

NEWS SET - LIVE

REPORTER MICHELLE, poised, stands between Congressman PINKERTON and Senator DIAZ.

MICHELLE (TV)
We're live at the Florida State Capitol, where lawmakers have just passed

landmark legislation increasing minimum sentences to life for convicted sex offenders.

CONGRESSMAN PINKERTON (TV)
This bill is an important step toward justice and community safety.

Zero tolerance for these violent crimes.

SENATOR DIAZ (TV)
It sends a message - offenders will be held fully accountable.

Our constituents deserve that protection.

MICHELLE (TV)
Senator Pinkerton, how important is bipartisan cooperation like this?

CONGRESSMAN PINKERTON (TV)
It's essential. Regardless of party lines, protecting families comes first.

The news media crew nods as MICHELLE turns slightly to camera.

MICHELLE (TV)
This concludes our live coverage.

From the Capitol, I'm Michelle Lang. Back to you in the studio.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV) (O.S.)
Thank you, Michelle. We'll keep you updated on this and other stories.

□

EXT. PINKERTON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

PRISCILLA and AMANDA pull into the driveway in their small SUV, laughing softly. Priscilla maneuvers the car into place.

PRISCILLA

I swear, Amanda, no one treats
their kids to peanut butter
sandwiches with more care than me.

AMANDA

(smiling)
You're definitely winning in the
mom department.

They both laugh as Priscilla shuts off the engine. Amanda grabs her backpack from the back seat.

PRISCILLA

Let's get these groceries in before
they start melting in this heat.

AMANDA

You're always thinking ahead.

They unbuckle their seatbelts and begin unloading bags from the trunk.

□

EXT. PINKERTON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Priscilla carries a bag, Amanda heads to the door.

Unbeknownst to them, a FIGURE clad in dark clothes and a mask silently slips from the shadows behind the house.

The intruder's eyes flick to the driveway as Priscilla and Amanda approach.

□

INT. PINKERTON HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Door opens and Priscilla steps inside, unloading a carton into the kitchen.

Amanda steps in behind her.

□

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Priscilla places a bag of vegetables on the counter.

PRISCILLA

Did you remember to call your
grandmother like I asked?

AMANDA

Yeah, Mom. Twice. She sounded good.

Unseen, the intruder moves in behind Priscilla.

Suddenly—a heavy BLOW with a blunt object crashes against the
back of Priscilla's head.

She stumbles, clutching her head, blood trickling down.

□

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Amanda turns, alarmed.

Before she can react, the intruder wraps an arm around her
neck, muffling her startled gasp.

INTRUDER

(hoarse, muttered)
Senator Pinkerton's laws have made
everything stricter... but some
debts must still be paid.

□

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The intruder drags Amanda inside, still muffling her.

Amanda's eyes flutter, body limp with unconsciousness.

The intruder crouches beside her, removing the lower part of
her dress.

□

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

□

INT. CAPITOL HILL - HEARING ROOM - DAY

A congressional hearing. Papers shuffle. The CHAIRMAN drones.

CHAIRMAN
...appropriations for defense
research...

RICK PINKERTON sits at the dais, polished but weary. He scribbles notes half-heartedly.

An AIDE rushes in, whispers.

AIDE
Congressman—urgent call. Punta
Gorda Sheriff's Office.

Rick frowns, takes the phone.

RICK
(low)
This is Congressman Pinkerton.

SHERIFF (V.O.)
Sir... I'm sorry. Your wife,
Priscilla—she was found in your
home. She didn't make it.

Rick blinks, stunned. The hearing muffles, drowned out.

RICK
No... that can't—

SHERIFF (V.O.)
Your daughter Amanda's alive.
Injured, but alive. She's in the
hospital.

Rick's hand grips the desk hard.

RICK
Alive?

SHERIFF (V.O.)
She needs you here. Now.

Click. The line dies. Rick lowers the phone, pale.

CHAIRMAN
Congressman?

Rick rises abruptly.

RICK
I... I have to go.

He bolts.

□

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights buzz. Rick slumps in a plastic chair, tie loose, eyes red.

DETECTIVE HARPER sits across, hat in hand.

DETECTIVE HARPER
Rick... we caught him. Same night.
Priscilla's purse was in his car.
Prints matched.

Rick looks up, bitter.

RICK
So what? You caught him. My wife's
still gone.

He buries his face in his hands. Harper shifts, helpless.

□

INT. HOSPITAL - AMANDA'S ROOM - LATER

Amanda lies pale, bruised. Tubes in her arms. Machines beep.

Rick sits beside her, holding her hand.

Her eyes flutter open.

AMANDA
Dad?

RICK
I'm here.

AMANDA
Where's Mom?

Rick forces steadiness.

RICK
She... she couldn't stay with us.

Amanda stares. Her lip trembles.

AMANDA

Why?

Rick leans close, whispering.

RICK

I don't know. But I swear—I'll never let anything happen to you again.

A DOCTOR enters softly.

DOCTOR

Congressman? A word outside.

Rick kisses Amanda's forehead, rises.

□

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Doctor speaks low.

DOCTOR

She's stable. But... tests show she contracted HIV.

Rick reels, gripping the wall.

RICK

No. Run them again.

DOCTOR

We did. Twice.

RICK

Then fix it.

DOCTOR

We'll treat her, but there's no cure.

Rick trembles, eyes burning.

RICK

Then I'll find one.

□

INT. HOSPITAL - AMANDA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rick returns, forcing a smile.

AMANDA
What did he say?

RICK
He said you're strong. You'll get stronger.

Amanda whispers:

AMANDA
Then you have to be strong too.

Rick nods, voice breaking.

RICK
I will. Always.

□

INT. PINKERTON FAMILY HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

The house is quiet, eerie. Yellow police tape hangs across the living room doorway.

Rick sits in his study at a desk cluttered with papers. The glow of his laptop lights his tired face.

Family photos—Priscilla smiling, Amanda as a child—sit framed nearby. Rick avoids looking at them.

On screen:

"Stem Cell AIDS Research Halted."

"FDA Rejects Human Testing."

"European Trials Shut Down."

Rick mutters under his breath.

RICK
There has to be a way

He scribbles notes, hands trembling.

INT. CAPITOL HILL - CLOSED-DOOR MEETING - DAY

A small, wood-paneled room. Rick sits at the head of a polished table with BOB JENKINS (Big Pharma exec, 50s) and a few trusted COLLEAGUES.

Rick's face is gaunt, sleepless, but his voice burns with conviction.

