

E D E N | R I S I N G

#207

"A Spy in the House of Love"

by
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TEASER

EXT. AIRPORT, PARKING LOT -- DAY

PAN through the airport parking lot. TIGHT on the eyes of one of the zombies SIDNEY has chained up, it looks on at something. The noise gets louder, louder, closer as these voices speak over the image of this zombie's face ---

GWEN (V.O.)
Why would you bring that thing in here?

RORY (V.O.)
This isn't just another bag of bones, Gwendolyn. We could be looking at our first live specimen.

PHOEBE (V.O.)
Shouldn't we just burn it---?

RORY (V.O.)
Burn it? Phoebe, burn it?!
Incinerate this carcass and you're ruining our best chance at...
(beat)
...well, killing boredom!

--- on cue with the word "*killing*"... SPLAAATT!

RORY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You know I've been dying for something to do around here...
This airport's become so uninteresting lately, this could give us some spicing up.

The zombie's head is run over, splattering everywhere in an explosion of red and pink. Disgusting. A military jeep zooms away from the scene.

INT. LABORATORY, CLEANROOM -- DAY

We enter the refrigerated 'cleanroom'. In the middle of the room is the operating table, where they successfully amputated DARLA.

On the table is the electrified, crispy corpse of the INFECTED GIRL, ROSALIE.

RORY and PHOEBE approach the operating table. Both are wearing AIR CLEAN SUITS, Rory wheeling a stainless steel trolley neatly prepared with an array of surgical instruments.

Phoebe surveys the body beneath her. It's a disturbing sight.

PHOEBE

Your idea of 'having fun' is a
little morbid, don't you think?

In unison, at the door, MANILA and PJ raise their rifles and stare down the scopes, their aim directly at the two scientists.

Phoebe removes a scalpel from its row on the top shelf of the trolley and moves to the young girl.

Rory takes a breath. An anticipatory beat...

...as the scalpel slices through the flesh of the child's corpse. Her thawed blood forms vivid red lines in the silver blade's wake. With her hands, Phoebe slips a NEEDLE into the vein and blood is sucked into a syringe. Phoebe's hand is shaking as she gently, carefully, squeezes and the droplet of blood is plucked onto a glass slide. She puts it under the watchful eye of a microscope and peers in the VIEWFINDER.

We get a GLIMPSE of the virus. What it looks like.

The cells are tremulously moving.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

There's definitely fresh activity
here...

She peers up at PJ and Manila through the doorway.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- DAY

PHOEBE's discussing her findings with RORY and the other redshirt scientists, including MAL and STILLMAN.

RORY

(excited)

Five years and I have a first live sample. A live sample from a freshly-infected individual with no bites, no signs of a struggle or health issues! It's like we're looking at the body of someone following the first outbreaks...

Mal's skepticism is obvious --- her tone condescending ---

MAL

And you're sure about this? There was nothing wrong with the girl?

RORY

PJ said she just dropped dead. Do you know what this means?

PHOEBE

(getting it)

Airborne exposure.

MAL

On a recent victim!? But how...?

RORY

You know how.

PHOEBE

Because someone had the virus.

RORY

Yeah.

Rory turns to the briefcase on the table. Nods to it.

RORY (CONT'D)

We do.

TIGHT on the briefcase --- an ominous beat as the music crescendoes and ---

BOOM.

END TEASER

ACT IEXT. SUBURBAN STREETS -- DAY

A long line of mourners line the streets of the LAST CHANCE SOCIETY's streets. We get a nice sweeping shot of them all gathering to the MONASTERY...

FATHER WARDEN (V.O.)

Have you ever wondered why God allows his people to suffer? In my eyes, God allows us to suffer to keep us humble. Thorns in our flesh remind us that we are not in control of our lives. They keep us on our knees. God knows that our souls are much better off when we suffer in humility than when we prosper in pride.

INT. MONASTERY, CHURCH -- DAY

The pews are filled. It's like the childrens' funeral all over again.

FATHER WARDEN (V.O.)

Have you ever met someone who is spiritually arrogant? I'm sure we all have. They are so obnoxious that God could never use them for his kingdom. God gives most of us at least one thorn to keep us relying on him. Think about it this way... if you have no thorns, then you are not a rose. And all the thorns that Ronald faced in his life are a testament to what a beautiful, budding rose of a life he lived.

We're tight on TOM, as he sits in the front, his hand clasped over LEIGH's tightly. She is still in shock, just going through the motions. She nods along with Father's words and whispers a soft, vulnerable:

LEIGH

Amen...

FATHER WARDEN steps down from the altar, as the crowd solemnly applauds.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

A cemetery on the edge of the town's walls. Tom walks off, up the grassy slope, toward the rise.

We get a view across the valley of graves. He sees nothing but green carpet and tiny headstones, budding flowers, not a tree to hide behind in sight.

He hears a crunch of leaves... turns...

LEIGH comes up behind him. She sniffles, wipes her face. Her expression is both fragile and proud.

LEIGH
Beautiful, isn't it?

TOM
Yes.

She steps up the ridge with him. The sun's rays have broken through the clouds in the blue sky, and they strafe over the valley.

LEIGH
Today, of all days, the sun decides to shine.

TOM
Perhaps your father had a word with the Big Man Upstairs. Asked him to keep an eye over his daughter, give her a form of light to tell her everything will be alright.

She smiles softly --- sad laughter follows.

LEIGH
A word? I'm sure by now he's engineered a hostile takeover.
(beat)
I just wanted to tell you I was taking off.

TOM
Before the burial?

LEIGH
I simply can't be here, Tom. I'm going to go through his stuff and that's going to be hard enough for me as it is. I've already said my goodbyes, I know what I need to do with myself to keep him proud...

TOM

(interrupting)

And what would that be? If you need any help, I'm here for you... I don't want you pushing me away. It seems I do enough of that in my relationships, we can't have the both of us pushing.

Leigh looks on, she sees a young girl and an older man, playing tug-of-war together in the field. She smiles softly, sadly---

LEIGH

You've done the opposite, Tom. You keep pulling me tighter and tighter and while I don't want to be let go, for now I have to. Leave him a rose for me. I'll see you later.

TOM

You don't want me to come with you?

LEIGH

This is one of those times when you need to push, Tom.

And with that, she turns on her heel and Tom is left in his brooding silence. And he stares ahead, we notice something... the girl and her father, playing tug-of-war. They're not there, not anymore. Or perhaps they never were.

INT. FOOD COURT -- DAY

ASH and DARLA dump out their backpacks. All of the food and supplies they've gathered are scattered all over one of the middle tables in the food court. GWEN, REGIS, KITTY, and SIDNEY go through all of it excitedly.

GWEN

Shit guys, you really did hit the jackpot.

KITTY

(giddy)

Freaking shampoo! Excellent!

ASH

Yeah, we weren't kidding! Got some veggie oil, mayo, lotion...

REGIS
All lubricants. Simply marvelous
children, thank you...!

He snatches up the mayo and starts to prance off, when Gwen
grabs him by the arm.

GWEN
Not so fast, Pee-Wee.

Regis rolls his eyes. Spins around.

GWEN (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
You can get your... lubricant and
do what you will with it, once you
actually *earn it*.

Regis raises an eyebrow.

REGIS
Excuse me. I thought we
established this already
Gwendolyn... don't you know who I
am?!

GWEN
Yes, you are the PR Guy. You sort
out who gets on the plane and who
doesn't... Do you have any idea
who I am? I helped turn Cincinnati
around from the depths of hell and
I created a fucking metropolis.

REGIS
Massive respect points, truly. But
then what happened to that city?
Why are you locked up here, fucking
your best friend's husband, hmmm?
Or would you rather not talk about
it?

He winks at her. An extra little jab. Steam might as well
be fuming from Gwen's ears at this point.

GWEN
You hear me? You'll get your mayo
when you earn it.

REGIS
And you'll get my respect when you
earn it.

Gwen grabs him by the arm, snatches the mayonnaise, puts it on the table. Regis scoffs. Starts to drag himself out of her grip when she ---

Punches him right in the nose! He falls back, stumbles to the floor, crying softly.

REGIS (CONT'D)
You bitch...!

And then she starts beating on him. It's all happened so fast.

Sidney and Ash pull them away from each other...

GWEN
Respect that.

PJ and Darla watch on, PJ rather enjoying it honestly, with a childish little smile on his face.

SIDNEY
HEY! COOL IT!

