

E D E N | R I S I N G

#201

"**Home**"

by

John Oddo & Steven Herrera

EDEN RISING

"Home"

#201

TEASER

Black screen.

INT. COFFEE ROOM -- MORNING

A hand comes in and reaches for a perfectly fine, perfectly boring coffee pot. It pushes a mug and tips the edge of the pot into it. Something that passes for a black drink pours.

At first out of focus, we see a figure step inside the room. His name is RORY, 30. He passes right by the girl who poured herself a drink, whose name we can say right here is PHOEBE, 40.

Rory is awkwardly average looking, and thrives on self-depreciation while Phoebe might be the complete opposite. Her face shows her age but her eyes are still young and vivid.

Opening a fridge, sticking his body in,

RORY (O.S.)
(re: Phoebe's drink)
That smelled delicious.

And right on *that*, we see Phoebe take a sip. It's anything but by the way her face distorted. But she quickly changes her reaction into something passable when Rory comes back from inside the fridge, slamming it shut.

He has a bottle of water in his hands, unscrewing the top.

PHOEBE
You should taste it.
(beat)
See for yourself what it is you're missing.

Walking past her--

RORY
I prefer to consume things that won't, you know, leave chemical burns down my larynx.

But Phoebe quickly trails along, sliding a clipboard off the surface of the counter-top, and under her arms, with the cup of coffee in one hand.

PHOEBE
(authentically sarcastic)
Wait, Mal's saliva doesn't? Well,
goddamn, we're making scientific
progresses at--

Looking at an invisible watch,

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
--Seven in the morning.

RORY
Oof, you heard about that?

PHOEBE
(beat)
You just can't keep things minimal
nowadays. It's a rarity.

RORY
A lost art-form, is what it is. I'd
have to rank it in my 'top five
missed human characteristics before
we went extinct.'

PHOEBE
You have five?

INT. TERMINAL -- AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

They've stepped out into a terminal. An airport terminal. But
it isn't busy. In fact, it's completely empty. There's
absolutely no kind of commotion, no kind of movement, no kind
of life.

Except for these two. Their talking and footsteps are the
only thing that bounce back.

RORY
Did I say five? I meant two, silly
billy.

PHOEBE
Enlighten me.

RORY
Did I already mention discreetness?
The other would probably have to be
the paranoid absence of looking
over one's shoulder, hoping for
their face not to be rambunctiously
scraped off.

(beat)
(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)
Sorry, make that three things. The third is corny jokes. I miss corny jokes.

PHOEBE
That's a characteristic?

RORY
It was for my grandfather.
Therefore the rest of humanity, as well.

They stop in front of a door. There's finally another human, dressed in camouflage and holding a very large automatic gun.

Rory and Phoebe don't look at the built man as they flash him the badges that's wrapped around their necks with a Velcro strap, instead facing one another. This is all very routine.

RORY (CONT'D)
Let me ask you something: why does a seagull fly over the sea?

Phoebe takes a deep breath. She feels ashamed about this, but there's no escaping it:

PHOEBE
(reciting monotone)
Because if it flew over a bay, it'd be call a bagel.

Rory chuckles, and then turns to the soldier.

RORY
Good one, isn't it?

The soldiers expression remains that of a stone, but then nods 'yes.'

SOLDIER
(eyes forward)
My father used to tell me that one all the time.

RORY
Don't you miss that? People telling corny jokes?

SOLDIER
(eyes forward)
I do.

Turning to Phoebe, Rory flashes a grin that makes Phoebe want to blow her brains out. Instead, she just rolls her eyes. Stepping through the door, it closes automatically behind--

They're in a stark hallway. Rory continues to lead, and Phoebe continues to hear him pick up with:

RORY

--The best part about corny jokes isn't the joke itself, but always either, a. the person telling said joke can't get through with it due to being in a fit of giggles, and I'll be damned if *that* laughing ain't contagious, and b. laughing at the person who told it because we admire how brave it was for him to execute it flawlessly.

Rory is in the midst of a very serious topic, using his hands as tools to assist his discourse. Phoebe is looking at her clipboard, flipping through papers gripped on to it. Slips on some reading glasses that make her look adorable.

They reach a second door with a second soldier guarding it-- Another flash of the badge and the soldier commands the door to slide open.

But before they step in, Rory turns to Phoebe again.

RORY (CONT'D)

By the way, someone in the chemical department said that you *sound* like an owl.

Phoebe's mouth opens--

PHOEBE

Who?

Beat.

RORY

You're the cutest thing. Honestly, I don't know where I'd be without you.

The soldier tries his best, but goddammit, he cracks a smile. Rory laughs as he steps inside the room. We stay with Phoebe, who takes a deep breath and nods to the sides.

I'm going to kill him.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

Once upon a time, this used to be a room where they used to check bags and talk to people whom they found suspicious. A couple of people (probably four to five) scatter about.

They're surrounded with all kind of scientific lab equipment and monitors that remain in an active buzz.

Phoebe slams the clipboard against Rory's chest and continues on walking.

A small, nervous-looking man walks up to Rory with another batch of papers.

RORY
(examining his papers)
'Morning, Stillman. What can I do
you for.

He looks up at 'for.' STILLMAN pushes in his ever-constant slipping spectacles and extends his papers out. Rory takes them, giving them a sweep.

Beat.

RORY (CONT'D)
Jesus, this is all from today?

STILLMAN
We double-checked before rendering
the neutral bases together. It's
what we came up with in all three
test runs.

RORY
Do it a fourth and I'll take your
word for it.

Stillman doesn't nag about it. In fact, he looks grateful that he has a chance to do whatever it was they did for a fourth time.

CUE -- "OUTBREAK" by JOHN MURPHY:

INT. TERMINAL -- AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

The first security guard soldier we ran across with Rory and Phoebe stays planted where he should. He's the only one in this general area (though I'm sure there are others scattered about). The silence is unnerving.

An echo.

It wasn't a scream. It wasn't a growl. Maybe it was something in between.

Frowning, the soldier gets a little more rigorous and walks in between the chairs, where travelers would wait for their flight to finally start boarding.

He looks out the very large glass window. There's a plane in the runway. Half of it, that is. There's another one right where it should be, the corridor coming from in the terminal gates still connected. It's the closest to the window.

Something's spotted.

There's *someone* by the thick wheel of the burnt and destroyed plane. A slumped figure.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

Sitting by the monitors is a young girl who is eyeing Rory as he talks with another shirt and jeans-dressed scientist. This is MAL, petite and Asian. Some walkie-talkie near her starts to ring static. This snaps her back to reality. Picking up the talkie, she places it close to her mouth and presses the side button--

MAL

Observatory room two, this is Mal,
over.

No one responds. Just more static. Frowning, Mal presses the side button a little harder and closer to her mouth,

MAL (CONT'D)

Observatory room two, this is Mal,
over.

Stillman is nearby, looking inside a microscope. He hears the girl say this for a third time and frowns. While Mal concentrates on trying to get someone to speak from the other line, Stillman notices one of the monitors.

A rotating camera feed from the outside flicks on.

It shows a group of limbered people flocking the airport parking lots at rapid speeds.

But it flicks off, into another different spot of the airport that's tranquil and unoccupied.

STILLMAN

(shivering)

Oh, dear Lord.

(MORE)

STILLMAN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Rory!

Mal jumps, almost out of her skin. Actually, everyone inside the room does. Stillman pushes his nose toward the monitor. Everyone crowds around them, including our Rory and Phoebe--

PHOEBE
What the hell, Stillman? The last
thing we need is for us normal
ones to start losing it like that!

But Stillman doesn't say anything. He just patiently waits for the same monitor to repeat the same feed: *which it just did.*

But there's nothing there anymore. Just an empty parking lot with cars loitered.

RORY
What? What is it?

PHOEBE
Please tell me this is a false
alarm and the runner's are back...

Stillman shakes his head 'no'. He lifts a finger at it, at a loss of words. He shakes his head, as if to maybe help him see better. *Maybe he kinda really is losing it.*

The talkie in Mal's hand finally seems to be able to crack a voice.

MAL
Observatory room two, this is Mal,
over.

Rory frowns, a little curious to what's happening here. All eyes and ears are on Mal and her walkie-talkie when--

TALKIE
*We have a code red! We have a code
red!*

Shakily, we focus on everyone and their faces as they hear this. Stillman is out of breath, his eyes horrified. Rory, frowning, turns to the monitor.

Each and everyone of them are filled with the things that people fear the most in this world, running furiously.

No one says a thing. No one can. We hear nothing except the music, which reaches its climax, and the walkie-talkie, which screeches--

TALKIE (CONT'D)
--code red!--

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT IEXT. ROAD -- DAY

The rain pitter-patters against the ground. The van, last seen inhabited by Tom's group of survivors last season, is left ABANDONED in the middle of the road. Doors left open. A trail of zombie bodies in its wake.

QUICK FLASH: TIGHT on the van's DASHBOARD --- we ZOOM in and see that there's no GAS. It's on "E".

QUICK FLASH: Of chaos. The van has stopped working, everyone's shouting and PANICKING. GWEN giving a scream as she peeks out and sees a LARGE HORDE of THEM coming --- she FIRES her gun ---

FOLLOW the trail of bodies...

QUICK FLASH: Of more chaos. The group escaping the van, running and gunning. TOM and KELVIN help carry SIDNEY while the others flank and protect them on all sides, firing at the oncoming savages...

We PAN up --- over the abandoned car, to see all the zombies left in the survivors' wake. And the PERIMETER FENCE to the AIRPORT in the near distance.

Zombies are climbing over the fence, now completely teeming the entire airport lot, running about frenetically, searching for the food they can smell is somewhere in the vicinity...

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- AIRPORT -- DAY

Everyone's still got their eyes pasted to the monitors. PHOEBE and RORY are completely intrigued.

