

**CHANGELESS**



Written by

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We're inside a **TUNNEL**. Red and glossy.

It looks like a Valentine's Day Heart. Under its high arches:

A WOMAN in HAZMAT GEAR plops down a shaking RABBIT.

Meet JESSE, 34.

JESSE

Changeless? Solve Parkinson's.

Off her request, the rabbit starts to tremor uncontrollably.

Jesse buries her powerful emotions in her laser focus.  
Her reaction to the suffering rabbit is no exception.

A CONVEYOR BELT pulls the rabbit (and Jesse) along.

Jesse watches, attuned to every detail:

The RABBIT reaches a SLOT that looks like a card reader.  
The SLOT prints out an ADHESIVE PATCH onto its furry back.

It's a white label, the exact size of an Erewhon sticker.

#### **CHANGELESS**

A few tense seconds. Jesse doesn't flinch. Then:

The rabbit stops shaking. Happy. Healthy. No Parkinson's.

Jesse pulls out her phone. Quickly types out a text:

*just cured Parkinson's :)*

Her fingers hover over an empty name.

Jesse sighs.

She finds her game face. Erases the text and steps back out.

#### **INT. CHANGELESS - OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

A one story ghost town.

Concrete beams. Stray wires flooding the ground.

Copper pipes burrow into the walls like jungle vines.

At a desk, Jesse Sharpies **Parkinson's** onto the used patch.  
Adds it to a Ziploc bag. Two more patches labelled: **ALS. MS.**

There are no other witnesses for her scientific breakthrough.

**INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT**

Jesse settles in a WINDOW SEAT. Facing her reflection.  
A begrudging scan of her bare face. Hair in a tight bun.  
Jesse ignores the sea of BODIES, moving down the aisle:  
Tiny noses. Competitive glares. A flight to (or from) LA.

**EXT. HAWAIIAN BEACH - DAWN**

Endless sky. Perfectly blue water. Churning waves.  
TRIATHLETES wait at the shoreline.  
Row after row of red swim caps and sleek wetsuits.  
In the last row:  
Jesse. Ready for the race of her life.  
A TRIATHLETE, 35, checks her out. We see his handsome face.  
She's distracted. Absorbed by the sight of a FLAG nearby:

***WELCOME TO IRONMAN KONA!***

Jesse looks back at the Triathlete. Notices:  
The "TRIATHLETES WITH MS" logo on his wetsuit.  
Her eyes go wide as a gun IGNITES.

JESSE  
Holy shit.

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING**

An army of RED SWIM CAPS slowly trek through the blue water.  
The Triathlete with MS swims across a wave, last in the pack.  
Nearby, Jesse treads water, searching through the SWIMMERS.  
Bopping up and down as everyone else bulldozes past her.  
She locks eyes on her target. The Triathlete approaches.  
Meet PAUL, splashing around with graceless determination.  
A face for Greek sculpture wasted on seducing baristas.

JESSE  
(shouting)  
Who do you know with MS?

Paul stops, wavering in the water. They tread side by side.

PAUL  
I have MS.

JESSE  
How are you even doing this?

PAUL  
I don't let anyone tell me what I  
can and can't do with my disease.

JESSE  
Jesse.

PAUL  
Paul.

Jesse goes to shake his hand. Paul, amused, shakes it back.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Want company?

Jesse's taken aback. A bashful nod. Then she dives back in.  
Together, they swim towards the next BUOY, two red dots.

#### **EXT. QUEEN KA'AHAMNU HIGHWAY — AFTERNOON**

IRONMAN RACERS zoom COLORFUL BIKES down a scenic coastline.

Jesse decelerates to Paul's side. Like a jet in formation.

She rides a scarlet CERVELO: "aero" bars, carbon wheels.  
(It shares the exact paint job of the TUNNEL we just saw.)

They bike up a steep **HILL** - an organic bubble of silence.  
Other riders GLIDE past them but these two stick together.

Jesse and Paul reach the peak's STUNNING SUMMIT:

Eggshell blue water, lush green forests glitter down below.

There's only a narrow switchback road back. No railings.

JESSE  
Breathtaking.

Paul scans Jesse's face, her gaze searching on the horizon.

PAUL

Sure is.

Jesse turns slightly. Catches Paul staring.

The "MS" insignia on his kit glows in the bright sun.

JESSE

I can change your life.

Paul cocks an eyebrow.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I wanted to say that. Just in case.

PAUL

In case what?

JESSE

We, like, die?

PAUL

We're not gonna die.

Jesse looks at the very intimidating path to the surface.

JESSE

We've gained four thousand feet of altitude and our cardiac systems are overwhelmed beyond capacity. I step wrong on my pedals and we both go tumbling down the mountain.

Jesse sees Paul start to chuckle. Clutches her handlebars.

PAUL

I won't let you die.

(pause)

Ride the breaks. Focus on me.

JESSE

Focus on you.

PAUL

If you live?

(pause)

Tell me how you change my life.

JESSE

I didn't say that.

She fumbles the moment to tell Paul about her research.

PAUL  
Maybe you did. Maybe you didn't.

Paul bikes down the hill, swiftly becoming a blur.

Jesse takes a leap of faith and guides her bike behind his.

**EXT. PALANI ROAD — LATE AFTERNOON**

Jesse and Paul run a marathon (yes, after an 112 mile bike ride, there's a marathon) towards a dormant HAWAIIAN VOLCANO.

JESSE  
I went to school in Boston and my  
thesis advisor hired me for a gig.

PAUL  
So you went to Harvard.

JESSE  
MIT. Less grade inflation.

PAUL  
Then you win a Genius Grant -

JESSE  
It's called a MacArthur Award.

PAUL  
You get paid to do genius things.

Jesse tenses on the word "genius".

JESSE  
What do you do for work?

PAUL  
I'm in LA. (pause) In film.  
Last one to turn the lights off.

JESSE  
Have you been to the Oscars?

PAUL  
I produce independently.

Jesse nods, not quite knowing what that means.

JESSE  
I'm also in LA.

PAUL  
East Side?

JESSE  
West Side.

PAUL  
We're doomed.

Jesse blushes. They shuffle past the volcano.

**EXT. IRONMAN KONA — FINISH LINE — NIGHT**

Jesse stumbles through the tall cardboard "chute". Alone.  
She stops. Staggering to avoid the CROWD clapping for her.

Amidst FAMILIES holding silly signs, she's a singular unit.

Something interrupts Jesse's melancholy: a VICTORY LEI.

Paul places it around Jesse's neck. He wears one too.

**EXT. IRONMAN KONA — CHANGING STATION — MOMENTS LATER**

It's 2 AM. ATHLETES pick up their gear in an exhausted haze.

At her **STALL**, Jesse unzips her backpack, finds her Sharpie.

Jesse holds out her arm — outstretching it gladly for Paul.

JESSE  
Write.

Paul adds his phone number. Jesse's wrist pulses.

PAUL  
You ever wanna ride? I'm around.

Jesse's legs give out. Paul diligently gives her a stool.

She slides her body onto the stool. Paul has melted her.

**EXT. TUNNEL LEAVING LAX// HIGHWAY 101 — MORNING**

A WAYMO exits down the glimmering yellow lights. It merges.

Finds its spot amidst a maze of AIRPORT TRAFFIC.

**INT. WAYMO — SAME TIME**

Jesse stares out its window, watching the airfields zoom by.  
Her gaze lingers on a fleet of PRIVATE PLANES.

Jesse eyes Paul's number Sharpied on her wrist.  
 She dials a number, brings her phone to her ear:

JESSE  
 I think I found our guinea pig.

**INT. ANOTHER WAYMO - MOVING - SAME TIME**

LOUBOUTIN RED BOTTOMS tap into the rubber carpeting.

Meet VERA, 27. A trans woman born and raised in LA, she perfects her winged eyeliner through her pocket mirror.

A smile curls on Vera's mouth. She's nailed the wings.

For a second, Vera adores everything about how she looks.

Satisfied, Vera turns her phone on.  
 Finds a *Wired* article:

35 OF AMERICA'S TOP INNOVATORS UNDER 35 - *JESSE COYLE*

There's a PHOTO too. Jesse grimly poses next to her bike.  
 Unlike Vera, Jesse has no fucking idea how to do her makeup.

**EXT. SAWTELLE - STRIP MALL - LATE MORNING**

Changeless Headquarters sits next to a 7-11 and a Nail Salon.  
 A cheap lease. The LA equivalent of your parent's garage.

In the **PARKING LOT**:

Jesse avoids eye contact. Vera finds her practiced smile.  
 Jesse wears Ironman gear head to toe and a nervous look.

JESSE  
 Vera Taylor. What an honor.  
 Loved your PR work for Palantir.

VERA  
 All I did is clean up the message.

JESSE  
 "Ethical defense contracting"?  
 (pause)  
 Love.

VERA  
 Who did *Wired* have style you?

The loaded question makes Jesse pulse with terror.



JESSE  
I don't see how that's relevant.

VERA  
You're gorgeous. It was a travesty.

JESSE  
I'm never going to be LA hot.

VERA  
Wait until your IPO.

Jessie responds to this barb by silently unlocking the door.

**INT. CHANGELESS - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Vera ducks under a beam, trailing Jesse through the space.

VERA  
Where is everybody?

JESSE  
Layoffs. You wouldn't be here  
if I wasn't staying on as CEO.

VERA  
You have a working prototype?

JESSE  
Imagine a device that can edit out  
chronic diseases long after birth.  
That cures sick people on demand.

The idea makes Vera's gears spin.

VERA  
Changeless can do that?

JESSE  
On rabbits.

VERA  
You said people.

They quickly reach the end; finding a **BRIGHT RED DOOR**.  
Sharp pulses of white light peak through the paint coating.

JESSE  
This is as far as you can go.

VERA  
If your, whatever, doesn't work?  
Look. I've been there. Done that.

JESSE  
I think it can solve everything.

VERA  
Show me and I'll work for you.

Jesse grabs HAZMAT GEAR off a nearby HOOK. Hands it to Vera.

JESSE  
If one speck of dust gets inside  
the whole machine is contaminated.

Vera grabs the gear. Slides it on top of her clothes quickly.

VERA  
Whatever it takes.

She opens the door. Walks into the shimmer. Jesse follows.

**INT. CHANGELESS - BIOLOGICAL COMPUTER - EARLY AFTERNOON**

Deep inside its red, heart-like paneling: a rabbit WAITS.

JESSE (O.S)  
Changeless? Solve MS.

Vera eagerly watches the PATCH get printed on the rabbit.

The rabbit's gait steadies. Her tail wags.

It's healed.

VERA (PRELAP)  
Magic.

**INT. CHANGELESS - JESSE'S DESK - AFTERNOON**

Vera faces Jesse in a cubicle, bombarded by her accolades:

Degrees from UC Davis and MIT. A shining MacArthur Award.

Surrounding them are twenty Ironman participation medals.

JESSE  
I call it a biological computer.  
Programming DNA. Cheaper than  
silicon. More accurate than gene  
editing. Precise and repeatable.

VERA  
I get that the patch cures you.

Vera scans Jesse's fingers: there's no wedding ring.

JESSE  
It's still scalar. One task.  
Everyone else can be superscalar.

Jesse feels Vera's gaze and folds her arms across the desk.

VERA  
Mmm. Most other computers on Earth  
rely on superscalar processing.

JESSE  
Changeless does one task at a time.

This registers as an unbreakable commandment.

Vera lets this simmer. Her eyes move to the Ironman medals.

VERA  
Heard you had a race this weekend.

Jesse bristles. Her personal life stays personal.

JESSE  
We're scalar here at Changeless.  
Our competitors end up with side  
effects and lawsuits and divorce.

VERA  
Divorce?

JESSE  
Most start-ups fall apart in the  
first year of their founding.

VERA  
Well. People keep starting them.

JESSE  
Changeless solves everything  
without help.  
(pause)  
Really it should sell itself.

VERA  
You need real people to prove that.

JESSE  
I'm talking to you, aren't I?

Vera smirks. Jesse's bluntness amuses her.

VERA  
 Me? I'd be an awful guinea pig.  
 (pause)  
 I'd keep trying to change myself.

JESSE  
 Look. You're my only choice.

VERA  
 I need to see it change people,  
 before I sign on in any capacity.

Jesse realizes her window's closing. Pivots for the kill:

JESSE  
 Theoretically. It does. Trust me.

VERA  
 I look forward to the day when  
 Changeless isn't just theoretical.

Vera gathers her things and exits. Jesse lets her go.

**INT. VENTURE CAPITAL ROOM – SPARE OFFICE – MORNING**

Glass. Marble. Curtains drawn.

Surrounding the desk is a MAZE of HOARDED OLD TECH.

Flip phones in boxes. Bulky desktop monitors. Dial-up modems.

Jesse struggles to uncap a pill bottle. She clasps it with both hands, knuckles going white. Eventually it gives.

A WOMAN, 60'S, tries her best to relax in an office chair.

Her entire body trembles. She's entombed in her own pain.

HELEN  
 I knew it all from the voice.

Meet HELEN, 60. She taught Jesse through her PHD and has been sending her hand-written Christmas cards ever since.

JESSE  
 Knew what?

HELEN  
 Elizabeth Holmes. With that voice.  
 She was ashamed of being a woman.

JESSE  
 Open.

Helen struggles to open her mouth. Jesse patiently holds the pill out. Gently waiting for her to take the medication.

After a protracted struggle, Helen swallows.

Helen views the phone number, written across Jesse's wrist.

HELEN  
Who's the lucky guy?

JESSE  
The guinea pig I mentioned?  
(pause)  
I got his contact info.

Jesse shows a Google result: *Paul LA Ironman MS Triathlete?*

There's a blurry photo of Paul, on the first Image Result. He's next to a YOUNG WOMAN with a gorgeous if surgical look.

HELEN  
(sarcastic)  
I underestimated your game.

JESSE  
I don't have game and you know it.

Helen chews on this, the medication settling in.

HELEN  
Point taken.