GWEN
(to Regis)
Don't think I won't throw you to the biters...

SIDNEY
When Rory drove in, he killed one of the zombies I had out there. How about this --- Regis comes with me and he catches the next zombie? And if he brings it back successfully, he gets his mayonnaise. Sound fair enough?

Gwen's still trying to regain her composure...

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Does that sound fair enough? Gwen!

Gwen is completely out of it, taking in a deep breath and then nodding.

GWEN
Yeah. Go ahead. Take him.

REGIS
What? Seriously?! You can't do this.

SIDNEY

I suggest you shut up before you
get your ass beat by another chick.

She grabs Regis by the arm and carries him off from Gwen,
mostly for HIS OWN SAFETY. He shouts after her, all sassy:

REGIS

This isn't over Gwen. Don't think
you'll be getting the last word.

OFF GWEN, looking as if she's about to snap---

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

--- we're WIDE ON SIDNEY, examining the body of the zombie
that RORY ran over on his way in. REGIS's arm is in her
grip. GWEN follows them out, ready to lock the gate behind
them as they start out...

RORY (O.S.)

I have no idea what it was for, but
I figured I'd apologize anyway.

Sidney turns to see Rory approaching her.

SIDNEY

(beat)

Hey... what's with the body you
brought in? Any news?

RORY

Still undergoing tests. I wanna'
talk to you about something...
those biters. What are they here
for?

SIDNEY

Experimenting, sort of.

RORY

I don't think that's the best idea.
It's not safe to have these things
here...

SIDNEY

Yet you think it's safe to bring in
a briefcase full of vials with an
unknown substance that may or may
not be the thing that fucked up the
world in the first place?

RORY

Okay Sidney - something climbed up your legs this morning didn't it? What's bugging you?

SIDNEY

Fuck off, Rory... You wanna know what bugs me?!

RORY

Yeah, Sidney, I do.

SIDNEY

Nobody is asking "Why?" anymore. Maybe you think the problem is beyond us or behind us, but it bothers me every day. I can study them safely, you saw how I handled the ones out there, they can't hurt nobody. And then you have to waltz in here acting like you have some authority ---

RORY

I DO have authority. Under the official rules, I have authority over everybody when it involves quarantine or anything regarding the virus. I'm the brains here! You thought brawns lead this new world order, but uh-uh, you thought wrong. And I'm not letting those things wander around my airport. Sorry. If you want answers, Eden'll have some when we get there...

Now Gwen gets heated. Decides to chime in.

GWEN

We share this fucking airport, as part of the agreement you made. If Tom were here right now, you know damn well you would let him make the decisions and you'd go right along with it.

SIDNEY

At this point, I'm startin' to think I'll never be stepping foot into Eden. I'm sick of waiting... waiting for answers, waiting for help... What if I can find a cure, Rory, could you imagine that?

RORY

And how the hell would you do that?
With what equipment, Sidney? I get
that we're all bored, but this is
getting ridiculous.

Sidney looks offended as Rory starts to walk off. Gwen stops him.

GWEN

Tom left me in charge. And I say
she can keep her little project up.
They're keeping the rest of them
away. If we have them out there,
we'll be preventing anymore random
zombie attacks.

RORY

So they're like the real world
version of the Max Repel? Are you
sure it works?

Gwen doesn't answer. She just ushers Sidney and Regis out the gate and starts locking it up behind them. Rory rolls his eyes and continues ---

RORY (CONT'D)

Not like it matters anyway. You
two will do whatever you want.
Fine. Do what you will. But if
Tom comes back and agrees with me,
don't think I won't tell you "I
told you so". Because I'm a little
shithead and I love to rub stuff
like that in people's faces. Just
sayin'. Do what you will.

GWEN

And you and Phoebe do what you
will. We stayed out of your way,
so stay out of ours.

The staredown between these two is immense.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS -- DAY

IVY walks alone through the streets of the community. She's all dolled up. It's a different look for her, as she's usually --- to put it nicely --- rather homely and not so femme-fatale. She catches KELVIN's eye. He approaches, all smiles:

KELVIN

Hey beautiful. What are you all dressed up for?

IVY

No reason. Just wanted to look pretty today.

KELVIN

Oh, I'm not *complaining*. It's just you never make this much of an effort usually and ---

Ivy stops in her tracks, cocks an eyebrow --- *Excuse me?*

Kelvin splutters a bit, awkwardly laughing.

KELVIN (CONT'D)

Oh. Yeah. I just shot myself in the foot there, didn't I? Um. I meant to say --- it's not everyday you put *lipstick* on. And a dress. And those heels. You look killer. Like you're going out for a night on the town. You wanna' hang out again tonight? Watch a movie? I'll get dressed up too.

He just sounds really desperate at this point. And completely awkward. He's just a mess. It's obvious he hasn't had much experience dealing with women. Ivy smiles. Not the endearing one, more of a pitying smile.

IVY

I... I'd love to, but I've got other plans.

KELVIN

Other plans? With who?

IVY

No one in particular, Kelvin, I just have other commitments. I made a promise to myself I'd sit at home tonight and just sleep. I found this old dress in my closet and just felt like throwing it on. No big deal. We'll hang out some other night okay? Maybe tomorrow.

And with that, she scurries off. Leaving Kelvin in complete confusion.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- DAY

RORY is at a computer --- typing stuff in.

RORY
Did you have any pets growing up?

PHOEBE
Uhh, a fish tank. Couple birds. A
bunny. A dog. Why?

RORY
I'm just trying to get to know you
better...

Phoebe's face scrunches up in a frown, she's suspicious.

PHOEBE
Um, okay?

RORY
And this dog. It had a name, yes?

PHOEBE
(chuckling)
I named her Bunny. And my bunny's
name was Puppy... I thought I was
being clever. I was only eight.

RORY
And Bunny was your first dog?

PHOEBE
First and only...

RORY
(carrying on)
And your mother's maiden name?

Phoebe starts to laugh at the ridiculousness of his questions
and then REALIZATION hits her face. She spins around,
incredulous, nearly shrieks:

PHOEBE
Wait. Are you hacking me?!

RORY
Oh come on! You won't let me see
any of the results, you're being
all secretive and it's driving me
insane!

PHOEBE

To be fair, the results aren't even in yet! I just want to keep this under wraps as well as possible...

RORY

So you like the lies? The secrets?

PHOEBE

Sometimes. But I'm usually not very good at keeping them, but in this case... yes. Yes I do. Because the lies and the secrets are what's keeping people alive. What are you trying to imply?

RORY

Gwen told me about your little investigation. You thought I was our little spy in the house of love for a moment. So I'm just playing my cards here and getting suspicious of you now. Lies? Secrets? Sounds like the calling card of *the perfect saboteur*...

PHOEBE

Oh stop it! It was nothing personal. I had good reason to believe it was you, but you're all cleared now...

(smirks)

...Maybe.

RORY

And what were you being all secretive about on the computer then if it wasn't the results of the tests...?

PHOEBE

Nothing okay? It was nothing. Just drop it...

She shuffles off nervously, as Rory's eyes follow her, suspicious---

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- DAY

WIDE SHOT of GWEN, as she leads ASH, PJ and DARLA through the AIRPORT PARKING LOT. They stop in the massive grassy field, between the landing strips. Food is being grown here, like a mini garden.

ASH
How's Mini-Eden doing?

GWEN
Pretty good so far. Some of them
aren't coming in as good as I'd
like...

She touches one of the dead plants with a frown.

GWEN (CONT'D)
...I don't think the turnips are in
season. I can't quite remember.
(sadly)
It's been so long since I've done
this.

DARLA
So you just forgot?

GWEN
Yeah. Sometimes it really is just
as simple as that... You just
forget things.

PJ and Darla look on at the zombies Sidney has set up.

ASH
It's pretty smart, what Sidney's
got going on.

GWEN
I thought it was weird at first.
But yeah, it's genius.

LATER --- Darla and PJ wander around the fence, just the two
of them, while Gwen and Ash take care of the plants in the
background.

DARLA
Ash seems so sad recently doesn't
he? He's so... quiet. He hasn't
said anything funny in ages.

PJ
Or degrading. He just hasn't been
him since...

DARLA
...since he shot Jessie.

PJ
Yeah.

DARLA

We should try cheering him up.

PJ

Yeah, I guess. I don't know what we'd do to cheer him up really, though. He's busy right now... Maybe we can try later.

Darla's eyes are on one of the zombies, and she looks at PJ, uneasy.

