

UNPARALLELED

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE LAB, ENGLAND - DAY

JASON, early 30s, solid build, economy of movement, stares at the screen of an electron microscope in a high-tech facility.

ON THE SCREEN

Tiny dodecahedral solids rest on a fleshy surface.

BACK TO SCENE

Jason types a line of notes on a tablet and moves on to the next image.

ON THE SCREEN

The solids in the new picture have been magnified many times. They have concave faces with circular openings. Tiny tendrils protrude from the surface and cling to the flesh.

BACK TO SCENE

Jason moves to the next screen and his eyes narrow. He picks up a telephone on the desk and punches in a number.

JASON

Can you ask Christy to join me,  
please, Rachel?

RACHEL (V.O.)

He's in a meeting with Angela and  
the finance officer. He said no  
interruptions.

JASON

Make an exception.

Jason hangs up and makes more notes on the tablet as he scrolls through the next few pictures.

CHRISTY, 50, overweight, bald, huffing like an unfit runner, enters the lab. He carries several letters and drops them on the desk, then pulls up a chair and stares at the screen.

CHRISTY

This had better be good.

JASON

Prepare to be amazed.

Jason backtracks to the previous image.

JASON (CONT'D)

The tendrils on the pollen bind with receptors in the lungs, triggering the immune response and hypersecretion of mucus. But the new drug blocks the connection for much longer than our previous trials.

Christy studies the image.

CHRISTY

Next screen.

Jason advances the frame.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

The connection is still blocked after six hours.

Jason takes the mouse and advances another frame.

JASON

But by hour ten, the tendrils have penetrated the tissue.

Christy's initial elation fades to disappointment.

ON THE SCREEN

The tendrils have made contact with the lung tissue.

BACK TO SCENE

CHRISTY

I was hoping for better, Jason.

JASON

A few more iterations and Broncocyline could block the receptors permanently. This is a huge step forward, but we're going to need long-term funding.

CHRISTY

I wouldn't call it huge, and our budget is about to be cut.

JASON

You what?

CHRISTY

Angela and Dan don't think they're getting value for money.

Jason hits a few keys on his computer and a printer churns out copies of the images from the microscope.

JASON  
Are they still in her office?

CHRISTY  
Yes, but --

Jason grabs the photos.

JASON  
No buts. And back me up.

Jason marches out of the lab with Christy on his coattails.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A smart modern workspace overlooking the university grounds.

Jason enters like a tornado and slaps the images on a desk in front of the university chancellor, ANGELA, 60, authoritarian and stick-thin.

ANGELA  
Come in.

Finance officer, DAN, 45, typical accountant, slicked-back hair, sharp suit, squirms uncomfortably.

JASON  
We're on the verge of another major breakthrough.

Angela glances at the images and waves Jason and Christy to chairs.

ANGELA  
Pharmacology is way over budget.

Dan produces a file from a briefcase and hands it to Jason.

Jason glances at a few pages and drops the file on the desk.

DAN  
You're also failing to meet targets.

JASON  
Like we can produce regular results. It was my team that discovered injecting putamen into the brain cured Parkinson's.

ANGELA

We can't dine out on that forever.

Jason picks up the microscope images and waves them.

JASON

Broncocyline stops pollen binding in our alveoli. We could have life-changing treatments for asthma and hayfever in two years, and maybe even a cure.

CHRISTY

We're talking Nobel Prize.

Dan and Angela exchange sceptical looks.

DAN

We can't afford two more years on this programme.

Angela picks up the final image.

ANGELA

And by hour ten, the pollen has re-established the connection. The government won't review our budget without more promising data.

CHRISTY

Our colleagues in Denmark and the U-S will take all the credit for bringing the drug to market.

JASON

Which undermines our credibility as a hub for cutting-edge science.

CHRISTY

And that could affect admission numbers on our courses.

ANGELA

The numbers just don't add up. We're diverting your funds to cancer research. Shut everything down and give me the data discs on Monday.

JASON

(standing)

We can't give up now.

He then grabs his files and storms out.

INT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Jason and Christy return to Jason's desk.

CHRISTY  
I'll write to the Education  
Secretary and Science Minister.

JASON  
It'll be too late.

Jason absentmindedly sifts through the post.

CHRISTY  
There was a personal letter with  
your paperwork.

Jason removes a letter with a company stamp on the back.

INSERT - THE STAMP, which reads: "Surrey Park Fertility  
Clinic."

BACK IN THE LAB

Jason opens the letter and reads the contents, his face  
falling even further.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
You okay?

JASON  
Not really.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Angela sits at her desk alone. She glances at the lab photos  
once more, then picks up her phone and dials a number.

ANGELA  
(into the phone)  
We're close, Michael. The lab code  
is six-three-four-two.

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
(in an American accent)  
I'm on it.

INT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Jason studies the last few images of the lung tissue.

Christy joins him at the workstation and hands him a tea.

JASON

I never thought they'd cancel us, Christy. Save your files to a flash drive and delete everything from your P-C.

CHRISTY

That's a bit extreme, J.

JASON

So is putting us out of work when there's so much to be done.

EXT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BLOCK - NIGHT

Jason and Christy walk across the car park to Jason's 4x4.

JASON

Do you have the drive?

Christy removes it from his pocket.

JASON (CONT'D)

Look after it. It's worth a few quid.

CHRISTY

A few of us are heading into town later.

JASON

I promised Ceri we'd have a quiet night.

CHRISTY

Then I'll just have to drown your sorrows too.

Jason climbs into his car and leaves.

INT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BLOCK - NIGHT

Christy heads along a corridor to a set of double doors. He enters the code 6-3-4-2 on a keypad and the doors open.

INT. UNIVERSITY SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

Christy reaches for the light switch when he spots a man at Jason's computer. He walks towards the workstation in the deserted lab.

CHRISTY  
Can I help you?

MICHAEL, 35, smartly dressed but hard as teak and with an air of simmering menace, turns.

MICHAEL  
I don't think so.

CHRISTY  
You shouldn't be in here.

MICHAEL  
I just need a little information.

Christy removes his mobile phone and dials a number.

CHRISTY  
(to Michael)  
Try the front desk.

Michael walks purposefully towards Christy so Christy turns and jogs back to the double doors.

Michael races after him and tackles him to the floor. He grabs Christy's phone and cuts the connection.

Michael then flips Christy over and slaps a hand across his mouth. He whips out a knife and presses it into Christy's gut.

MICHAEL  
The Broncocycline file. Now.

Christy nods so Michael helps him to his feet.

Christy suddenly grabs a PC monitor from a nearby desk and launches it clumsily at Michael's head.

Michael fends off the attack with one arm and jams the knife into Christy's chest with his other hand.

He then slaps a hand over Christy's mouth and shoves him to the floor. Christy thrashes briefly and then lies still.

INT. JASON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Several motocross trophies line a mantelpiece above a fireplace. There are lots of photographs of Jason flying through the air on a dirt-bike.

A FRAMED NEWSPAPER CUTTING has a picture of him standing on the bottom step of a podium dressed in motorcycle leathers.



In his left hand, he holds a trophy aloft. His right arm is in a sling. There's a caption underneath.

INSERT - THE CAPTION, which reads: "The Bionic Manning. Surrey's Jason Mannning takes third at the national championships despite having a crash in qualifying."

BACK TO SCENE

Jason opens a beer and settles into a plush sofa. There are two empty beer bottles on the side table.

He puts his feet up on a coffee table and grabs the TV remote. Before he can turn the TV on, a phone on the side table rings. Jason glances at its screen.

INSERT - THE PHONE SCREEN, which reads: "LAB."

BACK TO SCENE

JASON

Jesus, what now?  
(answering the call)  
Hi Angela.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I've taken another look at the department's finances, Jason. If we cut a few corners, we may be able to free up some funds.

JASON

That's great.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Can you come in to discuss it?

JASON

Now?

ANGELA (V.O.)

The sooner the better.

JASON

Give me half an hour.

Jason takes another swig of his beer and grabs a jacket from the back of the sofa.

His wife CERI, 30s, pretty and petite, enters with a glass of wine.

CERI

Who was that?

JASON  
 Angela. She wants to discuss our  
 funding application.

A shaft of lightning pierces the sky outside and a rumble of  
 thunder rattles the window. Rain streaks the glass.

CERI  
 (glancing at her watch)  
 At seven on a Friday night? I  
 thought she'd dropped the axe.

JASON  
 I'm really sorry but this is so  
 important for my career.

CERI  
 I've just put dinner in the oven.

JASON  
 You're going to hate me for this  
 but would you mind driving?

She glances at the beer bottles on the side table.

CERI  
 So much for date night, J.

INT. JASON'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ceri hands Jason a letter from a shelf by the front door.

CERI  
 I forgot to give you this earlier.

Jason opens the letter and reads.

CERI (CONT'D)  
 Is it your test results?

JASON  
 They haven't come through yet.

CERI  
 That's Royal Mail for you.

JASON  
 This is my D-N-A profile. There's  
 no record of my biological parents  
 in the national database.

CERI  
 Oh, God, I'm sorry.

Ceri pulls on her jacket and grabs the car keys from a hook.

CERI (CONT'D)  
I'll just turn the oven down.

Ceri gives him a kiss and pops into the kitchen.

CERI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is there anything else you can do  
to find them?

JASON  
The database was probably my last  
chance.

Ceri rejoins him and gives him a hug. Then she checks her  
watch.

CERI  
If it's any consolation, you should  
be back for the second half.

JASON  
I'm recording it. Dinner was the  
priority.

CERI  
Well let's just hope Angela  
reconsiders. And ups your salary in  
case we need I-V-F.

JASON  
Let's get going, Ceri.

INT. JASON'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Jason and Ceri enter a cluttered garage that doubles as a  
workshop. A badly damaged trail bike lies in pieces on the  
floor, its body covered in scorch marks.

CERI  
I hope you're not working on this?

JASON  
I've got to get back on the horse.

CERI  
A broken collar bone I can cope  
with. My husband in a coma, I  
can't. You promised me that was  
career over.

She climbs into the 4x4 but keeps the door open.

CERI (CONT'D)

You're not ready, and neither am I.  
Now please get rid of this bloody  
bike.

JASON

(avoiding eye contact)  
I'll bin it next week.

Jason opens the garage door and Ceri reverses into the rain.

EXT. / INT. JASON'S 4X4 - NIGHT

Jason locks the garage door behind them and jumps into the  
passenger seat.

Ceri accelerates down a suburban street. The rain still  
lashes down and lightning pierces the sky.

INT. JASON'S 4X4, ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Ceri drives down a road that's beginning to flood. The wipers  
fight to clear the windscreen and she almost loses control.

JASON

No rush.

She slows down and squeezes his hand, then turns onto a main  
road at the end of the lane.

CERI

Have you spoken to your mum and dad  
about looking for your real  
parents?

JASON

They know it's been on my mind.

CERI

It'd be great to have a family tree  
to show the kids.

JASON

There are no guarantees we'll be  
able to have any, Ceri.

CERI

We've just been unlucky, J.

Ceri slows for a turn where the road is partially flooded.

JASON

Anyway, my real parents might not like me turning up at their door asking for the family history.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

As the 4x4 passes a narrow side road, another car pulls out behind them and quickly closes up.

Jason and Ceri pass a sign warning of a: "NARROW HUMPBACK BRIDGE IN ONE MILE."

Both cars continue through the night but neither Ceri nor Jason pay the other vehicle any attention.

INT. / EXT. JASON'S 4X4, COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Just before the 4x4 reaches the crest of the bridge, the other car pulls alongside them.

CERI

What's this idiot doing?

JASON

Nutter. Let him past.

Ceri slows but the other car suddenly veers across the road and rams them. The 4x4 ploughs through a guardrail and rolls down an embankment.

INT. / EXT. JASON'S 4X4, RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT

The airbags deploy and the belts retract, locking Ceri and Jason in their seats.

The 4x4 eventually comes to rest on its roof on a pair of train tracks.

Jason shakes his head as blood drips from a wound above his left eye. He hangs upside down in his seat.

His eyes are drawn to the dashboard clock, which ticks round to "19.30". He reaches across and takes Ceri's hand.

JASON

You okay?

CERI

I think so. What was he doing?

JASON

Fuck knows.

Jason undoes his seatbelt and frees himself. Then he tries to help Ceri with her belt but the mechanism is fully retracted and has jammed, pinning her in her seat.

A distant light appears through the windscreen and slowly grows brighter. The rails start to vibrate.

CERI

Are we on the line?

JASON

I'm afraid so.

Jason desperately tugs at the mechanism but it remains locked. He opens the passenger door and peers into the night as the train hurtles towards them.

JASON (CONT'D)

Fuck.

CERI

Don't leave me, J.

Jason suddenly spots a SHADOWY FIGURE climb out of a car on the bridge and walk to the parapet.

JASON

Help us! Please!

The figure remains where he is.

EXT. BRIDGE PARAPET - NIGHT

Michael can't see Jason's face as he's too far away and blood cakes his cheeks, but he stays to watch as the train approaches the bridge.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT

Jason crawls back into the 4x4 and attacks the catch but it remains locked. Ceri wriggles frantically to try to escape.

The train lights fill the opening under the bridge.

CERI

Get me out!