JESSE  
Will you talk to FDA Bill?

HELEN  
Let the Board hear your pitch.  
(pause)  
Then. Maybe. FDA Bill.

Jesse shoots up, a bounce in her stride from Helen's promise.

JESSE  
I love you.

HELEN  
Curtains.

She opens the curtains. Light floods in.

A sign reads: Helen Salvo Ventures

**INT. VENTURE CAPITAL FIRM - BOARDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Jesse stands at a table, robotically going through a pitch.

Helen lords behind a DIGITAL WHITEBOARD. FACES stream in.

JESSE

Problem? We've been able to edit our genes since we cracked the genome. Looks. Brains. Sexuality. Gender. The catch? It kills you. Solution? Changeless. Our device edits out chronic diseases long after birth and cures sick people on demand. Parkinson's. MS. ALS.

HELEN

What's the launch strategy?

Her medication has kicked in, she already seems more alert.

JESSE

I'll be able to contact the FDA. We'll test it all across town. Then. Eventually. Get approval.

HELEN

I see a small pharmaceutical brand.  
(pause)  
I was promised a consumer play.

JESSE

There is one. If you really listen.

HELEN

I'm someone who really listens.

JESSE

What happened to Bill Barrett?

HELEN

The Board is saying no.

Jesse looks at the Boardmembers' faces on the Whiteboard. She can't meet their gaze. They shake their heads in unison.

JESSE

I thought we made our own choices.

HELEN

We did. Look at where that got us. We're imperfect, fragile beings.

Helen's woozy. She's beginning to fade out of consciousness.

JESSE  
How many months you got?

HELEN  
Until what?

Jesse takes a seat. Wheels her chair close to Helen's.

JESSE  
Until -

Helen stares daggers. Hates the reminder of a death sentence.

HELEN  
I'm not going to die from this.  
You or AI will find me a cure.

Helen eyes these HUMAN FACES, streaming from the screen.  
Upon closer inspection - they don't seem fully human.

JESSE  
They're not real. We are.  
Even if we're not perfect.

HELEN  
They calculate the percent chance  
of any business venture succeeding.  
It's a practical application of AI.

The faces - clearly AI generated -- flicker off. Jesse sinks.

JESSE  
It doesn't feel very...practical.

HELEN  
It makes my choices much easier.  
I'm sad I won't be around to see  
when AI cures all of our diseases.

That's a declaration of war to Jesse.

JESSE  
I can get you the guinea pig *today*.  
(pause)  
Please, if we can just call Bill -

HELEN  
The Board won't change its mind.

JESSE  
If I try it -

HELEN  
You're not doing it first.

JESSE

How can we expect a guinea pig to try it if we don't test ourselves?

HELEN

Scratch that.

(pause)

You're not doing it ever.

JESSE

I don't want someone else to try.

HELEN

I can't have you dying on me.

JESSE

I can't have *you* dying on *me*.

HELEN

You're a totally healthy woman. Why risk disfiguring your body?

JESSE

Why disfigure someone else's?

HELEN

I have controlling equity. Own your patents. I'll sue you to oblivion.

JESSE

If it works, you'll buy me out.

Jesse's clueless confidence irks Helen.

HELEN

You try it? You're broke. And sued. Don't be another tortured prodigy.

Jesse fumes. The push and pull of Helen exhausts her.

JESSE

I'm too old to be a prodigy.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA - STRIP MALL - DAWN**

Jesse jogs past a CRUMBLING SURGERY CENTER as a sun rises.

Sun-bleached signs for 1980's era cosmetic procedures:

LIPOSUCTION! RHINOPLASTY! BE ON THE CUTTING EDGE OF BEAUTY!

Jesse stops running. The light feels very bright above her.



Jesse sees a nearby trashcan. Limpes towards it.

Something catches her eye:

A PERFUME BILLBOARD. Starring an AGELESS MOVIE STAR.

She gazes on the STAR's tastefully airbrushed face.

Her youth disturbs Jesse. She decides to keep on running.

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Jesse rides her bike, stuck in place. Pedaling too hard.  
The wheels link to a FRICTION TRAINER, keeping her immobile.

Jesse looks up to see a floor length mirror across her room.

She catches her reflection. The light makes her skin look  
colorless, bloated, her pores visible all at once.

Her eyes turn to Paul's number. Newly fading on her wrist.

A vein tremors wildly.

Like a butterfly trying to fly, but stuck under her skin.

Usually Jesse takes pride in her exhaustion. But not today.

JESSE  
I need the guinea pig.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA - STREET - LATE MORNING**

A boring Sunday. Untamable trees. Spotless houses.

Dressed in a bike kit, Jesse leaves her own.

**INT. CHANGELESS - BIOLOGICAL COMPUTER - SAME TIME**

Jesse slowly guides herself through the red arches.

She doesn't wear a HAZMAT SUIT.

At the **CONVEYOR BELT**, Jesse brings herself to a stop.

Takes in a handful of quick, ragged breaths.

She looks up at the bright, shimmering ceiling above her.

Then sees the **SLOT**. It blinks a piercing white light.

Jesse finds her race day game face. Hops onto the Belt.

JESSE  
Changeless? Solve me.

The **CONVEYOR BELT** lurches Jesse forward. Fast.

Her pulse flashes in her wrist. Her baby hairs rise.

Jesse gasps. A ray of pleasure across her whole body.

Like the best fucking orgasm ever.

Jesse opens her eyes - watches a PATCH print on her wrist.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I'm not dead!

She blinks back a surprising tear.

#### **INT. NOBU - ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON**

Jesse describes an order to a WAITRESS, 50's, at a COUNTER.  
In her bike clothes and natural look, she's an odd thumb out.

JESSE  
We'll get the Omakase deluxe.

WAITRESS  
Are we celebrating?

JESSE  
Maybe.

The Waitress moves things along with the extensive WINE MENU.

WAITRESS  
Anything to drink?

JESSE  
1999 Sonoma. Pinot.

WAITRESS  
Cash or card?

Jesse extracts her phone from her utilitarian wallet case.  
She uses its facial recognition to quickly unlock the screen.

JESSE  
Card.

Her phone opens to its camera, where she was taking a selfie.

Jesse looks at her bare face. Her hair in a tight bun.

WAITRESS  
Everything alright?

JESSE  
I just realized that that haircut  
I've been getting for five years  
doesn't flatter anything about me.

The Waitress hands her the sushi, leaves Jesse to spin out.

Jesse notices her arm - strips off the Changeless patch.

Unlike the rabbits, she hasn't labelled it.

**EXT. SANTA MONICA BLVD/ ENTRANCE TO VENICE BEACH - TWILIGHT**

Jesse and Paul weave their BIKES down SANTA MONICA TRAFFIC.  
She cradles their payload of sushi in bags on a handle.

The LA skyline's a hazy dream. The PACIFIC OCEAN approaches.

JESSE  
You don't mind?

PAUL  
Mind what?

JESSE  
Sushi. It's not.

PAUL  
What's there not to like?

JESSE  
The factory fishing farms. Fish in  
nets that get industrially killed  
and put on your plate only to be  
chewed up and quickly digested.  
It's unethical and unsustainable  
but I find it all very delicious.

PAUL  
I do too. I'm not a monster.

JESSE  
I guess I'm not a monster either.

PAUL  
Have you been to Japan?

JESSE

Not yet. You?

PAUL

I feel like it's an expectation.  
Every guy my age either has gone  
or is desperately trying to go.

JESSE

Always wanted to go.

PAUL

Why?

JESSE

I need to go into one of those tiny  
red temples and take off my shoes  
and spend the entire day listening  
to prayers that I don't understand.

PAUL

Sounds lonely.

JESSE

I would pick up context clues.  
I would make myself invaluable.  
I wouldn't feel like a tourist.  
It feels like one, being a human.  
Every conversation I ever have with  
someone, it's, like, I'm waiting to  
be found out. Waiting to return to  
wherever I originally came from.

PAUL

Sometimes I feel misunderstood too.

JESSE

I'm understood by what I'm not.

PAUL

What are you not?

JESSE

I'm not enough of anything.

PAUL

Sure you are.

JESSE

What I am to you, Paul?

PAUL

You want me to tell you?  
Or you want to tell me?

Then. Abruptly. Jesse stops biking. Begins to walk her bike.

JESSE  
I didn't ask for a corkscrew.

Paul snaps his fingers.

**AT A NEARBY BIKE PUMP**

Their bikes are connected in one single lock.

Paul uncorks the bottle, inserting the needle into the cork, pumping the cork out in slow pushes. A classic cyclist trick.

Enchanted, Jesse brings her body closer to Paul's.

She puts her hands on his; helps him give the pump a push.

The wine unscrews. Leaking all over Paul's bike clothes.

Paul begins to giggle. Unbridled. Jesse takes in his freedom, his joy for life, the ease he takes when things go awry.

She starts to giggle too.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - NIGHT**

The wine's down to its last drops.

At the **SHORE**, Jesse and Paul eat their sushi from plastic takeout containers, watching a HIGH TIDE scare off the crowd.

Jesse looks at Paul.

A long, tentative beat of silence. Finally:

PAUL  
I Googled you.

Paul opens up his cracked screen iPhone, shows a Google page:

35 OF AMERICA'S TOP INNOVATORS UNDER 35 - *JESSE COYLE*

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I know you and why you wanted me.

JESSE  
I can fix you.

PAUL  
What's the definition of insanity?  
Doing the same thing again and  
again, expecting the same result?

Jesse senses Paul's disquiet but goes for the jugular:

JESSE

There's someone I love with ALS.  
She's hesitant. I have a cure.  
I know it works. I proved it.  
I need someone to show it to her.

PAUL

I have MS.

JESSE

It's the same disease cluster.

PAUL

I like my body exactly as it is.

JESSE

You could be saving her life.  
You might save everyone's life.

PAUL

Or I might die.

JESSE

I'm not going to kill you Paul.

PAUL

You'll have to find someone else.

JESSE

To bike with?

PAUL

Maybe.

JESSE

I'm sorry I made you uncomfortable.

PAUL

It's my one spiritual belief.

JESSE

I think, the way I was raised, it's  
very hard for me not to see every  
relationship as one give and take.

Jesse starts to shake from the wind, Paul leans against her.

She doesn't fight his gesture. Their touch barrier broken.

PAUL

Fixing me won't change that.

Jesse blinks back a complex feeling. Paul clocks it.

JESSE  
I'm such a user.

PAUL  
Join the club.

JESSE  
I'm not exactly acting like myself.

Paul begins to take off his shoes. His shorts. His shirt.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

PAUL  
I'm not acting like myself either.

Jesse matches his strip-tease. Throwing all her clothes off.  
Down to their underwear, they both sprint into the **OCEAN**.  
The Santa Monica Ferris Wheel glimmers in the darkness.

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER**

Deep water. Jesse stops, tilts her head up.  
She keeps afloat, treading water. Paul matches her.

Above them is a dense weave of nighttime stars.

Jesse and Paul face each other, bopping up and down.

Organic silence.

Jesse dunks her body down. She's gone **UNDERWATER**.

Sinking under the dark blue ocean.

Her hands graze on her body.

Jesse pauses, not recognizing its shape...

From how Jesse touches her body, slowly, lovingly,  
her features are exactly what she wants.

Jesse's legs kick up to the **SURFACE**...

A lighthouse's GOLD BEAM streams over Jesse's brand new face.

Eyes. Nose. Lips. Changeless solves EVERYTHING.

Her looks are subtly, implacably, effortlessly, improved.  
Like a MOVIE STAR'S before a big tentpole or awards circuit.

Jesse KISSES Paul.

A MOVIE STAR'S FACE.

A MOVIE STAR'S KISS.

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Jesse and Paul are entwined, having great sex in the dark.

We only see their bodies, curving and darting in the shadows.

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAWN**

Harsh sunlight. Jesse runs her hands over her perfect face,  
her perfect chest, her perfect hips, her perfect everything.

She's shocked, anxious, before pure unadulterated glee:

JESSE  
I'm LA hot!

Jesse opens her mouth: her teeth are white and well-aligned.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I have LA teeth!

Jesse eyes Paul sleeping, cuddled up to her stuffed rabbit,  
maybe a childhood memento of hers.

She smiles to herself.

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME**

Clothes are on the ground in a colorful, wild heap.

Jesse hops to her bed, snuggling against Paul in his t-shirt.

He won't wake. Jesse kisses his ear. Still nothing from Paul.

JESSE  
(inhumanly confident)  
I'm LA hot, right?

Paul wakes. Grabs her rabbit.

PAUL  
Obviously.



JESSE  
Empirically?

PAUL  
What do you mean empirically?

JESSE  
Accurate. Honest. Whatever.

PAUL  
Who's your little friend?

Jesse inspects the stuffed rabbit, her beauty high fading.

JESSE  
Oh. I bought her in an airport gift  
shop myself. Ironman Virginia.  
Something I always wanted as a kid.

PAUL  
I love that.

Jesse beams, gently tosses her stuffed rabbit on the floor.

JESSE  
I've never been in a relationship.

PAUL  
You want one?

Jesse gasps in mock horror, eyeing her open closet.

It's all branded Ironmen gear or beige, dowdy formal outfits.

JESSE  
I have nothing to wear for work.

# **INT. WESTFIELD MALL - ARITZIA - MORNING**

Jesse enters, the first customer at 8:58 AM. The CLERK, non-binary, 20's, first real job, is rolling a clove cigarette.

The Clerk scrutinizes Jesse's face, her body. Her...sweats.

*Nobody* by Mitski softly plays, undeserving muzak. A poppy song with troubled lyrics about hating your looks and life.

MITSKI  
*I've been big and small and big and  
small and big and small again...  
nobody wants me, nobody wants me...*

JESSE

Why would you play this song in a popular clothing store for woman?

CLERK

Oh. This is vintage pop. Mitski.  
Sort of the body dysphoria anthem.

Jesse pauses for a sec. Listening to Mitski hits about now.

