

E D E N | R I S I N G

#301

"Snapdragon"

by
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EDEN RISING
"Snapdragon"
#301

TEASER

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

Welcome to Eden's GREENHOUSE, its artificial GARDEN OF EDEN.

FADE IN on a bundle of SNAPDRAGON flowers plotted into the soil. Their vivid purple and pink colors are eye-catchingly beautiful, but their shape so utterly strange... they hang there limply. Sprayed across their petals, their long green stems, are droplets of thick red blood, which *drip, drip, drip's* onto the floor.

We hear heavy, labored breathing and sobbing playing alongside this haunting image...

...and then we jump cut to a CLOSE-UP of ASH's face as he pulls himself up from a sitting position. He's facing a tree, he won't look behind him ---

TAMSIN (O.S.)

Ash? Ash?

ON ASH, too shocked, too horrified to speak.

TAMSIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ash, listen to me. Hey! Please!!

We see the face behind this voice. Caramel skin, late 20's, this woman has an exotic sort of beauty about her. This girl, TAMSIN, she's bawling, trying to speak through it as best she can. On the verge of hysteria, holding together and managing to keep control for Ash's sake ---

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

We need to get help. I don't know
how this happened...

She looks behind her as, through the doors outside, the lights BURN BRIGHT...

...and then fade out.

Complete darkness SWALLOWS the artificial garden of Eden. The entire hallway outside, too.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

The LIFT doors reflect the moonlight outside. The corridor offers us a SWEEPING view of a MASSIVE GREENHOUSE they just left ---

It's pure darkness in here except for the moon, as TAMSIN and ASH move for the elevator. Tamsin whacks the CALL BUTTON.

Dead.

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRS -- NIGHT

TAMSIN plunges through a pair of double doors, dragging ASH with her. A fire escape. Above and below them, concrete stairs disappear into the darkness.

A moment --- Tamsin takes a deep breath. Ash is still in shock, staring at the double doors, in a trance after WHATEVER THEY JUST LEFT BEHIND THEM...

TAMSIN

We have to find the others...

Ash then breaks into a panicked reaction---

ASH

Where are they? Everyone's just gone.

Tamsin swallows.

TAMSIN

We'll go to the lobby, then?

Wiping his eyes --- staring into the darkness below ---

ASH

Take my hand.

Ash hesitates --- his hand interlocks with Tamsin's.

TAMSIN

We're going down there?

ASH

(reassuring)

We're going down there.

Ash gulps, taking deep breaths --- trying to regain any bit of composure he could possibly have at this point ---

ASH (CONT'D)
 (worried now)
 Oh, fuck. *We're going down there.*

And then together, they take off, running into the darkness, completely swallowed by it...

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

The fire escape doors SMASH OPEN. A desperate ASH and TAMSIN enter the LOBBY, plunged in darkness but bathed in the glistening moonlight and illuminated by the large CHRISTMAS TREE in its center.

Ash sprints toward reception.

ASH
 Something's wrong, something's ---
 something's going on! Please help
 us!

Tamsin goes crazy now:

TAMSIN
 GODDAMNIT, PEOPLE ARE DEAD.
 FUCKING HELP US!!

ASH
 Oh fuck. HELLO?

Tamsin's about to say something when she's distracted by...

THE RECEPTIONIST, the petite blonde's name tag reading LUCY.

Lucy's sitting well back in her chair ---

Her head is upturned. Eyes wide open, TOO WIDE, unnatural, BUGLING out of her skull. Her stomach a ripped open, a bloody mess, her insides exposed.

And then, in a really creepy shot, receptionist Lucy's wide open eyes SNAP in the direction of Tamsin and Ash, following them.

The defenseless pair notice, they both push back...

FOOT STEPS can be heard.

ASH (CONT'D)
 Who is that?

TAMSIN
 HELLO?!

With Tamsin's yell, the FOOTSTEPS cease.

And then they CHANGE DIRECTION. Ash turns to see Tamsin backing slowly away from him...

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
We need to get out of here.

ASH
Where's it coming from?!

Ash listens --- as Tamsin moves for the lobby doors on the other side of the room...

...TIGHT ON THE LOBBY DOORS as Tamsin approaches.

And then Ash reacts ---

ASH (CONT'D)
NODON'TDO THAT---!

The doors suddenly SMASH OPEN and ROTTING HANDS push their way through --- at least ten pairs, ten horrifying faces ---

WE SMASH TO BLACK.

And this, ladies and gentlemen... is SEASON 3.

BOOM.

END TEASER

ACT I

SUPER: SIX WEEKS AGO

CUE --- "MR. BLUE SKY" by ELECTRONIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA:

INT. SUITE, BEDROOM -- MORNING

TIGHT on an alarm clock as it beeps incessantly. A hand slaps it with a half-awake grumble.

INT. SUITE, BATHROOM -- MORNING

We see the figure of a scruffy-haired boy, in plaid fleece pajama bottoms and a white tee, standing at a toilet from behind. He's taking a piss.

CUT to him in the mirror, we're tight on his face as he scrubs at his teeth. Spits into the sink. And then he rinses...

And then we're tight on his blue eyes as a finger reaches up and plops a clear CONTACT LENS into one eye, and then it spreads out across the pupil and iris --- and then we cut to the other eye as the boy does the same there --- he struggles a bit with them, but he manages.

INT. SUITE, BEDROOM -- MORNING

Now the boy pulls on a pair of cargo khaki pants and a t-shirt. He pats down his hair with his hands. A simple, lazy version of brushing it. Then, he picks up something off of the counter as he makes his way outside the door...

A SOCK. It's slightly charred, been through hell and back. He wraps it around his arm, wears it as a wrist band.

He turns around --- revealing PJ SHAMP.

"MR. BLUE SKY" fades here...

PJ
Alright, I'm leaving...

INT. SUITE, DECLAN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

DECLAN sits up from the tangled mass of covers in the master bedroom. The pillow beside him has no head on top of it.

DECLAN

Okay kiddo, see 'ya later. Have a good day at school.

INT. BALCONY -- MORNING

We're outside the suite itself now, following PJ out the door.

We are on a large balcony overlooking a deep QUARRY. This particular section of Eden is a gigantic eco-hotel, with many rooms that line the balcony itself, with a beautiful view of a gigantic pool. In the areas below the 'hotel', people take walks on the wooden 'river walk', soaking in the sunlight that leaks down from above. And when PJ looks up, soaks it all in, we see that we're in fact INSIDE. The top of the quarry in which this eco-hotel is built is so close to the tippy-top of the dome, one could probably reach up with their hand and touch it. The dome surrounds him, surrounds us, surrounds all of this ---

--- outside the dome, we see, in the distance, that we are near some of the most beautiful LIMESTONE CLIFFS you'll ever see. The waves crash against it, but it's all on the outside. Its beauty mesmerizes PJ. For a second, he stops. And then he sees something.

A SHIP. Wooden, vaguely resembling that of a PIRATE. His eyes are fixated on this. It waves a RED FLAG and lets out a noise.

INT. BALCONY -- MORNING

DECLAN joins a fascinated PJ on the balcony as "Mr. Blue Sky" starts to fade into the background...

DECLAN

What was that noise?

PJ

A boat.

Declan nods.

DECLAN

...Probably them again. Sittin' ducks out there, so dumb of them to keep trying this shit.

Declan checks his wristwatch.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
...you're going to be late, and
that's a problem I'm worried about.
Get out of here, no more
distractions.

