

SECONDS

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&

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INT. REPLIC8 LABS, PRINCETON, NJ - DAY

It's 2038, and we're inside of a gleaming laboratory facility. All chrome and glass and steel. Above the entrance hangs a sign.

In big fluorescent lettering it reads: **REPLIC8 LABS**. The "8" is stylized as a strand of DNA.

In a slightly smaller font, hanging just beneath: **help you//help yourself**.

As we acquaint ourselves with the cavernous space, we move focus onto A TEST TUBE. Its content is cloudy and mostly white.

It has a label with a name and a number: COOPER JONES - 001.

We INTERCUT this scene with another:

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The early stages of a major public trial. The rafters are stuffed with REPORTERS, and the COURTROOM ARTIST furiously draws --

Prosecutor RALPH FENNEL (50, perfectly coiffed graying-blond hair, intimidating posture) standing at the bench, addressing the JUDGE.

Fennel has the sanguine smile of a politician or a courtroom shark -- he expects to win. His voice has a disarming Southern lilt to it.

FENNEL

--My client, who is unable to be here himself, and who may never recover from the injuries he suffered at the hands of these defendants, wants justice.

INT. A HOME IN AMERICA - SAME TIME

A baby suckles on a YOUNG WOMAN'S BREAST. The woman is watching Fennel on TV.

A typical scene, except the whites of this woman's eyes are ringed by a glowing red circle.

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - SAME TIME

Fennel speaks commandingly --

FENNEL

For the vicious attack and the permanent injury that was caused, the State is seeking punitive damages be awarded to my client, and, as has been standard in previous cases -- we demand the End-of-Life policy be enacted against these Seconds.

Fennel stares daggers at the DEFENDANTS, who never look up from their shoes.

The courtroom artist scribbles away.

INT. REPLIC8 LABS, PRINCETON, NJ - DAY

As we watch, the "COOPER JONES" test tube is grabbed by a SCIENTIST.

We stay close on the tube as she carries it off. She's careful but practiced -- this has happened many times before.

She enters a new room, and the sounds of heavy machinery greet us. It has the feeling of a factory floor. Dozens of human-sized PODS evenly spaced out.

They hum gently. More white-coats attend to them.

The scientist reaches an unused pod. Through a window on the front, we see it's filled with an ELECTRIC BLUE LIQUID.

The scientist swipes an ID card on the pod. There's a DING as it opens slightly and a tube-shaped slot appears. She inserts Cooper Jones' tube. Slowly, it retracts into the pod.

The pod starts to hum like the others. The scientist walks away, but we stay on the window looking into the pod as Cooper Jones' contents are released into the blue liquid.

They merge together and time **speeds up** --

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The trial drags on. Weeks pass by. Fennel calls witnesses.

On the other side of the aisle, the defendants continue looking at the ground.

INT. REPLIC8 LABS, PRINCETON, NJ - DAY

As time passes, we see the growth inside the pod morph from a FETUS --

Into a BABY --

Then a CHILD...

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Fennel's in the midst of an impassioned argument. REPORTERS scramble to get it all down. Pulling quotes like lives are in the balance. Which, depending on the verdict, they could be.

FENNEL

These clones -- or rather, these...
Seconds... think that they deserve
another chance. They do not.

INT. INTERSECTION OF AN AMERICAN CITY - SAME TIME

AN OLDER MAN, also with red ringed eyes, is stopped at a traffic light. He's listening to Fennel over the radio:

FENNEL (OVER RADIO)

They exist to serve us in exchange
for a chance at freedom -- those
among them who break that social
contract do not deserve mercy.

The SAME MAN sits in the back seat, focused on a tablet. Mirror image of the driver, but without the red rings.

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Back to Fennel --

FENNEL

They attacked an innocent man whose
only "crime" was being in the wrong
place at the wrong time...

Across the room, the defendants continue to look down.

INT. REPLIC8 LABS, PRINCETON, NJ - DAY

Now the child has grown into a TEEN. The miracle of pubertal hair grown happening right before our very eyes...

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Fennel's opposing council gives a speech for the defense. Fennel sits at his desk taking notes. He looks unshaken. He still expects to win.

INT. REPLIC8 LABS, PRINCETON, NJ - DAY

We are now staring at a fully-formed MAN.

He's mid-thirties. Athletic frame, weathered face. Someone who looks like he's lived. But he hasn't. He just floats, suspended in placental approximation.

As he sways gently in the pod, a robotic arm extends. It approaches his face with steady precision. Reaches his eyes. Props them open with gently applied pressure, and then...

STICKS A NEEDLE DIRECTLY INSIDE -- Piercing his eye.

The needle begins RELEASING something into his pupils.

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - DAY

All of the courtroom stands, as the judge delivers the verdict. Fennel still looks sure of himself.

But as the judge speaks, Fennel's confidence quickly erodes.

JUDGE

While considering the more
egregious actions of this case, the
prosecution wishes us to ignore the
context that led to this tragedy.
But I believe we can no longer do
that.

INT. FACTORY - SAME TIME

A mechanical parts factory. A mix of people with the red rings and without huddle around someone's phone, watching the verdict live.

INT. DISTRICT COURT OF WASHINGTON DC - SAME TIME

Close on the Judge:

JUDGE

Given the insurmountable burden that society places on Seconds, I've concluded that the way in which they are forced to live -- a unique squalor, brought about by an inescapable and permanent second-class citizenship -- was directly and materially responsible for their actions.

(she looks to Fennel)

Though I am sentencing the defendants to eighteen months, I will *not* enforce the End-of-Life policy. Pending completion of probation, they will be eligible to apply for their freedom under the Blessings Of Liberty Act. Court dismissed.

Fennel is shocked. Those in the pews stand. And after a beat he STORMS out.

INT. FACTORY - SAME TIME

Everyone who was watching looks at each other. A beat, then those with red rings go one way, and the ones without them go another.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A private room. A YOUNG MAN IN A COMA lies in the bed. The shades are drawn. News plays on a flatscreen TV affixed to the wall.

On the TV: LANDMARK CASE PROMPTS PRESIDENT WALTON REVIEW OF CRIMINAL PROCEDURE FOR SECONDS.

PRESIDENT JOHN WALTON is strong, charismatic, and delivers his words with a blend of intellectualism and accessibility.

PRESIDENT WALTON (ON TV)

-- Important to our country, as a leader in global policy. Establishing new precedent for the treatment of Seconds --

The TV is suddenly silenced.

Reveal FENNEL, recently entered, who has the remote in his hand.

He walks over to the young man in the coma. Puts a hand on the man's arm.

A moment.

Fennel looks at him with pity.

Then exits.

INT. REPLIC8 LABS, PRINCETON, NJ - DAY

The scientist who began Cooper Jones' growth comes back and opens the pod. The clone's eyes flicker. He falls out. The scientist catches him, and props him upright.

SCIENTIST
Good morning, *Baxter*.

Baxter looks up at her. His first interaction.

As his eyes open we see what the needle injected into them -- GLOWING RED RINGS encircle his irises. Permanent identification as a clone.

And off that we cut to:

INT. DARK ROOM, REPLIC8 LABS - LATER

BAXTER sits with a HEADSET on (reminiscent of VR gear) as an ENGINEER watches.

Thousands of images flash through his screen per second -- it's information overload.

INT. EXAM ROOM - LATER

Baxter goes through a routine examination. A DOCTOR inspects him, taking notes. Then we see a MONTAGE:

-Baxter runs on a treadmill.

-He reads off an eye chart.

-He's shocked lightly by a taser. He reacts.

DOCTOR
You're working well, Baxter.

Baxter doesn't know how to respond.

INT. TESTING ROOM - LATER

Baxter sits at a desk. There's a stack of papers in front of him. He holds a pen. A PROCTOR stands nearby.

PROCTOR
(as if talking to a child)
Just fill it out as best as you
can.

Baxter complies.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - LATER

Baxter sits in the middle row. There's a silent movie playing. A MONITOR sits off to the side. She speaks in a monotone.

MONITOR
Describe what's happening to the
people in the scene in front of
you.

BAXTER
They're fighting.

MONITOR
Anything more specific?

Beat. Baxter studies the screen.

BAXTER
The man is ashamed about something
he did.

The monitor nods, takes notes.

INT. EXAM ROOM - LATER

The same doctor as before, Baxter sits on the same table. The Doctor reads over Baxter's results.

DOCTOR
Looks like everything's good.
You're ready to go.

And off Baxter's face we jump to --

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN - 2 YEARS LATER

The chyron reads: **Presidential Debate, 2040**

A PACKED HOUSE watches as President Walton, who we saw on the TV two years ago, speaks.

WALTON

My opponent sees Seconds as a threat. I see that view as a great moral failing. He doesn't recognize a fundamental truth about Seconds. An indisputable fact: they are people.

Some boos, some claps from the audience. The MODERATOR restores order.

PRESIDENT WALTON

When I was younger, I made the decision to purchase a Second. Many of you know James.

The cameras quickly find an EXACT REPLICA OF THE PRESIDENT sitting front row. Like Baxter, he has a ring of color around his pupils, only his are BLUE.

JAMES waves to the camera, confirming by proxy what we already assumed -- President Walton's got a perfect smile.

PRESIDENT WALTON

When I first got him I was naive. I thought he existed to serve.

(beat)

But then my views evolved. I offered James what I believe all Seconds deserve: his unconditional *freedom*. He's been my best friend and a trusted advisor ever since.

More applause from the audience.

MODERATOR

Thank you President Walton, that's your two. One minute for rebuttal.

We pan to Walton's opponent and recognize -- Ralph Fennel. A few more grey hairs, but he wears the same scowl he did at the verdict of the trial.

As Fennel talks, we pull out through the camera lens, and realize that the debate is on the television screen in a --

INT. SMALL HOME, RURAL VIRGINIA - SAME TIME

A steak sizzles on the grill, as BAXTER watches Fennel speak on a kitchen TV.

FENNEL (ON TV)

What President Walton doesn't seem willing to admit is that these... clones... are taking jobs from hardworking Americans. They don't understand what it means to be a citizen of this great nation. If given the chance, who's to say that they wouldn't invert the social order and put themselves on top --

VOICE (O.S.)

You done yet? Mine shouldn't take any time at all if you're *actually* making it rare.

Baxter startles. Hustles to plate the steak. The voice belongs to someone he's scared of upsetting.

As he carries it out to the living room, we leave Fennel and the TV behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Baxter plops the steak down in front of his exact copy, COOPER JONES. No longer just a test-tube label.

Cooper slouches on the couch, shirt off. Army issue DOG TAGS around his neck. Watching the same debate on the living room TV.

COOPER

(uninterested)

You make yourself anything?

BAXTER

Didn't have enough. I'm fine.

It's clear he isn't, but Cooper doesn't notice. Just shrugs.

COOPER

Turn it up, will ya?

Baxter spots the remote. It's sitting right next to Cooper. He does as he's told anyway.

PRESIDENT WALTON

--Because of the work we've done these past three and a half years, Seconds are more fully integrated into our society.

PRESIDENT WALTON (CONT'D)
Giving them an avenue to achieve
full citizenship was a necessary
step towards a just and fair world -
-

COOPER
(shaking his head)
Never mind. Change it to the game.

Baxter nods. Dutifully flips channels until he finds a
football game.

He stands in silence, watching for a beat, until --

Cooper leans back into the couch.

COOPER
(expectantly)
I'm finished...

Baxter clears the plate.

As he exits, he notices some uneaten steak gristle.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Baxter scarfs the scraps off of Cooper's plate in secret.

He glances briefly at his reflection in the window. Grease
and drool dripping off his chin. He goes right back to it.

Hunger outweighs civility.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Baxter lies on his bed in a spartan bedroom. Nothing
superfluous at all. Just a bed, some sheets, and a single sad
pillow.

He looks up at the ceiling. Tries closing his eyes, but can't
keep them that way for long. It's going to be a restless
night.

INT. CLONE SOCIAL SERVICES, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA - NEXT DAY

Baxter walks through the lobby of a DMV-like municipal
building in Charlottesville.

He passes a Springer sign with a message plotted out on it:
FREEDOM CEREMONY - WALTON ROOM - 11AM. The clock on the wall
reads 11:15AM.

Baxter walks up to a CITY WORKER (30s, disinterested) standing in front of the door to the Walton room.

CITY WORKER
You're late. What's your name?

The city worker glances down at a list.

BAXTER
Just here to observe.

The worker looks at him with a raised eyebrow but steps aside.

CITY WORKER
Don't torture yourself...

But Baxter's already inside.

INT. WALTON ROOM, CLONE SERVICES BUILDING - LATER

Baxter sits in the back row of an arrangement of plastic chairs in a multipurpose room. A smattering of OTHER PEOPLE sit in the pews with him.

Five SECONDS sit at the head of the room, facing towards the audience. Everyone in here is a clone, except for one guy - the FOREMAN (40s, earnest) leading the ceremony.

FOREMAN
I am pleased to say that all five
of you have passed your citizenship
test today. You will be released
from your Commitment to your
Originals, and are officially
eligible for blue eyes!

Applause from the audience. One woman with red-ringed eyes blows a kiss to a man onstage.

FOREMAN
You are all now considered full
citizens of these United States
with all privileges and rights
included in that promise. If you
could all --
(turns to the five)
Stand with me and recite the
Pledge.

All five of them rise. Very few dry eyes in the audience.

FOREMAN & FREED CLONES
I pledge allegiance to the Flag, of
the United States of America, and
to the Republic for which it
stands, one Nation under God,
indivisible, with liberty and
justice for all.

As they conclude, everyone in the room claps, except for
Baxter in the back.

Too far to go for him to be happy for them.

INT. LOBBY, CLONE SERVICES BUILDING - LATER

While most of the clones celebrate, Baxter stands alone. He
is watching from a distance when he's approached by the
ceremony Foreman.

