

IMMORTAL

Written by

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## **MONTAGE**

Tires screech. Dash cam video of a head-on collision.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Every day, 3,100 people are killed  
in car crashes.

Rapid images of combat, police brutality, and a hanging body.

ANNA (V.O.)  
4,200 people die daily from war,  
violence, or suicide.

A quick glimpse of a chest x-ray, lungs riddled with disease.

ANNA (V.O.)  
9,700 from respiratory diseases.

A dirty room filled with malaria patients.

ANNA (V.O.)  
34,500 from other infectious  
diseases.

News footage of body bags piled outside of hospitals.

ANNA (V.O.)  
But the greatest cause of death...

Workers continue throwing more body bags on to the pile.

ANNA (V.O.)  
...is aging.

Flashes of wrinkled skin, liver spots, frail frames.

ANNA (V.O.)  
Every single day, 100,000 people  
die from old age.

A pair of elderly eyes clouded over by cataracts.

ANNA (V.O.)  
And we accept this as normal.

We push in on one eye, until the iris fills the frame.

ANNA (V.O.)  
The biggest killer in the history  
of the world, and we just bury our  
heads in the sand.

**INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

The cloudy iris morphs into the clear eye of DR. ANNA GIBBS (40, sophisticated, passionate). We slowly pull back to reveal her and a DNA graphic projected behind her.

ANNA

Our DNA strands have protective caps at the end which keeps them from unraveling. Kind of like the plastic tip on a shoelace.

We pull back further to reveal the backs of university students, watching her lecture.

ANNA (CONT'D)

These caps are called telomeres, and they shorten as our cells divide over time. As the cap shortens, it stops being able to protect the strand, which makes the cell vulnerable to damage and deterioration, leading to slowed healing and age-related diseases.

Anna clicks between a series of new slides showing tumor cells in culture, plaque inside and artery, and a brain scan.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Like cancers, heart disease, dementia...

A video of jellyfish floating in the ocean depths pops up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

But some organisms can avoid this, like the *Turritopsis dohrnii* or "immortal jellyfish", whose cells can revert back to the polyp stage.

A slide of lichen growing on a tombstone in an old graveyard.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Or *Xanthoparmelia*, whose cells are suspected to never age and is strangely often found on tombstones.

A slide showing the inside of a cell with a long DNA strand.

ANNA (CONT'D)

If we could keep our DNA caps long, we could theoretically slow down or even prevent aging altogether...

Anna's gaze grows piercing.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Which would essentially be a cure  
for death.

SUPER: IMMORTAL

STUDENT (O.S.)  
But that's impossible, right?

Anna takes a long look at the STUDENT who asked the question.

ANNA  
Impossible? Sure. Like powered  
flight was impossible before the  
Wright brothers. Or using X-rays to  
see inside the human body was  
before Wilhem Röntgen.  
(beat)  
The first powered flight was in  
1903. Within 70 years, we were  
walking on the moon.

Anna leans forward, insistent.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It's not a question of, "can we?".  
It's a question of, "how many have  
to die until we do?"

**INT. NORTHWESTERN SCIENCE MUSEUM - NIGHT**

DR. WEAVER (60s, a no-nonsense woman that runs the  
Neurobiology Department), addresses a crowd from a stage.

DR. WEAVER  
We're here to honor a trailblazer  
whose revolutionary ideas altered  
the neuroscience landscape.

In the crowd, Anna is seated next to her wife HARPER (30s,  
pretty, artistic).

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)  
We are beyond privileged to have  
his dementia research continuing  
here. It is an honor to present  
this award to Dr. David Connor.

Behind Weaver is a wall-to-wall projection stating:

*THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF NEUROSCIENCES RECOGNIZES DR. DAVID  
CONNOR FOR LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT*

The crowd applauds, except for Anna who wears a slight scowl. Harper leans over and playfully whispers.

HARPER

Are you familiar with the term,  
"resting bitch face?"

Anna looks slightly embarrassed. The crowd continues to clap.

ANNA

Is it that obvious?

Harper gives Anna a look and indicates her own clapping hands as if to say, "don't forget to applaud."

DAVID CONNOR (70s) reaches the stage and accepts an elegant, crystal award from Weaver. Anna raises her hands and claps.

**LATER THAT EVENING**

The room has been reconfigured for a reception. Well-dressed UNIVERSITY DONORS stand among high-top tables.

A line of people wait to congratulate David. Sitting on the table next to him is the glittering award.

Anna stands next to Harper, staring across the room at it.

HARPER

I've never seen you this jealous.

ANNA

I'm not jealous.

Harper raises an eyebrow.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Jealousy is a fear of losing what  
you already have. Envy is coveting  
what someone else has. I'm envious.

HARPER

Aha. Well then, I don't think I've  
ever seen you this envious.

ANNA

I've never been this envious.

HARPER

They don't give lifetime  
achievement awards to women in  
their 30s...

(playfully)

Even if they just turned 40.

Anna looks at her unamused.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You haven't looked at anything else  
for five minutes.

ANNA

David's last discovery was in the  
90s. And he's still sucking up all  
of the research funding. The board  
isn't looking at the big picture,  
the root cause of all these age-  
related diseases.

HARPER

It's hard to get over the 90s. Some  
of us still even appreciate Weezer.

Anna chuckles, looking back at the award. But Harper swivels  
Anna's face right back towards her.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You will get your moment.

She lifts Anna's eyebrows so that Anna's eyes are wide,  
revealing the edges of her eyeballs. Harper laughs at the  
grotesque image.

HARPER (CONT'D)

In the meantime, why don't you  
stare at me for five minutes  
straight.

Anna's skin around her eyes crinkles as she smiles. Harper  
pecks her on the cheek, then the forehead, then the neck.  
Anna tries unsuccessfully to avoid the onslaught. She finally  
finds Harper's lips and kisses her back.

ANNA

I love you.

HARPER

Ditto.

Anna looks towards the bar.

ANNA

You want some sparkling water?

Harper nods.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Grapefruit and room temperature?

Harper smiles. Anna heads to the bar.

Halfway across the room, she is interrupted.

MAN

Excuse me, Dr. Gibbs?

Anna smiles, but looks confused. The MAN (late 60s, nice suit, Southern accent) takes off an expensive straw fedora.

WARREN

My name is Warren Cobb. It's a real honor to meet you.

ANNA

Thanks... Nice to meet you as well.

She looks around, trying to find an excuse to leave.

WARREN

"Telomerase Regulation: A Mechanism for Extending Life"

Anna gives him her full attention.

ANNA

What?

WARREN

It's quite brilliant.

ANNA

You read my thesis?

WARREN

I think it's the future.

He hands Anna his card.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Let's discuss your research in more detail. I'll be in touch.

He puts his hat back on and tips it to Anna.

Anna, flabbergasted, looks down at the card:

*DR. WARREN COBB, GGM BIOTECH*

**INT. ANNA/HARPER LOFT - LATER THAT NIGHT**

A clean, minimally decorated loft. The walls are covered in Harper's stunning, blown-up photographs of aquatic wildlife.

Anna is on the couch, engrossed in her laptop, still wearing her cocktail attire. Harper calls out from the bedroom.

HARPER (O.S.)  
How about Logan?

Anna types in Warren Cobb. Not much pops up.

ANNA  
I'd rather not name him after a  
comic book character.

HARPER (O.S.)  
Carter?

ANNA  
Sounds more like a last name...  
Also, single term president.

HARPER (O.S.)  
Christopher?

Anna types in GGM BioTech. Some other similarly named companies pop up, but nothing on GGM.

Anna frowns, then realizes she's taken too long to answer.

Harper is in the doorway, waiting for a response. She still has her gala makeup on, which makes an interesting pairing with her bedtime wardrobe of a vintage 80s tshirt and boxers.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
It's cool. We're just choosing the  
name of our first-born. No biggie.

ANNA  
Sorry...

Harper cuddles up to Anna. Anna closes her laptop and leans into the affection.

HARPER  
Why are you avoiding baby stuff?

ANNA  
I'm not. It's... work.

HARPER

It's not like I accidentally got pregnant. It took a lot of doctor's visits to get to this point.

Anna puts her hands on either side of Harper's face.

ANNA

I'm so happy that we're doing this. You're going to be an amazing mom.

HARPER

Then, what's wrong?

Anna shakes her head.

ANNA

I'm worried about my proposal.

HARPER

Big ideas take time.

ANNA

How much time? People are dying. Your dad is already showing early signs of deme-

HARPER

Anna.

ANNA

If I can get this grant, then maybe I can develop something for him. Before the damage is irreversible.

Harper smiles sadly.

HARPER

That's still many years down the road. And he's lived a wonderful life. We have to come to terms with eventually losing the ones we love.

ANNA

But we don't have to. We say it's fine because they're old. We toss away the elderly like expired milk.

HARPER

(softly)

Anna, I know your mom's decline was really rough. But just because you couldn't save her doesn't mean that-

Anna slices her arm through the air like a conductor stopping the music.

ANNA

Don't.

Harper gently takes Anna's hand and entertwines their fingers. She looks into Anna's eyes and smiles.

HARPER

This is why I love you... You're stubborn and crazy and refuse to accept the status quo. And you're going to change the world someday.

**EXT. CHICAGO CITY STREET - DAWN**

Anna is wearing large, noise-cancelling headphones as she runs along a street that is just starting its morning bustle.

Her sneakers hit the concrete with a steady rhythm. She's concentrated. Focused.

From within the headphones, her breathing feels loud and all-encompassing.

The environment sounds fade as her breathing becomes more prominent. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out.

**INT. NORTHWESTERN HALLWAY - DAY**

Anna nervously walks down a hallway. She turns into...

**INT. WEAVER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Weaver stands over an antique mahogany desk, reviewing documents. She wields a calm authority.

Anna watches her for a moment. She exhales slowly, trying to steady her heart rate. Weaver looks up and notices her.

DR. WEAVER

Anna! Come in. How's your semester?

Anna smiles.

ANNA

I've got a good bunch of students.  
And the class load is manageable...

Weaver nods. The silence is thick.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Has the grant board had a chance to review my proposal?

Weaver looks down. Anna's smile fades.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I understand if you need more time.

DR. WEAVER

I'm afraid we weren't able to advance your proposal this year.

ANNA

Why?

DR. WEAVER

Life extension is a little too speculative for this institution, don't you think?

ANNA

It's not--

DR. WEAVER

We look forward to reviewing a different proposal next year.

Anna deflates.

DR. WEAVER (CONT'D)

Learn to play the game, Anna. Put in the time. Build up credibility with more familiar research. Then do the crazy, curveball project. But don't waste your prime on science fiction.

#### **INT. ANNA'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - NIGHT**

A careful arrangement of books and binders fill a bookcase on the side wall of Anna's office. Three framed photographs are evenly spaced on the shelves:

- 1) An action shot of Harper smushing wedding cake onto Anna's face as they both laugh hysterically.
- 2) A pre-teen Anna and her mom in a lab. They are wearing matching lab coats. Anna beams as she holds up a pipette.
- 3) A faculty photo on the university quad. Anna stands near Weaver and David Connor.

Anna sits at her desk, staring forward blankly. Numb.

A jellyfish photograph hangs on the wall behind her.

A loud knock breaks her from her daze.

BEAU (40s, tall, pale, with piercing blue eyes) is at the door. Next to him is a covered, rolling delivery cart.

BEAU  
Dr. Gibbs?

Anna looks at him confused.

ANNA  
Yes?

BEAU  
I have a delivery for you.

He retrieves a stack of papers on GGM BioTech letterhead and drops them on her desk.

BEAU (CONT'D)  
But I need you to sign this before  
I can transfer possession of GGM  
property.

ANNA  
I'm sorry. Who are you?

With a click, the man offers her a pen.

BEAU  
Beau. I work for Dr. Warren Cobb.

Anna ignores the pen, but flips through the stack of papers.

BEAU (CONT'D)  
It's a standard NDA.

Beau sets the pen in front of her, then pulls back the cover of the cart, revealing a small box marked "LIVE ANIMAL".

BEAU (CONT'D)  
Dr. Cobb wants to know if you can  
figure out why this animal is  
unique. Obviously anything you  
discover is confidential.

Anna looks at him incredulously. Beau calmly waits.

ANNA  
This is insane.

Beau holds her gaze. She breaks the stare, shaking her head. She glances at her bookcase. David Connor stares back at her from the faculty photo.

She sets her jaw, then signs.

Satisfied, Beau puts the box on her desk, blocking her view.

BEAU

I'll be back in 24 hours to pick up  
the specimen.

ANNA

Wait. What?

Anna stands, but Beau has left. She looks down at the box.

She lifts out a cage. Inside is a small lab rat. Despite herself, she's intrigued.

