

E D E N | R I S I N G

#206

"Moccasin"

by
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Previously on EDEN RISING:

- A crazy woman, Maude, is met in the forest and she takes Ash hostage and refuses to give the group their supplies back. Leigh talks about her daughter Chrissie and Maude lets Ash go and lets them have their supplies.
- She says Chrissie's name was on a sleeping bag, Ash tells Tom that it wasn't on the bag at all.
- Leigh admits that her father is living in the Last Chance Society, he's sick and dying and she keeps contact with his nurse Libby so she knew about Chrissie.
- PJ has visions of his mother and himself when he was younger.
- Manila's manuscript is brought up by Michael as he searches her stuff. Later, she is seen tossing it into a fire and looking satisfied.
- A traitor sabotages the radio.
- Manila and Leigh discover happily that PJ fixed it as "Gimme Shelter" plays over the radio.
- Leigh finds a mysterious phone with cryptic messages, plugged in charging to Rory's computer and presents it to Phoebe.
- Gareth is Father Warden's desperate protege. They are murdering people who Father Warden finds "worthy" of going to heaven. Warden claims he is the second coming of Christ, delivering the Rapture to the world.
- One of the victims is Chrissie, Maude's daughter, who Declan has been taking care of.
- John Smith discovers a baby in the forest, which he decides to adopt.
- Declan is determined to set out to find Chrissie's killer, and teams up with Ivy, who says that she suspects John Smith and Gareth are up to something as she saw Gareth sneak out with a baby and then shortly thereafter, the baby was smuggled back in. Whether or not it's linked to the murders, Ivy says it's still a secret worth looking into.

EDEN RISING
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#206

TEASER

EXT. CANAL -- MORNING

We pan through trees and foliage, and we end up on the edge of the canal. Where the large, beautiful ship lies --- UPSIDE-DOWN --- on the grass.

DARLA (V.O.)
I miss school.

PJ (V.O.)
Ugh. Of all things? Shut up,
please.

DARLA (V.O.)
Did you even go to school?

We linger on it for a few moments, until we see the upside down letters on the side, above a massive hole in the side of the ship... we can barely make them out, since they're upside-down too...

PJ (V.O.)
I think I was in first grade. I
hated it. Early mornings suck...

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN CORRIDOR -- MORNING

MATCH CUT to the words on the INSIDE of the ship, in one of the corridors, this side right-side-up:

"LA MER"

And then three heads pass by the words --- upside-down --- It's an eerie shot.

The camera FLIPS, to show that the PEOPLE aren't upside-down. They're moving through the flipped boat, and the words on the walls, are flipped also.

ASH (V.O.)
I hated school too. I did have a
bitchin' lunch box though.

We're TIGHT on ASH, DARLA AND PJ --- PJ giggles at Ash's words.

They each look TENSE as they move through the corridors of the ship. This light conversation is helping them slightly...

PJ
I still don't know what we're
looking for exactly.

DARLA
It's a ship full'a people. People
gotta' eat --- which means there's
food here.

PJ nods to one of the dead bodies slumped against the wall. It stirs a bit. He raises his silenced pistol and blows it back to death with a shot to its eye.

PJ
(deadpan)
Yeah, but whatever they ate wasn't
very good.

DARLA
Food didn't do it, dumbass.

PJ
Yeah well neither did biters. So
how'd they die?

ASH
No gunshots either. Maybe they
just died in the crash?

DARLA
Unlikely, don't you think?
Something *else* killed them.

PJ
How would we carry food out anyway?
What if biters come after us? We
lug giant boxes of food with us?

DARLA
We came for food, we're not coming
back empty handed...

ASH
(warningly)
Shh!

They hear banging. It's quick, fractured and in bursts. Everyone starts to back away... They start moving as the doors shatter behind the weight of all the bashing BITERS.

They pour out like water, flowing along with it and rushing after the fresh meat...

The ceiling lights now acting as the floor under PJ's feet flicker, providing an untrustworthy light source through the darkness. They snap into darkness and he's alone. He hears the snarling noises of the biters and the splashing of his feet in the water.

IT'S PITCH BLACK. We, nor he, can see ANYTHING --- We hear him shouting:

PJ
DARLA! ASH!

All he hears is snarling, and he just KEEPS moving. Where are they?! Where is he?!

And then the lights snap back on again and PJ's slumped against a wall, a dozen biters snapping at him. He crawls away, through the water, his arms shaking like crazy. He manages back up on his feet.

Bodies hang out of doorways and slumped against walls. Everyone is pretty much dead in the ship. No signs of any survivors. PJ moves on his own, his unholstered gun pointed in all directions. He moves for the next hallway, slamming the doors shut behind him ---

PJ uses a fallen mirror, jamming it between the handles of the door as insurance against the biters. When he turns, he sees more water, dripping from above. It fills the floors of this hall. He swallows --- shuts his eyes. Trying to see a new reality, shaking it all away...

We're tight on his face, as he snaps his eyes shut.

PJ (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Go away. Go away. This isn't
right, I'm not *here*. God damn it,
I told them this was a bad idea...!

When he opens his eyes, we PULL back from this zoomed-in shot, and we see what HE sees...

...His vivid imagination has painted a picture for himself, for us. The halls are exquisite, and people wearing equally beautiful clothes.

PJ walks down the hallway, this dirty teenage boy toting a gun with a belt of weapons, looking so out of place and so awe-inspired.

People with violins, like you'd see on the Titanic, pass by. They play stoically, sadly even. They start to play violently and a bloody, horrifying creature makes its way into PJ's false reality. A zombie. Its skin rotting, beneath extremely proper clothes, it's a horrifying mess. PJ turns and runs.

The violinists remain at the end of the hall, picking up the pace --- playing crazily, as the zombie takes chase. And then PJ opens the big doors at the end of the hall and makes his way into...

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN DINING ROOM -- MORNING

...the dining room. He slams the door shut, locks it. Blocks it with a fallen chair. The door is beaten upon by the zombie. And now PJ's false reality is gone --- he sees the room is turned on its side, tables planted into the ground, nailed down and still upright even though the ship is on its side. Chairs are strewn all over the place, though.

PJ keeps his hands on the railings against the wall, and balances himself along the tilted floor. It's relatively dark in here, though there's a shimmering beam coming from above that lights up the floor.

Lit from above, a huge glass tank --- an aquarium --- is propped up against the wall. Now this wall is our ceiling.

PJ presses his face to the glass, entranced. Smiling.

His pov: A mist of blue green.

Sunbeams dance within the murk of the water.

The water seems to turn as PJ begins to IMAGINE again, fish, swimming. Then he turns and sees the elegant dining room, with people exchanging conversation and eating.

He's again entranced by the imagery as he turns around and looks at the world he's created, this happy, NORMAL world...

...Behind him, a HAND tears through the fish of his imagination and SLAMS against the glass.

This false reality EXPLODES around him, PEELING away like wallpaper, revealing the REALITY of situation: we're back to the nitty gritty of the world --- the water quickly returns to its murky state, the dining room has no life left in it, and PJ JUMPS at the sight of this hand.

This hand moves through the water, splashing around. PJ comes closer, his face against the glass.

For a moment it looks as if PJ's own reflection is staring back at him, but we reverse our POV:

Now we're in the water, looking back at PJ, through new EYES.

Our hands beat against the glass wildly and we're screaming, BUBBLES clouding our view of PJ.

We pull back to reveal hair, undulating rhythmically in the water.

We're then looking over the shoulder of a girl. PJ's age. She blasts forward, a scene impossible to not make you jump. As she swims up, we see that her feet still have shoes on: MOCCASIN's.

Alive and screaming for help, bubbles rising from her mouth.

MATCH CUT her banging against the glass of the aquarium to the door, where the zombie is still furiously slamming all its body weight against ---

And then we're TIGHT on PJ, off his horrified and confused expression...

BOOM.

END TEASER

ACT IINT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN DINING ROOM -- MORNING

We're right where we left off.

ON PJ ---

Not knowing what to do. How to react.

He reaches for the top of the tank, see it's been completely shattered. She reaches her hand up and starts to swim --- the girl surfaces, gasping.

PJ

Oh my god. Are you okay?

The girl takes PJ's hand and PJ tries with all his might to pull her up --- but he's too weak.

PJ (CONT'D)

I can't do it... Put your feet up
on the glass. You gotta' help me
do this, c'mon...!

The girl's feet slip and slide as she pulls her legs up against the glass of the tank. And she launches herself forward. PJ helps her up, dragging and pulling, carefully to avoid slicing the girl against the glass... and then she's out of the tank. But with this final tug of surprising strength, PJ and the girl end up tumbling off the top of the aquarium tank and sliding down the slanted floor of the tipped ship. And they roll down the slanted floor, until they smash against the wall on the other side. There's a heavy beat.

The girl is coughing, spitting up water. She finishes and PJ looks at her with an awkward, not-knowing-what-to-say expression. She's ROSALIE.

PJ (CONT'D)

...Hi.

ROSALIE

(winded)

Hi.

Finally grasping the heaviness of the situation;

PJ

Are you okay? You hurt?

Rosalie shakes her head --- as she picks up her arm with a grunt, we see it's lined with cuts. Glass pieces stuck in her skin. Her legs are the same way. And her face has dried blood on it. She looks dazed.

ROSALIE
Just a few cuts. A little...
lightheaded. Woozy, you call it?

PJ recognizes her accent.

PJ
You're French. Right?

She nods. He beams, hopefully ---

PJ (CONT'D)
France. Eden's in France.

ROSALIE
Yes. Eden. It is where... it is
where we're from.

PJ's still not getting rid of that grin. This girl's from Eden! This could mean rescue, so of course this kid's smiling like an idiot while Rosalie looks on in confusion.

PJ
You... You speak good English.
What *happened here*?

ROSALIE
We left France, my father was doing
research and we... We thought it
would be safe. I don't know what
happened but there was an
explosion.
(as if he doesn't know)
Big boom.
(extremely disoriented)
My family... we're going to find
them, aren't we?

PJ looks at Rosalie's feet --- her two soaking wet
MOCCASIN's. Off his look ---

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

The living room of a small apartment. Gunfire is heard outside, as a young PJ curls up in the corner of the room, covering his ears. GILLIAN, his mother, throws clothes into sling bag's for easy carrying.

She tosses unneeded items out of the drawers and all over the apartment itself. She takes a few family photos ---

One of them, we notice, is of her and young PJ with DECLAN. She packs it into her bag delicately.

Gillian wraps up here. She spins around, looking at a stunned and overwhelmed PJ.

GILLIAN
C'mon baby, it's time to go.

He removes his hands from his ears...

YOUNG PJ
Go where?

GILLIAN
The planes honey... They're gonna'
pick us up. Get your pills okay?

Young PJ grabs his bottle of medication from the counter.

There's a lot of noise outside the door, banging...

Gillian picks up her revolver --- aims --- as a biter comes bursting through the door. She fires off a few rounds, one misses completely and the other tears through the flesh on his arm as it charges forward. She screams and manages to send off two more rounds, the last one hitting it square in the head. It hits the ground and a shaking Gillian trembles with the revolver. It's clear she doesn't know much about guns.

PJ moves to the table and picks up a box of ammunition, handing it to her. She shakily takes it and reloads. She shoves the box into her bag, slings it over her shoulder, and takes PJ's hand.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
PJ, we have to go.

And then, hand in hand, these two unlikely survivors head out the front door of the apartment.