Jason is still trying to free Ceri when the train obliterates the 4x4 in an explosion of metal and glass.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The scene of the crash, the UK and then the Earth vanish into the distance in the blink of an eye.

It's as if Jason's consciousness is traversing the cosmos at many times the speed of light.

For a fleeting instant, he becomes different people on different worlds - an office worker, a construction site manager, a sports star - but his consciousness won't settle in any of them and moves on as if looking for a new host.

EXT. MILITARY TRENCH - DAY

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE IS IN GERMAN AND IS SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

Jason, now 25, opens his eyes and shudders. He glances along a row of SOLDIERS preparing to go over the top. They wear World War One German Army uniforms.

Dark clouds scurry overhead. Rotting corpses litter a partially flooded trench. Rats feed on the dead. Jason throws up on his boots.

The guns that have been pounding enemy positions fall silent. The soldiers check their rifles and move to ladders leading into no-man's land.

JASON

What the fuck's going on?

(more confused)

It must be a dream. Please let it be a dream.

Another SOLDIER grabs him by the lapels.

SOLDIER

We all wish it was a bad dream.

Panic grips Jason as the COMMANDING OFFICER signals for the men to go over the top. Jason is thrust up the ladder as thousands of men stream from the trench into no-man's land.

The horizon is littered with tree-stumps and shell-holes. It's a boggy wasteland oozing death and destruction.

As soon as Jason steps onto the battlefield, shell- and machinegun-fire erupt. Tracer bullets streak across no-man's land and strike men alongside him.

Jason stumbles forward in a blind panic.

He shoulders his rifle and fires blindly. An ENGLISH SOLDIER appears through the gloom. Both men fire. Both miss.

A loud WHOOSH heralds an incoming shell. It explodes ten feet away and rips through the advancing German line.

END OF SUBTITLES

EXT. SPACE - DAY

Jason's consciousness again leaves his body and searches for a new host in the distant reaches of the cosmos.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jason, now 80, opens his eyes to find he's lying in bed. A FAMILY surrounds him. They look at him tearfully and a WOMAN of about 50 takes his hand.

Jason notices the skin on his own hand is wrinkled and almost transparent. He catches a glimpse of his reflection in a mirror on the bedside cabinet and shudders at the sight of the old man staring back.

He closes his eyes and lets out a faint gasp.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason, six months old, opens his eyes and focuses on a baby mobile above his head. He's lying in a cot with wooden bars.

Moonlight streams through a gap in the curtains and illuminates a child's bedroom.

Jason rolls onto his side and notices the light in the tiny gap under the door flickering. A wisp of smoke curls through the gap and wafts around the doorframe.

A faint crackling intensifies and the paint on the door blisters. Jason tries to call out but he only manages to cry.

Smoke soon fills the room and flames reach under the door. The heat builds and the wallpaper starts to smoulder.

Jason screams but then begins to choke.

He suddenly hears vague noises and muffled voices beyond the bedroom door.

MAN (O.S.)  
Wake up, Hatty!



HATTY (O.S.)  
What is it?

MAN (O.S.)  
The house is on fire.

HATTY (O.S.)  
Get Mikey. I'll grab Jason.

Jason hears another bedroom door open but the fire on the landing suddenly explodes into life.

MAN (O.S.)  
Use the window.

HATTY (O.S.)  
Where's the key? For Christ's sake,  
just save Mikey.

A window smashes and the fire becomes a raging inferno. Jason's bedroom door is suddenly thrown open and HATTY, 30, staggers through the flames.

She's halfway across the room when her dressing gown ignites and she collapses to the floor. Smoke reaches the cot and envelops Jason in a blanket of death.

INT. / EXT. SPACESHIP - DAY

Jason, 40, opens his eyes and focuses on a huge spaceship off his port side.

He is at the controls of a fighter spacecraft in pursuit of another small ship.

A beam of light flashes from a turret on the mothership and Jason's craft is destroyed.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Jason, 30, sits bolt upright in bed, sweat dripping from his forehead. He struggles for breath and shakes uncontrollably.

A WOMAN, 35, leans across and runs her hand down his back.

WOMAN  
(with an English accent)  
Bad dream?

JASON  
(in an American accent)  
You could say that.

Jason rolls over and flicks on the bedside light. An unfamiliar apartment is bathed in its glow. The beautiful woman lying next to him is not Ceri.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Who the hell are you?

WOMAN  
Are you okay?

JASON  
Shit. Another dream.

WOMAN  
It's not a dream, Callum. And you're beginning to piss me off.

JASON  
Sorry, I'm still half asleep.

The woman slips out of bed and enters the bathroom.

Jason gets up and opens the curtain. The sun is rising over an unfamiliar city in the near future. He then spots the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING a couple of miles to the south.

High-rise glass buildings reflect the sun and electric cars glide down the streets. The WORKFORCE is just appearing.

The toilet flushes and the woman re-enters the bedroom.

WOMAN  
Come back to bed. You don't need to get ready yet.

JASON  
I could use a shower.

INT. VERO'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jason looks at himself in the mirror. He seems the same as always: athletic, above average height, handsome.

He checks his forehead above his left eye but there's no mark. He then examines his right collarbone and shoulder but there are no marks there either. He checks the contents of his boxer shorts.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - DAY

The shower runs in the bathroom. The woman removes a cellphone from the bedside cabinet and taps out a text.

ON THE PHONE, her words appear: "I think he's having second thoughts."

BACK TO SCENE

She sits at her dressing table and applies her makeup. As she pulls on her shoes, her phone vibrates with a reply.

ON THE PHONE, the words appear: "Watch him. No mistakes."

BACK TO SCENE

The shower stops so she slips her phone into her handbag and leaves the bedroom.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters and finishes towelling down.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Would you like a coffee?

Jason opens the bedroom door a fraction.

JASON  
Make it a strong tea. I'll be out  
in a minute.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Perhaps it'll help you wake up.

Jason pushes the door closed and glances round the bedroom. There are half a dozen pictures of the woman at functions, some of which show her speaking to large audiences.

And there's a single photo of her and Jason on their wedding day. Jason can't conceal his confusion.

The rest of the room is a shrine to her shoe collection, expensive clothes in a walk-in wardrobe and jewellery on the dressing table.

A suit hangs over the back of a chair in the corner. Jason dresses and searches the pockets but they're empty. He opens the drawers on his bedside cabinet but finds nothing.

He tries the drawers in the cabinet on the other side of the bed and recoils when he discovers a handgun with suppressor. Jason closes the drawer and crosses the room to a chest of drawers under a mirror.

He opens the top drawer and finds a set of keys, a cellphone and a wallet.

He opens the wallet and counts three twenty-dollar bills. He then pulls out a photo of the beautiful woman on a beach. There's writing on the back.

INSERT - THE INSCRIPTION ON THE PHOTO, which reads: "Vero, Mexico, 2021."

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Jason stuffs the photo back into the wallet and pulls out a driving licence.

INSERT - THE DRIVING LICENCE, which reads: "Callum James Wilson, Apt 239, Cnr East 61st and 5th. New York, NY. D.O.B. 08/20/1994."

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

VERO (O.S.)  
Tea's up, C-J.

JASON  
Coming.

Jason removes another card from the wallet.

INSERT - THE BUSINESS CARD, which reads: "Callum Wilson, Finance Officer, Allergen Biotech, 4 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019."

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

Jason pockets the wallet, cellphone and keys.

INT. VERO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jason buttons his suit by the front door of a glorious apartment and then turns to leave.

VERO  
No kiss?

Jason tentatively kisses her on the mouth.

VERO (CONT'D)  
I know you're nervous but we've been through this a hundred times. Just get the report to Michael and your work is done. Permanently. The beach house awaits.

She straightens his tie and wipes a smudge of lipstick from his mouth. Then she checks her watch.

VERO (CONT'D)  
You'd better go.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jason pulls the front door closed, leans against the wall and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he heads for the elevator. There's a large spiral staircase opposite.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Jason leaves the building and spots a newspaper dispenser on the street corner. He checks the date on the paper.

INSERT - THE PAPER, which reads: "Friday, July 24, 2026."

BACK TO SCENE

Jason flags down a smart yellow electric cab. He opens the rear door and leans in.

JASON  
Allergen Biotech, 4 West 57th.

CAB DRIVER  
That's only a couple of blocks south. I got bigger fares to chase.

The cab pulls away from the curb almost before Jason can close the door.

JASON  
Welcome to New York. Have a shitty day.

Jason joins the throng of office workers, shoppers and joggers and heads for the Empire State Building.

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Vero follows Jason at a discreet distance. When he reaches the corner of West 57th Street, she pulls out her cell and taps in a text. She then checks her reflection in a shop window and smooths her hair back.

EXT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - CONTINUOUS

Jason turns a corner in a busy street and can't help marvelling at the enormous glass facility that is Allergen Biotech. He takes a deep breath and enters the building.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

The busy foyer is all polished marble. Jason removes his phone and keys before being waved through a metal detector at a security station.

He's checking a list of names and offices on one wall when a hand lands on his shoulder.

MAN

Forgotten where you work?

Jason turns to a shorter man in his 50s. He's wearing a badge with the name "KEVIN FOO".

JASON

I've got a meeting with...

Jason glances back at the list of names on the wall.

INSERT - THE LIST OF EMPLOYEES, one of which reads: "Stanley Wood."

BACK IN THE FOYER

JASON (CONT'D)

...Stan at nine-thirty.

KEVIN

You finance guys crack me up. Five years in the job and you can't remember where the head of overseas investment works. But you never forget when it's the boss's round.

Kevin half turns to leave.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

See you in the rooftop bar at six. It's on the floor above your office in case you'd forgotten.

JASON

I'll get the beers.

Kevin smiles and claps Jason on the back.

KEVIN

Now I know you must be sick.  
(winks)  
There'll be a cure here somewhere. By the way, there was a power outage last night. Computers are down. Contact admin to log in.

Jason waits for him to leave before checking the list on the wall once more.

He then crosses the foyer and climbs a staircase. A sign on the wall opposite reads: "DEPARTMENT OF FINANCIAL AFFAIRS >."

Jason heads down the corridor until he arrives at a door with the name "CALLUM WILSON" stencilled on it.

INT. CJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason enters and pushes the door closed. The office is small but functional with a desk and computer. He collapses into the chair and buries his face in his hands.

His phone vibrates in his pocket, so Jason removes it and checks the screen.

ON THE SCREEN, the words appear: "NUMBER WITHHELD. ANSWER?"

BACK TO SCENE

Jason swipes his finger across the screen.

JASON

Hello?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

You're late.

JASON

Our system's down.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I'm in the coffee shop opposite. If you're not here in two minutes, you don't get your cut.

JASON

I'm on my way.

Jason hangs up and leaves the office.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

Jason walks the corridor to the stairs when SAMMIE TOMLIN, 30, sassy and stylish even in a lab coat, suddenly appears around a corner.

SAMMIE

Bit early for lunch.

Jason glances at the badge on her jacket.

JASON  
Just grabbing a coffee, Sammie. You  
want one?

SAMMIE  
I'm good. Drinks later, remember?

JASON  
Sure.

She subtly takes his hand.

SAMMIE  
And then back to mine?

A CO-WORKER exits the office opposite so Sammie releases  
Jason's hand.

JASON  
I've got a few things to sort  
first.

Sammie waits for the co-worker to disappear.

SAMMIE  
We put this weekend aside, C-J.

JASON  
I know. It's all cool.

They part company and Jason heads down the stairs.

EXT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - CONTINUOUS

Jason crosses the street to the coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jason enters and stands in line for a coffee.

Michael glances over from his table and catches his eye but  
Jason ignores him.

Michael leaves the table and joins Jason in the line.

MICHAEL  
You just going to ignore me?

JASON  
I don't --



MICHAEL

We're on neutral ground, C-J. And  
no-one at Allergen knows who I am.  
Come and sit down.

Jason follows Michael to his table and they sit.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where's the Broncocycline report?

JASON

The power outage locked our P-Cs.  
Give me until tonight.

Michael fixes him with a look that could cut glass.

MICHAEL

Two o'clock, C-J. Here. Or you'll  
fucking regret it.

Michael finishes his coffee and marches out.

INT. CJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason sits at his desk and boots the computer.

A message appears on the monitor: "ACCESS RESTRICTED. CONTACT  
YOUR ADMINISTRATOR."

Jason rummages through a few loose files on the desk but  
finds nothing.

One of the entries on the office phone reads "ADMIN 1234" so  
he picks up the receiver and dials.

ADMIN OPERATOR (V.O.)

The system is in lockdown, Mr  
Wilson. I need your company I-D.

JASON

One moment.

Jason removes his wallet and pulls out several cards but he  
can't find the information.

JASON (CONT'D)

I don't have my wallet on me.

ADMIN OPERATOR (V.O.)

I must have your work I-D, Sir.

Jason rummages through the desk drawers and eventually pulls  
out an Allergen Biotech ID card.

JASON  
Three-five-six-one-two-eight.

ADMIN OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Middle name and date of birth.

Jason quickly removes the driving licence from his wallet.

JASON  
James. August twentieth, nineteen  
ninety-four.

ADMIN OPERATOR (V.O.)  
And a retinal scan for  
confirmation.

