

Twin memory

by

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Original screenplay

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1 EXT. METROCLUSTER - DAY 1

NORTH WESTERN METROCLUSTER - 15th JANUARY 2043

From above.

We see a modern megalopolis, divided centrally by a long strip of land free of any construction.

2 EXT. THE BARRIER - CONT. 2

We approach the area division: it's the BARRIER, an actual border several meters wide, that separates NEWTOWN and DOWNTOWN.

On both sides of the Barrier the crowd is blocked by two cordons of police officers in full anti-riot gear. Everyone seems to be waiting for something to happen.

3 INT. A CONTROL ROOM AT THE BARRIER - CONT. 3

THE CHIEF INSPECTOR of Newtown's police is observing MR. CROWLEY on the monitor, a man in his sixties, hair white and sparse, eyes small and blue, sunken cheeks.

MR. CROWLEY
Please proceed Chief Inspector.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Very well Mr. Crowley.

The Chief Inspector pushes a button.

4 EXT. THE BARRIER - CONT. 4

At that moment, along all the Barrier energy beams are raised. A VOICE booms from the speakers.

VOICE (MR. CROWLEY)
Citizens of the Metrocluster.
From this day onwards the passage between Newtown and Downtown will happen exclusively through the Barrier.

VOICE (MR. CROWLEY)(CONT.)
The citizens of Downtown in possession of a regular authorization or permit shall be able to pass through.

VOICE (MR. CROWLEY)(CONT.)
 Anyone who is in possession of
 kron will be arrested on the
 spot. Anyone that is found to be
 positive to the drug-test will be
 stopped and brought to the
 clinics for *The Cure*.

VOICE (MR. CROWLEY)(CONT.)
 The relative dispositions of the
 Barrier have been approved by the
 Elite council, with the aim of
 preventing kron from spreading
 further. The state of emergency
 will remain in force until the
 drug is eradicated. Citizens...

The VOICE fades.

5 INT. THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ELITE - CONT. 5

A grand and elegant hall where numerous people have
 gathered. At the center, a small stage from which a man is
 speaking.

Above, a monitor shows the results of a vote: IN FAVOR 92%
 AGAINST 8%

CHANCELLOR
 ...with the institution of the
 Barrier we have finally separated
 the healthy part of this
 Metrocluster from the sick one.

CHANCELLOR (CONT.)
 Now we can focus our energy on
 the proper care of Downtown, that
 is plagued by overpopulation and
 the diffusion of kron!

APPLAUSE.

6 INT. THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ELITE - CONT. 6

The CHANCELLOR and MR. CROWLEY walk alone down a corridor.

CHANCELLOR
 Everything has gone according to
 plan.

MR. CROWLEY
 Don't you think we will face
 obstacles within the Elite?

CHANCELLOR

Are you joking? Didn't you hear the applause? Spreading the kron has had the desired effect: they're scared of Downtown. Your laboratories have done a great job.

CHANCELLOR (CONT.)

They will never admit to it, but none of those hypocrites desire Downtown to remain as it is: an enormous waste of resources for Newtown. We don't need the masses anymore: they're a threat to the stability of the establishment.

MR. CROWLEY

Then we are ready. Let's move on to phase two.

CHANCELLOR

As for the technologies we need, at what point are we?

MR. CROWLEY

I've already found someone that's working on that. A small company, very innovative, with a young team.

CHANCELLOR

Can they be convinced?

MR. CROWLEY

It is a unique opportunity for them. And if that's not enough to convince them, well, I have my own means. I have already made contact...

7 INT. NUYA: LABORATORY - CONT.

7

The NUYA research center.

SIMON, in his forties, medium stature, brown hair with a beard, is at work. He's wearing an optical visor, that projects a virtual screen in place of the lenses. On the screen you can see a 3D image of a human like form. It seems a TRANSLUCENT SARCOPHAGUS.

DAMIEN, also in his forties, tall, blonde, smart-looking, runs in to the room and goes towards Simon.

DAMIEN

It's done. They activated the Barrier!

Simon turns to Damien, deactivating the visor.

SIMON

It's like they promised: first step, secure Newtown.

DAMIEN

Exactly. And now the Elite can concentrate on Downtown. The kron is spreading, they can't wait.

SIMON

Life is hard in Downtown, it's not like here. Did you expect that a numbing drug might not be spread?

DAMIEN

But now there's a cure...

Simon reactivates the visor and projects the human figure again.

SIMON

We're almost ready: the final tests on the cryogenic instruments have commenced. Up till now they seem to be working perfectly.

DAMIEN

Excellent! Have you started testing on the subjects?

SIMON

We have cryogenized the first subject. For New Memo though we need more time. The system for memory manipulation is extremely delicate and we cannot risk making mistakes.

(deactivates the visor)

But don't worry it will be ready by the time they initiate the *cure project*.

DAMIEN

They might want to start sooner than we think.

Damien hesitates for a moment.

DAMIEN

Adrian Crowley wants to meet us.

SIMON

Crowley, the member of the Elite?
The owner of Neuro Chemicals?

DAMIEN

That's the guy. He hasn't said
much yet: he has a proposal for
us, so it seems. In any case,
it's an important meeting.

SIMON

Important? Are you joking? It's
fundamental!

He stands up and shakes Damian's hand enthusiastically.

SIMON

This is great news! We cannot
afford to lose this opportunity.
They are huge! When shall we meet
him?

DAMIEN

He asked to see us tomorrow.

SIMON

Oh no, there's the final
cryogenic test tomorrow. I cannot
miss that. When the subject wakes
up, I have to be present.

DAMIEN

Shall we try and re-schedule?

SIMON

No, we can't. Nobody re-schedules
on Crowley.

(exhales)

You go. You're the expert on
negotiations.

DAMIEN

Are you sure? Crowley is a tough
guy...

SIMON

We have been through this
already. You know exactly what to
say, Damien.

(gives Damien a serious
look)

I have no doubt you will succeed.
We are a team!

DAMIEN
OK, I'll take care of it.

SIMON
Perfect.

Damien walks towards the door.

SIMON
It's our big moment, Damien!

8 EXT./INT. MR. CROWLEY'S CAR - DAY 8
NEWTOWN.

It's raining as DAMIEN approaches a LARGE BLACK PARKED VEHICLE. The windows are tinted, making it impossible to see anything inside the car. The door opens. Damien lowers his head to peer inside.

MR. CROWLEY
Welcome, Mr. Ross. I was waiting
for you. Shall we go for a ride?

Damien enters the car and they're off.

9 EXT. BODY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 9
DOWNTOWN - 18th SEPTEMBER 2050

A dark area with poor illumination, almost deserted. In the center stands a BUILDING, looks like an old warehouse.

A narrow beam of LIGHT can be seen from beneath the large closed metallic door.

10 INT. BODY WAREHOUSE - CONT. 10
INSIDE the warehouse.

In the center there's a DARK GREY VAN with the right side door open; on the left a CORPSE lying on a stretcher that seems connected to a monitor by a series of wires; on the right a GLASS WALL divided into cells.

From one of the cells, two men are extracting something that looks like a TRANSLUCENT SARCOPHAGUS, to load on the truck.

MARK and BRIAN, observe the scene.

BRIAN
(addressing the two men that
are loading the truck)
(MORE)

BRIAN
Hey, be careful! Those sarcophagi
are extremely valuable!

MARK moves to the right side of the van, while the
sarcophagus is being positioned.

MARK
(addressing the driver of
the van)
With this one, it's four. It's
the last one for today, then you
can leave.

DRIVER
OK Mark, see you at the next
delivery.

Mark turns to Brian.

MARK
By the way, the boss sent us a
new request.

BRIAN
Let me see...

Mark shows Brian a tablet.

MARK
In Newtown they always need more
clean subjects. And we make a lot
of money.

BRIAN
(perplexed)
Will there be problems with this
one?

MARK
If the boss says it's fine, then
it's fine for us. And anyway we
know where to find this guy...

BRIAN
When do we start?

MARK
Tomorrow.

They're interrupted by the ENGINE NOISE of the departing
van.

DRIVER
We're leaving.

MARK

OK.

(addresses BRIAN)

Come on, open the door for him.

The van drives out of the building.

11 EXT. NEWTOWN POLICE STATION - DAY

11

A man in his fifties, elegantly dressed, exits the NEWTOWN POLICE STATION. It's DR. EVERHART. A few JOURNALISTS await him outside.

JOURNALIST

Dr. Everhart, any comments?

DR. EVERHART

(struggling to avoid the interviewer)

None, thank you.

JOURNALIST

But the cases of suicides and disappearances amongst your clients have been going on for months now. Doesn't the situation worry you?

DR. EVERHART

Our scientific team is analyzing every single case so we can definitely reassure the public that the situation is completely under control.

JOURNALIST

Have your recruitment procedures changed?

DR. EVERHART

That is not the case. Anyways the reinsertion protocols are extremely accurate: we only select the most suitable subjects.

JOURNALIST

Aren't you afraid your authorization will be revoked?

DR. EVERHART

(he pauses: his expression and tone of voice turn decisive)

I have a feeling you are missing the whole picture here. Allow me to clarify the situation.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

2nd Chance is a necessary project and wanted by all. What we have been offering these past years is a unique opportunity to the best part of our society. The possibility to overcome the boundaries of time. A chance to live again and, in the process, contribute twice to society. Therefore no, I do not believe our authorization will be revoked.

JOURNALIST

Excuse me, don't you think that...

DR. EVERHART

Thank you, that's enough.

He evades the journalists and quickly gets in his car.

SCENE CONTINUES INSIDE A TV SCREEN.

On the top right corner of the screen the date is displayed: NEWTOWN, 19th SEPTEMBER 2050

12 INT. EDDIE'S BAR - CONT.

12

A poorly lit bar, with a 90s style, with once brightly colored but now faded furnishings. The air heavy with cigarette smoke.

SIMON (now MICHAEL) drinks alone at the bar. He's staring at the TV screen. He puts down his drink and wipes his mouth with his hand.

He turns to EDDIE, the barman, a man in his sixties, burly-looking but good-natured.

MICHAEL

(shaking his head)

And this is just the beginning...

EDDIE

What did you say?

MICHAEL

(silences him with a gesture)

I'm simply saying that it can't work for long, Eddie. You don't have to be a genius to figure that out.

EDDIE

The scientist has spoken!
(he gets closer and cleans
the bar)
Out of curiosity, Michael: what
do you know about these things?
They've been making huge amounts
of money for the last 5 years.

MICHAEL

You're right about that. In
Newtown the rich pays well to
make sure they will be
reinserted.
(drinks)
It's so ironic that they called
it *the cure*.

EDDIE

Listen to this guy... are you
feeling sorry for the kron
addicts now? I think the Elite
are doing us a favor by cleaning
up our streets from those fuckin
junkies. If they pick them up and
try to cure them, it's good. If
they take them, and use some of
them for reinsertions, well, even
better for all of us!

MICHAEL

And when they're out of kron
addicts? When Downtown will be
clean, what will they use then?

EDDIE

(curious)
What do you mean?

MICHAEL

Forget about it. Pour me another
drink. My throat is getting dry.

EDDIE

(while pouring the drink)
Personally, I wouldn't think
twice about it, if I came from
Newtown .

MICHAEL

About what?

EDDIE

At being reinserted, obviously!
Can you imagine, being able to
start afresh!

EDDIE (CONT.)
 (shakes his head)
 Fuck, if I could go back and undo
 my mistakes...

MICHAEL
 Too bad you're not from Newtown
 then. Me, I want nothing to do
 with this crap, neither Downtown
 or Newtown. I'm done with this
 place.

EDDIE
 Do you think it's easy to just
 leave the Metrocluster and start
 from scratch somewhere else?

MICHAEL
 Well, depends how much cash you
 got in your pocket...

EDDIE
 Something new coming up?

MICHAEL
 Hmm...
 (finishes up his drink)
 I think so.

MICHAEL (CONT.)
 If all goes well tonight, me and
 Sara will leave this shitty town
 for good.

EDDIE
 (scratches his head)
 Fuck Michael, now that's bloody
 good news!

Michael nods, pays, and starts walking out of the bar.

EDDIE
 (chuckling)
 If you get lucky, don't forget
 your friends!

Michael waves goodbye and gets out, while ROCK MUSIC fills
 the bar.

It's DAWN, it's cold and MICHAEL zips up his jacket. The
 streets of Downtown are gray and filthy. Some buildings
 seem to show that Downtown was once the heart of the
 Metrocluster, even if now it looks dingy and dusty.

Michael reaches the entrance of a tall building with a large door. He gets closer and punches in a code. The intercom lights up.

MICHAEL
It's me, baby.

The door opens, Michael enters.

14 INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APPARTMENT: ENTRANCE/HALL - NIGHT
14

SARA, 35 years old, hair long and dark, welcomes him. She's beautiful, even though her face shows signs of fatigue.

SARA
You're late. You know that I have to go to work soon.

MICHAEL
(trying to make her curious)
Sorry but I had some things to do, before tonight...

SARA
What's happening tonight? You didn't mention anything.

MICHAEL
It's a surprise.

Michael gets closer to Sara, he hugs her. His eyes light up with excitement.

MICHAEL
An important meeting, baby, that could change our lives!

SARA
Work?

MICHAEL
Sort of.

SARA
OK, but what type of work?