*MITSKI*

*Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody,  
nobody...nobody, nobody, nobody...*

JESSE

I love it.

Jesse scrolls her phone. She finds *Vera Taylor*. Texts her:

*I have what you need :)*

:) ?

**INT. ARITZIA - ENTRANCE - LATE MORNING**

Vera strides in. The Clerk points to a CHANGING ROOM.

**INT. ARITZIA - CHANGING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Vera pushes through the curtains to reveal:

Jesse. Looking perfect. Wearing head to toe Aritzia.

VERA

Wow.

JESSE

Is it that obvious?

VERA

Can I see it?

JESSE

See what?

VERA

You did it, didn't you?

JESSE

I'll draw up an NDA.

VERA

Fuck it. Show me everything.

Like a kid before a diving board, Jesse waits to disrobe.

JESSE

Why?

Vera clicks her tongue. My way or the highway.

Jesse slowly undoes her clothes, a tenuous strip-tease.

She wiggles off her blouse. Unzips her brand new pants.  
Jesse's down to her underwear now. Still Ironman branded.

VERA

I'm gonna ask you three questions.

JESSE

Three questions?

VERA

Three questions all women will ask.

JESSE

Not all women will want this.

VERA

One. Does it hurt?

JESSE

It feels like the best sex ever.

VERA

Two. Does it ever go away?

JESSE

Totally irreversible.

VERA

Three. When can I start?

JESSE

It's not just another surgery.

VERA

Changeless replaces surgery.

JESSE

What about potential side effects?

VERA

I still don't know all of mine.  
If the bridge stands. It stands.

JESSE  
Now you're an engineer.

VERA  
Sort of my mantra with hormones.

JESSE  
Ah.

VERA  
Like me? My taste buds changed.  
So did my shoe size, and eye color.  
Didn't like girls before. Now I do.  
Think about how much my change cost  
me and how much my change hurt me.  
This will save everyone from that.

JESSE  
I'm asking you to be patient.

VERA  
I'm familiar with being patient  
before you can look like yourself.

JESSE  
It's for your safety.

VERA  
It's something better than every  
existing healthcare model and  
pays the people who deserve it.

JESSE  
This is not just for the rich.

VERA  
That's who buys this first. Always.

Jesse pulls back, finds her top. Buttons it back on.

JESSE  
Let me get my clothes back on.

Vera feels very self conscious in the changing room.

**INT. VENTURE CAPITAL FIRM - BOARDROOM - AFTERNOON**

A CROWD OF VENTURE CAPITALISTS eat a Sugarfish platter,  
all congregating around the flickering DIGITAL WHITEBOARD.

HELEN(V.O)  
 We live in a world where AI rules.  
 Most days feel like the end of the  
 future. No one smarter. Or better.

Jesse finds them worshipping Helen's AI creation like some  
 kind of religious offering. They feel inferior before it.

Wearing a HAZMAT, Jesse's changes are well protected.

HELEN (PRELAP) (CONT'D)  
 Still. Putting people inside a  
 computer remains science fiction.

**INT. VENTURE CAPITAL FIRM - BOARDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Helen addresses the CROWD, moving forward in a wheelchair.  
 Jesse stands behind, placed where family would usually be.

HELEN  
 We're trapped inside our bodies.  
 It's a death by a thousand cuts.  
 AI was projected to solve all  
 diseases yet it can't solve ALS.  
 Something about the disease. It's  
 too small and too idiosyncratic.  
 It's not just one size fits all.  
 So we have to start pivoting. Now.

Jesse chafes, listening to Helen shift direction so easily.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
 I have a genius at my disposal.  
 A genius who can cure anything.  
 Meet her. Fresh from the lab.

Helen gives Jesse the microphone. While glaring at Vera.

Jesse burrows through her suit, finds her notecards:

JESSE  
 Though we haven't reached our goals  
 and Q4 is quickly approaching...

HELEN  
 We're at the brainstorming stage.

Flustered, Jesse gives up on the notecards - goes off script.

JESSE  
 We need a guinea pig. Somewhere.  
 Clinics, hospitals, anywhere.  
 No one speaks. She dies like this.

HELEN

We're scientists at Changeless.  
We're not like everyone else in LA.  
Not delusional. Not unrealistic.  
Sure as shit not plastic. We're  
saving lives. Doing critical work.

People in the office CLAP. Helen doesn't, Jesse clocks it.

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - CLOSET - MORNING**

Jesse dresses for a bike ride. Or, rather, tries her best to.  
She struggles to contain her body in a triathlon one piece.  
Her chest threaten to spill out. She needs a different size.  
She looks at a field of empty wire hangars. Then, down below.  
From their inside out state, none of her BIKE CLOTHES fit.

**INT. REI - LATE MORNING**

Jesse buys an entire new rack of bike tops and shorts.  
She sees a POSTER of a lean, flat-chested WOMAN.  
Considers it. Brings her hands onto her ideally shaped hips.

**EXT. ANGELENO HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON**

Wearing her brand new clothes, Jesse breezes on a bike...  
Paul drives his bike closer to Jesse. Rips a tag off.  
The pair bike up a huge hill, in jet formation:  
Pedaling past art-deco houses fenced in by demolition tape.  
Jesse pedals harder, approaches the summit just ahead.  
It's getting tougher for her to keep up. She coughs, slows.

PAUL

Usually I'm the one wheezing.

JESSE

I think my bike's the wrong size.

Jesse leans down: her knees reach up to her "aero" bars.

Paul nods. The proportions do seem out of whack.

PAUL

Let's get you readjusted.

**INT. ANGELENO HEIGHTS - BIKE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Gears. Wheels. Carbon plates on the ceiling.

At a **FRICTION TRAINER**, Paul indicates for Jesse to hop on.

Her bike is immobile - ready for an expert's dissection.

PAUL

Lean in.

Jesse complies - places her forearms on the Aero Bars.

JESSE

What are you doing?

Paul unscrews the aero bars, adjusts them to Jesse's new measurements. It's grinding, surgical labor Paul seems very familiar with. Jesse loves watching his hands in motion.

PAUL

Your body should feel one with  
your bike. A perfect extension.

JESSE

I certainly feel extended.

Jesse feels her skin blush, scanning the bike shop for any ONLOOKERS uncomfortable with their foreplay. No one here.

PAUL

You should't be able tell where  
you start and the bike begins.

A harsh metal THUNK.

JESSE

Did something break?

PAUL

Just needed a little surgery.

JESSE

Do I look different to you?

PAUL

Since when?

JESSE

Since we met.

PAUL

I love exactly how you look.

JESSE  
Okay. Me too.

PAUL  
Lift your butt.

Jesse raises her butt.

Paul jerks the seat up. The bike aligns in one fluid movement, suddenly fitting Jesse's new body like a glove.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Better?

JESSE  
Perfect.

Jesse's shoulders drop.

**EXT. HIGHWAY 101/INT. WAYMO - DAWN**

Jesse, newly and stylishly dressed for work, heading West. The downtown LA skyline looks like a shining pocket universe.

Her eyes stay peeled on the FACES in nearby CARS. OLD, YOUNG, MEN, WOMEN, NON-BINARY, et al...

**INT. CHANGELESS - ENTRANCE - MORNING**

Jesse enters. Checks her phone: 8:23. Just early enough.

JESSE  
Vera?

The Biological Computer pulses white light at the end of the space. Alarmed, Jesse wanders over, weaving past stray wires.

She sees Vera's Louboutins on the ground. A HAZMAT SUIT gone.

**INT. CHANGELESS - BIOLOGICAL COMPUTER - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse scrambles inside the tunnel.

Vera wavers at the SLOT.

She wears a HAZMAT SUIT, Jesse doesn't.

Vera brings her hands to her mask; readying to take it off.

JESSE  
I already said no.



Vera takes in Jesse's new body: perfect legs, waist, hips.  
What cost her so much, this cis woman achieved so easily.

VERA

Look at you. You're perfect.

Jesse reaches Vera, meets her hands. Holds it tight.

They face each other, bodies grazing close. Vera pulls back.

JESSE

None of my clothes fit anymore.  
I keep bumping into the stairs.

VERA

You must be getting new attention.

JESSE

I blend in a lot better.

VERA

I remember trying to blend in.

JESSE

You blend in.

VERA

I see myself in the mirror and I  
see what's left of who I once was.  
I try Changeless and I might not.

JESSE

I'm not the same. But also. I am.  
That's how it feels doing this.

VERA

Are you having fun?

JESSE

What do you mean?

VERA

Take it from me. Don't rush it.

JESSE

I'm not rushing into anything.

VERA

The people you'll meet because  
of this? They won't be keepers.

(pause)

They'll see you as an experiment.

JESSE

He doesn't see me as an experiment.

It's like an anvil has fallen on top of Vera's head.

VERA

Oh no.

JESSE

I'm just testing the waters.

VERA

Scientist?

JESSE

Guinea pig. Living here in LA.

VERA

He can't possibly have ALS.

JESSE

(whispers)

MS.

VERA

Sounds extremely transactional.

JESSE

Look. He'll try it, and if it works with no side effects, then we'll begin expanding our trials. Okay?

VERA

He knows what you're planning?

JESSE

Don't tell Helen.

Vera inhales sharply.

VERA

It always comes out, eventually.

#### **INT. WAYMO - AFTERNOON**

Light from the 101 darts over Jesse and Paul, furiously making out in the backseat as they head to Jesse's house.

In the opposite direction of the rest of the TRAFFIC.

In their windows - "APARTMENTS FOR RENT" signs pass them by.

Every sign feels more desperate than the last.

**EXT. ANGELENO HEIGHTS - PAUL'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Jesse eyes the beat-up CASTLE of a house that Paul lives in.  
Her gaze tracing over signs of wealth that she doesn't have.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Jesse and Paul lie under the covers. Sweaty and frustrated.  
Paul wheezes like there's a small animal in his lungs.

PAUL  
Don't make it a big deal.

JESSE  
It never is.

PAUL  
Feel like I misled you.  
(pause)  
The, uh, first date fireworks?

JESSE  
Nobody's misleading anybody.

PAUL  
MS affects your veins. Bloodflow.

JESSE  
It's okay.

PAUL  
Sometimes I feel like I'm broken.

JESSE  
Don't say that.

PAUL  
I've been broken all my life. Now  
I'm incredibly comfortable with it.

JESSE  
Well. Hey. I'm broken myself.

PAUL  
People call you a genius.

JESSE  
Exactly.

Paul reaches for his MS medication: Ampryra. Swallows.

It occurs to Jesse that she may never change Paul.

**EXT. ECHO PARK LAKE - TWILIGHT**

Jesse and Paul jog along its path.

Flower pedals flood on the ground, water laps nearby.

PAUL

I'm training for Ironman Alberta.

JESSE

Oh we are *so* doing that together.

Paul and Jesse stop at a RAINBOW UMBRELLA with a cart.  
Underneath is a dusty, run-down FRUIT STAND.

PAUL

You like scary mountains?

JESSE

I'm obsessed.

Jesse scans the plastic versions of the fruit next to the real ones. Some are coated in Taijin: tangy orange flakes.

Jesse picks out her options: mango, strawberry, watermelon.

Paul signals to the VENDOR, 50's, for two huge fruit bowls.

PAUL

I'm buying.

**EXT. ECHO PARK STREET - NIGHT**

Paul and Jesse walk under neon SIGNS, eating their spoils.

TABLES of PEOPLE surround them: eating or drinking beer.

It feels like there's a block party or Dodgers game close by.

JESSE

I spent most of last year on the road touring North American fabs. Semiconductor plants. Chip farms. Imagine me. Alone. Somewhere red. Stuck waiting in ultraviolet light. After there'd always be a dinner. You're supposed to have a date. Everyone expects you to have a date. I've tried dating every other quant in America. When I won the MacArthur my mentor fretted about me having a date. I told her - look, I've tried out everyone.

PAUL

You find one? Or she find *you* one?

JESSE

I stood on my principles. I didn't.

PAUL

You said I won a MacArthur,  
I do whatever the fuck I want.

JESSE

For the longest time, I was like,  
making a stand against all of it.  
Everyone gets married and I don't.

PAUL

I don't think I'm gonna have kids.

JESSE

At least you said it out loud.

PAUL

You want to change the world.  
(pause)  
I'd just be a really shit dad.

JESSE

I think I'd be a really shit mom.

PAUL

What do you want out of all this?

JESSE

Us?

PAUL

The rest of your life.

Jesse shuts her eyes, embracing the weight of that question.

JESSE

I don't need a MacArthur date.

PAUL

You have one.

JESSE

I don't want to spend my days  
solving the impossible. Then wake  
up at ninety and have everything  
solved and no one to come home to.

PAUL

We never have to get married.

Paul pulls Jesse close around his arms. The truth binds them.

JESSE  
What do you want to call this?

PAUL  
You have me, Jesse.

JESSE  
I have you, huh.

PAUL  
Until you're done with me.

Paul tilts her face with his fingers, cradles Jesse into a KISS. The crowd around them CLAPS and WHISTLES.

Jesse gasps for air. Exhilarated. At the mercy of her person.

**INT. CHANGELESS - BIOLOGICAL COMPUTER - MORNING**

Inside, the SLOT pulses. Ready for an new experiment.

Vera delicately grabs a RABBIT, plops it into Jesse's palms.

They stand side by side, letting the CONVEYOR BELT move them.

VERA  
Don't hurt her.

JESSE  
Impossible.

Jesse moves a Zippo Lighter to the shaved back of the rabbit.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Sorry I have to traumatize you.

It ignites. The rabbit SHRIEKS in pain. Jesse stays stoic.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Changeless? Solve burn healing.

The rabbit reacts to the fire.

Her mouth opens, revealing:

Sharp incisors that look more like a TIGER'S than a RABBIT'S.

She bites into Jesse's hand, slicing plastic off her glove.

**INT. CHANGELESS - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse hands the anxious rabbit to Vera, as she places a BandAid on the cut that's sprouted on her finger.

VERA  
It's awesome.

JESSE  
It's a bug.

