

# CRYO

Written by

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1

INT. OFFICE - DAY

1

CAMCORDER POV: an OLD MAN (60s) gathers his words.

OLD MAN

Do you know the first bible story I heard as a boy? It was Lazarus, raised from the dead. After that I always wished I could bring my back mother. Of course, that never happened. But I'll always remember those first embers of hope... that maybe someone could...

OLD MAN drifts in his thoughts.

2

INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 002 - NIGHT

2

BLUE LIGHT. Steam spills out of a HUMMING MACHINE -- a metal sarcophagus. BLACK-GLOVED HANDS reach from offscreen and tugs on the cryo-chamber's door.

The top CRACKS open, releasing its built-up pressure. A WOMAN reaches out from the cryo-chamber, shivering, wet, and naked.

WOMAN crawls onto the cold concrete. She fades from consciousness...

FADE OUT.

**TITLE CARD: CRYO**

3

INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 002 - LATER

3

BLAST of a gunshot.

WOMAN jolts awake. She shields her naked body.

She's alone... There's nothing. No one. Complete darkness except for the faint blue glow of the machine.

Her knees wobble but she manages to her feet. Next to the cryo-chamber hangs underwear and a GREY JUMPSUIT. She puts it on. Sewn on the breast -- underscored in white -- is a number: 002.

Her hair is still drenched. She quivers, experiencing a cold unlike anything she has ever felt.

She blindly scours the walls until she finds a dark opening. She steps through.

4 INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT 4

This space is even darker than the first.

Which explains why she doesn't detect the BLOODY HANDPRINT on the wall as she passes. Dried and browning.

5 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT 5

002 picks up her gait into a wobbly walk. She enters a spacious room lit only by a dim RED EMERGENCY LIGHT. It's sparsely furnished. No one's there. What is this place?

SUDDENLY -- she hears a *NOISE*. A figure scurries behind her. 002 spins on her heels. She cautiously treads closer.

A PRETTY WOMAN cries, huddled in a ball. She wears a similar jumpsuit. At the sight of 002, she cowers even more.

002  
(hesitant)  
I'm not going to hurt you.

PRETTY WOMAN  
Who are you?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (O.S.)  
Hey. You!

The two women duck out of sight, away from each other. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN rushes in with a SCRAWNY MAN tailing behind, both, also, in grey jumpsuits.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (CONT'D)  
It's alright, it's alright. Come on out.

The women ease into sight.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (CONT'D)  
What are your names?

They take a close look at one another. They are all limp. Exhausted. Silent.

002  
What are yours?

SCRAWNY MAN  
We don't know.

PRETTY WOMAN  
None of us?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
We heard a gunshot.

No one fesses up. A door behind them *CREEKS*. They all look over -- MIDDLE-AGED MAN is the obvious choice to investigate.

He sneaks toward a set of twin doors. The first is slightly ajar. He opens it... Nothing.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN looks to the others. As he closes the door, a GRUFF MAN bursts from its twin, brawling.

He *ROARS*, planting a right hook onto MIDDLE-AGED MAN's jaw.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?!

GRUFF MAN  
WHO ARE YOU? WHERE AM I?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
You were in cryo you idiot!

GRUFF MAN releases his hold on MIDDLE-AGED MAN. Tension settles. They all take a beat to process.

002  
Cryo?

SCRAWNY MAN  
Like cryonics, right? Long-term human preservation.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
I wasn't certain at first, but I engineered the cryo-chambers.

GRUFF MAN  
Those machine we woke up in?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
That's right. We were the team assembled to test cryosleep.

The group considers this.

002  
Okay, so we're a team, which mean we must all have jobs.

GRUFF MAN  
(scoffs)  
I don't even remember my name.

PRETTY WOMAN  
So apart from losing our memories,  
anyone experiencing any other  
negative side affects?

SCRAWNY MAN  
(panicking)  
Shouldn't there have been someone  
to meet us here? To let us know if  
the test even worked, to help us  
remember what happened.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
The Inventor, maybe he woke us up.

002  
The Inventor?

A distant *SQUEEKING* of rats is heard. PRETTY WOMAN turns  
toward the source.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Of the cryosleep technology. He was  
my colleague. He was supposed to  
wake us up and evaluate the test.

SCRAWNY MAN  
So where is he?

GRUFF MAN  
Maybe those machines we were in  
malfunctioned.

PRETTY WOMAN listens more intensely to the *SQUEEKING*.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
That's impossible.

SCRAWNY MAN  
How so?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Because I built them. I'd have  
never let that happen.

PRETTY WOMAN  
(soft)  
Does anyone hear that? There's  
something scratching.

GRUFF MAN  
Power's out. Perhaps that's what  
woke us up.

More *SQUEEKING* and *SCRATCHING*.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
It's not what woke us up. The cryo-chambers have to be opened manually. There's got to be another power source.

002 and GRUFF MAN look to each other, both aware of the convenient answers.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (CONT'D)  
Look, if those cryo-chambers malfunctioned. We'd all be dead.

GRUFF MAN  
You sure remember a lot.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN does not appreciate the accusation.

002  
(at Gruff Man)  
We heard a gunshot.

GRUFF MAN  
Why do you think I was hiding out?  
I saw someone's shadow moving  
around the moment I woke up.

The *SQUEEKING* continues. Even louder.

PRETTY WOMAN  
I hear something. It sounds like  
rats.

SCRAWNY MAN  
This Inventor of yours, he wasn't  
planning on using a gun to wake us  
up, was he?

PRETTY WOMAN  
Maybe we should go...

PRETTY WOMAN takes a step and nearly collapses.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
No. He's here somewhere. He'll  
come. I say we wait here, get some  
rest.

SCRAWNY MAN  
Weren't we just hibernating?

The group settles into their fatigue.

002

I wish I could remember...

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Our memories are going to come back. It's just our senses are going to be a little unreliable.  
Don't trust anything you see.

The others nestle into chairs. 002 settles in the corner, laying her head on a table. She drifts into a hazy sleep.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER: DAY ONE**

6

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

6

002 is in a DREAM -- she sees GRAPES, WINE, MEATS and CHEESE.

She opens her eyes to the BRIGHT LIGHT. MIDDLE-AGED MAN holds several FLASHLIGHTS in hand.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Found these. The Inventor never showed.

The others stir awake. He hands them each a light. Now able to see, they examine each other and their surroundings.

002

Anyone remember their names?

PRETTY WOMAN shakes her head, disappointed.

WE NOW SEE that everyone has been assigned a NUMBER and COLOR, stitched into their jumpsuit:

MIDDLE-AGED MAN = 001, RED, **THE ENGINEER**; 002 = WHITE, **THE PSYCHOLOGIST**; SCRAWNY MAN = 003, GREEN, **THE BIOCHEMIST**; and PRETTY WOMAN = 005, BLUE, **THE DOCTOR**. Only GRUFF MAN's is different -- GOLD, but NO NUMBER, **THE SOLDIER**.

ENGINEER

Alright guys, let's go have a look around.

Engineer lingers near Psychologist.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Did you notice there's no number on him?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Do you think he had something to do  
with the gunshot?

ENGINEER

You heard a gunshot?

Psychologist gives him a puzzled look.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

(quiet; suggesting)

We should keep a close eye on him.

Engineer moves to the front of the pack.

7

INT. LOBBY - DAY

7

Five flickering beams illuminate the darkness. The facility  
is bare and cave-like, clearly deep under the earth.

BIOCHEMIST

Still think the Inventor is here?

ENGINEER

Oh, he's here alright. He'd  
sacrifice anything to protect his  
work. Said cryo was his gift to  
mankind. He'd discover a new  
planet, even go as far as the ninth  
sphere.

PSYCHOLOGIST

The ninth sphere?

ENGINEER

Of heaven. The Inventor loved  
making religious allusions. Felt  
like technology could achieve the  
divine.

They look up and see a STAIRCASE leading to an AIRLOCK  
passageway. BIOHAZARD WARNINGS are plastered to the walls.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Why would there be an airlock?

ENGINEER

Let's spread out. See if we can  
find the Inventor. Let's find us  
some beds.



BIOCHEMIST  
 (snarky)  
 Yeah, maybe he fell asleep.

The team splits up.

8 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - DAY 8

Psychologist examines the room. Two COTS are neatly made.

9 INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY 9

Engineer finds a TOOLBOX. In it, a NOTEBOOK with equations and diagrams of the cryo-chambers' design.

Above the toolbox, the Engineer discovers an ELECTRICAL BOX with heavy wire tubing extending out of it. Printed numbers 001, 002, 003, 004, and 005 run alongside each wire.

One WIRE, the one labeled 005, has had its rubbing lining torn. The exposed wiring beneath is frayed and sparking slightly.

Psychologist explores her way into the room. Engineer uses his body to shield the faulty wiring. Not making eye-contact.

ENGINEER  
 This place is a mess.

As she continues on, Engineer offers a look to say that he knows more than he's willing to share.

10 INT. ESCAPE LADDER - DAY 10

In the next room over, Biochemist trails behind Doctor. They find an ESCAPE LADDER, leading up to a BOLTED HATCH with a SMALL WINDOW.

DOCTOR  
 Hey. Sunlight.

She stares up to the light bleeding in. A TREE BRANCH is barely visible through the small window.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 I think it leads outside.

BIOCHEMIST  
 Let's keep looking.

Doctor obeys. Uncertain.

- 11 INT. DARK CORRIDOR - DAY 11  
Psychologist shines her light down a dubious hallway. A small LIGHT flickers deep down the tunnel.
- 12 INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY 12  
Soldier stumbles upon a room full of TOOLS. He studies his surroundings, memorizing the layout.  
He looks down into pieces from a SHATTERED MIRROR and stares, seeing himself for the first time. Questioning everything.  
In the corner he spots up a pair of WALKIES. He flips one on. Static.
- 13 INT. OFFICE - DAY 13  
Psychologist sets her light down. She sits behind a desk. She touches its surface. This feels familiar.  
She notices a CAMCORDER tucked away. She picks it up, turns it on. The playback is a BLUE SCREEN, symbolizing a blank tape.  
She looks up. The screen flashes a glimpse of herself looking into camera. Then back to a blank screen.  
Psychologist didn't catch the glitch.
- 14 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 005 - DAY 14  
Engineer studies the tubing coming from the cryo-chamber. He looks to the ceiling. There's a large clump of POWER CABLES leading out of the room.
- 15 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 15  
Doctor stumbles upon a medical room stocked with EQUIPMENT. She handles a SYRINGE, considering...
- 16 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 16  
Biochemist checks the lab. It's littered with JANKY EQUIPMENT. His light starts to flicker; he frantically adjusts it.

17 INT. BOLTED DOOR - DAY

17

Engineer follows the tubing to a dark space with a MASSIVE BOLTED DOOR -- locked with a PASSCODE PINPAD. The wires run past it. He notices a small WINDOW and looks through it.

*GASPS.*

18 INT. OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

18

Resting on the desk is a NOTEPAD with a CIRCLE around the number 9. Psychologist picks it up.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Dante. The ninth sphere of  
heaven... Dante?

She thinks to herself. STARTLING --

OLD MAN (O.S.)

They are preserved for a wise  
purpose.

Psychologist whips around to see OLD MAN's feet, in the interview compartment of her room. She is rattled.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Which purpose is known unto God.  
And God's course is one eternal  
round.

She creeps closer.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Who are you? What are you doing  
here?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

GUYS!

Psychologist turns.

19 INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

19

Doctor is coated in fear.

DOCTOR

SOMEONE!

