

A Lost Time

By

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"A LOST TIME"

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

TAYLOR (early 20s) gazes forward, eyes puffy, face stained with tears. Her unkempt, black hair is pulled back, her caramel cheeks flushed.

Around her neck is a diamond accent cross necklace that she wears faithfully.

SEVERAL POLICE are scattered about.

TWO PARAMEDICS enter from a corridor pushing an occupied stretcher with a sheet covering said occupant.

Two detectives face her: TRUMAN and WORTH. Strapped to their hip are a holster and badge.

Truman (mid 40s), a stern woman with her hair tied back not a strand out of place, writes on a notepad.

A decade younger Worth follows the lead of his partner.

Truman, though we hear no dialogue, says:

TRUMAN

Taylor? Taylor?

TAYLOR

Y-Yes?

TRUMAN

I know this is tough, but I need you to tell me what happened.

TAYLOR

I had just come home. I had an exam, and my dad called.

TRUMAN

What time was that?

TAYLOR

Uh-um nine.

TRUMAN

That's pretty late for an exam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR

We have to schedule them at one of the campus computer labs.

TRUMAN

Right. What happened when you called him? How did he sound?

TAYLOR

He sounded—he sounded like usual.

FLASHBACK-EXT. STREET/CAMPUS-NIGHT

Reddish orange foliage tumbles to the terrain. A vehicle tours around a curve before its silhouette vanishes.

FEW STUDENTS saunter on campus under the faint streetlights.

Taylor scurries across the street toward a brick building wearing a duffel coat, her book bag clutched over her shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING/CAMPUS-NIGHT

Taylor strides down the dim-lit halls.

On each side of the hall are cinder blocks with message boards full of campus organization advertisements.

STUDENTS come and go from the computer lab as Taylor reaches the entrance of it. She takes out her phone, steps out of the way, and answers it.

TAYLOR

(in phone)  
Hi, Dad.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

(on phone)  
Taylor. Are you still on campus?

WASHINGTON's voice emerges as a faint murmur. He's been drinking.

TAYLOR

(in phone)  
Yeah. I'm about to take an exam then head to the library.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Hm...

TAYLOR  
Dad, are you there?

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Hm. What class is it for again?

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Biochemistry.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Did you study?

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Anymore, and I'd probably discover the  
cure for cancer.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
That's my girl. I know you'll do well.  
You've always loved science ever since  
you were little. You'd follow me  
around all over the lab, imitating me.  
Now you're all grown up. I didn't do  
so bad, right?

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Of course not. Listen, I'm coming home  
tonight.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
What? No. Stay on campus tonight.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
But-

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
Stay on campus.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Okay. Okay. Hey, Dad?

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Yeah?

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
I'm sorry about all those things I  
said. I didn't mean any of it.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
I know. Good luck on your exam. Even  
if you fail, if you tried your best,  
then that's good enough. I'm proud of  
you, Taylor.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Thank you...

Taylor stills as if time itself has stopped even as students  
pass her by.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

The only light that illuminates the room is the moonlight  
filtering through the drapes.

We hear keys jiggling and the clicking of a door.

Taylor enters, closes the door behind her, and takes off her  
coat, laying it and her book bag on the couch.

TAYLOR  
(calling out)  
Dad?

She climbs the stairs.

INT. HALL/WASHINGTON HOME-CONTINUOUS

We hear the sound of Taylor's low-heeled boots against the  
hickory hardwood floor as she passes rooms. If someone is  
home, it's a little too quiet.

At the end of the hall is an open door where a glint of light  
protrudes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR  
Dad? Are you up here?

She looks inside the room before backtracking downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-CONTINUOUS

Taylor climbs down the stairs and heads toward the corridor that the paramedics came from.

INT. CORRIDOR/WASHINGTON HOME-CONTINUOUS

Our protagonist walks the eerily dim corridor passing a wall draped with framed pictures of her from various ages that are shaped as a cross.

The photo at the peak is a TEEN TAYLOR dressed in a harvest gold cap and gown, holding her diploma high.

With an arm around her shoulder beaming like a proud father is WASHINGTON (late 50s) dressed in a two button charcoal suit.

At the end of the corridor is an ajar door where a hint of light protrudes from the room.

TAYLOR  
Dad?

As Taylor opens the door, it creaks.

INT. OFFICE/WASHINGTON HOME-CONTINUOUS

On one side of the office is a built-in bookcase filled with science publications.

In the back is a executive style office desk. On it: a laptop, an empty glass with a speck of dark liquid in it, and a nearly vacant bottle of dark liquor.

But it is the sight behind the desk that causes Taylor's legs to nearly give out.

TAYLOR  
D-Dad?

We only see an arm hanging over the chair and a gun clutched in its hand.

Taylor shields her mouth from the shrieking that tries to escape only to have muffled cries come out; ultimately her

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

emotions overpower her.

PRESENT-INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Truman stops writing.

TRUMAN

Taylor?

TAYLOR

Yes?

TRUMAN

What was your father's line of work?

TAYLOR

Biochemist.

TRUMAN

'Biochemist'? William Washington of  
Omega Chem Laboratories?

Taylor nods, yes.

Truman and Worth exchange glances.

WORTH

Who?

TRUMAN

He was the lead scientist on the Omega  
Project, right? It was just in the  
news. They claim he discovered a way  
for animal organs to be compatible  
with humans for a longer period of  
time.

A FORENSIC SCIENTIST enters from the corridor, carrying the  
gun inside a zipper storage bag and exits the home.

TRUMAN

Taylor, is there someone you can stay  
with? I don't think you should stay  
here tonight. It's the weekend. Maybe  
you can stay with a family member for  
a few nights.

She nods, yes, though she really isn't listening.

Truman takes out a business card from her pocket, handing it  
to Taylor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TRUMAN

If you need anything, don't hesitate to reach out, okay? And don't stay here tonight.

With a nod Truman and Worth exit.

Taylor stands stagnant, in a daze surrounded by the buzz of the foot traffic that is imperceptible to her as if her entire being has been swallowed by a void.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

Taylor lies in bed, watching the golden leaves of a lone tree waltz to the flow of the wind. That's until she hears the doorbell.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

In her disheveled pajamas with her untidy hair to match,

Taylor descends the stairs, annoyed at the persistent knocking at her front door. She looks out the peephole.

TAYLOR

Who is it?

BRANDON (O.S.)

Hi-uh-it's Brandon! Brandon Thompson. I'm looking for Taylor.

TAYLOR

What do you need?

BRANDON (O.S.)

Um-Is this Taylor?

TAYLOR

Maybe.

BRANDON (O.S.)

I'm in your Organic Chemistry class! I-I have lecture notes from this week and believe you can find use in them.

She opens it to find...

...BRANDON, a slender man (early 20s). He's wearing full-rim glasses, khakis, and an overcoat. Over his shoulder is a book bag.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR

Brandon? How did you know where I live?

BRANDON

We were lab partners in Biology one ten freshman year and had to exchange contact information. There were four of us so I can see how you don't remember.

TAYLOR

Oh. Right. Sorry.

BRANDON

Um-these are the notes.

Brandon haphazardly digs into his bag, taking out a notebook and handing it to Taylor.

TAYLOR

Thank you. When do you need this back?

BRANDON

It's yours-I made copies for myself. It also has the lab notes. We have a quiz next week-lab quiz, that is.

TAYLOR

Okay. Well...thank you very much. Um- Would you like to come in? Maybe for hot chocolate to warm you up?

BRANDON

That would be great!

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

CUT TO:

Taylor and Brandon sit on the sofa, sipping on a mug of hot chocolate. She skims through the notes while he glances at her several times doing the same.

TAYLOR

Besides substitution and elimination reactions, what else do we need to know?

BRANDON

Last week we did acid base reactions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
You definitely want to study that. Do you have those notes?

TAYLOR  
Maybe.

BRANDON  
Just in case, I rewrote those too.

TAYLOR  
Thanks.

BRANDON  
It was no problem...  
(hesitantly)  
I'm sorry about your father. It-It was on the news.

TAYLOR  
...Thank you.

BRANDON  
He was an exceptional scientist. We studied him in one of my biotechnology classes. I wrote a paper on him.

TAYLOR  
Hm.

BRANDON  
He revolutionized xenotransplantation. He's saving countless lives. The mere fact that he was able to do something that has been the topic of discussion for decades is astounding.

TAYLOR  
Hm... Yeah..

BRANDON  
I'm sorry! Sorry. I studied him for my paper and-

TAYLOR  
So you said.

She takes a sip of her hot beverage as Brandon's face turns hot from the embarrassment of opening his big mouth.

INT. LAB CLASSROOM/CAMPUS-DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Student workbenches are in rows facing the front of the classroom. Embedded beneath the tables are drawers that are secured with combination padlocks.

A CROWD OF STUDENTS enter heading to their station taking out their lab manuals.

A PROFESSOR enters, heading to the instructor desk while carrying a lab manual and notebook.

PROFESSOR  
(to class)  
Turn to page seventy-eight and read  
the intro to the lab we're doing  
today.

At the front of class is Brandon, studiously reading his lab manual finished before people could re-zip their bag.

LATER

Taylor enters fully aware all attention has fallen on her. All conversation comes to a halt. She walks to her station, cognizant of the pair of eyes on her.

Brandon notices the silence and looks up finding Taylor, who now has to ignore the murmurs that are on her behalf as she sits.

The professor looks up from the desk finding the so-called distraction.

PROFESSOR  
(to class)  
If you're all talking, I can assume  
you're done reading about the lab?

The class springs back into their lab manuals.

PROFESSOR  
Before we begin, I want to remind you  
that you need a research topic today  
for your oral presentations. I said  
you could choose any topic. Now today,  
I want you to choose your partner  
before we begin the lab so take five  
minutes and discuss the topics you had  
in mind. Five minutes.

Students stand and stride to their pre-chosen partners.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

Taylor takes out her manual from her bag and skims it.

Brandon approaches Taylor, notebook in hand.

BRANDON  
Good morning.

TAYLOR  
Mornin'.

BRANDON  
I thought maybe we could be partners.  
Unless you already have a partner.

TAYLOR  
I don't.

BRANDON  
Great!

Brandon sits beside her, opening his notebook.

BRANDON  
Is there a topic you have in mind?

TAYLOR  
To be honest, I didn't give it much  
thought.

BRANDON  
That's all right. I have a list that  
we could choose from. Tell me what  
peaks your interest.

TAYLOR  
Lets hear this list then.

BRANDON  
Okay! I have fossil fuels,  
evolutionism and creationism,  
Darwinism, cancer and angiogenesis  
inhibitors, nanotechnology and  
medicine, nanotechnology and DNA. Does  
any of this interest you?

TAYLOR  
Not in the slightest.

BRANDON  
L-Lets see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

Brandon looks through his notes, turns the page, and hastily turns it back after seeing what's on the other side.

TAYLOR

What was on that page?

BRANDON

Nothing you'd be interested in.

TAYLOR

I guess you're right seeing as how I don't know what it is.

BRANDON

Okay. Infectious diseases...Organ failure...Xenotransplantation.

TAYLOR

'Xenotransplantation'? Why not do that one?

BRANDON

...We can...

TAYLOR

Yeah. I'm sure I can find a lot of material on it.

BRANDON

Really? Good! We have a lot to prepare for so for now-

While Brandon ardently talks about the project, Taylor's gaze is on him, though she has detached herself from the conversation. We hear nothing.

EXT. FRONT YARD/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

The Washington residence is a two-story, chestnut brick home with beautiful, sepia shingles and Craftsman accents.

Taylor ambles toward it only to discover several news vehicles occupying her driveway, and in her yard, hungry NEWS REPORTERS.

The reporters spot her, eyes gleaming like a predator spotting its prey, and the stampede begins.

REPORTERS

Taylor! Taylor! Ms. Washington!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Microphones are thrown her way.

FEMALE REPORTER

Taylor, why did Mr. Washington commit suicide after making such a breakthrough in science?

TAYLOR

What?

MALE REPORTER

Ms. Washington, why isn't Omega Chem releasing the details of his research?

TAYLOR

I-I don't know. I-

A car parks across the street, and Truman and Worth jump out.

Question after question is launched at Taylor.

FEMALE REPORTER

Taylor, is it true that you're not Mr. Washington's biological child?

What?

The detectives approach her from behind.

TRUMAN

That's enough. Make way.

The detectives guide her to the residence as the swarm besieges Taylor with questions relentlessly.

WORTH

Step aside!

The trio flees inside the residence, leaving the reporters scavenging for answers.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

Taylor sits across from the detectives with yearning eyes.

TAYLOR

Why would they ask me if I was his biological child?

TRUMAN

The media's been looking into his  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TRUMAN (CONT'D)  
death. People want to know how something like this could happen. That means looking into his professional and his private life...

TAYLOR  
But why would they ask if I was his biological child?

TRUMAN  
(hesitantly)  
There's a record of an adoption.

TAYLOR  
What? What does that mean?

TRUMAN  
Did you not know?

