The Methuselah Doctrine

by

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ENGLAND 2050

EXT: CENTRAL LONDON. DAY

It’s a much different London of the future.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
After the worldwide financial crisis of the early 21st. century the balance of power in the world shifted dramatically.

Through a brownish green fog St. Paul’s Cathedral is visible, half of its famous dome caved in and covered in grey/green moss and soot.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Nations which had previously dominated the world became vulnerable to the ebb and flow of raw materials based on their supply, demand & competitive international value, and many, unable to pay the price for vital commodities, quickly sank into deep social & financial depression.

The Post Office Tower, now a pile of twisted, rusty metal covered in grime - home to thousands of pigeons.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Britain was a classic example. Once the ruler of the civilized world, by the end of the twentieth century many considered Britain to be virtually an economic “colony” of the United States and - having - in 2012 - turned her back economically on the European Union - she became even more reliant on the U.S. for the supply of her energy, defense and her food.

Tower Bridge, which is now a filthy broken wreck of what it used to be, one side of the bridge is tilted up, stuck permanently open.

ALONG THE RIVERBANK

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
Teeming traffic is barely moving and thousands of pedestrians lethargically shuffle their way along the Embankment walkway by the River Thames.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT’D)

By the year 2016, when the U.S. was hit by its 3rd financial crisis, its greatest depression and biggest financial shake up ever, it quickly turned into an isolationist police state & abandoned all of its previous allies. Britain found itself alone in the world & by 2025 was considered by many to be, economically and culturally, a third world country.

The River Thames - it is now a filthy, dark brown ooze, clouds of stinking steam float above it and it is strewn with floating garbage, fires are burning here and there. Groups of disgustingly pathetic people are picking their way through the garbage from small ramshackle boats. A truck backs up, raises its bed and dumps a load of filthy garbage over the river bank wall.

ANNOUNCER (CONT’D)
One of the results of this crippling economic descent was that the housing and feeding of prisoners became financially untenable. The government turned to the private sector for new ideas on how to punish criminals without taxing their valuable resources or without having to house & feed them in prisons which, because of the shortage of space, had become potential commercial spaces and even residential real estate.

EXT. WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON - DAY

ANNOUNCER
One of the solutions, proposed by the Zandacker Corporation, was

TITLE OVER:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

THE METHUSELAH DOCTRINE.

(YOU DO THE CRIME - YOU LOSE THE TIME)

EXT: LEVEL 2 - THE ENTERTAINMENT CENTER, LEICESTER SQUARE - NIGHT

It's Central London goes futuristic punk - of the new economically challenged 2nd. Millennium. The whole square is a VERY crowded vibrant late night life entertainment complex. People of all ages are slammed together milling around in the colorful lights, music blares out from huge speakers and garish hi tech signs advertise the different clubs, bars and theaters.

THE BARKERS outside each club call out the special entertainment features as LALO, late twenties computer whiz, weaves his way through the crowd - obviously knowing where he's going. As he passes one club the music is DEAFENING, over it a colorfully dressed BARKER is touting his wares.

BARKER 1
Strictly hetero, boys and girls
here folks - yeah we've got all the
best busty, Girly girls and all the
greatest hunky, pumped up chunky
guys ever inside, if you don't get
plooked, we'll give you yer money
back. Dance yer asses off till 6
a.m. Come on in - don't be shy -
unless yer looking for something a
bit more "middle of the road".

Lalo smiles to himself and keeps moving. He's dressed from head to toe in black. A long cloak-like garment with a hood made out of some kind of man made fiber hides his slender body. His shoes (or boots) look like something the astronauts wore when they walked on the moon. They have thick rubber soles and lots of "attachments" - stripes, rubber dimples, metal studs and reflective bands.

White make-up covers his face, his eyes are outlined with black eye shadow and he has a silver bone, about three inches long, through the base of his nose above his top lip. He's happy because he's on CRUZ the new late nite drug.
CONTINUED:

A mild hallucinogenic, it gives you the same feeling as a couple of Martinis, but heightens your sense of touch so that you feel very sensuous, loose and uninhibited.

Lalo cruises past the entrance to the next club. A sign above the entrance reads:

**INSERT SIGN:**

**THE BORDER OF THE SENSES.**

**BARKER 2**

Bi curious? Transsexual? - This is Hormone Experiment Central folks. YEAH! Boy turned girl? - Girl turned boy? Yeah, for you gender benders this IS the place for you! We've got them all - dykes on bikes, chicks with dicks, blokes with pussies - guys SO PRETTY you won't believe your eyes. Come on in and feast your eyes on all the shades of being that exist between a REAL man and an UNREAL woman! Yeah, yeah, yeah, you can dance with them - flirt with them - take them home and explore! Who knows what lurks beneath those little skirts and those butch cargo pants?

Lalo moves on, smiles to himself again, the CRUZ warming his senses as he walks. He pushes through a tightly packed crowd waiting to get into

**INSERT SIGN:**

**BAR SINISTER**

A **YOUNG BARKER**, dressed like Dracula, is standing up on a platform leering down at the crowd, he speaks with a Bela Lugosi voice.

**BARKER 3**

You know vat you vant don't you? A taste of the other side, Mingle with the un-dead, touch their dead flesh, kiss their cold lips, maybe drink their blood?

He sees Lalo pushing his way through the crowd, steps down off his platform and grabs him by the arm.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

BARKER 3 (CONT'D)
What took you so fucking long man? While you've been dicking around, taking your time getting here, they've probably hacked another five grand.

Lalo doesn't miss a beat.

LALO
If you'd done what I said last month and got tripped out with the NEW gear, I could'a fixed it remotely, without ever leaving my drum. You know I charge double for house calls?

BARKER 3
Yeah, I know, I know. Just get yer ass in there and stop the freakin' bleeding before we all go broke.

INT. BAR SINISTER, NIGHT
Lalo pushes the door open and enters. In the flashing and swirling beams of lights we see that it's packed, wall to wall, with all manner of night life. Goths, Vampires & Witches, pale faced brides of Dracula in long black Victorian gowns and tight corsets, Merlin-like wizards, sexy young girls in S&M outfits with collars and chains being led around by "their Masters."

Lalo pushes his way through the crowd towards the bar where a crowd is standing around watching a vampire movie on a huge flat glass screen. THE BAR TENDER, a fat, late forties masculine looking woman sees Lalo.

BARTENDER
O.K. O.K. you lot move yer Goth asses away from the bar - the fire brigade is here.

Lalo sides up to the bar and watches the screen for a second. He quickly sees what's going on. He reaches inside his pocket, pulls out a small remote looking device, punches a couple of buttons on the back of it - aims it at the screen and CLICKS. The image freezes for a second and then the screen goes blank. The crowd around the bar BOOS LOUDLY.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

    LALO
    (impatient)
    OK, OK just hold it for a nano sec
    you - you wankers?

They quiet down a bit. Lalo takes the remote, programs it again, then points and CLICKS. The screen bounces back into life.

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

IN THE TOP RIGHT CORNER a number appears - 12,357.00

    LALO (CONT’D)
    That's how much they got you for -
    so far.

He CLICKS again. The screen clears and then another line of numbers and letters appears. It reads:

LESTER B PEARSON - Sector 45A - 16B4 - 27 Lots Road - 2nd floor. S.W. 10

Lalo looks around triumphantly.

    LALO (CONT’D)
    And that's the fucker that's been
    bleeding you. Want me to kill his
    rig then have the government
    cybergoons go get him?

The bar tender nods a "yes."

    LALO (CONT’D)
    O.K. you asked for it.

He hits the remote again and a red laser beam hits the screen. A box appears on the screen.

DO YOU WANT TO ERASE THE SUBSCRIBER - LESTER B PEARSON - 275567? THIS WILL CAUSE IRREPARABLE HARM?

Lalo hits the remote again, the beams bounces off the screen. Another box appears.

LESTER B PEARSON - 275567 ELIMINATED FROM NETWORK. ACCOUNT TERMINATED.

The crowd CHEERS. Lalo holds his hand out to the bar tender.
CONTINUED:

LALO
That will be 1500, I'll also clean up your whole interface while I'm here - won't be nothing in there that shouldn't be, it's a hundred per cent Kosh, guaranteed.

The bar tender looks at Lalo.

BARTENDER
(reluctantly)
Give me yer C P.

Lalo reaches inside his jacket, pulls out a small hand-held device (his credit pilot) and hands it to the bartender. She slides it into a small slot on the counter and punches a key pad. A COMPUTER VOICE announces.

COMPUTER (O.S.)
Fifteen hundred credits - confirmed. Press "shift" to finalize transaction.

The bartender hits "shift", takes the hand-held device out of the slot and hands it back to Lalo.

LALO
Cool - gives me a Cruz Fizz, in fact give me a double.

The bar tender reluctantly mixes his drink then hands it to him - he takes a sip.

LALO (CONT’D)
For another grand I can fix your system permanently, make sure no hack monkey - not even the Government - can get in there without you or I knowing about it.

The bartender thinks about that for a second.

BARTENDER
I'll buzz you.

Lalo shrugs her off, takes his drink and barges his way through the crowd until he finds himself a stool in a corner. The moment he sits down RIKKY, a thirtyish blonde with an awesome figure sits down next to him. She's tall, dressed in a black leather dominatrix outfit (corset, stockings, heels and a short black cloak)
CONTINUED: (2)
Lalo turns to see who has sat down next to him, he gives Rikky an approving smile.

    RIKKY
    That was really cool - you sure seem to know what you're doing.

    LALO
    (trying to be cool)
    I get by.

Rikky holds out her gloved hand.

    RIKKY
    I'm Rikky.

Lalo takes her hand and kisses the back of it. (The tactile sensation of touching her is enhanced by the Cruz).

    LALO
    (smiling warmly)
    My pleasure. I'm Lalo.

They make eye contact and something immediately clicks with them.

    LALO (CONT'D)
    Can I get you a drink?

She looks at his glass.

    RIKKY
    I'll have whatever you're drinking.

Lalo looks into her eyes as he lets go of her hand and a wave of emotion sweeps over him.

    LALO
    (trying to stay cool)
    It's a Cruz Fizz, you do Cruz?

She nods a "yes".

    RIKKY
    At the weekends, how many have you done?

Lalo holds up one finger.

    LALO
    This'll be my second.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)
Lalo looks down at the counter, touches his finger to small
video screen and orders the drink.

    RIKKY
    I guess I have to catch up.

Lalo touches the screen again.

    LALO
    I'll make yours a double.

    RIKKY
    Thanks.

She moves closer and Lalo can suddenly smell her fragrance.
(because of the Cruz the sensation is heightened) She touches
his arm and he feels a surge of energy.

    RIKKY (CONT’D)
    So what's Lester B Pearson going to
    say when he finds out that his rig
    is fucked?

Lalo looks around the bar to see if anyone is in earshot. He
smiles.

    LALO
    Oh, Lester'll get over it.

    RIKKY
    But you wiped his entire rig, isn't
    he going to be major pissed?

He leans closer to her.

    LALO
    Well, you see it’s like this honey —
    I'm Lester B. Pearson
    (he smiles)
    and I don't care — as long as I get
    paid

She gets it instantly, lets go of his arm.

    RIKKY
    You did a hack job on them?

He smiles. Their drinks come. She clinks his glass.

    RIKKY (CONT’D)
    To Lester B Pearson.
LALO
I'll drink to that Mo Fo.

INT. LALO’S APT. – EARLY MORNING

Lalo’s place is small but comfortable, obviously a bachelor set up, it’s clean and there is a sense of order about it. There are computers everywhere arranged in a semi circle and they are all busy - working away, scanning the outside world, reading data and transferring files back and forth from one screen to the other. Lalo lays on his bed, controlling everything with a tiny remote - he’s alone but there are signs of departed company. An extra cocktail glass, a discarded black, elbow length, opera glove.

A SHRILL BELL RINGS - it grabs Lalo’s attention, he turns down the volume on the computers with his remote. Speaks into the remote.

LALO
Yeah - Who is it?

Over a speaker

POLICEMAN (V.O.)
It’s the F.E.A. Cybercrime Unit,
open up - we have a warrant for
your arrest.

Lalo jumps up off his bed and goes into panic mode. He speaks towards a voice box unit by the door as he quickly gathers various (incriminating) items and stashes them away out of sight.

LALO
Sure you got the right guy? I’m just a poor working stiff.

POLICEMAN (V.O.)
Hendrich, Frans 114155452? AKA Lalo van Meegeran?

LALO
Yeah, that’s me alright, but what am I supposed to have done?

POLICEMAN (V.O.)
Just open up immediately or we will have to smash the door in.
CONTINUED:

LALO
Just a minute I’m coming.

He races around the apt. turning off computers, stashing more items in drawers and trash cans.

OFF SCREEN:
There is the sound of a DOOR BEING KICKED IN.

CUT TO:

EXT. LALO’S APT. DAY

Lalo is hustled out of his door struggling between two burly POLICEMEN in S.W.A.T. uniforms, they are accompanied by 4 other HEAVILY ARMED POLICEMEN (two in front two behind). He is roughly man handled into the back of a black paddy wagon bristling with antennae.

INT. POLICE PADDY WAGON – DAY

Lalo is wrestled to the floor, he struggles in vain, the COPS are a lot stronger and he is handcuffed to a pipe on the wall. He is in a very uncomfortable position - half sitting and at an angle that does not allow him to relax. MAJORS, a plain clothes cop, mid thirties, punk attitude with his shaved head and tattoos, leans into Lalo’s face.

MAJORS
Looks like you finally ran out of luck shit for brains, we’ve had our eyes on you for a while now and guess what? You finally blew it.

LALO
I’ve got no idea what you’re fucking talking about, I’ve done nothing, you’ve got no right to treat me like this . . .

MAJORS
Yeah, and I suppose you’re gonna get some legal shot hot to come down and spring you - right?

LALO
Damn right I am.

Majors slaps him across the face and tweaks one of his ears, Lalo CRY’S OUT in pain.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MAJORS
Problem is you have no idea just how much trouble you’re in my little cyber tea leaf, we’ve got some BIG surprises for you downtown.

EXT: CENTRAL LONDON. DAY

There is a WHOOSH of STEAM - an engine WINDS UP TO A CRESCENDO & the paddy wagon slowly rises up off the street in a cloud of steam. It passes above the roofs of the high rises and then banks away off into the distance. Above the ENGINE NOISE the CHATTER of the pilot with the control tower is heard.

PILOT (V.O.)
Hendrich, Frans 114155452 - AKA Lalo van Meegeran is in custody and secured, request processing procedures begin - ETA 5 minutes.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - TIME UNDETERMINED

Lalo is sitting with his head down on a table, a UNIFORM COP stands by the door and Majors is sitting in front of him. He’s obviously been worked over and is silent, they’ve reached a stalemate.

The door opens and KATIE BUTLER appears. Mid 40’s she is a sexy blonde, great figure and dressed hi-end slutty, very open and provocative, not all what you would expect of an attorney. The only sign of her profession is the brief case she holds. She’s a little perplexed, her demeanor off balance.

BUTLER
(breathless)
God! I’m sorry Lalo - I only just got the message, I was off the grid. Met this great RICH, French hunk, Francois, took me to Marseille for the weekend, what a city THAT is. I tell you it’s party hearty there man - we had a ball - did some Cruz - you know?

Lalo slowly raises his head and gives her a look. She sees his face - tired and swollen. She comes to her senses, fully grasps the moment.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BUTLER (CONT’D)
My God Lalo, you look terrible! How long have you been here? How long have they been holding you?