PHOEBE
What are they chasing?

STILLMAN
What? It's just the zombies.
They're not...

PHOEBE
They wouldn't just chase after
nothing, Stillman. Their movements
--- it's like they're after prey.

Phoebe leans over and plays with the monitors, clicks over and looks around --- MAL squeaks from her place in the corner.

MAL

Do you think... we actually found
someone? Other people?

PHOEBE

Let's hope so.

RORY

If we get to them in time.

The aura is grim.

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- DAY

We're in an observatory tower overlooking the parking lot.
On this side of the airport, teeming with RECONSTRUCTION
efforts in the broken walls, zombies swarm ALL AROUND --- at
least a hundred of them.

The man behind the TALKIE --- shouting about "CODE RED'S" ---
is MICHAEL. No older than 45, a soldier. Heavily armed,
fiercely loyal to his men. He's FIRING MACHINE GUN ammo
through the windows at zombies that are climbing the tower.

MICHAEL

*We have a motherfucking code
red...!*

SMASHHH!!

One of the glass windows shatters. Another soldier is pinned
to the ground by a zombie. Michael whips around the desk
he's hiding behind and fires --- three shots right to the
zombie's upper torso. It blasts backwards, still crawling at
the soldier who whips his gun up and fires a clean shot
between the eyes.

He scrambles back with Michael as the other soldiers fire
around them. His leg's injured.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You okay? You okay?

INJURED SOLDIER

Yeah man... My fucking leg.

MICHAEL

I'll patch it up. You'll be fine,
we'll be fine, alright? You hear
me?

The soldier's nodding, sweating, fighting tears through the
pain.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
No bites? You weren't bit?

INJURED SOLDIER
No... Its... Its claws went right
through me though. *Jesus...*

Michael pulls out some gauze and wraps it around his leg.
The other soldiers keep firing at the waves of zombies,
causing them to fall back down the tower.

MICHAEL
EVERYTHING OKAY? EVERYBODY GOOD?

The other soldiers shout that they're doing fine and keep
firing as Michael fights through the action to keep this
guy's leg protected.

INT. TERMINAL -- AIRPORT -- DAY

A man, physically imposing and actually quite frightening
with a steely glare, makes his way to the TERMINAL. The
first soldier we encountered is talking to this man and the
others. He's got the gear of a LIEUTENANT. Other soldiers
follow him. One that sticks out like a sore thumb is a
petite lookin woman in her 20's. We'll meet her later.

His tag reads GRIGGS, so that is what we'll call him.

GRIGGS
You gonna' tell me what the hell's
going on? You see anything
soldier? I've got Michael
screamin' at me through the fucking
radio that there's a Code Red.

SOLDIER
There was something out there, sir.
There's movement. And then ---
then they were everywhere.

The soldier stands frozen, staring out the window. Where
there was the body of one outside there's now dozens.

GRIGGS
Don't just STAND there, get your
ass to the doors.

SOLDIER
We're going out there?

GRIGGS
And we're taking them out.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

GRIGGS and his soldiers shut the steel-enforced gates in the front of the revolving airport doors behind them ---

Griggs charges out first, makes a big entrance by smashing one of the zombie's faces in with his machine gun then aiming down at the fallen creature and blowing its head off.

The soldiers are doing a fantastic job, it's such an amazing and visceral scene. Zombies are dropping with knives shoved in their faces, bullets turn heads into red mush, and none of the soldiers have fallen. They're all armed, armored and having at it with these zombies as if this is nothing.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- AIRPORT -- DAY

TIGHT ON THE MONITOR.

WE SEE PEOPLE. A HEADCOUNT OF 10.

The monitor ZOOMS in and we recognize these people --- TOM is leading his survivors through the lot.

RORY
There. Right there. We've got
live ones.

Their faces light up. Rory pulls up a talkie ---

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

After a zombie drops, we jump to the only female soldier that was mentioned earlier. She's outside, kills a zombie and her talkie beeps in --- RORY's voice is heard ---

RORY (V.O.)
Vega, baby, your radio broadcasts
have finally done us some good.
People are listening.

The soldier --- LEIGH VEGA --- whips up the talkie and puts it to her face.

LEIGH
What the hell are you talking
about?

RORY (V.O.)
Valet parking lot. There's people.
Live, breathing, not-trying-to-eat-
your-face off people.

LEIGH
Holy shit.

RORY (V.O.)
I told you your beautiful voice
would bring people here eventually!

LEIGH
You're too kind.
(beat)
I'll let Griggs know.

RORY (V.O.)
I'll bet he'll be thrilled to have
some new faces around to scare with
his big soldiers and large guns.
The cunt.

Leigh smirks --- laughs, even.

LEIGH
Oh, Rory.

She clicks the talkie off, shanks an oncoming zombie with her
sharp military knief and moves toward Griggs.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Yo, Griggs!

He's firing, mowing down an entire slew of zombies. They
explode in a pile of blood and guts, blasted to bits. Leigh
looks disgusted as he turns around to face her, reloading.

GRIGGS
What is it Vega?

LEIGH
There's live ones out here. Rory
was right, the broadcast was
working.

GRIGGS
I'll be damned.

He seems uninterested, ready to fire upon more.

LEIGH
We gonna' go get em? They're in
valet.

GRIGGS
We're kind of busy here.

LEIGH

Then I'll fetch them. You boys
seem to be doing a fine job here...

GRIGGS

Don't be stupid, Vega.

He starts firing --- we're tight on him as he sees the
zombies in their vicinity have been pretty much cleared out
except for a few that are stumbling about aimlessly. He
turns ---

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

Vega?

She's gone.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

Damn it!

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- DAY

MICHAEL's talkie buzzes. He's patched up the INJURED
SOLDIER, who has his back to the wall. Firing from his place
there at the oncoming zombies that still swarm at the
windows. Michael un-clips his talkie.

MICHAEL

What?

LEIGH (V.O.)

Vega here. I need you to cover me
from the windows. You're posted in
observatory room 2, right?

MICHAEL

Yeah but have you seen this place??

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

LEIGH runs past abandoned cars and military vehicles --- the
talkie to her face. She makes her way to the other side of
the airport, the OBSERVATORY DECK in sight. ZOMBIES are all
over the walls, having climbed up to there and are swarming
the fucking windows. They're blasted away by gunfire and
fall down, but MORE just keep coming.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Got bugs all over the windshield,
Vega. Can't see shit.

Leigh keeps her eyes on the plane wreckage we spotted earlier, zombies stumble about it. She lifts her weapon and fires, gunning some down. Others rush at her.

LEIGH

Shit. Turn off the radio equipment, the buzzing we can't hear might be attracting them --- they're like animals. They can hear everything.

She runs and guns at the same time now. The gunfire attracts more to whip their attention at her and RUN for her. Fresh, live meat.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

(into talkie)

They're everywhere damn it! I need some cover fire!

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Why the hell are you alone out there?

LEIGH

(into talkie)

We've got humans out here, people like us, and Griggs wants to be a hardass about it. If he doesn't want to save them, I will.

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- DAY

MICHAEL flicks some switches. The radio equipment ceases to be powered on. The zombies that are already up there keep climbing as Michael peers out the window --- but he keeps gunning.

MICHAEL

(into talkie)

You've got balls, Vega, you know that. Hang on out there.

LEIGH (V.O.)

You can count on that.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

LEIGH keeps fighting. She's made her way to the VALET parking lot, full-on sprinting at this point. She tosses away her big machine gun, it's weighing her down.

At least thirty zombies chase after her, like fucking marathon runners. She's got a wee little pistol and a knife, but she still goes for the gold. The valet parking lot. She sees gunfire spewing through the air. Her eyes are on the prize --- they're here and she sees them.

She picks up speed at this point, sweating through it all. They're snarling, snapping at her from behind but she doesn't look back...

WE JUMP TO ---

A CLOSE-UP OF ASH.

He's up on top of a CRASHED BUS, using the high vantage point to his advantage. Firing machine gun fire at oncoming zombies. PJ tosses him another round of ammunition from below, Ash barely catches it. He and PJ share a relieved sigh and glance as he reloads.

PJ

We're running low, that's pretty much it man!

ASH

And they're still coming! We're screwed.

TOM (O.S.)

We'll be fine.

From below, TOM has SIDNEY, looking ill, propped up against the bus. He and KELVIN and GWEN fire at the oncoming crowd with their pistols. They don't have enough guns for everyone to share, so the others --- MANILA, KITTY, XANDER, and DARLA -- don't fire. They've got other weapons just in case they get up close and personal. Manila's got a large axe, Kitty a machete, Xander a hammer.

GWEN

We're gonna' have to make a run for it sooner or later.

TOM

Sidney's too weak, and Ash is still limping. We can't risk losing anybody---

GWEN

Standing here like sitting ducks isn't helping us out much either, we're just feeding 'em ammo. And the noise is just attracting more.

Tom thinks on it --- and the more he does, the more he realizes, over the gunfire and the chaos, that she's RIGHT.

TOM
(to Ash)
Can you run?

Ash looks down from the roof of the bus, swallows nervously.

ASH
Yeah. I think I can.

KELVIN
You stay close. We need the injured up front with us. I'll help Tom carry Sidney, and you stay close to us Ash, you got that? I don't wanna' lose sight of you.

Ash nods. He climbs down, with help from PJ, from the bus and joins the others. They all get ready ---

TOM
No one panic, we're gonna' get through this. Just run, shoot, swing, whatever you can. Those doors --- they're close. And you see those soldiers? We'll make it.

ON LEIGH --- the wave of zombies is just too deep. She sees the survivors readying themselves. GRIGGS clicks in on her talkie.

GRIGGS (V.O.)
Get your ass back inside! We're closing the doors.

