DIGNIFIED ETERNAL HOPE - RONALD F. LETTINGER MEMORIAL CRYONICS LABORATORY.

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED BOARDROOM - DAY

Occupied by about 10 people, mostly in business attire. Chairman and CEO, REGINALD R. LETTINGER, 64, is at one end of the table, while Research Director, LOUISE GABRIEL, 40, a sharp looking black woman chairs the meeting.

GABRIEL

Good morning, everybody. Thank you for coming in on such short notice. As you've most likely heard, a hard copy file has been mysteriously found pertaining to a body that's been in a deep freeze here for fifty years!

Most people sit up a little straighter, with keen interest. Especially, Lead Cryogenicist, DR. DAVID MAKAZUKI, 45, attired in a white labcoat over a white dress shirt and tie.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

Now, before we hear from our honourable Chairman and CEO, please, please be mindful that every aspect of this meeting must remain in the strictest of confidence.

(Beat)

Over to you, Mr. Lettinger.

LETTINGER

Thank you, Ms. Gabriel and good morning, everyone. The corpsicle, er, um, oops, sorry...

(CONTINUED)

The room erupts with laughter, as they all hear the normally dignified Chairman use the layman insider slang term of corpsicle. Even Lettinger, himself, struggles to regain a more formal composure.

Gabriel studies Lettinger, as if she suspects that he's already had a few.

LETTINGER (CONTD)

So sorry, I meant the body to which Ms. Gabriel alluded, happens to be that of Mitchell O'Toole.

Gabriel cuts in abruptly.

GABRIEL

Mr. O'Toole was an NYPD Officer who was shot and killed in the line of duty back in Nineteen Sixty Five, at the ripe old age of twenty seven.

Around the room, everyone is engaged with anticipation of something constructive.

A sneaky exchange of text messages also occurs between KYLE, 23, and Cassandra, 22. Kyle suggests to her that he thinks Lettinger is drunk. They are seated diagonally opposite one another.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

We've heard that Mitch's son, DOUGLAS, followed in his father's footsteps and also became a cop. He's now fifty one and a Lieutenant with NYPD Homicide.

LETTINGER

Initially, it was only Mitch's wife and parents who were aware of the experiment. So, for now, I would think we have some breathing room.

DOCTOR MAKAZUKI

Breathing room for what, Mr. Chairman? The suspense is killing me!

LETTINGER

(Laughing)

Be patient, Dr. Makazuki.

(Beat)

A little suspense won't kill you. Besides, if it does, we'll

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LETTINGER (cont'd)  
just throw you in the icebox and  
let someone bring you back in fifty  
years!

The room breaks out in laughter.

Cassandra discreetly looks under the table at her phone that shows a message from Kyle, that reads, "Definitely. Can smell it on him from here".

Cassandra responds with, "F\*\*\*ing Cool!!!"

LETTINGER (CONTD)  
Meanwhile, as for the matter at  
hand, if we're going to attempt  
anything here, we have less than a  
month to make a  
decision. Otherwise, as Dad would  
say, it's 'thaw and fry!'

More spirited laughter.

LETTINGER (CONTD)  
All kidding aside, I know how  
important this case was to Dad.  
(Beat)  
Looking around, I see that we have  
a couple of new faces on the team  
who may not know that it was my  
father, Ronald, who founded this  
facility. He was one of the  
original pioneers of the cryonics  
concept.

I believe that he would agree that  
we're ready to move forward. And  
as Chairman and CEO, I think it's  
time to put the world on its ass  
and make some goddamned headlines!

Makazuki does a fist pump under the table, as he and Gabriel smile at one another.

Cassandra receives another text from Kyle, which reads,  
"Totally f\*\*\*ing Hammered!"

LETTINGER (CONTD)  
I've been in contact with labs in  
Toronto and London, England that  
are also making great progress  
these days. I'm ready to roll the  
dice on a joint venture, provided  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LETTINGER (CONTD) (cont'd)  
it's done here in New York and on  
out terms!

(Beat)

Well, Ms. Gabriel, if I call  
Toronto and London to get their  
co-operation and support, can you  
connect the rest of the dots?

GABRIEL

(Smiling excitedly)

Yes, of course, Mr. Chairman.

LETTINGER

All right, then! Anyone foolish  
enough to object?

Moderate chuckles, before the room becomes quiet with  
suspense.

LETTINGER (CONTD)

Great! Then let's rock and roll,  
Baby!

The room erupts with cheers, hugs and high fives.

Gabriel allows the joy of the moment to be briefly  
celebrated before she stands and restores order, as everyone  
settles and returns back to their seats.

GABRIEL

Before I call this meeting  
adjourned, please remember what I  
said about confidentiality. We  
will bring all Dignified staff up  
to speed soon enough. Thank you  
all, meeting adjourned.

As everyone stands, Kyle chimes in.

KYLE

Does this mean that instead of  
having a corpsicle, we now have a  
copsicle?

The boardroom is filled with laughter and groans.

END OF TEASER

EXT. DIGNIFIED LABORATORY - DAY

The parking lot is full of media vehicles that range from small cars, SUVs and large cube vans. They represent all forms of TV, radio and print media.

A handful of reporters are huddled by the front door, while one tries to open the door, to find it locked.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUISE GABRIEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Gabriel's phone rings in intercom mode, as she answers it with the speaker feature.

GABRIEL

Yes, JEANIE?

JEANIE

(V.O.)

I was able to reach Mr. Lettinger. He said he was aware of the situation outside and wants to meet you at Carnie's as soon as you can get there.

GABRIEL

Excellent! Thanks, Jeanie.

Gabriel pushes the release button on the phone. She rises and grabs her long winter overcoat, then exits her office to the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Jeanie, 53, types at her desktop computer. She is attractive, confident and highly professional. In spite of her best intentions, her eyes have taken on the hard edge often associated with heavy-duty smokers and drinkers.

Gabriel enters from a door behind the long reception desk adjacent to the hallway connected to her office.

GABRIEL

Jeanie, can you please call me a cab?

(CONTINUED)

JEANIE  
(Smirking)  
Okay, you're a cab!

The two women laugh hysterically.

JEANIE (CONTD)  
I'm sorry, Ma'am, I couldn't  
resist. Back Door?

GABRIEL  
Yes, please.  
(Beat)  
You're amazing, Jeanie. I don't  
know how you keep your sense of  
humour with all the B.S. going on  
out there right now?

JEANIE  
It's no problem. I thought you  
could use a laugh about now.

GABRIEL  
Definitely needed that, thank you  
so much. I'll be gone for a couple  
of hours, so please continue as you  
have been with the locked doors and  
the phone.

JEANIE  
Will do, take care.

