

SELECTION

Pilot Episode

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TEASER

TITLE CARD: "ANCHORAGE, ALASKA 2078"

FADE IN:

Slowly filling the screen is an INSIGNIA...

It reads: "THE DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION (D.O.P)"

MATCH CUT TO:

The DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION **INSIGNIA** on a HANDHELD DEVICE.

Written beneath the seal is the following...

CLOSE-ON TEXT: **ORDER OF DEPORTATION**

INT. RESIDENTIAL BUILDING (LIVING ROOM) - EARLY MORNING

Two young people anxiously occupy a small residence.
SISTER (24) holds the DEVICE, as her BROTHER (22) bustles
around an apartment throwing items into a duffle bag.

SISTER

Are you an idiot?

BROTHER

Stop.

SISTER

Is something wrong with your brain?
You are choosing *Deportation* over
Selection? Are you INSANE!

He continues stuffing his bag, pausing only to check his
BLACK WRISTWATCH as it BEEPS a notification.

CLOSE-ON: **OFFICER ARRIVAL ONE MINUTE**

BROTHER

I am NOT going to sacrifice myself.

SISTER

Don't! Please! It's my job to look
out for you. I promised I would -

BROTHER

It's my name on the Selection
notice not yours. This is my
choice! I don't want to be
euthanized like some old dog.

SISTER
There's less than a 1% chance!!

BROTHER
So they say! I don't buy it.

SISTER
What do you think is out there on
the other side of the wall?

BROTHER
There's an entire fucking world!
Maybe everything is just fine and
they don't want us to know.

A KNOCK comes at the door.

BROTHER (CONT'D)
Shit!

Grabs blankets and a jacket, stuffs them in the bag.

SISTER
(crying)
Do you have any food? Medicine?

Another loud KNOCK at the door.

SISTER (CONT'D)
You can stop this. You can!
Tell them you changed your mind!

He stands in front of her and looks her in the eye.

BROTHER
It's going to be okay. I promise.

Tears fill her eyes as he opens the front door.
Department of Preservation OFFICERS STEFAN KOLEV (40's) and
JONATHAN WALKER (30's) stand in the doorway.

OFFICER WALKER
Emil Richardson?

BROTHER
Yeah. I'm coming, I'm coming.

OFFICER KOLEV
We'll take you to Deportation...

Brother looks back to his Sister. She shakes her head.

He attempts a smile and follows the Officers outside...

EXT. DEPORTATION CENTER - SOON AFTER

Twilight nears as first sunlight comes in from behind the mountains. A razor wire topped fence creates an holding area leading to large metal doors at the base of

THE WALL

Perhaps A HUNDRED FEET TALL, this behemoth of construction expands further than the eye can see. It SEPARATES the city-state of Anchorage from the world beyond. Brother looks up at it while being ushered. At this close angle, its assembly is seen with an intimidating majesty.

HOLDING AREA

The Officers lead him to a line of distressed looking people weighed down by their belongings. Walker removes Brother's wristwatch. Kolev points to the end of the line...

OFFICER WALKER

Thank you for your participation.

Kolev and Walker turn around and go back to their vehicle. Brother walks hesitantly toward the congested group. The line of people continues moving forward. As a gate locks behind them, a large metal door SLIDES OPEN.

EXT. ANCHORAGE BORDER - CONTINUOUS

The other side of The Wall is revealed. An identical razor fence is seen but it holds back throngs of *starving, crazed humans* SCREAMING MANIACALLY. Their hands reach through as GUARDS strike them with their batons. As Brother moves through the TUNNEL into the throws of the outside world -

THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES

beyond the main entrance of the wall are now seen. Abandoned cars connect to makeshift homes and tents. Strung together, it looks like a shanty city barely clinging to civilization. The dead and the dying are hard to distinguish. This is the armpit of humanity. This is the future...

Brother turns back around running, yelling for help.

BROTHER

Wait! I change my mind! I want to go to Selection. I'll participate! Please! I change my mind!

FADE TO WHITE.

END OF TEASER

TITLE CARD: **SELECTION**

EXT. ANCHORAGE BORDER - CONTINUOUS

Higher and higher we go, up and away ABOVE the wall...

CAMERA RISES:

Hovering over both the TECHNOLOGY of the city and CHAOS of the border, a bird's eye view of Anchorage is seen. Gliding seamlessly, we merge into the window of the 37th floor of the **HORIZON** building - A MASSIVE GLASS SKYSCRAPER.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A MAN stands at the window, watching everything unfold down below him. This is **GRAYSON MINX (47) - CEO OF HORIZON ENTERPRISES**. His face is reflected in the window. He wears a t-shirt under his blazer along with blonde, albino-like hair.

Looking around this palatial suite, it is comprised of wall to wall glass. Fiber optic telecommunication systems. A "Last Supper" sized table. Luxury ergonomic chairs. Feels like the Oval Office. Powerful decisions are made in this room.

Grayson checks the **BLACK WRISTWATCH** on his arm.

CLOSE ON WATCH: "**7:59 a.m.**"

The conference door UNLOCKS as a debonair man walks in. This is BRUCE KATZ (51). An uncomfortable grin hangs on his face.

BRUCE KATZ

Morning.

GRAYSON MINX

Bruce.

They cross to each other, shaking hands. Bruce also wears a matching **BLACK WRISTWATCH**.

BRUCE KATZ

How's the prep on Fire Island coming?
The simulations last week are making
everyone nervous.

GRAYSON MINX

Not the first time a computer has made
a human nervous. We'll know more
soon. Talking with Neal later.

BRUCE KATZ

Great... that's great.

Grayson turns on a computer at the conference table. Silence.

GRAYSON MINX
Say what you need to say...
I know when you're stalling me.

BRUCE KATZ
Well, something's come up.
Its Jessup...

Hearing the name triggers something personal in Grayson.

GRAYSON MINX
Jessup?? What did he do now?

BRUCE KATZ
Nothing, but D.O.P. just called me -
he hasn't confirmed his Selection.

GRAYSON MINX
Selection? What Selection??

BRUCE KATZ
We're doing another round today.
The system gave a Red Notice that we
are over. Jessup is on the list.

Grayson covers his face and takes a seat.

GRAYSON MINX
I can't believe his scores have gotten
that low...

BRUCE KATZ
Should I... have him excused?

GRAYSON MINX
We don't do that. No one gets
abstained. Not even me...

BRUCE KATZ
So are we deporting him if he -

GRAYSON MINX
I now the rules, Bruce. I wrote them.
Just make sure he gets there...

Grayson gives a glare. Katz knows this is now his problem.

BRUCE KATZ
I'll take care of it...

Katz exits the room, leaving Grayson alone. He walks to the window and looks down over Anchorage again. Grayson stares at TWO GREEN TOWERS in the east end of the city-state...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - SOON AFTER

At ground level, Anchorage seems to be a mix of both neglected structures and immaculate modern buildings.

The empty streets before us indicate the area is in a remote part of town. Suddenly, an ELECTRIC VEHICLE comes down the road. Painted along the side of its doors is a familiar logo.

CLOSE-ON CAR: "**HORIZON POLICE**"

It accelerates through the district driving towards

TWO GREEN TOWERS -

that stand out in the distance up ahead...

EXT. VERDANT TOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls up and parks outside of VERDANT TOWERS, Anchorage's main source of vertical farming. Both buildings look contemporary, twelve stories high with vegetation growing onto the outside walls. It's green exterior stands out among the gloominess of the encompassing neighborhood.

Two familiar OFFICERS exit the car and move toward the towers.

INT. VERDANT TOWERS - MOMENTS LATER

Once again, we find OFFICERS STEFAN KOLEV and JONATHAN WALKER as they enter the front doors of the modern structure.

MAIN LOBBY

Ahead of them, a RECEPTIONIST (50's) sits at a desk.

OFFICER WALKER

Good morning. Could you point us in the direction of Jessup Beckett?

RECEPTIONIST

Has there been another incident?

OFFICER KOLEV

"Incident?"

OFFICER WALKER

We just need to speak with him.

She looks them over.

RECEPTIONIST

... 12D.

OFFICER WALKER

Thank you.

(to Kolev)

Take it all the way up...

RECEPTIONIST

You mean all the way DOWN...

OFFICER KOLEV

You're telling me this man works
twelve floors underground?

RECEPTIONIST

Lives there too...

The Officers look at each other, then head to the elevator.

FLOOR 12D

Kolev and Walker step off the elevator onto the lowest level of the building. They come across a plastic drape that's been stapled over a doorway. As the Officers walk through it, they enter some sort of makeshift nursery. This area isn't as refined as the rest of the building. It feels like the construction was never completed. The entire floor is covered with plants seeded in garden beds. High intensity, fluorescent GROW LIGHTS line the ceiling above them...

OFFICER WALKER

You recognize these plants?

OFFICER KOLEV

Do I look like a botanist?

The Officers wander down various rows of herbs and fungi.

OFFICER KOLEV (CONT'D)

But I know that smell...

They both get a whiff of marijuana. They walk towards the back where they come across a SMALL TENT next to a sunflower scaffold. Behind the tent are several rows of cannabis plants. Sticking out of the tent's zip-door are a set of *human legs*. They belong to **JESSUP BECKETT (45)**, drunk.

OFFICER WALKER

Mr. Beckett?

No response. Kolev kicks one of his legs.

OFFICER WALKER (CONT'D)
Mr. Beckett... We have orders to take
you down to the Department of
Preservation by nine o'clock.
You need to respond to your Selection.

A light amount of snoring is heard...

OFFICER WALKER (CONT'D)
Plan B?