PJ
Ugh, I know, I know.

DECLAN
Just think, maybe you'll find an
answer to your questions at school?

PJ
I wish. See ya.

PJ shakes his head and starts off...

DECLAN
(BEAT)
Well, at least try having a good
day. Stop being such a sourpuss.

PJ
You too.

PJ starts walking down the balcony, passing the doors to
other rooms, and other people, giving polite nods and
"hello's". Declan watches him go, before retreating back
into the suite...

INT. BIKE PARK -- DAY

We're at the bottom of the balcony, where he gets to BLOCK
'D'. Rows and rows of bikes line the walls. PJ scrolls
through the rows, climbs on board the bike with the number
'258' on it, and begins to pedal off.

INT. PATHWAYS -- DAY

TRACK SHOT:

"MR. BLUE SKY" starts up again as we follow PJ as he goes
down the paths of the dome. He passes a river... We get a
nice view of the water, the fish that have been migrated into
it. As PJ rides up the hill, he passes smaller HOMES, like
tiny ECO-HOTELS, with SOLAR PANELS and strange ARCHITECTURE.

He stops at one home, sees the door creaked open. He sets
his bike beside the wall and approaches the door. He pushes
it open, peeks inside:

INT. MANILA'S HOME -- DAY

PJ
Mom? You here?

No sign of anyone.

BEAT.

PJ (CONT'D)
 Mom? I wanted to drop by and see
 you before I left for school...

Nothing. She's not here. Off his confused face, as he heads
 back outside and SHUTS the door:

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

PJ enters the classroom, arriving ceremoniously late as the
 class is stood, facing the flag of Eden that hangs on the
 wall. DARLA is among the classmates, we focus on her as she
 is the only person to turn around and see PJ enter. She
 smiles at him whilst she and the rest of the class recite the
 patriotic anthem that plays over the PA system.

CLASS
*--- for it is Eden that has given
 us salvation, but it is up to us to
 continue with creating the perfect
 world ---*

They each do a small bow and then take their seats again. As
 the class sits, we see the INSTRUCTOR. Her name is
 BOURGEOIS, 30's, French. She's sat at the desk. She looks
 at PJ with a comforting smile.

BOURGEOIS
 You're late again, Padget.

Now is when the song fades into oblivion again...

PJ
 I know and --- and I apologize.
 Again.

BOURGEOIS
 Explanation?

The class is grinning at this point. Especially Darla, who's
 blushing. The exasperated boy knows they're all used to his
 excuses...

PJ

Um. I got up on time, I was ready on time, and then I heard it --- the pirate ship outside. Did you?

His classmates giggle. The instructor is less than amused.

PJ (CONT'D)

Well I was distraught and didn't leave on time because of it.

PJ then moves forward, shuffling past the desks and his fellow classmates, and takes his assigned seat. The kids giggle and exchange whispers. Instructor Bourgeois doesn't look so pleased.

BOURGEOIS

"Distraught"? Perhaps that's a bit of an exaggeration. Once again, you're offering me the opportunity to provide a language lesson.

She writes on the board: "*distraught*".

And beside it: "*distracted*".

PJ

I hate to interrupt a lesson Instructor Bourgeois, but... I was actually very distraught by it. Traumatized even. I don't like how loud the boat was so it left me very distraught.

Bourgeois looks at PJ, impressed. Starts erasing.

BOURGEOIS

Looks like someone's been reading up. Very impressive, Padget. Okay class, open up your 'History of the Earth Prior to the Global Outbreak' textbooks...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

TIGHT on a TABLE. We're focused on TOM, who sits, facing the camera --- us.

TOM

So I find the guy... hood flicked over his head like the punk that he is... drunk as a duck.

EXT. NATURE TRAIL -- NIGHT

We follow this hooded figure, hands in his pockets, as TOM trails behind him...

TOM (V.O.)
 I figure "Oh shit, he won't recognize me, he can't identify me if I blow his shit in". I finally have my chance. So I take a few steps back... like I'm gonna' kick a field goal... and I rush him.

And so he does. Tom RUSHES forward. The hooded guy turns around and sees Tom leap into the air. His FOOT connects with this hooded guys face...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

TOM
 Kick him right here...
 (indicates his chin)
 Right... here. The back of his head snaps back, smacks his shoulder blades. I know because I heard it.

EXT. NATURE TRAIL -- NIGHT

CRACK! The jumped hooded figure's head indeed smacks against his own shoulder blades and he slumps over at Tom's feet.

TOM (V.O.)
 So I kick him again and again and again. I wonder, "how many kicks is it gonna' take until I rip his head clean off?"

LEIGH. Her face is fucking destroyed. And she turns over and spits out TEETH. This is a similar shot to the dream Leigh had in episode 2.04, a small easter egg for attentive viewers.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But I never found out...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

TOM
 ...Because I woke up.

We're focused on LEIGH, revealed to be sitting next to Tom. She just stares. Disturbed, vigilant...

On the opposite side, we see a therapist. This is DR. CROSS, he's very calm, collected, as he just stares between the pair. His voice is weary, strangely hesitant in delivery:

DR. CROSS
That was powerful. And this individual...?

TOM
(interjecting)
Was the killer of the woman I dated before I was with Leigh.

DR. CROSS
And you feel guilt?

TOM
I was supposed to protect my group. Everyone. So yes. Her death was my fault.

DR. CROSS
Do you take responsibility for every death?

TOM
Every death I could have prevented, yes.

TIGHT on Leigh's expression, uncomfortable because she was the person who killed Sidney. Leigh stares on, guiltily.

Dr. Cross fumbles with a pair of glasses, before putting them on his crooked nose and staring her down.

DR. CROSS
What about you, Leigh? What recent dreams do you remember? Anything that stands out?

A long BEAT. Both Cross and Tom wait for an answer before:

LEIGH
I don't dream.

DR. CROSS
Emotions are running high, primarily because your separation happened with no clear outcome...
(MORE)

DR. CROSS (CONT'D)
are you trying to find a way to end
their relationship, or are you
trying to find a way to get back
together?

To their credit, both initially have no answer. Dr. Cross
nods.

DR. CROSS (CONT'D)
You need to establish honesty with
each other and figure out which
goal you want to go for.

TOM
I realize I've made a lotta'
mistakes in my life. Letting this
relationship fall apart is one of
them Leigh, and I really want to
make this work. I just need a
reason to trust you again.

DR. CROSS
You never exactly gave me a reason
why you two don't trust each other,
Tom.

BEAT.

TOM
It's... complicated.

LEIGH
Far too personal.

DR. CROSS
It might be pivotal to bridging
this gap... Maybe one day we'll be
able to share that?

LEIGH
(scoffs)
I highly doubt that.

DR. CROSS
Why don't you respond to him,
Leigh?

Leigh pauses, her eyes falling to Tom.

LEIGH
...If that's what you want Tom,
then we'll try it.

DR. CROSS

I suggest a dinner. Tonight. A family dinner, you two and Darla... This will be a good way to establish some sort of normality.

INT. ABANDONED SUITE -- DAY

We enter an ABANDONED SUITE. PAPERS with strange FORMULA's and drawings, are strewn everywhere. A large whiteboard with strange pointers acts as our backdrop. There's a large PUDDLE of DRIED-UP BLOOD on the floor.

TIGHT on ASH.

Wearing a blue button-up shirt with the 'TOUCH STAR' logo emblazoned on it, untucked, over a pair of blue jeans. Official, but still so casual and very Ash of him.

