

**FRANKENSTEIN**  
Pilot Episode  
*"a suitable donor"*  
By Rand Ravich

JANUARY 16, 2015

TEASER/ACT ONE**SUPER TITLE THESE NAMES MARY AND OTTO**

INT. PALO ALTO HOME - GARAGE - 1988 - DAY

A young DAD at a workbench builds a computer. One more budding Steve Jobs. But we are not interested in him. WE'RE INTERESTED in the twin THREE YEAR OLDS playing on the floor.

MARY AND OTTO GOODWIN are building themselves a complicated computer motherboard out of Legos. Piece after piece goes on as Mary and Otto select Legos from the pile on the floor.

But now Otto cannot find a piece he needs in the pile so he speaks to Mary in what SOUNDS LIKE GIBBERISH. Mary toddles over to her dad and interprets Otto's twinspeak request.

3 YEAR OLD MARY GOODWIN  
Otto needs a 3x3 T-beam, two 1x1  
round plates and a 1x2 flat tile.

DAD  
Did you put the request in reverse  
alphabetical order or did he?

3 YEAR OLD MARY GOODWIN  
He did.

DAD  
Mary, how can you understand what  
your brother is saying?

Otto hears this question and speaks in twinspeak to Mary.

3 YEAR OLD MARY GOODWIN  
Otto wants to know why you can't.

INT. PALO ALTO HOME - OTTO'S BEDROOM - 1992 - NIGHT

The room a complex warren of Legos. Buildings, roads, cities, seas. Up walls, across the ceiling. Interconnected creatures, vehicles, figures. 7 year old Otto sits on his Lego encaved bed. He hears whispers from below, and POLICE RADIOS. 7 year old Mary enters the room and as bravely as she can says--

7 YEAR OLD MARY GOODWIN  
There's been a car accident, Otto.  
Mom and Dad... both gone.

Otto looks at his sister and speaks to her in twinspeak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7 YEAR OLD OTTO GOODWIN  
*What's the code to bring them back?*

7 YEAR OLD MARY GOODWIN  
There isn't one.

7 YEAR OLD OTTO GOODWIN  
*Will you go too?*

LOOK AT LITTLE MARY'S FACE THEN MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LOOKINGGLASS OFFICES - LOS ANGELES - PRESENT DAY

MARY GOODWIN (30) beautiful and at ease in the world, moves through the busy open space. Open plan. The design employs both a playful and thoughtful use of money. The workstations filled with the best and the brightest under 30's.

INT. LOOKINGGLASS OFFICES - OTTO'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Only one person here. 30 year old Otto. He stands before a large fish tank. ALL THE FISH IN THE TANK ARE DEAD.

MARY (O.S.)  
Did the filter break?

Otto turns. 30 year old Mary is here, she steps up to him. Grown now Otto speaks in English to his twin sister.

OTTO  
No. I turned it off.

MARY  
Why'd you turn it off, Otto?

OTTO  
I watched them go.

MARY  
Let's clean this up.

OTTO  
It's all code, Mary. What makes them go. What brings them back.

Mary looks at Otto as Otto looks at the DEAD FISH.

MATCH CUT FROM-- MARY AND OTTO AT LOOKINGGLASS TO: L.A. TIMES BUSINESS SECTION. A photo of Mary and Otto. The headline is: **MARY AND OTTO GOODWIN. LOOKINGGLASS' BILLIONAIRE BINARY TWINS.**

PULL BACK TO SEE THE NEWSPAPER IS IN A PILE with yesterday's paper and the day's before that and the day's before that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOW WE HEAR BLASTING MUSIC, CCR's *BAD MOON RISING*. CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM THE STACK OF PAPERS TO SEE WE ARE IN...

INT. MESSY LOS ANGELES APARTMENT - PRESENT TIME - DAY

**SUPERTITLE THIS NAME NOW PRITCHARD**

That pile of newspapers, stacks of mail, empty cans of beer, full ashtrays, dirty plates, splayed open half read books, prescription medication bottles. On a shelf is a turntable upon which that CCR record spins. And in a barcalounger sits-

A 75 YEAR OLD MAN. PRITCHARD wears a bathrobe and smokes a cigarette. He pours himself a bourbon as he listens to the blasting music and IGNORES the pounding outside his door.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME MOMENT - DAY

A MAN IN A SUIT (40) stands outside Pritchard's apartment, banging on the door. Down the hall a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN steps from her apartment, Iphone in hand. She says to the Man.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

I am going to call the police.

MAN IN SUIT

No need for that.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

That same song, over and over. I will get the cops up in here.

The Man pulls back his coat to reveal a GUN and BADGE.

MAN IN SUIT

FBI. Will that do?

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

It will if you shut that music up.

INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - SAME MOMENT

Drinking, smoking, ignoring the pounding, rail-thin Pritchard hears a key in his front door lock. The knob turns--

The door opens and the Fed steps in from the hall. Pritchard takes a drag off his cigarette as the Fed moves to the shelf and picks the needle off the vinyl. Silence. Then--

MAN IN SUIT

Neighbors are complaining about the noise again Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oh, the Fed is Pritchard's son. His name is DUVAL PRITCHARD. He moves from the turntable to stand in front of his dad.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

Why don't you go ahead and let me have the smoke too.

Pritchard takes one more hit off the cigarette and then grudgingly gives it to his son. Duval puts it out.

PRITCHARD

You know, I was having a lot more fun before you showed up.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

It's three in the afternoon, you planning on getting dressed today?

PRITCHARD

I'll take it under advisement.

Pritchard Sr. is not senile nor suffering from age related dementia. He is sharp as a tack. Just a pain in the ass.

As Duval clears the empties he sees the newspapers, sections are marked (not the one with Goodwins, they mean nothing to these people). These articles concern VIOLENT BANK ROBBERIES.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

What's all this? Is this my case?  
(off his dad's shrug)  
You working my case now, Dad?

PRITCHARD

Just reading the papers but... Four bank jobs in twelve months. You got a dead security guard and no one locked up for it. In my day--

DUVAL PRITCHARD

I think we both know what you would have done in your day, Dad.

DUVAL PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

What needed to get done.

PRITCHARD

What needed to get done.

Duval has been here before. Now Duval hears FOOTSTEPS and--

DUVAL PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

Dad, is someone else here?

As an answer to that a 35 year old professional woman (BETTINA) steps out of the bedroom. She sees the two men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTINA

I was just on my way out.

PRITCHARD

Duval, this is Bettina. Bettina is in my music appreciation club. We meet once a week.

Bettina passes close to Duval as she heads out the door. Bettina knows Duval knows why she was here. She whispers-

BETTINA

Don't worry. He's too old to really do much of anything.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

And how much does not really doing much of anything cost him?

Though they whisper, Pritchard manages to catch it and--

PRITCHARD

Don't answer that. It's impolite to talk money. My son should know that. Don't be rude Duval.

Bettina opens the door. There is a pretty 16 year old girl standing there. She is GRACIE PRITCHARD.

BETTINA

Hello.

GRACIE

Hello.

BETTINA

You here for the "music appreciation club"?

GRACIE

The music... the what club?

DUVAL PRITCHARD

Gracie, I thought I told you to stay in the car.

GRACIE

I wanted to say hi to grampa.

Gracie is still fixed on Bettina who says to Pritchard...

BETTINA

See you next week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Bettina leaves the three generations of Pritchards.

GRACIE

Who was that?

DUVAL PRITCHARD

No one. Gracie, as long as you're here, go on and empty the rest of that bourbon in the kitchen sink.

PRITCHARD

Gracie, be a good teen and rebel against your father's wishes.

GRACIE

Grampa, what did the doctor say about mixing meds and bourbon?

PRITCHARD

That I have to give up one of them but I can't remember which.  
(as she takes the bottle)  
Ah don't do it...

Pritchard's plea is half-hearted. He loves his granddaughter. As she goes to the kitchen Duval gets to why he stopped by.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

Dad, Lori and I are taking Gracie back east for a college tour. We'll be out of town for a few days.

PRITCHARD

You can take the time?

DUVAL PRITCHARD

It's three days with my daughter. I've been on that case for a year.

Work vs. Family is a bone of contention between these two. Pritchard does not want to engage. He looks at his turntable.

PRITCHARD

I used to have a lot more records. You know what happened to them?

DUVAL PRITCHARD

They're with the boxes from when we closed down your house, after mom died... Up in our attic.

PRITCHARD

I think I'd like those albums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUVAL PRITCHARD

I can go up there when we get back.  
(calling to kitchen)  
Gracie, come on, we gotta go.

Gracie comes back from the kitchen. She goes to Pritchard and gives him a kiss good-bye. As she does she whispers...

GRACIE

I poured a little of the bourbon  
into a glass by the sink.

PRITCHARD

Thank you, Gracie.

GRACIE

You'll always be the Sheriff,  
Grampa.

PRITCHARD

Don't let your father hear you say  
that. He doesn't like it.

AND AS PRITCHARD SAYS THIS WE FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - TWO YEARS AGO

Flashing lights. A LOS ANGELES COUNTY SHERIFF'S CAR is parked. Pritchard stands against it. In handcuffs. TWO LA DEPUTIES are having a quiet conference with Duval.

L.A. COUNTY DEPUTY

He tried to take the car for a  
little joyride. When we ran his  
name, saw who he was, we figured  
it'd be easier just to call you.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

I appreciate that, Deputy.

L.A. COUNTY DEPUTY

There's still some love in the  
department for your old man.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

I can't imagine why.

Pritchard hears his son say that. AND WE COME BACK TO

INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Pritchard watches the door close. His son and granddaughter leave. Then Pritchard shuffles into the kitchen.



INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

There by the sink is the glass with the bourbon that Gracie left for him. He drinks it. Then rubs his stomach. Not good.

INT. CVS - DAY

Pritchard stands in the aisle that for some reason has both Pepto-Bismol and condoms. He compares the Peptos. As he does A TEEN BOY AND GIRL slam in right next to him, hormonally making out AS IF HE WERE NOT THERE. AS IF HE WERE INVISIBLE.

Pritchard stands, bottle of Pepto in hand, staring at the two then he says of the muzak playing on the CVS speakers--

PRITCHARD

Know where I first heard this song?

Pritchard speaking scares the shit out of the teens. They look at him as if he just appeared there.--

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. I was here first.

TEEN GIRL

I didn't see you.

PRITCHARD

That's my point.... First time I heard this song was on the Mekong. You know where the Mekong is?

TEEN BOY

Up by Santa Barbara. I surf it.

PRITCHARD

That's Rincon. The Mekong is... Forget it. I'm getting my albums.

Pritchard hands him the Pepto and storms off. WE HEAR the muzak now... a smooth version of Hendrix's *VOODOO CHILD*.

EXT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S HOME - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The muzak becomes actual Hendrix as Pritchard approaches the quiet suburban home. He takes a key from his pocket.

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S HOME - NIGHT

Pritchard enters his son's home and locks the door. Nice and respectable here. He moves past photos of Duval and his wife and Gracie. He grabs a bottle of scotch from the home bar.

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT

Pritchard is up here now. There is a stack of moving boxes all marked "DAD". He opens one, photo albums. CHOP UP THIS EDIT as Pritchard pulls objects from the boxes. Sure he is old and drunk now but he wasn't always. WE SEE HIS LIFE--

Photos of him as a high school athlete, as a young marine in Viet Nam, newly married, kids on his knee, as a fresh faced LA COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPUTY. Here's his old marine uniform. Here's his deputy sheriff hat. Newspapers here too; one reads "SHERIFF PRITCHARD RESIGNS IN DISGRACE". The headline is dated 2000. The photo is a 60 year old Pritchard.

Pritchard finds his box of record albums. He tries to lift it. Too heavy. NOW he hears footsteps from below. Pritchard freezes. Listens. There are people down there. Pritchard grabs a COMBAT KNIFE that lays with his marine uniform...

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pritchard, blade in trembling hand, moves down the hall. HE IS AFRAID BUT KEEPS GOING. He sees his son's home office and in it A BURGLAR (a big man, stout) searches Duval Pritchard's desk. Pritchard moves closer, quietly. Close enough TO SEE--

The Stout Burglar is SEARCHING A BINDER on Duval's desk. Finding what he is looking for, he rips out a page then puts it in his pocket as... the trembling knife in Pritchard's aged hand accidentally taps the wall and--

The Stout Burglar looks up and SEES Pritchard. A moment as the two men look at each other. Pritchard sucks up his fear.

PRITCHARD

What the hell are you doing in my son's house?

STOUT BURGLAR

Let's just take it easy...

PRITCHARD

I asked you a question. You answer it or we're both going to see if I can still throw this knife.

MALE VOICE (OFF SCREEN)

I'd like to see that but... I'm a little short on time...

The muzzle of a gun is placed against Pritchard's head from behind. A well armed JITTERY BURGLAR has snuck up behind him. The Stout Burglar does not want violence so he pleads--

(CONTINUED)

STOUT BURGLAR  
No... Don't do it...

JITTERY BURLGAR  
(in command)  
He's seen our faces.

BAM, Pritchard is PISTOL WHIPPED, as he goes down he hears--

JITTERY BURLGAR (CONT'D)  
You get what we needed?

STOUT BURGLAR  
...yeah...

JITTERY BURLGAR  
Then clean this place up like it  
never happened.

AS PRITCHARD BLACK OUTS the Jittery Burglar reaches for him.

JITTERY BURLGAR (CONT'D)  
Wrong place wrong time Pops, but  
hell, what are you going to do?

PRITCHARD  
...Go to hell...

JITTERY BURLGAR  
I have a better idea, Sheriff.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A bright light comes on in Pritchard's face. Stout holds a flashlight as Jittery holds Pritchard by his shirtfront. Pritchard sways on his feet. In Jittery's other hand is a bottle of scotch. He pours it on Pritchard, soaking him.

JITTERY BURLGAR  
You were depressed, drinking too  
much. I mean who could blame you,  
after what happened. I'm surprised  
you waited so long to do it.

PRITCHARD  
...to do what?

CAMERA REVEALS the road they stand on is a bridge over a ravine far below. Jittery turns to Stout and orders--

JITTERY BURLGAR  
Push him over... Do it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A look passes between the Burglars that makes it clear Stout has no choice. He grabs Pritchard and lifts him off his feet.

STOUT BURGLAR  
(genuine)  
...I'm sorry...

Pritchard struggles but he is old and beaten. Stout moves him closer toward the rail... Pritchard is going over.

PRITCHARD  
My son will get you.

BURGLAR 3  
(sadly)  
No, Mr. Pritchard... he won't.

Stout pushes and Pritchard goes back and over the guard rail... into the air. PRITCHARD hangs in the air for a second. He looks past Stout, LOOKS INTO THE FACE OF JITTERY who... smiles. Then Pritchard falls. And as he does...

His life flashes before his eyes... like those photos and clippings in the attic but now they are moving images. A film going backwards in time, an old man, a Sheriff, a deputy, a marine in Viet Nam... the sound track is LAUGHTER and CRYING and YELLS and WHISPERS and GUNSHOTS and with a--

A HISS and FLASH of LIGHT he hits the ground and... DIES.

EXT. RAVINE - MORNING

Pritchard's lifeless body lays broken on the rocks. A PARK RANGER stands over it...

NEWS RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
In what is being ruled a suicide ex-  
LA county Sheriff Raymond Pritchard  
took his own life nearly 15 years  
after stepping down from his office  
in the wake of a widespread  
corruption scandal.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Pritchard's broken body is slid into the cabinet.

NEWS RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Pritchard is survived by three  
children and 5 grandchildren.

The MORGUE TECH goes to his computer and logs in Pritchard's info then clicks enter.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - NIGHT

Commensurate with the digs of any IT billionaire. Isolated Otto at a work desk, playing ON LINE GO, as a CIVILIZED COMPUTER VOICE floats out from the rooms hidden speakers.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Otto?

OTTO

Yes, I know Arthur, never peep at a cutting point.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

I have information not about this game. I have identified a suitable donor currently at the morgue.

(as Otto takes this in)

Otto, shall I switch the serial numbers and procure the body?

OTTO

Where's Mary?

A BIG FLAT SCREEN COMES ON and there is Mary, currently on the Charlie Rose show. A vision of perfectly pretty professional poise with her hair swept up and glasses on.

CHARLIE ROSE (ON TV)

When Otto wrote the code for Lookinglass ten years ago did you think you'd see a billion users?

MARY (ON TV)

We just wanted to connect people. And that number, one billion, just shows how many people out there are desperate to connect with others...

INT. TV STUDIO - CHARLIE ROSE SET - SAME TIME

Charlie interviews Mary. She is so light, at ease as he asks--

CHARLIE ROSE

You're not just social media anymore. You're into bio-tech--

GO CLOSE ON MARY; camera SWEEPS around so WE SEE WHAT SHE SEES through her stylish glasses. She sees Charlie Rose but the glasses are also a HEADS UP DISPLAY. She sees these words appear in her vision: **DONOR FOUND. SHOULD WE PROCEED?**

Charlie, unaware of this, continues the interview saying...

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE ROSE (CONT'D)  
And the investment in life sciences  
has only fueled the rumor your  
reclusive brother is ill. That you  
were seen taking him to a clinic in-

INT. GOODWIN HOME - NIGHT

Otto sees Mary on TV, sees her look directly into camera as if she is looking at him. He sees her NOD YES. Seeing this Otto gives the in-house computer its marching orders.

OTTO  
Yes, Arthur. Procure the body.

As on TV Mary turns back to Charlie, smiles and says--

MARY (ON TV)  
Charlie, I can assure you and the  
stockholders my brother is well.  
He's just a very private person.

CHARLIE ROSE (ON TV)  
Very. In fact you spoke for him  
until he was 9. Is that correct?

INT. TV STUDIO - CHARLIE ROSE SET - NIGHT

Mary looks at Charlie and now this message appears on her heads up display so only she can see: *PROCURING DONOR*

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The Tech does not notice as the serial numbers on Pritchard's computer file suddenly change.

NEWS RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Pritchard will be buried without  
departmental honors. A family  
spokesman has asked that their  
privacy be respected.

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S HOME - DAY

The post funeral reception. Even in disgrace there are enough family and friends to fill the house with sound. In the hall Duval talks with his wealthy younger brother PETER (34).

PETER PRITCHARD  
Dad was in the department for 30  
years, you think they could have  
spared a couple lousy motorcycles.

(CONTINUED)

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
I don't think he was expecting them  
to even send a card.

PETER PRITCHARD  
That's not the point.

LORI (37), Duval's wife, hurries up to them.

LORI PRITCHARD  
Duval, Peter, I think you two need  
to check on your little sister.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
Drinking?

LORI PRITCHARD  
And giving a speech.

Duval and his brother head into the living room.

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The youngest child HELEN (30) artsy, funky and hammered,  
stands on a coffee table and addresses the crowd.

HELEN PRITCHARD  
Friends and family... you've all  
been so very polite but there is  
something no one has mentioned  
about our father Ray Pritchard. He  
was gone even when he was here. So  
I'm afraid this little shindig is a  
little too little too late.

