

recyclabill

pilot

hollywoodroaster@gmail.com
<http://www.hollywoodroaster.wordpress.com>

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BILL FINCHER sits on the exam table in his boxers. At first glance, he looks like an average 40-year-old. Upon closer inspection, there are some oddities. One blue eye, one brown. His left arm is slightly darker than his right. He even has seams crisscrossing the skin on his chest and shoulders.

BILL (V.O.)

I remember an old soap commercial that said a body is the sum of all its 2,000 parts. I've only replaced 950 of mine, so I guess that means I still add up to myself...mostly.

Super: "Los Angeles, 2024"

Reveal DR. JOSEPH BERNBACH, 50s, poking at Bill's lower back. Despite Bernbach's age, he has surprisingly smooth hands.

DR. BERNBACH

How's the new liver treating you?

BILL

Much better. I almost forgot what it's like to drink without pain.

DR. BERNBACH

Excellent. I'd like to schedule vertebrae replacement sometime in the next few months. I'm not crazy about a couple of these discs.

Bill takes the news in stride: no big deal. He nods.

DR. BERNBACH

We should also replace your lat muscles since we'll be digging around in there.

BILL (V.O.)

Vital organs. Lat muscles. Everything can be upgraded if you have the right health care plan...

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Bill walks through the halls of a bland corporate office. A FEMALE CO-WORKER notices his thick, lustrous hair.

FEMALE CO-WORKER

New hair?

Bill smiles, confident.

BILL (V.O.)

New to me, anyway.

INT. HEALTH CLUB GYM - DAY

MIDDLE-AGED MEN play basketball. It's like a hodgepodge of mismatched arms, legs and torsos running up and down the court -- everybody has had some transplants. It's not grotesque, mind you, just...off. Bill drives to the hoop, LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR and THROWS DOWN A THUNDEROUS DUNK.

OPPONENT

Jesus! You've got the legs of a 20-year-old!

BILL (V.O.)

He's right. I do have the legs of a 20-year-old. Just got 'em a few months ago. I also have the heart of a 30-year-old and the lungs of a teenager.

Bill guards his man, barely breaking a sweat. He's in top physical form.

INT. SINGLES CLUB - NIGHT

Bill sits at the bar, drinking a beer and watching sports on TV. A quick scan of the PATRONS shows a variety of too-perfect bodies.

BILL (V.O.)

Where do all these body parts come from? Some are from people splattered on the highways of our great nation. Others come from folks who just need the money.

A SEXY WOMAN slides in the chair next to Bill.

BILL (V.O.)

And I have to admit, it's true what they say...

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Sexy Woman sinks to her knees and unzips Bill's pants.

SEXY WOMAN

Oh my God...

BILL (V.O.)

...all parts are not created equal.

Bill closes his eyes in pleasure.

BILL (V.O.)

Damn she's got a long tongue.

(beat)

Hope it didn't come from Gene Simmons.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Bill stands among the MOURNERS while a RABBI waxes on about ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The eulogy fades as Bill turns to his handsome friend ETHAN (looks to be in his 30s).

BILL

This feels weird.

ETHAN

Your new lats?

BILL

Being at a funeral.

ETHAN

Agreed. I haven't been to one in ten years...total downers. Who wants to think about death for a half hour straight? I don't get why Avi didn't just have his heart replaced.

BILL

He lost his insurance when he got fired last year.

ETHAN

(apathetic)

Tough break.

The eulogy comes back up, full volume...

RABBI

...and so we should not be sad, as we know from the Torah that death is merely a part of life.

Bill and Ethan share a glance: not if they can help it.

RABBI

But even in his passing, our brother Avi continued to be the generous man we all knew him to be. Nearly 70% of his original parts were donated to the local B'nai Brith Organ Bank. I'm told his cousin Mara received one of his kidneys just yesterday.

The Mourners all look at MARA, who sits in a wheelchair, still recovering from surgery. Ethan turns to Bill.

