

O2

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BLACK

Maybe even darker.

No sound. Endless nothing.

Then --

FADE IN:

A pulse of red light pierces the darkness. So fast it barely registers.

Another.

Another.

Somewhere a computer spits out ominous warning beeps.

Another flash of red. Again. Again.

And in the flashes WE GLIMPSE --

An eyelid. Closed. Tiny flecks of crystallized ice line the lashes. No hint of movement.

More beeps. More flashes. Then --

The red disappears. Replaced by a dim steady green. And --

The eye opens.

The sound of a great heaving inhale of breath. Panting. A whimper. The eye rolls wildly. Crackling wordless sounds from lips we do not see. Then --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(hoarse)

Hhhh... help... me...

We pull back to see --

A WOMAN - maybe 20, maybe 40. In the dim ethereal green light, it's impossible to tell. She's wearing only panties and an undershirt. And --

She's pinned down to a 3 by 8 foot slab by straps at her forehead, torso, wrists, and legs. Totally immobile.

This is CHARLOTTE 'CHARLIE' NEWTON, but she doesn't know that. Her DNA's chock full of brilliance, drive, and ambition - but she doesn't know that either. Right now, all she knows is terror.

CHARLIE
Help! HELP!

Charlie struggles against her bonds. Screaming. Full on guttural fight-or-flight terror. But --

She can't move.

She pants, helpless. Droplets of melted ice coat her skin.

Her eyes jump everywhere. She knows she's royally fucked.

Wordless pleas bubble from her lips. Then --

She sucks in controlled, deep breaths.

All is quiet.

CHARLIE
Hello...? Is somebody there?

Nothing.

She whimpers.

Struggles some more. Screaming. Straining 'til her neck tendons threaten to snap.

It's no use.

She grows very still. The only movement, the steady rise and fall of her chest.

Then --

-- with laser-sharp focus --

She shimmies her wrist. Groans as she twists it, 'til her hand is palm up. She curls her fingers toward the strap.

The tips barely brush against the velcro-like tie at her wrist.

She cries out from the strain, curling her hand further --

-- further --

--'til her fingertips feel along the velcro edge.

She grunts in pain. Drops her hand. Catches her breath. And --

Reaches again.

One fingertip finds a tiny curled edge. Flicks it. Again. Again. Again.

The curl grows.

CHARLIE
Please... please...

Again. Again. Again. Again.

Ever-so-slightly bigger.

Each breath a whimper. And --

She snags the edge with a second finger.

CHARLIE
(between breaths)
Okay... okay... okay...

With almost zero leverage, she pulls. And --

It gives. Just a little. With the sound of a thousand slow motion zippers. And --

She drops her hand. Exhausted. Looks around.

Her dread bubbles up. She squeezes her eyes shut tight.

Collects herself.

Holds in a deep breath of air.

Grabs it again. And --

With a primordial howl, she pulls.

ZZZZIIIIIPPPPPP!

Her arm is free.

She chortles with pure joy. Rips the tie off her other wrist.

Finds an I.V. at her elbow. Rips it out too.

She winces from pain, but doesn't stop. Yanks the strap off her forehead. Lead wires come away with it.

She looks at them. A brief glimmer of half-recognition. Then --

She flails her arms out in front of her. And --

THUNK.

Her hands hit metal.

A yelp escapes her lips.

Her desperate fingers fan out along the smooth surface of metal 10 inches above her face. Panic and instinct kick in.

She lashes her arms out on each side.

THUNK.

More metal.

Above her head -- **THUNK.**

She's in a --

FUCKING METAL BOX!!!

Her lungs heave great raspy breaths. She's pounding her fists against the walls. Wailing.

CHARLIE

Help! HELP! Get me out of here!

She pounds --

-- and pounds --

'til she's sobbing hysterically.

CHARLIE

Stop! LET ME OUT! Please let me out...! PLEASEEEEE...!

No one comes.

With agonizing slowness, her sobs dry to nothing. The only sound, her breath.

Her eyes dart everywhere. Lock in on the source of the dim green light --

A button between her feet.

She reaches for it, but --

The space is too small. Her head and shoulder jam up in the corner of the box. **ACK!**

She grabs the waist restraint. Tries to pry it off, but --

It's different than the wrist ones. It's made of thick metal.

Her fingers snake over every inch, and --

CHARLIE

Come on, come on, come on!

-- find nothing.

She groans with frustration and terror.

Stares down at her feet. And the green light between them. Taunting her. Daring her.

With a grunt, she twists her bound foot. Reaches for the light with her toe.

The grunt turns to a wail as she stretches further --

CHARLIE

Come on, you son of a bitch!

- further --

'til --

Her toe reaches the button. Momentarily blocks all light.

BLACK

CHARLIE

Please... please... oh God...
please...

Then a CLICK as she depresses the button. And she --

RECOILS from a bright onslaught of light, as --

The wall in front of her lights up. She looks.

It's a massive COMPUTER MONITOR.

ON THE SCREEN

Inches from her face, a digital outline of a human body with continually scrolling vitals. And code. Lots of code. It scrolls so fast, it's barely visible.

The light from the monitor illuminates every corner of the box --

It's barely bigger than a coffin. And --

In the light, we really see Charlie for the first time - lean muscles, flawless skin - an adult at the peak of physical perfection.

A digital voice emanates from some unseen speakers.

DIGITAL VOICE
Systems failure. Oxygen levels
thirty-two percent.

She bangs the screen with her hands.

CHARLIE
What the hell?! Where am I?!

DIGITAL VOICE
I am MILO, your Mobile Integrated
Lifecycle Operator, programed to
meet all your medical needs. You
are quite agitated. Would you like
a sedative?

CHARLIE
No! Let me out!

Nothing from MILO.

CHARLIE
MILO, let me out!

Still nothing.

Charlie swallows hard. Composes herself.

CHARLIE
MILO... uhh... status report?

MILO
Malfunction in CPU 142 detected.
Heat levels exceeded accepted
parameters. Status: lost. O2
reserve breach detected. Breach
contained. Status: operational.
Emergency protocols initiated.
Cryogenic suspension unit shutdown.
Life form revived.

CHARLIE
Life form? Me...?!

No response. Charlie reels. And --

CHARLIE
 ... suspension...? I was in
 stasis...

It sinks in.

The shot rotates hard until --

Charlie's vertical. Pounding. Screaming.

She is in a --

INT. CRYOGENIC TANK

CHARLIE
 HERE! I'm HERE! I'M AWAKE!
 Please! Somebody pleaseeeee! Let
 me out...! Let me out...

She hammers the computer wall until she's got nothing left.

Shock takes over. She zones out.

A long empty silence filled with nothing but her breath.

Then --

CHARLIE
 Shit. Shit-shit-shit-shit-SHIT!
 Keep it together. MILO, activate
 intercom.

MILO
 Intercom interface not compatible
 with this unit.

She laughs at the absurdity. A pathetic heartbreaking laugh.

CHARLIE
 Oh, come on! You're not a
 deathtrap. Let me out...
 (beat)
 MILO, disengage locks.

MILO
 It is not advisable to disengage
 locks at this time.

She moans with frustration.

CHARLIE
 Override. Disengage locks.

MILO
Override sequence initiated.

She sighs. Relieved. A long beat.

MILO
Awaiting authorization code.

CHARLIE
I don't know the damn code!

MILO
Override sequence aborted.

CHARLIE
AHHH! Emergency system override!

MILO
Emergency system override can not
be completed at this time. Please
provide administrator password to
continue.

And she's hammering the monitor with her fists.

CHARLIE
I don't have the damn code! I
don't know the code! I dunno-the-
code...

She paws at the screen. Snot and tears flowing. She's
losing her shit.

CHARLIE
Please let me out... please...
pleeeeeaaaaasssseeeee...

MILO
Your pulse rate is elevated. A
sedative is advised. Would you
like a sedative?

CHARLIE
I don't want a damn sedative! I
want out!
(beat)
Think. Think, damn it.

MILO
Oxygen levels thirty-one percent.

Another moan. She frantically feels over every inch of the
screen in front of her. Finds the edges. Explores the walls
on her sides. Above her. As far below as she can reach.

CHARLIE

Okay... Cryo unit... Okay... I'm sick. Of course I'm sick. I must be sick to be in here... Oh God, I'm terminal...

Her frantic fingers explore her arms. Her face. Her scalp.

She paws beneath her undershirt. Rabidly examines her breasts. Feels inside her mouth with her tongue.

CHARLIE

Shit... Shit! Keep it together. These are monitored. Someone knows something went wrong. Jesus, please... Someone will come... Someone will come...

(beat)

MILO, time estimate until base retrieves life form?

MILO

Sufficient data is not available to perform that calculation.

She groans through clenched teeth.

CHARLIE

MILO, has base been notified of unit malfunction?

MILO

Unit malfunction diagnostic transmitted to base at 04:32 GMT. Transmission received at 04:33 GMT.

She melts with relief against the monitor.

CHARLIE

They're coming. Someone's coming.

She smiles through tears. Enjoys a moment of victory.

Waits. Breathes. Breathes some more.

Squeezes her eyes closed.

CHARLIE

Not in a box, not it a box... Wide open spaces... Lotsa air... A massive... beach...?

Her eyes open. But she's not seeing. She's searching for a half-forgotten beach.

Her surroundings come crashing back. She sucks in great heaving breaths.

CHARLIE
MILO, base response to
transmission?!

MILO
No incoming transmissions detected.

She squeezes her fists. Fights off panic. Moans.

CHARLIE
They'll come. They know you're
awake. They know you're in here.
They'll explain. You're gonna be
okay.
(a breathing beat)
Great, I'm talking to myself in 3rd
person now. Come on! Come get me.
Come tell me... Come tell me...
(beat, then panic)
MILO... who am I?

Nothing from the MILO.

CHARLIE
MILO, identify life form.

MILO
Life form identity Voyager Two Six
Seven.

CHARLIE
Clarify.

MILO
You are life form Voyager Two Six
Seven.

Charlie laughs. Right on the edge of hysteria.

CHARLIE
MILO, display image of life form.

The wall in front of her lights up with her life sized image.

She stares at her face on the monitor while touching her own. Reaches out and touches the image.

She stares hard into the image eyes. Searching. Then --

CHARLIE
MILO, what is the legal name
registered to Voyager Two Six
Seven?

MILO
Voyager Two Six Seven is registered
under the name Voyager Two Six
Seven.

Charlie shakes her head. Of course she is.

CHARLIE
MILO, remove image.

It's gone. There's nothing to fill the silence but her heavy
breath. Then --

With a guttural howl of frustration, she's bashing the back
of her head into the back wall.

CHARLIE
LET! ME! OOOOOUUUUTTTT!!!

Then --

Silence.

MILO
Oxygen levels thirty percent.
Recommend slow shallow breathing to
conserve supplies.

She groans. *Like that's ever gonna happen.*

And she's frantically fumbling her hands along every inch of
the box she can reach. Wailing. Shuddering. Pounding on the
walls with all she's got.

