

**2020 VISION**

by  
Michael Korican

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Revisions by  
Michael Korican

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Obscure Film Productions Inc.  
3900 Rowley Road, Victoria, BC, Canada V8N 4C2  
250-598-9474 [obscure@informediation.com](mailto:obscure@informediation.com)

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The view tilts down from a private hospital room ceiling above the bed to the far wall and over to the open window.

The curtains billow in the wind and the sound of children playing and the traffic drifts in. Hospital sounds rise up.

Suddenly the view animates anxiously and darts to the left and right, discovering hospital equipment: monitors and charts, etc.

SCOTT (V.O.)

I woke up in a hospital bed. I felt terrible. I didn't know where I was or how long I'd been there.

Suddenly the view tilts down to the bed sheets. They're flat.

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)

Suddenly I realized I had no toes. Or feet. Or legs. Or a body at all.

We see wide, disbelieving eyes, inside a liquid-filled cylindrical glass container.

They belong to the shaved head of SCOTT YOUNG, a 40-something man. He's ruggedly handsome and very attractive.

The glass cylinder has a rectangular metallic base with a small hinged drawer, a speaker grille and some flashing red and green lights.

From the foot of the bed, the glass container perches where the pillow should be.

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)

I knew then something wasn't quite right. In fact, something was terribly wrong.

Scott's voice has a thin, amplified quality.

SCOTT (cont'd)

(shouting)

Nurse!

The view darts from the door to some flowers on a bedside table and slowly up toward the ceiling.

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN:

EXT. FAMILY MONTAGE - DAY (10 YEARS AGO)

In slow motion, the view pans across a traditional two-storey suburban house, lingering over its details.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Who was I? And how did I get here?

In the garden, LUCY YOUNG (mid-30s), a confident soccer mom, stops weeding, looks up, stands up and smiles at us. She silently calls into the house.

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)

Who's this?

(thinking hard to recall  
the face)

It's my loving wife, Lucy!

HAYLEY YOUNG (early teenager), perky and petite, appears in the doorway and joins her mom. The pair smile and wave at us.

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)

And my gorgeous daughter, Hayley!

The two women playfully blow kisses to us.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. BUSINESS MONTAGE - DAY (10 YEARS AGO)

Also in slow motion, the view discovers a smart industrial office building.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE, a slick businessman, sits across a desk and hands a report toward us.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Who's that? Oh, my business  
partner, David Michael Bruce.

The report is titled "How to Profit from the 2010 Recession. By David Michael Bruce."

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
He was selling me on a plan to make  
us even more money. Even if it  
wasn't strictly legal.

Sporting a crew cut, Scott (in his mid-30s) thumbs through  
the report, considers the ramifications and stares back at  
David Michael Bruce.

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
A family, a beautiful home, a  
successful business, lots of money:  
I had it all.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ACCIDENT MONTAGE - DAY (10 YEARS AGO)

A leafy suburban street, in slow motion.

Scott rides his bicycle to work wearing a bicycle helmet.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Wait! It's all slowly coming back  
to me. Then, the accident....

A black cat darts in front of him as he approaches an  
intersection.

He swerves to miss it and falls over into the intersection.

A steam roller goes through the intersection from the next  
street.

Scott silently screams.

The steam roller finishes going through the intersection and  
leaves a flattened bike in the middle of the street. Two  
halves of the helmet roll around on the pavement.

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Scott stares ahead, intently thinking about his past.

NURSE ANGELICA, shapely and confident, enters the room and walks over to the bed. She wears a white miniskirt and a white tunic topped with a black bra, cropped so that her belly button shows. She bends over to peer at the cylinder.

Scott looks at her quizzically.

NURSE ANGELICA

Oh! You're up! I'll get the doctor right away!

She straightens and begins moving to the door.

SCOTT

Hang on, Nurse.

NURSE ANGELICA

Yes? What seems to be the problem?

SCOTT

I'm in pain here!

NURSE ANGELICA

Oh, yes. Just say, "Dose me." You have a voice-activated drip that should abate your pain.

SCOTT

Dose me.

NURSE ANGELICA

I'll get the Doctor now.

She turns and leaves through the door.

SCOTT

Dose me. Dose me. Dose me.

Fear, pain and loneliness overwhelm Scott. He starts to tear up.

DR. THOMAS NOLAN (mid-40s), followed by Nurse Angelica, enters into the room. He wears white shorts and a cropped white shirt so his belly button shows as well.

Scott blinks away his tears.

The nurse monitors some equipment.

Dr. Nolan grabs the chart and approaches the bedside.

DR. NOLAN  
Welcome back, Mr. Young. We're glad  
to see you're awake again.

Scott is even more taken aback by the doctor's clothes.

SCOTT  
How long was I out?

DR. NOLAN  
Well, let's see now.  
(He flips through some  
pages on the chart.)  
According to this, ten years.

SCOTT  
Ten years?!

DR. NOLAN  
Yes. You were admitted in the year  
2010, and it's now 2020.

SCOTT  
What?

DR. NOLAN  
You've been in a coma since your  
accident. Frankly, we weren't sure  
if you were ever going to wake up.

SCOTT  
Well, I'm up now. I'm in a lot of  
pain and -- where the heck is my  
body?

DR. NOLAN  
Ah....  
(referring to the chart)  
Unfortunately your body was not  
salvageable after the accident. We  
were able to maintain your head  
artificially for a number of years  
though. Then we moved you into an  
HVC when they were invented.

SCOTT  
HVC?

DR. NOLAN  
Head Viability Chamber.

SCOTT  
So this happens all the time?

DR. NOLAN  
No. Not too often.

SCOTT  
So, what's with the outfits?  
Where's your white gown?

DR. NOLAN  
White gown? We haven't worn gowns  
for years. They were terrible for  
spreading germs all around the  
place. You'll find a lot of things  
have changed in the last ten years.

Scott thinks.

SCOTT  
When can I go home?

DR. NOLAN  
Well, anytime, really. It's your  
call. After all, you've only got 28  
days to live.

SCOTT  
What?

DR. NOLAN  
Even in an HVC, once brain function  
returns to normal, the clock starts  
ticking. We just can't replenish  
the cells fast enough.

The doctor smiles at Scott.

DR. NOLAN (cont'd)  
We'll talk more later. Right now,  
some other people want to see you.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

Lucy (now mid-40s), David Michael Bruce (now ten years older) and Hayley (now early twenties) ride up in the hospital elevator. The young woman is dressed similarly to the nurse whereas the adults are dressed more conservatively, although with a slightly futuristic flare.

HAYLEY

I think it's really bad taste to bring your boyfriend, Mom.

LUCY

What would you know about taste?

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Now, now, ladies. I'm looking forward to welcoming Scott back.

LUCY

David, he doesn't know about us. And I'd like to keep it that way, okay?

Hayley rolls her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Scott looks up and toward the door.

The trio walks in. Hayley goes to one side of the bed and Lucy and David Michael Bruce move to the foot.

HAYLEY

Dad, it's great to see you!

LUCY

(with hesitation)

Yes... Scott, "Hello".

Scott looks at Hayley with a big smile on his face and then over to Lucy with sincere warmth.

SCOTT

(genuinely)

Lucy!... It's so good to see you. I've missed you.



DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Hello, Scott.

SCOTT  
(to Lucy)  
What's he doing here?

Lucy looks at David Michael Bruce, thinking, but before she can reply Hayley blurts out:

HAYLEY  
He's Mom's live-in lover.

Scott raises an eyebrow.

There is an awkward silence as the trio fidget.

LUCY  
Well, we didn't know when you were going to wake up and I got lonely after a year or two. I never thought I'd speak with you again.

Lucy looks down to his missing body and back up to his face.

LUCY (cont'd)  
Besides.... How could we continue our relationship? You're just a pickled brain. You don't even have a body.

Scott is taken aback by this remark. He debates whether to remain cordial or to rise to the bait and fight. After all, some couples argue so they can express heightened emotion towards (and for) each other. He gets testy.

SCOTT  
Oh, I didn't notice!

HAYLEY  
Mom!

Scott glares at Lucy.

LUCY  
You were never there for us.

SCOTT  
I sacrificed \_so\_ much for you.

LUCY

No one asked you to! We just wanted  
you to come home!

Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT

Just go. Please leave me alone.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

The door to Scott's room flings open and the trio of visitors  
burst into the hall.

Lucy crumples onto a waiting bench, followed by Hayley and  
David Michael Bruce.

LUCY

How can he shout at me like that?  
It's just like one of our arguments  
ten years ago. He hasn't changed at  
all!

Hayley rolls her eyes and David Michael Bruce pats Lucy's  
hand.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

There, there.

LUCY

Thank-you, honey.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Do you think he's changed at all?

LUCY

He's his old caustic self.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

You don't detect any personality  
changes? Memory loss?

LUCY

He's definitely forgotten how to  
treat a woman right!

David Michael Bruce smiles to himself.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Sorry. I've got a meeting downtown.  
I'll just step back in and say,  
"Bye," shall I?

David Michael Bruce stands up and enters Scott's room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

David Michael Bruce approaches Scott gingerly.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Hello again, Scott.

Scott squints his eyes and sizes up David Michael Bruce.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE (cont'd)  
Must be a shock to the system.

SCOTT  
You can say that again.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
You're looking good though.

