

New Life

Written by
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First Draft

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INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Bright white walls.

The ceiling blends in with the floor.

In the middle is a metallic table where ROBERT CHAVEZ (30s) lies.

His skin as pale as the walls, wears a plain white t-shirt and white boxer shorts.

Arms and legs secured to the table with black straps.

Electrodes sprawl across his chest, attached to a cardiac monitor.

Next to the table are various tanks and containers with clear tubes attached to them.

The other end of the tubes are inserted into the crook of Robert's elbows, and one tube through the left side of his chest.

Liquids - blue, black and red flow down the tubes.

Behind a glass wall is a screen.

ON THE SCREEN

Is a vascular diagram of the human body - Robert's body.

Each and every blood vessel is represented and after a moment, they change from red to black.

ON THE TABLE

The pigment throughout his body slowly returns.

He convulses. Veins protrude from skin.

His fingers snap open and stretch out before tightly forming into a fist.

Life rushes back into him when suddenly--

OVER BLACK

THE CARDIAC MONITOR BEEPS

ROBERT (V.O.)
I died about a year ago. Heart failure.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT**SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER**

Robert walks down a street that is lined with cars parked against the sidewalk.

One of his eyes are green, the other brown.

ROBERT
The eyes are a side effect.
Heterochromia.

On a porch up ahead, a small group of PEOPLE congregate.

This is Robert's destination.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a MAN at the front door, he welcomes the people that enter.

ROBERT
Paul?

Robert shakes PAUL'S hand.

Paul is ELDERLY. Blue eye and brown eye. He wears a neat sweater with a collared shirt poking through.

He's very polite and smiles when he speaks.

PAUL
Why yes! And you are?

ROBERT
Robert. Nice to meet you.

Robert walks in.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

The space is very clean and decorated with angelic figurines, plush couches, pictures of scenery and brilliant lighting that accentuates the deliberately placed artwork.

Paul points to a sign in sheet on a small table in the foyer.

FOYER

Along side that is a platter of pastries and a large container of coffee.

A MAN and WOMAN sit on the large couch in the living room.

Robert pours himself coffee.

LIVING ROOM

PAUL
Robert! We're ready to start.

Robert sits.

PAUL (cont'd)
I see we have a new person.

Robert waves to the people.

ROBERT
Hey...Name's Robert.

PAUL
It's nice to have you, Robert. Can everyone please introduce themselves?

WILSON(60s), a weathered older man, brown and blue.

WILSON
Wilson. New Life start date June 12th. Last year. Self inflicted.

Robert stares at Wilson. Interest piqued.

Paul and the woman both share their stories, but we do not hear them. Robert's attention is focused only on Wilson.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Returning after a suicide has been deemed illegal.

ROBERT
I'm sorry but I need to make a call, excuse me for a moment...sorry.

PAUL
Oh, that's no problem.

He gets up and walks out of the front door.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Robert dials a number into his cellphone.

ROBERT
I need a crew.
(beat)
Yup.
(beat)
90 minutes.

He hangs up.

INT. BLACK SUV - LATER

Robert sits in the back seat and opens a briefcase.

IN THE BRIEFCASE

- A control unit with a digital interface.
- A small mechanical pump with canister.
- A long hypodermic needle attached to a plastic tube.
- Rubber gloves.
- Lock picks.
- 9mm pistol with suppressor.

He removes the pistol and tucks it into his waist.

Closes the briefcase.

TWO MEN sit up front.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Contractors. That's what they are,
and what I am. We clear out the
suicide cases, or Residuals, as their
called on paper. Suicides were made
illegal last year. So if you offed
yourself in order to get the
procedure, we'll be there to reverse
the process.

Each of them wear tiny ear pieces.

They're CEDRIC(30s) and GLEN(30s).

Slender. Clean cut. Heterochromia.

CEDRIC
Clean. If you can.

GLEN
Do you have to say that? Should be a
given at this point.
(to Robert)
How long you tell 'em for the crew?

ROBERT
90.

Through a window of a house down the block. Wilson turns off
the lights.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Moving.

Robert exits the car.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

With the briefcase in hand Robert walks toward the house.
He monitors his surroundings carefully.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Robert scales a wooden fence and creeps through the
backyard.

The back door is locked.

He removes the lock picks and quickly gains access.

LIVING ROOM

Pitch black.

He navigates through the furniture, careful not to bump
anything.

UPSTAIRS

Wooden stairs. Soft footsteps.

His shoes tap against the wood.

With an occasional creak.

BEDROOM

Snoring.

Robert places the briefcase on the floor and opens it.
Quietly.

Removes the control unit and power it on.

With a few presses on the screen, Wilson trembles.

He wakes up fully and is in pain.

ROBERT
Keep still, please.

Wilson is confused and looks around.

WILSON
Robert? What the hell are--

--more pain, can't speak.

He clenches his chest.

Robert puts on the gloves and attaches the hose from the
needle to the pump.

He stands next to Wilson.

Drives the needle directly into Wilson's heart.

Robert flips on the pump.

It quietly hums.

Wilson's body trembles as he gurgles and groans.

Robert checks his watch.

When Wilson goes limp, Robert switches off the pump and
removes the needle.