MICHAEL
Well, it's not exactly work...

MICHAEL (CONT.)
It's a long story. I'll explain on the way, when we leave this place.

Sara stares at him intensely.

MICHAEL

OK, OK, don't look at me like that! Someone owes me one, that's all.

SARA

(sounding a bit pissed off)
Well you're not telling me much, are you?

MICHAEL

Listen, I know we haven't been together for that long and there are so many things you still don't know about me. But you have to trust me, baby.

SARA

Oh, don't try that with me! I trust you, but I don't understand why you're being so secretive.

MICHAEL

(blocks her and puts emphasis on his words)
You - have - to - trust - me.

MICHAEL (CONT.)

And calm down, nothing bad is going to happen to me.

SARA

I don't like this, Michael. I don't like this, it sounds like trouble.

MICHAEL

(irritated)
Trouble? Why does it have to be trouble? Sometimes in life you've got to take risks, if you want things to change! You want us to stay like this... But what about me? What should I do according to you?

SARA

What's wrong Michael? Are you fed up of staying here with me already?

MICHAEL

No Sara, this has nothing to do with us. I just can't satisfy myself with this life, without trying to make a change. I can't stay here waiting for something to happen!

Sara slips away, surprised and offended.

MICHAEL
 Sorry baby, I wasn't trying to hurt you.

MICHAEL (CONT.)
 But this is our chance.

He approaches Sara and hugs her.

MICHAEL
 Don't worry, OK?

They kiss. Sara surrenders to Michael. Then, suddenly, she pulls away.

SARA
 Hey, hey, slow down. It's already dark, and I have to get to Eddie's.

MICHAEL
 From tomorrow you won't need to go anymore.

Sara sighs and walks to the door.

SARA
 Don't do anything stupid, OK? And don't wait up, I finish late tonight.

MICHAEL
 Actually I'll wait up for you: we will celebrate together!

SARA
 You're so annoying sometimes. But I love you...

Sara smiles and leaves.

15 EXT. DOWNTOWN/IN FRONT OF MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONT. 15

A VEHICLE is parked a few doors down from Michael and Sara's building.

Inside MARK and BRIAN watch Sara as she gets on the public transport.

BRIAN
 (with the visor activated)
 Well... that barmaid is gorgeous.

MARK

Shut up, Brian. Concentrate. Make sure he's alone.

Brian activates the visor in thermal scanning mode and aims at the apartment Michael is in.

MARK

So is he alone or what?

BRIAN

There's no one else inside.

Brian takes off his visor and looks at Mark.

BRIAN

What do we do if someone shows up?

MARK

Yeah, you're right.

MARK (CONT.)

Enough talk, let's go. Now.

Mark moves his head to indicate the direction in which they have to drive towards.

MARK

Let's move the car to the back.

The vehicle moves.

16 EXT. A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOURHOOD IN NEWTOWN - NIGHT 16

A large green area on a hillside, full of grand villas. One of which has the lights on, on the second floor.

17 INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE: HOME OFFICE - CONT. 17

In the office DAMIEN puts on his visor.

DAMIEN

(monotone voice)

I'm leaving now; I'll be with you in an hour.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

Send message.

On the visor's screen the words become a typed message which is then sent.

Grabbing a microchip, he walks down the stairs and goes out.

18 EXT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE - CONT. 18

He walks across the garden and approaches the garage.
 RICHIE, his driver, runs up to meet him.

RICHIE
 Where to, Mr. Ross?

DAMIEN
 Not tonight, Richie. I'll drive
 myself, thanks.

DAMIEN (CONT.)
 There shouldn't be much traffic
 at this hour.

He gets in the car, starts the engine and drives off.

19 EXT. NEWTOWN - CONT. 19

We follow DAMIEN'S CAR as it blends in with NEWTOWN at
 night. The abundant illumination puts emphasis on the wide
 streets, the elegant neo-futuristic buildings, the order
 and cleanliness of the city. Even the billboards seem to
 match and blend into the landscape.

DAMIEN tightens his grip on the steering wheel.

DAMIEN (V.O.)
 Everything's going to be fine.
 (he relaxes his grip and
 sighs)
 Everything's going to be fine.
 And then I won't see him anymore.

The vehicle stops at a crossroad. Damien nervously glances
 at his watch; then lifts up his head, while the cars start
 moving again.

On the facade of a building you can see an enormous 3D
 projection of a 2ND CHANCE advert.

2ND CHANCE, YOUR STORY CONTINUES

The car changes direction. After a while it emerges into a
 clearing, right in front of the BARRIER.

20 EXT. THE BARRIER - CONT. 20

He keeps driving and stops right in front of the energy
 beams. Damien presses his thumb on the machine for
 identification, the beams disappear and he drives through.

Further on he gets stopped by a police roadblock.

DAMIEN (V.O.)

Fuck...

DAMIEN (V.O.) (CONT.)

Relax, it's just a roadblock.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Good evening sir, identification please.

The officer takes out his tablet and turns it towards DAMIEN. DAMIEN stretches his hand and presses his finger on the screen.

On the screen a profile pops up with the name DAMIEN ROSS.

DAMIEN

Problems Officer?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Lately we've been told to check anyone that crosses the Barrier, even if they're coming from Newtown.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (CONT.)

It's just a routine check, nothing to worry about.

DAMIEN

I'm kind of in a hurry...

POLICE OFFICER 1

Just a moment, Mr. Ross.

The police officer waits a few seconds. Then he steps back to speak to his colleague.

Damien looks at his watch again.

The police officer turns back to Damien.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Mr. Ross, what brings you to Downtown at this time of night?

DAMIEN

(tries to hide his anxiety)
Business. I have a meeting.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Downtown at night is not a safe place to be.

DAMIEN

(smiles)
Sure, sure.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

But I always have my emergency
tracker with me.

He indicates a small rectangular type of watch on his
wrist.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Very well, Mr. Ross. That is all,
you may leave.

DAMIEN

Thank you.

Damien shuts the door and drives off.

21 EXT. DOWNTOWN/IN FRONT OF MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONT. 21

We follow the VEHICLE as it enters DOWNTOWN. It approaches
Michael's apartment building.

DAMIEN exits the vehicle, then he walks to the building.

He inputs the code. No answer. He tries again, no
response.

He looks around, trying to look for another way in. To his
left he notices a road that goes around the building.

Damien moves in that direction, but stops halfway to
activate his earpiece and starting a call. After a few
seconds, a SOUND is heard from around the corner at the
end of the street. Damien hurries along.

BRIAN

Fuck!

MARK

Disable it!

BRIAN searches MICHAEL and finds a small cellphone in his
backpocket.

BRIAN

Found it!

He disabled it.

MARK

Hurry, into the car!

In that moment Damien arrives and sees all. He
inadvertently hits a CAN on the floor.

Brian and Mark turn towards the sound. They put down the
body. Mark stares at Damien and then walks towards him.

DAMIEN

Stay back!

Mark slowly puts his hand in his jacket, trying to retrieve something. Damien retreats. Then suddenly takes out a taser and shoots at Mark. Mark manages to evade it, but he loses his footing and falls.

Damien runs off. Brian takes cover behind the vehicle, takes out his gun and aims. At the same time, Mark gets back up and runs after Damien, stopping Brian from shooting.

Mark chases Damien who manages to slow him down by overturning some rubbish bins, gaining himself time to reach his car. Damien locks himself inside and is going to start the engine, when Mark arrives: he approaches the driver seat and aims his gun at Damien through the glass.

Damien suddenly opens the door and hits Mark, who falls to the ground. Then starts the engine and drives off. Seconds later a car approaches driven by Brian: he picks up Mark and resumes the chase.

MARK

He saw us, we can't let him get away.

22 EXT. DOWNTOWN/BARRIER - CONT.

22

The TWO VEHICLES swerve, spreading rubbish all over from the sides of the street.

DAMIEN remembers his emergency tracker. He presses the button.

POLICE OFFICER 1

We have a distress call!

MARKINSON

I bet my ass it's that guy from before.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Come on, get in the car, let's go check.

The pursuit continues. Damien looks in his mirror as the other car gets closer. He grips the steering wheel tighter.

Suddenly an OBSTACLE on the street forces Damien's car to swerve towards the center. Another vehicle approaches from the other direction. Damien tries to evade it. The two vehicles brush against each other, just enough to make Damien lose control of the vehicle. He swerves violently and smashes into a wall.

In the distance you can hear the SOUND of the police patrol approaching. The pursuers stop.

BRIAN

We have to leave, the cops are here.

MARK

Yeah, that guy is dead anyway.

They change direction and speed off.

The patrol arrives a few moments after. The two police officers run towards Damien's vehicle.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Go check the other guy, I'll take care of this one.

MARKINSON

OK.

DAMIEN'S BODY is bent over the steering wheel, his clothes soaked with blood from a large head wound. The police officer looks for signs of life. His colleague approaches.

MARKINSON

Nothing serious there, just some bruises. What about this guy?

POLICE OFFICER 1

He's dead.

23

INT. NEWTOWN POLICE STATION - DAY

23

The CHIEF INSPECTOR is going through DAMIEN'S profile on the monitor.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

So this guy got into a bad car accident in Downtown...

POLICE OFFICER 1

Yes sir. Me and Markinson were on patrol near the Barrier when we received the distress call. A few minutes later we were on the scene, but we were too late. There was nothing we could have done.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

He was a big shot, from what I can see.

POLICE OFFICER 1
 We had stopped him for
 identification at the Barrier
 just an hour before the accident.
 There was nothing suspicious
 about him.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
 No, nothing suspicious in his
 file, either.
 (reading the file)
 Except the contract with 2nd
 Chance.

POLICE OFFICER 1
 A reinsertion?

The Chief Inspector nods.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
 Inform the clinic. They will take
 care of everything.

POLICE OFFICER 1
 So now we'll have another Elite
 back in circulation.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
 Yeah, and one less addict. The
 important thing is that it all
 adds up in the end, no?

24 EXT. HEADQUARTERS OF 2ND CHANCE - DAY 24

The GREY VAN from the first scene approaches a restricted
 area. The window lowers and the driver starts the
 identification procedure.

The energy gate opens and the van goes through it, and on
 to a ramp leading to the basement.

25 INT. 2ND CHANCE: DR. EVERHART'S STUDIO - DAY 25

DR. EVERHART is sitting at his desk. He is connected
 through the optical visor with Mr. CROWLEY.

MR. CROWLEY
 You did well yesterday, Charles.
 You did a good job with the
 journalists.

DR. EVERHART
 I don't know... It's getting
 harder and harder to control
 them.

MR. CROWLEY

This is not the time to give up,
doctor.

DR. EVERHART

I'm not talking about quitting,
but there's something not right
here. What's happening is no
coincidence.

MR. CROWLEY

What do you think is the issue?
Do you think the problem comes
from the bodies used for
reinsertion?

DR. EVERHART

It's probable.

He leans back on the chair.

DR. EVERHART

Adrian, I know that right now the
demand for reinsertion is high,
very high. But I think we should
slow down. Actually, I think we
should stop for a while. At least
till...

MR. CROWLEY

(stops him)

That's out of the question.

MR. CROWLEY (CONT.)

Are you insane? Stopping
everything now would seem highly
suspicious! We can't afford to
fuel the doubts circling around
2nd Chance. We're not as
untouchable as we used to be in
the beginning.

DR. EVERHART

The thing is I'm not sure of what
I'm getting from Downtown.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

Around 50% of the subjects
brought by the police for the
cure, are too damaged from kron.
We can't use them for memory
insertion. We try to fix them up
and then send them back. But even
a part of the *clean subjects*
might not be suitable for the
procedure.

MR. CROWLEY

If there aren't enough addicts to satisfy the demand for reinsertion, use all the subjects you get.

DR. EVERHART

Things could get out of hand, Adrian. The cases of instability are increasing rapidly. It's becoming very risky...

MR. CROWLEY

So find a solution, God! You're the bloody scientist!

DR. EVERHART

We are working on it. We might have found a way to solve the problem.

MR. CROWLEY

(calming down)

Very well. Proceed then. In the mean time I will deal with the Elite and the press.

MR. CROWLEY (CONT.)

But remember the reinsertions have to keep on going at the same pace.

Someone KNOCKS on the door.

DR. EVERHART

I have to go.

Dr. Everhart ends the conversation with Mr. Crowley.

DR. EVERHART

Come in.

His assistant STEVENSON walks in.

STEVENSON

Doctor, I have the files of the new arrivals.

DR. EVERHART

I hope we won't have any trouble this time. Let me see.

Stevenson hands Dr. Everhart the tablet and he goes through the files.

DR. EVERHART

What can you tell me about
subject 7?

STEVENSON

He arrived in Downtown recently,
from out of town. Seems
interesting. No criminal record,
no social problems.

STEVENSON (CONT.)

Above all, there's no sign of
kron. And the brain recordings
are free of any anomalies.

DR. EVERHART

I want to immediately compare the
file to find a compatible match
from our potential recipients.

Dr. Everhart activates the visor again, aiming at the
tablet. It shows DAMIEN'S FILE. Then he switches off the
visor.

DR. EVERHART

This body is perfect for a very
important client of mine.

STEVENSON

There's just a small problem,
doctor, but I doubt it will
reduce the value of the subject.

STEVENSON (CONT.)

A hematoma on the side.