Gabriel exits through a different door behind the reception  
area.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIGNIFIED PARKING LOT - DAY

More media vehicles have arrived, as they now overflow the  
parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIGNIFIED REAR EXIT DOOR - DAY

Gabriel exits while she talks on a cell phone. She reaches  
into her purse, pulls out a package of cigarettes and lights  
one, as her shoulders drop with the exhale.

(CONTINUED)

She watches as the taxi pulls into the private parking entrance. She walks towards it as she takes several quick drags off her cigarette before she drops and steps on it, then enters the cab.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Jeanie spots and approaches a tall, good looking MIDDLE AGED MAN attired in a suit and wool trench coat. He flashes a badge against the locked glass door from the outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIGNIFIED FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Media members swarm behind the middle aged man. He turns around to face them and addresses the closest male reporter who holds a microphone.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Look, I'm with the NYPD. Back up  
and give me some space before I  
shove that mic so far up you'll  
need colon surgery!

They all back off, as Jeanie unlocks and opens the front door from the inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED RECEPTION AREA - DAY

The middle aged man enters as he holds off the media mob outside. A roar of questions is ignored by Jeanie and the man as Jeanie re-locks the door. The man hands Jeanie a card, while they walk together towards the reception desk.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

My name is DOUG O'TOOLE, NYPD  
Homicide.

He stops at the front desk counter as Jeanie walks around to her spot behind.

Jeanie looks at his card as she takes a seat. She appears impressed, but mostly surprised.

(CONTINUED)

JEANIE  
Homicide, Mr. O'Toole?

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Yes, Homicide! Would a Louise  
Gabriel be here?

JEANIE  
I'm afraid you just missed her,  
Sir. She stepped out a few minutes  
ago, saying she'd be back in a  
couple of hours.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Do you have any way of reaching  
her? It's important that I speak  
with her right away.

JEANIE  
I understand, Mr. O'Toole. Please  
feel free to have a seat while I  
try Ms. Gabriel's cell phone.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
I've been sitting all day, I'll  
wait right here, thanks.

JEANIE  
Of course, Mr. O'Toole.

O'Toole looks around the area, intrigued by a large, painted  
portrait of Ronald Lettinger.

JEANIE (CONTD)  
Hello, Ms. Gabriel. I'm so sorry,  
but there's a gentleman here who  
needs to speak with you right away.

She lowers her voice to a whisper.

JEANIE (CONTD)  
His name is Lieutenant Douglas  
O'Toole from NYPD Homicide.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB BACK SEAT - DAY

With a cell phone to her ear, Gabriel's eyes are open wide,  
jaw dropped. She starts to mouth what looks like a letter F  
shape, then gathers some composure.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

Jeanie, I need you to very discreetly take Lieutenant O'Toole to the boardroom and put him on the phone in there.

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED RECEPTION AREA - DAY

JEANIE

Of course, Ms. Gabriel. Thank you, Ma'am.

Jeanie rises from her chair and walks around the counter towards O'Toole.

JEANIE (CONTD)

Please come to the boardroom with me Mr. O'Toole. You can speak with Ms. Gabriel from in there.

They walk together towards a doorway, as they exit the reception area.

Towards the entrance, there are at least a dozen members of the press who take pictures and videos from outside through the glass doorway and adjacent windows.

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED BOARDROOM - DAY

Jeanie and O'Toole enter the boardroom together. Jeanie pulls out a chair from near the end of the long table.

JEANIE

Here you go. Ms. Gabriel is on line Five.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Thank you, Ma'am.

INTER-CUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION:

DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)

Hello, Ms. Gabriel?

GABRIEL

Hello, Mr. O'Toole. This is such a coincidence, as I was going to be calling you today!

(CONTINUED)

O'Toole smiles to himself and rolls his eyes skyward.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
(Sarcastically)  
It is a huge coincidence! Who  
would have known such a thing?

His tone drastically switches to one of anger.

DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
What the Hell is going on here, Ms.  
Gabriel?

GABRIEL  
Mr. O'Toole, I'm quite confident  
that I know what you're referring  
to. I was just about to enter a  
meeting right now, but I think it's  
important that you and I meet with  
one another.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
(Angrily)  
I couldn't agree more!

GABRIEL  
Does after lunch today work for  
you, say One O'clock there at my  
office.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Yeah, I can make that work.

GABRIEL  
Excellent. One O'clock it is! I  
Look forward to seeing you then,  
Sir.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
All right.

END OF SCENE

INT. CARNIE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

It's mid-morning and Carnie's is less than half full with a  
mix of suits and casual attire.

Gabriel and Lettinger have just started their meal, as the  
waitress brings Lettinger his second scotch.

(CONTINUED)

LETTINGER

Leaks like that are just going to happen, Louise. You've handled it well, there's not much more you can do.

GABRIEL

I'd sure like to know who the idiot was.

Lettinger uses his hand to make a scoffing motion.

LETTINGER

Don't even worry about that stuff.

His expression turns to excitement.

LETTINGER (CONTD)

Moving forward, we've got Toronto on board! London wouldn't agree to the project being on our terms - those pompous, Limey Bastards!

He laughs, while taking a sip of his scotch.

LETTINGER (CONTD)

The Toronto team will be here next week. They apparently have this whiz kid whom they claim brought a cat back to life after it froze to death in his hometown in Northern Ontario.

GABRIEL

Really? A cat, huh?

LETTINGER

They say he's quite the piece of work and that we might want to keep an eye on him.

Lettinger breaks into a mischievous smile as he takes another sip.

LETTINGER (CONTD)

Something about him I like already!

(Beat)

Are you ready to make all the arrangements for our Canadian friends?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

Sure, no problem, Reg. In the meantime, how do you want me to handle the Douglas O'Toole situation? He sounded pretty pissed on the phone. Should I fully bring him up to speed?

LETTINGER

Whatever you think, Louise. I trust your judgment on that. You can actually give him my cell number if you'd like. Tell him I'd love to hear from him.

He asks the waitress for another scotch.

END OF SCENE

SUPER: JULY - PRESENT YEAR

EXT. DANNY FLANNY'S - DAY

POV SIDEWALK

Quick shot of frontage to establish location.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY FLANNY'S - DAY

Seated at the front of the bar closest to the entrance is off duty cop, BEN, 30. He chats with bartender, LESLIE, 45. Two corner tables are occupied by 7 or 8 business people, much to Ben's chagrin. He shows no tact, as he raises his voice to Leslie at a volume easily heard by the visitors.

BEN

What the Hell's with the Civvies over there in the corner? Do we need a goddamned sign in here that says Coppers Only?

LESLIE

Settle down now, Benny! Probably from out of town.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Why can't this be one of those times that good-old Mr. Flannigan was here. He'd have 'em out on their keisters in no time!