He places everything back into the briefcase and leaves.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Though the windshield Robert is seen walking toward the SUV.

CEDRIC
Quick.

GLEN
For a greenie.

Robert gets into the backseat.

Just then, a second black van drives past and parks in the driveway of Wilson's house.

THREE MEN in jumpsuits exit and remove a gurney.

They roll it into the house.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Easy enough, right? Hardly. I should elaborate.

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT

Robert, in a plain hospital bed in a plain hospital room.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Pharmaceutical company New Life can treat death. Got the cash or collateral to pay for the procedure? You'll be back in a couple of days, good as new, rid of all health problems.

His eyes open.

He turns his head from side to side.

He's restrained.

ROBERT (V.O.) (cont'd)
Didn't cost me a dime. A perk of working for the company. But there's a catch. Any employee that dies, can no longer work for New Life.

He panics, squirms in every direction but can't move.

ROBERT
Hello?!

A quick knock, followed by the door opening.

His DOCTOR(50s), walks in. Has a NURSE(20s), with him. Both carry clip boards and have large grins on their faces.

The doctor's white coat has the words "New Life" embroidered on it's chest pocket.

DOCTOR
Good to see you back.

Robert nods.

The nurse tends to the various monitors that sit on a cart near Robert.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
Heterochromia, just like the others.

ROBERT
I know the deal.

The doctor pulls out a small flashlight and shines it into both of Robert's eyes.

Robert turns his head to the side.

ROBERT (cont'd)
Hey man, little heads up maybe.

DOCTOR
Fascinating.

He jots something down on his clipboard.

ROBERT
What?

The nurse holds a hand-held mirror so Robert can see his face.

Robert looks at himself.

His face full of stubble.

One of his eyes is green and the other is brown.

ROBERT (V.O.)
Recipients with a green eye, a
greenie, pose a problem. Treatment
doesn't always stick. 50/50.

She puts the mirror down.

The doctor puts his hand on Robert's shoulder in a gesture of compassion.

DOCTOR
Go ahead and release the restraints.

A slender BLACK MAN wearing a polo shirt enters the room.

On his shirt is the same embroidery as the doctor.
 Below that is a name tag that reads "Russell Washington."
 Russell and the Doctor lock eyes.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
 (to Russell)
 Alright, well I'll leave you to it.

Russell takes a seat next to the bed.

The doctor and nurse exit the room.

He hands Robert a plastic card.

RUSSELL
 This is your New Life identification
 card, notice--

ROBERT
 --Stop.

Robert examines the card.

RUSSELL
 Company policy. I have to--

ROBERT
 --It's annoying.

RUSSELL
 Can I finish?

Robert nods his head.

Russell speaks quickly as if he's said the following a
 thousand times, and he has.

RUSSELL (cont'd)
 In your hand is your New Life
 identification card. Please note the
 field labeled 'New Life Start Date'.
 March 3, 2016. Remember that. You
 need to keep this identification card
 on you at all times. Again, at all
 times. In the event you should lose
 your card, or it should be stolen.
 Please write down the phone number on
 the backside and a representative
 will gladly assist you in issuing a
 replacement.

ROBERT
Thorough.

RUSSELL
Yea...do you have any further
questions?

ROBERT
Severance.

Beat.

RUSSELL
Right...I thought you would have
known.

A look of realization washes over Robert's face.

Russell points to his own eye, referring to Robert's green
one.

RUSSELL (cont'd)
50/50.
(beat)
You save anything?

Robert shakes his head in disbelief.

ROBERT
A little, yea. To maintain? No.

RUSSELL
Could always start contracting.

Robert looks down and ponders the thought.

ROBERT (V.O.)
When New Life went public, suicide
rates increased dramatically. The
terminally ill would off themselves
and in return, come back healthy. It
was a loop hole quickly plugged.
Contractors work outside the net of
New Life, doing the dirty work.

RUSSELL
Here, almost forgot.

He picks some pamphlets out of his bag, hands them to
Robert.

ROBERT
I have plenty, thanks.

Russel shrugs it off and stuffs them back into the bag.

RUSSELL
Go to the meetings, you're bound to
run into a contractor.

ROBERT
Those things are torture. Therapy
sessions.

Russell heads for the door.

RUSSELL
I feel you, gotta make a living
though, right? Good luck.

He leaves the room.

Robert lays back on the bed.

He picks up the remote and flips on the TV.

MONTAGE ON THE TV

-A woman sits bedside of a unconscious small girl in a
hospital room.

-An old man holds the hand of an old woman, also in a
hospital room.

-A man cries in a hospital waiting room.

The screen goes black as the sound of a flat-lined cardiac
monitor rings out in a LONG TONE.

WOMAN (V.O.)
The ones that we love don't have to
stay gone forever.

BEEPS from the cardiac monitor.

WOMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
Be with them again.

-The small girl smiles at her mother.

-A doctor speaks to the smiling old man.

-A teenage boy in a wheelchair is pushed into the waiting
room with his father.

END OF MONTAGE

The screen goes black.

WOMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
New Life. The miracle of life is at
your fingertips.

BACK TO SCENE

FADE OUT