Dr. Everhart looks up at Stevenson, but doesn't respond
immediately. Then he answers back.

DR. EVERHART

Start the memory reset
immediately and prepare him for
the insertion. I will oversee the
procedure myself tomorrow
morning. Cryogenize the others.

STEVENSON

Very well doctor.

Stevenson leaves. Dr. Everhart remains at his desk, lost
in his thoughts.

26 INT. EDDIE'S BAR - NIGHT

26

SARA is at work, she's waiting tables. She walks towards the kitchen, where there's EDDIE.

SARA
Eddie, can I talk to you?

EDDIE
Of course, what's up Sara?

SARA
(looks around)
Can we...?
(points to the backroom)

EDDIE
Huh? Ah, OK sure! Come.

They move to the back.

SARA
Michael has disappeared. I haven't seen him since last night.

SARA (CONT.)
He hasn't called, he hasn't left any messages, nothing. This has never happened before!

EDDIE
I don't know what to tell you, he hasn't been around here.

SARA
(visibly agitated)
I feel like something bad has happened to him...

EDDIE
OK, calm down. Tell me what's going on.

Sara regains her breath.

SARA
Last night, after work, I got home and he wasn't there.

SARA (CONT.)
He had to meet someone. Someone who was supposed to change our lives, he said.

SARA (CONT.)

He didn't want to tell me who it was, or what they were going to do. For all I know, it could be anyone!

EDDIE

(trying to minimize)

If it makes you feel better, I'm sure he didn't run off with some girl...

Sara couldn't even muster a smile.

EDDIE

OK, listen. Maybe he's somewhere concluding his business and he can't contact you before everything is dealt with. Could be, no?

SARA

And what if something went wrong?

EDDIE

No, I don't think so. Michael is a smart guy, he knows his way around Downtown and he knows how to stay out of trouble.

SARA

There's trouble and trouble...

SARA (CONT.)

People are just disappearing in Downtown, Eddie.

Sara strokes her hair while pacing nervously.

SARA

I probably should go to the police.

EDDIE

Listen to me Sara, leave the police out of it. Here we do things better on our own.

EDDIE (CONT.)

I'll take care of it. I have a guy I trust and he'll get the word out about Michael. But don't tell anyone, OK?

Sara calms down.

SARA
OK Eddie. Thanks for your help.

Sara, relieved, returns to her work; Eddie shakes his head.

27 INT.2ND CHANCE CLINIC: SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM) - DAY 27

VOICES (indistinct). On a MONITOR psycho-physiological data can be seen. Below that, there is a progress bar indicating that 80% of the procedure is ready.

In the middle of the room there are three people, one of which is DR. EVERHART. A patient is lying down on the bed.

TECNICIAN
We're at 80%, we're entering the last 7 years.

28 EXT./INT. MR. CROWLEY'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK) 28

A series of blurry images of DAMIEN and MICHAEL flash by. The flow starts to slow down. The images sharpen.

A BLACK CAR in traffic in NEWTOWN. DAMIEN and MR. CROWLEY are inside it. They are sitting in the backseat which is separated from the driver's seat for privacy.

MR. CROWLEY
I can't meet you in my office, Mr. Ross, but I would like to show you something.

DAMIEN
What is this about, Mr. Crowley?

MR. CROWLEY
It's a vision. A vision of the future.

MR. CROWLEY (CONT.)
I imagine you are already aware of the fact that my company, Neuro Chemicals, is very interested in memory manipulation technologies.

DAMIEN
Definitely. They are essential to contrast the damage caused by kron.

MR. CROWLEY
In a way, yes.

DAMIEN

So Nuya is just what you're looking for, Mr. Crowley. Me and my partner have invested a lot of time and energy to create these technologies. In this sector we're a step ahead of the rest.

MR. CROWLEY

I know, and that is why you are here.

MR. CROWLEY (CONT.)

But this is not just about business. There is much more at stake here.

The car stops.

MR. CROWLEY

This is the place. Let's stop here for a while.

Damien and Mr. Crowley exit the vehicle and find themselves on the very top of a small hill from which they can see the Metrocluster.

MR. CROWLEY

Tell me, Mr. Ross: what do you see?

Damien looks at him perplexed.

DAMIEN

I see... I see a city, large and divided. But I also see a lot of potential and the capacity to solve its problems if only...

MR. CROWLEY

(interrupts him)

What I see is an overpopulated city, that will never be able to sustain us all. And I see a part of society, the good part, trapped in this situation.

DAMIEN

I don't understand where you're going with this ...

MR. CROWLEY

I'll be very honest with you. The aim of our project is to change this situation and liberate Newtown from its constraints.

(beat)

(MORE)

MR. CROWLEY

And when I say our project, you know that I represent the Elite.

Damien looks at Crowley, speechless.

MR. CROWLEY

Let's get back in the car.

They enter the vehicle.

MR. CROWLEY

To make our vision a reality, we need your technologies on cryogenization and memory manipulation, Mr. Ross.

DAMIEN

We are ready to collaborate with Neuro Chemicals to eradicate kron.

MR. CROWLEY

Maybe I didn't explain myself clearly. I'm not interested in a collaboration. I want the complete control of Nuya.

DAMIEN

In other words, you want us out of the picture...

MR. CROWLEY

Precisely. And for this I am willing to make you and Mr. Gale so rich you will be set for the rest of your lives.

DAMIEN

I have to admit I'm surprised: your proposal is not what I expected. And then there's my partner of course, I have to discuss it with him first. But I doubt he'll be willing to sell.

MR. CROWLEY

And what do you want, Mr. Ross? Think well about what I am offering you.

(Crowley gives Damien a penetrating stare)

There won't just be a huge economical benefit to you, but also a place amongst the Elite.

MR. CROWLEY (CONT.)

On the other hand, don't forget that right now you're the first, but you're not the only ones. It's just a matter of time before you'll be reached and surpassed. We can wait for this to happen.

DAMIEN

(shaking his head)

Convincing Simon won't be easy...

MR. CROWLEY

Be convincing. But just in case you need assistance, know that we can help you.

The car stops.

MR. CROWLEY

We're here.

Damien moves to leave.

MR. CROWLEY

Think about it well Mr. Ross: you can try to risk it, but if things go wrong you will be the one to lose. But if you accept the offer, then we would be sharing the vision.

DAMIEN

I'll talk to Mr. Gale.

MR. CROWLEY

Very well. I await your response.

Damien gets out of the car and finds himself alone somewhere in Newtown.

29

INT. NUYA: MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

29

A fancy office. MICHAEL is standing up his back to the camera, looking out of the window.

On the opposite building, there a digital clock showing a date: 18th JANUARY 2043.

On the walls of the office are displayed VIRTUAL IMAGES showing MICHAEL AND DAMIEN TOGETHER, some go back to their college years. Someone knocks on the door.

MICHAEL

(turns around)

Yes?

DAMIEN

It's me.

MICHAEL

Hey, come in!

DAMIEN enters the room.

DAMIEN

Hey Simon.

MICHAEL

(visibly anxious)

Where were you last night? I tried to call you, but you never answered. I was waiting for news about your meeting with Crowley, but you disappeared!

DAMIEN

Sorry Simon, you're right. I'll tell you everything.

MICHAEL

No, I'm sorry. It's just that I was anxious the whole time you were away. You know how I am. Come, let's sit down.

They sit.

MICHAEL

So, how did it go?

DAMIEN

It went... it went great!

MICHAEL

Fantastic! So they want to collaborate with us?

DAMIEN

Not exactly. Their proposal is a bit different. It floored me. This is why I didn't call you sooner: I needed to think it through first.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

As we had imagined, they're interested in our memory program...

MICHAEL

(interrupts him)

About that. The test we conducted yesterday was a success. The

(MORE)

MICHAEL
subject awoke without problems.
Cryonec is already operative. For
New Memo give me another six
months and we'll be done: I just
need time to set it all up and
run some final verification
tests.

DAMIEN
I don't think that will be
necessary.

MICHAEL
What do you mean?

DAMIEN
Crowley was a bit vague, but he
made it clear that they have
other plans, Simon.

DAMIEN (CONT.)
New Memo was conceived to
identify the mental experiences
tied to the use of kron, and
eliminate them. Crowley's ideas
are much more radical.

MICHAEL
I don't understand... that
doesn't make sense! On what basis
do they want to collaborate with
us?

DAMIEN
That's the point. They don't want
to work with us: they want to buy
Nuya.

MICHAEL
Buy? Fuck... I wasn't expecting
that!

DAMIEN
Exactly. Me neither!

MICHAEL
And what did you tell him?

DAMIEN
Well, at first I was unsure...
(hesitates for a moment)
In the end, though, I told
Crowley that we would consider
his offer.

MICHAEL
What? I don't believe this!

Michael falls back into his chair.

MICHAEL
We never even discussed selling
the company!

DAMIEN
Simon, believe me, we can't let
this opportunity slip away from
us. We'll never have to worry
about money again!

MICHAEL
Christ Damien, how can you... Not
everything is about bloody money!
I know that we need funds, but
you're talking about giving up on
our company.

(beat)
Listen: let's offer Crowley a
share of the company. We'll let
him join us, but we will still be
on top. At that point he will be
easier to control.

DAMIEN
He won't accept. He wants all or
nothing.

MICHAEL
Then forget about Crowley! We'll
find another investor, another
partner to take his place.

DAMIEN
Simon, try to understand. If we
don't accept, they will be the
ones to replace us. They've
already got their eyes on Logex!

DAMIEN (CONT.)
Right now we are the best in the
business, but how long do you
think we're gonna last? We need
investors. And more importantly
some political backing!

MICHAEL
What's wrong with you? NUYA is
our project. This place is full
of our ideas, our hopes and
dreams. What will happen to this
place, to all we've built?

Damien stands up and looks at a photo. Then continues.

DAMIEN

Rejecting this offer is too risky.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

They are the Elite, don't you understand? Crowley is very powerful and well connected. He will get what he wants, one way or the other. And when they'll kick us out, we'll have nothing but our great ideas left. Is that what you want?

DAMIEN (CONT.)

Think about it: we'll solve all our problems with that money. And we can do other things together, start new projects...

Michael doesn't respond. He brings his hand to his forehead and limits himself to observing Damien.

MICHAEL

No.

DAMIEN

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

It's simple. I'm not selling. If you want you can sell your share. I'm staying here.

DAMIEN

(nervously)

No, wait a second. I don't think you get it: without your 50% there is no deal!

MICHAEL

That's your problem, Damien I won't give up on my ideas because you're scared of taking chances.

DAMIEN

You're making a big mistake Simon, the biggest mistake of your life. And this way you're screwing me up too!

MICHAEL

I don't recognize you anymore. What's got into you?

Damien evades Michael's gaze.

MICHAEL
 What did he do, what did he say
 to convince you?

Michael tries to catch Damien's eye.

MICHAEL
 Please, tell me he did not...

MICHAEL (CONT.)
 Fuck, he bought you, didn't he?

DAMIEN
 (struggling)
 W-What are you saying?

MICHAEL
 What did Crowley promise you?

DAMIEN
 You're crazy. Crazy and proud,
 you've always been like that,
 Simon. You're screwing everything
 up out of stubbornness.

They stare at each other.

MICHAEL
 What did he promise you?

Damien shakes his head, then stands up.

MICHAEL
 (stands up and shouts)
 What did he promise you, Damien?

Damien stops at the door, but doesn't turn around. He leaves.

30 INT. NUYA: DAMIEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

30

It's dark and all the offices are now deserted. Only Damien's still has the lights on. DAMIEN puts on his visor.

DAMIEN
 Proceed.

His words appear as a typed message on his visor.

DAMIEN
 Send message.

Damien slams his drink against the wall.

31 INT. 2ND CHANCE CLINIC: SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM) - DAY 31
 MONITOR: the progress bar indicates 98%.

TECHNICIAN

Dr. Everhart, we have reached 98%. The insertion of the most recent memories has commenced. The clinical profile remains stable.

DR. EVERHART

Excellent.

32 INT. THE NEWTOWN SHELL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 32
 A crowded PARTY, in one of the trendiest bars of Newtown.

In the center a hall, surrounded by various areas of greenery, like an enclosed Japanese garden. An elevated area like a small stage, whilst on the other walls IMAGES of the 2nd Chance brand are displayed on virtual screens. It reads: 15th SEPTEMBER 2050: 5 YEARS OF SUCCESS

DR. EVERHART

(on stage)

...Thank you, thank you. Let's all do a small truth test. Who of you, at least once, has thought to himself: one life is not enough.

MURMURING IN THE HALL. Almost all raise their hands in amusement. Dr. Everhart smiles.

DR. EVERHART

Honesty is a virtue, no doubt!

LAUGHS.

DR. EVERHART

Ladies and gentleman, why should we feel ashamed for desiring more time? This is every man's desire.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

As is a legitimate desire to be able to live in a world that can sustain its inhabitants, a place that is safe and orderly.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

Death, overpopulation, anarchy: for too long have these things limited humanity's progress. A limit that 2nd Chance has crossed.

APPLAUSE in the hall. Dr. Everhart kicks and smiles, like a magician who has just successfully got a rabbit out his hat.

DR. EVERHART
Too kind, too kind!