TAYLOR  
No!

TRUMAN  
I'm so sorry. We tried to get here as fast as we could.

WORTH  
They were quick.

TAYLOR  
Why wouldn't he tell me?

TRUMAN  
I can't answer that.

TAYLOR  
I don't understand why he wouldn't tell me!

Truman and Worth exchange sympathetic glances.

TAYLOR  
And-And what did they mean his research isn't being released to the public?

TRUMAN  
For now Omega has declined to release any details on your father's journals. Listen. Those reporters are going to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

start camping on your front lawn so be careful. You don't have to talk to them. If you need anything, don't hesitate to call me. Just go on with your day like you've been doing.

TAYLOR

O-Okay.

With one last nod, the detectives head to the front door.

Truman opens it, and microphones accompanied by clamored questions are hurled at them as they leave.

WORTH

All right-stand back!

Taylor stands up, strides to the front door, and locks it as she crumbles to the ground, shielding her ears from the shouting of her name from behind the door.

FLASHBACK-EXT. SWING SET/PARK-DAY

On the swing is a beaming FOUR YEAR OLD TAYLOR being pushed by a pair of arms that belong to Washington.

Taylor is wearing a rosy pink pea coat that matches her chubby cheeks.

BABY TAYLOR

Daddy! Higher!

WASHINGTON

Any higher, and you'll go flying.

BABY TAYLOR

I want to fly! That would be fun!

WASHINGTON

So you want to be a bird?

BABY TAYLOR

Yeah! I want to be a bird!

Taylor spreads her arms out, closes her eyes, and leans her head back grinning.

WASHINGTON

A bird? Why a bird?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

BABY TAYLOR

So where ever you go, I can go too!

WASHINGTON

That would be nice. From now on,  
whenever I see a bird flying, it'll be  
like you're right there with me.

BABY TAYLOR

Because it is me!

WASHINGTON

Haha. I see.

EXT. SLIDE/PARK-DAY

CUT TO:

Sitting on the park bench is Washington, watching Taylor at  
the top of a slide. This is pure bliss for him.

Little Taylor waves at him as he waves back.

BABY TAYLOR

Daddy! Watch this!

WASHINGTON

I'm watching. Be careful!

She boards the slide and slides down, dusting herself off and  
waving to Washington, who waves back like a proud papa.

PRESENT-INT. OFFICE/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

Taylor stands behind Washington's desk with a bucket of  
water. She takes a deep breath and starts tossing things and  
scrubbing away, accidentally hitting the spacebar.

The screen illuminates, revealing a golden cross behind a  
beige background. In the center is a blank box for the  
password.

EXT. FRONT YARD/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Reporters have set up camp.

A vehicle parks across the residence. Inside is Brandon,  
peeking out the windshield at the crowd astonished at the  
sight.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

On the coffee table are scattered manilla folders.

Taylor sits on the sofa, diving right in from one folder to the next—that is until she hears the reporters stirring outside.

REPORTERS (O.S.)

Are you friends with Ms. Washington?  
What's your relationship? Do you know  
how she's holding up?

There's a knock at the door.

Taylor heads to the door and peeps out the peephole.

She opens it and finds...

...Brandon, furrowing his brows as flickering lights besiege him.

Hauling him inside, Taylor acquaints the reporters with the door.

TAYLOR

What are you doing here?

BRANDON

We were supposed to meet for the lab  
post questions so what are you doing  
here?

TAYLOR

I completely forgot.

BRANDON

I know, which is why I am here.

TAYLOR

Ugh.

Taylor sits down and continues reading over class notes.

BRANDON

What are you reading?

TAYLOR

I found some of my dad's journals. I  
was hoping it was from his research on  
the Omega Project, but they're just  
old notes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

BRANDON  
Maybe he keeps his files on his  
personal computer.

TAYLOR  
I tried that, but I couldn't get past  
the password.

BRANDON  
Why are you looking for his journals  
anyway?

TAYLOR  
I-I don't know.

Even though he doesn't know what she's thinking, Brandon is  
empathetic.

TAYLOR  
When I was four, my dad took me to the  
park for the first time. I remember  
this day because it was one of the  
only times we really spent time  
together. No phone calls from work. No  
interruptions. We were there all day.  
I know this sounds corny, but I was  
happy. After that, he would take me  
all the time, but then that stopped.  
He started to change. He started  
working more and more until he was  
just never home. Finally, his research  
is done and then...Why would he do  
it? It's selfish. He's selfish. Why  
would he do it?

BRANDON  
I-I don't know. Do you think his work  
could tell you something?

TAYLOR  
Yes...

BRANDON  
(hesitantly)  
Maybe I can help.

TAYLOR  
Hm. How?

BRANDON  
...I intern at Omega Chem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

TAYLOR

You do?!

BRANDON

It's only once a week, and I was not a part of the Omega Project. I can't really tell you anything.

TAYLOR

Can you get access to their files?

BRANDON

Possibly. I don't know. I will look into it.

TAYLOR

Yeah! If you can at least try.

BRANDON

Okay.

TAYLOR

How did you manage to get an internship there?

BRANDON

My father. He works there.

TAYLOR

Oh? Lucky lucky.

Taylor returns to the folders, an uneasy expression crossing Brandon's face.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor peeks out the blinds of her window to watch...

...Brandon stride to his car, head down baffled by the reporters who mercilessly hound him with questions.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE/OMEGA-DAY

OMEGA EMPLOYEES come and go like commuters at the train station headed to work.

The entrance is enclosed by silver walls and a charcoal black surface, at the center an effulgent Omega symbol. At each side of the main entrance is a corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Taylor enters, approaching the front desk.

behind the is LAURIE, typing away on a computer.

LAURIE

Hello. Welcome to Omega Chem. How may I help you?

TAYLOR

Hi. I'm here to see Brandon Thompson. He's an intern here.

LAURIE

Brandon Thompson? I don't think-

Laurie types away.

LAURIE

Oh! Right. He must be at lunch right now.

Laurie looks behind Taylor.

Taylor follows Laurie's eyes.

Brandon has entered from one of the corridors dressed in a slim-fit black suit, no glasses today. We barely recognize him.

This makes Taylor take a second look.

BRANDON

Taylor?

TAYLOR

Brandon.

BRANDON

What are you doing here?

TAYLOR

Here to see you.

Brandon nervously, though politely smiles at Laurie pulling Taylor to the side.

BRANDON

(in a hushed tone)  
What is it?

TAYLOR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
(in a hushed tone)  
I came to see if you made any  
progress.

BRANDON  
It's been like a day!

TAYLOR  
What's taking so long?

BRANDON  
It's not like I have access to their  
files. They are stored on a drive that  
a select few have access to. I have to  
find a username and password or at  
least an unlocked computer or hack it.

TAYLOR  
You're kidding.

BRANDON  
I'm not.

TAYLOR  
What about your dad? He works here,  
right? Don't you know his password?

BRANDON  
No. Do you know your dad's password?

TAYLOR  
Fine. Fine. Touché.

BRANDON  
Don't worry. It's something that can  
be done.

TAYLOR  
I bet you haven't even tried yet.

BRANDON  
It's a bit nerve-racking!

DR. RICHARDS (O.S.)  
Brandon, there you are.

DR. RICHARDS strides toward them.

He's dressed in a slim-fit suit with an indigo color tie. As  
he stands next to Brandon, we see a resemblance, though think

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

nothing of it. Maybe it's the eyes.

BRANDON  
Hello, Dr. Richards.

Dr. Richards lifts an eyebrow at Brandon but whatever.

DR. RICHARDS  
Were you able to finish the lit  
search?

BRANDON  
Yes, sir. I emailed them to you just  
before I came down.

DR. RICHARDS  
Excellent. I'll read them before my  
meeting.

Dr. Richards notices Taylor and sympathetically smiles,  
though it seems insincere like he can plaster a smile at any  
given moment.

Taylor barely acknowledges him. Being cordial is a bother.

DR. RICHARDS  
Hi Taylor.

TAYLOR  
Dr. Richards...

DR. RICHARDS  
This is a pleasant surprise. Do you  
and Brandon know each other?

TAYLOR  
Yes. We're taking a class together.

DR. RICHARDS  
Really? How surprising. How are you?

TAYLOR  
Good. Thank you.

DR. RICHARDS  
I am so sorry about your father. He  
was an extraordinary scientist. He  
will be dearly missed.

TAYLOR  
Thank you...He wouldn't by any chance  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 5

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
have left any personal belongings in  
his office, would he?

DR. RICHARDS  
He may have. You are more than welcome  
to look.

TAYLOR  
That would be great.

DR. RICHARDS  
I'll have Laurie assist you.

Dr. Richards strolls to Laurie.

Taylor and Brandon follow behind.

DR. RICHARDS  
Laurie, can you help Taylor here get  
into Dr. Washington's office?

LAURIE  
Yes, sir.

DR. RICHARDS  
Thank you.  
(to Brandon and Taylor)  
I have a meeting to get to. It was a  
pleasure to see you again, Taylor.

TAYLOR  
You too.

Dr. Richards, with a nod, is off.

LAURIE  
Let me get the key for you. Can you  
show Taylor up, Brandon?

BRANDON  
Sure.

INT. ELEVATOR HALL/OMEGA-DAY

Taylor and Brandon enter from the elevators, dodging the  
incoming traffic of EMPLOYEES.

BRANDON  
I don't actually know where his office  
is.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR

I do.

INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE/OMEGA-DAY

CUT TO:

Brandon unlocks the double glass doors entering with Taylor behind him, closing the doors behind them.

TAYLOR

Let's do this.

The office holds a similar feel to the one in Washington's home. On the desk are several journals, a personal laptop, and a picture frame. Behind the desk is a printer.

Before we can blink, Taylor is behind the desk opening drawer after drawer, her eyes falling on the picture.

It is of a beaming TEN YEAR OLD TAYLOR, holding out a cake that reads "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TAYLOR!" and at the center is a lit number ten candle.

Brandon walks behind the desk, peeking at the photo.

TAYLOR

I never understood why he kept this old picture.

Taylor shakes the image from her head, scavenging through the rest of the drawers only to find them empty.

TAYLOR

While we're here, lets see if we can log in on his computer.

BRANDON

You don't think they'll notice that someone logged in under his username?

Taylor moves the mouse.

The screen lights up.

Taylor tries several passwords.

TAYLOR

No use.

BRANDON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Are you just attempting random  
passwords?

Taylor side eyes him.

BRANDON  
Try 'Washington' and his or your  
birthday or something.

TAYLOR  
Nothing.

BRANDON  
Try Omega and his birthday.

Taylor tries another. Nothing. She heaves a sigh, trying one  
last password.

TAYLOR  
I got it!

BRANDON  
What was it?

TAYLOR  
Omega, and my birthday. How did you  
know it would be that?

BRANDON  
Everyone's password starts with  
'Omega' and their birthday.

Taylor glances at Brandon in admiration, though he's  
oblivious.

TAYLOR  
Lets dig in.  
(referring to the drives)  
Which one?

BRANDON  
'William Washington'. Scroll down.  
(beat)  
These are journals. Go to the Omega  
drive.

TAYLOR  
This is a lot.

As they skim through the files, both look up, hearing the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

clicking of heels outside the office.

BRANDON

Someone's coming. Print off what you can.

Taylor moves the mouse, and the printer goes off. File after file starts to print.

Click Clack. Click Clack.

The printer stops.

BRANDON

Taylor.

TAYLOR

Hold on.

BRANDON

We're going to get caught.

Taylor bolts to the printer and takes the files just in the time for...

LAURIE (O.S.)

You done?

Laurie stands at the door with a box of what appears to be books.

LAURIE

Dr. Washington had a few things in his lab so I thought I'd save you the trip.

Taylor, gathering the belongings on the desk as casually as she can, says:

TAYLOR

Thank you. That helps a lot.

LAURIE

Happy to help.

(to Brandon)

Oh, if you're done with the key, I'll take it back.

Taylor puts the belongings, including the files, in the box and takes it from Laurie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

In exchange Brandon hands Laurie the key.

TAYLOR  
I'll be going now.

BRANDON  
Let me help you.

Brandon takes the box from Taylor, both scurrying off.

Laurie looks over the office, steps in the hall, and closes the office door locking it. She walks off.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE/OMEGA-DAY

Taylor and Brandon leave the building, nearly bumping into a COUPLE OF VISITORS and stride toward the parking lot.

BRANDON  
We were nearly caught!

TAYLOR  
'Nearly' is the most important word in that sentence.

BRANDON  
I thought I was going to have a heart attack!

TAYLOR  
Overreacting much? I'll take this now.

Taylor takes the box from Brandon.

BRANDON  
What are you about to do now?

TAYLOR  
Go home and go through what we found.

BRANDON  
Don't you have class?

TAYLOR  
Yeah, but-

BRANDON  
Please don't skip class. I helped you get what you wanted. Attend class.

TAYLOR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Is my education important to you?

BRANDON

Very much.

TAYLOR

Fine. Get back to work.