Lalo looks over at Majors for the answer, Majors offers Butler a seat. She remains standing.

MAJORS
We arrested him at 8.30 Yesterday morning.

Butler looks at her watch.

BUTLER
Jeez! That’s 18 hours ago, (she sits down opposite Lalo) Have they been mistreating you?

Lalo’s turns the left side of his face to her, it tells the story. Butler suddenly goes into professional mode, she confronts Majors.

BUTLER (CONT’D)
I would like a list of the charges, if any, and I would then like to be alone with my client.

Majors open a file on the table and points lazily towards it, gets up and heads for the door. The uniform cop opens the door for him.

MAJORS
I’ll give you ten minutes, knock yourself out.

Butler bristles.

BUTLER
You’ll give me as long as we Goddam need, and I’d like two cups of coffee with milk & sugar and a glass of water for Mr. van Meegeran.

Majors smiles sarcastically and leaves, over his shoulder as he closes the door we hear... .

MAJORS
Whatever.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)
Butler and Lalo are now alone, she examines him and we see the feminine/motherly side of her kick in.

BUTLER
My God Lalo what the hell is this all about, have they beaten you?

Lalo nods a yes.

BUTLER (CONT’D)
What have they charged you with? Let me look.

She pulls the open file towards her and begins reading.

Her face gradually changes to a look of grave concern.

BUTLER (CONT’D)
There are over 25 charges here Lalo, some of them very serious. Breaches of The Official Secrets Act, terrorist related charges, God knows what else. Is any of this true? What have you been up to?

LALO
(lazily)
I don’t know what the fuck they are talking about. Sure I do a bit of hacking but not all this other stuff, I never jacked into anything Government, I swear.

BUTLER
What’s all this about a public confession?

LALO
No idea, I haven’t said a word – I don’t go blabbing my shit around.

There’s a KNOCK ON THE DOOR, the door opens and a POLICEWOMAN enters with two cups of coffee and a glass of water on a tray. She looks familiar. She puts the tray down on the table.

POLICEWOMAN
Here you go, there’s a couple of Aspirin for your head as well.

Lalo looks at her and he suddenly remembers who she is.

INSERT:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)
Still of RIKKY from Bar Sinister.

LALO
You fucking bitch!

Butler looks surprised. Rikky places a small plastic device on the table and starts it.

RIKKY
So what's Lester B Pearson going to say when he finds out that his rig is fucked?

LALO
Oh Lester'll get over it.

RIKKY
But you wiped his entire rig, isn't he going to be major pissed?

LALO
Well, you see it's like this honey - I'm Lester B. Pearson (he smiles) and I don't care - as long as I get paid.

RIKKY
You did a hack job on them?

LALO
To Lester B Pearson.

Butler reacts immediately

BUTLER
You’ve got to be kidding. That’s not admissible.

She looks at Lalo

BUTLER (CONT’D)
Where was that recorded?

LALO
Bar Sinister.
CONTINUED: (4)

BUTLER
I thought so, and you, like everybody else at BAR SINISTER, were out of their minds on Cruz, right?

Lalo nods a yes. Butler confronts Rikky.

BUTLER (CONT’D)
Last I heard drug induced confessions are not admissable, Jeez you got to be kidding me. (she suddenly gets VERY serious)
Now, will you get out of here and leave me alone with my client.

Rikky turns to leave.

BUTLER (CONT’D)
And I might just remind you - if you have any plans on snooping on my private talks with my client, (she looks around the room)
You know - two way mirrors, recording devices, all that old Edward G. Robinson movie stuff, anything gained by THOSE means is also inadmissable.

Rikky hands Lalo a couple of Aspirin, takes her player off the table and leaves without responding.

CUT TO:

SAME ROOM, LATER.

Lalo is sitting alone at the table, he’s now dressed in grey prison fatigues. The door opens and Butler enters looking a little more professional but still more sexy than her role as an attorney would demand. Lalo looks up at her optimistically.

LALO
Well? What did they say? Did you make a deal?

Butler sits down trying to look cheerful.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BUTLER
I tried man, I really tried, but they’ve got a lot of shit on you. A lot of it might not hold up in court because of the way it was gathered, but even if we eliminate all of that you’re still looking at 25 years, 10 to 15 minimum on appeal. They really want to nail guys like you, to make an example.

LALO
Guys like me?

BUTLER
As we all know, the whole of our damn society is run by computers Lalo, there isn’t anything that isn’t controlled or monitored by them. You start hacking into that and you have the potential to wreak some serious damage. They came down hard on you because you meddled in some very sensitive stuff. They were an inch away from charging you as a terrorist, if they’d done that there wouldn’t be a damn thing I could have done for you.

Lalo looks glum, he realizes that, despite Butler’s efforts, he’s going to do time.

LALO
I don’t deserve this, I was just fucking a bit with the system.

BUTLER
Yeah! And the system hit back, big time.

LALO
I mean if I’d murdered someone or molested some kids I’d deserve it I guess, but this! It’s so unfair.

BUTLER
There is a ray of hope and I don’t want you to get too excited until I look into it more.

LALO
Oh yeah, spill.
CONTINUED: (2)

BUTLER
Well, apparently they have some new treatment program, a way for you to do your time without going to jail.

Lalo suddenly gets excited.

LALO
Oh yeah, that sounds cool, what’s the deal?

BUTLER
I don’t know the details, I’ll have to look into it for you, but they have a process that they put you through, some kinda experimental contraption, it’s all secret at the moment, and if you “volunteer” for it - the treatment that is - it’s considered as time served.

LALO
That sounds like something out of freakin Star Trek to me. Is it safe - will this device fuck me up? I mean I don’t want to be a freaking vegetable or a basket case for the rest of my life.

BUTLER
Like I say I don’t know, man. I’ve got to check it out for you. At the moment it’s kinda secret, under wraps. I do know its code name, Majors told me that - it’s Methuselah.

LALO
Methuselah? Like that old dude in the Bible?

BUTLER
That’s the one.

INT. ZANDACKER CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS, BOARDROOM - DAY

A DOZEN SUITS (two female) are seated around the conference table working on laptops, Majors is present & Lalo is seated next to Butler. There is an empty seat at the head of the table. A huge metallic “Z” logo is prominent above the empty seat. Judging by the amount of papers on the table they have been working for a while.
CONTINUED:

SUIT 1
So we agree there will be a non disclosure agreement and a hold harmless clause in favour of Zandacker Corp.

Butler looks at Lalo and he nods that he agrees.

BUTLER
My client agrees with that, with one provision - that before we proceed someone will explain to him what this Methuselah contraption is going to do to him.

MAJORS
No provisions.

BUTLER
Then the deal is off.

SUIT 2
No, wait a minute, I’m sure Mr. Zandacker won’t mind explaining to your client how his machine works, he’s quite proud of it, and after all that will be covered by the previously mentioned non disclosure agreement. Right?

Butler nods her head.

BUTLER
So that just leaves the rehabilitation clause.

SUIT 3
We agree to full rehabilitation, medical supervision and monitoring of the effects of the treatment for a minimum of three months, maximum 1 year, at Zandacker’s expense.

SUIT 1
Afterall is in our interests to fully determine the effects of the treatment and determine if it is as effective as we imagine.

Lalo sits up and looks at Suit 1

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

LALO
I still have a funny feeling that you fuckers are going to pull something on me. Are you levelling with me when you say I am not going to be harmed?

SUIT 1
You have our word, you will not be harmed, the machine will curb your inherent criminal tendencies, they will be modified, subjugated and you’ll be healed by the treatment, you’ll be an overall better citizen.

BUTLER
No brain washing, no messing with my client’s cerebral cortex or his nervous system.

All the suits nod a “no” in unison.

BUTLER (CONT’D)
Then I think we have an agreement gentlemen. Can you print a copy for me and my client and send an electronic copy to my office for filing. We will sign it tomorrow after I peruse it in detail overnight.

SUIT 2
Very good, a good day’s work ladies and gentlemen.
(he turns to the Suit next to him)
Could you ask Mr. Zandacker to join us please.

Suit 3 gets up makes a call on a small hand held device.

BUTLER
(somewhat surprised)
We get to meet the boss? I’m thrilled. I’ve heard so much about him but I’m told much of it is rumor.

SUIT 3
Mr. Zandacker is a very private person, a true genius with a LOT on his mind.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)
The door at the far end of the room opens and Zandacker enters, but only just. He stands in the doorway and will not venture any further. He is about 5 feet tall and almost the same in width, he could be anywhere from 40 to 90 yrs old, it’s hard to tell because of the cosmetics & the amount of work he’s had done. He looks like a Charles Bronson whose body has worn out and then has been badly rebuilt by Mad Max. His look is topped off by a pair of oversized wrap around tinted glasses with an earpiece & mike attached. A light constantly blinks above each ear.

All the suits rise.

SUIT 1
Mr. Zandacker, welcome, we called you to tell you we have an agreement to proceed with the first Methuselah recipient.

Zandacker doesn’t move or show any emotion.

ZANDACKER
(with heavy E. European accent)
Very good gentlemen, we have all been waiting for this day, I am glad that our work can proceed on schedule. Thank you.

And with that he is GONE. The door closes and the suits sit down.

BUTLER
Now that’s what you call a man of few words.

INT. RESEARCH DEPT. ZANDACKER CORP. TIME UNKNOWN

Lalo is seated on a chair, Zandacker is standing alone and HALF A DOZEN LAB ASSISTANTS are preparing the room for Lalo’s “treatment”. Half of them are behind a stainless steel control console which has areas designated by different colored lighted panels and sliders. There is a video screen.

ZANDACKER
I know you must be afraid my boy, but don’t worry, it will all be over in a minute and your time will be served.

He points over towards a cylindrical steel chamber, rather like a shower. He walks over and pushes a button.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED. A curved frosted glass door HISSES open to reveal a set of ankle and wrist restraints and a metal seat formed into the wall.

ZANDACKER (CONT’D)

Zis is our first Methuselah Chamber and you are to be our first “customer”.

(he looks over towards the assistants at the console)

Are ve ready?

They all nod that they are. One of the lab assistants goes over to Lalo, takes him by the arm and guides him towards the chamber.

ZANDACKER (CONT’D)

Don’t be afraid my boy.

Lalo is apprehensive and tries to shrug off the assistant. He lets him go and Lalo walks by himself. In seconds he is in the chamber - as soon as he sits down the wrist and ankle shackles automatically SNAP shut with a HISS. Lalo looks apprehensive - tries out the holding power of the restraints, they are very efficient.

LALO

It’s not too late to change my mind is it?

ZANDACKER

Not unless you vant to spend 25 yrs in jail it isn’t. Go ahead my boy, speak up.

Lalo thinks about that for a moment, jail? What a thought. He lets it go. He looks down at the floor, now resigned to what is to come.

ZANDACKER (CONT’D)

Velly vell, proceed.

The door of the chamber HISSES and then slides shut. The Lab technicians get busy at the console.

OFF SCREEN

ELECTRIC GENERATORS WHIR INTO LIFE, THERE IS A STEADY RHYTHMIC CLICKING AND THE SOUND OF A TURBINE WINDING UP.

The WHIRRING REACHES A CRESCENDO and Zandacker nods his head. A lab technician slides one of the sliders up the console. From inside the chamber we hear SCREAMS from Lalo.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)
ON THE VIDEO SCREEN IN FRONT OF THE TECHNICIAN

Numbers appear on a digital clock - they are moving in rapid FAST FORWARD mode. When they reach 25.00 the technician pulls the slider down and ALL the SOUNDS STOP.

Zandacker nods to one of the LAB ASSISTANTS who is wearing a stethoscope and a portable blood pressure measuring device. He goes over to the chamber and pushes the door button. There is A HISS and the door slides open. Lalo is slumped forward held in the seat by the restraints. The Lab Assistant lifts Lalo’s head and opens one of his eyelids, he’s awake but barely. The assistant listens to Lalo’s heart with his stethoscope and then takes his blood pressure. When he’s done he turns to Zandacker.

LAB ASSISTANT
He’s O.K.

He steps back out of the chamber, there is ANOTHER HISS and the wrist & ankle restraints are released. Lalo tumbles out of the chamber and falls lifeless to the floor, like a rag doll.

TWO assistants arrive with a gurney and lift Lalo onto it. They wheel him towards the door. As they reach Zandacker he stops them and leans over to look at Lalo.

ZANDACKER
You see my boy that wasn’t too bad vos it?

Lalo slowly opens his eyes and tries to focus on Zandacker. Lalo has tears in his eyes.

LALO
(quietly)
Like fuck it was, what the fuck did you . . .

He loses consciousness. Zandacker dismisses him and they wheel him away - out of sight.

CUT TO:

ONE WEEK LATER.

INT. ZANDACKER CORP. HEADQUARTERS, RECOVERY ROOM. DAY

In a room designed for four beds there is just one, Lalo’s. It sits alone in the middle of the room surrounded by all kinds of monitoring devices and hi tech gadgetry. The machines BLIP & BEEP and lights constantly blink.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
A MONTAGE OF SHOTS:
A NURSE comes in and takes Lalo’s temperature.
TWO DOCTORS check the monitors and talk to a very sleepy Lalo.
TWO MALE NURSES get Lalo out of bed and attempt to get him, not very successfully, to walk. He’s limp, weak and uncoordinated.
ZANDACKER and FOUR ASSISTANTS talk to Lalo who is sitting on his bed. The conversation ends and they leave when Lalo yells at them, pulls the sensors and I.V’s out of his arm and throws them at Zandacker.
CUT TO:
SAME ROOM LATER.
Lalo is sitting up in bed, Butler is on a chair by the side of his bed.

LALO
I tell you I have never felt so shitty in my whole life, it’s ten days now and I feel like I’m nursing the biggest hangover of my life, what the hell did they do to me? I don’t feel re-habilitated at all – in fact I feel like kicking some ass, if I could only summon up the strength.

Butler takes his hand.

BUTLER
I’m sorry darling I don’t know what to tell you, it was a better deal than 25 in the can. But they are not being very forthcoming about just what it was they did to you and legally that’s their right.

LALO
So they fuck you up and won’t tell you how they did it? Is that part of our deal?
CONTINUED:

BUTLER
I could take them to court and legally force them to tell us but that will take time.

Lalo pulls back the covers and eases himself to the edge of the bed. He puts one foot on the ground and tries to stand up. He winces, anticipating the pain, as he thinks about taking the first step.

LALO
See it’s fucked up, everyone of my joints aches like . . .

(he notices another pain, this time in his right hips)

That’s a new one!

He takes his weight off the hip and tries the left one, it’s just as bad, nevertheless he bravely goes for a very painful walk around the room. He looks back at Butler.

LALO (CONT’D)
Tell me - what the fuck do I look like?

Butler thinks for a sec watching his painful progress.

BUTLER
Like an old man.

LALO
Correct! Like a fucking old man! And that’s what it feels like, my body feels like I’m an old fart but my mind is perfect, I don’t think they did a thing to my mind, they just fucked up my body.

BUTLER
So you don’t think they "modified" your behavior?

LALO
FUCK NO, I feel more deviant now than ever, I REALLY want to fuck these guys up now.

BUTLER
Have you told them all this?