VERA  
It's a feature.

JESSE  
We need to figure out everything  
that Changeless is capable of.

VERA  
Let it surprise us.

JESSE  
I don't make mistakes.

VERA  
Ozempic started out as snake venom.  
Penicillin? Mold left out to dry.

JESSE  
What do we even call it?

VERA  
It did what the rabbit asked for.  
Not burn healing. For protection.

JESSE  
It malfunctioned.

VERA  
If it stands. It stands.

Jesse processes.

**INT. CHANGELESS - JESSE'S DESK - EARLY AFTERNOON**

Jesse plops down, ignoring the wires and chaos around her.

Vera stays standing. She slides off her Fitbit.

VERA  
I need *it* to fit inside *this*.

Jesse eyeballs Vera's Fitbit with confused suspicion.

JESSE

It would take one hundred years  
for that kind of compression.

VERA

I need it smaller, to sell this.

JESSE

I need it big for photolithography.

VERA

I don't know or care what that is.

JESSE

Waves of light transfer a pattern -

VERA

You're explaining anyway. Great.

JESSE

Waves of light transfer a pattern,  
in our case, brand new DNA,  
cancelling out the undesired DNA.  
I won't take credit inventing it.  
Semiconductor manufacturing did it  
first and they stole it from how  
analog photographs get processed,  
because innovation's a team sport -

Vera scans around the Office. Still empty. Still a huge mess.

VERA

The Hazmat suits don't mean  
shit if its not hygienic in here.

JESSE

I'll clean.

VERA

I see what you mean with the size.  
It's still not a clean enough idea.  
Your design costs millions of  
dollars and its the size of a room.

JESSE

Worked for the moon landing.

VERA

NASA had American tax dollars.  
We have an allowance from Helen.

(pause)

If we pivoted-



JESSE  
I can't pivot.

VERA  
We don't say can't.

JESSE  
It's too early to dumb things down.

VERA  
Is Changeless a business? Or not?

JESSE  
We don't what Changeless is yet.

VERA  
You want to get out from under  
Helen and stop listening to AI?

JESSE  
Marketing follows engineering.  
Never the other way around.

VERA  
If Apple chose Wozniak over Jobs  
they'd be selling wooden  
calculators on public access.

JESSE  
Who says you're Steve Jobs?

Jesse looks out the front window to see:  
A tired OLD MAN in an FDA JACKET, limping on the sidewalk.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Shit. FDA Bill.

VERA  
FDA Bill?

JESSE  
You saw my 35 under 35.  
He hasn't seen my new face.

VERA  
Okay. You got good work done.

JESSE  
Good work?

**EXT. CHANGELESS - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON**

Meet BILL BARRETT, mid 80's, pocket protector, by-the-books, old school G-Man, Helen's gruff contact with the FDA.

Bill examines Jesse's face for a long beat. She blushes.

JESSE

Good work.

BILL

No shame in getting good work.

He smiles at Jesse, hoping to make her a bit more at ease.

JESSE

Jesse Coyle. Changeless CTO.

BILL

Bill Barrett. FDA.

Bill opens his wallet: revealing his official FDA badge.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'm not here to sugarcoat this:  
I suspect human experimentation.

JESSE

Says who?

BILL

I'm gonna need to see your tech.

**INT. CHANGELESS - JESSE'S DESK - SAME TIME**

CLOSE ON: Vera. Alone. Using Jesse's laptop.

She conceals herself with an (ironic?) Palantir ballcap.

Vera studies the CCTV footage, the rabbit BURNING...  
she takes notes, meticulously. Writing what she sees go on.

Studying for herself.

**INT. CHANGELESS - BIOLOGICAL COMPUTER - SAME TIME**

Bill grazes his hands on the red carbon panels, like a chef checking his sous chef's recipe. Jesse savors every his word:

BILL

We ran the data you sent over.  
Sent that to our diagnostic team.  
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

ALS, MS, Parkinson's. These are complex diseases that need complex cures. The symptoms don't always align - what might be fatal for one person might save another.

JESSE

You think there are side effects?

He looks up from his inspection.

BILL

I know that it alters appearance.

Jesse hesitates. Stares at her face. Her frame shaking. Then at Changeless, the red panels reflecting against her.

JESSE

I'm trying to save people's lives.

BILL

Good messaging. Noble cause.

(pause)

Not worth the government suing you for breaching every biomedical law in the book and serving jailtime.

JESSE

You can't prove what I did.

BILL

Why risk your life for all this?

JESSE

All of what?

BILL

You step into Changeless and take a leap of faith not knowing if you've get toasted in an electrical fire. Not caring if you live or die.

JESSE

I want to speak to an attorney.

BILL

I don't have to report your crime if you use Changeless for more pressing government concerns.

That stops Jesse in her tracks. She crosses her arms.

JESSE

Meaning?

Bill chooses his words carefully.

BILL  
Ever heard of being posthuman?

JESSE  
Posthuman?

Bill's expression hardens. Jesse blinks.

BILL  
Someone smarter than anyone.  
Someone who could use that  
intelligence to cure disease,  
erase limits. Live forever.  
Someone better than human.

JESSE  
Changeless is not eugenics.

BILL  
Did I just say eugenics?

JESSE  
You're describing the way there.

BILL  
I'm talking about solving disease,  
increasing intelligence, and  
breaking our reliance on AI.

JESSE  
It can't handle two tasks at once.

BILL  
You know how much money it costs  
to run your average data center?  
Let alone the money, time, and  
brain power you need to build  
the chip that can even run AI?

JESSE  
Changeless isn't competing with AI.  
I went to every fab in the US and  
my chips don't work like theirs.

BILL  
All AI needs is one shit quarter  
and it's 2008 all over again.  
It's waiting to be disrupted.

JESSE  
I don't want to get any smarter.

BILL  
You get smarter? Right now?  
All of AI will be a fucking widget.  
You'll create a whole new species.

Jesse fights off a thought. She resets.

JESSE  
I love my life just the way it is.

Bill catches her indecisiveness. His gaze narrows on her.

BILL  
I'll tell the FDA you're pivoting.  
(pause)  
If you want to keep your new life.

**INT. WAYMO - AFTERNOON**

Jesse in the backseat, alone. Staring down her perfect reflection. Her perfect face. Her perfect office outfit.

In her arms, she clutches her Cervelo bike to her chest.

She tears up. Lets a few drip down, then blinks them back.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Dodgers play on t.v, steam floods the kitchen.  
Dressed for a bike ride, Paul opens up a window, sips water.

Paul sees something on the ground. Jesse's Cervelo bike.

PAUL  
Jesse?

Paul checks the **KITCHEN**. No Jesse.

Only her stuffed rabbit that she's brought over from home.

He eyes the bathroom door. Water leaks out.

Paul grabs the stuffed rabbit before he goes to investigate.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

Paul finds Jesse, curled up in his bathtub. Hiding.

PAUL  
You're not ready yet?

Her expression is blank, emotionless. Retreating inward.

JESSE

Not in the mood to be shown off.

PAUL

I'm not trying to show you off.

JESSE

Am I not your MacArthur date?

PAUL

You're meeting my friends.

JESSE

They don't give awards for that.

PAUL

I appreciate you coming is all.

Jesse wants to retaliate against Paul's kindness:

JESSE

I have friends too.

PAUL

I wasn't saying you didn't.

JESSE

My friends are all at the lab.

PAUL

They're coworkers. You're the boss.  
I wanna meet the people you go to.

Jesse considers this. Gestures for the stuffed rabbit.

JESSE

I can't have my worlds collide.

Paul turns away. Jesse looks down, regretting her phrasing.

She hugs the stuffed rabbit in lieu of an apology.

PAUL

Just don't try to fix anybody.

**EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - TWILIGHT**

Jesse bikes beside the busy, seedy road, behind a BIKE GROUP.  
Everyone but Jesse wears matching "TRIATHLETES WITH MS" kits.

Jesse tries to keep up. But can't. Her breathing strains.

The GROUP flows with a traffic pattern - one continuous link.

**INT. BOYLE HEIGHTS - WINE BAR - MINUTES LATER**

At a series of coffee tables brought together:

Jesse watches MS Riders take their pills off plastic plates.

Nearby, Paul talks to a fellow MS RIDER, 30 going on 65.  
He's gaunt, shaved. He could be a cancer patient.

Jesse tries to fit in, yet she has no disease. So she hovers.  
The Rider feels Jesse's curious if awkward stare.

PAUL  
Thinking Alberta. Next summer.

RIDER  
Why Alberta?  
(pause)  
Those mountains are fucking sketch.

JESSE  
I like the mountains.

The Rider looks at Jesse, does a double take.

RIDER  
You're Jennifer Coyle, aren't you?  
(pause)  
You cure us yet?

Jesse takes a beat to find the appropriate phrasing:

JESSE  
Pending FDA approval.

The Rider perks up. Paul doesn't.

RIDER  
How long until human testing?

The bar door OPENS. Jesse gasps at what (or who) she sees.

PAUL  
Get that poor woman a chair.

JESSE  
I got her.

Helen limps down. Trembling.

Helen locks onto Jesse. Her face struggles to register her appearance. Is this really the same woman who she knows?

Paul retreats to his group.

Letting Jesse figure this out.

HELEN

I knew it.

Jesse dodges barstools and walks forward to confront her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I thought you had given up. Not  
fallen for someone unavailable.

JESSE

You told me to stop researching.  
He's fair game.

HELEN

The Jesse I know isn't a quitter.  
The Jesse I know wants to save my  
life and wouldn't waste her years  
of research on some plastic LA  
stranger with a cough.

JESSE

We can't get it to work on humans.

HELEN

Don't lie.

JESSE

There are side effects.

HELEN

Something's different about you.

Jesse's new face and body hits Helen in one burst.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Jesus.

(pause)

What have you done to yourself?

Jesse's face reddens. Her body starts to twitch.

JESSE

I told you there are side effects.

HELEN

Great work. Another option for  
women to disfigure themselves.



JESSE  
It was critical to try out.

HELEN  
You know how many laws you've broken? The FDA's gonna visit.

JESSE  
You tipped off Bill Barrett?

HELEN  
I did no such thing.

JESSE  
He came to see me, he...

HELEN  
Vera did.

JESSE  
She wouldn't.

HELEN  
She literally worked for Palantir.

JESSE  
So?

Helen processes. Stares her protégée down with hard eyes.

HELEN  
You can live with a plastic face,  
plastic body, plastic boyfriend,  
your new plastic life. But work?  
You step one foot in your office,  
that I kindly lease out for you?  
We go to court. And you'll lose.

JESSE  
I thought you loved me.

HELEN  
I did. Before you went LA on me.

Helen stumbles from the bar. Hustling. Jesse sinks.

**EXT. ECHO PARK LAKE - NIGHT**

Velvet dark. The water is still. Flowers drift on the ground.

Jesse wanders with Paul to a bench, opposing a **LOTUS GARDEN**.

PAUL  
Everything good?

JESSE  
You left me to wilt out there.

They find a BENCH. Paul sits. Jesse doesn't.  
The flowers grow out of the water, unable to be tamed.

PAUL  
I was with my friends.

JESSE  
While you drank with your friends,  
I just got fired.

PAUL  
Your job isn't exactly compatible  
with this relationship.

JESSE  
What do you mean?

PAUL  
You've been biding your time.  
Since that day at the beach.  
(pause)  
It's not my responsibility  
to give you a breakthrough.

JESSE  
What do you know about that?

The question makes Paul shift in his seat.

PAUL  
What? (pause) Responsibility?

JESSE  
Having a career.

PAUL  
What are you saying right now?

JESSE  
You pretend to be a producer.

PAUL  
You pretend to run a company.

Paul stands up. He's had it.

JESSE  
Helen's my friend. My one friend.

PAUL  
Helen's using you.

JESSE  
She's family.

PAUL  
I can be your family.

JESSE  
The FDA visited me today.  
Anonymous tip. Don't know who.  
They're having us stop testing.

PAUL  
What does that mean?

JESSE  
No more trying to fix you.

PAUL  
Could you quit?

Jesse nods. Paul breathes a sigh of relief.

JESSE  
You want me to quit my job?

PAUL  
You already left, right?

Long pause.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
We can actually be together.  
No pretense. No goalsetting.  
We'll bike forever for all I care.

That clears a path for Jesse.

JESSE  
Are you afraid of having goals?

PAUL  
What's wrong with not having them?

JESSE  
I've never lived without them.

PAUL  
You know not wanting goals.

JESSE  
What the hell does that mean?

PAUL  
You don't want to get married.  
You don't want to have kids.

JESSE  
I'm broken Paul. So are you.

PAUL  
We don't need that to find love.

JESSE  
My parents - they tried so hard.  
They failed. Helen tried. Failed.  
I was supposed to be loved, Paul.

PAUL  
I love you.

That phrase short-circuits Jesse. She sits back down.

Paul looks at her. Sits down too.

JESSE  
(whispers)  
What if I love you too?

PAUL  
I love you. That's not changing.

Paul brings his fingers to her perfect face.

He pulls in, as if about to kiss her - yet Jesse pulls back.

JESSE  
I tried it. Changeless solved me.

PAUL  
I thought it was for MS.

Jesse looks up: palm trees hysterically blow in the wind.  
She shuts her eyes, as if bracing for a future car accident:

JESSE  
I tried it before our first date.  
Before the beach. Before our kiss.

PAUL  
That's okay.

JESSE  
If you knew me before we met,  
you wouldn't even talk to me.

Paul absorbs Jesse's fear.

PAUL

I love you, no matter what.

JESSE

I don't know what happens next.  
Or what happens when I get old.  
I feel like not enough a woman.  
Or I feel like too much of one.

PAUL

I love whoever you were. Whoever  
you are now. Whoever you will be.

JESSE

I'm supposed to, like, love myself.  
I keep thinking I'll fall apart.

PAUL

You don't have to try to be anyone  
other than yourself.

Jesse bites her tongue – this feels against her religion.

JESSE

You don't either.