FOREMAN
(friendly)
How old are you?

A beat.

BAXTER
Two.

FOREMAN
Usually people don't start coming
to these until they're on the home
stretch. Less than halfway through
your ten? Jeeze. Don't torture
yourself, man.

He claps Baxter on the shoulder and walks away.

Baxter turns and leaves.

EXT. SIDEWALK, CHARLOTTESVILLE - LATER

Baxter is walking to the grocery store. Sees commotion up
ahead.

A crowd gathered. Phones out.

He approaches, curious. Cuts a swath through the people. Some
look upset. Most are just riveted with what's unfolding
before them...

Two COPS have a MAN (around Baxter's age) against the ground
and are handcuffing him. He's struggling to escape.

COP 1
You're under arrest for
impersonating your Original --

Baxter watches in horror as COP 2 takes the man, holds him down, reaches INTO HIS LEFT EYE and PLUCKS OUT what appears to be A CONTACT LENS.

The man cries out in pain. When we finally get a glimpse of his eyes again, we see --

The RED RINGS. He's a clone.

Baxter looks around -- nobody's making any move to help.

COP 1
(yelling at him)
Where's your ID card?

The man groans. Cop 2 kicks him.

Baxter involuntarily flinches from the sound of the impact.

CLONE
Here...

The man starts reaching into his jacket.

COP 2
Stop moving!

The man keeps going, his hand's into his jacket when Cop 2 wildly draws his GUN --

COP 2
WEAPON!

Baxter sees what's happening before it actually does --

BAXTER
No!

Cop 2 FIRES at the man, everyone in the crowd SCREAMS, as Cop 1 draws his gun as well --

The man CRUMPLES, some people are running away now --

Baxter BURSTS out of the crowd and races forward as the cops are about to fire again --

BAXTER
Stop!

The man is bleeding out. Everyone looks to his hand as it comes out of his jacket --

It's holding an ID CARD.

Cop 2 sees that he's made a mistake, gets angry. Turns on Baxter --

COP 2
Hands up!

Baxter immediately puts his hands up. Some people are still watching, scared. Cop 2 notices.

COP 2
ID card.

BAXTER
He's dying. Someone call 911.

Cop 1 finally gets on his walkie --

COP 1 (ON WALKIE)
We need an ambulance.

COP 2
ID CARD!

BAXTER
I don't have it.

COP 2
Then what's your number?

BAXTER
24376.

COP 2
(to his partner)
Run it.
(to Baxter)
Kneel down, hands behind your head.

Baxter does so slowly, trembling. The cop comes around.

Baxter suddenly feels himself SHOVED forward. His face now pressed against the ground.

COP 2
Stay down.

Baxter's searched violently. His line of vision is directly with the man who was shot. Lying just a few feet away.

Eyes wide, glazed. Dead already.

COP 1 (O.S.)
Checks out. Belongs to some Cooper
Jones.

Cop 2 looks around. Everyone watching still.

COP 2
Get out of here.

For a moment, we aren't sure who's being addressed. Then --

COP 2
24376, get up and get out. You're
being issued a warning.
(beat)
Never interfere with police
business again.

Baxter gets up. Everyone's staring at him now. He glances at the cops, no longer paying him any attention.

He walks numbly towards the crowd. It parts.

Then he starts running.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Baxter's cooking. We hear the noise of tires on dirt.

He peers through the window that looks out onto the driveway.

A POLICE CRUISER is pulls up.

Baxter's whole body goes rigid. Adrenaline coursing through his veins.

TWO COPS get out of the cruiser. The ones from the city.
Baxter starts to panic.

They're striding up to the door. Baxter glances to the living room -- Cooper's watching TV on the couch. His eyes dart to the back door.

The doorbell RINGS.

COOPER
(yells)
You gonna get that?

Baxter doesn't respond. Instead, he hides against a wall in a nearby hallway.

The doorbell rings again.

COOPER

Baxter?

No response. Cooper sighs. Then gets up and ambles over to the door.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nearby, Baxter listens.

Cooper opens the door, shirtless but for his dog tags.

COOPER

What can I do for you fellas.

COP 1

Second #24376 registered to you?

COOPER

Baxter? Sure is.

Baxter's heart is pounding out of his chest.

COP 2

He was in the city today and interfered with police matters.

Cooper frowns.

COOPER

Did he now...

COP 1

We've registered the warning. We only give one.

He hands Cooper a TICKET.

COP 1

You might want to think about keeping a closer eye on him. He does something like this again, he's done.

COP 2

Can't be having that kind of behavior from clones.

COOPER

I'll take care of him.

Cop 2 nods.

In the nearby hallway, Baxter flinches.

As Cooper closes the door, Baxter bee-lines for his bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN, COOPER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Baxter's frantically crossing the kitchen when Cooper appears behind him.

COOPER

Baxter.

Baxter stops. *Fuck.*

COOPER

You heard?

Baxter doesn't answer, but turns around. Cooper approaches slowly. It feels menacing. Baxter shrinks.

BAXTER

I'm sorry.

COOPER

I'm not gonna ask what happened.

He shakes his head.

COOPER

Just stay out of that shit. Don't test cops. Got it? Those guys won't think twice about putting you down.

Baxter is surprised at Cooper's concern.

BAXTER

Alright.

COOPER

Let me know if they try and give you any more trouble.

BAXTER

Alright.

Cooper goes back into the living room. Baxter's eyes follow him out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - A WEEK LATER

Baxter is walking along the same block where he saw the clone shooting.

He approaches the spot where it happened. From afar, it looks like there's a pile of litter there. As he gets closer, he starts to realize... it's a memorial.

Candles. Flowers. Notes.

He pauses in front of it. He bends down. Takes a moment.

He picks up one of the notes and reads it.

May you find more humanity in the next world.

Takes another. Different handwriting.

It's not fair.

And another. Again different.

I love you.

He places it back down. Stands up. And starts walking away, when he passes an innocuous black sedan idling.

His gaze lingers on it as he moves past. He speeds up.

One of the doors opens and a WOMAN, about 35, gets out. Professionally dressed. Looking straight at him.

He immediately senses she's coming to him. He walks faster.

WOMAN

Wait.

Baxter considers running, but stops. Turns. The woman quickly closes in, glancing around as she does. As she reaches him, she pulls out a BADGE.

ALYSSA

Alyssa Fowler. FBI.

Baxter looks like he's been kicked in the gut. *What does the FBI want with him?*

ALYSSA

Can I speak to you a moment?

BAXTER

...Sure.

ALYSSA

Please accompany me to the vehicle.

She gestures to the sedan. Baxter hesitates, but doesn't really have a choice. They walk to the car.

BAXTER

What is this about?

She opens the door for him.

ALYSSA

Get in.

He tentatively enters.

INT. FBI SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

He sits in the middle seat of the car as she gets into the driver's seat.

He sees Alyssa push her thumb to the dashboard command pad and all of a sudden HANDCUFFS EXTEND OUT OF THE SEAT AND LOCK AROUND HIS LEGS AND WRISTS.

The cuffs SHOCK him lightly... connecting to his nervous system --

Baxter TWITCHES, his eyes flutter, and suddenly --

The whole car starts to SHIMMER and moments later, we're transported to a cold cement INTERROGATION CELL.

Baxter is bolted to a chair, and Alyssa stands across from him.

This is Virtual Reality -- projected seamlessly into the backseat of the cruiser. A mobile interrogation room.

ALYSSA

Tell me your name.

BAXTER

Is this even legal?

ALYSSA

(nodding)

Standard procedure with clones.
Name.

Powerful. Insistent.

BAXTER

Baxter.

ALYSSA

How long have you been with Cooper Jones?

BAXTER

Almost two years.

ALYSSA

So you still have eight more years on your Commitment.

Baxter stays silent.

ALYSSA

What if I could get rid of them?

BAXTER

Why would you do that?

ALYSSA

What I'm about to tell you is top secret. If you value your life it will never leave this room.

A beat as the threat hangs...

ALYSSA

I believe that Cooper Jones is a terrorist.

Baxter's stunned.

ALYSSA

In six days he is going to assassinate President Walton at a rally in Philadelphia.

Baxter looks at her like she's crazy. Tries to stand, but it's useless against the handcuffs.

ALYSSA

I need to find out who he's working with.

BAXTER

Do you have any proof?

ALYSSA

Chatter. Nothing hard.

BAXTER
"Chatter"? Really?

ALYSSA
I need a solid piece of evidence. I
need ears inside his house. You can
get me that. I can get you your
freedom.

BAXTER
You're asking me to spy on my
Original.

A loaded beat.

BAXTER
Let me go.

Alyssa stares him down. All of a sudden, Baxter's not sure
leaving is an option.

But then the interrogation cell starts to disintegrate around
him. The car reappears.

Alyssa is still staring at him. Only now she's holding out a
PHONE.

ALYSSA
Please reconsider.
(beat)
We don't have much time.

Baxter looks at the phone. Something causes him to reach out
and take it.

Then he gets out of the car.

He puts as much distance between himself and the car as
quickly as he can.

INT. BAXTER'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Once he opens the door and settles down in his seat, we see --
He's scared.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Cooper and Baxter sit at the table. Cooper watches news clips
on a small tablet that projects a 3D image while he eats.
Quiet, tinny voices are barely audible --

REPORTER (ON HANDHELD)
-- it's not the first time
President Walton has made an
attempt at furthering the
legislation which would effectively
emancipate all currently serving
Seconds from their Commitments. For
more, we turn to our own Bob
Williams...

COOPER
(muttering to himself)
Fucking A. Walton's a real piece of
work.

Baxter studies Cooper, leaving his own food untouched.

For a beat Cooper just stares at the screen. Then he glances
up at Baxter.

COOPER
I'm gonna be out late tonight. Make
sure the porch light's on when I
get back. Don't wanna twist my
ankle on the steps again.

Cooper stands and heads back inside the house. Baxter watches
him go.

INT. BAXTER'S BEDROOM, COOPER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

In his sparse room Baxter lies in bed, eyes open wide. Ears
straining to hear --

THE FRONT DOOR. As soon as Cooper lets it SLAM shut behind
him, Baxter hops out of bed fully dressed.

As the sound of Cooper's truck starting up filters inside,
Baxter tears out of his room.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cooper's truck pulls out of the driveway as Baxter rushes
through the darkness to his own. The porch light remains off.

INT. TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

Baxter follows Cooper, staying just far enough back to remain
inconspicuous.

Finally, Cooper pulls off the road into the parking lot of a grocery store.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MINUTES LATER

A few minutes later, Cooper emerges. Baxter ducks low in his front seat watching as Cooper returns to his truck.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT - LATER

Cooper hops out of his truck, small flask of whiskey tucked into his back pocket. As he heads inside the theater, Baxter exits his truck. Follows at a distance.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - MINUTES LATER

Baxter enters. Walks up to the TICKET ATTENDANT (18), who plays a game on his smartwatch.

Baxter tries to pass --

TICKET ATTENDANT
Ticket?

BAXTER
I don't have one.

TICKET ATTENDANT
You gotta buy one to go in.

BAXTER
(scrambling)
My Original just came in here, he
left his jacket. I was just --

TICKET ATTENDANT
Alright, whatever.

Ticket Attendant looks back down at his watch. Baxter heads to Theater 12.

INT. THEATER 12 - LATER

Baxter sneaks in. Spots Cooper. The movie has already started, so he finds a spot with a good angle on Cooper and sits down to observe.

Baxter watches Cooper throughout the movie.

Cooper swigs from the flask for the duration, but doesn't do anything nefarious. Baxter relaxes.

As the movie nears its conclusion, Baxter gets up to sneak out.

He makes his way to the exit, but glances back at Cooper as he does --

And for the briefest of moments --

Cooper looks his way and they MAKE EYE CONTACT. Then Cooper takes a huge swig, disappearing behind his flask.

Baxter chest heaves, hoping he wasn't spotted. He rushes out of the theater.

INT. BAXTER'S BEDROOM, COOPER'S HOUSE - LATER

Baxter lies in bed, silent and unmoving.

Headlights shine through the window, as Cooper's truck swings into the driveway.

As Cooper exits, Baxter's eyes close tight in fear. As Cooper approaches the front door, we hear him trip on the darkened porch steps.

COOPER

FUCK!

(muffled, from outside)

He didn't even turn the lights
on...

The front door opens, and Cooper's inside the house.

We hear his footsteps headed our way. A tense beat. Baxter holds his breath. Cooper's footsteps grow louder and louder until they're right outside Baxter's bedroom --

And they keep going right on past.

Baxter exhales deeply.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Baxter fixes breakfast for Cooper. Finishes. Carries it out to the table apprehensively.

Sets it down. Cooper's icing his twisted ankle from the night before. They exchange a look, but say nothing. Cooper starts eating.

As Baxter retreats to the kitchen we see him calm down. Nerves about Cooper seeing him last night are slowly dissipating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Baxter cleans the room around Cooper, while Cooper watches TV. UFC cage-fighting between two equally matched CLONES.

Baxter glances at Cooper, but gets no acknowledgement. Relaxes a little more.

EXT. FRONT PORCH, COOPER'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Baxter is sitting on the porch, when Cooper emerges from the house behind him. He locks the door.

BAXTER
Oh, my keys are inside --

COOPER
Truck. Now.

BAXTER
What?

COOPER
Get in the truck.

Cooper's standing over Baxter, intimidating. His face is inscrutable. This is not a time for conversation.

Baxter nods, and walks to the truck. Cooper follows.

INT. COOPER'S TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

Cooper drives silently while Baxter sits in the passenger seat.

No radio, no music, no air conditioning. Just the whistling of air rushing through their open windows.

Baxter's leg bounces. He tries to steady it but nerves get the better of him.