Lalo looks around the room as if looking for some kind of surveillance.
CONTINUED: (2)

LALO
I haven’t told them shit, let them figure it out for themselves. All I know is that they’re not at all concerned with my brain or my psyche, they never touched my noggin, always examining the bod. Blood samples, tissue density, body/fat ratio, synovial fluid measurements, mobility and flexibility, that’s the only talk I ever hear from the nurses.

He points to his head.

LALO (CONT’D)
DO you see any sensors monitoring the noggin? No, of course not, I swear that’s not their concern.

He reaches the bed and sits down with a GASP.

LALO (CONT’D)
PHEW! See that little jaunt ‘round the room? I feel like I just walked 10 fucking miles!

He flops back on the bed and lays his head down.

BUTLER
Doesn’t make sense, the whole idea was to turn you into Johnny Good Citizen not Geriatric Joe.

LALO
Tell me about it.

BUTLER
We’ve got to get you out of here.

LALO
Halleh fucking juliah!

A MIDDLE AGED DOCTOR in a white coat enters.

DOCTOR
(cheerful)
And how is everything here today?

LALO
(bitterly)
Fucked up, as usual.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

DOCTOR

Sorry to hear that, what’s the trouble?

Butler decides to take control.

BUTLER

My client has a lot of concerns, particularly the fact that he has no idea what has been done to him. He is feeling a lot of physical pain Doctor. Doctor? What’s your name?

DOCTOR

Doctor Mason, I’m the senior M.D. here. Trust me. All will be revealed in good time – but first we have to be sure that our treatment has had the desired effect.

BUTLER

Which is to make my client feel like he’s an old man? I thought it was designed to make him a good citizen, rehabilitate him?

DOCTOR

I’m afraid I can’t discuss that.

LALO

See what I mean they just want to .

Butler hushes him.

BUTLER

Quiet Lalo, let me talk.

She stands and confronts Dr. Mason

BUTLER (CONT’D)

Well, let me tell you this Dr. Mason, we will get to the bottom of this, with or without your help. And I think we would be better off with our investigations if my client was discharged into my care immediately. Do you have a problem with that? If you do I will file an injunction this afternoon which will be effective immediately.
CONTINUED: (4)
The Doctor thinks about that for a second and then smiles sarcastically.

DOCTOR
I personally don’t have a problem with that, I’ve got all the information I need from your client and I think legal will be OK as well. As long as you honour your contract with us.

Butler looks over at Lalo

BUTLER
Ready to go home honey?

LALO
Fuckin eh!

The Doctor eases himself away from Butler.

DOCTOR
There will some forms to sign, of course, and I will give you some medication which you are totally free to take or not, as you please. And of course I would like to monitor your progress over the coming months.

Lalo sits up in bed.

LALO
Will you be able to get rid of these aches and pains for me?

The Doctor just smiles knowingly.

BUTLER
Well?

The Doctor looks over at Lalo.

DOCTOR
What’s done is done, we’ll get you out of here pronto then all we can do is take care of your adjustment back into society and hope that you don’t relapse into a life of crime.

He turns for the door.
CONTINUED: (5)

LALO
What kind of a fucking answer is that?

CUT TO:

THREE WEEKS LATER:

INT. SHOPPING MALL, DAY

Lalo and a couple of friends SPENCE, short, pudgy 25 yr old musician and HEPBURN 40, a large jovial Scot, are enjoying a coffee and watching girls. A pair of crutches are propped up by Lalo’s chair, he’s moving kinda slow. He looks terrible, a lot older, his face is lined and his hair is thinning and grey around the ears. Around his eyes are crows feet and there are deep lines on his forehead.

HEPBURN
And that’s when I told him I don’t do strange.

SPENCE
Not what I heard.

They all LAUGH. Lalo notices something across the other side of the coffee shop.

LALO
Hey guys, without being too obvious, do you see that guy in an orange jacket and black pants over there by the counter.

They all turn around to look - very obviously

HEPBURN
Yeah so?

LALO
Great guys, could you make it anymore obvious.

SPENCE
What about him?

Lalo looks at the guy again.

(continues)
CONTINUED:

LALO
He’s been watching us since we sat down, I think he’s one of the medical guys from Zandacker, he gave me an examination once.

HEPBURN
You think he’s following you?

SPENCE
Maybe he’s interested to see how his ex patient is doing, don’t they call it follow up?

LALO
Bit of a coincidence don’t you think?

Lalo puts his coffee down.

LALO (CONT’D)
I’m going over to see.

He stands awkwardly and knocks over the crutches, they make A LOUD CLATTER which is noticed. Spence grabs the crutches then his arm.

SPENCE
Whoa there Cisco, careful now, you don’t know what you’re getting yourself into.

HEPBURN
And you’re a wee bit shaky on those crutches, man.

Lalo manages to stand and gets first one then the other crutch under his arm pits and attempts to walk with them. It’s a sorry sight & he realizes it. He drops the crutches with a CLATTER and off he goes on his own.

He walks very painfully, like a 70yr. old man with severe arthritis, but he makes good progress. His breathing is labored as he cautiously shifts his weight from one foot to the other.

FROM THE STRANGERS POV

Lalo hobbles towards him, it’s an effort and slow progress but soon it becomes apparent that Lalo is heading for HIM.
FROM LALO’S PERSPECTIVE

The stranger gets up, obviously anticipating some trouble. Lalo is about 6 ft. away and he sees for the first time that this is indeed the man from Zandacker.

LALO
Are you following me?

The stranger is TRUNK, a 40 something Hispanic, tall & good looking - obviously well heeled. He backs off as Lalo approaches.

TRUNK
No, I promise you, I am NOT following you.

LALO
I know who you are - and it seems pretty strange.

TRUNK
And I know who you are, you were a patient of Zandacker’s, it’s Lalo right?

This disarms Lalo a little.

LALO
Yeah, and you are?

TRUNK
My friends call me Trunk, that’ll do for now.

LALO
O.K. Trunk, so why are you following me?

TRUNK
Honestly, me being here today is a total coincidence. I must admit though, as a Doctor, I always wondered how you turned out, and suddenly here you are.

Lalo bristles.

LALO
Oh yeah? Come and see just how fucked up the poor Guinea pig ended up eh? Is that it?
CONTINUED: (3)

TRUNK
Not at all - my interest is purely medical.

Lalo is showing some fatigue from his walk and from standing for so long, Trunk notices. He offers him a seat.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
Here take a load off, trust me, I’m not your enemy.

Lalo doesn’t feel comfortable but the fatigue gets the better of him.

FROM SPENCE & HEPBURN’S POV

Lalo takes a seat and Trunk sits down opposite.

HEPBURN (O.S)
Well, I guess everything is OK after all.

SPENCE (O.S.)
Yes, but let’s us be ready to book on over there, rapid like, in case anything weird goes down.

BACK TO LALO AND TRUNK

Lalo lets out a long tired SIGH as he relaxes back into the chair.

TRUNK
So how are you feeling?

LALO
Like I look, fucked up. Was it supposed to be like this? Fucking Geriatric City.

Trunk studies him for a moment.

TRUNK
It's bad right?

LALO
Ten times worse than bad, it’s fucking agony, the worst thing you see is I don’t know what the fuck you did to me.

Trunk looks surprised.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

TRUNK
Me, it wasn’t ME that did this to you, I was just . . .

He stops in mid sentence, thinks for a sec.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
Wait a minute, you don’t have a clue about what’s happened to you do you?

LALO
All I know is that I FEEL LIKE SHIT.

Trunk hails a WAITRESS and orders them both coffee. Lalo is tired and rests his weary bones as best he can. Trunk looks at him sympathetically.

TRUNK
I think it’s a good thing that we ran into each other today, I may be able to clear up some of the mystery for you. Let’s see now, where shall I begin?

LALO
How about what the fuck have they done to me?

TRUNK
O.K. but that’s just part of it.
Look, let me just tell you, for starters, I don’t work for Zandacker.

LALO
You don’t?

TRUNK
No, I work for a company called SDS, originally that stood for Surgical Design Services, we were a small company that originally specialized in doing R & D into remote robotic surgery equipment. Along the way we investigated all manner of biological issues. There were a lot of red herrings, of course, but there were also a lot of really innovative discoveries, particularly in the area of aging, a BIG money maker these days.
TRUNK (CONT'D)
The technology in the Methuselah device was bought by Zandacker from SDS.

LALO
Oh yeah, and what does this "technology" do?

Trunk looks at him, a little surprised.

TRUNK
You REALLY don’t know?

LALO
All I know is that it’s supposed to rehabilitate me.

TRUNK
Oh boy! The Methuselah Device AGES you.

He lets that bit of info sink in.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
You went into that chamber, what was it now? Two months ago - right? You came out, two minutes later, 25 years OLDER.

Lalo is stunned, but suddenly he understands. He turns this over in his mind as Trunk continues.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
The way things are going keeping prisoners is a losing proposition, expensive, labor intensive and then there’s the real estate. So they asked a bunch of corporations, one of which was Zandacker, to come up with alternative ways of punishing criminals without having to house or feed them.

Lalo looks at Trunk – he’s really pissed.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
That Zandacker, you have to admit, he’s a genius. Instantly aging them was his idea, then you release them free men, with time served.

LALO
So what you’re telling me is that I’m 54 fucking years old now?
CONTINUED: (6)

TRUNK
Your body, yes. Could even be more, or less, they are still ironing out the bugs, time accuracy being one of them.

LALO
Oh fucking great! Zap the shit out of me! Never mind a few years here & there – he’ll get over it. Fuck!

He stands up slowly as their coffees arrive he almost knocks the waitress over, the coffees spill.

(MORE)

He flops down in the chair again.

LALO (CONT’D)
(to the waitress)
Sorry love.
(focussing on Trunk)
For God’s sake – look at me, man. So how the fuck does it work?

TRUNK
I don’t know, I wasn’t on that project, I never knew the details. But I was allowed to examine you one time, as part of our deal with Zandacker.

LALO
And what were your conclusions?

Trunk looks at Lalo not sure how he’s going to take his next bit of information. He braces himself.

TRUNK
Based on the research that we did at SDS, and my examination of you, I’d say they aged you more in the region of 35 years, which would make you around 64. I told Zandacker that.

LALO
No wonder I feel like shit, for Christ’s sake I’m a fucking senior citizen! Oh boy! - Am I going to get them for this.

TRUNK
Let me give you some advice on that score Lalo, you signed a contract.
CONTINUED: The Legal Dept. at Zandacker stitched you up real good, believe me. What you should be thinking about now is not revenge but getting well. I understand how you feel, I’d probably feel the same myself if it was me but I can help you. I have access to all the SDS data on aging and of course on age prevention, you and I should become new best friends. I promise you we can probably reverse some of the aging for you.

CUT TO:

TWO MONTHS LATER:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, BUTLER’S OFFICE, DAY

Lalo, Butler and Trunk are sitting at the conference room table. Lalo is slumped back in his chair a petulant look on his face.

BUTLER
It’s kinda poetic in a way if you think about it. If you could project 10 years ahead & see all the pain & suffering, heartbreaks and disappointments that you were to suffer in that time and POOF! You get them all taken care of in 2 minutes – what’s so bad about that?

TRUNK
You don’t get to live and experience all the GOOD times, you don’t get to put into practice, on a day by day basis, all the lessons you have learned from gradually growing old. Your youth is stolen from you and you’re fast forwarded towards senility.

BUTLER
The only thing that would bother me is if you lost your sex drive.

Lalo looks up on hearing this

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TRUNK
As far as I know they haven’t
treated any women yet, that would
be interesting.

Lalo sits up

LALO
Bla, bla, bla, bla, bla. bla.
Enough of this. You debate me like
I’m some theoretical science
project. Look at me guys, it’s
real, it really happened, and it
happened to ME! I am well and truly
fucking “fast forwarded”.

Butler takes his hand.

BUTLER
I’m sorry Lalo, it’s just so hard
for us get our heads around.

LALO
You’d sooner yak than do something
about it?

TRUNK
Not much you can do Lalo without
risking arrest again.

BUTLER
I’ve filed a lawsuit for wilful
misrepresentation and damages, not
that it will regain your youthful
vitality for you, you should get
some serious dough out of it
though. It will take time of course
- as these things do.

Lalo leans forward and places his clenched hands on then

LALO
I want revenge, & I want to expose
these mo fo’s for what they are,
tell the world what they did to me
(he aims this next one at
Trunk)
In the name of science.
CONTINUED: (2)

BUTLER
You still run the risk of violating the contract, it was pretty water tight.

LALO
They broke their word to ME. They were supposed to tell me what they were going to do to me BEFORE I was treated, they never did that. You’re a bunch of pussies, I want revenge, so would you if you felt like THIS.

TRUNK
I can’t recommend that, let it go Lalo, relax and get yourself well. I want to continue with your age reversal treatment, you’ve got to admit it is working.

Lalo flexes his right arm and stands up, tests his formerly aching right hip.

LALO
Yes, it’s working slowly but surely, but I don’t have the time for it, the better I feel the more I feel like making some waves.

The door to the conference room opens and JAINA, (Butler’s secretary) enters. She’s tall all business, about 30 and she’s dressed in a dark blue, well fitted man’s suit, shirt & tie.

BUTLER
Foolish boy, listen to Trunk, he’s only got your best interests at heart. He’s done miracles in two months.

Jaina goes over to Butler and looks towards the TV screens on the wall.

JAINA
Screen 2, we T’voded it for you, it was broadcast about 5 minutes ago.

Butler reaches forward and punches a button in the table, a screen comes to life.

A LOGO IN THE CORNER OF THE PICTURE READS

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)
CNN 4.

A CRAWL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN READS,
ZANDACKER - BOMBSHELL GOVERNMENT DEAL.

A FEMALE TV ANNOUNCER is reading the news.

TV ANNOUNCER
This just in - Zandacker
Corporation has just announced a
major technology deal with the
government, for more on this over
to our science correspondent Chris
Miller.

CUT TO:

CHRIS MILLER, 40ish athletic looking suit.

MILLER
Yes, Melanie this is quite shocking
news. Zandacker announced today
that it has sold its crime
prevention programme, The
Methuselah Chamber to the
government for an estimated 2 point
5 billion, billion with a B,
Pounds.

INSERT:

PICTURE OF THE CHAMBER.

MILLER (CONT’D)
The details are quite secret of
course, as is everything with
Zandacker Corp. but at a closed
door press conference today Karl
Zandacker told us the basic
principle.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
CLOSE UP OF KARL ZANDACKER.

ZANDACKER
It’s quite simple really, you commit a crime, there is a sentence, a number of years to be served, our Methuselah Chamber ages the prisoner INSTANTLY that number of years. You are a free man, your time is served, no housing you in jail, no feeding and caring for you for decades. This will save the government hundreds of billions over the years.

CUT BACK TO THE PRESS CONFERENCE - WIDE.

Pandemonium breaks out, 50 REPORTERS YELL QUESTIONS at once at Zandacker. He stands and listens for a few seconds, then raises his hand to quiet them. They calm down to listen.

ZANDACKER (CONT’D)
I have nothing more to add, everything you need to know is in the Press Release.

He turns his back on them and leaves. Two LARGE BODY GUARDS block the door that he went out through, the reporters rush forward knocking over the microphone.

CUT BACK TO

CLOSE ON THE TV ANNOUNCER.

TV ANNOUNCER
Naturally this announcement has had a positive effect on Zandacker shares, a few minutes ago they were up 200 points. But the biggest reaction has been from human rights organizations.