INT. HALLWAYS -- CONTINUOUS -- FLASHBACK

GILLIAN and YOUNG PJ race out of the apartment, not even shutting the door behind them. People flee, running past them and running amok in the background, screaming, as more biters attack them, tearing through the crowd wildly.

These two flee the scene, going for the elevator. They open the door, and rush inside. A biter makes its way toward them and Gillian presses the '1' BUTTON multiple times, screaming as she does:

GILLIAN
COME ON!! COME ON!!

PJ closes his eyes and holds tight to his mother's leg, as the biter closes in. The doors begin to shut as the biter makes its way in ---

--- and the doors SLAM SHUT right on the biter's head. The rotted flesh explodes under the pressure of the shutting doors, and sprays a surprised Gillian and PJ with blood. They stand there, caked in it, gasping in shock and disgust...

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
You okay? You okay?

PJ's freaking out, waving his hands and crying. The blood splattered all over his face and he has his eyes shut --- he's SCREAMING at this point ---

YOUNG PJ
It... It's gross, oh my god. Get
it off me...!

Gillian does her best to use the cuff of her sleeve to wipe PJ's face. She hugs him tight ---

GILLIAN
It's gone. It's gone, PJ, baby.
Please, just calm down...

--- Gillian stands erect and holds PJ close behind her, using her own body as a shield from the unknown, as the doors open and reveal the madness in the lobby. A man with a massive gun points it right at them, a man wearing a GAS MASK and RIOT GEAR. Creepy as hell to see this guy as the doors fly open. Gillian's gun is aimed at him instinctively. This man is ALAN, 40's, survivalist, a hard, rough face that we can barely see behind all the gear.

ALAN
Did they bite you? It's the bites.
They bite you and you turn ---

Gillian and PJ just stand there in shock... Alan repeats himself, annoyed...

ALAN (CONT'D)
DID. THEY. BITE. YOU.

GILLIAN

No! No, we're both --- unscathed.

He waves with his gun. They join a few other survivors, all in gas masks and full riot gear.

ALAN

C'mon.

GILLIAN

Where are we going?

ALAN

There's planes. They're evacuating us to D.C.

GILLIAN

Where'd you get all this firepower...?

ALAN

I've uh... I've been preparing for something like this for a while. Survivalist. Guess I've been pouring my life into the right thing huh? And my parents said I was crazy.

He chuckles awkwardly. This big guy's definitely a survivor, but he's also socially awkward. Gillian just nods to him and he and the others lead the way. Walking and talking now...

ALAN (CONT'D)

Your boy, what's his name?

GILLIAN

PJ.

ALAN

PJ. Quite the name. What's it stand for?

GILLIAN

(smiling)

That's our little secret. He just likes "PJ".

ALAN

Nice to meet you PJ, name's Alan. And you miss?

GILLIAN

Gillian.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- CONTINUOUS -- FLASHBACK

--- TIGHT ON THE SKY as large MILITARY PLANES zoom overhead...

The survivors make their way outside and PJ squints his eyes, staring after the planes in the sky.

YOUNG PJ
They're going to save us, mommy?
Are they gonna' save Declan too?

It's such an innocent question. But bringing up Declan stings. Gillian looks down at her son, trying to be careful with her answer.

GILLIAN
I... I don't know for sure,
sweetie. They're going to try.

TIGHT on PJ's face...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- MORNING -- FLASHBACK

It's an empty office. All except one lonely cubicle. And there sits MANILA. She's mulling over paperwork. It all seems so mundane, as in the background, through the glass window, we see a large temple. Oddly-architected, but breathtakingly gorgeous, buildings stand in the background. Bodies and garbage are piled into the streets. Two armed people stand at the doors, they're her only source of companionship, though no one exchanges words.

SUPER: THAILAND

We see Manila's fingers move across a TYPEWRITER... It's old, ancient even.

A man walks in --- interrupts everyone's serenity. He's suit and tie, very professional, white and skinny. Speaks in a Mississippian Southern drawl. His name is ED MACPHERSON and he casually presents his badge to the already-aiming security at the door. Manila looks surprised to see him, her face suggesting that she is questioning her sanity by seeing his presence. She stands.

MANILA
Excuse me?

MACPHERSON
Miss Shea. It's nice to see you.
My name is Ed MacPherson...

Manila looks lost, he approaches and holds out a hand for her to shake. She does it, awestruck.

MANILA

I don't mean to be rude but who the hell are you and what the hell are you doing here?

MacPherson cracks a smile.

MACPHERSON

It wasn't an easy journey here to say the least, but I needed to make the effort. The U.N. is aware of your little project.

MANILA

Oh really? The United Nations?

MACPHERSON

Yes. And we want in. We want to help you --- expand the scope a little bit.

He shows her his badge too. She's not interested. Shoves it back in his direction.

MANILA

How did you get here?

MACPHERSON

Last heli out of the States. We're not making any more trips to pick people off. But we're willing to do a drop-off. Remind me why you're here in Thailand again...?

MANILA

I was doing a report on the clean-up of the city in preparation for its bid for the next Summer Olympic's, it was the only thing they'd stick me on because of my prior experience.

MACPHERSON

An Olympic athlete, that's right. Gymnastics?

MANILA

Close. What do you want, Mister MacPherson?

MACPHERSON

Your story is a remarkable undertaking. A post-apocalyptic tale, a collection of true stories of survivors? It's a remarkable idea... We want you to go to the United States and look into what the situation is there. We'll station a pick-up for you in six months' time, and bring you wherever you choose. We have an operation in France, we're calling it 'Eden'. It's a bio-dome, a futuristic model home. You can either come with us there or be dropped off at any destination of your choice, and you can continue to work on your book.

MANILA

So I write on the state of *America*?

MACPHERSON

You think things were fucked over here? The States are a disaster, Manila. We need to drop someone in who can tell us if it's worth going back to save or if we're better off carrying on and rebuilding where we are. We're sending people down there, to pick up survivors but we need to know... is it worth it? Your book is offering us a unique perspective on it. You keep that perspective, and we still get our story. It's a win-win.

MANILA

Not for me, you're infringing on my creative licensing here.

MACPHERSON

Absolutely not. You write about whatever you want, you interview whomever you want, and you still get the story of a lifetime.

MANILA

And all the profits.

It wasn't a question. It was a statement.

MACPHERSON

Profits? You're writing this for money? Honey, you're not understanding the scope of this thing.

MANILA

Things will get better. The world always sorts it shit out...

MacPherson looks at Manila's confidence, and he seems to pity her.

MACPHERSON

Fine. Believe what you want to believe. If things do get back to normal, you will get all the money you deserve.

Manila looks at him confidently. She nods.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

Welcome aboard, Miss Shea.

He holds out a hand. Manila looks hesitant to reach out ---

--- but then she does. We're tight on their handshake.

INT. TERMINAL -- MORNING

MANILA wakes up and sees RORY and KITTY moving for the doors. They open the front doors up and head out into the parking lot. Manila sits up, stretches, yawns and takes off after them slyly.

EXT. AIRPORT -- MORNING

RORY opens the door to one of the military vehicles parked outside, letting KITTY in first. He slides in next, pulls out the keys and goes to start it up ---

--- someone begins banging on the windows, a pair of hands that appear and quickly STARTLE poor Kitty, who gives a pipy scream.

KITTY

Jesus!

Rory rolls down the window and MANILA peeks in.

MANILA

What's going on, guys? Can't even
get a good morning before you check
out?

RORY

...It was supposed to be a
surprise.

He looks truly disappointed to see he's been caught.

MANILA

What was?

RORY

My radio started going off. It was
Ash. I'm going to pick him, Darla
and PJ up. They're all okay.

MANILA

Seriously?

Manila looks completely psyched.

MANILA (CONT'D)

And you were going to leave without
me?

Rory and Kitty exchange looks ---

MANILA (CONT'D)

You leave me behind, I spoil the...
"surprise". I come with and you
have an extra hand.

She pulls out a GUN from her pants with a smirk.

MANILA (CONT'D)

And an extra gun. Always safe,
right?

RORY

Fine. It's no big deal. Get in.

Off Manila's smile ---

DECLAN (V.O.)

(over-lap)

I was in a prison cell by myself.
Other men didn't take kindly to
rapists.

(MORE)

DECLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I was standing at the bars, and had
 the impression I had been in the
 prison for years when it had only
 been my first few hours... I was
 shouting, full of hate and self
 pity. It was pathetic, really.
 I'm an outsider.

Manila moves around the vehicle, we're tight on her face as
 Declan's lines are spoken --- she makes her way to the
 backseat and climbs in ---

DECLAN (V.O.)
 (over-lap)
 One day as I stood raging at the
 bars, I suddenly realized that my
 months of shouting had availed
 nothing. I was the victim of my
 own anger and turmoil, and realized
 that being an outsider was the
 result of your own faults. It was
 as if I had been haunted all my
 life by ghosts of anger and
 passion. Years went by and one by
 one I recognized and dropped other
 habits of emotion and thought that
 had trapped and tortured me. I
 realized I could be totally free
 within myself...

We're tight on Manila's face from outside the car window as
 Rory drives off.

INT. MONASTERY, CHURCH -- MORNING

We're on DECLAN now. Sitting in the pew, FATHER WARDEN is
 beside him. They both are in prayer-position.

DECLAN
 ...But I've never felt as free as I
 have when I was with Gillian. She
 was the love of my life. And her
 son ---

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN CORRIDOR -- MORNING

PJ, in slow-motion, in silence, helps ROSALIE walk through
 the corridors of the ship. He has a tiny flashlight in his
 teeth, letting the beam of light guide his way as he walks...

DECLAN (V.O.)

--- PJ. They were my everything.
The thought that they can still be
out there, possibly, somewhere,
anywhere... It's what drives me.
My love for them is what's truly
freed me.

INT. MONASTERY, CHURCH -- MORNING

Declan looks at Father Warden seriously.

DECLAN

So am I foolish for believing them
to be alive? Is it foolish for me
to free my emotions, to hinge them
on the hope that they're still out
there somewhere?

FATHER WARDEN

Foolish is the last thing I'd call
any amount of hope in this world.
A more appropriate word would be
"miracle". Of all the things I've
witnessed, it's that what you
believe to be --- forever an
outcast --- is that most transform
the life they have lived, a life
that doesn't satisfy them, and is
one in which they feel buried under
much stress, or... usually
metaphorically... imprisoned by
it. The paradox is that we may
have cast out, denied parts of
ourselves, and so we feel outcasts.
It wasn't until you recognized what
you did was wrong, that what you
really desired was a family, that
you were freed of your inner
turmoil. Something tells me the
world isn't ready to stop seeing
you suffer though.

Declan looks at Warden curiously --- Warden seems to toy with
his words ---

FATHER WARDEN (CONT'D)

You get your confidence back, you let yourself free, you open up to a little girl who reminds you a lot of the boy you lost and then she's ripped away from you and you're dragged back into this despair, this darkness, you so desired to leave. She was your last vessel, your last chance at redemption, and now your heart aches to find the family you've lost again... How far can you be pushed, Declan? How far are you willing to push yourself? That's the real question here.

Declan's really thinking about this man's words. Father Warden stands and starts to walk away.

FATHER WARDEN (CONT'D)

I have sick to attend to, Declan. It was good to see you making an effort.

DECLAN

An effort?

Father Warden doesn't continue his sentence, he has no intentions to either, and we can tell. He turns on his heel and just leaves Declan in his state of utter confusion.