DARLA

I don't like it.

PJ

Do they still scare you? I mean, you fight 'em off like they don't, but, we're all still scared of 'em... Aren't we?

DARLA

Not anymore.

PJ

...Yeah, me either really. I wonder if I should be scared though. I don't want to get too used to them, because then I'll think I'm invincible or something. Those things are still something to be freaked out by, I think...

Darla understands what he's saying. She nods... elaborates on her POV...

DARLA

I don't like the sounds they make. And their eyes, they're so red and... it makes my eyes hurt just looking at them. I do wonder what it feels like though, sometimes. If it hurts to be a biter. But other than that... they don't scare me anymore. I kind of pity them. If it wasn't for the amputation, I'd be like them, so I know how it feels kind of. They're so empty and lonely. I'm just thankful I'm not.

PJ looks into the face of the zombie that's chained there, flopping around uselessly, limbs and jaw gone.

It's so useless lying there. He looks like he's really thinking about it --- he swallows.

PJ
They do look pretty lonely.

DARLA
Yeah well, if I lived like they do,
I'd be lonely too.

Darla reaches up, tiptoes, and kisses PJ on the cheek.

PJ
...What was that for?

DARLA
Everything. Why? Didn't you like
it?

PJ smiles.

PJ
Thanks.

We linger on this scene for a moment... they awkwardly stand there, no words, no interactions --- until PJ's hand reaches over and takes Darla's. A chestnut horse moves from the forest, grasping the kids' attention. Darla's face lights up.

DARLA
Oh my god, a horse. It's so pretty!

PJ
It is. There must be a farm
nearby, I'm surprised it lasted so
long on its own...

DARLA
I miss having animals around. They
make good company. We used to have
dogs, it made coping a lot easier.

PJ
Yeah, and plus we actually have to
entertain ourselves now...

The horse retreats. Focus on PJ's face, watching it go.
There's something brewing in the boy's mind, we can see it...

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT I

ACT IIEXT. FOREST -- DAY

TIGHT on a quartet of skinny, furry legs as they move through a clearing in the forest...

...we pan up to reveal a WILD DOG, homeless and starved and looking quite vicious actually.

In its mouth, it proudly flaunts a SEVERED LEG.

It stops to take a break and enjoy its little meal. Suddenly its ears perk, its nose gives a twitch, gives a whimper, and then takes the leg and rushes off...

...revealing SIDNEY and REGIS making their way into the clearing.

SIDNEY

A dog. Aw. Poor thing...

REGIS

Wanna whistle for it and have it come back over here?

SIDNEY

Unless you want to have your throat ripped out, I'd suggest you let it go. Wild dogs are dangerous, especially if that thing's been on its own and survived all this time...

She spots a downed biter on the floor of the forest, one of its legs chewed off completely. Its insides spill everywhere, but it keeps going, slowly but surely, crawling toward the pair of them. A smile crosses Sidney's face. She unsheathes her blade and hands it to a nervous Regis.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

...and look, thanks to good ol' Survivor Pup, we didn't even have to do the dirty work. Hack off its other leg. I want to see how good your aim is.

REGIS

And then you can handle the mouth. I'm not letting that thing...

SIDNEY

...go to waste. That's what you were going to say, right?

REGIS

Not exactly, but... whatever. Let's just get this over with.

Taking in a sharp breath, Regis moves toward the zombie. Sidney looks on, amused.

SIDNEY

Have you killed any of these things...?

REGIS

I've killed my fair share.

SIDNEY

It's just been a while?

Regis starts to slow down his pace as he gets closer to the thing. Its eyes lock on him and it inches closer, dragging its body along the dirt. He winces as he says through grit teeth:

REGIS

Yep.

SIDNEY

(finding this amusing)

Ah. Fair enough.

The biter lunges for him. He jumps back a bit with a small squeak. He then lunges forward, leaping over the thing. Sidney claps at this ---

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

There you go!

--- until the zombie reaches up and GRABS him by the leg. Regis falls back and hits the ground with a scream. Suddenly straightening up, Sidney unholsters her revolver and aims steadily ---

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Shit...

Regis crawls out from the zombie's grip and Sidney cools down, wanting to see if he'll take it down.

REGIS

Now would be a good time to pull that trigger, wouldn't you say?!

SIDNEY
Go for its leg!

Regis swings with all his might --- right at its last leg. It's not all the way off yet. He hacks again and it flops away, down the bend of the hill. Regis jumps back as the biter keeps lunging at him. Sidney takes the blade at this point.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Nice work. Almost died but...

REGIS
...but once again, the invincible
Regis made it through unscathed!

SIDNEY
Except the piss between your legs.

Regis suddenly goes flush. He checks his crotch area worriedly, but there's nothing there. Sidney laughs.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
You really thought...?

REGIS
(interrupting)
I just thought after what I'd been
through it could have been a huge
possibility.

Still laughing, Sidney is interrupted by the groaning of the biter.

SIDNEY
Shut up.

And then she swings right for its jawline, hacking it off in a single swing. As its jaw tumbles off screen ---

EXT. AIRPORT, PARKING LOT -- DAY

GWEN is enjoying a CIGARETTE, leaning up against the wall of the AIRPORT. She watches as ASH brings RORY, PHOEBE, KITTY and the other scientists (MAL, STILLMAN, etc.) outside.

PHOEBE
I really don't know if this is the
best time for this...

ASH
It's never a bad time to learn how
to defend yourself.
(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)

When was the last thing any of you
has resorted to hand-to-hand, up-
close-and-personal zombie killing?

No one responds.

ASH (CONT'D)

Anybody?

RORY

Do guns count?

ASH

Absolutely not. Guns are child's
play. When the going gets rough,
all of you are going to need to
know how to fuck up some zombies
without firearms. Guns are a last
resort, we need to save the heavy
artillery in case of an emergency.

PHOEBE

Why the sudden concern?

ASH

The fact that you all went out of
your way to rescue us at the ship
and only Manila went in was a
testament to the lack of fighting
abilities we have around here.
When PJ and Darla can fight
infinitely better than most of you,
that's how you know something went
wrong with our previous drills...

Stillman interrupts.

STILLMAN

I don't really like taking my
orders from a kid. Besides, I got
a lot of training when Michael was
around...

ASH

In case you've forgotten, Michael
and his crew ain't around anymore,
haven't been for a long time...

(pointing to himself,
heavy sarcastic tone)

... 'Cause this *kid* killed him. So
if the last time you did any
training was under the soldiers's
regime, I suggest you listen to
what I've got to say.

LATER --- Gwen and Ash are chatting.

GWEN

So how'd training go?

ASH

Kitty's vastly improving. The problem with her and Rory is an immense lack of confidence. Everyone else was either passable or... not worth mentioning. It was tough for me to think of an answer when Rory asked me why all of a sudden we're making everyone sweat bullets about this. I mean, we ran drills before, but the timing's weird and you never really gave me answer as to why you wanted me to get this done.

Ah, so Gwen set this up. She sighs.

GWEN

I just have a really bad feeling. This saboteur shit's really bubbling up and I... I want to make sure if things self-destruct on us, we can all have each other's backs.

ASH

I see where you're coming from, but what if we're training the person who's going against us? We can't be sure we can trust anyone...

Gwen looks frustrated.

GWEN

Whoever this traitor's working for is big. If they're involved with the attack on that boat and that virus being on board... I'm sure our traitor's already got enough training.

ASH

That makes sense.

GWEN

I was also thinking about trenches. In the grassy areas ---

She points to the fence's perimeter... The grass around it looks pretty muddy.

GWEN (CONT'D)

--- The infection has made some of them a lot stronger than others, we can't simply rely on the gate and on patrols to keep biters out.

ASH

So you don't think Sidney's zombie repellent idea is gonna' get us anywhere?

GWEN

I'd just like to keep this group safe at whatever cost. If it means working our asses off to have eighty back-up plan's so be it.

Ash nods.

ASH

Should be easy enough to break ground. The grass is pretty muddy since we had recent rainfall. Want me to start grabbing shovels?

GWEN

Sure. Thanks.

ASH

Just around the perimeter, not by the entrances right...?

GWEN

Yeah.

(annoyed)

Though maybe with the way everyone's been running off without permission, we should have a trench blocking anyone from coming in or out...

ASH

If you wanna' really do that, we can make a little wooden plank bridge... we can have it inside and then anyone who'd wanna' leave would need permission to take it and lay it down to drive over.

GWEN

That's... really brilliant.