ETHAN

(whispers)

Jewish chicks are hot.

BILL

She has terminal cancer.

ETHAN

And a great rack. Besides, it's only terminal if you let it be.

Bill looks at Mara's rack. It *is* great. Bill quickly snaps out of it and shakes his head disapprovingly.

ETHAN

She reminds me of Jenny.

BILL

Who?

ETHAN

You don't remember Jenny? I dated her for like five years.

BILL

Oh, right. Her.

Bill watches the other Mourners take turns shoveling dirt into the grave. Ethan eagerly gets in line.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NEXT DAY

The accounting firm bustles with activity. Bill carries his empty coffee mug to the break room --

CO-WORKERS

Surprise!

-- where he's ambushed by half a dozen CO-WORKERS. TAMMY, attractive and top-heavy, holds a cake with a "35" on it.

TAMMY

Happy 35th anniversary!

BILL

Wow...thanks. Hard to believe I've been here 35 years.

TAMMY

You haven't aged a day.

Bill's boss ARTIE DECKERELLI approaches, shakes Bill's hand.

ARTIE

Congratulations, Bill.

BILL

Thank you sir.

ARTIE

We still on for golf this weekend?
Gotta test out my new rotator cuff.

BILL

Sure thing. Just don't expect me to let you win again.

ARTIE

Ha! Tiger Woods himself couldn't fake your slice.

Artie LAUGHS as he exits. Bill rolls his eyes.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE - LATER

On his computer now, Bill flips through photos of him and his colleagues over the years. They're not aging so much as they're evolving...and sporadically getting younger, in fact.

Bill turns his attention back to his work, puzzled by a set of numbers on a printout. Tammy walks by.

BILL

Tammy.

TAMMY

What's up?

BILL

Is there something wrong with these numbers?

Tammy looks them over.

TAMMY

Wrong how?

BILL

They don't seem to balance. It says the Alcove client paid us for 340 billable hours last month, but I'm seeing 350 hours.

TAMMY

You sure about that?

Tammy hands them back, points at a column of digits. Bill takes another look, uses his calculator.

BILL

I'll be damned. I must have counted those 10 unbillables in the aggregate...

TAMMY

(jokes)

Maybe your age is finally catching up with you.

Bill's not amused. Tammy leans on his desk.

TAMMY

We should go out tonight to celebrate your anniversary.

BILL

Yeah?

TAMMY

I haven't been to that new sushi place in Santa Monica yet. It's supposed to be great.

BILL

I have a better idea. Why don't we just go to my house instead?

TAMMY

Sure, we could do that.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Bill drives, periodically checking Tammy's obscene cleavage and super-short skirt.

TAMMY

...so I told her, I said "If you want me to sign a five-year lease, you need to give me a price break."

Tammy waits for Bill to respond. He finally realizes.

BILL

Oh...and?

TAMMY

And then she was like "Sorry, no exceptions." What a bitch. What a cross-eyed fucking bitch.

Bill looks at Tammy, surprised by the hostility.

TAMMY

So of course I signed anyway. I mean the location is great.
(looks around)
Speaking of which, where are we?

Bill gives a sheepish look. He was hoping she wouldn't notice the fact that he's lost.

BILL

I...don't know.

TAMMY

You got lost driving home from work?

BILL

No! Not entirely. We're in the general vicinity...I think.

TAMMY

Ew.

BILL

Ew?

TAMMY

Yeah: ew! As in gross. You had a senior moment. You really are getting old, Bill.

BILL

That's crazy. I'm as good as new. I just wasn't paying attention to where I was going because of your story about the...uh...

TAMMY

You can't even remember what I was talking about!

BILL

To be fair, it was extremely boring.

Bill checks the cross-street.

BILL

Wait, I know how to get home from here...

TAMMY

Good. You can drop me off at my apartment on your way.

BILL

Aw c'mon. Are you sure?