EXT. MONASTERY, COURTYARD -- DAY

In the back of the monastery, there's a large courtyard. A fenced-in area with RED TILED FLOORS. On the chain link fence, a sign reads "RED ZONE". Various people stand here, wandering around looking lost and lonely. Others sleep. Others just sit and stare.

John Smith's lackey, the impressionable BENEDICT, stands at the fence... He's staring at a man in the pen, they keep exchanging glances. Benedict's eyes wander to avoid suspicion from others, but his eyes keep coming back to this man...

JOHN SMITH enters frame.

JOHN SMITH

How have you been?

Benedict's concentration falls to John now.

BENEDICT

Good. Just... checking up on things. Making sure the Red Zoner's are doing fine.

Benedict takes note of the WOODEN MASK in Smith's hand. Gestures to it. And then to FATHER WARDEN, who approaches.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Heading out?

JOHN SMITH

That quake wasn't very assuring.

FATHER WARDEN

You're going?

Smith turns on his heel, looks at Warden. Gives him a nod.

JOHN SMITH

Ah, good to see you Father. I was going to ask you to keep an eye on things here.

FATHER WARDEN

I'd be happy to. I'm just surprised you're leaving. Sure you don't want to take others with you...?

JOHN SMITH

Oh, of course I will.

FATHER WARDEN

I think Bray and Kenneth are just itching to get back to the thick of things. They're used to running about collecting things, it's been quiet lately since they've brought back baby formula.

JOHN SMITH

Good idea. Thank you, Father.

BENEDICT

What's piqued your depression to the point of you having such a death wish lately?

Smith chuckles.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)
You never go out like this. It
just seems like you're asking for
trouble.

JOHN SMITH
Benedict, we'll be fine. I'll see
you soon.

BENEDICT
What do you think it was?
Earthquake?

JOHN SMITH
No.

BENEDICT
Aliens? Think a UFO crashed?

JOHN SMITH
That'd be fantastic, wouldn't it?
Zombies and aliens.

The two share a laugh.

BENEDICT
As if we need things to get worse.

JOHN SMITH
Worse? Hey, I think if anything
things are getting better.

Benedict nods. But he remains silent. Smith catches on, but
he simply doesn't have the time --- and based on his
speechless face --- nor the words, right now.

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)
I'll be back. Keep an eye on
things here.

And then he's off. We're left on Benedict, who looks into
the cage again.

INT. DECLAN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- MORNING

DECLAN and IVY are eating BREAKFAST together in the dining
room of Declan's home.

IVY
So I heard you had an episode this
morning.

DECLAN

Huh?

IVY

You broke down or something? I saw you at the church. Kelvin told me it was odd, he's never seen you there unless it was required. So he assumed...

DECLAN

I had a chat with Father Warden. That man is... remarkable. He's truly something else. I just needed some extra guidance.

IVY

Have you mustered the courage to talk to Gareth?

DECLAN

No. Have you?

IVY

I'm still trying to figure out how we're going to go about this. I'm just glad you didn't go all rogue on me and blow our cover.

DECLAN

"Blow our cover"? I'm not James Bond and you're not my Pussy Galore, so let's drop the spy talk okay?

Ivy smiles coyly.

IVY

Fine. Have any ideas then?

DECLAN

I have an idea, but you may not like it.

IVY

Try me.

DECLAN

I'm sure he might do some talking for a pretty face.

Ivy's smile slowly starts to fade, her expression turning much harder.

IVY
Oh, no. I'm not...

She looks at Declan's puppy-dog-eyed expression. The desperation's there and she just can't finish her sentence. She gives in and sighs.

IVY (CONT'D)
Fine. But you owe me *at least* a drink for this.

INT. TERMINAL -- MORNING

LEIGH exits the MAKESHIFT OFFICE with mousy PHOEBE following behind her.

PHOEBE
So what are we going to do, talk to Tom?

LEIGH
I don't know if we should keep this on the downlow or just come right out and tell him.

PHOEBE
It's not like we know if Rory's involved or not --- we're only suspicious.

LEIGH
Sometimes suspicions are all we need though, don't you think? If this saboteur is Rory, it's good to keep our eyes peeled.

PHOEBE
Please keep this away from Gwen. She's reckless and I think she'll... I think she'll jump the gun. I don't want anyone getting hurt.

LEIGH
I'll tell Tom and Tom only. This is just between us three, I promise.

Phoebe looks a bit more at ease now. Leigh's walkie-talkie begins to blare. She gives Phoebe a pleasant smile and starts to wander off.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Give me a minute.

Leigh pulls out the walkie and answers it.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Libby? Is everything alright?

We cut between the two --- we see LIBBY stood in a small suburban home, in a bedroom, placing a warm towel on RONNIE's, Leigh's father, head.

LIBBY
There was an accident. A loud noise, lots of shaking and... your father reacted, he's not doing very well.

Leigh looks horrified, as we're tight on her face for her reaction as Libby says:

LIBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I think he's running out of time.

LEIGH
...I'll be there. I promise. Tell him I'm coming.

Leigh hangs up on the walkie, hangs it against her side. She heaves a heavy sigh. Phoebe approaches her, concerned.

PHOEBE
Is everything alright?

LEIGH
No. My dad's taken a turn for the worst.

PHOEBE
I'm... I'm sorry.

LEIGH
I have to leave. I have to go to the Last Chance Society...

PHOEBE
What about Rory?

Leigh wanders off, trying to keep herself together. Phoebe follows ---

INT. LOBBY -- MORNING

--- TOM prepares his bags. SIDNEY approaches him.

SIDNEY

What are you doing?

TOM

I'm done sitting here. My daughter's out there and as much as I trust Ash, as much as I trust... Darla, I can't trust myself right now. Not knowing is tearing me apart.

SIDNEY

So you think running out and possibly getting yourself killed, or getting lost, is a better idea? Stay put, Tom. Or at least ask for help.

It's honest, friendly, concerned, advice.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Because those kids mean the world to me too. And Manila?

TOM

I'm sure she'd love to take a break from filing her nails or catching up on five years' ago's tabloids to go find PJ.

SIDNEY

Oh come on, you're being hard on her.

TOM

There's like no concern in that woman's face and it terrifies me that she's his guardian.

SIDNEY

When we met them, the boy was a trained killer. I hate to say it, but I wouldn't be concerned either. He probably would have a better chance living out there than half of us would.

TOM

(beat)

I'm still going out there.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

If you're coming with --- then
that'd be great. I'm leaving in
ten minutes.

Sidney nods. Considering it. As she goes to walk away, she sees Leigh and Phoebe approaching. Notices the distress in Leigh's face. We see the turmoil in her face --- leave and avoid the awkward feelings, or stay and get the juicy dirt? Curiosity gets the best of her and she remains in her place as Leigh rushes forward to Tom... He grabs her by the arms comfortingly, seeing that something is truly wrong.

TOM (CONT'D)

Leigh... what's going on?

LEIGH

I got a transmission. From Libby,
my father's nurse.

TOM

Is everything alright?

LEIGH

No. She thinks things are getting
worse. I need to be there with
him, Tom. If he passes and I...
and I'm not there, I... I don't
know what I'd do.

Tom hugs her tight as she begins to cry.

TOM

Then let's go there. Let's go see
your father.

Leigh pulls away.

LEIGH

You'll come with me?

TOM

I can't let you go alone, baby.

She smiles. Thankful.

SIDNEY

This society... they're safe?

LEIGH

They're not murderers or savages,
no. But they take the idea of
letting strangers in very
seriously.

SIDNEY

They wouldn't want you bringing too many guests. I understand. You two go, I'll stick around here. Biters are swarmin' the south gates again. Gwen'll probably need my help clearing that up...

LEIGH

(to Tom)

On the way there and on our way back, we can search for the kids too. Two birds, one stone.

TOM

Was thinkin' the same thing.

Phoebe stands around awkwardly.

PHOEBE

Leigh, wasn't there something else you wanted to say? If you didn't want to, I think I could handle telling him...

Leigh shoots Phoebe a look. *Not now.* Phoebe catches on.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Never... never mind.

GWEN

What's this about?

Phoebe tenses up.

PHOEBE

It's nothing.

Tom and Gwen look suspicious, but Gwen looks at Tom.

GWEN

You three heading off?

TOM

Yeah. Leigh's dad's in bad shape, she needs to be there for him.

GWEN

That's horrible. I'm sorry. I know what it's like. Me and my father were close. He was very sick, like yours. I just hope things turn out better for you.

She's very sincere, and Leigh appreciates her concern.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You three be safe. I think I'll
stick around here and keep an eye
on things.

She says this and shoots a look to Phoebe. Phoebe shuffles nervously. Gwen's presence obviously makes her uncomfortable.

Tom and Leigh prepare to head out.

BOOM.

END ACT I

ACT IIEXT. AIRPORT, PARKING LOT -- MORNING

TOM and LEIGH exit the AIRPORT and find there being only one more military vehicle parked outside.

TOM

Who took the other jeep out last?

LEIGH

Um, I don't remember. Maybe someone parked it elsewhere?

TOM

Everyone knows it needs to be parked here. Why would---?

LEIGH

Tom, we don't have time for this. Get in you two, I'm driving.

She tries to keep her composure...

TOM

If you can't drive, you can tell me which way to go?

LEIGH

Thank you, I'll be fine.

They get in. Leigh starts the car and heads off...

INT. MILITARY JEEP -- MORNING

MANILA rides inside the other MILITARY JEEP. She's in the backseat, with RORY driving and KITTY in the passenger's side.

MANILA

How do you know where they are?

RORY

Ash contacted me over the radio.

MANILA

And where are they?

RORY

On board a ship. Figured they'd be smart enough to avoid climbing into a disaster just waiting to happen--- oh, well technically it already did happen but that's beside the point.

MANILA

They're kids, they're curious.

RORY

Stupid. Curious. They're synonyms, look it up.

Manila smirks.

RORY (CONT'D)

It's nice to see you coming out here and trying to find PJ.

MANILA

What's that supposed to mean?

RORY

Nothing, you've just seemed so passive.

MANILA

Haven't we all?

It's obvious she doesn't want to talk. Rory takes the hint.

EXT. CHIPPEWA CHIP'S CASINO -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

MANILA approaches the steps of a heavily-guarded casino. Folks with heavy artillery stand outside. She passes off a badge --- they inspect it, size her up a bit, and then look each other over before silently agreeing to let her pass.

INT. CHIPPEWA CHIP'S CASINO -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

The lavish casino still stands mighty inside. There's a clean-up crew making things look nice, while some patrons play games as if nothing has happened. A woman approaches MANILA. This is the head of the casino, Indian chief NINA.

NINA

You looking for something?

MANILA

What gave me away?

NINA

Unlike my usual patrons, you don't look lost. You have a mission. That's what makes you stand out.

MANILA

One day I hope to have no mission, but you're right, I do have one. I have to ask you a few questions.

NINA

Will this take long?

MANILA

No. Not at all. It's for a report.

NINA

Where are you from that still has school reports? We'd appreciate a place with a sense of normality like schoolwork.

MANILA

It's... not school work. Just plain ol' work. If you have time?

NINA

Of course.

INT. CHIPPEWA CHIP'S CASINO -- OFFICE -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

MANILA is sitting down with NINA, who passes her a glass of something to drink.

MANILA

Thank you.

NINA

What are you working on in particular?

MANILA

A story.

NINA

You some type of reporter?

MANILA

You can say that, yeah. I'm hoping if I can stay here for a while, maybe a few months, I can feature you in my book.