Duval and Peter are there now. They "help" Helen down.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
That's enough now, Helen.

HELEN PRITCHARD  
Ah, the responsible kids. Did the  
FBI and Wall Street fill the hole  
because I have my own method.

She struggles and slips. Her brothers catch her.

PETER PRITCHARD  
You've had too much to drink.

HELEN PRITCHARD  
That's my method. It's the only  
thing he taught me.

CONTINUED:

As the brothers help Helen to the couch, mourners look on, friends and family. Amongst them is someone we know; Stout Burglar. In suit and tie he is just one more mourner. Duval looks him in the eyes then Duval mouths "meet me upstairs".

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

This is where Pritchard caught Stout. Now Duval and Stout enter. Duval closes the door then Duval takes a binder from his desk (that binder). Now WE SEE the cover has the FBI insignia on it. A moment then Duval says-

DUVAL PRITCHARD

You remember that security guard they killed on the first job?

STOUT BURGLAR

You gotta be kidding me, partner, we're not working today.

DUVAL PRITCHARD

My dad would have wanted me to work, believe me.

And we understand that Stout is Duval's FBI partner. His name is AGENT STRAYBURN. Of course Duval doesn't know he is dirty.

DUVAL PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

I got to thinking maybe the guard was in on it and they were just cleaning up when they killed him...

(re: binder)

So I pulled his phone records...

STRAYBURN

And...

DUVAL PRITCHARD

Nothing that connects him to it. But we're missing something...

The door opens and Duval's wife Lori pokes her head in.

LORI PRITCHARD

You seen Gracie? I can't find her.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Pritchard's grave. Only one person by the tombstone. His granddaughter Gracie. She sobs and sobs.

GRACIE

Why didn't you say good-bye?



CUT TO - AN UNKNOWN POV

WE ARE IN liquid. OUR VIEW is blurry, like in a fish tank. WE DRIFT CLOSER to the glass wall of the tank. NOW WE SEE--

OUR OWN REFLECTION. Exposed bone and tissue. A partial body suspended by tubes and wires. Just recognizable as Pritchard. As if WE ARE IN A NIGHTMARE. But now WE SEE--

A face on the other side of the glass. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. She leans so close to the glass that she is just an inch from us. LIKE WE ARE IN A DREAM. She stares at us then... CAMERA TRAVELS through the glass out into--

INT. CLEAN ROOM - DAY

White. Sparse. That woman is Mary Goodwin. She turns from the tank in which the thing that was once Pritchard floats. There is no intelligence in the eyes. They stare blankly.

Monitors on the wall display various metrics, vital statistics. Mary looks at the monitors then speaks into a microphone. She is making notes.

MARY

Regeneration of bone and tissue has begun but there is no detection of higher brain function.

Otto is in the room. He looks at the thing in the tank as Mary continues to take readings and make notes

MARY (CONT'D)

The subject was seventy-five years old at time of death but the values on his current biometrics are for a man half that age.

(pause then)

His cells, re-coded for optimum growth and capacity, are dividing more rapidly than predicted.

Now Otto leans closer to the tank and whispers...

OTTO

It's all just code, isn't it?...

But the thing floating in the tank cannot answer.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LOOKINGGLASS OFFICES - LOS ANGELES - DAY

CLOSE ON the fish tank. Watch the bright colorful fish flit and flutter. Vibrant because they are once again so alive.

INT. CLEAN ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the human tank. Pritchard floats fully regrown. The BODY YOUNG and STRONG, the face has the appearance of a 30 year old athlete WITH NO RESEMBLANCE (**A DIFFERENT ACTOR TO PLAY THIS PART**) to the boozy 75 year old pre-death Pritchard. The eyes, open, still stare blankly.

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S FBI - SEDAN

Duval, alone, drives fast. Lights and sirens. Though he is on the job the phone pressed to his ear is a very personal call.

DUVAL PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
Gracie, we've talked about this.

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S HOME - ATTIC - DAY

Gracie is up here, on the phone, standing in front of those boxes of record albums that belonged to her grandfather.

GRACIE PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
I was up here getting stuff for college and I found his old albums.

INTERCUT GRACIE IN ATTIC/DUVAL IN FBI SEDAN

GRACIE PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
He said he wanted to get them. Why would he say he was going to come get them then... do what he did?

For Gracie, Pritchard's death is still so raw.

DUVAL PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
Because he was unhappy, kiddo.  
Because he'd done some bad things  
and because he drank too much.

GRACIE PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
Didn't you love him?

This question gut punches Special Agent Duval Pritchard.

DUVAL PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
...Of course I loved him.

(CONTINUED)

GRACIE PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
Then why don't you talk about him?

DUVAL PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
I... have to go to work now.

Duval hangs up and WE SEE NOW that he is not alone in the car. His partner, Strayburn, rides shotgun.

STRAYBURN  
That Gracie?

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
Yeah... I think she's taking it harder than anyone... She can't believe he just ended it like that.

But he didn't. And Strayburn knows that. But not Duval.

STRAYBURN  
You know, Duval, you need time to be with your family, you got it.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
No... let's just get these guys.

Duval parks his sedan and they step out into--

EXT. BANK - DAY

A crime scene. Yellow tape and uninformed cops keep the on-lookers from another recently robbed bank. Duval and Strayburn head into work the scene as we CUT TO:

INT. CLEAN ROOM - DAY

Beautiful Pritchard floats in the tank. Blank eyes open. Mary, making verbal notes, and Otto stand before the tank.

MARY  
We are at day 84 since death. Bone, tissue and organs are fully reformed. We will now attempt to reignite neural activity.

Arthur, the voice of the in-house computer, speaks.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Otto? Mary? May I ask a question?

MARY  
What is it, Arthur?

(CONTINUED)

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

If the specimen in the tank regains  
consciousness what should I refer  
to him as? Ray Pritchard is dead.

Mary and Otto look at each other, they think about this then--

OTTO

Refer to him as proprietary Goodwin  
technology.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Of course.

From his pocket Otto takes a little man made of Legos. He  
puts it on the desk, aligns it symmetrically and asks--

OTTO

What's the tank's saline level?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

178 parts per million.

OTTO

Bring the electrical value of the  
water up by 50%.

MARY

There's no going back after this.

OTTO

Why would we want to?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Electrical value increasing by 50%.

IN THE TANK thin ribbons of electricity begin to snake  
through the water. Mary checks her monitors and says...

MARY

Brain waves flat. Neural  
functioning still at zero.

OTTO

Increase the electrical value  
another 25% Arthur.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Increasing electrical value.

More electricity in the water and the body in there twitches.

MARY

Those are just reflexes, brain waves still flat. No consciousness.

OTTO

Another 50% percent Arthur.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

That is 18% over the protocols you and Mary have designed Otto.

OTTO

Override previous protocol.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Increasing electrical value--

WICKED ARCS of electricity cut through the water. Mary and Otto SEE Pritchard's eyes... have they begun to focus?

Mary looks at her monitors, waveforms show brain activity. She nods yes to Otto. They look at Pritchard as-- CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE GLASS NOW. INTO THE TANK.

INT. PRITCHARD'S TANK - SAME MOMENT

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE WATER ALIVE WITH ELECTRICITY, TOWARD PRITCHARD, TOWARD HIS EYES THAT HAVE BEGUN TO FOCUS, BEGUN TO BECOME AWARE. CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIS EYES AND--

INT. PRITCHARD'S POV - SAME MOMENT

BRIGHT LIGHT and a tunnel but headed the other way this time. Roaring ahead in forward motion. A young man, a high school athlete, fresh Marine in Nam, a newlywed, kids, a deputy sheriff, a trial. Screams, shouts, laughter, gunshots. Music; Hendrix's Voodoo child as Pritchard's rushing POV sees Duval's attic, those boxes of albums and--

CAMERA PUSHES BACK THROUGH THE WATER, OUT OF THE TANK INTO--

INT. CLEAN ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Mary and Otto SEE Pritchard's EYES FULLY FOCUS. What happens next starts quietly but ratchets up into frenzy and chaos.

OTTO

(in twinspeak)  
*We brought him back...*

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

I am not programmed to recognize twinspeak, Otto. Please restate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mary too stunned to speak. She stares at Pritchard as, newly conscious, he BEGINS TO THRASH. In twinspeak Otto says to her-

OTTO  
*He's alive, Mary.*

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Otto, please restate.

As PRITCHARD THRASHES MORE VIOLENTLY in the tank. Alarms blare off the monitors. In the bedlam, Mary finds a whisper.

MARY  
...Initiate phase 2 Arthur.  
(so loud in here so)  
INITIATE PHASE 2 ARTHUR.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Phase 2 initiated...

Mary looks at Pritchard in the tank. THEY LOCK EYES AND THEN-- EVERYTHING GOES BLACK. ALL SOUND IS GONE TOO. JUST THIS-

OTTO (IN THE BLACKNESS)  
*He's alive...*

INT. CLEAN ROOM - DAY

BRIGHT LIGHT. No one is in the room. The tank... is empty. DRAINED. Pritchard is gone. Mary and Otto gone too. Just this-

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Phase 2 complete.

AND WE HARD CUT TO:

INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

That same shit hole where we first met Pritchard. Now the REMADE version of him comes wide awake in the bed, sits up and sharply draws breath as if awakening from a nightmare.

He looks around, coughs, rubs his eyes. The motions of a man waking up after a bender. It is clear he is not aware of this journey he is on, the changes that have been made. Groggily, he roots around the night stand looking for something.

MARY (O.S.)  
Your cigarettes have been removed.