He sits on the couch, his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, staring down at the blood stain. He's examining it all, but the look on his face is troubling.

The door opens slightly... Ash peers up.

GARETH (O.S.)

Sloppy of 'ya.

It's GARETH. He looks all cleaned up. Shaved, in a nice suit and tie. Virtually unrecognizable if it weren't for his voice, that same twinge of signature stereotypical "street talk". No longer the rough-edged rat of yesteryear, Gareth's seasoned now. He carries a MILK CARTON.

GARETH (CONT'D)

Left the door open. Rookie po-po move, kid, figured you'd know better than that by now.

ASH

Yeah. Sorry.

He doesn't CARE. That much we know. Gareth joins Ash on the couch. It's such a strange moment. Two season's ago this man threw Ash in an arena to fend for himself against zombies. Two season's ago they were enemies. Now they're in the same room, and there's an air of RESPECT maybe? It's difficult to discern in the silence. Gareth takes a pull off the milk carton. Offers some to Ash. He takes it, sips. Makes a face. Gross. He hands it back to Gareth.

ASH (CONT'D)
(re: the milk)
Like tap water...

GARETH
Get those nutrients you need, leave
the cholesterol in the cow.

Gareth takes another sip. Ash shakes his head, smirking a bit.

ASH
Why you here?

GARETH
'Cuz I figured I'd find you here.

ASH
Why?

GARETH
'Cuz I know you, kid. Whaddya got,
Ash? Anything?

ASH
There just has to be something we
missed. The blood --- it --- it
just doesn't make sense.

GARETH
It ain't hers. Too old. We went
through that already. Someone else
bled out here, it's just a question
of who---

ASH
---and why. She was doing some
crazy shit in here, and I just
can't understand any of it. She
never told us. I just want to know
what all of this means. I just
want to find her and bring her
home.

Gareth takes in a deep breath.

GARETH
Starin' at this, beatin' yourself
up over not being there, it isn't
gonna' help. That's that rookie
shit.

ASH
Here we go again.

GARETH

You want respect, don't you? You gotta' earn it, kid. Sittin' here, wonderin' what's going on... no one's gonna' respect you for that. You want respect? Find Gwen and bring her home.

We pan around the suite, as realization hits us.

THIS IS WHERE GWEN STAYS, AND SHE'S GONE...

GARETH (CONT'D)

But for now, I need you to answer a call. I've got a disturbance at the school to deal with, and I've got some complaints about smoke at the barn ---

ASH

You think it's them again?

GARETH

Probably. Declan already had to chase them off his property twice, but he's not even there yet so they found it the perfect opportunity I s'pose.

ASH

(sighs)

Alright, boss.

GARETH

Remember what I said about Gwen.

And then he stands, motions for Ash to follow. Ash hesitates, takes one more look around, and then follows Gareth out of the suite. As the door closes behind him and locks the room in COMPLETE DARKNESS we find ourselves with...

EXT. OPEN FIELD -- DAY

...A group of people from all ages and ethnicities. They sit on the opposite side of a FARMHOUSE. They each pass a blunt to each other. TIGHT on SEBASTIAN, 20, hip and attractive.

SEBASTIAN

...Big rock fan. That track would definitely be "Something to Hide". You did say Infinity by Journey --- track seven right? Damn, I hope I'm not off key here...

OLDER GUY

No, you're right Sebastian. Your turn.

SEBASTIAN

Fuck, yes. Uh ---

He holds the blunt out toward us, toward the camera, TEASINGLY.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Side one, track three. "Physically Graffiti", by a little band they like to call Led Zeppelin.

TIGHT on the blunt now, as the camera SLOWLY pans over to who's sitting next to Sebastian: A female hand reaches out, snatches the blunt quickly.

Pulls it in toward her face. She smiles. It's KITTY!!

KITTY

"In My Time of Dying".

The whole group oooh's and aww's at how quickly she answered the question. She takes a hit, then smiles ---

SEBASTIAN

You're good, old lady. You were about fifteen when that came out, right?

KITTY

I wasn't even born yet, douchebag. However, I inherited a dead uncle's vinyl collection and spent years pent up in my bedroom listening to music.

SEBASTIAN

Is that all you did pent up in your bedroom?

He makes thrusting sounds and does the motions with his arms. The other dude's laugh and laugh. Kitty rolls her eyes.

KITTY

I'll have you know Sebastian, that I was a very good little Catholic school girl.

She takes another hit...

KITTY (CONT'D)
Up to a point.

Exhales.

She holds the blunt out to the quiet stoner next to her --- teasingly, she starts to talk when ---

ASH crashes the party.

ASH
Again? Are you guys fucking
kidding me?

Sebastian scoffs.

SEBASTIAN
Ash, dude, what's up!

ASH
Don't play that shit with me
Sebastian, you know Gareth would be
pissed if I let you guys off the
hook again.

Ash sees who's got the blunt in hand and he scoffs.

ASH (CONT'D)
Are you fucking serious? Kitty?!

Kitty, high as a kite, turns the blunt in his direction.

KITTY
Sure you don't want a hit?

ASH
(under his breath)
Un-fucking-believable.

EXT. OPEN FIELD -- DAY

Outside the small facility that is the SCHOOL, the kids are all outside for their momentary recess. DARLA is sat up against the brick wall. PJ joins her.

PJ
Everything okay?

Darla looks up, annoyed.

DARLA
Not really.
(BEAT)
(MORE)

DARLA (CONT'D)

Today's my dad's first therapy session with Leigh. And it just pisses me off, because no matter how many signs that guy gets, he still tries to stay with her. I mean --- Ash got up and moved out in anger because of ---

Darla pauses.

PJ

Was it really because of Leigh?

DARLA

I don't know. We don't talk much anymore. Do you?

PJ shakes his head.

PJ

Ash is security now. Far too important for us.

DARLA

Oh, um... Matt's calling me.

PJ looks over. A cocky looking kid named MATT gives a crooked smile.

PJ

Oh. Right. Uh --- have fun.

Darla stands, moving toward Matt. PJ awkwardly shuffles away. That's when Matt shouts after him:

MATT

Hey, folk hero. You get laid yet?

PJ

What?

Challenging PJ, a really MOCKING, cocky, aggressive tone:

MATT

You've gotta' be the only virgin left in the class since the Initiative was brought on. Even though you're like a legend 'round here. Everyone's heard your story. Guess you're just too weird to get any girls to jump your bones, huh?

DARLA

Matt, what are you doing...?!

PJ
 Whatever, Matt. I don't even care.
 And you know half of these idiots
 are lying about it anyway.

MATT
 (smirks)
 That's what you'd like to think.
 The truth is, when the people in
 charge of the place give us
 permission to fuck, we're gonna'
 take it...

PJ tries to ignore him. And starts walking away. Some
 people giggle, having gathered around the two. Darla's at a
 loss here. She pulls Matt back finally.

DARLA
 Stop being an idiot.

MATT
 What? I just asked him a question.
 He's just mad because he knows I'll
 get to tap you before he does...

Without warning, PJ screams. He's charging toward Matt,
 whose back is on PJ. When he turns around, he's got PJ's
 fist swinging at his face. As Matt hits the ground, Darla
 stands, rushing over.

DARLA
 PJ!!