Leigh looks like she wants to argue, but she WON'T. Her attention is still on Tom and co. She waves at the survivors. Signals them to go in her direction.

LEIGH
HEY!! CAN YOU HEAR ME!? THEY'RE CLOSING THE DOORS, YOU NEED TO HURRY!

ON TOM ---

GWEN
They're closing the doors. You heard her? They're closing the goddamn doors.

TOM
Everyone move! NOW!

And they go. Running, gunning. Tom and Kelvin carry Sidney, Darla and Ash right with them. The others gun and fight.

INT. FRONT GATES -- DAY

GRIGGS and his soldiers are hustling back inside. Griggs has his hands on the gates as he sees LEIGH running, a crowd of zombies following after her, for the doors.

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- DAY

MICHAEL fires, shooting zombies that are chasing after LEIGH, finally providing her with cover fire.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- AIRPORT -- DAY

RORY is seeing all of this, hearing it over the screeching talkie's in the room. We're TIGHT on him --- he's shaking his head angrily.

RORY
I don't approve of this. Not at all. They can't just close the gates! These people are what we're here for, we can't just let them die out there!

Rory goes for a cabinet --- whips it out --- pulls out a big MACHINE GUN. Phoebe looks startled.

PHOEBE
Rory, what the hell are you doing?

And he storms out. Everyone exchanges frightened, confused glances.

INT. FRONT GATES -- DAY

LEIGH makes her way in --- the zombies feet away as GRIGGS pulls the gate shut.

LEIGH
What are you doing?!

GRIGGS
Saving our asses, what's it look like?

LEIGH

Those people out there --- they're alive, I told them to follow me, they're on their way! We can't just let them die!

GRIGGS

Then we let ourselves die, is that what you suggest??

Leigh is speechless as RORY storms over --- aiming the large gun right in Griggs's face. The other soldiers stare on in surprise at Rory's action. Most raise their weapons, except Leigh. Either because she agrees with him and wants to blow his head off herself or because she's out of breath. Griggs returns the favor, his gun raised up, as Rory demands---

RORY

Open the gates.

GRIGGS

I can't do that.

RORY

You can and you will. Because I don't care who's wearing the fucking camouflage, I'm in charge here.

GRIGGS

Do you know who you're trying to bullshit, Stiles?!

RORY

(verbatim)

Section five, paragraph two in the book - "in the event of quarantine, the Chief Biological Researcher assumes full control of containment measures, inspecting anyone who comes in or out".

GRIGGS

This isn't quarantine.

RORY

(in pure disbelief)

Are you retarded? The world's in permanent fucking quarantine! This place is supposed to be a sanctuary, a way to a new home for survivors like them and you won't even let them in!?

GRIGGS

I can't risk the lives of my soldiers. Apparently you value the lives of strangers more than your own...

(beat, to the gun)

Do you even know how to use --- ?

Rory LOCKS and LOADS. Griggs swallows --- *I stand corrected.*

RORY

Personal detachment from the world is what started this in the first place! By doing this, you're taking away the only difference between us and those things out there. You take away empathy, you take away feeling, and we're them, and they're us, and there's no point in anything anymore!

(beat)

So open the fucking gates and show me you actually know how to use those big guns of yours instead of sauntering around trying to taunt everyone with them. *Jesus Christ!*

Griggs angrily storms to the wall and throws opens up the gates. He and his soldiers take aim --- Rory joins them ---

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

The airport lot swarms with zombies. TOM's group has slaughtered the zombies at the main gate. They're at the gate now, pounding and fighting to get in. They see the soldiers and RORY arguing inside, pointing their guns at the gate ---

KITTY's eyes widen in fear.

KITTY

Ohmygod, are they gonna' shoot us?!

KELVIN

Get back!

The gates swing open and everyone backs up, fighting off the approaching horde. The soldiers and Rory FIRE with their large weapons. The zombies are mowed down. LEIGH looks at the group ---

LEIGH

Inside! Go, go, go!

INT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Tom and Darla rush in, Tom waving for everyone to follow suit. First PJ and Manila, then Kelvin, then Kitty, then Gwen and Sidney, then Xander, and finally Ash. The soldiers stay outside to clear the area, while Rory heads back inside with the survivors safely in.

GRIGGS

Shut the damn gates, Stiles. Make
sure none of these deadie's get in!

As Rory gets in, he presses the button and the gates close.

ON ASH

Who's out of breath, leaning in a chair outside one of the departure gates.

And from him we PAN the room --- Everyone's out of breath, relieved to be alive.

Rory walks up, addresses them all.

RORY

So uh. Welcome, I guess.

Awkward silence.

RORY (CONT'D)

I doubt this was the welcome party
you were hoping for...

TOM

Well trust me.

Rory turns to TOM --- who stands.

TOM (CONT'D)

I think we can all agree that this
is a helluva lot better than the
last welcoming party we had.

Rory, not knowing, looks confused. It's like an inside joke to them all, except... it's not a joke at all. Everyone looks solemn, dead fucking serious. On this moment of pure silence as they all catch their breath...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT I

ACT IIINT. ESCALATOR -- DAY

OPEN ON ASH

Standing on the escalator, riding the moving stairs. He looks around him, the hustle and bustle of the airport that once was is gone. It's empty, eerily barren and lifeless. And then he looks outside at the airfield. The destroyed bits of planes. The soldiers that still fire outside, clearing the area. Zombies are still out there, it's INSANE. And then the landed MILITARY PLANE --- the one they saw that led them here.

He smiles. He meets LEIGH at the top of the steps.

LEIGH

Welcome.

ASH

You're the one who was in the parking lot?

She nods.

LEIGH

I couldn't let him do what he wanted. He's... not a bad guy. He was justified in his thinking, but he's a little hotheaded. He wants to protect us, that's all.

ASH

Oh shit. Your voice... you're the woman on the radio aren't you?

Leigh smiles a bit, flattered.

LEIGH

Yeah. The name's Leigh Vega.

ASH

I'm Ash. Your voice --- it's been the only thing giving me hope for a long time. You've been like a guardian angel for us as cheesy as that sounds. Thanks.

Ash is truly having a fanboy moment here. It's a rarity for him, to look so geeked out, letting his positive emotions get the best of him. He's almost child-like in his giddyness here, Leigh looks a bit uncomfortable. She ushers him along.

LEIGH
It's nothing, really. Just doing
my job. This way, please...

ON TOM AND DARLA

He looks down at her. Confused by her face. She's not
excited, an almost nervous glance.

TOM
You okay?

DARLA
I'm fine... It's the airplanes.
I'm just nervous.

TOM
Your ears can pop but that's about
it. They're perfectly safe.

DARLA
Pop? That sounds awful.

Tom laughs.

TOM
And you sound ridiculous. "Awful"?
Your vocabulary never ceases to
amuse me, darlin'.

DARLA
Another trait from mommy right?

Tom nods ---

TOM
Yeah. Tell ya what... there's
bound to be gum in one of these
stores somewhere. Unless all the
soldiers got desperate and ate it
all... Gum helps with the popping.
Stops your ears from going berserk.

DARLA
Good. Please find me some...
Where'd they take Sidney?

TOM
To check her wound. Kitty went
with them, she'll make sure that
Sid's safe, okay? You don't need
to worry. She'll be fine.

Darla looks unsure. As they come up the escalator, they see the CHECK-IN COUNTERS where you'd get checked by security, have your bags taken, etc. have been turned into a mini-lab. Desks set up, filled with medical equipment. It looks rather insane, and Tom's caught up in the moment in his utter disbelief.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE -- DAY

RORY and LEIGH have carried SIDNEY into the medical office of the airport. They examine her bullet wound. KITTY stands by.

RORY
You did this?

KITTY
(offended)
No, I didn't shoot her.

RORY
(no, stupid)
The surgery.

KITTY
It wasn't so much a surgery as a bullet removal and a patch-up job in the middle of pure chaos but yeah. I did it.

RORY
Oh, well you did a shitty job.

Kitty frowns. Scrambles to defend herself.

KITTY
I didn't exactly have the right tools nor was it under the best circumstances, but yeah... I know.

LEIGH
If you didn't get here in time, there's a chance she could've gotten her wounds infected.

KITTY
You can patch her up?

Leigh nods.

LEIGH
I was the uh, the Chief Medical Officer in my unit.
(MORE)

LEIGH (CONT'D)
I'll take a look. Can you please
just, um, leave the room?

Kitty looks disappointed. Trying to be nice ---

LEIGH (CONT'D)
It was a good try though.

Kitty nods, a silent thank you, and then leaves. There's a
beat for a moment as Rory furrows his brow.

RORY
"A good try"? C'mon. It looks
awful! She did a horrible job!

Shaking her head with a sigh...

LEIGH
Oh, Rory...

INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER -- DAY

Everyone is being checked out. PHOEBE and other scientists
sit at desks, looking at everyone, checking for wounds.

We see GRIGGS, MICHAEL and the other soldiers going through
everyone's bags. Michael goes through Manila's bag -- finds
a stash of prescription pill bottles.

MICHAEL
What are these for?

MANILA
PJ.

She nods to PJ, who's sat being checked out right now. He
turns his head when he hears his name, though the scientist
that's looking him over grumpily grabs his head and forces it
back to look at him so he can examine the boy's eyes.

MANILA (CONT'D)
He has epilepsy and he needs his
medications or else he'll suffer
headaches and hallucinations. Give
me those.

Michael hands the pill bottle to her.

MICHAEL
And this?

He pulls out a manuscript. Flips through the pages.

MANILA
Old world relic now. Toss it, keep
it, I don't care.

MICHAEL
You write?

MANILA
Something like that.

Michael tosses the manuscript back into her bag.

PAN over: Sitting at the table across from Phoebe, Darla
chimes in.

DARLA
I don't understand why you need to
go through our things.

MICHAEL
Just a precaution. Not everyone
out there's nice, we need to make
sure we're not letting in any
psycho's.

Phoebe whispers to Darla ---

PHOEBE
You don't like the soldiers do you?

Darla shakes her head --- a defiant no. Michael catches
this.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Well, most of the time they're
either patrolling or working on the
other side of the airport... if
you noticed, the wall is...
broken. So they're over there
fixing it up most of the time.

Darla smiles. She likes the sound of that.

GWEN speaks up from her place.

GWEN
You've had problems with people
around here before?

Michael hesitates with that question --- Griggs barks at
them.

GRIGGS
You'll get answers to your
questions later, just keep your
heads forward and do what you're
told.

Gwen returns her attention to the scientist looking her over.
Off Griggs's face ---

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

--- We also OPEN on GRIGGS's face. His face none too
friendly or welcoming, we REVERSE on him to see, sitting in
front of him sits GWEN.

GRIGGS
So what happened? What brought you
here?

GWEN
We showed up at the state
fairgrounds. It was on the Eden
broadcast you know? We thought
it'd be best to go there, since it
was closer. One of our people, his
name's Declan, he was on his way
here, he split off.

GRIGGS
Well he's not here.

Off Gwen's disappointed face ---

--- we cut to KELVIN. Now he's in the hot seat.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
Your people --- you killed a
warlord living at our other base?

KELVIN
The General.

GRIGGS
Right.

KELVIN
He said he killed the people...
the people that came in from Eden
and now he's been checking in with
your base, luring people in for his
army.

GRIGGS

...You were part of this man's
army? The General?

We REVERSE to see this is Griggs's conversation with PJ now.
PJ swallows. The mini-soldier's definitely mixed with
intimidation and respect of Griggs, a model of the man he
arguably wants to become some day.

PJ

Yeah.

GRIGGS

And you have epilepsy? And
according to Phoebe, your
eyesight's not too good either.
You might need glasses.

PJ

I'm still a very good shot. I like
to think my disabilities are
obstacles to overcome and make me
become a better soldier, not
something to hold me back, sir.

Griggs frowns.

GRIGGS

And your name's PJ? What the hell
does that stand for?

PJ

With all due respect sir, that's
none of your damn business.

TIGHT ON Griggs's smirk --- he likes this kid ---

CUT TO: That smirk's now transformed to a serious glare ---

GRIGGS

You're the group's leader?

REVERSE to see PJ's not in the chair anymore, but TOM is
instead.

TOM

I guess so, yeah.

GRIGGS

And how'd you end up with that
responsibility?

TOM

I was a sheriff. Most of these people were in the town we came from.

GRIGGS

A town huh? Why'd you leave, overrun?

TOM

(nods)

Eden seemed like our best option.

GRIGGS

And who first heard the broadcast? Decided Eden was your best chance?

REVERSE on Griggs to see ASH sitting in the chair.

ASH

Me.

GRIGGS

Under what circumstances?

ASH

I was smoking a blunt with two douchebags and my girlfriend and we heard it on the radio. We didn't get anything but static most of the time and I thought "Fuck, that's just the drugs". But nope, it wasn't and these people actually listened to me. And here we are now.

GRIGGS

Are you high right now?

ASH

No.

There's a beat as Griggs stares at Ash. Growing nervous in this awkward silence, Ash swallows ---

ASH (CONT'D)

Should I be? You sound like you want to be...

Beat.

ASH (CONT'D)

Oh we're not supposed to have drugs around here are we?

GRIGGS
Bringing drugs to Eden is against
regulation.

ASH
But this is just an airport, yes?

No answer.

ASH (CONT'D)
So we're not in Eden yet, so
technically I can smoke.

GRIGGS
I'd appreciate it if you didn't.

ASH
I've been proud of myself lately.
I quit the Mary Jane but I still do
the cig's. Only when I'm nervous
or under stress. S'pose I'll get
to quit altogether when we get to
Eden, yeah? Stress free paradise
and all. Right?

Another awkward silence. Ash looks to Griggs for a
reassurance, but Griggs is taken aback by all of this. Ash's
eyes fall back to the desk in front of him.

GRIGGS
Wait. How old are you again?

Off Ash as he looks up from the desk to Griggs again, we cut
to ---

EXT. CHECK-IN COUNTER -- DAY

Phoebe is at one of the desks, checking out Darla. She looks
at Darla's eyes, checks for a bite on her arms and legs.

PHOEBE
You're not hurt? Nothing got you
out there?

DARLA
No.

Phoebe pats her on the back and the girl scrambles off
nervously, joining her father. The entire group has ushered
at this point into the entrance to the concourse, riding down
an escalator to get there.

Seriously, GRIGGS approaches Phoebe ---

GRIGGS
So, any news?

PHOEBE
No. Nothing to report. Keep your
eyes on them though.

GRIGGS
You don't trust them?

Phoebe looks around.

PHOEBE
Can we talk in private?

GRIGGS
Of course.

Phoebe walks off, Griggs follows. They stand in the corner of the room now, Phoebe checks, to be aware of any prying eyes.

PHOEBE
They seem like good people it's
just --- I don't know if they know
the consequences if one's been
bitten. Keep your eyes on them.

INT. SHOWER -- DAY

A massive room lined with showers ---

TIGHT on GWEN, absorbing and loving the water in her shower. Washing away the dried blood, with an exuberant, welcoming smile on her face.

TIGHT on TOM as he goes to his shower. He looks over at DARLA, who's wrapped in a towel and going into her own shower. Tom starts up the shower and sits in the corner. Deep in thought, a lot on his mind obviously.

We cut to Darla in her shower, curled up in a fetal position, her face in her knees, sobbing silently. She's been through so much, this reaction is only understandable.

Then we JUMP to KITTY's shower. XANDER joins her, and she seeks refuge in his arms. He holds her as she watches the blood drain from her hands down into the drain.

KITTY
...I never killed a biter before.
Xander...

He looks down at her.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Lori was one of my first. I can't even think of her face and not see... not see the murder in her eyes. I let her die, and then I killed her again.

XANDER

You're so whiny you know that?

Kitty shoves him away.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Lori tried to kill Sidney. You saved Sid's life, how could you feel bad about that?

KITTY

I wouldn't have done anything differently because I had no choice. I wasn't going to let Sidney die, I had to let Lori go, and that's what bothers me. Lori left me with no choice. She was my sister. I lost my sister and my nephew within a few days' time, why can't you at least be understanding? I thought we had things worked out.

XANDER

We do. It's just an honest sentiment. You make everything a pity party for yourself. Oh boo hoo, I killed my sister. Oh boo hoo, my nephew's gone. He was my nephew too! We all lost people, you're not the only one round here, Kitty.

KITTY

You're my husband, I figured you'd at least show some sympathy. We're supposed to be here for each other and you roll your eyes at me when I need you the most?

Xander leans down to kiss her --- they lock lips but she pulls away.

XANDER

You see, I try to be here for you
and you push me away.

KITTY

What the hell's wrong with you!?
That's not what I need right now.
I need someone to talk to. I
thought you were still in there
somewhere when we talked, but
apparently not. You were just
lying weren't you?

There's a silence. Kitty shakes her head, opens the shower door and exits --- leaving Xander alone in the water. He shakes his head.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE -- DAY

The airport concourse is used as a sort of introduction center. A friendly-faced redhead man who is impossible to take seriously addresses the freshly-showered TOM, DARLA, ASH, KELVIN, GWEN, XANDER, KITTY, MANILA, and PJ. We'll call him REGIS.

REGIS

The name's Regis. I'm a Public
Relations Manager from Eden. If
you have any questions, I'm your
guy. Come to me for anything okay?

ASH

(anxious)

When are we leaving?

REGIS

When the weather clears up. As you
can see --- It's not exactly flying
weather.

Ash doesn't like this guy already. As Regis turns around, Ash makes a face at Kelvin, mocking Regis. Kelvin chuckles.

Tom takes a booklet from Regis. Tom's POV:

Welcome Home: The Promises of 'Eden'

He flips through it--- Looks down at DARLA.

TOM

There's an Education Center.
Nifty, huh?

DARLA

School?

Ash gives a groan.

ASH

School? What ages?

PJ's attention is caught too. And by his frown, not in the good way.

TOM

Says here up to eighteen. You still qualify.

ASH

Damn it.

PJ

Damn it.

Tom smirks as the boys share glances at their identical reactions ---

PJ

(under his breath)

Jinx.

ASH

Don't you dare tell me I owe you a soda, because you're not getting a damn soda. I never understood that. People used to say it all the time at school, and I never gave them a soda anyway, so they were just wasting their precious breath.

PJ blinks, gives a look to Tom like *'Yikes, sorry I even said anything'*, and turns away from Ash. Tom chuckles.

REGIS begins passing out what resemble plastic tickets to every member of Tom's group. They're all sat in a conference room. ASH examines it like a foreign object and plays catch with it out of boredom.

REGIS

(nervous laughter)

Careful now. Yikes, don't break it already. Those are your food and beverage vouchers. They're tickets that you can use anywhere throughout 'Eden' to pick up food. You won't need money, there's nowhere to buy anything. Just pick-up stations where you can use your voucher's.

(MORE)

REGIS (CONT'D)

And if you're doing good deeds you can get bonus credits on your voucher that you can use as a sort of... rewards credit card to get things for your rooms.

KITTY

Things? What kind of *things*?

REGIS

Like entertainment. Television, video game consoles... Those kinds of things.

ASH

Wait. You've preserved video games?

REGIS

We have a limited supply of consoles, but our technical geniuses have done a good job replicating them for use.

ASH

Ahhh. This is fantastic already.

GWEN

So are we allowed to roam around and go wherever?

REGIS

Only in green zones.

GWEN

Green zones?

REGIS

Yes, green for "go"! They're marked on the maps in your booklets.

Gwen unfolds her booklet -- Gwen's POV of the MAP:

There are indeed areas marked, completely colored in green ink. Others are purple.

TOM

And the purple zones? Why can't we access them?

REGIS

(reading straight from the
booklet)
(MORE)

REGIS (CONT'D)

"Purple Zones contain facilities deemed structurally unsound due to damage or neglect, or facilities deemed unfit for civilian interaction." These would include the laboratories, where our scientists are hard at work.

MANILA

(repeating him --
confused)

Work.

REGIS

Yes. Work. Last I checked, the scientists are currently in the midst of designing an antibody. I can't comment much further, because it's been months since I've last stepped foot in 'Eden', but I can tell you that when I left, progress was being made.

Regis scans the room -- everyone seems fairly impressed, hopeful. The idea of a cure is definitely tantalizing for them all. He gives a satisfied, delighted smile. *Mission accomplished.*

RORY enters the room --- Ash shoots him a glance.

ASH

Yo.

Rory looks at him.

RORY

Yeah?

ASH

Thanks for saving our asses earlier.

RORY

It's no problem, really...

ASH

Think I can ask for you to do me another favor?

RORY

Depends on the favor. You're scaring me, kid.

ASH

You've been stuck here for a long time yeah? You've got to have a secret stash of liquor somewhere.

On Rory's face, as he beams.

RORY

We've been looking for the right time, the perfect moment, to uncork those things. You're right. We never wanted to drink alone, because that'd be just... sad. Now we have actual people to share the shit with.

ASH

Yes, yes.

RORY

Wait are you even of legal drinking age?

There's a long pause. Rory waves his hands, the guy's so animated it's amusing Ash.

RORY (CONT'D)

Oh who gives a fuck. You've got me all excited now.

INT. LAB -- NIGHT

And as RORY and ASH enter and Rory throws open a nearby closet, it becomes apparent this also the LIQUOR STORAGE UNIT.

RORY

Perfect temperature to preserve the alcohol's taste... makes it a lot fresher.

ASH

How much d'you got? Enough to share?

RORY

Check it out for yourself...

Ash peeks in ---

ASH

Holy *shit*.

--- and sees bottles upon bottles lined up.

RORY

Liquor was the first thing we
stocked up on. Figured we'd need
it. Though none of us are big fans
of depressed pity drinking, so
we've kept it stocked up for
celebrations. And as you can tell,
we haven't been doing much
celebrating.

ASH

Well it's time to change that.

He pulls one of the bottles of beer from the closet.

ASH (CONT'D)

Let's celebrate.

Cracks open the top of it ---

We're TIGHT ON THE CAP as the frothy foam bubbles up at the
top of the liquid and pours over the sides...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT II

ACT IIIINT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

OPEN TO --- "THIS HEAD I HOLD" by ELECTRIC GUEST:

The terminal has exploded into a frenzy. Everyone's completely wasted.

We JUMP CUT to MANILA, who has a bottle of tequila in her hand --- she looks ahead at GWEN, who lies on the front desk. Her shirt is off, her belly and bra exposed. KITTY stands to the side, while ---

RORY, ASH, and XANDER are playing BEER PONG. Well, they were. Now they've taken a break to watch Manila as ---

--- she uncaps the tequila and pours the cool liquid onto Gwen's belly button. Gwen squirms a bit. The alcohol feels great, and looks great, on her skin.

MANILA

First you follow the trail ---

She sprinkles a bit of salt on Gwen's bare belly, and then leans forward. Her tongue licks across Gwen's bare skin, licking the salt trail off. She rides her tongue across Gwen's stomach, reaching her belly button.

Ash is mesmerized, as Manila sucks in the liquor, then moves up Gwen's body, licking her between the breasts and then up to the chin. She removes her tongue, climbs, hooking her legs around Gwen's body and hoisting herself, sitting on Gwen's stomach. She's now staring right into Gwen's eyes.

MANILA (CONT'D)

--- Mind showing these boys how
it's done?

Gwen looks up at Manila --- nervous --- hesitating.

GWEN

(between giggles)
I honestly don't ---

Manila grabs the back of Gwen's head, pulling her up by her hair and wrenching her up --- and they MAKE OUT. *That shut her up.* Kitty whoops playfully while Ash beams.

RORY

Holy shit.

The girls stop their kiss --- Manila pulls away and Gwen sits up, now a bit embarrassed. She realizes the alcohol's gotten to her ---

RORY (CONT'D)

You guys do make a fun party.
Gonna' miss you when you go,
honestly...

Manila sees she's made Gwen uncomfortable, climbs off and Gwen gets up, joining TOM and KELVIN in the seats nearby.

GWEN

You could use a little bit of fun,
come on. I mean, at least get up
and dance a little. Play beer pong
with the rest of the guys.

Manila approaches the cop. Dancing, bouncing around by herself. She looks incredible.

MANILA

You two feeling down?

She's incredibly drunk, the worst of them all, but she knows what she's doing. She dances in front of Kelvin, does a little impromptu lap-dance hip wriggle for him. He smiles a bit, uncomfortable because he's actually enjoying the show.

KELVIN

I guess we didn't even need to have
small-talk to figure out what you
were before the world went to shit.

MANILA

I was a dancer.

ON Ash and Rory and Xander --- TIGHT on Ash ---

ASH

No shit.

She finishes her moves on Kelvin, who gives a childish laugh. Manila sways around.

KELVIN

Wow. Never expected you to be a
dancer. Never. Ever.

GWEN

Where's Tom? He should be enjoying
the party with the rest of us.

KELVIN

This isn't his scene. Besides, Sid could use his company.

Gwen nods --- solemn, understanding.

KITTY sits down by Gwen and Kelvin. The girls watch REGIS try and join the party. He sips a glass and looks disgusted by how strong the alcohol is.

GWEN

Don't you think Regis is cute?

KITTY

Oh my god, that guy is so gay.

Gwen smiles.

GWEN

Really? Regis? You think so?

KITTY

The Kitty Drake Gay-dar is going *crazy*.

GWEN

(laughing)

Uh-oh. Though, that thing hasn't seen much action in a long time so I don't know if it's very trustworthy anymore.

KITTY

Seriously, he reminds me of that guy that used to sit in the corner of the bar whenever we went in there. He'd be with his buddies. Glasses, slicked back hair, dressed like a fifty year old trapped in a thirty year old's body.

GWEN

Benji? I think that was his name. Or Benny? Something like that.

KITTY

Oh god yeah, Benji. While the other guys were foaming at the mouth for us, he was all over us hoping to get a little piece of the man meat we'd be getting.

GWEN

We were quite the team, weren't we?
We even picked up gay dudes.

KITTY

Hell yes.

GWEN

We were so sexy.

Kitty touches her make-up less face with a scowl.

KITTY

Yeah, what happened to us, Queen
Bee? You would gussy me up and
we'd go out all the time, so don't
deny it was all you.

GWEN

The world ended.

KITTY

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah. I forgot.

They share a genuine, but sad, laugh.

GWEN

We should go bar-hopping again.
Like old times.

KITTY

I'm thinking the bars won't be
quite as lively as they used to be.

GWEN

Maybe I'll pick up a hot guy to
spend the rest of my life with like
you did with Xander.

Gwen's eyes fall on Xander --- so do Kitty's.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You two really are lucky. How did
you meet again?

KITTY

You set me up. He was hitting on
you and you passed him off to me.

GWEN

Oh fuck, that's right! And I told you he'd be perfect for you, as a joke. Because he was such a pig, a sleaze, really.

KITTY

And you were so surprised that we actually hit it off quite nicely.

The ladies are loving this trip down memory lane, both all smiles.

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE -- NIGHT

PHOEBE watches from one of the windows, seeing the party going on in the TERMINAL. She shakes her head, elegantly holding her glass against her lips. The song slowly fades out as we enter this scene...

Phoebe takes a sip and spins round to see LEIGH sitting with DARLA and PJ. They're playing a game of BATTLESHIP. Leigh has no alcohol.

PJ

This game is lame. There's nothing else to do?

LEIGH

No, sorry.

PJ

Sounds like the adults are having fun out there.

LEIGH

You're too young to drink.

PJ

And Ash isn't?

LEIGH

Well, we needed to draw a line somewhere.

Darla manages a peek --- Manila dancing in front of Kelvin ---

DARLA

Kelvin's got himself a girlfriend.

Phoebe stands in front of the door, to prevent Darla from seeing. Darla frowns and returns her attention to the board game.

PHOEBE
You two boyfriend and girlfriend?

Darla and PJ both look up at Phoebe. Incredulous. Offended, even.

DARLA
Ew.

PJ
Uhhh, no. That's all that needs to be said.
(to Darla)
Your move. I sunk your battleship.

Phoebe and Leigh exchange glances and chuckle.

DARLA
I'm never dancing for him like that. Being boyfriend and girlfriend is disgusting.

PJ
(incredulous)
That's not a dance girls do when they're dating. It's a sexy dance. A lap dance.

LEIGH
And how'd you know that?

PJ
(shrugs)
I've gotten a lap dance before. Once or twice.

There's a beat. Phoebe and Leigh exchange glances, Leigh points to Manila outside with a shocked expression. PJ makes a gagging noise.

PJ (CONT'D)
Not from her, god no, she's my rent-a-mom. From... other girls. My old camp had plenty of girls, and the soldiers, if we were real men, we had to have real women.

There's an awkward

LEIGH
Oh. She's not your real mom?

PJ
No. My real mom and I got
separated a long time ago.

LEIGH
I'm sorry.

PJ
It's fine.

Leigh and Phoebe are astonished by the reality of this boy's life... whereas Darla remains clueless, her concentration focused on looking over the Battleship board...

TIGHT on PJ, used to the situation, the pity in their eyes over what he's been through. He shrugs, carrying on, his eyes locked on Darla in frustration ---

PJ (CONT'D)
Hey, I said *I sunk your battleship*.

DARLA
Oh, right, sorry.

--- Darla makes her move on the board finally, and the game continues while the party continues outside.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE -- DAY

SIDNEY is splayed out on the table. TOM enters. Sidney's face lights up ---

SIDNEY
Hey.

TOM
Hey.

He takes a seat beside her, takes her hand and holds it tight.

TOM (CONT'D)
How you feelin'?

SIDNEY
Good. Good. It hurts a little
but... that's expected. Not as
bad as I thought.

There's a long pause.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I don't remember much of anything. The past few days have just been such a blur, but the doctors here have done a good job. They really cleaned it up and they told me... they told me you brought me here. We're on our way to 'Eden', we'll be out of here by morning. I'm so excited.

She lifts her shirt and shows off the wound --- puts her fingers where the stitches are. She's intrigued by it all, a dreamy and cute quality about her. She smiles.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I always wanted to have a scar. They look so cool.

TOM

You're a little too happy about this.

They share a laugh. Sidney's face falls.

SIDNEY

Like I said... I don't remember much. All I remember is that Lori pulled the gun on me. And then it all went black. So what happened with Lori? Is she like... locked up or...?

TOM

Kitty took her out. Lori's dead.

Sidney looks surprised. All that giddyness is gone in an instant. She doesn't quite know how to react.

SIDNEY

I would thank her, but... I'm sure she understands and doesn't need the... the reminder...

TOM

Yeah, I think she'd like to move on.

SIDNEY

I can't even begin to imagine how she must think. I owe that woman my life, she killed her sister for me.

(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

(pause)

Is everyone else okay? Darla?

Tom winces a bit.

TOM

They're... They're coping. We've been through a lot. Especially Darla. With... with you getting shot and...

There's a long pause. Sidney's expecting more, she knows there's more.

SIDNEY

Did something else happen?

Tom's struggling with this part. Sidney swallows.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Tom. Who died?

TOM

...Darla's devastated. She's barely said two words to me. Kate was bit, Sid. She... she was tore up pretty bad and she was dying. She was *suffering* and I didn't want her to... I didn't want her to turn, she wouldn't have wanted that. I blew her brains out. And Darla won't forgive me for that. I took away the only mother she ever knew and she'll never know the other.

The pain in his eyes --- he doesn't cry but it's there. Sidney's tearing up.

ON their hands --- her grip wraps tight around his.

SIDNEY

We'll make it through this okay?

TOM

She's never gonna' forgive me, Sid. I can see it in her face. She blames me.

SIDNEY

She doesn't. She's a little girl and she's been through so much for someone so young. She'll cope.

(MORE)

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

She loves you, baby, you're her daddy and... she might... she might be mad, upset, because of her mother but Darla would never hate you. Her soul is too good for that and she knows that your soul is good too. If you want me to be here for you, I will.

TOM

...I need you.

SIDNEY

Then I'm here. I told you that before. As long as you need me, I'll be here.

They're close, their faces and lips touching. They comfort each other, so many emotions running high in this room --- So much love, so much mourning --- they're suffocating in it.

INT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

XANDER's all hooked on his wife KITTY. He's fucked up to the max, Kitty looks uncomfortable as he touches on her.

XANDER

C'mon babe. Take off the top, I wanna' lick the tequila off of you next.

KITTY

Alexander, you're loaded and I'm tired. I'd rather not.

XANDER

We get alcohol and we're going to our new home tomorrow, and all you can think of is sleep? Who did I marry?

Kitty frowns --- he's drunk, she'll give him a pass --- she shoves him off.

KITTY

Down, boy. Too much alcohol for me... I need to vomit before I lie down or I'll wake up dead, choked on my own vomit. That'd be the way to go wouldn't it? The dead walk the earth and I go out because I drank too much.

Kitty looks like she's about to be sick. She walks off, leaving Xander looking disappointed.

We FAST-FORWARD through the party, Manila and Gwen drunkenly dance a bit more and then eventually spread out, going to find a place to camp out and sleep. Eventually, Xander and Gwen are the only two left. Gwen's near passed out on the floor.

XANDER

I sensed a bit of chemistry.

Gwen looks up at him. He's smiling. Charming.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Between us, I mean. I always had the hots for you, but I just... never realized how well we work together --- as a team --- until we were taking down biters together.

Gwen smiles a bit --- stirs the straw in her drink, looks down at the spinning liquid as she does.

GWEN

Oh yeah. We're a good team.

He kneels down.

XANDER

You already got a smooch from Manila tonight... Want to make that a kiss from both genders?

He's such a sleaze, but Gwen's blinded by her drunken stupor and Xander's attractive physique. She sits up... and kisses him. Pulls away. A part of her, deep down, the not drunk, very sensible Gwen, senses this is wrong. But it's not enough for her to stop. They keep kissing and then Xander goes for her bra. Tugs. Gwen hesitates a bit, hastily slaps him away. She's not comfortable with this -- the forced removal of her clothes again brings back flashbacks. He apologizes with his expression, but then looks him in the eyes and nods. Now that he's got an invitation, she allows it and he peels her bra off.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I can't believe, in this modern world, that we force women to wear clothes in the first place. It is such an antiquated notion.

(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)

If we all just gave you enough to assure a general level of hygiene, and a tube of sunscreen so you don't turn red and blotchy, we would all be better off.

GWEN

It's men that are the problem. With a puritanical and false sense of modesty you insist on covering us from neck to toes so that any flash of flesh sends you into a craze. You crave skin, which is why you force us to tempt you with showing none.

XANDER

Topless and a nicely decent short skirt is all that should be allowed, and then the rest of us could all settle back down to the business of running the world.

GWEN

Oh, you're such an asshole.

And then they go for it --- intense kissing. The removal of clothes on Xander's part, Gwen pulling off her pants ---

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE -- NIGHT

--- and then we CUT to KITTY, lying in AIRPORT CONCOURSE. Sleeping in there along with DARLA, PJ, PHOEBE, LEIGH, and KELVIN. TIGHT ON her sleeping face. Peaceful.

While her best friend and husband are FUCKING WITH ANIMALISTIC INTENSITY in the other room.

INT. LAB -- NIGHT

RORY is on watch now. He sees GWEN and XANDER, in the nude, humping away fantastically. He smirks --- shakes his head.

RORY

Oh, free porn. An unexpected perk to this job...

FADE TO:

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK -- NIGHT

TOM walks with GRIGGS.

GRIGGS
Couldn't sleep?

TOM
Nah. I'm used to not sleeping
so... I've become quite the owl.

GRIGGS
Don't take it personally. Me
not... not wanting to let your
people in.

TOM
I understand your intentions, it's
alright. We're here now, we're
safe. We're ready for a home.

GRIGGS
The plane's here and all gassed up,
we just need to wait til morning.

TOM
The sky's nice. I think the
weather'll be fine for the morning.

Tom looks around the lot of the airport --- A small group of
zombies, around six of them, bang against one of the doors.
He points, Griggs peeks in that direction.

TOM (CONT'D)
There's still some of those things
wandering around out here.

Griggs raises his rifle and aims ---

GRIGGS
We obviously did a very sloppy job
clearing the area. Apologies. We
needed to get you all inside and
the priority is not losing any
soldiers.

He fires. They all spin, and start to run in the direction
of the observation tower. Griggs hands Tom a gun. They both
take aim and gun down the ravenous creatures.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
We were expecting our soldiers back
by now too.
(MORE)

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
A group we sent out yesterday.
They haven't gotten back yet.

TOM
They were getting supplies?

Griggs nods.

TOM (CONT'D)
We have a man out there. Declan.
I've been thinking of waiting for
him, too. But I made him a
promise, that we'd see him at Eden.
He might already be there. He was
heading for this airport.

GRIGGS
Your woman asked the same question,
the blonde. I get what you're
insinuating, and I get why, but
he's not here. You're the first
new faces we've seen in a long
time. So if he's at Eden, he
didn't get there through us.

There's a long silence --- Griggs takes aim again...

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
Damnit.

TOM
What?

Griggs aims down the sights ---

--- and focuses on one of the back door's. It's cracked
open.

GRIGGS
Something *got in*.

Griggs picks up his walkie talkie as Tom looks on in horror.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
Hernandez, respond. Hernandez.

No response.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
Hernandez! There's been a breach.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

PJ and DARLA stroll through the airport. PJ's whistling as he does.

DARLA
Stop it. You're gonna' wake
everyone up.

PJ
I'm not even whistling loud! You
just don't like my whistling, do
you?

Darla rolls her eyes.

DARLA
Not really.

They make it to the bathroom, where the path splits from men's to women's. He goes into the men's, Darla goes into the women's --- We follow PJ ---

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM -- DAY

PJ passes by a SOLDIER who's looking over himself in the mirror --- we only see him from behind.

PJ
(nodding)
'Sup.

No response. PJ just keeps going for a stall. Opens it, shuts it and locks it. Drops his pants and plants himself on the toilet.

He sits there --- as he sees a pair of feet, the soldier, moving forward. Then BANG BANG.

The soldier's pounding against the door of the stall. PJ frowns.

PJ (CONT'D)
Occupied, dude.

BANG BANG BANG. Another pounding. PJ sighs.

PJ (CONT'D)
Seriously? Can't a guy take a shit
in peace?

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG.

It grows more violent, leaving DENTS in the fucking door. Scrambling with his pants, he pulls them back up and stands on the rim of the seat... peering over the edge to see that the soldier's GONE.

PJ (CONT'D)

Hello?