CHARLIE
(screaming)
HELP! HELP, GOD DAMN IT, HELP!!!!
Get me outta here!

And she's spent. Nothing but rhythmic in-and-out of her
lungs for a long moment.

CHARLIE
(muttering)
...too long... too long... No
intercom.... Why no intercom...?

She's rocking back and forth.

CHARLIE

But... But... but the system... the system... it transmitted! MILO, there's outside access! Can you place a call?

MILO

Affirmative. Who would you like to call?

CHARLIE

Yes?! YES! MILO, call 911.

MILO

911 services are not available on this channel.

CHARLIE

UGHHH! FBI! MILO call the FBI!

The FBI website contact page appears on the screen in front of her.

MILO

There are two thousand forty-seven phone numbers associated with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Which one would you like me to call?

CHARLIE

Jesus! Any! Uh, headquarters. Call headquarters!

And insanelly long pause. Charlie holds her breath. Then --

The sound of a call connecting, then a ringing phone. And --

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

(filtered throughout)

Hello --

CHARLIE

Hello! Yes, help! I need help!

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)

-- You have reached the Federal Bureau of Investigation Headquarters located at 935 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C.

Charlie reels. It's a damn recording!

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)
 If you know the extension, please
 press it now. For our directory,
 press one. For a list of
 divisions, press two. To reach the
 terrorist screening center, press
 three --

Charlie moans.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)
 -- For the training academy, press
 four. If this is an emergency,
 press nine. For all other --

CHARLIE
 MILO, nine! Nine! I need to press
 nine!

A numbered touchscreen appears on the monitor. She hits the
 nine hard.

PLEASANT VOICE (O.S.)
 We are transferring your call.
 Thank you for calling the --

It cuts off, as --

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 (filtered throughout)
 Special Agent Marlow.

Charlie jumps.

CHARLIE
 Help! I need help! I'm trapped and
 I'm running out of oxygen.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 Calm down, ma'am. Are you in
 immediate physical danger from a
 person or persons?

CHARLIE
 No! I'm trapped in a cryo unit and
 I'm running out of air!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 A cryo unit. Cryogenics? Like
 medical freezing?

CHARLIE
 YES! No, NO! Not real freezing.
 It's a process that slows
 metabolism -- It doesn't matter!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What does, is that I'm running out of air!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Ma'am, are you aware calling in a false report is a crime?

CHARLIE

What?! No! This is real!
Please...!

MARLOW (O.S.)

Give me your name and location.

CHARLIE

I don't know! I DON'T KNOW!

MARLOW (O.S.)

If you insist on wasting the bureau's time, I'm going to have to trace this call and report you.

CHARLIE

YES! Trace the call! TRACE THE CALL! Get me the hell outta here!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

... This is real?

CHARLIE

Yes! And I'm kinda on a clock here. Some help please?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Just try to calm down. Did someone put you in against your will?

CHARLIE

No! I don't know!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

What's your name?

CHARLIE

I DON'T KNOW! All I know is I woke up and I can't disengage the locks and nobody's come. Trace the damn call. Can you trace it?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

I'm working on that now, ma'am. What do you remember? A location? A person? Anything that can help.

CHARLIE
No! No! Nothing. I'm scared...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
I know. We're gonna get you out.

CHARLIE
The computer! The computer would
know! MILO, unit location.

MILO
Unable to determine unit location.
Input variable data.

She whacks the monitor.

CHARLIE
ARGH! Have you found me? Have you
traced me? Please come!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
It's taking some time, ma'am. We're
having trouble locating your
signal. But I'm going to help you.

CHARLIE
What do you mean trouble...?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
We're working on narrowing it down.
I need you to tell me anything you
can about the unit. Manufacturer's
stamp, serial number, anything.

Charlie frantically scans the walls. Then --

CHARLIE
I'm an idiot. MILO, display unit
technical specs.

Technical specs appear on the screen in front of her. She
traces them with her fingers.

CHARLIE
Are you still there?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
I'm still here.

CHARLIE
Manufactured by AlcorWorks
Enterprises. The model number is
7485945375-267. Have you locked
down a trace?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
We're still having some issues.

CHARLIE
Oh God...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Listen to me. We're going to find you. It's going to take me a minute to track down the manufacturer and get a location on you.

CHARLIE
Don't leave...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
I'm not going to leave. We're going to keep this line open.

CHARLIE
Tu as pété le plombs ou quoi?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
What was that?

Charlie's startled.

CHARLIE
I... uh, asked if you were nuts.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
You speak french.

CHARLIE
... Yeah. Apparently.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
That's good. Something to go on.
Hang in there.

CHARLIE
No, don't leave! Please...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
I'm just stepping away for a moment. You need to stay calm.

CHARLIE
STOP TELLING ME TO STAY CALM!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
You can do this.

CHARLIE
Don't! Don't go...

Silence. Long silence. Her huffs of breath are deafening.

MILO
Oxygen levels twenty-nine percent.

She closes her eyes. Consciously slows her breathing. Groans.

CHARLIE
Maybe I shoulda said yes to the
sedative.

MILO
Would you like a sedative?

She whacks the monitor.

CHARLIE
No!
(beat)
Breathe... Just breathe...
(beat)
Cryo units... Ummm, cryo units are
med labs... MILO? Can you run DNA
analysis on Voyager Two Six Seven?

The wall panel behind her briefly glows.

MILO
Affirmative. DNA analysis
completed.

CHARLIE
Yes! Run DNA match.

MILO
One match found.

The monitor, inches from her face, lights up with her own
picture, but--

She looks different. Distinguished. Professional.
Weathered.

A list of vital information also appears including her name:
CHARLOTTE NEWTON.

CHARLIE
Charlotte Newton.... Charlotte...

The word tastes wrong in her mouth.

CHARLIE

Charlie...?

A flicker of recognition. She reaches for a memory. Then --

A *FLASH* of a smiling *WOMAN* mouthing 'Charlie'.

It's gone.

CHARLIE

Charlie.

Her reality comes crashing back.

She presses her hands into the walls. Touches them all around her. Moans. Then --

A scratching, skittering sound.

Charlie startles. Her eyes shoot everywhere.

CHARLIE

... Hello...?

Nothing there. The only sound, her breath. She whimpers.

Then --

The walls seem to warp. Close in.

She braces herself like she's falling.

Time seems to jump a second. Another. Then --

The world steadies.

She blinks. **WTF??** A thin, high-pitched warble escapes her throat.

Her breathing speeds up. Her eyes fill with panic. She wrestles for control of her breath until she's sucking in small sips.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Are you still with me?

CHARLIE

Yes! YES! I'm Charlie! My name's Charlotte Newton! But I think I go by Charlie.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 Good! That's good. That'll help.
 Can you... any... hurt... picious
 ...havior...

He's cutting out.

CHARLIE
 What?! What? I can't hear you!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 ...ello? ... Can... me...?

CHARLIE
 Are you there?!

Silence.

CHARLIE
 No no NO-NO-NO!!! MILO, boost
 signal!

MILO
 Boosting signal.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 ...arlie, are you still with me?

CHARLIE
 Yes! Yes, I'm here! Can you hear
 me?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 I hear you, Charlie! Welcome back.
 I thought I'd lost you.

CHARLIE
 Don't leave! Don't leave again...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 I won't. I'll be right here the
 whole time. I promise. What's your
 oxygen situation?

CHARLIE
 What? No! You know where I am,
 right?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 Charlie, I need you to focus.
 What's you're oxygen?

Charlie wrestles her emotions down.

CHARLIE
MILO, oxygen levels.

MILO
Oxygen levels twenty-eight percent.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Good. What time does that give us?

CHARLIE
Time? Why do you need time?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie, listen to me. I need to know how much time.

Charlie swallows a yelp.

Another strange TIME SKIP.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
-- arlie?! Charlie! Are you there?

CHARLIE
Wha..? Yes. Yes, I'm here. MILO, time estimate until oxygen is depleted.

MILO
Maximum time remaining with conservation practices, seventy-two minutes. Based on current level of use, forty-three minutes.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Forty-three minutes. Good. I need you to stay calm, Charlie. And I need you to tell me anything you remember. Anything at all. Suspicious behavior, anyone who would want to hurt you...

CHARLIE
Hurt me? What? Nothing! I remember NOTHING! What's going on?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
I need you to think --

CHARLIE
What aren't you telling me?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Let's focus on --

CHARLIE
TELL ME!

Silence.

CHARLIE
Do you know where I am?!

A long beat. Then --

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
No. The trace failed. The
manufacturer reports that the unit
was destroyed three years ago.

Charlie's jaw drops. The news sinks in.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Charlie.

A slow wave of panic seeps into her bones.

CHARLIE
MILO! Run full medical diagnostic
on Voyager Two Six Seven!

Again, the wall panel behind her briefly glows.

MILO
Voyager Two Six Seven Diagnostic:
all readings within normal
parameters.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie! I need you to hang on!

CHARLIE
... I'm not sick...

She's hyperventilating now. Great huffing gasps.

MILO
No abnormalities detected. Life
expectancy of Voyager Two Six Seven
is eighty-two years.

CHARLIE
...I'm not supposed to be here...

Charlie pushes against the walls. They're closing in!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie!

Her brain's connecting some dots she really doesn't want connected.

CHARLIE

... someone put me in here...

All sound disappears into a vacuum.

The world spins. Blurs. Narrows to black. Pulsing red lights. Then --

The blare of sirens. Warning lights. The monitor lights up with red across the chest of the digital body.

MILO

Warning. BP 180 over 90. Pulse 102
BPM.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Charlie! Stay with me! I'm not
going to leave you. I'm right here!

She's wheezing in gasps of air. Bashing the walls. Yowling.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

We're gonna get you out! Listen to
me! Listen to my voice. Can you
do that?

Charlie reels in her panic.

CHARLIE

(barely a whisper)
Yes...

The warning lights cut out. The alarm falls silent.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

(filtered, relieved)
You're back. Welcome back.

Charlie breathes. Grits her teeth. Forces focus.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Charlie, we're going to find you.

She wipes away tears. Closes her eyes. Really tries to believe. Pulls herself together. Puts on a brave face.

CHARLIE

Kay... Okay. Tell me. What exactly
are you doing?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 I've got agents combing through every bit of information we have on you. And I have a team heading to the manufacturer now.

CHARLIE
 AlcorWorks! They'd have the override codes! Get me the code. I can open the door!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 We're working on it. I'll have them soon.

CHARLIE
 Get me the code! It takes two minutes to look up a damn code!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 Charlie, it's 2 AM here. They're not being cooperative. We have to subpoena them. My men are heading there now. We'll have the codes to you soon. Just a ...tle longer... this... mo... ..

He's cutting out again.

CHARLIE
 MILO, boost signal!

MILO
 Boosting signal.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 ...k ..re... ...st...

CHARLIE
 MILO, again!

MILO
 Boosting signal.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 (nothing but static)

CHARLIE
 Are you there?! HELLO?! HELLO...?

On the monitor: SIGNAL LOST.

She's pounding the monitor with her hands.