PAN TO a MACHETE lodged into a LARGE WOODEN DOOR -- bruised with hundreds of CHOP MARKS.

20 INT. OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 20

Psychologist turns back to Old Man. But he has vanished.

21 INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY 21

Soldier rips the machete out from the door. Examines it.

DOCTOR

Open it.

They open the door to a small chamber. The floor is covered in DRYING BLOOD.

SOLDIER

Whoa.

Biochemist hides behind Engineer.

Soldier steps forward, setting the machete down, kneeling next to the stain. He wipes his finger in the blood.

A trail of blood leads out of the chamber. Someone was dragged away from here.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

This is fresh. A day old, maybe two.

BIOCHEMIST

If the Inventor was here, he's dead now.

ENGINEER

We can't be sure this is his blood.

DOCTOR

Then who woke us up?

SOLDIER

Well, I'm out.

Soldier storms out.

BIOCHEMIST

Wait. Wait!

22 INT. LOBBY - DAY 22

Soldier B-lines it to the staircase. Engineer steps between him and the exit.

SOLDIER  
Get out of my way.

The others catch up.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
Move.

ENGINEER  
Not a chance.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What are we doing?

ENGINEER  
This genius here is trying to  
poison everyone.

SOLDIER  
What?

DOCTOR  
Why not let him go?

ENGINEER  
Because we don't know how long  
we've been asleep.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What are you talking about?

ENGINEER  
If the Inventor was supposed to  
wake us up and didn't. Then someone  
else did. It could have been  
somebody just looking for shelter,  
or human touch. Anything could have  
happened out there.

SOLDIER  
Look, you all can do what you want.  
But I'm taking off.

Biochemist nervously hovers beside Engineer.

BIOCHEMIST  
The engineer is right. Please don't  
go up there just yet.

SOLDIER  
Why not?

BIOCHEMIST

Because we don't know what's out there.

SOLDIER

I'll take my chances.

BIOCHEMIST

Wait. We are dealing with the unknown now and have to account for entropy, which suggests that a state of order will almost certainly descend into chaos--

SOLDIER

I don't have time for your bullshit.

BIOCHEMIST

Listen! Why do you think there's an airlock?

Beat. Soldier stands down. They all look up at the airlock.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)

You don't have any protective gear. If you go up there and open the airlock, the air could kill you. And then we'll be stuck down here.

SOLDIER

So what, like, chemical warfare?

BIOCHEMIST

Not necessarily. There could have been a virus or a sun flare, hell, Darwinism. Entropy. Things will always descend into a state of disorder. Anything could have happened. My discipline, it's coming back.

DOCTOR

Assuming the Inventor never made it... how long could those cryo-chambers preserve someone?

ENGINEER (WORRIED)

They were meant to preserve life at all costs. Heal even the most critical condition.

DOCTOR

So how long?

ENGINEER

Theoretically speaking, centuries.  
A thousand years, possibly more. I  
don't know.

SOLDIER

No! How do we know the Inventor  
isn't outside waiting for us right  
now?

PSYCHOLOGIST

We don't.

SOLDIER

Then I'm going out there to check.

BIOCHEMIST

Soldier, we have to assume the  
worst.

SOLDIER

We also have to assume we're not  
alone down here. In case you  
forgot, we just found a blood-  
soaked machete.

BIOCHEMIST

It's still a safer bet. Down here,  
at least we can breathe.

SOLDIER

Okay, alright, but we need light.  
(re: flashlights)  
These are going to cut it. If I'm  
going to stay down here, we have to  
get the power back on.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Wait, listen.

They all go silent. They hear the *HUM* of a machine in an  
adjacent room.

23

INT. TIGHT PASSAGEWAY - DAY

23

They step through a CAST IRON DOOR into a narrow stone  
passageway.

Soldier squeezes through the passage and quickly returns.

SOLDIER

(to Biochemist)

You. You're coming with me.

BIOCHEMIST

Why me?

SOLDIER

Because Gramps here isn't going to fit.

ENGINEER

Hey!

BIOCHEMIST

What about one of them?

DOCTOR

I'm happy to help.

Soldier grabs Biochemist by the collar and forces him through.

24

INT. POWER ROOM - DAY

24

Heavy pipes rattle. The machinery in the room is *DEAFENING*. A giant CIRCUIT BREAKER *DRONES*. Atop of the breaker are dozens of WEATHERED WIRES, some sparking uncontrollably.

BIOCHEMIST

THERE.

SOLDIER

YEAH THAT'S IT.

BIOCHEMIST

IT LOOKS LIKE IT HAS BEEN SABOTAGED.

Soldier unzips his jumpsuit and ties the sleeves around his waist, ready for action.

He examines the dangers of the wires. He looks around, then picks up a LEAD PIPE.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)

YOU'RE GOING TO USE A METAL POLE?

SOLDIER

WOULD YOU RATHER USE YOUR HAND?!

Soldier crawls under the low-hanging piping to the exposed wires. He slides the lead pipe behind the heavy cables and lifts them up -- careful not to touch the open circuits.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

COME HERE. GRAB THIS.



Biochemist does as he's told.

BIOCHEMIST  
SO, CRYOSLEEP WIPED EVERYTHING  
EXCEPT HOW TO FIX A GENERATOR, HUH?

SOLDIER  
YOU KNOW, MY TRAINING IS KICKING  
IN. I'M PRETTY SURE I'M MILITARY.

BIOCHEMIST  
WHAT?

SOLDIER  
COMMUNICATIONS AND TECHNOLOGY.

With the wires out of his way, Soldier shuts off the circuit breaker. The EMERGENCY LIGHTS throughout the facility shut off.

Biochemist's elbows quiver; the bundle of coils are getting heavy.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
DO NOT DROP THAT ON ME.

Biochemist grits his teeth.

Soldier crawls under more piping. He finds a small FUEL VALVE and turns it on.

Next to it, the ENGINE SWITCH. Soldier turns on the generator. He crawls back to Biochemist.

BIOCHEMIST  
ALMOST DONE?

SOLDIER  
ALMOST. WE NEED TO LET THE  
GENERATOR RUN FOR A BIT BEFORE I  
CAN SWITCH THE CIRCUIT BREAKER BACK  
ON.

BIOCHEMIST  
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN  
HOLD THIS.

Soldier crawls back under the pipes. Biochemist's muscles strain, but his face drops to a callous.

SOLDIER  
OKAY, THAT SHOULD DO IT. ON THREE.  
ONE, TWO, THREE.

Soldier cranks the circuit breaker to ON.

25 INT. TIGHT PASSAGEWAY - DAY 25

The power zaps on. Visibility at last. Psychologist, Doctor, and Engineer *CHEER* in relief.

26 INT. POWER ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 26

Biochemist collapses from exhaustion. The wiring snaps back. SPARKS fly.

SOLDIER

AHHH!

27 INT. TIGHT PASSAGEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS 27

Their celebration is cut short by the frantic *SCREAMS* from Biochemist.

DOCTOR

ARE YOU OKAY?

BIOCHEMIST (O.S.)

HE'S INJURED! IT'S BAD. HIS WHOLE CHEST.

Biochemist does his best to push Soldier through the passage. Psychologist reaches in and pulls him through. A BURN across his chest.

Engineer lifts him up and carries Soldier out. Followed by the horrified Biochemist.

DOCTOR

Follow me. I know what to do.

She leads them down the hall.

28 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 28

Engineer drops Soldier on a GURNEY. Doctor lifts his undershirt to reveal horrible SCARS all over his TORSO.

ENGINEER

What the hell?

Doctor turns Soldier over, revealing the electrocution burn on his BACK SHOULDER.

DOCTOR  
What happened to him?

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I thought you said the wound was on  
his chest.

BIOCHEMIST  
No. I didn't do anything. He had me  
hold up all these wires. I  
couldn't.

ENGINEER  
I believe that.

Doctor applies an ointment to the burn.

DOCTOR  
Lucky for you, I remember my job.  
I'm a doctor.

She covers the wound in a dry, loose BANDAGE. Soldier stirs.

Now, with the lights overhead functioning, Doctor sees that  
Soldier's jumpsuit is missing its numbers.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
What happened to your number?

ENGINEER  
That is what I'd like to know.

Soldier looks down at his jumpsuit for the first time.

SOLDIER  
It's just what I found, maybe they  
fell off.

BIOCHEMIST  
No, they're stitched in.

SOLDIER  
How should I know what happened?

BIOCHEMIST  
You're the only variable.

They all stare at Soldier for a moment.

SOLDIER  
You serious?

Doctor notices faded BLOOD STAINS on the sleeve and pant leg  
of his jumpsuit.

DOCTOR

Well, I think this settles it. We need to try our luck outside.

PSYCHOLOGIST

They were being careless. This was avoidable.

DOCTOR

How long do you think we'll last in a place like this? We don't have the resources.

ENGINEER

Maybe we do.

29

INT. BOLTED DOOR - DAY

29

Eyes take turns peering through the narrow window on the thick door.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What do you see?

SOLDIER

This is definitely the other power source. There's computers, radios, food. Plenty of food.

BIOCHEMIST

So, life or death behind this door.

ENGINEER

Anyone remember the code?

Blank faces.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Alright then. We've got one, two, three, five. Why don't we try our mystery man's missing number.

Engineer punches in: 0-0-4. DENIED. The screen READS: Two attempts remaining.

DOCTOR

Let me try.

BIOCHEMIST

OKAY, wait, stop, stop! Please! If we get the next two attempts wrong, we could be locked out permanently.

(MORE)

## BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)

Who's to say it's one of our numbers. There are a thousand possible combinations.

## PSYCHOLOGIST

He's right. Let's give it some time, search the facility a little more. Maybe it'll come to us. It could be written down somewhere.

The group yields.

## SOLDIER

Be careful.

30 INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

30

Doctor, Psychologist, and Biochemist scour what must be a recreation room.

Doctor fidgets with an OLD-TIMEY TELEVISION SET. Biochemist finds a box of BOARD GAMES and an OLD RECORD PLAYER.

## BIOCHEMIST

That's fun. They say music is good for memory.

## DOCTOR

Nice!

He reads way too much into her compliment.

Psychologist wanders around, taking in her surroundings. It all seems so familiar. She experiences QUICK FLASHES of food, her eating at a fine dining table, and Doctor ... in her cryo-chamber.

31 INT. LOBBY - DAY

31

Soldier and Engineer enter from adjoining doors.

## ENGINEER

Anything?

## SOLDIER

I've checked every room. There's no one else down here.

## ENGINEER

Keep looking. The Inventor's here alright.

Engineer moves on. Soldier looks up to the airlock. Then reasons against it.

32

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

32

Cabinets, drawers -- all empty of food. Nothing but KICKKNACKS and DUSTY DINING UTENSILS.

Engineer comes back from a pantry. He sets a WATER JUG and several TIN CANS on a countertop.

ENGINEER

Found these. And some water.

DOCTOR

Oh, wow.

SOLDIER

Don't you have a knack for finding things.

DOCTOR

Any indication to what is in them?

ENGINEER

No idea. But I found enough to last maybe a week.

BIOCHEMIST

Anyone seen a can opener?

Engineer opens a drawer next to him. Then the next. They're both empty. Psychologist checks a cabinet. Empty as well.

SOLDIER

You don't need a can opener to crack that.

Soldier takes one of the cans. He wedges the handle of a DUSTY SPOON to the roof of the can.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

A bunch of scientists and no one here knows how to open a can.

He WHACKS the bowl of the spoon. The SEAL of the can breaks. Soldier uses his finger to lift the sharp LID open.

BIOCHEMIST

What is it?

