

DOCTOR SANCHEZ
Ok, a few more minutes.

He looks back in his chart.

DOCTOR SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Basic memory wipe.

CLARA
What? No.

DOCTOR SANCHEZ
It says we're just giving the amygdala a refresh.

CLARA
What? What does that do?

DOCTOR SANCHEZ
Typically memories associated with trauma or high-emotion negative memories. Like abuse, death-

CLARA
(cutting him off)
Serving divorce papers? I didn't check off anything about my memory while filling my form out. This is my husband's doing.

DOCTOR SANCHEZ
Let me just get to the front and get your original forms and cross check it for you.

DOCTOR SANCHEZ gets up and leaves.

CLARA
(to herself)
Nice try asshole.

EXT. REGEN LABS - LOBBY - DAY - RAINY

The doors and windows of the lobby show a dark and stormy day on the street. Much different than the view of those in the rooms above.

A blur rushes into the lobby through the revolving door. JESSICA MARTINEZ (upper teens, female, Hispanic). She has a soaked hooded raincoat over her casual, basic shirt and jeans.

What is someone like THAT doing in a clean, white, sterile place like this?

Her greasy, wet hair covers half of her dirty face. She shoves her hands in her pockets as she walks across the vast lobby to the front desk.

With every step she leaves behind a muddy, wet foot print. A floor maintenance bot chirps awake and obsessively follows JESSICA, cleaning her steps. Erasing every trace of her presence there.

Next to the front desk is a line of entry and exit gates. A SPERSON walks up to the gates, scans a card, the transparent entry gates part open, and they walk through.

White coat, mask up. Must be a scientist.

Behind the front desk is the RECEPTIONIST (30s, non-binary, bright blue eyes, light copper-toned skin, dark green hair, half shaved, half pixie). So unique and I bet they'll tell you about their 100% 3D printed diet.

They speak to JESSICA without looking up from their typing.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Regen Labs. How may I assist you today?

JESSICA comfortably lays her arms on the counter and says nothing. The RECEPTIONIST clears their throat, but doesn't stop typing and doesn't look up from the computer.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(a little louder)

Hello. Welcome to Regen Labs. How may I assist you today?

Two POLICE OFFICERS come running into the building, hectically looking for someone. JESSICA pulls her hood forward to cover more of her face.

The RECEPTIONIST rolls their eyes with an annoyed sigh and stops typing to look at up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

JESSICA looks down at them, but avoids eye contact. The RECEPTIONIST stands and snaps in front of JESSICA's face.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Hi. Hello.

JESSICA looks at them.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Hi there. Can I do something for
you? Do you have an appointment?

They look JESSICA up and down, then sits.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
From one of our generous charities
I'm assuming?

They click away at the computer again.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
What's the name your appointment is
under?

The POLICE OFFICERS walk around the large lobby towards where
other GUESTS and sitting in a waiting area. As they cross the
lobby, JESSICA turns her body so her back stays to the cops.

The RECEPTIONIST looks at JESSICA again, then the POLICE.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
You're not a patient are you?

The RECEPTIONIST slowly starts reaching for a red button on
the underside of their desk.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Would you like for me to set you up
a consultation with our doctors?

JESSICA notices the RECEPTIONIST's nervous look.

The cleaning bot, done with the dirty prints, rolls up next
to JESSICA and bangs against her leg, mistaking her for
trash. The machine lets out a loud error beep, every time it
fails to roll over her. This grabs the POLICE's attention.

They start walking to the front desk. The RECEPTIONIST
notices this and holds up their hand and points to JESSICA.
The POLICE start to run, knocking over a passing SCIENTIST
trying to get back to work.

JESSICA runs towards the police at full speed. Like a game of
chicken, they sprint towards each other. JESSICA dives for
the ground and slides between the legs of one of the cops.

The maintenance bot is NOT happy.

She runs to the fallen SCIENTIST and grabs their badge. They
pull their mask down.

Not a scientist. She scans it on the machine and the entry doors swing open. She runs through them, leaving the police behind.

COP #1
Open this door right now!