COOPER
Hand me the water bottle out of the back.

Baxter nods, and leans through the open window to the flatbed where he sees -- A SHOVEL and a HUNTING RIFLE strapped to the truck.

He grabs the water and comes back inside. He hands it over, heart pounding.

Cooper takes a swig.

BAXTER

Where are we going?

Cooper looks at him. Deliberately doesn't answer. Throws the water in the back. And continues to drive down a country road into the wilderness.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - LATER

Cooper eases the truck to a stop by the side of a massive barren field next to a forest. Puts it in park.

COOPER

Out.

Baxter looks at him, silently pleading. But there's no going back.

EXT. FARMLAND, RURAL VIRGINIA - MINUTES LATER

Cooper gets the rifle and the shovel out of the flatbed. Takes the rifle for himself. Throws Baxter the shovel.

Cooper gestures straight across the field, towards the forest.

COOPER

Walk.

As they walk --

Baxter glances up into a sky dotted with stars, stretching overhead. They're so far from the nearest city, light pollution is only visible on the tree-lined horizons.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MINUTES LATER

Cooper stops them at a spot on the ground. Glances at an electronic map on the inside of his arm. Nods. It disappears.

COOPER

Dig.

Baxter doesn't.

COOPER
The fuck I say?

Slowly, Baxter starts to dig.

COOPER
Make sure it's big. If you can lie
down, it's probably big enough.

Baxter looks for ways to escape, but Cooper's got the gun. So he keeps digging until --

CRACK. A twig snaps nearby --

Cooper raises the gun and looks through the clearing --

Doesn't see anyone.

COOPER
(hushed now)
Keep going.

Baxter's breathing gets labored as he works away. For about twenty minutes he digs, getting lower and lower. Seemingly digging his own grave, until --

THUNK. His shovel connects with something hard.

COOPER
You hit it?

Baxter's startled.

BAXTER
I hit... something.

Cooper jumps down and starts to clear dirt. Baxter joins in, and in a matter of minutes they've unearthed a LARGE BOX. Roughly the size of a golfing bag.

Cooper takes the shovel. Gestures to the box.

COOPER
Grab it.

EXT. TRUCK - MINUTES LATER

Baxter struggles to load the box into the flatbed. It's heavy, but he gets it up there. Slides it in. Cooper's already in the front seat.

Baxter looks at the box, curiosity eating him.

COOPER

Hurry up.

Baxter shuts the tailgate.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - LATER

Baxter carries the box up the porch stairs. He SLAMS his foot on the first step in the dark, nearly dropping the box on the ground --

COOPER

Careful. Don't drop it.

He flicks the light on and unlocks the door. Baxter follows him inside the house.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter hands the box to Cooper, who lays it gently on the ground in the closet.

He steps back and PADLOCKS the closet door. Takes the key. Walks to his room.

COOPER

(over his shoulder)

Night.

Baxter stares at the closet. Then looks down the hallway after Cooper.

INT. BAXTER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Baxter lies in his bed. Fully awake. Waiting. Finally we hear the sounds of Cooper snoring from his bedroom. Baxter rises.

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter enters silently. Walks over to Cooper's dresser. Scoops up the key.

He glances at Cooper, still sleeping.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He opens the padlock. Slides it slowly off the door. Opens the closet. The box sits on the ground innocuously.

Baxter takes a handle, pries it open, and reveals --

A DISASSEMBLED SNIPER RIFLE. High power. Long range. An assassin's dream.

The air leaves his lungs as he stares at it.

Alyssa was right.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

We recognize this room from Fennel's visit two years ago.

The young man in the coma lies still. The TV plays the news.

The headline is the election. It shows RED and BLUE STATES, with Fennel's face next to the red color code box and Walton's next to the blue. Blue seems to be winning.

As two GUEST SPEAKERS on a news show are mid-debate --

The coma patient's finger twitches.

BLUE GUEST SPEAKER (ON TV)
President Walton's past four years
have yielded real results. Our
contribution to O-zone
deterioration is down 8%. We're
actually a billion dollars *less* in
debt --

The coma patient's eyelids flutter.

RED GUEST SPEAKER (ON TV)
But what about unemployment? What
about crime? Both up. Americans are
losing jobs. And we all know why.
Seconds threaten our way of life.

The coma patient's eyes open.

He's woken up.

EXT. CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA - NEXT DAY

Baxter is standing on a street corner. Glancing around surreptitiously. He looks up at the signs as if to confirm where he is.

A PASSERBY gives him a look of disgust. Baxter starts to feel even more uncomfortable.

He spots a BLACK CAR pulling up to double park a few feet down the street. He walks closer -- it's Alyssa's.

Baxter opens the door and climbs in.

INT. ALYSSA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

For a moment, they sit in silence.

BAXTER
You were right.

ALYSSA
What'd you find?

Baxter takes out the burner phone she gave him. Pulls up a picture of the rifle.

Alyssa takes the phone, looks at the picture.

ALYSSA
Military grade, definitely black market. Enough to lock him up for a little bit.
(beat)
But doesn't get us any closer to whoever's behind this.

BAXTER
No... but I'm going to help you do that.

Alyssa stares intently at him.

ALYSSA
Are you sure?

A moment. Finally --

BAXTER
For my whole life I've felt trapped. That might only be two years to you but it's forever to me.

BAXTER (CONT'D)

Everyday I think about what it might be like to be my own person, not living for someone else. To get away from Cooper. And even as I've watched him get mad about things he thinks are wrong with the world, I defended him in my head, because I never thought he would do something like this. Now... I have no reason to protect him. I wanted him to be a good person because I thought that meant that *I was*.

(beat)

But we're not the same. And I want to prove that.

ALYSSA

Good.

BAXTER

What now?

ALYSSA

We gotta get you mic'ed.

She opens her glove box and takes out a BLINDFOLD.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Put this on.

Baxter puts it on. Alyssa starts driving.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

Alyssa takes Baxter's blindfold off and they get out of the car. Nondescript back alley. There's a steel door in front of them, no handle. Brick walls.

Alyssa walks up to the door. Baxter follows, looking confused.

Alyssa puts her thumb on a brick next to where a handle might normally be. The brick, which turns out to be an access pad, LIGHTS UP and emits a low BUZZ.

The door slides open.

Baxter glances at Alyssa. She's already headed inside.

INT. FBI STORAGE LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

The door slides shut behind them. An overhead light turns on, revealing a small EQUIPMENT ROOM. Alyssa goes straight to one of the shelves as Baxter stands in awe.

There are clothes, surveillance tools, all sorts of weapons. All neatly organized for someone to come in and gear up.

Alyssa takes out a box and puts it on the lone table in the middle of the room.

ALYSSA

Take off your shirt.

Baxter obliges as she opens up the box and takes out a small clear CHIP.

ALYSSA

A mic. One Cooper won't find.

She takes it and presses against his right breast. It slowly CHANGES COLOR to match Baxter's skin.

ALYSSA

Thing is, this only covers you. We need the house.

BAXTER

Okay...?

Alyssa gives him a look.

ALYSSA

That means we need him out. It'll take an hour for mics. Another for video.

BAXTER

How am I supposed to do that? Not like I can tell him to make himself scarce.

ALYSSA

Figure out a way.

She holds up a radio, also taken from the kit. Turns it on.

ALYSSA

Now we can talk through that mic.

BAXTER

Okay.

His voice comes through simultaneously on the radio. It freaks him out.

BAXTER
Does that mean the FBI can hear
everything I do?

ALYSSA
No. Just me.

BAXTER
And your team, right?

ALYSSA
No. I'm solo on this.

BAXTER
Why?

ALYSSA
(hesitating)
I believe there's a mole in the FBI
working with Cooper.

She clocks his discomfort.

ALYSSA
We'll be as off-grid as possible.
Don't worry.

Baxter grimaces. Doesn't sound ideal.

BAXTER
(holding up his shirt)
Can I?

Alyssa nods. Baxter slips his shirt back on.

ALYSSA
And take an earpiece. So you can
hear me.

Another small chip. She attaches it inside his ear.

BAXTER
...Does this mean I'll be hearing
you all the time too, or --

ALYSSA
Only when I choose.
(then)
Let's get you back.

EXT. CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA - LATER

Alyssa drops Baxter off at his parked truck. She takes back the blindfold.

ALYSSA

Two hours. Find a way.

Baxter nods. She drives off.

He watches the car go. Then gets in his truck and pulls out of the spot.

INT. CAR - LATER

A moment as Baxter drives home. The pressure of his job starting to weigh on him.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - LATER

Baxter walks through the front door.

BAXTER

Cooper?

It's quiet. Baxter pokes his head into the living room. No Cooper.

He continues on, but stops when he sees the closet where Cooper hid his gun.

The closet door is open.

BAXTER

...Cooper?

No response still. Baxter quickly goes up to the door, a fear building in him --

And peers in. His eyes go wide. The fear realized.

The gun is gone. *Fuck.*

He backs away from the closet.

Suddenly, the sound of a GUNSHOT rings out from behind the house.

EXT. BACKYARD, COOPER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter comes out the back door.

Another SHOT. This time, the sound of a BOTTLE being hit.
Baxter keeps following the sound, out into the field...

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Where Cooper is lying in the dirt with a gun. Not the sniper rifle. Just a regular hunting rifle.

He FIRES another shot as Baxter approaches. Another glass explodes. He's firing on some bottle 100 yards out. Far.

He glances up from his rifle at Baxter walking towards him.

Baxter and him meet eyes and hold for a moment.

COOPER

Baxter.

Another tense beat.

BAXTER

Just checking if you wanted food.

COOPER

I'm good.

BAXTER

Okay.

Cooper taps his rifle.

COOPER

You've never shot one of these
before, have you?

BAXTER

...No.

COOPER

Come take a shot.

BAXTER

It's alright.

COOPER

I said come take a shot.

The tone in his voice almost sounds dangerous. Baxter walks over to him.

Cooper slides over, letting go of the rifle. He gestures for Baxter to take his place.

Baxter kneels down, picks up the rifle, and lies exactly as Cooper was. On his elbows. Cooper right next to him in the same position. Baxter uncomfortably aware of how close he is.

COOPER

Make a steady base. Use your
shoulder. Let it dig in there.

He talks in a low voice into Baxter's ear. It's almost an intimate moment.

Baxter sweats. The rifle buries into his shoulder.

The bottle lines up to his sights in the distance.

COOPER

Once you get the target in your
scopes, don't linger. Don't think.
Don't pull the trigger. *Press* the
trigger. Slowly. Deliberately. Let
the shot surprise you.

Baxter FIRES. Hits it. Unnerved by how easy it all came.

Cooper grins.

COOPER

There you go. A natural.
(beat)
Then again, why wouldn't you be?

Cooper takes back the rifle, goes to set up again. Baxter stands. The whole experience seems to have been deeply unsettling for him.

He stares at the ground. When he looks up, there's a quiet fire in his eyes.

BAXTER

Can we go to the shooting range? Do
the real thing.

Cooper looks up at him, amused.

COOPER

You like that, huh?

Baxter nods.

COOPER

(laughs)
Might've given you the bug.
(beat)
Yeah, we can go.

Cooper gets up and dusts off.

COOPER
(re: rifle)
I'm gonna put this away.

BAXTER
Meet you out front.

Cooper nods, walks to the house with his gun. When he's far enough away --

BAXTER
Alyssa?

Nothing.

BAXTER
(more urgently)
Alyssa.

A CRACKLE in his ear.

ALYSSA
I'm here. Is that gonna give us two hours?

BAXTER
Let's hope.

Baxter starts towards the house.

EXT. GUN RANGE - LATER

Baxter and Cooper get out of their truck. Baxter follows Cooper to the main office. As he does, a voice in his ear --

ALYSSA (O.S.)
We're in.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Alyssa is in Cooper's kitchen. She sets down a black bag, and starts working quickly. Light bulbs come out. Mics go in. Under couches. In the TV remote. Etc.

ALYSSA
I'll keep you up on the timeline.
Clear your throat if you hear me.

EXT. GUN RANGE - SAME TIME

Baxter clears his throat. He and Cooper enter the gun range.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, GUN RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Cooper walks up to the GUN GUY manning the front desk. A nametag pinned to his chest reads "Josef." Baxter's close behind.

JOSEF

Coop!

He sees Baxter, raises his eyebrows.

JOSEF

He's not shooting, right?

COOPER

He's gonna try it. Let him pick something out.

JOSEF

Whatchu thinkin' clone? You want a big gun? Little gun? Fancy new remote-controlled gun? They've got fully droned sniper rifles now --

COOPER

None of that pussy shit.

BAXTER

...I'll take whatever the regular is.

COOPER

(making fun)

Fuck it, give him the regular.

JOSEF

How many clips you want?

Baxter glances at Cooper.

COOPER

Just a few.

How long is that?

Josef gives a thumbs up. Heads to the back room.

Cooper shoots Baxter a grin.

COOPER
Get excited.

INT. SHOOTING ROOM, GUN RANGE - MINUTES LATER

Baxter sets up to shoot with his rifle. Cooper watches him.

COOPER
Hitting a moving target is much
harder than that bottle and can
shit we were doing.

Baxter lines up his sights. Targets move from side to side in
his vision.

COOPER
Same principle though. Line it up
and don't think. You think, you
miss.

Baxter looks at him out of the corner of his eye while Cooper
speaks.

COOPER
And then the bad guy lives another
day. Destroys a hundred more lives.

He leans in to whisper the last part.

COOPER
And then that's on you.

Baxter FIRES. Misses.

Cooper shakes his head.

COOPER
You don't feel it now. But you'll
feel it later. And I don't mean
tonight. I mean months later. Maybe
years later. When that same guy you
missed walks into a base and blows
himself up.