He rises up. Hugs her. Tightly. They change together.

#### **INT. CHANGELESS - OFFICE - NIGHT**

The office looks professionally cleaned.

No wires. No piping. None of its gritty start-up charm.  
Someone's been here and cleaned it up a bit.

Helen enters. Barely upright.  
She's trying her very best to stand without a wheelchair.

Helen stumbles on something:

A pair of Louboutins. A pair of designer pants, and blouse...

HELEN

Jesse?

She bristles on the clothes. Looks forward to **JESSE'S DESK:**

Vera stares down Jesse's degrees and medals. In her chair.

VERA

Helen.

Vera rises. Revealing:

Her perfected FACE, her perfected BODY in lacy underwear.  
Everything feels specified to what Vera's always wanted.  
Vera slides on the BOTTOM HALF OF A HAZMAT SUIT.  
Keeping her new and improved face out in the open.

HELEN  
I just fired Jesse Coyle.

VERA  
Why?

HELEN  
I'm also going to fire you.

Vera strides over:

She stumbles a touch.

Not used to this change in gravity. It's a brand new body.

Vera reaches Helen. Trapped at the Changeless front door.

VERA  
Well? What's your reasoning?

HELEN  
You've violated your agreement,  
your NDA, a thousand different  
laws of biomedical ethics...

VERA  
What if I can make you better?

HELEN  
Jesse can't. How could you?

VERA  
You won't have to hate me now.

Helen gives Vera a judgmental, envious once over.

Bristling at the choices she didn't get to make.

HELEN  
It's hard. Rewriting history.

VERA  
What history?

HELEN  
I'm stuck with my body.  
(pause)  
You get to change yours.

VERA  
What would you change?

HELEN  
I'm gay and I'm infertile and yet I  
desperately wanted to be a mother  
for most of my life.

VERA  
You have Jesse.

HELEN  
We're stand-in's for each other.  
Actresses playing the part.

VERA  
Changeless could fix things.

HELEN  
It isn't meant to fix things that  
aren't meant to be fixed.

Vera pauses. Grabs something from her pocket: An iPhone.

VERA  
You know who made this possible?

HELEN  
(the very name tires her out)  
Steve Jobs.

VERA  
A woman working at IBM in the 60's.  
Back then a computer could do  
one thing. Follow one instruction.  
She invents a chip that handles  
multiple instructions all at once.  
Making chips smaller. And faster.

HELEN  
Superscalar chip design.  
The single invention that  
enables modern computing.

VERA  
You know what they did to her?

HELEN

What they do to most women in STEM.  
Men took all the credit, probably.

VERA

IBM fired a brilliant trailblazer.  
Not because she was wrong. Because  
she wasn't finished transitioning.  
They all didn't see what she did.  
Because they were way, way behind.  
(pause)

Her name was Lynn Conway and I did  
what she should have been able to.

HELEN

What are you saying?

VERA

I didn't wait for others to get me.

HELEN

Changeless made you -

Vera points to her head - a vein pulses. Helen shudders.

VERA

Posthuman.

HELEN

That's science fiction.

The thought of Vera's breakthrough gives her spine a chill.

VERA

I'm smarter than anyone. Ever.  
Anyone else can be too, if they're  
willing to try it.

HELEN

What are you thinking of charging?

VERA

Millions.

(pause)

Pretty good business plan.

HELEN

I'll allow it. If its free for me.

VERA

You didn't talk to Bill Barrett?

HELEN

I have no idea why he came here.



Vera snaps awake. Like a poker player getting good cards.

VERA  
I'll show you exactly how it works.

**INT. CHANGELESS - BIOLOGICAL COMPUTER - SAME TIME**

Vera walks Helen through the red panels of the tunnel.

VERA  
You say the thing you want.  
And Changeless fixes you.

HELEN  
All I need to be healed.

VERA  
Changeless? Solve her.

Helen's motionless. Watching the PATCH print onto her skin.

Vera steps outside the TUNNEL.

HELEN  
Where the hell are you going?

Helen shuts her eyes, taking in the sensation of a cure.

Her BODY falls. CONVULSING.

Violent hits of motion.

Helen's mouth froths.

Veins pulsing.

Then. Everything's still. She's gone.

The Changeless SLOT whirs off.

Vera walks back INSIDE.

Vera's body trembles, she grips onto the red pillars.

She reaches. Leans down.

Checks her pulse.

Lifeless.

Vera sees a strange bulge around Helen's stomach.

It's swollen.

Filling her up. Slowly.

Despite her age, she looks PREGNANT.

Vera doesn't react to the bizarre sight.

She grabs her phone.

Dials a number.

**INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN**

Jesse rests her head against Paul, they're in his bed.

Her phone buzzes. Jesse opens her eyes, picks it up:

JESSE

Hello?

Jesse stares at Paul, sleeping peacefully under the covers.

VERA (ON PHONE)

Hello.

JESSE

Everything alright?

VERA (ON PHONE)

You ever wonder why I pivoted?

JESSE

Pivoted?

VERA (ON PHONE)

From Palantir to whatever  
we call Changeless.

JESSE

You saw what it was capable of.

A long crackling beat over the phone. Vera finds her words.

VERA (ON PHONE)

Helen tried Changeless. Like you.  
She died of an ectopic pregnancy  
trying to heal her ALS.

JESSE

She's 70. She can't get...

VERA (ON PHONE)

Couldn't handle two things at once.

Jesse hangs up. A tidal wave of emotion hits her. Jesse works hard to keep it all inside. Not to cry, not to sob loudly. She kisses Paul, leaves him in the covers, exits.

**INT. VENTURE CAPITAL FIRM - STAIRCASE - DAWN**

Jesse faces Vera, just outside the ENTRANCE. She's inside. They stare at each others' gorgeous faces through the glass.

JESSE  
Can I see her?

VERA  
I've taken care of all that.

JESSE  
What did you do with her body?

VERA  
I work PR in LA.  
(pause)  
I know how to handle a body.

Jesse absorbs this as Vera opens the door.

**INT. VENTURE CAPITAL FIRM - BOARDROOM - MORNING**

Jesse sees a red high heel stuck in the DIGITAL WHITEBOARD. Its cracked to oblivion.

Vera takes a seat at the table.

VERA  
She wanted you out of this company.  
She wanted me to stop being myself.

Jesse fights off complicated feelings.

JESSE  
You like how you look?

VERA  
It's my new voice. I love my voice.

JESSE  
I don't hear anything different.

VERA  
We're the only two women in LA  
who look exactly how they want.

JESSE  
You called in Bill.

VERA  
Bill's agreed to let us pivot.  
The FDA won't shut us down.

JESSE  
Helen was right.

VERA  
Helen didn't know what was right.  
She terrorized you and hated me.

JESSE  
She was a lot of things.

VERA  
She couldn't have been more wrong.

JESSE  
Bill doesn't get what we do either.

VERA  
I did what he said.  
(pause)  
Made myself smarter.

JESSE  
Smarter than who?

VERA  
Smarter than you. Than everyone.  
(pause)  
I'm posthuman.

JESSE  
We still don't have a product.

VERA  
There's one rule people in LA know.  
Fuck you. That's how they win.  
They know *when* to say *fuck you*.  
The rest of us eat it. Until we  
learn how to say fuck you back.

Vera pulls out something out of her purse: the Fitbit with  
the patch. A prototype of a Changeless consumer device.

JESSE  
(okay, well, fuck me)  
Fuck you.

VERA

Fuck you.

Vera reaches out a hand. Back in business.

VERA (CONT'D)

You wanna make this city the  
posthuman capital of the world?

Jesse wavers. Vera keeps it out. Eventually she shakes it.

**INT. VENTURE CAPITAL FIRM - BOARDROOM - LATE MORNING**

A CROWD OF VENTURE CAPITALISTS stare down Vera and Jesse.

Vera's dressed to the nines. She looks gorgeous.

VERA

We all remember Helen. We all heard  
a speech. Us being trapped. AI  
having the answers that humans  
don't. I saw someone out of the  
fucking loop. Unwilling to be  
wrong. Unwilling to say: *I have no  
idea about what the world is*. We're  
changing what a person looks like.  
The very limits of truly becoming  
yourself. We're not trapped in our  
bodies. We're just getting started  
learning what we should do to them.

JESSE

All for Vera Taylor as co-CEO?

Jesse watches the hands rise. Sees Helen's empty seat.

Her eyes dart to Vera beaming, in control.

Jesse can't find a smile.

**EXT. ANGELENO HEIGHTS - TWILIGHT**

Jesse and Paul bike up a huge hill, in jet formation:

As they bike, we see the LEAVES fall off the fruit trees.

**Time passes** as they bike up the same hill. Again and again.

As they reach the summit, we see **CHRISTMAS LIGHTS** come up.

Jesse pedals harder, approaches the summit. Paul follows.

Moved by the panorama view of downtown LA, Jesse slows.

She reaches for Paul's hand. Paul reaches out to hold hers.

Their hands grip together.

For a second, they're united.

Jesse and Paul flip their heads around. A locust-like noise.  
A SWARM OF RIDERS zoom by, all wear *TRIATHLETES WITH MS* gear.

We see the **CHRISTMAS LIGHTS** come down. **FLOWERS** bloom.

**INT. WAYMO - TWILIGHT (A DIFFERENT DAY)**

The backseat of a smooth, silent, self-driving ride, passing the Rose Bowl. Paul eyes Jesse in a carefree golden sundress, goosebumps on her collar bone, cellulite on her legs.

**EXT. OLD PASADENA - A NEW HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jesse approaches the spotless lawn of a pastel colored Rancher house. She softens at the sight. It feels perfect. She looks behind at Paul, smiling at her.

She removes a "FOR SALE" sign staking the ground.

It's all theirs.

VERA (PRELAP)  
Tell me who you want to be.

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING**

Jesse tends to an "only in California" garden planted outside: succulents, sprawling cacti with ripe prickly pears.

MOVIE STAR (V.O)  
I look like my mom. Identical.

The pattern captivates Jesse.

MOVIE STAR (V.O) (CONT'D)  
I don't even remember what I looked  
like before I started doing this.

Jesse sees the invasive vines, coiled around the window.

It feels like they're about to poison her brand new life.

**EXT. SAWTELLE - STRIP MALL - MORNING**

Changeless now occupies all of its stores. Jesse enters one.

A neon sign turns on: CHANGELESS.

She ignores it.

MOVIE STAR (V.O)  
I need you to help me remember  
who I should look like next.

**INT. CHANGELESS - ENTRANCE - MORNING**

Jesse files paperwork for a MOVIE STAR, 50's.

Behind the Movie Star are ads for Changeless devices, the kind that you'd see in an airport, marketing a fancy watch. The Movie Star is their Spokesperson.

They're like Fitbits by way of Cartier. With more gold.

JESSE  
That's what we're here for.

MOVIE STAR  
How's my angel investment looking?

**INT. CHANGELESS - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse eyes a WEALTHY PARENT, 40, taking a CHILD towards Vera. Maybe 10. They've got a Orange County preppy look going on.

The Child assuredly walks towards Vera, ignores Jesse.

CHILD  
You're posthuman?

Vera leans down to the Child's level, a calming presence.

VERA  
Yes and you can be too.

PARENT  
I've explained that to him.

VERA  
Now there are side effects that  
we don't know about. Okay?

PARENT  
We're not afraid of side effects.

VERA  
(on the child)  
Can you be brave for me?

CHILD  
I am brave.

Vera's sales pitch (if it is that) feels effortless.

**INT. CHANGELESS - SHOWROOM - AFTERNOON**

Jesse holds a spotless Changeless bracelet in her hand.

Her perfect face, reflected against the gold gleaming casing.

The room-sized Biological Computer has been converted into a showroom for the CHANGELESS BANDS. They sit on wood tables, with anti shoplifting zippers. Targeted to the ultra wealthy.

All of the red carbon, the delicate wiring, the craftsmanship is now replaced with faux marble and off-white walls.

Jesse absorbs at how commodified her work has become.

It resembles another trinket a very rich person would get.

She clicks into the band. Shuts her eyes, as if praying.

JESSE  
Changeless? Solve everything.  
Again. Make me smarter.

Jesse waits for her body's reaction to Changeless. Nothing.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Changeless? I wanna be smarter.

Still nothing.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Changeless? I. Fucking need this.  
Don't let Vera take this from me.

Jesse clicks out of the band, dejected. Yet relieved.

**EXT. VENICE BEACH - TWILIGHT**

Paul walks Jesse down the beach path where they first met.

PAUL  
So you can't program it?



JESSE

I don't really wanna be smarter.  
Changeless senses it. I'm stuck  
miles behind my old lab partner.

PAUL

Vera's Vera. You're you.

JESSE

She's smarter, hotter, better than  
me. It always feels tit for tat.

PAUL

Like any female friendship I know.

JESSE

It's more than a friendship.

PAUL

More than a friendship?

Jesse tenses.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Vera is still in her feelings.

JESSE

Unfortunately.

PAUL

I wish she could accept us.

JESSE

She doesn't get love.

PAUL

She loves you.

JESSE

Couldn't love someone like that.

PAUL

Like what?

JESSE

That. Unhappy. Consistently.

PAUL

I'm happy to you?

JESSE

You always seem quite happy.

PAUL  
I'm not, like, always, happy.

JESSE  
It's hard to argue with you.  
Because of how happy you are.

Jesse eyes the concrete boardwalk, its snaking paths.

Jesse sees a picnic set up at the shoreline.  
Paul's set up takeout sushi: it's sinking into the sand.

PAUL  
Happy Anniversary.

Jesse takes one tentative step back into the waves.

Paul smiles.

She swims to meet Paul in the water, eyes on the shore.  
Still looking back. Not on the sea ahead of her.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Jesse dismantles her bike, unscrewing the handles, the wheels, the frame. Deconstructing it to ship it elsewhere.

Once they're all apart she puts the pieces in bubble wrap.

She does this on auto pilot, stoic to the point of detached.