Taylor turns on her heels and walks off.

FLASHBACK-INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

A ten year old Taylor sits at her little study table that easily fits her tiny, studious self. She reads a Biology textbook, a notebook and pen beside it. She wears the same clothes from the photo in Washington's work office.

She hears a knock at her door, finding...

...Washington leaning against it, hands deep in pocket. He's dressed in business casual attire as if he's just got off work. His heavy eyes fall on the textbook.

WASHINGTON

May I come in?

YOUNG TAYLOR

I'm reading.

WASHINGTON

I see that.

(beat)

I'm sorry for getting home late.

Taylor reads away disregarding his presence like he never stepped into the room.

Washington sighs, crosses the room, and sits on the bed.

WASHINGTON

Are you not going to speak to me?

YOUNG TAYLOR

Nope.

WASHINGTON

I know Ms. Allison took you to the zoo after your lessons, but I have a surprise for you too. It's downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

This peaks Taylor's interest.

YOUNG TAYLOR  
What is it?

WASHINGTON  
Now you want to speak to me?

YOUNG TAYLOR  
Maybe?

WASHINGTON  
Lets go downstairs.

YOUNG TAYLOR  
This better not be a trick.

Taylor stands up, eyeing Washington suspiciously.

Washington stands up, finding her comment amusing.

WASHINGTON  
Now why would I do that?

YOUNG TAYLOR  
Hm. I don't know.

As they leave the room, Washington caresses Taylor's head.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

A beaming Taylor sits at the kitchen table. In front of her is the cake from the photo in Washington's work office.

Washington stands to the side, arms folded looking like a proud papa.

WASHINGTON  
How did I do?

YOUNG TAYLOR  
Okay, I guess.

WASHINGTON  
Just 'okay'?

Washington dims the lights, walks over to a drawer, and takes out a lighter. He walks over to the cake and lights the candle, which illuminates Taylor's grinning face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

WASHINGTON

Now it's time for you to-

The ringing of a phone fills the air from outside the kitchen.

Taylor furrows her brows and gives Washington an "of course" look.

WASHINGTON

Sorry, sweetheart. Two seconds.

Washington exits.

Taylor gazes at the candle with quivering eyes that are full of disappointment.

WASHINGTON (O.S.)

(in a hushed tone)

Washington.

(beat)

Listen, today is Taylor's birthday. I sent you my report.

(beat)

I just need a little more time.

(beat)

Okay. Goodnight, Dr. Richards.

Washington enters looking apologetic.

WASHINGTON

No more phone. I promise.

YOUNG TAYLOR

I didn't say anything.

WASHINGTON

You didn't have to.

YOUNG TAYLOR

You can read me now?

WASHINGTON

No man can read a woman.

YOUNG TAYLOR

That's probably why you can't get one.

WASHINGTON

Okay-blow out the candle, Taylor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

As Taylor prepares to do just that:

WASHINGTON  
Wait! I have to get a picture!

Washington opens a drawer, takes out a camera, and points it at her.

YOUNG TAYLOR  
...Come on, Dad.

WASHINGTON  
You come on.

YOUNG TAYLOR  
Wait! I want to hold the cake up!

WASHINGTON  
Come on.

Washington helps Taylor hold the cake up like in the photo in the office. He takes a step back and points the camera at her once again.

WASHINGTON  
Smile big for me!

Taylor shows off her pearly white teeth.

A flash goes off, and Washington lowers the camera beaming himself.

PRESENT-INT. CLASSROOM LAB/CAMPUS-DAY

Taylor sits at a lab station, gazing at the blank whiteboard at the front of the class, her mind drifting elsewhere.

In front of her are the documents she printed off at Omega and her lab manual. She's dressed in the same clothes she wore to Omega.

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Taylor? Taylor?

Taylor returns to our world, finding...

...Brandon standing across from her dressed casually for campus life.

TAYLOR  
Hey. What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON

I'd like to ask you that. Class is over.

TAYLOR

Yeah.

(referring to documents)

I was looking over this.

Brandon sits across from her ready to dig in.

BRANDON

What did you find?

TAYLOR

Not much. Omega has been experimenting with gene engineering. They've been researching certain genes and proteins of organisms to find a way to prevent organ rejection. Same things we already know.

Brandon takes one of the documents and skims through it.

BRANDON

This is pretty vague, but the research involved studying certain genes of chimpanzees and pigs and extracting them to insert it into the embryo of another organism. Not only did they insert genes into the embryo, they extracted genes from it too!

TAYLOR

It almost sounds like they created an entirely different species.

BRANDON

Technically, no. They selected certain traits to put into different organisms. It's recombinant DNA, combining DNA from multiple sources. This is-this is amazing. They transplanted a pig's heart into a chimpanzee, and it's been two years-no rejection. Not only that, they transplanted a kidney too!

TAYLOR

I know. I read it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

BRANDON

How are you not excited about this?

TAYLOR

For one, it's unethical.

BRANDON

It's science!

TAYLOR

Do you know how many animals were killed during this? The Omega Project started back in the eighties. Can you imagine?

BRANDON

Eighteen people die every day, waiting for an organ transplant. What about them?

TAYLOR

What about animal diseases that can transmit to people?

BRANDON

One step at a time.

TAYLOR

My dad once told me because of science, we'll be able to do almost anything to know anything, but that doesn't mean we should. The Milgram Experiment, the Tuskegee Study. I find it difficult to believe he was a part of something like this.

Both hear voices outside the classroom.

Taylor bends down for her bag, gathers the documents and lab manual, and puts them away.

BRANDON

Are you okay?

TAYLOR

None of this really answers my question.

Brandon gives her a sympathetic look.

The wheels in Taylor's head start to spin, and the bulb

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

lights up.

TAYLOR

Help me get into Omega tonight.

BRANDON

What? Are you crazy? That's breaking and entering!

TAYLOR

You have a key.

BRANDON

That's still-

TAYLOR

I won't ask for anything else! Please!

Brandon can't believe what he's hearing, though it's possible he's more distraught that he's even considering it.

INT. BATHROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-DUSK

Water blasts from the shower head behind the shower curtain then stops. Taylor reaches for a towel, steps out the shower then wraps it around her.

She walks up to the bathroom mirror, wiping away the moist from it.

We see at the center of her chest a deep scar that runs down. She runs a finger along the deep tissue gazing at its reflection.

EXT. PARKING LOT/OMEGA-NIGHT

The lot is vacant except for a lone car, and waiting inside is Brandon, checking the time on his phone.

Headlights rain down on Brandon, and a car parks beside him.

The lights die down, the car turns off, and Taylor hops out dressed in a black cardigan and matching denim jeans.

BRANDON

Why all black?

TAYLOR

Because we're breaking and entering.

BRANDON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Really, Taylor? Really? Is that a  
fact?

INT. DR. RICHARDS'S OFFICE/OMEGA-NIGHT

The door creaks open, the light from the hall pouring in.

BRANDON  
Wait here.

Brandon goes behind the desk, several documents spread out on top and a PICTURE FRAME planted in the corner. He rummages through the drawers glancing at the photo, though we don't see what it is of.

Taylor, leaning against the door, says:

TAYLOR  
Do you need help?

BRANDON  
No! I'll find it.

Brandon opens a drawer, rummages through it, and takes out a lone key on a black, leather keychain.

BRANDON  
Got it.

Brandon exits closing the door behind him.

Beside the door is a metallic plaque, imprinted on it "KEITH RICHARDS", under that "CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER".

INT. CORRIDOR/OMEGA PROJECT HALL/OMEGA-CONTINUOUS

The hall light flickers on once Taylor and Brandon enter from the elevators. They walk to the end of the dismal, empty hall, heels clicking on the flooring as they reach the end and approach a windowless door.

Brandon, as he unlocks the door, says:

BRANDON  
(referring to the key)  
Please remind me to put this back  
before we leave.

INT. LAB/OMEGA PROJECT HALL/OMEGA-CONTINUOUS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

The couple enters, looking over the simple lab with workbenches aligned, microscopes on top ready for use. In the back corner is a lone door.

INT. STORAGE/LAB/OMEGA PROJECT HALL/OMEGA-NIGHT

The door creaks open, echoing in the eerily dim storage room. Wired cages are aligned against walls with cages stacked on cages while heavy-duty metal bar cages are aligned in the back.

Brandon and Taylor enter, a meager bulb overhead igniting giving off what light it can as buzzing emits from it.

Taylor peeks inside one of the cages, finding a lone PIGLET, its sweet face staring right back. She immediately falls in love. In the corner is a bowl of water.

BRANDON

This doesn't look bad. The cages are clean, they have enough space, they have water.

Taylor looks over the heavy-duty cages, coming to a stop and finding a CHIMPANZEE gripping the metal bars.

From some of the other cages, Taylor and Brandon hear faint pant-hoots.

BRANDON

A lot of good can come from this. It will certainly take time, but this is the first step.

Taylor walks to the end of the row and finds that one cage is strangely quiet. She peeks inside, finding a furry critter with its back to her, though it's safe to assume it's a CHIMP.

BRANDON

I think it is important to see that not as many lives will be lost to waiting for an organ transplant. People might have a chance now.

TAYLOR

(to chimp)  
Hey, little guy.

It doesn't move, doesn't stir in the slightest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Taylor taps the bar.

The chimp lifts its head, though doesn't face Taylor. It just sits there with no other kind of movement.

BRANDON

And in a few years, scientists might find a way to protect humans from animal illnesses. People won't have to wait or hope for an organ donor anymore.

TAYLOR

(to chimp)  
Hey, it's okay.

Taylor gets closer to the cage, her face nearing it...

WHEN...

...The chimp plunges into the metal door, thrusting its disfigured hand as Taylor jumps back, her face nearly ripped off.

BRANDON

Taylor!

The cage dangerously rattles, the chimp banging its head against the door over and over again.

The OTHER CHIMPANZEES in the remaining cages become disturbed, pant-hoots permeating throughout the lab.

Taylor can only look up horrified.

One side of the chimp's face droops—an eye hanging from a socket. Strands of blonde hair are scattered on its head.

BRANDON

Wha-

Taylor scrambles to her feet as she hears...

...A metal bar break.

BRANDON

Taylor...

They backtrack, the chimp still thrusting itself against the cage, which tumbles to the ground, a clank echoing. Brandon grabs her hand and makes a dash for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

The chimp maneuvers the cage to its side, a few broken bars underneath it then springs up from it, eyes on the two as it knuckles-scurries toward them.

Just as the two make it past the door slamming it closed behind them, the chimpanzee rams itself against it.

INT. LAB/OMEGA PROJECT HALL/OMEGA-CONTINUOUS

Taylor and Brandon back away from the door, hearing the chimp ram itself over and over from the other side of the door.

INT. CORRIDOR/MAIN ENTRANCE/OMEGA-NIGHT

Brandon bolts toward the main hall, Taylor behind him turning the corner...

WHEN...

DR. RICHARDS (O.S.)

Brandon?

Brandon comes to a halt, face full of surprise.

Taylor steps back frozen in place not wanting the CEO to spot her.

Dr. Richards strolls to Brandon from the opposite corridor.

BRANDON

S-Sir.

DR. RICHARDS

What are you doing here?

BRANDON

I left my phone.

DR. RICHARDS

You too? I left my work phone in one of the conference rooms, but Laurie found it and left it up here.

BRANDON

You do tend to play on it during meetings.

DR. RICHARDS

That is not true. I am checking emails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Dr. Richards walks behind the front desk, takes out a set of keys from his pocket, and unlocks the top drawer. He takes out a cellphone, closes the drawer, and locks it back up.

DR. RICHARDS

Found it. Were you able to find yours?

Brandon takes out his cell from his pocket and holds it up for the CEO to see.

DR. RICHARDS

Good. I parked on the other side of the building. I also managed to forget my flash-drive in my office. If my head wasn't attached to my body. Be careful on your way out, and get home.

BRANDON

Yes, sir.

Dr. Richards heads to the corridor he came from.

Brandon takes a deep breath.

Taylor leans against the wall, her shoulders slumping relieved she wasn't made out.

EXT. PARKING LOT/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor strides to her car with Brandon behind her calling for her. She's upset.

Brandon, grabbing her arm, says:

BRANDON

Will you please stop for a moment?  
Will you say something?

TAYLOR

Say what? What should I say? I don't know what I saw! So what should I say?

BRANDON

I don't know.

TAYLOR

Did you know about this?

BRANDON

Of course not!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR

What was that?

BRANDON

I don't know.

TAYLOR

Is that what Omega has been working on?

BRANDON

I don't know.

TAYLOR

I always knew Dr. Richards was a scumbag, but this-there's no way he'll get away with this.

BRANDON

You-You aren't planning to say anything, are you?

At this point she's appalled, though she has nothing more to say. She climbs inside her car and takes off leaving Brandon behind.

INT. BREAK ROOM/POLICE STATION-NIGHT

THREE POLICE OFFICERS are gathered around a television absorbed in a news program.