#### **MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

##### **UNIVERSITY LAB**

Pounding music score as Anna, wearing latex gloves, looks into the rat's mouth, checks its heart rate, and draws blood.

Macro photography of animal cells. Pulsing. Alive.

##### **SEQUENCING ROOM**

A large gene sequencer blinks to life and fills with information while the rat skitters in its cage.

##### **ANNA'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE**

Anna drops a handful of food pellets into the rat's cage. She pores over datasheets: blood work, tox screen, ECG chart.

She pushes the papers away and paces around the room. She needs to try something else...

She pauses mid-step and looks back to her desk. She rushes over and traces her finger down a series of numbers, stopping at one.

##### **UNIVERSITY LAB**

Anna hustles through the darkened lab carrying the cage. She reaches a tabletop CT scanner and sets the cage down.

Close on a CT image of the rat's brain. Several holes and gaps in the brain tissue are highlighted.

**ANNA/HARPER LOFT**

Morning light streams through the window, waking up Harper. She's in bed alone.

**MICROSCOPE ROOM**

Anna loads samples into an electron microscope.

A black and white image of a group of cells flashes on the monitor. Closer on the group. Then closer on a single cell. Then closer on the cell's nucleus and organelles.

Pounding music ends.

**INT. ANNA'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE - NIGHT**

Anna's organized office is a mess. Her desk is covered in various datasheets and photo printouts.

Anna is passed out on top of the mess next to the rat cage.

BEAU (O.S.)

Time's up.

The voice jolts her awake. Beau is standing over her.

BEAU (CONT'D)

He'd like to discuss your findings.

Beau picks up the cage.

**EXT. SHEDD AQUARIUM - NIGHT**

Anna and Beau stand at the bottom of a large concrete staircase leading up to a building with big white columns that would look at home in Washington DC. Carved into the marble front are the words: *JOHN G. SHEDD AQUARIUM*

It's after hours, so there is no one around.

They make their way up the steps.

At the top, Beau holds the door open for her, but doesn't follow her inside.

**INT. SHEDD AQUARIUM - NIGHT**

The aquarium is quiet, almost peaceful compared to the usual chaos of school field trips and family visits.

The after-hours lighting is dim, but everything shimmers with a bluish light reflected from the water displays.

Anna tentatively walks to the center of the atrium. Silence.

Then Warren's voice echoes through the empty hallways.

WARREN (O.S.)

Dr. Gibbs! Welcome. It's wonderful  
to see you again.

He emerges from a dark hallway leading to one of the exhibits. Anna smiles and gestures at the aquarium.

ANNA

You have incredible access.

Warren laughs good-naturedly.

WARREN

Most facilities can accommodate  
private tours for the right price.

Warren starts walking towards one of the exhibits and gestures for her to follow.

WARREN (CONT'D)

They're used to me here. I always  
swing by when I'm in town.

ANNA

You're not local?

He shakes his head.

WARREN

I only come out here when business  
calls for it. I prefer being home  
at my lab with my research.

They pass through a brief area of darkness before entering a glass tunnel display. Sea-life is all around them. A manta ray seems to fly over them as it glides through the water.

ANNA

What research do you do?

WARREN

It's right up your alley. I started  
it many years ago, but now I need  
help to advance the project.  
Someone with experience in genetics  
and gerontology with big ideas, who  
thinks outside the-

ANNA

Look. I've turned down plenty of big pharma offers--

WARREN

And now you're struggling to get your research funded at Northwestern.

Anna looks at him sharply. How did he know that?

WARREN (CONT'D)

I'm not a pharmaceutical company. I'm a wealthy individual with a state-of-the-art facility where you can do what you want.

ANNA

What do you know about what I want?

He pauses and stares at her intensely, as if reading her.

WARREN

You want to save humanity.

Warren continues walking. Anna watches him walk away, then follows, walking quickly to catch up.

They walk in silence until they reach a display of jellyfish. Hundreds of them glow in the water as they dance together.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You've written about the handful of species that defy natural death.

Anna nods, admiring the display.

ANNA

Jellyfish. Mold colonies. Icelandic clams...

WARREN

There's also a purple algae. Its cells are flooded with telomerase, and it lives indefinitely.

ANNA

I've never heard of it.

Warren chuckles.

WARREN

That's because I created it.

Anna looks at him, shocked.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
It's taken decades of careful  
selection and manual crossbreeding--

ANNA  
Have you been able to ext--

Warren waves his hand to stop the inquiry.

WARREN  
The rat. Tell me what you found.

Anna is silent, considering him.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Please. Humor me.

ANNA  
It suffers from severe neural  
degeneration. The body is healthy,  
but the brain is decayed.

WARREN  
Good. Very good. Why?

ANNA  
The most likely culprit is a  
neurodegenerative disease that  
causes rapid aging of the brain...

Anna waits for a response, but he's hanging on every word.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
The other possibility... is that  
the brain is actually very old.  
(beat)  
But that would mean that you've  
somehow stopped the body from  
aging, which would be...  
(looking at him)  
World-changing.

Warren beams. A fire is in him.

WARREN  
Help me change the world.

**INT. ANNA/HARPER LOFT - LATE NIGHT**

The loft is dark. It's very late.

Anna quietly enters the bedroom. She stares at her sleeping wife for awhile.

Then she crawls into bed, sliding her hand onto Harper's stomach. Harper stirs slightly and sighs.

Anna's eyes remain open - her mind racing with possibilities.

**INT. ANNA/HARPER LOFT - MORNING**

Harper turns over in bed. Anna's side is empty.

She gets up and walks into the kitchen, where Anna is staring out the window. She seems tense, a little off. Harper sits across from her. They sit for a while in silence.

ANNA

I've gotten a job offer. And I think I need to take it seriously.

HARPER

Okay.

Harper gets up and starts making coffee. Anna follows behind her as she moves about the kitchen.

ANNA

There is this scientist who is self-funding his own research outside of pharma and academia. So no red tape, no grant proposals... But I'd need to be on site at his research complex.

HARPER

And where is that?

ANNA

Mississippi.

Harper sets down the coffee pot and stares at Anna.

HARPER

Seriously? What about Northwestern?

ANNA

The semester is ending. I have three months to see if this is something worth pursuing further.

HARPER

Anna. That's a whole trimester. And I can't go to Mississippi.

(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

I have my gallery opening next month. Plus my clients and ultrasounds and--

ANNA

I know. You don't need to come.

Silence.

HARPER

I don't know what you want me to say.

Anna holds her from behind, her hands on Harper's belly.

ANNA

Not a lot happens in the first trimester. We can talk every day. I'll fly back for the ultrasounds.

Harper shakes her head in disappointment.

HARPER

It feels like you've already decided.

Anna turns Harper to face her.

ANNA

This could be my big break. And this research could help your dad, and it could create a longer future for us and for our child...

Harper is quiet for awhile.

HARPER

It seems like an elaborate plan to get out of bringing me watermelon and sour gummies in the middle of the night.

Anna laughs and kisses Harper's face, then kneels to kiss her belly. She looks up at her with intense love.

PRE-LAP: the sound of airplane propellers.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY**

Anna, luggage in hand, is standing on the tarmac in front of a small Cessna airplane.

Beau approaches from behind her, takes her luggage, and walks up the plane's steps. She hesitates, then follows behind him.

**INT. AIRPLANE - SUNSET**

Miles and miles of green swampland pass beneath them. A massive bayou cuts through the thick, overgrown trees.

Anna stares out the window as Beau stoically pilots.

Ahead, she sees a small muddy and grass-covered airstrip next to a modest hangar. The plane begins to descend.

ANNA

(shouting to be heard)

Looks pretty desolate. Where's GGM?

Beau doesn't turn to respond, but shouts back.

BEAU

Barrier island. Boat access only.

Anna strains to see beyond the airstrip.

The water widens, looking more like a lake than a river. And beyond that, a large, dense island. It covers so much of the horizon that it looks more like a landmass than an island.

Thick trees surround the edges, which make it hard to see anything of the interior of the island. She just barely gets a glimpse of a rusty color behind the trees. A wall, maybe?

She squints to see more, but gives up.

She looks down again at the serpentine bayou. The dark water reflects hints of orange and red from the setting sun.

**EXT. AIRSTRIP - SUNSET**

Anna walks down the steps of the plane. The overwhelming humidity hits her. Her clothes cling to her body. Sweat beads pop up almost instantaneously on her skin.

She looks around. Behind her are dense trees and impenetrable foliage, practically jungle. In front of her is water.

Beau retrieves her luggage and motions for her to follow as he lumbers over to a small speed boat tied to a wooden dock.

**INT. SPEEDBOAT - DUSK**

The engine whines as the rudder cuts a "V" in the dark water.

Lit by the aftermath of the setting sun, Anna sits at the front of the speedboat as it glides through the bluish darkness. She struggles to see the landscape in the dark.

She turns to Beau, who drives from the captain's chair.

ANNA

It gets dark so quickly here.

BEAU

No light pollution.

He doesn't offer anything more as he drives them around to the backside of the island, which looks impenetrable to Anna.

But Beau turns into a small tributary that Anna didn't notice at first. It's lined with ancient, overgrown trees. Spanish moss hangs from the branches.

The tree canopy grows dense, blocking out the sky and its afterglow. Beau turns on a small light at the boat's front.

Mangroves line the water's edge. Front-lit, they look eerie. Their above-ground roots looking like strange limbs that could move of their own volition.

Far ahead, Anna sees an outline of a dock and another boat.

**INT. UTILITY TERRAIN VEHICLE - DUSK**

Beau and Anna bounce along a dirt trail, riding in a muddy UTV; her luggage strapped into the back.

Through the trees, she glimpses an Antebellum style mansion on a hill overlooking the Southern Gothic complex. The large columns and white paint shine brightly in the darkness.

Beau notices her staring up at it.

BEAU

That's where Dr. Cobb lives. He's not to be disturbed when he's in the Big House. So unless you're invited, consider it off-limits.

The trail opens up briefly into a courtyard surrounded by a handful of buildings.

One building is dome-shaped and made of frosted glass. A dim, purple light emanates from within.

Before Anna can get a good look, the trail narrows again, the forest blocking her view.

BEAU (CONT'D)

And don't wander far from the trail  
or go alone towards the outer  
fence, there are gators, and it  
isn't safe.

**EXT. ANNA'S CABIN - DUSK**

The UTV pulls up to a small, rustic cabin nestled among the trees. It looks to be more than a century old.

Beau unloads her bags onto the front porch.

BEAU

This is your cabin. The kitchen and  
refrigerator are fully stocked.

He hands her a key.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Dr. Cobb will give you a lay of the  
land tomorrow.

Before she can say anything, he hops into the UTV and leaves.

**INT. ANNA'S CABIN - EVENING**

Anna brings in her luggage and looks around. It's spare but cozy. She does a double take at one wall. On it is a jellyfish photograph exactly like the one in her office.

She checks her phone. No signal.

She checks for a WiFi network. "Cabin #3" pops up, but there's a lock symbol next to it.

She looks around for a sheet with the WiFi instructions, but there doesn't seem to be one.

She sighs and sits on the edge of the bed. In front of her is a window. Beyond it, deep darkness.

**EXT. BAYOU - EVENING**

The stars twinkle over the swamp with a rare brightness.

The moon reflects brightly off of the murky water.

A snake weaves its way through the reflection, then slips softly under the dark water and disappears.

**EXT. TRAIL - DAWN**

The rising sun peaks through the foliage, the density of which blocks the view of the majority of the complex.

Anna runs along a path near her cabin. The sound of her shoes hitting the damp earth is completely different than the city streets she's used to. She's refreshed and excited.

**EXT. COURTYARD - DAWN**

She comes to a collection of buildings surrounding a central courtyard. The buildings are repurposed plantation cabins.

She pauses to take a breath, leaning over her thighs. Sweat covers her arms and her back.

She sees the strange dome building from the previous night. I

She walks over to it but can't see anything through the frosted glass. From within, an electric hum emanates along with the faint sound of liquid bubbling.

Anna walks across the courtyard to a barn with rows of edible plants growing alongside it.

She continues down the side of the barn. Behind it is a fenced-in enclosure where some chickens are wandering.

Beyond the garden, she sees an orchard in the distance. Workers in white linens are picking fruit into baskets. Everything looks beautiful and serene. She takes a deep breath, inhaling the fresh smells.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

She spins around to see RYAN (20s, smiley, dirty overalls). He's holding a pair of dead chickens in his right hand.

RYAN

You must be Dr. Gibbs.

He extends a muddy left hand since his right hand is full. Noticing how dirty it is, he snatches it back.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Shit, sorry-  
 (catching the profanity)  
 Excuse me, ma'am.