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
But sadly, even though The Cure and 2nd Chance are profoundly humanitarian projects, there are still people who remains skeptical.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
(with increasing emphasis)
To those people that consider us a sort of Dr. Frankenstein, I respond that 2nd Chance represents a concrete possibility for another shot at successful personal destiny and a better society.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
The facts are that to this day we have given thousands of people a real 2nd chance in life. People who have reinserted themselves perfectly in our society.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
After 5 years of work, thanks to all of you, 2nd Chance is a success, our a pride and joy, and the real miracle of this century.

Again an APPLAUSE.

DR. EVERHART
Thank you. Thanks to all of you.

DAMIEN, stands in the sidelines, he serves himself a drink.

HELEN, a cute red-head with her hair resting softly on her shoulders, approaches; she is wearing a tight clingy dress made out of blue silk that highlights her slender body. The dress has an elegant open back that shows off the delicate glow of her fair skin.

HELEN
Are you drinking alone, sir?

DAMIEN
(turns around)
I usually like drinking alone,
(MORE)

DAMIEN
unless I find some interesting
company.

Damien smiles while offering her his drink.

DAMIEN
White wine. Fruity, if I'm not
mistaken.

She looks at him, takes his glass and caresses his cheek.

HELEN
Honey, why are you hiding?
There's a bunch of people asking
for you.

DAMIEN
That's why I'm hiding. Always the
same people, the same
conversations, being asked the
same questions over and over. You
know I hate these events.

HELEN
But this is not just any event.
You're one of the main investors,
this is your night.

Damien seems to look right past her.

Suddenly the guests burst out in APPLAUSE. Damien and
Helen turn to the stage.

DAMIEN
(to Helen)
Let's leave...

HELEN
Oh come on! It's too early to
leave, if we go now they'll think
you hate them! Which I guess
isn't too far from the truth.
(smiles)
Look, James is walking over.

JAMES
What a lovely couple! Obviously
Helen, it's you I'm referring to,
you get prettier each time I see
you!

HELEN
James, always the charmer.

JAMES
Run away with me and leave your
boring friend here...

HELEN
You're too late, my handsome
friend has beaten you it, we've
been together for over a year
now!

Helen laughs.

DAMIEN
Hi James, we haven't seen each
other in a long time.

They shake hands.

JAMES
True, but it's your fault: you're
always locked up in your fancy
fortress on the hill!

DAMIEN
How have you been?

JAMES
Not bad. I won't bother asking
you, as this is your night.

DAMIEN
I can't complain!

A voice calls out for Helen.

HELEN
(turns to the voice)
Ah, look who's here.

HELEN (CONT.)
(to Damien and James)
Excuse me gentlemen, I'll just be
minute.

They wave her goodbye. James sips his drink, then
continues to talk.

JAMES
Do you ever think about how
things would've been if Simon...
well, if he hadn't done what he'd
done?

DAMIEN
I think we would be all here
celebrating together. Simon was a
great partner.

JAMES

What got into him! I still can't believe it. That he would throw everything away for drugs, when he had such a successful company...

JAMES (CONT.)

How long has it been now?

DAMIEN

Over seven years.

JAMES

7 years. That long already? He's got 13 left, right?

Damien nods, then starts looking around, trying to hide the embarrassment of the conversation.

JAMES

By the way, have you heard anything?

DAMIEN

(distracted)

What?

JAMES

Have you had any news of Simon.

DAMIEN

I haven't heard anything since they took him to the rehabilitation center.

JAMES

I understand. It's normal. He left you in quite a fix: all the company resting on your shoulders...

DAMIEN

Yeah.

JAMES

Well, let me tell you: you made the right move by selling to Neuro Chemicals. You got rich and solved all your problems! No more worries for you. Except for Simon...

JAMES (CONT.)

On the other hand, when you make a mistake there are consequences, it's only fair.

Damien looks away and drinks. James gives him a pat on the back.

JAMES

Let's not ruin this night with unhappy memories. Let's drink to your success!

They drink.

DAMIEN

Excuse James, but I just saw Helen call me over. As usual I have to save her from someone.

Damien sticks out his hand for James to shake. Then takes his leave.

JAMES

OK. Take care of yourself, Damien. Let's keep in contact.

DAMIEN

Definitely!

Damien turns around and swiftly walks towards the center of the hall. He searches for Helen in the crowd, then spots her chatting to a couple.

DAMIEN

Helen...

HELEN

Dear, what's wrong?

DAMIEN

Please excuse us. Helen, may I speak to you for a second?

Helen looks startled. Then smiles to the couple she was chatting with and takes her leave. They move to a secluded spot, a large veranda totally enclosed in glass, overlooking the city.

DAMIEN

I need air.

HELEN

What's wrong, are you sick?

Damien suddenly grabs both Helen's arms.

DAMIEN

(with passion in his eyes)
Helen, why don't we leave this place? Change everything, new city, new friends. A fresh start somewhere else, just us!

HELEN

What happened? What's worrying you?

Damien stares at Helen intensely for a few seconds and tries to say something, but can't find the words. He releases Helen from his grip and turns to look out of the window.

He watches the city at night. Helen approaches him.

DAMIEN

It's nothing, just a really bad day. Ignore me.

HELEN

(seductively)
Come on, let's leave.

33 INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - CONT. 33

HELEN is asleep half naked, DAMIEN is awake and can't sleep. He stands up and walks to his office.

He puts on and activates his visor.

SYSTEM VOICE

6 new messages.

The first message appears on screen and is read out loud.

SYSTEM VOICE

You knew I would come find you.
I'll be waiting for you tomorrow evening in Downtown. The map is in the message.

Damien takes a deep breath. He stands up, grabs a glass and drinks.

34 INT. 2ND CHANCE CLINIC: SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM)- DAY 34

The progress bar marks 98.4%.

35 INT./EXT. DAMIEN'S CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 35

DAMIEN'S CAR arrives in Downtown. The car stops.

Inside DAMIEN checks the monitor: the map indicates he has arrived at the destination.

He exits the car and looks around at the desolate area. He covers himself as much as possible then approaches the building where Michael lives.

36

INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APARTMENT: ENTRANCE/HALL - CONT. 36

DAMIEN is near the entrance to the apartment. The door is open. He hesitates, then enters.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Come in, on the right.

Damien enters the room. MICHAEL is standing with his back towards him, looking out of the window that overlooks the main entrance of the building. He turns to face Damien.

MICHAEL

I'm glad you've accepted my invitation.

DAMIEN

Simon...

MICHAEL

Simon. It's been months since I've heard that name.

(smiles in irony)

But you couldn't have known. Here I am Michael Evans.

DAMIEN

Did you change your identity?

MICHAEL

Many things have changed over the last few years, Damien. Not just my name. After they let me out, I had to erase the majority of my past. Here in Downtown, being an ex-Elite can be dangerous.

DAMIEN

But how did you do it?

MICHAEL

Luckily, I still have some friends I can trust.

DAMIEN

Lockarty...

MICHAEL

That's right. He just modified my digital identity and poof, Simon Gale and his past disappeared without a trace. Do I look different?

DAMIEN

You...you look well.

MICHAEL

The advantages of the
rehabilitation center I guess. A
drink? It's not scotch but...

Michael stands up and serves him a glass of rum. Damien
drinks, then his voice turns serious.

DAMIEN

They let you out early.

MICHAEL

I did some favors for the right
people, and 20 years turned into
7. You're not disappointed, are
you?

DAMIEN

No, no. Definitely not.

(he drinks)

It must have been tough in there.

MICHAEL

Yes. But I also had time to do a
lot of thinking. Anyways, no
point dwelling on the past.

MICHAEL (CONT.)

Let's talk about you instead. Of
your success. Majority owner of
2nd Chance. Member of the Elite.
You've done well these past few
years.

DAMIEN

That was an opportunity that we
couldn't afford to lose, and you
know it.

MICHAEL

Looking at how far you've come,
you might have been right. But
avoid the we, please.

DAMIEN

Let's cut to the chase. I don't
think you called me for a reunion
between ex-partners.

MICHAEL

You're right.

MICHAEL (CONT.)

I wasted 7 years in there,
Damien. 7 years that I'm never
getting back.

DAMIEN

(avoids his gaze, tries to seem calm)

What has that got to do with me?
You did all that by yourself.

Michael smiles sarcastically

MICHAEL

Right, all by myself.

DAMIEN

Why did you bring me here? What do you want from me?

MICHAEL

A million credits in an untraceable account. And the projects I was working on before I got... interrupted. I don't think I'm asking for too much, to get rid of your ex-partner.

DAMIEN

Why do you need the projects?

MICHAEL

When the police ransacked my house looking for kron - kron that we both know I never had, they took everything: my computer, my digital archives, any document they could find. They left nothing behind. In a few minutes they took away years of my work from me. And someone else made it their own.

MICHAEL (CONT.)

Damien, we both worked on the memory project. You know better than most that the way they're using it will create problems. It's already happening. And when the situation won't be sustainable anymore, I'll have someplace to start, to try and fix things.

DAMIEN

I don't have your work.

MICHAEL

Yeah right, of course you don't.

Michael drinks.

MICHAEL

This is what's going to happen: you'll go back to your fancy house in Newtown and take a good look around. Maybe you'll find something. If you don't... well I'm sure that what I know about you might put at risk your position in the Elite.

DAMIEN

Are you threatening me? Say what you want, you have nothing on me.

MICHAEL

Don't play tough with me, I know you too well. You wouldn't have come here if you weren't afraid of me. I heard Mr. Crowley doesn't have the support of all the Elite anymore.

Damien looks pensive.

DAMIEN

I need time.

MICHAEL

You have three days.

DAMIEN

Fine. I'll see you in three days, in Newtown.

MICHAEL

No, let's meet here. There are too many controls at the Barrier. I have a new identity, but I don't want to risk it. And anyway now you know the way here, no?

Damien notices a virtual PHOTOGRAPH of MICHAEL and SARA.

DAMIEN

You're doing it for her too?

Michael looks at the picture, strokes his chin, then continues talking.

MICHAEL

I owe her everything.

MICHAEL (CONT.)

But that's a story that doesn't concern you.

Damien glances at the photograph again.

DAMIEN

Three days. Then forget I exist.
I will do the same.

MICHAEL

That won't be too hard.

They look at each other one last time, then Damien turns and leaves.

37 INT. 2ND CHANCE CLINIC: SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM) - DAY 37

We see the monitor again: progress bar now at 98.8%.

38 INT. 2ND CHANCE: RECEPTION - DAY (FLASHBACK) 38

DAMIEN is in 2nd Chance's reception area.

RECEPTIONIST

Good day, sir.

DAMIEN

Hi. I have an appointment with
Dr. Everhart.

RECEPTIONIST

Your name please?

Damien places his finger on the identification system.

RECEPTIONIST

(embarrassed)

Sorry Mr. Ross, I didn't
recognize you...

DAMIEN

No worries.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Everhart will see you in his
office. Down the hall on the
right, you'll find a reserved
transfer platform. Level 3.

DAMIEN

Thank you.

Suddenly, a man in an obvious state of confusion emerges from a side door, quickly followed by a police officer and two nurses. He is wearing a hospital gown and he runs in a strange manner, towards Damien.

The man slips as he runs, making it easy for his pursuers to catch up with and grab him.

KRON ADDICT
 (yelling)
 Noooooooo! I don't want to go back
 there!

The nurses pull him up to his feet, holding him from both
 arms.

NURSE 1
 (addressing the kron addict)
 Relax, everything is going to be
 fine. The visions and the
 nightmares are almost over.
 You're going to be better now.

NURSE 2
 With kron, it's now over, my
 friend!

The police officer notices Damien observing the scene,
 horrified.

POLICE OFFICER 2
 Don't worry sir, this was out of
 the norm. It's very rare that
 they escape.

DAMIEN
 No... no worries, I'm fine.

Damien turns and walks quickly towards the transfer
 platform. He enters and puts his finger on the
 identification area. The control panel lights up.

COMPUTERISED VOICE
 Welcome Mr. Ross. Access to all
 areas available.

Damien selects LEVEL 3.

COMPUTERISED VOICE
 Level 3. Medical offices. The
 platform starts to rise.

39 INT. 2ND CHANCE: LEVEL 3 - CONT. (FLASHBACK)

39

Dr. Everhart's SECRETARY greets him.

DR. EVERHART'S SECREATRY
 You may go in Mr. Ross. Dr.
 Everhart is waiting for you in
 his office.

Damien nods and enters Dr. Everhart's office.

40 INT. 2ND CHANCE: DR. EVERHART'S OFFICE - CONT. (FLASHBACK)
40

DR. EVERHART

Mr. Ross, I've been expecting you. Such a pleasure to meet you! Please take a seat.

DAMIEN

Thank you, Dr. Everhart.

DR. EVERHART

To what do I owe the pleasure?

DAMIEN

I'm here to start the rebirth program.

DR. EVERHART

(smiles politely)

Programmed reinsertion.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

Very well. I imagine you are already familiar with the procedure, but our policy is that I have to explain all the phases.

While Dr. Everhart explains, images of the intervention appear on a monitor.

DR. EVERHART

The first step is the extraction of memories. Your memory will be copied onto an organic personal database.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

A *cerebral sponge* which is able of absorbing, retaining and then transferring the entire contents of your memory till the point of extraction.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

The more often you do the extraction, the more updated the database will be. Therefore, the memories you will have when you start your second chance will be more recent.