She grabs PJ, pulls him away as he's totally PUMMELING this
 kid's face in. Wound up, PJ pulls out of Darla's grasp.
 Pissed now, she lands a few slaps on PJ's face:

DARLA (CONT'D)
 What ---
 (slap)
 --- is ---
 (slap)
 --- wrong ---
 (slap)
 --- with ---
 (slap)
 ---YOU!?
 (BEAT)
 Cut it out! You idiots!!

PJ, in a daze by this barrage of slaps, just stares at Darla
 as she huffs and puffs. INSTRUCTOR BOURGEOIS rushes outside.

BOURGEOIS

Padget and Darla --- get inside,
now!!

Bourgeois turns her attention to Matt quickly while Darla grabs PJ by the arm and helps escort him outside gruffly.

BLACK.

END ACT I

ACT IIEXT. MEDICAL FACILITY -- DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the MEDICAL FACILITY, a building resembling a pod-shaped U.F.O. overlooking the edge of the quarry. It's a very futuristic looking building. From our view above, we see through a plexiglass walkway that there is an underground tunnel connecting the facility with the main massive eco-hotel & welcome center. People walk over the plexiglass walkway, and underneath their feet walk folks in doctors and nurses outfits.

We ZOOM in: focusing in on someone walking through this tunnel.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL -- DAY

It's RORY STILES.

This is a nice tunnel, nothing cramped or claustrophobic. The plexiglass around them allows them to see above, just like the folks below can see them so there's sunlight flowing in.

He looks flustered as he makes his way through the sea of doctors, nurses, etc.

INT. MEDICAL FACILITY, 'QUARANTINE' SECTOR -- DAY

RORY makes his way down the hallway. He arrives at a door, hesitates for a moment, then pushes it open.

INT. 'QUARANTINE' SECTOR, KITTY'S ROOM -- SAME TIME

Rory steps inside and sees KITTY staring up at him.

KITTY

I'm sorry I'm just... We can't sit
in this place anymore. We're being
treated like miscreants for
something we can't even control.
We had to leave. We had to live.
Forgive me...

Rory shows off a PASS in his hand. Gives an uncomfortable, hopeful smile.

RORY
I'm not upset, Kit-Kat. C'mon,
let's go live.

She rushes forward, hugs him. And then, happily, she HOOKS her arm with his.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

KITTY and RORY walk together, arm-in-arm, through the LOBBY. They pass the receptionist's desk, and sitting there is LUCY, the unfortunate receptionist from the teaser.

LUCY
Hello Dr. Stiles, Kitty...

RORY
Morning, Lucy.

Kitty gives her a smile and a wave. Cheerful Lucy returns to her work as the couple heads for the elevator.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- DAY

Rory and Kitty walk through the greenhouse we saw in the opening. Beautiful, sprawling, filled with plantlife. Harmless mammals roam the greenhouse. Birds fly around. A few insects. It's quite the interesting collection and all so lively.

RORY
...Kitty, we need to talk.

KITTY
I know.

RORY
You're risking a lot, running out there, out of quarantine. From what I've heard, Touch Star's considering punishment. They send out the delinquents who break the rules around here outside the dome to collect scrap metal, did you know that?

Kitty shakes her head.

RORY (CONT'D)

If you keep pulling stunts like that, you and the rest of your friends will be out there too and...

(BEAT)

Gareth told me he's just worried about a double standard, they don't want people to think they're only picking on certain people, they want it to be universal and that includes the people in quarantine.

There's a long pause.

KITTY

It just feels so good. The weed, that is. I don't much care for the drinking, it's terrible for your liver and that's the last thing I need right now is to fuck up another organ...

RORY

I just need you to promise me you won't do things like that anymore.

KITTY

I need you to promise me you'll be here for me more.

Rory hesitates.

KITTY (CONT'D)

I barely ever see you anymore. I miss you.

Rory doesn't quite know what to say. There's a silence, before Kitty continues.

KITTY (CONT'D)

This feels different. I mean it, I really do. The last time, before I went into remission, there was more pain. It was more consistent. I'm telling you, it's not lung cancer. I don't know what's inside me, but whatever it is... whatever it's doing to me... it's not the same.

RORY

You've said that before, and I've been trying so hard to prove it.

KITTY
Are you any closer?

RORY
I managed to get a sample.

Kitty looks hopeful.

KITTY
I don't even care about fixing it
anymore. I just want you to
finish, whether it works or not, so
you can be here for me.

That seems to touch a nerve. Annoyed, Rory shakes his head.

RORY
How can--- how can you not care?
I can't believe that. Everything
I've done, it's been for you.

Kitty quiets. His harsh tone has her worried. And he stops.
Pauses. Recollects himself.

RORY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

KITTY
I meant "here". "Here with me".
It was a poor choice of words, I
just...
(pause)
Can we just go to the aquarium?
Please?

Rory nods. And together, they keep going...

TIGHT on their locked arms. Kitty's grip is a lot looser
now. She can tell she's irked Rory, and isn't quite sure why
that hit such a nerve with him...

INT. MAIN COMPOUND, SECURITY SECTOR -- DAY

Someone takes a seat at a desk. It's GARETH.

GARETH
I've done a good deal of work to
keep this place organized and
safe... Miss Bourgeois was very
concerned that you two are gonna'
be a threat to that.

We PAN around the table --- to see PJ and DARLA sat in chairs on the other side. Darla has scooted her chair away from PJ, staring out the window with an annoyed look on her face, while he looks between her and Gareth desperately.

Gareth gives a smirk. He points to one of the scratch marks Darla's left on PJ's face.

GARETH (CONT'D)

Got a little --- somethin' --- on yer ---

Noticing PJ's expression turning as sour as Darla's, Gareth chuckles uncomfortably and waves the situation off.

GARETH (CONT'D)

Never mind. Look here.

(BEAT)

This is both of y'all's first violation, typically well behaved, but the rules still apply. Your teacher was mortified by what happened today. So I've assigned the usual... you two do know what happens right? I'm sure some of your classmates have shared their horror stories with you...

He's incredibly awkward with his words, being a leader is not natural for him.

But he's obviously grabbed Darla's attention, as her vision cuts away from the window finally, eyes glued onto Gareth.

DARLA

Oh crap, I didn't think...

She suddenly looks something other than annoyed... incredibly nervous.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Really?

GARETH

Really. I can't let people think they can get away with stuff 'round here. There ain't a double standard.

(BEAT)

I'm sure you'll enjoy knowing who your chaperone is though, might make your trek a little more interesting.

The door opens.

ASH (O.S.)
 You said you needed a chaperone...?
 You know I'm not a fan of this, but
 if you really...

ASH stops as he enters the room and sees Darla and PJ in their chairs. He chuckles.

ASH (CONT'D)
 Aw, shit. What the hell did you
 two get into?

GARETH
 (fighting back giggles)
 She got into his face, can't you
 see the scratches---?

PJ's face is glowing a bright red, completely embarrassed.

Off Ash's smirk ---

EXT. PATHWAYS -- EVENING

PJ is riding his bike in the direction he came. He makes his way through the smaller ECO HOTEL community, stopping slowly at MANILA's home. He slows down, gets off his bike, and knocks. Again. Again. No answer, she's still not home.

It's so strange. But not to PJ. He seems USED to this. It's ROUTINE.

INT. MANILA'S HOME, GARAGE -- EVENING

The garage door rolls up, and PJ steps inside. There's a purple sport's car. It looks good. PJ moves toward a work bench that's nearby and grabs a toolbox.