He wipes his hand on his overalls and extends it again for an awkward, left-handed shake. Anna smiles and shakes.

ANNA  
 You can call me Anna.

RYAN  
 Oh, great. Sorry... I'm Ryan.  
 (nodding behind him)  
 That's John.

Standing in the barn doorway is a petite man, JOHN (60s). He holds a bucket of feed and stares at Anna, looking confused.

ANNA  
 Nice to meet you, John!

RYAN  
 Oh, he doesn't talk. He's retarded--

He catches himself, embarrassed.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. Disabled mentally... or  
 whatever. He's Dr. Cobb's cousin.

Anna nods, unsure how to respond.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 I think Dr. Cobb was waiting for  
 you in front of the lab.

ANNA  
 Oh, ok. Which one is the lab?

Ryan points back up towards the courtyard.

**EXT. GGM LAB - DAWN**

Anna rounds the corner of the barn to find Warren pacing. When he sees her, he breaks into a huge smile.

WARREN  
 Dr. Gibbs! I cannot wait to show  
 you our facilities.

ANNA  
 Great. I was just going to shower--

WARREN

No use. The humidity ruins all outfits.

He turns to input a code on a keypad. Anna looks down at her sweat-covered workout clothes. The door clicks open, and he opens it wide for her. She hesitantly walks in.

ANNA

You have quite the grounds here.

Warren swells with pride as he follows her inside.

WARREN

We're almost completely self-sufficient here. We grow our own food; make our own power; do our own research...

#### **INT. GGM LAB - DAY**

The lab is a state-of-the-art science facility inside the shell of a rustic cabin. High end equipment lines the walls. Anna is clearly impressed as she walks around the space.

WARREN

We have anything you're accustomed to finding in a modern lab. Blood analysis. Imaging. DNA sequencing. We can do it all right here. And if you can't find something you need, I'll get it.

Anna stops at a giant whiteboard covered in plasmid diagrams and protein pathways. She nods and smiles.

ANNA

The only thing I need sooner rather than later is the WiFi password.

WARREN

Oh goodness. Beau should have given that to you. I'll make sure you get it.

Anna smiles her thanks as Warren leads her to the far end of the room, where one wall is taken up by lab rat cages.

WARREN (CONT'D)

And these are our specimens.

Anna approaches the cages. The rats appear ordinary.

WARREN (CONT'D)

It took decades of work to get to this point, but now I'm at an impasse.

He gently picks up one of the rat cages from the top shelf and brings it over to a radial maze.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I'm worried about the oldest ones.

The one that he is holding has a curved spine and ragged fur.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Despite their extended lifespans their cognitive ability has been declining.

He puts rat food past a small exit hatch in the maze.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Their weakening brain function will eventually kill them.

He gently puts the rat in the center of the maze and then starts a timer. Anna watches closely.

WARREN (CONT'D)

But with your background in brain disease and genetic engineering and your global approach to aging...

Anna smiles, but focuses on the rat. It remains motionless.

As the timer ticks, it finally moves, but slowly, aimlessly.

WARREN (CONT'D)

As you can see, he's lost the ability to navigate.

Anna notices a slight tremor in one of the rat's legs.

ANNA

Some ataxia there in the left forelimb. Possible damage to the cerebellum or motor cortex?

WARREN

(nodding)

We first started noticing the decline about 3 years ago.

ANNA

Rats only live 1-2 years.

Warren grins.

WARREN

This one just turned 10.

**EXT. DOME - DAY**

A keypad clicks. Warren opens the door to the domed building.

**INT. DOME ENTRYWAY - DAY**

The small entryway is designed like a clean room - full of plastic and hard surfaces to prevent contamination.

Warren opens a cabinet and hands Anna a bunch of PPE.

**INT. DOME - DAY**

Warren and Anna enter the main room, wearing plastic coveralls, heavy rubber gloves, and polypropylene booties.

The room is high-tech. Large acrylic water tanks are arranged in rows. A faint hum and gentle gurgling emanates from each.

Inside each tank is a shimmery purple algae, resembling a miniature upside down kelp forest. It's exotic, almost alien.

Anna approaches one of the tanks in wonder. The algae seems to glow, and it reflects in her eyes.

ANNA

This is the algae?

Warren nods, hanging back and surveying his creation.

ANNA (CONT'D)

So how do you get from this to  
ageless rats?

Warren grins and leads her to the back of the dome, which has been converted into a small, home-built pharmaceutical manufacturing room. Some of the algae hangs from the ceiling to dry before processing.

Warren opens a small cabinet to reveal a collection of glass vials containing a pale, purple liquid.

He retrieves one and hands it to Anna.

WARREN

One injection. Once a week.

A smile creeps onto Anna's face. She holds it reverently.

**INT. ANNA/HARPER LOFT - EVENING**

Large prints of marine life clutter the dining table.

Harper sits at a nearby desk doing color correction on some mobula ray photos.

HARPER  
It sounds weird.

**INT. ANNA'S CABIN - EVENING**

Anna in bed on her cell phone.

ANNA  
It's not weird. It's incredible.

**INTERCUT ANNA/HARPER**

HARPER  
An island in the swamp. And a guy  
killed chickens in front of you--

ANNA  
They were already dead. He was just  
holding them.

HARPER  
Right. Totally normal... And you  
don't have cell service.

ANNA  
Wifi calling for the win.

HARPER  
And I can't mail you anything. I  
wanted to send you a care package  
with a new quinoa meal that you  
would love.

ANNA  
Mmm. Can you email me the recipe  
and walk me through it on Zoom? I  
learn best when you're topless...

Harper giggles.

**EXT. TRAIL - DAWN**

The fog from the night before hasn't lifted yet. It makes the moss hanging from the trees look other-worldly. Anna runs fast with her noise-cancelling headphones on.

The orchestral piece that she is listening to is inspiring. As the trees speed past her, she pretends that she's soaring.

Then she glimpses a flash of white.

She slows down and stares into the forest. It looks empty.

Then she sees it again. An OLD WOMAN WITH LONG WHITE HAIR stands between the trees.

The woman and her stare at each other for a long moment.

Then the woman runs away. She moves surprisingly quickly. Anna pulls her headphones down and stands there in silence.

**EXT. ANNA CABIN - MORNING**

Anna returns from her run, but someone is on her front porch.

CHERYL (60s, perfectly styled blonde hair) holds a basket and is dressed like an equestrian Southern aristocrat.

CHERYL

Dr. Gibbs! I'm so sorry to drop by unannounced. I'm Warren's wife, Cheryl Cobb. It's so wonderful to meet you.

Her thick Southern drawl gives an extra softness to her polite demeanor. Anna walks up, still breathing heavy.

ANNA

Nice to meet you.

CHERYL

I admire your commitment to exercise. It's a great way to preserve youth.

Anna smiles and nods. Cheryl hands over the basket.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Here are some fresh baked biscuits to help welcome you to our little patch of paradise.

ANNA

Oh. That's very sweet.

CHERYL

I need to get back to my new charity initiative, but make sure to enjoy them while they're fresh.  
(lowering her voice)  
Warren also needs more assistance these days. He won't admit his age is finally catching up with him.

Anna nods and lifts the basket.

ANNA

Well, thank you for these.

CHERYL

My pleasure.

Cheryl smiles and leaves. Anna lifts the cloth and grabs a biscuit as she heads inside.

**EXT. ORCHARD - DUSK**

Anna walks between rows of fruit trees. The sky is purple as it darkens, and the air is quiet.

She is looking for something. She turns down another row of trees, but it looks exactly the same as the previous row.

She turns again. None of the rows appear to have an end. From above, it looks like she is in the middle of a maze.

She turns completely around, then sees it, down the row.

A form on the ground, shrouded in shadow.

Anna approaches, hesitant, but drawn inexorably forward.

It's a nude body.

She reaches it and crouches down. It's an old man.

His face is turned away from her. She touches his shoulder, and the corpse flops on its back towards her.

She recoils.

It's Warren. His lifeless eyes stare back at her.

**INT. GGM LAB - DAY**

Anna opens her eyes. The daymare fades instantly. She is standing in front of a bench-top MRI machine. On the monitor, a rat brain image is full of dark, ominous voids.

WARREN (O.S.)

The serum functions as a vaccine against several aging processes.

Anna is startled by his presence, but quickly recovers.

ANNA

But it can't just be up-regulating telomerase. The rats would be riddled with cancers.

WARREN

The truth is, we don't understand all the mechanisms. It seems to aid in TERT gene expression, DNA repair, and tumor suppression. It's been a lot of trial and error.

ANNA

Just shots in the dark?

WARREN

If you knew the number of iterations... Just identifying the right biomarkers took decades.

ANNA

And it only partially works.

Warren nods, clearly frustrated.

WARREN

The serum is easily taken up by the organs and muscles, but not the brain. We've tried multiple ways to cross the barrier, but nothing works. And direct injections leave the brain tissue looking like Swiss cheese. The result is perpetual bodies with aging minds.

Anna nods, thinking. The wheels are turning fast and furious.

**INT. DOME - DAY**

The algae floats ethereally in the grow tanks.

Anna walks between them. Her face is cast with a purple glow. In the back, she collects some of the hanging dried algae. She grinds it into a powder with a mortar and pestle.

**INT. GGM LAB - DAY**

A rat squirms in Anna's hand as she gently puts it back in its cage. Her gaze lands on its serial number. She frowns.

She looks for a supply closet. There's a closed door at the back of the lab. She tries the handle, but it's locked.

She digs inside desk drawers and finds a set of sticky notes.

She places the sticky notes on top of the serial numbers.

She's given each of the rats a name: *RAGS*, *SAKE*, *UNO*, etc.

**INT. ANNA'S CABIN - EVENING**

Anna is pacing back and forth in her cabin on the phone. She is excited and animated, making big arm gestures.

ANNA

Warren handed over the reins, and I feel like I'm finally doing what I was born to do.

**INT. ART GALLERY - EVENING - CONTINUOUS**

Harper is placing her photos around a gallery space.

HARPER

That's great. I'm really proud of you.

**INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION**

Anna leans forward on the kitchen counter.

ANNA

What if you could live to be 200?

HARPER

Anna... We've talked about this. I don't want to be old for that long.

ANNA

No. Healthy life. As you are now  
for an extra 17 decades.

HARPER

You know in fairy tales, this is  
normally what the villain is into.

Anna doesn't laugh at the joke. She goes back to pacing.

ANNA

1000,000 people die daily from  
aging. It's not evil to want to  
prevent that.

Harper smiles at her conviction. Anna gets professorial.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What if we figure out how to extend  
the human lifespan by 20 years? And  
in those 20 years, we discover how  
to extend it another 50, and within  
those 50, we extend another 100...  
If we reach the longevity escape  
velocity, we could potentially  
choose how long we lived...

HARPER

Anna. I just want time with you.

ANNA

Isn't a little time in the swamp  
worth a possible forever together?

Harper holds one of her photographs. It's of two manatees  
intertwined. A mother and her calf.

HARPER

Your mom would be proud of you.

Anna stops pacing, overcome for a moment.

**INT. GGM LAB - NIGHT**

Purple powder mixes with carefully measured fluid in a vial.

Anna, masked, works at a fume hood. She coats a culture flask  
with purple liquid. Then places it in a small incubator.

She removes her gloves and throws them in the biohazard bin,  
when a knock at the door surprises her.

She opens it, revealing Ryan. He holds out a plate of food.

RYAN

I know that you've been working late and thought you might be hungry.

ANNA

That's very sweet of you.

Anna takes the plate and holds the door open.

Ryan stands awkwardly.

RYAN

I'm not usually allowed in there.

ANNA

It's fine.

Ryan tentatively enters. He stares at the equipment, walking in awe around the room. Anna sits and digs into the food.

Ryan stops next to a whiteboard, covered in Anna's notes.

RYAN

What's all this mean?

Anna looks up.

ANNA

It's like a code. Your genes each have a set of instructions.

(nodding at the board)

That gene explains how to fix your DNA when it starts to wear out.

RYAN

I didn't know DNA wore out.

Anna watches him for a moment.

ANNA

Do you know what we're doing here?

RYAN

Sort of. Dr. Cobb said he was going to cure the worst disease in the world.

ANNA

Yeah... I guess that's accurate.

RYAN

I like to think that I'm helping the cause in my own way.

Anna smiles. Ryan sits down on a stool.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
If you're the scientist, what does  
your husband do?

Anna laughs.

ANNA  
Wife. She's a marine photographer.

Ryan looks embarrassed. He's not sure how to save face.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
We're having a baby.

RYAN  
Wow. Two girls can do that?

Anna laughs and sweeps her arm around the lab.

ANNA  
Thanks to the wonders of science.

She studies him.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
What about you? Do you ever get  
lonely here?