INSERT PHOTO:
MIDDLE AGED MAN (Bono type) with super at the bottom:
Richard Sinclair, Amnesty International.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT’D)
CONTINUED: Richard Sinclair, chairman of Amnesty International, called the move barbaric, cynical, inhumane and painfully misguided.

 INSERT PHOTO: OLDER WOMAN, with super at bottom

Margaret Wellesdon, Chairwoman British Prisoner’s Rights Ass.

WELLESDON (O.S)
This is a travesty, it is a bold and heartless infringement of EVERYONE’S civil rights, not just our prisoners. How the government was able to get this past the public without a debate has to be investigated and I will lead that investigation on behalf of all of us.

BACK TO TV ANNOUNCER:

TV ANNOUNCER
How indeed did such a major policy decision on crime prevention, get passed without a public debate? For news on that over to our Political Correspondent Fabio Bassato.

BASSATO, early fifties, a little over weight, has obviously been busy, he is sweaty and his hair is mushed up, he’s a little out of breath.

BASSATO
Well Melanie, what a day this has been, there had been rumors of such a move for weeks but no one really believed them. But the government, struggling with a huge financial deficit in it’s Correctional Facilities program, was getting desperate, they were running out of money and went shopping for new ideas. The Methuselah Chamber, as it’s called, was the perfect solution for them.

BACK TO TV Announcer.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

TV ANNOUNCER
But tell us Fabio, how were they able to adopt this program without a public debate?

BASSATO
Ah well - that’s the disturbing part about this whole affair. As I said the Government was getting desperate, and when that happens they can put all kinds of measures into action. This time they used the old 1980 Emergency Powers Act, originally passed to deal with Irish terrorism. The overcrowded prison situation and the ever expanding expenditure on corrections had got so bad that the Government considered it a national emergency. The decision was made at the cabinet level, was debated in secret and was passed with a unanimous vote.

Bassato mops his brow with a handkerchief.

BASSATO (CONT’D)
The Home Secretary has refused to speak with anyone about this, citing the Official Secrets Act - but I have been able to find out, through my sources, that the program will be administered and controlled by the relatively new F.E.A. department, the The Federal Enforcement Agency.

BACK TO THE ANNOUNCER:

TV ANNOUNCER
Thank you Fabio. Well an extraordinary day for all of us. I am sure we are going to be hearing A LOT MORE about this in the coming days.

CUT BACK TO

THE BUTLER CONFERENCE ROOM.

Everyone’s face is a picture of disbelief. Butler turns off the screen. Lalo gets up and begins pacing.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

BUTLER

Well, THAT changes EVERYTHING!

Trunk looks over at Lalo.

TRUNK

Now do you see what you’re up against? You can’t do anything against those sons of bitches, it’s the government you’re dealing with now.

LALO

Yeah, now I see, I can’t go up against that!

He thinks for a second, turning over in his mind what he’s just learned.

LALO (CONT’D)

O.K. I tell you what – I’ll cool it, and we’ll work on the age reversal stuff.

Butler looks at him a huge smile on her face.

BUTLER

Oh Lalo, I’m so glad, I really don’t want to see you suffer anymore, honey. Chill with Trunk, let’s see how YOUNG we can make you and let me do my work for you through legal channels.

TRUNK

So we all agree, no revenge.

Lalo takes his seat again and smiles.

LALO

Agreed – no revenge.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SIGN:

SDS RESEARCH LABORATORY,

WE SEARCH FOR THE ANSWERS SO YOU DON’T HAVE TO.

CUT TO:
INT. SDS RESEARCH LABORATORY. DAY

The lab is organized chaos, computers and human beings jamming together. A dozen LAB TECHNICIANS are at work on various experiments. Body parts seem to be the main focus of their attention, but here and there we see mechanical prototypes, robotic arms and legs and there is man who only has a top half (from the waist up) who is running around the lab on a platform with four large rubber wheels.

Trunk and Lalo are at a table with a WHIRRING blender and half a dozen glasses. Trunk stops the blender & pours a concoction into a glass - hands it to Lalo.

TRUNK
And finally a Hydergine shake, increases oxygen and blood supply to the brain, slows the deposit of lipofuscin and enhances memory, learning and recall.

Lalo swallows it down, makes a face.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
Been having any problems in that area?

LALO
What the memory? No can’t say I have, but I told you I don’t think they messed with the old noggin.

The GUY ON FOUR WHEELED CART passes them looking pensive, he takes the corner with inches to spare.

LALO (CONT’D)
Go man go!
(quietly to Trunk)
Well at least I can say I’m not THAT fucked up.

TRUNK
What you don’t know is that he’s controlling that with his mind!

LALO
Whoa!

TRUNK
Now with the Aminoguanidine I gave you earlier you’re doing fine. How are you feeling?
CONTINUED:
Lalo does look better, the lines on his face are not so pronounced and he seems more agile.

LALO
I feel fine and all this is good, believe me — I REALLY appreciate your help — but we haven’t dealt with the real problem have we?

TRUNK
Which is?

LALO
Finding out what those fuckers did to me.

TRUNK
And there lies the problem.

He takes a deep breath and sits down, this is going to be difficult.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
You see when we sold the chamber to Zandacker we sold them EVERYTHING, the research, the notes, the hardware, everything.

He points across the room towards an overweight lab assistant in his thirties, ZEEZ, who is busy trying to get a hydraulic hose onto the end of a robotic arm.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
See the fat guy over there?

Lalo nods that he does.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
He was one of the guys on the project but got taken off it a month before they made the big breakthrough.

Trunk looks up in Zeez’s direction.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
Hey Zeez, come over here for a minute will ya?

Zeez drops the hydraulic hose and ambles over, puffing as he walks.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

ZEEZ
I tell you man I’ve had enough of that shit.

He sees Lalo and smiles, turns to Trunk.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
Yeah man, what is it”

TRUNK
Zeez meet Lalo.

They shake hands.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
Lalo here was Zandacker’s first customer in the Methuselah Chamber.

Zeez looks at Lalo with a renewed respect.

ZEEZ
Phew! That’s quite a claim to fame AND you lived to tell the tale? I am very impressed.

Lalo sizes him up.

LALO
Trunk tells me you worked on that project.

ZEEZ
I got it started, it was a bitch in the beginning but it appealed to me, see I liked destroying things.

LALO
Destroying things?

ZEEZ
Yeah, it was all about aging. You see by using all sorts of methods to degenerate cells we hoped to find out what caused aging.

Zeez looks closely at Lalo, now inquisitive.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
So what was it like man? What did it feel like? Freaky huh?

LALO
You have no idea.

(CONTINUED)
Lalo wants to know what it was they did to him.

They aged you man!

He knows that, what he wants to know is how, what did that damned device do to him?

Can’t help you there man, I was taken off the project just before Krupnick had his breakthrough, the “big discovery” that made it all work.

He thinks for a second.

Of course, as we all know, Krupnick’s “Gone to the Dark Side” now.

Lalo looks at Zeez curious.

He’s gone to work for Zandacker.

Took everything with him, all my personal research as well. I don’t care though it was all bullshit. It won’t last. You can’t get away with doing that crap to people anymore, hurting them for your own sadistic pleasure. Any fool can destroy – repairing and re-animating is where it’s at these days, that’s our future.

He stops and examines Lalo’s face.

I guess you could do with a bit of that yourself eh?

He examines Lalo’s hands.
CONTINUED: (4)

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
Can’t believe I actually met you, “the first”. Is Trunk taking good care of you?

LALO
He’s doing a great job, I get better everyday.

ZEEZ
Anything I can add to the mix let me know, I’d be only too glad to help you.

LALO
Thanks man.

TRUNK
Of course Zeez and I used to play for different teams . . .

ZEEZ
Yeah, but I “came to the light” eventually brother. Hey, I learned a lot of shit destroying cells.

LALO
Like what?

ZEEZ
Like they don’t like it, they adapt, mutate, all kinds of weird stuff goes down at the microscopic level.

(to Trunk)
Have you got him on Milnacipran?

Trunk nods his head.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
You can’t take too much of that stuff man, best SSRI out there. Cheers you up, cuts the pain and absolutely NO side effects.

TRUNK
Got him on 500 mg a day to start with.

ZEEZ
Good job, like I said if you need me . . . I’m here, call on me.
TRUNK
Thanks man, we will.

Zeez shakes Lalo’s hand affectionately.

ZEEZ
Been a pleasure, you know you’ll be a legend in the future.

LALO
If I live that long.

They all LAUGH at that and Zeez goes back to his work bench.

LALO (CONT’D)
How the hell did he get a name like Zeez.

TRUNK
It’s short for disease, that was his field originally.

LALO
Curing them?

TRUNK
No, inventing them.

CUT TO:

INT. LALO’S APT. EARLY EVENING,

Lalo is laying on his bed relaxing, on a tray over the bed are many bottles of pills, he is drinking out of a large sealed sports mug through a flexible plastic straw. His MOBILE PHONE BEEPS. He looks at the screen,

INSERT CLOSE UP OF PHONE SCREEN:

Margaret Wellesdon, B.P.R.A.

ON LALO

He looks puzzled but takes the call.

LALO
Hello who’s this.

WELLESDON (O.S.)
Is this Lalo van Meegeran?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LALO
Yes it is, who is this?

WELLESDON (O.S.)
My name is Margaret Wellesdon, I’m the Chairwoman of the British Prisoner’s Rights Association, we’re in Kingsway. I found you all on my own by some good detective work. I understand that you have been a victim of this confounded Methuselah device, is that right?

LALO
Yeah, that’s correct.

WELLESDON (O.S.)
Then we really need to talk.

Lalo looks apprehensive.

LALO
I’d like to do that but I can’t, you see I signed an agreement.

WELLESDON (V.O.)
Does this agreement prevent you from telling me what happened to you?

LALO
I don’t think so but I’d have to be very careful. What’s your interest anyway?

WELLESDON (O.S.)
Like I said I’m the Chairwoman of the British Prisoner’s Rights Ass. and our government is about to start using the device they used on you, on poor unsuspecting criminals without restraint. If they have their way pretty soon there won’t be any prisoners, not to mention prisons.

LALO
And your point is?
You are the only person, that we know of, that has experienced this device. We need to know what we’re getting into, how to stop this madness. Will you at least meet with me and tell me of your experience.

Lalo
Just you and I?

Wellesdon (O.S.)
If that’s the way you want it, OK.

CUT TO:

EXT. HYDE PARK CORNER, DAY

All the “free speechers” are out in force, Hyde Park Corner however has seen better days. It’s very run down, garbage everywhere and cops in combat uniforms and bullet proof vests carry Uzi’s and keep an eye on things.

Lalo, who looks even better now than the last time we saw him at Trunk’s laboratory, is listening to a young black man who is standing up on a beer crate ranting and raving.

Black Man
And it is a well known fact in African mythology, ladies and gentlemen, that our ancestors came from the sky, it has only recently been confirmed by reading the sacred writings of the Zulu Holy Men that the original Africans, as we call them now, came from the planet Saturn.

A middle aged woman approaches Lalo, she’s Margaret Wellesdon, mid fifties, large, 6ft. tall, badly groomed & unkempt. Over a baggy denim dress she is wearing a tattered shawl which falls carelessly over her shoulders & down to her waist.

Wellesdon
Lalo? Are you Lalo van Meegeran?

Lalo takes in this vision of female loveliness and wonders for a second whether he should lie, he doesn’t.
CONTINUED:

LALO
Yeah, I’m Lalo, look let’s get away from this madness shall we?

As they walk.

WELLESDON
I give a talk here every Sunday afternoon.

LALO
(to himself)
Yeah, I bet you do.

They reach a spot of open grass.

LALO (CONT’D)
Here, this will do.

Lalo sits down stiffly - it’s a relief for him. He confronts her immediately.

LALO (CONT’D)
So what is it you want from me?

WELLESDON
Information.

LALO
Like I told you I can’t go blabbing around all that “poor me” shit, or go slagging off Zandacker, that would violate my contract and they would have me arrested.

WELLESDON
Don’t you feel that you have a responsibility

LALO
To who?

WELLESDON
To all the people in the future who will be punished this way.

LALO
You do the crime, you do the time is what they say - right?

She ignores that for what it’s worth. Tries another approach.
How are you feeling?

Oh, I’m doing OK considering.

I hear you’re getting some help.

This surprises Lalo.

Listen sister, you seem to know a hell of a lot about me - but I don’t know squat about you.

She LAUGHS.

Oh me? I’m an open book. My husband was taken away from me for 35 years for a crime he didn’t commit, He died in a prison workshop brawl over a pack of cigarettes. I felt that the criminal justice system was really messed up and it wasn’t gonna change much - so I thought to myself at least let’s make life in jail humane right? Let’s give the poor bastards some dignity, a little hope.

I’m sorry - about your husband.

I’ve been lobbying on their behalf for the last 15 years. I do it for him, it helps me feel better about what happened.

So what do you want from me?

I’d like to interview you, talk about your experiences, how you feel about suddenly being older. Anything you’d like to say feel free. Was it fair? What’s your take on all this? As far as we know you’re the only one that’s been treated by them.
CONTINUED: (3) WELLESDON (CONT'D)
People need to hear from you. I would do it on my monthly syndicated TV show, it’s a small, exclusive audience, we’re not gonna set the world on fire.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL TV STUDIO. NIGHT.

Wellesdon is sitting at a small coffee table with two glasses of water and vase of flowers on it, behind her is a backdrop with a logo, it reads:

PRISON TALK

She looks a bit more “put together” than the last time we saw her. Her hair is done, she’s wearing make up and she’s dressed in a well tailored women’s suit with a skirt and heels.

The TV show’s INTRO MUSIC plays and THE DIRECTOR counts her in.

INTO CAMERA

WELLESDON
Good evening, I’m Margaret Wellesdon and welcome to Prison Talk. Well the big news this week was the Government’s adoption of the Methuselah Doctrine. For those who have slept through the last week, this is the new controversial program that will instantly age convicted criminals the number of years that they have been sentenced to. There are many potential problems with this, of course, not least the civil rights issues of such measures. There is also no accommodation for mistakes, what do you do with a prisoner for example who is sentenced, aged and later we find out he was innocent. How does he get those years back?

She looks off to the wings and sees Lalo waiting.
CONTINUED:

WELLESDON (CONT’D)
We are lucky to have a very special
guest tonight, the only person,
that we know of, who has been a
victim of this device. Please
welcome Lalo van Meegeran.

Lalo walks out stiffly and sits slowly down in the chair next
to Wellesdon.

WELLESDON (CONT’D)
Welcome to our show.

Lalo settles in his chair gives her a wan smile.

WELLESDON (CONT’D)
Now let’s get up to speed
immediately shall we, some time ago
you were arrested and charged with
a number of complaints, first off
were you guilty?

Lalo shuffles nervously, not expecting this right out of the
gate, he looks at her, she gestures for him to reply.

LALO
Well - I was set up see, some of
that stuff, OK I did it, bit of
hacking, shady cyber business
dealings, you know, but the
terrorist stuff that was bullsh - I
mean rubbish, I never did anything
like that, I never jacked into
anything that was Government. I
know better than that.

WELLESDON
What was the outcome of the
charges?

LALO
Well, by the time they got done I
was looking at 25 years in jail.

WELLESDON
And that’s when the police offered
you a deal, right?
LALO
Yes, they told me that if I volunteered for a new rehabilitation program my “treatment” would be considered as time served and the twenty five years would be wiped out, I’d be a free man with time served.

WELLESDON
Did they tell you what this device would do to you?