To the audio of a TV over the familiar sounds of a busy bar, zoom in on a large, framed photo, circa 1974, of DANNY FLANNIGAN in full regalia as he receives a handshake from the Mayor during his retirement celebration. Then slowly pan the many smaller pictures of Mr. Flannigan that also hang on the wall behind the bar, overshadowed by a large old wooden clock which reads 4:55.

From left to right, the photos ascend by age - from black and whites as a young boy on a tricycle with his dog, as a soldier, groom, young cop - to colour shots as a family man, an autographed pic shaking hands with Mickey Mantle, then various mayors, governors and presidents.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY FLANNY'S END OF BAR - DAY

Doug O'Toole is seated on the third bar stool from the end. The top button on his shirt is unbuttoned and his tie is loose. As he takes a sip of scotch on the rocks, the TV volume increases with the onset of the Five O'clock news while the focus remains on O'Toole.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR

(V.O)

First on Live at Five, we bring you the exciting latest developments on a story that we were the first to bring you back in February about Mitch O'Toole. Mr. O'Toole is the NYPD Officer who was shot and killed in the line of duty back in Nineteen Sixty Five.

Doug O'Toole laughs to himself as he shakes and lowers his head, as if he assumes that everyone in the bar has their eyes fixated on him out of surprise.

MALE BAR PATRON

(O.S.)

Are you listening, Lieutenant?

Doug, with his head still lowered, nods.

(CONTINUED)

## MALE NEWS ANCHOR

In case you missed it, WXFU had a tip that Officer O'Toole has been frozen at the Dignified Eternal Hope Cryonics Laboratory here in Midtown Manhattan since his death fifty years ago!

Fellow detective, RON HARDY, joins him at the bar.

## MALE NEWS ANCHOR (CONTD)

Today, the speculation has escalated even further, with unconfirmed reports that the experiment may have been a tremendous success. We now go to ANGELA LEE, who joins us live from the cryonics laboratory. Angela, what's the latest?

During the audio of the female V.O., Ron and Doug begin to chat with one another

## RON

Dougie! This is pretty wild stuff, Man! What's going on, Buddy?

## DOUG O'TOOLE

(Looking smug)

Hey, Ronnie. Gotta keep this under your hat but it seems that my twenty seven year old father has a pulse!

Doug nods towards the TV.

## DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)

Check this out. There'll be a press conference in the morning.

Ron looks amazed, as they both focus on the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY FLANNY'S TV ABOVE BAR - DAY

TV is zoomed in on Angela Lee, late 20s and very pretty. She stands in front of the engraved sign at Dignified. Between the sign and the building are dozens of assorted media personnel.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA LEE

Right now, the building you see behind me is locked and we have been unable to reach anyone for comment to confirm or deny reports that Officer O'Toole has gained a pulse.

Ron stares at Doug with an expression of bewilderment.

ANGELA LEE (CONTD)

I have, however, just received confirmation from WXFU producer, Hugh Green, that Dignified Eternal Hope has issued a press release. They have announced that they will be holding a press conference from right here at this facility tomorrow at 0-Nine Hundred.

The TV coverage cuts back to news anchorman, TOM TOMLINSON (MID 30s).

TOM TOMLINSON

So, Angela, you're saying that there is unconfirmed speculation that Officer O'Toole has been, I guess, thawed, for lack of a better definition, and has regained a pulse?

ANGELA LEE

(Smiling)

That's right, Tom. My sources are telling me that an anonymous night worker has said that Officer O'Toole has, indeed, been unfrozen and has a pulse, independent of a pacemaker.

TOM TOMLINSON

Fascinating! That sure is incredible speculation. If, in fact, Officer O'Toole has actually been revived, he would be the first person in history, anywhere, to be cryogenically frozen and brought back to life!

ANGELA LEE

That's right, Tom.

(CONTINUED)

TOM TOMLINSON

That sure is remarkable. Thank you, Angela.

ANGELA LEE

Okay, Tom.

TOM TOMLINSON

That was, of course, Angela Lee reporting to us from Dignified Eternal Hope Cryonics Laboratory. Further to that story, I just received a memo that we here at WXFU will be bringing you that press conference that Angela was telling us about, live tomorrow morning at Nine O'clock.

The crowd at the bar gets louder with random comments directed at Doug O'Toole, such as "All right, Dougie!", and "Right on, Lieutenant!"

Doug - who doesn't look at anyone in particular - smiles awkwardly and gives a wave of thanks to the bar patrons. He resumes his chat with Ron Hardy, as he wistfully stares at his scotch.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Well, I guess I'd better call the drunk old bitch to see if she's heard the news.

RON

You mean your mother?

Doug stands and finishes his drink.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Yeah, it's been a while. Fifteen years, actually.

RON

Holy cow, Man! I knew it had been a while, but fifteen years?

Doug catches the attention of LESLIE, the bartender, to make sure she sees him put a ten dollar bill on the bar.

LESLIE

(O.S.)

Thanks, Doug.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Thank you, Leslie. Have a good  
one!

Ron chugs down the rest of his beer.

RON  
(To Doug)  
Leaving so soon?

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Yeah, gotta get home for dinner.

RON  
Hang on, I'll walk with you.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Sounds good.

As they make their way to the front door, a few assorted friends and colleagues of Doug approach him with handshakes and best wishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF DANNY FLANNY'S - DAY

Doug and Ron leave the bar and casually stroll away and talk as they walk along the busy sidewalk.

RON  
So what's going on, Dougie? You've  
been holding out on me, Buddy!

DOUG O'TOOLE  
It wasn't until this morning that I  
thought there was anything to talk  
about. Back in February I heard  
through a freakin' reporter friend  
of mine that Dad had been frozen  
all this time. I followed up on it  
then to find out it was true and  
that they were going to try and  
bring him around.

RON  
Holy Crap!

DOUG O'TOOLE  
I just got a call from the Research  
Director at the cryonics lab this  
morning, saying that they had a  
pulse on him!

(CONTINUED)

RON  
That's so freakin' cool,  
Buddy! How are you feeling about  
it?

DOUG O'TOOLE  
It sure is weird, Ronnie! How's a  
guy who grew up never knowing his  
dead father supposed to think about  
the guy coming back after fifty  
freakin' years? Let alone, 24  
years younger than me, for Christ's  
sake!

RON  
I sure as hell wouldn't know what  
to think.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
You saw what his death did to  
Mom! She never got over it and  
spent all those years in a drunken  
oblivion with three failed  
marriages to my useless hemorrhoid  
haven step-dads!

RON  
Got that right. I hear 'ya,  
Man. I didn't know you until the  
second one, but numbers two and  
three sure were pieces of work.

It's gotta be exciting that you  
might actually meet the guy you  
never knew.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Oh, for sure, Ronnie. For sure!