From the other side of the stall, the soldier LEAPS at him --- grabs his arm and pulls --- PJ almost goes tumbling over the wall, his face inches away from the snapping jaws of a ZOMBIFIED SOLDIER, a nasty bite wound having taken a chunk of his face. His badge reads "HERNANDEZ".

PJ SCREAMS --- pulls away and falls. Hits his back against the toilet. He gives a yelp, his left leg hanging out freely from under the door, and the zombie dives for it --- before it can dig its teeth into PJ's leg, PJ kicks forward, and the blood-thirsty soldier flies backward.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

DARLA leaves the girl's bathroom to see a pair of eyes staring at her in the darkness.

DARLA

PJ? PJ is that you?

No response.

DARLA (CONT'D)

PJ, you're not being funny.

She can suddenly hear the banging and yelling of PJ's attack from the boy's bathroom. She WHIPS around --- in the direction of the boy's room ---

--- and the eyes behind her leap out of the darkness, like a hungry puma, and PIN a shrieking Darla to the ground.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

ZOMBIE HERNANDEZ TACKLES the stall door open. PJ swings up, an uppercut to its gut. It keels over and PJ grabs him by the cuff of his collar and throws him forward, smashes the zombie soldier's head against the toilet seat.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

DARLA is pinned to the ground by a zombie, shrieking as it claws and scratches at her. She shields her face with her arm and it dives down, teeth barred, for her wrist...

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

PJ's grip now twisted in zombie Hernandez's hair, he smashes the head against the porcelain bowl again and again and again. Until its face is nothing but a smashed pumpkin of torn brain matter and skin, one eye exploded all over the dark blood and bone and tissue and the other eye left dangling from its socket tenuously. Disgusted with what he was forced to do, PJ cries and drops Hernandez face-first into the water.

PJ is shaken as he rushes away. We focus on the bloodied floor, the dead zombie body...

...and then we SMASH CUT to a similar shot of a boy stood over a body with a ROCK in his hand, SOBBING. It's a quick, blink-or-you'll-miss-it shot...

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

PJ scrambles, nearly falling on all fours, out of the bathroom. He's huffing, puffing, near tears. DARLA stands in the hallway, crying and holding her bleeding hand as a snarling zombie is pinning her to the ground.

PJ doesn't know what to do... He has no weapons around.

PJ

Have you been bit? Darla?!

Darla's eyes read panic --- the zombie converges upon her but she's focused on PJ, shaking her head, crying desperately.

DARLA

D-- Don't tell anyone, please!

PJ

HEY! UGLY GUY.

The zombie is distracted away from Darla, who's sobbing as she holds her bleeding hand.

...and charges at PJ. Who does all he can do, RUNS...

...right for the seating area outside one of the boarding doors.

He picks up a chair instinctively, struggling with it, and uses it as a barrier between himself and the zombie. And then he shoves with all his might (which isn't a lot considering his small stature), knocking over the zombie under the chair's weight.

This gives PJ a chance to run a bit more as it struggles, before flipping the chair over, getting on its feet, and charging after him again. And then GUNFIRE erupts and the zombie's head explodes in a halo of red ---

--- PJ whips around to see LEIGH stood there, submachine gun in hand.

LEIGH
Are you okay? Are you okay?

PJ
I'm fine, but Darla... Darla...

He looks at Darla, who's crying and leaning up against the door.

LEIGH
What's wrong with Darla, PJ?

DARLA
Nothing's wrong... right, PJ?

He doesn't even hesitate.

PJ
She was bit.

His eyes fall on Darla. Her eyes read betrayal, pain, hurt. She's absolutely mortified.

PJ (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Darla, it's for your own good!

And then Darla throws open the door and runs outside. PJ goes to run after her, and Leigh's right behind him.

LEIGH
Wait! What the hell is going on here?!

As Leigh chases them to the door, she pulls out her walkie and speaks:

LEIGH (CONT'D)
This is Vega. There's an issue
here, biters are inside and
someone's been bit --- she fled,
she's gone.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK -- NIGHT

Running down the steps of the observation deck with TOM,
GRIGGS is speaking back to Leigh.

GRIGGS
I know what needs to be done. You
haven't contained them?

INTERCUT between the two --- LEIGH runs through the lot, the
walkie up to her face.

LEIGH
No, sir.

GRIGGS
Apprehend the bitten, contain them.

LEIGH
Shoot to kill?

GRIGGS
Use your judgment. If she can be
saved, save her. If not --- right
between the eyes.

TOM
Who was it? Who was bit?!

GRIGGS
Was it one of the new folk? One of
Tom's people?

There's a pause as Leigh keeps going --- she can hear Tom in
the background.

LEIGH
Yes.

ON Tom --- this chills him to the bone.

TOM
Who was it?

GRIGGS
I'll handle it, Tom... Get back
down there. Get in the airport.

TOM
I need to know.

Griggs turns off his walkie.

GRIGGS
Get out of here now.

TOM
Tell me, Griggs.

Griggs raises his rifle --- shoves it right it into Tom's chest. Tom raises his arms.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm not being fucking hostile
lieutenant, I just want to know.

GRIGGS
Back up or I'll shoot you.

TOM
You wouldn't get away with that.

GRIGGS
I wouldn't? Don't test me, Tom.
Back off and get back to your
people.

Tom stands his ground.

TOM
What's going on, Griggs? Why the
sudden hostility?

GRIGGS
There's something a lot bigger than
you would understand going on here,
Tom.

Griggs locks and loads. Tom starts to slowly move back...
and then down the stairs. He runs along the walkways leading
back to the airport as we FOCUS on Griggs ---

--- as he moves deeper into the observation deck, opens up
the door to a chest. Removes a ROCKET LAUNCHER and tries it
on for size...

EXT. RUNWAY -- NIGHT

DARLA sits alone, slumped against the wall of the airport.
She's sweaty and crying and her tiny hand is bleeding. The
BITE MARKS are apparent and swelled.

TIGHT on her eyes --- disoriented ---

And then we see the runway, as a PLANE bumps its way along and toward her. Stops right at her feet. She looks up as the door opens and the steps fold their way out. Two figures exit --- two women ---

First is a pretty brunette.

A QUICK FLASH shows her as the SCREAMING WOMAN, the pregnant wife of Tom from the SERIES'S OPENING SCENE...

She's ANNIE, DARLA'S BIOLOGICAL MOTHER.

Behind Annie exits KATE. They stand at the foot of the plane.

Darla stands, crying and runs for Kate.

Hugs her --- the only mother she knew.

Annie watches. And then Darla breaks, looks up at this woman.

DARLA

...Mom?

Annie holds her hand out.

Darla takes it and Annie pulls her in for a hug.

Then the scene starts to transform. The world begins to SPIN for Darla --- we focus on her face as she looks up and behind her.

Kate and Annie stare at her, malice in their eyes. Kate reaches for her face, SCREAMING, as her eyes BLEED. She peels at the face on her skin with her fingernails. Annie collapses, screaming as she did when she died. They're dying again, right in front of her eyes.

And then we're tight on Darla again, collapsing up against the airport wall --- crying ---

She closes her eyes ---

ECU on her eye as it SNAPS back open ---

And she sees PJ and LEIGH stood in front of her. There's no plane. No Annie, no Kate. She's disorientated, completely out of it, sweating and bleeding and crying.

Leigh inspects her hand, Darla tries to fight her away desperately, but Leigh manages to pin her down and check. Leigh's walkie rings manically ---

GRIGGS (V.O.)
Who was bit, Vega? Which one?

Leigh responds as we get a CLOSE-UP of Darla's bite wound ---

LEIGH
Darla.

FOCUS on Leigh's face. To clear it up who exactly 'Darla' is for Griggs, who's silence shows confusion...

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Tom's daughter.

GRIGGS (V.O.)
You know what needs to be done.

Leigh picks Darla up, PJ assists and they carry her.

PJ
What's going to happen to her? Is she going to die?

LEIGH
...I don't know.

PJ
But the guy on the radio --- the sergeant or whatever --- he said you know...

LEIGH
I don't.

There's something stone cold in her face. The face of a liar.

INT. BOARDING LOUNGE -- NIGHT

MANILA is sitting in the cool, calm, air-condition peace of the empty boarding lounge somewhere on the other side of the airport... She's virtually catatonic.

Through the large window beside her, ASH can see down onto the runway:

An enormous HERCULES TRANSPORTER. Their ticket home.

MANILA
...No cigarettes, no drug
trafficking...

Ash turns around, looking at Manila, puzzled. She nods to him with a smile, he still looks lost.

MANILA (CONT'D)
Your back pocket.

Ash slips his fingers into the back pocket of his jeans and finds the joint she was speaking of. Flips it out and nods.

MANILA (CONT'D)
Living in the world of the dead
have made the rest of us a little
more health-conscious, I suppose.

Ash nods with a smirk. Tosses the joint into the trash bin nearby. Cocky:

ASH
So you were staring at my ass then?
Doesn't surprise me.

Manila chuckles, rolls her eyes.

MANILA
Don't flatter yourself. So how've
you been? Ya know, since those
soldiers tried to make us fuck?

Ash looks uncomfortable at how bluntly Manila put it.

ASH
How'd you recognize me?

MANILA
You don't look a day older.

ASH
I dunno if that's a good thing or a
bad thing.

Manila shrugs.

MANILA
Do I?

ASH
Nah, not really. You look a lot
better than before.

MANILA

Yeah that's because I've upgraded.
This is living large now.

Ash chuckles --- sadly. But it's true.

ASH

I've been fine. You?

MANILA

Pretty peachy actually...

Awkward silence here...

ASH

Dancer huh? Never would've
guessed. What kind of dancing?
Exotic?

MANILA

It was more of a classical dance.
I worked at a rec center for
underprivileged kids.

ASH

You serious?

A smile crosses Manila's lips.