LALO
No, they told me it would “rehabilitate” me. You see part of my contract with them stated that they would explain to me what they were going to do to me, the actual process.

WELLESDON
And they never did that?

LALO
No, they never did, they just took me away and zapped me.

WELLESDON
How old were you?

LALO
Twenty Nine

WELLESDON
And how old are you now?

LALO
As far as we can tell I’m biologically sixty four.

Wellesdon looks puzzled, she does the math.

WELLESDON
That doesn’t add up Lalo, 29 and 25 are 54.

LALO
Yeah, well you see that’s one of the problems, they were still ironing out the bugs, time accuracy being one of them. I actually got aged 35 years!
CONTINUED: (3)

WELLESDON
So the police owe you ten years!

LALO
Never thought of it like that.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTLER’S APT. SAME TIME

Butler is lying on the couch watching the show on a big screen TV on the wall, she has a cocktail in her hand.

ON TV SCREEN

WELLESDON
Can you tell us how you felt?

LALO
Like shit, like the worst hangover I’d ever had in my life, except it went on for weeks, and my joints hurt like hell, I was like an old fart, hobbling around on crutches.

WELLESDON
And you had no idea what they’d done to you?

LALO
No, but I found out. I had some help. Discovered they’d aged me, big deal, the thing was HOW had they aged me? If I could find that out then maybe we could reverse the process, do some age reversal procedures.

WELLESDON
And how did that go?

LALO
Zilch! I got nowhere. No one was talking. You see the guys that originally invented the device, SDS, they sold the technology to Zandacker and he sold the whole program to the Government, along with all the research and even the inventor from SDS that came up with the nasty bit of nonsense that ages you. He works for Zandacker now.
CONTINUED:
Butler sits up and leans towards the screen.

BUTLER
Careful Lalo, for fuck’s sake be very careful.

BACK TO:

(MORE)

TV STUDIO - SAME TIME:

LALO
That Zandacker, he’s a sadistic fucking fascist, he would have been the perfect guy to run Auschwitz.

WELLESDON
So what’s happening with you, how are you doing?

LALO
Well, I’m working with some doctors right now, they’re experts in age prevention, we’re trying to reverse the process but without knowing EXACTLY what they did to me that’s kinda difficult.

WELLESDON
And Zandacker isn’t going to be offering up THAT information to you right? Do you have anything you’d like to say to Mr. Zandacker?

Lalo turns that over in his mind. He gets up slowly and walks over to the camera, he looks right into the lens.

EXTREME CLOSE UP

Lalo’s face

LALO
Look you sonofabitch I know you’ve got the information I need, you and your fucking contraption aged me ten years MORE than you should have, don’t you think you owe me something for that?

(CONTINUED)
LALO (CONT'D)

CONTINUED: Do me a favor and tell me exactly what you did to me, otherwise I will spend the rest of whatever life I have left working to bring you down, to expose you as the heartless sadistic animal that you are. And I am sure that there are many poor sods out there that will be only too glad to help me.

He backs off and sits down again.

CUT BACK TO

TV STUDIO

WELLESDON

Well, there we have it, a young/old man who has been seriously abused by the system presenting a challenge to his abuser. Gives you serious doubts about this whole program, the opportunity it presents for the abuse of our civil rights.

She looks over again at Lalo who is flushed and excited.

WELLESDON (CONT’D)

Do you have any last thoughts that you’d like to leave us with tonight?

Lalo thinks about that, he realizes that what he says will be well listened to by the audience. He sits up again, now looking bright and cheerful, not as pissed as he was.

LALO

Yeah, I have a thought for you. One of the doctors I’ve been working with said something to me the other day that put it all in perspective for me, he said, “You can’t get away with doing that crap to people anymore, hurting them for your own sadistic pleasure. Any fool can destroy – repairing and re-animating is where it’s at these days, that’s our future.”
CONTINUED:

WELLESDON
Well, on that note we’ll take our leave of you, thank you Lalo, you’ve given us a lot to think about. I’m sure this issue will be in the headlines for weeks to come, maybe you’d honor us with another visit as this topic develops.

Lalo nods a yes.

WELLESDON (CONT’D)
On that note I’d like to wish you all a good night from Prison Talk, I’m Margaret Wellesdon.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER THE BLACKNESS WE HEAR:

WELLESDON
Well, how do you think that went?

LALO
I think I seriously blew it, I have a feeling that I shouldn’t have done this.

CUT TO:

EXT. SDS RESEARCH LABORATORY. DAY

Lalo walks slowly out of the lab and gets into a small electric personal transporter. He starts it and moves off slowly towards the front gate. As he reaches the gate TWO POLICE CRUISERS descend from the sky and land, one in front of him the other behind, blocking his progress.

Lalo opens his door to get out, he moves slowly and before his foot hits the tarmac Majors appears and stops him.

MAJORS
You are more dumb than you look sunnyboy, couldn’t control yourself could you? Had to go blabbing all over the TV.

Lalo pushed against Major’s foot which is jamming his door shut.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LALO
Let me out you sonofabitch.

MAJORS
Lalo van Meegeran I have a warrant for your arrest, you are charged with breach of contract, threatening a public official and inciting the public to unruly and dangerous behavior. I caution you that anything you say may be recorded and used as evidence against you.

TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN approach. Majors steps away from the car door. One of the cops gestures for Lalo to leave the vehicle. He stays put.

MAJORS (CONT’D)
(to Lalo)
Easy or difficult, your choice mate. So what’s it to be then sunshine?

Lalo sits tight a defiant look on his face. He takes his phone out and goes to dial. Majors nods to the cops to get him.

Both of the cops reach in and manhandle Lalo out of the car, he drops the phone, they stand him up facing the car, hands behind his back, and cuff him.

They frog march him to one of the police cruisers. He protests every step of the way.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL LONDON. SUB LON LEVEL ONE, DAY

Across a vast panorama of steel and glass structures we see the busy bustle of air taxis and pedestrians on the moving walkways connecting the buildings. The sky is clear and bright, artificially clear & bright. This is the highest level of London, this is where the power and influence resides.

MOVING CLOSER TO ONE OF THE BUILDINGS

People in offices and apartments are going about their business.

(CONTINUED)
One of the buildings has a huge bank of radio dishes on the roof and bright blue neon logo across its facade. It reads F.E.A.

On the roof a huge transparent dome covers an assembly chamber where a speech is in progress.

**HEAD OF THE F.E.A.**

In an effort to quell the exponential growth of our prison population we, the signors of this bill, have affirmed the enactment of the Methuselah Doctrine and have ratified the Constitution to reflect these changes forthwith.

One hundred - obviously affluent people are crowded into a space designed to hold no more than fifty.

**HEAD OF THE F.E.A. (CONT’D)**

The enactment of this Methuselah Doctrine of 2054 enables the Federal Enforcement Agency to commute the sentences of felons tried and convicted of crimes to commensurate and appropriate time in the Methuselah Chamber, such time to coincide with the terms of incarceration set forth upon their sentencing.

**INT. THE F.E.A. CHAMBER - SAME TIME**

**HEAD OF THE F.E.A.**

Each felon shall have their conglomerate sentence (as measured in years to be served) subtracted from their biological Life-Timeline. Such enactment of the Methuselah Chamber upon each felon shall be equated as full and satisfactory fulfillment of time served, and such felons are to be released from the Methuselah Chamber as Free-Men.

He points over towards the cylindrical steel chamber. He walks over and pushes a button. The curved frosted glass door HISSES open to reveal a set of ankle and wrist restraints and a metal seat built into the wall.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HEAD OF THE F.E.A. (CONT’D)
Each felon having served Methuselah Time shall be marked as such on their right inner wrist with an electronic Identi-Code insert that states their Biological Age next to their newly earned Methuselah Age, in years.

INSERT:

A picture of a wrist marked in this way appears on a screen behind him.

HEAD OF THE FEA (O.S.)
For example ‘25/50’ meaning ‘biological age 25/Methuselah age 50’. Such would be the case of a 50 year sentence carried out by exposure to the Methuselah Chamber for the appropriate time on a biologically 25 year old adult.

FROM THE SKY ABOVE THE CHAMBER

Lalo – in drab grey fatigues – is led into the meeting and is forced into the chamber against his will. The door closes.

HEAD OF THE F.E.A. V.O.
If any felon should die in the Methuselah Chamber, such death shall be termed a ‘death by natural causes’ and no litigation against the State may occur.

The sound of HIGH PITCHED ELECTRICAL ENERGY and SHRIEKS from Lalo are heard.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN F.E.A. PATROL VEHICLE – SAME TIME

The small bullet shaped vehicle bristles with antenna and warning lights.

INT. SAME VEHICLE – SAME TIME

Two FEA OFFICERS in SWAT combat uniforms are circling the F.E.A. Headquarters scanning the sky for trouble. Their faces are lit by the flashing images from a dozen screens of constantly changing data in front of them.
CONTINUED:
CLOSE ON:

One of the screens in front of them.

It shows the door to the Methuselah Chamber.

There is another HISS and the door slowly opens. Lalo is slumped forward held in the chair by the restraints.

HEAD OF THE F.E.A. (V.O.)
Each felon, after having served their Methuselah Time, shall have an F.E.A. GPS tracking device surgically inserted into their cerebral cortex. This Tracker is to be used solely by F.E.A. agents to monitor the whereabouts of ex-felons with Methuselah Time served.

The wrist and ankle restraints SNAP open freeing Lalo. He falls forward to the floor and lays there, a pathetic pile of humanity, seriously traumatized.

HEAD OF THE F.E.A. (V.O.) (CONT’D)
If death occurs during the insertion of the GPS module, such death shall be considered 'death by natural causes' and no litigation against the State may occur.

A GUARD in the chamber goes over to Lalo and lifts his head. He opens his eyes and the years of torment, horror and pain show in one painful look on his face.

HEAD OF THE F.E.A. (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Any ex-felon who knowingly modifies their Identi-Code implant or their GPS Tracker shall be considered in violation of their standing Free-Man Probation, and shall suffer an immediate 10 year sentence in the Methuselah Chamber.

BACK INSIDE THE F.E.A. CHAMBER:

The guard helps Lalo to his feet and it is apparent that he can barely stand by himself. He staggers and looks out towards the assembly. He falls to one knee in pain. He takes a deep breath, shudders and looks up.

LALO
Make a fucking Guinea Pig put of me again would you?
CONTINUED: Well you know what? I'll fucking hammer the lot of you in the end.

The guard goes to restrain him but the Head of the F.E.A. raises a hand to stop him.

HEAD OF THE F.E.A.
No, let him speak.

Lalo slowly stands and sways uncontrollably, barely able to overcome the pain.  (MORE)

LALO
Yeah right, let the poor fucker speak, you bunch of sadistic fascists. Well you know what? Fuck all of you. The F.E.A. — fucking Karl Zandacker and the insane asshole who invented this contraption.

He looks back at the chamber.

LALO (CONT’D)
Oh yeah, it looks REAL fancy doesn’t it, but you know what? The motherfucker doesn’t work.

An insane grin crosses his face.

(now screaming at the assembly)

LALO (CONT’D)
See! I feel as good as new!

He stands up straight, defiantly looking towards the sky.

LALO (CONT’D)
In fact — I fell fucking wonderful!

He loses consciousness and collapses in a heap on the floor. Two guards drag him away & out of sight. The speech continues.

HEAD OF THE F.E.A. V.O.
Of course the terms and technology of the ‘Methuselah Chamber’ are copyright of the Zandacker Corporation and the government. Use of any such technology developed by Zandacker Corp.
CONTINUED: (3)

HEAD OF THE F.E.A. V.O. (CONT'D)

whether real or implied, shall be deemed an act of espionage and will be punishable by a 20 year Methuselah Chamber sentence.

INT. FEA PATROL VESSEL - SAME TIME.

One of the cops switches off the monitor.

1ST. COP
Make our job a lot easier eh Frank?

2ND. COP
Sure will, they won’t be able to run too good after some of that treatment!

1ST. COP
Bunch of lame old farts is what we’ll be dealing with, piece of cake man!

A radio bursts into life and the two cops look up.

RADIO V.O.
Escaped felon Lozano, Frans 11856 784 on Level Two, coordinates Elephant two zero, four nine KN. All available units proceed with extreme prejudice and apprehend.

EXT. PATROL VESSEL - SAME TIME

The patrol vessel peels off and plunges down into the layers of brown/greenish smog that covers the lower metropolis. Banks of floodlights burst into life as it disappears.

CUT TO:

CARD:

A YEAR LATER:

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON, SUB-LON LEVEL 2 - DAYTIME

The tops of the ruined buildings, that we once knew as London, poke up from the flooded valley known as SUBLON 3. A dank brownish mist permeates the scene and vehicles move at a snail’s pace along over-crowded elevated highways that look like they are about to topple into the stagnant filth below.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

A vast overcrowded collection of stores with rancid soot covered storefronts. Dappled shards of dim sunlight barely manage to make their way through the smog. Lalo slowly pushes his way through the crowd, panting, exhausted, he looks terrible. He stops in front of a shop window, seemingly looking inside — he’s really checking for the reflection of someone who he thinks is following him.

WHORE
‘Xcuse me mate. You ‘ave quite the long lean look. I LIKE the long lean look.

Lalo moves away, turning down an alley. The Whore follows.

WHORE (CONT’D)
Dearie - I’m NOT going to bite, you know. Unless you WANT me to bite.

Lalo turns on her, leaning against the brick wall for support. He gasps for breath.

LALO
Go away woman, leave me alone, for your own sake.

The Whore notices Lalo’s wrist.

WHORE
Say! What’s that number there? ‘ow’s that possible?

Lalo covers his wrist and points at her.

LALO
Just forget you ever saw that. Now for the last time, leave me alone.

Lalo turns again and makes for the far end of the alley. THUNDEROUS TRAINS echo overhead. Soot pelts down like rain. Shadows flicker.

A STRANGER is revealed standing at the mouth of the alley with a weapon drawn. He is pointing it at Lalo who quickly disappears in the murky distance.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WHORE
(not seeing the Stranger)
Hon? Look what I got luv!

She starts after Lalo unbuttoning her filthy blouse. Lalo turns at the exit of the alley.

LALO
DOWN!

WHORE
But dearie! Take a look at these .

The Stranger fires THROUGH the whore at Lalo. The Whore’s chest explodes. She looks down in shock at the gaping hole. The shot blows away a large section of brick where Lalo had just been standing.

EXT. SUB-LON TRAFFIC CIRCLE - ANYTIME

Grimy vehicles press their way slowly around the circle of an elevated highway. Lalo weaves through them, gasping for air as he moves. He touches his ear-com.

LALO
Trunk! Where the fuck are you?

The Stranger appears at the alley exit again, he sees Lalo and sprints through the traffic.

LALO (CONT’D)
Oh Jesus!

Lalo reaches under his overcoat and pulls out a silver colored egg-sized object. He rolls it under the cars towards the approaching Stranger then runs as best he can.

LALO (CONT’D)
(into ear-com, aghast)
Where you say?

We hear GARbled TALK. Lalo looks up.

LALO (CONT’D)
Level One? Jesus wept!

There is a HUGE EXPLOSION as cars fly into the air and the Stranger is lifted off his feet and thrown back against the alley wall.

(continues)
CONTINUED:
Lalo slowly makes his way to the center of the traffic circle and rounds the corner to a waiting elevator.

INSERT SIGN:
OUT OF ORDER

   LALO (CONT’D)
   Fuck THIS!