Ash starts to head off to grab shovels while Gwen surveys the area...

INT. ARMORY -- DAY

KITTY is inside the massive FOOD ARMORY, where she's taking all the food the kids gathered and is putting them in ORGANIZED orders on the shelves. The door opens and she looks over to see PHOEBE enter. No time for hello's or anything, an anxious Phoebe cuts right to the chase.

PHOEBE

...Rory was asking questions. He saw me looking over the results. I didn't know what to do, and now he thinks I'm the saboteur.

KITTY

Oh... I'm sorry, I really am, I didn't mean for this to happen.

PHOEBE

Please. You can fix this. Just tell him what's going on...

KITTY

I don't like keeping it a secret. I'm against secrets, truthfully. But this... I'm just trying to protect him. He's got enough on his plate right now already with the vials and... I just...

PHOEBE

You're not doing this for him, Kitty, you're doing this for you. And now your secrets are starting to hurt others. This is going too far, he's getting bad vibes from me. If I start getting the guilty finger pointed at me, I'm going to reveal it myself. I don't think you want that, so I'm asking you now... Can you please just tell Rory about your cancer? Get it over with.

And with that, Phoebe leaves briskly. She looks relieved to have let that off of her chest. Kitty's left looking extremely conflicted.

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- DAY

PHOEBE sits down at her desk. That's when RORY comes up behind her. A piece of paper in her hand.

RORY
So I managed to hack into your
system... nothing suspicious going
on, that's good.

PHOEBE
What? You went through my stuff
Rory, are you serious?! I'm not
the...

RORY
(interrupting, chuckling)
Calm down, Pheeb. Geeze. I've
never seen you get so worked up.

She heaves, annoyed at the situation.

RORY (CONT'D)
But the results came in. Phoebe,
this is it. Those vials match the
initial patterns that were recorded
from the first outbreaks... we've
got the virus.

Phoebe's face is frozen. In fear, in awe, in wonder. She
shakes her head.

PHOEBE
...We have to go with my gut here
and destroy it.

Rory looks at Phoebe, incredulous.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
(explaining)
If we destroy it, then we'll have
no explaining to do if whoever had
it comes looking for it. It's
gone. Irreversible. And it'd
serve no danger...

RORY
Destroying it will only piss them
off more. That boat, you didn't
see it... what happened on there
was an attack. Someone wanted that
boat to crash.

(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)

And how much do you want to bet the people that wanted it to crash were the same people who planted a mole in our airport?

PHOEBE

That's a bit of a stretch.

RORY

No. Think about it for a second! Who else would plant a mole in here? It was silly to think about at first, but now we know that there's people out there who have samples of the virus and they're carrying them on public cruises!

PHOEBE

Well then my fear is that they'll come after us for the virus. They probably want it back. We destroy it and they have nothing to fight for. And we have nothing to fear.

RORY

Or they're hoping their mole brings it to Eden. Or they're after something bigger. It's like we're in a fucking James Bond movie now, so *exciting*...

PHOEBE

Well I'm no Bond Girl, so I'm not quite up for the 'excitement'.

RORY

Well, how would you go about neutralizing it anyway?

PHOEBE

The basement. It's safer to take the virus down there, lock the door and toy with what to do with it. That way if shit goes wrong, we would at least be able to buy the time to evac everyone out of here.

RORY

Well, we should take this to Gwen.

Phoebe's weighing their options here. She sighs --- nods. Finally going along with it.

PHOEBE

Fine. Talk to Gwen. Try keeping this under the radar for a bit, please...

Rory nods. He rushes off --- KITTY's stood at the door.

KITTY

Hey... I think we should talk.

RORY

Erm, give me a sec. I was going to ask if you wanted to do a quick walk-and-talk, but I'm going outside to talk with Gwen... and I just figured because of what happened between you two, you'd want to hold off. Unless you want to...?

KITTY

No. It's fine. You're right. It can wait. Not too much longer though, okay? We really need to talk. It's super important.

RORY

Okay. Just give me a minute.

Rory rushes off, and we're left on Kitty's guilty face --- she turns to look at Phoebe, who is --- gone. Kitty looks confused, suspicious even, but then she shrugs it off and walks out of the lab.

INT. DECLAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- SUNSET

IVY makes her way into the kitchen, where DECLAN sits at the table.

IVY

How do I look?

DECLAN

...Good. Great.

IVY

(teasing)

Good enough to stir up Gareth? Because that *is* why I got dressed up right?

DECLAN

You'll do fine.

IVY

So I just go in there... and make him talk?

DECLAN

I'll be right outside so you won't have to worry about anything.

Ivy nods. We pan out to the window --- and see KELVIN outside. He stands on the pavement, passing by the house with a dark look...

EXT. AIRPORT, PARKING LOT -- EVENING

Sunlight is fading quickly over the lot of the airport. RORY and GWEN are chatting. Gwen's been pulled aside, sweating from her work on this trench. A sweaty ASH is still hard at work in the background as these two talk.

GWEN

So what's the word? Results in?

RORY

Yeah. We have the virus. Phoebe and I can't exactly agree on what to do with it, I figured I'd bring it to you.

Gwen's at a loss for words right now.

GWEN

Um... well what are our options?

RORY

I was thinking of keeping it safe in the cleanroom. I'd use every precaution, to study it in safety. Phoebe wants to destroy it, but destroying it... is a complicated process, I'd need to find a way to communicate directly with Eden HQ and that might take a while. Both are heavy risks.

GWEN

And we can't just... dump it somewhere? Drive it out of here and leave it?

RORY

Also risky. We could infect anyone in its vicinity, and I don't want to be responsible for another outbreak.

GWEN

Well shit. Sorry. I've never exactly dealt with a problem like this before.

RORY

You're all about building things up in the face of adversity, I get it. But a crisis like this --- it's new to all of us.

GWEN

I think trying to destroy it would be best, but you say its risky. How?

RORY

If done wrong, it will just escape and infect whoever it can get its non-existant hands on.

GWEN

And the ill effects of studying it would be the same? What would you be studying anyway?

RORY

I can't keep up with this game of 20 Questions, I'm sorry.

Gwen looks completely frustrated. She tosses her shovel aside and pulls back her sweaty blonde locks out of her face. She takes in a deep breath.

GWEN

And I can't take your sarcasm anymore. Look, do whatever you think is best. I'm not the fucking expert on this shit. Sounds like either way we're pretty fucked.

(shouting to Ash)

I'm gonna' take a break, Ash! Be back.

Ash looks back at Gwen and Rory, a little curious as to what's going on, but he stays out of it:

ASH

Okay.

She shoots one last look at Rory, one basically telling him *Do what you have to do*, before she retreats away.

INT. TERMINAL -- EVENING

PJ and MANILA have made their way into the TERMINAL. PJ goes through his backpack with a smile.

PJ

So, hey. I wanted to show you some of the stuff I picked up back in town. You already saw all the food right?

MANILA

Yeah, you guys did great.

PJ

Thanks. Well, I was in charge of taking whatever good stuff we could find. There wasn't much but ---

He digs through, and pulls out a box. It's the game of CLUE.

PJ (CONT'D)

I never knew how to play Clue.

MANILA

It's a whodunit game. Murder and all that. A little complicated, but with the long nights we have here, it could come in handy.

PJ

(shrugs)

Maybe.

He keeps digging, pulls out another cylinder-like box.

PJ (CONT'D)

This one was already opened.

(reading the label)

Jenga? I don't know if all the parts are in it.

MANILA

(grinning)

Oh, I loved Jenga! Did you happen to get Scrabble too?

She takes the Jenga box from his hands, examining it like an archeologist would a long-lost relic... sadly, that's kind of what it is.

PJ
No Scrabble. That's the last of
the games, really. Oh and this...

He removes a RUBBER BALL. The smile on Manila's face is instant.

MANILA
You little shit. I thought you'd
forgotten!

She takes it. He chuckles a bit, smirking as she gives him a noogie.

PJ
"Little shit" isn't exactly how I
figured you'd extend your gratitude
but I guess it works ---

MANILA
Thank you. Really.

She hugs him.

PJ
I'm still curious as to what the
big idea is with that thing...

MANILA
Ever hear of rhythmic gymnastics?

PJ
No.

MANILA
Yeah. Figured as much. Well, you
remember how I told you I was a
sport's writer right?

PJ
(going through the
motions)
And then the U.N. asked you to
write that little story, yeah,
we've been through this before.