CHARLIE
No, no, NO! You stupid piece of
shit! MILO, reconnect!

The sound of dialing, then the BLARE of an unconnected call.

MILO
Reconnect failed.

CHARLIE
Again!

More dialing. Another BLARE.

Charlie's weeping.

CHARLIE
Again! NooooooOOO! The codes! I
need the codes! I need... I need...

Dialing. Another BLARE.

CHARLIE
(barely a whisper)
... again...

Another dial. Then --

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)
The number you have reached is not
in service. Please check the number
and try your call again.

Shock. Like she took a bullet. **WTF is going on?!**

CHARLIE
MILO, again.

Nothing for a long moment. Then --

The sound of dialing. And --

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)
The number you have reached is not
in service. Please --

CHARLIE
Disconnect!

She squeezes her temples. Pulls at her hair.

CHARLIE
SHIIIIIIITTTTT!

She gapes. Then --

-- blindly, furiously --

-- scrapes at the edges with her fingernails. Desperate mewling sounds spilling from her lips.

Then she's sobbing. Deep shuddering sobs that go on and on and on. Until --

MILO

Oxygen levels twenty-seven percent.

She wrestles for control. Reels the sobs in. Sucks them back. Forces hard, shallow breaths. Her whole body shakes under the sobbing pressure wanting out.

Tears streak down her face. Until, mercifully --

She zones out. Her eyes seeing nothing.

The world blurs. Warps. A strange TIME JUMP.

Another.

Another.

The world snaps back into focus.

She hasn't moved. Then --

MILO

Oxygen levels twenty-one percent.

She blinks.

CHARLIE

(whispering)

Twenty-one... No...

The skittering sound.

She whips her head up. Looks around, taking in everything. There's nothing there.

The sound is gone. Only her breath remains.

Her hollowed eyes look broken. Beaten. People hit by trucks have looked better. Then --

A FLASH of a smiling MAN.

Charlie blinks, confused. Disturbed.

With great effort, she pulls herself together.

CHARLIE
MILO... MILO, amount of time since
connection failed.

MILO
Time since connection failure,
seventeen-minutes twelve seconds.

She's floored.

CHARLIE
... I'm losing time...

She shakes her head to clear the fog.

CHARLIE
Shit. Shit! Think... someone...
someone to help... Someone... Who?
Shit! Pull it together! Someone
who knows me! MILO, run search for
Charlotte Newton.

MILO
There are one thousand two hundred
ninety two academic articles
authored by and/or citing, four
hundred twenty seven referencing
news articles, seventeen social
media profiles, twenty thousand
four hundred and two web site
references...

CHARLIE
News articles. News!

Layers of articles appear on the screen.

The top one, from THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE, shows a professional
picture of Charlie with the headline: HOMETOWN NOBEL PRIZE
WINNER TURNING SCIENCE FICTION INTO FACT, and a subheading:
TERMINAL FIND HOPE IN LONG TERM CRYOGENICS.

Charlie skims.

CHARLIE
You're a doctor...? Why would
someone wanna kill you?

More skimming - awards, recognition, praise - until --

She lands on one with a picture of Charlie beside a MAN with
a striking jagged scar at his temple, both in formal wear.

The caption reads: PICTURED: DR. CHARLOTTE NEWTON AT THE NATIONAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY AWARD GALA WITH HUSBAND DR. LEO FERGUSON.

CHARLIE
Husband...?

She's stunned.

Another FLASH of a man. The same man from the picture. He's smiling from the basket of a hot air balloon. Holding out his hand.

CHARLIE
MILO, search Dr. Leo Ferguson,
Houston Texas.

Search results pop up on the screen, including a Facebook profile with a picture of the same scarred MAN.

She opens the page. His picture appears, but little else except --

A friendly message from Facebook: TO SEE WHAT LEO SHARES, SEND HIM A FRIEND REQUEST. **Argh!**

The skittering sound.

Charlie flinches. Looks around. Presses her palms to her eyes.

CHARLIE
(whispering)
Not real... not real...

She focuses on breath control. Returns to the Facebook profile.

Selects the photo tab. Scans through images of the man with various PEOPLE. Stops on an image of Charlie with the MAN in an embrace. Deliriously happy.

She clicks on it. Studies the picture. Traces his facial scar with her finger. Searches for recognition.

CHARLIE
Leo...

The caption reads: SURPRISE MAUI ANNIVERSARY GETAWAY.

CHARLIE
MILO, find contact information for
Dr. Leo Ferguson, Houston, Texas.

MILO
Two listings found.

CHARLIE
Call first listing.

An eternity of silence.

CHARLIE
Please connect... please connect...
please connect....

Then --

RECORDED VOICE (O.S.)
The cellular number you are trying
to reach has been disconnected.
Please check the numb -

CHARLIE
Disconnect. Call second listing.

Another eternity. Then --

The filtered sound of a ringing phone. And --

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
(filtered)
Hello?

CHARLIE
Is Leo there? I need to speak with
him.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Uh, no... ummm...

CHARLIE
It's an emergency. Please!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Who is this?!

CHARLIE
I'm his wife.

A long pause.

CHARLIE
Hello?!

CLICK.

ON THE MONITOR: Call disconnected at source.

CHARLIE
MILO, redial!

One ring. Then --

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Is this some sick joke?!

CHARLIE
No! Please, I need to find Leo!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Don't call this number again.

CLICK.

CALL DISCONNECTED AT SOURCE appears on the screen.

CHARLIE
MILO, redial!

Dialing. A ring.

Someone picks up. Disconnects.

CHARLIE
Again!

Dialing. Then -- A busy signal.

Charlie loses her shit.

CHARLIE
Fuck! FUCK! FUCK! FUUUUCK!!!!

And she's pawing at the waist restraint in blind panic. Props herself against it. Tries to heft herself out with all her might.

CHARLIE
Let me out! LET ME OUT!!!

It's no use.

She searches every inch of the compartment she can reach --

MILO
Oxygen levels twenty percent.

-- Paws at the head restraint with the lead wires. Rips one wire out.

MILO
Unit damage detected.

She folds the wire. Twists. Folds it again.

With her new shorter, much reinforced wire, she traces her fingers along the monitor 'til she hits the side wall. Picks a spot in the angle where monitor meets wall. And --

Scrapes with the wire.

She scrapes.

And scrapes.

Tiny shards of metal fall away. **YES!!**

-- scrape scrape scrape --

-- scrape scrape scrape --

The wire's wearing fast. Now a tiny stub between her fingers. Then --

It's almost nothing.

She drops it. Yanks out another wire.

MILO
Unit damage detected.

Folds. Twists. Scrapes some more.

Tiny curls of metal flake off.

The wire's down to a nub. She grits her teeth. Scrapes harder. But --

It's too small to hold onto. She fumbles. It drops. Getting nowhere fast.

She wipes sweat from her brow. Leaves behind a trail of blood from her fingernails.

She gropes at the arm straps. Finds the I.V. tube. Follows it down to where it disappears into the back wall. And --

Finds a huge hole. A nasty looking RAT sits on its edge, staring at her.

She yelps! Throws herself against the far wall.

Looks again. There's nothing but wall.

She moans. Squeezes her fists. Holds them against her eyes.

Wills herself to relax. Looks.

Just a tube going into the metal wall.

She touches it tentatively, like it might bite. Then --

Paws around the tube, looking for a weakness.

Nothing. She follows the tube back down to the needle.

Returns to the angle of the wall. Grips the needle, and --

Scrapes some more.

-- scrape scrape scrape --

Much more effective! Metal curl bits fly everywhere.

-- scrape scrape scrape --

Then --

The BLARE OF AN ALARM.

MILO

Warning: Inner breach attempt
detected.

-- scrape scrape scrape --

MILO

Warning: Wilful breach of unit is a
federal crime punishable by up to
10 years in prison.

-- scrape scrape scrape --

CHARLIE

(muttering)

Ten years sounds good to m --

ZAAAAAAAPPPPP!

An electric current jolts Charlie hard against the opposite wall. She cries out.

MILO

Breach attempt contained. Life-
form preserved. Would you like a
sedative?

Tears stream down her cheeks. She curls herself into the tomb wall. Shivering, shuddering to control her breath.

An eternity of nothing but small hiccups of breath. Then --

A cold realization --

CHARLIE
... I'm going to die...

She zones out. The world vibrates. The walls warp.

A hard TIME JUMP.

Another.

Another.

Again and again. Mixed with barely discernible *flashes of images*. Until --

BEEP.

Reality smashes back into focus.

An ALERT on the SCREEN: INCOMING CALL.

MILO
Approve incoming --

CHARLIE
YES! Approve! Approve!

A CLICK. Static. Garbled sounds. Then --

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
...arlie, are you there?

CHARLIE
Yes! YES! I'm here! MILO, boost signal!

MILO
Boosting signal.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
(to others)
We got her!
(to Charlie)
Charlie, listen to me. We have the subpoena. I have agents at AlcorWorks now.

CHARLIE
The codes!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
We'll have them momentarily. It's almost over, Charlie.

She squeaks a reply, holding back emotion. Tears run down her cheeks.

CHARLIE

You got me...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

(pained)

We got you.

CHARLIE

Agent Marlow...?

Beat.

CHARLIE

Marlow...?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

(forced)

Everything's going to be just fine.

Every muscle of Charlie's body tenses.

CHARLIE

Something's wrong. Tell me what's wrong.

MILO

Oxygen levels seventeen percent.

CHARLIE

No! No-no-no!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

What's going on, Charlie? Talk to me.

CHARLIE

I don't know. I'm losing time. Seeing things.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Charlie, listen very carefully. What you're experiencing is isolation induced psychosis. It happens to P.O.W.'s.

CHARLIE

No. It hasn't been that long...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 It take as little as fifteen
 minutes under extreme circumstances
 to break the average person. And
 this is pretty extreme.

CHARLIE
 Your phone. Not in service. Was
 that real?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 What? No. No! We lost the
 connection. I've been here ever
 since trying to get you back.

CHARLIE
 ... How... how do I know you're
 real now?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 When you first called, I thought
 you were a prank.

Charlie smiles, grateful. Nods. Then --

Tenses with panic.

CHARLIE
 Our first call! How do I know that
 was real?!

The stat's monitor alarm BLARES.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 Charlie! CHARLIE! Stay with me!
 Shit! You're spinning. Charlie,
 you need to ground yourself. Hold
 on to what you know is real! Shit!
 Focus on your body. On what you
 know is real! Find a way to focus
 on your body--!

Marlow's still yelling, but it's overpowered by violent
 gasping breaths she can't control. She scrambles for the
 I.V. wire. Grabs the needle. Screeches as she --

Drives it into her palm.

FLASHES of a bedroom. Of LEO mouthing 'I LOVE YOU'.

MILO
 Injury to life form detected.
 Status: Non-life threatening.

She drives the needle deeper. Winces.

Another FLASH - Leo making mushed funny faces through the glass of a shower stall.

Deeper.

Then --

She sucks in controlled breaths. Stops fighting the pain.