He sees the emergency stairs and makes for them. As he begins climbing up, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a large capsule-shaped pill. He bites into it and breathes deeply.

   LALO (CONT’D)
   Trunk - I will fucking KILL YOU!

As he rounds the first landing of the staircase and makes for the upper level, the stairs beneath his feet disappear in an EXPLOSION of grinding metal. He slips, catches his balance, then trucks up to the next flight.

The Stranger is at the bottom of the stairs, face bleeding, reloading.

EXT. SUB-LON LEVEL 1 - SAME TIME

A decidedly different sort of shopping district. Its ladies and gents window-shop casually. Babies are pushed in strollers. There is a lot more light and better looking cars are passing by.

A BOBBIE sees Lalo exit the stairs and casually begins walking his way.

   BOBBIE
   One moment, sir. Your ID please?
   Are you Level 1? Excuse me Sir.

As the Bobbie passes the stairs the Stranger leaps out, knocking him over.

The Bobbie, face down on the ground, smacks his night-stick on the pavement. A DEEP THRUMMING ALARM is heard.

   LALO
   Fuck this.

He looks around and sees a decent looking elevator up to the next level. He runs for it pushing a NANNY out of the way.

He lands in the elevator car and presses the Level 1A button.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ELEVATOR CAR
Level 1A authorization please.

LALO
Oh fuck . . .

He pats his pockets rapidly.

LALO (CONT’D)
Damn it! AH!

Lalo produces a small plastic ID card, swipes it across the sensor and waits.

The Stranger appears in front of the elevator doors, weapon pointed at Lalo.

The Bobbie’s stick lands squarely across the forearm of the Stranger. His weapon drops as he SCREAMS in pain.

ELEVATOR CAR
Identity approved for Level 1A.

The elevator doors close and the elevator ascends. LANGUID MUSIC plays.

LALO
Trunk, you’d better be there.

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON, LEVEL 1A - DAY

Open air and unblocked sunlight. Gargantuan architecture thrusts upwards towards the heavens. Trees border a super elevated highway; vehicles speed by separated by just a few feet.

Lalo walks along the pedestrian verge, casting his eyes about for Trunk.

The sound of the TRAFFIC DRONES lower and Lalo looks back. A Police Cruiser has taken the right of way and is making its way toward him.

Lalo touches his ear-com.

LALO
TRUNK!

A car stops beside him causing a domino effect wreck behind it. The door flips open.
CONTINUED:

TRUNK
Get in old man.

Lalo gets in:

INSIDE CAR:

LALO
Funny. How do you override traffic control?

TRUNK
Same way I can screw with the cops.
That’s Gadge’s work.

As Trunk’s passenger side door closes a BOBBIE stops outside the window and raps his stick on the glass. We hear nothing. The vehicle is soundproof.

As Trunk hits the accelerator we see the Bobbie look back at something and his head explodes. The explosion is SILENT.

LALO
Get OUT OF HERE!

The car slips into slow traffic and immediately a clear emergency lane opens before it. They speed off.

The Stranger stands by the verge, the dead Bobbie at his feet. He speaks into his ear-com.

STRANGER
Yeah, come in central - Methuselah is on the run.

INT. TRUNK’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

This is the first time we have not felt claustrophobic, Trunk’s apt. is large and through the large windows you can see the night, the moon hangs clean and white in the sky, the lights of the upper level city stretch off into the distance. Traffic scuds across the sky and the occasional search light pierces up across the jet black sky. TRUNK is busy at a bank of computers while Lalo lays back relaxing in a hi tech dental chair.
CONTINUED:

TRUNK
Well, it looks like we shook them, no talk over the FEA channels for the last ten minutes on you, no alerts or APB’s, they must think they shot you.

He turns to Lalo and smiles.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
So here you are at last my friend the notorious Methuselah, it’s been a while soldier. I can’t believe we sprung you from that filth down there - pleasure to have you up here on level One. You’re already a legend you know?

Lalo nods his head, it is obvious just how old and worn out he is.

TRUNK (CONT’D)
It’s all true what they say about you? The hammering you’ve taken down there since we last met?

Lalo looks laconically over at Trunk, a wry smile crosses his face, a smile of painful experiences.

LALO
Hasn’t exactly been a picnic, I can tell you.

He pulls up his sleeve and reveals the wrist of his right arm, holds it out lazily for Trunk. Trunk gets up and goes over to Lalo, takes his arm and looks at his wrist.

INSERT:

CLOSE UP OF HIS WRIST

A small electronic readout flashes digital numbers, the left ones green, the right ones red. It reads 34 - 100 for a second and then transitions to read – Hendrich, Frans 114155452. Trunk can’t help but stare at the information in wonder and then he looks up.

TRUNK
It IS true, you’ve become a living legend, you should have been dead years ago, how can this be?
CONTINUED: (2)
Lalo looks cynically at Truck - pulls his sleeve back down over his wrist and CHUCKLES.

LALO
It’s like I’ve been telling you since that very first test they did on me, the fucking device don’t work. Oh sure it fucks you up a bit, you feel like shit for a week or two but age you like they reckon? I don’t know about that, I feel like I’m about 50 right now - I can still run - I get short of breath but 100 years old, I don’t think so.

He points down to his crotch.

LALO (CONT’D)
Everything still works down there as well. I’ll get to the bottom of it, you’ll see - fuck Zandacker.

Trunk thinks about this for a moment.

TRUNK
That’s gonna take some serious work man, we’ve got to come up with a whole new ID for you, you’ve got to disappear, become corporate meat in a suit, clean as a whistle. Gadge has been working on it already but it takes time and lots of testing. We never really thought you’d ever get up here. Any slip ups and it’s back to the cooker for you AND Gadge.

LALO
What’s the rap for that?

TRUNK
For fucking with an ID? 15 to 25, second offence 30, they take that shit seriously, but that’s not the real problem - you’d have to go through all that crap again - working your way back up here.

LALO
Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that. Does Gadge really have it together?
TRUNK
The best we’ve got, up here, was a victim of the cooker about 2 yrs ago, 30/50 for bank fraud, illegal wire transfers that kind of stuff, cyber crime - like they originally got you for. Gagde’ll create a new ID for you, purely for revenge - get back at the system - you’ll see. Who would you like to be?

Lalo thinks about that for a second, some ideas cross his mind.

LALO
I know exactly who I’d like to be.

TRUNK
The main thing is keeping you hidden until the work is done. You’re safe here, this is a masked building, no scanners can read what’s going on in here. If they scan us they will get no Methuselah readings or ID’s. Soon as you venture out on the street, different story, you’ll light up like Guy Fawkes night. So just kick back for a few days, relax then we’ll get started.

LALO
Don’t have time for that, time is my enemy right now - let’s get busy tomorrow. We’ve got to get that shit out of my wrist to start with - remove the GPS from my neck, I want to be clean.

TRUNK
OK, I think Zeez can do that tomorrow. You realize after we remove the counter from your wrist it takes at least three months maybe more, for it to heal up clean, with no visible trace. The GPS chip always leaves some residual traces of radiation which only go away with time. It can’t be avoided.
CONTINUED: (4)

Lalo
Can’t you use cosmetics? Dermal regenerators?

Trunk looks at Lalo, sees in his eyes the desperation of a man with a mission.

Trunk
Up here they monitor the purchase of those kind of things VERY closely, for obvious reasons, there are other, underground ways, but they ALL take time, there’s no way around it. Healing takes time. Cool out man, enjoy the sun and the space. We’ll start in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUNK’S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

The living room has been re-arranged to make a mini operating theatre, Lalo is laid out on top of a bed in pajamas, Zeez is by the side of the bed a hypodermic in his hand. He injects Lalo in the back of the neck, he puts the needle down and then pinches Lalo’s right wrist.

Zeez
Can you feel that? It’s been 2 minutes now.

Lalo nods.

Lalo
Not a thing.

Zeez
Good that stuff is quick – we can start.

He pulls a surgical mask over is face, takes a scalpel out of a stainless steel bowl and focusses on the wrist, makes the first incision.

Zeez (cont’d)
It’s not embedded too deep, that’s good, they were cautious with you.

Lalo
I was the first, remember.
CONTINUED:
Zeez skillfully extracts the chip from Lalo’s wrist with a pair of metal tweezers, holds it up to examine it, drops it into a ziplock bag and puts it on a table.

ZEEZ
Wait till Gadge sees this, we’ve never been able to really examine one before, not a functioning one anyway.

He staples the wound closed, squeezes some clear gel over it and then covers it with gauze and finally an adhesive medical tape.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
We’ll look at that & see how it’s healing in a couple of days. Turn onto your side can you?

Lalo rolls over onto his side, his back to Zeez, who focusses on the neck through a magnifier. He feels around with his finger until he locates a bump just below the skin.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
There you are you little . . .

He takes the same scalpel, cuts into the neck and with the tweezers gently teases the little lozenge shaped G.P.S. chip out of Lalo’s neck.

CLOSE ON:

THE CHIP HELD IN THE TWEEZERS.

A small dull red L.E.D. slowly pulses inside the chip. He puts it in the bag along with the chip from Lalo’s wrist.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
You are now officially OFF the grid my friend, they won’t be able to find you now, I promise.

He carefully stitches up the incision and dresses it. Happy with his work he pulls off the surgical mask.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
Well, felon Lalo van Meegeran has now ceased to exist, time to invent a new YOU. Now get some rest.

LALO
Thanks Zeez, that feels wonderful.
CONTINUED: (2)
Lalo rolls over so he’s on his back and closes his eyes.
FADE OUT.

FADE INTO:

SAME ROOM LATER

Lalo is asleep. He is hooked up to various monitors which are active, he has an I.V. in each arm, which are connected to plastic bags of clear liquid hanging from stands.

GADGE enters. She’s about 30 but looks 50, she’s 5ft 9in, skinny and kinda boyish. She’s wearing a white one piece cotton jump suit which shows off what little “figure” she has. She has long crinkly blonde hair half way down her back and intense steel blue eyes.

She looks at Lalo to see if he’s awake, he isn’t, then she checks the monitors and picks up the Zip lock bag with the chips inside and examines them. A huge smile breaks across her face. She looks over at Lalo.

GADGE
Thanks for these, I know what you went through to get them for us.

Lalo stirs, MUMBLES something to himself and slowly opens his eyes. He is surprised to see Gadge.

FROM LALO’S POV

Gadge’s face is lit by the light from a window behind Lalo and her hair is similarly silhouetted by light from behind her head. She looks radiant, like an angelic vision. Lalo is not sure if he’s hallucinating or if she’s for real.

LALO
(uncertain)
Hi... er... who are you?

GADGE’S POV

Lalo looks very uncertain.

GADGE
I’m Gadge, how are you?

Lalo stares at her still confused, blinks a couple of times.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LALO
You’re Gadge? Hum - er - wow - I was expecting a - I mean - I didn’t you know . . .

GADGE
Don’t worry about it - I get that all the time, it’s the name - everyone expects me to be a guy. Sorry.

CUT BETWEEN GADGE & LALO

Lalo relaxes, smiles.

LALO
Oh no problem, believe me. You’re definitely the best thing I’ve seen since I checked into this joint.

She sits down on the chair next to his bed, now she is lit normally and Lalo can get a good look at her. Her thin face is gently lined and there are crows feet round her eyes. (from laughing?) He quickly warms to her. She holds up the Zip lock bag.

GADGE
Thanks for these

LALO
Don’t mention it, I’m glad to get rid of them, REALLY bad news.

GADGE
You ready to get started on the new you?

LALO
Sure am.

She looks at all the equipment around Lalo.

GADGE
Trunk & Zeez taking good care of you?

Lalo smiles

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

LALO
Well, let’s put it this way, I look and feel a whole lot better than the last time I fell out of that damned chamber.

Gadge nods

GADGE
I’ve seen the pictures, but then they got you for a lot more than me.

She shows him her right wrist which has a vague reddish scar from where her chip was removed.

GADGE
(proud)
I was 30/50 for the same kinda shit you did. I got into the Ministry of Defence - messed up a few of their combat programs, they didn’t like that at all.

Lalo senses a kindred spirit, he’s never met a girl like this before. He feels confident to ask her his next question.

LALO
Do you have the chops to create a new I.D. for me? - one that’s good enough to get me inside Zandacker and allow me to function freely, without any suspicion?

She adopts a defiant attitude

GADGE
Try me.

LALO
Consider yourself challenged.

GADGE
O.K. You’re on. The way I see it you’ve got to come up with a character who comes in from the outside to audit the service on behalf of some entity, it would have to be of an authoritarian nature.
CONTINUED: (3)

LALO
Like the government.

GADGE
Exactly, you go in there on behalf of the government, to assess what they have bought from Zandacker, see if it’s worth what they paid for it. Yeah, that would work dandy. You could also be very mysterious about exactly which branch you work for, keep them on their toes. Yeah! Boy! This is going to be cool.

LALO
Leave something for me to do will you? I still have some chops you know?

GADGE
We’ll collaborate, that way you’ll know all the subtle nuances of this guy we create, so we’re not trying to fit you into a suit that doesn’t quite fit.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF SHOTS:

INT. TRUNK’S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM, DAY

Lalo and Gadge are jamming together at a bank of computers, each on a wheeled office chair. They are having fun, they LAUGH and high five each other frequently, swap places at the keyboards to make the work easier, they act like one person with one mind.

A LITTLE LATER:

Lalo stands behind Gadge, his hands on the her shoulders, watching her work. She types some code and enters it. They WHOOP with delight at the result. Lalo leans forward and gently kisses her on the back of her neck. Gadge turns around surprised, she gives Lalo a look. He takes his hands off her shoulders and SHRUGS “So what?”. 
INT. TRUNK’S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM, DAY

Lalo and Gadge are sitting on the couch, close and comfortable with each other. Trunk and Zeez are attending to Lalo. Trunk hands him one of his “health shakes” and he drinks it down. Zeez takes a blood sample from his arm and examines the scars from his surgery. He is pleased with what he sees. He doesn’t bother to dress the wrist and instead hands Lalo a tube of ointment and indicates that this will do from now on. Gadge gives Lalo a congratulatory hug which (obviously) lasts longer than it should. Zeez & Trunk notice and give each other a look.

INT. TRUNK’S APARTMENT, GYM - DAY

Lalo jogs on a treadmill in a pair of shorts, he is sweaty & looks more young and vital. His hair is dark once more and is tied back in a pony tail. He has sensors attached to his chest, head and back. Trunk is watching the read out on a screen. Gadge enters and watches for a sec. As soon as Lalo notices her he leans forward and gears the treadmill’s speed down so that he’s at walking speed. They exchange glances, Zeez looks uncomfortable, obviously feeling like the third wheel on the Lalo/Gadge bicycle. Gadge hands Lalo a towel and he gives her a sweaty kiss.

INT. TRUNK’S APT. LALO’S ROOM. NIGHT

Lalo and Gadge make love, Lalo on top. When they’re done they roll over & lay facing each other. They look into each other’s eyes & affectionately stroke each others lips, cheeks, hair and then gently hug and kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. SDS RESEARCH LABORATORY. DAY

Lalo, Gadge, Zeez and Trunk are sitting around a table. There are piles of papers and an assortment of gadgets on the table. Lalo is wearing a dark suit, shirt & tie, he has the look of a serious high powered “businessman”. Gadge is working at her laptop.

TRUNK
O.K. - how many children do you have?