RICK

We spend billions every year on animal trials, and what do we get? Half-baked treatments that crawl through the FDA pipeline. Meanwhile, people are dying.

A COLLEAGUE shifts uncomfortably.

COLLEAGUE

Human trials are illegal, Rick. Always have been.

RICK

They don't have to be. We have a population already sentenced to die. Men who owe society a debt they can never repay. Why not give them a choice?

BOB JENKINS

You're saying... death row inmates?

Rick leans in, eyes sharp.

RICK

Exactly. They can take the needle tomorrow, or they can contribute. Live under medical supervision, extend their lives, maybe even save millions.

The room falls silent. Some shift nervously. Others look intrigued.

COLLEAGUE #2

The ethics alone—

RICK

Ethics? Where were ethics when my wife was murdered in her own home? Where are ethics when my daughter wastes away because we lack the courage to do what's necessary?

A heavy beat. Rick lowers his voice, deadly serious.

RICK (CONT'D)

I'm not asking for permission. I'm asking who has the spine to stand with me.

Silence. Then, Bob Jenkins slowly smiles.

BOB JENKINS

At your discretion, Senator. We can make it happen.

Rick nods grimly, eyes glinting.

RICK

Then we begin. I will reach out to a friend of mine who is the warden of the State Prison....

BOB JENKINS

I can also forward you a number for a Doctor who I would believe help facilitate such venture

RICK

I would appreciate that and lets just keep this between all of us..Agreed?

Everyone nods in agreement as they all head for the door

INT. RICK'S D.C. OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Rick alone at his desk. Amanda's photo sits in front of him, lit by a desk lamp.

He stares at it, then picks up the phone. Dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - WARDEN MAYNARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

PAUL MAYNARD, 50s, gruff warden with weary eyes, sits at his desk nursing a whiskey. He picks up the phone.

MAYNARD

Yeah?

RICK

Paul. It's Rick Pinkerton.

MAYNARD

Damn Rick, so sorry about what happened to your family, my sincer condolences my friend

RICK
 Thank You Paul, but the reason i'm
 calling is we are looking at
 changing how things are done...

Rick picks up Amanda's picture and lays it down..

I've got something that could
 change everything- for both of us.

Maynard sits up, suddenly alert.

MAYNARD
 I'm listening.

Rick's voice drops, deadly serious.

RICK
 How would you like to make history?
 We want to do clinical research on
 death row inmates..

Maynard leans back, considering.

RICK (CONT'D)
 On their day of execution we will
 give them the option to repay their
 debt to society and contribute to
 the trials or just continue on with
 their execution

MAYNARD
 I assume this will be hush,
 hush...not sanctioned

RICK
 Cuts Mayard off..No, just good
 folks like Bob Jenkins and some
 medical professionals who want to
 make a difference..

Maynard stammering a little sits up after a few shots of
 whiskey...

MAYNARD
 ethical...probably not...do I
 care.....probably not..what's in
 it for me Rick?

RICK

Big Pharma will take care of you
Paul and I will make sure you are
protected if anything ever got
out...trust me

MAYNARD

Well I do have an older wing that
we could use(thinking)...in honor
of your wife...lets do it.

Rick stands up with a smile, picks up Amanda's picture,
staring at it

RICK

Perfect, I will make the
arrangements and be in touch. Good
Night Paul...thank you.

MAYNARD

Good night my friend

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SMALL FLORIDA CHURCH - DAY

Rain lashes against stained-glass windows. Inside, the church
is hushed, mourners in black filling every pew.

At the front rests a CLOSED CASKET, draped in lilies.

Father Andrews is just finishing up his prayer

FATHER ANDREWS

Let us pray. Eternal rest grant unto Priscilla, O Lord, and
let perpetual light shine upon her. May her soul, and the
souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God,
rest in peace.

Amen.

The congregation murmurs "Amen." Rick steps forward, ready to
speak.

Congressman RICK PINKERTON, 50s, stands rigid at the pulpit.
His hands grip the wood like it's the only thing holding him
up.

His voice is rough, raw.

RICK
Priscilla was... more than my wife.
She was my anchor.

And now it's just me... and Amanda.

Rick falters. The silence hangs, heavy.

In the front pew sits AMANDA, 19, pale and fragile, leaning against a nurse for support. She tries to be strong but looks broken.

Rick's eyes meet his daughter's. He forces himself to continue.

RICK (CONT'D)
We will endure. Because she would
want us to...

Amanda and I... we've been through darkness few can imagine. But in that shared pain, we've found an unbreakable bond.

Together, we will endure this storm –

stronger because we have each other.

He locks eyes with Amanda, evoking a silent moment of solidarity and love.

RICK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
This loss changes our world – but
it will not define us. Priscilla's
love lives on in every step we take
forward. And with that love, we
will rise.

The congregation is hushed, many wiping tears.

Rick steps down, shoulders squared, ready to carry on.

INT. CHURCH HALL – FUNERAL RECEPTION – DAY

Somber chatter. Plates of untouched food. Rick shakes hands automatically, face blank.

Two POLITICAL AIDES approach.

AIDE #1
Congressman... the press are waiting
outside. They'll want a statement.

RICK
Not today.

AIDE #2

They'll spin the silence as
weakness.

Rick glances across the room at Amanda, who sips water
shakily with the nurse's help. His face hardens.

RICK

Then let them...

Bob Jenkins and Paul Maynard walk up to Rick shaking hands to
console Rick as the two Aids walk away

BOB JENKINS

Have you reached out to Dr. Reed?
Regarding our venture?

RICK

No, I just wanted to get through
this, I plan on making the call
tonight after everything settles
down

MAYNARD

I have already started to make
arrangements...I have enlisted two
of our nurses that can be trusted
and cleaning of the old wing is
almost done

RICK

Terrific, I will be in touch once I
have everything in place on my end

BOB JENKINS

Just let me know who and where to
send the cheques

RICK

Good day gentlemen..

Rick walks away towards Amanda as she is struggling to
leave..

INT. LONDON - DR. SIGMUND REED'S STUDY - NIGHT

Books piled high. Disgraced scientist DR. SIGMUND REED, 60s, sharp-eyed, answers the phone.

RICK (V.O.)

Doctor Reed. You don't know me, I am Rick Pinkerton a Congressman from Florida here in the United States. I was given your number from Bob Jenkins.

DR. REED

Good Evening Mr. Pinkerton, to what do owe the pleasure of your call..

Reed adjusts his glasses, wary.