Baxter fires again. Misses again.

COOPER
Then you don't think twice about
the next time you shoot. You just
do it.

Baxter looks up from his scope and over at him. Wordlessly,
Cooper takes the gun from Baxter.

He lines up. Takes aim. Fires.

Right on the money.

But Cooper doesn't look satisfied. He looks almost disappointed with himself.

COOPER
Let's go. I don't feel like being
here.

Baxter panics.

BAXTER
But I didn't get a chance to --

But Cooper's already going towards the exit.

BAXTER
(into his mic)
He's leaving! We'll be back in
twenty minutes.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Alyssa's in Cooper's bedroom, working on the ceiling fan.

ALYSSA
You have to keep him there. We need
more time.

INT. SHOOTING ROOM, GUN RANGE - SAME TIME

BAXTER
I can't, he's already on the move.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
It is *crucial* that I finish this
and clean up. Do what you have to
do. But do not drive back here
right now.

Baxter thinks, gets an idea. He chases after Cooper.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, GUN RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper's settling up with Josef.

Baxter goes out the front door behind his back, towards the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT, GUN RANGE - CONTINUOUS

Baxter sprints out to the truck --

Pops open the hood --

Looks for something to sabotage just as --

Cooper exits the main office. He sees Baxter.

COOPER
What are you doing?

BAXTER
(sweating bullets)
Nothing. Thought something sounded
funny on the drive over --

COOPER
(suspicious)
It's fine.

Cooper slams the hood down. Gets into the truck. Baxter has no choice but to follow.

BAXTER
(whispered)
Abort. I couldn't stop him.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

ALYSSA
Fuck!

She picks up her bag, and starts cleaning up.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

Cooper and Baxter drive down the road in silence. Cooper in a brooding mood. Baxter keeps glancing over at him.

They make a turn, and as they do, they pass an SUV with blacked out windows going the other way.

Cooper doesn't make anything of it.

Baxter quietly breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

They walk through the front door, still not speaking. Baxter decides to say something --

BAXTER
Thanks for taking me.

Cooper doesn't even turn around.

COOPER
Go to bed.

Baxter looks after him. Once he's gone --

BAXTER
(whispered)
Did you get it?

Nothing for a beat. And then --

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
No video. But I got audio at least.
Thank you.
(beat)
I'll be in touch.

Baxter glances around, wondering where the mics are hidden.

INT. KITCHEN, COOPER'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Baxter enters the kitchen, Cooper is already up and sitting at the table. As if he's waiting for Baxter.

The strangeness of the situation stops Baxter in his tracks.

COOPER
Go into the city. Pick up the
groceries.

BAXTER
But I did that just two days ago --

Cooper glares at him.

BAXTER
...Sure. Now?

Cooper's expression doesn't change.

BAXTER
Okay.

Baxter moves to leave, takes the keys off the hook by the door.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter goes out to the truck. He looks back at the house.

BAXTER
He asked me to leave.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Okay. You don't need to be there.

BAXTER
It's just...

He trails off.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
What?

BAXTER
He's acting weird.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Good. Maybe we'll hear something
while you're gone.

BAXTER
Maybe.

Baxter gets into the truck.

EXT. CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA - LATER

He's entering the city and starting to look for a parking spot, when --

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Baxter -- you need to get back.

BAXTER
What?

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Something's wrong. He didn't
leave... but he's gone silent.

BAXTER
I'm going.

He spins his truck around.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - LATER

Baxter tears back into the driveway. Hops out of the truck.

INT. COOPER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Baxter steps into the house.

BAXTER

Cooper!

No response -- he starts to comb through the rooms.

Kitchen, living room, nothing.

Baxter peers upstairs. All of the lights are on.

He starts up the stairs, scared.

His breathing is getting more and more shallow --

A sense of dread cresting --

Baxter runs down the hallway towards Cooper's bedroom.

Cooper's door is cracked open. Baxter bursts through it --

INT. COOPER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where an unsettling sight awaits on the bed --

Cooper Jones' body, his head limply hanging. Dead.

Shirtless. Dog tags still on. And a thick STEEL COLLAR clamped tight around his neck.

Baxter's eyes go wide. His pulse shoots up. He can't move.

The sound of the door opening downstairs.

A moment later, Alyssa enters the room --

ALYSSA

...No...

They stand there in shock. Baxter doesn't blink.

Finally, he turns away and walks out.

Alyssa follows.

INT. KITCHEN, COOPER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter comes into the room looking shaky. He leans on the kitchen table for support.

Alyssa stands in the doorway watching him.

ALYSSA
You alright...?

After a beat --

BAXTER
What was that... around his neck.

ALYSSA
It's a slaughterhouse collar. For cattle. It snaps their necks. A more humane way to kill. But...

BAXTER
What?

ALYSSA
(reluctantly)
Past few years, people have been using them to commit suicide.
(beat)
Painless.

The reality of what Cooper did sits over them. Baxter stares off, trying to comprehend.

BAXTER
Why would he...?

ALYSSA
Who knows? Maybe guilt. Maybe they had something on him and it was his only way out.

Baxter shakes his head. He's barely listening.

BAXTER
What happens now?

ALYSSA
Everyone else he was working with is still out there.
(beat)
But they don't know about Cooper yet...

She stops, thinks. But while she does, Baxter realizes --

BAXTER

I -- I have to go to Clone Services. I have to report this.

ALYSSA

What? No. If you go to Clone Services, Cooper's death goes public. The people we're chasing go underground and we lose our chance at stopping them. Nobody can know Cooper's dead.

(beat, then)

The President's life is at stake.

BAXTER

That's not *my* life. I have the chance to be free --

That sinks in. *A chance at freedom.*

ALYSSA

(snapping)

You are fighting for more than just *yourself*! Do you realize what happens if the President -- who fights for you everyday -- is killed? What happens to you? What happens to all Seconds?

A long, tense beat between them. Baxter looks like he's being torn in two.

Slowly, reluctantly --

BAXTER

Do you have a plan?

Alyssa takes a breath.

ALYSSA

Actually, I do.

A moment as she wonders how to break news.

ALYSSA

The mole. In the FBI. Will Lamotta. He's meticulous, and he hasn't communicated with anyone else involved in the plan but Cooper. He's why I've been alone on this investigation.

BAXTER

Why haven't you arrested him if
you're so sure --

ALYSSA

(shaking her head)

I don't have enough evidence to
bring him in. And I'm not going to
be able to get it from him. He's
one of us. He's trained to resist
the exact kind of interrogation we
use. Cooper was the better target,
until...

(beat)

But. Now we have you. And LaMotta
doesn't know...

BAXTER

(realizing)

You want me to be Cooper.

Alyssa nods. Baxter's eyebrow raises.

BAXTER

How are we sure that they won't see
through me immediately? I'm not
Cooper.

ALYSSA

As long as nobody finds Cooper's
body, we've got a shot.

BAXTER

Give me his number.

ALYSSA

We have to do something first...

It dawns on Baxter what she's asking. Off his face --

EXT. FIELD, BACK YARD, COOPER'S HOUSE - EVENING

The sun's setting. Baxter and Alyssa dig a hole. They're
sweating. A heap of dirt already next to them.

They finish up after a moment. Alyssa nods to Baxter and they
turn to reveal Cooper's body.

Alyssa puts her hands underneath Cooper's shoulders. Baxter
hesitates, recoils slightly.

ALYSSA

Help me.

Baxter takes a deep breath. Goes to her.

They pick it up -- it's heavy -- and shuffle it over to the hole. They roll it in. It hits with a deep *thud*.

Baxter grimaces. Stares at the body.

ALYSSA
You alright?

BAXTER
He was my only family.

He stands there, gazing into the hole.

ALYSSA
I know what that's like.

BAXTER
You lose someone too?

Beat.

ALYSSA
Almost.
(then)
Come on.

They grab their shovels again and start piling the dirt on.

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE - LATER

Baxter and Alyssa are outside Alyssa's car. She has her head poked in the back while Baxter waits.

Alyssa keys up a number on a BURNER phone. Extends it --

ALYSSA
Whenever you're ready.

He looks at her. Takes it.

ALYSSA
Remember. Keep it short, to the point. Low visibility location. You guys want the same thing.

Baxter just stares at the phone.

Alyssa puts a hand on his shoulder.

ALYSSA
Hey. You can do this.

Baxter's jaw twitches. He presses the call button and brings the phone to his ear. Alyssa watches, holding her breath.

We can faintly hear the ringing.

Baxter looks to Alyssa --

Then -- a CLICK on the other end. The ringing stops.

For a moment, nobody speaks.

BAXTER
...Hello?

A raspy voice comes from the other end --

LAMOTTA
What the fuck are you calling for?

BAXTER
Need to meet up.

LAMOTTA
No. Too risky...

Baxter gets flustered for a second. Regains composure.

BAXTER
It'd be too risky to say what I
have to say over the line.

A tense silence. Baxter makes eye contact with Alyssa.

LAMOTTA
Tomorrow. 5pm. Chaser's.

A CLICK of the line hanging up. Baxter lowers the phone.

Alyssa raises an eyebrow. Baxter nods in confirmation.

BAXTER
Tomorrow.

ALYSSA
Good job.
(then she opens the car
door)
We're not staying here.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Alyssa's black cruiser drives into the parking lot of a run-down Motel 6 or the like.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

The door opens, and Alyssa turns on the light in a small room with two twin beds.

ALYSSA
Which one do you want?

Baxter shrugs. Sits down on one of them. Then lies down on top of the sheets. Overwhelmed by the day.

Alyssa looks at him. Seems like she's about to say something, but he's already closing his eyes. She lets him be.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Baxter wakes up. He's under the sheets.

The shower in the bathroom's running. The bed next to him is empty.

He wipes the sleep from his eyes. Slowly starts to rise.

The sound of water stops.

He gets out of bed. Glances out through the shades.

The door to the bathroom opens. Alyssa steps out in a towel.

ALYSSA
Morning.

BAXTER
Morning.

Baxter averts his eyes. Alyssa doesn't react, just goes to change. We stay on Baxter while she drops her towel in the background and puts on her clothes.

ALYSSA
You feeling okay?

BAXTER
Yeah.

She taps him on the shoulder. He turns around.

ALYSSA
(gruff)
Why'd you call me here?

Baxter looks at her, confused.

BAXTER

What?

ALYSSA

Why'd you call this meet?

BAXTER

(getting it)

...I have a problem.

ALYSSA

Don't shift your body weight. You look like you're lying.

BAXTER

(staying still)

I have a problem.

ALYSSA

(gruff)

You don't sound like Cooper.

BAXTER

I... have a cold.

ALYSSA

Don't even justify it. Raise the stakes. Go back to the plan.

BAXTER

I think the FBI's onto me.

ALYSSA

They're not. Why'd you actually call me here?

BAXTER

I told you --

ALYSSA

If he starts suspecting you, counterattack. Draw focus away from yourself. Accuse him. Make him feel like he has to defend himself.

(beat)

Something seems off with you...

BAXTER

Why would I lie? I'm trying to keep us safe and you're the one who's ignoring the fact that we're being watched. How do I know you're still in this with us?

ALYSSA
Us. Nice touch.

BAXTER
We're changing the plan. I need
everyone. Set it up.

Alyssa looks at him a beat. Then reaches into her pocket and pulls out what appears to be a pair of CONTACTS.

ALYSSA
You're ready.

Baxter looks at the contacts, scared.

ALYSSA
Do you have another solution?

Baxter doesn't. Off his look of trepidation --

INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Old school dive. Five or six customers, half of whom have been there since it opened today.

We find Baxter drinking a beer in a booth by himself with a view of the door. His eyes are completely normal.

He hunches over his beer, waiting. Trying to draw as little attention as possible.

BAXTER
He should be here by now.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Relax.

INT. BLACK CRUISER - SAME TIME

Alyssa is outside in the parking lot, watching the bar. Nothing much around. This is a watering hole on the side of the road in the middle of the countryside.

She watches as a jalopy sedan pulls into the lot. WILL LAMOTTA (38, small angry eyes, dressed to blend in) gets out of the driver's seat.

ALYSSA
Our man's coming.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

Baxter stares at the door, whole body tensed.

Lamotta walks in. Scans the room. Baxter looks down. Lamotta goes to the bar.

BAXTER
(whisper)
He's not coming over to me.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Give it a sec.

Lamotta idles, waiting for his beer. Baxter starts to sweat.

The bartender slides a beer across. Lamotta takes a sip.

Then he strides over to Baxter and sits down across from him. Baxter looks up, expression impassive. They study each other.

When Lamotta speaks, it's in a low rasp.

LAMOTTA
Why'd you call?

BAXTER
The plan's fucked up.

Lamotta just looks at him for a beat. It takes everything for Baxter not to flinch.

LAMOTTA
What are you talking about? The
clone's already in place.

Baxter barely contains his surprise -- *clone?*

INT. BLACK CRUISER - SAME TIME

Urgently, into the mic --

ALYSSA
Say something! You have cold feet.

INT. BAR - TIME

Baxter recovers --

BAXTER
I think the FBI is watching me.

LAMOTTA
You're *fine*. I haven't heard
anything at the bureau.

Baxter presses --

BAXTER
I'm telling you. They're watching.
We have to change the plan.

Lamotta eyes Baxter.

LAMOTTA
We don't change anything.

Lamotta and Baxter stare at each other.

BAXTER
But if they know who I am, I'll
never be able to take the shot and
get out alive --

LAMOTTA
I'm fucking telling you. They have
no idea who you are.
(lowers his voice)
I'm getting the guy's security
clearance. You're taking the
fucking shot. That's the deal.

BAXTER
I'm not taking the shot until
someone else confirms we're okay.

Beat.

LAMOTTA
Let's talk outside.

Lamotta gets up without another word and heads for the back.