TAMMY

If I wanted to spend the night with a senior citizen I'd sleep at my mom's house.

BILL

You won't tell anyone at work about this, will you?

Tammy doesn't respond, which means the whole company will obviously know by lunchtime tomorrow. Bill turns his attention to the road, worried.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT

Bill and Ethan run next to each other on treadmills. Ethan's going at a fast clip, but Bill is in super-training mode.

He ups the speed even more.

ETHAN

What's with the psycho intensity?
You trying to fit into a wedding
dress or something?

BILL

I just need the extra work. Feelin'
rusty.

ETHAN

Rusty, huh?

Ethan looks at his own treadmill, decides to up the speed to match Bill. But then Bill ups his even more. He pushes through the pain, obviously trying to turn back the clock.

MONTAGE -- BILL TRAINS LIKE A MADMAN

-- He jumps rope

-- He does bicep curls

-- More treadmill work as Ethan watches from across the room, baffled

-- Bill finishes up with some basketball. He throws down another backboard-jarring dunk

INT. HEALTH CLUB LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Ethan enter, both extremely gassed. Ethan pulls off his shirt and we see what real money can buy: the guy's got Brad Pitt-like abs and a perfectly sculpted upper body.

ETHAN

You doing okay? I haven't seen anyone
train like that since Rocky 7.

BILL

I told you, I'm just feeling a little
rusty.

ETHAN

You look fairly unrusty to me. I
mean, maybe you could use some lipo
here or there...

BILL

Fuck you.

ETHAN

I'm just saying a little nip and tuck...

BILL

Enough.

The guys arrive at their lockers.

Bill goes to do the combo on his locker...then stops. He can't remember it. Ethan is too busy undressing to notice as Bill racks his brain for the right numbers.

Ah, he's got them.

Bill tries the combination, but it's wrong. Shit. He panics, then gets an idea. Bill PUNCHES his locker.

BILL

(overly dramatic)

Son of a bitch! My lock's busted.

ETHAN

What do you mean, busted?

BILL

It jammed when I tried to open it. I'm gonna see if they have bolt cutters.

ETHAN

Whatever.

(checks watch)

Hey, we have to hurry if we want to make it to the dealership in time.

INT. PORSCHE DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Bill stares at the sticker price of a new Boxster.

BILL

You're insane.

ETHAN

No, just insanely rich. What can I say, my dad knew how to pick his biotech stocks.

Ethan walks around the side of the car, appraising its sleek lines and custom rims.

BILL
What's wrong with your Z8?

ETHAN
(shrugs)
Nothing.

BILL
Then why do you need a new car?

ETHAN
Need is a relative term, Bill. I've
simply grown tired of the BMW. I
"need" something different.

SALESMAN (O.S.)
She's a gorgeous automobile.

Bill and Ethan turn to see a PUDGY SALESMAN with a
RIDICULOUSLY PRONOUNCED CHIN. Bill tries to hide his
reaction, but Ethan stares right at the guy's jutting jaw.

SALESMAN
I drive one myself. The ladies go
wild for it. I cruise down Sunset
in this bad boy and I guarantee you
I'm not going home alone.

ETHAN
Even with the chin?

SALESMAN
Excuse me?

BILL
(tries to cover)
We're just browsing. We'll let you
know if we need something. Thank you.

The Salesman glares at Ethan, then exits. Bill turns to his
callous friend.

BILL
Do you have to be such a dick?

ETHAN
His chin is the dick. At least that's
what it looks like. Obviously I'm
all for having work done...but you
gotta keep it tasteful.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(re: car)

Oh, I like this one a lot.

It's a yellow Boxster.

ETHAN

Am I too young-looking for a Porsche?
It's generally an older man's car.

Bill doesn't answer. He just watches the OLD JANITOR mop the floor of the showroom.

ETHAN

Bill...you alive?

BILL

Yes, I'm alive. I was just thinking.
You ever consider getting a brain
transplant?