RICK

Well I will be frank sir, Bob and I are impressed with your studies and would like to offer you a chance to continue them here in Florida. We will be able to provide you living human inmates to help with much needed clinical trials

Rick is pacing around the room

RICK (CONT'D)

Doctor Reed. I know what happened to you. Your methods... your results

DR. REED

They called me a monster.

RICK (V.O.)

They called you ahead of your time. I can give you funding, freedom..

and participants.

Reed stiffens. Then a slow, hungry smile.

DR. REED

Finally. Someone with vision.

RICK

More than a vision...a need

DR. REED

Very well, I will be there tout
sweet

RICK

Excellent, we will make all the
arrangments and be in touch...Thank
you Dr. Reed

Rick hangs up, excited.

INT. PRISON - WARDEN MAYNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

PAUL MAYNARD sits behind his desk as RICK PINKERTON, BOB
JENKINS, and DR. SIGMUND REED enter.

Maynard gestures to chairs around the desk.

MAYNARD

Take a seat. Let's get down to it.

They sit. Maynard pulls a thick file toward him and flips it
open.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

Steve White. Convicted armed robber
and murderer. Ten years on Death
Row. No parole.

Reed leans in, eyes scanning the file.

DR. REED

Psychological evaluation says he's
guilty but remorseful. Ten years of
sobriety... could suggest resilience.

Rick nods, folding his hands.

RICK

It's crucial he's
stable-cooperative enough for this
to work.

Bob taps his tablet and pulls up medical data.

BOB JENKINS

Physically, he's in decent shape
for his age and sentence. No major
health issues.

Maynard stands, resolute.

MAYNARD

There will be risks. This is unprecedented.

RICK

Risks we're willing to take. If it means a cure.

DR. REED

Our protocol requires controlled observation and isolation to minimize variables.

MAYNARD

The wing's been upgraded for just that.

Maynard rises and gestures toward the door.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

Let me show you.

□

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The group walks purposefully down a clean, white corridor lined with reinforced doors.

□

INT. OBSERVATION WING - DAY

They step into a wide, glass-fronted observation area overlooking the execution chamber below.

Monitors line the wall alongside a control panel.

RICK

Overlooking the execution chamber... Perfect for discreet observation.

MAYNARD

Exactly. We can monitor vitals in real-time while maintaining strict security.

Bob Jakeins peers down through the glass.

BOB JENKINS
All conditions secured. Data
integrity is guaranteed.

Dr. Reed nods with satisfaction.

DR. REED
Time to begin the next phase.

They turn away from the window, anticipation heavy in the air. We see a close up of the file with Steve White's picture as it fades to black.

FLASHBACK TO STEVE WHITE, EXT. ABANDONED CAR - DAY

A rusted, broken-down sedan sits in a vacant lot surrounded by dilapidated buildings. Inside, STEVE WHITE, mid-30s, gaunt and weary, shares cramped space with his GIRLFRIEND, early 30s, and their SON, 8, small and thin.

The child's stomach audibly gurgles.

SON
Mommy... I'm hungry.

The girlfriend rubs his back, trying to comfort.

GIRLFRIEND
I know, baby. We'll get food soon.

Steve stares out the cracked windshield, jaw tight.

STEVE
I'm going to the grocery store.
I'll be back before you know it.

GIRLFRIEND
Steve... please be careful.

Steve gives a weak smile, reaches out to squeeze her hand.

STEVE
I'll handle it. Just wait right
here. I'll be back.

His eyes darken, mind racing with plans. □

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Steve, gloves on, cautiously enters the bright, fluorescent-lit store. A few patrons browse. He waits patiently in aisles, eyes flicking toward the checkout.

□

CLOSE ON the clerk, early 40s, friendly but wary, stacking items behind the register. His SON, 12, cheerful, bags groceries nearby.

□

Steve walks slowly toward the register holding a couple of items - a loaf of bread, some canned goods.

The clerk smiles politely.

CLERK

Hey there. Find everything you need?

Steve suddenly pulls a gun from his jacket.

STEVE

Empty the register. Now.

A LOUD CLATTER behind Steve - a shelf spills over.

The clerk's eyes widen in panic. His hand reaches slowly toward his own gun beneath the counter.

□

SUDDEN GUNSHOT!

The clerk's son cries out, clutching his chest, collapsing onto the floor.

Steve drops his gun in shock.

STEVE (CONT'D)

No! No!

The clerk screams, rushing to his son's side, while customers freeze in horror.

□

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Steve's face - horror, regret, disbelief.

INT. PRISON - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The clang of iron doors. Heavy boots echo on concrete.

Two GUARDS approach Steve's cell. He sits on his bunk, wrists limp on his knees. He knows what tonight is.

GUARD #1
On your feet, White.

Steve rises slowly. Shackles clamp around his wrists and ankles.

They march him down the long corridor.

Inmates BANG on the bars, chanting:

INMATES
Dead man walking! Dead man walking!

Steve keeps his eyes down. Every step echoes like a drumbeat.

□

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

Cold. White. Sterile.

The gurney gleams under fluorescent lights. Syringes and IV bags gleam on a tray.

Behind the glass in the OBSERVATION ROOM, Warden Maynard and Bob Jenkins stand side by side.

MAYNARD
Always hated this part.

Messy way to end a life.

BOB JENKINS
Think of it as a beginning.

□

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Guards secure Steve's wrists and ankles to the gurney. His breathing is shallow, ragged.

The door opens. DR. SIGMUND REED enters in his lab coat, clipboard in hand. NURSE AMY SMITH, 30s, follows, face tight with unease.

Reed addresses Steve like a judge.

DR. REED
Steven White. Convicted of murder.
Sentenced to death.

Do you understand the penalty about to be carried out?

STEVE
Yeah. I know.

DR. REED
You want to die tonight?

STEVE
I don't want to die at all.

Reed exchanges a glance with Amy, then leans in.

DR. REED
Then listen carefully. You can die
here... or live longer.

We are offering you purpose.

STEVE
Purpose? I killed a kid. What kind
of purpose is left for me?

DR. REED
One that may save thousands of
others.

Amy finally speaks up.

AMY
This isn't a choice. It's survival
instinct. That's not consent.

Reed glares at her.

DR. REED
Your role is medical, Nurse Smith.
Nothing more.

Amy clenches her jaw.

Steve shuts his eyes. FLASH IMAGES:

- The innocent boy in the grocery store.
- The GUNSHOT.
- Blood on tile.

- The father's scream.

Steve's voice cracks.

STEVE

I don't want to die. Not like this.

Reed smiles thinly, signals to Amy.

DR. REED

Prepare the subject.