SCOTT  
Huh? In case you haven't noticed,  
my body's missing, David!

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Yes, I see that. Scott, what you've  
got to realize is that life has  
continued to unfold while you've  
been sleeping.

SCOTT  
Seems like yesterday to me.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
So you remember everything?

SCOTT  
No, the details are still pretty  
sketchy. I know you're my business  
partner. And apparently you're  
banging my wife.

David Michael Bruce looks at Scott.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Former business partner. After you  
were incapacitated, Lucy sold me  
your shares.

Scott takes in the information.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE (cont'd)  
So you don't remember the big deal  
we were working on?

Scott thinks back but clearly doesn't.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

David Michael Bruce jaunts out of the hospital, smiling with  
no cares. Apparently, his former business partner doesn't  
remember their last big deal, the one that made him a very  
rich man.

Outside the hospital, cars and people come and go.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nurse Angelica attends to the flowers in Scott's room.

NURSE ANGELICA  
You know, Dr. Nolan has one of the  
longest waiting lists in the city.  
You should be very proud.

Scott is miffed by the whole day.

SCOTT  
Humph.

NURSE ANGELICA  
What?

SCOTT  
This all takes a little getting  
used to.

Nurse Angelica moves to the side of the bed.

NURSE ANGELICA

Well, if it's too much for you....  
People die in the hospital all the  
time, you know. Do you want to  
"move on"?

Scott thinks hard.

SCOTT

Do I want to "check out"?

Nurse Angelica looks at Scott wonderingly.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Not right now.

Nurse Angelica smiles, but appears somewhat disappointed.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Right now I just want to get a new  
body so I can patch up my life.

Nurse Angelica looks wistfully at Scott.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Lucy and Hayley are still sitting on the bench.

HAYLEY

Mom, don't let Dad upset you so.

LUCY

It's just such a shock, you know?

Hayley pats Lucy's hand.

HAYLEY

I can't believe he's back in our  
lives! I want to catch up with him.

Hayley stands up.

HAYLEY (cont'd)

I'm going to take Dad home with me.  
See you later!

She strides into Scott's room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hayley approaches the bed and bends down to her father.

HAYLEY

Dad, you're coming home with me.  
Let's get out of here!

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

The hospital entrance doors close from a low angle as we glide out of the building and toward the parking lot. People follow or pass by.

Hayley leaves the hospital, pulling what looks like a rolling tote bag behind her -- only --

It's the cylinder on wheels. Scott's eyes dart left and right as he takes in the scene.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Hayley straps Scott into the passenger seat.

They drive away as day begins to turn into dusk.

EXT. DRIVING MONTAGE - DUSK

From the right side of the car, modern buildings pass by.

From his cylinder, Scott looks out the window, his eyes darting from building to building.

From behind the two front seats, Hayley drives the two of them through the streetscape.

Another modern building passes by.

Scott still glances at the buildings as they slide by, spellbound by them.

A third modern building.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Hayley, can you pull over  
somewhere? I need to talk with you.

EXT. MOUNT DOUGLAS LOOKOUT - DUSK

Hayley drives up a wooded road to the lookout at the top of Mount Douglas.

She parks the car pointing out to the city. From behind the two front seats, the city lights twinkle in front of Hayley and her Dad. She stares at him.

HAYLEY

What's on your mind, Dad?

SCOTT

So, so much, Hayley! I don't really know where to begin.

HAYLEY

Well, how about at the beginning?

SCOTT

Okay. For one, why are you being so nice to me?

HAYLEY

You're my Dad! I love you.

Scott smiles at his daughter.

HAYLEY (cont'd)

We always had such nice times playing and laughing.

SCOTT

Yeah, but I must be a total stranger to you now. I mean, I hardly recognize you.

HAYLEY

I've grown up a lot in a decade, Dad! Mom and I visited you every week in the hospital. After a few years, she stopped going, but I never did.

SCOTT

You came every week for ten years?

HAYLEY

Yes, I did, Dad.

Hayley chokes back her tears.

SCOTT  
Wow. Thanks, honey.

Hayley wipes her eyes.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Ten years. That's such a long time!  
I've missed so much! The one thing  
I really regret is not seeing you  
grow up. You're such a beautiful  
young woman. Tell me everything.

HAYLEY  
(blushing)  
There's not much to tell, Dad.  
I finished middle school and went  
on to high school. Now I'm in  
university. I'm a good student.  
I like sports.

SCOTT  
And boys?

HAYLEY  
Uh-huh.

SCOTT  
Is there anyone special in your  
life right now?

Hayley smiles.

HAYLEY  
Yeah, as a matter of fact, there  
is. His name is Ziggy. You'll meet  
him when we get home.

SCOTT  
Hayley, I'm so proud of you.

HAYLEY  
I love you too, Dad.

Hayley puts the car into reverse.



She backs up the car and circles through the empty parking lot. We see the car's red tail lights head on down the access road.

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - DUSK

A ramshackle bungalow with grass that needs cutting contrasts with the modern buildings from earlier tonight. The couple drive up and park in front.

Hayley gets out and retrieves the rolling contraption from the trunk. She goes over and opens the passenger door.

INT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hayley stands in the front hallway, shouting up the stairs.

HAYLEY

Hi! I'm home! Ziggy, are you here?

ZIGGY, (early 20s) student, bounces down the stairs and kisses Hayley.

ZIGGY

Missed you.

HAYLEY

Just got back from the hospital.

ZIGGY

Freaky.

HAYLEY

Brought my Dad home.

ZIGGY

Super-freaky. Is that him in the glass jar?

HAYLEY

Hey. He can hear you, you know.

ZIGGY

Sorry "Old Man." "Are you hungry?"

HAYLEY

He's not deaf. I want noodles.

INT. HAYLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy dining room. Scott is plunked in the middle of one side of the table, his daughter to the left and Ziggy to the right.

The young couple slurps up udon noodles from Japanese bowls.

SCOTT

Looks good.

They continue eating.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Okay, when you get a moment, how about bringing me up to speed. What's happened in the last ten years?

HAYLEY

Ummm, like what?

SCOTT

Like who's the President?

HAYLEY

Michelle Obama.

SCOTT

What happened to Barack?

ZIGGY

That depends on who you ask. Most people don't believe the Commission Report. "Word."

HAYLEY

Dad, Ziggy is the best one to fill you in. He studies Historical Language.

SCOTT

Not History?

ZIGGY

History is so passé, "Man." No one has any time for it. We're too busy consuming the moment.

(MORE)

ZIGGY(cont'd)

Now, Historical Language is something everyone can "dig," "Cat." We sometimes hear it in the remixes, "Man."

HAYLEY

Stop practising on him.

SCOTT

Practising?

HAYLEY

He's trying out the old words on you.

SCOTT

But without History, how do you know where you've been and where you're going?

ZIGGY

As near as I can tell, since your time, the world has stratified into three blocks: the Americas, Europa and Asia. There are three currencies: the Amero, the Euro and the Zen. Everyone is happy, and no one is happy, if you know what I mean, "Doo-de."

HAYLEY

Everyone lives for the instant; day by day, download by download, tweet by tweet. I feel sorry for the Africans, though.

ZIGGY

Why? Africa is a massive penal colony -- no one goes there.

Scott is gob-smacked.

HAYLEY

On the bright side, you can never lose anything. Let's say you misplace your favourite pen. You just phone up Central Tracking.

ZIGGY

Like you would.

HAYLEY

Well, let's say you've got all day to hold and you really like that pen.

SCOTT

Okay.

HAYLEY

Not only can Central Tracking tell you where your pen is, they can tell you where and when it was made, where and when you bought it, where it's been and maybe even what you've written with it, depending on your writing. How huge is that?

SCOTT

Isn't that spying?

ZIGGY

"Yo," everything, and everyone, is chipped. You know when babies make that first cry in the hospital? That's when they get chipped in their ear lobes.

Scott digests this.

SCOTT

So, who's the Prime Minister of Canada?

HAYLEY

Oh, didn't I tell you? Canada joined the U.S. as the seven Northern States in 2016.

SCOTT

What happened to GM and Chrysler?

ZIGGY

They're brands of the Unified Transport Company now. All the North American car companies merged into one. Like the airlines did.

SCOTT  
Hey, what happened to the  
Recession?

HAYLEY  
You mean the Depression? Things got  
real ugly.

ZIGGY  
More and more people lost their  
jobs and homes. Lots of tent cities  
and food lines.

SCOTT  
Things don't look that bad now.

ZIGGY  
Yeah, that's because they legalized  
dope! The taxes kick-started all  
the world economies again.

HAYLEY  
Things are better than ever now!

SCOTT  
What about the environment?

HAYLEY  
What about it?

SCOTT  
Climate change?

ZIGGY  
A billion people died, we got off  
oil and Mother Nature cooperated,  
so that's not an issue anymore.

Scott takes it all in.

SCOTT  
So, is there anything that scares  
you guys?

HAYLEY  
Nukes.

ZIGGY

We're on the brink of nuclear war with Asia. We stopped buying all their stuff when the prices went up and now they're pissed off.

INT. HAYLEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ziggy brings the bowls into the cramped kitchen where Hayley washes up.

ZIGGY

I like him. For a head in a jar he's pretty huge.

HAYLEY

Hey, he's my Dad.

Hayley turns to the counter and begins chopping up some melons. Ziggy approaches her from behind and puts his hands around her waist.