Soldier dumps some DRIED OATS onto a surface. He turns to the jug, adds water to the can. Everyone watches.

He picks up the spoon and stirs the water into a MUSHY PORRIDGE.

DOCTOR

Soldier, I don't think that's sanitary.

Soldier wipes the spoon across his jumpsuit. Then takes a bite.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Seems okay.

ENGINEER

Not steak, but it'll do.

DOCTOR

Thank God! I'm so hungry.

BIOCHEMIST

Being frozen burns a lot of calories.

Doctor is the next to grab a spoon and take a bite. The others all dig in like a pack of animals -- all except the Psychologist, who watches them eat.

Biochemist tries to open another can but doesn't have the strength. Engineer takes it from him. Looking directly at Soldier, he breaks its seal effortlessly.

And so the pissing contest begins.

33

INT. GAME ROOM - NIGHT

33

A RECORD spins. "REMEMBER" by Irving Berlin CROONS throughout the facility.

All five sit around enjoying a game of CLUE and eating oatmeal. They laugh, enjoying a brief moment away from the stress of survival.

DOCTOR

It's got to be Professor Plum, he hasn't shown up at all.

BIOCHEMIST

No, no, I think I've got it! I accuse Mrs. White, with the revolver, in the study.

Doctor checks the SLIP.

DOCTOR  
He's right!

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Dang.

SOLDIER  
This game is rigged.

BIOCHEMIST  
How do you rig Clue?

They all laugh, even Soldier.

SUDDENLY -- Doctor's laugh turns into a *WHEEZE*. Then a *COUGH*.  
She starts to *HACK* uncontrollably.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
Doctor? Doctor!

She collapses. The others rush to her aid and carry her from the room.

As they leave, the old-timey television flickers. Noise appears on screen with the slightest hint of a *FIGURE* watching them.

34 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

34

Engineer lays Doctor on the cot. She shivers under a *BLANKET*. Everyone hovers over her.

BIOCHEMIST  
Is it from cryosleep?

ENGINEER  
No way to tell. Could just be her  
body's way of adjusting.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Why haven't our memories come back  
yet?

BIOCHEMIST  
Maybe we were asleep too long.

ENGINEER  
They'll come. We should call it a  
night.



PSYCHOLOGIST  
That's a good idea.

He leaves, followed by Soldier. Biochemist lingers a beat.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
It's alright. I'll watch her.

Biochemist nods and exits. Psychologist stays, sitting next to Doctor -- digging deep into her memories.

35

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

35

Psychologist sits in front of the RECORDING camcorder.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
If you're watching this, I'm going to use this camera to keep track of everything.  
(sighs)  
We don't remember any personal details, but we have figured out the roles for the rest of the team: there's an engineer, who we know helped construct the cryo-chambers. He's convinced himself that the Inventor is still alive despite evidence of the contrary. And the biochemist, who is here to study the effects of coolant on our DNA, molecules, and enzymes. He is frantic, unpredictable. There is the military communications and technology specialist. I know he's hiding something. And the doctor, who doesn't want to admit she's getting sick. The only person I don't know is...

It dawns on her.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
God, I'm a psychologist.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER:** DAY TWO

36 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - DAY 36

Psychologist sits on the edge of her cot. She receives FLASHES of old memories again: food, her eating, and the others going into cryosleep.

Disappointed. She still can't make sense of anything.

37 INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY 37

Soldier shadow boxes. Performs push-ups and pull-ups. Trying to get his mind right.

38 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 38

WATER flows into a KETTLE. Steam builds. Doctor enjoys a moment to herself sitting in an OLD TUB ... letting hot water run over her body.

Behind her, the door opens. The silhouette of Biochemist watches her bathe.

Doctor stops washing her body. Waits. Something doesn't feel right ... she looks over her shoulder, no one is there.

39 INT. GAME ROOM - DAY 39

Psychologist and Engineer stare at the spilt oats on the floor and the water jug half-empty. The board game right where they left it from the night before.

PSYCHOLOGIST

We need to ration.

Doctor joins them.

DOCTOR

Good morning... I think?

BIOCHEMIST

How are you feeling?

DOCTOR

Fine, thanks. I keep getting this feeling that someone is watching me.

BIOCHEMIST

I know what you mean.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I was just telling the engineer, we probably need to start--

DOCTOR

Where's the soldier?

40 INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY

40

Soldier examines something near a wall stacked with MIRRORS. He's brandishing a REVOLVER. He opens the cylinder: five BULETS remain.

He tucks the gun in his pocket when --

ENGINEER (O.S.)

Soldier.

SOLDIER

Yes!

The team files in.

ENGINEER

Just checking you're alright.

SOLDIER

I'm good.

Beat. The moment is slightly awkward.

BIOCHEMIST

So, what's on the agenda today?

ENGINEER

We wait for the Inventor to return.

SOLDIER

Find a way out of here.

The two glare at each other.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

You still think the Inventor's alive?

ENGINEER

Until I see a body.

DOCTOR

Whatever we do, let's do it soon. I can't stand it down here.

PSYCHOLOGIST

The engineer is right. If all we find are more questions, then we need to wait until we remember the answers.

41 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

41

Doctor's hands shake. She struggles to place a STETHESCOPE on Soldier's shirtless back. He breathes deeply.

DOCTOR

How's your injury doing? Let me take a look.

Doctor closely removes the bandage from Soldier's chest. His body has zero scars on it like it did before.

SOLDIER

Let me ask you something, Doc. Aren't you concerned that someone might murder you in your sleep?

DOCTOR

That's a bit personal, isn't it?

SOLDIER

Is it?

Something about the way he says that makes Doctor uncomfortable. She swallows hard. Stands and turns away.

DOCTOR

You're worried that gunshot killed the Inventor?

SOLDIER

I'm worried about the figure that was hovering over me the moment I woke up. There's a lunatic out there, and we're going to carry on with our little experiment like nothing's wrong.

DOCTOR

The engineer seems to think you did it.

She places a CONTAINER of BLUE LIQUID in front of her.

SOLDIER

The engineer is a moron. He's suspicious of all the wrong signs.

DOCTOR

What exactly should we be looking  
for?

Doctor fills a syringe with the substance.

SOLDIER

It's poisoned air outside? Fine,  
but wouldn't the intruder be  
getting sick from exposure to  
radioactivity or something?  
Wouldn't they want to load up on  
our food and make a break for it?  
Or try taking us out, one by one.

She holds the syringe up. She turns back to Soldier.

CUT TO:

42 INT. OFFICE - DAY

42

Psychologist looks like she's seen a ghost. Perhaps deja vu?  
She tries to remember.

*FOOTSTEPS* grow louder. Biochemist sticks his head in.

BIOCHEMIST

Hey. Could you give me a  
psychoanalysis?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Why don't you start with your  
medical examination first.

Biochemist nods and steps back into the shadows.

BACK TO:

43 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

43

Doctor steps closer with the syringe. Soldier is lost in  
thought.

Right before she can prick him, Soldier grabs her arm.

DOCTOR

It's for the pain.

SOLDIER

Nuh-uh.

He releases his grip on her. She kneels and places a new BANDAGE on his wound.

DOCTOR  
Apart from the burn, you're as  
healthy as one can be.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
(shivers)  
Excuse me.

She exits as quickly as possible.

44 INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY

44

Engineer sits in front of the electrical box. He rummages through his notebook. Deep in the background, Old Man watches him.

*SQUEEKING.*

Engineer shines his flashlight around, tracking the noise. He turns his light to the back of the room. Old Man is gone.

He sees a hole in the concrete. Engineer shines his light in the hole and sees a RED BLINKING LIGHT.

He pulls the device out from the hole -- it's a CAMERA. Engineer smiles and places the camera back.

He leaves, forgetting about the sparking tubing for 005's chamber.

45 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

45

Biochemist sits on the gurney with his shirt off. Doctor releases the air from a BLOOD PRESSURE MONITOR.

DOCTOR  
Blood pressure's high.

BIOCHEMIST  
Given the circumstances.

Doctor places the head of the stethoscope on Biochemist's chest.

DOCTOR  
Deep breath.

BIOCHEMIST  
What do you think of all this?

DOCTOR  
(redirects)  
I just want answers.

BIOCHEMIST  
I'd like to remember my own name.  
And know that I'm safe.

DOCTOR  
Any luck on discovering when we  
are?

BIOCHEMIST  
Without samples to compare and  
carbon-date, it's going to be next  
to impossible.

Doctor's hand suddenly starts to shake. She drops the  
stethoscope.

DOCTOR  
Excuse me, I'm so sorry.

BIOCHEMIST  
Everything alright?

DOCTOR  
Yes, I just... does it feel cold in  
here to you?

Biochemist shrugs.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm freezing.

BIOCHEMIST  
Is there something I can do?

Doctor shakes her head, but is hit with a splitting brain  
freeze.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
Here. Sit.

Biochemist scoots over and holds up his shirt as a blanket.  
Doctor looks at him for a moment.

She awkwardly sits, but feels his warmth and cozies up to  
him. He covers her with his shirt.

After a moment, she becomes uncomfortable.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
I think--

DOCTOR  
Thank you. Much better. Nothing to  
worry about.

BIOCHEMIST  
Think it's from cryosleep?

DOCTOR  
Probably just a cold.

They are silent for a moment. Biochemist puts his shirt back  
on.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
So, what about the soldier?

BIOCHEMIST  
What about him?

DOCTOR  
Do you think we should trust him?

BIOCHEMIST  
Do you?

One *FOOTSTEP*. Almost as if it was intentional.

Soldier is standing in the open doorway. He stares at the  
two. They straighten themselves, nervously.

DOCTOR  
What can I do for you?

Soldier backs away. Doctor *SIGHS* in relief.

Biochemist notices a strand of Doctor's HAIR on his sleeve.  
He covertly pockets it.

46 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

46

Biochemist places Doctor's hair onto a GLASS SLIDE. He checks  
to make sure no one is coming.

Beneath his table, we see several OXYGEN TANKS. He looks into  
a MICROSCOPE.

MICROSCOPE VIEW:

The CELLS of the hair strand begin to crystalize into ice.



47

INT. OFFICE - DAY

47

Soldier takes a seat. Psychologist presses RECORD on her camcorder.

SOLDIER

Why are we doing this again?

PSYCHOLOGIST

It's a psychoanalysis. To make sure you're sane.

Soldier *SCOFFS*.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

So please just answer as truthfully as possible. What is your name?

SOLDIER

Sergeant I-Don't-Give-A-Shit.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You still don't know your name?

SOLDIER

Let me know when you do.

PSYCHOLOGIST

And you have military training. What branch?

Soldier thinks. He shakes his head.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

All your injuries? Any images, impressions? A tour in the Middle East?

He just sits there.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

What's the last thing you do remember?

SOLDIER

You, actually. I remember you telling me something, right before I went into cryosleep.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Really? Well that's good, something about cryosleep. What did I tell you? Was it important?

SOLDIER  
Yeah, yeah. Umm...

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Any impressions?

SOLDIER  
Yes. I'm trying to...

He thinks harder.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What was it?

SOLDIER  
I can't remember.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Yes, you can. Think!

SOLDIER  
I was in the chamber... and...

PSYCHOLOGIST  
(desperate)  
What was it?!

SOLDIER  
I can't FUCKING remember!

Embarrassed, Psychologist backs down. Gathers herself.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I shouldn't have pushed you so hard, it was unprofessional. I'm truly sorry.

SOLDIER  
What did you say?

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I'm truly sorry.