MANILA
I got hurt, decided to write on the
Olympic's.
(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

Journalism was my second passion.
Haven't done 'em in a long time.

PJ

You gonna' show me?

MANILA

Sure.

Manila goes to take the ball, when the speakers start to play a song... "SAY YOU LOVE ME" by FLEETWOOD MAC. The pair's attention is instantly captured by the music.

PJ

...That singer... She's got a
pretty voice.

MANILA

I always did appreciate your taste
in music for a kid your age.

Manila moves toward the window. Sees, through the window of the OBSERVATORY TOWER where the radio is, the figure of GWEN standing inside...

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- EVENING

...GWEN's slumped against the wall, taking a heavy drink of alcohol. "SAY YOU LOVE ME" blares. Gwen belts it out, she's actually got a decent voice. Putting on a full-on power ballad, Gwen is pouring so much emotion in it, despite her drunken state. And then she stops to take a huge swig of her drink.

INT. TERMINAL -- EVENING

TIGHT ON MANILA --- her face one of concern.

MANILA

Gwen hasn't been taking things well
lately.

PJ

Neither has Darla. There's too
much stress, too much... death.
We saw a horse today. It was the
first time I'd seen her happy in a
long time.

MANILA

A horse?

PJ

Yeah, right outside the gate. I was thinkin' about tracking it. Bringing it back here and surprising Darla.

MANILA

That's sweet of you. You know how to ride a horse?

PJ

(nods)

The General taught me how to mount one.

MANILA

You shouldn't go alone, this is just a suggestion...

PJ

(playfully - smiling)

Truthfully, how often do I listen to your suggestions?

MANILA

(beat)

Point taken.

PJ

I'd rather do this alone, I think it'd be a nice surprise for everyone. I'll only be gone for a bit.

MANILA

You really like her don't you?

PJ

Just keep quiet. I want it to be a big surprise.

MANILA

You be careful, okay? Sure you don't want someone to come with you?

PJ

Nah, I can handle it.

MANILA

If you follow that horse and there's another group ---

PJ
Just retreat. Don't approach. I
remember the drills.

Manila nods. Proud.

MANILA
Stay safe.

PJ
Will do.

He heads off, grabbing some weapons.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

The song continues as we focus on Phoebe going down the stairs, a determined look on her face. In her hand --- the BRIEFCASE.

A SHADOW starts coming up the steps.

PHOEBE
It's you? You've come for the
vials?

TIGHT on the shadows --- it's an ominous scene and we don't quite know the context of it --- it almost looks like some sort of EXCHANGE is going on ---

BOOM.

END ACT II

ACT IIIEXT. MONASTERY -- NIGHT

DECLAN walks alone at night, passing by KELVIN, who sits on a bench. Kelvin stands, stops him on his way past.

KELVIN

I didn't mention this yesterday,
but I appreciate what you did for
her. Maude. You were the person
that took care of Chrissie, it only
made sense. And I'm sorry about
the girl, I really am.

DECLAN

Thanks Kelvin. Where is she now?

KELVIN

We're weighing our options with
her.

DECLAN

Banishment again?

KELVIN

In John's absence, Father Warden is
in charge. And Father is indeed
considering it.

Declan sighs...

KELVIN (CONT'D)

I do have something to say, though,
man. You and Ivy have been
spendin' a lot of time together.
And it's pissin' me off. She's
gettin' all girly'd up, looking so
pretty and it ain't even for me. I
swear, if you lay one finger on
her, I'll kill you.

And Kelvin means it. His words drip with venom.

DECLAN

Not nice words to say in front of a
monastery. I don't want Ivy.
We've been seein' each other, but
it's strictly platonic. So you
better watch your tongue boy, 'cuz
I ain't scared of you. And last I
checked *Sheriff*, you two weren't
even together...

(MORE)

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Always looked like more of a one-
sided schoolboy's crush to me.

Unfazed, Declan walks off. Kelvin suddenly handcuffs him.
Slams him against the wall.

KELVIN
You're under arrest.

DECLAN
For what?! This is bull, man, I
didn't do anything...!

And Kelvin drags Declan away, anger in his eyes---

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- DAY

GWEN enters the LAB. She approaches MAL, who is sipping
coffee at the table in the middle of the room.

GWEN
Where's Phoebe?

MAL
Um... I'm not sure. I haven't
seen her.

GWEN
She was supposed to look at the
security tapes for me, but with
everything going on she got
distracted. If you see her, can
you tell her to get on that for me?

MAL
If you want, I can do it.

Gwen doesn't really know what to say. It's obvious in her
eyes she isn't trusting much of ANYBODY right now.

GWEN
No, it's fine. Just... if you
find Phoebe, remind her.

Feeling dejected ---

MAL
Okay.

Suddenly, there's shouting.

RORY (O.S.)
NO NO NO NO NO!

GWEN
What the hell's going on, Rory?!

Gwen rushes to the sound of Rory's voice. A curious Mal and another one of the scientists follow her. They make their way to the door leading into the cleanroom, and they see ---

INT. LABORATORY, CLEANROOM -- CONTINUOUS

RORY stood by the table, his hands over his head, pacing back and forth, looking completely freaked out.

GWEN
Rory! Where's the briefcase?

RORY
It's gone! Someone took it. For fuck's sake, why weren't any of you watching it?! So fucking incompetent!

MAL
I trusted Phoebe to look after it!
Unless you have a problem with that?!

BEAT. Rory turns around slowly. He and Gwen make eye contact and then they seem to piece it together.

RORY
Shit... Do you think...?

Gwen unholsters her weapon.

GWEN
I'll find her.

Determined, Gwen storms off --- Rory follows, running after Gwen.

RORY
Mal, keep everyone calm here. Stay put...!

EXT. AIRPORT, PARKING LOT -- DAY

SIDNEY re-enters the gate with REGIS, who drags behind him via ropes and chains the biter he incapacitated. She sees the beginnings of a TRENCH being dug. They walk around it, and see ASH inside doing much of the work.

ASH
(out of breath)
Hey... You two wanna' lend a hand?

SIDNEY
(sarcastic)
Oh. Sure. Glad to see you, too.

Ash scoffs.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
What's this for?

ASH
Insurance.

Sidney nods. Fair enough. She helps Regis tie the zombie to the fence as Ash keeps working. The radio Ash has out on the edge of the trench begins to beep. He props his shovel against the wall of this first-draft trench and grabs the radio with his muddy hands.

ASH (CONT'D)
Hello?

GWEN (V.O.)
Ash? Phoebe's our traitor. Keep
an eye out, she took the virus and
she's gone.

Sidney and Regis heard this two. Everyone looks at each other in complete shock.

GWEN (V.O.)
Do you hear me?

ASH
(into walkie)
Yeah. Sidney's back, with Regis.
We'll all keep an eye out.

GWEN (V.O.)
Yeah, forget the trench for now and
just patrol okay?

ASH
(into walkie)
You got it.

He puts the walkie down and looks at Sidney and Regis.

ASH (CONT'D)
Never mind. Fuck the trench.
We've got a lurker. Help me outta'
here...

He holds his hand up, Sidney grabs it, plants herself firmly on the ground and helps yank him out of the mini-trench.

INT. GARETH'S HOME -- NIGHT

GARETH's at his chair, watching old television episodes on his TV. He scoffs at what he's watching, surely some modern-day (for us) comedy that in Gareth's day and age feels like a relic of the past.

There's a knock on the door. Gareth gets up, opens the door... and sees IVY stood on his porch. She gives a weak smile.

IVY
Hey there.

GARETH
What brings you here? Kelvin got you over here to interrogate me for somethin'?

IVY
Why? Should I be interrogating you?

There's something sultry about it. Gareth chuckles.

GARETH
Does Kelvin know you're here?

Ivy puts her hands around Gareth's shoulders. He doesn't fight it. In fact, he brings her inside. And he kicks the door shut. Almost excited.

IVY
Do I look like I give a shit either way? He's not my boyfriend.

Gareth chuckles a bit. He dives in for a kiss. He goes overboard with it, shoving her against the wall and really tonguing it. He pulls away, notices the disgust in her eyes. He scoffs --- shakes his head.

GARETH
You're bad at this, ya know... As soon as you showed up at my door lookin' all desperate... it just didn't work.

IVY
But you played along?

GARETH
(grinning)
Got a free kiss. Win-win for me.

IVY
Yeah, well, I've always been more of a talker... less of a do'er.