RON  
I can only imagine how much this  
has to be mucking around with your  
head.

(Beat)  
Don't forget, my door's always  
open, my friend. I still got that  
bottle of Twelve year old with your  
name on it!

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Still got that do 'ya?  
(Beat)  
Sounds good, Ronnie. Thanks a lot,  
my friend!

(CONTINUED)

They give each other one armed hugs and pats on the back, as Doug goes down a staircase to the subway and Ron continues along the sidewalk.

END OF SCENE

EXT. DIGNIFIED LABORATORY - DAY

POV CURBSIDE

Establish location.

INT. DIGNIFIED LABORATORY HALLWAY - DAY

Louise Gabriel and Doug O'Toole talk as they walk together.

GABRIEL

As I was saying after the press conference yesterday, he's developed REM - or Rapid Eye Movement. That's a major development.

DOUG O'TOOLE

I'll bet. Sounds cool.

GABRIEL

MELISSA, one of our night-shift interns, reported yesterday that his eyes were open. She noted that his eyes were actually following her.

They both stop in front of a green door marked by the number 3. Doug - in unusual fashion - breaks from his collected, serious demeanor.

DOUG O'TOOLE

(Laughing)

Is Melissa hot, or something?

Gabriel becomes wide-eyed with astonishment, then breaks into genuine laughter.

GABRIEL

Have you heard about Melissa?

DOUG O'TOOLE

No, not at all.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

She is, actually, stunningly gorgeous! The joke around here is that she could bring a male subject back to life just by blowing in his ear!

They both share a laugh, before Gabriel changes the tone.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

He's in here, by the way.

Doug also becomes more serious, now with more of an expression of nervous anticipation.

Gabriel looks at her watch.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

I figured that we should wait for Doctors Makazuki and Inkster, before going in. They should be here any minute.

DOUG O'TOOLE

(Smirking)

That Inkster guy; he's the one from Toronto with the green spiked hair, right?

GABRIEL

(Smiling awkwardly)

You got it, that's him. He's way out there, but Freaking brilliant!

DOUG O'TOOLE

Cool! I wouldn't care if he was from Mars and wore a ballerina's tutu! If he's as instrumental as you say, I'll buy him a case of Canadian Club!

GABRIEL

That's funny! And I'm sure he'd love the C.C. It would probably go nicely with what he was seen smoking behind the back door the other day!

DOUG O'TOOLE

Doesn't surprise me at all. It's probably legal in Toronto, like everything else up there!

Gabriel takes another look at her watch.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

Well, I'll give them two more minutes. Otherwise, I don't see why you and I can't go in there.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Works for me.

GABRIEL

Now, to go over a couple of things, quickly; if he is fully conscious, he might not have the strength in his lungs - let alone, vocal cords - to speak. But, he is now breathing mostly on his own, which is a great sign.

Doug continues to listen politely, but now appears more anxious to see his dad for the first time that he remembers.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

Also, as I was saying on the phone this morning, we feel it's important that if he's alert, he should be made comfortable by the presence of a family member.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Of course.

GABRIEL

You were saying on the phone this morning that your sister might make it here today?

DOUG O'TOOLE

AILEEN? I was thinking that she might, but for now, I'm not holding my breath. I think this whole thing has been a bit much for her.

GABRIEL

I can only imagine. This kind of thing is something that there's no preparation for.

DOUG O'TOOLE

That's for sure. If Dad actually comes around, I think she'll change her tune.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

What about your mother?

DOUG O'TOOLE

I tried. She and I haven't spoken for fifteen years, and when I did try to reach her, Aileen said she's been in Bellevue for quite a while now.

GABRIEL

That's too bad, I'm sorry to hear that.

(Beat)

Well I think we've given them long enough.

Gabriel gives Doug an excited look.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

Are you ready to go in?

DOUG O'TOOLE

SMILING CAUTIOUSLY

Oh yeah!

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED LABORATORY PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Gabriel opens the door, as they enter slowly and quietly. Initially, Mitch O'Toole's eyes are closed. He appears comfortable. He looks very pale, his skin very rough and wax-like in appearance. As he hears Gabriel and Doug whisper, his eyes open very gradually. He even shows slight neck and head movement, although he is totally without expression.

Doug O'Toole, while trying to appear calm and collected, breaks into an expression of amazed bewilderment. He whispers to Gabriel, who stands beside him.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Do you think he can hear us?

Before she has a chance to respond, the door opens as Makazuki and Inkster enter cautiously. Gabriel signals them to be quiet, while she nods towards Mitch O'Toole as a gesture for them to see that his eyes are open.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, they hear a barely audible sound that comes from Mitch O'Toole! They all walk slowly towards him. Gabriel moves the closest and leans over him.

GABRIEL

I'm sorry, but did you say something, Sir?

MITCH O'TOOLE

(Slowly and very forced)  
What-the-Hell-is-going-on-here?

Everyone in the room is joyfully smiling in amazement.

GABRIEL

(Slowly and calmly)  
Hello, Mr. O'Toole. Are you able to tell us how you are feeling?

Mitch O'Toole struggles to swallow before speaking. As Doctor Inkster quickly fetches a cup of water, Reg Lettinger slowly enters.

As Gabriel brings a straw to his Mitch O'Toole's mouth, both doctors watch with caution, concerned about his ability to swallow.

His eyes are focused on Doug, while his expression becomes sharper, then slowly, one of slight anger.

MITCH O'TOOLE

(With forced breath)  
What the Hell... is going on here?

Lettinger smiles warmly, now with watery eyes.

GABRIEL

(Slowly and softly)  
Well, Mr. O'Toole, I know this is going to sound very strange to you, but you are coming back to life after being frozen for fifty years.

Mitch O'Toole's eyes are attentively focused on Gabriel, before he slowly develops a mild expression of confusion.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

The year we are in is Twenty Fifteen.

(Beat)

Do you remember being a police officer in Nineteen Sixty Five?

(CONTINUED)

MITCH O'TOOLE  
(Slowly nodding)  
Uh huh.

GABRIEL  
Well, sadly, you were shot and  
actually killed in the line of  
duty.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Uh huh.

GABRIEL  
Do you remember that, Mr. O'Toole?

MITCH O'TOOLE  
I think so.

His eyes now gaze aimlessly, as if reflecting. His speech  
clearly becomes more articulate, while he gradually breathes  
and speaks with greater ease.

Makazuki and Inkster appear amazed.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
More water, please?

His eyes are fixated on Doug, who is clearly amazed to see  
his father alive and responsive.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
Uncle Mike?

Doug looks pleasantly surprised and is now  
speechless. Gabriel smiles at him.

GABRIEL  
It's okay. Tell him who you are.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Well, Sir, do you remember your  
son, Douglas?