ZIGGY

All this family talk has got me feeling frisky.

Hayley smiles, puts the knife down, turns her head to one side and begins kissing Ziggy.

INT. HAYLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott watches Hayley enter the dining room, walk over to him and bend down.

HAYLEY

Dad, it's getting late. We're going to bed.

SCOTT

Fine. Ummm, just put me on the sideboard. I'll try to catch a few winks. Although I feel I've slept enough for more than a few years.

Hayley moves the cylinder over to the sideboard.

HAYLEY

Good night, Dad. I love you.

She blows him a kiss.

SCOTT

Me too. Thanks for getting me out  
of the hospital.

HAYLEY

I'll just throw this cloth over  
you.

Hayley sweeps a lacy circular tablecloth off the table and  
droops it over top of the cylinder.

HAYLEY (cont'd)

(She giggles.)

Like a parrot! Want a cracker? See  
you in the morning, Dad.

From Scott's point of view, the scene darkens. Then a crack  
of light appears as the cloth settles and parts slightly,  
revealing Hayley walking away. She turns off the dining room  
light and walks into the bedroom, slamming the door behind  
her. It slowly swings open as she bounces onto the bed and  
straddles Ziggy.

Scott yawns.

Hayley pulls off her top and begins to gyrate on top of  
Ziggy.

Scott isn't sure what he's seeing and stares. The penny drops  
and his eyes open wide in surprise. He quickly shuts them  
tight.

SCOTT

(quietly)

Dose me.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's morning and the sun shines. The car is out front.

INT. HAYLEY'S DINING ROOM - MORNING

Ziggy wanders into the dining room, his hair messed up, and scratches his crotch.

He approaches Scott and removes the cover from the cylinder.

ZIGGY  
Rise and shine, Mr. Y.

Ziggy leaves the room, disappearing into the kitchen.

SCOTT  
Hey, Ziggy, sleep well?

Ziggy reappears, carrying a glass of orange juice.

ZIGGY  
Like a baby.

He sits down and drinks the O.J.

SCOTT  
Ziggy, I'd like to have a "chat"  
with you.

Ziggy looks up. He stands up and moves the cylinder from the sideboard to the table.

ZIGGY  
Sure thing. What's on your mind?

SCOTT  
How long have you been going out  
with Hayley?

ZIGGY  
I guess it's been about two years  
now. Ever since I started going to  
school here.

SCOTT  
And you two shacked up right away?

ZIGGY  
No, not right away. We started  
going out as roommates.

(MORE)



ZIGGY(cont'd)

One thing led to another, you know,  
and pretty soon we were roomies  
with benefits.

Scott stares at Ziggy.

Ziggy has a smile on his face as he remembers their early  
passion.

ZIGGY (cont'd)

Hayley is a tiger; she's fantastic  
in bed.

Scott stares at Ziggy more intently.

SCOTT

That's my daughter you're talking  
about.

Ziggy sits up.

ZIGGY

Sorry, sir. She's a wonderful  
person and I respect her very much.

SCOTT

You better. She does seem to have  
turned out pretty well, even if I  
wasn't around to raise her.

(formally)

So, what are your intentions?

ZIGGY

My intentions?

SCOTT

Yeah, for you and Hayley.

ZIGGY

Whoa, it's not like that, Mr.  
Young. Hayley doesn't want to get  
married. Not right now, at least.

SCOTT

Why not?

ZIGGY

Ummm, well, we're both too young  
right now.

(MORE)

ZIGGY(cont'd)

I want to finish school and we both want to start our careers first.

SCOTT

Hey, I can understand that. Just don't leave it too long. My little girl seems to really like you.

Ziggy looks down bashfully and smiles.

ZIGGY

I really like her too.

Scott stares intently at Ziggy.

SCOTT

So, what are you two using for protection?

Ziggy looks up in surprise.

ZIGGY

Ummm, yeah. We got that covered.

The two men stare at each other across the table.

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

The sun continues shining.

SCOTT (O.S.)

(shouting into the next room)

Hayley, I need to see Dr. Nolan. Can you give me a lift?

HAYLEY (O.S.)

(shouting back in response)

Sure thing, Dad.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

(The next scenes are from Scott's point of view.)  
Hayley plunks the cylinder down onto the rolling contraption and rolls it from her car, through the parking lot, and into...

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

...the hospital entrance, over to the elevators. BING, and into the elevator. We see the wall, hear the doors close and the ride begins.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

Scott stares at the wall.

(Back to his point of view.) The doors open and Hayley wheels him out of the elevator...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

...and down the corridor, stopping across from Dr. Nolan's consulting room. Hayley walks up to the reception desk.

INT. DR. NOLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Scott is on a stool across from Dr. Nolan, who sits behind his desk.

DR. NOLAN

Mr. Young. Glad to see you again so soon. How can I help?

SCOTT

I had to come in and talk with you. I can't really explain this to anyone else.

DR. NOLAN

What seems to be the problem?

Scott stares at him.

SCOTT

Besides no body?

DR. NOLAN

Yes. Besides that.

SCOTT

Well, I still have -- feelings.

DR. NOLAN  
Feelings?

SCOTT  
Certain biological urges.

DR. NOLAN  
Yes?

Scott takes a moment to collect himself.

SCOTT  
I get erections.

DR. NOLAN  
How interesting! Are you telling me  
you still have two heads, so to  
speak?

SCOTT  
And I'm experiencing a lot of pain  
as well.

DR. NOLAN  
Didn't Nurse Angelica explain the  
drug-pump?

SCOTT  
Yes, she did. But it doesn't help  
with this pain.

DR. NOLAN  
Oh?

SCOTT  
I know it sounds weird but I keep  
sensing my whole body, and it  
hurts.

DR. NOLAN  
You mean you can feel sensations in  
your missing limbs and torso?

SCOTT  
Yes. And they're painful.

DR. NOLAN  
Hmmm. That's called Phantom Limb  
Sensation, or Phantom Pain.  
(MORE)

DR. NOLAN(cont'd)

Patients report it in the majority of amputations. I wasn't sure if it would manifest in your case, given that you've lost everything from the neck down.

SCOTT

It comes and goes. My neck often feels like it's burning. And then I'll feel my fingers drumming on a wooden table, or, a cool breeze on my arms.

DR. NOLAN

Interesting.

SCOTT

Interesting? Damn annoying, if you ask me! Make it stop!

DR. NOLAN

There's no cure.

SCOTT

What?

DR. NOLAN

There are a few treatments, but nothing definitive. Anti-depressants or anti-epileptics sometimes work. Mirror Box Therapy can also work, but you're not a candidate for that.

SCOTT

Why not?

DR. NOLAN

In Mirror Box Therapy, the amputated limb is placed behind a mirror.

He picks up a 4" by 12" mirror from the desk with his left hand and places it in front of his right hand and arm, which lie on the desk.

DR. NOLAN (cont'd)

When the remaining, opposite, limb is moved, the patient sees both limbs move.

He flexes his left hand and its mirror image moves in tandem in the mirror.

DR. NOLAN (cont'd)

Gradually this exercise helps to normalize the phantom sensations in the missing limb. In this case, however, with only your head remaining, there's no way to orient a mirror to produce the necessary illusion.

Scott stares at Dr. Nolan.

SCOTT

What about surgery?

DR. NOLAN

Yes, sometimes brain surgery can pinpoint the nerves involved.

SCOTT

No, I guess I mean a transplant.

DR. NOLAN

A head transplant?

SCOTT

A body transplant.

DR. NOLAN

It's a question of perspective, isn't it?

SCOTT

Yes, well, from my point of view, I need a new body.

DR. NOLAN

It's true transplant technology has improved by leaps and bounds, especially when it comes to organ rejection. But a whole body, and not just a re-attachment? I'm sorry, no one has ever tried that.

SCOTT

But could it be done?

Doctor Nolan considers Scott's question.

DR. NOLAN

Well.... No, I don't think so.

SCOTT

I'm not just going to give up! I've only got three weeks left!

DR. NOLAN

I'd like to help you but you've got to realize the magnitude of what you're asking. You would need a team of specialists to locate the appropriate donor body, to stabilize and transport it, to perform the operation, to monitor and maintain the result. It just can't be done.

SCOTT

Why not?

DR. NOLAN

Think of the cost to the system. Besides your number would never come up.

SCOTT

Number?

DR. NOLAN

All medical procedures are allotted by lottery. The chances are inversely proportional to the cost of the procedure.

SCOTT

What?

DR. NOLAN

For every million dollar surgery selected, we first do thousands of run-of-the-mill procedures from the many waiting lists.

Scott is crestfallen.

DR. NOLAN (cont'd)  
(thinking aloud)  
Of course, it is a medical  
frontier. There have been some  
papers on Micro-Cephalocaudal  
Reattachment Theory, however,  
mainly by quacks.

SCOTT  
Yeah?

DR. NOLAN  
Just rumours, really. Whispered at  
the edges of the medical community.  
We're years away from being able to  
accomplish a feat like that. I'm  
sorry, there's just no hope for  
you.

Scott is dejected.

DR. NOLAN (cont'd)  
They can't even do that on the  
black market.

Scott perks up.

SCOTT  
Black market?

DR. NOLAN  
Well, supposedly there's an  
underground market for medical  
procedures, but I wouldn't know  
anything about that.