LIGHT BULB. A different look comes over Soldier. He remembers something. His eyes glisten as he looks at her. Despair.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
Soldier?

The realization fades. He wipes his eyes with his sleeve.

SOLDIER  
Go to hell.

Soldier rushes out as Biochemist enters.

BIOCHEMIST  
Can I borrow you for a minute?

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I promise I'll be ready for your  
evaluation in just a minute.

BIOCHEMIST  
No, it's not that. It's the doctor.

48

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

48

Psychologist leans over Doctor.

BIOCHEMIST  
I'm worried the cryosleep may have  
left some lingering effects on her  
cellular processes.

DOCTOR  
Seriously guys, I'm fine.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Are you sure? How do you know that?

BIOCHEMIST  
I mean... she was acting strange  
lately. All the physical  
manifestations.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Hmm. Well, you seem cognitively  
sound.

DOCTOR  
Please, you guys are stressing me  
out.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Well, we can't be too careful. What  
if cryosleep has negative effects?

DOCTOR  
I've just been a bit cold lately,  
that's all.  
(to Biochemist; humiliated)  
I can take care of my own health. I  
am a doctor, remember?

Doctor looks up, she seems to react to something.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
See? You guys better go. I'll catch  
up.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What?

SOLDIER (O.S.)  
Hey guys! We've got a problem!

Psychologist and Biochemist look at each other, then exit.

Doctor waits a moment, then slides a syringe into her arm.  
She draws her BLOOD. She's relieved when nothing seems odd  
with her blood.

SUDDENLY -- there's a *CRACKING* sound. She looks down. Her  
blood is crystallizing and FREEZES.

Nervously, she tucks the VIAL of blood under the gurney.  
Beneath the gurney are several other frozen VIALS of blood.

49 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

49

Soldier has laid out eleven cans next to the water jugs.  
Biochemist and Psychologist enter.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What's wrong?

SOLDIER  
This morning there were twelve  
cans. Now there's only eleven.

BIOCHEMIST  
Someone stole food. Who would do  
that?

Doctor enters, masking a worried expression.

SOLDIER  
That's what I would like to know.

BIOCHEMIST  
(to doctor)  
Are you okay?

DOCTOR  
I'm good.

SOLDIER

This food and water isn't going to last forever, which is something we need to be mindful of. No one is to take food without asking. Copy?

They nod.

50

INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 005 - DAY

50

Engineer holds up one of the POWER CABLES extending out Doctor's cryo-chamber -- it's SHREDDED.

ENGINEER

Shit.

PSYCHOLOGIST (O.S.)

Hey. What are you doing?

Engineer stands in front of the cryo-chamber.

ENGINEER

What?

PSYCHOLOGIST

What are you doing with the doctor's cryo-chamber?

Quick on his feet.

ENGINEER

I just had to be sure.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Sure about what?

ENGINEER

Her chamber. That there wasn't a problem.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Was there?

Psychologist moves towards the cryo-chamber. Engineer blocks the frayed wire with his leg.

ENGINEER

I've gone through every cryo-chamber. Checked the schematics. Down to every IC.

PSYCHOLOGIST

And?

He notices a small PLANTED MICROPHONE on the back of the chamber. What is that? He leans in.

Engineer grimaces. Suddenly suspicious in nature.

ENGINEER

And someone here isn't who they say they are. This was not part of the Inventor's design.

Engineer reaches under the machine and pulls out the microphone. They stare at each other.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Communications and technology?

He nods.

51 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

51

Engineer tosses down the mic.

SOLDIER

I don't know what that is.

ENGINEER

What about these?

Engineer pulls out the two walkies.

SOLDIER

Why are you going through my stuff?

DOCTOR

You have a radio?! We're saved!

SOLDIER

No. We're buried underground surrounded by cement walls. The frequency isn't going to reach anyone.

DOCTOR

So what do we do? There's got to be some way to get them to work.

SOLDIER

We need to get outside.

BIOCHEMIST

Just hold on second, did you forget about the toxins?

SOLDIER

No, you hold on a second. Did you forget about the person hunting us? Someone is still out there!

ENGINEER

No. Whoever opened the cryo-chambers is right here in this room.

Everyone is silent for a moment.

PSYCHOLOGIST

How can you be sure?

SOLDIER

He can't. Not until we check the perimeter.

ENGINEER

You said it yourself. There's no one else here.

SOLDIER

Right, down here. Including a missing body. Unless you found one?

DOCTOR

Then the only way to know for sure is by going outside. Because if it is one of us, staying down here is just as unsafe.

BIOCHEMIST

Or, we'll be just as safe if we stick together inside. Keep an eye on each other.

ENGINEER

Maybe that's just what they want us to think.

BIOCHEMIST

We can't go outside until we've tested that it's safe.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What will that take?

They all look at Biochemist for answers.

BIOCHEMIST

Well, for starters, we need a way to breathe oxygen.

(MORE)

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
Probably some sort of protection  
for our skin and eyes.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Okay, that's a start. What else?

52 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

52

MONTAGE

-- Soldier and Engineer are led by Biochemist -- the two  
bigger men carrying oxygen tanks under their arms.

-- Doctor holds up a pair of SAFETY GOGGLES attached to a  
SURGICAL RESPIRATOR MASK.

-- Psychologist scrapes together some LOOSE CLOTHING -- a  
BEANIE, JACKET, GLOVES, WORK BOOTS.

END OF MONTAGE

They look at their creation -- a conglomeration of materials  
resulting in a HAZMAT SUIT.

SOLDIER  
I think I should go.

ENGINEER  
No way!

SOLDIER  
Why not?

ENGINEER  
You won't come back. We'll be stuck  
here.

Soldier looks to Psychologist.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
You did say you wanted to leave.

SOLDIER  
If not me then who?

DOCTOR  
Me. I'm going.

Everyone stares at the sick woman.

BIOCHEMIST  
In your condition, whatever is out  
there could be more dangerous--



DOCTOR  
It could be less dangerous. Anyway,  
anything is better than staying  
down here doing nothing!

Doctor tries to plug the oxygen tube into the mask but her  
hand shakes too violently to succeed. She looks at Biochemist  
and stops.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
You should go.

BIOCHEMIST  
Me? No. I was against this plan  
since the beginning.

DOCTOR  
It has to be you. You need samples,  
right? To figure out how long we've  
been down here. Determine if the  
air is safe.

ENGINEER  
Yeah.

BIOCHEMIST  
Can't someone else do it?

SOLDIER  
Tell me what to grab and I'll--

ENGINEER  
NO! Not you.  
(to Biochemist)  
You're going to do it. You go out  
first thing in the morning.

Engineer walks out as though his word is law in the bunker.

53 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

53

The group eats their oatmeal in silence. Everyone is  
beginning to display SHADOWY BAGS under their eyes.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I don't know how much longer I can  
eat this.

DOCTOR  
As long as we're here, what choice  
do we have.

Psychologist pushes her meal away and leaves. Doctor waits, then takes what is left.

54 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 54

Biochemist stares up at the airlock.

55 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - NIGHT 55

Doctor shakes off a cold sweat. Psychologist enters, ready for bed. She turns off the light.

DOCTOR  
Can you... leave a light on?

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Of course.

Psychologist cracks the hallway door and climbs into bed.

56 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 56

Psychologist is DREAMING.

Across the table from her sits Old Man. Between them are BREADS, MILK, WINE, MEATS, FRUIT. He smiles and raises a GLASS.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER:** DAY THREE

57 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - DAY 57

Psychologist opens her eyes. They're teary. Doctor is knelt over her -- looking terribly ill.

DOCTOR  
Hey, hey! You're okay. It's me.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Doc, what is it? Everything okay?

DOCTOR  
Yeah. I was just wondering if... we could talk?

Doctor has a secret she desperately wants to get off her chest.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Sure. You feeling any better?

DOCTOR  
I'm alive.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Come with me.

58 INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY 58

Engineer steps in front of the hidden camera. He holds up the microphone.

ENGINEER  
I told the others that the soldier  
planted this. I had to pin some  
kind of evidence on him. But I know  
it was you. And I am grateful for  
the true evidence that you're still  
out there, watching over us.

59 INT. LABORATORY ROOM - DAY 59

Biochemist approaches. He eyes the oxygen masks they built  
the night before -- calculating everything.

60 INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 60

ENGINEER  
We have had a few unforeseen  
complications but don't worry.  
Nothing will stand in the way of  
this experiment. I don't know if or  
when you'll get this message, but I  
know that you'll be back. And I'll  
be here, waiting.

61 INT. OFFICE - DAY 61

Psychologist presses RECORD on her camera.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I'm going to record this if you  
don't mind. For my research. We can  
count this as your psychoanalysis.

DOCTOR  
That's fine.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Okay. Let's start with the basics.  
What is your name?

DOCTOR

Still don't know. But I'm certain  
I'm a physician.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What about family?

DOCTOR

Don't have any. I think my mother  
died when I was a child...

PSYCHOLOGIST

I'm sorry to hear that. I lost my  
father to dementia.

DOCTOR

You remember your father?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Hardly. It was devastating when his  
mind started slipping away. He'd  
just repeat everything verbatim.  
It's uncanny how preset our brains  
are when you strip it all away.

DOCTOR

I don't really remember much.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What do you remember?

DOCTOR

I remember volunteering for this. I  
wanted my research to mean  
something. To influence mankind.  
They picked only a few of us.  
Cryosleep was supposed to open  
doors to space travel, cure  
diseases, slow aging. Even help us  
to evolve. This was our chance to  
unite the world through perfect  
preservation. The Inventor asked us  
to imagine the possibilities...

(wet eyes)

But then we woke up. And now I'm  
sick and frozen. So I figured we  
must have failed.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Doctor, I'm sure there is still  
time--

DOCTOR

But something else started  
happening. And now I'm starting to  
wonder, maybe there's more to all  
this than we thought.

62 INT. LABORATORY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

62

Biochemist rips the mask off his face. He can't do this.

*SQUEEKS.*

He turns to find three RATS, huddled together. He rushes over  
and catches one.

Biochemist places the rat in a TESTING CONTAINER and hurries  
over to the opened door.

BIOCHEMIST

GUYS! I found the rats. I can run  
the experiments on them. I don't  
need to go outside--

He turns back. Inside the container are BONES of a rat -- at  
least five years old and rotting.

63 INT. OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

63

Psychologist leans in. She grabs her notepad.

DOCTOR

This is why I wanted to talk to  
you. I keep hearing things. Seeing  
visions. Like I know what's going  
to happen. We need to leave.

PSYCHOLOGIST

(disappointed)

Doctor... the engineer told us not  
to trust the side effects of  
cryosleep--

DOCTOR

No, it's more than that! I'm  
telling you--

PSYCHOLOGIST

I'm sorry, but these sound like hallucinations. Night terrors. Surely you of all people understand that.

DOCTOR

No, it's more than that. Please. I-I... I thought the experiment was going to work. I didn't think it was going to be like this.

Doctor's eyes close as she starts to *CHATTER* and convulse.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Doctor?

Doctor suddenly opens her eyes. A look of horror spreads over her as she looks to the door. She *SCREAMS*.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

What? What is it!

Psychologist looks towards the door. It's closed. She reaches for Doctor, who recoils in fear.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Shh. Just...

Doctor seems to go into a trance. Then --

DOCTOR

(calm)  
It's time.

A *KNOCK* on the door.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

It's time. Hello?

Soldier sticks his head in and sees Doctor, now asleep.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Everything okay in here?

PSYCHOLOGIST

...Yes. We'll be right there.

Psychologist is dumbfounded.