Amy hesitates, then moves to insert the IV. Her hands tremble.

□

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Maynard picks up the phone, dials.

MAYNARD

(into phone)

It's done. He's agreed.

□

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick sits alone, Amanda's photo in front of him.

Through the receiver, he hears Maynard's voice. He exhales, whispering to the photo.

RICK

It starts now, sweetheart. For you...

□

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Steve is wheeled into a sterile medical room, still strapped to the gurney. Machines hum.

Amy attaches electrodes, monitors. Steve watches her, fear in his eyes.

STEVE

(quiet)

Do you believe in God?

Amy looks at him, startled.

AMY
I believe in people. Sometimes
that's enough.

Reed steps in, holding a syringe filled with shimmering liquid.

DR. REED
This will alter your immune system.
You'll feel... discomfort.

Steve gulps.

STEVE
What happens if I don't make it?

DR. REED
Then you fulfill your sentence as
intended.

Amy shoots Reed a look but says nothing.

She takes Steve's hand, whispering.

AMY
Just breathe. Hold on.

Reed injects the serum.

Steve's body jerks violently. His back arches, veins bulging under his skin.

AMY (CONT'D)
He's crashing!

DR. REED
He's adapting.

The monitors SPIKE. Heart rate off the charts. Steve convulses, gasping.

Amy scrambles, reaching for paddles.

AMY
He's flatlining! We need to
resuscitate—

DR. REED
Stand down!

The monitor flatlines.

Amy's face crumples.

AMY

He's gone...

A long, terrible beat.

Then – a faint BLIP.

The flatline shifts into a weak heartbeat. Then stronger.
Then steady.

Amy freezes, stunned.

AMY (CONT'D)

That's impossible.

Reed scribbles on his clipboard, calm, detached.

DR. REED

Not impossible. Historic.

Steve's eyes flutter open, glazed but alive.

Amy leans down, whispering.

AMY

You're still here.

□

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Maynard stares through the glass, jaw tight. Jenkins smirks, satisfied.

MAYNARD

I'll be suprised if he survives
this...

BOB JENKINS

Then it's just the beginning. The
world will be a better place
because of people like us.

MAYNARD

I suppose, I hope history looks at
it like we do

BOB JENKINS

Oh...it will

Bob heads to the door with a satisfied look on his face

□

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Steve gasps for air, drenched in sweat. Amy wipes his brow gently, shaken.

Reed watches, eyes gleaming.

DR. REED
Welcome back, Mr. White.

Steve whispers, barely audible:

STEVE
What... did you do to me?

Reed smiles.

DR. REED
I made you useful.

Steve lies strapped to the gurney, pale but alive. His chest heaves. Sweat runs down his temples.

Nurse AMY SMITH adjusts his IV, studies the monitors. Numbers flicker erratically.

AMY
(to herself)
You shouldn't be alive.

Steve forces his eyes open, voice hoarse.

STEVE
Then why am I?

Amy hesitates. Reed enters briskly, clipboard in hand.

DR. REED
Because your body has adapted.
Remarkably so.

He scribbles notes, more fascinated than relieved.

DR. REED (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Keep recording vitals every fifteen
minutes.

He strides out. Amy stares after him, then leans close to Steve.

AMY

They don't care if you live or die.
But I do.

Steve looks at her, eyes hollow, searching.

STEVE

Why?

AMY

Because your a human being

STEVE

A human being that did a horrible
thing, but at least I can do is
give back for my sins

AMY

I read your file, you made a
mistake, a horrible mistake but
here we are...don't give up

STEVE

That ship sailed away years ago

Steve reaches out slowly to touch Amy's arm very weak

STEVE (CONT'D)

But thank you for being so kind

Amy nods and smiles a little

AMY

You just keep battling so we can
help beat this thing...

Fade to black

INT. PRISON - WARDEN MAYNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

RICK PINKERTON, exhausted but hopeful, sits across from PAUL MAYNARD, DR. SIGMUND REED, and BOB JENKINS. Charts and monitors display Steve White's medical data.

MAYNARD

The initial results are promising.
Steve's viral load shows signs of
suppression.

DR. REED

His immune response is
unprecedented in cases like this.

Rick leans in, desperation hidden beneath resolve.

RICK

How soon could these findings
translate to Amanda? Could this
slow her HIV progression?

Bob Jenkins nods.

BOB JENKINS

If Steve's body is any indicator,
the immune system can be enhanced
to fight the infection more
effectively.

DR. REED

Clinical application could be
months away- but this gives us a
vital proof of concept.

Rick exhales, unsure but trying to find hope.

RICK

She's fighting... and so will I.

Rick stands to leave.

MAYNARD

Before you go, you should see the
file on our next candidate.

Rick nods, physically and mentally preparing.

Maynard holds up a file showing Jesus Gomez's picture

RICK

Looks like an upstanding young
gentleman

MAYNARD

Nope, but if he agrees, it will be a pleasure to see him suffer for what he's done..

At the door, Rick turns as he opens

RICK

Keep me updated..

□

INT. PRISON - WARDEN MAYNARD'S OFFICE - LATER

Maynard, Reed, and Jenkins sit around a table with a thick manila folder.

Maynard opens it, revealing JESUS GOMEZ's photo - hardened and unsmiling.

MAYNARD

Jesus Gomez. Fourteen years on death row. Convicted of multiple homicides. He killed an entire family, kids, parents, even a grandparent

DR. REED

Unlike Steve, Jesus presents with a history of violence and less remorse - a different psychological profile.

Maynard points to the file.

MAYNARD

Execution date's pending. We're considering infecting him with necrotizing fasciitis - a rare and aggressive skin-eating disease. I believe you worked with this disease in the past Dr. Reed?

DR. REED

Yes in Uganda, I thought I had it under control back in the 90s but again funding was halted.

BOB JENKINS

Well you don't need to worry about
that anymore doc. You'll have
everything you need

Dr.Reed smiles at Bob and Maynard as he stands to head to the
door

DR. REED

A dream come true, Bob, A dream
come true.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CURTIS WILLIAMS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Jesus Gomez, flanked by two gang members, marches up the porch steps. Their faces are hidden in shadow; guns tucked under jackets.

JESUS
Tonight, they gunna learn what
happens when you cross JG

GANGSTER1
Yeah, this is what happens..

The gang kicks open the door with a violent crash.

□

INT. CURTIS WILLIAMS' HOUSE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

CURTIS WILLIAMS, mid-40s, his WIFE, two DAUGHTERS (ages 10 and 14), and ELDERLY SISTER stand frozen in shock. Fear fills the room.