Lalo answers immediately.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LALO
Two - Brad 7 and Chip 9.

Trunk looks over at Gadge, she looks up.

GADGE
Correct.

ZEEZ
Which college did you go to and what did you study?

LALO
Leicester, biology, graduated B.Sc.

Another nod from Gadge.

GADGE
What was your first wife’s maiden name?

Lalo thinks for a sec.

LALO
I’ve only been married once and her maiden name is Boucher.

GADGE
Good. Obviously no problems in the memory dept. How about working knowledge of biology.

Zeez perks up.

ZEEZ
What are the advantages of Deprenyl?

LALO
Deprenyl reduces the age-related decline of dopamine, increasing its availability to preserve youthful brain activity and it has also been . . .

LALO (CONT’D)
(he suddenly stops and looks up)

Look guys - I don’t want to do this anymore.

They are all surprised.

(continues)
CONTINUED: (2)

TRUNK
O.K. - we can change the topic,
let’s try your knowledge of the
government and . . .

LALO
No stop.

He suddenly looks vulnerable.

LALO (CONT’D)
What I mean is - I don’t want to do
this whole thing, the new identity,
sneaking me into Zandacker, all the
risks - I don’t want to do it.

ZEEZ, TRUNK & GADGE
(in unison)
YOU WHAT?

LALO
I don’t want to do it period, you
understand? I know you’ve put a lot
into it, in me that is . . .

ZEEZ
Fucking right we have.

LALO
Things have changed since we began
this and I . . .

TRUNK
What’s changed so much that you
want to chicken out of the project?

LALO
I’m not “chickening out”, it’s just
I’ve got something more important
in my life to think about now and I
don’t want to risk losing it.

TRUNK
Mind telling us what that is?

Lalo looks over at Gadge, she smiles back at him.

LALO
Gadge and I are in love.

ZEEZ
Ah fuck!
CONTINUED: (3)

TRUNK
Oh, so you get whacked by Cupid and
we have to . . . think about it
man! . . . for fuck’s sake think.

LALO
I have, believe me. I don’t want to
let you all down, blow the whole
project, but I’ve never felt like
this before. Gadge is something
really special.

Zeez and Trunk look over at Gadge for a response. She gets up
from the table and stands behind Lalo.

GADGE
Look – first we didn’t plan this,
it’s a first for me also.
(looking at Trunk)
You know me Trunk, I’m not a hearts
& flowers kinda girl, the love just
snuck up on us. Blew my mind at
first, but I willingly let it
happen. I’ve never been so happy.

TRUNK
So you agree with Lalo? You think
he should shit can the whole
project after all the work you’ve
done? He’s ready, he’s ready right
now! We crafted a perfect character
for the job, there aren’t ANY
risks.

GADGE
He’s got a mind of his own Trunk,
and despite how well we did our
jobs, there ARE risks, we all know
that.

ZEEZ
But you’re going to be controlling
all the info from here, if anyone
goes to his “employer” for
verification or to answer any
questions they get YOU and all your
toys on the other end.

GADGE
That’s not the problem, we’re well
covered on all our stuff, it’s the
unknown elements, that what he’s
worried about.
CONTINUED: (4)

TRUNK
So you agree with him, you think he should quit?

GADGE
I’ve spent hours trying to talk him out of his decision, but it’s no good. He doesn’t want to do anything that would risk us losing each other, if he gets caught you know they’ll give him at least 20 years, I personally don’t want to go through all that we’ve been through again.

ZEEZ
So you agree?

Lalo has had enough, he gets up and pushes his way passed Gadge.

LALO
Will you guys stop talking about me like I’m not here, I DON’T want to debate this, I’ve made up my mind, I’m off the project, find another undercover man.

And with that he storms out. As he reaches the door he throws a remark back to Gadge over his shoulder.

LALO (CONT’D)
I’ll be at my place honey, I’ll see you later.

ZEEZ
Well there you have it. Thanks a lot man, no problem all the time, all the money, the chance to save others a lot of suffering – you ungrateful bastard!

Gadge walks over to Zeez and touches him on the arm.

GADGE
(to both of them)
Look, I’m really sorry guys, I’ll work on him, try to change his point of view, but he’s really made up his mind. Sorry.

CUT TO:
EXT. ROOF OF TRUNK’S BUILDING - EVE.

Gadge is laying on a lounger, Lalo is on the ground leaning against the lounger his back to her, they are watching the sun set.

LALO
I’ll just have to find a job, that’s all, with my new ID it should be easy.

GADGE
They’re really pissed you know?

LALO
And understandably so, so would I be, I never saw US coming down the pike.

GADGE
Maybe there’s still a way?

Lalo looks surprised.

LALO
Oh yeah, I get caught, you end up with a 120 year old guy?

GADGE
No – a way to do it without ANY risk at all.

LALO
I’m listening.

Lalo’s mobile BUZZES. He answers it.

LALO (CONT’D)
Yeah? Oh hi Hepburn, what gives? (he listens for a second) You’re kidding me, there’s no doubt? (he suddenly turns grave) Where are you?

He hangs up, pockets the phone and turns to Gadge, his face says it all.

LALO (CONT’D)
It’s Butler, she’s been shot.
INT: LALO’S APT. - EVE

It’s Lalo’s apt, but it’s a mess. Hepburn is laying on the couch dirty clothes and plates on the floor around the couch.

Lalo and Gadge enter. Lalo’s face is a picture when he sees the mess.

LALO
Oh Christ Hepburn, I sure like what you’ve done with the place.

Hepburn sits up.

HEPBURN
Don’t worry man, I have a cleaner coming in tomorrow and on Weds...

Lalo ignores him.

LALO
So what happened?

HEPBURN
So I’m asleep, I get a call from this chick called Jaina, Butler’s secretary. She tells me Butler’s dead, she’s been shot in a parking garage. She’s freaking out, wants to know where you are. Seems tomorrow is the big day, final arguments in your case against Zandacker.

LALO
And what did she want with me?

HEPBURN
She just wanted to warn you, was very adamant, that you had to be careful.

Gadge moves closer to Lalo, almost as if to protect him.

HEPBURN (CONT’D)
She met with Zandacker this morning, Jaina was there, Zandacker wanted to settle out of court.
A hundred thou was mentioned, Butler wanted three times that, said she'd sooner have her day in court 'cos she thought the jury would be sympathetic towards you and they might award up to half a million.

GADGE
And Zandacker wouldn't go for it?

HEPBURN
It was Butler that wouldn't go for it. Jaina got the idea Zandacker really wanted to settle to avoid the publicity and whatever was going to come out in final arguments. Butler walked out, told him she'd see him in court. Half an hour later POOF! She's blown away.

Lalo looks at Gadge and frowns, he's really sorry.

LALO
The police have any suspects, apart from the obvious?

HEPBURN
Official police theory is it was a robbery gone wrong but Jaina said her purse was intact, her phone was there, no cards were missing & she was wearing all her jewelry. It was a hit.

Lalo sits for a sec pondering this info.

LALO
Fuck it! She was a good, righteous woman, she didn’t deserve that.
(to Gadge)
Now you see what a bastard Zandacker is?

GADGE
You don’t have to convince me, I already knew. So what are we going to do Lalo?

Lalo suddenly sees everything in perspective, puts his self interests and his love for Gadge aside.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

LALO
We’re going to get the prick once
and for all.

CUT TO

INT. R & D DEPT. ZANDACKER CORP. DAY

Lalo is shown into Krupnick’s office, it is well organized but here and there are hints of “experiments gone wrong”. Burnt out circuits and seriously damaged artificial body parts litter one bench off to the side.

Lalo looks younger, more agile, his face is tight and unlined, he wears his dark suit and pencil-thin tie quite naturally, as if it’s his everyday dress. He shakes Krupnick’s hand. Krupnick, mid thirties, semi balding with a large hook nose and a Frank Zappa moustache, wears a stained and unkempt white lab coat that’s seen better days.

LALO
Good morning, Lawrence Restorick,
you are expecting me?

Krupnick thinks for a sec trying to remember if he is expecting anyone.

LALO (CONT’D)
I’m from the government. I’m here
to check out what exactly it is
we’ve bought?

Krupnick remembers.

KRUPNICK
Oh yeah, ‘cuse me. I’ve been rather busy, we have a lot of units to ship out. Yes, yes, the government man. I’ve been told to be as helpful as I can for you and you in turn are not supposed to ask me any embarrassing questions that would jeopardize the proprietary rights of our invention. Correct?

LALO
We may have to stretch that one a little, in order for me to be satisfied that we haven’t bought a pig in a poke.

Krupnick looks skeptical, Lalo ignores this, continues.
CONTINUED:

LALO (CONT’D)
Let’s begin with you telling me what you do around here eh? I understand you were the inventor?

KRUPNICK
Yes, I was with the original invention at SDS, when Zandacker bought it from them I came along with the machine, kinda package deal.

(MORE)
LALO
And now?

KRUPNICK
Now I am working continually to improve our chambers.

LALO
There are flaws in the design?

Krupnick quickly sees where that could lead.

KRUPNICK
Oh no. By improve I mean to make them more efficient, do more with less power etc. As well as that I overlook the production.

He goes over to a workbench and turns on a monitor.

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

THE PRODUCTION LINE FOR THE METHUSELAH CHAMFERS

About twenty chambers make their way slowly around the line, as they pass each robotic work station new components are added. Lalo watches for a sec.

BACK TO LAB

LALO
So how many have you manufactured so far and how many of those are operating?

KRUPNICK
Last count was about 400, half of those are operating full time, the rest are in the training and orientation phase, you know?
Lalo has taken a seat, he puts a pair of glasses on &
rummages through his brief case. He pulls out a sheet of paper looks it over. He looks up at Krupnick over the top of his glasses.

LALO
One of the things that we really
want to know about the chamber is
what exactly does it do to the
recipients?

Krupnick looks at him like he daft.

Krupnick (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You see this here is the work in
progress, I can slow the line down,
speed it up or stop it if there’s
a reason to. The green line on the
right shows me the supply of
components, that has to be in sink
with the work flow otherwise there
will be hold ups. Its quite
complicated but very manageable.

Krupnick looks at him like he daft.

Krupnick
Don’t you know? It AGES them Mr.
Restorick.

Lalo returns the look.
CONTINUED: (3)

LALO
Of course we know that - what I mean is HOW does it age them? What does it do to them to make them old?

Krupnick fidgets nervously his eyes down, then looks up at Lalo.

KRUPNICK
You see here we go, you’ve only been here five minutes and already we’ve run into the proprietary rights issue.

LALO
You can’t tell me?

KRUPNICK
Fraid not, it’s a secret process, protected by our proprietary rights.

Lalo write something on his piece of paper like he’s marking Krupnick’s exam paper and looks up again.

LALO
Mr. Krupnick, if history has taught us anything it has taught us that there are NO secrets from the government, governments HAVE secrets, they don’t have them withheld from them by private citizens.

He lets that thought, and all it implies, settle inside Krupnick’s psyche, then he puts the papers back in his brief case and closes it.

LALO (CONT’D)
How, if you don’t mind, I’d like a tour of the production line.

CUT TO:

INT. LALO’S CAR - DAY

Lalo is driving & talking to Gadge on the phone, she is visible on a SMALL SCREEN in front of him, he is driving “hands free” as the car is on automatic.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LALO
So I’m in and well accepted, I had Krupnick a little off guard from the git go. I can’t decide whether to bring you in as my “secretary” or do it all remotely.

GADGE
Remote is better. Best not to risk both of us in there unless it’s something that only I can handle.

LALO
We need to get him out of the office for an hour, that way I can hack into his rig, plug you in and you can download everything he’s got. Can you think of a way to get him out of the office for a while that won’t arouse suspicion?

GADGE
How about slipping him a mickey or giving him the flu?

LALO
Flu would work, that would give me at least a day.

GADGE
I’ll put Zeez on it.

INT. ZANDACKER R & D LABORATORY – DAY

Lalo and Krupnick are going over some data together while the production line runs silently on the video monitor in front of them. Krupnick slides his chair over to another monitor to check something, Lalo produces a small vial out his jacket and, unseen by Krupnick, he slips the contents into his soft drink. The vial goes into the trash, Krupnick returns to his monitor and sips from the soft drink.

FADE OUT.

FADE INTO:

SAME SCENE LATER.

Krupnick is by himself, he looks awful, his eyes are red, he is flushed and continuously blowing his nose.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Lalo enters the room and sees his condition.

    LALO
    Man! You look awful, are you all right?

    KRUPNICK
    (very nasally)
    Nah, I think it’s the flu, I’m gonna go home, maybe you should do the same.

    LALO
    Good idea, sorry you don’t feel well.

Krupnick begins shutting down the computers and securing the work spaces. Lalo watches every move he makes. When all is closed down they leave. We hear a BLIP as the security system on the door to the lab engages.

EXT. ZANDACKER CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS, PARKING LOT – DAY

Lalo watches Krupnick get into his car and waves a “bye” as he drives off. He turns to walk back to the building and is immediately on his phone.

CUT BETWEEN

    LALO
    OK, he’s gone for the day, I’m going back in, the door card is active right:

    AND

    GADGE
    If it isn’t the code is ABCD 25 but the card should be good.

    LALO
    Give me about 10 minutes and I’ll log you on. I’ll look through his files for the relevant stuff, save us some time . . .

    GADGE
    No. Just give it all to me, we can sort it all out later.
INT. ZANDACKER CORP. LABORATORY. DAY

Lalo enters and quickly gets to work, he starts up the computers, turns on the monitors and starts looking for the relevant files. As all the data slowly runs across the screen he calls Gadge.

LALO
OK Gadge, I’m in - I’m going to log you on.

He types in some code.

CLOSE ON SCREEN

A blue box with a red “progress” bar appears in the middle of the screen. He enters a password then hits “return”.

LALO (VO) (CONT’D)
You’re in.

The red bar in the box begins moving VERY SLOWLY to the right.

ON LALO

Lalo watches as the data is downloaded and then gets busy at another console.

FADE OUT.

FADE INTO:

SAME SCENE LATER:

Lalo watches the download. There is THE NOISE OF VOICES AT THE DOOR, then a BLIP as the security system releases the door. Lalo spins around and quickly shuts off the screen that shows the download. The door opens & and TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter. Lalo decides the best course of action is confrontation.

LALO
Hey!, so - what can I do for you two?

1ST SECURITY GUARD
Excuse me Sir, do you have permission & the credentials to be in here?

(CONTINUED)
He gets his ID and his “government badge” out of his jacket and hands them to the 2nd. Guard. He looks it over while the other guard checks all the computer screens. The 2nd. Guard switches on his mouth piece.

2ND. SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, come in Acorn 1 2 - I’d like a check on a Restorick 12753, Dept of Management & Budget, suspect restricted clearance, at present in R & D - Krupnick’s office. I’d like his status.

LALO
Is there a problem? Krupnick got sick, flu I think, he had to go home.

The 2nd guard turns to the other guard.

2ND. SECURITY GUARD
He checks out, limited access visitor - he’s OK to be in here.

He turns to Lalo

2ND. SECURITY GUARD (CONT’D)
You really shouldn’t be alone in here though, this work station has an A4 security clearance.

1ST SECURITY GUARD
We got an alert that there was some unusual computer activity originating from this location, could be an unauthorized download to an outside recipient, would you know anything about that?

LALO
No, sorry can’t help you, since Krupnick left I’ve just been here reading his production reports. He closed all of his computers down before he left - anyway I’m hopeless with computers.