DAMIEN

How do you choose the body that will be my host?

DR. EVERHART

We leave nothing to chance, Mr. Ross. Our choice of host isn't purely aesthetic: it will be based on solid parameters derived from the psycho-physiological analysis of your profile. That is how we will identify the right host for you, the one with the highest compatibility rate.

DAMIEN

Therefore you can assure me that there will be no risks? Is that what you're saying?

DR. EVERHART

The risks are almost non-existent. But this is of course a limit that needs to be accepted. That is, until we create new technologies, to help us surpass these limits.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

Memories, once reinserted, merge with the new body. Extracting and reinserting them would carry a high risk of instability: the memories will be weak, faded, even deformed. None of us want to risk that happening.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

In other words, Mr. Ross, the process can only be done once.

Damien hesitates.

DR. EVERHART

It's a decision that shouldn't be taken lightly. If you're not completely sure, I suggest you take some time to think things through.

DAMIEN

No, no. I want to proceed, doctor.

DR. EVERHART

Very well. I just need a few signatures.

Dr. Everhart hands Damien a small tablet.

DR. EVERHART

Once the reinsertion occurs, all the documents will automatically be added to your new physical identity, same thing happens to all the assets in your name.

Damien presses his finger on the screen. On the screen his picture appears and the date of signing: 17th SEPTEMBER 2050.

DR. EVERHART

When you're ready, we can start mapping for the identification of a host body and the first memory extraction.

DAMIEN

I'm ready. We can start right now.

The doctor presses a button: a few seconds later his secretary appears.

DR. EVERHART

Please accompany Mr. Ross to level 4, for the identification and extraction procedures.

SECRETARY

Follow me, Mr. Ross.

Damien follows her out of the office.

41 INT. 2ND CHANCE: SURGERY (EXTRACTION) - CONT. (FLASHBACK)
41

DAMIEN is lying on a bed surrounded, at head level, by a transparent ring. A few meters away an organic sponge rotates slowly on a pedestal.

Around Damien there are DR. EVERHART and another TWO DOCTORS, each manning a terminal.

DR. EVERHART

Now relax, Mr. Ross, we are about to start the extraction process.
3, 2...

The transparent ring starts flashing intermittently in synchronization with the sponge.

The WORDS start fading out as darkness falls.

42 INT. 2ND CHANCE: SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM) - DAY

42

The progress bar on the MONITOR shows 99%.

TECHNICIAN

Doctor, we have a problem. The insertion should be complete by now, yet the system is still showing it's at 99%.

DR. EVERHART

Are you sure?

TECHNICIAN

Yes of course. According to the data, the process should have been complete a few minutes ago, but the progress bar has stopped.

DR. EVERHART

Possible causes?

TECHNICIAN

It's not clear, but something is blocking the finalization of the process.

The BODY OF THE SUBJECT is seen lying on the bed as it starts to move.

DR. JENSEN

Prevalence of alpha waves, he's waking up!

DR. EVERHART

We have to force the end of the insertion. We need more anesthetic: increase the concentration of Desflurane up to 6 percent.

The doctors adjust the dose, a few seconds later the progress bar reaches 100%.

43 INT. 2ND CHANCE: ROOM - CONT.

43

POV OF THE PATIENT FROM HOSPITAL BED.

The subject starts to regain consciousness. The images start out blurry, then gradually begin to sharpen. DR. EVERHART appears.

DR. EVERHART

Welcome back, Mr. Ross.

Damien looks around, still confused and disorientated

DAMIEN

Where am I?

DR. EVERHART

Everything is OK. You've just woken up: you're in the 2nd Chance clinic.

DAMIEN stares at Dr. Everhart.

DAMIEN

I know you...

DR. EVERHART

I am Dr. Charles Everhart. We met in person four days ago. You came to us for the reinsertion program.

DAMIEN

Reinsertion program?
(tries to stand up)
What happened to me?

DR. EVERHART

(sits Damien back down)
You need to rest. You were in an accident, Mr. Ross. As soon as we were informed of what happened, we followed your orders.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

Your memory has been reinserted in a new body. Your new life started four hours ago.

DAMIEN

What day is it?

DR. EVERHART

It's the 21st of September.

He looks down at his HANDS.

DAMIEN

They are so different...

He lifts the sheets and looks at his LEGS and FEET.

DR. EVERHART

You have changed only physically, everything else is exactly the same as before.

He turns and moves to sit further near the edge of the bed. He hesitantly puts his feet down to touch the ground.

A male nurse tries to stop him, but Dr. Everhart stops him. The first few steps are wobbly, but then he starts to move normally.

DR. EVERHART
Very good. As you can see you have complete control over your new body.

DAMIEN
Can I see myself?

DR. EVERHART
Of course.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
(he points to a bathroom connected to the room)
In there you'll find a mirror.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
It's best if I accompany you, sometimes it can be too much to handle.

DAMIEN
Thank you Doctor, but I prefer to go in alone, if you don't mind.

DR. EVERHART
As you wish.

Dr. Everhart stays in the room with the other nurses.

DR. EVERHART
(whispers to the nurses)
Stay here and be prepared with the sedative.

44 INT. 2ND CHANCE: BATHROOM - CONT.

44

He rests his hands on the sink. He looks at his feet, then he starts slowly looking up till his face appears in the mirror, it is MICHAEL's face.

Damien is upset, he staggers and recoils at the sight.

DAMIEN
No! This is impossible...

He touches his face, studies it with his hands. Then he rests his hands on the sink, his breathing increases rapidly.

He puts his head down then back up again to look in the mirror. Michael looks back at him from the mirror.

DR. EVERHART (O.S.)
Mr. Ross, is everything OK? May I
come in?

Damien keeps staring at himself in the mirror. Then shakes himself.

DAMIEN
What?

DR. EVERHART
Are you feeling OK?

DAMIEN
Yes, yes. Give me a moment.

Damien doesn't move, he stands petrified in front of the mirror. A few seconds pass.

DR. EVERHART
Something's wrong...

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
Mr. Ross, I'm coming in.

At that moment Damien emerges from the bathroom, pale and sweaty.

45 INT. 2ND CHANCE: ROOM - CONT.

45

DR. EVERHART
How are you feeling?

DAMIEN
I...

He stammers.

DR. EVERHART
Wait, let me help you.

He accompanies Damien back to the bed.

DAMIEN
I think I'm just tired. Maybe I
shouldn't have...

DR. EVERHART
This is a normal reaction, don't
worry. You need time to accept
your new body.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
Now all you need is rest. We'll
give you something to help you
sleep. Tomorrow we'll perform
some routine checkups.

46 INT. 2ND CHANCE: ROOM - NIGHT 46

DAMIEN is asleep, but his dreams are troubled.

47 EXT. NEWTOWN - NIGHT (DREAM) 47

It's nightttime. DAMIEN is in his own body, running along a deserted street. He's naked, disorientated and scared.

Suddenly, his house appears at the end of the street. He hurries to reach the door and enters.

48 INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - CONT. (DREAM) 48

Once inside he finds himself in MICHAEL'S APARTMENT.

Michael throws him some clothes.

MICHAEL

Get dressed, we have to leave.

As he puts on the clothes, Damien sees a WOMAN. She's standing up, with her back towards him. Her hair long and red, she's wearing what HELEN wore at the party.

DAMIEN

Helen...

She turns around: it's SARA, and she glances at him questioningly.

MICHAEL

You're pathetic. Come on, hurry up.

DAMIEN

Where are we going?

Michael doesn't answer him, he limits himself smiling with contempt.

Then he turns around and opens the door.

49 INT. CAR - CONT. (DREAM) 49

Once again in NEWTOWN.

MICHAEL

You have something that's mine, you know that, right?

DAMIEN

(confused)

I know, Simon! I was on my way over to fix everything, then...

DAMIEN (CONT.)

Then something happened. I can't remember what, all I know is that I was naked, in the middle of a street. I had nothing. But you don't have to worry, I'll find the money!

MICHAEL

I'm not interested in the money.

DAMIEN

What do you want from me then?

MICHAEL

You really don't understand, do you?

The vehicle approaches a large building with a large 2ND CHANCE sign on it.

DAMIEN

(screams)

No!

He throws himself at Michael, trying to make him lose control of the car. They struggle briefly, then the car hits a wall. Damien, before losing consciousness, sees Michael's body lying on the steering wheel.

50 INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE: DAMIEN'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - CONT. (DREAM) 50

DAMIEN is at home, in his bed. A sharp pain in his side wakes him up. He touches his face and, to his surprise, finds he has a beard. Now wide awake, he walks to the BATHROOM.

He looks at himself in the mirror and starts to shave, but his hand keeps trembling. Damien drops his razor and bends over to pick it up. When he stands back up, he looks at himself in the mirror: staring back at him is a blank face with no eyes, nose or mouth, without expressions at all.

51 INT. 2ND CHANCE: ROOM - NIGHT 51

DAMIEN (IN MICHAEL'S BODY) wakes up. He's sweaty. He touches his side where he felt pain in his dream and finds signs of a hematoma. He stretches out his hand to find the pillbox: he finds it then takes a sleeping pill.

52 INT. DR. EVERHART'S OFFICE - DAY

52

THE NEXT DAY.

DR. EVERHART

Mr. Ross, you seem to be in good shape. Your reflexes and cortical control are great, your responses to the memory insertion show an excellent compatibility with your host body.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)

The intervention has been a great success.

DAMIEN

That's true, doctor. In fact I feel much better.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

But there are some things I would like to ask you.

DR. EVERHART

Of course, ask me.

DAMIEN

How did I die, doctor?

Dr. Everhart looks at him perplexed, then answers.

DR. EVERHART

For this type of information there is a procedure that involves the police. What I can tell you is that you were in a car accident, in an area near the border between Newtown and Downtown.

Damien is hit by a sudden pain in his head. He touches his forehead and one of Michael's memories takes over.

53 INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MEMORY FLASH) 53

MICHAEL is seen from the back, he hears someone BREAKING IN and turns around. MARK and BRIAN pounce on him. Brian tries to shoot him with a taser but Michael evades him and tries to run off.

DR. EVERHART
Mr. Ross...?

Damien doesn't respond. He seems hypnotized.

DR. EVERHART
Are you feeling alright?

DAMIEN
(he shakes himself)
Yes, everything's fine doctor.
Just memories... It's a good
sign, no?

DR. EVERHART
Yes, it's normal that memories
start coming back to you a little
at a time.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
Mr. Ross, you've got a second
opportunity to live. Now, it's
only natural to linger on the
past and try to see if there are
any missing links. But soon you
will have to give priority to the
present and to your future
projects.

DAMIEN
Of course, you're right.

DAMIEN (CONT.)
Actually, I think I should start
looking forward immediately. I
would like to go home, Dr.
Everhart.

DR. EVERHART
Right now? To tell you the truth,
I would prefer to monitor your
progress for a few days.

DAMIEN
I'm fine! Believe me, I'm ready
to leave the clinic.

DR. EVERHART
(not convinced)
Alright. If you insist, let's
proceed to your immediate
discharge. Would you like us to
call someone for you?

DAMIEN
My driver. And Miss Helen Keegan.

DR. EVERHART
Of course, but please keep me
informed of your recovery.
Contact me if there is any
problem at all.

DAMIEN
I will.

They shake hands. Damien leaves.

55 EXT. 2ND CHANCE - CONT.

55

RICHIE is outside waiting for Damien. He walks up to him
and takes his bag.

RICHIE
Welcome back Mr. Ross. You look
well. I've been informed of
everything, don't worry.

DAMIEN
Thanks Richie.

They enter the car.

56 INT. DAMIEN'S CAR - CONT.

56

RICHIE
Where shall I take you?

DAMIEN
Home, Richie. Hurry up please.

RICHIE
Very well.

The car starts, the privacy screen is up between DAMIEN
and his driver. He leans back low in his seat, to avoid
being seen by any passers by. But he can't evade his own
reflection in the side mirror.

We follow the CAR as it moves through Newtown, till it
reaches Damien's villa. The car stops. The privacy screen
lowers.

RICHIE
We're here, Mr. Ross. You're
home.

57 INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE: HALL - NIGHT 57

It's late in the evening. DAMIEN sits on an armchair in his living room. In his hand a GLASS of scotch. On the table in front of him there are a few VIRTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS of him and Michael, as well as SCATTERED PILLS and an open BOX OF TRANQUILLIZERS.

His eyes start closing gradually, then the glass slips through his hands and falls to the floor.

58 INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE: HOME OFFICE - DAY 58

THE NEXT DAY.

DAMIEN is sitting down with his visor activated. He's connected to Newtown's central database.

DAMIEN
Search: Damien Ross.

His file pops up.

ELITE MEMBER. DECEASED 19th SEPTEMBER 2050. REINSERTED
21st SEPTEMBER 2050.

DAMIEN
Search: Simon Gale.

Results: FILE NOT FOUND.

DAMIEN
Search: Michael Evans.

There is little information.

SUBJECT CRYOGENIZED ON THE 20TH SEPTEMBER 2050. READMITTED
ON THE 21ST SEPTEMBER 2050.

The call system activates.

SYSTEM VOICE
Incoming call: Mr. Crowley.

Damien looks in the visor and sees the incoming call, but he doesn't respond. A sudden headache. In that moment, Damien's mind internally projects one of Michael's memories.