INT. ED MACPHERSON'S OFFICE -- EVENING

ED MACPHERSON sits in his office. He stares at paperwork on his desk, scribbling down on something with a pen. The door opens and Ed looks up to see DECLAN enter his office.

MACPHERSON
 Mister O'Day, to what do I owe the
 pleasure?

DECLAN

PJ told me Manila's gone.

(BEAT)

She does some off-beat shit for you people, and this is the second time this week she's walked out on us. She's a mother, she has priorities Mister MacPherson. Whatever you have her doing, I guarantee it's not more important than her family.

MACPHERSON

If I had any idea of what you're talking about, I'd have an answer for you. Touch Star is a private company supplying the dome with armed contractors for protection purposes... simply meaning we don't participate in any form of external missions outside the dome. So if she's gone, it's not because of her work with Touch Star.

Declan sighs.

DECLAN

Hope 'ya don't peg me for a fool, sir, because I'm not.

MACPHERSON

Oh I never doubted your intelligence. Is there something else you wanted?

DECLAN

If she's missing, is there anything you can do?

MACPHERSON

Other than dig her out of this top-secret mission I've sent her on, no, there's nothing I can do.

His dry tone is grating Declan's nerves.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

Give her another twenty-four hours. You're used to her disappearing like this, yeah? Well, what makes this time so different that you had to come here and admit it to me?

Declan hesitates. He doesn't have an answer. Or he does, and just doesn't want to spill it.

DECLAN
I'll give her another twenty-four hours.

MACPHERSON
(nods)
I promise I'll look into it. Maybe the Director's going over my head on this.

DECLAN
Thank you.

And he turns to leave. MacPherson watches him go...

INT. MANILA'S HOME, GARAGE -- EVENING

PJ is working on the classic car. Frustrated, he nearly tosses the wrench aside when he hears the door behind him sliding open.

Tense, PJ swings the wrench around to smack at the intruder, and he proceeds to hear:

DECLAN
Whoa!!

...PAN up to reveal DECLAN.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Kid, it's late as hell and you've already got yourself in enough trouble...

PJ
Oh. You heard. I was gonna' tell you, I just got distracted.
(BEAT)
What are you doing here?

DECLAN
I knew how worried you were about Manila so I figured the only natural place for you to disappear to was here. Didn't expect you to be in the garage, but I can't say I'm too surprised.

PJ
Why not?

DECLAN

'Cuz I know how big your heart is.
And how worried you are about her.
Fixin' that car was your summer
project and you two were so bummed
when it didn't start.

PJ

I just wanted something good for
her to come back to.

DECLAN

She'll like it.

PJ

Do you think she'll be back?

DECLAN

Of course.

There's a silence. And then Declan gets down at PJ's level,
and looks over the motor of the car.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Let me take a look.

(pause)

There's something wedged in here,
that's why.

PJ

I see that. I just can't get it.
Scratched my arm up reaching in
there.

DECLAN

Lemme' see.

PJ holds out his arm. It's scratched a bit.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

You'll be fine.

(smirks)

Far from a trainwreck. Next time
just remember to wear your lucky
sock.

PJ pulls his arm away and smiles.

PJ

You're right, I didn't even think
of that.

DECLAN

So, is all of this about Darla?

PJ

Do we really need to talk about
this? Can you just fix the car?

Declan wrenches his hand into the motor and YANKS out what's
lodged in there --- a massive rock. The motor ROARS.

DECLAN

There. Fixed. Now talk.

PJ

What is this, an interrogation?

DECLAN

Do I need to torture you for
information? C'mon. Talk to me.

PJ smirks. He pauses, but finally speaks up.

PJ

I like Darla a lot. I thought we
were best friends, I thought maybe
she ---

(raises his eyebrows)

---ya' know---

DECLAN

Liked you as more than as "just
friends"?

PJ hesitates. Declan's eyes widen, as if giving him
permission to continue.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

I'm waiting.

PJ

Yes. Okay? She seems to hate the
idea. She told me "I'd rather date
a pile of crap than date you..."

DECLAN

Did she really?

PJ

I mean she might as well have!

(BEAT)

She doesn't even like hanging out
with me anymore. And this has all
been happening so recently, it
doesn't make any sense.

DECLAN

Well, you were the only other kid she had around her for a long time. She's meeting new people, maybe she wants to... expand her horizons, talk to new faces. You can't really blame her can you? I mean, we've been here for almost a year and you've both barely made friends.

PJ

Well yeah, but best friends stick together, you don't just push them away like that.

DECLAN

Sadly, it's part of growing up. People... they drift apart. Shit happens. Personally, I think this is different. You two wouldn't fade away, your bond is too tight I think... she cares about you a lot.

(smirking)

She went through the trouble of giving you that scratch---

Declan points at the scratch Darla left on PJ's face, the boy gives an annoyed grumble.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

---I'm just pointing it out that if she didn't care, if you were that insignificant, she wouldn't have scratched you. Look at it that way.

PJ shrugs. This seems to help a little bit.

PJ

So what is this? Like a phase then? I'm just worried my chance is over. I'm worried that she doesn't want me anymore because they tease us for not having sex.

Declan looks at PJ strangely. He didn't expect that, we can tell.

DECLAN

They who?

PJ

Everyone's doing it.

(BEAT)

I think she's embarrassed of me. I don't know. Maybe we should do it.

DECLAN

Is this what the fight was about today?

PJ nods. Declan pauses, thinking over his words carefully. Stumbling a bit:

DECLAN (CONT'D)

You're a teenage boy, and I'm not gonna' be a hypocrite and say that I didn't have sex as a teenager. I'm not gonna' preach to you, because I remember my teenage days. I did some experimentation, I was curious just like you kids are, and... you pay for it sometimes. You get too wild, you forget that there's a big bad world around you. Don't do it unless that's what you really want. And don't do it without... without consent, or... or what's the word I'm looking for? Feelings? No, love. Love. Only do it for love.

PJ

You're... giving me permission to have sex?

DECLAN

Not permission, no. More like, I'm not going to be ignorant of what teenagers do and pretend like you're gonna' stay these innocent little cherub's forever. I just want you to be cautious.

PJ

Thanks.

PJ plays with the classic car. Starts it up. The engine purrs. PJ beams.

PJ (CONT'D)

Works like new.

DECLAN
Yeah, not bad for you and your
mother's ghetto repairs.

PJ laughs.

PJ
Shut up.

Declan claps PJ on the shoulder, and the pair begin to make their way out of the garage. As they do, Declan sees something propped up against the wall via push pin.

A hand-scrawled note from the looks of it. He moves closer, picks it up, EXAMINES it --- not letting us see the exact words --- with a bleak expression. Tentatively, Declan folds up this note, puts it in his pocket, and follows PJ outside.

INT. TOM'S SUITE -- EVENING

A KNOCK on the door. DARLA, in a cute little evening dress, opens it.

There stands LEIGH, looking heart-thumpingly lovely.

LEIGH
Hello, Darla.

ON DARLA: totally unimpressed.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Can I come in?

Darla shrugs. Steps to one side.

Leigh enters. As she does, she sees a tiny table in the dining room set up.

INT. TOM'S SUITE, DINING ROOM -- EVENING

TOM's skimming through the cupboard's for something.

TOM
Darla, where'd you hide the
lighter?

He looks up to see LEIGH and DARLA stood in the doorway.

TOM (CONT'D)
Oh. I didn't know you were
already...

Leigh looks at the un-lit candle's on the table and shakes her head.

LEIGH

It's fine. They're fine. They
don't need to be lit to be lovely,
honestly...