Jesus enters, gun trained on them.

JESUS
Get in the living room. Now.

The WIFE clutches the hand of her youngest daughter, voice shaky.

WIFE
Please... don't hurt us. We never
meant to cross anyone.

Jesus's jaw tightens, voice cold.

JESUS
Didn't matter when you crossed us,
thinkin' you all that,huh

The daughters, holding each other, tremble.

DAUGHTER #1
Please... have mercy.

Jesus gestures sharply toward gang members, who grab the family roughly, forcing them into the living room.

Curtis steps forward, desperation cracking his voice.

CURTIS

Jesus, please. This isn't the way.
You don't have to do this in front
of them.

Jesus turns slowly, eyes hardening.

JESUS

This is where the lesson begins.

□

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The family is huddled together, hands bound. Curtis whispers comfort to his loved ones.

CURTIS

Stay together. Be brave.

The wife sobs quietly. The daughters cling to each other.

Jesus raises his gun to the wife, voice devoid of mercy.

JESUS

You had your chance.

A shot rings out. The wife collapses.

The youngest daughter screams; Jesus aims and fires.

DAUGHTER #2

(crying)

Mommy!

Jesus shoots the elder daughter; she falls, eyes glazing over.

Curtis screams, falling to his knees. As the other gangsters hold him

CURTIS

Go to hell you sick mother fu...

Jesus levels his gun on Curtis.

JESUS

You're last.

A final shot echoes through the room.

Curtis's body slumps.

Jesus steps back, expression cold and impassive. Spits on Curtis as he walks out...DNA...stupid move

INT. PRISON CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

Heavy metal doors clang open as GUARD #1 and GUARD #2 enter Jesus Gomez's cell. JESUS stands, hands shackled, composed but alert.

GUARD #1
Time's up, Gomez. Your last walk.

Jesus meets Guard #1's eyes, expression unreadable.

JESUS
Last walk, huh? They at least gonna let me have some steak? Or am I choking down another tray of mystery meat?

Guard #1 smirks, amused.

GUARD #1
You're lucky if you get anything beyond slop, and that's if the kitchen's not on strike again.

Jesus flicks a glance toward his cellmate's empty tray.

JESUS
No silver lining in that. Just another bitter bite.

They begin walking down the dim corridor.

INT. PRISON EXPERIMENTAL WING - INFIRMARY ROOM - NIGHT

Jesus is strapped into a metal bench, eyes wary. NURSE TRUDY DANIELS and Amy stand nearby, clipboard in hand, sharp and cold.

DR. SIGMUND REED approaches, calm and authoritative.

DR. REED
Jesus Gomez. Your execution was scheduled,

but it's been stayed. You now have a chance-- to participate in an experimental trial.

Jesus regards Reed coolly.

JESUS

So my "fast-approaching" death just got postponed.

DR. REED

Precisely. The choice isn't between life and death anymore.

It's between death and the unknown.

JESUS

And this "unknown" involves what exactly?

DR. REED

Infection with Necrotizing Fasciitis, a rare skin-eating disease.

Our goal is to understand if the treatment can halt or reverse its effects.

Jesus narrows his eyes, contemplating.

JESUS

Sounds like a death sentence dressed up as salvation.

DR. REED

It's a risk. But it's a chance—one you decide to take or refuse and we will continue with your execution right now.

Jesus looks toward Nurse Trudy.

JESUS

And you? You sound like you're looking forward to it more than me.

Trudy frowns.

TRUDY

Science is my passion. Pain is part of the process.

You'll see it's manageable—with the right hands.

Jesus exhales slowly.

JESUS

Fine. Let's get started.

Dr Reed continues to inject Jesus with the disease

DR. REED
We're about to push your body to
its limit.

Jesus screams in agony as his skin darkens and begins to necrotize.

Amy tends to him gently but keeps an eye on Trudy, who watches coldly. Dr Reed leaves the room and enters the observation room.

□

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Maynard and Reed peer through glass at the monitors.

DR. REED
That's number two, I look forward to
seeing how he reacts

MAYNARD
If he breaks... it's on us.

DR. REED
Science demands sacrifice.

MAYNARD
I just pray for all of us and that
we are doing what's right for
society.

DR. REED
We are taking god out of the
equation and putting science to
work...finally

Maynard nods and heads out of the door as Dr. Reed stares at Jesus

□

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - MORNING

Sunlight filters dimly through the barred window. JESUS lies restless on his bed, skin flushed and damp with sweat. An ELECTRONIC MONITOR BEEPS steadily, displaying his elevated pulse.

NURSE AMY SMITH adjusts the IV drip while watching the monitor anxiously. NURSE TRUDY DANIELS approaches briskly, clipboard in hand.

AMY

His pulse is still way too high.
I'm worried about the fever too.

TRUDY

Not surprising, given what we did.
His immune system's working
overtime.

AMY

I get that, but this spike feels
like more than just a reaction.

Amy checks Jesus's forehead; it's hot.

AMY (CONT'D)

His temperature's 102.5. We might
need to alert Dr. Reed.

TRUDY

Reed gets called for every little
hiccup. I say we monitor— don't
want to interfere unless it's truly
critical.

AMY

If he crashes, it'll be too late.
We need to be proactive.

TRUDY

And risk Reed micromanaging? He
trusts my judgment.

Amy folds her arms, frustrated.

AMY

Sometimes I think our priorities
don't line up.

A brief, charged silence passes.

TRUDY

Look, I like getting my hands
dirty. If Jesus goes south, I want
it on record that I handled it.

AMY

Fine. But if this fever worsens by
noon, Reed's getting the call.

Trudy nods reluctantly. Both turn their attention back to Jesus, tension between care and clinical detachment evident.

□

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rick walks with Maynard.

RICK
This is escalating fast. Are we in control?

MAYNARD
We have to be.

□

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - JESUS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jesus lies sprawled on the metal bed, his skin darkened and raw, blotched with spreading necrosis.

NURSE AMY SMITH kneels beside him, dabbing a cold cloth over weeping sores. Her eyes are tired but compassionate.

TRUDY LYNN stands at the foot of the bed, arms crossed and expression hard.

Jesus's breathing is ragged, every exhale a struggle.

JESUS
(gasping)
Why me? Why this pain?

Amy squeezes his hand softly.

AMY
Because you survived long enough to be given a chance.

JESUS
Don't let me slip away here...
Please.

Trudy snorts derisively.

TRUDY

This isn't a prayer session, Jesus.
It's biology.