NINA

Book? They're still writin' books now?

MANILA

Once things get better Nina, I plan on selling this thing and making a lot of money.

NINA

"Once things get better"? Honey, in my opinion ---

Manila holds her hand out ---

MANILA

Hold... hold that thought.

She pulls out a notepad and pen. Reclines back in her chair. And smiles.

MANILA (CONT'D)

If you're gonna' start telling me your point-of-view, you've gotta' let me know beforehand alright? Nothing off-the-record. Now you can continue.

NINA

--- Things aren't gonna' be the way they ever were. You're going to be sitting on that book for a very long time waiting for it to have some meaning in your life. A meaning other than hoping for some meaning. Instead, maybe you should find something worthwhile. Help people in need. Writing this book isn't going to help anybody but yourself.

MANILA

You're saying I'm selfish.

NINA

I'm saying you're being pathetic. Stay here a while. I insist. But this book --- I need you to realize it's completely unnecessary.

MANILA

I'm willing to accept your challenge, Nina.

NINA

Good. We need food. I suggest you help my friends in finding us some.

Off Manila's face ---

EXT. ROAD -- MORNING

An abandoned road on the side of the forest... A military vehicle drives through it.

INT. MILITARY VEHICLE -- MORNING

LEIGH drives. TOM's next to her.

LEIGH

I shouldn't have let it wait this long.

TOM

Don't beat yourself, Leigh.

LEIGH

I'm serious. I should have come to see him, we've just been... so wrapped up in everything else that I've basically abandoned him.

TOM

We had to worry about our own survival. We're like a big family, survival is our priority. Your father would probably understand---

LEIGH

(interjecting)

You don't know him. And I hate myself for that.

TOM

And I never made any attempt to know him. I don't hate myself for it. You shouldn't either. We all made choices based on keeping each other alive, you can't regret that.

BEAT. Leigh sighs -- nods -- realizes he's right. She takes a deep breath... just as, out of the side of the road, a woman wielding a large rifle steps out and aims right at them. Leigh swerves, parks... Everyone looks at each other in horror. Leigh peeks out --- and recognizes the woman.

LEIGH
 Jesus, it's that woman we met in
 the forest ---

TOM
 Maude.

Indeed it is. MAUDE holds her rifle right at the vehicle.
 Leigh reaches for her door handle --- it clicks, she's opened
 it ---

TOM (CONT'D)
 The hell are you doing...?

Determined, Leigh exits the vehicle ---

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

--- her hands up in the air. Unarmed.

MAUDE lowers her gun, she's crying, desperately. On her
 knees.

MAUDE
 I thought I recognized you... P---
 Please--- just--- just take me
 back.

LEIGH
 You okay? What's going on...?
 Maude, right?

MAUDE
 Yeah --- I --- I remember you lot --
 - your boyfriend was the *liar*.
 Called my name pretty. Everyone
 knows Maude's an ugly name.

She's a mess. Sniveling through angry, pathetic tears.

MAUDE (CONT'D)
 Just take me to my daughter. I can
 feel it in my gut, she's --- she's
 scared, or in pain or somethin'.
 Call it mother's instinct. My
 Chrissie is in danger.

Heartbreaking. We know what happened to Chrissie, but
 Leigh's oblivious. She nods, playing along ---

LEIGH
 We'll... we'll take you back to
 the Society.

MAUDE

She's alright ain't she? Just missin' her mama, right?

LEIGH

I'm not sure, ma'am, we've been scavenging, haven't been back to the Society in days ---

MAUDE

Oh god... I can feel it. Somethin's wrong.

LEIGH

Give me your weapon, and get in the back seat. We'll make a case for them to let you back in, Maude. Just calm down, okay?

Maude takes a deep breath. Without hesitation, she hands Leigh her rifle. Completely desperate. She wraps Leigh in a hug.

MAUDE

Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you...

And then she breaks and rushes to the vehicle. Leigh turns around. Tom gives her a confused expression, Leigh simply gives a weak smile --- *I've got a lot of explaining to do* ---

EXT. AIRPORT -- MORNING

GWEN stands guard at the gate of the airport. She raises her pistol --- with one of the group's home-made silencers at the end of it --- and takes out a nearby biter.

GWEN

Lotta' people are disappearing on me.

She's talking to someone who stands nearby. The camera swings and we see that it's SIDNEY, who looks exhausted.

SIDNEY

What do you mean?

GWEN

The other car's gone too. I'm bettin' Rory and Kitty took it, they're gone.

SIDNEY

And Manila too.

GWEN

And it's not like we can go after any of them. No more vehicles.

Sidney's attention is on the biters.

SIDNEY

And we get these things in return. Lovely exchange.

GWEN

Hey, at least they don't talk or argue or anything. Biters seem to get along with each other a lot better than we do sometimes.

SIDNEY

You think so? I think we've done pretty well with ourselves since the whole... Well, since Xander died.

Gwen shrugs.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I hate to say it but he was the source of a lot of drama around here.

GWEN

You're right. Things have been much better off. Kitty's been a lot happier too. Got any theories on these things, Einstein?

SIDNEY

I'm thinkin' the radio waves. While that thing was busted, we didn't get any attention from these deadies, and now that it's back up and running, they're swarming our gates.

GWEN

Sounds like that idea's been in your head for a long time. You weren't the one who destroyed it in the first place, were you?

SIDNEY

Course not. I wanna' get somewhere safe as much as anyone. I'm just... spit-balling, that's all.

GWEN

Yeah. Me too.

There's something gruff about her voice. She's definitely not happy about current situations.

SIDNEY

I had an idea, but... you'll probably think I'm crazy.

GWEN

What's that?

SIDNEY

Tom told me that... when he was captured by the, uh, the zombie wranglin' crew that The General employed... what were their names... God, he told me and I don't remember.... Oh! Bonnie and Clyde, that's right. They had biters all over their property and never once did others wander over there. They had to search for 'em in the vicinity. Do you think the scent of these things keeps others away? We turn the radios down, keep our use of them to a bare minimum, and keep some biters here and we'll be all set ---

GWEN

Wait, keep some here? On the airport lot?

SIDNEY

(proud of her idea)

Yes.

GWEN

You're insane.

SIDNEY

No. Just observant.

GWEN

You're not wandering off on me too, are you?

SIDNEY
You're welcome to come with.

GWEN
And leave Regis and Phoebe in
charge of things 'round here? No
thanks.

SIDNEY
Not going far. I'm just gonna'
prove to you I'm not crazy.

As Sidney moves for the gates, Gwen shouts after her:

GWEN
Yeah, good luck with that...

Off Sidney's confident smirk ---

INT. LA MER, KITCHEN -- MORNING

We're in the kitchen of the ship. Smoke fills the room, from the stoves and ovens on the side of the wall, spewing out and up in an odd fashion. Dead bodies line the floor.

TIGHT on the pair of double doors. Two shadows cascade through the window and then ---

BOOM!

The doors fly open thanks to a badass kick from PJ. He flies in swiftly, aiming his silenced pistol back and forth. His loud entrance has attracted the attention of one of the dead bodies... which is now getting back up.

PJ
Oh shit. Stay back!

ROSALIE ducks down behind him. PJ pulls up his shirt to act as a mask against the smoke, using his other hand to pull the trigger and ---

POP the zombie's head like a fucking cherry, exploding red goo all over the wall behind it. It slumps over and he continues through. Checking each body, kicking them to make sure they don't move. He turns back and nods to Rosalie.

PJ (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Pull up your shirt, don't breathe
in too much smoke, okay---?

Rosalie nods from her place in the hall. Pulls up her shirt and follows him inside, through the smoke. They reunite and he GRIPS her hand tight, and they keep going ---

EXT. OUTDOOR CAMP -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Tents are set up --- large, FEMA trailers. People are camped out here. They all wear hazmat suits with protective gear and masks.

INT. TENT -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

We fall on a small child preparing to eat SANDWICHES at a picnic table inside one of the tents --- he looks up at his mother through the mask. She takes off his mask, revealing PJ, then her own, revealing GILLIAN. They then go on with their meal...

EXT. OUTDOOR CAMP -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

ALAN is in his suit too, masked up and everything. Another man storms over, rips off his mask, and gets right in Alan's face. His name doesn't matter. We'll just call him ANGRY MAN...

ANGRY MAN

You were WRONG!! We've been living like this, and for what?!

ALAN

What are you talking about --- ?!

ANGRY MAN

It's not the bites! It's in all of us. We don't need these stupid suits and these stupid masks to protect us, because it's already too late! We're all doomed!

Everyone stands around, looking at these two squaring off.

ALAN

You better watch yourself...

INT. SANITATION TENT -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

A nude GILLIAN covers herself up as people SPRAY her with HOSES. YOUNG PJ shields himself behind his mother's legs. They drag him away from her and spray him down too.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAMP -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

Back in their full gear and masks, GILLIAN and little PJ sit in silence at a small table.

PJ goofs off and his mother smiles and laughs at him. She turns her attention away from PJ when she hears the argument outside --- she's certainly intrigued by the words being shared between the men in the middle of the camp.

TIGHT on PJ, who giggles as he falls to the ground. He looks up, laughing, at his mother, who isn't even paying attention to him anymore. He's confused and then his mother gives a gasp, covering her face with her hands and PJ stands, turns and sees what she sees...

...We're back on ALAN and ANGRY MAN.

Still in the heat of the argument.

A riot of people start to gather. People arguing, exchanging heated debate over the nature of the virus. Punches are thrown, weapons are drawn, it's chaos. Gillian shields her son from seeing this. The music keeps playing and little PJ doesn't want to do anything except dance. He is oblivious to the destruction around him. The horror in Gillian's eyes tells us that she's not happy that this is NORMAL to him.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

We see Gillian, with her bag of supplies over her back, PJ's tiny fingers enlaced with hers in a tight grip. The two are out of their hazmat suits and masks, and they are leaving the group behind them, in a full out sprint.

INT. MONASTERY -- AFTERNOON

GARETH walks past the BASEMENT area of the MONASTERY, where BENEDICT stands. It's a lonely corridor.

BENEDICT

What are you doing all the way down here?

GARETH

Was just gonna' ask you the same thing.

Gareth hears a noise. It's almost inhuman.

GARETH (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

BENEDICT

Go back upstairs Gareth. Or I'll suggest you to the Red Zone.

Gareth gives a scoff --- *You wouldn't fucking dare* --- but he puts his hands up, and backs up slowly with a sly smirk.

GARETH

Alright. You win.

That smirk never leaving his face and his eyes never locking off Benedict, Gareth backs up, and heads up the steps.

INT. MONASTERY, LIBRARY -- AFTERNOON

FATHER WARDEN is sitting in the MONASTERY's old LIBRARY. He looks over a book, studying its words. GARETH makes his way into the library. Warden looks up from the words to see his pupil.

FATHER WARDEN

Gareth. My boy. How have you been?

GARETH

Just peachy. Getting a little annoyed by the secrecy. Never went down to the lower levels, so I got curious. You know that Benedict's barricading the whole thing? I heard things down there, no idea what's down there, but... it can't be good. You know what's down there?

Father Warden raises an eyebrow --- not surprised by this information, but he certainly has no clue.

FATHER WARDEN

No. I'm afraid I don't. More secrets from Mister Smith... His track record is more than a little discouraging lately.

GARETH

I wanna' find out. If you don't mind. Think he's got a personal stash of zombies?

FATHER WARDEN

And for what reason? Seems like that would be rather foolish of him.