She takes a seat.

LATER:

Tom, Leigh, and Darla are well into their dinner. It's a turkey. The last turkey he made was for Sidney in the pilot episode, and that turned out to be disastrous... this time, the turkey's in perfect condition. Looks absolutely delicious.

Tom puts his hand on Leigh's.

Darla sees.

Leigh reaches for her wine glass, moving her hand away from Tom's.

DARLA

It's kind of weird how you haven't
even brought this up.

She produces a letter.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Touch Star had it pinned to the
door, you ripped it off and tossed
it aside. Didn't even give it a
second look.

TOM

Oh. Sorry. Erm, what is it?

DARLA

I got into a fight today at school
so I'm being sentenced to community
service outside the dome.

Tom suddenly grows concerned:

TOM

A fight? With who?

DARLA

PJ. He's got it too.

TOM

What the hell happened, I thought you two were friends?

DARLA

He apparently dislikes the idea of me having other friends besides him. He said some things, I lost my temper, so... yeah.

It grows awkward.

TOM

Did they tell you who your sponsor was?

DARLA

Ash.

TOM

Need I remind you what happened the last time you three went off on your own...?

DARLA

No. You really don't.

BEAT.

LEIGH

I think they'll be fine. Ash is a really good guard, he'll handle things well.

TOM

You're with Touch Star Leigh, did you know about this?

LEIGH

I was informed when I returned to the office, but I figured you already knew.

Leigh and Darla glare at him. He clears his throat.

TOM

Wow. Um, I'll see you off?

Darla shakes her head.

DARLA

(sotto voce)

What's happened to you?

TOM

What d'you mean?

DARLA

You used to be the guy with all the answers, you used to always be there for me, your words used to constantly make me feel better.

(BEAT)

I never understood what Ash was telling you the night he moved out, but now it all makes sense. I see you for what you've become, Dad.

TOM

Darla, please...

DARLA

She doesn't care anymore, Dad. Let her go. It was easy to let Kate go, let Sidney go, and they actually gave a shit about me. But you want her to stick around!? I don't get it, it's like you're trying to push me away.

Tom loses his cool now. Yelling:

TOM

Don't even fucking lecture me on Sidney! I did that for you, because you asked me to!

DARLA

I'm done. I'm gonna' go to the greenhouse and look at the snapdragon's, maybe go to Declan's barn and rant to Princess. 'Cuz at least she listens to me. I might be back later.

Darla gets up and storms off. Tom and Leigh exchange glances as the suite's door can be heard SLAMMING shut.

LEIGH

Snapdragon's huh?

TOM

Flowers.

(BEAT)

They're her favorite.

Leigh just looks at him, takes another bite of her turkey, then shakes her head.

LEIGH
 This... isn't working, Tom. The
 turkey was fabulous, but... I'm
 sorry.

Leigh stands up and begins to gather herself.

TOM
 Where are you going?

And she's gone just as quickly as Darla. Tom takes a plate
 and whips it into the sink angrily, leaning over it, taking
 deep breaths.

TOM (CONT'D)
Goddamnit...

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

ON DARLA, who has her pack heaved over her back, and she sits
 atop a tree overlooking the greenhouse... she's fighting
 tears, twirling a single vivid SNAPDRAGON flower between her
 fingers.

Below, ASH walks past the tree and looks up. On his shoulder
 sits a RED PANDA. He feeds it...

ASH
 That's a really pretty flower.

DARLA
 It's one of Manila's favorites.
 It's called a snapdragon. It makes
 whoever wears one in her hair look
 fascinating and regal. At least,
 that's what she told me.

Ash doesn't respond for a while. Darla tries to place the
 flower in her hair, but she ends up dropping it. She looks
 down at the broken flower from her place in the tree, a
 defeated look on her face. Ash recognizes it. His tone is
 very calming.

ASH
 It's late, you know. Past curfew.

DARLA
 I don't care. I'm sick of that
 place.

ASH
 What place?

DARLA

Our suite. I can't be around him.
You were right about my dad, I
should have moved out when you did.

ASH

You'll get in even more trouble
wandering around out here. I
wouldn't mind if you bunked with
me. Got an extra room.

DARLA

I just want to leave. I'm tired of
everything.

ASH

And go where? If things are bad
again at home, I've got room. I'm
not lettin' you leave... It's not
safe out there on your own. Even
if you work things out tomorrow and
you wanna' just stay with me for
the night...

DARLA

He's not the same anymore, Ash.

ASH

(sadly)
I know.

Darla slowly climbs down from the branch and then hops onto
the ground, sticking her landing.

Ash opens up his arms and hugs Darla, who starts to cry in
his arms...

DARLA

(between her tears)
He's not the same...

The red panda curls up beside Darla's head, she backs up a
bit, hesitantly.

ASH

Oh don't be afraid. She likes
people. She won't bite...

Darla pets the little animal and it gives a soft noise and
she smiles.

DARLA

She's... she's cute, what's her
name?

ASH
Haven't decided. I like "Pabu" but
PJ insists that I call her "Dr.
Banana Pancakes".

DARLA
(at the sound of PJ's
name, she rolls her eyes)
Ugghhh.
(BEAT)
Go with "Pabu". Or "Rose". Or
"Princess Rose".

ASH
Your horse is already named
"Princess", I think anymore
princesses and egos will get far
too complicated in here.

Darla giggles.

ASH (CONT'D)
C'mon, you got your stuff?

She nods.

ASH (CONT'D)
Let's go. You can help me get ol'
No Name settled into the place...

DARLA
You're keeping her?

ASH
Yeah, they want me to test and see
if we can domesticate these things.
Let's pray she doesn't claw our
eyes out in our sleep...

DARLA
Don't say that!

ASH
(laughs)
They're harmless, don't worry...

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT II

ACT IIIINT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL -- DAY

CUE --- "OUTSIDE" by CHILDISH GAMBINO:

The underground tunnel that stretches from the outside world to EDEN is where we're at now. We follow Ash's vehicle. He's in the driver's seat, Darla and PJ in the back seat.

ASH (V.O.)
I've lived in France for almost a
year now. But this is my first
time coming to Paris. It's not how
either of us imagined, not anymore.

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE -- MORNING

The streets of downtown Paris are abandoned. Windows are shattered. Glass is strewn all over the roads. We pass by the remains of human beings, blood staining over the cement.

ASH (V.O.)
The tourists that would walk the
streets, the artists with the funny
little caps and skinny moustaches?
Well, they've been reduced to piles
of wet limbs splotched on the
asphalt. The eiffel tower?

ASH's VEHICLE zooms past and we TRACK it.

As we pan up, we see the EIFFEL TOWER in the near distance. The bars are stained red with dried blood, but it's still standing.

ASH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's not that beautiful landmark
anymore. It barely stands, hanging
over a once bustling, now-abandoned
city with a haunting, looming
presence. This isn't the Paris we
envisioned, Ben.

The car parks and Ash is the first to step out and survey the area.

INT. FRENCH CATHEDRAL -- MORNING

ASH is on his knees at the altar, praying softly to himself. He stares at the PHOTOGRAPH he's kept all these years of himself and his little brother BEN.

ASH

I've said countless times I don't believe in God, and while I might look like a huge hypocrite right now, I'm not. I can honestly still say that I don't believe. But if I'm wrong, I figured I'd take a chance. Wouldn't hurt. I'm hopin' he's lettin' you listen right now.