64 INT. LOBBY - DAY

64

Biochemist awkwardly wears the ghetto-made oxygen mask and hazmat suit. Engineer hands him a walkie.

ENGINEER

Once out there, report everything.  
Stay within range.

BIOCHEMIST

Yeah. Okay.

Biochemist *GULPS*. He makes the lonesome walk up the stairs.

SOLDIER

A coward dies a thousand deaths,  
friend.

The others watch as he *UNZIPS* the air lock, steps through.

65 INT. AIRLOCK - DAY

65

Biochemist enters through one door, to face another. This door has a WINDOW with bright sunlight blasting through. He opens it.

66 EXT. LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

66

The four others tilt an ear towards their walkie. They listen to the sound of *HEAVY FOOTSTEPS*.

PSYCHOLOGIST

He's running.

SOLDIER

Kid's afraid of his own shadow.  
He'd run from anything.

*DEEP, SCARED BREATHS*. The connection goes DEAD.

ENGINEER

HELLO?! Are you still there?

They stare at each other for a moment. It's silent.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Did we send him to his death?

Biochemist *BURSTS* through the airlock -- quick to zip it up behind him. He skips several stairs with each step until he lands in the middle of the scientists.

ENGINEER

What happened out there, big guy?

BIOCHEMIST

Don't make me go back out there.

DOCTOR

Why, what did you see?

BIOCHEMIST

Hot. Unfamiliar. It's not safe.

DOCTOR

The air?

BIOCHEMIST

Poison. All of it! The whole world... it's... we're stuck here.

Soldier looks up to the airlock door.

DOCTOR

(distressed)

No.

BIOCHEMIST

I'm sorry. I tried.

He *COUGHS*, looking for reassurance.

67 INT. ESCAPE LADDER - DAY

67

Doctor hopelessly looks up at the sunlight beaming down.  
Biochemist approaches.

BIOCHEMIST

I'm sorry.

DOCTOR

I have to get out of here.

68 INT. GAME ROOM - NIGHT

68

The record player *CRIES* the same tune as before, only this time it feels lonelier, matching the mood in the room.

PSYCHOLOGIST

This isn't right. We should have remembered by now. We're overlooking something.



ENGINEER  
The Inventor will--

SOLDIER  
The Inventor is dead! There's no  
one coming for us.

DOCTOR  
Why am I getting sicker than the  
rest of you?

ENGINEER  
Everyone responds differently to  
cryosleep.

SOLDIER  
No. So far, only she's responded  
differently.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What?

SOLDIER  
You did something, didn't you?

ENGINEER  
What are you talking about?

SOLDIER  
To her cryo-chamber. To all of us.

ENGINEER  
There's nothing wrong with her  
chamber.

BIOCHEMIST  
How do you know that?

ENGINEER  
Because, I... I built them.

SOLDIER  
Then why don't we go have a look?

ENGINEER  
No!

SOLDIER  
What aren't you--

Engineer stands, suddenly seeming bigger than before. Soldier  
also jumps to his feet, guarded.

ENGINEER

Enough! I've heard enough out of you!

PSYCHOLOGIST

Would you guys cut it out?! I'm so sick of listening to your egos go at it!

Engineer sits back down. He looks to Doctor, who recoils from him and starts to CRY.

ENGINEER

You're right. I'm sorry.

BIOCHEMIST

(to Doctor)

We're going to figure this out.

Still standing, Soldier sees a SHADOWY FIGURE behind the rest of the group. He blinks hard. The figure is gone.

SOLDIER

I'm going to bed.

69 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

69

Psychologist washes her face. She looks at herself in the mirror. She, too, is starting to lose it.

Doctor *SOBS* from the next room over.

70 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

70

Psychologist lays a PILLOW on the ground, next to the cot. She holds Doctor's hand, comforting her.

More FLASHES from her dreams manifest to Psychologist.

CUT TO:

71 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

71

Psychologist *ZIPS* up her jumpsuit. Grabs a flashlight. She's ready to go find answers.

72 INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

72

Psychologist stops and sees the bloody handprint from before. Only this time, there are dozens of HANDPRINTS.

73

INT. DARK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

73

Psychologist shines her flashlight down the long tunnel. She thinks she might see something ... or someone. Maybe not.

She turns and standing behind her is Soldier -- his face is bloody and mangled.

Psychologist drops her flashlight in surprise.

She picks it up and quickly shines the light back on him. Soldier's face is perfectly normal.

He's got the machete perched against his shoulder.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Where'd you get that?

SOLDIER

Found it in the tool room. Thought we could use it for protection. What are you doing up?

PSYCHOLOGIST

I could ask you the same question.

Soldier steps closer.

SOLDIER

We're being watched. I'm positive this entire place is bugged. Hidden cameras and microphones everywhere.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You'd know something about that. Communications and technology.

SOLDIER

You think you've got everyone figured out. There's more going on here. The engineer knows more than he lets on. The biochemist stalks around when he thinks no one is watching. And the doctor--

PSYCHOLOGIST

Is a sick, dying woman.

SOLDIER

You know what? Let's say the air outside is poison and someone's stuck down here. How do you think their body would respond?

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Let's not forget about you.

Now it's Psychologist's turn to take a step closer.

SOLDIER  
What about me?

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I know I heard a gunshot that first night. Were you supposed to bring a gun to this experiment? And you can't have an arsenal, which tells me you have what? A few bullets left. Maybe more if you came prepared.

She has said all she's needed to. She begins to leave.

SOLDIER  
We all have our secrets. You should be careful.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Goodnight, soldier.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER:** DAY FOUR

74 INT. OFFICE - DAY

74

It's time for Engineer's psychoanalysis.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Would you state your name to camera?

He shrugs.

ENGINEER  
I wish I could.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
(not wasting time)  
Why is the doctor freezing to death?

ENGINEER  
Do you ask everyone that?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Cryo-genesis is causing some anomalous form of hyperthermia and hallucinations. I saw you tampering with her chamber.

Engineer eyes the camera. Psychologists reads the message. She turns off the camera and closes the MONITOR.

Secretly, she re-presses the RECORD button.

ENGINEER

(leaning in)

There is a problem with her chamber. There was a power problem that somehow disrupted the physiochemical thawing process.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What's happening? Why didn't you say anything?

ENGINEER

I was waiting for the imposter to reveal himself. I mean, somebody is here trying to pick us off. Kill the Inventor.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You seem to think the Inventor is still coming. But there's all that blood.

ENGINEER

It belongs to obviously someone on this team. I mean, the imposter could have disposed of the body and jumped into one of the cryo-chambers and then woke up with us. It could be the doctor. The Inventor foresaw all of this.

Psychologist recognizes Engineer is starting to lose it.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

And he'll reveal himself when the time is right. So until that time I will act as his voice.

She sits back in her seat. Shocked.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You remember a lot about the Inventor. What did he look like?

ENGINEER

He, um...

PSYCHOLOGIST

Do you know how old he is? His race?

ENGINEER

Uhm. The details are...

PSYCHOLOGIST

Are you sure the Inventor is even a man?

ENGINEER

It-it...

PSYCHOLOGIST

Did you know that the doctor thinks she can see the future now? Maybe cryosleep is taking more than our memories. What if the Inventor lost his way?

Engineer is at a loss for words.

The camcorder *DINGS*. Engineer looks up; pissed.

He stands and turns the camera off.

ENGINEER

The Inventor will return. And he'll tell us who to trust. And he'll take us to a safe haven. Even the ninth sphere.

He storms out. Psychologist considers his words for a moment.

She runs her fingers through a BOOK on memory loss. Her mind is becoming a jumbled mess. Even the words in the book appear to be jumping off the page.

Psychologist sees her notepad from the corner of her eye. Picks it up. She stares at the circled 9.

Viola! She quickly exits her office.

Doctor passes by the office door -- almost as if she was sleepwalking.

Doctor begins her climb up the ladder.

76

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

76

Psychologist enters as Soldier and Engineer argue next to seven cans of food.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What's going on?

SOLDIER

Someone stole more food.

ENGINEER

"Someone" meaning someone here.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Whatever. That may not matter now.  
I have a solution.

SOLDIER

Of course you do.

77

INT. ESCAPE LADDER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

77

Doctor nears the top. She reaches for the latch.

78

INT. BOLTED DOOR - DAY

78

Psychologist holds up her notebook to Engineer and Soldier.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Zero, zero, nine. The ninth sphere  
of heaven. That's what the Inventor  
always talked about, right?

ENGINEER

Uh-huh.

She dials: 0-0-9. DENIED. One attempt remaining.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I thought...

ENGINEER

No one touches this pass-lock  
again.

Soldier kicks the door in a fit of rage.

CUT TO:

79

INT. ESCAPE LADDER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

79

BIOCHEMIST

What are you doing?

Doctor spins around. Biochemist has got a hold of her leg.

DOCTOR

I just wanted to see the sun.

BIOCHEMIST

It's poisonous out there, remember?  
Why don't you come back down here.  
Where it's safe.

She hesitantly steps down the ladder.

80

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

80

All five look down at the seven remaining cans.

SOLDIER

Anyone care to explain why our food  
keeps disappearing?

Beat.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

The killer could be trying to  
starve us out.

ENGINEER

Yeah? Is that a military tactic?

SOLDIER

(crazed)

SOMEONE here is not telling the  
truth.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Please, just calm down.

SOLDIER

CALM?! I'm sick of being calm!

Doctor starts to CRY. Soldier hones in on her.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

How sick are you, Doctor? What's  
your diagnosis? Because I thought  
sick people don't want to eat.



DOCTOR  
I've been so cold and so hungry.

SOLDIER  
WE'RE ALL HUNGRY!

BIOCHEMIST  
Don't yell at her.

ENGINEER  
Doctor, you're dying. Don't drag us  
down with you.

Doctor looks for help. No one offers her any.

DOCTOR  
I'm sorry.

SOLDIER  
Sorry is not going to cut it this  
time.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Wait. Let's hear her out.

SOLDIER  
No! There's no talking your way out  
of this. Did you eat the food or  
not?

BIOCHEMIST  
I did it.

They all turn to look at Biochemist. Doctor thanks him with  
her eyes. Soldier scowls.

SOLDIER  
You did what?

He towers over Biochemist, who deflates.

BIOCHEMIST  
I... saw her eat it. She needed it.  
She really is sick.

Doctor hangs her head low.

SOLDIER  
Then I guess that settles it.

Soldier grabs at Doctor.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Leave her alone! Can't you see  
she's suffering? You all need to  
calm down!

Soldier backs off but it's clear -- he's not thinking  
straight anymore.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

The key is in our memories! We have  
to remember.

ENGINEER

This again.

SOLDIER

And what's always keeping you so  
calm? You don't seem to be afraid  
of dying down here. How do you  
always have all the answers? You're  
telling every single one of us what  
to do.

The others look at Psychologist accusingly.

ENGINEER

Well?

A crazed fear comes over the Soldier's eyes. Desperation.

SOLDIER

No. I am NOT going out like this,  
I'm not about to starve to death!

Soldier suddenly sees a SHADOWY FIGURE walk down the hallway.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Stay away from me.

He marches out. Doctor takes a step.

ENGINEER

(to Doctor)

Where are you going?

DOCTOR

To lay down now.

ENGINEER

Don't steal from us again.

PSYCHOLOGIST

She won't.

Doctor makes her exit.

ENGINEER  
Sure she will. People never change.

81 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - DAY 81

Doctor stands in front of her cot, shivering. After a moment, she resigns herself to the cold. She closes her eyes and starts to *UNZIP* her jumpsuit, slipping it off of her shoulders.