GARETH
Which surprises me that you came in here to chat with me. Shows you have massive cojones. So, let's just cut to the chase huh, honey?

Gareth pulls out a knife from a drawer.

GARETH (CONT'D)
(scoffs)
Get it? Cut?

Off Ivy's face --- not sure what the fuck to do ---

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS -- DAY

FATHER WARDEN is walking with TOM through the streets of the community. They're heading back to the house of Leigh's father.

FATHER WARDEN
So what do you think?

TOM
I think it's wonderful. Beautiful town, brings back a lot of memories of the town I came from... my only concern is defense. You don't seem to have many armed guards.

FATHER WARDEN
Not until after dark, no.

TOM
I'd consider letting them patrol at all times.

FATHER WARDEN

I appreciate the input, but they're not my rules. They're John Smith's. You haven't met him, he's gone missing investigating that loud explosion. I'm sure you heard it?

TOM

Yeah. Hope he turns up soon.

FATHER WARDEN

We all do.

TOM

Well bring it up to him when he returns... The folks who destroyed our town came in broad daylight. Took us by surprise.

FATHER WARDEN

These Gareth's people you're on about?

TOM

(beat)

I was just going to bring that up. You know what he is and you still keep him here? The guy's dangerous. I don't care what you think about God, redemption, or any of that... *He's not worth the trouble.* Heard that Ronnie's funeral was the latest funeral in a string of 'em. Murders. I'd bet money on Gareth being involved.

Father Warden chuckles --- shakes his head. A sly smile.

FATHER WARDEN

Now now, slow down here. I take you on a tour and you muster up your criticisms on how I'm running my community, and then you throw accusations at a valued member. Gareth's past is something we've discussed, but the past is the past. You can only look forward, never back. I trust him dearly.

TOM

(scoffs)

Your mistake.

FATHER WARDEN

You were all for giving Declan a second chance from what I'd heard.

TOM

Declan contributed to the group. Declan never gave me a reason not to trust him. He was trying to better himself, to move on. He made mistakes. Gareth tried to murder me on many occasions and he almost succeeded. This is a nice little town, but as much as you'd love it, I'm not going to stick around and bring my people here until I know it's safe. And with Gareth around... that's near impossible.

They make it to the house. Tom nods to Father Warden.

TOM (CONT'D)

Thank you for the tour Father. I'll be gone by morning.

FATHER WARDEN

That's your choice. I respect you and your opinion, so I wish you the best of luck. Keep your people safe.

Tom nods. A moment of mutual respect between these two leaders.

TOM

You too.

And he heads inside.

INT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

MANILA, KITTY, and DARLA are sitting together as they notice GWEN and RORY storming out of the makeshift lab. Rory heads off on his own... Kitty looks concerned.

KITTY

Rory! Wait!

She goes after him while Manila stops Gwen in her tracks.

MANILA

What the hell's going on?

GWEN

I need you and Darla to take a sweep of the area. Stick together. Where's PJ?

MANILA

He... He went off to get something.

GWEN

And you just let him leave?

MANILA

It's a long story, innocent teenage boy stuff...

GWEN

If he needed to jerk off that's what the bathroom's for, Manila, you can't just let him go off on his own! Jesus Christ.

She's taking her anger out on Manila. She runs her fingers through her hair.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Phoebe's the saboteur. She took the virus and she's gone. If she's still around here, we'll find her.

MANILA

Are you serious?!

Gwen's already heading off.

MANILA (CONT'D)

And if we do find her, what the hell do we do?

Gwen doesn't even turn around, she just keeps walking off.

GWEN

Blow her fucking head off.

MANILA

You shouldn't go off on your own.

GWEN

If PJ's okay to head off on his own, I'll be just dandy too.

MANILA

I can hear it in your voice, the slur.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

And we saw you earlier, Gwen...
you're drunk off your ass! PJ's
sober and he knows where he's going
and what he's looking for!

GWEN

I've drank heavier and made it
through worse unscathed. I'll be
fine.

Gwen charges away, out of sight, before Manila can stop her again.

TIGHT ON THE P.A. SYSTEM AS THE SPEAKERS BEGIN TO BLARE
"TIPTOE THROUGH THE TULIPS" BY HELEN SHAPIRO.

We're TIGHT on Gwen's face, as she stops in her tracks,
almost to the doors.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Someone's fucking with us! They're
still here and they want us to know
that.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, FIELD -- NIGHT

PJ has followed the horse's trail HERE. It's a vast, wide plain. There's the horse, sat in the field, resting. The farmhouse in the background is recently abandoned. The hollowed-out home is freshly burnt down. PJ keeps himself quiet. He's armed, just in case whoever burnt the place down is still around.

He approaches the horse slowly, a happy grin on his face. He makes a noise and it looks up at him, with doe-like innocence. PJ smiles, holding out a hand. He goes to pet its head. It pulls away.

PJ

It's okay. I'm not gonna' hurt ya.

He keeps going toward the horse. Finally makes contact with it. He keeps petting it, it calmly rubs its head against his hand. Slowly, but surely, PJ's making progress...

EXT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

"Tiptoe Through the Tulips" keeps playing as RORY and KITTY are running down the stairs heading to the basement. Rory's got a walkie up to his face.

GWEN (V.O.)
Rory... where the hell'd you go?!

RORY
Downstairs. Me and Kitty are checking out the basement. Phoebe said she wanted to get rid of it, and she suggested the basement, so...

GWEN (V.O.)
She was fucking with you, Rory!
She betrayed you, stabbed you in the back, and you're still going after her like a fucking lapdog.

Kitty snatches the walkie.

KITTY
You don't know anything! And until we figure out what's really going on, we shouldn't be turning on each other. So I'm shutting this thing off right now, because all it's doing right now is causing more fucking drama!

And she does. Turns it right off. Rory stops going down the steps, panting. He smiles at her amidst the worry, finding some light in the situation.

RORY
I fucking love you.

KITTY
I fucking love you too.

And then they keep going... And then stop in their tracks.

They see PHOEBE at the bottom of the steps, her head buried in her hands. They stop.

RORY
See, I was right! Phoebe!

She doesn't react. He starts down toward her, concern growing in his eyes.

RORY (CONT'D)
Pheeb, answer me!

She turns and looks up at us --- at Rory ---

SHE'S A ZOMBIE.

Her eyes bleed and are discolored, her face pale and her teeth ready to dive into Rory's flesh.

There's a moment of confusion here. Phoebe because she's no longer Phoebe and Rory because he's in disbelief and shock.

Then she snarls, Rory backs up, taking Kitty's hand, and the CHASE IS ON.

We follow Rory and Kitty as they sprints up stairs, and along walkways, making their way back up...

They're fast runners, but alas, PHOEBE'S FASTER.

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

"Tiptoe Through the Tulips" is still playing as RORY and KITTY burst their way in through a pair of double doors and finds himself in the lobby. He goes down the walkway and toward the stairs... An irritated REGIS shoots Rory an incredulous expression as he rushes down the steps as fast as he can.

REGIS

What the fuck is going on? All this shit with Phoebe is giving me a headache, I need some sleep...

KITTY

(shrieking)

Sidney asked you to keep watch and now Phoebe's dead! Fucking infected, and she's getting up here. Get your gun out...!

REGIS

Calm down, okay? I can't keep up... repeat that first part?

ON THE DOUBLE DOORS ABOVE --- AS THEY BURST OPEN, Phoebe smashing through hungrily, with all of her might.

Regis fumbles with his belt, pulling out the gun. He fires it, hitting himself in the foot. He screams.

REGIS (CONT'D)

AGGH, SHIT!!

This attracts Phoebe's attention. Kitty's gone, making a beeline right toward the lab door.

She's screaming for Rory to follow, but Rory doesn't know what to do, his survival instincts tell him to go with Kitty, but he's compassionate to a flaw, so he takes Regis and tries to drag him along with him toward the lab doors.

Phoebe's quick, though, and within seconds, she's got Regis by his legs. She's biting, ripping, scratching, tearing his lower extremities apart as Regis screams bloody murder. And then Rory keeps dragging him, until Phoebe yanks at his legs so hard that Regis is torn in two. Rory drops Regis's arms in horror and trips, shocked. This is where the song ends and the P.A. systems SNAP OFF.

He hits the floor and Phoebe's only a foot away now. Regis's flesh hanging from her jaws, she just wants Rory it seems. He scrambles backwards, gets back on his feet with help from Kitty, and together they make a run for the lab door. Kitty throws it open, they both run inside...