Gareth doesn't respond. Warden ponders...

FATHER WARDEN (CONT'D)
 You really do seek my approval,
 don't you Gareth? I don't see why
 you need my permission...

GARETH
 (interjecting, frustrated)
 Because I don't wanna' do anything
 to tick off... you know. Your
 Daddy. The Big Man Upstairs.
 (as if he needed to
 clarify any further)
God.

FATHER WARDEN
 John Smith is a man who claimed to
 be on the side of the people. He's
 a man I, and everyone else in this
 community, put trust into. Trust
 is a valuable thing that shouldn't
 be toyed with. If he's hiding
 something, he's the one who should
 be worried about what God has in
 store for him. You're only trying
 to do what's best for us.

Gareth nods. Warden goes up to a cabinet. Pulls out keys
 and unlocks the cabinet. He goes through things ---

FATHER WARDEN (CONT'D)
 Benedict you say is keeping watch
 down there?

GARETH
 Yeah.

FATHER WARDEN
 Well here. Maybe this will provide
 you with some leverage.

Father Warden presents Gareth with a photograph. It is of
 BENEDICT kissing another man. This is the man Benedict was
 watching in the Red Zone fenced-in-area earlier in the
 episode...

GARETH
 ...Benedict's a gay? Who is this
 guy?

FATHER WARDEN

His name's Reggie. Caught them doing this, took a photo so I could show Smith. Smith only put Reggie away as a form of punishment to Benedict. Benedict has apparently been too much of an asset for Smith to be treated like everyone else.

Gareth looks at Warden, questioning the morals of this. And Warden recognizes this look of concern, deciding to go after the elephant in the room right here, right now...

FATHER WARDEN (CONT'D)

Do not worry about what lengths you shall go to. From now on, keep this in mind, Gareth. As a vessel of God's will, you do what you must.

TIGHT on the photograph...

INT. IVY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

IVY is getting herself looking all pretty. She applies lipstick. She looks sexy, but conservative enough to still call her a member of the Last Chance Society. She examines herself, gives a sassy smile, and heads out...

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

The airport is in the background. We're following SIDNEY --- armed with a MACHETE --- as she moves through the forest. She raises the machete, and moves cautiously. Three BITERS lumber around.

She swings, connects the blade with one's head, slices it off. The others rush at her, alerted by her presence and snarling like wild animals. She gets one, stabs it through the face. And the other goes for her hair... she swings the blade out of the biter's face and swings at the next one's arm, letting it swing off. It keeps going, lands on top of her. She raises the blade now and slices off its other arm and pushing it onto its back. It's helpless, flopping around on its back, snapping its jaws at her.

SIDNEY

Cm'ere...

The biter lifts its head, gives a yell like an angry warrior, and Sidney pulls out a rope.

Swings the noose-like appendage around its neck and, using it like a fucking LEASH, DRAGS the biter across the floor of the forest behind her as it snaps and squeals and screeches.

BOOM.

END ACT II

ACT IIIEXT. EMPTY ROAD -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

"STRANGE MAGIC" by ELECTRONIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA starts us up for this next scene...

We're TIGHT on a PORTABLE radio, which is playing the song, from inside someone's jacket and then we pull out to show ---

GILLIAN, caked in blood from head to toe, walks with an older-now, pre-teen PJ at her side. In the hand he used to hold his mother's with, he's got a gun in its place. And Gillian's got one too. They're using makeshift silencers, stuff they made on their own. Rain pours down and they're soaking wet. The dried blood starts to run down their bodies... They look like two lone, unlikely soldiers.

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN CORRIDOR -- AFTERNOON

This intercuts with current PJ, a single warrior, protecting innocent ROSALIE from the ship.

EXT. EMPTY ROAD -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

They stop, seeing something ---

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

--- a towering CONSTRUCTION SITE, looking like a fucking fortress to them.

They approach the fence, their faces reading celebration. It's tragic knowing what happens here and how their happy faces aren't going to last much longer.

LATER:

They chill, resting in one of the higher areas of the zone. PJ gets up and takes some of his PILLS --- when he sees a group of people heading up the stairs toward them.

PJ
MOM! MOM, GET UP!

She stands. He grabs his weapon but it's too late. They rush up there, uppercutting the kid right in the gut. He collapses and they grab Gillian. Take her bag. Dump the contents and take what they need. And like that, the bandits are gone, as quick as they came.

Gillian's left sobbing, her family photos destroyed and her son lying beaten. She rushes over to him.

GILLIAN

PJ! Oh my god. Are you okay?

She holds him, cries.

PJ

I... I'll be fine, Mom.

She smiles softly through her tears.

GILLIAN

'Course you will be. You're a fighter, baby.

PJ

My pills. They took 'em.

Horror hits her face. He sits up and she goes through the stuff.

GILLIAN

Oh my god... we'll find more, I promise. We will.

PJ

But --- the last pharmacy barely had any left, do you really think we'll --- ?

Gillian holds him close, his face to her chest. Their faces are pained, defeated by this encounter.

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN CORRIDOR -- AFTERNOON

PJ and ROSALIE make their way through the corridors. A cracked VIAL catches the boy's eye.

PJ

What the...?

He moves for it, and sees a tipped over briefcase. Three other untouched, uncapped, unbroken vials line it. There's a space for one more, the BROKEN ONE more than likely...

PJ rushes with Rosalie right past the suitcase. They make it into another room through a pair of large double doors ---

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN ATRIUM LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

--- revealing an upside LOBBY. The great ATRIUM of this ship is knee-deep in water, with the shattered glass window ceiling spreading glass all over the place. The upside-down staircase is a dizzying sight for the pair. They look so small in the area, it's an unbelievable sight. PJ is uneasy at the intense amount of water, but he fights through it....

TIGHT ON Rosalie's hand, in PJ's SHAKY --- SCARED --- grip, as it slowly slides away ---

--- and then we see her collapse, hitting the floor. PJ looks at her wildly.

PJ
Rosalie?! Rosalie!

He kneels down and checks her. He touches her forehead, and looks worried ---

INT. MILITARY JEEP -- AFTERNOON

RORY's driving recklessly on a large paved road overlooking the massive CANAL... MANILA stares out the window calmly. KITTY's in the front, gripping the arm rests of her seat carefully.

KITTY
Jesus, Rory...

He's laughing.

RORY
C'mon, this thing's built to take on a hit from a Javelin.

KITTY
Like one of those little spears?
Oh, that's comforting!

Rory laughs --- mostly at Kitty's discomfort. He puts one of his hands on hers, wraps his fingers around hers. Oddly, this seems to help a bit as her face calms slightly.

Manila's looking out the back window when ---

MANILA
HOLY SHIT, LOOK OU---

CRAASSHH!

It happens so fast, we can't see what hit them exactly, but it came out of the forest, intersecting into the road, obviously not expecting something else to be in their path ---

The vehicle skids to its side, and Manila flips out of her side of the vehicle and hits the window on the other side, falling backwards onto the floor of the vehicle...

EXT. CHIPPEWA CHIP'S CASINO, COURTYARD -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

MANILA passes around food to people. She takes a seat by herself in the corner and starts adding notes to the transcript she produces from her bag.

NINA approaches her, with a box.

NINA
I have something for you. Your
generosity these past few weeks
left us more than grateful...

Manila looks overwhelmed. She takes the gift excitedly and opens it ---

--- revealing, inside the box, are a pair of MOCCASINS. Soft and flexible shoes. Hand-crafted. Beautiful.

NINA (CONT'D)
Your shoes are looking dreadful. I
made these for you.

MANILA
Moccasins. Oh my god, Payless used
to have these all the time --- I
loved them.

NINA
I hope that my moccasins are a lot
better than your typical Wal-Mart
brand... I had to do some arguing
to convince them to let me take
some deerskin to craft them.

MANILA
They're beautiful. Thank you.

Manila instantly removes the scrap-like sneakers that are clinging desperately onto the soles of her feet and slips on her new moccasins. She smiles --- rubs her feet --- they're comfortable for the first time in a long time.

MANILA (CONT'D)
It's like they're breathing now.

Nina smiles.

NINA

Stop worrying about that silly book. I've always heard that writers end up with more stress than anyone else. Last thing you need now is more stress. Get some rest, you've done a lot around here lately, you deserve it.

Nina pats Manila on the back and heads off. Manila seems to be wondering if Nina's got a point. She looks over the manuscript, puts her pen away, closes it up and puts it all back in her pack. Then she gets up and heads back inside the casino.

INT. CHIPPEWA CHIP'S CASINO -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

People are relaxing inside. It's a different day now, we can see the sun shining through the shimmering windows. MANILA and NINA stand nearby. We can see clearly through the windows --- guards standing out, everything looks calm.

AT THE WINDOW:

NINA's back is to the window. MANILA faces her and the window.

NINA

So when was the last time you touched that book of yours?

MANILA

The night you asked me to put it away.

Nina smiles --- proud.

NINA

Good. I'm glad you're taking my advice to heart. Not touching that book is your entrance to a new life, one with less of a focus on self-service.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW:

Behind the women we see the guards falling, TAKEN OUT. And a whole CONVOY of men rushing in like animals.

FOCUS IS BACK ON NINA & MANILA:

Manila sees them this happen.

MANILA
Oh my god! Nina!

Nina spins around and...

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM!!

Machine gun fire destroys the window. Manila LEAPS out of the way and the window explodes into millions of tiny glass shards.

More gunfire explodes around her. These animal-like humans storm the casino. Manila peers over and sees that Nina's body is an unrecognizable blob, her face, chest, and neck all riddled with bullets. She looks away quickly --- and begins to crawl away. Someone grabs her by the hair and yanks her back, stares her in the eyes. He's a vile man. Tall, wiry hair with big beady eyes hang out of the ski mask that hides his face. Looks like a small-time thug, like the rest of them. His name is CHRISTOS.

CHRISTOS
Where d'you think 'yer goin'
beautiful?

He wrenches her up and drags her away as she screams and tries to fight her way out ---

EXT. CHIPPEWA CHIP'S CASINO, COURTYARD -- DAY -- FLASHBACK,
CONT.

MANILA and many other nude women are lined up in the casino's courtyard. The gates are opened and THE GENERAL makes his way in. A pair of his heavily-armed and armored JUGULATORS make their way in too. Bodyguards. The General surveys the damage Christos and his men did. Looks slightly impressed.

A proud CHRISTOS presents the women to him, with his thug-like figures guarding them.

CHRISTOS
Well, whattya' think?

The General smiles. It's so vile.

THE GENERAL
They're all so beautiful --- I love
myself an exotic woman. Someone...
Who leaves an impression.

He steps close to Manila. Strokes her cheek with a meaty hand caked in blood, with muck stuffed under the fingernails. She remains calm as she looks him in the eye.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)

This one --- so unique. So beautiful. I want this one.

Christos nods --- panting, excitedly.

CHRISTOS

And the rest?

THE GENERAL

Do whatever it is you do with them. None of them are as pleasing as you, my dear. Do you have a name?

She says nothing.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Is she a mute? Is there something wrong with her?

CHRISTOS

No, no. She was screamin'. Said a few choice words to me ---

THE GENERAL

(interjecting, to Manila)

Then *talk to me*.

He SMACKS her with so much force she hits the ground. His massive hulk of a shadow looms over her.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Fine, you don't wanna' talk?

(chuckles)

Then I'll make you scream, *mamí*.

And with that, he pulls her up and takes her away. Christos and his men round up the other women into their truck.