Biochemist follows Doctor into the room.

BIOCHEMIST  
How are you feeling?

Doctor quickly zips her jumpsuit back up.

82 INT. LOBBY - DAY 82

The SHADOWY FIGURE moves past the lobby, into the tool room.

SOLDIER  
Hey. Hey!

Soldier pursues.

83 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 83

DOCTOR  
Why did you sign up for this?

Beat.

BIOCHEMIST  
I wanted to last. I love the idea of permanence.

Biochemist sits on the other cot.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
I've been doing some of my best work on your cells to try to identify the problem. Unfortunately, prognosis isn't really my field of expertise.

DOCTOR  
My cells? How did you get my cells?

Biochemist isn't sure what to say.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I probably forgot.

He dodged that bullet.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Everything's drifting in and out.  
It's like... there's a tug-of-war  
going on inside my head... Part of  
me keeps getting more and more  
lost, nothing is making any  
sense... And I am so cold...

Doctor looks vulnerably into Biochemist's eyes. He takes her hand. It's blue and freezing.

BIOCHEMIST  
Doctor, you hand.

CUT TO:

84 INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY

84

Soldier sneaks into the dark tool room, gets out his revolver. A mad look in his eye.

BACK TO:

85 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

85

DOCTOR  
We have to move out of the past to  
remember the future. We have to  
wake up!

BIOCHEMIST  
We did wake up, remember? Guys,  
help! I think she's hallucinating  
again.

Doctor opens her mouth into a silent scream.

Psychologist and Engineer hurry in.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What is it?

BIOCHEMIST  
I don't know. She just started  
rambling off nonsense.

DOCTOR  
No. No, I remember. Oh, God, I'm  
sorry. I'm in hell.

Biochemist spins back to Doctor, but she's passed out.

86

INT. OFFICE - DAY

86

Psychologist grabs her notepad, glaring at the 9 inside of a circle.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
This isn't the ninth sphere of  
heaven.

She pulls back out the book, Divine Comedy. In the index she finds the page number for INFERNO.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
It's the ninth circle of hell.

She opens to the page.

A 4x6 PHOTOGRAPH falls from the book. The page she's on shows: the NINTH CIRCLE OF HELL and a picture of THE FROZEN LAKE.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
The frozen lake.

Psychologist picks up the photograph. Her eyes widen.

INSERT:

There are five bodies in the photograph. Four fresh-faced scientists in their corresponding-numbered jumpsuits smiling with their arms around each other. The fifth body's number reads 004 but the face of the occupant has been ripped out.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
Guys... Hey, guys!

They look down the hallway.

CUT TO:

87

INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

87

Soldier treads cautiously. He knows he's not alone.

BACK TO:

88 INT. OFFICE - DAY 88

Biochemist and Engineer examine the photograph.

ENGINEER  
Where is he now?

CUT TO:

89 INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 89

Soldier sees movement. He opens fire five TIMES. A mirror SHATTERS into pieces.

He blinks heavily. No one is there. He fired at his own reflection. What just happened?

He pockets his weapon and steps back out into the lobby.

90 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 90

Engineer rushes Soldier, pushing him into a wall.

SOLDIER  
What are you doing?

ENGINEER  
I want the truth. Who are you?

SOLDIER  
What?

Engineer pushes away. He pins the photograph to Soldier's chest.

ENGINEER  
What did you do with the real  
number four?

SOLDIER  
I don't know what the hell you are  
talking about.

Soldier backs up.

ENGINEER  
Come here!

Soldier raises the revolver to Engineer's face.

SOLDIER  
Back. Off.

ENGINEER

I knew it! I knew it was you!

PSYCHOLOGIST

Where did you get a gun?

SOLDIER

It was next to my cryo-chamber when I woke up.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Who are you?

SOLDIER

I'm a military communications and defense specialist, which is why I have a gun. Here testing cryosleep, same as you.

ENGINEER

Hand over the gun and we'll see.

SOLDIER

No way. You're not laying a finger on me.

ENGINEER

What did you do to the Inventor?

SOLDIER

I've never seen your ridiculous Inventor! If he's even real.

ENGINEER

He's as real as any of us.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Soldier--

SOLDIER

I am who I say I am. From now on, stay away from me.

Soldier slowly backs out of the space. The others stay where they are.

Psychologist, Engineer, and Biochemist discuss their options.

ENGINEER

We have to lock him outside unless he hands over the gun, and what he did with the Inventor.

PSYCHOLOGIST

But that would kill him.

BIOCHEMIST

I don't think that's a good idea.

ENGINEER

Why the hell not? The air will kill him, right?

BIOCHEMIST

There's still a slight chance he could get back in. Unless we're 100% certain that he--

ENGINEER

Enough! It's a risk we'll have to take.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Maybe we can talk to him.

ENGINEER

Are you kidding? The guy's a loose cannon. No, reasoning with him is over.

Engineer blinks heavily ... slightly unhinged. Doctor wanders into the room swaddled in a blanket.

DOCTOR

(faint)

Wait.

She collapses to the floor. The group springs to her aid, then look at one another. This is the worst they've seen her.

92

INT. TOOL ROOM - NIGHT

92

Soldier sits ... waiting in the dark. Biochemist creeps inside with a flashlight. Soldier jumps to his feet.

BIOCHEMIST

Wait, wait! Please! I need your help.

SOLDIER

What do you want?



BIOCHEMIST

It's the doctor. She's had a seizure, she needs electroconvulsive therapy. You could make something for that, right?

SOLDIER

I thought I was the bad guy?

BIOCHEMIST

The others seem to think so.

Beat.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)

They're going to try and take your gun.

Soldier thinks.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)

If you help me, you can prove your innocence.

SOLDIER

Where is she?

BIOCHEMIST

I'll show you.

93 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

93

Soldier follows behind Biochemist. They pass an opened door.

Engineer lunges from the room and wraps a ROPE around Soldier's neck.

ENGINEER

GO!

Soldier begins whaling on Engineer. Biochemist grabs Soldier by the legs. Soldier squirms.

94 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

94

Engineer and Biochemist do everything they can to hold the Soldier in a chair as Psychologist stands by watching.

SOLDIER

HELP! HELP!

Biochemist has to use all of his weight to keep Soldier down.  
Engineer pats Soldier's pockets.

ENGINEER  
Come on, hurry!

Engineer looks to Psychologist.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)  
Go find the gun.

Biochemist ties Soldier's hands behind his back. Then his chest to the chair. Engineer releases his lock on Soldier's throat.

Soldier kicks Biochemist away from him. Engineer punches the struggling man in the jaw.

Soldier *SCREAMS* wildly, banging his head against the wall next to him. Biochemist can no longer hold him -- he starts to escape.

SOLDIER  
UNTIE ME!

Engineer grabs a flashlight and CLONKS Soldier in the head.

CUT TO BLACK.

95 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

95

FADE IN:

Soldier wakes. BLOOD tricking down his head. He's tied down with the rope. A BRIGHT LIGHT blinding him.

ENGINEER  
Where's the gun?

Soldier offers a smirk. He'll never tell. Engineer raises the flashlight to Soldier's chin.

96 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

96

CAMCORDER FOOTAGE:

Psychologist sits into frame. She talks directly to camera.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Self analysis. Today is day four  
since waking from cryosleep.  
(MORE)

## PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I'm a psychologist, but I don't remember much. Images mostly. My dad's dementia, climbing into a cryo-chamber. I still don't know own my name. I need to remember.

(rubs her eyes)

After getting sick, our doctor voiced concern that this whole experiment was a failure. I'm worried she may be right. I'm developing similar symptoms now. Visions, hallucinations. But she said something that I can't shake. That maybe there's more to this than we thought. I don't know if we're doing the right thing. But I believe the answers lie in our memories.

97 INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - NIGHT

97

Doctor's eyes are closed but she's clearly awake. She flinches every time she hears Soldier's *YELPS* from torture.

Biochemist watches her from the hallway outside.

98 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

98

Psychologist is curled up in her office, alone, listening to the *SCREAMS* of the Soldier. Tears roll down her cheeks. On her notepad, she scrawls: a 9 within a CIRCLE.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER: DAY FIVE**

99 INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

99

Psychologist slips into the dark room. Soldier hangs his head, exhausted. Beaten and bruised.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Are you alright? I didn't know--

SOLDIER

You were right. We should have stayed calm.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I didn't know.

SOLDIER

It was always going to play out  
like this.

Psychologist isn't sure what to say. They hear *FOOTSTEPS*.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

You better go.

100

INT. WOMEN'S BUNK ROOM - DAY

100

Biochemist hovers next to the unconscious Doctor.

BIOCHEMIST

Doctor?

She doesn't respond. He takes her hand, starts to stroke it.  
He leans in and plants a soft kiss on her lips.

PSYCHOLOGIST (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Surprised, Biochemist WHIRLS around.

BIOCHEMIST

I'm just... listening. For a  
heartbeat. She won't wake.

Psychologist rushes over and shakes Doctor.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Doctor.

No response.

101

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

101

Doctor's cold, motionless body lies on the gurney.

ENGINEER

The Inventor would've known what to  
do.

PSYCHOLOGIST

So he really is gone, then?

BIOCHEMIST

It's like her body wants to stay  
frozen.

Engineer tries to think of something to say.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I don't know. She might get better.  
She looks okay right now.

Biochemist leans in close.

BIOCHEMIST

Wait a minute. Yes. Yes, that could  
work actually.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What?

BIOCHEMIST

What's killing her could be the  
very thing that can save her.  
They're supposed to heal you,  
right?

PSYCHOLOGIST

What are you suggesting? That we  
put her back in?

ENGINEER

Hm. It will at least stop  
whatever's happening, give her more  
time. May even be like hitting a  
reset button.

BIOCHEMIST

(to himself)

The only sure chance of survival.

ENGINEER

The Inventor's still sharing his  
gift with us. We better go check on  
our little friend.

102 INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

102

Engineer enters the room with the machete. Biochemist and  
Psychologist are close on his heels.

Engineer stops, surprised.

ENGINEER

What the--

Soldier, untying his final hand, is seconds from escaping. He  
sees them and lifts the chair, using it as a shield.

SOLDIER

Stay back! I don't want trouble.

Soldier steps to the side, trying to walk around the group.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What do you want?

SOLDIER  
I just want out of here.

ENGINEER  
Then let's get you out of here.

Soldier is surprised. Cautiously, he makes his way out of the room. Followed by Engineer and the others.

103 INT. LOBBY - DAY

103

Engineer motions to the stairs. Soldier gives a hard look.

ENGINEER  
Go on. Leave.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What?

ENGINEER  
You want out of here, there's the door.

Engineer takes a few steps forward, forcing Soldier up the stairs.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
He'll die out there.

ENGINEER  
Better than him killing us in our sleep.

Biochemist panics.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)  
GO ON!

Soldier reaches the airlock door.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Just tell us where the gun is! We can work something out.

ENGINEER  
I've got it worked out. He leaves now. Or he comes down here and I chop him to pieces.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
You can't be serious.

Engineer uses the machete to push Psychologist back.

SOLDIER  
It's okay. I'll take my chances.  
(to Biochemist)  
People are predictable.

Soldier *UNZIPS* the airlock and steps through the veil.

104 INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

104

Engineer settles in. He's finally at peace -- setting the machete on the board game.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Why did you do that?

ENGINEER  
(rhetorical)  
Why did I save our lives?

BIOCHEMIST  
Guys.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
You killed him.

BIOCHEMIST  
GUYS. The doctor.

Engineer almost forgot what they still need to do.