Lalo’s mobile BUZZES
CONTINUED: (2)

LALO (CONT’D)
Excuse me.

He takes the call - it’s Gadge.

GADGE
(O.S.)
We’ve got it - there’s a hell of a lot here, it’s gonna take us weeks to go through all of it.

The Guards are looking at him suspiciously, Lalo feels the pressure.

LALO
OK honey, I’ll stop on the way, Extra Virgin Olive Oil a large bottle, you’ve got it.

He hangs up

LALO (CONT’D)
The wife, we’re entertaining tonight.

One of the guards notices a light on the monitor that was monitoring the download. He goes over and activates it.

1ST SECURITY GUARD
Well, well, what do we have here?

The screen comes to life and the download box appears. It says “DOWNLOAD COMPLETE”. Lalo reacts as casual as he can.

LALO
Oh that? Oh, I see now.
(overplaying it a bit)
Is THAT what all this fuss is about - a salad dressing recipe? Jeez! You see earlier I sent the wife my mother’s recipe for Italian dressing.

The 2nd guard doesn’t quite buy it.

2ND. SECURITY GUARD
Security may want to talk to you later, will you be here tomorrow?

LALO
Sure will, bright & early. But I’m off home right now. - big dinner tonight.

(CONTINUED)
He begins packing papers into his briefcase. The guards have no choice but to let him leave. The 2nd Guard switches off the offending monitor.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZANDACKER CORP. HEADQUARTERS, PARKING LOT, DAY

Lalo exits the building and makes his way QUICKLY across the parking lot. He reaches his car, gets in and starts it. In his mirror he sees one of the security guards running up after him.

LALO
Oh shit, just what I need.

In his panic he puts the car in forward and almost rams the car parked in front. He recovers, pops it into reverse but by the time he begins to move backwards the guard is upon him. He holds his hand up, blocks his passage.

Lalo lowers his window.

LALO (CONT’D)
Look man I don’t have time for this, I have . . .

The guard leans forward and holds out Lalo’s ID and “Government Badge”.

1ST SECURITY GUARD
You forgot these, you’re not going to be able to get into work tomorrow without them.

Lalo regains his composure & takes his stuff.

LALO
Oh thank you - jeez, what a space case I am. You’re right - I would have been screwed without them.

He rolls up the window & puts the ID on the seat beside him, the guard steps to one side allowing him to leave. Through his window Lalo calls out

LALO (CONT’D)
Thanks a lot.

The guard smiles and directs him in the right direction.
CONTINUED:

1ST SECURITY GUARD
And don’t forget the Olive Oil -
you putz!

CUT TO:

INT.TRUNK’S APT. DAY

Zeez & Trunk are both busy at workstations, Gadge & Lalo are working furiously at their laptops. There is an atmosphere of combat in the room.

GADGE
Whoa! Look out - here they come again. Shore up the Beta fire wall while throw a divert at them.

They both respond by typing data into their units and then enter it. They wait for a response. A few seconds later they see the result, they sit back and give each other a high five.

LALO
Is that the best they can do?

GADGE
Man! I don’t think so, be ready for their next move, we musn’t get too confident.

Zeez looks over and smiles.

ZEEZ
Not going into “work” today then eh Lalo?

Lalo laughs.

LALO
Hell no!

Gadge gives Lalo a nudge.

GADGE
Here we go! Stand by.

Lalo looks at his screen, recognizes something.

LALO
This looks a like a Despot 4 to me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GADGE
Batten down the hatches, you take the exploratory issues and throw them off, I’ll handle the attrition to the fire wall.

They get busy writing code & responding to what is being sent against them, they are serious but with a sense of humor. Gadge suddenly jumps up.

GADGE (CONT’D)
Switch keyboards quick, they’ve switched on us – they realized what we were up to – that there’s two of us.

They switch keyboards responding to each threat.

LALO
(to his computer monitor)
Whoa! You’re gonna have to do better than that mate! Here, have some of this.

He types some code and hits ENTER. They wait for a sec and their screens go BLANK.

Gadge looks at Lalo.

GADGE
What the hell did you do?

Lalo sits back in his chair a proud grin on his face.

LALO
That my dear was one of my own inventions – I call it Double J. Arthur.

Gadge leans across and gives him a kiss.

GADGE
Works for me. Now maybe we can get some peace.

Trunk slides over.

TRUNK
You assure me that none of this leads them here? I’d really hate THAT knock on the door.
CONTINUED: (2)

GADGE
Promise you, we covered our tracks real good. As far as they are concerned some ass wipe in the Dept. of Management & Budget downloaded all of Krupnick’s files. We never revealed a geographical location, it’s all virtual anyway.

LALO
Wait ‘till they discover the UK doesn’t have such a Dept. I made that up. They have such a thing in The States, but not here.

He chuckles to himself

GADGE
We’ve done more than just hold them off, there’s enough auto diverts and dis-information for them to sort through it could keep them busy for days. When they discover we don’t have a tangible location, that we’re somewhere out in deeper cyberspace, they’ll quit. You’ll see.

TRUNK
Let’s hope so.

Zeez walks over obviously happy with himself.

ZEEZ
Well, my Jedi Cyber Knights, while you were busy fending off the Zandacker Evil Empire I have been busy going through Krupnick’s work. I have some good news and I have some bad news. Which would you like to hear first.

They answer in unison.

TRUNK, LALO & GADGE
The good news.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE INTO:
EXT. ROOF OF TRUNK’S BUILDING – NIGHT

They are all sitting around a small table with candles and drinks on it listening to Zeez, he has a captive audience. Lalo and Gadge are snuggling together on a lounger.

ZEEZ
We have known for some time that it is the degeneration of your DNA that causes aging, that’s been known since the 1970’s, but exactly how that happens was not revealed until Bruce Ames made the connection between mtDNA and cross linking in 2003.

Trunk looks at Zeez

TRUNK
Maybe you should explain cross linking?

ZEEZ
OK, if I’m going to fast for you just stop me. Cross linking is kinda like bad oxygenation of the cells - put simply, it’s what makes the flesh of an apple turn brown when you cut it open. Same thing happens in our cells, particularly our DNA, when it’s exposed to Hydrogen Peroxide and free radicals in the blood.

He checks to see if he still has their attention.

ZEEZ (CONT’D)
And that brings us to the REAL villain in our story - mitochondria, and the Mitochondrial Theory of Aging - the M.T.A - first proposed in 1972 by Denham Harman.

GADGE
Phew! This sounds like a science lesson to me.

Trunk sees her point.
CONTINUED:

TRUNK
Shall we take a break and let Zeez figure out a SIMPLE way to tell us what he’s got to tell us?

LALO
All I want to know is have you figured out what the fuck they did to age me?

ZEEZ
Sure have and you know what? That’s the good news. Some of the treatments we’ve been giving you were right on
(he turns to Trunk)
Particularly the ATP.

TRUNK
Great! I knew we couldn’t go wrong with that.

ZEEZ
What amazes me is the balls of Krupnick, he took a 200 lb. hammer to crack a peanut. You know about mitochondria - right?

TRUNK
A little, but not as much as you obviously. Are you saying he fucked with the mitochondria?

ZEEZ
Big time.

Gadge and Lalo refresh their drinks and lay back on the lounger.

GADGE
OK Professor Zeez we’re ready, lay it on us.

Zeez takes a big chug of his drink and continues.

ZEEZ
OK, like I said the real villain of the peace is mitochondria. What is mitochondria?
EXT: CENTRAL LONDON. DAY

A Post Office Express delivery truck pulls up outside a row of terrace houses.

ZEEZ9 (V.O.)
Mitochondria are organelles "little organs" found in virtually all cells in the human body except the red blood cells. There may be from 20 to 2500 in each cell. Mitochondria are the cellular energy generators.

The Postman gets out of the van with a large envelope in his hand, rings a doorbell.

ZEEZ (V.O.)
They typically produce 90% or more of all the bio energy made in the body. But one of the unique features of mitochondria is that they have their own DNA - mitochondrial DNA, known as mtDNA.

The door opens and Margaret Wellesdon signs for the envelope. She looks at it - a little puzzled and closes the door.

ZEEZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This very feature, which makes mitochondria unique among the cells, also gives rise to a major problem.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL LONDON. 10 DOWNING ST. DAY

The same Postman and van pulls up to the Prime Minister’s residence and delivers a large envelope to the door, it is signed for by a SECRETARY.

ZEEZ (V.O.)
Regular DNA is protected by proteins and various repair enzymes, which minimize its damage. mtDNA has no such protection or enzyme repair system.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: Therefore, mtDNA is far more subject to damage than DNA.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL LONDON. DAY

The same Postman & van pull up to an imposing grey Victorian building.

CLOSE ON SIGN:

HER MAJESTY’S DEPT of CORRECTIONS

ZEEZ (V.O.)
Krupnick found out the wavelength of mitochondria and seriously fucked with it to mutate it, that’s what he did to you.

An envelope is delivered and signed for.

LALO (V.O.)
Holy shit.

ZEEZ (V.O.)
Krupnick knew that if mtDNA mutations occur in a significant number of cells, the function of that tissue will be seriously compromised.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL LONDON, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, DAY

The Post Office van pulls up and the Postman gets out holding another envelope.

CLOSE ON SIGN:

OFFICE OF THE HOME SECRETARY

The Postman walks into the office with an envelope and a few seconds later emerges without it.
CONTINUED:

ZEEZ (V.O.)
The compromising of your mtDNA, as much as they’ve done to yours, could have caused such age-associated conditions as skeletal, muscular and neurological degeneration, heart failure, strokes, maybe even death!

CUT BACK TO

EXT. ROOF OF TRUNK’S BUILDING - NIGHT

Gadge is holding on to Lalo tightly

ZEEZ
But Lalo you’re strong and must have some REALLY good genes, the damage done to you was not as serious as it could have been.

TRUNK
Plus we got lucky with the adenosine triphosphate – the ATP that we gave you. Good work Zeez.

ZEEZ
Like I said earlier I got fed up with destruction, I wanted to make things grow – repair them. Then I discovered ATP. It powers every thought, movement and action in the body, it maintains youthful vigor in the elderly. But of course ATP production declines with age. The ATP, molecule acts as a kind of chemical 'battery', storing energy when it is not needed, but it releases it instantly when the body requires it, for repairing itself for example.

TRUNK
And after all the damage Zandacker did to your poor little body the ATP read the problem and activated itself.

GADGE
Incredible work guys I just hope we’re not too late.
CONTINUED:

LALO
Two guys have already died in the chamber and a couple more have finished up vegetables, if I’m hearing you right we now have the tools to stop this.

CLOSE ON TV ANNOUNCER (MORE)

TV ANNOUNCER
Good evening. We are beginning to hear some extraordinary news concerning Zandacker’s Methuselah program. It appears that there has been a serious meltdown, and the government has put the whole program on hold pending a full cabinet level investigation. What have you got on this Chris? – Chris Miller our science correspondent.

MILLER
An extraordinary day, once again, in the annals of the Zandacker Corporation. From what we can gather, several confidential envelopes, each containing details of the inner technical workings of the Methuselah Chamber, were anonymously shipped to key players this morning. The Prime Minister, The Home Secretary and key civil rights activists around the country all got copies. The result is that the government has suspended the program forthwith pending an official inquiry.

TV ANNOUNCER
Thanks Chris, and now for the business angle on this come in Brendan Wallace our “Man in the City.”

WALLACE
Thanks Melanie, an extraordinary day indeed.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
The news hit about 11 a.m this morning and by about noon almost all the value of Zandacker shares had been wiped out. Zandacker had gambled all of his empire on this project selling off almost all of his subsidiaries to finance a massive production facility and an international support network. All of his eggs, so to speak, were in the Methuselah basket. What had previously been 300 plus pounds a share were now available for pennies. Over a thousand workers, all across the Zandacker Empire, have been given pink slips and Zandacker himself is “unavailable” for comment.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZANDACKER CORPORATION HEADQUARTERS, PARKING LOT, DAY

An angry mob mills around the lot carrying placards and effigies of Zandacker with a noose around his neck. A fight breaks out, the HALF DOZEN GUARDS at the door are pushed aside and the mob surges inside.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Thank you Chris. Well as you can see lots of unrest at Zandacker.

BACK ON SCREEN

She pauses and listens for a sec to her headpiece.

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT’D)
OK, I am getting news that Fabio Bassato, our political correspondent, is standing by with a very important guest, over to you Fabio.

CUT TO:

EXT: CENTRAL LONDON. OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, DAY

Bassato is standing with Big Ben behind him holding a mike, by his side is Margaret Wellesdon looking ecstatically happy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BASSATO
I am with Margaret Wellesdon, Chairwoman of the British Prisoner’s Rights Ass. a tireless and relentless voice against the Methuselah Program. Margaret welcome. You must be very pleased with today’s developments.

WELLESDON
It’s on days like this that one believes, once again, in justice and common human decency, in the inherent decent human qualities that emerge victorious, no matter how far down you believe they have sunk.

BASSATO
Now I understand Margaret that you can’t divulge the details of the package that you received this morning, but can you tell us from what you read, do you think this is the end of the program.

WELLES DON
Definitely. The Methuselah Chamber was designed to AGE prisoners, a cruel & barbaric concept at the best of times. What the documents that I read this morning prove is that this infernal machine is doing much more than this, exposure to its rays can KILL!

CUT TO:

INT. ZANDACKER CORP. LABOROTORY. DAY

A mob holding Zandacker rushes in. They thrust him into the chamber and the restraints SNAP shut with a HISS. The door closes and one of the Lab Assistants goes behind the console and fires up the chamber.

WELLESDON (V.O.)
As you know two prisoners have perished already and several are in comas after their “treatment”.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: This threat was NEVER even vaguely hinted at by Zandacker & was definitely never the intention of the government.

CLOSE ON

THE DIGITAL COUNTER ON THE CONSOLE

It is fast forwarding rapidly. 50, 75, 100, 125, 150 and then the Lab Assistant shuts down.

MORE

BACK ON TV

WELLESDON (CONT’D)
I very am glad that the government has decided to do the right thing.

BASSATO
Well, there you have it, a barbaric era in our treatment of criminals appears to be over. Back to you Melanie.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Thank you Fabio.

CUT TO:

INT. ZANDACKER CORP, KRUPNICK’S OFFICE, DAY:

Krupnick lays head down on his desk a pistol held to his head, a pool of blood around his head slowly grows on the desktop.

BACK IN THE TV STUDIO

The announcer turns to another camera and behind her appears a picture of Lalo. It’s the shot of him taken as he yells at the folks in the F.E.A. chamber, after his second treatment, he looks terrible.

TV ANNOUNCER
Well, the one voice missing from the comments and commentaries today is the voice of the man, who over the years, has suffered the most punishment from the Methuselah Chamber, I speak of course of Methuselah himself, Lalo van Meegeran who was aged over 100 yrs.
CONTINUED: Our repeated efforts to find him have always come up with a blank, there are no clues to his whereabouts.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Two loungers sit side by side on a beach, a small table between them holds a couple of drinks and a small TV.

ON TV

TV ANNOUNCER
We can only assume that he died a sad, anonymous death somewhere down in the depressing depths of our capital. We say, God bless you Methuselah, where ever you are.

The figure on the right leans over and turns the TV off, it’s Lalo. He turns to Gadge.

LALO
Hey babe, what say you and I grow old together, graciously?

Gadge leans over and kisses him.