EXT. GATES -- DAY

KELVIN is in his SHERIFF's uniform. He notices a MILITARY TRUCK show up at the gates.

KELVIN

Libby? This your girl?

LIBBY approaches the gate. She nods.

LIBBY
Has to be. Let her in!

Kelvin opens up the gates. The truck pulls in. Parks.
LEIGH opens the door --- exiting the driver's side. Hugs
Libby.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Leigh... It's so good to see you
again. Despite the circumstances,
I mean.

LEIGH
I missed you too, Libby. Can we go
see him?

Kelvin hoists up his gun ---

KELVIN
We? You brought guests? From the
airport?

Leigh catches a second glance of Kelvin...

LEIGH
You're... you're Kelvin. You went
missing the first week everyone
came back didn't you?

Kelvin nods. The passenger's side door opens and TOM steps
out. Kelvin's face is a mixture of grimace and defeat.
Tom's is one of happiness, to see his old friend and protege
is alive and well.

TOM
Kelvin... man, you're alive!

He rushes forward and gives him a big man-hug. Kelvin gives
a laugh --- in a state of shock, pocketing his gun.

KELVIN
Excuse the gun, sorry. You --- you
never told me your guest was living
at the airport, Libby. I wouldn't
have been so hostile.

MAUDE steps out of the back seat, a crazed look in her eyes.
She scans the area.

MAUDE
...This place... hasn't changed
one bit.

KELVIN
Who's this?

Seeing Maude is the first time Libby hasn't looked so robotic. A look of actual concern springs on her face---

LIBBY
(serious)
You brought Maude back here? She
was banished. She can't be here.

IVY stands nearby. She sees Maude and, surprised by her appearance, rushes off quickly.

LEIGH
She stopped us on the side of the
road, begging to see her daughter.
I wasn't going to argue, I had no
time for that. I took her gun and
told her to sit in the back. Now
please, take me to my dad.

Kelvin goes to speak ---

KELVIN
You're all armed? Give me your
weapons....

Leigh pulls hers out immediately. Kelvin takes it. Tom looks confused.

KELVIN (CONT'D)
You too, man.

TOM
Sheriff huh? How's it feel?

Kelvin doesn't respond. Tom doesn't like how cold and distant he's acting. Bitterly, he hands over his pistol too.

LEIGH
Her rifle's in the front passenger
side on the floor. There's a
shotgun in the back. Couple melee
weapons. Happy?

Leigh storms off. Libby's right behind her. Tom and Kelvin are left glaring at each other, squaring off, while Maude looks around, still in tantalized awe. And then Tom jogs after the women to catch up with them.

INT. MONASTERY, OFFICE -- DAY

MAUDE is locked in KELVIN's office. FATHER WARDEN and BENEDICT stand outside the door with Sheriff Rivera himself.

KELVIN

What was she banished for?

BENEDICT

She was never... all there. She scared the community. We Red Zone'd her and her behavior was taken too far multiple times. So we banished her.

KELVIN

And her daughter was the girl Declan was taking care of?

BENEDICT

Correct.

FATHER WARDEN

Since I'm in charge in John's absence, I say we give the poor woman another chance. She seems so desperate, doesn't she? It's sad. I'm one to believe in second chances.

BENEDICT

We gave her multiple chances. And this is supposed to be the last chance society, not the "multiple second chances" society.

FATHER WARDEN

Your play on words isn't as clever as you think, Benedict.

The doors storm open and DECLAN makes his way in. Everyone looks at him in surprise.

DECLAN

Ivy told me Maude's back. I need to see her.

KELVIN

I'm afraid I can't do that. I was just going to tell her about her daughter.

DECLAN

You shouldn't do that. I'm the one who took care of her while she was gone --- just please. Let me do it.

BENEDICT

That isn't the way things work.

KELVIN

There isn't exactly a rule book anymore, Benedict. We have no true chain of command, it's a complete mess. I'll let Declan talk to her. He deserves to be able to do that much.

Benedict isn't happy to hear this. But he'll let it go. He has no choice.

Declan goes in there --- the other three just watch. He takes a seat. Starts talking. We're focused on Maude's reaction. This broken woman, feeling like hope was finally restored, shatters all over again. She's in a rage. Declan holds her, calms her, and soothes her as she sobs in his arms. And he begins to cry too...

INT. SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

TOM and LEIGH stand around the bed of Leigh's sickly father, RONNIE. Leigh grips his hand tightly and cries softly. LIBBY approaches, solemn.

LIBBY

He's suffering. Having him sit here... it's inhumane.

LEIGH

What are you suggesting?

LIBBY

A way out of his pain. He requested it to me if things were going bad. He can't even speak right now to reaffirm that with you, so you'll have to take my word.

Leigh looks like she's seriously considering it... Tom looks at her, pained by her pain.

EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER, WALKWAY -- DAY

TIGHT ON GWEN's face as she examines the lot below from the walkway bridge between the airport and the OBSERVATORY ROOM at the top of the main tower. Her face is one of mixed emotions... She shouts:

GWEN

You wanted to prove your not crazy?
Not exactly working in your favor!

EXT. AIRPORT, PARKING LOT -- DAY

SIDNEY stands below. She looks up at Gwen with a proud smile.

SIDNEY

The jaws were a bit messy, but
everything else was a piece of
cake. You're just jealous because
you wish you'd thought of it.

We get an aerial shot. The four corners of the airport parking lot have a zombie chained up to the fence, legs and jaws removed. They pose no real form of danger.

GWEN

I'm just wondering what everyone
else is gonna' think...

SIDNEY

If they ever come back.

Gwen glares at her. Not funny. Sidney smiles, pushing her buttons.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. They'll be back,
relax. Besides, these things
aren't dangerous. I mean, it's
worth a shot isn't it?

Gwen nods. She's still not very sure.

EXT. CANAL -- DAY

The scene of the wreck. The military vehicle isn't too banged up, but the thing that hit them --- another car --- is pretty fucked. MANILA exits the car, aiming her gun at the other people.

RORY and KITTY exit, looking rattled.

MANILA
Everyone okay?

RORY
Yeah, we're fine.

She approaches the other vehicle, and sees a MAN wearing a MEXICAN CHRISTIAN MASK standing to the side, regaining his composure. BRAY, his mask fallen to his lap, is pinned in the front seat, his legs stuck. In the back, the redshirt guy looks pretty fucked up. He's dying. The masked man pulls out a machete. His eyes show so much emotion through the mask... He lifts the blade and slams it right into the guy's head. Destroys the brain. He looks at Manila --- removes his mask. It's JOHN SMITH.

JOHN SMITH
Are you from the airport?

MANILA
Yes. How'd you know? Who are you?

JOHN SMITH
I'm John Smith. Your friend Kelvin has been staying with my people.

Manila looks surprised by the mention of Kelvin's name.

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)
We have a lot to talk about, surely, but please, help me get my friend out of here...

Manila nods. She and John Smith move to the side of the vehicle and lift the collapsed dashboard, freeing Bray's legs.

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)
Get out of there Bray, it's heavy we can't hold it much longer!

Bray rolls out of his seat with a painful cry, and hits the grass. Manila and Smith drop the dashboard and it crumbles. Kitty rushes over to check out Bray's injuries, while we're tight on a breathless Manila...

BRAY
Thank you. Thank you.

INT. TUNNEL OF LOVE, MAINTENANCE ROOM -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

We're inside the TUNNEL OF LOVE's maintenance room. A shackled MANILA is huddled with many other imprisoned, malnourished women. They're all wearing ragged clothes, some none at all. The door opens to the room and light shines in. THE GENERAL is stood there.

THE GENERAL

You're rather popular lately, 'Nila bean. Someone's here to see you. And this time, no one's tryin' to make you have sex with a teenage boy, so don't get too worried.

Manila can barely stand. TIGHT on her hands, playing with a loose piece of shrapnel from the pipe on the wall. It SNAPS off ---

The General walks over, giving an annoyed huff. Grabs her by the chains and yanks her out the door. He grumbles under his breath ---

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Always gotta' do shit myself, don't I?

--- in Manila's hand, we see she's concealing a RUSTY piece of SHRAPNEL. Mission success, but what's she got planned...?

INT. DARK SHACK -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

MANILA is brought into the familiar dark shack the GENERAL would always hold his personal meetings in last season. He sits Manila down and a man steps out of the shadows, happy to see her.

THE GENERAL

Christos here has offered me a large sum of supplies, a very hefty sum, in return to have you back. He wants a taste, Manila.

MANILA

I'm worth more than my good pussy.

The General chortles. Claps as if this were a good show.

THE GENERAL

Asombroso.

CHRISTOS smiles.

CHRISTOS

I'd like to know. So you got a deal?

THE GENERAL

The decision is ultimately up to her.

CHRISTOS

Whattyou say? You feed all these people here, give 'em security, and you get to shack up with me baby...

MANILA

What do I say? Come closer. I'll tell you.

Christos leans in. The General watches, curious. He has his arms crossed, waiting.

MANILA (CONT'D)

(whispers, sexy)

Closer.

He leans in closer...

Manila stretches her tongue out... can't quite reach him.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Closer...

And then there he is. And she lunges at Christos, teeth barred, shanking him RIGHT in the JUGULAR with that rusty piece of shrapnel. What the fuck! He drops, instant death.

MANILA (CONT'D)

(between her gags)

Piss off, motherfucker.

The General hasn't flinched. In fact, he watched it all, purely amused. She swings at him, he grabs her by the arm and twists. She falls with a whimper, her body contorted and twisted. He leans in, grinning ear to ear as he yanks the shrapnel from her hand.

THE GENERAL

Oh. My. God. 'Nila, baby, so selfish. Not a care in the world. All those supplies --- if he hadn't already foolishly given them to me, you'd be responsible for the starving of all these people. And you didn't even care. It's all about you isn't it?

(MORE)

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)
The ultimate survivor. Lone wolf.
And then you try to kill me, at
what cost? You'd be dead within
seconds...

The General drops Manila to the floor. The other JUGULATOR's
in the room surround her. The General waves them off.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)
Get the guns out of her face,
please... The balls on this girl,
I love it! Maybe you do have more
to offer than just *sexo bueno*.

He smiles.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)
Let's get you out of those chains,
baby. Can I trust you to do me
proud and play nice? Share a
little?

MANILA
...You don't know me. I'm not a
selfish person.

THE GENERAL
You took revenge because he took
something from you with complete
disregard from what you were taking
from his family and his people...
that, baby, is the finest form of
selfishness out there.

Manila doesn't argue. He goes to undo her chains.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)
You tried to die didn't you? You
wanted me to kill you. Be careful
what you wish for, because next
time you might get it. Think about
it.

And he leaves her to sit there, unchained, free finally. No
longer a sex slave. And Manila gives a deep breath...

MANILA
You still got my bag?

THE GENERAL
It's in the pile of all the other
bags I've taken. You find it, it's
yours.

INT. DARK SHACK, BAG ROOM -- CONTINUOUS -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

MANILA enters the BAG ROOM. Stocked ceiling to floor with bags. She's got a lot of work ahead of her.

MONTAGE of a passage of time, her tossing bags around. She ends up finding hers, unzipping it and finding her MANUSCRIPT. She zips it back up, slings it over her shoulder and leaves.

INT. MONASTERY -- DAY

GARETH is back in the lower levels, where BENEDICT is back on patrol.

BENEDICT
I've already told you...

GARETH
I'm not here to argue with you.
I'm here to tell you a little
story. You must be bored, you
could use a little slice of
entertainment, ah?