The CHUBBY OFFICER stuffs his mouth with his lunch while the others eat with some dignity.

On the left side of the TV is a LEAD REPORTER, and on the other side is the GUEST, a middle-aged man in business attire.

LEAD REPORTER(ON TV)

Xenotransplantation isn't anything new. Interest emerged back in the nineteen sixties, correct?

GUEST(ON TV)

Yes. Chimpanzee kidneys have been transplanted into people with kidney failure, and in the nineteen eighties, a baby received a baboon heart.

LEAD REPORTER(ON TV)

So what's different this time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

GUEST(ON TV)

Omega Chem transplanted a pig's heart into a chimpanzee two years ago, and the chimpanzee's body hasn't rejected it. This is phenomenal news for people waiting for a heart transplant. Not only that, but there is a molecule that coats the blood vessels in pigs that causes our immune system to flare up. Omega found the gene that codes for that and inactivated it. They found the next step in making xenotransplantation a permanent solution.

Truman enters carrying change, heading to the vending machine in the corner. She buys a bag of chips.

CHUBBY OFFICER

Hey, Truman. Weren't you on that case with that scientist?

TRUMAN

Yeah, why?

CHUBBY OFFICER

(with a mouth full)

They're talking about him on TV.

LEAD REPORTER(ON TV)

And Dr. William Washington was the lead scientist. He had high hopes for this, correct?

GUEST(ON TV)

Yes, he did.

LEAD REPORTER (ON TV)

Now some of the data has been released to the public, and it seems that many animals have died.

GUEST (ON TV)

Which is expected when dealing with this type of experimentation.

LEAD REPORTER (ON TV)

Many organizations are coming out, condemning Omega for caging and experimenting on animals, especially chimpanzees, which are an endangered

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

LEAD REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
species.

GUEST(ON TV)  
Chimpanzees were meant to be a substitution for humans since our DNA is very similar. Omega doesn't plan to use chimpanzees forever.

CHUBBY OFFICER  
You know, ever since that scientist died, they've been talking about nothing but this.

LEAD REPORTER(ON TV)  
The Omega project was almost suspended indefinitely, correct?

GUEST(ON TV)  
It was. They weren't seeing any progress, and funds were dwindling, but Dr. Washington was hopeful. As he should've been. He was the one that started the Omega Project.

CHUBBY OFFICER  
I don't know if I'd want to be that guy right now. Well, I guess I wouldn't since-you know.

TRUMAN  
God, I hope she's not watching this.

INT. DORM/CAMPUS-NIGHT

Taylor lies on a twin size bed in pajamas, watching the same news program on TV.

The door opens, and a pretty young woman (early 20s) walks in dressed in yoga pants, her disheveled hair tied up, her earbuds in. She is Taylor's ROOMMATE.

ROOMMATE  
Whoa. What are you doing here?

TAYLOR  
It's a bit noisy at my house right now.

Her roommate glances from the TV to her, putting two and two together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

The roommate crosses the room to her own twin size bed as Taylor proceeds to watch the program.

INT. DR. RICHARD'S OFFICE/OMEGA-DAY

Dr. Richards sits behind his desk deep in thought, reading a document.

There's a knock at the door.

Dr. Richards, without looking up, says:

DR. RICHARDS

Come in.

The door opens, and Brandon walks in a folder in hand.

BRANDON

I proofread the slides.

DR. RICHARDS

Thanks. I'll review them before my next meeting. May I have a word before you leave?

BRANDON

Yes.

DR. RICHARDS

Close the door for me.

Brandon, sensing something is wrong, closes the door oblivious to what's about to come.

The usual pleasant smile falls on the CEO's face, though we can tell there's nothing pleasant about it.

DR. RICHARDS

Lets talk.

BRANDON

O-Okay.

DR. RICHARDS

Tell me about your relationship with Taylor.

BRANDON

There is nothing to tell. We're taking the same class.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

DR. RICHARDS  
Only classmates then?

BRANDON  
Yes.

DR. RICHARDS  
But she is a pretty, young lady. You  
must think so?

This catches Brandon off guard.

DR. RICHARDS  
I understand that being around someone  
for so long can cause feelings.

BRANDON  
I'm not sure where this is going.

DR. RICHARDS  
Lets get to it then. You brought

Taylor here last night.

The blood vanishes from Brandon's face; the air in the room  
stiffens like a board.

BRANDON  
Sir-

DR. RICHARDS  
I know after losing her father the way  
she did, she might be lost, and I'm  
sure you want to do whatever you can  
for her. However...

Dr. Richards stands up from his seat, smile vanishing from  
his face as he walks to the front of his desk and sits on the  
edge of it directly in front of Brandon.

DR. RICHARDS  
Sneaking her into Omega was incredibly  
stupid.

BRANDON  
S-Sir-I-uh-I'm sorry. I shouldn't have  
done that. I...

DR. RICHARDS  
No. You shouldn't have.  
(beat)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

DR. RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
Please go print off the delivery  
proposals for my afternoon meeting.

Brandon can't leave the office fast enough.

FLASHBACK-INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

A PRE-TEEN TAYLOR tip-toes down the stairs with her bare feet  
dressed in her flannel pajamas.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor peeks her head into Washington's office.

Sitting behind his desk is the man himself on the phone  
looking like he hasn't left his office in days.

WASHINGTON

I know this could work! If we alter  
the project, we would be able to use  
less resources and funds in the long  
run. You have to give it some thought!

(beat)

Dr. Richards, if you could give me  
some time. I know this would be  
successful.

(beat)

Thank you! You won't regret it.

Washington puts the phone down and opens a drawer, taking out  
a bottle of alcohol and a glass. He pours himself a drink and  
takes a sip.

Taylor watches him pour a second glass.

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Taylor and Washington enter behind SEVERAL CHURCH GOERS  
dressed in their Sunday finest as the church choir sets it  
off on stage showing exactly how a black church gives praise.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

Why are we here?

WASHINGTON

I thought it would be nice to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR  
Why? We never come to church.

WASHINGTON  
It's never too late to start.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR  
You say that, but...and then we had to come to the morning service. You don't think they have afternoon ones?

WASHINGTON  
Sit down, Taylor.

They sit at the end of a row.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR  
How long are we going to be here?

WASHINGTON  
Are you going to keep asking me questions?

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR  
I might have to. You're not answering them.

LEAD CHOIR SINGER, in the microphone, says:

LEAD CHOIR SINGER  
And now for the man who will lead us in our praise to God, Pastor Gabriel!

PASTOR GABRIEL rises from his front row seat dressed in jeans and a suit jacket and approaches the podium, the lead choir singer handing him the microphone.

GABRIEL  
Good morning, everyone. It's nice outside today, huh? Not too hot. Not too cool, right?

The church goes nod in agreement, an amen thrown out from the crowd.

GABRIEL  
Now I'm seeing some new faces here today. I love that as a church, we're open to anyone and everyone. I pride myself in that. Lets see who's new. If you're new here, please stand. Don't  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

be shy.

A HANDFUL OF CHURCH GOERS rise from their seats, including Washington.

WASHINGTON

Taylor, stand up.

Taylor stands up, though petulant.

The minister looks over the church.

GABRIEL

It's nice to have you all here.  
Welcome! If you need any information,  
please stay after, and our volunteers  
can give you some brochures and  
answers any questions. You can take  
your seats now. I promise I won't  
embarrass you anymore. The audience  
chuckles.

Those standing sit back down.

GABRIEL

Today I would like to talk about fate.  
Certain aspects of our life are out of  
our control, right? Such as what  
family we're born into, losing a job.  
Losing a loved one. Sometimes in spite  
of our actions, our fate is already  
preordained. We can't change it.  
However, there are times when we can.  
Man was created with the ability to  
make moral decisions. We were  
instilled with free will. Therefore,  
we can choose where the course of our  
life is headed. We have the ability to  
change our fate. When life hits us and  
it hits us hard and we hit rock  
bottom, we can choose whether or not  
to climb back up. If you have faith,  
you will be able to tell a mountain to  
move, and if you do not doubt, it will  
move.

Washington listens in like a bad memory has shown itself. He then looks down at Taylor, whom isn't afraid of not hiding her boredom.



EXT. CHURCH-DAY

The church goers are leaving the church in high spirits after a riveting sermon that surely touched many. Washington and Taylor are among them, heading to their car.

WASHINGTON

How was it?

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

Boring.

WASHINGTON

I thought it was nice.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

Are we going to do this every Good Sunday? Maybe. I guess I don't mind.

Inside the car:

Washington goes for his keys.

WASHINGTON

Wait. I forgot something.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

What?

He opens the glove compartment and takes out a tasteful jewelry box small enough to house a necklace.

WASHINGTON

Open it.

Taylor opens it and is thrilled to find a necklace—the one she usually wears.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

You planned to come to church for a while, huh?

WASHINGTON

You caught me.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

Put it on please.

She hands him the box.

Washington, as he wraps the necklace around her neck, says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

WASHINGTON

I want you to take in what the pastor said today.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

Which part?

Washington side-eyes Taylor like the pastor didn't just talk about the same thing for over an hour.

WASHINGTON

What he said about fate. No matter what happens, some things we can't control, but some things we can.

PRE-TEEN TAYLOR

(referring to the necklace)  
It's pretty.

Washington, eyes on Taylor, says:

WASHINGTON

It is.

PRESENT-INT. DORM/CAMPUS-DAY

Taylor lies in bed asleep as is the roommate.

A knock at the door awakens the latter. She climbs out of bed, stumbles to the door, and opens it finding Brandon.

ROOMMATE

It's you.

BRANDON

H-Hello. Is Taylor here?

The roommate looks over at Taylor, who burrows herself underneath her comforter.

ROOMMATE

I'm going to get lunch.

The roommate grabs her keys from the dresser and heads out.

Brandon steps inside.

TAYLOR

So you know where my dorm is?

BRANDON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You told me where it was when we were supposed to meet up for lab questions. You know, the time you forgot to meet me, but had promised me that you would since your dorm was close by.

TAYLOR

Did you need something?

BRANDON

Just checking on you. You weren't answering your phone.

TAYLOR

As you can see, I'm fine.

BRANDON

No, you're not.

TAYLOR

(beat)

I blamed Dr. Richards for everything. I blamed him for the long hours he worked, the work he gave him, but it was my dad who started the research, wasn't it?

Brandon nods, yes, though it's difficult to admit it.

BRANDON

What we saw last night was genetic engineering.

TAYLOR

What?

BRANDON

Genetic engineering. Transferring new DNA into an organism to get a desired trait. I think that chimpanzee was one of their failures.

TAYLOR

Why would they-

BRANDON

Remember, they're researching for ways to prevent cross-species infection after a transplant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

TAYLOR  
That's disgusting. If people saw what  
we did-

BRANDON  
Leave it alone.

TAYLOR  
'Leave it alone'? Really? What am I  
supposed to do then?

BRANDON  
Anything else.

Taylor doesn't want to hear this. Not right now.

Brandon feels just as bad for being the one to tell her this.  
So bad, his eyes perk up.

EXT. RECREATIONAL PARK-DAY

Trees with golden foliage tumble to the ground. SEVERAL  
JOGGERS make their way through the park, mostly college-aged.  
Must be a park near campus.

Taylor and Brandon are taking a stroll, around his neck a  
digital camera with a zoom lens as he takes pictures of  
various parts of nature. Both seem to be having a good time.

TAYLOR  
I'm sorry, but photography? You?

BRANDON  
Why is that hard to believe?

TAYLOR  
Come on. Come on! What made you get  
into it?

BRANDON  
I had a homework assignment in second  
grade. We were to go home and take a  
picture of something then write a  
story referencing it. You can say it  
started there.

TAYLOR  
And every photographer has his niche?  
What's yours? What do you like to  
photograph?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON

Ha. Mainly the outdoors.

TAYLOR

Not people?

BRANDON

Not really. Maybe I can start with you.

Brandon teasingly points his camera at Taylor.

Taylor, waving her hands in front of her face, says:

TAYLOR

No! No! No!

Brandon lowers his camera.

BRANDON

I'll get you before the day is over.

TAYLOR

No you won't.

Hands in her jacket pocket, Taylor saunters off to the pond.

Brandon, amused, takes some more photos. He turns to Taylor and is in awe at what he sees.

We hear the intro of a song's soft melody.

Taylor stands under a tree looking up at the sky, golden leaves riding the wave of the wind and tumbling to the ground.

Brandon snaps a picture of Taylor. Taylor faces Brandon.

Brandon quickly lowers his camera.

MONTAGE

EXT. RECREATIONAL PARK-DAY

CUT TO:

Brandon and Taylor eat hotdogs, chatting away.

Taylor's face is lit up like a bulb; this is the first time we see her really enjoying herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Brandon takes a bite of his hotdog, a smudge of ketchup left on the corner of his mouth.

Taylor sees it and points to the corner of her mouth.

Brandon wipes the wrong corner.

Taylor takes a finger and wipes the smudge off.

This catches Brandon off guard, though he doesn't flinch nor mind. In fact, we may see he's turning a hint of pink.