ETHAN

Sure. Lots of times. But I'm pretty
smart as it is, so I don't really
want to part with this one until
it's absolutely necessary.

BILL

Right.

ETHAN

Why? You thinking of upgrading the
noodle?

BILL

No...I just haven't been as sharp
lately. Forgetting stuff. I got
lost on my way home from work the
other day. Couldn't remember the
combination on my locker...

ETHAN

Ew.

Bill double-takes at the "ew" comment.

BILL

Is a little forgetfulness really
that disgusting?

ETHAN

Um: yeah. It's worse than the chin, and the chin's pretty fucking horrific. I'd definitely consider swift, drastic action.

BILL

I don't know, man. It's one thing to do a liver or a heart...but a brain seems pretty dangerous.

ETHAN

Hey, I was right about the penis transplant, wasn't I? Tell me giant junk hasn't improved your life.

BILL

It's not the same thing, Ethan.

ETHAN

Bill, has it or has it not made you a better man?

BILL

(beat)
Good point.

ETHAN

No my friend -- you have an excellent point. Long too. Of course mine's longer, cause I have more money to blow on things like genitals.

Ethan looks over at the Salesman.

ETHAN

Hey, dick-chin! I think I'll take the yellow one for a spin.

CUT TO:

A FROZEN BRAIN.

Three brains, actually, lined in a row behind thick glass. Bill stands on the other side of the glass looking at them, just like he was looking at the car sticker in the last scene.

BILL

I'm having second thoughts.

Reveal Bill and Dr. Bernbach are in an organ "showroom" at the hospital. The various body parts are labeled with a variety of information.

DR. BERNBACH

It's actually quite safe. Last year there were over 6,000 brain replacements in California alone. George Clooney got one just last month. Only 2% of brains are rejected, and in most cases we can simply swap in another new one.

BILL

What about my memories?

DR. BERNBACH

It's very simple, Bill. The human brain is like a computer that needs to be updated. We take all the files -- the memory -- from your current brain and then put that into a new brain that has a better processor. And because your life experiences have already shaped your personality and morals, you'll still be you, just with more mental acuity. And for a higher copay, a much higher IQ.

BILL

And the memory files in these brains?

DR. BERNBACH

Scrubbed clean. All that's left is the hardware.

Bill and Dr. Bernbach look at the three frozen brains in the display case.

DR. BERNBACH

As you can see, they're ranked based on IQ, occupation, age, cause of death or donation...no names, of course. When it comes to sensitive organs like the brain, we find it's best to keep a certain level of anonymity. Just to be safe.

BILL

Safe from what?

DR. BERNBACH
Unanticipated side effects.
(beat)
Insanity, for example. Undeleted
memories. It's really very rare.
Hardly worth mentioning, except for
legal reasons.

Dr. Bernbach motions toward the glass. Bill looks at one of
the brains.

BILL
(pensive)
This one seems interesting. 145 IQ.

DR. BERNBACH
That would be quite an upgrade from
your already respectable IQ of 124.
It was donated by a physicist, age
36, cause of death: car crash. That's
good -- the quicker, the better.
Less residual damage or hemorrhaging.

Bill looks at the brain's sticker price, unsure.

BILL
Says here the copay on my plan is
\$11,000.

DR. BERNBACH
That's a steal. I've seen some
uninsured patients pay \$75,000 or
more, not including tax and
transplantation fees.

BILL
I'll have to think about it.

DR. BERNBACH
Don't think too long. You may forget
you needed a new one in the first
place...

Bill sours at the lame joke.

DR. BERNBACH
A little doctor humor.

BILL
Funny.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

A sprawling, awe-inspiring course. Artie knocks the hell out of a drive -- at least 300 yards.

ARTIE

That's more like it!

Artie kisses his recently-repaired shoulder.

ARTIE

Thank God for whatever poor bastard died to make this shoulder possible.