Kolev grabs Jessup's legs and PULLS him all the way out of the tent. We get our first look at Jessup. He's an utter mess and passed out cold. Sporting a greying beard and ponytail, he wears torn jeans and a stained thermal. A flask is glued to his hand as drool or vomit runs down his mouth.

OFFICER KOLEV
Mr. Beckett, we have our orders.

Still doesn't move. Kolev looks at Jessup's limp body.

OFFICER KOLEV (CONT'D)
They want him... they got him.

He lifts Jessup off the ground as his partner observes.

OFFICER KOLEV (CONT'D)
Well, c'mon. Help me!

Walker bends down and grabs Jessup by his wrists. We notice that unlike everyone else Jessup IS **NOT** wearing a black wristwatch. However, we do observe a SILVER WEDDING BAND on his finger. As Walker grabs onto Jessup's hands, he grazes the wedding ring - which **JOLTS HIM AWAKE.**

Coming to life, Jessup KICKS HIS LEGS FREE from Kolev's grip and PUSHES WALKER ONTO THE GROUND...

JESSUP BECKETT
Mother fuckers!!!!

He THROWS HIS FLASK at Walker's face as Kolev pulls out a firearm and LETS OFF A ROUND... Within seconds, Jessup falls back on the ground unconscious. Kolev holsters his TASER...

OFFICER KOLEV
Son-of-a-bitch!!!!

He looks to his partner, who holds his hand to his eye.

OFFICER KOLEV (CONT'D)
You okay?

OFFICER WALKER

... Yeah.

Kolev proceeds in putting a set of handcuffs on Jessup.
They both look at each other contemplating their next move...

MAIN LOBBY

The elevator door OPENS as the Officers step into the lobby
dragging an unconscious Jessup Beckett past the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh my God!

OFFICER KOLEV

Everything's fine, ma'am.

They kick open the front door, pulling his body outside.

PARKING LOT

Kolev and Walker pop the door to their car and secure Jessup in
the backseat, MAGNETIZING HIS CUFFS to a hand rail. They get in
the front seat and program in their destination. The car turns
on. Kolev dials a number into his wristwatch. The audio in the
vehicle comes on and connects him through.

OFFICER KOLEV (CONT'D)

Dispatch, 213768 is en route with
participant, Jessup Beckett - I.D.
number 535867. Time of delivery
estimates 26 minutes...

Their car turns into the street and accelerates forward...

INT./EXT. POLICE VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Walker tries squinting his eye.

OFFICER WALKER

... Am I bleeding?

OFFICER KOLEV

No.

Walker looks back at Jessup, who's out cold.

OFFICER WALKER

Who is this drunk anyway? What
makes him so goddamn special?

OFFICER KOLEV

We help out D.O.P. all the time.

OFFICER WALKER
Not like this we haven't...

The car suddenly comes to a SCREECHING HALT as a
LARGE MAN (40) jay-walks into the middle of the street.
He stands six foot-five with light brown skin and weighs over
three hundred pounds. In his hand is a gallon of milk.

OFFICER WALKER (CONT'D)
What the fuck???

Kolev steps out of his car. Approaches the Large Man.

OFFICER KOLEV
You trying to kill yourself???

LARGE MAN
I got milk!!

A big smile comes over the Large Man's jolly face.

OFFICER KOLEV
Excuse me? Name and ID number...

LARGE MAN
Milk!! For mama!!

He holds out his container of milk. Kolev looks him over.
Quickly realizes that he has some kind of mental disability.

OFFICER KOLEV
Who is Mama? Where do you live?

The Man turns and points down the street.

OFFICER KOLEV (CONT'D)
You go straight home now, okay?

LARGE MAN
Okay!!! Bye-bye!!

He waves as he walks away. Kolev returns back to the car.

OFFICER WALKER
What was that all about?

OFFICER KOLEV
Nothing... We got people like that
walking around, yet you and I have to
worry about our QVS scores.

Suddenly Jessup lets out a small moan from the back seat.

OFFICER KOLEV (CONT'D)
Let's drop off this piece of shit...

Kolev re-enters in the destination coordinates as the autonomous car drives away. However, as they proceed onward we no longer follow the Police Officers and Jessup...

MOVE TO: **THE LARGE MAN**

* WE TRACK HIS JOURNEY AS THE RISING SUN ILLUMINATES THE CITY. *

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Large Autistic Man proceeds down the road carrying his gallon of milk. We start to see more of the neighborhood. A zone of lower income residents. Complexes stand on old, decaying foundations. The technology of the city seems to have past this place over. The Large Man enters a nearby building...

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

He walks through the foyer into a hallway on the first floor.

APARTMENT B

The Large Man (SONGAA) steps into a simple two-bedroom home. His mother **ATKA QUINTERO** (65), a native Alaskan-Inuit, is handing house keys to her NEIGHBOR (50). She addresses him instantly.

ATKA QUINTERO
Where were you, Songaa?

SONGAA QUINTERO
Mama!

He steps in and gives her a tight hug while holding the milk.

ATKA QUINTERO
(**in-Alaskan-Inuit**)
Where were you, son?

SONGAA QUINTERO
Milk!

ATKA QUINTERO
It doesn't take that long to get milk.

SONGAA QUINTERO
I like the big cars...

ATKA QUINTERO
I told you, let Mama know if you want to visit the garbage trucks my sweet boy. You make Mama worry...

Songaa gives her another big hug. His giant frame engulfs hers. They both also wear **BLACK WRISTWATCHES**.

ATKA QUINTERO (CONT'D)
 (in Alaskan-Inuit)
 Go eat...

He goes over to the table and pours his milk into a bowl already filled with cereal. Atka attends to her Neighbor.

ATKA QUINTERO (CONT'D)
 He'll be fine by himself. Just check
 in on him from time to time.

NEIGHBOR
 Anything for you, Atka... but I've got
 to be honest. If you're not home
 tomorrow, Bill and I can't afford to
 take care of another body. Not at our
 age. If you don't come back, we'll
 have to take him to Social Services.

Silence. Atka's black wristwatch suddenly starts BEEPING.

ATKA QUINTERO
 I have to go. See you tomorrow...

The Neighbor doesn't address the issue any further. Atka goes over to her son who is still eating.

ATKA QUINTERO (CONT'D)
 Look at me child... No leaving the
apartment until Mama comes back.

SONGAA QUINTERO
 I stay here.

ATKA QUINTERO
 Good. Give me your hands...

Songaa complies. Atka holds his hands and closes her eyes. He does the same as if they've done this many times before. They say no words but Atka is clearly doing "something," sending him some sort of... energy. Her caucasian Neighbor looks on respectfully, unsure of what is happening. Atka's wristwatch BEEPS again. She opens her eyes and gives him a kiss on his forehead and then walks out the front door...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Atka patiently waits outside, looking at her watch...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "**SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 1 MINUTE**"

Soon after, a **SHUTTLE** painted with a logo -

CLOSE-ON LOGO: "**DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION**"

pulls up beside her. The door **OPENS** as she gets inside.

INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The Shuttle is occupied by eight other **CITIZENS** of varying ages, races and gender. They remain quiet. The **DRIVER** (40) wears a uniform with the initials **D.O.P.** sewn onto his shirt.

DRIVER

Hello...

Atka smiles as the door closes behind her. The Driver scans her wristwatch before entering coordinates into his operating system. The Driver meticulously works on the HUD screen as the vehicle maneuvers itself through the streets. He is monitoring the remaining pick-ups for the vehicle, when a **PICTURE** and **NAME** appear on the *transparent windshield*.

CLOSE-ON SCREEN: "**SPENCER PACE**"

As the shuttle proceeds toward its next destination, Atka looks out the window pensively at the streets of Anchorage...

CLOSE-ON: **THE CITY STREETS**

There is an eeriness to this stretch of street blocks. There isn't much social activity or active business. Minutes later - the vehicle slows to its arrival. It parks next to a basic three-story condominium. While the car idles, Atka leans her tired head on the window to rest, just as -

BAM!! BAM!!

Something **HITS** the top of the shuttle, jerking Atka up...

EXT. ROOFTOP OF BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Looking down at the ground, standing on the roof of the structure is **SPENCER PACE (34)**. Asian-American. Slicked hair. He's holding another rock, ready to let it fly...

SPENCER PACE

You early bastards!

Next to him is a small wooden coup filled with **PIGEONS**. Frantic and rushed, Spencer runs **TWO LARGE CABLE WIRES** into a small metal box while computing numbers into a mobile device. We notice that the wires run

ALL THE WAY OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING

As he urgently enters logarithms, his **BLACK WRISTWATCH** starts BEEPING. Spencer codes furiously as we observe

ONE LONE PIGEON TRYING TO ESCAPE THE COUP -

as we return to the streets below...

CAMERA ON: **GROUND VIEW**

RETURN TO SCENE

EXT./INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The Passengers inside the Department of Preservation Shuttle have become disgruntled; wondering what was it that struck their vehicle? Atka sits silently as the fervor grows...

ANOTHER SMALL ROCK HITS THE GLASS WINDOW -

reinvigorating the panic inside the van.

SEVERAL MORE ROCKS START HITTING THE ROOF OF THE SHUTTLE

The Driver hesitantly looks around, unsure of what to do.

DIRECTOR
DRIVER

Everyone stay inside the vehicle...

The rocks continue pelting the roof as a PASSENGER chimes in...

PASSENGER

Just leave already!

BAM!! Another rock HITS THE CAR...

DIRECTOR
DRIVER

My orders are to give each person
their full allotted time before
reporting a failed attendance.

