

YOUNG AGAIN

Written by
John Norris Ray

6/20/2026

© 2026 John Norris Ray

CONTACT:
John Norris Ray
Producer/Screenwriter
jnrproductionsllc@gmail.com

INT. DR. YOUNG'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is opulent. Marble desk. Leather couches. Gold-framed diplomas. One wall features magazine covers: "America's Best Heart Surgeon." Another wall has a framed NEW YORK TIMES article, half-hidden behind a potted plant: "HEART TRANSPLANT WAITING LIST DEATHS HIT ALL-TIME HIGH."

DR. ROBBI YOUNG (mid-40s, model-like, long blond hair, white coat with "Robbi Young, M.D. - Cardiothoracic Surgery") sits across from MR. & MRS. BROWN. Mr. Brown (over 100 years old, distinguished, ultra wealthy, expensive body replacement parts visible) shifts, and his left arm servos whir softly. Mrs. Brown (late 50s, impeccably dressed, fourth wife) dabs her eye with a handkerchief—her wedding ring glints, but her finger joints are clearly artificial, polished chrome.

A gold box sits on the marble table. Dr. Young opens it reverently. Inside, on black velvet, rests the Golden Heart—a burnished mechanical marvel, intricate as a pocket watch.

MRS. BROWN
(leaning forward)
It's beautiful, Henry.

MR. BROWN
(stares, voice low)
Yes... beautiful.

A long beat. Mr. Brown's hand trembles as he reaches for his wife's. The whir of his arm is audible in the quiet.

DR. YOUNG
(smiling, but a flicker in
her eye)
This is the Abbott 9000R-Ultra.
Serial number four. The first three
went to a congressman, a Silicon
Valley CEO, and a Saudi prince.

She pauses. Her gaze drifts to a small framed photo on her desk—a young mother in a hospital gown, no expensive clothes.

MRS. BROWN
Doctor, what about... long-term
effects? Are there any risks we
should know?

DR. YOUNG
(recovers, tone smooth)

DR. YOUNG (CONT'D)
The technology is...
is...exceptionally safe.

She catches herself, forces a smile. She closes the box gently.

DR. YOUNG (CONT'D)
As you are well aware, Mr. Brown,
time is the only currency that
matters. With all your current body
enhancements, you need the
sophisticated power of the new
golden heart to keep you around
another 100 years.

MR. BROWN
(he looks at Mrs. Brown)
We want it. Number four. I want
more time.

Dr. Young looks at the box again, then at the Browns. A shadow crosses her face—then she brightens.

DR. YOUNG
Of course. Let me have Trish
prepare the paperwork.

She presses a button on her collar.

DR. YOUNG (CONT'D)
Trish, please prepare the packet
for Golden Heart number four for
Mr. & Mrs. Brown.

TRISH (O.S.)
Yes, Doctor.

Mr. Brown squeezes his wife's hand. The whirl of his arm fills the room.

FADE.

EXT./INT. YOUNG AGAIN NONPROFIT HEART CLINIC - DAY

HIGH ANGLE over a divided city. On one side: clean white sidewalks, polished chrome storefronts, gleaming towers. On the other side: cracked gray streets, rusted fire escapes, sagging power lines.

A single leaf drifts down from a tree on the wealthy side, carried by a breeze across the invisible boundary.

It lands on a faded sign reading "YOUNG AGAIN NON-PROFIT HEART INSTITUTE."

A siren wails in the distance. Faint classical music from the wealthy side fades as the camera descends.

Inside this non-profit institute. The room is cramped, with clean, but clearly less expensive flooring. The fluorescent lights have a slight constant hum. DR. YOUNG (polished, but now without her gold earrings) sits opposite CHARLIE CRADOCK SR. (late 60s, worn cardigan, slow speech, old looking replacement parts on his hands) and his son CHARLIE "C.J." CRADOCK JR. (late 30s, mechanic jacket, fast talker).

DR. YOUNG
(voice softer than before)
Mr. Cradock. I'm sorry - your heart is failing. You need a replacement soon.

C.J.
How much?

DR. YOUNG
Normally, very expensive. But here, we refurbish older hearts. Makes it affordable.

She presses a button on her collar.

DR. YOUNG (CONT'D)
Trish, bring in the Abbott 2,000.

The door opens. TRISH enters with a steel tray. On it: a small, brownish heart. Dr. Young picks it up, holding it to the light. A hairline crack glints across the surface.

C.J.
I don't think we can afford a replacement heart, even this refurbished model.

DR. YOUNG
Please, count yourself lucky today, C.J., an anonymous donor picked your father out of a roster of patients. They will cover the cost of the heart and the transplant fees.

She sets the heart down gently. Some clear ooze seeps out of one of the valves.

DR. YOUNG (CONT'D)
This one's been refurbished twice,
but it will give your dad more
time.

CHARLIE SR.
How long will it last?

DR. YOUNG
A year. Maybe a bit less.

C.J.
A year? Great, we are trading a bad
heart for a ticking time bomb.

CHARLIE SR.
(quietly)
It's a year more than I have today.

C.J. stares down at the floor; he knows he has to take what
he can get. Life is not fair. Dr. Young places a gentle hand
on Charlie Sr.'s shoulder.

DR. YOUNG
Trish will have the papers. I wish
you well. I want to help you feel
young again, for C.J.

Charlie Sr. nods, tears in his eyes. C.J. moves in to give
his dad a hug. They both know it is hope for more time.

FADE OUT.

INT. YOUNG AGAIN HEART INSTITUTE - MORNING

The room is pristine white, gleaming like a showroom.
Monitors beep softly. MR. BROWN (immaculate robe) sits up in
bed, beaming. MRS. BROWN (pearls, clutching a designer
handbag) stands beside him.

DR. YOUNG enters.

DR. YOUNG
Ready for your Golden Heart, Mr.
Brown? You're getting the Ferrari
of hearts.

MR. BROWN
(chuckles)
I can't wait to feel that golden
Ferrari in my chest!

MRS. BROWN
(squeezing his hand)
Henry deserves the best—nothing but
the best. I'm so glad we got number
four.

DR. YOUNG
You'll be flying home tomorrow and
feeling young again!

After a glance at Mrs. Brown, she checks her tablet, nods,
and exits.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Young walks down the corridor and turns left. She pauses
at a door marked "DR. YOUNG ONLY." She swipes her key card.
Before entering, she adjusts her white coat collar, then
looks at her hands for a beat.

She pushes through into the NON-PROFIT SIDE. The lighting is
dimmer. The walls are beige, worn, and less luxurious.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHARLIE CRADOCK (standard blue hospital gown, frail) lies in
bed. The sheets are thin and faded. Monitors beep, but wires
dangle loosely. C.J. sits in a plastic chair, arms crossed.

Charlie clutches a small framed photo of Junior in a tuxedo
at his engagement ceremony. He wants to be at the wedding.

Dr. Young enters.

DR. YOUNG
Ready for your new heart, Mr.
Cradock?

C.J.
(flat)
You mean the old, new heart.

CHARLIE
(weak smile)
It's a good heart, Doc. Thank you.

DR. YOUNG
We'll sedate you, place the Abbott
2000, close you up. You'll rest
here tonight. Your son will take
you home tomorrow.
(to C.J.)
(MORE)

DR. YOUNG (CONT'D)
With today's techniques, recovery
is smoother at home. It's best your
father gets care from the ones who
love him most.

The camera holds on C.J. He looks down, jaw tight. A long
beat.

C.J.
(quietly)
We are ready to get this done and
start the clock.

DR. YOUNG
(nodding)
You'll feel a little better by
morning.

She gives a brief, tight smile and leaves.

INT. ANTEROOM - LATER

TRISH (scrubs) stands before a chrome receptacle. Two hearts
rest on adjacent trays:

- A gleaming GOLD HEART, glowing faintly under surgical
lights. Label: "ABBOTT 9000 GOLDEN HEART #4."
- A DULL, SCARRED HEART. Label: "ABBOTT 2000 (REFURBISHED)."

Trish looks at the gold heart, then at the old one. She
hesitates—fingers hovering—then presses the "A" button on the
receptacle.

A close-up of the gold heart. It glows brighter. A low whir,
then a soft slide as the heart drops out of sight toward one
of the patients.

She turns to the old heart. She places it in the same
receptacle. Presses the "B" button. No glow—only a muted
clunk. It too begins to head toward one of the patients.