INT. MAKESHIFT LAB -- CONTINUOUS

...Zombie PHOEBE makes herself a barrier between the door and the wall, her infected eyes are wary, savage, and LOOKING FOR RORY...

...who jam kicks the door shut on Phoebe's neck. Kitty helps him press against the door.

For a moment, she looks on, stunned.

And then she fights, wildly and violently. Rory lifts his legs and presses his feet against the wall, forcing it shut.

Phoebe's neck is still trapped, and she's choking, blood spewing from her lips. The shutting door tearing through her weak, pale skin.

On Rory's face, which reads effort and pure anguish at what he's forced to do.

Phoebe keeps choking, Rory refusing to look back at her. And then she stops fighting. Falls limp, her throat crushed and her head barely hanging from the ripped muscle and skin of her neck.

Her neck then snaps, and her body crumples quickly. Blood bubbles from Phoebe's mouth and she gurgles, choking on her own blood. Her eyes still stare at Rory hungrily. And then he picks up a computer monitor, yanks it away from the desk, and drops it ---

--- Rory looks away before the monitor collides with his friend's head and makes it explode into numerous pieces.

Kitty's softly crying at this point, putting her hand on Rory's shoulder comfortingly.

Tight on Rory's face for a moment, in pure horror over what just happened, what he just had to do to his best friend... and he reaches for his walkie talkie. Picks it up and holds it to his face. Clicks down and speaks shakily, with the best composure he can muster at this point, staring at Phoebe like a train wreck ---

RORY

...Hey. Uh... Phoebe's dead. But she... she doesn't have the virus. Someone else must have taken it from her...

KITTY

Rory... Rory, I'm sorry.

And then, he can't take the sight of Phoebe's body anymore. His eyes roll to the back of his head and he hits the floor like a sack of potatoes at Kitty's feet...

BOOM.

END ACT III

ACT IVINT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- NIGHT

GWEN makes her way into the top room of the OBSERVATORY TOWER, where the radio is. She enters slowly, weapon ready, until she makes it to the panel and shuts off the radio...

She looks around, and we're TIGHT on her face --- animalistic, drunk as hell, but still PISSED. She knows someone's fucking with her.

INT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

Everyone is mostly regrouped in the terminal. "The invincible REGIS" lies there, split in half, his top half still snarling and snapping as GWEN approaches. She looks at his body, sadly.

GWEN

Sorry Regis. Guess I did end up getting the last word...

Gwen gives a sad smile, reflecting on her relationship with Regis. She's genuinely not happy to do this, but with relative ease, she lifts her gun and blows his head off. And Zombie Regis moves no more. Gwen remains stoic, but we can see a tinge of sadness as she stands for a moment of silence, reflecting.

ASH, DARLA, RORY, KITTY and some of the redshirt researchers who have woken amidst the chaos (like MAL) look on in shock over what's happened. Rory's got a wet rag over his head. Gwen covers Regis with tarp and paces back toward the rest of the group.

GWEN (CONT'D)

...This is my fault.

ASH

No, I should have stayed with Sidney... I'm going back.

GWEN

When did you last see her?

ASH

We split up outside, I answered your radio call and thought she got it too.

GWEN

She's either being stubborn, or something's wrong.

MANILA

Or she can't hear you. *Relax.*
Blaming anyone, especially
yourself, isn't going to fix this.

GWEN

Two people are dead, Sidney isn't
answering her calls, we might have
an intruder in our home. I'm the
leader right now and I'd be damned
if I wasn't responsible for this.
You're all my responsibility and
I've failed you.

Gwen cocks her weapon. Starts off.

KITTY

Where are you going?

GWEN

Stop acting like you care, Kitty.
You hate me and I deserve every
ounce of it.

KITTY

And I know you well enough to see
that *you're drunk...* You said it
yourself, it isn't safe out there
and we can't risk losing anybody
else. Least of all you.

GWEN

I need to find everyone else. I'm
not lettin' more people die on my
watch.

MANILA

Well, you're not going alone.

(beat)

Ash, stay with the kids. We'll
find Sid.

Gwen shoots her a surprised look. And then a respectful nod.
They carry on together.

Rory looks on, still in shock over what's happened.

RORY

I still don't think she did it.
That just... that isn't her, that
isn't like Phoebe.

KITTY

...I'm sorry.

RORY

I think that... I think she was
genuinely set out to destroy it and
someone else caught her. Killed
her, set her up to look like the
bad guy.

Rory's dead-set on this depiction of the events. Kitty doesn't respond, but we're tight on her face, and based on her expression, she's starting to believe it too. She turns to Ash and Darla and tries to keep them company, while we focus on Rory ---

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

TOM enters RON's house. Boxes are packed up. The typical look of a house being cleaned out following the owner's death.

TOM

Leigh? Baby?

No response. He looks around --- enters the kitchen ---

INT. RONNIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

--- and sees a large photograph of LEIGH and RONNIE sitting on the kitchen table.

A single ROSE, thorn's and all, lays gently on top.

INT. MONASTERY, UPPER QUARTERS -- NIGHT

LIBBY is chatting on the phone with TOM. She nurses her baby boy whilst she does...

LIBBY

Leigh and her father have always
been close. She suggested the rose
poem herself for his funeral, it's
no surprise to me that she's taking
time away like this.

TOM (V.O.)

Where do you think she's gone though? I'm worried about her, I haven't seen her since morning.

LIBBY

She's a tough girl, and I'm sure she's in the gates. It's past curfew, though, so I'm sure she'll be home before it gets too late. Just sit tight and be patient. She's mourning, give her time.

TOM (V.O.)

You're right. I'm growing too paranoid. Sorry to disturb you, Libby.

LIBBY

Oh, you're fine! Don't worry! Goodnight.

TOM (V.O.)

Goodnight.

She hangs up the phone. In the background, we can see A SILHOUETTE standing in the doorway --- OMINOUSLY WATCHING HER AND HER BABY!

INT. GARETH'S HOME -- NIGHT

GARETH has IVY at knife-point still.

IVY

We don't need the knife. I just came to talk.

GARETH

You pretty much broke into my house to whore yourself out to me, it's self-defense...

IVY

I wasn't going to do anything, and you knew that, that's why you took advantage of me! I had little choice, I'm alone in this.

GARETH

You're playing detective. Cute, but I'd be damned if I said it wasn't foolish.

IVY

I just want to know what's going on with Smith. I don't trust the guy.

GARETH

You don't neither? Join the club. I guess we're not so different after all, we're both leaches. Latching onto this place for the benefits. We're not true believers... maybe you should reconsider on that 'talker but not a doer' philosophy.

He licks his lips, leans in with that knife ---

IVY

You don't trust him? Then why were you playing his puppy dog and sneaking off in the middle of the night for him?

Gareth eases up, pulls away from Ivy. His face contorts...

GARETH

What the hell are you talking about?

IVY

I saw you the other night. Right before the murders. You took a baby out of the monastery and then the next day, surprise surprise, John Smith brings in a baby he found out there. I have a hunch that's 'cause he knew where to find it, but why the hell would he go through the trouble of sneaking out some baby only to bring it back in?

GARETH

You're observant as all hell.

(beat)

Let's just say I owed him one. But my allegiances don't lie with him. Don't trust the guy one bit because all he does is *lie*. That baby? It's all a fucking lie.

IVY

So what's the story? And what's it got to do with those kids dying?

GARETH
How the hell would they even be
connected, Ivy? Smith's a lot of
things but he ain't no killer.

INT. MONASTERY, UPPER QUARTERS -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

It's JOHN SMITH's bedroom. We're TIGHT on LIBBY, below JOHN SMITH as they thrust. She screams in ecstasy, followed by kinky, orgasmic screams ---

GARETH (V.O.)
Him and Libby have been bangin'
each other, she got preggers.

INT. MONASTERY, KITCHEN -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

STOCK FOOTAGE from 2x03: "THERE WAS NO CALM BEFORE THIS STORM"---

In the monastery's large, old-style kitchen JOHN SMITH and KELVIN pass by LIBBY, who is behind one of the ovens --- she whips around, beaming. A positive force, she's definitely easy on the eyes. She wears a big frilly dress, making her look like an inflated balloon from the breasts down.

GARETH (V.O.)
They didn't wanna' reveal it to
anybody, so she wore fluffy dresses
all the time to hide her belly.