Baxter waits a moment. Then gets up and follows.

He sees Lamotta exit through the back door, moving quickly.

BAXTER
(low)
Going out back.

He walks through the door --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

And is immediately knocked off his feet by a BRUTAL HIT to the face. The door slams shut behind him.

Baxter looks up, dazed, and gets a fierce BOOT to the stomach. He crumples into a ball.

Lamotta grabs a heavy block of cement from nearby --

Then gets on top of Baxter, pinning him to the asphalt --

He holds the cement above his head --

LAMOTTA

You're not Cooper, motherfucker --

He goes to bring down the block down on Baxter's head. A killing blow --

Baxter looks up, sees it coming, helpless --

BANG.

Blood EXPLODES onto Baxter.

The cement drops out of Lamotta's hands --

Baxter dodges, narrowly avoiding it.

Lamotta slumps over. Baxter sees the bullet hole through his head.

Baxter pushes the body off of him. Stands up. Sees Alyssa, gun out.

He drags himself over to her. She's shaking.

BAXTER

Are you okay?

ALYSSA

I... I killed him.

BAXTER

He was gonna kill me.

ALYSSA

I killed an FBI agent...

(beat)

I have to turn myself in.

BAXTER

What? You can't. You heard him --
he was involved. He admitted as
much.

ALYSSA

When I go to my bosses, they're
going to look at this at face
value. He didn't actually confess
to anything, and the only people
claiming he did are a Second and
the woman who killed him.

The shock is really hitting her. She sits down on the ground.

BAXTER

You can't give yourself up.

ALYSSA

What choice do I have? I can't go
to my bosses with this because...
(She looks at the body)
No one from the FBI will help me.

BAXTER

I will.

Baxter takes a knee next to her. Tries to look at her face
but she avoids eye contact.

BAXTER

We have a lead. We know they made a
Second. And we know they need to
get past some kind of security. Who
can bypass any security?

ALYSSA

...The President.

Baxter nods. Alyssa's brow furrows.

ALYSSA

Could they really clone Walton...?

BAXTER

They've done it before.

He stands and holds out his hand. She looks up at him. A
moment of connection.

Then Alyssa takes Baxter's hand and he pulls her to her feet.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The former coma patient is drawing.

Trying to sketch a face with a pencil in his right hand. His other hand squeezes a rubber therapy ball. His hands are not working well.

In the background, the TV plays. He's only half-watching.

ON TV: Fennel giving a speech at a rally.

FENNEL (ON TV)

Let me tell you a story about a family I just visited -- it's not my story to tell, but they're letting me, I promise. Two kids. Both parents working jobs. They save up for a Second to help take care of their kids. For a while, the Second does that.

The young man's hand gets tired, he gets frustrated with not being able to draw a certain line. He drops the pencil with a sigh.

FENNEL (ON TV)

But eventually, the dad wants to spend more time with his family and starts letting the Second go to work for him. This Second fulfills his Commitment after ten years. And then the company keeps *him*. They keep the clone! All of a sudden the dad's out of a job.

(beat)

We can't have that. We didn't make clones so that our lives would be worse. So that *they* could have lives. We made them so that we -- *humans* -- could have better lives.

(killing blow)

And whether he knows it or not, our President is complicit in helping them bring us down.

CHEERS on the screen. The news anchor comments.

A NURSE (40s, female) enters with some food. Clocks the young man's empty hands.

NURSE
Keep working at it.
(beat)
I know it's hard.

He ignores her, angry with himself more than anything. She leaves.

The TV in the background cuts to WALTON at the President's press podium, with his clone JAMES next to him.

The young man watches Walton for a beat, but then shifts his attention back to the pencil. Stares at it for a moment --

Then picks it back up with a determined look on his face. Gets back to it.

EXT. REPLIC8 LABS, PRINCETON NJ - DAY

Baxter and Alyssa enter through the main doors to the Replic8 complex. A lighted sign shines behind a marble desk.

A RECEPTIONIST with RED RINGS around her eyes mans the desk. She greets them.

RECEPTIONIST
Welcome to Replicate. How may I
help you?

She clocks Baxter's eyes. Turns to Alyssa.

RECEPTIONIST
Are you returning him, or...

ALYSSA
We're here to see your cloning
operations chief.

RECEPTIONIST
Is he expecting you?

Alyssa takes out her FBI BADGE.

ALYSSA
He is not.

Off the receptionist's face --

INT. REPLIC8 LABS, MAIN CLONING FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

Baxter and Alyssa follow the receptionist through opaque sliding-glass doors into the main floor of the facility.

A MASSIVE open floor plan seems to stretch on for miles in every direction. Abuzz with activity and sound and life in creation. It's breathtaking.

RECEPTIONIST

Over here...

She leads them past the placental approximation pods in which we saw Baxter created.

Past DOCTORS testing CLONE reflexes.

Past classrooms where fully ADULT CLONES participate in a series of organic interaction and testing designed for children.

We see CLONES receiving vanity scrubs. We see CLONES taking drug supplements to augment growth. We see CLONES running athletic drills.

The receptionist clocks Alyssa's curiosity as they walk on --

RECEPTIONIST

(in explanation)

In order to prepare us for the rigors of life outside -- Replicate makes sure that we're fully healthy, intelligent, and socialized by the time we leave.

ALYSSA

And that takes...?

RECEPTIONIST

It takes about four months.

Off Alyssa's incredulity --

RECEPTIONIST

The drugs help.

As they finish crossing the vast expanse, they arrive at the buffed steel entrance to a DOME. It looks strange -- a large greenhouse-like dome INSIDE the warehouse.

The receptionist places her hand to a scan-pad beside the door. As it opens, she stands back.

RECEPTIONIST

Just in here.

The receptionist stays behind as Alyssa and Baxter enter.

INT. SEED ROOM, REPLIC8 LABS - CONTINUOUS

A circular room. White walls. White floors. Opaque glass-domed ceiling, through which the roof of the facility is visible thirty feet above.

In the center of the room is a console. Standing in front of it is CLONING CHIEF GARRETT (60s, still spry, distinctly Hefner-suave aura).

He turns when the doors close behind them. Sees Alyssa. Reaches out his hand.

CHIEF GARRETT
Chief Paul Garrett. Now, I was told
it was the FBI.

She shakes his hand and flashes a badge. He flashes a smile.

CHIEF GARRETT
Surely a beautiful woman like you --

ALYSSA
(heard this line)
I don't appreciate jokes about my
looks. Even ones meant to be
complimentary.

Garrett is taken aback. He thinks of himself as charming.

ALYSSA
I had some questions about your
seed bank --

Garrett clocks Baxter studying the room.

CHIEF GARRETT
You want to see your file?

BAXTER
Yes.

ALYSSA
Baxter...

CHIEF GARRETT
What's his name?

BAXTER
Cooper Jones.

Garrett nods, and in a few deft keystrokes on the console in front of him --

There's a rumbling from below; the sounds of an infinitely vast assembly line churning. Until --

The floor in front of them OPENS UP, revealing --

A CHASM, fifty feet deep and lined with shelving units.

Stocked and maintained by a flurry of whirling mechanical arms. One of which flies up towards the open floor --

And balances just in front of Garrett, suspended in midair.

He reaches out, and takes a SMALL TABLET with a VIAL OF DNA attached to it. Garrett unlocks it with his thumb. Then hands it to Baxter and Alyssa, and we see --

A picture of COOPER JONES on the screen, and a list of statistics next to his face. Baxter's whole life, boiled down to ones and zeros.

CHIEF GARRETT

That's you.

Baxter doesn't know how to feel.

BAXTER

Thanks.

Garrett takes the tablet and hands it back to the mechanical arm, which swings back down into the chasm and the floor closes back up with a dull THUD.

ALYSSA

We need the seed chart for John
Walton. From Bloomington, Indiana.

CHIEF GARRETT

(eyes narrowing)
The President?

Garrett looks between Alyssa and Baxter.

CHIEF GARRETT

Well it shouldn't come as a
surprise that I can't do that.

ALYSSA

Can't, or won't?

CHIEF GARRETT

This is the *President's* DNA we're
talking about.

ALYSSA

We believe he's in danger. A clone of his, on the loose. If there's an imposter out there -- we need to know.

A beat. Garrett purses his lips.

CHIEF GARRETT

I said that I can't do that.

ALYSSA

I heard you. But this is an active FBI investigation.

Baxter glances at Alyssa. Writing checks she can't cash.

ALYSSA

Are you trying to impede us?
Because that's a federal offense.

CHIEF GARRETT

I'm telling you that I literally cannot access his seed. Security protocol for the President is extensive. Two-thirds of the board has to be present. The President *himself* has to be here to grant access with his own thumb.

ALYSSA

So there's no way anyone could've gotten to it?

CHIEF GARRETT

(firmly)

No.

Alyssa and Baxter share a look. *Fuck.*

Garrett shrugs.

CHIEF GARRETT

Sorry. Good to meet you.

He smiles, trying to end the meeting.

ALYSSA

What about your tech labs?

CHIEF GARRETT

(evasive)

You saw them, you came through the main floor.

ALYSSA
Not the public lab. *The private ones.*

Garrett hesitates.

CHIEF GARRETT
...You mean our development wing.
Unfortunately, it's top secret. I
can't let you in.
(beat)
I think it's time for you to go.

BAXTER
We're not leaving.

CHIEF GARRETT
Then I'm calling security.

ALYSSA
I wouldn't.

Garrett presses a button on his smartwatch.

CHIEF GARRETT
Hanley, get security up here to
escort our guests out.

ALYSSA
(calmly)
If you don't let us inside, you'll
be arrested, deposed, and sentenced
to a minimum of five years in state
prison for impeding a federal
investigation --

Garrett touches his smartwatch.

CHIEF GARRETT
Hanley, cancel that last request.

ALYSSA
You won't be prosecuted for
anything that we see. But we need
to know what's been happening.

Garrett scowls at her. Then, reluctantly --

CHIEF GARRETT
If you sign an NDA.

Alyssa glances at Baxter.

ALYSSA
(to Garrett)
We can do that.

Garrett takes the tablet back. Hands it to the mechanical arm. And with a quick bunch of keystrokes --

The arms disappear and the floor CLOSES. The domed room appears empty again.

Then Garrett starts walking out, wordlessly. Baxter and Alyssa follow.

INT. PRIVATE TECH LABS, REPLIC8 - MINUTES LATER

An eerie silence surrounds us. Back in the main floor there was a hum of activity. In here, nothing.

Baxter and Alyssa follow Garrett through a modern hallway, into what appears to be an EMPTY WAITING AREA with 10 doors ringing the room.

Each of the doors is labeled.

PTL 1. PTL 2. PTL 3. And so on.

CHIEF GARRETT
Before I show you what's inside,
you need to understand. Our private
labs are the hub of innovation here
at Replicate. We give our technical
personnel full autonomy over their
individual workspaces. It's how our
most important work gets done.

He walks over to **PTL 1** and KNOCKS. Stands back. Waits.

ALYSSA
Can't you open it yourself?

CHIEF GARRETT
(shaking his head)
Full autonomy. No one's allowed in
without the express consent of the
Tech in charge of that specific
lab. They're private contractors.

After a beat, a YOUNG WOMAN in a labcoat opens the door.

CHIEF GARRETT
Brianna, may I have a word?

Brianna looks at Baxter and Alyssa with suspicion.

BRIANNA

Alright...

With a glance back, Garrett steps inside. Leaving Baxter and Alyssa alone.

BAXTER

(quietly)

You can't enforce any of those threats you made. What happens if they don't let us in?

ALYSSA

We're okay. He's looking out for number one.

Brianna reemerges, a sour look on her face.

BRIANNA

Come on in.

They enter --

INT. PTL #1 - CONTINUOUS

And find themselves in a lab with CLONED MONSTROSITIES in an adjacent glass room.

As they watch, the clones THROW THEMSELVES AT EACH OTHER.

One of them is SLAMMED against the glass, which QUAKES, but holds. Baxter flinches. Takes a step back.

BRIANNA

(in explanation)

Military contract. Creating a super soldier through selective cloning. Trying to find the optimal DNA...

As she says this, one of the clones RIPS THE OTHER'S ARMS out of their sockets.

Garrett cringes. Baxter looks horrified. Alyssa clocks an odd spot on the wall.

The alpha clone batters the dying beta with his own dismembered arms.

BAXTER

(sick)

Make them stop.

CHIEF GARRETT
Why don't we step out.

He glances at Alyssa, who pulls a shell-shocked Baxter out --

AN INCREASINGLY STRANGE MONTAGE --

Where Baxter, Alyssa, and Garrett go through all of the different PRIVATE TECH LABS.

They watch, among other things:

-TWO CLONES (A YOUNG MAN AND A MUCH OLDER WOMAN) HAVING SEX

-A TWO-HEADED CLONE WRITHING IN ITS SLEEP

-A CLONE SLOWLY BEING DISEMBODIED WHILE STILL ALIVE

Baxter is increasingly appalled throughout.

After a dizzying series of experiments, we're with the three of them walking back into the private lab lobby.

Baxter simmers with rage.

CHIEF GARRETT
(sensing it)
I hope I don't need to remind you
of the NDA you signed --

BAXTER
That was *horrible* --

CHIEF GARRETT
We agreed that you wouldn't
prosecute the work being done in
our private labs --

BAXTER
That was before we realized what
you've been hiding --

ALYSSA
Baxter, we can't.

BAXTER
But they *have* to be stopped --

CHIEF GARRETT
You asked to see what we do. This
is our science.

BAXTER

That's not science. That's abuse.
And you let them get away with it.

CHIEF GARRETT

Get away with it?

(puffing out his chest)

Some of the things that go on in
there may be unspeakable, but
that's the price of progress.