She exhales. Walks to the door, flips a switch.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two identical sterile rooms side by side in frame. In each,
a patient lies on a table, one marked A and the other B. A
laser light aligns on each man's chest.

They are sedated and strapped down for little to no movement. The rooms are mirrors—one rich, one poor—yet the light is the same.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: INT.

INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

A single light bulb over the empty receptacle. It clicks off, darkness.

INT. CHARLIE CRADOCK HOME - DAY (NEXT DAY)

Charlie is sitting up in bed. A faint monitor beeps in the background. He smiles broadly as C.J. walks in.

C.J.

Dad. You shouldn't be up yet. You should lie back down.

Charlie shifts to stand slowly, steadying himself on the nightstand. He takes a deep breath.

CHARLIE CRADOCK

I feel like a million dollars! I feel like I got a new lease on life.

C.J.

Well... you got a one-year lease, best case. So don't overdo it. That 2000 may go out before the year is up!

Charlie chuckles, then his smile fades slightly. He looks at a framed photo on the nightstand - a picture of C.J. and his fiancée.

CHARLIE CRADOCK

(quietly)

One year. That's all I need. To see you walk that aisle, son. Then I can go happy into the sunset.

C.J.'s face softens, but he swallows hard.

The phone rings. C.J. picks it up.

TRISH (V.O.)

Hi, C.J. How is your dad?

C.J.
He is doing great. He will
definitely be at the wedding.

TRISH (V.O.)
Good. Dr. Young asked me to check
in. Any shortness of breath? Chest
tightness? Irregular heartbeat?

C.J. glances at the monitor - its beep strong.

C.J.
No, nothing like that. He's fine.

Charlie gives a thumbs up, as he lowers his arm, C.J. notices
a glint of gold light emanating from the seams of his other
body replacement parts. Charlie picks up a photo on the night
stand.

TRISH (V.O.)
Okay. Let us know if anything
changes. Otherwise, this is our
final follow-up.

C.J.
Thank you, Trish

TRISH
Oh and C.J., I am positive your dad
will be at the wedding, and when
the time comes, he will be holding
his grandchildren.

Trish hangs up. C.J. Stars at the phone for second and hangs
it up.

Charlie is still holding the photo, a soft smile. C.J.
notices the gold gleam at his dad's wrist now - subtle, warm
light. He doesn't mention it. Instead he sits on the edge of
the bed. His dad looks 10 years younger.

C.J.
You're really going to make it.

Charlie pats his son's hand.

CHARLIE CRADOCK
I know.

They both have hope for the future.

INT. MR. & MRS. BROWN PENTHOUSE - DAY

The bedroom is vast, with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city. Silk drapes, modern art. MR. BROWN lies in the king-sized bed, his skin a greyish pallor. A heart monitor beeps irregularly—sometimes skipping a beat. His eyes are closed. A faint brownish glint is emanating from the seams in his replacement arm. It's not moving.

MRS. BROWN, impeccably dressed, stands by the bed. She holds a small gift bag with a heavy, rectangular shape. She stares at her husband. The phone rings once, twice, three times. Mrs. Brown does not move. She stares at Mr. Brown's chest - the faintest rise. Then at the gift bag. Her fingers tighten around it. The ringing stops. She lets out a slow breath.

She pushes the message light on the phone.

DR. YOUNG (V.O.)

This is Dr. Young. Just checking in
on our patient.

Mrs. Brown glances at Mr. Brown. His hand twitches slightly as the brown glow fades.

DR. YOUNG

Hopefully you are pleased with the
new heart and the service we have
provided. If any issues, please
give me a call, day or night.
Goodbye.

She hangs up. For a moment, she just stands there, the gift bag in her hand. She looks at her husband—his chest barely rises.

She turns, composes herself in the mirror. She leaves the bedroom, walks down a marble hallway, and enters the private elevator.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Expansive, polished marble floors and a chandelier. Mrs. Brown crosses to TRISH near the concierge desk. Hands her the gift bag. TRISH takes it, feels the weight, gives a single nod.

Without waiting for a question.

MRS. BROWN
(coldly)
Yes, Trish. **I do feel...**
Young Again.

She turns and walks back toward the elevator.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER JEFF AND SISTER JODY" appears
on black, then fades.