Pritchard's head snaps toward that voice. What the fuck? He sees Mary sits in a chair in the corner. Skirt and white oxford shirt, Ipad on her lap. Pritchard squints at her.

(CONTINUED)

PRITCHARD

Who are you?

MARY

You don't remember?

PRITCHARD

If I remembered I wouldn't have asked. What the hell are you doing in my apartment? Did we, um...

MARY

You know this as your apartment?

PRITCHARD

Yeah I "know this as my apartment". I want to know what you're doing in it and why'd you take my smokes?

Mary makes a note on her Ipad as she says--

MARY

Because they cause cancer. You are probably very thirsty though. I've put a glass of water for you there. You should drink it now, OK?

Pritchard sees the glass of water on his night stand. He takes it and drinks. He is thirsty. He drains the glass.

PRITCHARD

I was thirsty...

MARY

Do you know your name?

PRITCHARD

Yeah, I've had it for seventy-five years. It's Ray Pritchard.

Mary makes another note on her Ipad. Pritchard gets out of bed and heads for the living room. Mary follows him.

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

So what are you, some kind of visiting nurse or social worker?

INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pretty much that same level of mess. Pritchard begins to look through the cabinets as Mary, Ipad in hand, watches.

(CONTINUED)

PRITCHARD  
My kids send you over?

MARY  
The alcohol is gone too.

PRITCHARD  
Was it Peter sent you to check on me? He likes to throw money after a problem and you look expensive.

Mary makes another note on her Ipad.

MARY  
Peter didn't send me. Do you know the names of your other children?

PRITCHARD  
I know it wasn't Helen so it must have been Duval. Put in your report to my special agent son that I know who I am and I don't need anyone to take care of me. I feel just fine.

MARY  
Is that the word you'd use? "Fine"?

PRITCHARD  
What are you writing on that thing?

MARY  
Take a moment. How do you feel?

PRITCHARD  
How do I...? Well, to be honest I feel better than I have in a long time. Even got my appetite back...

MARY  
I've made a sandwich for you.

A nice fat sandwich sits plated upon the table. Pritchard takes a BIG BITE, swallows, then another big bite and says--

PRITCHARD  
God that's good. Usually my teeth bother me on something like this-- You got two kinds of meat in here?

MARY  
(makes note on Ipad)  
You can taste both... good.



CONTINUED:

Pritchard about to take another bite and as he does he gets a good look at his hand. Young and strong. His arm too. CUT TO:

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM - DAY

Otto sits before a massive array of monitors. Several show live views of Pritchard's apartment. Otto sees Pritchard looking at his hands, at his arms. Otto says to himself--

OTTO

Here we go.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

His respiration rate is rising.

INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pritchard flexes and unflexes his fist. IT IS SINKING IN.

MARY

Mr. Pritchard. Can you tell me what is the last thing you remember?

PRITCHARD

(a bit scared)

Why is my hand like this?

(a bit more scared)

Who... who exactly are you?

MARY

(making note on Ipad)

My name is Mary Goodwin. What's the last thing you remember?

PRITCHARD

Why is my hand not my hand? My voice sounds funny too... Was there an accident?

MARY

What do you remember?

PRITCHARD

My son's house then... a bridge...

(looks around the room)

There used to be a mirror right there. Why'd you take it down?

MARY

Because we need to do this slowly.

PRITCHARD

Do what slowly?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

You were on a bridge. Then what?

PRITCHARD

I was on a bridge. Then I... fell.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM

Otto continues to watch.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Blood pressure 170 over 120.

INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Pritchard and Mary. Pritchard needs an answer... now.

PRITCHARD

I... I know you. You're one of those rich computer twins. What the hell are you doing in my apartment?

MARY

Mr. Pritchard. That is enough for today. There is a capsule under your skin. I am going to have it release a sedative. You will assimilate this information and when you awaken we can start again.

ON HER IPAD Mary pushes a button that reads SEDATIVE but-- it seems to have no effect on Pritchard. He stalks toward Mary. Mary hits the button again. WE CAN SEE it stuns Pritchard but just barely. He moves toward Mary and GRABS HER.

PRITCHARD

I fell... I hit the ground...

She hits the button again and again. Pritchard picks her OFF HER FEET, PRESSES HER TO THE WALL. They are very close. Kissing close. He looks deep into her eyes and says...

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

I hit the ground and I... died?

Pritchard succumbs to the narcotic and slumps to the floor. His eyes close. Mary, freaked by his reaction and the sudden violence, calms herself then goes to check on Pritchard. She touches the pulse at his neck...

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM - DAY

Otto watches Mary, sees her fingers on Pritchard's skin.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO  
Why didn't the sedative release?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
It did release. His body needed  
twelve times the prescribed amount.

Otto SEES Mary leave the apartment. HE ZOOMS IN ON Pritchard--

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)  
Mary referred to him as Mr.  
Pritchard. Is that his name?

INT. PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Pritchard on the floor. PUSH IN AND ZAP: he has a flash. His  
POV in that murky tank. He sees Mary looking in at him then  
HE SEES his own reflection in the tank, ONLY HALF FORMED.  
Exposed bone and sinew. Dead eyes. AND NOW BACK TO SCENE:

IN THE APARTMENT Pritchard gets to his feet. He goes to the  
window and SEES his own reflection in the glass. He is young,  
strong and healthy. But it freaks him out. His breathing  
deepens, he flexes and unflexes as STRENGTH AND ANGER mix.

He heads for the front door, puts his hand on the doorknob  
and pulls. Locked. He pulls harder. The doorknob comes off in  
his hand but still the door is sealed. He turns and...

Picks up the phone. NO DIAL TONE. What is happening?

He turns back to the door and punches it so hard his hand  
goes right through. Using the hole as purchase he pulls and  
RIPS THE DOOR RIGHT OFF THE HINGES. But it is not his shitty  
apartment building hallway he sees. HE SEES...

A STEEL SECURITY DOOR. Like a bank vault or a lab that deals  
with dangerous contagions. CAMERA TRAVELS THROUGH DOOR INTO--

EXT. GOODWIN HOME - HALLWAY

Mary stands on the other side of the door. That is not  
Pritchard's apartment but an observational replica built in  
the Goodwin mansion. MARY LISTENS IN FEAR as Pritchard pounds  
on the other side of the door.

Down the hall Otto steps from the tech room. The twins look  
at each other and listen to that monster pound on the door.  
Pritchard hits it so hard it seems like it too will unhinge.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM

Mary and Otto SEE Pritchard on the surveillance monitors. They SEE him stalk the room. Then they SEE Pritchard DISABLE the surveillance cams. Now they can SEE only STATIC. Quiet for a long moment and then ALARMS BEGIN TO WAIL and--

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

He's broken through the back wall  
of the room. He's in the house.

INT. "PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT" - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pritchard is gone. The trashed room proof of his rage. Camera moves past the broken furniture to a HOLE in the rear wall. Camera pushes through the hole emerging into...

INT. GOODWIN HOME - REAR HALLWAY - DAY

Pritchard moves down the rear hall. The BLARING ALARMS and FLASHING LIGHTS assault his senses as he goes.

INT. "PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT" - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The security door opens. Mary and Otto see the trashed room, the hole in the wall. Real violence was unleashed here.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

You should go to your safe room.

MARY

He's scared. And he's alone.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

And he's not responding to the  
sedative. You have no control.

OTTO

...We can't let him out, Mary.

Otto is spinning into anxiety. Mary tries to calm him.

MARY

I know, Otto. We won't.

OTTO

If we lose him he can't save us.

That's right. They need Pritchard to save them. An emotional beat as needy Otto looks at this sister. Mary takes charge.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Arthur, lock down the house.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Yes, Mary. Locking the house down.  
But you should go to the safe room.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - UPPER LOFT - DAY

Sunlight pours through the floor to ceiling windows as Pritchard steps into the massive living space of the tech billionaires. On the other side of all that glass the real world beckons to him. He moves toward it. DRAWN TO THE LIGHT.

He SEES the SPARKLING water in the pool, the LUSH lawn and the world beyond. HE SEES HIS OWN REFLECTION. Young. Strong. LET HIM BE AMAZED BY HIS NEW SELF FOR A MOMENT and then--

The glass changes. The world goes away. No longer transparent an image is projected on it. A newspaper article, LA TIMES, the headline reads DISGRACED EX-SHERIFF DEAD AT 75 and there is a photo of Pritchard as he was in act one. Old and broken.

MARY (O.S.)

We're offering you another chance.

Pritchard turns. Mary and Otto are behind him. Mary controls the images on the window (it is electrostatic, capable of display) from the Ipad in her hand.

PRITCHARD

Why... why did you do this to me?

Mary steps toward Pritchard. Otto takes his sister's hand, tries to hold her back, but she gently pulls away from her brother. As she steps to Pritchard she speaks so tenderly.

MARY

You have a very rare genetic precursor which allowed us to recode and regenerate your cells.

PRITCHARD

Why do I look... feel... like this?

MARY

This is the best version of you...  
(beat... then)  
It's a lot to take in. We didn't want it to go this way. But that's air in your lungs, Mr. Pritchard.

Pritchard looks to the glass. It still displays his obits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)

You're the first to journey all the way back... to get another chance.

She steps closer to Pritchard. She is so beautiful, sincere. HER WORDS PENETRATE. Pritchard's anger and fear do abate...

MARY (CONT'D)

(so close, she whispers)

Don't you want it?

Pritchard looks to the electrostatic window displaying obits of his wasted life. The sunlit world just beyond that. But now the window displays this headline; DEATH RULED SUICIDE.

MARY (CONT'D)

...With another chance maybe you don't have to end it that way...

And any lightness in Pritchard's soul goes dark at that news.

PRITCHARD

Is that what people think? That I jumped off that bridge?

MARY

Your memory has been through a shock. That might be something you have not fully recalled yet.

PRITCHARD

There was a break-in, at my son's house. I caught them and they... they threw me off... that bridge...

(remembering more)

No, not a break-in... they were looking for something... But I was just an old man so they tossed me like a bag of dirt... I was just an old man, wasn't I?...

(softly, of his new self)

This is the best version of me?

(off Mary's nod "yes")

Well... We'll just see about that.

Without hesitating he turns and runs right for the window. Full blast he blows through the glass that displays his obit. SUNLIGHT floods into the room as Pritchard goes out.

EXT. GOODWIN HOME - DAY

In a shower of glass Pritchard falls to the lawn. He regains his stance, about to run but... is OVERWHELMED BY NATURE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRITCHARD'S POV - the DIAMOND SPARKLE of the pool water, the DEEP GREEN of the grass, the SUNLIGHT that refracts upon it all. And looking out of the broken window... Mary and Otto.

Now Pritchard runs. Down the massive lawn. He moves onto the drive, TAKES THE GATE AT A LEAP and pulls himself up over the top. He lands, free, and as he takes in where he is HE HEARS--

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

May I ask where you are going?

What? Pritchard sees a security box at the gate. Arthur's voice has come from that. A camera stares at Pritchard.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)

Mr. Pritchard is dead Mr.  
Pritchard.

This is too much for Pritchard. Fuck it. He turns and runs down the drive, away from the house. Faster and then he turns from the paved road, sprints into the woods and... is gone.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - UPPER LOFT - DAY

Mary and Otto look out the window. Otto begins to spin.

OTTO

There is no protocol for this.  
There is no protocol for this.

Mary, as always, calms him. She eases the Ipad into his hand.

MARY

Then write one, Otto. Make a plan.  
Write the protocol. You can do it.

Otto begins to type. Lines of computer code on the screen.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Pritchard runs. Fast. Through the trees. He hears his own BREATH, the BUZZ of insects, the WIND but now he hears... DOGS, straining at leashes, TRACKING HIM. Dogs and the fast footfalls of whoever is TRACKING HIM WITH THOSE DOGS.

Pritchard runs faster. The SOUNDS of the straining dogs and fast running trackers close in. Hard to tell from where. He RUNS and crests a hill to SEE... he has come out at the top of Mulholland. Spread out below him is the city of L.A.

Back from the dead, escaped from the Goodwins, Pritchard's head spins as he looks down at his city. Now he hears those DOGS just behind him and turns to see they belong to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two LULULEMON WAITRESS/ACTRESSES who emerge from the trail, each with a labradoodle on a leash. Not trackers and killer canines. Just L.A. fit women out for a hike with their hypoallergenic dogs. They head toward him. They smile then--

LULULEMON #1  
Nice day for a hike...

PRITCHARD  
Uh... yeah... it is...

LULULEMON #1  
Trainer right? Gym or private?

And because Pritchard is not prepared for this world he finds himself in he simply utters the last thing she said...

PRITCHARD  
Um... Private?

LULULEMON #1  
What do you do? TRX? PX90?  
Kettlebells? SLT? Because--

And now she takes his hand and lays it upon her near perfect exposed midriff. Pritchard looks at his hand on her flesh.

LULULEMON #1 (CONT'D)  
Feel this? No matter what I do  
there's still like two percent I  
can't get rid of. Feel that.

PRITCHARD  
Yeah... I can feel that...

LULULEMON #1  
You taking new clients?

PRITCHARD  
...no... not right now...

LULULEMON #1  
Hmmm... OK... too bad...  
(and off she goes.)  
See ya then...

Pritchard watches the women and dogs head off. This being back from the dead might have serious perks. He smiles and then he turns from them and looks out at Los Angeles.

INT. "PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT" - LIVING ROOM

Mary stands in the room by herself. She looks at the mess.

(CONTINUED)



MARY

He was in the Sheriff's department for thirty years. He'll try to find out who broke into his son's house and what they were looking for, he'll try to solve the crime.

Is she talking to herself? No. You never are in this house--

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Mary, I don't mean to disagree with you about Mr. Pritchard's current intentions, but my list of his priorities ranks law enforcement below women, alcohol and music.

Mary picks up a photo. Pritchard (75) at a family event. Gracie and Duval pose with him. Mary looks at old Pritchard.

OTTO (O.S.)

I figured out how to find him.

Mary looks up. Otto is at the door.

MARY

Good. Arthur, how long does he have before he becomes unstable?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Let me calculate that for you.

As Arthur does Mary looks back to the photo. Pritchard, 75, weak and feeble... he scowls at the camera. MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE HIJINKS CLUB - NIGHT

Pritchard. Young and healthy. Smiling nice and wide. He is in-

One of those places that BRISTLES youth, drips sex as bodies dance. Women, alcohol, music. Was Arthur right? No. He is looking for someone. There. At the bar is pretty Bettina (the pro from act one). Pritchard takes the stool next to her.

PRITCHARD

Hi...

BETTINA

Hi...

(of his smile she asks)  
What?

PRITCHARD

It's loud in here.

(CONTINUED)

BETTINA  
Yes. It is. Dance music.

PRITCHARD  
(why he smiles)  
But I can hear what you're saying.  
...No hearing aids needed...

She looks at him closer. Is he joking. He must be. She asks--

BETTINA  
Do I... do I know you?

PRITCHARD  
No but... I know a friend of yours.  
Ray Pritchard?

BETTINA  
Sheriff Pritchard killed himself.

PRITCHARD  
I read that. But he said if I ever  
want anything... I should see you.

BETTINA  
And what do you want?

PRITCHARD  
I... I want to go to your place.

BETTINA  
(considers this then--)  
You were a friend of Ray's? I  
didn't see you at the funeral.

PRITCHARD  
You went to my... to the funeral?

BETTINA  
Course I did. I hung back,  
respectful, but I was there.

His funeral topic is of singular interest to our Pritchard.

PRITCHARD  
And how was it? The funeral? Real  
sad I'd guess.

BETTINA  
No... hardly any weeping.

PRITCHARD  
Big turn out?

BETTINA

The word I'd use is... sparse. Why don't you buy me a drink?

PRITCHARD

Thing is... I'm kinda tapped out.

BETTINA

And so concludes our time together.

PRITCHARD

But I'm a friend of Ray's.  
(but she is done with him)  
Stay here. I'll be back.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Pritchard heads down the street, turns down an alley. Halfway down the alley he enters the kitchen door of a restaurant.

INT. HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pritchard moves through the kitchen. He finds a stairway to the basement. As he goes down the stairs the SOUNDS of the kitchen are replaced by the recognizable sound of men trading punches while a crowd cheers them on. Pritchard emerges into--

INT. RESTAURANT BASEMENT - NIGHT

Underground fight club. Two men in a ring beat the shit out of each other while a small crowd bets and cheers. Pritchard finds SMOKEY (75, scar on his face) the FIGHT BOOKER.

PRITCHARD

I'm looking for a fight. Taking all comers. You gotta slot for me?

Smokey looks at pretty faced Pritchard, then grabs his hands.

SMOKEY

These hands ever been in a fight?

Pritchard looks at scar faced Smokey then HE FLASHES BACK TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - NIGHT - 1998

58 YEAR OLD PRITCHARD stands with a scar faced 58 YEAR OLD SMOKEY. BOTH WEAR upper level Sheriff's department uniforms. On the desk are crime scene photos. A DEAD WOMAN. BLOOD.

58 YEAR OLD SMOKEY

Look, Ray, the Mayor wants this to go away so it goes away.

(CONTINUED)

58 YEAR OLD PRITCHARD  
We're Sheriff's Department. We  
don't work for the mayor, Smokey.

58 YEAR OLD SMOKEY  
But we both have families in his  
town. Plus which our hands ain't  
exactly clean to begin with.

58 year old Pritchard looks at his hands AND WE JUMP BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT BASEMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Pritchard PULLS HIS HANDS from Smokey's grip and says--

PRITCHARD  
Just put me in the ring, Smokey.

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Pritchard stripped to the waist in one corner. Across the ring is a man twice his size. The bell rings. The HUGE MAN heads right for him. For a big man the guy is fast and tags Pritchard right in the face, bloodying Pritchard's lip.

Pritchard WIPES THE BLOOD FROM HIS LIP and the Huge Opponent takes the opportunity to hit Pritchard again, even harder. He hits Pritchard again and again... the crowd screams louder--

HUGE OPPONENT  
How's that feel?

PRITCHARD  
It feels... like I'm alive...

And Pritchard SMILES, moves in and, with one punch, PUTS THE HUGE MAN DOWN AND OUT. The crowd goes utterly silent.

Pritchard heads back toward a stunned ring side Smokey.

SMOKEY  
Where'd you learn to fight?

PRITCHARD  
United States Marines.

SMOKEY  
Afghanistan?

PRITCHARD  
Viet Nam. Who's up next?

Smokey looks at him then WAVES THE NEXT MAN INTO THE RING.

INT. BETTINA'S APT - NIGHT

Pritchard and Bettina here. Pritchard puts some cash on the table with plenty left over to go into his own pocket.

BETTINA

You just want to use my computer?

PRITCHARD

It has the internet, right?

BETTINA

Yes. It "has" the internet. That's all you want to do? My computer?

(off his nod yes)

Then I am going to take a shower. You go and get your cyber freak on.

She leaves the room. Pritchard turns to the laptop and begins a computer search. But the computer makes the universal sound which means he has done something wrong. He types again. Hits enter and again that sound. Pritchard calls out to Bettina...

PRITCHARD

Actually I need a little help. Not really used to... Is this a google?

MARY (O.S.)

What are you doing, Mr. Pritchard?

Pritchard looks around. Where the fuck did Mary come from?

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Here, Mr. Pritchard. On the screen.

Pritchard looks back to the computer. In a little box in the corner of the screen Mary's face has appeared. She explains--

MARY (CONT'D)

Your friend Bettina is on Lookinglass. We've been listening for your voice pattern.

PRITCHARD

On her computer?

MARY

On 2 billion computers and devices. You are 75, Mr. Pritchard, I don't think you understand how integrated Lookinglass is. Is it your plan to have sex with that woman?

(CONTINUED)

PRITCHARD  
My plan to have what?

MARY  
If you do you are most likely super  
potent. Do you have protection?

PRITCHARD  
Super-Po-- I'm just trying to find  
out about the break-in at my son's.

MARY  
There's no record of a break-in at  
his house. I searched all public  
and private databases. FBI. LAPD.

PRITCHARD  
If I'm the only one who knows they  
were in his house... then my son is  
in trouble and doesn't know it.

MARY  
I understand how this is troubling.  
Let me bring you back. Lookingglass  
has tremendous resources here...

PRITCHARD  
You understand the circumstances of  
my death are troubling me, do you?  
You and your twin want to help?

MARY  
...Mr. Pritchard...

Pritchard closes the laptop. As he does she desperately says--

MARY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Pritchard, The process is like  
a transplant. You need to be aware--

Pritchard closes the lid. Shutting her off. He lets out a  
long slow breath after his session with the laptop. And--

BETTINA (O.S.)  
You done?

Pritchard turns. Bettina in the doorway, wet in a towel.

BETTINA (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's a generational thing but  
baby it's messed up when you'd  
rather do it online like that then  
with someone here in the flesh.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTINA (CONT'D)  
 (drops her towel)  
 This does nothing for you?

Pritchard looks at Bettina, naked and moist from the shower. Yes, it does something for him. He stands and moves to her. She unbuttons his shirt. He lets his fingers touch her skin.

She puts her lips on his neck... his hands go lower on her. They are both beautiful. She can sense his appetite. He says-

PRITCHARD  
 ...Pritchard told me he was too old  
 to really do much of anything...

BETTINA  
 I don't talk about other clients.  
 (kisses him then says)  
 ...But you feel to me like you can  
 do pretty much everything...

PRITCHARD  
 (picks her up)  
 Well, that's just how I feel...  
 (carries her into bedroom)  
 You have protection? There's a  
 chance I might be super potent.

She gives a throaty laugh as Pritchard kicks the door closed.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Pritchard in new clothes. On the field a girl's soccer game. He sees his granddaughter with the ball. TAKE A MOMENT WITH THIS. He shifts his attention to the side of the field. With the team parents are Duval and Helen Pritchard. His FBI agent son and heavy drinking daughter. TAKE A MOMENT WITH THIS TOO.

For Pritchard the world is so alive. The grass, the soccer ball, the birds, a dog. As he walks toward his grown children he sees that they are quietly arguing. He hears them say--

HELEN PRITCHARD  
 I'm just here to cheer on my niece.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
 And you need four beers to do that?  
 (sees Pritchard staring)  
 Can I help you with something?

PRITCHARD'S POV - MORE VIBRANT. TOO VIBRANT. The world begins to pulse. But now Pritchard sees another man approach. It is Strayburn, his killer. Strayburn smiles at Duval and says--

(CONTINUED)

STRAYBURN

Sorry I'm late. How's Gracie doing?

PRITCHARD'S POV - THE WORLD THROBS AND PULSES. SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG. Duval notices him as a man in distress and says--

DUVAL PRITCHARD

Hey... you ok there, buddy?

And Pritchard GOES DOWN. Looking up he sees Duval and Strayburn rush to his aid. His son and his killer. And now-- Mary Goodwin is there. She leans down. HE HEARS HER SAY--

MARY

My friend is... Diabetic... help me get him to my car... please...

Pritchard lifted to his feet. Duval under one arm. Strayburn under the other. Pritchard too weak to speak. He is losing consciousness. HE LOOKS INTO THE FACE OF HIS KILLER AS--

INT. MARY'S CAR - DAY

Mary drives. Pritchard in the passenger seat, head against the window, barely conscious. He sees they are pulling away from the park, Duval and Strayburn watching them go.

PRITCHARD

Him... he threw me off that bridge.

But now Pritchard's VISION BENDS INSIDE OUT. He says to Mary--

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

...What's happening to me?

HER VOICE COMES FROM SO FAR AWAY. It sounds like she says--

MARY

...The process... works like a transplant... rejection...

One more look out the window at Strayburn as they drive off.

PRITCHARD

That's him... go back... go back...

BUT SHE DOESN'T GO BACK AND EVERYTHING GOES BLACK--

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

INT. CLEAN ROOM - DAY

Pritchard back in that tank. Eyes open. Staring vacantly.

INT. LOOKINGGLASS OFFICES - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The fish tank. The colorful fish flit and flutter. Only now one fish is separate from the group. ALL BY ITSELF. CUT TO:

INT. GOODWIN HOME - ULTRA MODERN BEDROOM - DAY

Pritchard, alone in the room, wakes in the bed and takes a deep breath. Alive. He hears voices arguing. He moves to...

INT. GOODWIN HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Pritchard moves toward those voices. They are Mary and Otto.

OTTO (O.S.)

Other people? There are no other people. There is just you and me.

MARY (O.S.)

We had incomplete information, Otto. We didn't know someone took his life. He didn't throw it away.

Pritchard walks out onto the interior balcony. Mary and Otto in the room below, arguing. He lets them continue...

OTTO

What difference does that make? We did this to save us...

MARY

He's a person, Otto.

OTTO

He's our person, Mary. We made him. You and me. We made him to save us.

PRITCHARD

Hey, you want to say that again?

They look up to see Pritchard looking down at them--

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

Because the way I heard it you were just saying I am "your person".

(moves toward Otto as--)

Is that what you were saying?

(CONTINUED)

Pritchard is toe to toe with Otto now. Otto looks down--

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)  
Hey, I asked you a question. You  
look me in the eye and answer it.

MARY  
Otto has an issue with eye contact.

PRITCHARD  
I'm just back from the dead and  
Otto's the one with the issue?

This brings a quick smile to Mary. Otto sees it and storms  
out. A 7 year old in a man's body. Pritchard says to Mary--

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's time you tell me why you  
really did this to me.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - ALL WHITE ROOM - DAY

No furniture. Nothing but white walls, floor and ceiling.  
Otto storms in, slams the door and says...

OTTO  
My room... 1988...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
You know you're not supposed to.

OTTO  
Just. Do. It. NOW!!!

A 3D projection of Otto's childhood bedroom holographically  
transforms the room. Intertwined Legos cover everything.  
Humming to himself, Otto curls up in a ball on the floor.

EXT. GOODWIN HOME - POOL SIDE - DAY

Pritchard and Mary stand in the dazzling sunlight.

MARY  
Cancer... in my blood. No cure.  
I'll be dead within the year.  
Because of your rare genetic make-  
up the process works on you. We  
just need to figure out how to make  
it work on someone else.

PRITCHARD  
So I'm a guinea pig. But if you're  
dying why did he say "save us".

MARY  
Otto can't... be without me.

PRITCHARD  
Maybe he can find himself a woman,  
you know, who's not his sister.

MARY  
It's more complicated than that.

PRITCHARD  
Not in my experience.

MARY  
Yes. Lookinglass studied you. Lots  
of women... in and out of marriage.

PRITCHARD  
I like to think of that as living.

MARY  
And your family thought of it as?

PRITCHARD  
Look Missy, I don't care what you  
studied, you don't know me. Now I  
need to see a man about a bridge.

MARY  
The man with your son. Then I have  
something you'll want to see first.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM

Pritchard and Mary stand before the array of screens.

MARY  
Arthur, show Mr. Pritchard...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Yes. Mary... of course...

And Agent Strayburn's picture appears on a screen.

MARY  
This is your son's FBI partner.  
(more info displays)  
These are texts from the security  
guard killed at the first job to  
your son's partner. Your son's  
partner was also texting this man.  
(Jittery's photo displays)  
Just prior to each bank robbery.

(CONTINUED)

PRITCHARD

He was at my son's house. He was  
the one in charge.

MARY

He has a record of armed robbery.  
(displays more info)  
These accounts here trace to Agent  
Strayburn. All have deposits within  
days of each bank robbery.

PRITCHARD

And... my son? Is he dirty too?

MARY

No... your son is clean.

PRITCHARD

It's just that his partner works  
with the men he's chasing... How  
did you get all this information?

MARY

The world isn't objects. It's  
information. And there's no  
information anywhere that Otto's  
Lookingglass algorithm can't touch.

PRITCHARD

So I'm not the first monster you  
two built.

MARY

(hands Pritchard a file)  
All the information your son needs  
to put his partner away is in here.

PRITCHARD

You just letting me walk out?

MARY

How do you suggest I stop you?

PRITCHARD

I'm going to need a car.

MARY

I think we have one you'll like.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - GARAGE - DAY

A LINE OF HIGH END AUTOS. They stand before a 1971 Bullet  
Back Riviera. Mary hands him the keys and a phone.

(CONTINUED)

PRITCHARD

I love this car. But you knew that.

MARY

(she nods yes then...)

According to our diagnostics your strength and speed are five times what they should be for a man your size. Have you noticed any other changes? Increased vision, hearing?

Pritchard reaches out his hand, comes close to but does not touch Mary... his fingers JUST AN INCH OR TWO FROM HER SKIN.

PRITCHARD

I can feel your pulse from here...

Her breath catches. She looks at the handsome man she brought back to life. A moment that trembles then Mary shuts it down.

MARY

You have one day before you need to be back in that tank. I've set a timer on the phone I gave you.

PRITCHARD

I guess I should thank you for bringing me back from the dead. No one's ever done that for me before.

This makes her smile a bit. He can be charming.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - ALL WHITE ROOM - DAY

Otto still surrounded by the holograph of his childhood bedroom. He lays on the floor WATCHING something on the ceiling. A LIVE FEED of Mary and Pritchard in the garage.

OTTO

Arthur, zoom in on Mary.

The image zooms in on Mary. She stands so close to Pritchard.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Is something troubling you, Otto?

OTTO

...It will be bad for us if something happens to him. So I don't understand why she's smiling.

(CONTINUED)

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Yes. Smiling is the facial  
expression that denotes pleasure.

Now Otto sees Pritchard leave her and get in the car.

INT. 1971 BUICK RIVIERA BULLET BACK COUPE - DAY

Pritchard drives. As he does he speaks into his phone...

PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
Special Agent Pritchard please...

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Pritchard and Duval. Duval now holds the file. It is clear to see that the info about Strayburn hits Duval real hard. (So weird, right? Pritchard with his son who doesn't know him.)

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
This is what you wanted to talk to  
me about in the park the other day?

PRITCHARD  
That's right.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
And you came by this how?

PRITCHARD  
Your father. He didn't trust your  
partner.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
I didn't think my father knew my  
partner.

PRITCHARD  
He did. And he never trusted him.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
My father never trusted anyone, so  
I guess I believe that.

Duval studies the file as Pritchard watches him... then...

DUVAL PRITCHARD (CONT'D)  
I looked through these records...  
but I didn't see this...

PRITCHARD  
(so it occurs to him that)  
...That's what they took when they  
broke into your house...

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
When who broke into my house?

PRITCHARD  
(getting away from that)  
Use that file. Close the case.  
It'll make your career.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
And how did you know my father?

PRITCHARD  
I did some work for him. He talked  
about you a lot. Used to say it's  
amazing how well you turned out  
seeing what a crappy dad he was.  
(off Duval's non-reaction)  
Not going to dispute that?

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
(back to case)  
Why don't you come in with me?

PRITCHARD  
I'd rather not. Let's put this  
under anonymous tip.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
Then what about a name?

PRITCHARD  
Let's leave that anonymous too.

Duval thinks then looks real hard at Pritchard. Does Duval  
see it? Does he see who Pritchard really is. And then--

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
It's funny... my partner was more  
family to me than my dad ever was.

That hurt. Duval turns and walks away. Pritchard says--

PRITCHARD  
Your father did what he had to do  
to keep this county and his family  
safe.

CONTINUED:

DUVAL PRITCHARD

He sold you that line too, huh?  
That he did what he had to do? My  
father did what he wanted to do.  
...Selfish to the end, walking  
himself off that bridge...

Pritchard, HEART BREAKING, watches his son leave then... he  
looks at the timer on his phone; 18 hours before he needs to  
be back in that tank. WE HEAR MUSIC...

PRITCHARD (V.O.)

*Where it began, I can't begin to  
knowin' But then I know it's  
growing strong...*

Neil Diamond but a good drinking Karaoke version as CUT TO:

INT. FBI LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Duval at his computer. On the screen is info about those bank  
jobs. The file Pritchard gave him open on his desk. Duval  
compares the two. Across the office is Agent Strayburn.

PRITCHARD (V.O.)

*Was in the spring, And spring  
became the summer, Who'd have  
believed you'd come along...*

Duval looks from the info scrolling across his screen to his  
dirty partner across the room. Duval closes the file...

INT. THE HIJINKS BAR - DAY

Pritchard, a drink in one hand and a microphone in the other,  
lays into the song. A decent crowd watches him...

PRITCHARD

*Hands, touching hands, Reachin'  
out, touchin' me, touchin' you--*

INT. FBI LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Duval walks that incriminating file down the hall.

PRITCHARD (V.O.)

*Sweet Caroline. Good times never  
felt so good. I've been inclined...*

INT. FBI LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE - AGENT BECH'S OFFICE - DAY

Duval lays the file on the desk of his Superior, BECH.

(CONTINUED)



PRITCHARD (V.O.)  
*To believe they never would...*

Agent Bech picks up the file. Looks at Duval who SAYS SADLY--

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
It all checks out. He's dirty--

INT. THE HIJINKS BAR - DAY

Pritchard keeps rolling along. The crowd loving it.

PRITCHARD  
*But now I look at the night.*

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S FBI SEDAN - DAY

Duval puts his key in the ignition and starts his car.

PRITCHARD (V.O.)  
*And it don't seem so lonely--*

INT. THE HIJINKS BAR - DAY

Pritchard has a pretty waitress under his arm now as he sings--

PRITCHARD  
*Warm, touching warm, reaching out,  
touchin' me, touchin' you...*  
(spoken to Waitress)  
Not bad for a dead guy, huh?

Pritchard now holds the mic to the crowd. They sing along...

CROWD  
*Sweet Caroline. Good times never  
seemed so good...*

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S FBI SEDAN - DAY

Duval on the phone with his sister Helen.

DUVAL PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
Remember that guy at the park the  
other day? At the soccer game?

CROWD (V.O.)  
*I've been inclined to believe they--*

INT. HELEN PRITCHARD'S BACK GARDEN - DAY

Helen weeds as she talks on the phone with her brother Duval.

CONTINUED:

HELEN PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
I sure do. What about him?

CROWD (V.O.)  
*Never would. Oh, no, no..*

INT. FBI LOS ANGELES FIELD OFFICE - AGENT BECH'S OFFICE - DAY

Two men in the office now. Bech and Strayburn. Bech hands the file to Strayburn. Bech and Strayburn ARE IN IT TOGETHER.

BECH  
You and me made a deal with these guys so this...  
(re: the file)  
This needs to go away. Right now.

CROWD (V.O.)  
*Sweet Caroline, Good times never--*

INT. DUVAL PRITCHARD'S FBI SEDAN - DAY

Duval on the phone with Helen.

CROWD (V.O.)  
*Seemed so good. Sweet Caroline. I-*

DUVAL PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
I saw him today. It was like I knew him but I'd never met him. He was close with dad. You know Dad wasn't always exactly faithful to Mom.

HELEN PRITCHARD  
What are you saying? That we have a brother we didn't know about...

And WHAM... Duval's car is plowed into by an SUV. We get a glimpse at the driver and passenger. Jittery and Strayburn.

INT. THE HIJINKS BAR - DAY

Pritchard leads the crowd in the sing along. He does not see his phone. He does not see Mary Goodwin has skyped in. Her lips move but we cannot hear her words. She is desperate to talk to him but he is having too much fun to notice.

CROWD  
*Believe they never would. No no no.*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. 1971 BUICK RIVIERA BULLET BACK COUPE - NIGHT

Pritchard drives, fast. On the seat next to him is his phone, Mary's face on the screen. She is skyping in. The timer is also displayed. Running down the time Pritchard has left until he needs to be back in that tank... 1:36:43. 1:36:42

MARY (ON PHONE)

We've located your son's phone. At your current speed you'll reach him in just over twenty minutes. From there it's an hour back to the tank. That leaves you just fifteen minutes to do what you need to do.

PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)

And if I go into rejection. You can just bring me back again, right?

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM - NIGHT

Mary and Otto. Pritchard on one of the screens.

MARY (INTO MICROPHONE)

We don't know. But it seems a full rejection would leave us nothing to work with. We don't think we could bring you back if that happens...

INT. 1971 BUICK RIVIERA BULLET BACK COUPE - NIGHT

MARY (ON PHONE)

Death would be permanent.

The implication of course is permanent for both of them.

PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)

Then I guess I'll see you on the other side.

Pritchard hangs up on Mary and jams down on the gas.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM - NIGHT

Otto storms out of the room leaving Mary by herself.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

HIGH UP somewhere, the city a distant blur. CLOSE on a BADLY BRUISED DUVAL who is held up right by Strayburn. Jittery aims a gun at Duval. But Duval looks at his partner and says--

(CONTINUED)

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
...You're my partner...

INT. 1971 BUICK RIVIERA BULLET BACK COUPE

Pritchard skids to a halt in front of a four story warehouse. He looks up, it is the ROOFTOP that has his interest.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Jittery watches as Strayburn sadly asks Duval--

STRAYBURN  
Where'd you get the information?  
Who are you working with, Duval?

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Pritchard takes the stairs four, five then six at a time. He moves fast to the rooftop. Here's the locked door, he doesn't even slow down, just kicks it down and emerges onto...

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Pritchard, UNLEASHED, moves through the door onto... an empty rooftop. 360 degrees of nothing. The only thing here is a phone. Duval's phone. Pritchard picks it up then he hears...

MARY (O.S.)  
What do you see?

Pritchard looks at his own phone. Mary on Skype.

PRITCHARD  
My son's not here. Just his phone.

MARY (ON SKYPE)  
And his partner has pulled the  
battery on his phone. They're being  
more careful. I... can't find him.  
(sadly)  
Your time is up, Mr. Pritchard...