Scott smiles.

SCOTT  
Thank-you, Doctor. Would you please  
send in Hayley?

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Hayley shuts the car door on Scott, walks in front of the car  
and gets in on the driver's side.



HAYLEY

How'd it go?

SCOTT

Dr. Nolan said he can't help me.

HAYLEY

Sorry to hear that.

SCOTT

But he gave me an idea.

HAYLEY

What?

SCOTT

I'm gonna get me a body transplant on the medical black market. Let's go.

Hayley drives off.

The view zooms out from above as the car drives through the parking lot and onto the street, revealing more and more and more cars.

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hayley drives up to her house and brings the car to a sudden stop.

HAYLEY

Let me get this straight. You want to get a body transplant but you can't wait for years so you want to get it done now on the black market?

SCOTT

Correct.

HAYLEY

Don't you want to live out your remaining days in an HVC?

SCOTT

No! I miss -- the taste of pizza -- the scent of my wife's hair -- the feel of her smooth skin.

HAYLEY

Dad!

SCOTT

We need to find someone to give me  
a body transplant. And quick!

INT. HAYLEY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Hayley enters the dining room, carrying her laptop. The sunlight streams in and Scott is perched on top of the dining room table.

Hayley sits down and opens her laptop.

HAYLEY

So how do we find the medical black  
market?

SCOTT

Try searching for "transplant  
tourism". Hey, what browser are you  
using? Explorer? Firefox?

HAYLEY

Opal, silly. Three million hits.

SCOTT

Okay.... How about "transplant  
tourism black market"?

HAYLEY

Still one hundred and fifty  
thousand hits. It says the most  
popular transplants are kidneys,  
livers and -- hearts!

SCOTT

Okay, we need a better way to go  
about this. What would you do if  
you worked in the medical black  
market?

Hayley considers.

HAYLEY

I'd work by referrals only. I'd have a network of people sending me clients and I'd pay them a finder's fee. Let me post it and see if my friends have any contacts for us.

SCOTT

Good idea. Let's go see my former "business partner" as well and find out if he knows anything that can help us.

EXT. GLOBAL INFOTEXT CORPORATION - DAY

A swank office tower gleams in the sun as Hayley pulls Scott in the rolling contraption into the main entrance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. G.I.C. BOARDROOM - DAY

High over the city, the sun streams in through large windows on to the boardroom table.

Hayley sits at one end of the table.

David Michael Bruce sits at the other. There's an intercom to one side of him.

Scott is in the middle. The sun casts a shadow of his head and the cylinder onto the table.

HAYLEY

My father thought you could help us.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

It would be my pleasure.

SCOTT

I'm looking for a doctor.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Aren't there lots at the hospital?

HAYLEY

We're looking for someone who's not  
in the system.

SCOTT

I need someone in the black market  
who can perform a body transplant.

David Michael Bruce is taken aback but recovers.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Scott, isn't that rash?

SCOTT

Yeah, well, maybe. But I need my  
body, any body, back. And soon!

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

What's the rush?

SCOTT

(shouting)

You try sleeping in a jar for ten  
years! See if you like it!

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Okay, okay, stop shouting.

HAYLEY

Can you help us?

David Michael Bruce considers it.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Sure. I can ask around. I'll be in  
touch.

SCOTT

Thanks, David.

HAYLEY

Thank-you, Mr. Michael Bruce.

She gets up.

Scott's shadow on the table gets picked up.

Hayley shuts the door behind her as they leave.

David Michael Bruce looks at the door for a moment and then presses the red button on his intercom.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
(into the intercom)  
It's only a matter of time before  
he remembers.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Hayley's car navigates the streets downtown.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
Where are we headed?

HAYLEY (V.O.)  
I got a lead. We're going to meet a  
guy named Sloane.

INT. CLUB FASHION SHOW - NIGHT

It's a club-like scene with lights flashing and music pumping. High-fashion people mill around.

Hayley wheels Scott over to a table where SLOANE, a stylish dandy, holds court.

HAYLEY  
Hey. Are you Sloane?

SLOANE  
That's me. You can call me Doc.

HAYLEY  
Sure thing, Doc.

Sloane watches Hayley plunk Scott on top of a chair and then sit down.

HAYLEY (cont'd)  
Thanks for meeting on such short  
notice.

SLOANE

No issues. Who could pass up such a per-fect opportunity for you to see my per-fection on display.

The lights dim more and the fashion show starts. The models strut down the runway, pose, twirl and head back up.

SLOANE (cont'd)

I did her. And her.

Scott looks closer at the models.

HAYLEY

What do you mean?

SLOANE

Bigger, smaller, whatever you want, sweetie, Doc Sloane will oblige.

HAYLEY

What exactly did you do?

SLOANE

Their boob jobs, of course! Aren't they wonderful?

The models continue strutting on the stage.

SLOANE (cont'd)

Oh, and her nose job too.

Hayley watches the show with her mouth open.

We see more of the show.

Scott watches, smiling.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. UNIVERSITY QUADRANGLE - DAY

Hayley wheels Scott into a university quadrangle. Students mill about.

Hayley approaches BROOKE, a bookish woman studying on the grass.

HAYLEY

Brooke?

BROOKE

Hi. Thanks for meeting me between classes.

HAYLEY

So you're a student?

BROOKE

Uh-huh.

HAYLEY

Oh. Because when you asked me to meet you here I thought you might be a professor.

BROOKE

Ha-ha. I wish. I'm a fourth year medical student. I start my residency next year.

HAYLEY

I don't think you can help us.

She turns to leave.

BROOKE

No, wait. Sit down. I'm the top of my class. My lab marks are number one.

Hayley sits down, positioning Scott between them.

HAYLEY

Have you ever done this before?

Brooke looks down and blushes.

BROOKE

Last summer, I had a foreign job.

HAYLEY

Yes?

BROOKE

I worked for a clinic in -- you don't need to know where.

(MORE)

BROOKE(cont'd)  
Anyway, I assisted with many  
transplant procedures.

SCOTT  
Assisted?

BROOKE  
Yes. But by the end of the summer,  
especially when the surgeon was too  
tired or drunk, I'd take over. I  
liked it. I'm good at it.

SCOTT  
Are you even licensed?

BROOKE  
Not yet. But I will be. In about  
three years.

Hayley gets angry.

HAYLEY  
Why are you doing this?

BROOKE  
Money, honey! I've got to pay off  
my student loans somehow.

Hayley looks at Scott and flops down onto the grass in  
exasperation.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HAYLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hayley, Scott and Ziggy sit around the dining room table,  
dejected.

HAYLEY  
Who'd have thought this would be so  
difficult.

ZIGGY  
"Yo," maybe you're looking in the  
wrong place.

SCOTT  
What do you mean?



ZIGGY

Rather than looking for the black market, maybe you should start with the grey market. After all, what's grey? White shaded with a bit of black.

Hayley kisses Ziggy on the cheek.

HAYLEY

Brilliant!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KRAUSS'S KOSMETICS - DAY

Hayley pulls her car up in front of a storefront clinic. The gaudy sign reads "Krauss's Kosmetics - Private Surgery for Princes and Princesses".

SCOTT

Hayley, why did you choose this place?

HAYLEY

They have the tackiest ads.

She gets out of the car.

INT. KRAUSS'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Hayley walks into the waiting room towing Scott behind her.

Huge black and white before and after pictures adorn the walls: bent noses and prim ones, thin lips and pouting ones and naked sagging breasts and pert ones.

Hayley approaches the nonplussed RECEPTIONIST, more interested in her tabloid magazine.

HAYLEY

Is the Doctor in?

RECEPTIONIST

Have a seat and I'll get him for you.

Hayley sits, with Scott close by.

Suddenly, a door flings open and DR. STEPHEN KRAUSS appears. He has a devilish, manic quality about him.

DR. KRAUSS  
My dear, you don't need my  
services. You're already beautiful.

Hayley blushes.

Dr. Krauss looks over towards Scott and then back to Hayley.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Please come in to my consulting  
offices. This way.

INT. DR. KRAUSS'S CONSULTING OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Krauss sits behind the cluttered desk with a flourish.

Hayley places Scott on the desk and sits in the single chair.

There's a specimen of a porcine fetus in a glass jar on the desk.

Scott stares at the pig and blinks.

DR. KRAUSS  
Ah!

Dr. Krauss grabs the pig and puts it behind him. He stares at Scott, intrigued by his situation. But Hayley's beauty draws his attention away.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Are you sure you don't want to make  
any changes to your gorgeous body?

HAYLEY  
No, thank-you. We're here to talk  
with you about my father.

SCOTT  
I'm Scott Young.

DR. KRAUSS  
Hello. You'll excuse me if I don't  
shake your hand. Ha-ha!

SCOTT  
Hayley, let's go.

DR. KRAUSS  
No, no, no! First tell me why  
you're here.

HAYLEY  
We're looking for some "non-  
standard" procedures.

DR. KRAUSS  
You've come to the right place.  
They keep trying to pull my license  
but I keep printing a new one. Ha!

SCOTT  
What sort of things do you do?

DR. KRAUSS  
Not to brag, but we do it all. Need  
a drug tested? We've got human  
guinea pigs. Visas required for  
medical turismo? No problemo. I  
even do some "out-patient"  
treatments, if you know what I  
mean.