She looks at the bike she broke apart, all stuck in plastic.

Jesse frowns.

**INT. CALGARY, ALBERTA - AIRPORT BUS - EVENING**

Sounds of old tires grinding against the beat-up tarmac.

Mountains surround.

A grey sky that suggests a heavy rain.

Jesse rests her head against Paul, telling him a story:

JESSE  
He was, like, way older than me.  
Visiting prof at MIT. He'd won a  
Fields Medal in Fourier analysis.  
One day he tells me. Jesse. Just.  
Don't get married. Just don't.  
I hear him. Telling me not to.  
(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

I see his face, talking about  
losing her, hating her, and...  
I wanted to try it even more.  
It makes no rational sense.  
I remember how much he meant it.  
How much he fucking regretted it.  
How he felt his life was...changed.  
Changed in a way he couldn't flip.

PAUL

Did you ever stop?

JESSE

Stop what?

PAUL

Thinking about it.

JESSE

I didn't want to for so long.  
And this is all going so well.  
I don't want to feel like I'm at  
that age where I'm missing out.

PAUL

I would.

JESSE

We said we never would.

PAUL

That was a different version of us.

JESSE

You don't care about side effects?  
(pause)  
Us getting old. Boring. All that.

PAUL

I wanna feel them. With you.

Jesse sees their PACKED GEARS BAGS for a triathlon. Braces.

**EXT. IRONMAN BANFF - STARTING LINE - MORNING**

Jesse dives into the waves, passing the crowd. Paul follows.

They swim in a LAKE, deep in BANFF NATIONAL PARK:  
Big mountains and sparkling water, like a Grimm's fairy tale.

Jesse swims away from Paul. Fighting the wake herself.

**EXT. IRONMAN BANFF - STARTING LINE - LATE MORNING**

In the midst of a shimmering lake, a mess of ORANGE BUOYS.  
 Paul coughs, struggling to keep up. He stops to tread water.  
 Jesse doesn't, as if ignoring him.  
 Stuck in her private race.

PAUL

Wait!

Jesse doesn't hear him. Or chooses not to listen.  
 Paul keeps on chugging, wheezing to stay in contact.

**EXT. BANFF NATIONAL PARK/HIGHWAY ONE - AFTERNOON**

The mountains make a gauzy halo in the late summer light.  
 Jesse climbs up one such **MOUNTAIN**: shifting gears, trying to  
 bike away her feelings. Hurling herself into her pain.  
 She's on a **HIGHWAY** facing a cliff. Not much for guardrails.  
 Jesse edges her gears, her bike drifting off the highway.  
 She hears the rock, hitting her carbon fiber wheels.  
 Eyes the cliffs, a foot away. Waves cresting at the bottom.  
 Jesse rises up for her bike, but her wheels spin out.  
 She shuts her eyes, like a battery running out of power.  
 Her legs slow. Her arms begin to SHAKE.  
 She shuts her eyes, as if trying not to fall asleep.  
 Her body no longer working.  
 Before we can process it, Jesse slips off the cliff.  
 Falling down sixty feet.  
Crashing down.

**EXT. IRONMAN BANFF - CHANGING STATION - LATE AFTERNOON**

A PAIR OF EMT'S LOAD Jesse's body onto a GURNEY.

There's a orange sheet over her, hiding her injuries.

Paul pushes through the hubbub to grab a Changeless BAND, next to her untied shoes and stray gel packets.

Nearby are twenty labelled Changeless patches in a Ziploc.

*Body Alteration. Burn Healing/Fangs. Wound Healing.*

His eyes lock on a men's wedding ring, gleaming inside.

**INT. AMBULANCE/EXT. HIGHWAY ONE - SAME TIME**

Paul hops onto the Ambulance, dwarfed by Canadian Rockies. His legs shake, warped by the stress and by his chronic pain.

Paul leans down, next to the orange sheet with Jesse's body.

He eyes a pharmacy of life-saving drugs in the Ambulance.

Adrenaline, epinephrine, a defibrillator not being used.

EMT

She got any family we can call?

PAUL

I'm the only family she's got.

Paul lurches, this is all moving so fast, he's melting down.

EMT

She's been dead for ten minutes.  
You just haven't been listening.

Paul lifts off the orange sheet:

Jesse's a bloody pulp. Her legs are crushed. Twisted.

Bones popping out like trees growing through in a sidewalk.

Her face is PULVERIZED. Helmet plastic pokes through skin.

PAUL

I know how to bring her back.

EMT

I'm sorry sir, she's gone.

The Ambulance stops. EMT #2 opens the door latch.

Paul pockets the wedding ring, grabs the Ziploc of patches.

He takes out: *Wound Healing.*

PAUL  
This will save her life.

The wind outside HOWLS. Blowing around the things inside.

Paul desperately grabs the patch.

Inserts it in the DEVICE.

He places it on the exposed flesh and bone of Jesse's wrist.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Changeless? Solve her.

The EMTS look at him like he's fucking crazy.

First. Nothing.

THEN A BIKE CRASH VICTIM, GOING BACKWARDS.

Jesse's spine heals.

Vertebrae clicking back into place.

Jesse's face returns.

Skin growing, bone regenerating.

Jesse's legs UNBREAK.

Bone, cartilage restoring to normal.

It happens incredibly quickly. Within thirty seconds.

Jesse stares down Paul. Stuck in her tattered bike kit.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You know your name?

JESSE  
Has the race started yet?

PAUL  
Do you know who you are?

JESSE  
I'm Jesse. You're Paul. Right?

PAUL  
Right?

Paul eyes a nearby blanket, grabs it, puts it on Jesse.

Jesse sees the EMT's. One of them has his phone out.  
He's RECORDED this transformation. He's still RECORDING.

JESSE  
Did it work?

EMT #1 shuts the door. EMT #2 stays still.

Once you see it, you can't unsee it. Like the atom bomb.

**INT. ALBERTA MARRIOTT - ENTRANCE - EVENING**

Jesse walks through its doors. Taking in her rebirth.

Fellow TRIATHLETES stand up in awe. How'd she do that?

Some are watching the VIDEO of her RESURRECTION.  
Paul eyes the MOB of LOCAL and NATIONAL MEDIA behind them.

A small ARMY of PRESS grinding photo gear on the carpet.

A STAFF MEMBER holding the REMAINS of her RED CERVELO.

Smashed. Melted into pieces. Like a broken heart.

Jesse takes hold of the handlebars; they enter an ELEVATOR.

**INT. ALBERTA MARRIOTT - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse and Paul in a tiny cabin. Silence.

JESSE  
I was testing out a hypothesis.

PAUL  
That doesn't make me feel better.  
If you need professional help -

JESSE  
We won't need professional help,  
after what I've just discovered.

PAUL  
Which is what?

JESSE  
Could Changeless bring someone back  
from the dead?

(pause)  
I answered that. Be proud of me.

PAUL  
I almost lost you. Right now.

Jesse chokes back emotion, clutches the remains of her bike.

JESSE  
It wasn't an accident.

PAUL  
So you did mean to do it.

JESSE  
I'm not the same Jesse anymore.

PAUL  
What?

JESSE  
I'm not thinking how I used to.  
(pause)  
I don't feel like what I used to.  
(pause)  
I woke up totally different.

PAUL  
How is that possible?

JESSE  
You saw how I came back, right?  
You realize its a different me.

PAUL  
How are you feeling, being here?

JESSE  
I feel okay.

PAUL  
Okay good or okay bad?

JESSE  
I feel like, coming back,  
everything that I wanted and I  
couldn't have. I can imagine.

PAUL  
That doesn't make any sense.

JESSE  
You want to do everything with me?



PAUL

I just saw you fall off a cliff.  
You're back, and it's all so new.  
I don't know if I can trust it.

JESSE

We can have a normal relationship.

PAUL

I don't want a normal relationship.

JESSE

As I was? As you remember?  
(pause)  
Or as I am. Right now?

PAUL

I love all of you.

JESSE

I always wanted to propose.  
The old me couldn't bear it.

Paul pulls something from Jesse's backpack: the WEDDING RING.

PAUL

You said you wouldn't get married.

Emotion hits Paul.

Jesse drops the bike onto the floor. Gets down on her knees.

JESSE

You wanna change with me?  
(pause)  
For the rest of our lives?

PAUL

Forever.

She places the ring on his finger.

**INT. CHANGELESS - JESSE'S DESK - MORNING**

Under Jesse's new office decorations, the Ironmen medals  
absent, replaced by various SNAPSHOTS of Jesse and Paul.

Bill eyes Jesse's diamond ring. Warmed by its presence.

BILL

Congrats.

JESSE

Thank you.

BILL

Explain why the FDA should approve  
Changeless as a consumer product.

JESSE

We help be people become posthuman.

BILL

For millions of dollars.

Jesse points to a futuristic map on the DIGITAL WHITEBOARD.  
(Since repaired). Tiny flag pins show a GLOBAL user base.

JESSE

Eventually, once the FDA approves,  
the price will come down.

BILL

You've drummed up a pretty good  
business getting rich people to get  
doctor's prescriptions they don't  
need. While the FDA plays nice.

JESSE

It's helping a lot of people.

BILL

It's helping a rich handful.  
Illegally.

JESSE

I solve the aging sector, the  
hormone sector, the anti-depressant  
sector, the intelligence sector,  
the hospital sector...whatever you  
want to fix, Changeless fixes it.

Bill taps his fingers on the desk counter.

BILL

What about this aging sector?

JESSE

What about it?

BILL

Make me young? I approve Changeless  
with the FDA. It'll get cheap.

JESSE

What's in it for me?

BILL  
Everyone gets to have this.

JESSE  
Everyone won't.

BILL  
Why not?

JESSE  
I think Vera likes it as exclusive.  
She sees being healthy as a luxury.

BILL  
Vera will have to learn to share.  
Question is, who to share with?

Jesse eyes Bill's US themed keychain, lurking in his pocket.

JESSE  
The FDA can't acquire Changeless.  
You know damn well its regulatory.

BILL  
What else do you need by me?

JESSE  
There's no father of the bride.

BILL  
What about your folks?

JESSE  
They're gone.  
(pause)  
They wouldn't have liked him.

BILL  
Wish Helen was here to see you.

JESSE  
Helen didn't want me to change.  
And marriage, that's a big change.

BILL  
You're saving my life.  
(pause)  
Least I can do is help you out.

JESSE  
Pencil in an appointment for  
Wednesday. Anti-aging procedure.

Jesse smirks. Finds Bill's wrinkled hands. Grips his. Tight.

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON**

Dressed in a white lace dress, Jesse goes down an AISLE.

She looks next to her. Bill walks her down.

He looks THIRTY YEARS younger, with a new color of eyes.

There's a light WEDDING CROWD: the ceremony's at her home.

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME TIME**

CLOSE ON: Jesse looks at Paul, whispering her WEDDING VOWS.

JESSE

Jump into the waves with me, baby.

PAUL

Let's jump.

Paul kisses Jesse deeply, swinging her back theatrically.

The crowd claps. The WEDDING OFFICIANT becomes a blur.

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - PATIO - EVENING**

GUESTS eat the Wedding Cake, Vera eyes the LA skyline far away. Paul approaches her with an extra piece. She ignores him. He gradually slinks up to her. She gives up trying.

PAUL

You're Vera, right?

(pause)

Jesse's told me so much about you.

Vera tenses. Flips around. Eyes his beer suspiciously.

VERA

Tell me why I shouldn't hate you.

Or, like, most men in general.

Paul reaches into his suit pocket: shows the Ampyra bottle.

PAUL

We both fight hard to be ourselves.

VERA

I don't have to fight anymore.

(pause)

I'm just myself.

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - PATIO - SAME TIME**

It's springtime. Flower pedals floor the well groomed lawn. A mesh of yellow, purple, gold. The color's psychedelic.

On a wide rocking chair, Jesse chats with Paul's MOM and DAD. They look 35. From Changeless. They idly gaze on the crowd.

PAUL'S DAD

Nobody knows what they really want.  
People keep changing their minds.

JESSE

You're in movies? Just like Paul.

PAUL'S MOM

My husband sold a legacy studio for  
12 bil. Paul's in independent film.

PAUL'S MOM (CONT'D)

Wish we had Changeless when we were  
young parents.

JESSE

You'd solve his MS?

PAUL'S MOM

Thanks to you. There won't be MS.  
Disabilities are now of the past.

JESSE

We're not in the eugenics business.

PAUL'S MOM

You call it something new, right?

PAUL'S DAD

Independent film. (chuckles).

JESSE

What's so funny?

PAUL'S DAD

Paul's never been independent.

They depart. Jesse absorbs the love Paul grew up with.

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Over *Mitski's Nobody...* still Jesse's favorite song...

The WEDDING DANCE, lit by paper mache lanterns hung overhead.

Vera dances with a DATE, 23, she met online, stunning, but the GIRL'S eyes dart on other women, other men, other people.

MITSKI

*My God, I'm so lonely...so I open  
the window...To hear sounds of  
people... to hear sounds of people  
Venus...planet of love, was  
destroyed by global warming....  
Did its people want too much too?  
Did its people want too much?*

Through the remainder of Nobody...

Paul and Jesse dance alone, finding an oasis to themselves at the big, boisterous PARTY.

MITSKI (CONT'D)

*And I don't want your pity...  
I just want somebody near  
me...guess I'm a coward... I just  
want to feel alright....And I know  
no one will save me, I just need  
someone to kiss Give me one good  
honest kiss and I'll be alright...*

Vera watches. Gazing on Jesse, laughing with Paul.

Her DATE sees her watching.

The Date pulls away. Finds someone. Vera glides away, alone.

MITSKI (CONT'D)

*Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody,  
nobody...nobody, nobody, nobody*

Bill approaches her with a extra glass of champagne.

Vera instantly tenses.

BILL

Thanks for the good work.

VERA

It is good work, isn't it?

They cheer. Bill sips. Vera chugs.

BILL

*I'm here to congratulate the bride.  
Also. Suggest a new joint venture.  
Changeless and the US military.*

VERA  
I thought you worked for the FDA.