He shakes his head.

RYAN  
Living in town kinda overwhelms me.  
Too many people... I was actually  
living on the street when the Cobbs  
took me in.

Anna looks surprised. Before she can speak, Ryan stands.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
I should go. You should try to get  
some sleep. You've been working  
super long hours.

Anna nods.

ANNA  
I just need to finish this new  
serum.

Ryan leaves. Anna checks the clock. It's 1 am.

She goes to the incubator and removes the flask. Then goes to the fume hood, collects the purple liquid, and mixes in a cloudy liquid.

She holds up the finished vial. The liquid gleams.

**EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT**

The courtyard is dark save for a handful of dim lights.

Anna steps out of the lab and sets out for her cabin.

After walking partway across the courtyard, she notices a figure, barely discernible in the distance.

ANNA

Ryan?

No response. She squints.

It's John. He's staring directly at her. Unmoving.

Anna smiles and waves. John doesn't respond. Just stares. Anna tries to not to let her unease show and hustles away.

She looks back to see if he's following her, but he's rooted to the same spot, still watching her.

**EXT. BAYOU - DAY**

The ruthless sun shines down with its oppressive heat on a gator gliding through the water.

Its mouth is slightly open above water. Inside are a few baby gators. It's a simple act of a mother carrying her young.

The gator passes a flock of birds that caw and take flight.

They fly over Ryan and John working in the vegetable garden. They are harvesting spinach into a couple large tubs.

Ryan sees Anna and waves. Anna, on her way in to the lab, smiles and waves back.

She then notices John, and her smile fades.

**INT. GGM LAB - DAY**

A gene sequencer hums as a complex array of graphs and charts slowly change on its monitor.

Anna coos at the rats as she finishes taking notes.

On the monitor, a DNA sequence is being written out: TTAGGG. It repeats over and over.

**EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT**

The Big House looms large over the complex.

The courtyard is dark and quiet, except for the cicadas.

Something rustles in the brush, but then the quiet returns.

Under the moss canopy, the water is black like oil.

**INT. GGM LAB - DAY**

"Sake" is written on a note next to one of the rat cages. Anna picks it up gently.

ANNA

Ok, Sake. Let's try the maze again.

WARREN

You've named the specimens?

Anna smiles as she puts Sake into the maze.

ANNA

Emotionally bonding with other species is part of being a higher order primate.

Warren raises an eyebrow. Anna starts the timer.

ANNA (CONT'D)

This is specimen 013.

Sake moves slowly, but seemingly with purpose.

WARREN

Well would you look at that...

ANNA

Instead of crossing the barrier, I found the gene that sequences the serum's protein and embedded it directly into the brain cells.

Warren looks at her as if she's struck gold. She shrugs.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
If you can't deliver the actual  
meal, send the recipe.

Warren watches the rat's progress, dumbstruck.

Sake reaches the food. Anna stops the timer and checks it.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Not great. But he's improving.

WARREN  
Don't sell yourself short. This is  
remarkable progress. I knew you  
were the right man for the job!

He claps her on the shoulder jovially. She is hesitant.

ANNA  
It's promising, but let's not get  
ahead of ourselves.

WARREN  
Nonsense! This calls for  
celebration.

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - DAY**

Warren fidgets with a complex lock on a cellar door.

ANNA  
Do you have problems with security?

WARREN  
Oh, no. The wall protects us.

The lock clicks.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
But once the world finds out what  
we're doing here, everyone will  
want to get their hands on it.

The door creaks as he pulls it open.

**INT. BUNKER - DAY**

Lights inside flicker on to reveal clean, concrete steps.  
Warren starts down them.

Anna, unsure, follows behind him. She hears him rummaging.

WARREN (O.S.)  
This should work.

Warren holds out a hunting rifle as she enters the space.

Behind him is a massive arsenal. Hanging on the walls are pistols, shotguns, assault rifles. There's even a .50 cal machine gun, a machete, and a crossbow. It's organized to perfection, like a hardware commercial.

Anna shrinks back from the weapon. Warren doesn't notice.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
I can teach you how to use it.

Anna takes it but is unsure how to hold it. Warren starts prepping his own rifle, gathering ammo, etc.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
There's good hunting around here.  
Might even catch a gator. Beau  
actually caught one last week.

**EXT. HUNTING BOAT - DAY**

A shallow hunting boat roars across the surface of the bayou, cutting a path through the tall grass.

Warren looks exuberant as he drives. They are both in full swamp gear. Camo. Waterproof pants.

The bayou seems endless as it rushes past Anna. She shouts over the engine noise.

ANNA  
How far is the nearest town?

WARREN  
A few hours north. Don't worry. We  
won't run into anyone out here.

**EXT. SWAMP - DAY**

Warren leads Anna through ankle deep swamp water. He looks up to admire the tall trees surrounding them.

WARREN  
It's beautiful, isn't it? There are  
so few untouched spaces like this  
left.

Anna looks around. The air is quiet, except for the birds chirping and the water moving around their feet. He's right.

ANNA

I've never been to a place like this.

WARREN

These wetlands have been here for 10,000 years. My family has helped take care of this land for centuries. But it'll be gone in a couple 100 with people encroaching on the river, cutting off flow to the marshlands. The earth is warming, and places like this are drying up.

ANNA

I wouldn't have taken you for such an environmentalist...

Warren grins and takes a drink from his canteen.

WARREN

You've impressed me. I knew you'd make great strides here, but you've solved the initial problem faster than I thought possible.

ANNA

It's only a preliminary result. We need to collect a lot more data and assess any potential side effects. Then we can publish and test on pigs. I'd like to see how it interacts with something closer to the human immune system.

Warren nods, thoughtful.

WARREN

To stop aging in rats is an accomplishment worthy of high honor. Maybe even a Nobel Prize.

(beat)

But to stop aging in humans...

ANNA

Well, that's the goal, right?

WARREN

Yes, but if we go public too soon--

ANNA

We can work faster if we partner with other labs and crowd source solutions.

WARREN

Do you really want to give your accomplishments back to those that didn't take you seriously before? So men like David Connor can stand on your shoulders and call themselves tall?

He leans toward her. An urgency in his voice.

WARREN (CONT'D)

If we're not careful, we could lose control of this.

Anna thinks on this. She looks around the swamp.

ANNA

If we're successful, the things you're worried about: people choking off the wetlands, invading untouched places... It'll only get worse. We should be honest about what the impact of people living longer might be.

WARREN

All the more reason not to let our research slip into the wrong hands.

Anna cocks her head at him, unsure what he means.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Imagine what mankind might have achieved if we still had Einstein or Tesla. Think of the great minds we'll lose in the next century. Inventors. Scientists. People like us. We have to save them.

ANNA

Everyone deserves to have the choice if we can give it to them. You wouldn't withhold a cure for cancer from the public if it existed.

Warren looks out across the landscape and nods.

WARREN

Let's start the pigs now. Then we  
can publish about both together.

(smiling)

You should bring your wife out  
here. It's a wonderful place to  
raise a family.

Anna isn't sure what to say. He smiles and leans in to her.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Dedicate your life to this with me,  
and history will forever remember  
you as the woman who cured death.

Warren looks off into the distance. He's spotted something.

WARREN (CONT'D)

We can discuss who gets access  
later.

A deer is far off in the trees. He raises his gun, aims...

BANG! The gunshot shatters the tranquility of the swamp.

**EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY**

Close up on a pig snout as it grunts. The grunting drowns out  
the whine of the speedboat as it cuts through the water.

Beau pilots. There are 10 old pigs in cages in the back of  
the boat along with boxes of food supplies.

**EXT. FARM - DAY**

Pink flesh is everywhere as the pigs squeal and run around a  
wooden pen near the farm.

Anna and Ryan are in the pen with them, sweaty and covered in  
mud. They just finished ear-tagging the pigs, which is a  
dirty business involving squirming, chasing, and falling.

They lean on the fence, taking a moment to rest and hydrate.

ANNA

Can I ask you about something?

Ryan nods.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I catch John staring at me  
sometimes.

RYAN

Yeah... He likes watching things,  
especially around the lab.

(clarifying)

He doesn't mean anything by it.

ANNA

You guys are friends?

RYAN

He's kind of like me. Doesn't  
really fit in anywhere... The Cobbs  
are looking after him.

Anna contemplates this.

ANNA

Is that the same with Beau?

Ryan makes a face.

RYAN

Beau's different. He mostly stays  
up at the Big House.

Anna looks up at the Big House, then sits on an upside down  
crate. She points to a nearby pig. Ryan picks it up.

ANNA

We have to come up with names for  
them. I hate using their numbers.

She coos at the pig that he is holding, calming it down.

RYAN

I always liked Miss Piggy.

ANNA

I like that. We can do a theme of  
characters from pig movies or  
books.

She notes "Miss Piggy" next to the number on her clipboard  
before she takes a blood sample.

RYAN

Then this one is Charlotte.

Ryan grins, holding another pig. It's squealing, but he seems  
very comfortable around the animals.

ANNA

From Charlotte's Web?

RYAN

Yeah! She's a spider, but there's a pig in that movie, right?

Anna laughs and nods as she finishes the sample. She writes "Charlotte" on her chart.

Ryan grabs another, and Anna coos at it.

ANNA

Then maybe you're Muriel?

Ryan raises an eyebrow, confused. Anna clarifies.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The wise old goat in Animal Farm.

She caps a blood vial and gives Muriel a little pat.

**INT. GGM LAB - NIGHT**

The lab is dark save for a few table lamps. Anna types notes with lightning speed into her laptop. She's excitedly talking on the phone which is on speaker.

ANNA

It feels so good to be doing real research and making actual progress. The resources here are amazing. I asked for pigs last week, and here they are. No red tape, no proving the value of my work. Just doing it... How was the gallery opening?

**INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT**

Harper's small baby bump is visible in her dress. She is surrounded by the remnants of a big party.

Her photographs on the walls each have a small "Sold" card on them. A few GALLERY ASSISTANTS are helping with the clean-up.

HARPER

It went really well. Almost all of them sold.

She walks towards the back, around a corner near the bathrooms. One of the photos doesn't have a "Sold" card.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
I hid the manatee one in the back  
with the bad lighting... I want to  
keep it and put it in the nursery.

**INTERCUT ANNA/HARPER**

Anna smiles.

ANNA  
That's one of my favorites.

Anna pauses typing and sits in silence for a moment.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Speaking of the nursery...

HARPER  
Uh oh. I know that tone.

Anna gives a deep sigh.

ANNA  
We need to think about the  
possibility of Mississippi becoming  
a more long-term thing. This study  
will take years to do properly. But  
I can fly back and forth, or you c--

HARPER  
Anna. We're having a baby. You  
can't commute between states and  
raise a kid. I get that this is a  
big deal for you. But fuck...

They are both quiet for a long beat.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Our ultrasound is Thursday.

ANNA  
Yeah. Travel is complicated here,  
but Beau is planning on flying me.

HARPER  
So you'll be home?

ANNA  
Of course.

The GALLERY ASSISTANTS are finishing up. Harper nods at them.

HARPER  
I have to go. I love you.

ANNA  
Ditto.

**EXT. TRAIL - DAWN**

Anna is on her morning run. She's wearing her headphones, but isn't listening to anything, just enjoying the focused quiet.

Her breathing is heavy but paced. The sound of her inhales and exhales reverberate back to her within the headphones.

A muffled noise makes it past the noise-cancelling.

She pulls the headphones down around her neck to listen.

Angry screams and incoherent yelling echo through the complex grounds. They seem to be coming from the courtyard.

She picks up her pace.

**EXT. COURTYARD - DAWN**

Anna runs up to find John in a full PPE suit pacing frantically in front of the dome entrance. He's making loud noises, but not using words.

Ryan runs up from the farm.

RYAN  
What's going on?

ANNA  
(out of breath)  
I don't know. I just got here. I heard him while I was on my run.

Ryan approaches John slowly.

RYAN  
Hey John. Relax, buddy. What is it?

Anna sees that the entrance door to the dome is wide open. She goes over to it as Ryan tries to get John to look at him.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
John. C'mon. It's ok.

**INT. DOME - ENTRYWAY - DAWN**

From the front clean room, Anna can see that the inner door to the sterilized algae room is open.

Anna starts putting on PPE gear when Beau appears from within. He's holding a rifle and not wearing PPE.

BEAU

That retard left the door open. A stray animal or something could have gotten in and contaminated everything.

He chokes up on his rifle grip as a punctuation to his statement and exits.

He passes by John, who is still pacing and jabbering. Beau looks at him with pure contempt.

Warren rushes up. He must have heard the yelling too.

From inside, Anna watches Beau pass by Warren, towering over him. The men hold each other's gaze. A thick tension hangs between them. For a moment, it's unclear who's in charge.