BENEDICT
Fine then. Amuse me.

GARETH
A monkey, an otter, a jackal and a
rabbit each decide to practice
charity. A blind man begs for
food, so the monkey gathers fruit,
the otter gathers fish... and the
rabbit, only able to gather grass,
makes the ultimate sacrifice. He
throws himself into the fire,
allowing himself to be the man's
meal, so the blind man could be
nourished.

BENEDICT
I've heard this story before. It's
a Buddhist story. My mother taught
it to me. The blind man is touched
by the rabbit's generosity. He
reveals himself as an ancient
deity, and...

GARETH
(interjects)
...the jackal slits the blind man's
throat and takes the rabbit's
sacrificial bounty for himself.

BENEDICT
(mortified)
That is *not* the way the story ends.

GARETH
It's the way this one ends. The
sly jackal always wins.

BENEDICT
I always knew you were a piece of
work, Gareth...

GARETH
Alright, Benedict. You've got me.
But who's got you?

BENEDICT
Excuse me?

GARETH
Reggie was a good guy, don't you
think? You two were friends, yeah?

Benedict's face gets tight. Gareth's hitting a nerve here.

BENEDICT
Yeah.

GARETH
Maybe ---

Gareth produces a picture from his jacket, shoves it against
Benedict's chest. He smiles.

GARETH (CONT'D)
--- Maybe you two were more than
friends.

Benedict lifts the picture and sees it. Himself and this
man, known as Reggie apparently, KISSING.

BENEDICT
Where did you get these?

GARETH
(not answering)
Apparently, Reggie had you.
(MORE)

GARETH (CONT'D)

But now look at you --- John Smith's lackey, once second-in-command. Now Kelvin's taken your place and you've been bumped down. You think people would be crawling all over you, but no, you're alone. Maybe it's because all the women who want you, you push them away. Because you don't like women, they're not your type --- you want John, don't you? The memory of Reggie still lingers on...

BENEDICT

(interrupting, angry)

You know nothing about us. About Reggie.

GARETH

Except for that he was Red Zone'd. He's stuck in that pen outside, isn't he? And you go down there everyday, hoping to see him again. But where's he gone?

Benedict grits his teeth. Gareth gets close.

GARETH (CONT'D)

You want that back, huh? Someone who's yours? And now your crush, John, he's got a new guy down on his knees blowing him, Kelvin. Well stop being used baby, and open your eyes ---

Gareth gets closer.

GARETH (CONT'D)

--- I'm right here.

He cups Benedict's face in his hands and kisses the man roughly. Benedict seems shocked, but he doesn't resist. And then Benedict yanks away, looking more vulnerable than ever. Gareth glowers at him, dangerously in control.

BENEDICT

I always knew you were a freak.

GARETH

You're the freak, faggot. Now let me through or the whole community knows...

Benedict's nervous, scared.

GARETH (CONT'D)

MOVE.

Benedict stands there. Not giving in just yet. Until Gareth moves closer, toward his lips. And then Benedict pulls away. Turns --- ashamed of who he is. It's such a sad, pathetic sight.

BENEDICT

Go ahead. Just... leave me alone.
Stop it. I don't even know what's
behind there...

GARETH

(disgusted)
Shut the fuck up.

He spits, trying to get the taste of Benedict out of his mouth probably. Benedict watches him go into the room---

INT. MONASTERY, BASEMENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

---what GARETH finds in there is a dark room. A string hangs from the ceiling. He pulls it, letting a single lightbulb illuminate his way forward. There, on the bed, lies a ZOMBIE. A woman. She's chained to the wall, by all her limbs. She looks sickly, fucking ill, but she chomps at Gareth.

He looks disgusted, ready to take her out. And he goes for the basket that lies next to the bed. Moves toward it slowly. And then he peeks in.

BASKET CAM:

Gareth's looking down at us. And whatever we are, whatever he SEES, makes his eyes widen. A sudden upsurge of bile shoots out of his mouth off-camera, we hear him. As the music crescendoes, we...

BOOM.

END ACT III

ACT IVINT. SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

LEIGH's father RONNIE lies in bed. He's in a pure catatonic state. Leigh looks up at TOM...

LEIGH

Libby gave me the cream. She said
rub it on the inside of his mouth
and it will soothe him.

She holds the small bottle. Her hands shake.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

But I can't do it. I can't kill my
father. I already did that once
already, and I --- I just --- I
can't do it again.

Ronnie whispers something... Leigh's eyes widen. She leans in...

LEIGH (CONT'D)

You heard that? I'm not crazy am
I?

TIGHT on his lips ---

RONNIE

(whisper)

...Finish... finish it...
Finish...

And then he whispers something indiscernible. And then his voice is gone. Leigh gives him a kiss. She pulls away, crying. Tom takes the small bottle from her hand. Her eyes stare up at Tom, confused.

LEIGH

What are you doing?

TOM

If you can't do it... I'll do it.

Leigh stares at him, she has no words. He smiles comfortingly. And then he uncaps it, scoops up the cream on the tip of his forefinger and he lifts Ronnie's cheek with his other hand. He begins to rub the cream in his mouth. Leigh turns away. She holds onto the crucifix around her neck, whispering a soft prayer. And then Tom's done with it. She does the sign of the cross.

TOM (CONT'D)
 This isn't killing him, Leigh.
 It's comforting him. So he can die
 peacefully.

LEIGH
 Still it's... it's like helping
 him isn't it?

TOM
 No. You're not understanding...

LEIGH
 (angry)
 I don't want to understand!

She wipes her tears furiously. And she curls up on the chair, staring at her father... they sit in silence. And then he FLATLINES.

And her face drops. Leigh just sits there, stunned. And we're tight on Tom, staring down at Ronnie's body. LIBBY rushes in, hearing the noise.

LIBBY
 I... Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

Leigh has no words. She can't look either of them in the eye. She just stares at her father's empty shell of a body... OFF her expression...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Rain POURS... It's like a fucking monsoon. We're tight in a hole in the ground. A pipe. PJ is curled up, face in his knees. GILLIAN sits beside him. She sings along with the radio that plays "HERE COMES THE SUN" by THE BEATLES, trying to calm him down...

GILLIAN
 (singing along)
 Little darlin', it's been a long
 cold, lonely winter... little
 darlin', it feels like years since
 it's been clear... Here comes the
 sun.

She sings along for a bit more, before she kisses his forehead and stands, checking outside the top of the pipe. PJ looks up at her.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
 I'll be right back, PJ. I promise.

Gillian smiles comfortingly. She wraps PJ in her arms warmly and whispers in his ear...

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
...I love you.

PJ
The planes left us, so why do you have to leave me now? You're coming back, right, Mom?

GILLIAN
Of course. It's only for a moment, honey. We need to eat. We have nothing left. So stay in here. No matter what, okay? I'll be back soon.

Gillian heaves a rifle over her shoulder and climbs out of the pipe and into the rainstorm above them, out of PJ's sight.

TIGHT on PJ, still curled up --- as he springs up on his feet.

PJ
Wait!

Gillian peeks back into the pipe.

PJ (CONT'D)
What if they come back? The bandits? Or any bad guys?

GILLIAN
I have no guns left. No ammo.

PJ
I'll need something.

GILLIAN
You're right.

Gillian looks around. She disappears for a moment, then reappears seconds later. She hands PJ a heavy, rough rock.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Here. Swing right for the brain okay? Just like a zombie.

PJ
Okay.

GILLIAN
I'll be back.

She kisses him and heads off. With the rock in his grip, PJ sits against the wall of the pipe...

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN ATRIUM LOBBY -- DAY

PJ tries desperately to wake up ROSALIE, who's still passed out on the ground. He feels her pulse ---

PJ
You're dead?! No! You can't be
dead!

He fumbles with his weapon, ready to put a bullet between her eyes, and an instant later, he looks back up and Rosalie SPRINGS BACK TO LIFE --- she's a yellow-eyed, hungry-for-flesh BITER!

PJ scrambles, crab-crawling across the floor in shock as she rises...

PJ (CONT'D)
(screaming)
What the fuuuuuckkk---!!

And then he manages to push himself up on his feet and rush into a full-on sprint, Rosalie right behind him. He goes for his gun, aims, but she's right on him and grab him. The gun goes flying and he hits the ground, wrestling with this tiny girl's zombie form. He kicks her away, no time to grab the gun now. He climbs on top of the fallen chandelier, among the mess of wires and chords. He accidentally touches a LIVE WIRE and --- ZZZZZAPPP!!

PJ screams, his hand sizzling. He falls, electrified, down the pile again. She's right behind him and he thinks fast. He removes his LUCKY SOCK from his arm, wraps it around his palm and grabs the wire. He swings it around and impales Rosalie right in the face with it. He lets go as the live wire swings around, dragging her body with it. It's electrocuted and the biter girl swings around limply, until the electricity completely tears her to tiny bits.

And PJ's left sitting there, panting and sucking on his fried thumb...

PJ (CONT'D)
(catching his breath)
Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

Shaken, PJ slides down the chandelier and makes a run for the doors. He kicks them open, unable to use his injured hand, and runs right into ---

ASH AND DARLA!

ASH

There you are! Fuck man...

MANILA (O.S.)

You found him? Is that PJ?!

MANILA emerges from behind the two. Her face lights up like we've seen it light up before. She wraps PJ in a big hug, lifts him up off the ground and swings him around. He "ow's" and she sets him down. Notices his lucky sock wrapped around it. She lifts up the sock, sees the burn.

MANILA (CONT'D)

What the hell happened to you?

PJ

Zapped my hand on a fucking frayed wire. Think I might have pissed a little. Wrapped good ol' lucky sock 'round it and I was able to pick up the wire and fry a zombie's face off with it...

(off their looks)

...Don't ask.

RORY speaks from Manila's activated walkie ---

RORY (V.O.)

What zombie?

PJ

I found her, she wasn't even bit or anything. She was fine, and then she just collapsed with a fever and she died. And then she got up and tried to eat me.

RORY (V.O.)

Shit.

PJ

I found a case full of vials. They had weird markings on it, and one of 'em was broken. Think that might have to do with it?

RORY (V.O.)
Vials? There were vials on board?
That might be a strain of the
virus. You have it on you?

PJ
No, but I know where it is.

RORY (V.O.)
Find that shit. And do you mind
bringing the girl's body?

PJ
Um, well... I mean, it's pretty
fried.

RORY (V.O.)
I don't care. Fried, grilled, I
like all types of chicken. Just
get it, please. Please. I've
never had a fresh, live sample
before, the initial outbreak was
too much chaos and this just...
this is overwhelming.

ASH
(to the walkie/Rory)
Will do, boss.
(to Manila & PJ)
Me and Darla will grab the body,
you two go after the case?

MANILA
Sounds good to me. I spray canned
the walls, find the markers, you'll
find your way out.

Ash nods. He takes Darla's hand and the two go down to
collect the girl's body. Manila looks to PJ.

MANILA (CONT'D)
You remember where this thing is,
little man?

PJ
Yeah. I'm positive.

MANILA
Good, cause I'm ready to just get
the hell out of here. This place
gives me the creeps.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

CUE --- "HERE COMES THE SUN" by THE BEATLES:

Through the pouring rain, MANILA opens up the gate leading to the CONSTRUCTION SITE. She's armed with a rifle, wearing a hefty yellow poncho and the moccasins Nina made for her. She's alone, splitting off from the rest of the group of people she's come out with. She's got a bag, ready to scavenge for supplies. And then she spots someone approaching her through the downpour --- and she aims.