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Yes. Of course!

Doug smiles, as his eyes tear up.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Well, Sir, you are looking at him!  
(Beat)  
Hi Dad!

(CONTINUED)

Mitch looks pleasantly shocked and amazed. His jaw slowly drops before his mouth makes an F shape.

There is a brief silence, as we see everyone swept up in the moment.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
You...are my son?

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Yes, Sir.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
you're...so...so old!

There is laughter throughout the room, the loudest of which, comes from Doug. Then, in spite of Doug's best effort to put up a strong, masculine facade, the tears of joy become overwhelming.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
Sorry...but you were barely  
walking... when I saw you last.

GABRIEL  
(Looking at Mitch)  
Douglas followed in your footsteps  
and is a Lieutenant with the NYPD.

Doug has regained his composure and is standing straighter with pride.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
That's right, Dad. Homicide.

Mitch develops a warm looking smile with an expression of pride. Doug lets his guard down again and is now glowing with total elation.

Everyone basks in the depth of the emotion, while thoroughly swept up in the magical moment of the father and son reunification.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
That's great, Douglas.

There is a brief, momentary pause, as Mitch's lung capacity will only allow a few words at a time.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
Where's your Mom?  
(Beat)  
And Aileen?

GABRIEL

You know, I'm sure Douglas will be happy to bring you up to date on everyone later. For now, I'd like you to meet everyone here. Is that okay, Mr. O'Toole?

Mitch slowly develops an expression of anger.

MITCH O'TOOLE

(Forcing more volume)

I want to know...about my wife...and daughter!

Doctors Makazuki and Inkster, along with Lettinger show concern, as if worrying about the potential effects of anger with Mitch at this stage.

Gabriel moves in closer and gently places a hand on Mitch's shoulder, as she speaks in a tone more conducive to comfort and reassurance.

GABRIEL

It's okay, Sir, I understand. They are both still alive, but couldn't be here today. We just think that for right now, this has been a lot for you to take in so suddenly.

DOUG O'TOOLE

She's right, Dad, don't worry. I'll fill you in on everything and everybody later today.

GABRIEL

That's right, Mr. O'Toole. And Douglas even has some photographs to bring you up to date on everyone.

Mitch now looks more at ease.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

(With quiet enthusiasm)

May I introduce you to the doctors who brought you back to life?

MITCH O'TOOLE

What year...is this again?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

It's Twenty Fifteen, Sir.

Mitch looks at Doctor Inkster while he develops a slight smirk.

MITCH O'TOOLE

It looks like... the Martians  
figured out... how to land here!

DOCTOR INKSTER

Were you referring to me, Sir?

Laughter fills the room.

GABRIEL

Allow me, please. Mr. O'Toole.

(Beat)

This is Doctor Nathan  
Inkster. Doctor Inkster came here  
all the way from Toronto, Canada to  
work with our own Doctor Makazuki  
from here in New York.

As Inkster and Makazuki smile and nod at Mitch O'Toole, Doug can't help but chime in with a laugh.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Canada, Mars,...same thing, right?

More laughter from everyone, as Mitch also forms a smile.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Are the Maple Leafs... and the  
NHL... still around?

DOCTOR INKSTER

(Looking impressed)

Yes, Sir. Were you a hockey fan?

MITCH O'TOOLE

You bet!... Loved the Rangers.

Lettinger, who has been unusually quiet while he basks in the joyous wonder of it all, steps towards Mitch.

LETTINGER

Hello, Mr. O'Toole. My name is  
Reginald Lettinger. My father,  
Ronald, founded this cryonics lab  
in Nineteen Sixty Three. He and  
your father, Liam were great  
friends and Lodge members.

(CONTINUED)

Mitch looks at Lettinger, as if in deep thought.

After a brief pause, he forms an expression of confirmation.

MITCH O'TOOLE

I remember your dad!... They were good friends.

Lettinger has a smug expression. He then speaks with great enthusiasm.

LETTINGER

How does it feel to be the first person in the entire World to be brought back to life?

Suddenly, for the first time the gravity of it all seems to be sinking in with Mitch. He initially looks overwhelmed, then angry.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Is this all for real?... Or some kind of queer joke?

Again, Gabriel softly places a hand on Mitch's shoulder with a sincere look of reassurance. Everyone shows a renewed concern about the potential anger effect.

GABRIEL

No, not at all, Mr. O'Toole. This is very much for real. I don't believe that I introduced myself. My name is Louise Gabriel. I am the Research Director here at Dignified Eternal Hope. As I was saying,  
 (Beat, while giving a snide look to Lettinger)  
 I think we should all just slow down a bit. This has been a lot for you to take in so suddenly.

Mitch appears to be soothed by Gabriel's calm, relaxed tone.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

Douglas will be back later to chat with you and show you those pictures we were talking about.

DOUG O'TOOLE

That's right, Dad. You've got a twenty five year old grandson and a nineteen year old granddaughter.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Wow!

GABRIEL

We are eventually hoping for your condition to be restored to where you were fifty years ago, before the shooting.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Really?

Gabriel gives a warm, reassuring smile.

GABRIEL

Yes, Sir. So, for now, Douglas, Mr. Lettinger and myself will leave you with Doctors Inkster and Makazuki for a while. You can tell them how you are feeling, then they will go over the plan with you to put your mind at ease. Are you okay with that, Sir.

Mitch smiles warmly, as he now appears enamored by Gabriel.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Yes, Ma'am.

(Beat)

And by the way, ... good for you!

(Beat)

You've got a great position... for a Coloured gal!

Gabriel shows a warm but awkward smile. The others raise their eyebrows, as they catch her reaction.

GABRIEL

Why thank you, so much, Mr. O'Toole. Thankfully, a lot has changed over the last fifty years.

Mitch smiles sincerely.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Well, Amen to that!

Gabriel, Lettinger and Doug walk slowly towards the door. Doug turns his head, back towards Mitch.

DOUG O'TOOLE

See you later, ... Dad!

END OF SCENE

SUPER: SEPTEMBER - PRESENT YEAR

EXT. DIGNIFIED LABORATORY - DAY

Establish location.

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED BOARDROOM - DAY

So far, seated at the long table are Lettinger, Gabriel, Inkster, Makazuki and Mitch O'Toole.

The 'senior' O'Toole is looking well, sharp and strong. He is comfortably seated upright in a swivel chair, attired in a New York Rangers t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. His skin looks replenished, while his forearms and biceps have regained some muscular definition. He is clean shaven as he sports a recent haircut which is conservative, yet current.

His eyes light up as he sees Doug, Fiona, Aileen and Katie all walk in together. Katie does a poor job of hiding her blatant infatuation with her newly found 'Grandpa'.