BILL

Nice drive, sir.

ARTIE

Yes, it was. Good luck trying to match it.

Bill tees it up. He stands above the ball, poised. He starts to take his backswing, when...

ARTIE

So I talked to Tammy yesterday.

Bill jerks out of his swing, looks at his boss.

ARTIE

It's good to see your hearing isn't going, too.

BILL

If she told you about me getting lost on the way home, she's greatly exaggerating. It was a shortcut --

ARTIE

Actually, she told me about your trouble with the accounts receivable sheet for the Alcove client...what are you talking about?

BILL

Nothing. I was kidding.

ARTIE

I find this all very troubling, Bill.

BILL

Look, I didn't want to say anything,
but I think Tammy has a drug problem.

ARTIE

That may be, but company policy
regarding age and decreased efficiency
is very clear. It's grounds for
dismissal. The firm simply won't
tolerate old employees.

BILL

I totally understand. That's why
I'm taking care of it.

ARTIE

Good. Now let's see that patented
Fincher slice.

Bill rears back and lets it fly. He slices the ball horribly
into the trees.

ARTIE

There it is!

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill tries to watch TV, but his ultra-thin flatscreen is on
the fritz (nothing but static). Frustrated, he turns it off
and lays back in bed. He stares at the ceiling, nervous.

BILL

Fuck it.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Bill lays on the gurney, nervously staring at the light above
him. The top half of his head is covered in a sheet. A
mesh of wires extends from underneath the sheet to a computer
that's processing data at a rapid rate.

BILL

Shouldn't I be under for this?

SURGEON

Relax, we're just copying all your
memories.

(chuckles)

We'll put you under when we do the
actual transplant. Don't you worry
about that.

BILL

(chuckles)

Oh, good. But seriously, if I hear any drilling or sawing I'm gonna freak out.

SURGEON

Duly noted.

Bill looks over at his replacement brain, which rests on the table next to him in a clear prep cube of some sort. It's all shiny and pretty.

BILL

I must be out of my mind.

SURGEON

No, but you will be soon enough.
(smiles)
A little surgeon humor.

The NURSE puts a gas mask over Bill's frown.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - LATER

Bill's brain is lifted out of his skull, which has been sawed open like a cookie jar. The Nurse puts the brain in a plastic container marked "Scrubbed for Reuse." She begins filling out a sticker with Bill's IQ, age, reason for donation, etc.

Meanwhile, high above the action, Ethan watches from the Observation Booth as the operating team puts the new brain in Bill's skull. The Surgeon attaches the mesh of wires to the new brain and uploads Bill's memories.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Bill wakes up, groggy, a bandage wrapped around his head. Considering the guy just went through brain surgery, he's not looking too bad.

BILL

Ethan? Is that you?

Ethan sits in the chair next to Bill watching the wonderful girls of Telemundo bounce around -- they are all freakishly tall with slender, unnatural legs. The sound BLASTS.

ETHAN

The genius awakes.

BILL
Can you turn that down?

ETHAN
I should be going anyway. I've got
a date.

Ethan turns off the TV, stands up.

ETHAN
So do you feel smarter?

BILL
I don't know...

DR. BERNBACH (O.S.)
It'll be a few days until the brain
"takes."

Doctor Bernbach arrives. He smiles at Bill.

DR. BERNBACH
The surgery was a complete success,
Bill. They even made sure the scars
will be above the hairline to conceal
the procedure. Now, you may feel
disoriented at times over the next
day or two, but after that everything
should be back to normal...and then
some! Got all your memories?

Bill searches his brain.

BILL
How can I tell?

DR. BERNBACH
Quick: your first pet's name?

BILL
Uh, Shadow.

DR. BERNBACH
Street you grew up on?

BILL
Carol.

DR. BERNBACH
Looks like we're in business. Thank
you, malpractice gods!
(MORE)

DR. BERNBACH (CONT'D)

(to Ethan)

We should probably let him rest.