BILL  
I'm retired from the DOD.  
(pause)  
But they trust what I have to say.

Bill hands her a blank index card.

VERA  
What? (pause) You want Changeless?

BILL  
Wanna build me super soldiers?

VERA  
You saw the Palantir on my resume.

BILL  
Build me a posthuman military and  
The US will regain its standing as  
the world's only true superpower.

VERA  
What happens if I say no?

BILL  
You can. Many do. But I think  
you're born for higher office.  
(pause)  
This is your one great pivot.

VERA  
Into what, defense contract work?

BILL  
Politics.

Bill hands her a blank index card, then dashes away. Vera looks at the white space. Shuts her eyes. Happy and sad.

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Vera approaches the GARDEN. Jesse's alone, wandering.

VERA  
Bill Barrett sees an opportunity.

JESSE  
More FDA shit?

VERA  
Defense contract. He's DOD.

JESSE  
I'm not a defense contractor.

VERA  
The US government wants a piece.  
We just...split the company in two.

JESSE  
Split off into what?

VERA  
It's not all meant for consumers.

That gets Jesse to look away from the pretty flowers.

JESSE  
You're a hypocrite.

VERA  
I work across the aisle, Jesse.

JESSE  
Oh no.

VERA  
I get things done. Course I do.

JESSE  
I thought we were going to beat it.

VERA  
Beat what?

JESSE  
I can't sell to them.

VERA  
We don't say can't.

Jesse inhales. Sharp. Vera quiets.

JESSE  
Wanna see the kitchen?

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE – LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse shows off a newly set up den. It's plastered with pictures of her and Paul sharing memories together.

Vera grabs a bottle of wine from the counter.



She pries open the cabinets: no corkscrews in sight.

VERA  
No corkscrews?

Jesse points to a bike pump, strewn nearby on the ground.

She opens up the bottle of wine just as Paul taught her.

JESSE  
Paul did it on our first date,  
I've been addicted every since.

Vera takes a swig. Chokes from the taste. Puts it down.

VERA  
When Helen died, I hoped you'd  
finally think for yourself.

JESSE  
This is me. Thinking for myself.

VERA  
Really? Because you repeat Paul's  
bullshit without considering, ever,  
that maybe he *needs* you to settle.

JESSE  
I met someone who changed me.  
I think it's incredibly romantic.

VERA  
No, it's worse, it's comfortable.

JESSE  
He can't afford for me to settle.

VERA  
He's expensive.

JESSE  
He's sick.

VERA  
You're afraid, Jesse. Like Paul.

JESSE  
I'm sorry I'm not as brave as you.

Vera sighs, walks back out. Jesse fights off emotion.  
Looks at the new pictures of her and Paul. Her new life.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jesse fishes for her side of the covers. Paul's eyes close.

JESSE  
(like a death sentence)  
You've changed everything about me.

PAUL  
(like a cuddling a cat)  
You've changed everything about me.

He shuts his eyes, goes back to bed. Jesse doesn't.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN**

Paul's asleep, recovering from the best day of his life.  
Down below, Jesse pores through some labelled containers.  
She opens one up. Pauses. Emotions building across her face.  
It's her old participation medals for her Ironmen.  
Packed up to rot in a dusty Tupperware box.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN**

Jesse carries the bike through their house:  
  
With her free hand, she drags it against the wood floor;  
it makes a terrible sound, scratching the fresh patina.  
  
Paul trails behind her.

PAUL  
What are you doing?

**EXT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

It's trash day. GREEN AND BLUE CANS flood the sidewalks,  
completely full of their old junk and wedding trash.  
  
Jesse tosses her crate of medals one by one into a dumpster.  
Paul grabs her bike back. Jesse reacts, but he won't budge.

PAUL  
I always liked that you saved them.

Jesse breathes in, processing, in her mind, an insult.

JESSE  
I tried my best to win.

PAUL  
I know. I see you.

JESSE  
You know that? You *know* that?

PAUL  
You can say all these things, voice  
these doubts... but I know, Jesse.

JESSE  
Know what?

PAUL  
How our love story ends. I feel it.

Jesse breathes that out. His sense of destiny's overbearing.

She looks up: all of the trees around her are totally still.  
She walks away. Leaving her bike outside for Paul to take in.

**EXT. SAWTELLE - WHAT IS NOW A FORMER STRIP MALL - DAWN**

Paul takes in what was once a strip mall and is now a  
Walmart-esque SUPERSTORE. It's **CHANGELESS** at scale.

A car pulls up. Surf board on the top, a dog out the window.  
Paul grins at this Americana. The PASSENGERS get out.

A YOUNG FAMILY, holding the leash of a THREE LEGGED DOG.

Paul grimaces at the sight.

In front of the store is a LINE of CUSTOMERS.  
They don't wear designer clothes, or have famous faces.

-A CHICAGO OLD TIMER, 70's, his eyes gauzy from cataracts.

- A WOMAN, 50's, her chest flat from a years ago mastectomy.

A sound distracts Paul. Something, thrown into a TRASH CAN.

Paul looks inside: it's a cochlear implant. The parts askew.

A DEAF WOMAN, 20's, rises from the wastebin. Eyes him up.

PAUL  
Is it...

The Woman can't understand him. Paul gets. Starts to sign:

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(in ASL)  
Do you understand me?

Then, remembering, she turns on her new Changeless bracelet.  
She speaks like someone not used to the sound of her voice.

DEAF WOMAN  
It's a thousand bucks now.  
Vera Taylor gets smarter and  
she keeps making it cheaper.  
Forty years of engineering,  
compressed into eighteen months.

PAUL  
Do you like how it works?

DEAF WOMAN  
Always thought the girl Steve Jobs  
was an oxymoron. Well I guess not.

PAUL  
She's not Jobs. She's Thatcher.

DEAF WOMAN  
Who's Thatcher?

Paul starts to hyperventilate. Feels his pockets. Clammy.

**INT. CHANGELESS - VERA'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Glass. Marble. Only one decoration: a poster of Helen Salvo.

Paul sits down, facing Vera. She's happy to try to help.  
Her pantsuit is like a Armani version of Helen's outfits.

VERA  
There's a bill I'm helping draft.  
A bill stating that Changeless  
users are their own legal identity.  
Anyone will be whoever they want to  
be. No surgery. No legal hurdles.  
Posthuman will be its own category.

PAUL  
It won't pass.

VERA  
Not the first civil rights bill to  
be passed off an ulterior motive.

Paul ignores the barb, fishes for something in his pockets.  
It's the dinged up medal that Jesse tried to throw out.

PAUL  
I found her throwing this out.  
Like it belonged to someone else.  
Ever since she came back to life,  
she's just been -

VERA  
Not acting like herself.

PAUL  
You've noticed too.

Vera considers.

VERA  
It just changes your mind, Paul.

PAUL  
What?

VERA  
It's changed my mind. And Jesse's.  
Changeless flips your opinions.

PAUL  
It changes everybody's mind?

VERA  
It's civil rights at warp speed.  
Destroyed transphobia in seconds.

PAUL  
I accept who I'm not. Unlike you.

VERA  
Jesse wasn't meant to get married.  
If she didn't use it, she would  
have run away a thousand times.

PAUL  
Then she met me.

VERA  
No, Paul, she got married because  
she invented a way to get married.

PAUL  
What do you want, Vera?

VERA

I wanna walk into Changeless and  
change myself into not loving her.  
I've tried, so many times. I can't.  
I try so hard. Have, all my life.  
I'm great at trying hard. The best.  
Tried so long. To be who I'm not.  
I'm trying so hard to love you too.

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE MORNING**

Jesse alone, expertly applying makeup. She's learned how to.

She wears a gorgeous pendant necklace with matching earrings  
and French lingerie she bought online off Paul's innocent  
recommendation. Something about the purchase is irking her.

Jesse scales her body with the tips of her fingers.

Taking in her softer, fuller figure. She's gained weight.

This doesn't exactly leave Jesse at peace.

Then Jesse notices a tag, right around her waist.  
She pulls at it. Hard. Won't budge.

Eventually, she gives up and hurls the outfit off her body.

**EXT. PASADENA'S MAIN STREET - EARLY EVENING**

Jesse walking with Paul, watching the sun set around them,  
a wild, almost florescent color. She stops. Looks at him.

JESSE

I'm getting fat and getting old.

PAUL

You're old enough now to be  
comfortable with yourself.

JESSE

Never heard a woman ever say that.

PAUL

It's fearless when a woman says it.

JESSE

It's not fearless. It's depressing.  
With women, it's what happened to  
her? For a guy, well...he dies.  
People remember his glory days. A  
woman...she's a Halloween costume.

PAUL  
Accept yourself. Please.

JESSE  
That lingerie doesn't fit me.

PAUL  
I'll get you a better size.

JESSE  
I'm not feeling this.

PAUL  
Feeling what?

They switch directions, towards the block with their house.  
They climb up a steep hill, panting, barbing at each other.

People go to the other side of the street to AVOID THEM.

JESSE  
Talking to you. Relationships.  
That ring on your fucking finger.

PAUL  
Is it about the medals, Jesse?

JESSE  
I look at old pictures of myself  
and its like its somebody else.

Jesse stares daggers.

PAUL  
You don't have to sell Changeless.

JESSE  
You want me too.

PAUL  
You're selling off your dream and  
I'm the one being held responsible.

JESSE  
I just want my life like it is.

PAUL  
I don't need to be rich.

Long pause between them. Then, Jesse goes for the kill:

JESSE

You were born rich. Handsome.  
You could solve yourself and don't.  
Have better sex. Have better life.

PAUL

I gave up my dreams. To help you.  
I listen to you hate your choices.  
Day after day. Year after year.  
I'm running out of choices. Time.  
Then you *insisted* we get *married*!

They reach their doorstep; the lights are on in the house.

JESSE

You were the one who gave the ring.

PAUL

You proposed to me, Jesse. Okay?

JESSE

Helen's death, it fucked me up.

PAUL

You married me to get back at her?

JESSE

I never wanted to marry you Paul.

Paul steps inside.

Jesse waits outside. Taking that in.

She stares down the house they've bought, the life they have.

She looks for a moment at their GARDEN. The vines. Yearning.

Then steps back in.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lights off. Jesse and Paul trying to sleep. Paul watching.

Jesse paces around their room, her thoughts unspooling:

PAUL

What if we could change together?

JESSE

We can't.



PAUL  
Changeless can fix two people.  
We just ask it one question.

JESSE  
That makes no fucking sense.

PAUL  
We picked up each other's habits.  
We've changed each other long  
enough to become different people.

JESSE  
I'm given up.

PAUL  
You said you missed the old you.

JESSE  
I do. And I can't go back to her.

PAUL  
We use one patch on two people.  
(pause)  
You get smarter. I get healthier.

JESSE  
I can't be everything, Paul.  
(pause)  
I can't be her and be me.

PAUL  
Why not try out someone new?  
The Jesse and Paul we always could  
be? That we saw in each other?

JESSE  
Who are you? If you got better?

PAUL  
What you always wanted.

Jesse returns to the bed, her body sinks on its edge.

**EXT. A DESOLATE CLIFF IN MALIBU - LATE MORNING**

Jesse and Paul, sharing takeout coffees, feet outstretched  
over a gorgeous overpass.

She takes him in. This moment. Then:

Paul and Jesse clicks into a Changeless wristband together.

JESSE AND PAUL  
Changeless? Solve us.

They shut their eyes. Huddle up together. A few seconds:

Jesse's eyes are brighter.

Glimmering with new intelligence.

Paul stands up. His breathing calm. Muscles cracking anew.

JESSE  
You feeling better?

PAUL  
I feel. More or less. Perfect.

Paul kisses Jesse deeply. She matches it.

She takes his body in. He's a perfect specimen.

Beneath them, blue waters hit violently against the rocks.

**EXT. BOYLE HEIGHTS – BIKE SHOP – MORNING**

Paul addresses a "RIDE WITH MS" group, just before their GROUP RIDE. They regard him with suspicion. Seeing his face: Paul raises a Ziploc bag of CHANGELESS patches. Beaming.

PAUL  
I've been testing something.  
It's why I haven't been showing up.  
I never knew why I didn't do this.  
That's what this is. Healing  
yourself...it's the greatest love.

They begin to take off their MS bike kits to try the cure.  
Wind flies their jerseys around, far away from the group.

**INT. JESSE'S HOUSE – BEDROOM – MINUTES LATER**

Jesse and Paul have bad missionary sex with the lights on.

Paul's trying to get his. Quickly.

Jesse eyes him.

He isn't going slow. He isn't even looking at her, really.

She sees his pill bottle, emptied out, newly under his bed.

QUICK CUTS of their relationship, of time passing...  
 (It should be intentionally unclear, how much time passes.)

**EXT. ECHO PARK - AFTERNOON**

Jesse walks up the same hill her Paul and used to bike up.  
 She eyes a panorama view of downtown LA. All by herself.

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - TWILIGHT**

Jesse swims. Completely alone.

She stares up at the stars. Without Paul here, she's adrift.

Jesse tilts her head up. Watches a sunset fall without him.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Paul stares at Jesse, sleeping peacefully, cuddled with her stuffed rabbit. They don't look older than when we left them.

Paul wakes her up gently. Jesse's eyes slowly peel open.

PAUL  
 Can I be empirical?

JESSE  
 Always.

He bristles.

PAUL  
 I never liked that rabbit.  
 (pause)  
 We're all rabbits. Aren't we?

JESSE  
 Well, everyone's my rabbit, really.

PAUL  
 I'm not your rabbit, Jesse.

JESSE  
 The Paul that I know...

PAUL  
 I'm not the same Paul you know.

JESSE  
 I love that.

PAUL

That's how it works, isn't it?

Jesse eyes the stuffed rabbit. Next, Paul. She blinks.

JESSE

I thought you loved changing.  
That's all this is. A new change.

PAUL

It must work: I don't love you.

JESSE

That *cannot* be the side effect.