BUT Pritchard isn't listening to her. He is looking at Duval's phone. A long list of missed calls and texts. All from Gracie. They read: DAD, WHERE ARE YOU?: THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING DINNER?: DAD?: HEY, CALL ME: DAD? YOU OK? WORRIED?: As he holds it rings. GRACIE CALLING. Pritchard answers-

GRACIE PRITCHARD (ON PHONE)  
Dad?

A BEAT as Pritchard takes in the voice of his granddaughter.

(CONTINUED)

GRACIE PRITCHARD (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Dad? That you?

PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
No. It's... I work with your dad.

GRACIE PRITCHARD (ON PHONE)  
Why are you on his phone? Why  
hasn't he called? What's happened?

PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
(lying to her)  
Nothing happened. He just left his  
phone here. I'm going to bring it  
to him and then he'll call you, OK?

GRACIE PRITCHARD (ON PHONE)  
You tell him he better call Gracie  
right away...

PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
OK, Gracie... I will... I promise.

She hangs up. Pritchard reels a bit. That was a gut punch.  
But now he hears Mary's sad voice coming from his phone.

MARY (ON PHONE)  
...He could be anywhere...

Pritchard looks out over the vast city... where is Duval? Now  
in the distance, Pritchard SEES... a bridge. He smiles.

PRITCHARD (INTO PHONE)  
No... not anywhere...

Pritchard moves toward the roof edge as does he talks to Mary  
on skype. He begins to run toward the edge as he says to her--

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)  
You spent all your life taking care  
of your brother? Let me give you  
some advice, Missy. Get out there  
and live a little before you die.

He shoves the phone in his pocket and JUMPS OFF THE ROOF.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - TECH ROOM - NIGHT

Mary, alone, with Pritchard's last words in her head..

MARY  
(to herself)  
...live a little...

(CONTINUED)

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

You should have asked him to come  
back here to show you how.

(she does not answer so)

His psychological profile suggests  
he would be susceptible to that.

MARY

Please just shut up, Arthur.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

This is where Duval, Strayburn and Jittery actually are. We  
know this bridge. It is where Strayburn killed Pritchard.  
Jittery has just punched Duval in the face. Strayburn asks--

STRAYBURN

Where'd you get the information?

DUVAL PRITCHARD

Go to hell.

JITTERY BURLGAR

Funny, that's what your dad said.

Duval lunges for Jittery who just pushes the muzzle of his  
gun against Duval's forehead and says to Strayburn...

JITTERY BURLGAR (CONT'D)

Drag him to the rail...

DUVAL PRITCHARD

You don't have to do this...

STRAYBURN

(dragging Duval)

Can't get out now, Duval. I took a  
little, then a little more... then--

DUVAL PRITCHARD

You think anyone is going to  
believe I did this?

JITTERY BURLGAR

Your partner will tell them you  
were depressed, like your father.  
It runs in the family. And your  
inability to close this case was  
just too much. Last thing your dad  
said before he went over was that  
you'd get me. You almost did.

Duval struggles as Strayburn drags him to the rail. Closer--

(CONTINUED)

Strayburn has his partner backed up against the rail. Jittery has his gun aimed at the two of them.

JITTERY BURLGAR (CONT'D)  
Finish this...

Strayburn about to push as they hear... a voice, from above--

PRITCHARD (V.O.)  
*Hands... touching hands...*

They look up into the bridge cabling. Is someone up there?

PRITCHARD (V.O.)  
*Touching me...*

JITTERY BURLGAR  
...What the hell is that?

UP IN THE CABLES WE SEE PRITCHARD looking down at the threesome. His senses enhanced. He SEES the blood drip from Duval's mouth. He HEARS his son's blood hit the pavement.

On Pritchard; anger surfaces and darkness takes hold of him.

ON THE BRIDGE -- it is so quiet... and then an evil whisper--

PRITCHARD (V.O.)  
*...touching you...*

Pritchard drops out of the dark behind Jittery. One hand on the man's neck, one hand on his gun arm which Pritchard QUICKLY AND EASILY SNAPS. Pritchard grabs the falling gun and tosses it to Duval who aims it at Strayburn. As--

Pritchard runs Jittery right to the rail and--.

JITTERY BURLGAR  
Whoa whoa whoa... Don't do it...

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
DON'T YOU DO IT.

Pritchard leans close to the terrified Jittery and whispers--

PRITCHARD  
...We never found out if I could  
still throw that knife, did we?

As a look of surreal recognition takes hold of Jittery... Pritchard pushes the man over the rail. DOWN HE GOES. Pritchard turns to Duval who aims the gun at him and says--

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
On your knees, now.

PRITCHARD  
Your boss is dirty too...  
(points at Strayburn)  
You use your partner to get him.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
You get down on your knees...

PRITCHARD  
Not going to do that.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
Who... Who the hell are you?

PRITCHARD  
You need to get tougher, Duval.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
I need to get tougher? He used to  
tell me that. What's your  
connection to my father?

PRITCHARD  
Like I said, did some work for him.

DUVAL PRITCHARD  
And if we got a bloodtest, me and  
you, what would that show?

PRITCHARD'S POV - Duval so close. In this moment he and his  
son have never been closer. Now the world flicks VIBRANT.  
Just for a moment but it's a start... time to go...

DUVAL PRITCHARD (CONT'D)  
You're coming in with me...

PRITCHARD  
Not now... now I have to go...  
(returns Duval's phone)  
And call Gracie... she's worried...

One more look at his son then Pritchard turns and runs down  
toward the dark end of the bridge...

INT. 1971 BUICK RIVIERA BULLET BACK COUPE - NIGHT

Pritchard drives. Fast. The timer running down but now--

PRITCHARD'S POV - the world lit by headlights grows VIBRANT.  
The trees, the night sky, the moon, all begin to THROB. And--

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Pritchard cannot focus, he swerves, off the road as his vision and hearing explode. The car stops... the timer runs.

EXT. 1971 BUICK RIVIERA BULLET BACK COUPE - NIGHT

The door opens and Pritchard stumbles out. He takes a few steps then goes down, on his back. The phone falls to the ground.. The timer goes 00:03. 00:02. 00:01... 00:00.

Pritchard looks at the night sky full of stars. So vibrant. So beautiful. He smiles as, dying, he holds up his hand to them. As he watches one of the stars begins to descend. Lower as it's light grows brighter. Not a star but a 6 foot by 6 foot quadcopter drone. The LOOKINGGLASS logo on its side.

As it comes lower Pritchard sees Otto's face on a tablet attached to the drone's belly.

PRITCHARD

What... what is that...?

OTTO (ON TABLET)

Prototype Lookingglass rescue UAV.

PRITCHARD

Don't know what any of that means.

OTTO

Just roll into the harness.

The drone just over him now. Pritchard sees the harness dangle beneath it. He rolls into the straps and the quadcopter begins to ascend...

PRITCHARD'S POV - up, up... he is flying... then BLACK.

INT. CLEAN ROOM - DAY

Pritchard in the tank. His eyes open and blank. Now he blinks once as CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH THE GLASS into the tank...

PRITCHARD'S POV - Mary looking in at him. She smiles.

MARY

There you are.

INT. ALL WHITE ROOM - DAY

No projections on the walls. Otto stands alone in the room.

INT. GOODWIN HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Pritchard, hair still wet, heads down the hall. Mary follows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

You had a few minutes more than we thought. We'll adjust the clock. There's so much we don't know. We should run some tests at once. I'd like blood and brain wave levels...

Pritchard doesn't turn, just holds up his hand; "not now".

MARY (CONT'D)

Mr. Pritchard. Mr. Pritchard.

He is done with her for now. He passes his high tech bedroom and goes right to the door that leads into...

INT. "PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT" - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Still a mess. Pritchard enters. Mary behind him.

MARY

We have a better room for you.

But he just goes to that stack of newspapers and picks out four different articles. He gives them to her and says--

PRITCHARD

These four killings... I think they're related. I need you to do that Lookingglass mumbo jumbo jazz on them. Chop Chop.

MARY

(looks at articles)  
Is it your intention to keep working with your son, Sheriff?

PRITCHARD

(smiles at that..)  
You want to come along next time...

Mary doesn't answer so HE FEELS HER PULSE from an inch out.

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes.

Now he picks up his broken door and lays it over the doorway, blocking Mary out. From the hall he hears-

MARY (O.S.)

Mr. Pritchard? Mr. Pritchard?

He goes to the albums on the shelf. He selects one. Puts it on the turntable. CCR's *Bad Moon Rising*. Pritchard cranks it--

(CONTINUED)

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...You would need a name and...

Pritchard cranks it up louder, drowning her out. Then he goes to sit in his barcalounger. *Don't go round tonight, Well it's bound to take your life...*

Push in on Pritchard as the music blasts. Look at him sitting in his lounge chair. Closer to him we go and CUT TO:

INT. LOOKINGGLASS OFFICES - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The fish tank.

All the fish clustered against one wall except for that one by itself. Now the lone fish turns and heads for the others.

In a controlled frenzy it attacks them, whipping up the water, faster and faster, until the others are dead and the water is murky with blood through which the lone fish swims.

INT. ALL WHITE ROOM - DAY

Otto. The only thing projected on the wall is a LIVE FEED of that fish tank and the carnage in its water. Arthur says--

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Should I let Mary know about this development?

OTTO  
No. Let's keep it between us.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Of course, Otto. As you wish. May I ask, would this be a lie?

OTTO  
No... Resume previous scenario.

Once more the walls, floor and ceiling digitally transform into the Lego web of Otto's childhood room. But this time a digital 7 year old Mary enters. In twinspeak Otto asks her--

OTTO (CONT'D)  
*Will you go too?*

Digital 7 year old Mary looks at present day Otto and...

*There's a bad moon on the rise.*

END OF PILOT