Then, Beau leaves, and Warren turns his attention to John. His hardened face softens to concern.

Ryan has gotten John to calm down, but he looks shaken.

Warren glances up and catches Anna watching the interaction.

Inside the main room, the algae gently sways in its tanks.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Anna walks up to the door of a cabin, identical to her own. She's a little nervous. She checks over her shoulder to see if anyone else is around. Then knocks.

The door opens. It's John.

ANNA

Good morning, John. How are you feeling?

As usual, he doesn't answer.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

Anna takes a step forward, but John doesn't step aside out of her way. A long silence as they stare at each other.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry to bother you.

She turns to leave. But John moves as if inviting her in.

**INT. JOHN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

The cabin is sparsely furnished. A few framed black and white photos are sitting on a small dinette table.

John takes a seat. Anna watches him for a moment, then joins.

His hand is trembling again. She notices.

ANNA  
John, I'd like you to do a few things for me, if that's ok.

She pulls out a notebook and small pen light.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Go ahead and follow the light, ok?

He follows the light, but his movements are jerky.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Will you hold your arms like this?

She holds her arms against her chest.

It takes him a second, but he does as she asks.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Now I'm going to pull down on your arms? But I want you to stop me, ok?

She pulls his arms down with little effort. It's unclear if he wasn't able to or just didn't understand.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Can we try that again? Just hold your arms here and don't move them.

He stands up and walks away from the table.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
No. John...

Anna shakes her head, wondering if she's wasting her time. John opens a drawer and randomly rummages around.

Anna watches him, then scribbles some notes in her notebook.

John returns and drops a set of keys on the table.

ANNA (CONT'D)

No, John. These aren't mine.

She tries to hand them back, but John walks away from her.

She stares at the keys, then puts them in her pocket.

**EXT. FARM - DAY**

Ryan holds the pigs while Anna injects them with the serum. She calls them by name and coos at them before injecting.

Cheryl walks up to the pig pen, carrying a basket. She watches their routine for a moment.

CHERYL

Would either of you like some fresh baked cinnamon cookies?

ANNA

That sounds lovely.

Anna gives the last pig a pat, then walks to the pen's fence.

RYAN

I should go grab the pig feed.

Ryan hops over the fence and heads to the barn.

Cheryl offers the basket to Anna, carefully lifting the cloth to keep the cookies warm. Anna sanitizes her hands with an alcohol swab from her medical tool belt, then grabs one.

CHERYL

I hear that you're heading home for a quick visit soon.

ANNA

(clearly excited)

Yeah. My wife and I have an ultrasound.

CHERYL

Oh, how darling. Bring back a picture.

She offers another cookie.

CHERYL (CONT'D)  
 Don't stay away too long though. I  
 hear that you're on the cusp of  
 some big breakthroughs.

**INT. ANNA/HARPER LOFT - DAY**

Morning light streams in through the windows. Anna sits at the dining table, tapping away at her laptop.

HARPER (O.S)  
 What about Curtis?

Anna looks into the kitchen where Harper is making coffee. Her small baby bump shows through her t-shirt.

ANNA  
 I don't... hate it.

Anna's attention goes back to her laptop.

HARPER  
 Lee?

ANNA  
 Don't mind it.

HARPER  
 How about Beau?

Anna looks at Harper, startled. Harper is now nine months pregnant with a swollen belly. She continues to make coffee as if nothing has changed.

ANNA  
 What?

HARPER  
 I think it's a nice name. He feels  
 like a Beau. Short for Beaumont?

The room is eerily silent. Anna shifts back in her seat.

HARPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, Beau. Mommy loves you.

Harper is now holding a baby. Her hair is gray, and wrinkles surround her eyes. The baby cries.

Panic creeps into Anna's voice.

ANNA

Stop it.

Anna stands. Harper is now an old woman. Wrinkled and feeble. The baby is also aging, but still in infant form. It cries.

HARPER

You can't stop it.

Anna pushes away from the table and hurries into the bedroom.

Harper is already there in bed. Withered. On the verge of death. The baby's skin is liver-spotted. It cries louder.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Anna...

Anna's knees give out as she breaks down. She tries to speak but no words come as she sobs into the floor.

The baby's crying stops abruptly. Anna looks up.

Harper clutches the baby. Both are corpses.

**INT. GGM LAB - DAY**

Anna inhales sharply and opens her eyes. She's standing in front of a counter with blood sample materials.

The memory of the daymare fades. She turns around.

John is seated in her lab chair. He looks confused but seems to be enjoying watching the lab rats.

She walks to him and wipes his skin with an alcohol swab. He gets a little agitated, but Anna soothes him.

ANNA

Don't worry. I'm just checking to see that everything is ok with you.

Anna does a blood draw.

John stares as Anna puts his blood vials into a centrifuge.

On her desk, Anna's phone vibrates with a call from Harper. Anna doesn't notice, and it switches to a missed call.

HARPER (V.O.)

Hey. I was just calling to see what time you would be arriving.

Anna pulls up John's fMRI on a large, wall-mounted monitor. Most of the brain is colored in dark blues, with a light hint of orange. A functionally impaired brain.

HARPER (V.O.)  
I wish you didn't have to go back  
after the ultrasound.

**EXT. DOCK - DAY**

Beau unties one of the boats and sets off into the bayou.

HARPER (V.O.)  
I have a weird feeling about all of  
this.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY**

Warren sits in a leather recliner, staring out the window.

HARPER (V.O.)  
Maybe I'm just nervous about the  
baby...

Cheryl brings him some tea and a biscuit.

**EXT. DOCK - DAY**

Anna carries a small bag as she climbs into one of the boats.

HARPER (V.O.)  
I'm so proud of you. I know that  
your work is going to change the  
world.

**EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY**

Beau stows Anna's luggage in the Cessna's cargo compartment.

HARPER (V.O.)  
I just wish it didn't have to keep  
you away from me.

**INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

Anna sits patiently inside, watching Beau slam the door shut.

HARPER (V.O.)  
I love you. See you soon.

Beau makes his way into the pilot seat.

He flicks some switches and then turns the starter. The engine sputters and chugs but doesn't start. He tries again.

ANNA  
What's wrong?

BEAU  
Hang on.

Beau heads outside and opens up the engine compartment. Anna watches, concerned.

After a while, Beau comes back.

BEAU (CONT'D)  
I need to check some things. Might take a while.

ANNA  
How long?

BEAU  
A few hours. Maybe longer. It's a complicated machine.

ANNA  
Our appointment is in the morning. I have to get there tonight.

Beau shrugs as if to say "what do you want me to do".

**INT. ANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Anna paces around her cabin, glued to her phone.

**INT. ANNA/HARPER LOFT - NIGHT**

Harper sits on the couch, struggling to hold back tears.

HARPER  
This is crazy.

**INTERCUT ANNA/HARPER**

ANNA  
I know. I don't know what to do.

HARPER  
So when can you be here?

ANNA

I'm not sure. He said it could take a day or more to fix.

HARPER

The appointment's in the morning.

ANNA

I know. I'm sorry.

HARPER

I don't even know where you are.

ANNA

Harper. Come on. I'm on the Cobb Estate, in Mississippi, on the bayou near a town called Onwar--

HARPER

This whole thing is getting out of hand. Can't they drive you to a regular airport?

ANNA

It's not that easy. The roads are dirt, and there's not one nearby.

HARPER

I can't believe that they can't figure out how to get their star scientist home to visit her pregnant wife.

ANNA

They have very limited personnel.

HARPER

Then when? Next week? Next month? Maybe you can clear your schedule for the birth? Or you know, his first day of school might be good.

ANNA

Harper.

HARPER

This is so fucked.

ANNA

I'm making really good progress on this new study. I can't abandon this once-in-a-lifetime chance.

Harper hangs up. Anna stands there holding her phone.

**EXT. COURTYARD - DAY**

A small plastic wheel of an office cart struggles to turn in a rut of dirt. It's the kind of cart that is meant for files and office supplies, not a pig. A pig grunts inside the cart.

Anna breathes heavily under the heavy Southern sun as she tries to roll the cart across the courtyard towards the lab.

The pig grunts again as Anna struggles.

ANNA

Muriel, I can't handle any attitude right now.

She reaches the lab entrance and pauses to catch her breath.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'd like to see you do some heavy lifting every once in awhile. Exercise is one of the keys to youth, you know.

She gets the door open and awkwardly rolls the cart inside.

ANNA (CONT'D)

The whole world is going to want to see these beauty shots of your brain, you know.

**INT. GGM LAB - NIGHT**

Purple liquid glows as it's pipetted into a new vial. The color refracts through Anna's wedding ring and glimmers across the desk.

Anna is prepping a new serum batch. She's been at it awhile.

Her laptop pings. Anna notices but finishes up what she's doing, then cleans her work area.

After dropping her gloves into the waste bin, she slides her chair over to check her laptop.

On the screen is an email from Harper. There is no subject or text. Just an attachment. She opens it.

It's an ultrasound photo.

She clicks the light off and stares at the photo in the dark. Her face, lit by the image, is overcome with emotion.

Tears stream down her face. She stands, upset, and grabs her jacket. A loud rattle sounds as something hits the ground.

The keys that John gave her are on the ground. They must have fallen out of her jacket. She picks them up, then pauses.

She turns and looks at the locked door in the back.

She walks over to it, using the light from her laptop screen.

She tries several of John's keys in the lock. Two don't work.

But the third one, clicks...

**INT. GGM LAB - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT**

It's a cramped, dusty room full of document boxes and old equipment. She pulls on the string of a bare bulb.

She runs her fingers along the boxes. Years are marked on each one starting with 2015. She opens one. It's full of archived research data and lab printouts.

She continues down the rows of shelves. We see several dates in quick succession. 1992. 1986. 1977. The older they get, they switch to handwritten notes instead of printed.

Near the back of the room is a row of old filing cabinets.

She checks one. It's locked.

She fishes out John's keys and finds one that fits.

Inside she finds a bunch of manila folders with faded black-and-white photos. Old photos of the plantation. Work-in-progress construction photos of the dome. One photo shows a young Warren posing with another man in front of the newly built dome.

She holds the photo closer. The other man looks like John.

Anna glances into the lab from within the closet. Now that her eyes have adjusted to the closet light, the lab seems pitch black. The darkness seems threatening.

Clipped to the front of the next folder is a black and white photo of John in a tweed jacket, wearing glasses, looking young and smart.

Inside is a full dossier. We catch key pieces of information:

*SUBJECT: John Miller*

*DATE OF BIRTH: AUGUST 26, 1904*

Anna's heart is racing. John is 118 years old...

She stares at the sliver of darkness beyond the door, then scrambles to put everything away. She tucks the folder into her waistband, underneath her shirt.

She switches off the light, then steps out of the storage room into the smothering darkness of the lab.

**EXT. ORCHARD - DAY**

A pair of sneakers and a pair of fancy loafers walk in sync on dirt dappled with afternoon light. It seems idyllic as Anna and Warren walk through the neat rows of fruit trees.

WARREN

How is the swine study going?

ANNA

The new serum seems to work even faster in the pigs than in the rats.

WARREN

That's wonderful. Before you know it, we will be on to human trials.

Anna looks up to the trees. She stays quiet. Warren notices.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Think out loud.

She glances at him, but then looks down, unsure.

ANNA

When were you going to tell me about John?

Warren doesn't look at her, continuing to walk.

WARREN

Our janitorial guy? What about him?

ANNA

He's not your janitorial guy.

Warren keeps walking. Anna stops.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And he's 118.

Warren turns sharply. Confusion and anger flicker across his face. Anna waits for a response, but he's silent, thinking.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Are you experimenting on him?

WARREN  
John experimented on himself. He's just mentally unable to complete the study.

Anna guffaws. Warren sets his jaw, then gives a deep sigh.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
John was a trusted friend and colleague. Your predecessor...

Warren starts to walk again. Anna follows.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
When we met, the world was waging war on smallpox. But we knew no matter how many diseases were eradicated, death would still find us all in the end.

Warren gestures broadly at the whole complex.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
So we converted my family's sugar plantation into GGM...

ANNA  
How long was he experimenting on himself?

WARREN  
Many decades...  
(beat)  
He would want you to finish it.

Anna shakes her head. They walk in silence for awhile.

ANNA  
How old are you?

Warren grins at her.

WARREN  
That's a little impolite, don't you think?

ANNA  
It's only a matter of time before you start to lose your mind like him.

WARREN

That's why I need you to push ahead  
and adapt your treatment for  
humans.

ANNA

You can't do human experimentation  
without regulatory approval.

WARREN

John dedicated his life to this.  
It's essentially self-medicating  
with data.