MANILA

Me working with kids? Nah. Not
happening.

Ash frowns. She's hard to read.

ASH

What about PJ?

MANILA

PJ was... a situation that offered
me an escape and I used him.

She's drunk and she's pouring her heart out here. This is
the truth, the honest and complicated truth, and we see it.

ASH

An escape from the Tunnel of Love?

MANILA

Valhalla, he called it. He needed
someone to mother this kid. I told
him that story --- the rec center
story for underprivileged kids
bullshit.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

Just to get out of there. To be a mother to this kid. I don't want to be a mom. And well, fuck it: I hate kids.

She hiccups. Sighs, lies back. She's about to crash. The silence is awkward again.

Ash goes and puts his hand to the glass -- as if touching the Hercules plane outside. He smiles, grins... This is it. They're on their way.

As the FOCUS of the camera changes, we see in the glass -- Manila's reflection over the view of the plane.

As if Ash is touching her reflection, she stares out the window with him.

ASH

It's in... France. Is there a word? Like they use over there for those zombie things. We call 'em biters, but that's just a... slang term, I guess.

MANILA

Zombie is the same word in English, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portugese. You go anywhere in the world basically and shout zombie! and everyone will know what you're talking about. These things bring us together when you think about it.

Ash finds Manila's nearly dreamy behavior somewhat endearing. He turns his attention away from her and looks back outside just as---

TIGHT ON THE HERCULES:

AS IT EXPLODES IN A MASSIVE FIREBALL.

On Ash's face... an OVERWHELMED, SHOCKED and ALL-AROUND PISSED expression.

END ACT III

ACT IVINT. BOARDING LOUNGE -- NIGHT

PICKING UP RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT OFF:

ON ASH as he stares at the fireball that once was the Hercules. The group's ticket to paradise...

ASH
No! NO! NONONONONO!

He beats on the glass. And then, breaks into a run. Manila, nervous, follows him.

MANILA
Ash!

EXT. RUNWAY -- NIGHT

ASH and MANILA make their way onto the RUNWAY. She holds him back, pulls him back...

MANILA
Get back inside! We have to get
back inside...!

ASH
I'm gonna' find this douchebag...
I'm gonna' find him and I'm gonna'
kick his ass. Gouge his eyes out.
Or both! I'll do fucking both...!

It's strewn with the wreckage of the Hercules. Manila and Ash stagger forward, and faintly see a figure carrying an RPG over his shoulder through the grey smoke...

MANILA
He has a rocket launcher.
(beat)
Get in the fucking building! We
have to warn everyone...

He takes a deep breath, hesitates for a moment, but then follows Manila back inside.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

TOM makes his way inside finally and he hears and feels the explosion. ON his face as he runs through the corridor ---

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

As MANILA and ASH make their way inside, they see LEIGH carrying DARLA down the hallway.

ASH
What the fuck happened?!

Leigh speaks without looking back. Ash and Manila run, catching up to them.

LEIGH
(deadly serious)
She's been bit.

PJ turns around, sees Manila.

PJ
Manila! Manila!

She rushes forward and hugs him tight, Leigh keeps carrying Darla on her own and Ash helps her.

ASH
Did you hear the explosion?

LEIGH
(solemn)
Yes.

ASH
That was our plane.

Leigh keeps her eyes ahead ---

LEIGH
We need to get her to the clean room.

ASH
What are you going to do to her?

Leigh has no words.

ON MANILA AND PJ --- PJ's shaking, Manila sees his hands.

MANILA
This blood... you... you killed one of them?

PJ
With my bare hands. I... I... I killed it, and I felt so... so angry.

(MORE)

PJ (CONT'D)

I couldn't stop myself, I just kept going. His head it was... it was gone. It was just smashed everywhere and I...

PJ's at a loss for words now. He's not about to cry, but he's obviously stunned and his blank expression shows that coming to reality of what he's done has left him traumatized. And it's awkward for Manila. She holds him, comforts him... like a mother. A really bad, awkward mother, but a mother no doubt.

MANILA

C'mon. It'll be okay.

Defiant, hating to look so vulnerable, PJ tries to wriggle out of Manila's arms ---

PJ

We need to be with Darla. I can't... I can't just sit here and break down, not now.

He goes to stand, Manila looks him in the eyes.

MANILA

And what are you going to do?
You're going to make yourself feel worse. It's okay to break sometimes, PJ, if you need me...
I'm here.

PJ thinks it over for a moment, he looks back as they go. And he hugs her tight.

He pulls away and follows Leigh and Darla.

We're tight on Manila now --- PJ's meant nothing to her all this time and now, we see it in her eyes --- this moment means something not just to PJ, but to her too ---

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

LIEUTENANT GRIGGS is walking toward us, streaked with oil and smoke. The rocket launcher in his arms.

TOM comes up from behind him.

TOM

Griggs, what the hell is going on?

Tom's eyes are LOCKED onto the rocket launcher in the soldier's hands. His face contorts in frustration, confusion and horror.

TOM (CONT'D)
You did this? Why?

GRIGGS
My responsibility has been the same from the get-go. I'm here to ensure the infection does not spread to 'Eden'. I need to keep it safe, it's the only home left in the world.

TOM
What are you talking about? My daughter and I, we need this home, we need the hope it brings!

GRIGGS
Your daughter is the problem! I bring you all to 'Eden' -- ten or so lives in exchange for the reparation of the world. Do you see how insanely unfair that is...?

TOM
What do you mean? About Darla?

Tom's eyes are intense now. He's getting closer and closer to Griggs. Inviting the intimidation, Griggs gets right in Tom's face and spits ---

GRIGGS
She's been bit!

These words hit Tom like a ton of bricks have just been dropped on his stomach. He's at a loss for words.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
You care so much about your daughter but you hear someone gets bit and you don't even check who? You don't even once think that your little girl's in danger? What kind of leader are you, Tom?

Then, Tom lands a PUNCH swiftly across Griggs's face.

Griggs drops to his knees. Tom SNATCHES Griggs's gun from his belt and presses the barrel to his temple.

TOM

There were other ways to handle this! You overreacted and now we're stuck here, like sitting ducks!

GRIGGS

I can't let any of you get to Eden. There's a traitor in the building trying to kill the promises of Eden for good, Tom. I'm not the bad guy here...

Tom whacks him across the face with his own gun. Griggs sprawls on the ground, looking up at Tom.

TOM

Like I said, there were other ways to handle the situation. You didn't need to go blowing up our only form of transportation left!

GRIGGS

It was the only way to ensure it. You and your people show up... and everything falls apart. You're like the angel of death, Tom. Killing everyone around you.

To spite him, almost tempting Tom, he snarls ---

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

Your daughter? I guess she's next now.

TOM

NO!!

Before he knows it, Tom has emptied all the remaining chambers of the gun into Griggs's face. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

For a moment, he just stares in disbelief at the mess on the glossy airport floor through his face, covered in Griggs's blood.

Then he pukes. All over Griggs's corpse.

Wiping his lips clean, Tom BOLTS...

HANDHELD:

TOM stumbling away from GRIGGS's dead body, in a half-run, half-limp down the halls. It's a very eerily shot scene, close-up of his FACE...

He's holding his chest, looking sick. What he's done and what may happen to his daughter, it's all swirling in his mind right now and taking a hell of a toll on him and the camera gives that very ill effect...

INT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

LEIGH, ASH, MANILA and PJ have brought DARLA to the TERMINAL. GWEN, KELVIN, PHOEBE, RORY, GWEN, XANDER, KITTY all stand around, awake now, in a frenzy over what to do.

XANDER

Our plane's gone? It's just...
gone?

KITTY

Someone blew it up...!

Everyone's just going on and on about each other.

KELVIN

Someone needs to find Tom. He
needs to know about this!

PHOEBE

We need to move her to the
cleanroom.

RORY

As a precaution?

Phoebe nods.

ASH

Precaution for what?

PHOEBE

If she dies and she turns out here,
we're all in danger. We need to
quarantine her.

ASH

And what, wait for her to die?!

Ash is just confused, completely disoriented and horrified by the situation, his eyes red and wetting at this point. Phoebe goes to speak when Kelvin shouts ---

KELVIN

Tom! Tom!

He rushes forward and everyone turns ---

TOM is stood there, he's rushing over. Covered in blood and brain matter. Kitty covers her mouth with a gasp.

KELVIN (CONT'D)

Tom, who's blood is that?

TOM

Where is my daughter? I need to see Darla.

RORY

(whispering to Leigh)

Pick her up. We need to get her out of here.

LEIGH

We don't even have the proper surgical supplies yet. The team we sent out yesterday hasn't come back yet.

TOM

DON'T TOUCH HER!

Rory and Leigh pick up Darla, who's pale and unconscious at this point, her arm a bloody mess. Tom charges ---

KELVIN

TOM!

Tom snaps out of it now that Kelvin's SCREAMED at him. He whips around --- their eyes lock and Kelvin, deadly serious, repeats himself.

KELVIN (CONT'D)

Who's blood is that?

Tom examines his hands, his clothes... Then looks back up at his people.

TOM

Griggs. I couldn't... I couldn't stop myself. He blew up the airplane and he just... he kept talking. He said he had no choice, he had to blow up the airplane and that we couldn't go to Eden. So he left me with no choice.

ON ASH --- staring up, completely shocked by everything that's coming out of his idol's mouth, everything he's done.

TOM (CONT'D)
Before Griggs died, he said there's
a traitor and that Darla was going
to die.

He looks between Leigh, then Rory, and finally Phoebe ---

TOM (CONT'D)
One of you wanna' fess up?

SILENCE. No one has anything to say.

ON this group of people --- scared, confused, the hope they've received throughout this day here gone. Washed away in a wave of blood and terror and pure CHAOS.

BLACK OUT.

END EPISODE