Amy shoots her a glare.

AMY

Sometimes humanity is part of
biology.

The monitors suddenly beep wildly, signaling a rapid heart rate.

AMY (CONT'D)

Jesus! Your heart—it's racing!
Brace yourself!

Jesus convulses, face contorting in agony.

Trudy frowns, swiftly grabbing medications from a nearby cart.

TRUDY

Administering beta blockers. He
needs stabilization — fast.

Amy prepares the injection, hands steady despite the tension.

AMY

Hold on, Jesus. You're not alone.

She plunges the needle. Jesus moans, clutching her hand. □

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY — MONITORING ROOM — NIGHT

Maynard and Dr. Reed watch faint monitors, tension palpable.

MAYNARD

If this takes him, it'll definitely
hurt the whole program.

Dr. Reed's eyes flick to the screen, calculating.

DR. REED

Risk is intrinsic to research. We
expected this. We proceed.

Maynard stares hard.

MAYNARD

I hope you're right.

□

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - BREAK ROOM - LATER

Amy sits slumped, scribbling notes.

Trudy enters, cold and brisk.

TRUDY

You spend too much time feeling,
not enough doing.

Amy looks up, determined.

AMY

Caring is work, too. Don't forget
that.

Trudy pauses a moment

TRUDY □

Do you forget who these people are?
Murderers...they deserve everything
they got coming to them

AMY

Maybe so, but at the end of the day
I believe everyone has good in them
and deserve to be treated like
human beings

TRUDY □

Not in this case honey, they're
animals...actually less than
animals

Amy has had enough, gets up to leave

AMY

You do things your way, i'll do
things my way...good night!

Slams door leaving

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - JESUS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jesus's breathing stabilizes briefly.

He looks at Amy with clarity.

JESUS

I wasn't always this... monster. I had it rough growing up and in my hood you either at one end of the gun or the other...i chose holdin'

Amy's eyes fill with empathy.

AMY

No one is entirely. I couldnt imaging having to grow up like that

She holds a cool cloth to his head

JESUS□

I got a lot of demons in me, I can feel them now...it hurts

AMY

Im sorry Jesus, Dr.Reed will hopefully be able to treat your pain

JESUS

Thank you... for not walking away.

Amy leans close, voice solemn.

AMY

We don't abandon the broken here.

INT. PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A stark, windowless office bathed in dim fluorescent light.

RICK PINKERTON sits at the head of a polished table.

Across from him, BOB JENKINS leans back, arms crossed, inscrutable.

WARDEN PAUL MAYNARD sifts through printed medical reports—Steve White and JESUS GOMEZ's charts prominently displayed. □

MAYNARD

Jesus had a close call. We nearly lost him.

JENKINS

The necrotizing fasciitis is brutal, Rick. Not everyone withstands it.

Rick clenches fists, voice low.

RICK

And Steve?

Maynard's eyes meet his.

MAYNARD

Steve's stabilizing, but it's a delicate balance. One misstep, one unforeseen immune response, and—

JENKINS

Jesus may not live much longer.

Rick leans forward, voice tight with conflict.

RICK

I keep thinking about Amanda. She wouldn't approve. Not knowing the moral cost of this madness.

□

MAYNARD

We're in uncharted territory, Rick. The risks are high, but the rewards — potential cures — are immense.

Bob nods in agreement, voice smooth.

JENKINS
Sometimes sacrifice is necessary.
This is bigger than us.

Rick closes his eyes briefly, battling inner turmoil.

RICK
Bigger than us... or bigger than our
humanity?

□

MAYNARD
The public will never accept this.
We have to decide how far we're
willing to cross.

Rick opens his eyes, resolves.

RICK
For Amanda... and for the countless
others... we push forward. But
quietly. Carefully.

Jenkins smirks subtly.

JENKINS
Quietly is how history is made...
or buried.

The room falls into heavy silence.

RICK
We can't lose sight of who we are.
Amanda represents the conscience we
can't lose.

Maynard sighs.

MAYNARD
If this succeeds, it will change
everything... But if it fails...

JENKINS
Failure is not an option we can
afford to entertain.

Rick looks at them, the weight of leadership heavy.

RICK
Then we proceed forward.
But with eyes wide open.

Fade to black

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY ROOM - DAY

STEVE WHITE lies propped up in bed, still pale and weak, but more alert. Monitors beep softly around him.

NURSE AMY SMITH sits nearby, gently adjusting his IV. Her demeanor is warm but professional.

AMY

You're looking better today, Steve.

Steve attempts a small, tired smile.

STEVE

Feels like a start. Still a long way to go.

Amy nods, watching him thoughtfully.

AMY

This trial... it's bigger than both of us. If it works, it could change medicine forever.

Steve's gaze drops.

STEVE

I want to believe that. Some part of me hopes it restores something... my self-worth.

Amy reaches out, lightly touching his hand.

AMY

What you've done... the mistakes - you have to face them. But you're more than your past.

Steve exhales deeply.

STEVE

Accepting that isn't easy.

AMY

You're not alone in that. We'll get through it.

Their eyes meet. An unspoken connection grows.

Steve, propped up in bed, watches Amy as she organizes supplies. The atmosphere is more relaxed.

AMY (CONT'D)

So, Steve... what do you do for fun?
Before all this.

Steve chuckles softly, a spark of life.

STEVE

I was big into basketball. Nothing
fancy – just streetball with my
son.

AMY

That's great. Which team do you
root for?

Steve grins.

STEVE

The Heat. Born and raised in
Florida– hard not to bleed that
orange and black.

Amy smiles gently.

AMY

I'm more of a baseball fan. Yankees
all the way.

Steve laughs, playful.

STEVE

We might have to agree to disagree
on that one.

Amy nods, amused.

AMY

What about music? Any guilty
pleasures?

Steve shrugs.

STEVE

Old-school hip hop mostly. Tupac's
up there for me.

AMY

Can't go wrong with Tupac.

Steve's smile softens.

STEVE

You?

AMY

A little 90s R&B on the side.

Steve nods knowingly.

STEVE

People get lost in memories
sometimes. Helps the pain.

Amy glances at his IV.

AMY

Well, here's hoping the future
isn't all pain.

They exchange a look – a fragile spark of camaraderie.
Steve's eyes begin to close but startled when alarm goes off

INT. INFIRMARY CORRIDOR - DAY

The shrill ALARM reverberates through the sterile corridor. Amy's face tightens, adrenaline surging.

She bursts from Steve's room into the hallway.

AMY
(urgent, breathless)
Code Red! Jesus is in cardiac
arrest!