He's the first to leave, then Psychologist. Lagging and last to leave, Biochemist.

105 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 005 - DAY

105

Engineer nods his head. Psychologist closes the cryo-chamber over Doctor. Biochemist stares, fascinated by her.

Psychologist presses the start button and Doctor freezes into cryosleep.

106 INT. BOLTED DOOR - DAY

106

Engineer slams himself against the freezer door. He tries prying it open with a WRENCH, then slams the door with it. Nothing.

The others sit helplessly. Engineer storms out of the room, the others follow.

107 INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

107

The machete is GONE.

ENGINEER

The machete! I left it right here.

PSYCHOLOGIST

None of us took it. We've been together all morning.

ENGINEER

Someone had to.

BIOCHEMIST

Wait! What does that mean then?

PSYCHOLOGIST

The soldier.

ENGINEER

Impossible. The air is toxic. The soldier is dead, right? Right?!

BIOCHEMIST

Yes, the air is toxic.

ENGINEER

It had to be someone else.

PSYCHOLOGIST

But what about everything with the photograph and the missing number?

ENGINEER

A red herring. One of you two aren't who you say you are.

BIOCHEMIST

Wait a second, the same could be true of you!

PSYCHOLOGIST

We forced an innocent man to his death?!

ENGINEER

No. He was still guilty. Just like one of you.



BIOCHEMIST

Hold on. There's still the option  
that someone else is down here.

ENGINEER

Alright. From now on, we all stick  
together. No one goes anywhere  
alone.

108 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

108

Engineer has manned one corner, with his flashlight.  
Biochemist in his corner, with the lead pipe from the power  
room. And Psychologist in her corner, toting the wrench.

For rest of the night, they all keep a worried eye on each  
other.

Psychologist drifts to sleep.

109 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 002 - NIGHT

109

Psychologist DREAMS. She sees the faces of the all the OTHERS  
asleep in cryo. She climbs into her own cryo-chamber.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

It will be as though you've passed  
through a veil of forgetfulness.  
You must remember.

Freezing water rushes over her.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER:** DAY SIX

110 INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

110

Psychologist opens her eyes. She looks around. Engineer and  
Biochemist sit in their corners -- bags deeply formed under  
their eyes.

ENGINEER

I see no one has killed each other.  
Yet.

BIOCHEMIST

Because none of us are killers.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I remember.

BIOCHEMIST

Your name?

PSYCHOLOGIST

No. The test. This whole experiment. It's not what we thought it was.

BIOCHEMIST

It's happening to her too. You sure you're feeling okay?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Shut up and listen to me! This test was never to see if cryo-sleep works.

ENGINEER

What are you talking about? Of course it is.

PSYCHOLOGIST

No. This experiment was meant for us. To test our memories.

ENGINEER

You've been saying this from the start.

PSYCHOLOGIST

And now I know why. Because that was our objective.

ENGINEER

That's not right. That's not at all what the Inventor--

PSYCHOLOGIST

That's not what we were told, I know.

BIOCHEMIST

Why would someone want to test our memories?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Because cryosleep is worthless if you don't know who you are when you wake up.

ENGINEER

That's not possible! There was a plan.

(MORE)

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

I helped build those cryo-chambers,  
the Inventor was my friend. He  
wouldn't have lied to me. Made me  
into some kind of lab rat!

PSYCHOLOGIST

Then why aren't our memories coming  
back?

ENGINEER

I don't know.

BIOCHEMIST

Maybe she's right. When brain cells  
don't receive enough oxygen, memory  
breaks down and fails.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Think about it... we all wake up at  
the same time? The microphone you  
found, we're being recorded.  
Studied.

ENGINEER

I don't believe that.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Alright, well, maybe everyone's  
dead. Or maybe we're being hunted.  
But right now it's all we've got.

BIOCHEMIST

And how do you propose we bootstrap  
memory?

They pause and think for a moment.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You said oxygen was the problem.  
Could it also be the solution?

111 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

111

The group assembles around the oxygen tanks.

BIOCHEMIST

We can try to re-pressurize the air  
flow. In theory if we shoot enough  
oxygen into the cerebrum it  
essentially flushes out the bad  
with the good. It jump-starts our  
brains. But it's risky.

ENGINEER

No one is jump-starting my brain.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You want your memories back, don't you?

ENGINEER

Not if it means I'm going to die.

PSYCHOLOGIST

If we don't, we'll die anyway.

ENGINEER (CONSIDERS)

Then let's hope this idea of yours works.

Engineer and Biochemist work on altering the oxygen tanks.

112 EXT. LOBBY - NIGHT

112

Psychologist looks at the airlock. The poor soldier. She steps closer to it. Engineer grabs her shoulder and yanks her around.

ENGINEER

What are you doing?

PSYCHOLOGIST

I was... nothing.

ENGINEER

It's ready.

She nods.

113 INT. LABORATORY ROOM - NIGHT

113

They stare at their oxygen tanks and mask, now strapped to a CHAIR. Engineer offers a look of trust to Psychologist.

ENGINEER

I'm assuming you want me to do it.  
(no reply)

Fine.

He straps the device to this head.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You okay?

ENGINEER

Yeah.

BIOCHEMIST

Alright, I'm going to begin the  
flow of oxygen.

Biochemist cranks the nob of the tank. Air *WHISTLES* through the tube into Engineer's mask. It's uncomfortable but he seems unfazed.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Anything?

Engineer shakes his head.

BIOCHEMIST

Okay, I'm going to increase the  
pressure.

Biochemist turns the knob more. The air increases. Engineer cocks his head. It's discomfoting.

ENGINEER

All the way.

BIOCHEMIST

You sure.

ENGINEER

Do it.

Biochemist releases all of the pressure. It *BLASTS* into the Engineer's skull. He stands and backs into a wall, cupping his temples, *GROANING*.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Stop it. Turn it off.

Before Biochemist can turn the airflow off, Engineer slams the device against the wall -- the man and the device drop to the floor.

Biochemist rushes over.

BIOCHEMIST

Hey, are you alright?

ENGINEER

It didn't work. The doctor. I'm  
sorry. I was careless. It is my  
fault. If she leaves that chamber,  
she'll die. I'm sorry. I didn't  
want to remember.

He drifts out of consciousness.

BIOCHEMIST  
Hey, are you okay?

Biochemist shakes the him. Engineer's eyes POP open.

He grabs Biochemist by the throat and hurls him against the wall.

ENGINEER  
Where is she?!

Biochemist looks to Psychologist who watches in horror.  
Engineer drops the Biochemist and turns to Psychologist.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What are you doing?

Engineer blinks heavy, periodically convulsing his head as if shaking a horrible thought from his mind.

ENGINEER  
What are we still doing here?

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What do you mean?

ENGINEER  
You little bitch! Why did you let this happen?!

Engineer is confused. Anger grows in his eyes. Psychologist cowers as he stomps towards her. She dashes out of the room. Engineer blunders behind.

Biochemist is left, hiding in the corner.

114 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 001 - NIGHT

114

Psychologist BLOCKS the door and tucks behind the cryo-chamber. She can hear *CRAZED HOWLS* drawing nearer.

The door BURSTS open. Engineer steps into the room. He teasingly paces by the cryo-chamber.

ENGINEER  
This merry-go-round ends now.

Psychologist crawls backwards, the jig is up. She has nowhere to run.

He's about to pounce on her but Soldier runs out of the shadows and slams him into the wall.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

You?!

SOLDIER

Open the chamber. Quick!

Psychologist stumbles but manages to her feet. She opens the empty cryo-chamber door.

Engineer head butts Soldier, who stumbles back. Psychologist attempts to restrain Engineer, but he latches onto her by the neck and bangs her head against the wall.

ENGINEER

Why?

Soldier musters his strength -- grabbing and spinning Engineer around. The momentum launches Engineer into the cryo-chamber. Soldier puts his weight on Engineer, holding him in place.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

No, NO! Don't do this! We're lab rats, this is what they want! I remember now!

Soldier steps away and slams the door shut, trapping Engineer inside.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

No, listen to me! You don't understand. It's all a lie! No, no more! PLEASE!

Soldier presses the start button and Engineer freezes into cryosleep.

Soldier turns to the delirious Psychologist. He scoops her up and carries her to...

115 INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

115

Soldier looks around. They're alone. He sets her down. Psychologist's vision is coming back to her.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You're alive?

SOLDIER  
Where's the doctor? We're getting  
out of here.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
The air...

SOLDIER  
The air outside is fine.

The Soldier stands.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
But that would mean--

*SWOOSH, THUNK.*

Soldier drops onto the floor -- REVEALING Biochemist with the  
machete. Soldier's blood dripping off of it.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

116

FLASHBACK:

Biochemist steps outside the airlock door. The vegetation is  
thriving. Birds fly by overhead.

Biochemist looks back to the airlock.

BACK TO:

117 INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

117

Psychologist tries to help Soldier.

BIOCHEMIST  
Don't you see? This is the only way  
the doctor survives.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
He was going to save her! Quick,  
grab medical supplies!

BIOCHEMIST  
No. I'm done being a pawn. I  
decide what happens to the doctor  
now.

Psychologist gets to her feet.



BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
She's beautiful in there. Safe.  
Perfectly preserved.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
You're out of your mind!

BIOCHEMIST  
Maybe we should have figured that  
out during my psychoanalysis.

Biochemist maniacally swings the machete.

Psychologist acts quickly. She dodges right past the  
Biochemist and runs down the hallway. Biochemist chases after  
her.

118 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

118

As Psychologist scurries through the building. About to dash  
into the common room, she sees Biochemist at the end of the  
room. He dashes toward her. She jumps out of the way to the  
right, but he runs right by her. What?

She sees Biochemist at the end of the room AGAIN. He dashes  
toward her AGAIN. Confused, she runs left instead. He goes  
right.

She hears him behind her. She runs toward the tool room, but  
deliberately stops and takes a different direction.

119 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

119

She sneaks back into the empty room. SUDDENLY -- the power  
GOES OUT. Red EMERGENCY LIGHTS kick on.

Psychologist kneels beside the incoherent Soldier. *HOWLS* from  
Biochemist ring throughout the building.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Don't worry. I'm gonna get you out  
of here.

SOLDIER  
No you're not.

She searches his pockets.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
The gun?! Where's the gun? Please!  
I need to know, where is the gun?

SOLDIER  
Go to hell.

Soldier smiles softly. Huh? Then she figures it out.

BIOCHEMIST (O.S.)  
I thought I'd find you here.

Psychologist SPOOKS.

Psychologist closes the door -- locking her and Soldier inside.

Biochemist tugs on the door. No success.

He chops the machete against the door. *CLUNK!*

And again. *CLUNK!*

*THUD!* The machete lodges into the wooden door. Biochemist yanks at it but doesn't have the strength to pull it out.

This is her chance. Psychologist plows through the door, knocking Biochemist over. She scurries out of the room.

Biochemist pursues. Leaving the machete wedged into the wooden door.

120 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

120

Psychologist charges into her office and slams the door. She can hear Biochemist catching up with her from down the hallway.

She scrambles to the books. She reaches behind Divine Comedy when...

The door BURSTS open.

Psychologist spins around, aiming the revolver at Biochemist.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Stay back!

BIOCHEMIST  
Wait, wait! Stop, stop!

Biochemist surrenders. Psychologist is both relieved and disgusted by his cowardice.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
Fine. You win. You can have the doctor. Just leave me in peace.

Biochemist *UNZIPS* his jumpsuit. Psychologist tightens her grip on the gun.