Jason looks into the webcam and his face appears on the monitor. A biometric program analyses his eye and a green light flashes.

The image of his face fades and is replaced by his desktop.

ADMIN OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Have a nice day, Mr Wilson.

Jason hangs up, replaces all the cards in his wallet and brings up a search engine.

He types in "UK record of marriages, Jason Manning and Ceri Hughes, June 18, 2015", but the search returns no hits.

He closes the webpage and opens a file on the desktop called: "BRONCOCYCLINE". A long list of sub-folders appears on the screen.

He checks in the desk drawer and pulls out a flash drive. He inserts it in the computer's port and drags all the files to the drive. He then ejects the drive and pockets it.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

Jason leaves his office and heads down the corridor. He checks the doors but none are labelled with Sammie's name.

The co-worker he saw earlier returns to the second floor.

JASON  
Has Sammie moved office?

CO-WORKER  
Nah, she's still in pharmacology.  
Next floor up, far end.  
(MORE)

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
As if you didn't know.

JASON  
Must be the hangover.

CO-WORKER  
Drinking on a school night? You  
finance boys are badass. O'Malley's  
again later?

JASON  
I might have one here first.

CO-WORKER  
Later, C-J.

Jason returns to the stairs and climbs the next flight. He follows a sign for "< PHARMACOLOGICAL NANOSCIENCE" and enters a different wing.

INT. PHARMACOLOGY DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jason walks down a corridor with offices and labs on both sides. He spots Sammie working alone in one of the labs.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH LAB - DAY

Jason enters and joins Sammie at her desk.

SAMMIE  
(taking his hand)  
You okay? You seem distracted.

JASON  
A lot of work on. Sorry.

SAMMIE  
I'll take your mind off it later.  
When are you going to release my  
report? The launch is next week.

JASON  
Monday. Promise.

SAMMIE  
(removing her hand)  
You're cutting it too fine, C-J.  
They've invested everything in  
Broncocycline so the time's right  
now. Our product is safe and cheap,  
and we're ready to go to market.

JASON  
Give me till after the weekend.

Sammie checks her watch and glances at him provocatively.

SAMMIE  
The conference room's free for half  
an hour.

JASON  
I'd love to but --

SAMMIE  
Just kidding. See you tonight.

Jason squeezes her shoulder and leaves.

EXT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

As Jason leaves the office, he spots an OLDER MAN, 60s, by the corner. The stranger is short with silver hair and piercing eyes. He catches Jason's eye and nods.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jason enters and joins Michael at a table.

MICHAEL  
You have it?

Jason removes the flash drive from his pocket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What's the verdict?

JASON  
I haven't read it.

MICHAEL  
So you don't give a shit about your  
cut of twenty billion bucks?

JASON  
That's not why I'm doing this.

MICHAEL  
Bullshit. Give it to me.

A WAITRESS joins them at the table.

WAITRESS  
Can I get you another coffee?

MICHAEL  
We're good.

JASON  
Cocoa, please.

MICHAEL  
(to the waitress)  
No. We're good.

WAITRESS  
I'm gonna need this table then.

MICHAEL  
No problem.

Michael stands and pulls Jason to his feet. A few CUSTOMERS stop and stare but no one intervenes.

Michael drops a couple of coins on the table and drags Jason by the arm to the rear exit.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael forces Jason down the alley to a deserted corner between the skyscrapers. He then pushes Jason into a wall and draws a silenced pistol from his jacket.

MICHAEL  
Last chance.

JASON  
This is so fucked up.

Michael raises the pistol.

MICHAEL  
The file. I get it either way.

JASON  
Don't --

Michael squeezes the trigger but the older man Jason saw earlier dives in front of him and takes a round in the chest.

As the older man crumples to the ground, Jason elbows Michael in the face. Michael staggers backwards and loses his footing so Jason sprints up the alley towards the main street.

Michael fires again but misses.

MICHAEL  
You're a dead man, C-J!

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Jason exits the alley into a crowd of PEDESTRIANS.

JASON  
(mutters)  
Wouldn't be the first time.

Jason spots a squad car and runs across. He bangs on the window and the POLICE OFFICER winds it down.

POLICE OFFICER  
Can I help you, Sir?

JASON  
Some guy just tried to shoot me in  
the alley. He hit someone else.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

Vero watches events unfold at a distance. Her phone beeps with a message.

ON THE PHONE, a text appears: "Get the files, then kill him."

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

Kevin shows DETECTIVE MATT MACKAY, 50, across the foyer to where Jason sits in a waiting area.

Mackay holds out his hand to Jason and they shake.

MACKAY  
Detective Matt Mackay.

Mackay pours them both drinks from a dispenser.

JASON  
C-J Wilson.

MACKAY  
(to Kevin)  
Give us a moment, please.

Kevin nods and leaves.

MACKAY (CONT'D)  
Rough day, huh?

JASON  
You could say that.

MACKAY  
Any idea what he wanted?

Jason shakes his head.

MACKAY (CONT'D)  
You said he discharged his firearm  
and killed a passerby.

JASON  
That's right.

MACKAY  
Problem is, there's no body.

JASON  
I saw the guy take a bullet in the  
chest. Point blank.

MACKAY  
Let's take a walk.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jason and Mackay duck under a line of police tape. They soon reach the point where the old man fell. A couple of COPS are searching the area.

JASON  
It was right here.

MACKAY  
Without a body, it's just a street  
robbery.  
(to the cops)  
You find anything?

COP  
No blood. No shell casing.

Mackay takes a card from his pocket and gives it to Jason.

MACKAY  
Go home. You remember anything  
else, call me.

INT. VERO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters and collapses onto a sofa in the spacious and well-furnished living room. His hands are still trembling.

Vero suddenly appears in the kitchen doorway.

She points her silenced pistol at his head.

VERO  
Spineless piece of shit. I should  
have known you'd back out. Give me  
the fucking file.

As she moves towards him, he backs away towards a window next to the fireplace. There are picture frames - mostly Vero again - and a vase of flowers on the mantelpiece.

She continues stalking him across the room.

VERO (CONT'D)  
What the hell's happening to you, C-  
J? We're on the verge of something  
special here.

Jason backs into the mantelpiece and glances out of the window at the street two storeys below.

Vero moves to within three feet and holds out a hand.

VERO (CONT'D)  
I won't ask again.

JASON  
Vero, don't.

Jason swipes the vase off the mantelpiece into Vero's face.

She flings up an arm to protect herself but the vase still strikes her. She staggers back and trips over a coffee table.

The vase explodes on the floor. Jason leaps over a chair and darts for the front door.

Vero wipes a streak of blood from her forehead and fires but the round strikes the door-frame as Jason escapes. She leaps to her feet and gives chase.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jason runs to the elevator but it's on the wrong floor so he charges to the spiral staircase and leaps down the steps.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Vero spots a flash of Jason's jacket and fires again. The bullet strikes the wall above his head.

Jason trips and sprawls to the bottom of the first flight.



He then rolls to one side as Vero leans over the balustrade and fires a third shot.

Jason staggers to his feet and races down the last flight, then crashes through the front door into the street.

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Jason tries to lose himself in the mass of humanity. He checks over his shoulder but there's no sign of Vero.

He's only covered around a block when he spots the same man who saved his life on the opposite side of the street.

Jason tries to run across to the older man but several cars block his route and he wastes time waiting for them to pass.

He checks over his shoulder once more but Vero is nowhere to be seen so he runs after the old man. Jason searches the shopfronts but the man seems to have vanished in the crowd.

He then spots a familiar shock of silver hair up ahead. Jason resumes the hunt and follows the older man into an alley. The stranger doesn't notice him and enters a backstreet bar.

Jason checks again for Vero, then slips into the bar, which has a broken neon sign outside: "O'MALLEY'S."

INT. O'MALLEY'S - CONTINUOUS

The bar is filling up with office workers but there are still a few spare tables and a couple of empty booths. Several groups play pool on the far side.

Jason spots the older man at the counter and joins him.

JASON

You've got more lives than a cat.

OLDER MAN

(in an English accent)

You too.

JASON

Thanks for saving one of them.

OLDER MAN

Beer?

JASON

Hell yeah.

The old man signals the BARMAN and he drops two bottles of beer on the counter.

OLDER MAN  
Put 'em on my tab.

BARMAN  
No problem, Alex.

Alex hands Jason a bottle and nods towards a quiet booth in the corner. The two men squeeze through the crowd and sit. Jason takes a long pull on his beer.

JASON  
What the fuck's going on? I keep thinking I'm dead, then I'm not. Am I going fucking mad or what?

ALEX  
Not everyone dies when they die.

JASON  
Like reincarnation?

ALEX  
You're not being born again, just becoming a different version of yourself.

JASON  
Jesus Christ. This doesn't sound too complicated.

They both drink from their beer.

JASON (CONT'D)  
How many versions of me are there?

ALEX  
No idea. And before you ask, I don't know why we've been chosen.

JASON  
How many times have you died?

ALEX  
Lots. But not today. Yet.

Alex opens his jacket to reveal a bullet-proof vest with a single mark dead centre.

JASON  
How did you know?

ALEX

You learn to take precautions. What did he want?

JASON

A flash drive.

ALEX

Did you give it to him?

JASON

I only woke up here this morning. I had no idea what he was on about.

Alex holds up his bottle and signals to the barman that they'd like another two beers.

ALEX

But he expected you to cooperate. What do you do for Allergen Biotech?

JASON

Finance officer.

A WAITRESS drops two bottles on the table, then leaves.

ALEX

How did you die?

JASON

Originally?

ALEX

Like that, was it?

JASON

Car crash. Then I ended up in the First World War. There were a couple more after that I think.

ALEX

Then think.

JASON

Jesus, Alex, it's not like I was prepared for this. I just lost my wife, for fuck's sake.

Alex drinks and waits for him to continue.

JASON (CONT'D)

I remember being an old man, then a baby. Then I was in a war in space.

ALEX  
You died as a baby?

JASON  
House fire. Not pretty.

ALEX  
Sorry to hear that.

JASON  
It wasn't your fault.

Alex drinks from his beer but his hands are trembling.

ALEX  
You often arrive just before death.

JASON  
Don't you?

ALEX  
Sometimes.

JASON  
How did you know I was like you?

Alex is about to answer when Vero walks into the bar and scans the tables on the far side.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Jason turns to shield his face. The bar is busy with office workers and Vero doesn't initially spot him.

JASON (CONT'D)  
The wife. C-J's wife. She's working for them. Whoever they are.

Vero checks her phone and then turns towards Jason and Alex.

ALEX  
Come with me.

Alex and Jason duck past a flight of stairs and head for the men's room. Jason glances over his shoulder as Vero reaches their corner table, but she still doesn't see them.

INT. O'MALLEY'S - CONTINUOUS

Vero barges between two CUSTOMERS at the bar and shows the barman who served Alex a photograph of Jason.

VERO  
Have you seen this guy?

BARMAN  
Corner booth.

VERO  
Was he alone?

One of the two men at the bar coughs with irritation.

BARMAN  
Sorry, lady, I'm busy.

VERO  
(to the customer)  
Cough again, I'll cut your nuts  
off.

CUSTOMER  
With your nail file?

Vero glances down between his legs and the customer does the same. Vero has a knife pressed against his genitals.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
Your blade against my sword?

Vero slices open his zip and eases the knife into his trousers. He backs into the bar.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
Holy shit. You're fucked up.

VERO  
(to the barman)  
Who was he with?

BARMAN  
Young guy, tall, brown hair.

Vero pockets the blade.

VERO  
(to the barman)  
That wasn't so hard.

CUSTOMER  
(mumbles)  
Not any more.

Vero checks the booth but it's empty. She then heads for the men's room as Alex comes out. She only gives him a casual glance as he squeezes through the crowd towards the exit.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vero enters the busy restroom but there's no sign of Jason. Wind whistles through an open window above a stall.

Another CUSTOMER gives her a disapproving look.

CUSTOMER #2  
Chicks with dicks.

Vero briefly checks her makeup in the mirror, then leaves.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jason jumps to the ground from the top of a dumpster and leaves the alley behind the bar.

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Jason spots Alex on the opposite side of the road and jogs across to join him.

ALEX  
Find out what they want.

Alex leads Jason away from the bar and they mingle with the crowds. Jason removes the flash drive and shows it to Alex.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I thought you didn't know what he was talking about.

JASON  
I took a precaution.

ALEX  
Fast learner. Can you trust anyone?

JASON  
I could try my boss.

ALEX  
He should be able to access the Biotech system from home.

Jason pulls out his cellphone and tries to unlock it.

ON THE SCREEN, a message appears: "Fingerprint required."

BACK TO SCENE

Jason places his finger on the screen and the phone unlocks.

He then scrolls through his contacts.

JASON

He has an apartment on the park.

Alex hails a taxi and one pulls over immediately.

ALEX

Meet me in the bar at ten.

JASON

I owe you one.

ALEX

And a few beers.

Jason climbs into the taxi and it does a U-turn before joining traffic heading north.

As Vero leaves the bar, she spots Jason in the taxi and quickly hails another. One pulls over and she climbs in.

INT. / EXT. VERO'S TAXI - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls away from the curb and the DRIVER turns.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to, Ma'am?

VERO

Follow the cab turning onto Madison.

TAXI DRIVER

A regular Nancy Drew.