Almost immediately, Nurse Trudy Daniels appears from a side corridor, clipboard clutched tight, eyes sharp.

TRUDY
Heard it over the comms. Let's
move.

Without hesitation, the two women sprint side-by-side down the bright hallway, heels clicking. □

INT. INFIRMARY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Amy glances sideways at Trudy, tense.

AMY
This could be it, Trudy. He's
fragile. If we don't get him back-

TRUDY
Save it for the meds room, Amy.
Let's focus.

Amy huffs, pushing forward.

AMY
You always this cold? Even when a
man's life's on the line?

Trudy smirks, unfazed.

TRUDY
Someone's got to be. You can't save
everyone with a pat on the back.

Amy's jaw tightens as they near Jesus's room.

AMY
Maybe not. But we owe him
everything.

□

INT. JESUS'S INFIRMARY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They swing open the door.

DR. SIGMUND REED stands with a stethoscope pressed to Jesus's chest, face set in grim concentration.

The heart monitor shows flatline.

DR. REED
His heart has stopped. Start
compressions, now!

Amy drops beside Jesus and begins chest compressions, voice steady but urgent.

AMY
Come on, Jesus. Stay with us!

Trudy heads toward the crash cart, readying defibrillator paddles and emergency drugs.

TRUDY
Charging paddles. Clear.

Dr. Reed waits, eyes locked on the monitor.

Amy's hands pump rhythmically, relentless, chest compressions pounding.

Trudy stands ready, defibrillator paddles poised.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Charging to 300 joules. Stand
clear!

Dr. Reed watches closely, syringe in hand.

DR. REED
Prepare to administer adrenaline.

Paddles connect with Jesus's chest. A harsh shock pulses through his body.

The monitor BLIPS briefly, then flatlines again.

Amy gasps but immediately resumes compressions, her face tightened with urgency.

AMY
Come on, Jesus. Fight! Please!

Trudy reaches for paddles, charging again.

TRUDY
Charging to 360 joules. Clear!

The paddles deliver another shock.

No change. The flatline returns. The room grows heavier.

Dr. Reed quickly injects adrenaline intravenously.

DR. REED
One milligram IV push. Keep
compressions going.

They continue compressions, relentless.

Amy's eyes flick to the monitor—no sign of recovery.

Minutes drag painfully.

Finally, the monitor emits a long, unbroken flatline tone.

Amy's hands still. Her breath catches.

AMY
(whispers)
No pulse... he's gone.

Trudy's expression hardens, breathing steady.

Dr. Reed closes his eyes briefly, a somber weight settling. □

INT. INFIRMARY HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amy leans heavily against the wall, wiping tears from her eyes. Trudy stands nearby, arms crossed, eyes distant.

Dr. Reed approaches, calm but solemn.

DR. REED
Jesus's death is tragic. There is
no denying that.

Amy looks up, voice trembling.

AMY
How can we continue knowing this
happened? How do we justify it?

Dr. Reed folds his hands, meeting her gaze steadily.

DR. REED
Losses like this... will occur. This
trial is uncharted territory.
(MORE)

DR. REED (CONT'D)
We're pioneering treatment for
diseases that kill.

Trudy steps forward, voice firm.

TRUDY
If we let fear stop us now,
countless others will never get a
chance.

Amy nods, struggling with the weight of the words.

AMY
I know... but it still feels like a
person, not data.

Dr. Reed's expression softens minutely.

DR. REED
Which is why we honor each subject.
But we also have to move forward.
Progress demands sacrifice—and
resilience.

Amy exhales, gathers strength.

AMY
Then we keep going. For Steve. For
Amanda.
For all of them.

Dr. Reed and Trudy share a look of grim resolve.

DR. REED
Exactly, all of mankind...and
womankind..of course

INT. INFIRMARY ROOM - DAY

Dr. Reed stands somberly over Jesus's lifeless body, now
covered with a white sheet.

Amy and Trudy stand beside him, ready to assist.

DR. REED
Prepare Jesus for autopsy. We need
to understand exactly what went
wrong, so we can refine our
approach and move forward.

Amy nods, the weight of loss heavy in her eyes. Trudy moves
efficiently, beginning preparations.

AMY

Do we notify anyone in this
case...next of kin?

DR. REED

No as far as I know he didn't have
anyone and was supposed to be
executed anyway.

TRUDY □

Dont think anyone was going to miss
him anyway

Amy glares at Trudy with distain

TRUDY □ (CONT'D)

What? I'ts true

□

INT. PRISON - WARDEN MAYNARD'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

MAYNARD, RICK PINKERTON, BOB JENKINS, and DR. REED sit around a table strewn with reports.

Rick's face is tense but hopeful. Maynard looks weary but focused.

MAYNARD

Steve's holding steady, showing promising immune response.

Bob flips through a thick folder.

BOB JENKINS

The data confirms Steve's progress beyond expectations.

Dr. Reed clears his throat.

DR. REED

Jesus's autopsy has begun. We anticipate learning critical information about treatment limitations.

Rick leans forward.

RICK

Every insight brings us closer to saving my daughter... and others.

Maynard nods.

MAYNARD

We move cautiously. The cost is high, but so is the potential reward.

The group share a moment of solemn resolve.

NT. PINKERTON HOUSE - RICK'S STUDY - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. Papers, medical journals, and unopened letters lie scattered on Rick's desk.

Rick sits slouched in a leather chair, exhaustion and grief heavy on his face.

He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

Suddenly, a SOFT LIGHT fills the room. PRISCILLA appears—a gentle, loving apparition, softly glowing, standing behind him.

PRISCILLA

Rick...

Rick starts, tears forming. He turns, searching for her.

RICK

Priscilla? Is it really you?

She smiles softly, reaching out with a comforting hand.

PRISCILLA

I've never left. I'm here,
watching, hoping.

Rick's voice breaks with anguish.

RICK

They took you from me. And Amanda...
she's still fighting.

PRISCILLA

You've always been strong. But
strength comes from justice and
love.

Rick clasps his hands, eyes closed.

RICK

I want justice. I want her cured.
I'll do whatever it takes.

Priscilla nods.

PRISCILLA

Then don't lose yourself, Rick.
Fight for her—for all of us. But
remember to hold on to who you are.

The light begins to fade, Priscilla's voice lingering.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you. Keep going.

Rick opens his eyes, resolve strengthening.

He looks at a photo of Amanda on his desk.

RICK

I won't let you down. Not now. Not
ever.