He's still smitten with Hayley and turns back to her.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
There's a really nice analgesic  
study going on right now. We could  
get painless together. Are you  
game?

SCOTT  
I need a full-body transplant.

DR. KRAUSS  
Yes, you do, buddy.

SCOTT  
And I need it in the next two  
weeks.

Scott stares at him.

Hayley stares at him.

Dr. Krauss stares from one to the other.

DR. KRAUSS

Oh, oh, oh! You want me to re-attach your head on a body?

HAYLEY

Can you do it?

DR. KRAUSS

Well...

(He considers it.)

well...

(He thinks about it hard.)

may-be. Let me take you downstairs.

Dr. Krauss gets up.

INT. KRAUSS'S LAB - DAY

The room is dark until the overhead fluorescents spring to life, revealing a large laboratory.

The lab appears well-stocked, if somewhat run-down.

There's a stainless steel operating table in the middle of the room.

DR. KRAUSS

Welcome to my laboratory. This is where I do my best work.

He stands on one side of the table, Hayley on the other, with Scott between them at the foot of the table.

SCOTT

Well?

DR. KRAUSS

No one's ever done a body transplant before. It would be a first. Medical history! Do you have lots of money?

SCOTT

Enough.

DR. KRAUSS

Do you have a body?

SCOTT  
We'll get one.

HAYLEY  
Doctor, will you do it?

DR. KRAUSS  
Yes. Yes, I believe I will! Scott,  
prepare to dance!

Hayley smiles with happiness.

Scott smiles too.

Dr. Krauss smiles maniacally.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNT DOUGLAS LOOKOUT - DAY

Hayley and Scott drive up the wooded road to the lookout at the top of Mount Douglas.

They park, with an amazing view of the city in front of them.

HAYLEY  
So, where are we going to find a  
body?

She pulls out a spiral-bound pad and writes: WHERE TO FIND A  
BODY.

SCOTT  
Thinking about regular transplants,  
I guess there are live donors and  
dead ones.

Hayley writes: LIVE BODIES.

HAYLEY  
Who's going to willingly donate  
their body to us? Someone who hates  
their body so much they want to  
kill themselves?

Hayley writes: SUICIDE VICTIM.

INT. GOTH BEDROOM - NIGHT

In an otherwise nondescript bedroom, we see anarchy symbols on the wall, as a TROUBLED YOUNG MAN dressed in Goth attire and makeup fires up a cordless electric chain-saw and brandishes it over his head.

He lays it down on the floor with the motor running at full speed.

He poses with his arms outstretched and does a swan dive, leaving the frame.

Blood spatters onto the anarchy symbol on the wall.

EXT. MOUNT DOUGLAS LOOKOUT - DAY

Hayley looks at Scott.

HAYLEY

Yewww!

Scott shakes his head.

Hayley scribbles out SUICIDE VICTIM on her pad.

SCOTT

I've heard India is big in transplants.

Hayley writes: OUT-SOURCED TO INDIA.

EXT. INDIA MONTAGE - DAY

In India throngs of people wander this way and that on an extremely busy street. The women carry packages on their heads while the men mainly smoke and watch. There are subtitles for the next exchange, which is in Hindi:

INDIAN FATHER (O.S.)

You will do it! You have brought shame upon our family! Your sacrifice will support your children for many years!

INDIAN WOMAN (O.S.)

No, Papa-Ji! I don't want to die!

She screams as we hear the sound of the man striking her.

EXT. MOUNT DOUGLAS LOOKOUT - DAY

HAYLEY

No.

She strikes out OUT-SOURCED TO INDIA.

HAYLEY (cont'd)

China is also big in transplants.

She writes: CHINESE TAKE-AWAY.

EXT. CHINESE PRISON - DAY

A CHINESE PRISONER stands with his back to a stone wall.

His hair is cropped short and he wears a light blue tunic with vertical white and blue striping on the two breast pocket flaps. He looks up from the ground.

We see razor wire and blue sky beyond.

The prisoner looks forward.

A CHINESE GUARD in black uniform raises his rifle and fires.

EXT. MOUNT DOUGLAS LOOKOUT - DAY

SCOTT

But 95% of their donors are  
executed prisoners.

Hayley crosses out: CHINESE TAKE-AWAY.

HAYLEY

So you're picky, too!

SCOTT

It would be weird to have a woman's  
body, as well.

HAYLEY

Half of the world seems to make do.

SCOTT  
You know what I mean.

HAYLEY  
What about a black man's body?

SCOTT  
I think I'd be most comfortable  
with something like I used to have.

HAYLEY  
Let's go home and think about this  
some more.

SCOTT  
We need to come up with something  
quick!

She reverses the car, and they drive back down the road.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see lights on inside Hayley's house.

HAYLEY (O.S.)  
Ziggy, I'm going to need your help  
tomorrow.

Hayley's handwriting appears over the picture: WHERE TO FIND  
A DEAD BODY.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DAY

Dressed as interns, Hayley and Ziggy skulk outside the  
hospital. They look over their shoulders as they walk in.

Hayley's handwriting appears over the picture: THE MORGUE.  
The letters then tilt from vertical to horizontal and  
disappear.



INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

The pair wanders down a hallway and into the Morgue. The camera stays in the corridor.

ZIGGY (O.S.)  
Okay, now what?

HAYLEY (O.S.)  
We snatch a body and get out of here.

ZIGGY (O.S.)  
Which one?

HAYLEY (O.S.)  
I don't know. Start checking.

We hear the sound a latch clicking, a door opening and a slab rolling out; then rolling back, the door closing, and the latch clicking. This sequence begins again.

The CORONER approaches in the corridor and walks into the Morgue.

CORONER (O.S.)  
Hey! What are you two doing?

Hayley and Ziggy quickly stop what they're doing and run out of the room. They enter the corridor and run past the camera as the Coroner sticks her head out of the door.

The words: THE MORGUE tilt back into visibility and Hayley scratches them out.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Hayley and Ziggy quickly get into the car and slam the doors.

ZIGGY  
That was gross!

HAYLEY  
I've never seen a dead body before.

ZIGGY  
And the smell!

HAYLEY  
Hold me, Ziggy.

They clench as Hayley sobs.

They lock eyes for a moment and then make out feverishly.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car is parked out front and the house lights are on.

INT. HAYLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hayley, Ziggy and Scott sit around the dining room table. The mood is glum.

HAYLEY  
Dad, it was so nauseating!

ZIGGY  
It's not everyday you're confronted  
with mortality, "Man."

Silence.

SCOTT  
Where else can we find cadavers?  
How about medical schools? Or  
funeral homes? Bound to be lots of  
bodies there.

HAYLEY  
Think of the families. "Sorry, Mrs.  
Smith, someone stole your dead  
husband last night."

Ziggy jumps up, animated.

ZIGGY  
That's it. Grave robbery! Let's dig  
up a body!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

A cloud drifts past the full moon.

The wind howls through a darkly-lit cemetery.

Hayley's handwriting appears over the picture: THE GRAVE ROBBERS. The letters tilt and disappear.

Hayley and Ziggy walk stealthily with shovels perched on their shoulders.

HAYLEY

Which one should we dig up?

ZIGGY

Look for something fresh.

The young couple continue walking.

HAYLEY

Ziggy, do you ever think about dying?

ZIGGY

Not often. Sometimes.

HAYLEY

Spooky being surrounded by all this death.

ZIGGY

We all gotta go sooner or later.

HAYLEY

Quick, make love to me.

Hayley pulls Ziggy towards her as she lays down on a flat grave.

She runs her fingers through his hair as he kisses her neck. Hayley moans and looks up.

The moon shines down on the couple.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

The red tail lights of Hayley's car glow in the cemetery. The trunk is open and Ziggy lifts a pair of feet into the trunk. He slams it shut.

INT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Hayley and Ziggy sit in her car.

ZIGGY

The deed is done.

HAYLEY

We are now officially mother-effing grave robbers! I love you!

Hayley grabs Ziggy's head with both hands and kisses him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - EARLY MORNING

Hayley and Ziggy drive down a deserted alleyway early in the morning. They're both covered in dust from their early-morning activity.

She stops the car in front of the rear door to Krauss's Kosmetics, leaving it running.

Ziggy jumps out of the car and pounds on the door.

After a moment, Dr. Krauss opens it.

DR. KRAUSS

Yeah?

ZIGGY

Hayley and I have a delivery for you.

Dr. Krauss sticks his head out the door and sees Hayley behind the wheel.

DR. KRAUSS  
Right.... So what have you?

ZIGGY  
Come on over here and take a look.

The pair walk over to the car.

Ziggy pops the trunk and they peer in.

Dr. Krauss stands up abruptly.

DR. KRAUSS  
That's a dead body!

He backs away from the car.

HAYLEY  
Is there a problem?

DR. KRAUSS  
Well, yeah! This poor sap's been embalmed. His veins are full of formaldehyde. He's a pickle!

ZIGGY  
No one said anything about that.

DR. KRAUSS  
(to Hayley)  
Let me take care of the body. Just let your Dad know it'll cost extra. You two get rid of this.

Krauss goes back inside.

Ziggy gets back into the car.

HAYLEY  
(sighing)  
Ef me.

Ziggy, after a slight pause, leans in for a kiss. Hayley sticks her hand up abruptly between her mouth and his without looking away from the windshield.