They continue on...

WHEN...

...a 100 pound DOG hops onto Brandon's lap, plucking the meal from him.

Taylor covers her mouth in shock then loses it as the dog finishes the last bite.

A JOGGER jogs up to the three and takes hold of the leash looking profusely apologetic.

JOGGER

I am so sorry! Zeus, lets go!

As the dog tries to take a bite out of Taylor's hotdog too, the jogger drags it away, the dog complying.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANAL/RECREATIONAL PARK-DAY

Taylor and Brandon ride a two-seater boat down a canal, a FERRYMAN steering it.

While Taylor admires the view, Brandon admires her, snapping a photo. She hears the shutter go off, disapproving, though she can't be too upset seeing the grin on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZIP LINE/RECREATIONAL PARK-DAY

Taylor looks up at the full course zip-line, knowing full well she's not getting up there. Brandon practically has to drag her to the top.

As they reach the top, TWO ZIP-LINERS take a leap of faith,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

adrenaline pumping.

The ZIP-LINE EMPLOYEE turns to Taylor and Brandon ready to hook them up.

Brandon takes Taylor's hand.

The employee takes that as they're ready and secures them in.

Taylor steps to the edge. If her complexion could turn green, this would be the time.

Brandon, on the other hand, is beaming like a coal miner who has struck gold.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS fly against the pale blue sky in the direction of the zip-line. Taylor sees this and takes the deepest breath the humans lung can take.

Taylor and Brandon exchange glances...

WHEN...

...They jump, zip-lining over green land. While Brandon laughs hysterically enjoying the full experience, Taylor screams to the high heavens, eventually relaxing, laughing, and spreading her wings like the flock of birds above her.

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

Taylor is at the soda dispenser, getting her and Brandon's drinks.

A CASHIER puts two trays of food down on the counter.

BRANDON  
(to cashier)  
Thank you.

CASHIER  
My pleasure.

Brandon takes the trays and heads to the booth at the window with the street view, where Taylor is. He sits across from her, and they dig in.

TAYLOR  
So why the outdoors?

BRANDON  
I enjoy the outdoors. I am studying to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
be an Ecologist.

TAYLOR  
'Ecologist'? That's a first.

BRANDON  
Is it? And you-you're studying  
biochemistry, correct?

TAYLOR  
Yeah.

BRANDON  
What made you choose that? Dr.  
Washington?

TAYLOR  
What makes you say that?

BRANDON  
Isn't that what he studied?

TAYLOR  
Yeah. I guess that's the main reason.  
When I was little, I wanted to be like  
him. I followed him everywhere in his  
lab. He'd let me pretend I was making  
solutions when really all I was mixing  
was water and vinegar or something.

BRANDON  
Were you always like that as a child?  
Inquisitive?

Taylor notices a BLACK, LUXURY CAR with tinted windows pull  
up. Though it parks, no one comes out.

TAYLOR  
A little.

BRANDON  
Were you popular?

TAYLOR  
God, no.

BRANDON  
Quite the opposite? I find that  
difficult to believe.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 3

TAYLOR  
Don't. I had a hard time making  
friends. I always felt different.

BRANDON  
'Different' how?

TAYLOR  
I don't know. Just different. Like I  
didn't belong.

BRANDON  
Were you a sheltered child?

TAYLOR  
Oh, yeah. I was home schooled until  
high school, and the only time I  
really left the house was for church  
or to go to the lab.

BRANDON  
Maybe that's why you felt out of  
place. You practically had to  
integrate into society.

TAYLOR  
Ha. That's true.

Taylor can't help but notice that the same car still sits  
idly.

EXT. FRONT YARD/WASHINGTON HOME-DUSK

Taylor and Brandon walk up to the front door.

BRANDON  
No reporters I see.

TAYLOR  
Hopefully it stays that way.

BRANDON  
You should've went back to campus just  
in case.

TAYLOR  
Home is where the head lies. In this  
case, it's here tonight... Thanks for  
today. It was fun.

BRANDON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'm glad. We should do it again soon.

TAYLOR

Yeah. We should. See you on campus.

BRANDON

Okay.

Taylor unlocks the door, waves goodbye, and goes inside.

After this wondrous day, Brandon is on cloud nine.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Moonlight filters through the curtains.

Taylor is asleep facing the window when a bright, white light from outside fills the room. This stirs her. She wakes up, climbs out of bed, and peeks outside the window.

In the driveway is the same vehicle from the restaurant with its headlights beaming on the residence. They fade, and the air stills.

Taylor watches the car with bated breath, curtains clutched.

The headlights return, the car backs out of the driveway, and drives off. If this was meant to shaken Taylor up, what a success it was.

INT. LOBBY/POLICE STATION-DAY

Truman comes out hearing a commotion finding...

...Taylor at the front desk distraught, hair disheveled looking like the first thing she did after she woke up was come here.

TAYLOR

I need to see Detective Truman!

CHUBBY OFFICER

Calm down. I've already told her you're here.

TRUMAN

Here I am.

INT. TRUMAN'S DESK/POLICE STATION-DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Desks are scattered about with DETECTIVES behind them.

Taylor sips on a cup of coffee across from Truman.

TRUMAN

You think someone followed you home  
last night?

TAYLOR

I know they did. It was the exact same  
car from the restaurant.

TRUMAN

Why would someone follow you?

TAYLOR

I don't know.

TRUMAN

Maybe it was someone who was trying to  
turn around.

CUT TO:

TAYLOR

But it was the same car.

TRUMAN

What kind of car was it?

TAYLOR

I don't know. It was black.

TRUMAN

That's a pretty common color. It  
could've just been a reporter, trying  
to get a scoop. They been around?

TAYLOR

Sometimes during the day, but they  
pretty much stay away now.

TRUMAN

Hm..How 'bout I drive by a few times  
this week to see if anything strange  
is going on? Would that help?

TAYLOR

It would make me feel better.

TRUMAN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Okay, and for the time being, try not to go out by yourself at night. That's a given, but I know how you kids are.

TAYLOR

Okay.

TRUMAN

All right.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor is on the sofa engrossed in her textbook highlighting away when headlights filter through the OPEN BLINDS. She wasn't expecting anyone this time of night.

She peeks out the window, finding...

...A DARK COLORED CAR in the driveway.

Taylor definitely doesn't recognize it. She sees a silhouette coming up to the front door. The garage light isn't working, the porch light is off...Who is this?

Knock Knock.

Taylor steps to the door, flips on the light switch to the front porch, and looks out the peephole finding...

...Dr. Richard's profile.

TAYLOR

Who is it?

DR. RICHARDS (O.S.)

Good evening, Taylor. It's Dr. Richards.

Taylor opens the door.

TAYLOR

Dr. Richards.

DR. RICHARDS

I'm sorry for intruding so late. It wasn't until I was in my car that I realized what time it was. May I come in?

Taylor steps aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Dr. Richards enters carrying a briefcase.

DR. RICHARDS  
I wanted to check on you. How are you?

TAYLOR  
Fine. Thank you.

Dr. Richards puts his briefcase on the table and opens it.

DR. RICHARDS  
Your father's publication will be  
published tomorrow, and I wanted you  
to be the first to have it.

He takes out a manila folder, inside a journal filled with  
text and hands it to her.

DR. RICHARDS  
I want you to see how dedicated your  
father was.

TAYLOR  
Thank you.

DR. RICHARDS  
If you ever need anything, please  
don't hesitate in contacting me.  
You're like a niece to me, Taylor. You  
practically grew up in Omega.

TAYLOR  
Thank you.

DR. RICHARDS  
I'll be going.

Dr. Richards closes his briefcase, picks it up, and heads to  
the door. As he clenches the doorknob, Taylor says:

TAYLOR  
Dr. Richards? Does this journal talk  
about your failed gene engineering  
experiments or is that something you  
want to keep from the public?

You would think you just saw Dr. Richards twitch.

DR. RICHARDS  
I do hope you find some comfort with  
that publication. Good night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

On that note, he leaves, and he can't leave fast enough.

Taylor watches him get into his NAVY BLUE CAR and drive off.

INT. OFFICE/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor treads behind the desk, manila folder in hand and opens the top drawer. It's full of folders. She opens the bottom drawer and makes room for the manila folder. While doing so, she makes out a hardcover journal.

She picks it up and looks through it, deciding to start at the first page.

We hear a male voice.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

I don't think I'm a terrible person.  
I've done terrible things, but I don't  
think I'm a terrible person. At least  
that's what I thought.

FLASHBACK-INT. KITCHEN/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

WASHINGTON (early 30s) sits at the head of the kitchen table loosening his tie.

AMY (early 30s) puts down two plates of roast smothered in gravy. She is a petite woman-the type of woman you'd want to take home to mama. Around her neck is a cross necklace that might've inspired Taylor's.

Even though we hear no dialogue, we can tell the two are in sync with each other.

Washington starts on his dinner, the meal bringing heaven to his mouth while Amy surreptitiously steps away then returns with a chocolate icing cake with the words "CONGRATULATIONS ON THE NEW JOB!" written on it.

This catches Washington off guard; nonetheless, he's grateful.

Amy grabs two saucers from the cabinet, puts them on the table, and sits beside Washington chatting away. She caresses her ear enjoying the sound of his voice.

We see a diamond ring that shimmers on her left ring finger.

Washington places his left hand on the table showing us his wedding band.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

The following dialogue takes place throughout the scene:

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

I use to be a good person. Maybe. Amy was the reason for it. She was beautiful. Kind. Smart. Funny. Extraordinary. I think my happiest moments were with her. No. She was my happiest moment.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM/HOSPITAL-DAY

Amy lies in the hospital bed clutching her necklace, hanging on to every word of the PHYSICIAN. Whatever news is being given, Washington is taking it much worse.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Of course, all moments come to an end.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

Washington sits at his desk, eyes downcast, mind elsewhere.

A perky Amy knocks at the door and walks in, carrying a steamy mug. She puts it down on the desk, walks behind Washington, and wraps her arms around him.

As the following scene takes place:

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Even when everything was crumbling, Amy didn't show it. She told me she was hopeful. She told me she had faith, and I should too.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM/HOSPITAL-DAY

Amy and Washington hands are clasped together as they listen to the physician, who has some much deserved good news. You can just see the hope emanate from within.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Faith? Me depending on faith? For her, I truly did believe.

(CONTINUED)

63.

CONTINUED: 2

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/HOSPITAL-DAY

Amy is being pushed on a stretcher down the hall by MEDICAL STAFF, Washington following along side gripping her hand.

He's more worried than she is.

She gives his hand one last squeeze just before the staff roll her through double doors.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

It was the first time I ever prayed. I prayed hard. As hard as one could.

INT. WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

CUT TO:

Amy stands in front of the floor length mirror, applying lotion to her arms as she gazes at the deep scar that runs down her chest.

Washington walks in leaning against the door, admiring the beauty that is his wife. He walks behind her, wrapping his arms around her as she falls back into his embrace.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

And for a moment, it felt like our prayers were heard, but as I said before, all moments come to an end.

INT. PATIENT ROOM/HOSPITAL-DAY

CUT TO:

Amy lies in a hospital bed. Her caramel complexion is now a sickly white.

The physician speaks to Washington. No good news.

Amy takes Washington's hand. Though her eyes are moist, she's smiling.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

It's fate, Amy said. This was her fate. We weren't meant to change it.

INT. CLOSET/WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

(CONTINUED)

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64.

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CUT TO:

Washington, lost and alone, gazes at Amy's side of the closet. Blouses, dresses, and skirts that are never to be worn again.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

Part of me died along with Amy. I just knew from that day forward, I would never pray again.

He leaves the closet, closing the door behind him.

PRESENT-INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor closes the journal.

CUT TO:

Outside in the driveway...

...an INCONSPICUOUS MAN lurks about peeping through the front room window watching Taylor.

CUT TO:

Taylor getting back into the journal when she hears from outside:

TRUMAN (O.S.)

Freeze! Turn around!

Taylor jumps up from the couch and peeks out the window. She scampers to the front door and opens it finding...

...the inconspicuous man is no more than a little man trembling in his boots with his hands raised as he's facing Truman, who has her gun pointed at him ready to fire.

At his feet are a notepad and pen.

TRUMAN

What are you doing out here?

INCONSPICUOUS MAN

I'm a reporter! I swear!

TRUMAN

You're trespassing. Place your hands above your head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

The reporter does just that.

Truman handcuffs him.

TRUMAN  
(to Taylor)  
You and me need to have a talk.

Truman leads the man to her car across the street and helps him into the backseat. She returns to Taylor looking not too pleased with her.

TRUMAN  
Always keep your blinds closed. We get more peeping tom calls than you think.

TAYLOR  
S-Sorry.

TRUMAN  
I think this is our guy. There's a black vehicle parked at the corner. I'd bet it belongs to him. He's probably been waiting to ambush you with questions.

TAYLOR  
Wow. Thank you. That could've been really scary.