He looks at his clock as a SECOND PASSENGER chimes in.

PASSENGER #2

Even when your car is under attack?

Atka remains quiet as the van turns into a quarreling session between the riders. An older, AGITATED MAN speaks up next.

AGITATED MAN

I don't care about orders!

Suddenly the rocks STOP hitting. Silence. He resumes...

DIRECTOR
Whatever that was... it's over now.

A LOUD WOMAN (50) joins the conversation.

LOUD WOMAN
You want to know what I think? This
whole situation should be cause to let
us all go back home!

This comment ignites the emotions of the Passengers...

DIRECTOR
No one is going home...

They all join forces and begin chanting together.

EVERYONE
Take us home! Takes us home!!

Atka is the only one not yelling as suddenly

THE SHUTTLE'S DOOR SLIDES OPEN -

It's Spencer. The whole vehicle goes quiet. He looks at the
Driver as everyone takes in his entrance.

SPENCER PACE
So... you're the needle dick who
can't read a clock.

DIRECTOR
... I beg your pardon?

Spencer takes a seat.

SPENCER PACE
My pickup, authorized by the City-
State says 8:25 a.m. NOT 8:22!!

DIRECTOR
The van is programmed correctly, sir.
Maybe, it's your watch...

SPENCER PACE
It's not my watch dipshit!
You're fuckin' early!!

DIRECTOR
Its only three minutes!

SPENCER PACE
Nations have been destroyed in three
minutes!!

(MORE)

SPENCER PACE (CONT'D)
 Executions, orgasms and the full
 lifecycle of certain bacteria have all
 happened in under three minutes!!

The older, Agitated Man interrupts them.

AGITATED MAN
 Were you throwing rocks at the car?

SPENCER PACE
 You're quick aren't you... Let me
 guess, early on-set dementia??
 Either way, I'm sure they'll kill me
 and let you go home...

DRIVER
 Are you finished Mr. Pace??!

SPENCER PACE
 Oh, I'm just getting started!!

The Driver quickly scans his watch and then sets the car in motion. Atka and Spencer's eyes meet before he looks out the window of the van. A stunned Spencer suddenly sees

THE LONE PIGEON FLY OFF THE ROOFTOP FROM HIS LOFT

As he ponders how his bird escaped, the van drives away...

MOVE TO: **THE PIGEON**

* CHANGING COURSE - OUR ATTENTION NOW SHIFTS TO THE PIGEON *

ANGLE ON: **THE PIGEONS FLIGHT**

The bird soars from the building over the neighborhood heading WEST. As the fowl descends, it sails over store fronts and markets before swooping down over a traipsing pedestrian...

EXT. STREETS OF EAST ANCHORAGE - CONTINUOUS

A BROKEN MAN (50) walks with his hands in his jacket through the cold streets. He takes a pill out of his pocket and puts it under his tongue. Passing through the sparse crowds we observe the misery on his face. His eyes have no sign of hope. There is nothing left for this man to live for. As if things couldn't get worse for him, he is soon drenched with

PIGEON SHIT FROM UP ABOVE

As Spencer's bird returns to the skyline. He stops in his tracks. It takes him a moment to grasp what just happened. Quickly realizing that the white liquid dripping from his hair and shoulders is feces, he begins to sob.

Depressed and at the brink he continues forward as he cries. Looming ahead is a small building with a sign that reads:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: "**SUBMISSION CLINIC**"

INT. CLINIC - SOON AFTER

Soothing BOSSA NOVA MUSIC plays as we follow the Broken Man inside the doors. His appearance is in stark contrast to the building's environment. We look around the room and see

A BEAUTIFUL BEACH SUNSET PROJECTED ONTO A WALL

At the other end of the space...

PUPPY DOGS AND BUTTERFLIES FROLIC FROM A HOLOGRAM

Nearby are brochures and posters that read:

CLOSE-ON TEXT: "*Saying farewell on your own terms.*"

"The end of life is the start of peace."

It soon becomes clear that we are in a **SUICIDE CLINIC**.

Lobby chairs align the walls, while tablets with magazine websites are displayed on small tables. Sitting separately in two of the chairs are a YOUNG MAN (20's) and an ELDERLY WOMAN (70's). The Woman fills out a computerized form while the Young Man covers his face with a hoodie. They both look emotionally resigned but not as despondent as the Broken Man.

Meanwhile, he looks around aimlessly before catching eyes with the girl behind the counter. This is **RAIN COULTER (23)**. She wears a lab coat. Her angst is at odds with her undeniable magnetism. She has an edgy, gender fluid attractiveness. The Broken Man moves toward her with wet eyes and pigeon shit dripping from his hair. They look at each other...

RAIN COULTER
May I help you?

BROKEN MAN
Kill me. Just kill me...

She isn't moved by his desperation. Not her first rodeo.

RAIN COULTER
Would you like to speak to one of
our counselors?

BROKEN MAN
Just kill me. I beg you.

RAIN COULTER

Sir, it doesn't work like that. I can give you a form to fill out and then we administer a blood test. If it comes back clean, then we can proceed. Are you sober?

BROKEN MAN

Please... JUST FUCKIN KILL ME!!!

The Elderly Woman lifts her head but the Young Man in the hoodie doesn't. Coming out from the back office behind Rain is a SECURITY GUARD (40's). He assesses the situation...

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay here?

The Broken Man starts to cry even harder, staring at Rain.

BROKEN MAN

You're just like her...

He pops another pill and moves back toward the door.

BROKEN MAN (CONT'D)

You're just like her...

As he exits the clinic, the Guard routinely goes to Rain.

SECURITY GUARD

They're ready for the next one.

She turns to the Young Man wearing the hoodie.

RAIN COULTER

(aloud)

Mr. Kelly, your room is ready...

(to the Guard)

Will you tell Aaron to come here?

The Guard nods as the Young Man (Mr. Kelley) walks past Rain. He is escorted into the back by security as Rain looks at the digital clock on the wall.

CLOSE-ON CLOCK: "8:27 a.m."

The Elderly Woman completes the form on her tablet. She stands up gingerly and approaches the counter with a cane...

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm finished.

Hands over her tablet to Rain...

RAIN COULTER

You'll be getting a notification in a few minutes on your network band. A blood test will be administered in the next 48 hours. If you pass, your exit session with Dr. Cole will be scheduled. Any questions?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh no, I understand the process. But are you okay? That man was so upset...

RAIN COULTER

Some people have a hard time.

ELDERLY WOMAN

... With what? Dying?

Smiles at Rain.

RAIN COULTER

No. Living...

They share a moment before the Elderly Woman leaves the building. Rain then checks the time on her watch as the door behind her opens. Stepping into the now empty lobby is her co-worker, a slacker-type named AARON MARTIN (30's.) He hops up on the counter as Rain starts taking off her lab coat.

AARON MARTIN

What's up? Piss break?

RAIN COULTER

I'm leaving...

AARON MARTIN

Ditching out already?

RAIN COULTER

You are such a toad. YOU'RE covering the rest of my shift. Remember? I've got Selection today, moron.

Aaron pulls back.

AARON MARTIN

Do you really? Fuck.

RAIN COULTER

Please, don't act like you care.

AARON MARTIN

Seriously, I'm so sorry.

RAIN COULTER
Don't be a pussy... Look, I need to
ask one more favor...

She pulls an envelope out of her pocket.

RAIN COULTER (CONT'D)
If I'm not at work tomorrow will you
drop this off for me?

He looks at a name written on the letter.

CLOSE-ON LETTER: **"OLIVIA PRIEDA"**

The name is followed by an address. Aaron pockets it.

AARON MARTIN
... Sure, no problem.

He stares at her with concern as she walks to the door.

AARON MARTIN (CONT'D)
Hey! Take care, huh...

She gives him a wink and then exits the clinic.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rain places headphones into her ears as her **wristwatch** BEEPS.

Looks at the time...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: **"8:29 a.m."**

Another message is displayed: **"SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 3 MIN."**

RAIN COULTER
(into her watch)
Play "Distraction Mix."

DRONING, PULSING MUSIC plays from her headphones as she runs down the street. We see shops begin their morning routines as awnings rise. Rain weaves in and out of traffic...

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

She takes a shortcut, stepping over a HOMELESS MAN.

RAIN COULTER (CONT'D)
(into her watch)
"Location redirect. Real time follow."

CLOSE-ON WATCH: **"SHUTTLE REDIRECTING."**

Rain cuts through an entrance...

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

She enters the back door of a local store. An EMPLOYEE stocking a shelf looks at her pass by. She skips through to the front entrance and steps out into the other side of neighborhood.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Rain soon finds herself in "MARBLE VALLEY." A cul-de-sac of small columned apartments. Entering an alleyway between the structures, she finds a graffiti artist's dream canvas. On the side of the building is a painted image:

CLOSE-ON PAINTING:

The image is of... ***The Wall. But it's cracked and broken with bodies climbing through holes and Angels rising up from the other side. The word "ESCAPE" is written across the top. The artistry and detail of the street mural is breathtaking.***

Her watch BEEPS...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 1 MIN."

She walks over to the painting. It clearly means something to her. Hidden behind a few large stones, is a tarp covered bucket. She removes it, revealing a small cylinder of paint. Rain grabs a brush that lies nearby. She dips it in and begins to sign her initials "R.C." at the bottom of her creation.

As she leaves the final mark, her watch BEEPS again...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "ARRIVED."

Rain turns around and sees the **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** waiting for her. She closes the bucket of paint and covers it with the tarp before going over to the vehicle...

As Rain walks OUT of our sight line we turn our attention to an open APARTMENT WINDOW high up ABOVE Marble Valley.