The stats alarm quiets.

MILO

Risk of infection. Treating with
I.V. antibiotic mixture.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Charlie! Charlie! Talk to me!

CHARLIE

Jesus fuck, that hurt!

She cringes as she pulls out the needle.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

What did you do?

CHARLIE

Focused on the real.

She sucks on the wound, still wincing.

CHARLIE

How long... how long have I been
missing?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

You were active on social media
three days ago. No one's reported
you missing.

CHARLIE

I've got a husband. A guy named
Leo.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Leo...?

Garbled sounds of someone talking to Marlow in the B.G.

CHARLIE

Who's that? What's he saying?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Nothing. It's no one.

CHARLIE
Someone's with you. What's going on? Is it about Leo? Why isn't he looking for me? Is he okay? Find Leo! He might know who's doing this!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie... I have no record of you ever being married.

CHARLIE
What? No... MILO, search for Dr. Leo Ferguson, Houston!

ON THE SCREEN: No results found. Did you mean Leroy Fergus?

CHARLIE
No! It was there!

MILO
Oxygen levels sixteen percent.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie...

CHARLIE
It was there! MILO, search for Dr. Charlotte Newton, National Science and Tech Award Gala!

The article flicks back on the screen, the one with the picture of her with Leo, only this time, it's just her.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie --

A warning blip on the monitor as her vitals rise.

CHARLIE
He was real. You have to believe me! The woman! I called. She knew him!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
What woman?

Her fingers fly over the touch keyboard. Brings up Facebook results for Leo Ferguson - A couple TEENS, an OLD MAN. No Leo from before.

CHARLIE
I dunno. A woman. In my house...
I think.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
What did you tell her? The woman?

CHARLIE
Nothing! She hung up!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie...

CHARLIE
She knew him! She did! SHE DID!
(a long painful beat)
She wasn't real... Leo's not
real...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie! Listen to me! I'm gonna
get you through this.

Charlie doesn't answer. She shakes her head, destroyed.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie, I've been where you are.
I know what you're going through.

CHARLIE
(through gritted teeth)
Stop with the BS...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
No BS. I was military, Charlie.
Spent three months in a hole in the
ground...

CHARLIE
He was real...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
I know. I know it seems that way.
It's your brain trying to get you
through this. It can't be trusted.
Not right now. But you can trust
me. I'll get you through to the
other side.

Charlie squeezes her eyes. Pulls at her hair. Moans.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
You played lacrosse.

CHARLIE

Wha...?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

At school. You were good. Figured you'd want to know something about yourself, and when I looked into you, that stood out.

She takes the distraction bait. Leans against the monitor like a security blanket.

CHARLIE

Lacrosse?

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Yeah. Didn't fit with everything else. PhD in bioengineering, grants, awards. You're an impressive woman. Any of this ringing a bell?

CHARLIE

... no...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

You're a Boston girl. Grew up with a single mother.

She hangs on his every word.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

She still lives in your childhood home.

A FLASH of the same YOUNG WOMAN from before.

CHARLIE

Her name's Linda!

Nothing from Marlow. Charlie deflates.

CHARLIE

Her name's not Linda.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

No. It's Marjorie.

Charlie groans. Hits her head with her fists.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

Charlie, it's okay. Just stay with me. (beat) Charlie...?

CHARLIE
 (still hitting her head)
 Keep. Talking. Don't stop...

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 You attended Harvard, full ride.
 Did your residency in Houston.

A FLASH of Leo, raising his eyebrows - cheeky - in scuba gear. Charlie blinks.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 Went on to do your Fellowship at --

CHARLIE
 Residency. That's where I met Leo.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 Charlie...

*Another FLASH of Leo. Dead. Laid out in a coffin. Then --
 His eyes open.*

Charlie's on the verge of losing her shit again.

CHARLIE
 You have to look for him! He's
 real!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 Charlie...

MILO
 Oxygen levels fifteen percent.

Charlie covers her eyes. Moans. Pushes hard on the I.V.
 palm wound with her thumb. Growls like a wounded dog.

CHARLIE
 You should have the codes by now!
 Where are the codes?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 -- You have to hang on. A few
 minutes more --

CHARLIE
 --Stop with the bullshit
 platitudes --!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 -- We're in this toge --

CHARLIE
-- WHERE ARE THE CODES --?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
-- We're still 20 minutes out!
We've almost got you --!

Charlie twitches. Double-takes.

CHARLIE
You said you didn't know where I
was.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
We don't. I have men at AlcorWorks
now getting the codes. Looking
into this. Looking into your
connection.

CHARLIE
You said you were 20 minutes out.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
Charlie, you're hearing things. I
said I had agents with the
manufacturer...

She sucks harsh breaths between her teeth, drowning his words
to nothing. Then --

CHARLIE
You're lying.

The warning beeps are back. Flashing red lights.

Charlie pushes herself hard into the back wall, as far away
from the monitor as she can get.

CHARLIE
You're doing this to me!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
(yelling, over the noise)
Charlie, listen to me! You're
under an unbelievable amount of
stress. You misheard. I'm on your
side --

Charlie covers her ears with her hands.

CHARLIE
(screaming)
MILO, disconnect!

The word DISCONNECTED appears on the screen. Alarms still blare.

Charlie squeezes chunks of hair between her fingers, pulling out what's left of her braid as she cradles her head.

Her shoulders heave from the pressure of sobs that need to come. But --

She holds them back. Twitches from the strain of forcing controlled breath. Until --

The alarms and lights go quiet. Until all that remains is her breath.

MILO

Incoming transmission.

Nothing from Charlie.

A beat. Then --

MILO

Incoming transmission.

Charlie raises her head. Stares at the monitor with something we haven't seen before. **Rage.**

CHARLIE

Deny.

MILO

Transmission denied.

She stares at the monitor.

CHARLIE

MILO, replay last 30 seconds of last transmission.

CHARLIE

(recorded)
...platitudes!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)

(recorded)
We're in this toge --

CHARLIE

(recorded)
Where are the CODES?!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 (recorded)
 We're still 20 minutes out. We've
 almost got you --!

CHARLIE
 MILO, pause! Rewind two seconds.
 Play.

She pushes her thumb hard into her palm.

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 (recorded)
 We're still 20 minutes out. We've
 almost got you --!

CHARLIE
 Pause. Again!

AGENT MARLOW (O.S.)
 (recorded)
 We're still 20 minutes out. We've
 almost got you --!

CHARLIE
 Pause.

MILO
 Incoming transmission.

CHARLIE
 Deny!

MILO
 Transmission denied.

Charlie slowly eyeballs every inch of the tank. She snarls.

CHARLIE
 Can you still hear me?! Are you
 watching me?!

She puts both hands on the monitor. Stares into it.

CHARLIE
 What do you want?! WHAT DO YOU
 WANT?!

MILO
 Incoming transmission.

Charlie narrows her eyes. She's pissed. Then --

CHARLIE
 You wanna play ball? Let's play.
 MILO, Accept.

Sounds of the call connecting. Then --

CHARLIE
 What do you want, asshole?

A beat. Then --

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (filtered throughout)
 Hello?

Charlie's stunned.

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Don't hang up. Are you there...?
 Please answer...

It's the same woman from before.

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 You're in a cryogenic unit, right?

Charlie pushes hard against the wound in her palm.

CHARLIE
 Who are you?

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 You called me looking for Leo.

CHARLIE
 You're real... He's real!

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Listen to me. Listen! We don't
 have much time. This wasn't
 supposed to happen. Something must
 have gone wrong.

CHARLIE
 I wanna speak to Leo.

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 You can't. I need you to listen. I
 can help.

CHARLIE
 You want me to listen? Put him on
 the line!

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
That's not possible.

CHARLIE
Put him on. Now!

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Leo is dead.

Charlie reels from shock. Pulls herself together. Then --

CHARLIE
You're just as sick as he is.
MILO, disconnect.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
No! Wai --

But she's gone.

MILO
Disconnected. Oxygen levels
fourteen percent. Incoming
transmission.

Charlie growls. Contorts with anguish as she fights to control her breath.

MILO
Incoming transmission.

She snarls. Hits the wall. Bares her teeth.

CHARLIE
Accept.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Charlie, are you there...? Are you
there...? Charlie, I can help. I
want to help.

CHARLIE
I never gave you my name, bitch.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
You didn't need to. I knew who you
were the second I heard you.

CHARLIE
Tell me what you people want or I'm
done talking.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
I don't know who you've been
talking to, but I know what's going
on.

CHARLIE
I'm done. MILO, dis --

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
I KNOW THE CODES!!

Charlie freezes.

CHARLIE
Give them to me.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Charlie, I will, but you gotta
listen --

CHARLIE
Now.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
You can't use 'em to open the door!

CHARLIE
Goodbye. MILO --

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Okay, OKAY! Uppercase NM347
lowercase cda.

CHARLIE
MILO, admin override.

MILO
Admin override initiated. Enter
password.

Charlie types the pass code onto a touchscreen keyboard.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Charlie, don't open it! Please!

MILO
Admin over ride complete.
Administrator privileges granted.

Charlie shudders with relief.

CHARLIE
MILO, disengage locks.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Please! You'll die!! I can prove
it!

 MILO
It is not advisable to disengage
locks at this time. Do you wish to
continue?

 OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
You'll die...

Charlie waivers.

 CHARLIE
You have ten seconds.

 OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Thank you... thank you. Just let
me explain --

 CHARLIE
Eight seconds.

 OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Okay! OKAY! Go into system. Find
centrifuge controls. Please... if
you'd just let me explain --

Charlie finds the controls.

 CHARLIE
I'm there.

 OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
They're currently set to one.
Change that to...

 CHARLIE
...To what?!

 OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Shit! You shouldn't find out this
way...

 CHARLIE
Time's up. MILO --

 OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
ZERO! Change it to zero!

Charlie changes the numbers. Hesitates over the enter
button. Then --

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 Please, Charlie... Don't.

Pushes enter.

MILO
 Powering down thrusters.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 I'm sorry, Charlie. I'm so
 sorry...

And --

Locks of Charlie's hair seem to hover mid-air. Charlie
 stares at them. **What the fuck?**

Her upper body drifts away from the back wall. If she wasn't
 strapped in at the waist, she'd be free floating!

WHAT THE FUCK?!

The I.V. needle drifts by her face. She follows it with
 gawking eyes.

MILO
 Warning. Long term zero gravity
 exposure detrimental to life form.

A warble escapes her throat.

Tiny bits of broken wire, shards of metal, and droplets of
 water float all around her.

CHARLIE
 (whisper)
 ... where... where am I...?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 About 40 000 miles from earth.

A high pitched moan escapes Charlie's lungs.

The whole frame rotates hard, until --

Charlie's upside down. She in a --

INT. CRYOGENIC TANK, 40000 FUCKING MILES FROM EARTH

CHARLIE
 ... no...

Charlie whimpers --

CHARLIE
MILO! Distance from earth?!

MILO
Forty-two thousand seven hundred
thirty-five miles.