TRUMAN  
It could've been. I'm gonna take him to the station. Close your blinds.

INT. LIBRARY-DAY

BRANDON  
A reporter was following you?

Taylor sits against the bookshelf, flipping through Washington's journal.

TAYLOR  
Yeah. I guess.

BRANDON  
If you knew someone was following you, why didn't you stay in the dorms?

TAYLOR  
I'd take a stalker over a roommate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON

That is not funny.

TAYLOR

It was a reporter, and he was caught.

Brandon, fed up, returns to the bookshelf.

BRANDON

You should've told me. I could've driven you around until he was caught.

TAYLOR

I have a car.

BRANDON

Yes, but I'm positive you aren't aware of your surroundings.

(referring to the journal)

What is that?

TAYLOR

My dad's journal.

BRANDON

His work journal?

TAYLOR

No. More like a diary. It's strange really. It's like I'm in his head. Like I'm finally understanding him. He talks about his wife.

BRANDON

He was married?

TAYLOR

Yep.

BRANDON

Did you not know that?

TAYLOR

Nope.

BRANDON

I don't think you should read it. Everyone has things they'd rather keep to themselves.

TAYLOR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You're kidding.

BRANDON

I'm not. You'll find out things that you can't do anything about. Plus, those are his thoughts. I don't think he was writing with the intention of you reading it.

TAYLOR

Are you like my voice of reason, Brandon?

BRANDON

It seems that way.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE/OMEGA-DAY

Omega employees are coming and going, including Brandon.

Laurie, behind the front desk, says:

LAURIE

Oh-Brandon!

BRANDON

Yes?

LAURIE

Dr. Richards would like to see you.

BRANDON

O-Okay. Thank you.

INT. DR. RICHARD'S OFFICE/OMEGA-DAY

Dr. Richards sits behind his desk looking over documents.

Brandon knocks on the door, standing at the entrance.

Dr. Richards looks up, brows furrowed, no phony pleasantries in sight.

BRANDON

You wanted to see me?

DR. RICHARDS

Close the door.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Taylor lies in bed, reading over Washington's journal. She looks up, a light bulb going off in her head.

INT. WASHINGTON'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor stands at the entrance, her quivering hand gripping the doorknob. How long has it been since she's been in here?

She wanders inside finding herself at the nightstand, an open bible on top. The nightstand, the drawers, she looks through it all.

CUT TO:

...The closet.

Taylor flips the light switch on.

In the corner hidden behind drapes of clothing is a cardboard box. Taylor drags it out and opens it.

Inside are photo albums and pictures.

Taylor picks up a photo of Amy and a Washington both radiating with laughter.

FLASHBACK-INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

Washington (early 30s) sits behind his desk, looking over documents with eyes so lifeless.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

After Amy died, I immersed myself in my work. I had decided that I never wanted anyone to go through what she did.

INT. LAB/OMEGA-NIGHT

Washington looks under a microscope, examining a slide and taking notes.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

I began looking into genetic engineering. After revealing my proposal to Omega, they agreed that this could be the next big step in biotechnology.

INT. STORAGE/LAB/OMEGA PROJECT HALL/OMEGA-NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Washington examines cages that are aligned in a row.

TWO COLLEAGUES dressed in lab coats follow behind, jotting down notes.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
Study after study was a failure. I was  
afraid funding would run out.

Washington stops at a cage on the end and peeks inside.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
Then finally there was a breakthrough.

INT. HEALTHCARE FACILITY CORRIDOR-DAY

CUT TO:

Washington treads down the corridor chatting with a DOCTOR.

They start to pass a window that leads to a room covered with toys and flower-patterned walls.

In the center of the room is a TWO YEAR OLD TAYLOR in a hospital gown with her back to the window, playing with a doll.

A NURSE watches her.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
I remember I was talking to a doctor.

As the doctor talks away, Washington stops at the window when he sees Taylor, and in awe he watches her.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)  
And I saw a little girl playing by  
herself. Even though she was in a room  
full of toys, it felt empty. It was  
Taylor. She was there for surgery.  
Looking at her for just that one  
moment, I felt something for the first  
time in years.

PRESENT-TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor is swamped in photos in bed. She swaps the journal for her phone on the nightstand then makes a call.

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Taylor. Hi.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
What's wrong? You don't sound like yourself.

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Same to you.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
I'm depressed. I accidentally read more of his journal again.

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
'Accidentally'?

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Accidentally. Now what about you?

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
I don't want to bother you with my problems.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
You wouldn't be bothering me.

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
There was some trouble.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
What trouble?

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Dr. Richards found out that I snuck you into Omega.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Ooooooh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
He already knew that, but now he knows  
we were in the Omega lab.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Were you kicked out of your  
internship?

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
No. Thank goodness. Do you want to  
come over? We can be depressed  
together.

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
I don't want you to be depressed, but  
sure.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor and Brandon lie side by side in bed staring at the  
ceiling.

TAYLOR  
...I'm the one who sort of told him we  
were in the Omega hall.

BRANDON  
W-What?

TAYLOR  
He came over to give me my dad's  
publication, and I sort of asked him  
if he was going public with his failed  
experiments.

BRANDON  
He-He was here?

TAYLOR  
Yeah.

BRANDON  
And you asked that?

TAYLOR  
Yeah, I was just so angry.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON

I can't believe you, Taylor. Why would you do that?

TAYLOR

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

BRANDON

You weren't thinking? Of course you weren't thinking!

Taylor is caught off guard by Brandon's abrupt outburst.

Brandon, taking a deep breath, says:

BRANDON

I'm sorry...

TAYLOR

...I found out he proposed the Omega Project after his wife died. She died from a bad organ transplant. He worked seventy hours a week. He was so desperate. So stressed. So miserable because he wanted to do this for her.

Taylor shows Brandon the deep scar on her chest.

TAYLOR

I think this is why he adopted me.

BRANDON

Is this-

TAYLOR

I had a heart operation when I was two.

Brandon reaches out to touch the scar then pulls back.

BRANDON

I'm sorry.

TAYLOR

It's okay. You can touch it.

Brandon hesitantly glides his finger along the scar, neither able to take their eyes off the other. Then he kisses her.

Brandon, jerking back, says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

BRANDON

I'm sorry-

Taylor lunges forward, kissing him back. The kiss becomes more feverish, Brandon's hand slithering up her shirt. The night becomes more passionate.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM/POLICE STATION-DAY

Truman digs deep into her pockets for change for the vending machine.

Worth walks in carrying a brown paper bag. He sees Truman, digs into his own pocket, and hands her what he has.

TRUMAN

Ah, thanks.

Worth sits at one of the tables as Truman buys her favorite snack.

WORTH

I heard you've been working overtime.

TRUMAN

Yeah. Taylor Washington came to me, saying she thought someone was following her. I caught a reporter outside her window the other night.

WORTH

He was looking for a story or somethin'?

TRUMAN

Yeah, and he swore up and down that he's never followed her.

WORTH

So was he?

TRUMAN

His alibi checks out. He was out of town, covering another story.

WORTH

I know you don't want to get her worked up, but maybe you should tell her just in case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR

I will. She might've not been followed, but since I found that perp outside her house, I think I can give the neighborhood another sweep through first.

Truman tosses a chip into her mouth.

INT. LIBRARY-DAY

STUDENTS are scattered about.

Taylor is at a table and does she not have that glowing appearance of a young woman in love: her face is relaxed, her eyes have a certain flare to them.

A CLASSMATE, sitting down, says:

CLASSMATE

I'm here. Don't you look all radiating.

TAYLOR

Do not. I did the first few questions already.

CLASSMATE

So you understand number two?

TAYLOR

Yeah right. I don't understand any of this. A friend did it for me.

CLASSMATE

Are they in our class?

TAYLOR

No. He already took the class. Actually I think you might know him. He was in our Biology group freshman year.

CLASSMATE

That guy! Is he still dating that ear-splitting girl? She was obnoxious.

TAYLOR

Who are you talking about?

CLASSMATE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

CLASSMATE (CONT'D)

We were lab partners with him and his girlfriend. I remember them because they were loud dumb asses. They never did any work.

TAYLOR

Was his name Brandon Thompson?

CLASSMATE

No. It was Troy. He even has the name of someone that probably doesn't do any work. I don't understand how you don't remember them. Didn't they go to your house one time to borrow a book they were too cheap to buy?

TAYLOR

Did they?

CLASSMATE

I think so. You gave them your address.

TAYLOR

Oh, yeah! I remember now.

The classmate takes out her lab manual from her bag.

CLASSMATE

I have six, seven, eight, and ten. Do you have five?

TAYLOR

Um-yeah.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-DAY

Taylor closes the front door behind her as she takes out her phone from her coat pocket and makes a call.

BRANDON (V.O.)

(on phone)

Taylor.

Taylor, taking off her shoes and coat, says:

TAYLOR

(in phone)

Hey, can you come over today? I need to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BRANDON (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Yes. I can't leave Omega until seven  
thirty, but I can.

TAYLOR  
(in phone)  
Okay. See you in a bit.

INT. TAYLOR'S BEDROOM/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Taylor sits in bed reading...

WHEN...

...her phone vibrates against the nightstand.

CUT TO:

On the screen is a text from Brandon that reads "I HAVE TO  
RUN HOME. MEET ME THERE?" Above the phone is the time: "SEVEN  
TWELVE PM".

EXT. RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Taylor looks up at the three-story, grand cape cod house, a  
meager lit bulb hovering over the porch. There are no  
neighbors; just a lot of land.

TAYLOR  
(to herself)  
Fancy.

Taylor walks up the drive-way, passing a navy blue car that  
looks awfully familiar and behind it a black, luxury car,  
which too, looks familiar...

She steps on the porch and rings the doorbell just as her  
phone vibrates in her coat. She takes it out.

It reads "THE DOOR IS UNLOCK. MY ROOM IS UPSTAIRS ON THE  
RIGHT."

Taylor opens the door, the porch light pouring in, and she  
enters the residence.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

The only light that permeates the room is the moonlight

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

filtering through the drapes.

TAYLOR  
(calling out)  
Brandon?

She climbs the stairs.

EXT. FRONT YARD/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

Brandon parks his car and climbs out.

Not a single light is on in the residence.

Brandon sees the driveway is empty and peeks inside the garage, hearing footsteps behind him.

TRUMAN  
Are you looking for something?

Brandon sees the badge on her hip.

BRANDON  
I'm here to see Taylor.

TRUMAN  
Who are you?

BRANDON  
My name is Brandon. Taylor and I are  
in the same class.

TRUMAN  
Okay?

BRANDON  
She told me to come over. I was seeing  
if her car was in the garage.

TRUMAN  
Then call her.

BRANDON  
I seem to have lost my phone.

INT. HALL/RESIDENCE-NIGHT

A dim light pours out from an ajar door.

Taylor treads to it, the creaking of the floor echoing beneath her feet.

INT. FRONT YARD/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

TRUMAN

Well, she isn't here. Why don't you try calling her when you get home. And when you do get in touch with her, tell her to get in contact with Detective Truman.

Truman takes out a card from her pocket and hands it to him.

BRANDON

I will.

Brandon heads to his car, Truman watching.

INT. HALL/RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Taylor pushes the door open, peeks inside, and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDON'S ROOM/RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

Taylor walks inside, and her legs nearly give out.

Scattered on the walls are photos of Taylor from her late teens until the present, on the computer desk a photo of her taped on the laptop, the one taken at the park.

DR. RICHARDS (O.S.)

What a sight to see.

Taylor whirls around to find Dr. Richards in the hall, hands in both pockets, his usual phony grin plastered on his face.

DR. RICHARDS

My son has always been very fond of you.

TAYLOR

'Son'?

DR. RICHARDS

I apologize. I mean Brandon.

TAYLOR

He-He's your son?

DR. RICHARDS

That's what his mother said...You  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

DR. RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
know, I'm pretty sure you're the  
reason he went into photography.

TAYLOR  
Where is he?

DR. RICHARDS  
I don't know.

TAYLOR  
But he texted me.

Dr. Richards takes out the same phone Brandon pulled out in  
Omega and holds it up for her to see.

DR. RICHARDS  
That was me.

TAYLOR  
What? Why?

DR. RICHARDS  
I wanted to talk.

TAYLOR  
About what?

Taylor glances behind Dr. Richards to find...

...Brandon as a deer in headlights, his legs ready to give  
out.

DR. RICHARDS  
Welcome home.

BRANDON  
(to Taylor)  
What are you doing here?

DR. RICHARDS  
I invited her.

Brandon doesn't understand.

Dr. Richards waves him his phone.

BRANDON  
Why?

DR. RICHARDS

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 3

DR. RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
I have an idea. Why don't you explain to Taylor why you have a room full of photos of her.

TAYLOR  
Brandon.  
(beat)  
What is this?

BRANDON  
I'm sorry.

TAYLOR  
You're sorry?

BRANDON  
Taylor, I...

DR. RICHARDS  
My son has been very fond of you since the first time he saw you.

TAYLOR  
We just met this year!