MOVE TO: **THE WINDOW**

It looks directly down over the painted mural...

EXT./INT. SMALL APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Passing into the OPEN window, we enter an old and cramped

BATHROOM

Staring into a mirror adjusting his neck tie is a striking

looking man. This is **VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (51)**. Latin, handsome, dressed in a suit. But the bathroom he stands in shows us a different reality. The walls are chipping away and the sink and tub are lined with mold. Suddenly, his **BLACK WRISTWATCH** starts BEEPING.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "**SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 1 MIN.**"

He calls out to the other room...

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Ernesto!!

Vincent finishes up and walks into the

LIVING ROOM

Sitting on the couch eating a cookie is his teenage son **ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ (14)**. He is the spitting image of his father. We observe the humble apartment in detail...

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
Ernesto...

He notices the cookie in his son's hand.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
What are you eating?

Ernesto looks at his father's outfit.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
Wow Dad! You look sharp!

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Where's your breakfast?

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
I changed my mind.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Next time you change your mind, try eating something healthy.

Behind Vincent we see janitor overalls hanging on a rack.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
You never dress like that for work.
I haven't seen you in a suit since -

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Forget all that. Make sure you study up for the exam next week.
(MORE)

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
 Just because the school is closed
 today doesn't mean it's an excuse to
 lay around and eat cookies.

His watch BEEPS again.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
 I will. Hey, this weekend can we -

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
 I don't have time now, hijo. Just
 remember what I told you yesterday.

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
 ... About what?

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
 Do you listen to anything I say?
 If I'm not home by five -

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
 Go upstairs and see Mrs. Turner.
 I got it. But why I am hanging out
 with her? You hate that woman.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
 Ernesto... I'm not asking you, I'm
 telling you. If I'm not home by five
go upstairs! Promise me...

ERNESTO DE LA CRUZ
 I promise! You're acting weird...

He gives his boy a kiss on the head.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
 Love you...

Proceeds to the front door. Vincent exits the apartment as
 Ernesto resumes eating a chunk of cookie.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

He walks outside the FRONT ENTRANCE of his building. It's on
 the opposite side of Marble Valley facing the main street. Soon
 enough, he sees the **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** which has circled its way
 around the block. He walks toward it. As he nears the van,
 Vincent places his hands onto his stomach...

EXT./INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The door to the vehicle OPENS as Vincent catches his breath.
 The van is half-full with Rain Coulter sitting in the backseat.

Vincent stops himself before entering, he doesn't look well.
The Driver holds on, waiting for him to get in...

DIRECTOR
Mr. Cruz?

Vincent gurgles as he tries to speak. Still doesn't enter.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Are you ready, sir?

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
I uh... think I left the stove on.

DIRECTOR
(annoyed)
You better hurry...

The Driver starts a timer on his dashboard as Vincent turns around and rushes back towards the building. As he gets closer to the door he *covers his mouth with his hands*...

INT./EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Vincent stumbles in through the doors into the empty

LOBBY

He collapses onto the floor and crawls toward a garbage can next to the mailboxes. Vincent starts to

VOMIT VIOLENTLY INTO THE RECEPTACLE

After spewing his guts out, he leans against the wall...

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Vincent reaches under his shirt collar and pulls out a necklace that's been hidden.

CLOSE-ON: THE NECKLACE

In his hand, we observe a pendant fastened with

A GOLD CRUCIFIX

He clasps it and closes his eyes...

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ
Please God... I'm sorry for all that
I've done. But please don't take me
away from my son. I beg you...

As Vincent finishes his prayer, his watch starts BEEPING.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: **"WARNING! FAILED ATTENDANCE REPORT!"**

Vincent quickly gathers himself and exits the lobby...

EXT./INT. D.O.P. SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

He moves rapidly and enters the van.

VINCENT DE LA CRUZ (CONT'D)
Apologies...

Vincent's watch gets scanned. He moves to the back, taking a seat in front of Rain. Meanwhile, the Driver confirms Vincent's pick-up on his computer and accelerates the electric vehicle. The PASSENGERS observe his out of place, upscale attire.

Vincent settles in as they drive through the city. Rain sits behind him listening to music. The other Passengers keep to themselves. As they cross over a bridge, Vincent sees

A CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

A large CRUCIFIX is attached to the roof of the building. This reminds him of his own necklace, which is still draping. He tucks it back under his shirt as they pass over the bridge.

The shuttle drives toward its destination, as we

MOVE TO:

EXT./INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

We observe the exterior of a mid-sized church. Directly below the crucifix on the roof is a sign that reads -

CLOSE-ON SIGN: "APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF ANCHORAGE"

In the offing behind the temple, is a small man-made lake. We observe a WOMAN (30's) throw "something" into the water and walk back inside the church...

RECREATIONAL ROOM

Inside the house of worship, across from the altar is a large communal area behind paneled doors. At this early hour, the room is being used as a DAYCARE FACILITY for its congregation. PARENTS are dropping off their CHILDREN before heading to work.

A handful of VOLUNTEERS supervise the exuberant kids, who play with toys. At the far end of the space, is a back door with a WINDOW on it. We PUSH-IN on the glass aperture and see the eyes of a the same WOMAN by the lake looking in on the children...

CHURCH OFFICE

Behind the door to the rec-room is a quiet office space.

It contains a table, few chairs and a couple of framed bible quotes on the wall. Staring through the window is **AMANDA BUTCHER (31)**. Blonde, attractive and deeply religious. She watches her daughter CHLOE (8) joyfully play.

Amanda steps back from the door as it OPENS up. Walking into the office is REVEREND ETHAN WARD (37). Operating pastor of the church. Tall, lean and didactic... he approaches her.

PASTOR WARD
Morning, Amanda. Here early today.

AMANDA BUTCHER
I know you're busy father but I'd like talk about Chloe.

He takes a seat at the table.

PASTOR WARD
Oh. Is she okay?

AMANDA BUTCHER
Wonderful. Praise Jesus.

PASTOR WARD
Then... what's on your mind?

AMANDA BUTCHER
I don't want Chloe unguided. To live without me protecting her in this world of heathens.

PASTOR WARD
Normal thoughts for a parent.

AMANDA BUTCHER
So... I've decided to NOT attend my Selection this morning.

A look of concern washes over the ordained man.

PASTOR WARD
Selection?? You're scheduled?

He looks at her arms which are without a wristwatch.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
Where is your monitor?

AMANDA BUTCHER
I threw it into the lake.

PASTOR WARD
Amanda... please sit down.

She joins him at the table.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
Its very important that you hear me.
What you're doing is profoundly
dangerous. Call operations and say
that it fell off your arm.

AMANDA BUTCHER
Why would I lie?

PASTOR WARD
Because... If you don't comply, they
will expel you from the city.

AMANDA BUTCHER
I've been thinking about that since
the notice arrived. What to do? But
then it hit me... like a message from
Jesus, himself. All I needed was the
courage to tell you...

PASTOR WARD
Tell me what?

AMANDA BUTCHER
We can all leave together, the three
of us - you, me and Chloe. If we take
the church vehicle, we could make it
beyond the wall -

PASTOR WARD
What are you talking about?

AMANDA BUTCHER
God is with us. Come with Chloe and I.

He leans forward in his chair shell-shocked.

PASTOR WARD
Amanda... Whatever you have imagined -

AMANDA BUTCHER
I didn't imagine anything! Don't
minimize what happened between us!

PASTOR WARD
I'm not! But I have a family here and
my congregation. I would never
abandon them. Ever.

Pastor Ward takes a breathe. Composes himself.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
And I refuse to let you risk your
life, Chloe's future and my well being
just because you are scared.

AMANDA BUTCHER
What about everything you said to me?
"Listen to the voice of faith - "

PASTOR WARD
This isn't the voice of faith right
now, this is the voice of fear.
And even if I were to go with you,
it would end in disaster. There are
no public airports. Automobiles can't
re-charge after the border.

She stands up in frustration.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
You talk of heathens? What challenges
do you think we'd run into out there?

AMANDA BUTCHER
But I can't just volunteer to die!

PASTOR WARD
The odds **are less than 1%**.

Pastor Ward also stands. Steps toward her cautiously...

AMANDA BUTCHER
I just... can't do it.

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

PASTOR WARD
Mandy, on the off chance that you are
selected, I will personally adopt
Chloe so that she's not raised by
Horizon. But... you must go in.

She turns at him with tears in her eyes.

AMANDA BUTCHER
Will you pray with me?

PASTOR WARD
Always.

Silence. The Pastor methodically gets down on his knees. She
slowly joins him, as he places her head on his shoulder.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
 (aloud)
 Dear Lord Jesus...

Mandy weeps as he begins to summon a prayer...

EXT. CHURCH - SOON AFTER

A **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** is parked outside the chapel. Mandy steps inside with Pastor Ward's assistance. The other PASSENGERS look on. Mandy seems a bit more stable after their prayer.

PASTOR WARD (CONT'D)
 I'll see you at service, Sunday.

Mandy gives him a half-smile as he SHUTS the van's door...

Pastor Ward exhales a sigh of relief and goes back to the chapel. He greets other parishioners before walking inside. As the Shuttle drives OFF the premises past the lake, we observe a city TAXI coming TOWARDS the church...

MOVE TO:

INT./EXT. AUTONOMOUS TAXI - CONTINUOUS

In the self-driving vehicle rides HANNAH COOK (40), also a single mother. Her son JACOB (6) and niece MARIE (8) are in the backseat. Nearing the parking lot, her phone starts to RING...