BAXTER

Progress doesn't justify that --

CHIEF GARRETT

Yes it does. Did you ever stop to
consider how you got the way you
are? What made you *human*?

Baxter doesn't respond.

CHIEF GARRETT

Of course you didn't.

(beat)

It's easier to live in a dreamland
and pretend everything's always
getting better but that's not how
life works. Progress doesn't just
happen.

(gathering steam)

When we unveiled our first batch of
Seconds, they didn't live long.
They aged too fast. They were five
times as susceptible to disease as
their Originals. Nine times more
likely to break a bone than their
Originals. Fifty times more likely
to suffer a severe mental breakdown
than their Originals. Those things
didn't just go away. We fixed those
problems *here*. We created those
rings around your eyes --

Baxter blinks involuntarily.

CHIEF GARRETT

-- we invented placental
approximation pods. We are
responsible for some of the most
astounding advances in medicine
over the last decade. And it's all
because we test on nearly-human
subjects.

BAXTER
It's wrong.

CHIEF GARRETT
It's worth it.

He softens.

CHIEF GARRETT
I don't like it either. There's a
reason I don't come down here
often. But still.

Silence hangs. The doors surrounding the room now look
ominous. Hiding all manner of disturbia just out of sight.

CHIEF GARRETT
I'll walk you out.

He puts a hand on Baxter's shoulder and starts to wheel him
towards the door. But from behind --

ALYSSA
We need the tapes first.

CHIEF GARRETT
(cagey)
We don't film inside the private
labs --

ALYSSA
I saw the cameras. Your techs might
not be able to spot micro-lens
Canons, but my FBI training wasn't
entirely useless.

His silence is just short of confirmation.

ALYSSA
Even if someone didn't make a clone
of the President on the main floor,
they *could* have made one in the
private labs.

CHIEF GARRETT
There's no chance any of my techs
could've accessed --

BAXTER
You had no idea what was happening
in there. No oversight at all. But
you'd stake the President's life on
none of them being able to get away
with something under your nose?

BAXTER (CONT'D)

(beat)

You'd stake your life on "no chance"?

Garrett bites his lip.

CHIEF

Almost no chance.

(off Alyssa's cold stare)

...How far back do you need to see.

ALYSSA

Let's start with a year.

INT. CHIEF GARRETT'S OFFICE - LATER

The three of them sit facing a wall, where a video projection of Brianna's lab is displayed.

ALYSSA

Turn on facial recognition for Walton. Then put it on superspeed.

A knock on the door.

ALYSSA

Who's that.

CHIEF GARRETT

Brianna.

ALYSSA

Why?

CHIEF GARRETT

If one of them did this, you'll want them here.

Alyssa nods. Chief Garrett presses a button on his wrist and the door slides open.

BRIANNA

Sir?

CHIEF GARRETT

Have a seat.

(gestures at Baxter and Alyssa)

Our guests have to review your work for the past year.

BRIANNA

What...? No. I already let them
into my --

CHIEF GARRETT

This isn't a debate. Sit.

She does, reluctantly.

Garrett sighs, and then types something on his computer --

Instantly the scene starts moving at SUPER-SPEED.

From the static camera Alyssa spotted on the wall, we watch
as all of Brianna's experiments for the past year whiz by in
a nauseating blur.

A rush of images. A year's worth of activity crammed into a
few minutes.

Most of what goes on is impossible to make out, but one image
recurs.

Split second frames of Brianna RIDING one of the clones. Same
chair. Same place. Over and over. She goes beet-red watching
it.

Baxter starts to shake, he can barely contain his anger.
Alyssa notices, puts a hand on him.

Red lines appear over each new face entering frame, scanning
for similarities to Walton, working faster than the naked eye
could ever. Finally --

No Facial Match pops up on the screen.

By the end, Brianna is blushing, horrified, and angry as
hell.

BRIANNA

(gestures towards the
door)

Can I?

CHIEF GARRETT

(nodding)

You're excused.

She hurries out as Garrett's door closes behind her. As soon
as she's out --

Baxter leaps up and GRABS Garrett by the shirt --

LIFTS him with sudden strength --

And SLAMS him against a wall.

BAXTER
You are letting them *rape* us!

ALYSSA
Baxter!

Alyssa rushes to pull him off of Garrett.

He stumbles back, huffing with rage. Garrett smooths out his shirt, hiding his fear poorly.

BAXTER
I don't, I can't watch --

ALYSSA
Remember what's at stake here. You want to protect them? Stay focused.

He looks at her. Then nods. Alyssa studies him.

ALYSSA
Okay.
(to Garrett)
Next.

Garrett does as she says, and another MONTAGE follows, in which we see --

The private labs captured by video. Years worth of footage reduced to a few minutes of hyperactive stop motion.

-More of what Alyssa and Baxter saw up close in the labs. Abuse, sex, violence.

-Repeated endings of **No Facial Match**. Walton remains elusive.

-Different TECHS sit down next to Baxter to watch alongside him. All increasingly angry as their exploits play in superspeed.

Finally --

CHIEF GARRETT
Thanks, Moses.

A tall LAB TECH rushes out the door as tears streak down his face.

ALYSSA
That's all of them?

CHIEF GARRETT
 Except for Kevin. But he isn't in
 today. And I shouldn't show you his
 tape without him here --

Alyssa gives him a withering look. This time Garrett folds
 without argument.

CHIEF GARRETT
 Fine...

He pulls up the last video. Alyssa looks to Baxter. Her face
 tells us everything -- *if there's nothing here...*

CHIEF GARRETT
 Alright. Here you go --

He hits play.

Time moves quickly. Baxter and Alyssa lean forward. Watching
 intently. As the imaging technology scans every face to the
 inevitable conclusion --

Beep. **No Facial Match.**

ALYSSA
 But. He was supposed to be here...

She looks at Baxter who is still leaning forward. A confused
 look on his face.

ALYSSA
 What is it?

BAXTER
 I thought I saw...

He trails off. Frowning.

BAXTER
 Rewind it. A few seconds back.

CHIEF
 (skeptical)
 Alright...

He rewinds. The image jumps. It's just the tech, KEVIN,
 sitting on a chair. A CLONE growing in his placental
 approximation pod.

BAXTER
 A few seconds forward?

Garrett obliges. The image jumps forward in time a few weeks.

ALYSSA

Oh my god.

On the screen. Unmistakable. **BAXTER.**

CHIEF GARRETT

Why are you in there --

BAXTER

That's not me. Go forward. Slower
this time.

Baxter and Alyssa are glued to the screen.

The images start moving forward, but not with the same speed.
More manageable.

They watch as Kevin clothes the Baxter Clone. They watch as
Kevin feeds a new clone, a REDHEADED GIRL. He has Baxter's
clone sit next to the girl.

They watch as Kevin sits, waiting for someone. And finally,
they watch as COOPER enters.

BAXTER

Keep going. Real time.

Baxter watches in horror as Cooper walks up to his clone.
Inspects him. Nods, satisfied, and hands a LARGE STACK of
money to Kevin.

Then Cooper takes the STEEL COLLAR we saw before out of his
bag, slips it over the clone's head and presses the pad on
the collar --

Though there's no sound on the video, you can imagine the
THUD of the dead body hitting the ground. Even Garrett
cringes.

ALYSSA

Oh my god...

CHIEF GARRETT

I didn't know...

Cooper picks up the dead body and starts towards the door.

On his way out, he points from Kevin to the redheaded clone.
He leaves with Baxter's clone slung over his shoulder. Kevin
follows shortly after, leading the Redhead.

Baxter turns towards Alyssa. Her mouth agape.

BAXTER
That wasn't Cooper we buried. He
faked his death. He's still alive.

ALYSSA
We need to find him.

Alyssa turns to Garrett, who couldn't be more confused. In as calm a voice as she can muster --

ALYSSA
Where does Kevin live?

EXT. KEVIN'S HOME - LATER

A middle class house that matches every other one on the block. Like a community for Google employees, but for Replic8.

Alyssa's car is parked outside.

Alyssa and Baxter are at the door knocking.

INT. KEVIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Knocking echoes throughout and then silence. The house feels empty.

We're on Kevin's front door. A scratching at the lock.

A moment later, it clicks and opens to let in Baxter and Alyssa, who enter surreptitiously. Alyssa leads, Baxter follows.

BAXTER
(quietly)
Where'd he go?

ALYSSA
I have a feeling --

She stops dead.

BAXTER
What?

He steps up beside her, inhales sharply --

Kevin's BODY is on the couch in the living room. Bullet hole in the chest. He's been shot and killed.

Baxter looks away. Alyssa approaches.

ALYSSA

Cooper.

Alyssa bends over and starts searching Kevin's body. Baxter glances over his shoulder at her.

ALYSSA

Got it.

She pulls KEVIN'S PHONE out of his pocket. Holds it up to Baxter.

ALYSSA

Address.

She takes Kevin's lifeless finger and presses it to the phone. Baxter cringes. Alyssa glances up at him.

Baxter looks like he's gonna dry-heave.

BAXTER

I'll see you out in the car.

EXT. ALYSSA'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter leans over the hood, breathing deeply. Everything that's happened is starting to wear on him. His eyes are watery.

Alyssa comes out.

ALYSSA

I have an address from his maps.
It's in Philadelphia.

BAXTER

Isn't that where Cooper...?

ALYSSA

(nervous)
Yeah.

They get in the car.

INT. ALYSSA'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa's GPS guides them to the address from Kevin's phone.

Silence.

Baxter clenches and unclenches his fist.

ALYSSA
(noticing)
You alright?

BAXTER
It's just... strange. That he faked
his suicide.

ALYSSA
Not that strange. He threw us off
his scent. Long enough to get to
Kevin. And who knows who else.

BAXTER
So you think it's because he knew
you were onto him.

ALYSSA
Stands to reason.

Baxter looks out the window.

BAXTER
I guess.
(beat)
What did he think was going to
happen to me?

ALYSSA
I don't know that he thought about
you at all.

Baxter glances at her. Alyssa looks ahead.

EXT. RUN-DOWN CITY BLOCK, PHILADELPHIA - NIGHT

Dirty buildings. Broken glass in the windows of bodegas and
pawn shops.

In the darkness, we see homeless people huddled together
along the sidewalks. As Baxter and Alyssa exit the car, all
eyes turn towards them --

From the shadowy faces -- red and blue iris rings glow with
faint light. Baxter tries to ignore them.

A neon arrow hangs outside the address they're looking for.
Looks like a speakeasy.

Below it, a set of stairs leads down to a steel door.

Alyssa and Baxter exchange a look.

ALYSSA
I think you should go in alone.
Less suspicious.

She hands him eye-modifiers.

BAXTER
What if he's in there?

ALYSSA
Then I come running in after you,
just like last time.

Baxter pops in the eye-modifiers. His iris rings disappear.
He goes down the stairs. Looks back, Alyssa's watching.

He gets to the steel door. Tries it. It opens.

INT. SPEAKEASY - CONTINUOUS

Baxter steps into a seedy lobby. Red shag carpet. Dim red-orange lighting. His eyes try to adjust.

There's A VIDEO WALL, displaying live feeds of GORGEOUS WOMEN on numbered screens. Some are blacked out.

All the women are lounging, masturbating, or making "come hither" motions, while nearby 3D holograms display different pornographic acts with prices listed for each one.

We realize as Baxter does --

BAXTER
(into his mic)
It's a brothel.

An older woman in a dark red dress, the MADAM, approaches.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Find the redhead.

MADAM
Hello again.

BAXTER
Hello.

She looks at him expectantly.

BAXTER
...I'm looking for a girl.

MADAM

I assumed. Blonde? Brunette? Big
tits? Open to some light spanking?
You saw our options...

Baxter is uncomfortable.

BAXTER

I didn't get a chance to look
closely.

He goes over to the screens while she stands behind him. He
eyes pass over all the "options" as he searches for the
redhead. Behind the sexy motions, it's just deep sadness.

The redhead isn't on the screens. Baxter turns to the Madam.

BAXTER

Do you... have a redhead?

The Madam looks at him strangely.

MADAM

Of course. The same one as last
time?

BAXTER

Las- Yes.

MADAM

She's occupied.

Baxter jaw twitches.

BAXTER

...I'll wait.

MADAM

Double for making her go back-to-
back.

She holds out a FINGERPRINT SCANNER with a cost on it. Baxter
nods. Attempting to hide the disgusted taste in his mouth as
he presses his thumb to it.

MADAM

I'll be back.

She exits. Baxter stands there. He goes back to look at the
screens. Morbid fascination.

He leans closer and notices something.

Every woman has red rings around her eyes. All of the prostitutes are clones.

For a moment, we lose ourselves in Baxter's sadness.

We sit.

Then --

MADAM
This way please.

It shocks Baxter out of his dark reverie.

INT. HALLWAY, BROTHEL - MOMENTS LATER

The hall Baxter and the Madam are walking down feels like going through someone's dreams. A light flickers overhead.

They pass doors that all look the same. Red leather coating. Cheap brass handles. A lock scanner next to them.

But for the numbers adorning them, indistinguishable from one another.

Sounds. Some loud, some soft. A moan. A spank. A scream. Maybe pleasure, maybe pain.

They arrive at door 8.

The Madam takes a key card and swipes it across the lock scanner. It clicks open.

MADAM
You have half an hour. There's a camera at the door. Go there and wave if you finish early.

She turns and walks down the hall.

Baxter pushes open the door...

INT. BEDROOM, BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

And enters to find the REDHEAD we saw in the Replic8 surveillance tapes. She's lying down on a bed with a dark red robe on.

She hesitates when she sees Baxter. Recognition on her face. She starts undoing her robes.

BAXTER
No -- um. Stop.

Redhead pauses, confused.

BAXTER
It's okay.

REDHEAD
What do you want me to do? I
already...