59 INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE IN NEWTOWN: ENTRANCE/HALL - NIGHT
(MEMORY FLASH) 59

The POLICE OFFICERS break in. MICHAEL tries to struggle, but they restrain him.

MICHAEL

Leave me, what do you want?! This is my house, you can't...

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Calm down.

(addresses the police officers)

Start the search. Look everywhere.

MICHAEL

This is illegal. I want to see a search warrant!

The Chief Inspector takes out a document and shows it to Michael.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

You're accused of possession and trafficking of kron.

MICHAEL

Kron trafficking? What are you talking about? That's insane?

(turns to the officers)

Hey, hey that's my office. Don't touch anything!

The police searches the whole house. Stashed inside a couch cushion, an officer finds little bags full of colored pills.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

And what are these?

MICHAEL

What's that? Wait a moment...

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Game's over, Mr. Gale.

MICHAEL

No! That's not mine! I didn't put that there... someone put it there... Fuck, I'm being framed! Don't you get it? They're framing me!

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Take him away.

Michael shouts, as they restrain him and take him away.

60 INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE: HOME OFFICE - DAY 60

The call system switches off. A message appears on his visor:

1 MISSED CALL: MR. CROWLEY.

DAMIEN switches off the visor and stands up.

DAMIEN (V.O.)

Simon? How can I remember this...
these memories are not mine!

He looks around confused. Then he sees himself in a mirror. He stares at the image.

DAMIEN (V.O.)

Jesus, what's happening to me?
Something's wrong in my head. I
can't stay here.

Damien walks down the stairs.

61 INT./EXT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE - CONT. 61

Damien leaves the house and runs towards the garage. He approaches RICHIE.

RICHIE

Shall I drive you Mr. Ross?

DAMIEN

Yes please. Take me to Miss
Keegan.

The car leaves the villa and moves towards east Newtown. Damien activates the visor and earpiece.

DAMIEN

Call: Helen Keegan.

62 INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY 62

HELEN hears the incoming call.

HELEN

I was wondering when you'd call.

DAMIEN (O.S.)

I need to see you, Helen.

HELEN

Shall I come over?

DAMIEN (O.S.)
No. I'm coming to you.

HELEN
OK, I'll be waiting for you.

63 INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - CONT.

63

HELEN opens the door, DAMIEN leans towards her. Helen observes him for a few seconds, then smiles.

HELEN
Come on, get in.

Damien enters.

DAMIEN
You know everything?

HELEN
Of course. They sent over all the information on the new Damien Ross.

DAMIEN
I can prove it's really me.

Damien indicates the fingertip identification system. Helen stops him delicately.

HELEN
That's not necessary. What's important is that you're here now.

HELEN (CONT.)
When I heard of the accident, I was so scared. I thought I'd lost you forever.

DAMIEN
You didn't think I had a 2nd Chance contract?

HELEN
You never mentioned it.

DAMIEN
I know. I had been thinking about it for a long time, but I only signed the actual contract a few days before the accident.

HELEN
Just in time.

DAMIEN

Yeah.

HELEN

I'm glad you've come back to me.

Helen stares intently at Damien and then walks around him.

HELEN

(with a wink)

And I was looking forward to see the results...

HELEN (CONT.)

Can't complain, they've done a great job!

Helen leans over to kiss him. A pain in his head forces Damien to step back.

64 INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MEMORY FLASH) 64

SARA

You're so annoying sometimes! But I love you...

She laughs.

65 INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY

65

Damien shakes his head.

HELEN

What's wrong?

DAMIEN

I don't know. Sudden headache. And it's not the first one unfortunately.

HELEN

Did you speak to Dr. Everhart?

DAMIEN

Not yet.

HELEN

He was the first to tell me about your reinsertion. He said it can take some time to get back to normal.

HELEN (CONT.)

You just have to get used to the new body. You know what I think?

(MORE)

HELEN (CONT.)
You have to get back to your
usual routine ASAP.

DAMIEN
Do you really think that things
will remain the same?

HELEN
Naturally!

Damien looks away, seemingly confused.

DAMIEN
Helen, it's not just the
headaches...

DAMIEN (CONT.)
I have nightmares. And I'm seeing
things, people that I
shouldn't... At times it's like
the life I'm living isn't just
mine anymore.

HELEN
(looks worried, but tries to
sound reassuring)
I'm sure it's nothing, darling.
(hugs him)
You need to distract yourself.

HELEN (CONT.)
Maybe meeting up with some of
your friend will do you good. We
could have a small gathering, a
sort of welcome back party!

DAMIEN
No, wait. I don't think that's a
good idea.

HELEN
Why? I don't get it. The earlier
you do this the better.

DAMIEN
I don't want to see anyone. I'm
not ready for all that yet.

Helen approaches him lovingly.

HELEN
Not even for me?

She kisses him.

66

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

66

The room is poorly lit. HELEN and DAMIEN can be seen making love. Helen is on top of Damien. Damien closes his eyes. When he reopens them instead of Helen there's SARA.

Damien reaches out and turns on the light. Helen stops and looks at him.

HELEN

I thought you wanted the lights off?

Helen continues to move. Damien turns the light back off. They change position. Damien's face is very close to Helen's. Damien closes his eyes again, but when he opens them he still sees SARA trying to kiss him. Damien frowns. His movements become more intense, then after a while he slows down. Damien switches on the light. They untangle their bodies.

DAMIEN

Sorry Helen, I can't do this.

HELEN

What's happening to you?

DAMIEN

I...I'm not feeling so great.

HELEN

Relax, there's nothing wrong with you. You're just tired, you'll feel better tomorrow.

They look at each other, then she rests her head on his chest. Damien caresses her absent-mindedly, as he stares at the ceiling.

It's now DAWN. Helen is asleep, but Damien is awake. He gets up and walks to the window. He looks at his reflection in the glass.

67

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY

67

HELEN walks towards him.

HELEN

You're already up?

DAMIEN

(turns towards her) Yeah, I couldn't sleep.

HELEN
What's wrong, Damien?

DAMIEN
I don't really know...

68 INT. 2ND CHANCE: RECEPTION - DAY

68

DAMIEN passes by reception and walks on.

RECEPTIONIST
Good morning. How may I help you?

DAMIEN
No, I'm fine, thank you. Dr.
Everhart is expecting me.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment, Mr.
Ross?

DAMIEN
(annoyed)
I don't have an appointment, but
it's an emergency. I don't think
I should need to book. Am I
wrong?

RECEPTIONIST
Oh... no, definitely not Mr.
Ross. I'm sorry. The platform is
at the end...

DAMIEN
I know the way. Thanks.

Damien walks towards the platform and steps in.

RECEPTIONIST
(to herself)
What an asshole.

Then she pushes a button.

RECEPTIONIST
Damien Ross is coming up to see
Dr. Everhart.

69 INT. 2ND CHANCE: PLATFORM - CONT.

69

DAMIEN (V.O.)
I don't have much time...

DAMIEN touches the control panel.

COMPUTERISED VOICE
Welcome Mr. Ross. Access to all
areas available.

Damien runs his fingers on the various levels, he stops
for a second on 3°, then decides to press 2°.

COMPUTERISED VOICE
Level 2. Cryogenization area.

The platform rises.

70

INT. 2ND CHANCE: CRYOGENIZATION AREA - CONT.

70

DAMIEN exits, but hears the VOICES OF TWO MALE NURSES
getting closer, so he rides around the corner.

NURSE 1
What a night. Thank god it's
over.

NURSE 2
You were downstairs? How did it
go?

NURSE 1
Two deliveries from Downtown. 10
bodies to reset and cryogenize. A
lot of work.

NURSE 2
I just started and I'm already
tired.

NURSE 1
Don't worry, there's a lot of
work waiting for you too, mate.

NURSE 2
God, it's been crazy with all
these requests lately.

NURSE 1
You're right. I'm off to change
now though. See you tomorrow!

They wave to each other and go their separate ways. Damien
watches one of them as the nurse walks towards the
changing rooms. He waits for the other nurse to get
farther away, then follows him.

He enters the changing rooms and, while the nurse is
showering, he steals his uniform and wears it. He returns
to the platform. He selects the lowest button, without
level number.

COMPUTERISED VOICE
Level RA. Reception Area.

The platform moves sideways then descends to a lower level. Damien finds himself in the area where they receive bodies kidnapped in Downtown.

71 INT. 2ND CHANCE: BODY RECEPTION AREA - CONT. 71

DAMIEN walks in unnoticed in the flurry of nurses.

A few meters away he saw a GREY VAN and next to it two men (the same men from the initial scene) placing a SARCOPHAGUS on a flat surface. Very carefully they extract the body of a woman. STEVENSON is right next to them.

Damien covers his face with his hands. Suddenly another one of Michael's memories resurfaces.

72 INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (MEMORY FLASH)
72

MICHAEL frees himself from BRIAN and MARK and tries to escape. Mark manages to make Michael lose his balance and he falls on his side. Michael is on the floor. Brian arrives with a taser in hand. A flash of light and then darkness.

73 INT. 2ND CHANCE: BODY RECEPTION AREA - DAY 73

DAMIEN recuperates from the memory. He tries to get closer without being noticed. He overhears three men talking.

STEVENSON
10 clean subjects...
(checks his tablet)
They found a lot of good bodies
from Downtown this week.

One of the two men nods.

STEVENSON (CONT.)
OK, I'll take the files upstairs.

Stevenson walks away, while Damien hides from him. Inadvertently Damien and one of the men in the van's eyes meet: the man starts to stare at him. Damien turns around. He sees two nurses transporting a body and he approaches them.

DAMIEN
Are you taking him up? I'll help
you, I'm on my way up.

They look at each other. The nurse nods in agreement to the other, and leaves to do another job. Damien and the nurse enter the platform. They look at each other.

DAMIEN

Where does this one go?

NURSE 3

To the operating rooms. He needs to be reset.

They look at each other, both expecting the other to choose the level. Then the nurse selects level 4. As soon as they get out, Damien stops.

DAMIEN

I forgot something downstairs. Sorry, but it's important. Can you make it on your own?

Damien reenters the platform, takes off the uniform and selects level 0. A few seconds later he reaches ground level.

74 INT. 2ND CHANCE: RECEPTION - CONT.

74

DAMIEN runs fast towards the exit, bumping into an orderly on his way out.

ORDERLY

Hey, watch where you're going!

DAMIEN

(keeps running)
Sorry!

A couple of people, including the RECEPTIONIST, look at him perplexed.

75 INT. 2ND CHANCE: LEVEL 3 - CONT.

75

A few moments later DR. EVERHART exits his office and walks over to the secretary.

DR. EVERHART

So, where's Mr. Ross?

DR. EVERHART'S SECRETARY

He's not here yet, doctor. I don't know what to tell you, he should be here by now.

Dr. Everhart hesitates for a few seconds.

DR. EVERHART
Call Stevenson, please.

DR. EVERHART'S SECRETARY
Of course, Dr. Everhart.

Everhart goes back to his office.

76 EXT. 2ND CHANCE: RECEPTION - CONT.

76

DAMIEN runs down the main stairs and stops to catch his breath. He turns to face the entrance to 2nd Chance.

Damien observes the people going up and down the stairs to the building. He feels like they're all watching him. He starts to run again till he reaches Richie who is waiting for him in the car.

DAMIEN
Let's leave Richie, right now.

The vehicle takes off.

77 INT. DR. EVERHART'S OFFICE - CONT.

77

DR. EVERHART is connected to HELEN through his visor.

DR. EVERHART
... you don't need to worry, Miss Keegan. They are very common post-operative symptoms.

HELEN
But I'm worried. I want everything to go back to how it was before, doctor.

DR. EVERHART
I can assure you there won't be any complications. It's our duty to verify that Mr. Ross is fine.

HELEN
If he comes back here, what should I do?

DR. EVERHART
Please contact me immediately, Miss Keegan. It's very important.

HELEN
Of course. I'm counting on you, Dr. Everhart. Let's keep in contact.

DR. EVERHART
I'll be in touch.

The conversation ends. Immediately after, STEVENSON knocks on the door and Dr. Everhart lets him in.

DR. EVERHART
News of Ross?

STEVENSON
On the ground floor they've seen him run out of the building. And we found this on the platform.

He shows him the NURSE'S UNIFORM. Everhart looks at it in silence.

DR. EVERHART
OK. Wait for me outside.

Everhart contacts CROWLEY.

MR. CROWLEY
What's happening?

DR. EVERHART
We have an issue with a customer. A high-profile one.

MR. CROWLEY
Who?

DR. EVERHART
Damien Ross. There are signs of instability. His partner, Miss Keegan, confirmed this.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
He came to the clinic today pretending he wanted to talk to me, but he didn't make it to my office. He was later seen running out of the building...

MR. CROWLEY
Send me his file.

Everhart sends the information. Crowley looks at Damien's new identity on a screen. His face contorts in horror.

MR. CROWLEY
Fuck! No wonder he didn't answer me...

MR. CROWLEY (CONT.)
Charles, this is more than just an instability issue.

DR. EVERHART

What do you mean? What's wrong?

Crowley wants to answer, but then re-thinks it. He pauses, then continues.

MR. CROWLEY

Simple: we cannot risk having someone as high-profile as Damien Ross go missing or commit suicide. We can't afford a front page scandal right now.