Hayley begins to drive away.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hayley drives up to her house and she and Ziggy slowly get out. They walk up to the front door.

INT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hayley and Ziggy plunk themselves down at the dining room table. They're still dirty.

SCOTT

You two look like a mess.

HAYLEY

Tell me about it.

SCOTT

How'd it go?

ZIGGY

We dug up a body.

HAYLEY

But Dr. Krauss didn't want it.

ZIGGY

Past its "Use By" date.

SCOTT

So what did you do with it?

HAYLEY

We hightailed it back to the cemetery and threw it back in the grave.

ZIGGY

Let me tell you it was a lot faster to fill it up than it was to dig it up in the first place, "man."

HAYLEY

Dr. Krauss says he'll take care of the body but that it'll cost you extra.

SCOTT

Let's go see David Michael Bruce. But first you two need showers.

Ziggy gets up.

ZIGGY

I need sleep. See you later.

EXT. GLOBAL INFOTEXT CORPORATION - DAY

Hayley wheels Scott into the swank office tower.

SCOTT

Hayley, I want you to wait outside when I meet with David. This might get ugly.

INT. G.I.C. BOARDROOM - DAY

David Michael Bruce sits at one end of the board room table and Scott perches at the other end.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Sorry, Scott, I don't have any information for you yet.

SCOTT

I'm way beyond that now, David. I have a medical team in place standing by to do the transplant.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Great news! Glad to hear it.

Scott pauses for effect.

SCOTT

I was thinking it would be nice to work here again -- once I get back on my feet.

David Michael Bruce is not pleased to hear this. But he smiles cordially.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Sure; I'm sure we can work something out.

SCOTT

With my old stock options.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Now, Scott, I told you Lucy sold those to me years ago.

SCOTT

David, you owe me. You took our altruistic company and perverted it.

David Michael Bruce stares at Scott but doesn't reply.

He presses the green button on his intercom.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

(into the intercom)

Please send Hayley in. Scott is leaving.

Hayley enters and puts Scott onto the rolling contraption.

Her eyes lock with David Michael Bruce's.

Hayley and Scott leave.

David Michael Bruce stares at the empty room.

He presses the red button on his intercom.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE (cont'd)

(into the intercom)

I think -- he knows too much. Take care of it.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A bank of security monitors glow through a doorway with a HEAD OF SECURITY sign beside it. NICK NELSON presses the red button on his intercom to reply.



NICK NELSON  
Take care of it?

INT. G.I.C. BOARDROOM - DAY

David Michael Bruce looks at the intercom and presses the red button.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Take care of it! I'm not going to  
spell it out for you.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Nick presses the red button.

NICK NELSON  
Why do I always have -- ?...  
Hang on, I'm coming in to see you.

He gets up and leaves the office.

INT. G.I.C. BOARDROOM - DAY

Nick waddles into the board room and sits on the edge of the table to one side of David Michael Bruce. He promptly slips off. He quickly grabs a chair on rolling wheels and sits down.

NICK NELSON  
Why do I always have to do your  
dirty work?

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
You're my Head of Security. That's  
what you do.

NICK NELSON  
Couldn't I be your Executive in  
Charge of Security Operations  
instead?

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
How would that change things?

NICK NELSON  
I might feel better about my work.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Fine. Executive in Charge of  
Security Operations it is.

NICK NELSON  
Thank-you. That wasn't so  
difficult, was it?

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
So now take care of Scott Young.

Nick thinks for a moment.

NICK NELSON  
Hang on a tick. Now that I'm the  
Executive in Charge of Security  
Operations, I think I should  
delegate this action item to an  
outside contractor.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
I'm not paying someone else to do  
your job. Just take care of it! Now  
bugger off!

Nick rolls away a few feet in the chair, then gets up and  
leaves.

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hayley's car is parked out in front of her house and the  
house lights are on.

A closer view through some trees.

Some bushes part and Nick's face appears. He's in camouflage,  
with leaves sticking out of his hair and black lines on his  
face.

Nick scoots on his belly across the lawn, plainly visible if  
anyone should look.

Looking in through the open dining room window, the back of  
Nick's head pops into view.

His eyes dart right and left.

His head slowly drops out of frame.

Nick scoots away on the lawn.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. GLOBAL INFOTEXT CORPORATION - DAY

The swank office tower glitters in the sun.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Nick consults plans for an electronic device on his monitors.

He assembles the device together. A parabolic dish protrudes from the front of a ray-gun-type unit.

Nick finishes the weapon and is satisfied with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick is outside Hayley's house again. He has an orange extension cord draped across his chest and the ray gun draped over the opposite shoulder.

He scoots over the lawn to the side of the house and finds an electrical outlet.

He plugs the extension cord into the outlet and the other end into the ray gun.

He scoots over to the open dining room window.

He pops up and peers into the room.

Scott is on the table, alone in the room.

Nick brings the ray gun up, aims it at Scott and pulls the trigger. There's a LOUD HIGH-PITCHED SOUND and Nick covers one ear with his free hand.

Nothing happens to Scott.

Nick is confused.

He aims the ray gun at a wine glass to the left of Scott. It promptly shatters. He aims the gun at a glass to the right of Scott. It shatters.

A shard of glass flies back and hits Nick in the eye. He muffles a girlish scream, winces in pain and covers his injured eye. He takes aim again.

A third glass shatters. Nick aims back at Scott. Nothing.

Hayley and Ziggy burst into the room and survey the mess.

Nick drops below the window frame.

He scoots across the lawn with the orange cord following him. He yanks the cord and pulls it to him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Nick has a white bandage taped over his eye and thinks hard in his security office.

He has an idea and picks up the telephone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Nick is across the street in some bushes holding a walkie-talkie. A helicopter thumps overhead.

The door of the house opens and Hayley steps out.

Nick watches intently.

Hayley wheels Scott toward the driveway.

Nick barks into the walkie-talkie.

NICK NELSON

Now, now, now!

WHOOSH!

A "16 TONS" WEIGHT crashes down in front of the house. The scene shakes and a cloud of dust engulfs the house.

As the dust settles, we see unscathed Hayley and Scott hurry to the car. The weight has landed between them and the front door.

NICK NELSON (cont'd)  
You gotta be kidding me.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. G.I.C. BOARDROOM - DAY

David Michael Bruce stands at his end of the board room table.

Nick cowers at the other end.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
How inept can you be?

NICK NELSON  
Sorry, boss.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
How difficult can it be? He's in a glass jar, for God's sake.

Nick shrugs his shoulders.

NICK NELSON  
I was just trying to make it look like an accident, boss.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
(shouting)  
Then why not throw a friggin' baseball through the window?

NICK NELSON  
Hey, that's not a bad idea!

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Look, I'll just invite him here and you just burst in and shoot him.

(MORE)

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE(cont'd)  
Can you do that? Just frigging  
shoot him!

NICK NELSON  
Yes, boss.

WIPE TO:

INT. G.I.C. CORRIDOR - DAY

The elevator door opens and Hayley steps out, pulling Scott.  
Scott looks determined. We see his point of view as Hayley  
rolls him to the board room and through its doors...

INT. G.I.C. BOARDROOM - DAY

...and then in the distance David Michael Bruce stands up as  
Hayley turns the contraption around.

David Michael Bruce watches as Hayley puts Scott on the table  
in the middle of the window-side.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Thank-you, Hayley. I'd like to  
speak with Scott in private, if you  
don't mind. Please don't leave the  
door -- ajar, dear.

Hayley stares at David Michael Bruce, turns and leaves.

David Michael Bruce sits down.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE (cont'd)  
Scott, you son of a gun. You had to  
wake up, didn't you. Everything was  
going along swimmingly until then.

SCOTT  
I just want what's due me.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
What's due you? You catnap for ten  
years and then you expect to just  
carry on like nothing's happened?

David Michael Bruce stands up, leaning on the table with both  
hands.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE (cont'd)  
It hasn't been easy, you know. The  
guilt has weighed heavily on me.  
And now you come waltzing in here  
demanding your share.

David Michael Bruce stares at Scott and smirks.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE (cont'd)  
I'll give you what's due you.

David Michael Bruce presses the red intercom button.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE (cont'd)  
Nick, Scott wants what's due him.  
Get in here and give it to him.

Nick enters the board room. He pulls a pistol from inside his  
suit, aims it at Scott and fires.

The bullet leaves the gun barrel.

We see its point-of-view as it travels straight towards  
Scott. It zeroes in on his eye.

PLINK! The bullet ricochets off the cylinder and heads  
towards David Michael Bruce.

NICK NELSON  
Oops.

David Michael Bruce grabs his side and looks back up.

His hand is covered in blood.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
You shot me! God damn it! You  
freaking shot me! Get me to the  
hospital quick!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT SCENE - NIGHT

Red and white ambulance lights and a burning fire illuminate  
downtown buildings.

An EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN speaks into his cell phone.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN  
Krauss, I think I got that item you  
were looking for.

(pause)

There are multiple DB's, an  
explosion and now fire. No one's  
going to count too hard.

(checking a wallet)

Name of Nolan. Formerly a doctor.

(pause)

Yeah, we're twenty minutes out. Get  
prepped.

INT. DR. KRAUSS'S CONSULTING OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Krauss hangs up the call and makes another one.

DR. KRAUSS

Hayley, my darling, get your daddy  
here pronto. The operation is a go!