Only to find GILLIAN's rifle shoved in her own face. BOOM, just like that, it's a standoff.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- ELSEWHERE -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

PJ sits in the pipe. He hears footsteps through the rain. He peeks out --- sees an unfamiliar figure, in a yellow poncho with the hood up and moccasins on their feet, rushing toward him. He picks up the rock, ready.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- ELSEWHERE -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

GILLIAN

You a bandit? Me and my son don't want anything to do with you anymore. I told y'all I swear I'd kill you, after what you did to him?!

MANILA

I'm not... I'm not a bandit. I'm not here to hurt you, just please...

GILLIAN

You took everything we had, there's nothing left ---

MANILA

I'm NOT a bandit, just let me go. I'll turn around and go back.

Gillian stares at her, in near tears... thinking about it. She really is.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- ELSEWHERE -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

The figure in the poncho and moccasins seems confused. They spin around, looking for something --- with their back turned now, PJ gets his opportunity. He climbs out of the pipe and rushes. SMASHES the figure right in the back of the head with the rock. They fall and he keeps swinging, beating, SCREAMING wildly ---

PJ

DIE! DIE! DIE! STAY AWAY FROM ME
AND MY MOMMY! JUST --- DIE!

And then on the fourth or fifth swing, PJ drops the blood-soaked rock and stares at the figure's body breathlessly...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- ELSEWHERE -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

MANILA

These people they took everything
from you and your son? Your
clothes, all of it?

GILLIAN

Y-- Yes.

MANILA

You look freezing. Here.

She removes her yellow poncho. Her moccasins. Slides them over to Gillian.

Manila smiles softly.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Take them. Please. I have plenty
of things to wear, it's okay.

Gillian beams, amazed at this woman's generosity. And then she puts on the poncho. Slides the moccasins on her bare feet.

GILLIAN

Thank you. So much...

Gillian heads off. Manila stares at her, watches her jog ahead excitedly...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- ELSEWHERE -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

MANILA (O.S.)

NO!! STOP!

PJ sees this stranger ahead of him, screaming frenetically. He turns over the dead body with the caved-in head, his first human kill, and sees ---

It's GILLIAN. He killed his own fucking mother.

PJ
Oh my god. Mom! Mom! NO!

A storm rages on, young PJ stood in the construction site, in the pouring rain -- a bloody ROCK in his hand -- and the dead body of Gillian, his own mother, at his feet. MANILA jogs over, stands nearby in shock, as he weeps.

PJ (CONT'D)
I killed her. I --- I killed her.

And then his eyes roll to the back of his head and he collapses, with "HERE COMES THE SUN" fading out here...

FADE TO BLACK...

FADE IN:

EXT. TENT -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

PJ is wrapped in a blanket in a TENT at the GENERAL's grimy camp. MANILA climbs in, hands him four bottles of pills.

MANILA
Just got back from the pharmacy.
They had what you asked for.

PJ
(shyly)
Thanks.

MANILA
Everything okay?

PJ
Head hurts.

MANILA
You had a nasty fall.

PJ
...Where's my Mom?

That's when it hits her. He doesn't remember. He hit his head, was it amnesia? The trauma of it made his brain block it out?

She has no clue which angle to take, but she knows what she has to do --- to protect this little boy from his memories --
-

MANILA

I don't know. I found you alone.

PJ's confused expression mixes with sadness now.

PJ

Did she... leave me?

MANILA

I doubt it. Something must have happened.

PJ

Then we find her right?

MANILA

That's not an option.

PJ

Why not?!

MANILA

Because it was hard enough for me to get my people to keep you alive. Shut up, be on your best behavior and listen, or else you'll end up dead like one of those things out there. You want that?

PJ shakes his head 'no'.

PJ

So we're just going to leave her out there to die, then?

MANILA

I'm sorry. I know you're confused, I know you're scared... This is gonna' be your home now, and it's dangerous... but to survive, we've gotta' do what we've gotta' do. Just listen to me if you want to stay alive. Okay?

He nods.

MANILA (CONT'D)

My name's Manila.

PJ

I'm PJ.

MANILA

You made this, PJ?

She pulls out his mother's gun. She points at the hand-made silencer on the end. He nods.

PJ

My mom taught me how.

MANILA

That's really good. Think you can do that for us? Make more of these? It'll be like an art project right? Sound fun?

He nods shyly.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Great.

Manila turns to the tent, where she sees THE GENERAL standing. He nods to her, with a proud smile. She turns back to PJ, examining this broken child, horrified by what she's being made to do, bringing him here ---

EXT. TENT -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

MANILA sits outside her own tent at night. She starts to write in her MANUSCRIPT --- scribbling over the typed parts of this page, angrily writing:

"Anyone ever reads this, just know that this place is FUCKED. No hope left. Nuke it all."

Off her face, bitter, sad, angry, as she stuffs it into her backpack. She looks back at PJ, who's wrapped up in a blanket, singing himself softly to sleep to the tune of "Here Comes the Sun"...

PJ

Little darlin', it's been a long,
cold lonely winter... little
darlin', it feels like years since
it's been clear...

MANILA

You know that song?

PJ turns over to look at Manila. He nods.

PJ
My mom used to sing it to me.

And then he turns back and tries to go to sleep...

EXT. AIRPORT -- MORNING -- FLASHBACK, CONT.

Scene from 2x03 --- "There Was No Calm Before This Storm":

The entire group stands around XANDER's fresh grave. The dead soldiers, the zombies, they BURN in a PYRE in the background. Everyone starts to wander off.

The last ones left, PJ and MANILA stand by the fire. Manila digs into her backpack and pulls out that damned MANUSCRIPT. She gives it one last look, before tossing it into the flames.

TIGHT ON THE MANUSCRIPT'S WORDS:

"NO HOPE LEFT"

As they crumble, burn away. It's a very poetic, powerful image.

With a resilient sigh, Manila stares at it as it curls up, an expression of freedom in her face... She looks up at PJ, smiles.

PJ
Why'd you throw your book away?

MANILA
Don't need it anymore. Realized how... wrong the message of it really was.

She gives him a noogie. He shakes his head, with an uncomfortable chuckle.

PJ
I'm going inside.

MANILA
Alright, me too.

They head off together. We focus on Manila. There's an expression of happiness in her face, as she looks back up at the group as they head back to the airport --- the love unsaid in her eyes tells us she's finally found hope.

This scene makes so much more sense to us now in this context...

INT. LA MER, UPSIDE-DOWN CORRIDOR -- DAY

MANILA and PJ make it to the VIALS. She picks up the case carefully, seals it shut.

MANILA
Rory said to make sure I was
careful. This thing could have the
virus in it.

PJ
He wants to examine it?

MANILA
Apparently.

They make a move on.

PJ
Hey, it was pretty cool of you to
come all the way out here for some
kid you don't even care about.

His tone starts serious, but it's apparent that he's teasing her. Manila smiles.

MANILA
Yeah well, maybe I care about you
just a *little bit*.

And she's teasing him too. PJ's face turns serious.

PJ
I've been starting to remember, you
know that right?

MANILA
Yeah. It's why you've been so
angry.

PJ
I don't hate you. I just want you
to know that. You were just
protecting me.

MANILA
Do you hate yourself? That's the
real question here because you
shouldn't. It's why I never told
you. To protect you from those
feelings of self-loathing.

PJ
(quietly)
No. What's done is done.

And that'll do for her.

EXT. CANAL -- DAY

RORY is preparing their vehicle to go. JOHN SMITH hoists BRAY up in his arms. KITTY looks concerned.

KITTY
Are you sure you don't want us to
give you a ride? It's not a
hassle, really.

JOHN SMITH
No. We'll make the walk. Thank
you. If you people have the virus
with you, I'd like to keep my
people safe.

Rory watches John Smith as he starts to go, skeptically ---

RORY
I've met people like you before.
Men, leaders. They have turned
this chaos, the end of the world
into something about them. All
about them, in fact. Manipulated
people to follow their beliefs.
People thought that maybe locking
the poor up in ghetto's and burning
them down would fix everything.
They went ahead and killed all the
children and the elderly too,
they'd be no use in this new world!
People are monsters. We may have
had our differences, but please ---
tell me you're not like them.
Don't be using these people. I beg
of you, please don't turn out like
the others. Don't let it happen
again.

JOHN SMITH
But it will happen again. When the
world has problems it always ends
with giving less to the poor. Who
got the first tickets, first dibs
to 'Eden', Rory? The rich white
men. Like usual.
(MORE)

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)

Now years later you come back,
scooping up what's left behind and
bringing those who aren't already
dead or deserve to be dead, which
is a very miniscule number in fact,
to 'Eden'. Long live the madness.
It never ends, nothing ever does,
everything just starts over again.
This canal? I claimed it, it's my
land. It's why I went out here to
see what the ruckus as. Take what
you've gotten, you've earned it.
But never step foot on my property
and take something from me again.

Rory nods. MANILA and PJ emerge from the ship, with the
case. Rory gets all up in arms.

RORY

Careful with that!!

KITTY

You're gonna' have to drive careful
on the way back for sure now...

Smith and Bray are already gone, into the forest, by the time
Rory's got the case in his hand and he's turned back around.
He watches the direction they came from, intrigued, before
hopping into the vehicle. Kitty, Manila, PJ, Ash and Darla
climb after him.

EXT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- SUNSET

PHOEBE makes her way into the main observatory room where
GWEN stands. She's intimidated, it's obvious.

PHOEBE

Um. There's something I need to
show you.

GWEN

Go for it.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- SUNSET

PHOEBE's at RORY's computer.

PHOEBE

Leigh and I went in here yesterday and found a phone with messages between apparently Rory and someone else. They were very... mysterious, to say the least.

GWEN

So you think he's our guy?

PHOEBE

I wanted to be sure before I told you. So I decided to look at camera security footage---

She pulls up the security footage. Fast-forwards through everything.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Rory never came in or out of the lab yesterday.

GWEN

So? He could have sent the messages away from the lab.

PHOEBE

But then how did it end up plugged in and charging in his computer?

Gwen nods --- getting it.

GWEN

You think someone's setting Rory up...

Gwen seems to be buying it. Now it's just a question of what to do about it...

GWEN (CONT'D)

Go through these tapes. All day. You mark who was in and out of the lab around and after the time the message was sent.

PHOEBE

Of course.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- SUNSET

TOM sits on RONNIE's porch. He gives a stressed sigh. Passerby's give this stranger odd looks.

A face from the crowd approaches him... GARETH. He takes a seat on the porch step.

TOM
You're here too?

GARETH
Surprise surprise. One big happy reunion, right?

TOM
(beat)
I'm surprised you're not coming after me, ready to strangle my ass.

GARETH
I could say the same for you. I got over my beef with you when I killed you. Guess death isn't permanent, though.

TOM
In a world roaming with the dead, you're just now figuring that out?

GARETH
What I found today... is insane.
This place ain't what it seems,
I'll tell 'ya that much.
(beat --- leans in)
There's a storm brewin' here,
Tommy. You people sniff out that shit don't you? Fuckin' twister chasers. Always lookin' for trouble. It's why you're here. It's not me you've gotta' worry about now, man. If you're gonna' stick around here, there's bigger fish to look out for, you hear?

Gareth gets up and starts heading off. With one final turn to Tom, he winks at him. Off Tom's confused face, we ----

BOOM.

END EPISODE