He lightly kisses the photograph in his hand.

ASH (CONT'D)

Love 'ya kiddo.

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE -- DAY

"Outside" fades as ASH exits the cathedral, re-joining Darla and PJ on the street.

DARLA

How much scrap metal were you gonna' find in an old wooden church?

ASH

I had other business to take care of. Besides, scavenging is your punishment, not mine. What'd ya get?

PJ

Not much so far.

ASH

We'll get further into the downtown district. Let's go.

Ash climbs back into the driver's seat. PJ and Darla exchange looks.

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

We're deep within the walls of the quarry. A laboratory with desks that hold futuristic computers, with a befuddling array of BUTTONS, SWITCHES, stuttering LIGHTS, that covers every inch of wall space. And at the center of it all are lines and rows of tables filled with cylinders and tanks and test tubes with folks in lab coats looking at all sorts of things.

We PAN out to reveal RORY as one of the many scientists bumbling about. He's incredibly FIXATED on a slide in a MICROSCOPE.

A female SCIENTIST pops her head over, and as Rory pulls his head away from the scope, she peeks in.

SCIENTIST #2

We've done enough looking at the virus itself, haven't we?

RORY

Yes, but it's the other viruses in our air that I'm curious about. How does this new world affect them...?

His fellow scientist looks unimpressed. Carrying on:

RORY (CONT'D)

Now as far as cause, my money is still on a fungus: Fungal filaments form elaborate networks similar in structure to the nervous system. I think that everyone is infected because everyone has inhaled the spores if they have gone outside in the open air for any amount of time. Even so much as looking at a biter, you've inhaled the spores. How did it start? I don't know. A bite or an inhale. It's like the chicken and the egg. No one will know.

SCIENTIST #2

I actually agree with you on that one. I do not think the brain is as much alive, as it is "hijacked".

RORY

Exactly... A fungus could feed on decaying matter, hence the slow starvation, or fresh matter such as flesh, to sustain itself.

SCIENTIST #2

But how does it grow so fast that one can "die" then quickly reanimate? Another question remains, what does the fruiting body of this fungus look like? Is it like cordyceps growing out of the head of its host, or does it look like something we have never seen before...?

RORY

Something alien.

SCIENTIST #2

But then we're getting too science-fiction, aren't we? Does it even matter where it came from or how it works?

RORY

Some of us do care about that. And knowing how this thing spreads will help us figure out how to defeat it.

RORY (CONT'D)

...I'm still sticking to what I've said this entire time.

SCIENTIST #2

And I still think you're barking mad.

RORY

You're not the only one.

SCIENTIST #2

I just don't see it.

RORY

And I don't see everyone in quarantine having lung cancer. Other than initial signs, everything afterwards has been working differently. Kitty's even asking questions. She's had it before, the cancer, and she feels different. This is nothing like that. It's something we've never seen before.

The scientist pulls away. Skeptical. But she remains quiet. Feeling she needs more proof, Rory continues:

RORY (CONT'D)

Viruses, bacteria, they mutate --- they warp --- according to their environment. If there's some way I can just extract a good sample and play with it, maybe I can find a cure. This is something relatively new, something --- something I can fix. Do I sound crazy?

SCIENTIST #2

You sound like a man who's so in love he'd believe anything. I appreciate what you're trying to do and I feel for your situation, but I just... I don't feel like it's possible.

RORY

Fair enough. I've gotten so close to beating the virus, now it's just a matter of curing the other things its created.

SCIENTIST #2

At this point I really feel like you're doing the right thing. Focus on getting rid of the virus. It's a good insurance policy for Kitty. If she succumbs to the cancer, or if your theory stands, whatever this is, then at least she'll be able to die in peace and not have to worry about harming others. Same with everyone else. We could mass produce this.

Rory nods.

RORY

Yeah. We could do a lot of good with this.

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE -- DAY

We're back in PARIS.

It's POURING down RAIN right now. Near-torrential shit.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

ASH, PJ and DARLA take refuge in what was once a small cafe. The rain PITTER-PATTERS against the walls.

They're on the floor, sharing SNACKS. PJ stretches out his legs and arms with an obnoxious 'stretching' noise. It's silent after that until Darla plugs her nose and screeches:

DARLA

Ewww, what the hell is that smell?

Playing with the cuffs of his jeans now, incredibly bored:

PJ

Ha, you rhymed!

Her eyes fall on giddy ol' PJ, knowingly ---

DARLA

...You ripped ass again didn't you, PJ? It's not even funny, you're just being gross, and completely unattractive might I add...

The boy chortles. Puts his hands behind his head, stretches out with a yawn:

PJ

Chill. It wasn't me this time. Honest.

(proudly)

You'd have heard it if it was me!

DARLA

(frowning, annoyed)

True. Not sure if you should be so proud about that though... Must've been Ash then.

Ash looks up, cocks his eyebrows.

ASH

Me? Did you fart, Princess?

DARLA

Uhhh, no.

Darla looks offended, PJ nudges her and the boys giggle. They're starting to turn the tables on her.

PJ

You smelt it, you dealt it. I just don't like how it's okay for you to throw accusations at us, but once we ask you, you have the right to get offended. Seems suspicious.

Darla's irritated. Tables successfully turned. Ash and PJ are enjoying her increasingly-annoyed reaction, we can tell by their exchanged smirks and smiles while she rants on:

DARLA

Do I really need to give a reason?
Fine. Where do I start? Well, you two do have a disgusting track record, AND...

She's interrupted by heart-stoppingly loud BANGING against the doors.

ASH

Fucking biters...

Ash throws open the door. We hear the SNARLING and the thrashing and the killing, but we focus on Darla and PJ. Ash steps back inside, dripping with blood that isn't his own, and then shuts the door.

ASH (CONT'D)

You two ready? There... there are infected here.

DARLA

I thought... I thought they cleared out the city?

ASH

They did.

He examines the bodies. He peeks outside, some are in scrubs. Numerous others are ELDERLY.

ASH (CONT'D)

Damn it. They're fresh. I know where they came from. C'mon.

He opens the door and leads them outside, a WORRIED look on his face...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT III

ACT IVINT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

TOM and LEIGH are back at it. Therapy's the usual routine for them now.

DR. CROSS looks them over. He smirks:

DR. CROSS

I'm guessing last night didn't go so well. The lack of eye contact or any contact at all is pretty telling.

LEIGH

I actually think it went exceptionally well.

Tom's gaze finally falls to Leigh.

TOM

I think that depends on your definition of "well".

LEIGH

The term is pretty relative.

DR. CROSS

Enough, enough. Tell me why you think that, Leigh.

LEIGH

Sure, it ended disastrously. But it led us to both hit a beat you've said we've missed all along... a goal.

(BEAT)

I think we can both agree that after last night, it's obvious that me and Tom just aren't gonna' work. No matter which way or angle you look at it, this is a disaster. I just want it to end in a way that... is peaceful. He's accused me of wild things and it's completely alienating me.

DR. CROSS

Cheating?

LEIGH

Murder.

Cross chuckles, as if she isn't serious. And Leigh laughs too, playing along. Tom remains deadly serious, looking her over, a complete mystery even to him.

DR. CROSS
So you'd agree then, Tom? You've reached a goal?

Tom's got his hand covering the lower half of his face, his eyes darting about, in a very obvious thinking position. And then he takes a deep breath and nods.

TOM
Yeah. She's right. I just want to be able to move on.

Dr. Cross nods.