Smiles and formalities are exchanged, as Gabriel takes her position at the end of the table.

GABRIEL

(Enthusiastically)

Well, hello everyone! So glad we could all be together to discuss the next steps for young Mr. O'Toole.

(Beat)

As we can all see, he sure is doing remarkably well, far better than anyone could have expected!

Mitch O'Toole looks over at Inkster and Makazuki with smiles and nods of appreciation. They each smile back, proudly.

Lettinger - eyes red and glossy - has a smug look of satisfaction, while trying to appear sober.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

So, if Mr. O'Toole is ready, perhaps he would like to share his thoughts with us, as far as where things go from here.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH O'TOOLE

Well, first of all, the name is Mitch. And I hope everybody is okay with that! Under the circumstances, I think to be addressed as Dad by a fifty one year old man and Grandpa, by a nineteen year old woman is a little queer!

(Beat)

Aileen raises an eyebrow.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

Oh yeah, that's right. I forgot my Cultural Sensitivity Training - that queer has a totally different meaning these days. Sorry, Folks. My point is, that I'm twenty seven years old and I'm starting to feel twenty seven again. So Mitch will suffice, please!

Everyone in the room seems impressed by his spunk.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

As for what I want to do, I want to get back to work and I mean with the Force! Why the Hell not?

Doug looks proud, as he studies everyone's reaction.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

I can learn all the new bells and whistles, I'm sure. I'm a cop, dammit! Christ, It's not like I asked to be shot and stiffed!

There is a brief pause in the room, as everyone looks at Mitch with great awe.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Well, uh...Mitch.

(Beat, as he smiles awkwardly)

I'm way ahead of you! I already did some checking around with the Brass, and no-one can think of any reason as to why not. The Union is already chomping at the bit to back you up, just in case.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOUG O'TOOLE (cont'd)  
But it really doesn't look like  
that'll even be necessary, as  
there's been no set precedent.

Mitch looks thoroughly impressed, as he watches Doug in  
action.

DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
If anything, everyone I talked to  
truly welcomed the idea. Of  
course, it will mean extended  
retraining. But, the way it seems  
that you've amazed us all here,

A quick look at Gabriel, who's nodding with a smile.

DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
...You'll be back on the beat in no  
time!

Aileen, now 50, watches very intently, as if only now, it  
really sinks in that the father whom she never knew is really  
back.

DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
Oh, and by the way, uh  
Mitch. You're already being  
nicknamed the Copsicle!

Everyone laughs, especially Mitch.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
That's really funny,  
actually. Thanks Doug, I  
appreciate all of your legwork.

Doug smiles with a nod.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
And by the way, everybody; I hope  
nothing was taken the wrong way,  
when I said I never asked to be  
shot and stiffed. Not a minute  
goes by that I don't feel truly  
blessed to be given another chance,  
to be back with family. It sure is  
strange, but thank you, so much,  
everybody for the for all your hard  
work and sacrifice.

(CONTINUED)

LETTINGER

You're most welcome, Sir. So glad to have you as the first success in our field.

AILEEN

I hear that you got out for some air this morning.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Sure did! It still smells like Jersey out there!

More laughter.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

You know, I gotta say, this whole process has been tremendously interesting! Those videos as you call them; they're fascinating! All those female cops, a coloured - oops, sorry - I mean Black president? Wow! And those itty-bitty cars these days? Built all over the world? It sure is great to be back!

Lettinger is totally thrilled by Mitch's excitement.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

Where are the ashtrays? Can I bum a smoke off somebody?

Massive, Surprised laughter. Katie is awestruck, as she twirls her hair with her fingers.

GABRIEL

Sorry, Mitch. I'm afraid smoking hasn't been allowed indoors for at least twenty years. With the research that's been done since you last smoked, I can only pray that you don't start again.

Mitch forces a polite smile, but now seems annoyed.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Any more issues on the agenda, Ma'am.

Before she has a chance to answer, Mitch cuts in with another question.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

I'm sorry, but I gotta ask. What's with this Miz thing, these days? Is there no more Miss or Missus?

Aileen quickly cuts in, very eager to answer.

AILEEN

Well, these days, a lot of women don't want to be identified or defined by their marital status. Many of us feel that it's a trivial issue and prefer to be addressed by Miz, as it's more neutral.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Works for me, if that's what's preferred.

(Beat)

I'm sorry Miz Gabriel, I didn't give you a chance to answer my question. Any more issues on the agenda?

GABRIEL

(Smiling)

Only the issue of getting you back out in the real world again!

Gabriel now looks at Doug, Fiona and Aileen.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

Now as Mitch is aware, the plan is for him to leave today and stay with Doug and family.

Katie now sits up a little straighter.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

We will be continuing with the physical rehabilitation and culture sensitivity here for three days a week. As for how long, that will hinge on how the NYPD plans to proceed with their training.

Dr. Makazuki observes Mitch, as if to gauge how he reacts to the plans.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL (CONTD)

Now, we've brought Mitch up to speed on the media circus going on around here.

LETTINGER

Even with all the precautions we've taken as far as a discreet undercover police escort between here and Doug's home in Queens, I'm thinking that we'll probably have to do a press conference in the morning.

Gabriel has a cautious expression as if she wonders whether anyone else notices that Lettinger's had a few.

GABRIEL

I wouldn't be surprised.

She then looks at Doug.

GABRIEL (CONTD)

If that's the case, Douglas, I'll call you first thing in the morning, as we would probably do it around Eleven O'clock.

CUT TO:

EXT: DIGNIFIED REAR PRIVATE PARKING AREA - DAY

There is a small procession line of five non-descript vehicles. Three undercover police officers - two MALE and one FEMALE - stand and face one another while they talk together. They each wear ear devices for two-way communication.

The female cop looks at her watch and the back door impatiently.

FEMALE COP

It's Four-Fifteen, what the Hell's keeping them?

(Beat)

We were supposed to be out of here by Four.

MALE COP 1

Yeah, traffic's going to be even more of a bitch from here to Queens, now.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE COP  
(Pushing earpiece button)  
How's everything looking from your  
position, Seventeen-Twenty One?

The lead vehicle is occupied by an undercover male officer, 50s, who eyes several points in the vicinity. He pushes his earpiece.

OFFICER 1721  
Clear from this position,  
Thirty-Seventy.

FEMALE COP  
Roger that, Seventeen-Twenty  
One. Thank you.

The three officers resume their conversation.

MALE COP 2  
Can you imagine what it must be  
like to disappear for fifty years,  
only to come back at the same age?

MALE COP 1  
It's gotta be cool! I wonder if he  
knows that his really old wife is  
in Bellevue?

MALE COP 2  
Or, that his fifty year old  
daughter is a lesbian?

FEMALE COP  
Aw, come on, are you guys  
serious? How do you two know all  
this stuff?