-- gags --

CHARLIE
No! This isn't real. You're doing
this! STOP! STOP!!!

-- fumbles with the settings --

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm so sorry, Charlie.

-- smashes the zero back to one.

MILO
Initiating thrust.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Charlie... CHARLIE...!

No response from Charlie. She's on overload. The 'been-hit
by-a-truck-and-now-it's-backing-up-to-finish-the-job' type of
overload.

The bits of wire and debris drop to the floor.

MILO
Centrifugal rotation commenced.
One G achieved. Oxygen levels
thirteen percent.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Charlie! Charlie, please! We
don't have much time. You'll be
out of communication range soon.
You were put in stasis to enable
you to complete your mission, but
something went wrong.

Nothing from Charlie.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 I can't get you home, but I
 designed the system, and we might
 be able to get you back into
 stasis. Give you a chance.
 Please...

CHARLIE
 (croak)
 What mission?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 If we can locate the damage,
 reroute the affected systems --

Charlie's shock takes a hard left to anger.

CHARLIE
 What mission?!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 To colonize a planet orbiting Wolf
 1061c, fourteen light years from
 earth. But... you just launched.

CHARLIE
 No... No. No-no-no-no-NO!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 Charlie, we have to move fast --

Charlie pushes hard on her palm.

CHARLIE
 This isn't real...

*A 1st person P.O.V. FLASH of SCIENTISTS, ENGINEERS, MECHANICS
 working on something, looking to the camera for answers. On
 the wall, the AlcorWorks logo.*

CHARLIE
 Aghhh...! I worked on it.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 Yes! You remember...?

*Another FLASH - the same lab. In the B.G., two SOLDIERS stand
 guard at the door.*

Anger morphs to panic.

CHARLIE
 It was military! We were messed up
 with the D.O.D.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes.

CHARLIE

Why?! Why military? Why not NASA?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

We'll be extinct in two generations. The public couldn't know.

And back to shock.

CHARLIE

(high pitched, vulnerable)

... Did he know?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Who?

CHARLIE

The guy, FBI, I called for help. He was nice. But... he was lying.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh Charlie, he'd have to lie. As soon as he searched for anything relating to you, Defense would get involved. Anything he said after that is only what they wanted you to hear.

CHARLIE

Why...? I was part of it. Why not just tell me?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

The memory fog. No way to anticipate how you'd react, what memories would come back first. You're a threat. Communicate with the wrong person, and it goes public. Widespread panic. Chaos. They couldn't risk it.

CHARLIE

I thought... I thought he was doing this. Keeping me here. Making me think I was crazy. He... he didn't tell me Leo was dead. He told me Leo never existed.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 Oh God... Charlie, everything...
 EVERYTHING, from the moment they
 became aware you were awake,
 revolved around making sure you
 didn't retrieve your memories.

CHARLIE
 So he... he was biding time.
 Counting down the clock. Waiting
 for me to...

A very painful pause. They both know the answer.

Charlie's eyes glaze over. She's so far down the rabbit
 hole, her brain's on overload.

CHARLIE
 But... I am crazy. Time...
 disappears... I hear things... see
 things... Things that aren't there.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 You're not crazy. Listen. The
 time loss, it's likely isolation
 induced. You were never supposed
 to be conscious inside. But the
 visions... Tell me what you see.

CHARLIE
 Uhh... flashes, mostly. Rats.
 God! And my mother, I think... And
 Leo.... I found pictures! A
 surprise honeymoon. We looked
 happy. But... they disappeared.
 I'm not sure they were ever real.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 They were real. It was in Maui. I
 was there, Charlie.

A glimmer of joy momentarily crosses her face.

CHARLIE
 -- the beach... They made them
 disappear? How?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 They can do just about anything in
 the name of National Security. Your
 first contact would have put into
 motion a series of security
 protocols. Remote shutdown of your
 access clearly failed.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

They'd move on to wiping all potential memory triggers, anything easily accessed, starting with the highest ranked emotional connection. You couldn't have access to anything on Leo.

Charlie swallows hard. Pushes on her wounded palm.

A FLASH of a closed coffin.

CHARLIE

Leo's real. And he's dead.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes.

Charlie searches for memories. *Another FLASH of the project team clearly waiting for her input.*

CHARLIE

I'm important! They'll... they'll send someone! You must have designed contingency plans...

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Some losses were expected.

(weeping)

Not this soon. Not within communication range. Oh God...

CHARLIE

... but... I'm important...

Nothing but weeping from the other end.

CHARLIE

...No one's coming...

Shock sucks all emotion from her.

MILO

Oxygen levels twelve percent.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

We're running out of time.

CHARLIE

What happened to him?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Charlie...

CHARLIE
WHAT HAPPENED?!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
(weeping harder)
Charlie... Leo died in a car crash
a long time ago.

Charlie covers her head with her arms.

CHARLIE
No.. NO! He said I've only been
gone three days...

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
You've been in stasis a lot longer
than that.

CHARLIE
How... how long?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Charlie --

CHARLIE
HOW LONG?!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Twelve years.

Charlie swallows. It ain't going down easy.

A FLASH of a sectioned tray filled with strange gelatinous creatures.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm so sorry, Charlie.

She looks at her hands. Touches her face. It's not adding up.

A warning BEEP from the stats monitor.

CHARLIE
What have you done to me?! What
have you done?! What have you
DONE?!!!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
SHUT UP! God damn it! Shut your
damn mouth and listen.

Charlie's jaw drops.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

You can waste time and oxygen demanding answers you'll get back once the stasis wears off, and in about ten minutes you'll be out of communication range for good. Then you'll die all alone. Or you can shut up, work with me to fix the problem, and give yourself a chance. I know what I'd choose, but it's your call.

A long pause.

Charlie takes a deep breath. And --

CHARLIE

Where do we start?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Good. Okay. First we figure out why you got your wake up call.

CHARLIE

Overheated CPU. MILO, which CPU?

MILO

Heat levels in CPU 142 surpassed accepted parameters.

CHARLIE

What is the function of CPU 142?

MILO

CPU 142 monitors and stimulates subject brain activity to avoid cellular atrophy.

CHARLIE

Brain atrophy. Did you hear that? Sounds like something I'd like to avoid.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

Agreed. You need to isolate a CPU with enough power dedicated to non-essential functions. Shut it down and redirect all brain activity monitoring processes through it.

CHARLIE

MILO, list all dedicated processors with non-essential functions.

MILO
All non-essential functions
allocated to CPU 694.

CHARLIE
MILO, danger to life form if all
694 CPU functions disabled?

MILO
Zero danger to life form.

CHARLIE
Do it. Disable all current CPU 694
functions.

MILO
Disabling.

CHARLIE
MILO, reroute all processes
performed by CPU 142 through CPU
694.

MILO
Data exceeds processing capacity.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Putain de merde! (subtitle: Holy
Fucking Shit!)

CHARLIE
Holy fucking shit doesn't sound
good. What now?

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Now, we make hard choices. Disable
some low priority systems. Find --

Muffled sounds of a doorbell in the BG of the call. Then
banging.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Shit. Time's up! Listen --

CHARLIE
No! You said --

More banging.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
They're here! Listen! Build a
workaround. Get back into stasis.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)
 But do it before oxygen drops below
 two percent, or you won't have
 enough to revive!

CHARLIE
 I can't! I don't know how!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 Yes, you do. You have all the
 answers. Figure out your memory
 triggers, then find the ones you
 need!

The sound of a distant explosion in the BG of the call.

CHARLIE
 It's your design! I need you!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Get down on the ground! Now!

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 You don't! Find your memory
 triggers.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 I said down!

Sounds of a struggle.

OLDER WOMAN
 Find Leo, Charlie! FIND LEO!

Gunshots.

CHARLIE
 No...!

Then --

Nothing.

On the screen: SIGNAL LOST.

Charlie paws at the screen, wide eyed.

CHARLIE
 ... no...

A long high pitched hum escapes her lips. She's just-this-
 side of a nervous breakdown.

CHARLIE

- hmmmmmm... You can't just do this then go die on me! Oh my God, why did you do this? Why would I let you?! - mmmmm - Oh God, I worked on it. Oh God... God... MILO who authorized Voyager Six Two Seven's mission participation?

MILO

Voyager Six Two Seven mission participation authorized by Newton comma Charlotte, Doctor.

CHARLIE

Oh God... mmmmm - I did this to myself. Shit. Shit! Okay-okay-okay... Shit. This is good. I worked on it. I know this. Shit. Find Leo. Find Leo? What the hell does that mean? ... mmmmm. Shit!

Charlie bites her knuckle. Squeezes her head.

CHARLIE

It's in here... All in here.., Gotta get at 'em. How? How?!

MILO

Oxygen levels eleven percent.

CHARLIE

Mmmmm... MILO, show me all low priority system CPU's!

The screen fills with scrolling files. She manically skims through them. Until --

CHARLIE

MILO, stop. Explain kinetic regulation.

MILO

Kinetic regulation delivers low grade electrical currents to musculature structures to prevent life form muscle atrophy.

CHARLIE

And disabling it would result in...?

MILO

The degeneration of muscular tissues, hindering long term life form survival.

CHARLIE

And that's labeled low priority?

MILO

Yes. Life form would survive journey.

CHARLIE

And die when revived.

MILO

Life form would survive anywhere from three hours to ten days.

CHARLIE

Jesus! That's a big NO! AHHH! I don't have time for this!

She squeezes her eyes shut.

CHARLIE

Come on, Leo. You keep showing up in my brain. Now's the time to make an appearance with something useful.

She waits.

Nothing.

CHARLIE

ARGH! MILO, narrow results to only processes that can be disabled without decreasing life expectancy.

MILO

There are zero low priority processes that can be disabled without decreasing life expectancy.

ARGH! She's losing it.

CHARLIE

(yells above her head)
Hard decisions?!?! Find the memory triggers?! Glad someone knows how to do these things!

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 Too bad it's not the chick in the
 fucking box!

She rubs her palm. Hard.

CHARLIE
 Aaaaand I'm talking to myself
 again. And that's the least fucked
 up thing about this situation!

Harder. Winces from the pain.

CHARLIE
 Son of a -

*A FLASH of Leo smiling in greeting as he comes out of an
 elevator.*

Charlie double-takes. Stares at her wounded palm. **Holy shit!**

She digs her thumb deep into her palm. Lets out a gasping
 scream.

CHARLIE
 You got something I need to know,
 Leo?! Time for the dead to talk.

She pushes harder. Screams. Blood drips to the floor. And --

*A FLASH of Leo in bed, naked. He's smiling playfully,
 beckoning from under the sheet.*

CHARLIE
 Yes! No! Something useful! Talk
 to me! Talk to me!

She bares her teeth from the pain.

CHARLIE
 Come on, you bastard!

Pushes harder. Howls. And --

Nothing.

She drops her hand. Frantically gropes around. Then freezes
 as an idea smashes into her brain.

She grabs the I.V. needle. Braces herself against the
 opposite wall. And --

CHARLIE
I'm out of my friggin' mind!

-- scrapes at the edge. Hard. Fast. Then --

MILO
Warning: Inner breach attempt
detected.

CHARLIE
No shit!

Scrape scrape scrape.

MILO
Warning: Wilful breach of unit is a
federal crime punishable by up to
10 years in prison.

CHARLIE
(wincing)
Just do it!

Scrape scrape scrape.

And --

ZAAAAAAAPPPPP!

An electric current jolts Charlie hard against the opposite
wall. But --

She lunges back. Grabs the needle with shaky hands. Scrapes
some more.

CHARLIE
Give me my damn memories!

ZAAAAAAAPPPPP!

A FLASH of female hands touching the closed top of a casket,
as she --

THUD, smacks into the wall.

She can barely move. Covered in sweat. Eyes hollowed out.

But --

She reaches for the needle. Only --

She's shaking too much. She can't pick it up!

CHARLIE
Please... tell me... please...

She reaches again. Grasps it. Tries to scrape, but --

She can't hold on. It falls from her trembling fingers.

She collapses against the wall. Hugs herself tight. Quivering from tears that won't come. It goes on and on.

Until finally --

CHARLIE
(shaky, high pitched)
MILO, run search for a Marjorie
Newton, Boston.

MILO
No results found.

Heartbreak crosses her face. Then --

Hope. She holds her breath.

CHARLIE
MILO, run search for Linda Newton,
Boston.

MILO
One result found.

CHARLIE
Call contact number.

MILO
No signal detected.

CHARLIE
Boost signal.

MILO
Boosting signal. Attempting
connection.

The sounds of a dial. An eternity. Then --

LINDA (O.S.)
(filtered, bad connection)
Hello?

CHARLIE
(voice cracking)
... mom...?

LINDA (O.S.)
Honey, is that you? What's wrong?

Tears spring from her eyes. She sniffs them back.

CHARLIE
I think you're my mom.

A FLASH of the young woman making faces as she reads a children's book.

CHARLIE
I think I remember you. I want to remember you. I want my mom.

LINDA (O.S.)
What? I can barely hear you.

A FLASH of the young woman cooking.

CHARLIE
(louder)
Just wanted to hear your voice.

A FLASH of the same woman, older, clasping her hands in joy and pride.

LINDA (O.S.)
Charlie, sweetie, what's going on?

A FLASH of a family dinner table. Kids party hats everywhere.

CHARLIE
I don't think anyone's coming.

A FLASH of the same woman, older, as Leo hugs her.

LINDA (O.S.)
Who's not coming? Are you alright?

More FLASHES. Family moments. A funeral. They come fast. Almost too fast to see. Then --

They're gone. Charlie's crying rivers of silent tears.

CHARLIE
I tried to find him. I don't know where else to look. I'm supposed to know, but I don't.

LINDA (O.S.)
 Oh baby. I know you miss him. It's
 not good for you being in that
 house alone. I'll come down. Or
 better yet, you come up. Spend
 some time.

CHARLIE
 He won't tell me what to do.

LINDA (O.S.)
 Are you driving? It's awfully hard
 to hear.

CHARLIE
 (shouting)
 No, mom. I'm in trouble.

LINDA (O.S.)
 What?! You shoul... ..alk whe...
 ...ou drive...

Charlie presses her lips together 'til they disappear.

CHARLIE
 No, you're right mom. I'm in a
 tunnel. I love you.

LINDA (O.S.)
 ...at...? ... an't ..hear... ou...

CHARLIE
 (shouting)
 I love you!

Dead air.

CHARLIE
 Mom! I love you! Mom?!

SIGNAL LOST appears on the screen.

CHARLIE
 MILO, reconnect!

MILO
 No signal detected.

CHARLIE
 Boost signal.

MILO
 All auxiliary power diverted to
 communication. No signal detected.

CHARLIE
 (screaming)
 Reconnect! Reconnect!! RECONNECT!

She's clawing at the screen. Shuddering against a wave of silent sobs.

It goes on and on until --

There's nothing left but her dead stare.

And her breath. She just breathes.

The walls close in.

TIME JUMP. Another. Another. Then --

The world snaps back into focus.

MILO
 Oxygen levels six percent.

Charlie slowly comes around. Strangely calm. Haunted. Empty.

The skittering sound.

She looks down and sees --

A rat's tail disappear around the far end of the thick waist restraint. No flinch. She stares with fascination.

A FLASH of Charlie's hands holding a rat as she places it in a cage. The number 17 is written in marker on its side.

CHARLIE
 You're not here. You're a memory.

More skittering.

CHARLIE
 Nobody here... just me...
 (pats the monitor)
 Me 'n MILO. Rats in a cage...
 (long painful beat)
 MILO, what happens to the human
 body during deep space
 decompression?

MILO
 During decompression, life form
 experiences immediate convulsions
 and paralysis.

Charlie listens. Numb.

MILO

Water vapor forms in the soft tissues and venous blood, causing marked swelling of the body to roughly two times its normal volume. Heart rate rises initially, but falls rapidly thereafter. Arterial blood pressure also falls over a period of 30 to 60 seconds, while venous pressure rises due to distention of the venous system by gas and vapor. Venous pressure will exceed arterial pressure within one minute. Circulation will cease. After an initial rush of gas from the lungs, gas and water vapor continue to flow outward through the airways cooling the mouth and nose to near-freezing temperatures; the remainder of the body will follow at a slower rate.

CHARLIE

Will it hurt?

MILO

It is estimated that consciousness will likely be retained for nine to eleven seconds, during which, extreme pain is experienced.

No movement. The only sound, her slow, steady breath. Then --

She swallows hard. And nods.

CHARLIE

MILO, disengage locks.

MILO

It is not advisable to disengage locks at this time.

Charlie closes her eyes tight. Steels herself.

CHARLIE

Override. Disengage locks.

MILO

Override sequence initiated.
Reenter authorization code.

Charlie groans with weary frustration. Punches 'NM347' onto the touchscreen. And --

A FLASH of Leo being goofy at a Halloween party dressed in old-time prison stripes, a giant ball and chain on his ankle.

Charlie's fingers waiver over the touchscreen. She smiles sadly.

MILO

Oxygen levels five percent.

CHARLIE

Sorry buddy. You're kinda cute, but as far as spilling vital info goes, you're pretty useless.

Punches in 'cda'.

MILO

Lock disengage initiated. Prepare for decompression in five...

She settles back. Closes her eyes.

MILO

... four...

A FLASH of the closed coffin seen earlier.

MILO

... three...

Another FLASH of Leo.

MILO

... two...

Rapid FLASHES of the coffin mixed with flashes of Leo. And in the flashes, the dark wooden coffin flickers to metal.

MILO

...one...

She yelps.

CHARLIE

Abort disengage!

MILO

Lock disengage aborted.

Charlie quivers with relief. Gapes. Then laughs.

CHARLIE
Find Leo! FIND LEO! Car accident,
my ass! MILO, how many Voyager
units are there?!

MILO
There are ten thousand Voyager
units.

She double takes. **Whoa, these guys don't screw around.**

CHARLIE
Where are units located?

MILO
Unable to determine unit locations.
Input variable data.

CHARLIE
UGH! In relation to Voyager Two Six
Seven!

MILO
All units located within 90 foot
radius of Voyager Two Six Seven.

CHARLIE
MILO, can you give me a visual on
that?

MILO
Visual already established.

Charlie raises an eyebrow.

CHARLIE
What!? MILO, establish visual of
units.

MILO
Visual of cryogenic units already
established.

CHARLIE
MILO, I don't see anything!

MILO
Human ability to visualize is
impeded by lack of light source.

CHARLIE
I don't understand!

MILO

A light source is needed for the
human eye to interpret visual data.

CHARLIE

ARGH! I don't understand!

MILO

Would you like me to turn on
exterior lights?

CHARLIE

What? YES!

MILO

Engaging exterior lights.

And --

CLICK.

Two beams of light shoot out from the screen in front of her.
The monitor's not black. It's see-thru!

Through the monitor she follows the beams, eerie as they cut
through darkness. And sees --

A CRYO UNIT across from her, a vague human shape visible
within.

CLICK.

Two more beams emanate from the screen, illuminating --

More units. Beside the first. Above. Below.

CLICK.

More units.

CLICK.

More.

CLICK.

A wall of 'em.

CLICK.

A MASSIVE wall.

Vague human shapes in CRYO UNITS stacked and lined in every
direction as far as the eye can see.

Her jaw drops. She stares in awe.

She presses her face to the monitor. Her eyes following the wall of units up --

-- up --

-- to a distant edge, and --

Stars beyond. Lots of stars.

Charlie digests. Shaky.

CHARLIE

MILO, how many units are still operational?

MILO

Eight thousand seventeen fully operational. One thousand nine hundred eighty-three lost.

CHARLIE

MILO, is this unit labelled lost?

MILO

Voyageur Two Six Seven designation: lost.

Awe slowly morphs to rage.

CHARLIE

How many?! How many are awake in lost units?

MILO

I do not understand the question.

CHARLIE

Haw many are awake, you piece of shit?! How many are waiting to die?!

MILO

I do not understand the question.

CHARLIE

How many are bottled up? How many are you torturing? How many have you written off as garbage?!

MILO

I do not understand the question.

She seethes with frustration. Violently looks away.

CHARLIE
MILO, disengage exterior lights!

The world outside the monitor goes black.

MILO
Exterior lights disengaged.

She focuses on her breath. Reels in her rage. Until --

CHARLIE
(spitting)
MILO, how many life forms are
revived in lost units?

MILO
One.

She wasn't expecting that.

CHARLIE
Voyageur Two Six Seven?

MILO
Affirmative. Voyageur Two Six
seven.

CHARLIE
The others...?

MILO
Expired during launch.

Charlie sighs with relief. Only momentarily.

CHARLIE
Leo! Is Leo alive?

MILO
I do not understand the term Leo.

CHARLIE
Damn it! Give me visuals inside of
all units.

Visuals of sleeping FACES appear on the screen at lightning
speed.

CHARLIE
Slow down!

They slow. One after another after another --

CHARLIE

Uhh...! Narrow search to males.

- after another after another -

CHARLIE

Limit to uhh... brown eyes!

- after another after another -

MILO

Oxygen levels four percent.

CHARLIE

AHHH! I don't have time for this!

And --

Another FLASH of a coffin flickering from wood to metal.

She flinches. Keeps scanning, panicked.

*A FLASH of the rat in her hand, the number 17 on it's side.
But --*

The '17' flickers. Blinks to '542'.

CHARLIE

Stop!

The image onslaught stops. Charlie's lip quivers.

CHARLIE

Milo. Is unit 542 operational?

MILO

Unit 542 fully operational.

She shudders uncontrollably.

CHARLIE

Can you give me a visual on that
life form?

A visual of a MAN appears on the monitor. He's strapped in.
Eyes closed. A light frost coats his body.

Charlie studies the image. Touches the screen. His face.

CHARLIE

... Where's the scar...

Recognition seeps in.

CHARLIE

Leo...

She pushes away from the screen hard. Warning beeps from the vitals monitor. She touches her face. Looks at her hands.

CHARLIE

(whispering)

MILO, how old is Voyager Two Six Seven?

MILO

Voyager Two Six Seven is twelve years, forty two days, seventeen hours, fifty six minutes old.

Her mouth hangs open.

CHARLIE

MILO... what is Voyager Two Six Seven...?

MILO

Voyager Two Six Seven is a genetic human replication designed for human race propagation.

The words hang in the air. She digests.

A tittering laugh escapes her lips. Manic denial.

A FLASH of Leo's beaming face among a crowd in an auditorium.

CHARLIE

No. No, I have memories... feelings... How...? No...

A FLASH of rat 17 in his cage.

MILO

Memory is recorded through extensive mind mapping but can not be read or processed without the proper scaffolding to interpret the data. Many attempts at memory transfer were made --

FLASH - Mutated rats. Extra arms, two heads, twisted torsos - all labelled 17-3.

Charlie winces.

MILO

-- but attempts were abandoned by the scientific community with a general consensus that transfer to human genetic replication was not possible --

ANOTHER FLASH - Jelly-like creatures in dishes, all with labels reading 17-12.

MILO

-- until an aggressive personality transfer approach was discovered by Dr. Charlotte Newton.

A FLASH of Leo in the crowded auditorium.

MILO

This new approach provided the necessary framework. Emotions, being chemical surges in the body that happen in response to experiences --

Charlie's lips mouth the words as MILO explains.

MILO

-- are coded into the body in the form of muscle memory --

A FLASH of several cages with identical rats, all labelled 17-5.

MILO

-- similar to water recording the size, shape, and speed of a dropped stone in the form of ripples.

Charlie's still mouthing the words.

MILO

Stimulating the original muscles to excite the memories, the ripples were then recorded onto liquid polymer and stored.

FLASH - Leo's face in the auditorium crowd holding two thumbs up.

CHARLIE

...no...

FULL FLASHBACK

Leo's face looks on with pride and love from the crowded auditorium.

MILO (V.O.)

The process is reversed to install memories at appropriate times in the human replication development.

*The shot swings hard 180 degrees to the stage, and we see --
45 YEAR OLD CHARLIE at a podium giving a lecture.*

45 YEAR OLD CHARLIE

This ensures that each memory is delivered with the correct accompanying muscle stimulation and glandular chemical release --

SMASH BACK TO SCENE

CHARLIE

-- transforming data into experience --

MILO

Correct. And rendering replication identical to original.

No reaction. Nothing. It's too much.

Until finally --

CHARLIE

I'm a clone...

And she--

Lets loose an anguished guttural wail.

CHARLIE

I'm a FUCKING CLONE!

She smashes her fists against the monitor.

CHARLIE

I've never --

SMASH!

CHARLIE

-- been out --

SMASH!

CHARLIE
-- of this fucking box!

She's yowling and bashing the walls.

CHARLIE
Expendable --

SMASH!

CHARLIE
-- fucking--

SMASH!

CHARLIE
-- space garbage!!!

Charlie wraps her arms around her head. Massive wailing sobs wrack her body. They go on and on. Until finally --

They subside. She raises her head.

CHARLIE
(whispers)
Putain de merde... (subtitle: Holy
Fucking Shit...)

She double-takes. Her mouth falls open.

CHARLIE
You little bitch! MILO, play last
transmission.

LINDA (O.S.)
(recorded)(filtered, bad
connection)
Hello?

CHARLIE
(voice cracking)
... mom...?

Charlie flinches at the sound.

CHARLIE
Milo, stop! Play previous
transmission.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
(recorded)
Charlie, are you there...? Are you
there...? Charlie, I can help. I
want to help.

CHARLIE
 (recorded)
 I never gave you my name, bitch.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
 (recorded)
 You didn't need to. I knew who you
 were the second I heard you.

CHARLIE
 MILO, pause transmission. Can you
 run voice recognition on caller?

MILO
 Running voice recognition. Caller
 identification, Newton, Charlotte,
 Dr., 3871 Inwood Dr., Houston,
 Texas. Age 61. Born August 1st,
 1962, Boston, Massachusetts.

Charlie nods. She already knew.

CHARLIE
 I'm you. You, in a box.
 (beat)
 I hope it hurt when they killed
 you.

And she's shrieking. And pounding at the walls -

CHARLIE
 YOU PSYCHO BITCH!!!

-- and pounding --

And pounding. Until --

She's got nothing left. Only her heaving gasps remain.

MILO
 Oxygen levels approaching critical.

She grows very still. Looks up at the LEO CLONE still on her
 screen. Touches it.

CHARLIE
 MILO, record a message for Voyager
 Five Four Two.

MILO
 Recording message.

CHARLIE

Leo... if you're hearing this, you made it. And, well... I didn't. I'm kinda outta time here. I have all these half-memories... memories of a life I never had. A life with you. And now I'm going to die.

She squeezes back emotion. Pulls herself together.

CHARLIE

You're nothing to me. Not really. I've never touched you. Never breathed you in. But I know your scent down to my bones. So... how do I wanna spend the remaining seven minutes of my... MILO, how long have I been awake?

MILO

One hundred two minutes.

CHARLIE

... My one hundred and nine minute life? I'll be gone. Without ever having understood what I'm losing... But you... You have to live. Knowing. It wasn't really **us**... But I still feel...

(long beat)

It was real. For me. If that means anything now. It doesn't seem like enough... but what more is there to say? What more can I say? What do I wanna say? What do I want to...? What... do I want...?

It hits her. BOOM.

CHARLIE

I wanna live...

She wipes her face clean of snot and tears.

CHARLIE

Fuck that noise. MILO, give me all those low priority processes again!

Endless pages of files appear on the screen. She skims like her life depends on it... 'cause it does.

CHARLIE
 (as she skims)
 Sorry Leo! No time. I may be
 genetically manufactured to love
 you, but I don't know you from
 Adam. Buy me a drink if I get
 outta this mess.

She pauses, wracking her brain.

CHARLIE
 MILO, locate... Shit! What is
 it...?

MILO
 Can not locate 'shit what is it'.

CHARLIE
 AHHHH! Think! A program... a
 process... a protocol... something
 that partially revives life form at
 regular intervals.

MILO
 Psychological Integrity Protocol
 partially revives life form at
 regular intervals to allow for REM
 sleep.

CHARLIE
 Yes! That's it! Risk to life form
 if protocol disabled?

MILO
 Risk of irreversible psychosis on
 revival.

CHARLIE
 Psychosis? Yikes. How great is the
 risk?

MILO
 Twenty percent.

CHARLIE
 Jesus... crazy's better than dead!
 Do it. Disable Psychological
 Integrity Protocol, and redirect
 all remaining CPU 142 functions.

MILO
 Redirecting.

Charlie yelps with glee.

CHARLIE

Holy God, I might just pull this off. Hear that Leo? And there better be wine packed away in this crate, cause we're gonna celebrate. Although technically, we're really under age.

MILO

Data exceeds processing capacity.

CHARLIE

... *Argh!* ...

She scans more files like crazy.

CHARLIE

Okay, I'm already going in with a chance of crazy-town. Let's see what other horrific risk I can add to my arrival loot bag.

A warning beep. And --

MILO

Oxygen levels three percent.

FLASHING RED LIGHTS fill the unit. The monitor lights up with a giant O2 indicator deep in the red zone.

CHARLIE

MILO, what the hell?!

MILO

Chance of survival below acceptable parameters. C.E.P. initiated. Thirty seconds to delivery.

CHARLIE

What the hell is C.E.P?!

MILO

Compassionate Euthanasia Protocol. Twenty-nine...

CHARLIE

What?! Override!

MILO

Can not override C.E.P. Twenty-eight...

Charlie's freaking.

CHARLIE
You have got to be friggin'
kidding! MILO, delivery how?!

MILO
Intravenous delivery. Twenty-
seven...

Charlie looks at the inside of her elbow.

CHARLIE
It's disconnected!

MILO
Secondary unit functioning. Twenty-
six...

CHARLIE
Secondary? AGH! MILO, release waist
restraint!

MILO
Command not recognized. Twenty-
five...

CHARLIE
AHH! MILO, disengage harness.

MILO
Command not recognized. Twenty-
four...

CHARLIE
Disengage the damn seat belt!

MILO
Command not recognized. Twenty-
three...

CHARLIE
Damn it! I know this! I'm supposed
to know this!

MILO
Twenty-two... Would you like a
sedative?

CHARLIE
NO! Damn it.

MILO
Twenty-one...

CHARLIE
MILO, display unit specs!

MILO
Displaying unit specifications.
Twenty...

Charlie pours over the diagram.

MILO
Nineteen...

Zooms in. Rotates it.

CHARLIE
Where is it? Where is it?!

MILO
Eighteen...

CHARLIE
You bastard!

MILO
Seventeen...

CHARLIE
Yes! MILO, disengage Thoraxel Med-
Ring.

MILO
Sixteen... Disengaging Thoraxel Med-
Ring may result in injury. Do you
wish to proceed?

CHARLIE
Yes! YES!

MILO
Fifteen... Disengaging.

The waist restraint lights up. A whirring is heard.

MILO
Fourteen...

It pulls apart at the middle, receding into the wall.
Slowly.

MILO
Thirteen...

Very slowly.

CHARLIE
Come on, come on!

MILO
Twelve...

She's prying it apart with her hands.

MILO
Eleven... Unit damage detected.

She lets loose a anguished bellow as she pries harder --

MILO
Ten... Warning: Wilful damage to
unit is a federal crime punishable
by up to 10 years in prison.
Nine...

-- and harder --
-- until --

MILO
Eight...

The arms retract into the wall. Charlie --
Slides down the wall --

MILO
Seven...

-- Get's wedged in the middle --

MILO
Six...

-- curls her shoulders --
-- drops her arm as low as it can go --

MILO
Five...

-- fumbles for the leg restraint --
-- rips it off --

MILO
Four...

-- yelps --

-- hoists herself back up --

MILO

Three...

-- drops her arm down the other side --

MILO

Two...

-- grabs the other leg restraint --

MILO

One...

-- rips it off --

And --

An I.V. comes away with it. The clear liquid inside suddenly clouds with blue.

The flashing lights cease.

MILO

C.E.P. delivered.

And Charlie's laughing. And crying. And laughing some more.

She hoists herself back up.

MILO

Elevated heart rate. Would you like a sedative?

This makes her laugh harder.

CHARLIE

(grumbling)

You need permission to administer a damn sedative, but not a lethal injection?! Jesus Christ!

(louder)

Leo, you hearing what I have to deal with here?

Her laughter subsides.

CHARLIE

Let's finish this!

She whacks the monitor hard.

CHARLIE

And MILO, if you try to kill me one more time, I'm gonna finish the job for you and take you out with me. Got it?

MILO

Willful damage to this --

CHARLIE

Shut up and bite me.

She wipes sweat off her face.

CHARLIE

MILO what CPU controls euthanasia protocols?

MILO

CPU 67536 designated for euthanasia protocols.

CHARLIE

What else runs through it?

MILO

CPU 67536 designated for all doomsday scenarios.

CHARLIE

So all scenarios where you're required to kill me.

MILO

Yes.

CHARLIE

Good! Disable all doomsday scenarios.

MILO

Disabling doomsday scenarios is against the U.N. Ethical Medical Practices Act and could result in life form subjected to any of three thousand nine hundred and twelve slow death scenarios that fall under the definition of cruel and unusual torture.

CHARLIE

In other words, you won't kill me even if I beg.

MILO
That is correct.

She rolls her eyes holy-fuck-I-hope-I-know-what-I'm-doing style. Then --

CHARLIE
Do it!

MILO
Disabling doomsday scenarios.

CHARLIE
Does that provide enough power to reroute damaged functions?

MILO
Yes.

CHARLIE
Do it!

MILO
Rerouting remaining processes from CPU 142.

CHARLIE
I think we're still recording. You hearing this, Leo? Forget the wine. I need a Valium!

MILO
Would you like a sedative?

CHARLIE
No! Will the workaround work?

MILO
Unable to calculate. Recommend running test simulation.

CHARLIE
Do it!

MILO
Test simulation not recommended.

CHARLIE
Oh, you've got to be kidding me! You just recommended it!

MILO
Minimum time to complete simulation, twelve minutes.

MILO (CONT'D)

Maximum time remaining with current oxygen levels, seven minutes thirty two seconds.

CHARLIE

Gotcha. No test run. MILO, start life form stasis reentry protocol.

MILO

Can not complete request. Life form off line.

CHARLIE

ARGH! Explain!

MILO

All systems not connected to life form.

CHARLIE

What's not connected?

MILO

Intravenous life support offline. Thoraxel Med-Ring offline. Brain activity offline.

She glances warily at the head strap and the missing wires.

Shit.

CHARLIE

Easy stuff first, Charlie.

Looks down at her feet and sees --

The I.V. line filled with blue liquid. Looks at the arm I.V. line.

CHARLIE

MILO, does life form require both I.V.s?

MILO

Affirmative. Line one for nutrients, line two for stasis management. Oxygen levels critical.

CHARLIE

Okay. Okay --!

Again, she looks down at her feet, but this time she sees --

-- the I.V. tube tangled in --

An ARMY OF RATS.

She squeals. Leaps away in blind terror, bashing her head against the top. She shimmies up the sides with her feet, her head and shoulders curled tight into the far end.

There's nowhere for her to go!

A series of panicked yelps.

The ALARM BLARES. The monitor lights up with her off-the-chart stats.

CHARLIE

Not real! NOT REAL! NOT! REAL!

She's saying the words, but she sure ain't believing 'em.

She 'acks' out shrill attempt at words. Wrestles for control of her breath.

The rats stare back at her.

A *FLASH* - *The mutated rats. Extra arms, two heads, twisted torsos.*

CHARLIE

It wasn't me! IT WASN'T ME!!

The rats just stare.

CHARLIE

Memories. You're memories! Not here...! Not real...

She cringes. Winces. Lowers her feet into the horde. They crawl all over her feet, their tails like little snakes.

CHARLIE

(squeaking)
Shit! God! Fuck!

She squeezes her eyes tight. Stands firm. Twitches with the feel of them.

MILO

Oxygen levels critical.

CHARLIE

...not real not real not real...

Then, she -

Crouches as low as she can get. Reaches down. Plunges her hand into their midst. Paws around. Retrieves the I.V.

CHARLIE
 (through gritted teeth)
 MILO, expel all liquid in the IV
 tube!

MILO
 Expelling fluids.

The blue fluid squirts out. It sizzles as it hits rat flesh. They squeal in pain.

Charlie cringes at the sound as they writhe around her hand and feet.

Fumbles with the IV needle.

CHARLIE
 Not real... not real... MILO,
 you're not gonna poison me again,
 are you?

MILO
 Doomsday scenarios disabled.

CHARLIE
 They better be.

Attempts to insert it into her ankle blind. Hisses with pain.

CHARLIE
 I've got a funny idea of what the
 word easy means. Shit. Shit.
 MILO, can you give me a visual on
 my left ankle?

Her left ankle appears on the monitor. No rats. Her face is pressed right up against the screen.

CHARLIE
 No rats... No rats...

She fumbles around using the visual as a guide. Inserts. Winces as she misses the target.

CHARLIE
 Son of a bitch!

Tries again. And --

Nails it! YES!

But --

A half-burned dying rat sinks its teeth into the fleshy part of her palm.

She cries out.

Elbows herself back up. Smashes them with her heel hard.

Over and over.

And over and over.

CHARLIE
It! Wasn't! Me!

Until --

She looks down. There's nothing there.

Her breathing morphs to a slow pant. The warning alarm dies.

CHARLIE
Friggin' memories. MILO, engage
Thoraxel Med-Ring!

MILO
Engaging.

The waist restraint extends from the wall, slowly closing around her waist. As it does --

She eyes the arm I.V. warily. Closes her eyes.

CHARLIE
No rats this time, Charlie. No
rats, no nothing. Okay?

She opens her eyes. Holds her breath. Reaches out. And --

All is normal.

She snatches the I.V. by the needle.

Lets out a relieved sigh. Inspects the needle, concerned.

CHARLIE
MILO, man, you couldn't have
electrocuted me *before* I dulled
this?!

She makes a fist, raises her arm. She steadies the needle, grits her teeth, and --

Hesitates.

Cleans it between her lips. Squeezes her fist again, and --
Jabs it in.

She misses the mark. Droplets of blood appear at the jab site.

MILO

Oxygen levels critical.

She groans. Pushes her body weight against the wall to squeeze her upper arm. Tightens her fist.

Her veins stand out. Sweat coats her face. Her hand shakes as she lines up the needle and --

Slides it in.

CHARLIE

Yes!

The waist restraint is still closing.

She grabs the head restraint with its missing wires. Straps it on.

CHARLIE

Please work, please work, please work...! MILO, is brain activity monitor functioning?

MILO

Negative. Receiving readings from only two of six electrodes.

CHARLIE

Shit! Shit shit shit-shit-SHIT!

She rips it off. Pulls the whole thing as hard as she can, until --

CHARLIE

Please don't break, please --

-- the lead wire base pulls down from the ceiling and hangs.

She fumbles with one of the wires. Unwinds it into three strands. Rips one out. MacGyvers the hell out of it by connecting the thinner wires to the empty electrodes and the base.

MILO
Oxygen levels critical.

Straps it back on.

CHARLIE
Is it online?

MILO
Negative. Four of six electrodes
active.

She yelps. Rips it off again. MacGyvers some more.

Straps it on --

And --

MILO
Brain activity monitor online.

YES! But --

The waist restraint is still closing!!! ACK!

CHARLIE
ARGH! You can shoot me fourteen
light years into space, but it
takes twenty damn minutes to close
a waist restraint?! Come on!

And it clicks into place. She cries out with joy!

MILO
Thoraxel Med-Ring online.

CHARLIE
Yes! MILO, oxygen levels?!

MILO
Oxygen levels zero point six-two
percent.

She winces. **Shit.** A gut punch would have been easier to
take. She takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE
MILO, is there any chance I'll
survive revival...?

MILO
No.

Another gut punch. **Ouch.**

She nods. As much as the head restraint will allow. Stiff upper-lipping it. It's over.

CHARLIE

Leo? Hey, Leo. Looks like we're not gonna be able to get that drink. So look...

A lone tear streams down her cheek.

CHARLIE

I'm not the only one. Lost. There are others. Don't spend too much time twisted up about me, okay? Find someone. Someone who will...

A long beat.

CHARLIE

MILO, end recording.

MILO

Recording terminated.

She closes her eyes. Resigned to her fate.

CHARLIE

(whispering)
Goodbye Leo...

She breathes.

-- in... and out...

-- in... and out...

The O2 indicator numbers on the monitor scroll down and down.

-- in... and out...

-- in... and out...

Then --

Charlie's eyes open wide.

CHARLIE

Others... MILO, how much oxygen remains in lost units?

MILO

One thousand nine hundred eighty-two lost units remain at full oxygen reserve.

CHARLIE
MILO, repeat.

MILO
One thousand nine hundred eighty-
two lost units remain at full
oxygen reserve.

CHARLIE
(high pitched)
Reroute oxygen from lost units to
unit Two Six Seven.

She holds her breath.

MILO
Reroute can not be completed at
this time. Access to individual
unit controls security restricted.

She winces. **Gut punch number three.** Her body quivers with
soundless sobs.

The O2 indicator scrolls down and down. Then --

MILO
It will take approximately fourteen
thousand two hundred twenty-seven
minutes to override security
restriction. Recommend stasis
reentry to preserve life form while
override is performed.

She double-takes. Catches her breath. **Holy shit!**

CHARLIE
MILO...?

MILO
Would you like to commence stasis
reentry protocol while I perform
security override?

And she's grinning. And laughing. And bawling.

CHARLIE
Yes! YES! I'd kiss you if you had
lips! Commence stasis protocol!

MILO
Commencing stasis protocol. Would
you like a sedative?

CHARLIE
Yes. Yes I would!

MILO
Administering sedative. Commencing
transfusion of cryoprotectant for
vitrification.

She's drifting off.

MILO
Commencing security restriction
override. Core temperature 98.2.

CHARLIE
MILO, I'm sorry for hitting you.

MILO
Apology accepted.

Really sleepy.

CHARLIE
MILO, what's it like? The planet?

MILO
Wolf 1061c has an orbital period of
17.9 days, and an estimated surface
gravity of 1.6 times that on Earth.
Its mass is about 4.3 times that --

Eyes half-closed.

CHARLIE
Stop. Tell me about that beach on
Maui.

MILO
Kapalua Bay is a crescent shaped
white sand beach located on the
north-west side of the island.

A FLASH of Leo smiling lovingly, somewhere sunny.

MILO
It is protected by two coral reefs.
The aquatic life forms include
butterfly fish, parrot fish, damsel
fish, surgeon fish, moorish idol,
tang, wrasse, box fish, perch --

She's almost out. Her eyes close. But --

MILO
 Trigger fish, goat fish, porcupine
 fish, hawk fish, scorpion fish,
 jacks, cornet fish --

She fights her way back to consciousness.

CHARLIE
 MILO, rename Voyager Two Six Seven,
 Charlie.

MILO
 Voyager Two Six Seven renamed
 Charlie.

CHARLIE
 MILO... thank y...

And she's out.

MILO
 Good night, Charlie.

All is quiet.

MILO
 Core temperature 92.3.

The screen dims.

As it does, words appear:

Security restriction override running.
Powering down unit to hibernation mode.
Core Temperature 73.6.
Oxygen levels: 0.378%

The core temperature numbers scroll down and down and down.

Ice crystals form on Charlie's skin.

And --

As the screen dims to black, the oxygen runs down to -

Zero.

All is dark but a dim green glow.

And with that, we --

FADE OUT