EXT. DRIVING MONTAGE - NIGHT

Hayley and Scott drive through the city on their way to  
Krauss's Kosmetics.

The neon lights slide by, mirror themselves and multiply.

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN:

INT. KRAUSS'S LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Krauss stands at the head of his operating table doing  
jazz hands up by his head. Nurse Angelica stands behind him.

DR. KRAUSS

Welcome to my humble den of  
debauchery! Let's have some fun  
tonight!

Nurse Angelica smiles at Scott.

Scott recognizes Nurse Angelica with some surprise.



On the bench behind the operating table stands a large water-filled tank with the naked body of Dr. Nolan floating in it. Bubbles float up from the bottom of the tank, creating a curtain of bubbles just behind the front glass.

Hayley stands at the foot of the operating table with Scott beside her on a stool with wheels.

HAYLEY

Is that the body?

DR. KRAUSS

Indeed, it is.

SCOTT

How did he die?

DR. KRAUSS

He was in a car accident. Luckily for you, he only suffered head trauma -- his body is in perfect condition.

HAYLEY

He looks familiar. Who was he?

DR. KRAUSS

Let's not go there, chickadee. But, hey, he's an organ donor!

SCOTT

What's with the bubbles?

DR. KRAUSS

Hyper-oxygenated quasi-frigid soaking solution to preserve the tissues. But we don't have a lot of time, folks.

NURSE ANGELICA

We should begin now, Doctor. There's only 69 minutes of viability left.

We see an electronic counter on the wall change from 69:00 to 68:59 and continue counting down.

HAYLEY

What happens first?

DR. KRAUSS

Step one is to prepare the body by removing the head. Step two is to get Scott out of his glass jar. Step three is to attach Scott to his new body. It's as simple as A-B-C!

SCOTT

Get on with it, please!

Dr. Krauss pushes the green button on a small switch box hanging on a cord suspended from the ceiling.

A motor grinds and the body lifts out of the tank.

Dr. Krauss turns a dial and the body swings over to the operating table.

He presses the red button and the body lowers down on to the table.

Hayley blushes and looks away.

Nurse Angelica lays a piece of light blue cloth over the body's genitals. She smiles.

DR. KRAUSS

Nurse, any suggestions for a clean removal?

NURSE ANGELICA

We need to preserve as much of the skeletal, nervous and circulatory systems as possible.

DR. KRAUSS

Ye-ah. Should I use the saw or the chisel?

NURSE ANGELICA

I think a chisel would give you more control.

DR. KRAUSS

I concur. They don't call me the Leonardo of the Laboratory for nothing.

Dr. Krauss unrolls a cloth roll, revealing a number of chisels, onto a bench with a circular saw and a cordless drill on it. He selects a chisel and picks up a hammer.

From above, Dr. Krauss begins hammering away at the neck of the corpse. We hear the sounds but can't see these blows strike.

Some arterial spray squirts on to Dr. Krauss's safety goggles.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)

Nurse!

Nurse Angelica wipes his goggles, smearing the blood. He bends closer to better see his work.

We see close-ups of the opened neck, revealing the trachea, the arteries and lots of blood covering the pulled-aside skin.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)

Pass me the larger chisel, please.

Nurse Angelica hands him the larger tool and Dr. Krauss makes three quick blows in succession.

Blood starts spraying, as if from a water hose.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)

Bulldog clips, now!

Nurse Angelica hands Dr. Krauss some bulldog clips and he clamps the arteries closed.

Dr. Krauss stands back, finished this part of the procedure.

NURSE ANGELICA

Good work, Doctor.

The countdown on the wall shows 48:48, then 48:47.

HAYLEY

How will you get my father out of his Head Viability Chamber?

DR. KRAUSS

Not sure.... Did you bring the instructions?

Scott and Hayley stare at him.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
No? Can't be too difficult.

He studies the front of the HVC with its flashing lights.

He turns the unit around and notices an access panel.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Looks like a Number Two Robertson,  
Nurse.

Nurse Angelica hands him a screwdriver and he deftly removes the screws.

Dr. Krauss removes the panel cover, revealing an electronic circuit board. He sees flashing lights with a red wire and a blue wire leading to the board.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
You're kidding me. Do I cut the red  
wire or the blue wire?

Dr. Krauss looks at Nurse Angelica.

Nurse Angelica looks at Hayley.

Hayley looks at Scott.

Scott looks at Dr. Krauss.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Screw it!

He yanks out the whole circuit board.

The lights go out on the front of the HVC and the seal around the cylinder makes a popping sound.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Good! Now we turn it over and take  
the base off.

They crowd around to do this.

Scott is now upside down in the base-less cylinder.

HAYLEY  
Hang in there, Dad!

The countdown on the wall now shows 36:54, then 36:53.

NURSE ANGELICA

We need to hurry up, Doctor.

DR. KRAUSS

Okay, wheel Scott over to the other end of the operating table.

The two women push the cylinder and Scott around.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)

Good, let's get him up on the table.

Dr. Krauss reaches into the cylinder and pulls Scott up by his ears.

Scott's head lands on the operating table, just above the opened neck.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)

Nurse, shove those tubes up his nose.

Nurse Angelica shoves one tube up each of Scott's nostrils.

She turns to a machine and flicks on its power switch.

It lights up and starts pumping red blood into Scott and blue blood out.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)

Okay, prep the theatre.

Nurse Angelica drapes more light blue cloth on the body's chest, around both sides of the neck and over Scott's chin and nose.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)

Good. Now hand me the laser. I'll start by joining the brain stem to the spinal cord.

He begins working and the red laser shines.

Dr. Krauss concentrates on the surgery.

Hayley watches with concern.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Hang on, which way is up?

Hayley is taken aback.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Just kidding. Okay! Now we need to  
fuse C1 to C2. The titanium screws,  
please.

Nurse Angelica hands Dr. Krauss a cordless drill and two  
long, shiny screws.

He bends down closer. The drill spins once and then a second  
time.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Sorry, Scott, you may not be able  
to tie up your shoes but you won't  
lose your head again either. Ha!

Scott rolls his eyes and then opens them wide as he begins to  
feel something.

The countdown on the wall shows 12:34 and then 12:33.

NURSE ANGELICA  
Doctor, time is ticking!

DR. KRAUSS  
Laser, please. I'll attach the  
nerves next.

He begins working on the nerves with the red light.

Scott's eyes twitch with excitement.

Nurse Angelica looks down to the body and back to the  
surgery. She does a double take and smiles broadly.

The blue cloth covering Scott's genitals stands at attention.

NURSE ANGELICA  
The patient has regained sensation!

Hayley looks away with embarrassment.

DR. KRAUSS  
Good news; we're on our way. Now  
the muscles.

Dr. Krauss begins working on the muscles with the red light.

Nurse Angelica mops his brow.

Hayley looks at the wall.

The countdown shows 3:21 then 3:20.

HAYLEY

Doctor, there only three minutes  
left! Hurry!

DR. KRAUSS

I'm working on the arteries now.

He continues working with the red light.

Nurse Angelica mops his brow.

Hayley looks on with mounting concern.

Arterial spray soaks Dr. Krauss.

The countdown shows 1:00 and then 0:59.

HAYLEY

Hurry!

Dr. Krauss continues working with the red light.

Nurse Angelica mops his brow a third time.

Hayley starts thinking time will run out.

Scott also registers concern on his face.

The countdown changes from 0:10 to 0:09.

Suddenly, we're staring up looking at Dr. Krauss, Nurse Angelica and Hayley from Scott's point of view. He quickly looks at the three of them and then floats up into the room. After rising three or more feet, he looks down on the operation. He's having an out-of-body experience.

DR. KRAUSS

There! Done!

The countdown on the wall changes from 0:01 to 0:00.

Scott's out-of-body point of view sinks back into his head once more. He sees Hayley beaming and Dr. Krauss and Nurse Angelica smiling.

We see Scott smiling.

DR. KRAUSS (cont'd)  
Let me just finish by closing up  
your neck. You're going to have a  
small scar, I'm afraid.

Scott's hand raises jerkily from the table.

Hayley sees it, and squeezes it.

She and Scott exchange glances.

EXT. KRAUSS'S KOSMETICS - DAY

As the operation finishes, the sun rises, casting long shadows and an orange glow on the building.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

The rising sun casts long shadows at the hospital as well.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

David Michael Bruce lies in a hospital bed with his side bandaged. He wants his breakfast.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE  
Nurse, where's my breakfast?!

HOSPITAL WORKER (O.S.)  
Sorry, sir, shift change.

DISSOLVE TO:



INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY

The sun steams in a swank eat-in kitchen. Lucy eats eggs and reads a magazine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KRAUSS'S KOSMETICS - DAY

Dr. Krauss opens the door to his shop to let Hayley and Scott leave. She holds Scott by the elbow as he gingerly moves. Scott wears sweats.

HAYLEY

Thank-you, Dr. Krauss.

SCOTT

Yes, thank-you.

DR. KRAUSS

My pleasure. Now go forth and use your body to do good in the world, my boy.

Hayley backs a few steps away from Scott.

HAYLEY

Take a few steps to me, Dad.

Scott shuffles a few steps. He moves like a zombie. Then he does a face-plant in front of Hayley.

Dr. Krauss grimaces and slowly shuts the door.