Male Cop 1 smiles at Male Cop 2, while he nods and points to the Female Cop.

MALE COP 1  
Looks like she's gotta hang at  
Flanny's more often!

CUT TO:

INT. DIGNIFIED LABORATORY REAR EXIT HALLWAY -DAY

As he approaches the exit door, Mitch O'Toole walks with great strength and ease. Doug and Aileen are on each side of him, arm and arm. Immediately behind them are Fiona and Katie, as Gabriel follows. Lettinger is at the back of the pack.

Everyone is clearly elated and emotional, none more than Lettinger. His eyes are the most watery, as he discreetly pulls a flask out from the inside pocket of his suit jacket. Just before the exit door is opened by Mitch, Doug and Aileen; he takes a swift, satisfying belt.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIGNIFIED REAR EXIT DOOR - DAY

As Mitch and everyone slowly exit the building, the three undercover officers quickly get into the second, third and fourth vehicles to start their engines. Final handshakes, hugs and goodbyes are exchanged between the female O'Toole's and Gabriel and Lettinger.

Mitch and Doug walk towards Doug's SUV, which is the fifth vehicle in line. Mitch gives the vehicle a visual inspection, while he nods his approval.

CUT TO:

E/I. DOUG O'TOOLE'S SUV - DAY

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Nice vehicle, Douglas!

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Thank you, Sir! Why don't you ride  
up front with me?

They walk together around to the front passenger door. Mitch watches with wide-eyed amazement, as Doug unlocks all doors with a remote control, then opens the door for Mitch.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
(Enthusiastically)  
Well, you can twist my rubber arm  
any time!

Feeling the comfort of the seat while he observes the dash and instrument panel, Mitch looks as excited as a kid in a rocket ship!

(CONTINUED)

As Doug walks around to his side, the three women have arrived. He opens the back door for them, as they all slide in.

With suitable background music, there is a montage of overlapping views - from inside the vehicle of Mitch's expressions as he observes the current landscapes - to exterior aerial views of the procession from Mid-town Manhattan to Doug's cozy home in Queens.

Maintaining the aerial view along the way, Doug throws a wrench into the procession protocol, as he stops his SUV in front of a convenience store. He quickly runs in and out of the store, gets back in the vehicle and continues directly to the family home nearby and parks in the driveway.

As everyone gets out of the vehicle, Mitch stays at the foot of the driveway by himself. He pulls out and opens a pack of cigarettes.

END OF SCENE.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME, QUEENS - DAY

POV CURBSIDE

Establish location.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch O'Toole sits alone at the kitchen table, as he reads the morning paper with a mug of coffee that's half full. On the cover of the tabloid style publication is a large photo from an aerial perspective, of Mitch O'Toole smoking a cigarette at the foot of the driveway the night before.

In large print, the caption reads: SMOKING COPSICLE ALIVE AND WELL!!

Doug enters the kitchen, already attired in a dark gray suit.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Good morning, Pop!

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Don't you Pop me, or I'll pop you  
one right in the kisser! Don't  
make me put you over my knee now!

(CONTINUED)

They both enjoy laughs, as Doug pours himself a cup of coffee while he tops up Mitch's.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Oh, yeah? You and what army?

(Beat for more laughter)

Did you figure out how to use the coffee maker?

As Mitch answers, Doug returns the coffeepot to the brewer on the counter and takes a seat opposite Mitch.

Both men are seated at each end of the kitchen table, as they naturally seem to sit with the same position. They each sit back in their chairs with their backs to the wall under the window, as they face towards the kitchen, one one leg crossed with the right ankle resting on top of the left knee.

MITCH O'TOOLE

No, I got up when I heard Fiona in the kitchen. She made it for me. It's damn good coffee!

DOUG O'TOOLE

You mean you were up at Five-Thirty?

MITCH O'TOOLE

You don't think I had enough sleep over the last fifty years?

(Beat)

Besides, did you see the front page of the paper?

He holds the paper out for Doug to see, but Doug just smirks.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Yeah, I know. I already got a call from Louise Gabriel at the lab. We have a press conference to attend at Eleven O'clock this morning.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Why, because I smoke?

DOUG O'TOOLE

No, the smoking thing is just an aside. The lab was trying to keep the whole experiment a secret just to give everyone some space.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOUG O'TOOLE (cont'd)  
The fact that it worked and that  
you were brought back to life is  
huge!

MITCH O'TOOLE  
I get that.

Mitch points to the front page of the paper.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
How the Hell did they get a picture  
like that? From a helicopter?

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Probably from a drone. Don't sweat  
it, I'll explain that to you  
another time.

Doug pauses to get a good look at Mitch

DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
How do you feel about going on TV  
and being seen by millions of  
people around the world?

Mitch raises and eyebrow.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
The world?

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Yeah, the world. I'm tellin' 'ya,  
the world is a pretty small place  
these days.

As we've been saying, you really  
are the first person ever,  
anywhere, to be brought back to  
life after being frozen.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Gotta admit, it sure is  
fascinating!

DOUG O'TOOLE  
You're probably going to be offered  
a lot of money, maybe even millions  
to tell your story through  
interviews with TV networks,  
newspapers and magazines.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH O'TOOLE

How do I tell them all to go to  
Hell and piss up a rope?

(Beat)

Money like that just changes people  
and they're never the same. They  
just get fat and die!

Doug looks at Mitch with subdued pride and admiration.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Can't argue with that. This  
morning's press conference will  
give you a perfect opportunity to  
tell everyone that you just want  
privacy while you get back into the  
swing of things.

(Beat)

That's no guarantee that it'll  
work. But, you'll have made your  
position clear. If they still bug  
you after that, then you can tell  
them all to piss up a rope!

MITCH O'TOOLE

Well, about that press  
conference. I appreciate all the  
clothes you folks have given me,  
but I don't think I have a suit.

Doug waves him off and scoffs.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Ah, don't worry about a suit. Wear  
the Rangers shirt you have on  
now. I'll give you a Yankees cap  
to go with it. Everybody'll love  
'ya! The jeans you're wearing will  
be fine, too.

MITCH O'TOOLE

A Rangers Shirt with a Yankees  
cap? Jeans? Boy oh boy, things  
have sure gotten casual. I  
couldn't believe the picture I saw  
of the President in the paper this  
morning. At a public function with  
a short sleeve shirt and no tie!

(Beat)

Definitely casual! But I guess  
that's not a bad thing.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG O'TOOLE

So tell me, I'm dying to know what you're thinking about what you've seen so far. Technology, advancements in racial, social and gender equality? A lot has changed over the last fifty years, I'm sure.

MITCH O'TOOLE

I think those changes are great! I really liked that Louise Gabriel woman at that lab! She's sharp and looks to me like someone deserving of the good position she has.