PAUL

Ever since I went in to change.  
Look. It's not here, between us.

JESSE

The second you try something new,  
you work hard, you despise me.

PAUL

I changed one too many things.  
That's it. That's why we broke.

JESSE

Don't change your mind. Please.

PAUL

You'll find someone different.  
Better. Ideal for you. Someone  
you'll change for how you want.

JESSE

I'll change anything you want.

PAUL

That wouldn't feel like you.

He exits.

Jesse grabs her stuffed rabbit. Stares down its judging eyes.

With all the strength she can muster, she rips its head off.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE MORNING**

Moving boxes. Evidence of a domestic animal living here:

Crumbles of pet kibble. Straw thatch. It smells a bit.

Jesse drills a hole into a wall; assembling a RABBIT CAGE.

She no longer looks like the MOVIE STAR she used to be.

There are flecks of grey hair, she's gained some weight.

She looks like an unedited woman in her early 40's.

Beneath her is a new live RABBIT.

Jesse surveys her messy house, the caged rabbit.

She has the wide eyes and flat expression of someone's who survived a near death experience.

She opens the CRATE DOOR. The rabbit hops inside.

**INT. CENTURY CITY - LEGAL OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

A gilded cage of a conference room, where: Jesse faces Paul. Paul still looks like a perfect specimen. She's aged.

We recognize his LAWYER from the MS bike group. All better.

PAUL

Technically, it's an exit price.

JESSE

An exit.

PAUL

A number that won't make me sue.

JESSE

Why would you sue me?

PAUL

You experimented on me. Without my full understanding of what you did.

JESSE

I cured you. You're no longer sick. You have to build an identity beyond sick. And you're terrified.

PAUL

You're describing eugenics.

JESSE

I reinvent myself for a living.

PAUL

Well, I'm new to it.

JESSE  
Men usually are.

PAUL  
I beg your pardon?

JESSE  
We're born to change. You fear it.

PAUL  
You're a genius, Jesse.  
It's your only adult quality.

JESSE  
At least I finally grew up.

Jesse and Paul look at each other, retreating inward.

PAUL  
Is there anyone taking care of you?

**EXT. CHANGELESS - MORNING**

We only see the logos of two nations, flowing in the wind:  
The US flag. And a CHANGELESS flag.

**INT. CHANGELESS - VERA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Vera prepares BUYOUT PAPERS. Jesse sinks into a desk chair.  
Vera produces a pen from her pantsuit. Jesse signs.

VERA  
As of today. Changeless is the  
property of the US military.

JESSE  
what do they want with it?

VERA  
The government will decide that.

Jesse stares down the photo of Helen Salvo. Photos of Vera,  
standing next to Bill and a bunch of AMERICAN POLITICIANS.  
It appears to be some kind of aggressive campaign rally.

JESSE  
Helen hated you.

VERA  
Everyone thinks she loved me.

JESSE  
I remember who Helen was.

VERA  
I've forgiven her. Why can't you?

Vera takes in Jesse's wrinkles, her crow-lines. Her aging.

JESSE  
We were going to set things right.

VERA  
I just did. You got old, Jesse.

JESSE  
I like this. Growing old.

VERA  
I hear you're done with Paul.

JESSE  
I accept where things stand.

VERA  
You'd still be together if you  
listened to me. Kept us together.

JESSE  
Well. You'd still be the founder of  
the modern day eugenics movement.

VERA  
People have always paid for better  
bodies, better schools, better  
dating matches. I just make it  
faster. Easier. Safer. I just do  
right by the paying customer.

JESSE  
That's what you call people?

VERA  
Don't you see, Jesse? One day,  
there won't be people anymore.

JESSE  
You're erasing your own identity.  
Selling it off to the government.

VERA  
I was a pariah. Now I'm the norm.  
I'm, like, the perfect politician.

JESSE  
You gave away our paradise.

VERA  
America bought Hawaii too.

JESSE  
You killed Helen.

VERA  
She was dying. I helped her die.

JESSE  
I don't believe you.

VERA  
It doesn't matter, does it.  
(pause)  
She's dead. And we're alive.  
We are endlessly alive.

JESSE  
I want to die.

VERA  
Even now?

JESSE  
I imagine my face in the mirror,  
getting wrinkles. Getting sore.  
Developing some tumor and dying.  
Only to wake up. And it's still me.

VERA  
Nobody but you wants that.

Jesse sinks into her chair. Vera only sees it her way.

JESSE  
I want to get old. I fell in love.  
I fell out of love. I'm done there.  
I'm fine to be all by myself again.

VERA  
You can start over. You should.

JESSE  
With who? With you?

VERA  
Why can't you love me?

JESSE  
I've tried.



VERA

Is it who I started as?

JESSE

You're so confident in your own  
experience that you don't get what  
it means to value someone else's.

VERA

Everyone else sees it my way.

Jesse hands over the buyout papers to Vera. Another anvil.

JESSE

You're so smart, Vera. And brave.  
You have eternity to figure it out.

Jesse closes the door, walks out of the room. Vera crumbles.

#### **INT. CHANGELESS - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse walks away, gazes on the ROW OF CHANGELESS DEVICES:

They're no longer plated in gold. They look less like  
a luxury item, more like a counterfeited iPhone.

Jesse stops. Pulls her tears back into her face.

She holds one up, taking her progress in. The cost of it.

She seizes one. SLAMS it into the CHANGELESS SHOWROOM.

It flickers wildly until it slowly, definitively, shuts down.

Jesse walks out. Not cleaning up her own mess.

Sobbing. A whirlpool of emotion swallowing her whole.

#### **EXT. SANTA MONICA BOARDWALK - EARLY MORNING**

Jesse bikes down the concrete boardwalk.

She eyes the Ferris Wheel, silhouetted in the blue light.  
It feels like she's the only person in Silicon Beach.

SEASONS change. Rapidly. SKYSCRAPERS rise up against the  
RISING TIDES, the effects of CLIMATE CHANGE.

YEARS and YEARS fly by.

CLOSE ON: Jesse, now in her 70's, looking every bit of it.

In a world where you slow aging, Jesse chooses au natural.

**INT. MEDICAL ROOM - MORNING**

A NURSE puts Jesse's WRINKLED ARM in a pressure monitor.

NURSE  
No weight issues?

JESSE  
None.

NURSE  
No sudden bouts of forgetfulness?

JESSE  
Nothing that I can remember.

NURSE  
(genuinely curious)  
How old are you?

JESSE  
You go first.

NURSE  
I stopped counting when I got mine.

JESSE  
You don't mind the side effects?

NURSE  
It changes your mind. So what?

JESSE  
I know the woman who created it.

NURSE  
You know Vera Taylor? I love her.

Jesse hears her absence like a body blow. She resets.

JESSE  
I love her too.

**EXT. VENICE CANALS - NIGHT**

Jesse walking down the bridge, dressed up for a date.

Jesse eyes the NOBU ahead. Same as always.

Behind her, a YOUNG WOMAN in her mid 20's approaches Jesse.

She has the same, anodyne beauty that everyone in town has.

JESSE  
Always wanted to go on this date.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Me too.

Jesse guides her into the bar, her hand gently on her back.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jesse moves a sex toy down the Young Woman's stomach.  
Her eyes are closed. She hears the buzz, grasps on the girl's stomach. Jesse sees that her eyes are closed.

YOUNG WOMAN  
You're so fucking old.

JESSE  
What about me being old, exactly?

Jesse's eyes open.

Her rabbit's head is duct-taped together on the windowsill.

**INT. JESSE'S NEW HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

The paint's starting to peel. If there's metal, its rusting.

Jesse's bike is all packed up in a Fedex Box: ready for a trip. Jesse leans down tend to her pet RABBIT, sluggish.

From her eyes, her gait, the rabbit is getting up there.

The rabbit opens its soft mouth: still has its teeth.

**EXT. 5,500 FEET ABOVE THE EARTH - LATE MORNING**

Endless blue sky. Untouched clouds.  
Then a brutal, thunderous noise.

A FUTURISTIC HELICOPTER, a hummingbird through the air...

**INT. FUTURISTIC HELICOPTER - SAME TIME**

In the tiny cargo holding, Jesse clutches her bike.  
She still has the same red Cervelo. Well, a replica.

She watches her old fashioned iPhone, playing Bloomberg.  
On the phone:

**IT'S THE WOMAN FROM THE BAR.** In front of the US CAPITOL.  
dressed in the 2070 version of a Steve Jobs turtleneck.

A chyron reads: **VERA TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

VERA  
It's a landmark not just for my  
civil rights. Or yours. But for  
everyone who wears one of these.  
The US government now identifies  
its citizens not by gender. Not by  
ethnicity, or medical condition  
Now identity is merely: do you wear  
Changeless? Or are you in the past?

She unbuttons her stylish designer blouse one button:

Reveals her Changeless implant.

What is once a room, is now sized like a blinking ruby dot.

We see that the INTERVIEWER is ALSO AN EXACT CLONE OF VERA.

**EXT. ABANDONED HELIPORT - MOMENTS LATER**

It lands. Jesse exits, clutching her bag and bike.

She sees:

THE REMNANTS OF HAWAII. After serious climate change.

Like the Changeless device, Oahu has shrunk to a tiny dot.

Closer to land, OBSOLETE PLANES and TANKS lie stranded.

The U.S military has left Hawaii to sink underwater.

It's left as a museum of emerald beauty and metallic rust.

Jesse watches a flag being raised, nearby on the horizon:

**WELCOME TO IRONMAN KONA!**

She grins. Slips on her bag and pedals over that direction.

**EXT. IRONMAN KONA - CHANGING STATION - AFTERNOON**

Jesse pins a bib on her racing kit. But MUSIC distracts her:

Mitski's *Nobody* plays again. From her wedding.

*MITSKI*

*Nobody, nobody, nobody, nobody,  
nobody...nobody, nobody, nobody...*

The song continues as Jesse wanders down the aisles of bikes:

Jesse gets in a LINE. Staring down the FACES of the CROWD:

All around her, everyone's so beautiful.

So healthy.

So young.

Nearing the end of the line, Jesse sees a FRICTION TRAINER.

There, a MECHANIC, 40, readjusts the gears an EMPTY BIKE.

The MECHANIC is hard-lived, with a sparkle in his eyes.

Jesse notices his muscled arms, the calloused hands reserved for neurosurgeons and sculptors. He's a sculptor in a sense.

**EXT. IRONMAN KONA - FRICTION TRAINER - MOMENTS LATER**

Jesse locks into the trainer. Ready for a readjustment.

MECHANIC

What brings you to Kona?

JESSE

I want a much faster time.

MECHANIC

Hmm. What do you do for work?

JESSE

I guess I'm a defense contractor.

MECHANIC

They're useless. Nobody dies.  
Everybody got bored with it.

JESSE

I guess I'm really unemployed.

The Mechanic adjusts her gears - makes a very loud CRACK.

MECHANIC

I was, like, unemployed, forever.

Jesse shuts her eyes, relaxed, remembering how Paul wooed her. She opens her eyes. Sees a totally new MAN before her.

JESSE

I'd guess you're about 40, right?

MECHANIC

You think I look 40?

(pause)

I'll take it.

JESSE

I'm retiring here. Until I die.

MECHANIC

You can always change your mind.

JESSE

I don't know what it is about Kona.

(pause)

Maybe I like feeling something.

MECHANIC

Maybe you did. Maybe you didn't.

The Mechanic grins. Two peas in a pod. They hear the Mitski.

JESSE

Why did Mitski write this song?

MECHANIC

Sort of the body dysphoria anthem.  
Or it's about her heart breaking.

They giggle together. A phantom inside joke. Or a new one.

JESSE

You got your bike?

MECHANIC

You asking me on a date?

Jesse dismounts. Leans down and inspects the Mechanic's face.

JESSE

I can't take care of you.

MECHANIC

Don't need you to take care of me.

His idea makes her feel very safe.

**EXT. QUEEN KA'AHAMNU HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON**

Jesse and the Mechanic bike the day before her race.

The Mechanic rides a futuristic road bike, made of mesh-like carbon that resembles origami paper. There are no wheels.

The Mechanic looks at her, shifts his futuristic gears.

MECHANIC

Don't get married.

Jesse stops biking. Stares down his handsome face.

Their bikes face the CLIFF that Paul and Jesse once saw.

Its view is now all water. Endless blue possibility.

JESSE

What?

MECHANIC

Someone told my ex-wife that.

JESSE

You were married?

MECHANIC

Ages ago. We got divorced.

JESSE

I got divorced too.

MECHANIC

What was that like? Being *married*.

JESSE

I changed him. And he changed me.  
I've regretted changing him every  
day of my life since. He's gone.  
And I'm not changing like I want.

MECHANIC

You're the most LA person I know.

JESSE

Fuck LA.

MECHANIC

You set out to do what you dreamed.  
You have everything you want and  
you feel have nothing you need.  
You think you changed everything.  
When you never really changed.

JESSE

It'll end the same. Just different.

MECHANIC

I guess I find my way back to you.

JESSE

I still hate you. So much.

MECHANIC

We're not the same people anymore.

Surprising herself, Jesse draws him into a deep KISS.

He looks at her.

Jesse looks at him.

Together again.

For a millisecond, her powerful emotions break through.

The Mechanic wipes away her tears and draws her close.

**EXT. KONA BEACH - NIGHT**

Jesse and The Mechanic watch a low tide rise on the shore.

JESSE

You meet anyone else?

MECHANIC

In love. Out of love. Forever.

JESSE

Kids?

MECHANIC

Not happening. You?

JESSE

What if I want to change with you?

MECHANIC

Again?

JESSE

Forever.

Jesse takes off all of her Ironman branded clothes.

Comfortable with her aging body. And her life's choices.

The Mechanic matches her move. Throwing his own clothes off.

Buck naked in the dark, they run together into the Pacific.



GOLDEN LIGHT SHINES OVER THEIR BODIES.

Where it comes from we'll never know.

**FADE TO BLACK**