MR. CROWLEY (CONT.)

We have to fix this immediately. It's a political issue. This could destroy all that we've built till now.

DR. EVERHART

We can take him back to the clinic and work on his memory with the new technique. Of course, it will be risky.

MR. CROWLEY

We have to take the risk, Charles. This time there's just too much at stake.

78 INT. 2ND CHANCE: LEVEL 3 - CONT.

78

DR. EVERHART leaves his office. He seems agitated. He sees STEVENSON.

DR. EVERHART

Get him back here. Immediately.

79 INT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE: HOME OFFICE/GROUNDFLOOR - DAY

79

DAMIEN is in his office. An open suitcase full of clothes lies on the desk. Suddenly he hears the SOUND OF THE INTERCOM.

He goes downstairs and walks over to the control panel. On the monitor STEVENSON and a vehicle behind him can be seen. Damien speaks through the intercom.

DAMIEN

(trying to sound calm)

Yes?

STEVENSON

Good day Mr. Ross. We're from 2nd Chance.

Damien hesitates for a second, then answers.

DAMIEN
Of course, please give me a
moment to get dressed.

Damien goes down to the basement and goes through a door
leading to the garage.

DAMIEN
Richie, where are you?

RICHIE enters the garage from the outside.

RICHIE
I'm here, Mr. Ross.

DAMIEN
God bless you, Richie. I need you
to do something for me...

80 EXT. DAMIEN'S HOUSE - CONT.

80

The energy gate of the villa opens up and the 2ND CHANCE
VEHICLE drives up to the entrance, then stops. At the same
time DAMIEN'S CAR exits the garage at full speed.

STEVENSON
(stares at the car)
What the...? Fuck, he's running
away!
(to the driver)
Come on, follow him!

From the INSIDE of his house, DAMIEN watches the vehicle
from 2nd Chance follow Richie.

81 EXT. NEWTOWN - CONT.

81

After a few kilometers Richie stops.

STEVENSON
(to the driver)
He stopped! Park behind him.

STEVENSON exits the vehicle and approaches Damien's car.

STEVENSON
Mr. Ross, why did you run off
like that? We're from 2nd Chance,
we just want to...

RICHIE lowers all the windows, showing them he is alone.

RICHIE

Yes?

Stevenson stares at the car in disbelief. Then turns to the driver.

STEVENSON

(angrily)

Bastard.

82 INT./EXT. DAMIEN'S CAR - CONT.

82

In the meantime DAMIEN, in another car, reaches the BARRIER. Then he stops. In front of him is the border that divides the two parts of the Metrocluster. Behind him the TWILIGHT lights the skyline of Newtown.

The CAR crosses the border and proceeds towards Downtown.

83 INT. 2ND CHANCE: DR. EVERHART'S OFFICE - NIGHT

83

There is DR. EVERHART and STEVENSON.

STEVENSON

...and then we chased after him in the car, but in it there was just the driver.

DR. EVERHART

I expected more from you, Stevenson.

STEVENSON

I'm so sorry, doctor.

DR. EVERHART

We have to focus on finding him and getting him back here immediately.

STEVENSON

He could be anywhere by now.

DR. EVERHART

I doubt that...

STEVENSON

Do you think he'll try to get back to Downtown?

DR. EVERHART

It's highly probable. He might be there already. Alert them, they must act immediately.

STEVENSON
Of course doctor.

DR. EVERHART
Stevenson, remember, no mistakes.
I want him here, in one piece. I
intend to fix this clinically, is
that clear?

STEVENSON
Certainly doctor.

Stevenson leaves.

84 EXT. DOWNTOWN/IN FRONT OF MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 84

Michael and Sara's house. DAMIEN approaches the entrance
and inputs the code. The monitor flickers on.

SARA
Who is it?

Damien moves closer so he can be seen on the screen.

SARA
Oh my god!

DAMIEN
Quick, let me in!

The main door swings open and Damien enters.

85 INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APARTMENT: ENTRANCE/HALL - NIGHT 85

SARA is at the door, blocking it. She stands there
silently in disbelief.

DAMIEN
(looking over his shoulder)
It's best we go inside.

Sara moves out of the way, letting him in. She observes
him with hesitation. She moves closer, touching his HANDS
and FACE, then hugs him.

86 INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 86

In that moment, in Damien's mind an image of SARA and
MICHAEL hugging for the last time appears.

87 INT. MICHAEL AND SARA'S APARTMENT: ENTRANCE/HALL - NIGHT 87

DAMIEN doesn't react, he remains still. SARA pushes him away suddenly.

SARA
Son of a bitch!

Tries to hit him.

SARA
You've disappeared for 5 days.
You didn't call, not even a
message. And I'm here waiting for
you like an idiot!

DAMIEN
But... you knew I had a meeting.

SARA
What meeting? 5 days and that's
the best excuse you can come up
with!

Sara tries to hit him again, but he stops her.

DAMIEN
Calm down, let me explain.

DAMIEN (CONT.)
There was a meeting, believe me.
It's just that that night...
(hesitates)
It's hard to explain.

SARA
Well, you're gonna have to try!

SARA (CONT.)
Don't you get it? I was going
crazy these last few days. For
fuck's sake, I thought something
really bad happened to you!

Sara sits down, puts her head down and puts her arms around herself. Damien sits next to her.

DAMIEN
What I'm going to tell you will
be very hard to accept.

88 INT. BODY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

88

MARK is talking to someone through his earpiece.

MARK

OK, no problem, boss. Leave it to us.

(listens to the conversation)

It's clear: find him, pack him up and bring him back unharmed.

After another beat, the conversation ends. Mark stands up and exits the room.

MARK

Brian?!

MARK (CONT.)

(shouts)

Brian, where the fuck are ya?

Brian is eating a sandwich.

BRIAN

I'm here, in the warehouse.

Mark runs down the stairs and arrives in the area where they store the bodies. Sitting in a corner BRIAN is eating a sandwich while he watches a TV show. He laughs, with his mouth full.

MARK

Drop everything, we gotta go.

BRIAN

Gimme a minute. I want to finish my sandwich, I'm starving.

MARK

(angrily)

Listen asshole, if I say we gotta go, you jump and get in the fucking car immediately!

BRIAN

OK, OK, don't get mad.

Brian stands up and walks with Mark to the car.

BRIAN

What happened?

MARK

The boss called. You remember that fuck up, last week?

BRIAN

Which one? The one that ended
with the car accident?

MARK

Yup, that one. Seems like the guy
we caught, is coming back to
Downtown.

BRIAN

Shit! You think it's gonna be a
problem?

MARK

Of course! It's always a problem
when they go back to Downtown.
And this time it's even worse:
the guy is some big shot.

BRIAN

Yeah but what do we do now? It's
not like we know where he's
heading.

MARK

We might.

Brian looks at Mark thinking.

BRIAN

His place, where we got him
from...

MARK

Come on, we wasted enough time.
Let's go.

They get in the car. Before leaving, Mark turns to Brian.

MARK

The boss was clear: get him back
to Newtown safe and sound. They
want to operate again. So no
fuckups, OK?

BRIAN

We already got him once, what's
the problem?

MARK

We nearly fucked up everything.
There was a car crash and one
dead. We didn't tell the boss.
That's the bloody problem.

Mark looks at him and shakes his head.

89

INT. MICHAEL E SARA'S APARTMENT: HALL - CONT.

89

DAMIEN and SARA are sitting down. They continue their conversation.

On the table there's a small tablet, an identity detector, on which can be seen the profile of DAMIEN ROSS, in Michael's body. Sara watches him then shakes her head in disbelief.

DAMIEN

I'm a reinserted, Sara. That's how they call us in Newtown.

SARA

You took another guy's body to come back to life...

SARA (CONT.)

But you bloody knew him! You were friends!

SARA (CONT.)

What made you think you can just come here and tell me these things? Don't you see you destroyed his life not once, but two times! You fucked him up twice!

DAMIEN

And from the moment I woke back up in the clinic, I can't stop thinking about what happened. I look in the mirror and do you know what I see? My shame, my guilt all over my face!

DAMIEN (CONT.)

But that night it wasn't supposed to end like that. I didn't want to fuck Michael up. I wanted to close this chapter and finally fix things for both of us.

SARA

And in a way you succeeded. What are you expecting now? Forgiveness? How can you ask him to forgive you?

DAMIEN

It's not about forgiveness. There's more, Sara.

Damien takes a deep breath and prepares to explain.

DAMIEN

Michael was being hunted down.

SARA

What do you mean? Who was hunting him?

DAMIEN

Those that use Downtown as a hunting ground.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

No one on the other side of the Barrier admits it, but the kron cure is just a big cover up. Our world is overpopulated, Sara. The Elite have found a way to use the people they want to get rid of.

SARA

You mean there are too many of us, the people from Downtown, not Newtown!

Damien nods: he looks away to avoid looking Sara in the eyes.

DAMIEN

That night was Michael's turn. I was on my way here. Then I can't remember a thing, but when I got here things must have gone horribly wrong. The result is right in front of you.

SARA

You use us like spare parts...

DAMIEN

I know Sara. But this time, something went wrong.

SARA

What do you mean?

DAMIEN

Do you remember the last time you and Michael saw each other and talked, that night he disappeared?

SARA

Of course I remember! But I don't see why that would concern you.

DAMIEN

You hugged and kissed. You were right there in front of the door.

Damien points to the place they were standing.

DAMIEN

You were leaving to go to work at Eddie's, and you told him not to wait up. He told you he would wait anyway.

SARA

(scared and confused)
How can you know these things?

DAMIEN

Cause I'm not the only one in here.

Damien touches his temple. Sara looks petrified.

DAMIEN

Some of his memories, his desires and parts of his identity are still with me. With the reinsertion they united us, Sara. Forever.

SARA

What... that's crazy!

DAMIEN

At first, I couldn't believe it too. But perhaps there's an explanation.

Damien hesitates for a moment.

DAMIEN

The memory reset doesn't work on everyone in the same way.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

I think that the will of people who aren't kron addicts isn't that easy to erase. The subjects fight to retain their own identity. In the end a part of this remains and merges with the one that's inserted.

SARA

The identities merge?

DAMIEN

Exactly. And it's not just Michael and me. It's happening to many other reinserted people too.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

In most cases, these identities have nothing in common, and the end result is instability, people incapable of coexisting. This is the reason behind all the disappearances and suicides.

SARA

But if they can't coexist, how come you and Michael...

DAMIEN

Because we knew each other. In a way, ours is a *twin memory*.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

But for the others it's different. In Downtown the people will start to feel hunted. At this rate the situation will spin out of control. Michael knew this would happen: that's why he wanted to take you away from here.

Damien stares at Sara intensely.

DAMIEN

Let's go, let's leave together.

SARA

What?

DAMIEN

It's what you and Michael wanted.

DAMIEN (CONT.)

It's still possible. I have all my property and the identity of an Elite that will get us anywhere we want to go...

Damien stands up, looks around and then turns towards Sara.

DAMIEN

But we have to leave immediately. They're probably looking for me already. It isn't safe here anymore, Sara.

SARA
 You're asking me to just leave
 with you... Why? Why should you
 give a damn about me?

DAMIEN
 Because it's what Michael
 would've wanted. And because I
 feel I want it to.

Sara stands up and turns her back on Damien. Then faces
 him again.

SARA
 No. You can't ask me something
 like this and expect me to say
 yes. I need time to think.

SARA (CONT.)
 I don't even know who the hell
 I'm talking to!

DAMIEN
 I know it's a difficult decision
 to make, but you have to trust
 me.

Sara shakes her head again and wraps her arms around her
 body.

DAMIEN
 I need you to decide, Sara. I
 can't stay long here in Downtown.

SARA
 I'm sorry, but it's too much to
 take in all at once. I can't come
 with you.

Damien closes his eyes. Then stands up and walks towards
 the door. He turns around and looks at Sara once more.

DAMIEN
 I just hope one day you'll be
 able to forgive me.

He leaves.

90 INT./EXT. DAMIEN AND MARK'S CAR - NIGHT

90

DAMIEN exits the building and gets in the car. Closes his
 eyes and leans on the steering wheel. Then leans back on
 the seat, rubbing his forehead and his cheek, then sighs.

Not too far away MARK AND BRIAN'S VEHICLE is getting
 closer.

MARK
 (looks outside)
 We're almost there.

BRIAN
 I don't think that guy is stupid
 enough to come back. He's
 probably in his fancy house in
 Newtown, fooling around with some
 top model.

Damien is going to start the car when SARA appears running
 towards him. Damien opens up for her to get in.

SARA
 I don't really know why I'm
 telling you this, but I don't
 want you to leave...

DAMIEN
 You changed your mind?

SARA
 I don't know yet. Anyway you
 can't go around Downtown alone,
 it's too dangerous.

SARA (CONT.)
 Stay here tonight. We'll talk
 again in the morning.

The car with Mark and Brian in it passes by Damien's car.
 Damien turns and his and Mark's eyes meet. Damien bends
 over as a sudden pain in his side hits him.

SARA
 What's wrong?

DAMIEN
 It's them, the ones that took
 Michael! They're here to take me
 back!

MARK
 Shit, it's him!
 (to Brian)
 He's getting away. Let's go back,
 hurry!

Brian steers.

BRIAN
 He's got the girl with him...