Doug watches him with keen interest.

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

There were very few black people who were in positions like that back in Sixty-Five, but a lot who deserved to be.

(Beat)

I remember Jackie Robinson breaking the colour barrier. There was a guy who was a Hell of a ball player. They sure gave him a rough time on the field, but I loved watching him endure and come out ahead.

DOUG O'TOOLE

So, you actually saw Jackie Robinson play? Cool!

MITCH O'TOOLE

Sure did. I was just a kid when your Grandpa took me to the old Ebbet's Field in Brooklyn to see him play for the Dodgers. I was only nine years old when he started in the Majors, but it sure was big news. There were a lot of great players in the old Negro Leagues.

It never should have been such a big deal in the first place.

DOUG O'TOOLE

(Smiling reflectively)

This conversation makes me think of Henry Duggan.

(CONTINUED)

Mitch's eyes light up with a look of great fondness.

DOUG O'TOOLE (CONTD)

Do you remember him?

MITCH O'TOOLE

I sure as Hell do! Is Hank still around?

DOUG O'TOOLE

To be honest, I have no idea now. But he was one of my field trainers at the Academy.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Is that right? Hank and I were partners for about three years.

DOUG O'TOOLE

Yup, that's what he told me. He said you were also a great friend to Blacks who got bum raps from other cops - that you would tip a guy off if you knew he was clean.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Yes, I certainly did. I sure hope it's gotten better, but there were some real bigoted Sons of Bitches in those days. Most cops were pretty good, but I knew guys who were motivated by hate, and hate, alone!

DOUG O'TOOLE

Yeah, there were still some of them around when I was cutting my teeth. Unfortunately, there still are a few. Just when you think that those days are gone, one of the bad apples brings us all the way back to Alabama!

Mitch looks at Doug as if impressed by his analogy. They both pause for a quick moment of contemplation.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Sadly, some things take way too long to change. If, of course, they change at all.

Doug sits up a little straighter and turns in his chair to face Mitch directly.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG O'TOOLE

You know, growing up - and for that matter - even when I got on the job, all I ever heard was that you were one tough, hard nosed, Son of a Bitch.

MITCH O'TOOLE

That's just the Irish in me. I'll bet that you've got it, too. I can sure see the O'Toole fire in your eyes.

Doug, momentarily is speechless with pride, but soon recovers.

DOUG O'TOOLE

It sure made me proud to hear that you were also extremely fair and that you always did the right thing at all costs.

MITCH O'TOOLE

I tried. I think your Grandpa was a huge influence, the way he told me that there is always a reason for everything. It helps you put things in perspective.

(Beat)

You were telling me that you were fourteen when he died. Did you ever get a chance to pick his brain?

DOUG O'TOOLE

I sure tried, I'll tell 'ya! I knew he was a great leader in the field of Human Behavior. I know I felt way closer to him than I did any of Mom's partners, but he was way beyond my comprehension with that stuff.

MITCH O'TOOLE

Yeah, that was probably his biggest downfall. He was way beyond everybody's scope. He was such a genius, that even his greatest detractors said he was too far ahead of his time.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG O'TOOLE  
 Well that's what I find so  
 interesting, is that time has  
 proven he was right about  
 everything - psychology,  
 homosexuality, race relations - you  
 name it.

At that moment, the doorbell rings. Katie is heard as she runs down the stairs.

KATIE  
 (O.S.)  
 That's for me, I've got it!

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

Katie approaches the door, dressed in short shorts and a tank top. She opens the door as MEAGAN (20) enters. Meagan, also attired like Katie, is SMOKING HOT!

KATIE (CONTD)  
 (To Meagan)  
 He's in the kitchen with my Dad.

Katie and Meagan giggle like twelve year olds, as they approach the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Doug and Mitch are still at the table, as the girls enter the kitchen. Mitch looks spellbound, as he appears to be most impressed by Katie's friend.

KATIE (CONTD)  
 Grandpa, I'd like you to meet my  
 friend, Meagan. Meagan, this is my  
 Grandpa, Mitch.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
 (Looking at Katie, while  
 smiling)  
 Good memory, but short? I said  
 none of this Grandpa nonsense!

Now shifting his gaze to Meagan, Mitch rises from his chair and flashes a confident, debonair smile. They shake hands as they eye each other approvingly.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)  
Hi, Meagan. Nice to meet you!

MEAGAN  
Trust me, Sir. The pleasure is mine!

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Oh, please don't call me Sir. That was Katie's Great Grandpa's name!

They all laugh, as Katie approaches Doug.

KATIE  
(To Doug)  
Dad, do you remember me telling you that Meagan and I have to go to the college for textbooks?

DOUG O'TOOLE  
(Smiling sarcastically)  
Yeah, yeah, how much?

Doug stands to reach into his pocket.

KATIE  
The Criminology Fundamentals book is ninety dollars.

Doug peels off five twenty's.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
Here's a hundred bucks. Keep the change and buy you and Meagan some coffee.

Katie smiles and kisses her dad on the cheek, as Mitch and Meagan still gaze at each other.

KATIE  
Thanks, Dad. Come on, Meagan, let's go. Bye Gr..., oops, sorry, Mitch.

Katie giggles at the awkwardness, as the girls walk out of the kitchen.

MEAGAN  
Bye, Mister O'Toole, and nice meeting you, Mitch!

(CONTINUED)

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Likewise, Meagan!

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

Again, the girls quietly giggle like teenyboppers, as they each step into their sandals.

MEAGAN  
(Excitedly whispering)  
You're right! He's delicious!

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

Mitch watches Meagan from the kitchen window, as the two girls walk out the front door towards a car in the driveway.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
(Laughing)  
Down, Boy! We have a press  
conference to attend.

Mitch, himself, looks like a boy with his hand in the cookie jar.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
Hey, let's get real, here! Even  
though I've thawed out after a  
fifty year deep freeze, you don't  
think that maybe I might have a  
couple of body parts that aren't  
still a little blue?

Doug has a look of surprised embarrassment, as they both share a hearty laugh.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
We gotta get going. I'm ready when  
you are.

MITCH O'TOOLE  
I'll be ready in a couple.

DOUG O'TOOLE  
I'm just going to get you that  
Yankees hat.

Mitch pauses, while he looks at Doug fondly.

(CONTINUED)

MITCH O'TOOLE (CONTD)

It sure is great to be with you,  
Douglas!

Doug tries to maintain composure, but emotion prevails as his shoulders drop and he breaks into a soft, watery eyed smile.

DOUG O'TOOLE

(Softly)

I couldn't agree more!

MITCH O'TOOLE

I'm proud of you, Sir!

They share one armed hugs as they exit the kitchen.

END OF PILOT

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