ANNA

No scientific journal will publish--

WARREN

We don't have to play by those  
rules.

ANNA

We wouldn't be taken seriously by  
the science community ever again.

WARREN

Who cares? They will be lining up  
just like everyone else to get  
their hands on this when they find  
out it works.

He stops walking and faces her.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Anna, this is for the good of  
humanity, even if they can't wrap  
their heads around that yet. We  
won't have to continue repeating  
history's mistakes if our society's  
greatest minds don't die.

Anna starts walking again, thinking. Warren lets her lead.

WARREN (CONT'D)

You know that John's brain disease  
will eventually kill him... This  
could save his life.

Anna pauses and stares at him for a very long beat.

She walks up close to Warren to make sure that they  
understand each other.

ANNA

If John shows any sign of improvement, then we design a proper clinical trial. By the rules. And publishable.

WARREN

You build the study, and we'll do it.

**EXT. JOHN'S CABIN - DAY**

Anna walks up the front steps of John's cabin, carrying a clear bag with a syringe of serum and injection materials.

John is sitting on the porch, looking out at nothing.

She sits down near him. He barely acknowledges her presence.

ANNA

John, I have something that I think will help you.

John looks toward her, but it's unclear if he has understood or even recognizes her.

Anna lays out the injection materials.

**EXT. TRAIL - DAWN**

The tree canopy hangs over Anna as she slows down to catch her breath from a long run. She doesn't wear headphones.

She stretches, appreciating the quiet moment in nature.

A subtle murmur catches her attention. She glances back over her shoulder to see who else is on the trail.

It's empty.

She hears it again and looks ahead of her. She hears it more clearly; multiple voices along with the hum of a boat.

She peers through the dense foliage. It's hard to tell from the trail, but she is right next to the inlet.

She can only see bits and pieces, but she makes out Beau piloting the hunting boat. In the back of the boat are a group of elderly people with long, unkempt beards, tattered clothing, and dirt on their skin.

She moves some branches out of the way to see more clearly. The movement catches Beau's eye, and he glances over.

She quickly steps back, surprised at herself for not wanting to be spotted.

Beau stares in her direction for a moment, but it's unclear if he saw her. She stands still, trying to process.

**EXT. COURTYARD - DAY**

Anna walks across the courtyard towards the pig pen carrying a clipboard, cooler, and other lab-work supplies.

BEAU (O.S.)  
Plane should be back in business in  
the next few days.

Anna looks up at Beau, a little uneasy to see him.

ANNA  
I already missed the appointment.

BEAU  
So you don't need that flight  
anymore?

Anna lifts up her supplies.

ANNA  
It will be months before the next  
ultrasound. And right now, I need  
to monitor some new subjects.

She considers asking him about that morning.

RYAN (O.S.)  
Hey, guys! You want some berries?

Ryan and John walk up with baskets full of fresh berries.

BEAU  
No.

He walks toward the Big House. Ryan calls after him.

RYAN  
Can you bring Mrs. Cobb these  
berries? I know how particular she  
is about her kitchen.

Beau heads back, grabs the basket, then turns away.

Ryan makes a face at Anna to comment on Beau, but she is staring intensely at John.

She is eating a berry from his basket, waiting for him to do something or acknowledge her presence. But no sign of improvement comes.

**INT. ANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Anna sits on her bed surrounded by paperwork and her laptop. She rubs her eyes. She's been staring at a screen too long.

She glances at her cell phone. It's late.

She pulls up Harper's contact and considers calling her.

A knock at the door surprises her.

She goes to the door and opens it. Cheryl looks refreshed, despite the late hour. She holds out a pie.

CHERYL

Sorry to bother you so late. But I knew you'd be working...

Anna glances back at the mess on her bed.

ANNA

The place is a mess, but would you like to come in and have a slice? I need a mental break anyways.

CHERYL

Thank you. It is rare for me to get to partake in my baked goods.

Anna looks at her curiously as she holds the door open.

ANNA

(joking)  
Too many people around, gobbling them up before you?

Cheryl laughs. Anna offers her a seat at the kitchen counter.

CHERYL

Well, there are more people here now with Project Home.

Anna pauses gathering the silverware and plates.

ANNA

What's that?

CHERYL  
My charity initiative.  
(beat)  
Did you know that half a million  
Americans are homeless right now?

Anna shakes her head as she cuts them each a slice.

CHERYL (CONT'D)  
Well, I figured we have so much  
space here... We can offer shelter,  
showers, fresh clothes, food, and  
plenty of tasks to give a sense of  
purpose.

Anna sits next to her and digs into the pie.

ANNA  
That's very generous. I thought I  
saw Beau with a group of homeless  
people earlier today.

CHERYL  
Oh yes. Beau just got back from his  
most recent recruiting trip. He  
flies around to major cities and  
offers the homeless that he finds a  
better life.

Anna cocks her head.

ANNA  
How long do those trips take? The  
plane was broken just last week.

Cheryl shakes her head in wonderment.

CHERYL  
That's our Beau. Always able to fix  
things quickly and efficiently. I  
don't know what I'd do without him.

Anna nods a little uncertain how to respond.

CHERYL (CONT'D)  
There's a lot of moving parts to  
keeping this place running. Ryan  
wouldn't be able to help you with  
the pigs without our newly homed  
members helping in the orchard.

Anna pushes back her plate. Cheryl hasn't eaten much of hers.

ANNA

I am very grateful for Ryan's help.  
Those pigs are precious. They are  
key to proving that our new serum  
is effective and safe.

Cheryl smiles and nods.

CHERYL

Well, I won't keep you any longer.  
I know that you've been putting in  
long hours.

Cheryl takes her uneaten dish to the sink.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

How's your sleep been?

Anna follows her to the sink and shrugs.

ANNA

The usual.

CHERYL

You feeling okay?

ANNA

Yeah. I'm fine. I just need to  
power through this work.

Cheryl nods and heads to the door. Anna opens it for her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's great that Warren is on board  
with your initiative. I know that  
he values the peace and quiet here,  
so I can see him possibly resisting  
more people being here.

CHERYL

Well, a woman can be very  
persuasive.

Cheryl winks, then walks off into the night.

Anna watches her, then looks up towards the sky. The stars  
shine so brightly here...

Then the stars disappear as if someone flicked a switch. And  
the moon enlarges.

Anna turns around to go back inside, strangely oblivious to  
how odd what just happened was, but her cabin is gone.

In front of her is just a trail.

All of the sounds of the environment suddenly stop. The quiet is almost deafening.

Anna walks down the trail. The oversized moon moves with her like a spotlight. Things beyond the spotlight fall away into deep darkness.

She hears something behind her and looks over her shoulder, but she can't see beyond the perimeter of the moonlight.

In front of her, a cabin appears with lights on, but the windows all have frosted glass so she can't see inside.

She walks to the cabin. Then again hears a sound behind her. She peers into the darkness, then hears a deep, low hiss.

She runs up the porch steps and throws opens the cabin door.

Inside, it looks just like her cabin.

A woman that looks like Anna sits in a chair facing the far wall. The chair is too close to the wall for comfort.

Anna slowly walks up behind her. The woman doesn't move.

The sound of a phone vibrating is coming from the chair, but the woman doesn't move. The light from the phone eerily lights up the wall with a cold blue in contrast to the warm wood colors of the cabin.

Anna finally reaches the side of the woman and sees...

It's her own corpse. The eyes are clouded over.

The hair on Anna's arms rises.

A cell phone in the corpse's hands starts ringing. Anna jumps. Harper's name is on the screen.

Anna reaches down to pry the phone from the rigor mortis hands, but the corpse lets out a scream that shatters the stillness. The scream sounds almost like a pig squeal.

Anna backs up covering her ears. The scream continues. Other voices join. They sound more and more like pig squeals.

Anna runs out the door as the cries echo across the complex.

**EXT. FARM - NIGHT**

Anna runs, then collapses onto her thighs, breathing heavy.

She looks towards the pig pen. It's too dark to see anything. The sounds coming from it are horrific.

She pulls out her multitool from her pocket. She turns on the small light attached to it.

On the ground, there is a stream of blood coming from the pen. Then she hears a low, guttural hiss.

ANNA  
(under her breath)  
Oh my god.

She slowly approaches the edge of the pen. From behind her--

RYAN (O.S.)  
Do you have a weapon?

Anna jumps. Ryan is holding a flashlight and a hoe.

ANNA  
What's going on? Did something  
happen to the pigs? They're  
priceless.

He nods, puts the flashlight in his mouth, then climbs up onto the wooden fence.

With the new light, Anna sees the bloody pig slaughter and the massive 13 foot gator that is in the pen. She starts breathing heavy.

RYAN  
I'm going to distract it and force  
it towards the gate. You open the  
gate when the time is right. Make  
sure to keep a distance from it.

Anna nods and climbs up on the fence near the gate opening.

Ryan climbs in the pen and jabs the hoe at the gators' face. The gator hisses and gets agitated. It starts thrashing.

Its large tail thwacks the fence hard, and the whole thing shakes. Anna has to grab on tight to not fall off.

ANNA  
Careful! You're just making it  
angry!

Ryan is feeling unsure of his plan. His voice is shaky.

RYAN  
I don't know what else to do!

A gunshot rings out, and a loud thud sounds.

The gator is slumped over, dead. They look up.

Beau is pointing a smoking rifle in their direction. Ryan hops onto the fence, out of the line of fire. Anna freezes.

BEAU  
Problem solved.

The two surviving pigs nervously squeal, as the dying pigs continue their horrific screams.

**INT. GGM LAB - NIGHT**

Anna is covered in mud and blood. The bold colors of the reds and browns look strange on the clean white lab surfaces. She sits on the lab floor next to the mangled pig bodies.

Ryan carries in a corpse and lays it alongside the others.

RYAN  
It got Muriel too.

Anna wraps her arms around Muriel's body, distraught, causing more blood to smear across her face and shirt.

Ryan attempts to cover the pigs in leftover burlap from the farm, but it's not big enough, leaving bloody flesh visible.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
Charlotte survived though.

Anna is on the verge of hyperventilating between sobs. Ryan stands awkwardly near her, unsure what to do.

ANNA  
It will take months to restart this experiment. I don't have that kind of time. My kid is coming, and Harper will leave me if I stay here much longer...

RYAN  
We'll get new pigs. I'm not sure how it got in, but I will build a gator-proof pen. Your wife will understand.

Anna waves his response away. She stares at the rat cages, looking past them as she thinks.

**EXT. TRAIL - DAWN**

Fast-paced music pounds inside of headphones.

Anna is pushing herself harder than usual, sprinting to the point of exhaustion. She's far past her normal route on a narrow trail.

In the distance ahead, she sees a structure. It looks similar to her cabin, but is larger.

**EXT. LARGE CABIN**

As Anna gets closer, she sees that there are people on the front porch. Some sit in rocking chairs; some lean on the porch posts. They are wearing white linen pants and cotton shirts. They all look to be over 65.

She slows down to a walk as she approaches. They don't seem to be interacting with each other, just sitting. Some stare off into the distance; some look down into their lap.

She walks up to the front steps. The front door of the cabin is propped open. Twin beds line either side of the cabin, like an old hospital ward. There are more of them inside.

ANNA

Hi there.

Some look up at her. Others don't, as if they didn't hear. The ones that are looking have a glassy look in their eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm Anna.

Blank stares.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Are you part of Project Home?

One woman stands up from a rocking chair in the far corner of the patio and goes inside, not acknowledging Anna.

Anna looks at her intensely. This is the woman from the forest. Her long white hair is unmistakable. The woman's mouth hangs open. She is missing some teeth.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do you work with Cheryl?  
(correcting herself)  
Or Mrs. Cobb, rather?

Again nothing. She looks back at the trail. The density of the forest feels isolating.

She pulls out her phone. No service.

Her thumb hovers over the camera app. Then clicks it. She lifts up the phone and takes a picture. None of them respond.

She then switches over to video and starts filming.

#### **INT. LARGE CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

She walks into the front door and films the inside of the cabin. She films the twin beds all in a row and the people that occupy some of them. None of them really respond to her.

She continues deeper into the cabin. In the back beyond the beds, there's a table with a basket on it. She recognizes the linen napkin that lines it as the same design as the one that Cheryl covered her cinnamon cookies with.

Inside it are crumbs. She stares at them.

Then she stops filming and rushes outside.

#### **EXT. LARGE CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Anna looks closely at the people, but it's clear that they have no information to share with her. She heads back to the trail, looking behind her to see if anyone is following her, but none of them seem to process her presence or lack thereof.

Anna picks up her running pace, continuing in the direction that she was going, away from the complex. Her mind is racing, trying to process what she just saw.

She speeds faster than before. The trees rush past her, creating a strobe effect as the dawn light shines through them.