NT. PINKERTON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Amanda presses her ear to the study door, eyes wide with confusion and growing concern. Rick's muffled voice carries through the wood.

RICK (O.S.)
(disturbed, rambling)
This is what has to
happen...
I'm so close. I can't stop
now...
Amanda recoils, shaken,
stepping back slowly.
□

INT. PINKERTON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Sunlight floods the modest kitchen. Amanda sits at the table, arms crossed, visibly unsettled.

Rick enters, disheveled, red-eyed from last night's drinking.

AMANDA
Dad, we need to talk.

Last night... you weren't yourself.

What exactly are you doing?

Rick rubs his forehead, sighs deeply.

RICK
Amanda, it was the whiskey talking.

Stress gets the best of me. You know that.

AMANDA
It sounded serious - like you're
involved in something... unethical.

Rick meets her gaze firmly.

RICK
No. I'm working with the best
doctors.

People who can help find you a cure.

Amanda searches his face, uncertain.

AMANDA

Promise me you'll be honest.
Please.

Rick nods, voice steady.

RICK

I promise, sweetheart. I'm doing
everything

to save you. Nothing more.

Amanda exhales slowly, still uneasy but willing to trust—for
now.

□Rick moves to Amanda to kiss her on the forehead as he's
heading out the door

RICK (CONT'D)

I love you, see you tonight

AMANDA

Love you too daddy, bye

INT. NEWSROOM - EVENING

Two NEWS ANCHORS sit behind the desk. Behind them, a large screen shows images and footage intercut with courtroom scenes and mugshots.

ANCHOR 1

James Finley, 45, a convicted sex offender with a lengthy criminal history,

has been found guilty of the murder of Priscilla Pinkerton and the attempted murder of her daughter Amanda.

CUT TO:

VIDEO FOOTAGE - Courtroom: James Finley, visibly unrepentant, is sentenced. Bailiffs swiftly escort him out.

BACK TO NEWSROOM

ANCHOR 2

Finley was immediately transferred to death row at Florida's state prison

awaiting execution.

ANCHOR 1

The crime shocked the nation, and though justice was served swiftly,

for Congressman Pinkerton and his daughter, recovery remains a long journey.

ANCHOR 2

Amanda Pinkerton is still battling serious injuries, and the family's ordeal continues.

The screen displays images of Rick and Amanda at vigils and hospital visits.

ANCHOR 1

We will continue coverage as the story develops.

Stay with us.

INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Rick pours whiskey into glasses. Maynard and Bob sit relaxed but with a dark edge.

RICK

Finley's a lost cause. But maybe there's a way to make him earn his keep before the end.

Bob raises his glass, smirks.

BOB JENKINS

What say we give him something truly memorable? A rare infection that doesn't just kill—but punishes.

Maynard chuckles darkly.

MAYNARD

Something slow, painful. A disease that scars the soul.

Rick nods, eyes gleaming with grim resolve.

RICK

Let's make him pay for every life he ruined. Start with necrotizing fasciitis. See what he's made of.

Bob raises his glass for a toast.

BOB JENKINS

To science... and justice.

Maynard and Rick clink their glasses with him.

MAYNARD & RICK

To science... and justice.

They drink, the room heavy with unspoken moral cost.

□

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

JAMES FINLEY, 45, guarded and fierce, is shackled and flanked by two guards as they walk through the sterile corridor towards his cell.

GUARD #1, mid-30s, whispers quietly, glancing around.

GUARD #1 Word's out, Finley. Some of the boys are getting medical treatments instead of dying.

James stiffens, eyes flick to the guard.

JAMES

Treatments? You kidding me? They gonna keep me alive?

Guards halt before James's cell.

GUARD #1

Nobody knows for sure. But maybe... if you're lucky, you'll get a chance. Depends what you're willing to put up with.

James looks up the cold hallway.

JAMES

Doesn't sound like much of a choice.

The guards unlock the cell door.

GUARD #1

Welcome to the next chapter.

James steps inside, the door slams behind him.

NT. WARDEN MAYNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

PAUL MAYNARD sits behind his desk, a file marked "JAMES FINLEY" open before him. RICK PINKERTON, BOB JENKINS, and DR. REED stand tensely across from him.

Maynard looks up, grim.

MAYNARD

Because of the horrific nature of
Finley's crime,

plus the massive publicity, his execution date has been moved up. It could be as early as tonight.

Rick's eyes narrow.

RICK

Is there any chance for clemency or
a stay?

Maynard shakes his head.

MAYNARD

No chance. The governor declined to
intervene.

At this point, it's my discretion.

Dr. Reed frowns.

DR. REED

That gives us little time to
prepare if he's to participate in
the trial.

Bob Jenkins folds his arms, expression hard.

RICK

No trial for this piece of shit, I
want him dead....tonight

Everyone looks at Rick, nodding in agreement

DR. REED

Then I will make it quick and
painless?

RICK

Do whatever but I will be there
watching from the observation room

MAYNARD

You sure you want to watch that,
they can go violently sometimes

RICK

One can only hope...I just want to
watch that piece of shit breath his
last breath...like he watched
Pricilla's last....

Rick choking up, takes his last sip of whiskey

INT. PRISON - EXECUTION ROOM - NIGHT

Heavy STEEL DOORS clang open as GUARDS escort JAMES FINLEY
down the sterile hallway.

James moves with a faint smirk, eyes sharp with calculated
confidence.

□

INT. EXECUTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Sigmund Reed stands by a gleaming metal gurney,
preparations laid out with clinical precision.

James looks at his surroundings, then back at Reed.

JAMES

So... this is it? Or... will I get a last-minute reprieve if
I play along?

Reed's expression hardens. He steps closer, voice cold,
piercing.

DR. REED

Goodbye, James.

Reed glances toward the OBSERVATION ROOM window.

□

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

MAYNARD, BOB JENKINS, and RICK PINKERTON watch grimly from
behind a large glass window. Their faces reflect resolve and
unease.

□

INT. EXECUTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James lies on the gurney, guards strapping him down.

Dr. Reed prepares the syringe - double dose.

DR. REED

This will challenge even the
strongest immune systems.

He injects the serum. James KICKS violently, muscles spasm uncontrollably.

The monitor spikes erratically.

James gasps and thrashes. Pain etched deep on his face.

Gradually, his movements slow. His body relaxes...and stills.

The heart monitor FLATLINES.

□

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

The three men watch silently, the weight of sacrifice heavy.

Rick's jaw tightens; Maynard exhales deeply.

Bob's eyes never leave the monitor.

□

FADE TO BLACK.

□

□