DR. RICHARDS  
Of course that's untrue. Just as you grew up in Omega Chem, so has he.

TAYLOR  
It wasn't freshman year?

BRANDON  
...No.

FLASHBACK-INT. DR. RICHARD'S OFFICE/OMEGA-DAY

A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD BRANDON sits at the CEO's desk absorbed in reading.

Across from him is Dr. Richards going over documents.

At the corner of the desk is the picture frame Brandon looked briefly at while rummaging through the drawers.

INSERT: photo of Dr. Richards at a conference with an arm around Brandon, both dressed in ravishing suits.

Washington peeks his head in, eyes heavy with bags, though as pleasant as ever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

WASHINGTON  
Do you have a minute?

DR. RICHARDS  
Just the person I wanted to see.

WASHINGTON  
Hello, Brandon. How's school?

TEEN BRANDON  
Good, Mr. Washington.

WASHINGTON  
Have you decided what college you're going to?

TEEN BRANDON  
Not yet, but I do know it'll be somewhere out of state.

DR. RICHARDS  
He wants to get away from his old man as soon as possible.

WASHINGTON  
Ha. Keep at it then.

Dr. Richards steps into the hall with Washington.

Brandon peeks out into the hall and sees...

...A MID TEEN TAYLOR standing next to her father. He watches her in awe wondering just who this girl is.

Dr. Richards walks back to his chair.

TEEN BRANDON  
Who was that?

DR. RICHARDS  
Taylor? She's Washington's daughter. You two actually go to the same school. Of course you'd know that if you made time to make friends, but who am I to say such a thing?

Brandon stopped listening long ago.

EXT. FRONT STEPS/HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

82.

CONTINUED: 2

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS pour out from the school, scattering like flies once they reach the bottom of the steps. One of said students is Taylor.

Following close behind Brandon carries a disposable camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

Taylor walks home oblivious to her surroundings because surreptitiously following behind snapping photos of her is Brandon.

She walks up her driveway, he sidesteps behind a tree, peeking out as she enters her residence.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING/CAMPUS-DAY

Present day Taylor walks to her next class, bag in hand as SEVERAL COLLEGE STUDENTS do the same.

Brandon is a good distance from Taylor, though with his nerves, he clutches at his bag strap.

She enters a lab classroom, and Brandon stands outside listening in.

An INSTRUCTOR passes out documents to BIOLOGY STUDENTS.

INSTRUCTOR

Welcome students to Biology one ten.

Brandon slides to the ground listening in.

PRESENT-INT. BRANDON'S ROOM/RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Taylor can barely stand let alone look at Brandon.

Brandon, who steps toward Taylor, say:

BRANDON

Taylor-

TAYLOR

Don't come near me!

BRANDON

Please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR  
You've been following me? Watching me?  
Please-

BRANDON  
Taylor-

TAYLOR  
Omigod. Who are you? Is your last name  
even Thompson?

DR. RICHARDS  
You go by your mother's maiden name?

TAYLOR  
Omigod! I'm so stupid! Of course! At  
least you were honest about that! Your  
dad helped you get your internship,  
right?

BRANDON  
None of this matters.

TAYLOR  
How does it not matter?

BRANDON  
Taylor, I love you.

TAYLOR  
You're crazy.

BRANDON  
When you really love someone, you do  
crazy things.

TAYLOR  
Do you not hear yourself? Why am I  
even here?  
(to Dr. Richards)  
Why did you bring me here?

DR. RICHARDS  
You saw something in my lab.

TAYLOR  
Your monsters? Yeah, I saw them.

DR. RICHARDS  
'Monsters'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

BRANDON  
Father, please don't do this-

DR. RICHARDS  
'Monsters'? No. No, we were working on something that could change science forever.

TAYLOR  
And what could that be?

DR. RICHARDS  
Creating.

TAYLOR  
'Creating'?

DR. RICHARDS  
We were creating DNA. That was your father's initial project. Did Brandon not tell you this?

BRANDON  
Why are you doing this? She didn't know.

DR. RICHARDS  
Clearly.

TAYLOR  
What are you talking about?

DR. RICHARDS  
Our initial project was to create a species that embodied similar characteristics to humans. People needing an immediate organ transplant wouldn't be at risk for diseases being transmitted across species. As you could see, it was a failure. You saw for yourself. After a while your father came up with an alternative project to produce similar results, and I decided to end the initial Omega Project.

TAYLOR  
You tortured animals.

DR. RICHARDS  
I don't like that. What do you think  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

DR. RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
contributes to the discovery of  
treatments and medicines? We were  
merely trying to make a scientific  
discovery. We are trying to save  
lives.

TAYLOR  
That's not how the public would see  
it.

And the light bulb goes off.

TAYLOR  
You don't want me to go public?

TAYLOR  
I can't make any promises.

BRANDON  
Taylor, please.

TAYLOR  
I'm leaving, and don't you dare  
contact me again.

Taylor strides out the room as if she can't get out fast  
enough.

BRANDON  
Taylor, wait!

INT. HALL/RESIDENCE-CONTINUOUS

Our protagonist rushes toward the stairs...

WHEN...

BRANDON (O.S.)  
Taylor!

Taylor is pushed, or so it looks like, down the stairs,  
tumbling to the bottom, head flailed against the hardwood  
floor.

BLACK.

INT. TRUMAN'S CAR-NIGHT

Truman is parked a little ways away from Washington's  
residence. She pulls out her phone like she's expecting it to

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

ring any minute.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor's POV: It's dark. A light flickers.

- her POV shifts to the bright light above her.

- her POV shifts to her body lying on a hospital bed dressed in a hospital gown.

- her POV shifts to a SURGEON in a surgical mask drawing blood from her.

TAYLOR

Wha-

- her POV shifts to her arms that are fastened to the bed.

- her POV shifts to a SCIENTIST in a lab coat hovering over her.

SCIENTIST

She's awake.

TAYLOR

Where am I?

SCIENTIST

Just relax.

(to the surgeon)  
I'll get Dr. Richards.

TAYLOR

Wait.

- her POV shifts to the scientist leaving the room.

INT. DR. RICHARDS'S OFFICE/OMEGA-NIGHT

Brandon enters, flustered slamming the door shut.

Dr. Richards sits behind his desk like he's been waiting for Brandon. He leans back in his chair, not a care in the world.

BRANDON

Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

DR. RICHARDS

Go home.

BRANDON

Why are you doing this?

DR. RICHARDS

You brought this on yourself.

BRANDON

She didn't know anything! I didn't tell her anything!

DR. RICHARDS

It doesn't matter.

BRANDON

Please let her go. I can convince her to not say a word.

DR. RICHARDS

Your infatuation is getting a bit irritating.

There's a moment's silence followed by a knock.

DR. RICHARDS

Come in.

The scientist enters.

SCIENTIST

She's awake.

DR. RICHARDS

Thank you.

BRANDON

Father?

The CEO leaves, the scientist following behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor tries to wiggle her arms free; she's desperate. Scared.

TAYLOR

Please. Please. Why am I here? Why won't you answer me?!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

The surgeon transfers a red liquid from a syringe to a vial, putting it on the counter beside other filled vials.

Dr. Richards prances in.

DR. RICHARDS  
Welcome back.

TAYLOR  
Let me go. Let me go!

DR. RICHARDS  
No.

TAYLOR  
Why are you doing this? So I won't go public? I won't! I promise!

DR. RICHARDS  
I'm not worried about that. I did not invite you to my home to convince you to keep it a secret. It shouldn't be a secret. I realized that once people see our results, they will embrace it. Brandon told me about the diary you found. You started at the beginning of it? If you wanted answers, you should've started at the end.

TAYLOR  
(shouting)  
What are you talking about?

DR. RICHARDS  
(to the surgeon)  
Put her under.

The surgeon fills a syringe with a clear liquid from a vial and pokes Taylor, who puts up a good fight but ultimately loses.

TAYLOR  
What are you putting in me?

DR. RICHARDS  
Relax, Taylor.

TAYLOR  
Why are you doing this?

Taylor's POV: Blurry. Fading, but she sees Dr. Richards above

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

her, his lips moving.

Black.

INT. CONTAINMENT HALL/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor's POV: Lights flicker. She sees she's being pushed on a stretcher.

- her blurry POV shifts to the surgeon pushing her. She hears banging against glass, but it's distant.

TAYLOR

Why are you doing this? Please, let me go.

- her blurry POV is on DISFIGURED HUMANS. Black.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM/CONTAINMENT HALL/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor lies on the cold, bare ground unconscious in an empty room with double glass doors. Her eyes flicker open, and she takes a look around finding...

...Dr. Richards.

DR. RICHARDS

You had questions, correct? You wanted to know what your father was working on? Or did you want to know why he killed himself? Lets answer these questions, Taylor. Lets see. You read his journal. Did it mention his wife, Amy?

Taylor starts to wonder how he knows about Amy.

DR. RICHARDS

I'll take that as a yes. Then you know why your father chose the research he did. As mentioned before, he proposed creating a new species similar to humans so xenotransplantation could be an option when an organ donor could not be found. No more rejections. No more cross-species transmissions of diseases. We had failure after failure until one day, there was finally progress.

Dr. Richards steps aside from the glass door and motions

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Taylor to look out.

DR. RICHARDS

Why don't you see how your father  
contributed to the advancement of  
science with your own eyes.

Taylor is hesitant, though stands and limps to the glass  
doors. She peeks out, squinting her eyes beyond the glass  
finding...

...a DISFIGURED HUMAN with ears of a chimpanzee, an eye  
hanging from its socket, his nude body covered in thick,  
black hair.

He, or whatever it is, sees Taylor and bashes its fur covered  
hands against the glass doors drowning the silence.

Whatever's behind the other glass doors, they begin to mimic  
the disfigured being, who opens his mouth, a piercing cry  
invading our ears.

DR. RICHARDS

And with progress, there's success.

TAYLOR

(screaming)

How is that success?

DR. RICHARDS

Oh, no. Those are failures. Complete  
failures. The success is you.

TAYLOR

W-What?

DR. RICHARDS

Yes. The initial Omega Project was a  
success. You are proof of that.

TAYLOR

Why would you say that?

DR. RICHARDS

You have a scar that runs down your  
chest. Am I right? Did you ever ask  
your father where it came from?

What did he say?

Taylor is at a loss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

DR. RICHARDS

No matter. You want answers. I'll give you answers.

FLASHBACK-INT. LAB/OMEGA-NIGHT

It's the scene where a young Washington is examining the aligned cages as he walks down the row, his two colleagues behind him jotting down notes.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)

We had to think about what animals were compatible enough for this project. We used either human embryos or chimpanzee embryos, extracting genes from one species and inserting them into the other.

Inside the cages are INFANTS with chimpanzee characteristics from long fingers covered in black fur to protruding ears.

Washington stops at the cage on the end and looks inside finding...

...A BROWN-SKINNED INFANT.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)

There was only one successful specimen that made it past two years and had the closest similarity in DNA to humans.

INT. HEALTHCARE FACILITY CORRIDOR-DAY

CUT TO:

It's the scene where Washington is walking down the corridor with the doctor, passing other HEALTH CARE EMPLOYEES.

Judging by his expression, it looks like Washington has a lot on his mind.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)

Dr. Washington monitored your progress until you turned two and at that time, it was decided that your heart would be transplanted into a chimpanzee to see how long it could survive.

They're passing the window of the room with Taylor when Washington stops to look inside.

(CONTINUED)

92.

CONTINUED: 2

CUT TO:

INT. SURGERY WINDOW/HEALTHCARE FACILITY CORRIDOR-DAY

Washington looks through the window watching doctors begin a surgery. Though we can't tell on who, Washington doesn't seem very comfortable with the idea. In fact, his thoughts and emotions are clashing.

A SURGEON TECHNICIAN passes a scalpel to the LEAD SURGEON, who begins the incision.

Seeing this makes Washington sick. He bangs on the window, drawing the SURGICAL TEAM'S attention to him.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)  
But the surgery wasn't performed.

He stopped it.

INT. DR. RICHARD'S OFFICE/OMEGA-DAY

CUT TO:

Washington speaks to Dr. Richards, desperately trying to get his point across.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)  
It seemed Dr. Washington had become very fond of you.

INT. PLAY ROOM/OMEGA-DAY

CUT TO:

A two year old Taylor wobbles after a plastic, colored ball.

Washington watches her, comfortable, relaxed.

She rolls the ball back to Washington, he rolls it back to her, she wobbles after it.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB/OMEGA-NIGHT

Washington examines each cage until he gets to the end of the row as the following dialogue takes place:

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)  
He wanted to adopt you. He guaranteed  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B Created using Celtx

CONTINUED: 2

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
he could replicate a specimen just as  
similar to humans as you were.

He peers inside the cages finding...

...an INFANT, limbs covered in thick, black fur.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)  
But no matter how many times he  
replicated the experiment, the  
specimens wouldn't live longer than  
two years.