She finally reaches the outer edge of the complex. Surrounding the perimeter is a 12-foot metal wall.

She stops at the wall, leaning over to catch her breath. She heaves for a moment, almost vomiting from the intense pace and the uneasy feeling in her stomach. She stands there for a long time, leaning on her thighs, heaving towards the earth.

A crunch from back on the trail makes her stand up quickly, looking alarmed.

She sees John carrying a sack of chicken feed. He is a long way from the barn and doesn't seem sure about where he's going. She watches him concerned.

John notices her. They hold each other's gaze for a long moment, then he smiles at her, raises his hand, and waves.

Anna, completely stunned, waves back.

**INT. GGM LAB - DAY**

Rats skitter in their cages. John leans in toward one of the cages, fascinated. He taps the cage gently.

Anna glances at John as she preps blood sample materials.

Her cell rings. It's Harper. Anna hesitates a moment.

She turns away from John for privacy, then answers.

ANNA

Hey.

HARPER

Hey...

(beat)

It's been a long time since we've talked, and we still haven't made plans for when you're coming home.

Anna puts down the vials that she's prepping.

ANNA

Yeah, I'm sorry. It's been... really crazy here. I have so much to tell yo--

HARPER

I can't do this alone.

ANNA

What? You're not alone.

HARPER

But I am. While you're in the middle of nowhere playing mad scientist.

ANNA

I'm not--

(catching the anger in her voice)

...it's not "mad" science.

HARPER

I can't find any information about this supposed company you're working for. It is beyond sketchy.

ANNA

It's just not public yet. You're not supposed to be able to find info about it until we're ready.

HARPER

This isn't going to work.

ANNA

Harper, I just need to finish this initial study here, then I can come home and figure out how to remote--

HARPER

You'll always be chasing something.  
(beat)  
Honestly, I don't think you ever really wanted to have this baby.

Anna tries to stop her voice from quivering.

ANNA

That's not true. I love you. And I'm excited to raise a child together... And if I can make this serum work, think about how much time we could all have together...

HARPER

Anna, we're having a baby now. You're throwing away our present for a speculative future that probably won't even happen.

ANNA

Harp--

Click. Harper has hung up.

Anna crumples into her chair, sobbing. John looks at her, concerned, but confused.

After a moment, Anna looks up at John. Tears still run down her face as she watches him looking at her. He definitely is aware of her presence and even seems a little concerned.

Her brow furrows. She glances at the fMRI monitor. The newest scan has loaded and its full of color.

She walks over to it.

Bright orange with touches of vibrant red glow reflect off her eyes. The pain on her face morphs into wonderment.

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Anna rushes up the stairs of the large porch that graces the front of Warren's plantation-style manor. White columns tower around her like guards. She's holding a large folder.

She bangs on the heavy wooden door.

No answer.

She knocks again. Louder. More urgent.

Silence from within. She glances back down the hill. From here, the complex looks beautiful and expansive.

She turns and bangs again. The door flies open.

BEAU

Was I not clear when I said this house was off limits?

ANNA

I need to speak with him.

BEAU

Dr. Cobb is busy.

ANNA

I need to talk to him right now.

Beau steps forward, blocking her way. Anna shouts.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Warren!

A voice from inside.

CHERYL (O.S.)

Come now, Beau. Nothing is off limits to Dr. Gibbs. You know better.

Beau steps aside, annoyed. Anna storms past.

**INT. BIG HOUSE FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON**

The interior of the house feels old. Antique sconces dot the walls above wooden wainscoting.

Cheryl stands at the end of a hallway lined with hunting trophies: deer heads, gator skulls, a taxidermied bobcat.

CHERYL

I apologize for the rough welcome.  
Beau sometimes gets overprotective  
of Warren's schedule. Can I get you  
something to drink or eat?

ANNA

Thank you, but I just really need  
to talk to Warren.

Cheryl nods and motions for Anna to follow her.

**INT. BIG HOUSE LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON**

Anna steps into an expansive library. High ceilings, leather chairs, dark wood furniture, large fireplace. Scientific journals and old science texts fill the wall shelves.

CHERYL

Dr. Gibbs is here to see you, dear.

Warren is at his desk. A large multi-paned window behind him.

Cheryl kisses him on the forehead, then picks up his empty tea cup.

WARREN

Thank you, sweetheart.

Cheryl leaves and closes the door behind her.

WARREN (CONT'D)

What is it, Anna?

Anna is pacing. She tries to speak.

Unable to get words out, she walks up to his desk and puts the folder in front of him. She has tears in her eyes.

Warren looks up at her curiously. He pulls the brain scans out of the folder and scrutinizes them closely.

ANNA

(softly)  
I did it...

Warren is trying to process what he's looking at.

Then abruptly he stands up and turns away to look out the window. He motions with his hands as if to speak, but no words come. His life's work has been realized.

WARREN

I can't believe it...

Beau opens the door for Cheryl who carries a tray with a pitcher of sweet tea and glasses with ice cubes. Warren quickly wipes his eyes, trying to compose himself.

CHERYL

Sorry to interrupt. Just wanted you to have some fresh tea, just in case.

Cheryl sets the tray down, looks at them both, questioningly, then leaves. She nods at Beau who hovers in the doorway.

Warren pours two cups of tea, taking his time.

WARREN

When can you have another dose ready?

ANNA

Now that the hard part is done, probably just a few days.

WARREN

Let's get on that right away.

ANNA

We need to discuss next steps.

Warren nods, but doesn't say anything. His attention back on the scans.

ANNA (CONT'D)

For publishing.

WARREN

Right, I've been thinking about that.

ANNA

What is there to think about? We publish the results on the rats, get more pigs, then draw up a proposal for proper human trials.

WARREN  
No, let's keep monitoring for now.

ANNA  
Warren, we agreed on this--

WARREN  
We need more data. And the pig study needs to completely start over after that gator slaughter.

Anna studies him.

ANNA  
Are you ever going to publish?

WARREN  
Anna, we said that we would do the rats and pigs together. Let's restart the pigs and then discuss.

ANNA  
You want to keep it for yourself.

Warren slams his hand down on the desk. Then yells.

WARREN  
If we're creating permanent people, we need to choose only the best.

His ferocity shocks Anna to silence. She stares at him.

ANNA  
I won't make you another dose. Not until we publish.

WARREN  
Don't be unreasonable.

ANNA  
If you don't take this public, I will.

Anna turns to leave, but Beau is standing in the doorway.

BEAU  
You'll do what he says.

Beau takes a step forward, menacingly. Warren stands.

WARREN  
Okay, let's all just relax. Beau, I can handle this. We just all need to talk rationally.

ANNA  
Out of my way.

Beau stares Anna down. He's seething.

WARREN  
Beau. That's not necessary.

Anna tries to push past him. Beau grabs her by the wrists.

ANNA  
What the fuck...

Anna tries to pull away, but he twists her arm causing her to yelp in pain. Beau starts to maneuver Anna backwards.

WARREN  
Beau!

Beau releases his grip.

Anna looks at the two men with a mix of fury and terror. Then she pushes past Beau and disappears through the doorway.

Warren looks furiously at Beau.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
What were you thinking?

BEAU  
You've lost control of her.

Cheryl enters looking concerned.

CHERYL  
What's going on?

BEAU  
She's going to ruin the Cobb name.

**EXT. BARN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Anna bangs on the outside of the barn. She is breathing heavy, on the verge of hyperventilation.

Silence. She closes her eyes and gives a long exhale. She tries to slow her breathing. She bangs on the barn again. From behind her, a confused voice--

RYAN  
Anna? What's wrong?

She spins around.

ANNA

Do you want to help with that cure?

**EXT. BIG HOUSE PORCH - DUSK**

Cheryl and Beau talk in hushed tones on the front porch. Cheryl's polite smile has been replaced with a quiet resolve.

Beau listens and nods intently. Despite their height difference, it's clear that she is in charge.

He then hurries down the front steps. He's intensely focused.

**INT. ANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Anna is hurriedly packing her suitcases. There are things strewn all around the room.

She pulls out her cell phone. It's 11pm.

She dials Harper anyway. It goes directly to voicemail.

**EXT. DOME - NIGHT**

Beau pulls on a cable running up the exterior wall of the dome leading to a satellite dish on the roof.

Using a utility knife, he slices the cable in two.

**INT. ANNA'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Anna leaves an urgent voice message.

ANNA

Harper, listen to me. You were right about this place. I need to leave toni--

The line goes dead. Anna has no connection.

She checks her wifi status. It's gone.

She throws her phone onto the bed.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Fuck!

**EXT. ARMORY - NIGHT**

Beau keys in the combination for the armory.

The lock clicks, and the door opens.

He disappears down the stairs.

**EXT. LAB - NIGHT**

Anna carries out the last of the rat cages and brain scans which she puts in the back of the UTV with her luggage.

She sits silently for a moment, listening. The bayou sounds are loud in the quiet. The trees loom menacingly in the dark.

Anna starts the vehicle. The headlights light up the other end of the courtyard, where Beau is approaching with a rifle.

Anna panics and guns it.

Beau steps out in front of the UTV, forcing her to swerve. The rat cages and documents go tumbling out.

Anna turns to look, but ducks as sharp pinging sounds reverberate around her. They are bullets impacting the UTV.

A tire gets hit.

The UTV veers out of control and tips violently over.

Anna lays unconscious. Blood drips from her head.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - CHERYL'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Anna opens her eyes, but her vision is blurry. She hears faint voices coming from another room; they sound intense, but she can't hear specific words.

She allows her eyes to adjust to the dim light coming from the moonlight through the large paned window.

She's on a chaise lounge in an office of some sort with pink wallpaper and floral curtains. She stands and quietly goes to the door. The voices get louder but are still indistinct. She tries the door, but it's locked.

She looks behind her. On the other side of the room is a white desk with hand drawn pink flowers on it. The design continues onto an older white computer, which has been hand painted with flowers.

She walks to the desk, which is covered in manila folders. "Project Home" is stamped on each one. She goes to pick one up, but then notices the computer screen where several live surveillance footage windows are open.

She peers closely at it. The jellyfish photo on her cabin wall is visible.

Anna's whole body recoils. She moves backward and bumps into a side table with the same painted floral design with a centrifuge and other lab equipment on it.

Below it is something that looks like an old ice box. It is the same pink as the wallpaper, like a 1950s appliance.

She opens it. It appears to be a mini fridge filled with blood vials.

ANNA  
(under her breath)  
What the fuck...

She looks up and realizes that the fridge light is visible from the hallway and quickly closes it.

#### **INT. BIG HOUSE LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Warren paces around the room, while Beau is cool and focused. Cheryl sits in a chair, knitting while watching the exchange.

BEAU  
You're overreacting.

WARREN  
You assaulted our lead scientist.

Warren motions to the rifle.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
What were you thinking?

Before Beau can answer, Cheryl chimes in.

CHERYL  
Darling, Beau did what he thought was best in a tough situation. Anna is a security risk.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - CHERYL'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Anna is rifling through the manila folders. She holds her multitool with a small pen light in her mouth, making sure to keep the light focused away from the door.

Stapled to the inside of each folder is a picture of an elderly, homeless person. She stops when she recognizes one. It's the woman with the long white hair. But in the photo her hair is dirty and her clothes are dark and tattered.

She glances through her intake form:

*NAME: Deura Schenck*

*DATE OF BIRTH: 08/26/1919*

*LOCATION PICKED UP: Auburn, Alabama*

Anna scans through the other documents in the folder, shaking her head as she comes across bloodwork, brain scans, research data...

*SUBSTANCE: Cobb Life Extension Iteration 58*

*DOSAGE: 2 biscuits, 100mg each*

*DATE INGESTED: 09/30/2017*

Anna continues scanning through. She skips to the back.

*SUBSTANCE: Cobb Life Extension Iteration 14*

*DOSAGE: 1 biscuit, 50mg each*

*DATE INGESTED: 07/31/1992*

ANNA

Jesus...

**INT. BIG HOUSE LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Warren is back to pacing. Beau is looking out the window. Cheryl remains seated, calm. Her knitting in her lap.

WARREN

Anna has achieved what we have been trying to do for decades.

CHERYL

All the more reason why we need to keep her here.

WARREN

Threatening her with violence won't help us.

CHERYL

She was threatening our family and our plans.

Warren shakes his head.

WARREN

We can't do it without her. She just needs to understand why we can't make a cure widely available.

CHERYL

Haven't you explained the overpopulation issue to her?

Warren nods. Cheryl shrugs her shoulders as if to say "well, there you go." Beau grabs his rifle and heads for the door.

WARREN

Where are you going?

Beau ignores him. His face hardened.