The RECEPTIONIST is too flustered to react.

JESSICA taps, double taps, triple taps, the elevator button as many times as she can, keeping an eye on the trapped police.

COP #2
Open these doors right now or we
will arrest you too!

The RECEPTIONIST snaps out of their shock and pushes a button that lets out a loud buzzing sound and causes all the door to open.

DING!

Just in time. JESSICA rushes into the elevator, pushes a floor button, and beats the door close button. Her temporary cocoon of safety closes in the face of her pursuers.

INT. ELEVATOR

The highlighted button is for floor 127 - Research. JESSICA paces the elevator catching her breath.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CCTV ROOM

JESSICA's camera is lost among the dozen cctv screens filling a wall. The POLICE and the RECEPTIONIST are looking for her.

COP #2
There!

They point to the screen.

COP #2 (CONT'D)
What floor it that?

They all lean in to see the floor number highlighted on the display on top of the elevator doors as they open.

COP #1
127. Let's go.

The POLICEMEN run out of the room, pushing the RECEPTIONIST to the side as they leave. The RECEPTIONIST holds their arms up as they try to steady their balance.

RECEPTIONIST

Ok. Ok. Rude. Why don't you try some of our personality enhancement supplements!

INT. ELEVATOR

JESSICA rushes out of the open elevator. Respite?

INT. REGEN LABS - RESEARCH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The SCIENTISTS continue their work.

JESSICA is almost overwhelmed with the sight. So many white coats. She looks down at her clothes. Black dot on a white canvas.

There's a front desk with a chair with a white coat on the back of it. She smoothly trades coats and begins to walk between the tables filled with test tubes.

Her wet hair still shields one side of her face.

A WATCHING SCIENTIST look up from the liquid mazing through it's tubes at the passing anomaly.

No mask. Not a scientist. White coat. Must be a doctor.

The WATCHING SCIENTIST goes back to their tubes.

JESSICA continues through the rows of tables. Above them are signs hanging from the ceiling, each labeled with a category.

Personality.

Body Modifications.

Brain Function. THERE IT IS!

This wasn't a random floor she chose.

The SCIENTISTS keep working, paying no attention to her.

White coat. She belongs.

JESSICA picks up a chart hanging at the edge of one of the tables. Searching, searching. She to the next page. Searching, searching.

She looks around in haste and anxiety. Has no one really noticed her?

She flips another page. Searching, searching, THERE! FACIAL MOTOR CORTEX: FC-FMC #4.

She hangs the chart back up and browses the tube holders populating the tables. 'FC-FMC'. She thumbs through the tubes filled with multiple colored liquids. She picks up a tube filled with a light blue liquid that says #4. She tucks it in the coat's large pocket.

COP #1 (O.S.)

Freeze!

JESSICA is the only one that looks up. All the SCIENTISTS keep working like nothing is happening.

COP #1 runs towards JESSICA reaching for their gun. JESSICA runs further into the room. At the end, she pushes open the door to the stairwell. COP #2 is waiting for her. COP #2 pushes JESSICA back into the room. She falls back, her hair keeping her face hidden. She stands and faces COP #2. They look MAD. She runs back towards COP #1.

COP #2 pulls out their gun and shoots at her back. A bullet hits a group of test tubes on the table next to her. JESSICA ducks down, falling to the floor. A SCIENTIST gets shot in the head and falls down next to JESSICA.

JESSICA watches as the head hits the ground and the SCIENTIST has a blank look on their face with their eyes wide open. The hole the bullet left in their head has sparks coming out of it.

Scientist. Not a human. Jessica reaches out to touch it. Another bullet is shot at her.

The sound of another gunshot pulls her out of her amazement. She jumps to her feet and continues running. COP #1 is standing in her way.

As the two COPS shoot at her, she drops to the floor and scrambles to a crawl under the tables making her way for the elevator. She makes it past COP #1 on the other side of the tables. She runs past the elevators and into the other stairwell.

INT. REGEN LABS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

JESSICA closes the door and stands with her back against the door. She frantically looks around. Which way was it? Up? Down? Down!