MARK
 Too bad.

Damien starts the car, but Mark and Brian block him with their car.

DAMIEN

Fuck!

He tries to reverse fast, but he can't maneuver because of a parked car behind him. Mark gets out of the car, in his hand a taser.

DAMIEN

(to Sara)

Hold on tight!

Damien drives straight into the other car. The impact between the cars is sudden and violent. Brian slams into the steering wheel, Mark gets slammed to the ground. Both cars are stuck now.

Damien opens the car door and runs away on foot with Sara. After a while Mark recuperates and chases after them.

91 EXT. DOWNTOWN - CONT. 91

The chase continues on foot through the poorly lit streets of Downtown. After a few hundred meters, Damien and Sara spot an overcrowded punk bar. They go in.

92 INT. A PUNK BAR IN DOWNTOWN - CONT. 92

MARK reaches the bar a few moments later, but his arrival causes confusion. Someone tries to stop him, he gets shoved around, till Mark takes out a gun. Then everyone let's him pass, but in the meantime DAMIEN and SARA reach the top floor, and get lost in the crowd.

A DRUNK man gets out of the toilet. Damien takes off his leather jacket.

DAMIEN

Hey, take it, it's yours now!

DRUNK

(grabbing the jacket)

Man, you're as high as hell! He wears it.

DRUNK

(turning to the others)

How do I look?

Mark is still searching for them, then sees the guy wearing Damien's jacket from behind. He grabs him and turns him round but immediately realizes it's not Damien.

MARK
Son of a bitch!

In the meantime, Damien and Sara find another staircase and make it out of the bar unseen.

93 EXT. DOWNTOWN - CONT.

93

They run across the main street and then enter a side road.

DAMIEN
What do we do now?

SARA
Eddie! He can help us!

DAMIEN
Yeah but how do we get there? As soon as we move he'll find us.

SARA
I know this area. We can reach Eddie's from here.

SARA (CONT.)
Follow me.

Damien and Sara jump over a wall and disappear in the many winding alleys of the city.

Mark exits the bar and looks around. He activates his earpiece.

MARK
I lost them...

Sara and Damien reach Eddie's bar. They go in.

94 INT. EDDIE'S BAR - CONT.

94

EDDIE is serving drinks at the bar. SARA approaches him. Eddie turns around.

EDDIE
Hey beautiful, what are you doing here? Aren't you done for today?

SARA
Eddie, we need your help!

EDDIE
We? You and who?

DAMIEN walks over.

EDDIE

Fuck...! Where the hell did you come from?

SARA

It's complicated, Eddie. We can explain everything. I beg you, you have to help us. Someone is after us.

EDDIE

What?

Eddie turns to the dishwasher who's staring at them from the kitchen door.

EDDIE

What you looking at? Go take care of the bar and don't screw it up!
(to Sara and Damien)
Get back here.

They move to the backroom of the bar.

EDDIE

Can you tell me what the fuck is going on?

DAMIEN

I just got back tonight, Eddie.

EDDIE

I see that.

DAMIEN

Someone was waiting for us. They attacked us. I don't know why, but we need to get off the streets and fast!

SARA

Just for tonight, Eddie, we'll leave first thing tomorrow.

Eddie thinks about it for a few seconds, scratching his head.

EDDIE

OK, but you can't stay here. I know a place, somewhere quiet. You'll be safe there.

EDDIE (CONT.)

I'll take you there. Wait in the back, give me a second.

DAMIEN

OK.

SARA

Thanks Eddie.

Eddie goes back to the bar.

DAMIEN

(to Sara)

Don't be scared. Tomorrow we will
leave Downtown behind us.

Sara moves close to him and touches his hands. Looks him in the eyes, but looks away almost instantly, while touching her neck.

95

INT. EDDIE'S VEHICLE - DOWNTOWN

95

EDDIE'S VEHICLE moves through Downtown. It approaches the WAREHOUSE.

EDDIE

That's the place.
(points at the warehouse)

EDDIE presses a button on a remote control. The door opens and he drives inside. Once inside the lights turn on.

DAMIEN and SARA get out of the car and look around.

DAMIEN

What is this place?

Damien walks towards the cells with the transparent sarcophagi.

DAMIEN

What are these...sarcophagi?

Suddenly MARK appears.

MARK

It's where you'll end up soon...

Damien turns around and recognizes him. He tries to react, but Mark anticipates his move and hits him with the taser. Mark watches Damien as he falls to the floor.

Sara, in terror, turns around and tries to run to the exit, but Eddie blocks her path.

EDDIE

I'm sorry beautiful, but now you
know too much.

Eddie hits her with an energy discharge and Sara falls to the ground as well. Mark moves towards them.

MARK

What do we do with her, boss?

EDDIE

Put her in a sarcophagus. I'm sure she'll come in handy.

(turns to Mark)

You're an idiot Mark. How did you let him escape?

MARK

I don't know, boss. Me and Brian got there just in time, but as soon as he saw us he freaked out, it's like he recognized us.

MARK (CONT.)

He reacted instinctively: he came at us with his car, then he got out and started running, and...

EDDIE

OK OK, I get it.

EDDIE (CONT.)

So, he saw you and then he ran?

MARK

Yeah just like that. I don't understand...How did he recognize me? This asshole never saw me before. And with the reinsertion he can't remember a thing, right?

EDDIE

OK, leave it. What's important is that we got him.

EDDIE (CONT.)

Where's Brian?

MARK

Brian's gone. With the car crash, he didn't make it.

EDDIE

That's good.

MARK

How come?

Eddie takes out a gun and shoots. Mark falls back. He's been hit in the chest. Eddie moves the body with his foot to make sure he's dead.

EDDIE

Too many mistakes, Mark. You
gotta pay for your mistakes.

96

INT. 2ND CHANCE: DR. EVERHART'S OFFICE - DAY

96

STEVENSON knocks on the door. DR. EVERHART'S VOICE can be heard inviting him inside.

Inside Dr. Everhart is in a meeting with the DOCTORS involved in the previous memory insertion.

STEVENSON

The patient is ready.

DR. EVERHART

(addressing everyone)

Shall we go?

DR. JENSEN

Are you sure you want to proceed
in this way?

DR. EVERHART

What's worrying you Dr. Jensen?
We've been working on this new
technique for months now. The
time has come to use it.

Jensen remains silent.

TECNICIAN

With the new simulator,
identifying the memory block
isn't a problem anymore. We reach
the point where the grafting was
blocked and we apply the synaptic
shock. We can remove any traces
of the remaining memory this way.

DR. EVERHART

Precisely. Once we've erased
them, only what Mr. Ross had
originally deposited shall
remain, his own authentic
memories.

DR. JENSEN

And what if something else is
causing the instability?

DR. EVERHART

What are you trying to say, Dr.
Jensen?

DR. JENSEN

Maybe the traces aren't concentrated in one place, creating the block, but spread a bit all around.

Dr. Everhart and the technician look at Jensen, perplexed.

Jensen walks over to a panel and picks up a pen. He traces a segment and at the end draws a small wave.

DR. JENSEN

This segment represents the original memory of the subject we reinserted. The wave represents the traces of memory we didn't manage to reset.

DR. JENSEN (CONT.)

We think the traces are still there...

(points to the wave on the panel)

exactly where the reinsertion ends. But they might have spread.

Jensen draws a new wave overlapping the segment.

DR. JENSEN (CONT.)

When you add some wine to a glass of water, the wine doesn't float on the surface, it merges with the water. It creates a different substance. A new one.

Dr. Everhart looks at the design on the panel.

DR. EVERHART

Do you realize what your theory would mean, doctor?

DR. JENSEN

Yes. A process that modifies the identity and story of the subjects, and this is likely to make them unstable.

Everyone remains in stunned silence.

DR. EVERHART

A virus that contaminates memories. Interesting... let's assume for a moment that what you say is true. Do you have any idea what the consequences would be?

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
 It's a dead end, Dr. Jensen. So
 what do you propose we do? Should
 we keep creating more unstable
 subjects? Should we stop the
 program?

Pause and silence.

DR. EVERHART
 Fascinating theory, but there is
 no proof of this. Other solutions
 exist.
 (stares intently at Dr.
 Jensen)
 Are you with us, Jensen?

Dr. Jensen nods.

DR. EVERHART
 Very well. Gentlemen, we may
 proceed.

97 INT. 2ND CHANCE: SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM) - CONT. 97

DAMIEN is in the operating room, under anesthetic. Beside
 him, DR. EVERHART and the MEDICAL STAFF have started the
 intervention. On the monitor the progress bar starts
 moving.

98 INT. 2ND CHANCE CLINIC - SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM) - CONT. 98
 (FLASHBACK)

Images from Damien's life flash by very fast.

99 INT. 2ND CHANCE: SURGERY (GRAFTING ROOM) - CONT. 99

On the monitor, progress is at 99%.

DR. EVERHART
 This is the point, activate the
 impulses.

The TECNICHIAN nods in agreement. A thin strand of light
 makes contact with Damien's head, near his ears.

Damien's eyes are open wide. Damien's pupils enlarge, till
 his eyes are all pupil and no white.

100 INT. 2ND CHANCE: ROOM - DAY

100

DAMIEN opens his eyes.

DR. EVERHART
Welcome back, Mr. Ross.

Damien is a bit dazed as he looks around the room. He doesn't seem confused or disorientated.

DR. EVERHART
Everything is OK. You've just woken up: you're in the 2nd Chance clinic.

Damien stops looking around the room and focuses on EVERHART.

DR. EVERHART
I am Dr. Charles Everhart. We met five days ago...

DAMIEN
(anticipating him)
I...yes, now I remember. The reinsertion program.

DR. EVERHART
(surprised, but satisfied)
Very good! And I'm happy to inform you the memory insertion in your new body has been a success. You have come back to life 4 hours ago.

Damien observes his hands. He strokes his chin and hints at a smile. Then lifts the sheet and tries to stand up. Dr. Everhart stops him.

DR. EVERHART
One step at a time, Mr. Ross.

DAMIEN
You're right, of course.

Dr. Everhart looks the data readings on a small screen.

DR. EVERHART
Your psycho-physiological responses look very promising.

DAMIEN
I feel really great. Can I see myself now?

Dr. Everhart nods and a nurse walks over with a mirror.

DR. EVERHART
Remember, only your physical
appearance has changed,
everything else...

Damien look at the doctor as if he was the patient needing
reassurance, then nods in agreement. He looks at himself
in the mirror. He is pleased with what he sees and strokes
his chin once more.

DR. EVERHART
How do you feel?

DAMIEN
This body is perfect, feels like
my own. I feel complete, Dr.
Everhart.

DR. EVERHART
I'm pleased. Your progress is
very promising.

DAMIEN
When can I return to my old life?

DR. EVERHART
I think you should stay at the
clinic for a few days, for
observations and a few check-ups.
It's protocol.

DAMIEN
(quietly, at Dr. Everhart)
Certainly. It's understandable.

101 INT. 2ND CHANCE: DR. EVERHART'S OFFICE - DAY

101

A WEEK LATER.

DR. EVERHART
You're in great shape, Mr. Ross!

DAMIEN
Congratulations doctor. You did
an excellent job.

DR. EVERHART
The level of adaptation between
your mind and your new body is
astonishing!

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
We found no anomalies in the
brain recordings while awake or
asleep. No memory loss, no
dissociative phenomena, all

(MORE)

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
common issues in the first few
days post-reinsertion.

DAMIEN
(jokingly)
Am I ready to get back to my life
now?

DR. EVERHART
Yes, I can't see why not.

DR. EVERHART (CONT.)
Your driver is waiting for you
outside with your luggage, to
take you home.

DAMIEN
Thank you doctor. You have given
me a new beginning.

DR. EVERHART
It was my pleasure. I'm also
extremely satisfied with the
result, believe me.

They shake hands. Damien leaves.

102 EXT./INT. DAMIEN'S CAR - CONT.

102

RICHIE
Welcome back, sir.

DAMIEN
Thanks Richie. Let's go.

DAMIEN looks out of the window as the car drives away.
They reach the villa.

RICHIE
You're back home again, Mr. Ross.

Damien looks out the window at his house.

DAMIEN
Almost, Richie. We're almost
there.

103 EXT. EDDIE'S BAR - NIGHT

103

EDDIE exits the bar and locks up.

POV

The subject walks towards Eddie. Eddie locks up the bar, then feels the presence of the subject and turns towards him. He sees DAMIEN.

EDDIE

It's impossible, you can't be here...

DAMIEN/MICHAEL

Hi Eddie. We're back.

He pulls the trigger. A flash of light. Damien looks at Eddie's body, on the ground, then he rummages through his pockets and finds a remote control. He walks away and gets back in the car.

104 EXT./INT. BODY WAREHOUSE - CONT.

104

The car arrives in front of the warehouse. DAMIEN gets out of the car and opens the large door with the remote.

It's DAWN, the sun rises behind Damien, flooding the warehouse with sunlight. For a few moments, the wall made of cells seems to emit a soft glow. Damien turns in the direction of the light.

DAMIEN/MICHAEL (V.O.)

Let's start.

From above.

Starting from the warehouse and then zooms out to show the whole Metrocluster. The megalopolis gets smaller and smaller, as the black engulfs the screen, till just a speck of light remains. Then it disappears.

CUT TO BLACK