She looks down.

REDHEAD
I already gave you what you wanted.

BAXTER
I'm not -- I'm not him. I'm not
Cooper.

REDHEAD
I don't understand.

BAXTER
I'm like you.

Then he lifts his hands to his eyes, reaches in, and PLUCKS
the contacts out with a painful sounding POP.

BAXTER
My name is Baxter.

Redhead looks into his red ringed eyes in wonder. Not
trusting it completely.

REDHEAD
I -- I don't have a name.

Baxter takes a step closer. Sees her shoulders, which are
bruised.

He reaches out, Redhead instinctively recoils.

Baxter withdraws. Then sits down, meeting her at her level.

BAXTER
How long have you been here?

REDHEAD
A few weeks.

BAXTER
And before then?

REDHEAD

Nowhere.

She's still suspicious of him.

REDHEAD

Why are you asking me?
(beat, reading him)
Why are you here?

BAXTER

I'm here because... I'm trying to
stop something terrible from
happening.

He looks at her, pleading. Red ringed eyes to red ringed
eyes. It softens her.

BAXTER

My Original, Cooper. You've met
him.

REDHEAD

(fear on her face)
Yes.

BAXTER

Did he hurt you?

REDHEAD

...Yes.

BAXTER

(pained)
Why?

REDHEAD

He wanted me to do something for
him. Behind the Madam's back.
(beat)
He said he'd kill me if I told
anyone.

Baxter leans forward.

BAXTER

Please.

Redhead's lip quivers.

He takes her hand. She doesn't recoil.

BAXTER

Please.

Redhead inhales deeply.

REDHEAD
He had me steal from one of the men
who come here. An ID card.

BAXTER
(slowly)
What was his name?

REDHEAD
Cameron Murphy.

BAXTER
Do you know who he is?

REDHEAD
No. He just comes here a lot.

All of a sudden, in his ear --

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
I'm looking him up. We have what we
need. Get out of there. We have to
move now.

BAXTER
(to Redhead)
Thank you.

He turns to leave. She doesn't let go.

REDHEAD
Take me with you.

BAXTER
I -- I can't.

Redhead grabs onto him.

REDHEAD
Please.

A beat. Baxter at the door. But he's not leaving...

REDHEAD
I helped you. You have to take me.

The desperation in her voice turns something in him. He looks
at her. A moment, then --

He grabs her hand. Waves at the door handle. They stand there
for a moment, until --

The door swings silently open.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Baxter pokes his head out. The coast is clear.

He steps out, pulling Redhead along --

They rush past doors and sounds and the video wall --

They reach the steel door and Baxter wrenches it open --

They sprint out --

EXT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

But as soon as Redhead crosses the threshold she COLLAPSES --

CRASHES onto the staircase --

Involuntary CONVULSIONS wracking her body, over and over --

She SCREAMS --

Baxter rushes to help --

Her seizure gets more violent --

The veins in her neck begin to swell and contract. Baxter tries to lift her but --

MADAM (O.C.)
Electric fence. Implanted in their
necks so none of them run.

The Madam stands in the doorway with a GUN leveled at Baxter's chest.

BAXTER
Make it stop.

MADAM
It'll stop if she crawls back
inside. Otherwise...

Redhead struggles on the ground, bile forming around her mouth.

She's heaving, spasms still wracking her body. She's not going to be able to crawl back --

So Baxter grabs her. Picks her up.

REDHEAD
(weak, convulsing)
No...

But Baxter doesn't listen. He carries her BACK INSIDE.

As soon as her body crosses back through the door-frame --

It goes limp. Baxter rests her on the ground. Stares at her body. Just this side of dead.

MADAM
You come back again, I'll kill you.

Without a choice, he backs away slowly.

Baxter's eyes stay on Redhead as the Madam pulls the door shut.

INT. ALYSSA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Baxter slams the door as he gets in the car. Alyssa clocks how upset he is.

ALYSSA
We got what we need. It's not our problem.

Baxter doesn't respond.

ALYSSA
(gentler)
She'll live. It'll be okay --

BAXTER
Not for her.

ALYSSA
Her life will go back to the same as it was --

BAXTER
(exploding)
That's the problem!
(beat)
Life isn't the same for us as it is for you. When everything goes to shit, how do you give yourself hope? What do you turn to? Memories. Of better times. Of family. The promise that it'll get better. Well, we don't have parents.

BAXTER (CONT'D)

We don't have family, or siblings,
or memories . We don't have
anything other than what's right in
front of us, and that road's always
bleak. Freedom's about the only
thing any of us look forward to,
and she'll never even get that
chance. "The same life" isn't a
good thing for her. It's a slow
death sentence.

Alyssa doesn't really have a response. Baxter buries his head
in his hands.

They sit in silence...

Then --

ALYSSA

He's a security guard.

BAXTER

Huh?

ALYSSA

Cameron Murphy. The one she
mentioned. At the Wells-Fargo
Tower. If Cooper stole his
credentials...

(beat)

That's where he's going to shoot
Walton.

Baxter looks away.

ALYSSA

We have to keep going.

He doesn't respond.

She drives.

EXT. WELLS FARGO TOWER, PHILADELPHIA - LATER

Baxter and Alyssa stand in front of a building that towers
over INDEPENDENCE MALL.

A stage is assembled at the head of the iconic green.
Hundreds of municipal WORKERS and POLICEMEN set up
barricades. Prep for Walton's speech.

Baxter glances up. 30 stories tall, stretching towards the
clouds.

Alyssa catches Baxter looking.

ALYSSA
(comforting)
We're going to catch him in time.

Baxter doesn't respond.

ALYSSA
(pressing on)
He has Murphy's key card, so he's
planning on coming in low-vis...

Still nothing. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

ALYSSA
You can't protect everyone. I
couldn't save my brother when bad
things happened to him.

Baxter finally looks at her.

ALYSSA
But we *can* stop this.

Baxter glances back out at the people working diligently to set security for the speech. Sun shines low in the sky. Day's almost over. Finally...

BAXTER
Thank you.

ALYSSA
You don't have to --

BAXTER
You're a good person.

A moment. Alyssa looks up. Then stands.

ALYSSA
Come on. Let's get some sleep.

INT. MOTEL 6, PHILADELPHIA - THAT NIGHT

The sun has just set outside the window of their cramped Motel room. Baxter pulls the shades shut and lies down on his bed.

Alyssa's already prone on hers. Staring up at the ceiling.

BAXTER
Are you hungry?

ALYSSA

No.

BAXTER

Is it weird that I am?

(beat)

You just don't think... When something this big is happening you don't think about food.

ALYSSA

I guess not.

She rolls over. Angling her body away from him.

BAXTER

Alyssa?

ALYSSA

What.

BAXTER

Is everything okay?

Alyssa turns back towards him. There's something hiding behind her eyes. She opens her mouth to respond, but can't. Instead --

ALYSSA

Yeah. Just nervous.

(then)

Get some sleep. Tomorrow... it's over.

She turns back around.

Baxter nods to himself. Takes off his shoes. Lies down. And falls instantly into a restless slumber.

As his eyes shut, we linger on Alyssa. She's not sleeping.

INT. MOTEL 6, PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Baxter wakes up in a cold sweat. Alyssa's sitting on the edge of her bed.

She looks over at him.

ALYSSA

If we're up, we might as well head over.

She rises from bed, and we cut to --

EXT. WELLS FARGO TOWER, PHILADELPHIA - NEXT MORNING

They arrive to the front of the tower. Outside, people have already started arriving for the speech.

This place is getting packed, fast.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, WELLS FARGO TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Baxter and Alyssa enter a high-ceilinged atrium.

The place is mostly empty, save for a few SUITS sitting on the lobby couches.

They head to the front desk, where a SECURITY GUARD waits. Muffin in hand. Looking disinterested in the hubbub outside. When they approach, he looks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Can I help you?

ALYSSA

Just checking to see if Cameron Murphy is here yet. We're friends.

SECURITY GUARD

So call him.

ALYSSA

His phone hasn't been working. Could you just check your log for us?

The guard sighs, but checks his computer.

SECURITY GUARD

Nope. Not in yet.

ALYSSA

Alright. And where is the security entrance?

SECURITY GUARD

Around back. Go outside. Hang a right. End of the block. Another right. And you're there. Can't miss it.

(he holds up his badge)

Keycard access only, though.

ALYSSA

Thanks.

She ushers Baxter to the couches. Gestures for him to sit.

ALYSSA
I'll take the back. You watch in
here. If he comes in -- make a
scene. Being in public is to your
advantage.

Baxter nods.

ALYSSA
(tapping her ear)
I'll be right here.

And with that, she's gone.

Baxter scans the room from his seat. His nerves fraying with every passing second.

Loud noises from outside as throngs of people begin to arrive. He's visibly shaking until --

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Hey.

BAXTER
Hey. You get there alright?

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
Yeah. It's packed out here, though.
Had to really fight against the
crowd to get to the alley.

BAXTER
But you're there now.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
I'm there now.

Baxter exhales.

ALYSSA (OVER COMMS)
We're ready. We'll get him.

Baxter looks out into the crowd outside the lobby windows. Scanning for Cooper.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, WELLS FARGO BUILDING - SAME TIME

Alyssa leans on the wall, a few feet from a semi-busy service entrance to the building.

We can see her hand resting on her gun as she studies everyone passing by. Subtly searching for Cooper...

INT. LOBBY, WELLS FARGO BUILDING - AN HOUR LATER

Baxter watches out the window as the Mall fills up. The mess of people, a hundred thousand strong, has almost completely filled the iconic historical space.

From somewhere in the distance, we can hear cheers growing louder. Over far-off loudspeakers --

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, the President
of the United States -- John D.
Walton!

A roar from outside as Baxter realizes -- Walton's about to take the stage.

BAXTER
(into comms)
Where's Cooper? It's about to
start.

He presses his earbud in deeper to drown the sounds from outside.

He waits for a beat. But --

No response.

BAXTER
Alyssa?

Nothing.

BAXTER
Alyssa?!

Baxter stands up in a panic. He takes the door at a sprint, and pushes outside into the crowd.

EXT. WELLS FARGO TOWER, PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Baxter winds his way through crowds, all straining to see the stage.

He ducks past, pushes through, slides around --

Never stopping.

EXT. BACK ENTRANCE, WELLS FARGO TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter finally arrives in the alley.

The door to the entrance is closed --

But Alyssa's nowhere to be seen.

BAXTER

ALYSSA!

He spins around, searching... finally --

On the ground --

Alyssa's EARPiece. Smashed. Baxter looks at it in horror, realizing --

INT. MAIN LOBBY, WELLS FARGO TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Baxter runs up to the front desk as the sound of the crowd reaches a fever pitch.

BAXTER

Has Murphy checked in yet?

SECURITY GUARD

Let's see... yeah.

Baxter's heart sinks.

SECURITY GUARD

His badge was used to come in the security entrance... ten minutes ago.

BAXTER

(panic)

I need to get upstairs.

SECURITY GUARD

(frowning)

What?

BAXTER

I have to see him --

SECURITY GUARD

You can't do that, sir. Just call him and have him come out to get --

THUNK. Baxter SMASHES the security guard's head onto his desk, knocking him out.

He rips the key card off of the guard's neck and rushes to the elevator.

As he taps the button we hear --

WALTON (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)
My fellow Americans. Thank you for
showing up to support our
groundbreaking campaign...

The elevator arrives and Baxter hops in.

INT. TOP FLOOR, WELLS FARGO TOWER - MINUTES LATER

Baxter emerges from the elevator on the top floor of the building.

Strangely, even from so high up, Walton's voice can still be heard clearly, as though a window is open...

Baxter looks down the hallway to see --

An OPEN DOOR.

Silently he approaches it.

He reaches the door.

Takes a deep breath.

And --

INT. CORNER OFFICE, WELLS FARGO TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Pushes into an EMPTY corner office.

By the window --

COOPER'S SNIPER RIFLE is set up.

It's pointed at Walton, who speaks to a massive crowd from the podium.

Baxter whips around, looking for Cooper.

BAXTER
Cooper!

There's nowhere to hide. He edges forward, something's very wrong --

Baxter's entirely alone.

He stares at the sniper rifle, and then it STARTS MOVING ON ITS OWN --

It's being controlled *remotely*. A DRONE SNIPER. Baxter realizes what's happening, but it's too late --

He runs at the rifle --

But it goes off EXPLOSIVELY before he can get to it --

And the world stops.

A deadly silence as the bullet travels. Baxter looks to the Mall helplessly...

Then a big, collective scream. A body drops. An eruption of blood.

Walton has just been assassinated.

Baxter stands there, shocked, when a voice from behind him --

ALYSSA (O.S.)
Don't move.

Baxter spins to face ALYSSA as the chaos from outside swirls.

Screams, wails, sirens. The walls of sound seem to be closing in. But Baxter doesn't hear that. He can only see --

Alyssa's hands wrapped around a pistol POINTING STRAIGHT AT BAXTER.

Suddenly, he understands.

BAXTER
You knew.

He looks to the sniper rifle. Sitting innocently still once again. Then back to Alyssa.

BAXTER
Where's Cooper?

ALYSSA
Doesn't matter. Hands up.

He just stands there. Dumbfounded.

BAXTER
Why?

ALYSSA
We needed you.

BAXTER
But I didn't do it --
(he stops, then)
It wasn't me...

ALYSSA
It was you.

For the first time, Baxter really sees Alyssa.

BAXTER
I trusted you.

ALYSSA
That was the point.

Alyssa circles behind him, gun still raised.

BAXTER
Was it worth it?

For a moment, Alyssa hesitates. But then --

SMASH.

She brings the butt of her gun down on Baxter's head, and the world goes BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A nurse helps the young man into an advanced wheelchair.

As always, the TV plays news in the background. The headline:

SEARCH STILL ON FOR BAXTER JONES, PRESIDENT WALTON'S
ASSASSIN.

Under the headline we see a barrage of footage --

-Baxter walking out the back door of Chaser's with Lamotta.

-A crime scene STILL of Lamotta's dead body behind the bar.

-Baxter slamming the security guard's head in the Wells Fargo
Tower.

The evidence of Baxter's "guilt" is convincing when strung
together on TV like this.

Then the story switches.

New headline: MORE HATE CRIMES ON SECONDS.

Terrible images of various clones across the country being viciously attacked by people in public. The young man watches the TV. Shakes his head sadly.

NURSE
(noticing)
Horrible. Just horrible. First you,
now the President.

He sinks into the wheelchair and it automatically adjusts to his body. It lightly pinches into his nervous system.

NURSE
The slightest impulse will guide
it. It will allow you to stand.

YOUNG MAN
(surprised)
But... I'm paralyzed.

NURSE
Try it. Try to stand.

The young man focuses and the wheelchair LIFTS him into a standing position. He lets out an involuntarily laugh.

YOUNG MAN
Amazing.

A KNOCK at the door. The nurse goes to it.

YOUNG MAN
Probably my sister.

The nurse opens the door.

NURSE
Hello. We were just getting him out
of bed.

ALYSSA walks into the room. The young man, ALEX, is Alyssa's brother.

ALYSSA
Oh my god. You're standing.

She goes to hug him, nearly crying. The nurse smiles and edges out the door.

They pull away from the embrace. Alyssa looks him up and down. It's hard for her. Wonder and horror all at once. She turns away.

ALEX
(lighthearted)
World went to shit while I was
away, huh?

She laughs through a sob.

ALEX
It's all wrong.

He gestures to the TV. Alyssa looks at it. More of the same news -- the assassination and ensuing hate crimes.

ALYSSA
I know. We give clones a taste of
freedom and they go and do this.

Alex frowns at her.

ALEX
Not them. Us.

Alyssa looks at him. Shocked.

ALYSSA
...They're monsters.

Alex gestures towards the TV where PEOPLE are terrorizing
SECONDS.

ALEX
We're no different.

He sits down, the wheelchair holding him gently carrying him
into a seated position. Alyssa watches him.

ALEX
I can't wait to go home.

She doesn't respond, still lost in her head.

ALEX
Alyssa?

She jerks out of it --

ALYSSA
Sorry.
(beat)
I'm so happy you're coming home.

They share a small smile.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - UNKNOWN TIME

Through the lens of an actively recording camera, the telltale red dot blinking in the corner --

A multi-purpose room. Nothing unique about it, something like a boring living room.

Baxter sits in a cold metal chair in the middle. His red ringed eyes staring directly at us.

BAXTER

My name is Baxter. And I am a
Second.

He leans forward.

BAXTER

If you're watching this, it means
I've already won. It means that
I've told the world that we won't
be enslaved any longer. It means
that your President is dead.

He looks off.

An anger welling up inside him.

BAXTER

Walton was missing the point. We
don't want equal rights. For too
long, humans have... used us.
They've put us down. Treated us
like animals. Today that changes.

He chokes up a little.

Back to camera.

Hardens.

BAXTER

This is a call to arms for Seconds.
They want us to live in their
world. I say they don't deserve it.
It's time we rise up. Time to take
vengeance. Time for us to gain our
freedom.

(beat)

I'll never let them take me alive.
Today... I become a martyr.

He pauses.

A dramatic beat.

Then --

BAXTER
(to someone off-camera)
Okay, was that good? I felt good
about that.

We reveal ALYSSA behind the camera.

ALYSSA
I think we got it.

BAXTER
Thank God. These are uncomfortable.

Then Baxter takes his right hand, pinches his eyes and takes out his EYE-MODIFIERS. The red rings around his irises disappear.

"Baxter" is COOPER.

COOPER
I should've been an actor.

ALYSSA
We'll send this to the news outlets
in a few hours.

COOPER
Do we have to run this by him
first?

ALYSSA
No, we won't have time. He told me
to take care of it. I'll get this
prepped and ready to release.

Cooper stands.

COOPER
We're so close to the end. You feel
good?

ALYSSA
(a beat)
Yes.

COOPER
I'll be right back.

Alyssa looks at him. Maybe we catch a flash of pain.

ALYSSA
Make it quick.

INT. CELL - LATER

A dark, sparse cell. In the middle of it lies Baxter. He's ziptied. His eyes are shut.

The sound of someone coming down stairs. And then the sound of a heavy steel door opening.

COOPER (O.S.)
You alive?

Baxter stirs. Cooper kneels down in front of the bars and looks in at Baxter.

COOPER
Remember me?

Baxter struggles to sit up. He looks across at Cooper through the cell door.

BAXTER
You were using me.

COOPER
Still am.

BAXTER
Since the beginning.

COOPER
Your whole existence, your purpose.
We made you for this moment. You
killed the President of the United
States.

BAXTER
I didn't. You did.
(beat)
And Alyssa.

The pain of her betrayal hurts like a stab to the gut.

COOPER
And Fennel.

A big, loud silence.

BAXTER
...Fennel?

COOPER

What do you think all this is for?
Not *just* to kill the President. You
have my genes. You're not that
stupid.

BAXTER

This was to -- to get Fennel
elected?

COOPER

We got rid of one of our worst
leaders ever and are getting one of
the best.

BAXTER

Nobody's going to elect Fennel.

COOPER

Well. When your manifesto comes
out, and the world sees that clones
really are trying to rise up and
get rid of humans --

BAXTER

My manifesto?

COOPER

What we've done is build a story.
How crazy clones are. How much you
hate humans.

(a small laugh)

I bet you hate me right now.

BAXTER

You should hate you right now.

Cooper shrugs.

COOPER

Maybe I do.

(beat)

Or maybe I just stopped caring a
long time ago.

Cooper shrugs again.

COOPER

Well. Just wanted to say goodbye.

BAXTER

You aren't going to kill me?

COOPER
I am. But it's got to look *just*
right.
(beat)
I'm going to need something for
that.

He turns around and walks away.

COOPER
Enjoy your last two hours of
freedom.

We hear Cooper chuckle softly. Baxter watches him go
defiantly. Then collapses.

The fight slowly goes out of him.

He breaks down.

For the first time, we see Baxter cry.

INT. MULTIPURPOSE ROOM, UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper closes the door to the basement behind him.

Spots Alyssa editing the video of Cooper's performance as
Baxter on a laptop. She closes it as he enters.

COOPER
What are you doing?

ALYSSA
Finishing up the manifesto.

He looks at her strangely...

COOPER
Okay.

ALYSSA
Can I talk to him?

COOPER
Why?

ALYSSA
I want him to know why I did it.
What happened to my brother.

Cooper nods. Alyssa heads to the basement door.

INT. CELL - LATER

Baxter's asleep again.

ALYSSA (O.S.)

Baxter.

(louder)

Baxter.

Without opening his eyes --

BAXTER

Leave.

She looks at him, ignoring her.

ALYSSA

Clones destroyed my brother's life.

She pauses, takes a breath.

ALYSSA

He was coming home one day. Got
jumped by a group of them. They
took his wallet, knocked him down,
beat him to within an inch of his
life.

Her voice breaks. Baxter opens his eyes.

ALYSSA

I was -- I *am* -- so angry. It's not
fair. They lived. They went free.
And his life will never be the
same. But --

Baxter looks at her.

ALYSSA

It's not -- it's not right. What we
did. What we're doing.

Her voice has gotten very quiet.

ALYSSA

(near whisper)

I made a mistake.

Silence.

Baxter sees his opening --

BAXTER
(also a whisper)
Let me out.

ALYSSA
I can't.
(beat)
I have to go.

BAXTER
Alyssa --

ALYSSA
Come here.

Baxter looks at her -- there's a desperation in her voice.

He gets up and goes to the bars.

Their faces are close.

ALYSSA
(pointed)
I can't.

Her eyes dart to a CAMERA in the corner.

All of a sudden, Baxter feels something small placed into his right hand. The one hidden from camera.

He clenches his hand around it.

ALYSSA
I'm sorry.
(beat)
I'll make it right.

Then she abruptly turns and walks away.

Baxter goes back to the shadows in his corner and sits down.
He peeks at what she's handed him.

A pocketknife.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Baxter sits on the floor. Facing the stairs. His wrists wriggle frantically as the door opens and Cooper starts descending.

He's holding the same type of STEEL COLLAR that he killed his other clone with.

COOPER

The new world we're creating...
it's only possible because of you.

BAXTER

You don't have to do this. You have
a choice...

For a beat, Cooper stops unlocking the door to the cell. He looks into Baxter's eyes. All the pain of his life bubbles to the surface --

COOPER

No. I don't.

He opens the door. Walks towards Baxter. And as soon as he goes to put the collar on Baxter's neck --

Baxter jumps up and SWINGS a HAYMAKER. He catches Cooper by surprise in the jaw, and sends him careening to the floor.

The collar goes flying.

Cooper kicks at Baxter --

Catching him in the stomach. Baxter falls. Cooper scrambles over, and gets on top of Baxter. Holds him down with his legs and --

Unleashes a series of PUNCHES to the head. One after the other connect with force.

Baxter croaks out a groan. Cooper rises, and walks to get the collar.

COOPER

Wish you'd made this easier. Would
have been better if you'd just --

THUD. Cooper turns around to find Baxter, bloodied and standing, on the outside of the door.

COOPER

You won't get anywhere. Alyssa's
just up the stairs.

BAXTER

How do you think I got out?

Cooper looks back at the zip ties. Then back at Baxter -- small pocketknife in his hand.

He gets it now.

COOPER
That bitch...

BAXTER
Why did you do it?

Cooper looks up at him.

BAXTER
I was your Second. I never
complained. I never hurt you. I was
made to serve you, and that's all I
did.
(then)
Why?

An agonizingly long beat as the two mirror images stare at one another. Separated by bars. United in their lack of freedom.

Finally we realize -- there's no reply forthcoming.

Baxter turns around.

He starts ascending the stairs. He gets about halfway up when we hear --

CRACK. A spine snapped. Baxter stops but doesn't turn around.

He can't bring himself to look back as he climbs the stairs, but we see behind him --

Cooper's dead body. Collar tight around his neck.

INT. GEORGETOWN ROWHOUSE - NEXT DAY

In a well-outfitted row house, Ralph Fennel sits behind his desk.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)
You have a visitor.

FENNEL
(excited)
Send him in.

TV plays in the background. A **BREAKING NEWS** chyron at the bottom of the screen.

He smiles. Then he stands. Turns towards the door, and --

In walks Cooper.

Fennel walks over and they embrace.

FENNEL
Just in time.

As he says this, "Baxter's manifesto" starts playing on the TV.

ON SCREEN:

COOPER (TO CAMERA)
If you're watching this, it means
I've already won. It means that
I've told the world that we won't
be enslaved any longer. It means
that your President is dead.

Fennel grins at Cooper.

FENNEL
You're good.

The manifesto goes on. We've seen it already. While beside him, Cooper's reaching up for his eyes...

COOPER (TO CAMERA)
(end of speech)
...Today, I become a martyr.

We expect the manifesto to cut out, *but it doesn't*.

COOPER
(to Alyssa off-camera)
Okay, was that good? I felt good
about that.

ALYSSA (O.S.)
I think we got it.

COOPER (TO CAMERA)
Thank God. These are uncomfortable.

And then Cooper takes out the eye-modifiers.

Fennel looks on in shock as the story continues to play. He turns --

FENNEL
What the fuck --

But now he sees. As he completes his turn, BAXTER stands next to him. In Baxter's hand -- the contacts that hid his rings.

FENNEL

How?

BAXTER

(simply)

Alyssa.

At that, the door behind Baxter BLOWS OPEN and the FBI rushes in.

We fade to black on Baxter's face -- satisfaction, but not joy.

INT. CLONE SERVICES BUILDING, CHARLOTTESVILLE - MONTHS LATER

We fade up on the unassuming municipal building we remember from Baxter's first outing. Baxter stands at the front of the same small multi-purpose room.

The room is FLOODED with observers. CAMERAS all around.

The Foreman is at the small desk at the front of the room that serves as a podium.

FOREMAN

All of you have been deemed
eligible for freedom! You should be
very proud.

His eyes linger on Baxter. He gives a small smile.

FOREMAN

Now if you will rise, we have a
special guest who will be leading
us in the Pledge of allegiance...

The worker turns towards the door, and --

JAMES WALTON (Walton's clone) walks in.

He nods at Baxter. Steps to the front of the room. And --

JAMES WALTON

Please rise.

Baxter and the other ten or so Seconds stand. They turn towards the flag.

BAXTER & REST OF SECONDS

(in unison)

I pledge allegiance, to the flag...

INT. FLUVANNA CORRECTIONAL CENTER, VIRGINIA - SAME TIME

Video of Baxter's moment is displayed on the rec room TV. A chyron at the bottom of the screen reads:

Hero Second Gains Freedom.

Most of the WOMEN ignore the TV, opting to play cards, read, or chat amongst themselves.

But in the corner:

Alyssa Fowler sits, staring up at the screen. And as the speech finishes, close on Baxter --

BAXTER (ON TV)
-- Indivisible. With Liberty and
Justice for all --

-- she smiles.

INT. CLONE SERVICES BUILDING, CHARLOTTESVILLE - SAME TIME

The whole room stands and APPLAUDS. James Walton congratulates the newly freed Seconds.

Baxter smiles and looks out at the audience -- the place where he once sat.

He basks in it for a moment.

But then his eyes catch on someone in the back --

A YOUNG MAN. Watching him. Red rings in his eyes.

The only one not clapping.

Baxter's smile fades.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END