Hayley helps Scott up by grabbing his elbow and they limp to the car and get in.

HAYLEY (cont'd)

Clearly, you're going to need some practise.

They drive off.

EXT. BEACH MONTAGE - DAY

At the beach, Hayley encourages Scott as he practises walking.

He lurches like a zombie, taking a few steps and falling into the sand, over and over.

Hayley is concerned / encouraging / stifling laughter / all out laughing.

Slowly Scott gets better at walking.

Later, on the beach the pair play volleyball. He's got his shirt off and Hayley is in a bikini.

She serves to him and the ball keeps hitting him / missing him / bouncing off his head / going through his outstretched arms.

Then Scott returns a serve.

Hayley is elated.

Slowly Scott improves.

He can serve, jump to return volleys and spike.

Scott runs up the beach and up the stairs to the sea wall, raising his clenched fists over his head and pumping them into the air, as the camera spins around to reveal the ocean.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Hayley and Scott sit in the car looking out at the sun setting over the waves.

HAYLEY

I'm so proud of you, Dad.

SCOTT

Thanks to you, Hayley.

HAYLEY

I love you!

Scott looks out to sea.

SCOTT

Do you think your mother will ever love me again?

They both look out to sea.

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hayley's car pulls up in front of her house. Hayley and Scott pop out, slam the car doors and wander up to the house.

SCOTT

I'm so hungry! I want noodles!

INT. HAYLEY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hayley, Scott and Ziggy sit at the dining room table, all eating udon noodles from Japanese bowls.

Scott slurps up the noodles with relish.

Hayley smiles.

Ziggy nods with approval.

ZIGGY

Must be weird, "man."

HAYLEY

What do you mean?

ZIGGY

I mean getting used to a new body.

SCOTT

Yeah, but Hayley has really helped. I'm surprised how quickly I feel comfortable in my new skin.

Ziggy sits up.

ZIGGY

"Doo-de," you're OTG!

SCOTT

OTG?

ZIGGY

Off the grid! You aren't chipped. No ID. You're invisible! "Word to your Mother!"

Scott doesn't understand.

HAYLEY

We all have chips in our ear lobes  
-- you don't.

Scott's jaw clenches.

SCOTT

Let's go to Global. I just  
remembered I forgot something  
there!

WIPE TO:

EXT. GLOBAL INFOTEXT CORPORATION - NIGHT

The car pulls up in front of the swank office tower and the  
three pop out. They go to the door.

INT. G.I.C. LOBBY - NIGHT

Hayley and Ziggy approach the GUARD at his station. They  
create a diversion, as Scott sneaks behind them.

INT. G.I.C. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Upstairs, Scott exits the elevator, unchallenged. He goes  
down the hall, looking for the file room.

INT. G.I.C. FILE ROOM - NIGHT

Scott is in the file room, rifling through a file cabinet. He  
finds the file he wants and shuts the drawer.

INT. G.I.C. LOBBY - NIGHT

Hayley and Scott are still talking with the guard. Scott  
sneaks behind them with the file. The three of them leave.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HAYLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The car is parked out front and almost all the lights are off.

INT. HAYLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott reclines on the couch, deep in thought as he reads the file.

He puts the file down on his chest and wonders.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HAYLEY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

The sun shines in as Hayley, Ziggy and Scott eat breakfast.

Scott picks up the phone.

SCOTT  
(into the phone)  
Lucy, I need to see you right away  
at the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Scott waits for Lucy at the hospital entrance.

Lucy shows up and Scott grabs her by the elbow.

LUCY  
Oh my God, Scott! You have a body!  
When did you get it? And how?

SCOTT  
It's a long story. But right now  
you and I need to see David Michael  
Bruce right away.

He pushes her into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL ELEVATOR - DAY

The pair ride up in the elevator.

LUCY

Scott, you're so different. I think  
you're a little taller than you  
were before. I like it.

Scott looks up at the numbers.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Scott and Lucy burst into David Michael Bruce's room. He's shocked to see them.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Scott! Lucy! Where'd you get that  
body?

SCOTT

Never mind that. What I want to  
know is: is this true?

He shoves the file in front of David Michael Bruce's nose.

David Michael Bruce reads the file and looks up at Scott and then Lucy.

DAVID MICHAEL BRUCE

Yes. Yes, it is.

Scott looks from David Michael Bruce to Lucy.

SCOTT

The pair of you? I can't believe  
it.

He slowly leaves the room.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Scott slowly sits down on the bench and stares at the ceiling.

Lucy slowly joins him on the bench.

SCOTT

You colluded with David Michael Bruce to manipulate the stock.

LUCY

So what! There were billions being poured into the economy. I just wanted my share.

SCOTT

And then you sold your options.

LUCY

Hey, a girl's gotta make money somehow.

SCOTT

But you bilked those investors.

LUCY

So what?

SCOTT

Have a heart. What you did was wrong.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nurse Angelica enters David Michael Bruce's room. He's seen a number of nurses but doesn't recognize her.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Scott and Lucy are still on the bench.

LUCY

I had to look after myself, and Hayley, when you left.

SCOTT

When I left? I didn't leave. I was in a coma.

LUCY

And the hours turned into days, the days into weeks, the weeks into months and the months into years. I couldn't wait any longer.

SCOTT  
I never left you.

LUCY  
It sure felt like it.

SCOTT  
I still love you.

LUCY  
No you don't.

SCOTT  
I do.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nurse Angelica pulls the plug on David Michael Bruce's monitor and it goes black.

He's confused and concerned.

She grabs a pillow and covers his face.

He struggles for a few moments, then more frantically and finally goes limp.

She uses a syringe to push something into his drip.

Nurse Angelica turns and plugs the monitor in again. It turns on but the line stays flat.

She leaves the room with a smug smile on her face.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Nurse Angelica passes in front of the pair.

LUCY  
You're in love with the past. I've changed.

SCOTT  
Don't you love me?

Lucy stares at Scott.



SCOTT (cont'd)  
Can't you love me?

LUCY  
I've moved on, Scott. I'm with  
David now.

SCOTT  
Did you ever love me?

LUCY  
Sure. Once. I loved your money and  
our flash lifestyle.

Scott stares at Lucy.

SCOTT  
I just thought things would carry  
on like before.

LUCY  
Hey, you can't predict the future.

SCOTT  
No, things never turn out the way  
you think they should.

Lucy turns to Scott.

LUCY  
Now that you're back, I want a  
divorce so I can marry again.

Scott is taken aback.

LUCY (cont'd)  
Sorry, Scott, it's over between us.

More nurses hurry into David Michael Bruce's room.

Lucy gets up and leaves.

Scott sits on the bench alone.

HOSPITAL WORKER (O.S.)  
Oh my God! He's gone.

Scott fights back the tears.

He gets up and slowly wanders down the hall.

More hospital personnel pass in front of him and pour into David Michael Bruce's room.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Hayley comes running up to the hospital entrance with a worried look on her face.

Lucy comes storming out.

HAYLEY

Mom!

LUCY

Your father is an ass!

HAYLEY

Maybe. But he's still my dad!

She runs into the hospital as Lucy shakes her head and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Hayley runs into a waiting room and bumps into Scott.

He looks lost.

HAYLEY

Dad!

She seats him down and joins him in the next chair.

HAYLEY (cont'd)

You look terrible.

SCOTT

Lucy dumped me.

HAYLEY

Yeah, well, she left you long ago.

SCOTT

Only, I didn't realize it until now.

Hayley stares into Scott's eyes.

HAYLEY

Dad, you're not alone.

He stares back at her and swallows.

HAYLEY (cont'd)

I love you, Dad. These last few weeks have been some of the happiest for me in a long time.

SCOTT

You and Ziggy have been great.

HAYLEY

I don't want to lose you again. I like you back in my life. Open your heart to me, Dad.

Scott hugs Hayley.

SCOTT

I love you too, Hayley!

Father and daughter hug. They laugh, wiping away tears and fall back into their chairs.

Nurse Angelica slowly walks up and sits down beside Scott.

Scott looks at her.

She looks back at him and smiles.

He looks down as she grabs his hand.

Nurse Angelica intertwines her fingers with his and brings his hand up to her cheek.

Scott stares into Nurse Angelica's eyes.

She stares back into his.

Scott shrugs his shoulders and grabs her head with his other hand. They kiss tentatively. And laugh.

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)

You never can predict the future.  
And it never turns out like you  
think it should.

Hayley, Scott and Nurse Angelica laugh. Scott and Nurse Angelica kiss again, now more passionately.

SCOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)

As for me, I had my body back. But more importantly, I had regained my heart.

The three of them stand up with Scott in the middle, lock their arms and stride out toward the door, their faces beaming.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS

"2020 Vision"

"a film by Michael Korican"

An outtake of Scott Young and the actor's name.

An outtake of Hayley Young and the actor's name.

An outtake of Ziggy and the actor's name.

An outtake of Lucy and the actor's name.

An outtake of David Michael Bruce and the actor's name.

An outtake of Dr. Krauss and the actor's name.

An outtake of Nurse Angelica and the actor's name.

An outtake of Dr. Nolan and the actor's name.

An outtake of Nick Nelson and the actor's name.

An outtake of Brooke and the actor's name.

An outtake of Sloane and the actor's name.

More cast and crew credits.

FADE TO BLACK.