INT. MONASTERY, LOWER LEVELS' INFIRMARY -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

JOHN SMITH holds LIBBY's hand as she is going into labor. A stoic DOCTOR helps her deliver...

GARETH (V.O.)
Things progressed per usual, and as
she started getting sicker and
sicker and more obviously pregnant,
Smith hid her from the rest of the
community. She gave birth in
secret, he told everyone she was
'sick' and then after she lost a
little weight...

EXT. MONASTERY, COURTYARD -- MORNING -- FLASHBACK

LIBBY resurfaces to the community at a little festival going on, as seen in 2x05: "NO PEACE".

This time, instead of focusing on JOHN SMITH's POV of the scene like in the prior episode, we're on Libby as people hug her, happy to see her back. John Smith stands in the background, watching from one of the monastery's upper level windows.

GARETH (V.O.)
...she returned after having beat
her 'illness' and announced her
miraculous recovery.

EXT. MONASTERY -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

STOCK FOOTAGE from 2x05: "NO PEACE"

QUICK FLASHBACK of GARETH, red hood over his head, sneaking the BABY in his arms out of the town's gates.

IVY is in a gathering outside the MONASTERY, and she sneakily watches Gareth go...

GARETH (V.O.)
That night you said you saw me
sneak out? He told me I owed him
for letting me stay here, so he
asked me to sneak the baby out so
he could go out the next day and
'find it abandoned'.

INT. GARETH'S HOME -- NIGHT

GARETH
He did it so he'd still be able to
raise his child, without looking
like a hypocrite in front of the
entire community because he fucked
the town's poster girl. I mean,
the plan was intricate as hell,
perhaps too much for its own good,
but he pulled it off pretty
masterfully... 'cept with you,
obviously.

IVY
So you sneaking around for Smith...
it had nothing to do with the
murders?

GARETH
No. (Not for *Smith*, at least, but
you don't need to know that,
bitch.)

(MORE)

GARETH (CONT'D)

(beat)

You got what you came for...

FATHER WARDEN (O.S.)

Look at how you're dressed.

Pathetic.

Ivy looks to see FATHER WARDEN stood behind her. She's surprised, and then his hand connects with her face in a powerful slap. Ivy hits the floor and looks up slowly in shock. Warden shakes his head.

FATHER WARDEN (CONT'D)

You call yourself a Christian...
Is that why your nipple's hanging
out, honey? Get up. You're a
disgrace. You don't belong here
flaunting yourself around like
that.

Ivy looks on in surprise. Gareth seethes...

GARETH

Get outta' my house.

Ivy scurries away.

FATHER WARDEN

Disgusting. Pathetic.

(to Gareth)

And you want redemption? So you go
and... try having pre-marital sex?

GARETH

She tried seducing me, Father. I
let her in my house for a chat, she
did her thing and I resisted. If
anything you should be proud, I
stared the devil in the eye and
said 'no' to temptation.

Fucking liar. Warden stares coldly at Gareth, but that
coolness slowly melts away and he nods. Falls for it.

FATHER WARDEN

Good. I am proud of you.

He puts a firm hand on Gareth's shoulder.

FATHER WARDEN (CONT'D)

But don't you ever let that whore
into your home again, you
understand me? She can't be
trusted.

GARETH

Not that you're not welcome, I'm
only curious in asking this... but
why did you come into my house,
Father?

FATHER WARDEN

To announce that the next phase of
our plan needs to be fulfilled.
John Smith still hasn't returned.

GARETH

You mean...?

FATHER WARDEN

It's your turn, Gareth. The time
has come. I surely hope you are
ready.

Gareth nods, nervously.

GARETH

I've been ready for a long time.
Goodnight, Father.

FATHER WARDEN

Goodnight, my son.

And with that, Warden turns on his heel and exits. Gareth
hears his front door slam shut and he retreats to his bed
again... We have no idea what's being talked about, but we
know one thing.... It's pretty fucking sinister, that's for
sure.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

GWEN's voice rings over the walkie in SIDNEY's hand. She
lifts the walkie, answers the call.

SIDNEY

Yeah?

INTERCUT --- Gwen's out of breath, in total disbelief over
what's just happened.

GWEN

You finally decide to pick up!?

SIDNEY

Sorry, I haven't been paying
attention...

GWEN

Phoebe made an exchange with
someone... They're running around
out here. Manila split up, we're
both itchin' to find you.
Everything alright?

Sidney suddenly FALLS --- the walkie tumbles away and we see that Sidney is sprawled out on the bottom of the trench. She starts to slowly come to and then begin softly CHUCKLING as she realizes what happened. She sits up, climbs out of the trench and back into the massive airport lot, and then she sees --- A SHADOW BOLT THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Unholstering her pistol, wiping the smile off of her face, she rushes after them...

SIDNEY

Hey! I SEE YOU---!

She finds MANILA sprawled out on the parking lot cement, blood seeping from a deep stab wound in her gut. Sidney shrieks.

Manila's unconscious, losing blood, and Sidney is totally overwhelmed by the moment. She turns around, sees the figure that stabbed Manila running away. Sidney catches up to the figure, and TACKLES them to the ground.

Sidney angrily shoves the weapon right in the person's face --
- pins them against the fence.

A bundle of freshly-cut ROSES falls from the pocket.

And then, before Sidney can even react, because the next moment happens so fast --- the assailant stabs her right in the stomach with a large KNIFE. Right in her healed gunshot wound. Sidney gasps in terror and pain... as she leans in and sees who's face it is beneath the hood.

LEIGH

You look genuinely surprised. I
can explain...

LEIGH puts a hand on Sidney's shoulder. Weakly, Sidney lifts the revolver and fires. The bullet goes in and out of Leigh's shoulder. She screams.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Aagggh, you fucking cow!

Leigh STABS Sidney again --- furious. Keeps the knife stuck in there. Sidney gives one final plea as she tastes death.

SIDNEY

Tom... Tom... What are you going
to do with him...

Leigh looks at Sidney, an expression of PITY perhaps?

LEIGH

Maybe you were what Tom needed to
truly get over Annie. Shame he let
you go.

CUE --- "HYMN TO ENGLAND" by JOHN MURPHY: Sidney shakes her
head, staring at Leigh with childlike innocence.

Sidney tries pulling the trigger again, but she's too weak to
manage it. Sidney's fighting as Leigh holds her close, the
knife stuck in her belly. And then Leigh yanks it out again
and shanks it in there with one final twist. Coughing up
blood, pain and shock overcome Sidney's face. Leigh kicks
her, taking her blade out as she tumbles backwards and falls
flat on her back into the TRENCH that Gwen and Ash have been
digging around the airport.

Leigh, holding tightly onto the bullet hole in her shoulder,
whisks away into the night.

ELSEWHERE ---

GWEN rushes through the massive airport lot. She's heard the
gunshot, we can tell by the distress in her face. And then
she stops at MANILA's body.

GWEN

Manila... Manila, can you hear me?

Manila doesn't respond.

Gwen briefly looks up and sees SIDNEY, struggling in the
trench. She rushes over, excited, hoping for the best ---
but when she gets there, her face falls. Heartbreak crosses
it, it's unmistakable.

Sidney's fighting infection, thrashing about in the trench.
She's moaning, crying out. Her face is one that's sad, and
completely wrapped in confusion over what just happened. She
looks up at Gwen, her eyes widen desperately and then she
lunges up with an UNEARTHLY CRY. Gwen winces. Crying, she
raises her gun.

GWEN (CONT'D)

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

Sidney starts to sit up. Her hands slipping along the muddy wall, she's a BITER now and she's trying to get at Gwen. Gwen tearfully aims her gun, SHUTS her eyes, and PULLS the TRIGGER. SLAM! A bullet right in Sidney's head. She hits the muddy ground of the trench, splattering mud everywhere. Gwen's audible sobs are heard as we focus on the single bullet hole that has destroyed Sidney's brain... right in front of it is the dropped ROSE, left behind by her killer. Thorns and all.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, FIELD -- NIGHT

A static frame. A wide, beautiful shot. A giddy PJ, successfully mounted on the horse, enters frame. He's excited to see everyone's reactions to the horse, unknowing of all the chaos and the pain that awaits his return... As he rides toward the forest, he passes a rosebush.

EXT. PORCH -- NIGHT

The last shot is focused on TOM. His back to us as he sits on the porch swing. His legs are shaking to a beat he's probably got playing in his head, with the ROSE Leigh left for him on the table balancing in his lap. "Hymn to England" ends.

BOOM.

END EPISODE