ETHAN

Right. I've got some questions for you too, actually. I'm thinking maybe it's time I get a little smarter myself...

(to Bill)

Call me in a couple days when you're fully adjusted.

Ethan and Dr. Bernbach exit, leaving Bill alone in bed with his new brain. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

INT. ELEVATOR - A FEW DAYS LATER

Bill checks his reflection in the mirrored glass. His hair covers the stitching on his scalp.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bill moves through the halls with some extra pep in his step. He smiles wide at his CO-WORKERS.

BILL

Good morning, everyone. What a fine morning.

(sees BOB)

Bob! Let's talk about that audit you were having trouble with.

BOB

Sounds great. I can use the help...

BILL

(points at SHEILA)

Sheila! Got some ideas for you about the firm's IT overhead. I think I can crunch it down about 3%. Scratch that...

(recalculates in head)

...more like 5%.

SHEILA

Wow, really?

BILL

Really, Sheila. I don't joke about things like IT overhead.

SHEILA

But how...

BILL

The idea just came to me when I saw
your face. Imagine that.

(to himself)

I am on the ball today.

Sheila and Bob watch Bill turn the corner. They're impressed.

AROUND THE CORNER

Bill approaches Tammy's desk. She shakes her head; no time
to talk right now.

BILL

Don't worry, Tammy. I'm not hitting
on you. I just wanted to say thanks.

This gets Tammy's attention. She looks up at Bill, who sits
on the corner of her desk, supremely confident.

TAMMY

For what?

BILL

For telling Artie about my little
senior moment last week. It was
just the motivation I needed to get
back on track.

TAMMY

And how did you do that, exactly?

BILL

It's quite complicated. I wouldn't
expect you to understand. But like
I said: thanks.

TAMMY

Uh...you're welcome, I guess.

Bill starts to walk away, then stops.

BILL

Oh there is just one more thing. I
took the liberty of reviewing your
last five projects -- just kind of a
friendly double-check -- and it turns

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

out there were a number of clerical errors. Not a huge deal. I corrected them and forwarded along to Artie on your behalf. You stay young now! And nice blouse -- it really accentuates your giant breasts!

Bill exits, leaving Tammy shell-shocked. She looks down at her low-cut blouse.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE - LATER

Bill marks up a sheet full of numbers, percentages and everything else accounting-related. To say he's working diligently would be an understatement. Artie enters.

ARTIE

So I guess taking a few days off worked out all the kinks?

BILL

Indeed it did, sir. Just give me one second...

Artie sits down as Bill taps a few buttons on the calculator. Satisfied, he closes the project folder in front of him.

BILL

What's up?

ARTIE

Your job performance. You've been back in the office five hours and you've already closed three projects.

BILL

What can I say? I feel recharged.

ARTIE

Don't get me wrong -- I'm happy. I'm just wondering what the secret is. New heart?

BILL

Nope.

ARTIE

Drugs?

BILL

Please. I'm a responsible human being. I haven't done drugs in over 30 years.

ARTIE

Well whatever it is, I like it. Which is more than I can say for that work you forwarded me from Tammy.

BILL

Right...

ARTIE

Quite sloppy. I'm thinking we may need to let her go.

This gives Bill pause -- he hadn't intended on getting Tammy fired. He softens.

BILL

That's one way to go. Or you could treat the situation like you did mine. The pep talk worked for me. Maybe it'll work for her.

ARTIE

(nods)

I *am* extremely motivating.

BILL

Very much so. Plus it seems like firing her could be a bit rash.

ARTIE

That's good advice. I'll talk to her. You just keep up the great work, Bill.

BILL

I don't think that'll be a problem, sir.

ARTIE

Call me Artie, you've known me long enough at this point. Hell, someday you'll probably be *my* boss.

Artie LAUGHS, gets up.

ARTIE

But I'll still kick your ass in golf!