BIOCHEMIST (CONT'D)  
(*laughs*)  
Don't worry.

Biochemist shifts out of the room. Psychologist is baffled. She cautiously follows him.

121 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 003 - NIGHT

121

Biochemist strips and climbs into his empty cryo-chamber. Psychologist watches, baffled.

Biochemist smiles weakly.

BIOCHEMIST  
I've thought it all out. There were  
just too many variables. This is  
the only sure chance of survival.  
100%.

He presses the start button. Biochemist freezes into cryosleep.

Psychologist opens the revolver. The gun is empty. She pockets it.

122 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

122

Psychologist comes to Soldier's side. He *COUGHS* violently.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
You're dying.

SOLDIER  
We all die.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
No. You don't.

Soldier blinks slowly. Blood oozing out of his wound.

She jumps to her feet and drags him, smearing a trail of blood across the floor into...

123 INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT 123

As Psychologist carries Soldier, her hand presses against the wall. Leaving behind a BLOODY HANDPRINT. It's the only one on the wall.

124 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 004 - NIGHT 124

Psychologist quickly pulls Soldier out of his jumpsuit and tosses it to the side. We see that it has the number 004 stitched into it. She heaves him into his cryo-chamber.

Other than the machete wound and burn mark, there's not a scar on his body.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I'm truly sorry.

Soldier closes his eyes. She shuts the door and presses start. He freezes, sealing his wound.

Psychologist looks around. She's the only one left. She falls to her knees into a CRY.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
I failed.

She stops.

Dried blood all over her hands, she plucks the photograph from her pocket. It's the photo of the group, only now it's WHOLE. And the missing face belongs to our Soldier.

She stands up. Exits. Leaving the gun next to his chamber.

125 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 125

Psychologist stares up at the airlock. She moves toward it, but turns, pulled by the mystery of the bolted door.

126 INT. BOLTED DOOR - NIGHT 126

Psychologist slowly approaches the sealed door. She types in a three digit code: 0-0-2. The light flashes green and the door unlocks.

She opens it.

127 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 000 - NIGHT

127

Psychologist takes in a room stock-piled with years worth of FOOD, MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, OXYGEN CANNISTERS, AN ADDITIONAL POWER GENERATOR, etc. She sees SCREENS and SPEAKERS -- recordings of the team in bunker.

In the center of the room rests a SIXTH CRYO-CHAMBER, marked: 000.

Psychologist presses a button and the pressure releases. A man, the Old Man, the INVENTOR tumbles out.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I remember. I remember.

Psychologist races to place a blanket over the Inventor's naked body.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Dad! It's me.

The Inventor looks up with faint recognition at his daughter. He smiles.

INVENTOR

Yes. Yes, it's you. I know. I remember. My memories-- it worked, didn't it?

The Inventor now sits up, his strength returning to him. He strokes her cheek.

INVENTOR (CONT'D)

We need to make absolutely sure before the next test. One with a larger sample size.

PSYCHOLOGIST

The next test?

The Inventor stands.

INVENTOR

Yes. I've assembled a team with everything you'll need. They should be in their chambers now. I had to be certain that my mind has returned.

PSYCHOLOGIST

No, Dad, we already performed the--

INVENTOR  
If not, I'll shut off their  
chambers.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
That will kill them.

INVENTOR  
Yes, it will. Better that they die  
than dwindle on. Are you ready to  
begin?

Despair and realization falls over the Psychologist's face.

128 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 128

She sits across a table from her father. Between them is a  
delicious dinner. He smiles and raises a glass.

Psychologist enjoys the fresh food.

She thinks about all that she's endured. Psychologist stands  
up, walks over to the Inventor, and hugs him.

129 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 129

Psychologist is recording her father.

INVENTOR  
They are preserved for a wise  
purpose, which purpose is known  
unto God, and his course is one  
eternal round.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Who are you?

INVENTOR  
The Inventor of cryogenic  
preservation.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
What are you doing here?

INVENTOR  
Observing the effects of my  
creation. To see that it's fit for  
the world.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Tell me a story about yourself.

INVENTOR

Do you know the first bible story I heard as a boy? It was Lazarus, raised from the dead. After that I always wished I could bring mother back. Of course, it never happened. But I'll always remember those first embers of hope... that maybe someone could...

PSYCHOLOGIST

Good. And what are--

INVENTOR

Do you know the first bible story I heard as a boy? It was Lazarus, raised from the dead. After that I always wished I could bring mother back. Of course, it never happened. But I'll always remember those first embers of hope... that maybe someone could...

PSYCHOLOGIST

Good. Okay. Let's just start with the basics.

INVENTOR

(struggling)

Do you know the first bible story I heard as a boy? It was Lazarus, raised from the dead. After that I always wished I could bring mother back. Of course, it never happened. But I'll always remember those first dying embers of hope... that maybe someone could...

Psychologist puts her head in her hands. He is still lost to his dementia.

INVENTOR (CONT'D)

Do you know the first bible story I heard as a boy...

She grabs the camcorder and rushes out as he repeats the story again.

She points the camera at herself.

PSYCHOLOGIST

If you are watching this, you  
should know, the experiment... it  
didn't work--

The camcorder's tape hits an end of its reel. It stops  
recording. She starts to *SOB*.

On the camera's monitor reads a message: TAPE FULL REWIND TO  
BEGINNING? YES NO

She presses YES. The tape rewinds to the beginning. It begins  
to play.

A taping of herself appears on screen.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK

If you are watching this, you  
should know, the experiment didn't  
work. So I'm going to try again.

Psychologist's eyes grow in horror.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (CONT'D)

I can't let the team die. Not yet.  
I can still make it work. I can  
still cure my dad. I can still  
remember. But I'm going to take a  
few precautions. It's entirely  
possible this next time, that  
things and events will unfold in a  
similar manner.

CUT TO:

131 INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY

131

Soldier shoots at his reflection in the mirror. Leaving  
shattered pieces of GLASS on the ground to be found in the  
next go-around.

BACK TO:

132 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

132

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK

People are always making the same  
choices.

CUT TO:



133 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 133

Doctor tends to Soldier's electrocution burn on his back.

CUT TO:

134 INT. POWER ROOM - DAY 134

Soldier gets electrocuted on his chest by the wires.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
The same mistakes.

CUT TO:

135 INT. TIGHT PASSAGEWAY - DAY 135

The scientists help Soldier through the tight space. The burn mark is on his chest.

CUT TO:

136 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 136

WE SEE all of the aging scars across Soldier's body.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
Like they're just prewired like  
that.

CUT TO:

137 INT. OFFICE - DAY 137

Soldier is being interviewed on the camcorder.

SOLDIER  
Why are we doing this again?

CUT TO:

138 INT. OFFICE - DAY 138

Soldier is being interviewed on the camcorder ... Only this time is from a different timeline.

SOLDIER  
Why are we doing this again?

CUT TO:

139 INT. OFFICE - DAY 139  
And another timeline.

SOLDIER  
Why are we doing this again?

BACK TO:

140 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 140  
The PLAYBACK continues.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK  
The biochemist and the engineer  
tried to kill me tonight.

CUT TO:

141 INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT 141  
Biochemist swings the machete at Psychologist.

CUT TO:

142 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 001 - NIGHT 142  
Engineer has Psychologist cornered.

ENGINEER  
This merry-go-round ends now.

CUT TO:

143 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 143  
Soldier sees a SHADOWY FIGURE run off. He pursues.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
If things aren't drastically  
different. We could be left chasing  
our own shadows.

CUT TO:

144 INT. TOOL ROOM - DAY 144

Soldier looks over the opened revolver. It has no BULLETS in the chamber.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
But a few things have changed. The  
soldier is out of bullets.

CUT TO:

145 INT. COMMON ROOM - NIGHT 145

The group is gathered around on the first night they awoke.

ENGINEER  
We heard a gunshot.

CUT TO:

146 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 146

Soldier pulls his gun on Engineer.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
He was never supposed to bring a  
gun to this experiment. So he won't  
have ammunition next time.

CUT TO:

147 INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY 147

Engineer lingers near Psychologist.

ENGINEER  
You heard a gunshot?

CUT TO:

148 INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY 148

Engineer has just handed out the flashlights. Psychologist shines her light at Soldier. He's wearing a jumpsuit with 004 stitched onto it -- underscored with gold.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
I have no choice but to frame the  
soldier.

CUT TO:

149 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 149

Doctor notices the missing numbers on Soldier's jumpsuit.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
So that the others will still  
suspect him.

CUT TO:

150 INT. LOBBY - DAY 150

Engineer forces Soldier up the stairs to the airlock.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
They'll drive him away.

CUT TO:

151 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 001 - NIGHT 151

Soldier attacks Engineer to save Psychologist.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
So he can be in the right place, at  
the right time, to come back and  
save me again.

CUT TO:

152 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 152

Psychologist is unstitching the numbers from Soldier's  
jumpsuit.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
I need a failsafe.

CUT TO:

153 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 153

Psychologist tears out the face of the Soldier from the ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
But I'll do my best to remember.

She places it in the pages of Divine Comedy and leaves it next to the notebook containing the CIRCLE with a 9 inside of it.

BACK TO:

154 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 154

PLAYBACK continues.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK  
Don't worry, Dad.

CUT TO:

155 INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT 155

The wall is covered in bloody handprints.

PSYCHOLOGIST - PLAYBACK (V.O.)  
I'll fix it this time.

BACK TO:

156 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 156

Psychologist doesn't believe what she just saw. She closes the camera. *CRIES*.

157 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 004 - NIGHT 157

Psychologist looks over Soldier's cryo-chamber. He is frozen inside.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, but I'd rather live through it again than live with it.

The Inventor steps in. Puts a hand on her shoulder.

INVENTOR  
Weep not; he is not dead, but  
sleepeth.

He escorts her out of the room...

158 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 002 - NIGHT

158

And into her chamber room.

She strips down and climbs into her own cryo-chamber as  
though it were a coffin.

INVENTOR  
It will be as though you've passed  
through a veil of forgetfulness.  
Remember. You must remember.

Freezing water rushes over her.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
(to herself)  
I don't want to.

INVENTOR  
And God caused a great sleep to  
fall upon them.

He closes her cryo-chamber. Through her window, she can see  
the blurry, yet smiling face of the Inventor.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER:** DAY SEVEN

159 INT. BUILDING - DAY - MONTAGE

159

The Inventor, repping BLACK GLOVES, spends the day resetting  
everything for the next experiment -- using his endless  
amounts of supplies.

-- He restores the camcorder to its original position.  
Rewinding the tape to the beginning.

-- He places Divine Comedy back on the bookshelf.

-- He positions the walkies in the tool room.

-- He organizes the Doctor's TOOLS in the examination room.

-- He puts the oxygen tanks where they belong, refills them  
with oxygen.

-- He restocks the shelves with cans of oatmeal.

-- He places the microphone back in its place in Doctor's cryo-chamber.

-- He closes the airlock that was left open from Soldier's return.

END OF MONTAGE

160 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 002 - NIGHT 160

The Inventor hovers over Psychologist's cryo-chamber. He presses a button that opens hers chamber door.

He walks out of the room.

161 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 000 - NIGHT 161

The Inventor enters his secret chamber room and locks the massive door shut. He climbs into his own cryo-chamber. Cold water rushes over him.

162 INT. CHAMBER ROOM: 002 - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 162

BLUE LIGHT. Steam spills out of a HUMMING MACHINE -- a metal sarcophagus.

The top *CRACKS* open, releasing its built-up pressure. Psychologist reaches out from the cryo-chamber, shivering, wet, and naked.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.