INT. WASHINGTON'S OFFICE/WASHINGTON HOME-NIGHT

CUT TO:

It's the scene where Washington is behind his desk on the  
phone with Dr. Richards.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)  
I was ready to terminate the project,  
but he proposed a new direction, which  
is what is considered the Omega  
Project today.

PRESENT-INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor falls to her knees crying out.

DR. RICHARDS  
Your father dedicated his entire life  
to this. Right until the very end.  
Then he announced his retirement. I  
wanted to show him what direction his  
work would take us with or without  
him.

FLASHBACK-INT. HALL/OMEGA-DAY

Washington and Dr. Richards tread the hall toward double  
doors, Dr. Richards speaking to Washington like he's just  
found the cure for cancer, Washington just listening, hands  
in pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTAINMENT HALL/OMEGA-CONTINUOUS

They enter, and when Washington sees what's behind the glass

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

double doors, his face goes a sickly pale.

Dr. Richards can't see his reaction. He thinks it must be good so he stands there with this smug look. He soon realizes that's not the case when Washington looks back at him.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)

It was a shock to him to say the least.

PRESENT-INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor weeps curled in a ball.

DR. RICHARDS

What was the question again? Why did he kill himself? I guess you have your answer now. The timing seems about right. I tried to explain to him the importance of advancing science. The current Omega project can save thousands, but the initial project could eliminate the need for organ donors all together, and now with you, we can assure that.

Dr. Richards leaves the room.

INT. HALL/OMEGA-NIGHT

Brandon hides around a corner when he sees Dr. Richards and TWO SCIENTISTS head off in the opposite direction. He takes out Truman's card.

INT. TRUMAN'S DESK/POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Truman's phone vibrates on her desk. The detective herself walks up to it, coffee in hand and answers it.

TRUMAN

(in phone)

Truman. Slow down. Slow down. You're Taylor's friend, right? Is she hurt?

She takes out a pen and pad from the drawer and scribbles down what notes she can as fast as she can.

TRUMAN

(in phone)

Stay put. Don't do anything. I'll be right there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

Truman shoves her phone in her pocket and takes out keys from the drawer as Worth enters.

WORTH  
What was that about?

TRUMAN  
I'll explain in the car.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM/OMEGA-NIGHT

Taylor still lies in the fetal position, face stained in tears, eyes blood shot red. From the hall she hears footsteps dashing her way.

They stop, the door clicks from the key fob being used, and it opens.

Taylor looks up, finding Brandon.

BRANDON  
We have to go. I know you don't trust me, but you need to let me get you out of here.

Taylor is disgusted to see him, and weighs her options realizing he may be her best hope in getting out. She sits up, still weak from the drugs.

Brandon wraps his arm around her waist, and to the exit they go.

INT. OMEGA PROJECT WING/OMEGA-NIGHT

The two tip toe through the corridor. They hear footsteps on coming their way. Both lean against the wall, holding their breath waiting for them to pass by.

Just as the couple releases the built-up air in their lungs, an alarm bellows throughout the facility.

Brandon unlocks a nearby door with a KEY FOB, rushing inside with Taylor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/OMEGA-CONTINUOUS

Brandon helps Taylor sit down in one of the chairs, both listening to the hell-bent footsteps that are unquestionably looking for her.

TAYLOR

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 2

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Why did you come for me?

BRANDON

Why wouldn't I come for you?

TAYLOR

Did you know everything?

(beat)

About me too?

BRANDON

I don't know if that's true. I doubt it's true. It can't be true, but if it was, you would still be you. You would still-

Brandon reaches for Taylor.

TAYLOR

Don't touch me!

BRANDON

Taylor, I love you. You might not believe it, but I love you, and I don't think I'd be able to live anymore if you hated me.

She is appalled and befuddled.

Just as Brandon opens his mouth, they hear a commotion outside the door.

EXT. MAIN DOOR/OMEGA-NIGHT

Truman tries to open the main entrance door; it doesn't budge.

WORTH

Should we try calling?

TRUMAN

Don't need to.

Truman takes out her gun and fires at the doors, glass shattering.

WORTH

Are you crazy?

Truman walks over the glass through the door.

(CONTINUED)

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Worth, shaking his head, follows behind taking out his gun.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/OMEGA-NIGHT

There is a click from the door from the key fob being used, and a scientist tries to barge in as Brandon bolts to the door and fights to keep him out.

SEVERAL SCIENTISTS push their way in, Brandon nearly falling back.

BRANDON

Stop!

The scientists swat Brandon away like a fly, taking hold of Taylor, who kicks and screams as she's dragged into...

...the hallway.

Brandon bolts to Taylor only to be held back.

Dr. Richards and the surgeon stroll right on in.

DR. RICHARDS

(to Brandon)

Thank you for using your key fob.

BRANDON

Father, please don't do this!

The surgeon takes out a syringe and drugs Taylor as she's held in place.

Brandon feels defeated. There's nothing he can do.

Taylor's POV- Blurry.

- her blurry POV of Brandon trying to escape the scientists' grips, shouting and pleading.

- her blurry POV shifts to Dr. Richards as he tries to exit, but he freezes.

TRUMAN (O.S.)

Freeze! Stop right there!

DR. RICHARDS

What is this?

(CONTINUED)

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DR. RICHARDS (CONT'D)  
(to Brandon)

What did you do? What did you do?!

- her blurry POV shifts to Truman and Worth, who both have their guns pointed at Dr. Richards.

- her blurry POV shifts to Brandon and the scientists, who have their hands in the air. Brandon appears torn.

TRUMAN (O.S.)  
Sir, I want your hands above your head  
now!

- her blurry POV shifts to Truman as her hearing fades.

Truman's eyes fall on Taylor, and Truman speaks to her, but she is unable to respond. Truman gives Brandon orders.

- her blurry POV shifts to Brandon as he grasps her from the surgeon.

- her blurry POV is on a shouting Dr. Richards. She sees him, abruptly, grab the syringe from the surgeon and rush toward the detectives as Brandon shouts in fear.

- her blurry POV is on the detectives, who are both shouting commands.

Black.

Gunshots.

Silence.

FLASHBACK-INT. OFFICE/WASHINGTON HOME-DUSK

Washington sits behind his desk looking out the window, eyes droopy. He sips on a glass of dark liquor, an empty bottom of alcohol in front of him.

Taylor enters.

TAYLOR  
I need a biochem book for my exam  
Friday. Can I see what you have?

WASHINGTON  
Hm.

(CONTINUED)

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Grimacing at what she sees, she searches through the literature on the bookshelf.

TAYLOR

I don't know what I'm looking for. Can you pick something out for me?

WASHINGTON

Check the very top shelf.

TAYLOR

Those are all organic chem. Can you just get up for a minute?

WASHINGTON

You're not looking hard enough.

Taylor pulls out books, looking at the spines and then slamming them back into place.

TAYLOR

You can't even stop drinking for sixty seconds to help me find a book? That's okay. I'm use to doing everything on my own anyway.

He sips his drink unperturbed, and that infuriates her even more.

TAYLOR

You know what? I'm so tired of you! You've spent years working on your stupid research locked in your lab, and when it's finally over, you do this? Did you forget you have a daughter? Do you even care? Why am I even asking? Of course you don't! You're selfish! All you care about is yourself! I spent years, waiting by the door for you to come home every night. Years! You couldn't come home to your own child, and when you did, you were in here! Drunk! It didn't matter if you were home or not-you would always hand me off to Ms. Allison! You know who raised me? She did because it certainly wasn't you!

Washington puts down his glass, stands up, and walks to the bookcase, pulling out a book from the top shelf and handing it to Taylor. He heads back to his chair so nonchalantly, it

(CONTINUED)

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frustrates Taylor.

Taylor leaves, slamming the door behind her.

PRESENT-INT. PATIENT ROOM/HOSPITAL-DAY

Taylor's POV- Blurry. Bright. Finally, everything is coming into focus.

- her clear POV of the hospital ceiling.

- her clear POV shifts to the opened door.

- her clear POV shifts to Brandon, hovering over her.

Taylor is ready to scream.

Brandon rushes to cover her mouth, muffling her cries as she tries to force his hand away.

BRANDON

(whispering)

Taylor, please listen to me. Detective Truman is in the hall. She's going to ask about what happened, but you cannot tell her. I'm begging you. It'll ruin Omega Chem. I'm to inherit it, and you won't just ruin the company, you'll ruin your father.

From the hall we hear:

TRUMAN (O.S.)

I'm going to check on her.

Footsteps start coming their way.

Brandon backs away from Taylor just as...

...Truman and Worth enter.

Truman eyes them both suspiciously.

TRUMAN

Everything okay?

Brandon glances at Taylor worried she'll say something.

TAYLOR

...Everything's fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

TRUMAN

Good. How are you feeling?

TAYLOR

Okay.

TRUMAN

I don't mean to jump into things, Taylor. I know you've been through a lot, but I need to know what happened. Why did Dr. Richards kidnap you?

TAYLOR

What happened to him?

TRUMAN

He-he didn't make it.

Taylor looks over at Brandon. He doesn't meet her eyes.

TRUMAN

So what happened? Can you start from the beginning?

She opens her mouth, though nothing comes out.

Brandon, being the impeccable fabricator he is, says:

BRANDON

Taylor is still in a bit of shock, but I'm able to tell you what happened. The Omega Project is an ongoing study. Dr. Washington planned to continue it, but he, unfortunately, passed away. That not only put a hold on the project, but it will hurt the company financially. There is no one to lead his research. There were only a hand full of people on the project with him. This caused my father a great amount of stress. Many years and grants were spent on this study. This affected him dramatically, but I never thought he would do something like this. He took my phone and lured Taylor to Omega Chem, where he ambushed her. I cannot tell you why, and neither can he because you killed him.

The detectives awkwardly exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

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BRANDON  
But that is what happened. That's all  
we know.

TRUMAN  
(to Taylor)  
Is what he said true?

Taylor looks over at Brandon, his eyes burrowing into her.  
She nods.

TRUMAN  
...All right. If we have anymore  
questions, we'll contact you. Other  
than that, get some rest. Okay?

TAYLOR  
Okay. Thank you, detectives.

The detectives nod and exit.

Brandon heaves a sigh, happy that's over. He reaches for  
Taylor.

BRANDON  
Taylor-

TAYLOR  
Don't touch me!

BRANDON  
Okay.

TAYLOR  
I want you out!

BRANDON  
Wait. Let me say this, and if you  
never want to see me again, I'll  
understand.

TAYLOR  
Say it, and get out.

BRANDON  
Taylor, I'm sorry for everything. For  
what my father did. For-

TAYLOR  
For deceiving me? You know, you are a  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
really great liar.

BRANDON  
I don't like that!

Seeing Taylor taken aback by his outburst, he steps back.

TAYLOR  
Then what are you?

BRANDON  
In love with you.

TAYLOR  
You're insane.

BRANDON  
Okay. I can see why you would say that, but I really do love you. I love you enough to have given up my own father. You don't understand.

TAYLOR  
Thank you for saving me, but Brandon, it's an infatuation. It's not love.

BRANDON  
It's not an infatuation. An infatuation is an intense, but short-lived passion or admiration for something or someone. That is not what this is.

TAYLOR  
Brandon-

A MEDICAL ASSISTANT enters.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT  
Ah, you're awake, Ms. Washington. How are you feeling?

TAYLOR  
Fine.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT  
Great. If you don't mind, I'd like to take a few vitals.

TAYLOR

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: 5

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Okay.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT

First, let me check your blood pressure.

The medical assistant wraps the sphygmomanometer around Taylor's arm oblivious to the tense atmosphere.

EXT. WASHINGTON'S GRAVE/CEMETERY-DAY

Taylor makes her way toward a tombstone carrying a lone peony. She brushes away the leaves on it and lays the flower down on the grave.

The following dialogue begins with the scene followed by a montage of the flashbacks we've seen starting with

Washington and Amy, leading up to his life with Taylor.

WASHINGTON (V.O.)

After being broken for so long, I finally adapted to it. I was use to it. It doesn't get better. It gets worse. That's what I accepted, but I was wrong. It does get better. Taylor taught me that. She restored my faith. Whenever I saw the bad in me, she would see the good. Whenever I wanted to break, she kept the pieces together. I've made terrible choices in my life, and I'm not sure where my fate lies after this, but I do know that when it is my time to go, I can truly say that my life was fulfilling. If I had to leave Taylor with one thing, it would be this: Sometimes our fate is already determined. We can't change it, but there are times when we can. We might not be able to choose where we'll end up, but we can choose how we live our life.

A flock of birds fly against the clear, blue sky. What a sight to see.

INT. BOARD ROOM/OMEGA-DAY

FIFTEEN BOARD ROOM MEMBERS sit around an oval shaped

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conference table, ONE BOARD MEMBER having the floor. At the head of the table is the NEW CEO, though we only see the back of his head. Each head turns to the CEO.

BOARD MEMBER

What do you think? Should we start  
back up the Omega Project?

We finally see the face of the new CEO.

Brandon.

FADE OUT.

THE END.