CLOSE-ON PHONE: "**DAVID COOK**"

She answers.

HANNAH COOK
 (into her earpiece)
 I'm about to drop the kids off at
 daycare... She's playing with Jacob.
 (to Marie)
 Your Dad is on the phone.

MARIE COOK
 Hi Daddy!

JACOB COOK
 Hi, Uncle David!

HANNAH COOK
 (into earpiece)
 I'm late for work. What is it..?

The car SELF-PARKS outside of the small sanctuary.

HANNAH COOK (CONT'D)
 He got called in for Selection?
 Today..? Well, what do you want me to
 do about it..? What? You told him
what..? I don't care if you just
 found out. How dare you without...
 Don't use the kids to hustle me.
 You're my brother, I know how you
 operate. You're just avoiding having
 to see him yourself...

The kids continue to giggle and play in the back.

HANNAH COOK (CONT'D)
 David... David, I don't have time to
 argue with you. I'll quickly call so
 he can see the kids, okay? But this
 is on you moving forward... Goodbye.

She hangs up on her brother and turns around.

JACOB COOK
 What's wrong, Mommy?

HANNAH COOK
 Nothing is wrong, we're just going to
 quickly call Grandpa and Grandma.

JACOB & MARIE COOK
 Yay! Why don't we ever see them..?

HANNAH COOK
 You're going to see them right now.

As Hannah plugs her tablet into the car's computer, a caution
 comes up on the vehicle's main screen...

CLOSE-ON SCREEN: **"PLEASE EXIT OR ADD ON MORE TIME..."**

She adds more time to the taxi before making her phone call...

INT. LIVING ROOM (COOK HOUSEHOLD) - SOON AFTER

We find ourselves in a cozy, classically furnished living room
 in a nearby part of the city. Sitting in an oversized recliner
 is **GORDON COOK (69)**, Hannah and David's father. His face shows
 all the wear of seven decades of life... He leans in eagerly to
 a TECHNOLOGICAL DEVICE that streams a

CLOSE ON: **4D HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE OF JACOB AND MARIE**

The modern instrument sticks out like a sore thumb next to the
 old-fashioned decor.

He stares at the holograph watching his grandkids in the backseat of the taxi. Hannah is nowhere to be seen. They jump up and down as they chat with Gordon.

JACOB COOK
(from the hologram)
Do it again, Grandpa! Do it again!

MARIE COOK
(from the hologram)
Yeah, do it again!!

GORDON COOK
Okay you two... one more time.

Gordon concentrates as he molds his hands into a puppet face. The kids watch with awe. Jacob tries to mimic him...

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
I think I've got it...

He stares at his hands until they "talk" back to the kids.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
(funny voice)
I think I've got it...

Gordon looks at the kids with a theatrical face.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
(funny voice)
What are you looking at? Whooooa!

They howl with laughter. As Gordon makes his puppet do a dance, his loving wife MIRANDA COOK (65) sets a hot coffee beside him. The kids become even more excited as Miranda enters their sight.

JACOB & MARIE
Grandma!!!

MIRANDA COOK
Hi pumpkins!! You look so big!

JACOB COOK
I'm taller than Marie!

MARIE COOK
No you're not!

She hits Jacob on the head.

MIRANDA COOK
Marie, don't hit your cousin.

GORDON COOK
You're both big and beautiful!

Gordon takes a sip of his coffee as his **wristwatch** BEEPS.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "**SHUTTLE ARRIVAL: 2 MIN.**"

Miranda looks at him with concern...

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
Ah... okay kids. So, Grandpa has a very busy day today. Would you ask your Mom if I could speak with her?

JACOB COOK (O.S.)
Mom! Grandpa wants to talk to you!

The children exit the hologram. Miranda looks at the clock.

MIRANDA COOK
It's almost time...

He ignores the comment as the kids come back on the image.

JACOB COOK
Mom says she's late for work...

Gordon's face loses all of its previous joy.

GORDON COOK
Uh, that's okay, next time. But listen, Grandpa has to go now...

JACOB & MARIE COOK
No!!!

GORDON COOK
I don't like it either. But we'll talk soon. I promise...

JACOB & MARIE COOK
Bye Grandma!!!

MIRANDA COOK
Bye my angels!! We love you!

EVERYONE
Bye, bye!!!

The holographic image dissipates. Miranda rubs his shoulders.

MIRANDA COOK
I'm sorry about Hannah. I know you wanted to say goodbye to her.

GORDON COOK
I'm not saying goodbye to anyone today
Miranda! This is a formality.

MIRANDA COOK
I didn't mean that... I just... I'm
just sorry everything is complicated.

He kisses Miranda and looks at his watch.

MIRANDA COOK (CONT'D)
I'll get you a thermos. What about
food? Should I pack something?

GORDON COOK
No time. I'll eat there...

She looks at her husband longingly. Silence.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
Come on Miranda! Hurry with that
coffee, they'll be here any minute.

He heads to the front door, grabbing a fedora off a rack.

EXT. COOK HOUSEHOLD - SOON AFTER

Gordon stands outside waiting, wearing his hat. The
front door OPENS as Miranda comes out with his thermos.

MIRANDA COOK
I love you so much...

She kisses him with tears in her eyes.

GORDON COOK
Look at me. I'm an upstanding
citizen. I have to go because it is
my duty. No tears. We'll watch old
movies later tonight...

He returns her kiss as his watch BEEPS.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: **"ARRIVED"**

Seconds later, a **D.O.P. SHUTTLE** once again pulls up outside.
Gordon starts moving toward it but then turns back to his wife.
He pulls out two letters from his pocket...

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
I almost forgot. Give these to
Hannah and David if... Just in case.

She starts welling up again as he hands it to her.

GORDON COOK (CONT'D)
Go inside...

He leaves her holding the letters as Gordon walks to the Shuttle. As he crosses the curb to enter the vehicle

A SPEEDING E-BIKE ALMOST KNOCKS HIM OVER

The BICYCLIST (20's) yells behind him...

BICYCLIST
(aloud)
Sorry!!!!

A startled Gordon steps into the van and looks back to Miranda. The door swiftly closes and the shuttle drives off.

As the vehicle drives away it passes by the bicycle...

MOVE TO: **THE BICYCLIST**

With Gordon's shuttle soon gone in the distance, we begin following Bicyclist's path...

EXT. STREETS OF ANCHORAGE - EARLY MORNING

Attached to the banana seat is a BLINKING digitized sign:

CLOSE ON SIGN: **"ANCHORAGE COURIER SERVICES"**

We come along for his ride, as he coasts down roads and avenues passing various city postings...

JUMP TO:

Minutes later, the streets get more congested. He finds himself no longer among residential houses but in an urban CITY-CENTER with HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUMS.

As traffic increases in the morning rush-hour, the Bicyclist pulls up to a tall, modern complex. He safeties his bike against the curb with an electro-magnetic lock. Stepping behind the seat, he opens the rear satchel and takes out a PACKAGE. We observe a glossy marquee above the doors.

CLOSE ON SIGN: **"SUSITNA RESIDENTIAL TOWERS"**

He approaches the building's entrance...

INT. HIGH-RISE (LOBBY) - CONTINUOUS

The Bicyclist walks up to the FRONT DESK. A female CONCIERGE (30's) welcomes him as he approaches...

CONCIERGE
Welcome to Susitna Towers.

BICYCLIST
Delivery for Kazemi, 793.

CONCIERGE
You can leave it right here...

He takes out a small electronic tablet which she signs.

BICYCLIST
Thank you.

She smiles as he EXITS the building doors back toward his bicycle. Meanwhile, the Concierge calls up the package...

MOVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT 793 - SOON AFTER

A trendy apartment located on the 7th floor. The room is mostly dark as the blinds have been pulled to shade out the sun. The only light that emanates is from an alarm clock. It lies next to the house phone on a dresser by the bed. It RINGS...

TWO BODIES are spread out across the mattress. One of them wakes at the sound of the phone. The other remains asleep. A FEMALE figure - barely seen, pulls herself up to answer.

FEMALE
(into phone, groggy)
Hello..? Just leave it outside my
door..? Thank you...

She hangs up and looks at the illuminated clock.

CLOSE-ON CLOCK: "8:44 a.m."

FEMALE (CONT'D)
Fuck.

She gets up and OPENS the blinds, paying no attention to the other person in the bed. We can now see **DINA KAZEMI (43)**. She stands at the window comfortably naked, looking down on the city. Dina is of middle-eastern descent.

Also revealed by the morning light is a nude MIDDLE-AGED MALE. He is partially covered by a bed sheet. The only article of clothing that either of them wear are their mandatory **BLACK WRISTWATCHES**. Suddenly, Dina's watch BEEPS...

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "LAST OFFERING FOR SHUTTLE-PICK UP.

PLEASE CONFIRM SELF-TRANSPORTATION."

Dina talks into her watch...

DINA KAZEMI

"Self transportation confirmed."

She quickly makes her way into the

BATHROOM

Dina steps into the shower without removing her water-proof wristwatch. She scrubs her body thoroughly, eliminating the memories of the previous evening. Dina leans back against the tiled wall and brings her hands to her eyes, rubbing them.

After a few deep breathes, she regains her focus and exits the shower. Dina dries off as she examines herself in the mirror.

From the bedroom we can hear the ALARM CLOCK go off...

Off the mirror's reflection, she sees the Male in the bed come to life. After a few more rings, he turns OFF the alarm.

Dina walks back into the bedroom sporting a towel as she begins to brush her hair. She crosses to the dresser and pulls out a pair of underwear before stepping into them.

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)

Hey there...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE

(without energy)

Is it morning?

