

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER (CRYOGENICS ROOM) - DAY (YEAR 2057)

A young female with synthetic green hair sneaks into a cold, dark, and sterile room. She looks like a normal human woman.

She pushes a button by the door: fluorescent ceiling lights flick on. She moves quickly to a wall with a row of steel doors, each one labeled.

She runs her fingers across the markings, scanning for something, until finally she lands on one, which reads: "OREN CLOUD - ID#122084 FREEZE DATE: 2036".

Buttons BEEP as she types in a code. SNAP, CLICK: a light turns green. She opens the compartment door and slides a frosty human-sized glass tube out of the darkness.

She wipes the fog off the glass. It's him. She grins.

IZZY

Time to wake up, sleepyhead.

She types in another code. SNAP, CLICK: a light turns green. The tube goes VOOMSH as the glass slides back, and cryogenic mist begins to seep into the room.

A noise from outside the room. Footsteps.

She snaps her head toward the door in the direction of oncoming danger.

ZZZT. ZZT. CLIP CLOP. The sounds are coming closer.

She runs to the door and throws her back against the wall. Waiting. Listening... The sounds of approaching footsteps grow louder. Closer. Her fists tighten. Someone is outside the door. She takes a breath. Silence. The footsteps continue, fading into the distance... She breathes.

OREN

(coughing)

What the--

Izzy turns her attention back to the stasis pod to find Oren standing there, naked, with cryogenic mist rising from his muscles. He's half awake. She stares at him for a moment.

IZZY

Shit.

OREN  
 (groggy)  
 Huh?

Izzy scans and searches the various closets and containers around the room until she finds a pair of hospital pants and throws them to Oren:

IZZY  
 Here, put these on. We need to get  
 the fuck out of here.

OREN  
 (taking pants)  
 Huh? Ok... Shirt?

IZZY  
 You don't need one.

She stares and admires him for a few more moments...

He keels over and pukes glycol antifreeze all over her shoes.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Ewww... Grosse!

Flashing Lights and Loud Sirens. Something is wrong. Izzy looks from the stasis pod, to Oren, and back. The base alarm has been tripped.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Come on, let's GO, NOW!

Izzy moves quickly to the door. It won't open. She tries the code. It doesn't work. Red and white lights blink on and off. An alarm rings steadily in the background like a nerve-racking techno beat.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Goddamnit.

She grips the edge of the sliding metal security door and tries to force it open. She pulls, to no avail.

Groggy and disoriented, Oren gestures to the security panel. She rips it open: exposing a mess of multicolored wires.

Izzy stares at the wires.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Uhhh...

Still groggy, Oren begins instinctively fiddling, cutting, and crossing wires. Connection. The security code panel light changes from red to green. He smiles. She watches.

Oren flips the panel closed and gestures to the keypad. She re-enters the code. It CLICKS. The door slides open. Suddenly: the violent sparkle of an electric baton comes flying through the open doorway and hits Izzy in the stomach. She SCREAMS. He stumbles. Izzy is down. Oren is confused.

The guard makes his move; Oren remembers.

He dodges and blocks the first few blows with his right hand. He gets confident. He tries to block the next hit with his scarred left hand, and when it connects: he screams in pain. The guard lands a blow to his face. Oren spits blood.

The guard lunges at Oren: stabbing and jabbing with his baton. And in one swift, instinctual movement: Oren grabs the wrist of his attacker, and pulls: employing his enemy's own momentum against him, as he flips him to the ground.

Oren runs to Izzy on the floor.

OREN  
C'mon. We gotta go.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER (HALLWAY) - DAY

Oren leads Izzy down a steel corridor of epileptic light and sound as the alarm continues.

OREN  
What the hell is going on?

IZZY  
We need to get to the surface.

OREN  
Not what I meant.

They reach the end of the hallway to find a steel elevator shaft. Oren looks up.

CLICKS and TAPS of men moving with guns: they're in trouble. Izzy turns to see a security force moving toward their position:

IZZY  
Shit.

OREN  
 (looking up elevator  
 shaft)  
 Long way...

IZZY  
 Get that elevator working.  
 I got this.

OREN  
 But--

IZZY  
 Be right back.

Izzy ninjas her way down the hallway and engages the security force head on.

Oren repeats the same procedure: enabling the elevator doors to open. He goes in.

The elevator mechanism is completely different, it doesn't resemble any of the previous security panels. He sweats.

Kick, gunfire, punch, smack, whack: Izzy is kicking ass.

Oren is fiddling with the panel: trying to figure it out.

Izzy takes a hit, and responds in kind.

Oren is flustered: this panel has no screws, no way to open.

OREN  
 (shouting down hallway)  
 It's no good! Can't get it to  
 work!

Izzy kicks a guard in the face, grabs his gun, and runs back to the elevator:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER (ELEVATOR) - DAY

IZZY  
 Jeez. Do I have to do *everything*  
 myself?

Izzy throws the gun to Oren.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Here, keep them busy. I got this.

Izzy readies a computer cable. She plugs one end into the back of her head, and the other into an access port on the security panel.

OREN

What--

IZZY

Just shut up. And keep them busy.  
I need to concentrate.

Oren lays down suppressing fire.

Izzy's POV as the sounds of alarms and combat begin to sink away; replaced by holographic windows of computer code that only she can see.

Oren shoots, connects, and the last remaining guard falls to the floor.

ERRR... ERRR... BEEP: the alarm shuts off, the lights stop blinking. Silence. The elevator doors close, the car JERKS upward, and they begin moving towards the surface.

OREN

What the fuck is going on?!  
Tell me, now.

IZZY

I was hired to get you out.

OREN

That much I understand.

IZZY

Good.

OREN

Who are you?

IZZY

Name's Isabella Casanova.  
Call me "Izzy" if you want.

OREN

Where are we?

IZZY

Underground.

Light flashes and spills in from the passing floors as the elevator continues upwards.

OREN

No shit... Last thing I remember--

IZZY

Is irrelevant. It's been 21 years.  
Things are different.

OREN

Excuse me?

IZZY

You were frozen...

OREN

No...

IZZY

... You'll see.

The elevator SCREECHES and comes to a halt. It JERKS upward and the doors open:

EXT. IRRADIATED DESERT WASTELAND - DAY

Sand. Heat. And nothing else... In the far off distance: smog can be seen rising from a black circle of industrial steel. Oren stands in awe.

OREN

This isn't right.

IZZY

I told you--

OREN

No. This isn't right.

IZZY

Look--

Oren begins to breath heavily: panic stricken. He understands what his eyes see; but his brain won't let him believe it.

OREN

No. I was there. I saw it. I was supposed to--

IZZY

Stop it?

(takes a breath)

Well, you didn't. Get over it.  
We have things to do.

OREN

(becoming cold)

Where is he?

IZZY

Don't worry. That's why I came for  
you. We'll get him. We'll make  
him pay.

OREN

No.

IZZY

No?

(confused)

I thought you'd be stronger than  
this. I thought you'd want--

OREN

No.

IZZY

What the fuck is wrong with you?  
We have to--

OREN

No.

IZZY

Fine. I'll just--

OREN

No.

(shakes it off)

No... You're not listening...

Where is my son?

...

Where is Jack?