He exits. Bill watches through the glass partition as Artie approaches Tammy for their "talk." It's clear Bill regrets getting even with Tammy.

INT. BILL'S GARAGE - EVENING

The flatscreen TV from Bill's bedroom lays half-dissected on the worktable as Bill inspects one of its components with a magnifying glass.

BILL

Fascinating.

VROOM!

Bill turns to see Ethan pull into his driveway in the yellow Porsche. Ethan REVS the gas a couple times to show off, then finally cuts the engine and gets out of the car.

ETHAN

Well?

BILL

It's a Porsche alright.

ETHAN

I fucking love it. It's so beautiful and perfect...it reminds me of me.

Ethan walks into the garage, removes his sunglasses.

ETHAN

(re: head)

How's your new engine doing?

BILL

Good. Actually, excellent.

ETHAN

(re: TV)

What's this?

BILL

Oh, the TV wasn't working, so I decided to fix it myself.

Bill holds up the component he was looking at.

BILL
Burned diode.

ETHAN
You know how to fix TV's?

BILL
Just seemed logical to open it up
and take a look. It's rather
intuitive. So instead of spending a
couple grand on a new TV, I can spend
a couple bucks on a new diode.

ETHAN
I don't even know what the hell a
diode is.

BILL
It's a silicon-based component --

ETHAN
Allow me to rephrase: I don't *care*
what the hell a diode is.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Ethan and Bill cruise down Sunset in the convertible Porsche.
Bill scans the clubs and restaurants as they pass.

BILL
So when do I get to drive?

ETHAN
Can't hear you. Too much wind.

Ethan pulls the car in front of a trendy club. Everyone in
line is freakishly tall and gorgeous.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

HIP HOP BLARES as a MASS OF BODIES vibrate on the dance floor.
Bill and Ethan stand near the bar, watching TWO GIRLS dance.
One is over-the-top recycled -- giant breasts, legs that go
on forever...she's the human equivalent of a Porsche. Her
friend is cute, a bit more natural.

ETHAN
I'll take the Barbie doll.

BILL
That's basically what you'd be
sleeping with.

ETHAN
...says the guy with the new brain.

Bill concedes the point. He takes a sip of his drink.

BILL
I just think there might be something
more, that's all.

ETHAN
More to what?

BILL
(looks around)
This. We've been coming to these
clubs for 20 years doing the same
thing, looking for the same woman.
Nothing changes but the names.

Ethan thinks for a moment, then catches the Barbie doll girl
checking him out. He pats Bill on the back.

ETHAN
I like our routine.

Ethan dances his way toward the Barbie doll. Bill lingers
at the bar, not in the mood for dancing. A WOMAN approaches.

WOMAN
Hey handsome, what's your name?

BILL
Jeremiah.

WOMAN
How biblical. And what does Jeremiah
do for a living?

BILL
Physicist.

WOMAN
Impressive.

Bill suddenly pauses, confused. He puts down his drink.

INT. NIGHTCLUB BATHROOM - LATER

Bill splashes water on his face. He looks at himself in the mirror, confused. He's hit with a vivid flashback, only it's not of him. It's of "Jeremiah"...

FLASHBACK

JEREMIAH, 36, works in a sophisticated lab. He toils on an intricate, highly technical device, when a gun is suddenly pressed into his back. The man holding the gun is a SAUDI.

JEREMIAH

Jesus!

SAUDI

Maybe that's why you're scared. You pray to someone who does not exist.

JEREMIAH

How did you find me?

SAUDI

No matter where you go, we can always find you.

JEREMIAH

It's not ready --

SAUDI

You said last week. This is unacceptable.

The Saudi cocks the gun and places it to Jeremiah's temple.

VOICE (O.S.)

Bill...

END FLASHBACK

Bill is jolted out of his flashback by Ethan, who stands next to him in the nightclub bathroom.

ETHAN

You alright?

Bill looks at him as the BASS THUMPS from the techno music...

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE