

**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - RESIDENT ROOM - DAY**

A BINGO BALL: "O44". Lies beneath a bed, dusty. Only thing in sight -- Until a pair of sad, worn sneakers walks up:

A YOUNG MAN lowers to the floor. Called 'man' generously: baby-faced, freckled, the likes of a freshman at 18.

He spots the ball, reaches in, and frees it from its cave. He rubs the dust off it. Gives it a tired examination.

YOUNG MAN

Rosaline, I know this is the last  
bingo ball I'm gonna find in here,  
right? Tell me I'm right--

ROSALINE (O.S.)

Oh, you found it, Lucas! Thank you,  
dear! Let me know when you find my  
other marbles, too, will you?

LUCAS pauses. Exhausted. He pockets the ball, stands, sighs --

LUCAS

Right.

-- And walks off.

**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Lucas wheelchairs ROSALINE, around 90. Could pass for 100.

ROSALINE

So, are you ready for high school?

LUCAS

I'm about to graduate high school,  
Rosaline. You know that.

ROSALINE

Oh, that's right! Goodness, you got  
so big over the years, honey!

LUCAS

I've been here for three months--

ROSALINE

Are you excited for college, then?

Beat. Lucas steps without direction, his eyes without focus.

LUCAS

... Yeah.

Suddenly, from behind -- LAUGHTER. Lucas peeks into a room:

He sees a WOMAN, 40s, talking to her FATHER -- a man around 75, sat upright and laughing.

WOMAN

Well, Joe and I will bring the kids around tonight. We'll get dinner.

FATHER

Sounds fine, honey. Can't wait.

WOMAN

Alright, Dad. Love you.

FATHER

Yup, love you, sweetie.

And they embrace like nothing in the world matters more.

Lucas watches from the edge of the doorway. He can't move ... Until Rosaline pulls him back into reality:

ROSALINE

Lucas, dear? Lucas?

LUCAS

Oh-- Sorry, Rosaline. Sorry. Yes?

ROSALINE

I just pissed myself.

If there's a proper response to that, Lucas can't find it.

ROSALINE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm just messing with you, sweetheart.

LUCAS

Yup, real funny there, Rosaline--

ROSALINE

I shit myself.

Lucas leans in. Awkwardly sniffs the air -- and recoils like he just opened a fridge for the first time in weeks.

CALLER (PRE-LAP)

G47!

**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GAME ROOM - DAY**

The CALLER stands behind a table, holding up: "G47".

CALLER  
G47, folks!

She's around 30, the only person here other than Lucas younger than 65. She shows the ball off clearly to --

THE RESIDENTS. Twenty of them. All awake as they can be, minus one near the back sitting next to Lucas --

A BEARDED ELDER. 70s. Glasses. Unkempt and haggard with a face grumpier than a goat's, even in his sleep. Impressive.

Rosaline sits next to him. New pants on. Only the free space on her card is marked. She stacks her chips like coins.

Lucas is sandwiched between them. Could cry on the spot.

CALLER (CONT'D)  
G47. G47, send you to heaven.

Every white-haired head in the room turns to her.

CALLER (CONT'D)  
To ... Meet your friend ... Kevin--

A CRYING ELDER shakily raises her hand --

CRYING ELDER  
My husband's name was Kevin!

The Caller is watched as she cranks the bingo cage, lets FOUR BALLS slide down the ramp. Sheepishly picks one up.

CALLER  
B51.

Lucas drags his hands over his face. Rises from his seat. He leans in and gives the Bearded Elder a gentle shake --

LUCAS  
Albert. Hey. I'm gonna call numbers.

Nothing. ALBERT is out. Lucas moves to try again, then:

ALBERT  
LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU FUCKING COMMIE!

Hardly anyone looks. Rosaline continues stacking her chips. Lucas stays with his head down, hands folded.

LUCAS  
Cool. Glad you'll be joining us.

He leaves Albert in his stir.

Lucas approaches the Caller, who waits with a new ball.

CALLER

Hey. Sorry. Really thought that  
heaven one would be a hit.

LUCAS

Well, they can't all be.  
(then, whispering)  
Sorry about Albert.

The Caller waves it off and walks over to a chair.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(to everyone)  
Okay, guys, let's try this again.  
(reads new ball)  
I73! I73, folks.

The Residents resume the game -- as Albert JOLTS in place.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Albert! You alright back there?

Whatever had a hold on Albert is swiftly rocked away --

ALBERT

Quiet, you fucking fairy! I'm fine.

Lucas scoffs. He takes the next ball in line and raises it:

LUCAS

N19!

The game continues. So does Albert -- as he begins TREMBLING,  
fingers pressed into his temples. Lucas notices.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(to the Caller)  
Hey, he's not getting through this.  
Could you go find more staff and--

CALLER

Yeah, sure, I got it.

As the Caller leaves, Lucas continues with the next ball --

LUCAS

B4. That's B4--

-- When, right on cue, Albert starts to SHUDDER and WOBBLE.

Lucas eyes Albert. Thinks for a moment. But then just picks the next one up. Still got a game to call.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

G29. G29.

The old man is trapped in whatever storm rages in his head.

Lucas peaks over at the entrance and sees --

The Caller, accompanied by two CAREGIVERS. Finally.

Lucas loosens up. Slides a hand into his pocket -- *and feels something*. He pulls out -- "O44". Huh. Forgot all about it.

The Caregivers approach Albert.

CAREGIVER #1

Hey, you okay, Albert?

CAREGIVER #2

We're gonna get you back to your room, Albert.

They gently try to move him. He remains paralyzed.

Lucas moves the ball around. Hmm. May as well. He shows it --

LUCAS

O44!

ALBERT'S EYES FIRE OPEN.

Caregiver #1 places a hand on Albert's shoulder. And it's grasped -- SNAPPED. He SCREAMS. Everyone's heads shift.

Except Rosaline. She's still stacking her chips.

Albert smashes Caregiver #1's face into the table -- knocking over Rosaline's chip tower!

ROSALINE

What the hell? I almost had bingo!

Caregiver #2 and the Caller take hold of Albert -- who effortlessly shoves the former into the table, ribs-first.

Lucas wakes the hell up, POCKETS THE BALL, and rushes over -- but not before Albert TOSSES the Caller into Caregiver #2.

LUCAS

Albert! What the fuck?!

-- Which fixes Albert's gaze on Lucas. They face each other. But this is no standoff:

Lucas turns and makes for the main entrance. Albert doesn't run. Doesn't need to. This is Sarah Connor and the T-800.

ALBERT  
Ser, vy dolzhny ostanovit'sya.

Suddenly, a SECURITY TEAM OF THREE walks in.

CHIEF SECURITY GUARD  
Hey, we heard screaming. What's going on in here?

LUCAS  
A resident! He started attacking--

POW! -- A FLYING BINGO CARD nails the Chief right in the EYE!

Albert walks past Lucas toward the GUARDS -- who charge him.

Albert dodges GUARD #1'S tackle and follows up with a SHOVE.

GUARD #2 chokeholds Albert -- who DROPS to his back. He delivers a HEAVY elbow to the guard's ribcage -- rocks his jaw -- and snags the WALKIE-TALKIE from his belt.

Guard #1 gets up -- only to be knocked right back down as Albert CHUCKS the walkie at him with a sniper's precision.

Albert kneels down beside the Chief, who still grieves his eye. Digs through the man's pockets. Takes his CAR KEYS.

While he's stunned, Lucas is grabbed by Albert --

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
No, let go of me! Albert! ALBERT!

-- And pulled toward the exit.

The Residents haven't moved an inch.

ROSALINE  
(standing up)  
Fuck it. I'll call the damn game.

#### **EXT. BACKROAD - DAY**

A DEER FAMILY walks along a forest road -- as a car comes FLYING BY like a rocket.

#### **INT. STOLEN CAR - CONT.**

Lucas sits passenger -- God knows how long he's been yelling.

LUCAS  
Albert! Albert, will you just  
listen to me?

ALBERT  
YA slushayu, ser.

LUCAS  
What the fuck are you saying?! What  
is that? Just-- Just PULL OVER!

ALBERT  
Da ser.

**EXT. FOREST PATH - CONT.**

Albert JERKS to the left -- leading to a flat in the woods.  
Snug between a few trees. The car is parked and turned off.

**INT. STOLEN CAR - CONT.**

Lucas gathers himself. Hands pressed into the dash.

LUCAS  
Albert, what's going on? Why'd you  
attack all those people-- In  
English! Can't you speak English?

ALBERT  
Da, ya govoryu po-angliyski.

LUCAS  
English!

ALBERT  
(in English, Russian-  
accented)  
Yes.

LUCAS  
Why do you sound-- Yes, what?

ALBERT  
Yes, I speak English.

Lucas SLAMS his hands down on the dash. Then, he thinks --

LUCAS  
"Sir"?

ALBERT

Da. Would you like a mission report, sir?

LUCAS

"Mission report"? What-- You know what? Fine, if it tells me literally anything about what's happening, yes! Mission report?

ALBERT

Nothing to report.

Lucas breathes in what would've been a scream. Then:

LUCAS

Okay. Mission ... Objective?

ALBERT

Infiltrate US, assassinate political and military leaders, destroy critical infrastructure, topple nation from within.

Lucas reads Albert -- not a dent in his demeanor.

LUCAS

Is your name really Albert?

ALBERT

(plainly confused)

No, sir. I am Soviet Operative Ruslan Kozlov.

Lucas' face is stuck in time -- like the man beside him.

Lucas pulls out his phone and opens an app without taking his eyes off RUSLAN -- a different man entirely. He shows him --

A GOOGLE PAGE: "COLD WAR. MAR 12, 1947 - DEC 26, 1991".

Ruslan takes the phone. Scrolls. Lucas is less than clueless.

RUSLAN

What? "...the formal dissolution of the Soviet Union..."

(beat, then)

What year is it, sir?

LUCAS

(small)

2024.



RUSLAN  
Bozhe moy.

Ruslan hands the phone back.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)  
Net, net, net-- You are my handler!

LUCAS  
"Handler"? I was calling bingo!

Ruslan takes a moment, then:

RUSLAN  
The sequence. The suffering I  
endured to keep that code locked  
deep within my mind--

LUCAS  
And I found it by accident.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)  
And you found it by accident.

A horrible realization lands on Ruslan:

RUSLAN (CONT'D)  
They abandoned me. They left me.

Lucas just listens. No good way to say a thousand things.

Ruslan halts. He sinks into himself as he recalls:

RUSLAN (CONT'D)  
I-- I had a family. A wife and son.

Lucas has nothing. Ruslan thinks deeply. Then steels himself.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)  
I have a family. I must find them.

LUCAS  
What? Albert-- Ruslan-- I have to  
bring you back!

RUSLAN  
Nonsense. You are not my handler,  
and your authorities will take me.

LUCAS  
No, you don't understand, I need--

RUSLAN  
Where is your wife, boy? Your  
child? You do not understand. I am  
going to do this, Lucas.

Lucas taps his phone screen -- revealing a lock screen photo of himself beside a MAN. Arms around each other. He stares ... Then turns to Ruslan.

LUCAS

I'll go. But after this, you come back with me. You have to. I just ... don't want to lose my job.

RUSLAN

Hmm. We will cross that bridge when we are there. On my word. Fair?

Ruslan extends a hand. Lucas reluctantly shakes it. Deal.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

Now, there is a computer terminal in a bunker nearby. It contains a USSR citizens database. Our chance.

LUCAS

Sure. Got it.

Ruslan snags Lucas' phone, rolls down his window --

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Hey, whoa! Whoa! Wait--

RUSLAN

If technology is anything like it was, this will be used to track us.  
(offers the phone)  
Are there any final messages you would like to send?

Lucas considers something. But, ultimately:

LUCAS

No ... It's fine.

Ruslan nods and LAUNCHES the phone into a tree.

As the car backs up, Lucas's cracked phone receives a CALL -- "MOM".

#### **EXT. JENKINTOWN STREET - DAY**

Tall brick buildings. DOZENS OF PEOPLE down every sidewalk. Plenty of CARS on the road. An old place, but alive.