DINA KAZEMI

It is very morning.

The Man lumbers on over, looping a finger into her underwear.

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)

Time for you to go...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE

Don't hurt my feelings.

He slides right up behind Dina, pressing his pelvis against her. Proceeds in kissing her neck...

DINA KAZEMI

I'm going to be late. Get dressed.

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
What's so important?

She forcefully pushes him off of her and goes to the closet.

DINA KAZEMI
Grab your shit. Time to go...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
Damn. What happened to the girl I
met last night?

DINA KAZEMI
Daylight came. If I have to ask you
again it won't be pretty...

MIDDLE-AGED MALE
All right, Jesus!

Dina puts on a pair of pants, then looks for a clean shirt.

MIDDLE-AGED MALE (CONT'D)
Before I go, can you give me a
little fix for my trouble...

DINA KAZEMI
Fuckin' men. All of you...

She walks to her front door and opens it. Outside the door,
Dina finds the small package the courier dropped off. She tears
it open. The contents reveal: a set of PHARMACEUTICAL VIALS.

Dina removes one from its wrapping...

She returns to the closet. A medical Gladstone bag is in the
corner. In it are a cornucopia of hospital grade instruments:
SYRINGES, AUTO-INJECTORS, IV'S AND PLASMA CONTAINERS.

Dina begins inserting a syringe into a vial...

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)
Well... lay down!

He smiles and goes back to the bed. She retracts a little bit
of the liquid into the syringe. Dina then goes to the bed and
approaches. She kneels in front of him

PRESSING THE SYRINGE IN BETWEEN HIS TOES

He winces before sinking into the pleasure of the drug she
injected. Dina ejects the needle into a bio-waste bin in the
bathroom. Her lover's eyes roll backwards...

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)
That should last you.

Dina pulls a sweater over her head and puts on shoes.

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)
If you're not gone in an hour,
I'll have security escort you out...

The blissed Male zones out as she grabs her purse and exits.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors OPEN as Dina walks by the CONCIERGE DESK.

CONCIERGE
Morning, Miss Kazemi. Did you get
your package?

DINA KAZEMI
I sure did, thank you...

The CONCIERGE smiles as Dina leaves the building.

EXT. SUSITNA TOWERS / STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dina walks out onto the city streets. Takes a vape pen out of her purse and has a drag. She walks briskly, as cars drive by.

Touching her ear, she initiates a phone call...

DINA KAZEMI (CONT'D)
(into ear piece)
Call Jasper Martin...

Her friend, JASPER MARTIN (40) picks up on the other end...

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
Hey gorgeous! You're up early...

DINA KAZEMI
Hey Jaz, the package just arrived.
But I may need you to pick it up
and take the lead tonight...

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
You going round two with that stud?

DINA KAZEMI
Um... no, as in never again.
Just make sure the club keeps
running smoothly if I'm not around.

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
For sure. You okay?

DINA KAZEMI
I'm fine. Just remember, what
we're doing is still important.

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
Stop stressing, I can handle a room
of addicts..

DINA KAZEMI
Bye Jasper...

JASPER MARTIN (O.S.)
Later kiddo.

Dina hangs up and looks at her watch.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "8:53 a.m."

She crosses the street before entering into a park...

EXT. DELANEY RECREATIONAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Dina walks swiftly through an old communal area of swings and rusted out barbecues. Ahead of her, a group of MALE BYSTANDERS surround a picnic table made of concrete. As she moves past them, none of the men pay her any attention. They are transfixed on something else...

P.O.V. SWITCH

We stay fixated on the GROUP OF MEN while Dina EXITS the park...

MOVE TO: THE CHESS GAME

At the table, TWO PLAYERS square off in a game of chess. A BEARDED MAN (50's) contemplates his next move. Across from him sits a superior opponent... **ALEXANDER DOLAN (25)**. Alexander's posture is perfectly erect as he stares blankly at the tree tops above him. A small stack of five dollar bills are perfectly aligned next to his side of the board.

As the game continues, we observe how robotic Alexander is with his movements - as if a controller were typing orders into his brain. Alexander's hands rest completely still on both sides of the board - with one finger touching the stack of bills.

The crowd surrounding the players smoke *real* cigarettes while analyzing the contest. Some of them hold dollar bills in their hands in anticipation of playing the winner. As the match continues, a YOUNG BUSINESSMAN (early 30's) stops his stroll through the park and joins the action.

Clearly not a chess player, he looks on with curiosity. He makes an inquiry to an OLD BLACK MAN (70's) standing nearby.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

Why are they playing with U.S.
currency? It's useless...

OLD BLACK MAN

Kid has a thing for the old dollar.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

What about everyone else?

OLD BLACK MAN

What 'bout 'em? It's the kid's game.
We all show up every day to take him
down. Start at eight, end at five.
Rain, snow, light, dark.

The Bearded Player finally makes a move with his bishop. Seconds later, without looking at the board - Alexander instantly counters him by moving his queen forward.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

Ever beaten him?

OLD BLACK MAN

Nobody has...

Alexander looks back up to the trees and starts tracing the massive connecting branches with his finger. But none of the bystanders pay any attention to this. They all focus on the chessboard, developing strategies on how to play against him.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN

Is he like a savant?

OLD BLACK MAN

No name for what he is...

The Bearded Player places his hand on his rook to make a move. He eyes the board as Alexander speaks to him.

ALEXANDER DOLAN

Two moves.

BEARDED PLAYER

... What?

Alexander looks back to the trees as his opponent glares at the board. His king is being flanked by Alexander's queen, rook and bishop from three angles. No matter which way he moves his king, check-mate becomes inevitable in... *two moves.*

BEARDED PLAYER (CONT'D)
But... I can still...

The Old Black Man steps away from the Young Businessman and approaches the Bearded Player.

OLD BLACK MAN
You heard him. It's over.

The Bearded Player stands up in defeat, trying to figure out how he lost so suddenly. The Old Black Man sits down in his place and starts resetting the board.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Today is my day. You hear me son? I gotta' new strategy for you. And check out what I got right here...

He places a crisp five dollar bill on the board.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Look brand new, don't it?

Alexander cocks his head and stares at the bill. The Old Man rubs his hands in anticipation. He reaches out to make the first move as Alexander's **wristwatch** BEEPS.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: **"5 MINUTES UNTIL D.O.P ATTENDANCE REPORT"**

He looks at the alert, then stands up and walks away.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Hey! Where you going??

Alexander doesn't turn around. He just leaves the cash and continues walking in the same direction as Dina...

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
I'll watch your money for you!

The Old Man turns to the group.

OLD BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
Well someone sit their ass down and play. Guess, it's my game today...

Another player sits down as the game continues...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alexander exits the park and veers into downtown Anchorage. As he walks through the city we observe his behavior more closely. His eyes never waver.

They seem to constantly be examining his visual environment. His hair is also perfectly parted to one side and his outdated clothes are precisely ironed.

JUMP TO:

Alexander turns down 8th Avenue. Ahead, he sees a LINE OF PEOPLE waiting to enter a building. A sign above reads:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: "**DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION** (NORTH SECTOR)"

He walks forward and joins the line...

EXT./INT. DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION - CONTINUOUS

An OUTSIDE GUARD (50's) dutifully mans the door at the

SOUTH GATE ENTRANCE

He is scanning the **wristwatches** of every single person, before allowing them to enter in the building past him.

WEST GATE ENTRANCE

On the other side of the structure is a SEPARATE GATE. At this entrance, shuttles are DROPPING OFF passengers that seem to be gaining admittance inside without any processing.

The people waiting at the SOUTH GATE door observe this...

RETURN TO SCENE

As Alexander silently stands in line, a man directly next to him turns around to complain. This is **TIMOTHY WHITAKER (50)**. He is rail skinny with nervous energy and a high pitched voice. Tim scoffs at the shuttles...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER

Messed up, right? Taking the shuttle allows you to skip this stupid line? That would have been nice to know.

Alexander ignores him as he looks at his watch.

CLOSE-ON WATCH: "**8:58 a.m.**"

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)

That's right pal. 2 more minutes and we're all late! What happened to the organization of this state?! Don't let them fool you with all their tech talk. Things are no better now than when we we're part of United States.

The line begins to slowly move forward...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
You may not believe this but my
selection is a *clerical error*.
Wasting my time like this! Fuckers...

A few people ahead turn around to look at who the loudmouth is talking. One of those who turns their head is **Dina Kazemi**. She is at the front about to be let in.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
What's even more ridiculous is that my
wife works for Horizon! High up too.
My QVS is well over 600. Well over!

Dina is let in as a MAN AT THE BACK of the line speaks up.

MAN AT THE BACK
No one gives a damn what your QVS
score is. You here now! Shut it!

Tim ignores his comment as Alexander gets close to the front.

A few moments pass...

The entry to get in starts picking up speed. Tim and Alexander are next up, as the line snakes inside. Tim steps forward and approaches the Outside Guard, who has clearly been listening.

OUTSIDE GUARD
Our system was down...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
The communication is subpar. Something
to bring up in your next review.

He scans Tim's watch, matching his face to the I.D.

OUTSIDE GUARD
Please go in Mr. Whitaker.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
Who do I speak to about an error?

OUTSIDE GUARD
Inside to the left.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
I have no business being here.

OUTSIDE GUARD
Inside to the left.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
It really is an error though...

EVERYONE in line speaks up.

EVERYONE
Go inside!!!

Tim grunts his way forward as Alexander's watch is scanned...

INT. DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION (MAIN ENTRANCE) - CONTINUOUS

We finally enter the formidable Department of Preservation. Its maintenance is clean and design immaculate. The colors of the space are surprisingly vivid for a government building. The walls are covered with HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGES of the D.O.P LOGO, underscored with carefully chosen platitudes.

CLOSE-ON WALL: *"Our future begins with YOU!"*

Past the doors to the entrance are a group of people standing near a WALK-UP WINDOW. Above it is a sign...

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **"INFORMATION/INQUIRIES"**

Tim poutingly goes over to wait in yet another long line... Alexander continues into the main hub of the terminal. The bright lights from the holographs seem to be affecting his vision. Ahead of him are **rows and rows of aligned seats**...

There is approximately four hundred people in the location, consisting of both CITIZENS and EMPLOYEES. As many as half sit in the uniformed rows. The rest meander or operate an electronic device. The perimeter of the room is completely surrounded by LAW ENFORCEMENT. The entire place looks like a **neon Department of Motor Vehicles**. Alexander takes a seat in the BACK. He puts on tinted glasses to help him deal with the strong lights. To his left, he notices an ISOLATED MAN sitting in a single metal chair in the corner of the room...

It's **Jessup Beckett** (from the vertical farming tower). Jessup's right hand is MAGNETICALLY HANDCUFFED to a pole. A new POLICE OFFICER (30) stands over him as his radio CLICKS on.

POLICE OFFICER
(into blue-tooth)
Copy that... standing by.

As the Officer complies, a DAPPER LOOKING MAN steps out of the BATHROOM directly across from them. Walking in their direction is **Vincent de la Cruz** (the janitor from Marble Valley). He moves past Jessup toward seats on the opposite row of Alexander.

Upon sitting down, Vincent takes out anti-acid tablets to soothe his ailing stomach. A YOUNG MAN IN A LEATHER JACKET stands up in front of him as he chews. It is **Spencer Pace** (from the rooftop near the wall.) In his hand is a small electronic tablet...

CLOSE-ON: COMPUTER TABLET

He presses on it several times to no avail. The screen has gone to BLACK, in need of a charge. Spencer puts the pad in his pocket and exits past those sitting next to him. He looks UPWARD to the ceiling - examining the cameras in the facility.

CLOSE-ON: CAMERA SURVEILLANCE

We follow Spencer as he moves quickly into the EAST END of the building. Spencer soon finds a D.O.P. EMPLOYEE (40's) standing against a nearby wall. Approaches...

SPENCER PACE
Charging station?

D.O.P. EMPLOYEE
Past the water fountains...

He maneuvers through the crowd and reaches the CHARGING STATION. Many people wait as their devices lay on wireless counters. Spencer looks around but all the kiosks are occupied. Moments later, one opens up as a GIRL WEARING HEADPHONES picks up her phone. It is **Rain Coulter** (from the suicide clinic)...

We abandon Spencer and FOLLOW Rain as she makes her way towards the WEST END of the building. Rain treads past anxious participants looking for seats, as the rows start to fill up. Taking out a vape pen from her jacket, she searches for the designated area to smoke. Rain finds a GLASS ROOM next to a wall aligned with VENDING MACHINES...

SMOKING AREA

The room is full of people, both standing and sitting. Some chat with each other, but most keep to themselves taking drags. Attached to the interior panels are numerous signs that read:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **"VAPE ONLY! NO CIGARETTES PERMITTED!"**

While inhaling on the pen, her attention is drawn to the beauty of a woman standing up from the corner. It is **Dina Kazemi** (from Susitna Towers), who puts her own vape away. Rain secretly watches her as Dina exits the smoking area.

MAIN TERMINAL

We leave Rain to FOLLOW Dina as she looks around the building. Suddenly, a VOICE comes over the P.A. system...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 Please take your seats.
 Selection will begin shortly...

As she heads over to find a seat, Dina passes by the wall of vending machines next to the smoking room. Standing up from a dispensary with a bag of pretzels in his hand is **Gordon Cook** (the grandfather from suburban Anchorage.) Dina has now left our sights as we TRACK Gordon across the room...

He adjusts his fedora, strolling forward while eating his pretzels. Gordon moves past the remaining citizens searching for a chair. Up ahead of him we see a young CLERGYMAN (20's) handing out leaflets among the crowd. His path starts to intersect with Gordon's. As they near each other, Gordon smiles as he's offered a leaflet. He grabs it and glances at the text.

CLOSE-ON PAPER: **"MAKING YOUR PEACE WITH GOD"**

Gordon pockets the religious material and makes his way to the rows of seats.

Our perspective SHIFTS once again, now tagging along with the Clergyman...

His stack of pamphlets has nearly run out. He proceeds to the NORTH END. Upon giving out his final leaflet, he approaches a door near the center of the building. A sign above it reads:

CLOSE-ON SIGN: **CHAPLAIN**

The Clergyman obediently enters inside...

CHAPLAIN'S QUARTERS

In the small space stands a senior CHAPLAIN (60's). Hunched over, his overweight frame hides his face from our view.

CLERGYMAN
 I'm out of flyers. Shall I -

The Chaplain turns around revealing not only his face but a CRYING WOMAN sitting behind him. We quickly realize it to be **Amanda Butcher** (from the Apostolic Church of Anchorage.)

CLERGYMAN (CONT'D)
 My apologies, Father...

The regretful priest grabs another stack of pamphlets and swiftly returns back to the main area. We REMAIN in the quarters as the Chaplain returns his attention to Mandy.

CHAPLAIN

As I was saying, it's good to cry. We all cry, myself included. But you heard the announcement, it's now time to take a seat and let God's will be.

AMANDA BUTCHER

I just can't do it!

CHAPLAIN

Everything will be fine.

She looks at him desperately.

AMANDA BUTCHER

Will you sit with me while they read the names? Please, I'm terrified...

The Chaplain thinks about it. Hesitates.

CHAPLAIN

I should stay... but okay - I'll go with you until the names are read.

AMANDA BUTCHER

Thank you!! I feel better already...

Mandy smiles, then stands as they exit the quarters together.

MAIN TERMINAL

The Chaplain escorts Mandy through as most of the room is now seated. There are no empty chairs in the back, so they continue toward the front aisles where they see a couple of openings. As they move into the aisles, the hefty Chaplain accidentally bumps into a WOMAN sitting on the end seat.

CHAPLAIN

Pardon...

She nods as her face is revealed to us; it's **Atka Quintero...** (the Alaskan native with an autistic son.) She sits quietly as the Chaplain and Mandy situate themselves.

Silence. The room is now **COMPLETELY SEATED.**

Most people look down at their electronic devices. Though something has changed... the air in the place has gotten thicker. Time is running out for everyone.

Soon after, the quiet is interrupted by distant "flamingo chatter" that seems to be getting closer and closer. Everyone turns their head as TWO SECURITY GUARDS (30's) can be seen escorting chatty **Timothy Whitaker** across the room.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
(on the move)
I'm sorry I called her stupid - it was
a poor word choice.

Tim stops to emphasize a point to them.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
But she wouldn't even investigate!
Wouldn't even look!

The Guards gently nudge him forward.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
This is a total error! A travesty!

The Guards notice an empty chair near the right side of the front rows. They "guide" Tim toward it who sits down...

SECURITY GUARD
You've been warned...

They head back to their post. We abandon Tim and pull back to a broader vantage point of the Department of Preservation...

WIDE ANGLE: FROM ABOVE

Behind the seated citizens are all of the Security Guards and Police Officers. They have STEPPED IN closer to each other, forming a CIRCLE around the perimeter. The exits and doors are all vigilantly guarded and CLOSED.

THE LIGHTS IN THE BUILDING BEGIN TO DIM

All of the images on the walls dissipate to a neutral color. This all culminates with a rising ORCHESTRAL SCORE that starts playing over the speakers...

Everyone looks at each other with both curiosity and fear. It feels like we're trapped in a futuristic movie theatre. Moments later, a video starts being PROJECTED onto each and every surrounding wall. It spans the ENTIRE SPACE. On the now massive screen displayed, a title sequence appears before us...

CLOSE ON: THE D.O.P. INSIGNIA

As the governmental seal FADES - a woman appears with a WHITE VOID behind her as a background. She has a kind smile, soft voice and deep eyes. Perhaps she is a real person - perhaps she is an A.I. creation. In any case, she commands our attention. This is the SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (40's).

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION
 Good morning. On behalf of the
 Department of Preservation, which
 represents every citizen of
 Anchorage - I want to thank you for
 your participation here today. And
 commend everyone for the sacrifices
 made on a daily basis to ensure the
 sustainability of our city-state.

As the Secretary continues, a MONTAGE of visceral images
 saturate the white void as we listen to her voice.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- *A technologically advanced city of Anchorage, Alaska.*
- *Towering futuristic architecture.*
- *Verdant vertical farming structures.*
- *Electric transit systems and self-driving vehicles.*
- *Wind operated farms throughout Cook Inlet.*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)
 Because of you, we offer hope to
 the rest of the world. We stand
 together facing history's greatest
 threat, as Earth struggles to
 survive. But with the guidance of
 our own Horizon Enterprises -

A majestic SKYSCRAPER glimmers on the screen.

CLOSE-ON: A **HORIZON ENTERPRISES** logo emblazoned across it.

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)
 We have turned an existential
 threat into the ability to thrive.

PEACEFUL sights are seen:

- *Deer drinking from a river.*
- *Butterflies landing on a flower.*
- *Children running in a field.*
- *A large diverse family sitting together at dinner.*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)
 Our great society is offering
 solutions to serious challenges.
 Battling the effects of climate change
 with science and dignity.

CHAOTIC images suddenly appear:

- *Hurricanes ripping apart houses.*
- *Fires decimating forests.*

- *Arid desert ghost towns.*
- *Flooded streets washing away large objects.*
- *Highways and bridges collapsing by earthquake.*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)

But the rest of the world is not so fortunate. Other governments did not heed our warnings, nor implement our strategies. So it is now up to us, to make sure Anchorage is the light that mankind will follow.

Captured VIDEO from around the world:

- *Sand filling the streets of Dubai.*
- *Soldiers dumping bodies into mass graves in China.*
- *Discarded vehicles scattered on the streets of Paris.*
- *A mobilized military surrounding the White House.*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)

Our beloved home is the last bastion, for life on Earth as we know it. You are here today because you believe in Anchorage, Alaska. You believe in Horizon Enterprises and you believe in Grayson Minx.

CLOSE-ON: A portrait of Horizon CEO **GRAYSON MINX (47)**.

Transition into a presentation of SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENTS:

- *Horizon labs desalinizing ocean water.*
- *Scientists genetically fabricating meat products.*
- *Engineers huddling over designs of "The Wall."*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)

You are here because life behind the wall is our best chance for survival. If you didn't believe that, you wouldn't be here. We pray for the day **Selection** will no longer be necessary.

HOPEFUL images for the future are displayed:

- *Students in a modern classroom learning and smiling.*
- *Citizens watching an Inuit dance performance in a park.*
- *A pregnant couple embracing and touching the mother's stomach.*
- *Children releasing floating lanterns into the air.*

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)

However - if today you should find yourself in the small percentage of those selected, the world is indebted to your sacrifice.

(MORE)

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)

Know that you are a hero, like the front line soldiers of past world wars. Like the first astronauts braving the stratosphere.

Past HISTORICAL ACHIEVEMENTS appear next:

- *C Company landing on Normandy during WWII.*
- *Neil Armstrong during the lunar landing.*
- *Firefighters charging into the World Trade Center on 9/11.*

END MONTAGE:

Returning to the screen is the sole image of the Secretary of Preservation's FACE. She concludes her message...

SECRETARY OF PRESERVATION (CONT'D)

We will succeed. We will look to the future - to rebuild, replant, and repopulate the world. I thank you - your family thanks you, and humanity thanks you for your participation...

FADE OUT.

The DEPARTMENT OF PRESERVATION **INSIGNIA** refills the screen.

As the video concludes, both the Secretary of Preservation and the images on the wall dissipate. The lights come back on as everyone looks around silently...

Moments later, a D.O.P. OFFICIAL steps up to a podium that's been placed in front of the seated citizenry. He wears a bland suit with a government badge above his pocket. Places an *electronic tablet* on the podium...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL

We will now announce the names of those participating in today's selection. You will be put into groupings of ten. TEN NAMES per group.

Other OFFICIALS join him, flanking the speaker on both sides.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

When called, you will also be notified on your arm band. Please step forward and walk to your assigned door. Officials are nearby to help you. If you begin to feel ill, medical professionals are ready to assist. Please participate in a calm manner.

POLICE OFFICERS on the perimeter adjust their positions.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Do not try and exit the building until
officially released.

We scan the room, getting glimpses of the nervous faces.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
The first group will report to Room A.

The Official starts swiping on his electronic device. Stares at it before making his announcement...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 598311, Gordon Cook.
I repeat Gordon Cook...

CLOSE-ON: **GORDON COOK**

Our focus shifts to Gordon, whose wristwatch illuminates. He slowly stands up on the east side of the room. His face has gone pale, but he nevertheless keeps it together. Grabs his fedora and makes his way toward the front...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 813147... Rain Coulter.
Rain Coulter...

CLOSE-ON: **RAIN COULTER**

Rain gets up from her seat quicker than Gordon did. She seems less surprised. As Rain moves to the podium, Officials point her in the correct direction - as Gordon enters the hallway.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 635832... Dina Kazemi.
Dina Kazemi...

CLOSE-ON: **DINA KAZEMI**

Dina's arm band lights up from the center of the room.

DINA KAZEMI
Shit...

She grabs her purse and heads to the front following Rain.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL
Citizen Number 767543, Alexander
Dolan. Alexander Dolan...

CLOSE-ON: **ALEXANDER DOLAN**

Alexander stands up from the very last row. He removes his glasses and heads past the Official with no emotional reaction. He enters the hallway after Dina...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 638289, Timothy Whitaker. Timothy Whitaker...

CLOSE-ON: **TIMOTHY WHITAKER**

Tim stands up urgently THROWING UP HIS ARMS in the air.

TIMOTHY WHITAKER
Are you kidding me?!!!!

A Security Guard approaches Tim's row...

TIMOTHY WHITAKER (CONT'D)
(to the Guard)
I'm going, I'm going!!

He steps out from the row as the Guard escorts him down.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL
Citizen Number 645939, Atka Quintero.
Atka Quintero...

CLOSE-ON: **ATKA QUINTERO**

Atka gets up from the nearby seat and quietly makes her way past the podium toward the hallway.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 901321, Vincent de la Cruz. Vincent de la Cruz...

CLOSE-ON: **VINCENT DE LA CRUZ**

We pick up on Vincent who looks stunned. He grabs his stomach and takes a deep breathe before standing. Atka makes her way inside as Vincent moves forward cautiously.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Citizen Number 826662, Amanda Butcher.
Amanda Butcher...

A SCREAM is heard...

CLOSE-ON: **AMANDA BUTCHER**

Mandy is in hysterics, sobbing uncontrollably onto the Chaplain's shoulder whose sitting next to her.

CHAPLAIN
I'll help get you to the front.

She doesn't move. A Security Guard approaches their row...

SECURITY GUARDtwo
Do you need any help Father?

The D.O.P. Official continues reading the names as the Guard gets involved with Mandy's situation...

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (O.S.)
Citizen Number 737511...

Mandy looks up at the Guard who leans over her.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (O.S)
Spencer Pace...

The Chaplain pleads with Mandy as the Guard waits...

CHAPLAIN
You can walk on your own. Right?

Mandy looks up at the Chaplain but still sobs.

CHAPLAIN (CONT'D)
Come on Ms. Butcher. Have faith...

He gets Mandy to her feet and begins gingerly walking her up.

CLOSE-ON: **SPENCER PACE**

Meanwhile, on the other side of the room is Spencer. He stands but his face is twitching. He's also mumbling to himself...

SPENCER PACE
(mumbles)
Fuckin' corporate pedophiles, I
know your algorithm assholes...

Spencer picks up his speed, even while twitching. He gets to the hallway before Mandy, who moves slowly with the Chaplain.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL
And the last name for Group A is...
Citizen Number 535867, Jessup Beckett.
Jessup Beckett...

CLOSE-ON: **JESSUP BECKETT**

In the back of the room we find Jessup, still handcuffed to the pole next to a Police Officer. He looks almost... relieved.

JESSUP BECKETT
(to himself)
All be damned. Didn't think Grayson
had the balls...

He looks up to the Guard.

JESSUP BECKETT (CONT'D)
Well sunshine, that's me.

The Guard glares at him before un-magnetizing him from the pole.

POLICE OFFICER
If you try anything -

JESSUP BECKETT
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Let's go...

Jessup stands as the Officer escorts him up the aisle.

D.O.P. OFFICIAL (O.S.)
As for the rest of you, please
standby. The next group of names
will be read shortly...

Jessup and the Guard turn the corner into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY / ROOM ONE - CONTINUOUS

The corridor that had remained concealed from the main room is finally seen. It's longer and wider than imagined. There are several other Guards that oversee the safety of the hallway. They stand in front of a metal detector. It almost feels like an organized TSA checkpoint. The ten participants are in various stages of removing their phones, keys, belts, etc... The Chaplain abruptly turns to exit the hallway.

AMANDA BUTCHER
Where are you going? Don't leave me
alone in here!!!

The Chaplain exits without responding to her...

There are THREE DOORS beyond the metal detector. THREE ROOMS. A stout African-American male makes an announcement. This is **ADRIAN WALLACE (39)**. He is the SUPERVISOR in charge of ROOM A.

ADRIAN WALLACE
(aloud)
Put all devices, belts and metal
objects in one of the lockers to your
left. You'll get it all back after
the selection process.

Mandy is having a full-scale panic attack. Cries...

ADRIAN WALLACE (CONT'D)
Ma'am would you like a sedative?

Spencer chimes in while putting his belongings in a locker.

SPENCER PACE
Don't let them drug you!

ADRIAN WALLACE
Its only a calming agent, you'll
retain your faculties...

Mandy nods. Adrian motions for a nearby DOCTOR (40) to come over. He gives her a pill. Meanwhile, Dina waits impatiently on the other side of the checkpoint...

DINA KAZEMI
So... what now?

ADRIAN WALLACE
Everything will be detailed inside.
Step forward and enter the room...

Each of the ten participants pass through the metal detector, one by one. They begin to slowly take in EACH OTHER. Observe who might be their "competition." Security and D.O.P. personnel scan their FINGERPRINTS before guiding everyone INSIDE.

CLOSE-ON DOOR: **ROOM A**

Atka...
Rain...
Vincent...
Gordon...
Mandy...
Spencer...
Alexander...
Dina...
Tim...
Jessup...

- all walk into the room and out of our sightline. Adrian then dismisses all personnel in the hallway, who return toward the main area of the Department of Preservation.

He now stands alone in the hallway looking into the darkness. Adrian turns around and walks past the lockers. Walks past the metal detector. Then steps fully inside ROOM A and...

SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

END OF EPISODE