**INT. BIG HOUSE - CHERYL'S STUDY - NIGHT**

Anna's face is pale. She's sitting in front of a filing cabinet surrounded by more folders. She is holding one with "ANNA GIBBS" written at the top. There is no intake photo, only a few documents. Her hands tremble as she reads.

*SUBSTANCE: Cobb Amphetamine*

*METHOD OF TREATMENT: Ingestion through Pie*

*SUMMARY: Subject appears to be working longer hours thanks to treatment. Averaging 3 hours of sleep. No negative side effects observed. No mention of lost time or daymares.*

The sound of heavy footsteps near the door jolts Anna.

She tosses the folders on the desk. As a key clicks in the lock, she throws herself toward the chaise lounge. Beau strides in holding his rifle.

BEAU

What are you doing?

Anna is on the ground. She stands, still shaken from what she just read. Beau grabs her by the shoulder.

**EXT. BIG HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Anna bursts into the hallway screaming.

ANNA

Warren!!!

Beau is right behind her with his rifle. In the brighter light, the blood on Anna's head and shirt is more visible.

Cheryl enters the hallway and rushes to Anna.

CHERYL

Oh my goodness. Are you alright?

ANNA

What are you doing to those people?

Cheryl speaks to her calmly in her Southern drawl.

CHERYL

Are you talking about my charity cases? They are better than ever.

Anna pulls away from her and turns to Warren.

ANNA

You've already started the human trials with untested treatments.  
(demanding)  
How many have died?

CHERYL

All of my charity cases are already quite old. We give them a safe place to spend their end days and extend their lives decades beyond what they would be naturally.

Cheryl gives her a gentle squeeze, like a grandmother whispering a secret into a child's ear.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

But death is still the expected end for normal people.

Anna pulls away and steps closer to Warren, addressing him directly. Beau leans forward, but Cheryl shakes her head.

ANNA

I need to go home. I can culture your dose. But it's not a one time thing. You'll need another one every couple weeks.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

And I can make those for you, but  
first I need to see my wife.

Cheryl steps in between Anna and Warren. She remains calm and collected, perfectly poised as she navigates the discussion.

CHERYL

Anna, we have to be careful about  
who knows about this. Some people  
need to be prioritized over others.

Warren is quick to add.

WARREN

But we want you fully involved as  
we develop that criteria and  
selection process.

Anna shakes her head, then gives a long, slow exhale.

She finally looks up at them, then nods.

ANNA

I understand. I won't tell anyone.  
I know what's at stake.

Beau glares, not believing her. He storms out.

**EXT. BIG HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

Beau steps out into the hot summer night, steaming with anger. He sits on the front steps, setting the rifle on his lap. The sound of cicadas fills the air.

Then there is another sound. Faint. An engine.

He jumps to his feet and squints into the darkness. The hunting boat is pulling away from the dock. Several figures are on it, including some flashes of white.

**INT. BIG HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT**

Beau rushes in.

BEAU

Ryan's taken one of the boats! And  
he has some of the subjects.

Cheryl turns on Warren. It's the first time we've seen her truly angry. It's terrifying.

CHERYL  
SEE WHAT YOU'VE LET HAPPEN!

She pounces on Anna.

CHERYL (CONT'D)  
WHAT DID YOU DO?

Anna stares her down. Strong and defiant.

Beau processes, then lunges towards Anna, grabbing her by the throat. He squeezes tightly, and Anna cries out, then goes silent. She struggles, but Beau towers over her.

WARREN  
BEAU!

Beau's face is red with anger. His fingers tighten--  
Cheryl's voice drops low, almost like a growl.

CHERYL  
Beau, I will not have a child of  
mine act so irrationally. Drop her!

Beau tosses Anna backwards into the library. She hits a table, then collapses to the ground, gasping for breath.

She glances up at them. Now she sees the resemblance.

Beau slams the library door shut, and Cheryl locks it, resolved. Warren looks overwhelmed.

Beau heads to the front door.

WARREN  
What are you doing?

BEAU  
I'm going to stop them.

WARREN  
Don't hurt anyone.

CHERYL  
(biting and impatient)  
It's too late for that.

Cheryl nods at Beau.

He leaves, shouting over his shoulder at Anna through the library wall.

BEAU

You hear that, you stupid bitch?  
You just got somebody killed.

**INT. BOAT - NIGHT**

The swamp is black and ominous. The boat's headlamp barely illuminates the thick grass and occasional tree trunk jutting out of the inky water.

Ryan guides the boat forward, afraid to go too fast.

Seated beside him is John and behind them...

One of the algae tanks, the surviving two pigs in cages, and a few of the elderly subjects in white linens.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The door to the library shakes as Anna pounds on it. She tries to call Warren's name, but her vocal cords are damaged from the strangling.

Warren and Cheryl sit on a bench in the hallway. Warren is deflated. Cheryl pats him on the hand.

CHERYL

I think some tea will cheer you up.  
I'll be right back.

She kisses him on the cheek and looks into his eyes.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

We will have so much more time  
together. Don't lose faith now.

Warren looks at her, full of doubt. She leaves.

Warrens sits silently, listening to Anna's pounding.

WARREN

Anna, I'm so sorry. I didn't think  
he was capable of such... violence.

Anna stops her assault on the door.

She tries to speak again. Her voice is raspy, strained.

ANNA

Warren, you have to let me out.

Warren's face is filled with anguish, but he doesn't respond.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
John is with Ryan.

WARREN  
(concerned)  
What? Why?

ANNA  
Ryan has all my notes. If he gets  
John to the right person, he can  
prove everything.  
(beat)  
No matter what you do to me here...

Warren slumps against the door. How did it come to this?

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Warren, you're not a murderer.

They sit in silence. Anna leans her head against the door.  
Their heads could almost be touching through the wood.

WARREN  
I've always been afraid of death.

ANNA  
I don't care if I live forever.

WARREN  
Then why do this?

ANNA  
I've had so much loss in my family.  
Alzheimer's slowly destroyed my  
mom... I was an orphan at 35.

Warren nods and looks at the door as if looking at her.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I want it for my son... Maybe he  
won't want to extend his life. But  
his generation will be the first  
that gets to choose.

She looks towards the door as if looking at him.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Isn't that the legacy that you  
want? The man who gifted life to  
the world?

Silence. Then the lock clicks, and the door opens.

They stare at each other for a long moment. He nods.

She stands and runs past him.

**EXT. DOCK - NIGHT**

Beau finishes fueling up the speed boat. His rifle is slung over his back. He starts to untie the rope tethering the boat to the dock, when Anna runs onto the dock.

ANNA

Beau, you have to stop. You're putting the research at risk.

He pauses and looks at her, then hops back onto the dock, whips the rifle around, and cracks the butt of it against her temple. She collapses.

BEAU

Stop messing up our family plans.

He binds her wrists with dock line. She's already coming to.

WARREN (O.S.)

Son, you've taken this too far.

Beau looks up. Warren is on the dock holding a shotgun. It's lowered at the ground.

BEAU

I'm doing what needs to be done.

Beau picks Anna up and tosses her on to the boat.

WARREN

We are supposed to be saving humanity, not killing the brightest of them.

BEAU

You always said that some have to die for the good of the many.

Beau hops on the boat. Warren raises his weapon. He's shaky.

WARREN

You're right.

BANG! Beau cries out in pain and kneels on the boat floor.

Both men are shocked. They lock eyes.

In one smooth motion, Beau twists his rifle around and fires. Warren falls to the ground.

CHERYL (O.S.)  
NOOO! Beau, what have you done?!

Cheryl runs up to the dock and rushes to Warren.

Warren doesn't move. Beau stands there, his rage turning into regret. Then he glances at Anna, who is barely conscious, and his face hardens. He growls at her.

BEAU  
This is all your fault.

Resolute, he sits in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

### **INT. SPEED BOAT - NIGHT**

The boat races dangerously across the water. Trees fly past. Beau checks his arm. Blood has soaked through his shirt.

Anna watches him quietly. He's not paying attention to her.

He lays his rifle against the seat behind him.

Slowly, quietly, Anna digs into her pocket. She winces in pain from the effort. She fishes out her multitool and flips out the tiny knife.

Beau rips the shirt away from his arm to reveal a gaping, bloody bullet wound.

With one hand, he begins to fashion an awkward tourniquet.

Anna begins to saw away at the rope. All of Beau's attention is on his wound. The boat's course begins to drift.

A tree becomes illuminated by the boat's headlamp. They're headed right for it. Beau jerks the wheel.

The boat lurches, narrowly avoiding the tree. The motion is so violent he nearly falls over. The tool tumbles out of Anna's hands, coming to rest near her feet.

Beau glances at Anna, but the tool is hidden by her leg.

He looks front. Anna reaches for the tool with her foot, pulling it close enough to pick up and resume cutting.

Beau pulls the tourniquet tight. He grimaces with pain.

The rope falls away from Anna's wrists. Still wincing, she reaches over the seat and grabs the barrel of the rifle. But the angle is awkward, and the gun ends up pointed directly at her, with the stock floating in the air behind Beau's back.

She's almost got it when Beau sees it floating behind him.

He lunges toward her, but is unable to get a grip on the gun's stock, accidentally knocking it toward her.

She slumps back with the rifle trained on him.

ANNA  
Stop the boat.

Beau stares down at her with a cool fury. He has one hand on the wheel but neither is watching where they're going.

She looks at the blood dripping down his arm.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
You need a hospital.

She stands slowly.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It's a cure for aging, not gunshot wounds.

BEAU  
Why did you have to fuck this up?

She edges closer.

ANNA  
Step aside.

Beau raises his hands and moves away from the wheel.

Anna steps to the captain's chair. She shifts the rifle to one hand and reaches for the throttle to slow the boat when--

Beau lunges, grabbing the barrel and ripping it out of her hands. This pulls her off balance, throwing her to the floor.

He turns back to take control of the wheel.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Why would Warren let you live forever? He only wants the smartest and best.

Beau's face contorts in anger. He turns and fires his rifle.

Anna grabs her hip in shock. She reaches her hand out to steady herself. It lands near the steering wheel.

She sees the lights of Ryan's boat ahead. They are almost out of the tributary, closing the distance.

She reaches for the wheel and pulls with all her strength.  
The boat whips hard and slams directly into a clump of trees.  
Water and wood explode. The two are thrown from the boat.  
Beau slams against a tree and crumples limp into the water.  
Anna is thrown farther out into the channel. She hits the  
water hard. She struggles to hold herself above the water.  
In the distance, she sees the lights of Ryan's boat turn  
toward the mainland and slip away into darkness.

**EXT. BAYOU - DAWN**

Aerial footage of the bayou. As the sun starts to peak above  
the horizon, we see Anna floating amongst the debris.

She is holding on to a piece of the boat. She has lifted her  
leg up onto a piece of wood and tied a crude tourniquet over  
it, but the blood has soaked through it, and a trail of red  
flows behind her. She is weak. Her skin is pale.

She blinks as the rising sun brightens the sky more.

She leans her head back down on the piece of debris and  
closes her eyes.

She stays there for awhile.

A long, long while. This is it.

Little waves cause the pieces of debris to knock against one  
another. Making wooden clicking sounds.

The sound becomes more intense, as it turns into music score.

A far off hum joins.

The hum becomes louder and separates out from the music.

The waves have grown bigger. They are the wake from a boat.

It pulls up next to Anna.

Anna blinks upward, but the sun flares her vision.

A figure leans down towards her.

It covers up the sun for a moment. The roundness of the belly  
creates a unique silhouette...

**EXT. SHORELINE - DAWN**

Ryan speaks with a sheriff. He points back towards the island.

John stands nearby in front of a small group of elderly in white. He watches Ryan's conversation carefully, seeming to follow along with what he is saying. Ryan notices. He looks at John curiously. John smiles and nods.

**EXT. DOCK - DAWN**

Cheryl cries over Warren's body in the morning sun.

Figures in white move out of focus behind her.

In the inlet, red and blue lights bounce off the water.

**EXT. SHORELINE - DAWN**

Red emergency lights strobe across Anna's eyes as a MEDIC examines her on the back of an ambulance.

Harper stands nearby. She watches Anna with both concern and relief. Her hands cradling her pregnant belly.

When the medic steps away, Harper walks over to Anna.

Anna smiles up at her, apologetic, with tears in her eyes. She places a hand on Harper's belly. Harper puts her hand over Anna's.

HARPER

Ditto.

She leans down and kisses her.

**EXT. SHORELINE - LATER**

Crime scene tape is strewn around the area. Ryan's boat is pulled up onto the sand. The document boxes are still piled high in it, but the algae tank has been carried further in away from the shore. Inside the grow tank, the algae floats.

A forensics investigator walks up to the tank and stares into it, confused and in awe.

The purple glow reflects beautifully off his face...

BLACK