VERO

I'd like some privacy.

Vero removes her phone and dials a number.

VERO (CONT'D)

I've found him.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Have you recovered the file?

VERO

Not yet.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Find out what he's up to and waste anyone who gets in the way.

Vero hangs up as the taxi follows the other cab through New York. The lead car eventually pulls up at a smart high rise just off Central Park.

VERO  
Corner of 63rd and Fifth.

The driver pulls over and she swipes her credit card across a reader. The rear door opens and she climbs out as Jason enters the building.

INT. HIGH RISE - CONTINUOUS

The sun is setting as Jason crosses the foyer and enters an elevator. He presses the button for the twentieth floor and the door closes.

INT. HIGH RISE, 20TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Jason exits the elevator and heads for a door at the end of the corridor. He knocks and Kevin opens it a moment later.

KEVIN  
You look like crap, C-J. Time for  
that drink?

JASON  
Definitely.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kevin shows Jason into a stunning apartment overlooking Central Park. New York sparkles at dusk.

JASON  
(mutters)  
I need a promotion.

Kevin claps him on the back and shows him into a kitchen where his wife, ROSA, 45, and two young DAUGHTERS are enjoying dinner.

KEVIN  
Everyone, this is Callum Wilson. He  
works for me.

DAUGHTERS  
(in unison)  
Hi Callum.

Rosa stands and shakes Jason's hand.



ROSA  
I'm Rosa. What an awful day.

JASON  
I've had better.

ROSA  
(to Kevin)  
Finish your dinner later, Honey.

JASON  
(to Rosa)  
Sorry to disturb you while you're eating.

KEVIN  
(to Rosa)  
We'll be in the office.

Kevin leads Jason through a beautiful

LIVING ROOM

into a spacious and well-equipped

OFFICE

and pours them both Scotch from a bottle on the side.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What's on your mind?

JASON  
The guy who tried to mug me mentioned our research into Broncocycline.

KEVIN  
Competitor?

JASON  
No idea.

Kevin passes him a glass and they both drink.

KEVIN  
Did you tell the cops?

JASON  
Mackay only wanted a statement.

KEVIN  
Do you have a back-up drive?

Jason nods so Kevin sits at the desk and powers up his PC.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Mind if I take a look?

Jason feels in his pocket for the flash drive and eventually hands it over. Kevin plugs it into the PC.

ON THE MONITOR

An Allergen Biotech security page flashes up.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Kevin pushes his chair back from the desk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
I can't access your personal files  
without a retinal scan.

Jason leans over and allows the webcam to scan his eye.

ON THE MONITOR

A list of files appears.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Grab a chair.

Jason sits next to him and peers at the list.

JASON  
Try Sammie Tomlin's report.

Kevin clicks on the file and reads.

KEVIN  
The drug relaxes the bronchial  
muscles, increases heart rate and  
stimulates the respiratory pathways  
of the central nervous system in  
all mammals.

Jason leans over and studies the screen.

JASON  
But in the human trials there were  
side-effects from abnormal heart  
rhythms to seizure and septicaemia.  
I can't believe it. All the work we  
did on this drug and it fell at the  
final hurdle.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

No company can go to market with a wonder cure for asthma and hayfever that could kill its patients.

KEVIN

It's already been approved for sale. The launch is next week.

JASON

You can't do that, Kevin.

Kevin claps him on the back and can barely contain himself.

KEVIN

That must have really shaken you up earlier. This is our report on Hunter Pharmaceuticals' new drug. And it doesn't do what they claim. They're going down big time.

JASON

Do you want me to release the report?

KEVIN

Sit on it for now. We might want to hit them during their press launch.

INT. HIGH RISE, 20TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Vero exits the elevator and heads for Kevin's apartment. She checks to make sure the corridor is empty and feels for the gun in her pocket. She then knocks on Kevin's door.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason and Kevin are studying the computer screen when they hear the faint knock at the front door.

ROSA (O.S.)

Can you get that, Honey? We're still eating.

KEVIN

(to Jason)

Excuse me.

Kevin leaves the office, crosses the

LIVING ROOM

and opens the front door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
I told you never to come to my  
apartment.

VERO  
(quietly)  
Is he here?

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jason pulls the PC monitor round to face him and clicks on another folder in the file.

A newspaper cutting appears on the screen.

INSERT - THE HEADLINE, which reads: "Allergen Biotech secures \$20bn contract to supply all US hospitals with Calcitryol."

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Jason closes the folder and opens another. A second cutting appears on the screen.

INSERT - THE HEADLINE, which reads: "Doubts raised over the effectiveness and safety of Calcitryol."

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Jason closes the folder and logs out of the database.

INT. HIGH RISE, 20TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Vero tries to squeeze past Kevin but he pushes her back into the corridor.

Then he pulls the door closed behind them.

KEVIN  
You promised he was in on the deal.  
Then he turns up this morning with  
no fucking idea what's going on.  
And now he's banging on my door.

VERO  
He doesn't know you're involved.

KEVIN  
Let's keep it that way.

VERO  
Don't underestimate him.

KEVIN

He's not acting, Vero. He's  
shitting himself. I can't believe I  
trusted you with him.

VERO

I know my husband. He's playing us.

KEVIN

I swear we're talking about  
different people.

VERO

Just let me see him.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

As the folder closes, Jason spots a file on Kevin's desktop.

INSERT - THE FOLDER: "AMA: Broncocycline vs Calcicyrol."

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Jason hovers over the file and eventually clicks on it.

INT. HIGH RISE, 20TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kevin grabs Vero round the throat and forces her up against  
the wall in the corridor.

KEVIN

You really think I'm going to let  
you in when my wife and kids are  
having dinner? I'll have his files  
on my computer in ten minutes.

Kevin releases her and re-enters his apartment alone.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jason hears the front door close as the file opens.

INSERT - THE FILE, whose first line reads: "Broncocycline:  
The American Medical Association rules that the new drug from  
Hunter Pharmaceuticals is safe for human use. Calcicyrol  
research to be shelved."

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Jason makes a copy of the file on his flash drive, then  
ejects it and places it on the desk.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kevin crosses the living room and heads for the office.

ROSA (O.S.)  
Who was it, darling?

KEVIN  
Delivery for the Connells. Wrong  
floor again.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jason closes the file with a keystroke. Kevin enters a moment later and sits at his desk.

KEVIN  
Sorry about that.

JASON  
(standing)  
I've taken up too much of your  
evening.

Kevin glances at the monitor.

ON THE SCREEN

The mouse arrow hovers over the AMA folder.

BACK IN THE OFFICE

KEVIN  
(staring at the screen)  
Nonsense. Help yourself to another  
drink.

JASON  
I'm fine, thanks.

Kevin nudges the mouse and a message flashes up.

ON THE SCREEN, the words appear: "Last opened 21.24."

The clock in the corner ticks round to "21.25".

BACK IN THE OFFICE

Kevin reaches for the drive on the desk but Jason quickly pockets it.

JASON (CONT'D)  
I really should go.

Kevin stands and leads Jason into the  
LIVING ROOM

where he holds out his hand. The men shake.

KEVIN  
Put your feet up for a few days.

JASON  
Thanks, Kevin.

KEVIN  
Goodbye, C-J.

Kevin opens the door and shows Jason out.

INT. HIGH RISE, 20TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jason walks past the door to the stairwell and presses the call button for the first elevator. The doors slide open a moment later: the elevator is empty so he steps inside.

INT. HIGH RISE FOYER - NIGHT

Vero leans against a pillar and uses the selfie mode on her phone to check for marks around her neck where Kevin grabbed her, but there are none.

Her phone buzzes so she answers.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
He wouldn't let me save the files.

VERO  
Suspicious fucker.

KEVIN (V.O.)  
This deal is too big to be blown by  
your husband. Take him alive and  
let Michael go to work.

Vero ends the call and slips behind the pillar as Jason leaves the elevator and crosses the foyer.

EXT. / INT. TAXI, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Jason leaves the building, hails a cab and climbs in.

DRIVER  
Where to?

JASON  
O'Malley's.

EXT. HIGH RISE, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Vero leaves the building but can't see Jason in any of the taxis. She checks her phone instead and then hails a cab.

INT. VERO'S TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Vero slides into the back seat and again checks her phone.

VERO  
Head south on Fifth. I'll let you  
know when to stop.

INT. O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Jason enters the bar crammed with boozy OFFICE WORKERS and groups on a night out. Rock music pumps from the speakers.

He squeezes through and joins Alex at the end of the bar.

JASON  
I don't know if I can trust him.

ALEX  
It's quieter upstairs.

Alex heads for the stairs next to the men's room.

INT. COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

The atmosphere is more relaxed and soft dance music plays in the background.

Alex leads Jason to a booth and they sit.

A waitress, SUZIE, approaches.

ALEX  
Two beers, please, Suzie.

SUZIE  
Sure thing, Alex. On your tab?

ALEX  
Run a new one.

Suzie heads to the bar.



JASON

Hunter Pharmaceuticals is launching a drug called Broncocycline next week. It was developed by my university in my former life, but our funding was cut before we could complete clinical trials.

ALEX

What's it for?

JASON

Treating asthma and hayfever. In all my research, I never found anything wrong with it but, because we couldn't fund the trials, the drug never made it to market.

ALEX

That doesn't mean it isn't safe.

JASON

The American Medical Association has just approved it for sale.

Suzie drops a couple of beers on the table and clears glasses from the next booth.

ALEX

But?

JASON

Allergen Biotech's research suggests it may have serious side-effects.

ALEX

You need to look at the rest of their files.

Jason removes the drive from his pocket and toys with it.

JASON

Why are you helping me?

Alex fiddles with the label on his beer bottle.

ALEX

I believe some of us have unfinished business.

JASON

A higher power controlling our lives? I don't believe that.

ALEX

There must be a purpose.

JASON

Bullshit. The universe isn't a logical place where things happen for a reason.

ALEX

Then why do we keep our consciousness from previous lives?

Jason drinks his beer and pinches the bridge of his nose.

JASON

What the fuck happened to C-J?

ALEX

Nothing. He was just a different version of you. Same D-N-A, different upbringing. Your consciousness became his. That's why you have your memories. You're still the you from your previous existences.

JASON

I don't want those memories.

ALEX

This version of you overrides all the others. I believe it's proof you have a soul that stays with you in life - or lives - after death.

JASON

There's no such thing as a soul. Or fate. Or purpose. We're born, maybe survive long enough to procreate, and then we die.

ALEX

Or not.

(drinks)

Ever thought about parallel universes? What if there are so many that all the possibilities have been explored?

JASON

You can't expect me to believe that when I died my consciousness inhabited different versions of me in parallel universes.

Alex nods and drains his beer.

ALEX

There are black holes at the centre of each galaxy. Our consciousness could pass through these portals in the fabric of spacetime.

JASON

But our bodies can't? Don't try to baffle me with the science because you can't prove anything.

ALEX

All possibilities exist simultaneously. Basic quantum mechanics.

JASON

Like there is such a thing.

ALEX

You experienced some of these alternate realities but your consciousness has been selected to live on in this one.

JASON

One minute it's quantum mechanics, the next a divine mission. They're incompatible. And if I have unfinished business, why the fuck aren't I saving my wife?

ALEX

Maybe that's not your purpose.

Jason bangs his bottle on the table.

JASON

As if I wasn't feeling guilty enough for surviving the crash that killed her, now you're telling me there's no way I can save her.

ALEX

You didn't survive. Your body's where you left it.

JASON

So Ceri's consciousness is out there in some parallel universe too, is it?

ALEX

I can't answer that.

Jason buries his head in one hand.

JASON

Can't or won't...? Have you ever  
come back to a familiar reality at  
a different time?

ALEX

It doesn't matter. Destiny is  
predetermined.

Jason finishes his beer and his eyes lock onto Alex's.

JASON

But you've tried, right?

Alex toys with his wedding ring

ALEX

You've got to let her go.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Vero climbs out of a taxi and joins Michael outside the bar.

VERO

He's inside.

Michael opens his jacket a fraction to reveal his pistol.

VERO (CONT'D)

We need him alive.

MICHAEL

My car's in the alley out back.

INT. O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Jason and Alex drink from their next beer.

Jason's emotions almost get the better of him. He eventually  
removes his phone and brings up a search but the connection  
is intermittent.

ALEX

The six-G connection is very slow.

JASON

Internet cafe?

ALEX  
Across the street.

They stand and walk towards the stairs.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You're forgetting something.

Jason shakes his head, returns to the bar and slaps down a twenty.

INT. O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Vero and Michael enter the ground floor and begin searching the booths by the pool tables.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Jason and Alex slip out of the back door unnoticed and cross to the internet cafe. The streets are much quieter and there are fewer pedestrians.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Alex enter and sit at a computer. Jason swipes a credit card from his wallet in front of a reader.

The screen comes to life so he enters the flash drive into a port and tries to log on to Allergen Biotech. A security screen flashes up.

ON THE MONITOR, the words appear: "Retinal scan required to access Allergen Biotech files from a shared computer."

BACK IN THE CAFE

Jason stares at the webcam and passes the scan.

A list of folders appears on the screen. Jason clicks on the American Medical Association file.

INT. O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Vero and Michael meet by the men's room.

VERO  
Must be upstairs.

MICHAEL  
Check your phone.

Vero removes her cell and frowns.

VERO  
Internet cafe opposite.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Jason and Alex read the files on the screen.

JASON  
Hunter will put Allergen out of  
business if Broncocycline launches  
successfully.

ALEX  
But the biotech company has  
evidence the drug isn't safe.

JASON  
Kevin's only got to release that  
report to sink Hunter.

They suddenly spot Vero and Michael crossing the street  
towards the cafe.

Jason ejects the drive and he and Alex then exit the cafe  
while Vero and Michael wait at a crosswalk.

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

The streets are still quiet with only a few taxis and the odd  
blacked-out 4x4. A couple of motorcycle couriers weave among  
the traffic.

Vero and Michael suddenly spot Jason and Alex trying to lose  
themselves in the crowd outside the cafe. They run between  
the cars and reach the pavement twenty yards away.

Jason glances over his shoulder and locks eyes with Vero.  
Michael slips his hand inside his jacket.

Jason drags Alex to the curb as a MOTORCYCLIST slows for the  
red lights. Jason stares at the bike and trembles, his breath  
quickenning.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. MOTOCROSS EVENT, ENGLAND - DAY

Jason hurls his bike round a dirt track and leaps over a  
berm. He moves up to third place in a race of twenty riders.

The RIDER ahead suddenly falls after landing a big jump. Jason takes the jump and flies towards the stricken biker. He dismounts in mid air and kicks the bike away.

Jason lands on one side of the other rider while his bike crashes through a fence before spinning across the track.

Jason rolls over several times and eventually collapses near his bike. The other rider scrambles to his feet and leaps off the track as the next batch of riders take the jump.

One of the trailing bikes lands right by Jason. Jason throws up his hands to protect himself but the front wheel strikes his helmet. The second bike then collides with Jason's machine and both erupt in flames.

The other RIDER is catapulted over the handlebars and off the track to safety but Jason is out cold in the fire.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ceri rushes in and barges past several DOCTORS. Jason lies in bed with his head swathed in bandages. He's hooked up to a life-support machine.

CERI

How is he?

DOCTOR #1

In an induced coma. We'll need to operate again in a few days.

Ceri sits next to the bed and takes Jason's hand.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Jason checks over his shoulder once more as Vero and Michael approach. He then takes a deep breath, runs in front of the bike courier and wrestles him off the machine.

JASON

(to the motorcyclist)

Sorry.

Jason leaps onto the bike.

JASON (CONT'D)

(to Alex)

Get on the back.

Alex spots Michael drawing his pistol so he jumps onto the bike and wraps his arms around Jason's waist.

Jason flicks the bike into gear and burns rubber in a U-turn, then powers the wrong way up the street.

Vero and Michael sprint back across the road and leap into Michael's car. It barrels out of the alley and gives chase.

Jason weaves in and out of the taxis. Lights from bars, clubs and late-night stores blur into one as the bike hurtles between the skyscrapers.

Michael floors the accelerator and his sports car closes the gap with the fleeing bike.

Horns honk and PEDESTRIANS panic as the chase intensifies.

Jason hits the brakes and slides the bike round. He then powers up and enters Central Park by the Museum of Art.

Michael follows, drifting the car onto the 79th Street Traverse.

Jason checks over his shoulder as the car closes to within twenty feet.

INT. / EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Michael fights for control as Jason leaves the road and joins a small path in the park. More pedestrians bolt for safety.

VERO

Gun.

Michael hands her the pistol and she leans out of the window.

MICHAEL

Tyres only.

Jason spots the danger and cuts a sharp left by the lake.

Michael brakes too late and the car hurtles under the West Drive bridge before cutting south to intercept the bike.

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Jason sees the danger and slides the bike in a shallow drift.

Then he takes aim at a low mound by the park wall.



ALEX  
You'll get us killed.

JASON  
Is that a problem?

Jason guns the engine and the bike leaps the park wall onto Central Park West.

Michael slides the car into a park bench, demolishing it, then mashes his foot to the floor and exits the park.

He resumes the chase outside the Museum of Natural History but traffic is heavy by the Dakota Building.

Jason weaves between slower cars but a taxi makes an unexpected turn ahead and he takes evasive action by driving down the steps into the 72nd Street Subway Station.

Michael's car skids to a halt outside the station. Vero returns his gun and they leap down the stairs on foot.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Jason almost loses control but manages to guide the bike through several PEDESTRIANS. He then pulls a wheelie to smash through the ticket barrier onto the platform.

Jason rides the bike down a second flight of steps leading deeper into the station.

He soon pulls over on a deserted platform and both men climb off. Jason leans the bike against a pillar.

ALEX  
You should turn pro.

JASON  
Bronze at the national champs two years running. Would have turned that into gold if Ceri had let me ride again.

Alex glances at an electronic departures board.

ALEX  
Three minutes.

Michael and Vero suddenly appear on the stairs to the platform. Michael surreptitiously removes his pistol and they casually approach Jason and Alex.

A speaker above the platform crackles to life.

STATION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Stand back. The A Train will not  
stop at this station.

A light appears in the tunnel and the rails begin to hum. Jason locks eyes with Michael. Then he walks backwards to the platform edge.

ALEX  
What are you doing?

JASON  
I don't belong here.

ALEX  
Jason, please.

JASON  
What do you care?

The train thunders into the station. Michael and Vero are almost upon them.

JASON (CONT'D)  
It ends on my terms.

Jason steps to the edge of the platform as the train hurtles towards him.

ALEX  
(whispers)  
The first time, you die with them.  
Don't put me through this again.

JASON  
(obliviously)  
I'd do anything to have her back.

Tears form in Jason's eyes but he turns away from the platform edge as the train roars past. He then staggers into Alex's arms and breaks down.

Alex comforts Jason as Michael and Vero join them. Michael keeps the gun out of sight of the few passengers wandering onto the platform but it's aimed squarely at Jason.

MICHAEL  
Time for a chat.

ALEX  
Fuck you.

VERO  
Who the hell are you?

ALEX  
Good Samaritan.

VERO  
Hand over the files, C-J.

JASON  
You'll have to kill me.

A station SECURITY GUARD suddenly charges down the steps with a POLICEMAN close behind.

SECURITY GUARD  
That's them. Drove right through  
the gate on a bike.

The policeman draws his gun and slowly approaches the group.

The rails hum once more and a light appears in the tunnel.

STATION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
C Train to Euclid Avenue  
approaching.

POLICEMAN  
Don't move. Don't even fart.

Michael slips the gun back inside his jacket as the train enters the station.

The policeman is still thirty feet away when the train stops and a set of doors opens behind Jason and Alex.

MICHAEL  
(whispers)  
Another time.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)  
Lie face down on the ground.

The train doors hiss and begin to close.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Jason suddenly grabs Alex and pulls him backwards through the closing doors onto the train.

Before the policeman, station staff or Michael and Vero can react, the train pulls away from the station.

ALEX  
The police will be waiting at the  
next stop. Give me your phone.

Jason pulls out his mobile, unlocks it and hands it over. Alex swipes through several screens. He then taps an icon and turns the screen to face Jason.

JASON  
A child-tracking app?

Alex taps in a command and hands the phone back.

ALEX  
Uninstalled.

The train rumbles into the 59th Street Station.

JASON  
Stay on or get off?

ALEX  
My flat is just around the corner.  
(checks his watch)  
We might just beat the police.

Jason and Alex exit the train as soon as the doors open.

INT. 59TH STREET STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jason and Alex cross the platform and leave the station.

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

As they reach street level, a pair of squad cars pull up.

Alex leads Jason into the southwest corner of Central Park and they disappear as the OFFICERS charge into the station.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex unlocks the door and shows Jason into a small basement flat. It's tidy but functional with few conveniences except for an enormous television.

Jason removes the drive from his pocket.

JASON  
Laptop?

Alex passes him a laptop from the TV stand.

Then he connects it to the TV via a cable and selects the right input.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Old school.

ALEX  
That's me.

Jason sits at a coffee table and powers up the computer.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Drink?

JASON  
Tea?

Alex opens a small fridge next to the TV.

ALEX  
I was thinking something stronger.

JASON  
Coke'll do.

Alex hands him a drink and pours himself a large measure of Bourbon. He drops in a couple of blocks of ice from the freezer compartment, then collapses onto the couch.

ALEX  
Go split-screen between the  
internet and your files.

Jason taps a few keys and brings up the files.

ON THE TELEVISION

Jason's files and a webpage occupy each half of the screen.

BACK IN THE APARTMENT

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Search for the companies online.

Jason types in a search.

Several options flash up. One is from the New York Times.

INSERT - THE RESULTS OF THE WEB SEARCH: "Hunter  
Pharmaceuticals and Allergen Biotech slug it out for \$20bn  
contract."

BACK IN THE APARTMENT

Alex frowns and heads into the kitchen.

Jason brings the article up on the television.

JASON

Hunter are claiming they developed Broncocycline and that it's completely safe. Allergen Biotech countered with a drug called Calcitryol.

Alex returns with a crumpled newspaper. He flicks through the pages and finally drops the paper on the table.

ALEX

But the A-M-A sided with Hunter after Calcitryol was found to cause bone-density abnormalities.

Jason sips from his drink.

JASON

So why would Kevin keep a damning report on Broncocycline under wraps when it could save his company?

Alex leans back and stares at the ceiling.

ALEX

Because he's really working for Hunter Pharmaceuticals.

JASON

Fuck. Of course. C-J too. He was sleeping with the head of research to access her report.

ALEX

You're not him any more.

Jason brings up the homepage of Hunter Pharmaceuticals.

JASON

That's why everyone wants me dead.

Alex swirls the ice in his glass, finishes his drink and pours himself another.

ALEX

It's not always a bad thing. Trouble is, we're not all good people.

JASON

We?

Alex clicks on a link and Michael's face fills one side of the TV screen. There's a caption underneath.

INSERT - THE CAPTION, which reads: "Michael Hunter, Head of Security, Hunter Pharmaceuticals."

BACK TO SCENE

Alex goes back a page and clicks the touchpad to bring up a list of employees.

ALEX

Your wife's his deputy.

Jason fiddles with his wedding ring and half removes it before sliding it back on.

JASON

That woman is not my wife.  
(finishes his drink)  
How did you do it the first time?

ALEX

I don't want to talk about it.

JASON

Well it's bugging the crap out of me. And it's not as if I can lose the will to live.

ALEX

I kept trying but I couldn't save her. Some things are the same and some are different but you can't change the outcome.

JASON

You lost someone too?

Alex stares blankly at the wall as if in a trance.

ALEX

Ripples in the fabric of spacetime.  
Don't torment yourself believing  
you can make a difference.

JASON

Then why help me?

ALEX

You needed it.

Jason stands and paces the room.

JASON

Your future's undecided.

Alex opens the drawer under the TV and pulls out a gun. He points it directly at Jason.

ALEX

Are you sure about that?

Jason holds up his hands and backs away.

JASON

Easy, Alex.

Tears form in Alex's eyes and his gun hand trembles.

ALEX

Are. You. Sure. About. That?

There's a long silence as the men stare at one another.

JASON

(whispers)

I hope so.

A tear rolls down Alex's cheek as he turns the gun on himself and pulls the trigger.

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Jason slips out of Alex's apartment and vomits in an alleyway. He takes a moment to compose himself and then hails an electric cab.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Jason climbs into the rear seat and the DRIVER turns round.

JASON

Corner of 63rd and Fifth.

DRIVER

Sure thing, buddy.

Jason spots a copy of the New York Times on the rear seat. He flicks through until he finds the article on Broncocycline.

JASON

You read the Times?

DRIVER

Sure do.

JASON

The article on asthma?



The cab follows a steady stream of traffic.

DRIVER

Fallen by thirty percent since the mayor introduced electric taxis two years ago. By 2030, all vehicles made in the US will be electric or fuel cell. Pollutants is only half the problem though. Pollen's the other half. Some university in Denmark spent years sequencing the D-N-A from hundreds of plants so they could stop it binding to people's lungs. Then our scientists at Hunter Pharmaceuticals developed a drug to block the receptors. They shared the Nobel Prize for Medicine last year.

JASON

Broncocyline.

DRIVER

That's it.

JASON

Is it expensive?

DRIVER

Bet your ass. Someone's making a killing.

The cab pulls over outside the high rise.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

That's fifteen.

Jason gives him a twenty.

JASON

You should go on Millionaire.

DRIVER

Won thirty-two grand. Spent most of it on women and booze, then blew the rest.

Jason climbs out, taps the car roof and enters the high rise.

INT. HIGH RISE, 20TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Jason removes Alex's gun, checks it's loaded, drops it back in his pocket and knocks on Kevin's door.

Rosa answers the door a moment later. She wears a dressing gown and has a towel wrapped round her head.

ROSA  
Callum, it's late. Are you okay?

JASON  
Sorry to bother you again. Is Kevin still up?

ROSA  
He's in the bath. Can you come back in the morning?

JASON  
It's about the mugging.

Rosa reluctantly opens the door.

ROSA  
You'd better wait in his office.

Jason follows her into the apartment.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jason sits at Kevin's computer and brings up Hunter Pharmaceuticals' homepage.

Kevin enters wearing a dressing gown and slippers. He pushes the door closed behind him.

KEVIN  
You should be at home, C-J.

Kevin pours himself a drink.

JASON  
It's lost its appeal.

KEVIN  
Your personal life is your problem.

Jason turns the screen to face Kevin.

Rosa suddenly pops her head round the door.

ROSA  
Will you be long, Honey?

KEVIN  
Couple of minutes.

ROSA  
I'll be in bed. Goodnight Callum.

JASON  
Rosa.

Rosa leaves the office and pulls the door closed.

Jason removes the flash drive from his pocket and places it on the desk.

KEVIN  
Have you made copies?

JASON  
No.

KEVIN  
Then you've no bargaining power.

Jason pulls out the gun and lays it on the desk.

Kevin sips from his drink and doesn't bat an eyelid.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
We chose you for a reason. You haven't got the balls.

Jason stands and trains the gun at Kevin's head.

JASON  
I'm not the person you think I am.

KEVIN  
You double-crossed us. Fuck.

JASON  
My team developed Broncocycline in the U-K five years ago.

KEVIN  
What? You're fucking deluded.

JASON  
You know, I could well be.

Jason's finger curls around the trigger.

KEVIN  
You still don't have the balls.

The office door suddenly opens and one of Kevin's daughters enters. She opens her mouth to scream but Kevin puts a finger to his lips.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Come in, Sweetie. Everything's  
fine.

DAUGHTER  
I can't sleep.

Kevin's daughter pushes the door closed and rushes to her father. Kevin takes her in his arms.

KEVIN  
C-J here has had a bad day and he's  
not feeling well.  
(to Jason)  
Isn't that right, C-J?

JASON  
Dead right.

KEVIN  
He's now going to put the gun away  
and leave us to go to bed.

DAUGHTER  
Please put the gun down, C-J. I  
don't want you to hurt Daddy.

Jason's arm wavers and he drops the gun into his pocket.

JASON  
Sorry to have woken you.

Jason grabs the flash drive and leaves.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kevin bolts the front door, then runs back into the office.

INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin grabs his phone and dials a number.

KEVIN  
He'll be in the foyer in two  
minutes. He has the drive and knows  
about Hunter.

VERO (V.O.)  
On our way.

KEVIN  
He's armed.

Kevin slams the receiver down.

EXT. HIGH RISE - NIGHT

Jason exits the foyer and leans against the wall outside. He hyperventilates a few times and wipes sweat from his brow. Then he pulls out his phone and brings up a search engine.

ON THE PHONE

Jason types "Ceri Manning". The search returns one Facebook and one LinkedIn hit, so Jason taps the keys in turn. PHOTOS appear for both hits but they're not his wife.

BACK TO SCENE

As he pockets the phone, he finds Vero standing in front of him, her eyes like bottomless pits, her smile twisted.

Jason turns to run but a HEAVY blocks one escape route and Michael blocks the other.

The thug grabs Jason by the arm, removes the gun from his pocket and drags him across the pavement to Michael's car.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael's car pulls in. The heavy drags Jason out of the backseat and throws him to the floor. Vero then removes a syringe from her handbag.

MICHAEL

Four hundred milligrammes of sodium  
pentothal. No more.

Vero jabs the needle into Jason's leg and injects a small fraction of the syringe's volume.

VERO

Old. But effective.

As the thug straps Jason to a chair, Jason's vision blurs and then darkens.

JASON

(mumbles)  
It's fucking lovely.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jason's eyes flicker open.

He's still strapped to the chair and can't move. He sees movement with full-body traces.

Vero and Michael study a laptop on a small table ten feet away. Jason's flash drive protrudes from a port on the side. The syringe also sits on the table.

VERO

Delete the Allergen Biotech report.

MICHAEL

What about his work P-C?

VERO

We can delete it remotely from Kevin's using his eyes. So make sure they stay intact. That just leaves Sammie.

MICHAEL

I'll take care of her.

VERO

I can't believe I let him fuck her.

Michael cocks his head towards Jason so Vero removes her gun and approaches him.

Jason struggles to escape but he's trapped in the chair. Vero raises the gun to his chest.

VERO (CONT'D)

I did love you once.

JASON

(still mumbling)

I never felt anything for you.  
Nothing. Nada. Zip.

VERO

A painful truth.

JASON

Anyway, you've always been too busy loving yourself.

Vero's finger curls around the trigger.

JASON (CONT'D)

Saves me doing it.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Wait!

VERO

What's the fucking problem?

Michael closes the laptop and joins them.

MICHAEL

He genuinely wants to die.

VERO

His mind's all over the place.

JASON

Sure is. Please. I need another chance. I can still save her.

Michael places a hand on the muzzle of the gun and lowers it.

MICHAEL

Trust me. He's more trouble dead.  
Throw him in the car.

Vero eventually pockets the gun and nods to the heavy. The thug unties Jason and drags him to the car.

Jason lets his body go limp but the drug is wearing off and his vision is clearing.

The heavy leans him against the car while he opens the rear door. Jason suddenly rams his fist into the heavy's jaw and then slams his head in the door as he falls.

Vero whips out her gun and fires once but she only strikes the car. Michael knocks her gun to one side so Jason dives for the table and grabs the syringe. He then stabs it into Vero's leg and squeezes the plunger.

She raises the gun to fire again but Jason reaches up and grabs the weapon, then turns it on Michael.

A loud report echoes around the warehouse. Jason clutches his back and slumps to the ground.

Michael relieves Jason of the gun and turns to face the heavy. The thug is kneeling next to the car with his gun still pointing at Jason.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to the heavy)

Idiot.

Michael shoots the henchman and the thug keels over backwards. Vero's eyes then roll into the back of her head. Jason lets out a faint gasp a moment later.

Michael glances at his gun and shakes his head, exasperated.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Fucking amateurs.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason sits bolt upright in bed, sweat dripping from his forehead. He struggles for breath and shakes uncontrollably.

Vero leans across and runs her hand down his back.

VERO  
Bad dream?

JASON  
Worse.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jason enters from the bathroom and towels himself down.

VERO (O.S.)  
Would you like a coffee?

Jason pulls open the bedroom door a fraction.

JASON  
Make it a strong tea. I'll be out  
in a minute.  
(mutters)  
You fucking psycho.

VERO (O.S.)  
Perhaps it'll help you wake up.

Jason opens Vero's bedside cabinet and removes the silenced handgun. He pops out the magazine and removes the bullets, then replaces the magazine.

He buries the bullets under his clothes in the chest of drawers and grabs the set of keys. He then carves a nick in the business end of the suppressor before replacing the gun.

He also removes his wallet and folds a corner of one of the twenty-dollar bills.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

Jason exits the apartment block and checks the date on a newspaper in the dispenser.



INSERT - THE PAPER, which reads: "Friday, July 24, 2026."

BACK ON THE STREETS

Jason pulls out his cellphone.

INSERT - THE PHONE SCREEN, which says: "08.45."

BACK ON THE STREETS

Jason taps a few keys on the phone screen.

INSERT - THE PHONE SCREEN, which says: "Family-Tracker:  
Uninstall?"

BACK ON THE STREETS

Jason taps a key and stuffs the phone back in his pocket. He then hails a cab.

EXT. / INT. TAXI, NEW YORK - DAY

Jason climbs into the back of the cab.

JASON  
Allergen Biotech, 4 West 57th.

CAB DRIVER  
That's only a couple of blocks  
south. I got bigger fares to chase.

Jason pulls out the two unmarked twenty-dollar bills and hands them over.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
My lucky day.

EXT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

The cab pulls over and Jason climbs out.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - CONTINUOUS

Jason passes through the security checkpoint. As he hurries across the foyer, Kevin holds out a hand to stop him.

KEVIN  
You okay, C-J?

JASON  
I'm running late.

KEVIN  
Didn't think you had anything on  
this morning.

JASON  
I need to save the report for  
Michael.

KEVIN  
(whispers)  
Don't let me keep you.

Jason quickly crosses the foyer and climbs the staircase.

INT. CJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason ejects the drive and pockets it.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH LAB - DAY

Jason enters and joins Sammie at her desk.

SAMMIE  
Everything okay? You seem  
distracted.

JASON  
Just busy. Listen, Kevin's trying  
to suppress your report.

SAMMIE  
Why?

JASON  
He's working for Hunter.

SAMMIE  
What?

Jason removes the drive from his pocket.

JASON  
Everything's on here but I need you  
to do something before we go  
public.

SAMMIE  
I don't like the sound of this.

JASON  
Please, Sammie, just trust me.

EXT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

Jason crosses the street to the coffee shop. He spots Michael through the window.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jason enters and joins Michael at his table.

MICHAEL  
We meet again.

JASON  
What?

MICHAEL  
We both know what I mean.

JASON  
I've no idea what you're talking about. You called. I came.

Michael leans across the table until their faces are only inches apart.

MICHAEL  
How do you find the dying part?

JASON  
Are you high or something?

Michael leans back and sips from his coffee.

MICHAEL  
Forget it. Do you have the report?

Jason removes the flash drive but doesn't hand it over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What's the verdict?

JASON  
Broncocycline is no miracle cure.

MICHAEL  
But it works in the short-term.

JASON  
Until the side-effects kick in.

MICHAEL  
Not our problem. The A-M-A approved it so we're covered.

JASON

Based on incomplete research. I championed this drug for years, but I have to admit I was wrong.

MICHAEL

Since when did you develop a conscience?

JASON

This drug will kill people.

MICHAEL

Twenty-five million bucks says you don't give a shit what it does.

JASON

That's not why I'm doing this.

MICHAEL

Bullshit. Give me the files.

A WAITRESS joins them at the table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you another coffee?

MICHAEL

We're good.

JASON

Cocoa, please.

MICHAEL

(to the waitress)

No. We're good.

WAITRESS

I'm gonna need this table then.

MICHAEL

No problem.

Michael stands and pulls Jason to his feet. A few CUSTOMERS stop and stare but no one intervenes.

Michael drops a couple of coins on the table and drags Jason by the arm to the rear exit.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael forces Jason down the alley to a deserted corner between the skyscrapers.

He then pushes Jason into a wall and draws a silenced pistol from his jacket.

MICHAEL  
Last chance.

Michael raises the pistol.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
The drive. I get it either way.

JASON  
Don't --

Sammie suddenly appears behind Michael and strikes him over the head with a brick.

Michael staggers forwards, loses his footing and crumples to the ground. Jason quickly disarms him.

MICHAEL  
(scrabbling to his knees)  
You're a dead man, Jason.

JASON  
You're beginning to bore me.  
(frowns)  
What did you call me?

MICHAEL  
How's Ceri?

JASON  
What the fuck are you talking about?

Michael slowly climbs to his feet and fixes Jason with a malevolent stare. The gun quivers in Jason's hand.

MICHAEL  
You'll find out.

SAMMIE  
(to Jason)  
Why did he call you Jason?

MICHAEL  
She doesn't know who you are.

JASON  
She's not alone.

Michael starts backing up the alley.

Jason's finger tightens around the trigger.

MICHAEL

We fucked up when we killed you.

Jason's finger comes off the trigger and Michael continues backing up the alley.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Drive safely now. Wouldn't want you hurting the kids.

Jason pulls the trigger but his anger clouds his judgement and he misses, which allows Michael to escape.

SAMMIE

What the fuck's going on, C-J? Who the hell was he talking about? And what's this about kids?

Jason pockets the gun.

JASON

It's time I found out.

EXT. NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Jason races up the alley, leaving a bewildered Sammie alone.

Michael leaps into his car and burns rubber up the street.

Jason stops the first car that passes. He rips the driver's door open, drags a WOMAN out and leaps in.

WOMAN

What the hell are you doing?

INT. / EXT. STOLEN CAR, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Alex suddenly appears at the passenger door and climbs in.

ALEX

Need a hand?

JASON

Don't do that again.

INT. / EXT. POLICE CAR, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

The cops who Jason approached in the previous existence notice Michael burning rubber and Jason hijack the next car.

The driver rams the car into gear and they join the pursuit.

INT. / EXT. STOLEN CAR, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Jason passes Alex the gun and mashes the accelerator.

ALEX  
I have to keep trying. Infinite  
possibilities.

Jason slides the car onto Fifth Avenue but Michael has a half-block lead.

JASON  
I'd prefer not to watch.

ALEX  
Now you know what it's like.

JASON  
What do you mean?

ALEX  
You'll find out.

JASON  
I wish people would stop saying  
that.

Jason weaves the car through slower traffic.

ALEX  
Michael?

JASON  
I'm afraid so.

ALEX  
We can't hurt him. He's...

JASON  
He's what?

ALEX  
Never mind.

Jason is forced to take to the pavement as Michael's car extends its lead. Pedestrians leap out of the way as they race through the streets of New York.

Traffic thins as Michael turns east onto 59th Street and heads for the Queensboro Bridge. Jason hammers the accelerator and his car roars up the incline.

Michael gets held up behind two slower cars and suddenly Jason is right on his tail.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR, NEW YORK - DAY

Michael opens his glove-box and removes another handgun. Then he opens his window and fires blindly at Jason's car.

INT. / EXT. STOLEN CAR, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Several rounds strike the car's body but no major damage is done. A couple of rounds penetrate the windscreen but they miss Jason and Alex.

Jason glances in his mirrors as two police cars screech round the corner behind them.

He hits the accelerator again and his car crashes into Michael's car, slewing it sideways.

Michael corrects the slide and burns rubber up the incline to the bridge. Jason rams him again.

Alex opens the passenger window and fires at Michael's tyres. The front left explodes and Michael's car veers into Jason, ramming the chase car into the central reservation.

Jason fights for control but overcorrects and the car hurtles for the barrier by the entrance to the bridge.

Michael's car flips onto its side and slides to a halt in the middle of the road.

Jason leans across Alex's lap and opens the passenger door. He pushes Alex out as the car heads for the crash barrier. Then he mashes the brake pedal.

Alex tumbles into the road as the stolen car strikes the barrier and leaps over it. It then plummets a hundred feet and smashes nose first into the ground.

Two squad cars surround Michael's car. Police officers spill out and train their weapons on Michael. Alex subtly slips his gun into his pocket.

Another officer runs to the parapet and stares at the wreck of Jason's stolen car a hundred feet below.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

The police move in to arrest Michael.



They drag him out of the car and cuff him.

MICHAEL  
(to Alex)  
You should have killed me.

The police bundle Michael into a squad car.

Alex loses himself amid the other cars and a gathering crowd of drivers before the cops can stop him.

INT. / EXT. JASON'S 4X4, ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Jason finds himself at the wheel. It's hammering down with rain and the road is partially flooded.

He slows for a corner and glances across to the passenger seat: Ceri smiles and rubs the back of his neck.

JASON  
(in an English accent)  
Thank fuck for that.

CERI  
Are you okay?

JASON  
I am now.

As Jason takes a sharp right turn, a letter slides out of a compartment in the dashboard and falls into Ceri's footwell.

She notices the fertility clinic stamp on the back.

CERI  
Why did you get this sent to work?

JASON  
I didn't want you opening it. I'm  
the reason we can't have children.

CERI  
What do you mean?

JASON  
My immune system produces anti-  
sperm antibodies. Probably because  
of injuries sustained on the bike.

Ceri turns away and wipes her eyes.

CERI  
Is there a cure?

Jason skirts a puddle as LIGHTNING pierces the sky ahead.

JASON

Intra-cytoplasmic sperm injection.  
It's like I-V-F but they actually  
insert a single sperm into the egg  
before transplanting the embryo  
back into the uterus.

Ceri takes his hand and squeezes it affectionately.

CERI

It's just a small bump in the road,  
J.

Jason drives on in a daze and heads up the hill towards the humpback bridge.

Another car suddenly appears alongside them. Jason slows and glances across at the other driver: it's Michael.

Michael winks and rams the 4x4 into the guardrail.

Jason's car teeters on the edge of the embankment, then slides down the slope and comes to rest on its roof in the middle of the train tracks.

INT. / EXT. JASON'S 4X4, TRAIN LINE - CONTINUOUS

Jason shakes his head as blood drips from a wound above his left eye. He opens his eyes and finds himself upside down strapped tightly in his seat.

His eyes are drawn to the dashboard clock, which ticks round to "19.30". He reaches across and takes Ceri's hand.

JASON

You okay?

CERI

I think so.

JASON

This is so fucked up.

CERI

Hey, we're in one piece.

Jason tries to undo his seatbelt and free himself but the mechanism has jammed and he's trapped.

A light appears in the distance and grows brighter. The rails start to vibrate.

JASON  
We're on the line.

CERI  
I'm afraid so.

He desperately tugs at the mechanism but his weight presses on the seatbelt and it remains locked.

Ceri unclips her belt and opens the passenger door. Lightning pierces the sky as the monster hurtles towards them.

She crawls back into the car but can't undo his belt.

JASON  
Get out, Ceri.

CERI  
I can't leave you.

Jason takes Ceri by the shoulders and shoves her out of the car as the train thunders under the humpback bridge and obliterates it in an explosion of metal and glass.

INT. STOLEN CAR, NEW YORK - DAY

Jason opens his eyes and glances in his mirror as two police cars screech round the corner and join the chase at the Queensboro Bridge.

He hits the accelerator and his car crashes into the back of Michael's, slewing it sideways.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Michael corrects the slide and burns rubber up the incline to the bridge. Jason rams his car again.

INT. STOLEN CAR, NEW YORK - DAY

Jason battles for control.

JASON  
Take out his tyres.

He then glances into the passenger seat but there's no sign of Alex.

Jason feels in his pocket and removes a gun. He opens the window and fires at Michael's car.

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

Michael's front left tyre explodes and his car veers into Jason's car, ramming it into the central reservation.

Jason fights for control but overcorrects and his car hurtles towards the crash barrier.

Michael's car flips onto its side and slides to a halt in the middle of the road.

Jason wrenches the steering wheel round and his car grazes the crash barrier before finally stopping at the entrance to the bridge.

Unseen by the cops, he throws the handgun out of the window into the river.

Two squad cars surround them. Police officers spill from the cars and train their weapons on Jason and Michael.

The police then move in to arrest them both.

They drag Michael out of the car, cuff him and bundle him into the back of a squad car.

Jason hits the floor and catches Michael's eye.

MICHAEL

You could have killed me.

JASON

You can't always get what you want.

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY

Jason lies curled up on the bed.

Detective Mackay unlocks the door and enters with a DUTY COP.

MACKAY

(to Jason)

You want to tell me what that was all about?

JASON

He killed my wife.

MACKAY

Do you have proof?

JASON

Not yet.

MACKAY

I guess we have a few more questions for Mr Hunter.

(to the cop)

Let Mr Wilson watch the interrogation but cuff him first.

The duty cop cuffs Jason and leads him from the cell.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The cop slides a small partition open in the door to the next cell and looks inside.

COP

Shit.

The cop whips out his keys and opens the door.

Michael is hanging from the window bars by his shoelaces. The laces have cut into his throat and he's dead.

MACKAY

Not good.

JASON

In more ways than one.

A SECOND COP approaches and hands Mackay a note.

MACKAY

(to Jason)

Looks like you made bail. Go home while we deal with this shit-storm.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Jason enters the foyer and calls the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jason exits the elevator and removes the keys to Vero's apartment. He pops them in the lock and opens the door.

INT. VERO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jason slips into the apartment and pushes the door closed. He glances into the living room and the kitchen but Vero is nowhere to be seen.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters and kneels next to the bedside cabinet. He opens the second drawer but there's no gun.

Vero suddenly appears in the bathroom doorway and points the gun at Jason's head. There's no scratch in the business end of the suppressor.

VERO  
Looking for this?

Jason backs into the corner by the chest of drawers.

JASON  
(whispers)  
Ripples in the fabric of spacetime.

Vero's eyes narrow and she pulls the trigger.

INT. / EXT. JASON'S 4X4, COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Ceri is at the wheel as the car skirts a puddle on the verge. The rain lashes down and she takes extra care.

Jason checks the compartment in the dashboard but it's empty. He checks the pocket in the passenger door and then opens the glove-box but there's only the car's logbook.

CERI  
What are you looking for?

JASON  
(in an English accent)  
I thought I left a letter in here.

As Jason looks in the footwell, Ceri rounds a corner and accelerates towards the humpback bridge.

Jason finds nothing by his feet and only looks up as they approach the bridge. He glances in his wing mirror as Michael's car pulls out to overtake them.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Slow down!

CERI  
Why?

JASON  
Just do it.

Ceri pulls over on the incline and stops.

But the other car crashes into them and rams the 4x4 through the guardrail.

The 4x4 teeters on the edge of the slope, then rolls down the embankment onto the railway line. It comes to rest on its roof in the middle of the tracks.

Jason shakes his head as blood drips from a wound above his left eye. He's upside down and still strapped in his seat.

His eyes are drawn to the dashboard clock, which ticks round to "19.30". He reaches across and takes Ceri's hand.

JASON (CONT'D)

You okay?

CERI

Sorry.

JASON

It wasn't your fault.

A PAIR OF TODDLERS strapped into child seats in the back of the car suddenly start crying.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus Christ, no!

Jason undoes his seatbelt and frees himself. Then he tries to help Ceri with her belt but the mechanism has jammed and she's pinned tightly in her seat.

A light appears in the distance and grows brighter. The rails start to vibrate.

CERI

Are we on the line?

JASON

I'm afraid so.

Jason desperately tugs at the mechanism but Ceri's weight presses on the seatbelt and it remains locked.

He opens the door and peers into the night as the train hurtles towards them.

CERI

(taking Jason's hand)

Save the twins, J.

Jason crawls back into the front of the 4x4 and attacks the catch trapping Ceri.

JASON  
I can't leave you.

The lights from the train fill the windscreen.

Jason eventually kisses Ceri and climbs out. He wrenches open the rear door and starts undoing the children's seatbelts.

The train thunders under the humpback bridge and obliterates the 4x4 in an explosion of metal and glass.

Jason can't get the children out in time and is thrown into the bushes in the impact. He rolls onto his knees, his face a mask of anguish that dissolves into uncontrollable rage.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - CONTINUOUS

The train's emergency brake deploys and it begins to slow.

Jason waits for the last carriage to pass and then charges across the tracks. He scrambles up the embankment to Michael's car.

Michael has vanished but a flash of lightning reveals him escaping into the woods.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Jason gives chase. He's only a few paces behind Michael when his nemesis turns and whips out a bloodstained knife. Jason stops dead and allows himself a half smile.

JASON  
Do it.

MICHAEL  
No.

Jason lunges at Michael, grabs his hand and plunges the knife into his own chest.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason sits bolt upright in bed, sweat dripping from his forehead. He struggles for breath and shakes uncontrollably.

Vero leans across and runs her hand down his back.

VERO  
Bad dream?



INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jason enters from the bathroom and towels himself down.

VERO (O.S.)  
Would you like a coffee?

JASON  
I still need to save those files.

Vero appears in the doorway as Jason pulls on his suit.

VERO  
You should have done that already.

Jason pockets his wallet and keys.

JASON  
I haven't had time.

Jason glances at his phone.

INSERT - THE SCREEN, which reads: "08.35".

BACK TO SCENE

Jason pockets the phone, then glances at the bedside cabinet but Vero sits on the bed and starts doing her makeup.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Any chance of that coffee?

VERO  
The kettle's in the kitchen.

JASON  
Did you get out of my side of the  
bed this morning?

VERO  
Don't fuck around today, C-J.

EXT. / INT. TAXI, NEW YORK - DAY

Jason climbs into the back of the cab.

JASON  
Allergen Biotech, 4 West 57th.

CAB DRIVER  
That's only a couple of blocks  
south. I got bigger fares to chase.

Jason pulls out his wallet but none of the twenty-dollar bills has a folded corner.

JASON

Shit.

CAB DRIVER

You'd better have the fare, Pal.

Jason hands him two bills.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

My lucky day.

EXT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

The cab pulls over and Jason climbs out. He then hurries inside the building.

INT. CJ'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason ejects the drive from his computer and pockets it.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - CONTINUOUS

Jason heads along the corridor and knocks on Kevin's office door before letting himself in.

INT. KEVIN'S WORK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin waves Jason to a chair and checks his watch.

KEVIN

Aren't you supposed to be meeting Michael?

Kevin pours them both coffees from a pot on the side.

JASON

I know you're working for Hunter Pharmaceuticals. They planted you here so you could monitor Allergen Biotech's drug programmes. When they finally realised Broncocycline was a danger to human health, you covered up the report and falsified the research you submitted to the A-M-A.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

You also doctored the report listing the side-effects of Calcityrol, none of which are serious, but the A-M-A dismissed Calcityrol and went with a lethal drug instead. Why? Economics: Calcityrol is cheap. No profit. Broncocycline would have netted Hunter twenty billion. That's a no brainer for a greedy fucker like you. How much was your cut?

Kevin forces a smile, removes a pistol from his desk and sidles round towards Jason.

KEVIN

Quarter of a percent.

JASON

Fifty million bucks.

KEVIN

That's why we put you in finance. We split it between us if you bury that report.

There's a knock at the door.

Jason senses Kevin's concentration is momentarily distracted and he throws himself headlong at his boss. Kevin tumbles over his desk and both men crash to the floor.

Jason wrestles Kevin for the gun and eventually catches him on the jaw with the point of his elbow.

Sammie opens the door and peers inside.

SAMMIE

What the fuck's going on?

Jason snatches up the gun and backs towards the door.

SAMMIE (CONT'D)

C-J?

JASON

He lied to us, Sammie.

Jason hands her the flash drive.

JASON (CONT'D)

He's working with Hunter to conceal the truth about Broncocycline. Call security.

INT. ALLERGEN BIOTECH - DAY

Two security officers march Kevin across the foyer to Detective Mackay.

INT. KEVIN'S WORK OFFICE - DAY

Jason sits at Kevin's desk and copies several folders to the flash drive. Then he hands the drive to Sammie.

JASON

Send these to the New York Times.

SAMMIE

Where does this leave us?

JASON

There is no us.

SAMMIE

You used me.

JASON

I'm sorry, Sammie. Make sure you take the credit for exposing Kevin and Hunter Pharmaceuticals.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Jason exits the elevator and removes the keys to Vero's apartment. He slips them in the lock and opens the door.

INT. VERO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jason tiptoes into the apartment and pushes the door closed.

INT. VERO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason enters and kicks open the bathroom door but it's empty. He kneels next to the bedside cabinet and opens the drawer but there's no gun.

Vero suddenly appears in the bedroom doorway. She points the gun at Jason's head.

He notices a nick in the business end of the suppressor.

VERO

Looking for this?

JASON  
(mutters)  
Infinite possibilities.  
(standing)  
Is it loaded?

Vero squeezes the trigger but the chamber is empty.

Jason knocks the gun to one side and strikes Vero in the face with the palm of his hand. She staggers back through the doorway into the hall.

INT. VERO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Vero manages to keep her footing and whips out a knife from her jacket. The pair circle one another before she swings wildly and forces him back into the living room.

VERO  
Spineless piece of shit. I should  
have known you'd back out.

JASON  
Some people never change. And you  
simply can't see beyond yourself.

Jason backs up to the mantelpiece bearing the vase and pictures. He glances out of the window at the traffic two storeys below.

Vero keeps coming and takes another lunge at him. Jason turns to one side and lets her bury the knife in his arm.

He throws his other arm around her waist and locks them together, their faces inches apart.

VERO  
What the fuck are you doing?

JASON  
Taking your life in my hands.

Vero pulls the knife out and tries to strike again but Jason picks her up and launches them both through the window.

Her face contorts with terror as they hurtle to the ground.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

Jason, now 12, finds himself off a beautiful beach. It's a glorious day and the wind is pushing the little boat across the water at a good lick.

Jason spots a MAN in the distance waving at him to come in. He's so far out that he can't distinguish the man's face.

Jason exhales and tips himself backwards into the sea.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The unseen man, 35, spots Jason fall out and rushes into the water. He desperately swims out to the boat but he's too late. Jason has sunk into deep water.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason opens his eyes and focuses on a baby mobile hanging above his head. He starts to scream.

MAN (O.S.)  
Jesus, not again.

Jason hears a bedroom door open and footsteps pad towards his room. Shadows flicker under the door.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Shit.

The man's footsteps pad back to the main bedroom.

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Wake up, Hatty!

HATTY (O.S.)  
What is it?

MAN (O.S.)  
The kitchen's on fire.

HATTY (O.S.)  
Get Mikey. I'll grab Jason.

Jason rolls onto his side as a wisp of smoke curls under the door. He hears the sound of running water.

HATTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What are you doing, David?

DAVID (O.S.)  
Wetting my dressing gown. Put it on and go downstairs. I'll get Mikey.

HATTY (O.S.)  
What about the window?

DAVID (O.S)  
Don't open it.

Footsteps pad outside Jason's door. A faint crackling intensifies and the paint on the door begins to blister.

Jason continues screaming.

Jason's bedroom door is suddenly flung open and Hatty enters wearing the sodden dressing gown.

She's silhouetted by flames on the landing so she grabs Jason and charges to the stairs.

INT. BURNING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The heat intensifies as the wallpaper starts to smoulder. Hatty chokes as she stumbles through the smoke and flames.

Jason vaguely hears a door downstairs open and the fire on the stairs suddenly explodes into life.

Hatty pitches forward and crashes down the stairs.

Jason looks up as DAVID, 23 but indistinct in the fire, lays a baby on the doorstep and runs back into the house.

Jason's screams die in his throat as the hallway is engulfed in smoke and fire.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Jason, 50, finds himself in the middle of a busy construction site. WORKERS wearing hard hats mill around while heavy machinery hoists crash barriers into position.

Jason stands next to a railing along with several MEN in suits. One of the men claps Jason on the back.

MAN  
Bang on schedule, Bobby. Is there  
anywhere we can tighten up?

Jason climbs over a barrier into oncoming traffic.

MAN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing?

JASON  
Safety could be improved.

Jason then walks in front of a truck.

INT. / EXT. JASON'S 4X4, COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Jason shakes his head as blood drips from a wound above his left eye. He's upside down, strapped in the passenger seat.

His eyes are drawn to the dashboard clock, which ticks round to "19.26". He reaches across and takes Ceri's hand.

JASON  
(in an English accent)  
You okay?

CERI  
I think so. What was he doing?

JASON  
Trying to kill us.

Jason undoes his seatbelt and frees himself. He briefly tries to free Ceri but he can't unfasten her belt.

He glances into the rear seat: two young children are strapped in tight. They're crying in shock.

Jason quickly escapes from the car and frees the children. He carries them to safety in their car seats and places them below the embankment.

The railway line is still quiet.

CERI (O.S.)  
Don't leave me, J.

Jason returns to the car.

JASON  
Trust me.

Jason pulls out his mobile phone and dials a number.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Police. There's been an accident at the Peasmarsh Bridge and a car's on the railway line. Please hurry.

Jason kisses Ceri and heads for the embankment.

CERI  
Where the hell are you going, Jason?

JASON  
I said trust me.



EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Jason climbs the embankment and leans into Michael's wrecked car but he's nowhere to be seen.

Jason spots a flash of Michael's jacket as he escapes into the woods on foot, but Michael is injured and is limping.

Jason gives chase and overhauls his nemesis in a clearing.

Michael turns and whips out his knife but Jason knocks it to one side and drives his fist into Michael's face. Michael tumbles over a fallen tree but quickly regains his footing.

MICHAEL

Of all the people I never expected  
to see again... Again.

JASON

Time's up, Michael.

MICHAEL

Yours too.

A shaft of lightning pierces the night and strikes a tree deeper in the forest.

Michael suddenly lunges at Jason, the knife describing a vicious arc towards his neck.

Jason rolls back and sidesteps the blade, but it still slices through his shirt, revealing an old scar over his right collarbone.

Jason grabs Michael's wrist with one hand, drives his left fist into Michael's ribs and kicks the back of his knee.

Michael gasps in pain, sinks to the ground and drops the knife. Jason snatches it up and stands ready to strike.

Thunder rumbles throughout the forest and rain lashes down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do it!

Jason cocks his elbow, then takes a couple of paces backwards and shakes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Kill me, you fucking coward.

JASON

I can't let you die.

Jason wipes the rain from his eyes.

The lights from the train flicker in the distance.

JASON (CONT'D)

My team at the university will end  
its research into Broncocyline and  
concentrate on Calcitryol instead.

MICHAEL

You'll bankrupt my stepfather's  
company. I'll lose everything.

JASON

No more than you deserve.

Jason kicks Michael hard in the face, knocking him out.

Then he races back to the bridge and slides down the  
embankment to the railway line.

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - NIGHT

The train's lights fill the opening in the bridge and the  
rails hum as it roars towards the 4x4.

Jason runs to the car and cuts Ceri's seatbelt with the  
knife. She falls into his arms and he drags her to safety as  
the train thunders under the bridge and obliterates the 4x4  
in an explosion of metal and glass.

The train's emergency brake screeches and the carriages  
eventually squeal to a halt.

JASON

(gasping with relief)  
Fourth time lucky.

CERI

I thought you'd left me.

JASON

Never again.

As Jason and Ceri collect the children and climb the  
embankment, two police cars crest the bridge and pull over  
next to them.

A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER climbs out of the first car.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER

Are you okay?

JASON  
We're all fine. The guy who caused  
the crash is in the clearing.

The female officer gives her colleagues a hand signal and TWO  
MALE OFFICERS draw their Tazers and head into the woods.

Jason hands her the knife.

JASON (CONT'D)  
He had this on him.

The female officer drops the knife into an evidence bag.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
We've already had one stabbing this  
evening.

JASON  
Where?

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
Surrey University.

JASON  
Was anyone hurt?

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
Christy Warne.

JASON  
Oh no.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
You know him?

JASON  
He's a work colleague.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
He was lucky. The knife punctured  
his lung but missed his heart. He's  
in the Royal Surrey Hospital.

JASON  
Thank Christ for that.

INT. / EXT. POLICE CAR, COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

One of the police cars pulls away with a cuffed Michael in  
the back seat.

EXT. BRIDGE PARAPET - NIGHT

The rain stops and the moon appears from behind the cloud.

Jason hugs his young daughter while Ceri collects their little boy from one of the officers.

Jason can barely contain his emotion.

JASON  
A family at last.

Ceri places an arm around his shoulders and they all hug.

CERI  
(to Jason)  
You're in shock. Let's go home.

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER  
We can help with that.

Jason and Ceri strap the children back into the car seats and place them in the back of the police car. Ceri sits between them while Jason sits upfront with the driver.

Passengers disembark the train and begin to congregate on the bridge as the police car pulls away.

EXT. POLICE CELL - NIGHT

Two of the police officers escort Michael inside. They then remove his belt and shoelaces.

As they leave, they turn the light out, the blackness overpowering.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Jason hands Angela a file and sits opposite the chancellor at her desk. Angela speed-reads several pages.

JASON  
We'll start testing the drug on mice next week.

ANGELA  
Calcitriol.

JASON  
It blocks the inflammatory effects of pollen, waste from mites, dust and pollutants in the lungs.

ANGELA

Is it a cure?

JASON

Just an effective treatment. We still need to work on prevention.

Angela packs the papers back in the file and returns it.

ANGELA

You've bought your team a two-year research grant. I'll have Dan free up the funds.

JASON

Thank you.

Jason stands and opens the office door. The two police officers from the bridge enter. One removes a set of cuffs from his belt.

ANGELA

Can I help you?

JASON

They'd like to talk about the attempt on Christy's life. And mine.

Angela stands but remains defiant.

ANGELA

I beg your pardon.

JASON

They've already checked with B-T. You placed the call to Michael. His mobile confirms it.

ANGELA

How dare you insult this office.

JASON

Pot. Kettle.

POLICE OFFICER

We'll take it from here, Mr Manning.

INT. JASON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jason enters with a beer and a glass of wine. He hands Ceri the wine and joins her on the sofa.

CERI

Given what they've been through,  
they didn't take long to go down.

JASON

As soon as I started their story,  
they were out for the count.

CERI

(checking her watch)  
David will be here shortly.

JASON

Who's David?

CERI

Has the crash given you short-term  
memory loss? Or maybe it's the  
sleep deprivation.

JASON

I'm not sure it's possible to  
answer that. How would I know if I  
can't remember something?

Ceri hands him a letter from underneath the coffee table.

Jason pops his beer on the table and reads.

CERI

Your D-N-A sample was matched with  
your real father's from the  
national database. Surely that  
can't have slipped your mind.

JASON

I'm sorry, Ceri, the last few days  
have been really tough at work. And  
then the crash. It's all been a bit  
much.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A car parks in front of a skip by the garage. An unseen MAN  
grabs a case from the passenger's seat, then climbs out and  
glances at the remains of Jason's motorcycle in the skip.

He then knocks on the front door. The porch light comes on  
and Jason opens the door.

Alex holds out his hand, a broad smile on his face. Jason  
goes to shake his hand but ends up hugging him.

JASON  
(tears in his eyes)  
You get around.

ALEX  
We'd just moved into a new place  
and the electricians needed rewiring.  
There was a short in the kitchen. I  
kept trying to save you all but I  
couldn't. I eventually faced a  
choice of watching you and mum die  
or escaping with you, but I  
couldn't live with the guilt and  
gave you up for adoption.

JASON  
Mikey too?

ALEX  
You remember him?

JASON  
I've been back a few times.

ALEX  
I'm sorry. I should never have  
given him up. I may have been able  
to stop him becoming who he did.

JASON  
He's Michael?

Alex nods slowly, his face grim.

ALEX  
Your twin.

JASON  
What?

ALEX  
I didn't realise for a long time  
who he was. If he'd had our love,  
who knows, but his adopted parents  
took him on a different path. It's  
the old nature/nurture argument.

JASON  
You did what you had to do, what  
was necessary at the time.

ALEX  
Everything except be a good father.

JASON

You've been making up for it.

ALEX

I kept coming back when the fire had already started so your mum's death was something I was never destined to change. I've accepted that now. My reason for living became to help you.

JASON

Maybe some things do happen for a reason... I'm sorry for what I put you through, especially the boat.

ALEX

The one time I hadn't given you up. There's only one thing worse than watching your wife die. She'd have loved to meet the grandchildren.

JASON

Maybe she has. Infinite possibilities.

Ceri joins them at the door.

CERI

Why are you still standing out here? Come in or you'll catch your death of cold.

Alex holds out his hand and they shake.

ALEX

A pleasure to meet you, Ceri. I've heard a lot about you.

CERI

Really?  
(turning to Jason)  
Get your memory checked.

INT. JASON'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ceri takes Alex's coat and hangs it on a hook by the door before ushering them into the living room.

INT. JASON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Alex gazes at the fire burning in the hearth.



Then he glances at the motocross photos on the mantelpiece.

ALEX  
(to Jason)  
I have something for you.

Alex removes a photo album from his case and gives it to Jason. Jason opens the album and takes out a large loose piece of paper that's been folded several times.

JASON  
Is this --

ALEX  
Your family tree. A little  
something for you and the children.

Jason can barely contain his emotion.

CERI  
I swear it seems like you already  
know each other.

ALEX  
We've met before.

CERI  
(to Jason)  
Is there something you need to tell  
me?

Jason puts his arm around her shoulders.

JASON  
I'm not sure you're going to  
believe this.

FADE TO BLACK