DR. CROSS
Good, good. Now --- this? I can work with this.

INT. 'QUARANTINE' SECTOR, KITTY'S ROOM -- DAY

OPEN on KITTY. She lies in bed. RORY has a NEEDLE in his hand as he enters the room.

KITTY
...Is this it?

RORY
I think I've got it. I think I can beat the virus.

KITTY
Do you know how it works?

RORY
We've made a lot of assumptions. But they seem incredibly likely.

KITTY
What about the cancer?

Rory remains quiet. That's enough of an answer for Kitty.

RORY
We're not sure.

KITTY
As long as --- as long as we try ---

RORY

---as long as we try, we can fight you turning into a biter, okay? We can save people with this.

KITTY

And the only way we knows this works is if... if I die, right?

Rory nods.

KITTY (CONT'D)

I... I don't want to stop fighting.

RORY

That's not what this means. This isn't your goodbye, not at all. It's just for precaution. I want you to make sure you're safe. If you're comfortable with being my lab rat?

KITTY

From past experience, I've heard kitties aren't too keen on rat's...

RORY

Ouch, that was a corny way of saying "no".

Kitty giggles.

KITTY

(whispers)

Yes.

RORY

What?

KITTY

Yes. I'll do it, okay? But if this has any nasty side effects...

RORY

I promise I'll let you puke all over me, okay?

KITTY

And if this turns me into a biter, I'm gonna' hunt you down.

RORY

Deal.

He takes the needle and injects it into her arm. She winces. He prods a small alcohol-dipped cotton ball against where he placed the needle, then band-aid's it up.

KITTY

...You work so hard. I can see it in your eyes.

RORY

Oh yeah?

KITTY

Yeah. I see you don't get much sleep.

RORY

Or maybe you're still riding that buzz...

KITTY

Oh, I wish. Seriously.

He smiles, kisses her on the forehead. He takes a seat beside Kitty's bedside.

EXT. SMALL PRIVATE DOCK -- DAY

We're at the bottom of the LIMESTONE CLIFFS. A small private dock is situated here. And docked here is a large SHIP. Similar to the one PJ spotted at the episode's start.

Reminiscent of a PIRATE SHIP, this thing is HUGE. The crew is GONE, it's DEAD SILENT. Its flag waves in the calm wind, but otherwise, there is no movement. Tight on the threatening logo of the flag: A red cross surrounded by a green serpent with piercing red eyes. Red eyes that warn of danger.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN -- DAY

We're FOLLOWING ASH, PJ and DARLA as they move along the metallic platforms that make up the cliffside shantytown.

It hangs above the crashing ocean waves, and it's a gold mine for their scavenge. Tiny shack-like houses are made out of siphoned scraps, the platforms are held up by bars and small stations are set up on the railings for fishing. Buckets are sat at each station to scoop up and collect meals from the waves below.

PJ

What is this place?

DARLA

If you paid attention in class,
you'd know. This is the small town
the doctors built for the elderly
and the dying. They considered
moving our quarantined people here
for a time, but those are people
who got sick while they lived at
Eden. These people were denied
because of their sickness, so they
stay here. And if they get better,
they can come back.

They follow bloody trails.

ASH

I don't think they'll be comin'
back. Someone else beat us here.

PJ

And slaughtered old folks? What
for?

ASH

(unnerved)

Chaos. It's all people like these
freaks live for. C'mon. Let's go
back. The boys back home need to
know 'bout this.

Without warning, a FIGURE pops up from the side wall of the shack. He reaches out and grabs PJ, pulling him against the wall, his arm around the boy's neck, a pistol to his head.

With a lightning move, PJ pulls A KNIFE from his belt. He wrenches around and PLUNGES THE BLADE INTO HIS ATTACKER'S CHEST. The pirate staggers back, screaming. PJ breaks away and runs across the platform. The man fires his pistol WILDLY as he topples backwards, falling into the ocean below.

One stray bullet ZIPS against PJ's leg. He falls with a SCREAM, toppling over. He crawls behind one of the small shanty houses alongside Darla, as a fire-fight breaks out between Ash and the other two pirates.

EXT. PATHWAYS -- DAY

TOM is taking a walk on his own, enjoying the beauty of this artificial nature. Sees lovebirds having a picnic together. A cheery young woman walks her pet dog and gives him a polite wave.

WOMAN

Bonjour!

TOM

(nods)

Bonjour, bonjour.

He carries on, until he sees something peculiar. In the nearby BIKE PARK, he hears a RUNNING VEHICLE. Tom spots a security car through the opening between the concrete walls. He moves toward it and enters ---

INT. BIKE PARK -- DAY

Tom enters the bike park and sees the security car just sitting there. An unmoving silhouette sits in the front seat. Tom approaches the car, tries opening the door. It's locked.

From out here, we see the outline of the figure is slumped over at the wheel. The silhouette begins to rise... Tom backs up, relieved.

TOM

Oh, thank God...

That's when the glass SHATTERS and the rotting head of a dead man propels toward Tom, teeth BARRED. Ready to rip out Tom's throat. Tom falls backward and the wicked, animalistic infected man in the car dangles out of the broken window pane. He hits the pavement and crawls toward Tom.

Quickly, Tom kicks at the biter, right in the face. This takes out his lower jaw, but the biter still tries to keep at him. Tom kicks again. Presses his boot all the way through this guy's face.

He huffs and puffs and tries to catch his breath, straightening himself up... looking truly more traumatized than he's ever been before.

EXT. SHANTYTOWN -- DAY

The firefight continues.

PJ and Darla take cover behind one of the houses while Ash is closer to the action, ducking below "fishing wells" where the buckets are ready to be dipped into the water below. The bucket above Ash is shot right off its hinge and flies right past his head --- and down, down, down into the sea below.

PJ looks at Darla.

PJ
I've got a plan.

He stops firing at the others, holds out his gun, and hands it in Darla's direction.

PJ (CONT'D)
Take my gun. And sprint. Run as fast as your legs can carry you.

DARLA
What are you doing?

PJ
I'm getting you out of here.

DARLA
I can't just leave you.

PJ
You will. You're gonna' go back home.

DARLA
Oh, no. No, PJ, I can't---

PJ
You have to, okay! You can do this. I've got my lucky sock on me, I'll be fine.

He smiles. The gap in his tooth from his jump out of the observatory tower in last season's finale is now evident. His first real, huge smile since then. And he hugs her.

PJ (CONT'D)
Trust me.

Darla swallows.

PJ (CONT'D)
It's going to be all right.

DARLA
(softly)
No, it's not.

PJ
(firmly)
Yes, it will.

The gunfire STOPS. The pirates shout now...

Ash looks back at Darla and PJ, waiting for their move. He then fires back at them as their momentary cease-fire ends with an explosion of more gunfire.

DARLA
I'm sorry I've been such a bitch.
If you've noticed.

PJ
(laughing)
Oh trust me, I have.

She runs her fingers through his hair, pulls him close, and they kiss. She pulls away.

DARLA
I'll come back for you. We all
will.

PJ
I believe you. Now go.

DARLA
I love you, PJ.

PJ
Love you too, Darlin'.

And then, like a rocket, Darla stands up and TAKES off. The pirates fire in her direction.

PJ screams. He pulls out another gun from his holster and fires.

Ash looks back over his shoulder: Darla's out of sight. *Did she make it around the bend of the cliff? Where in the hell did she go?*

He then holds out his weapons. In front of him.

AND STANDS UP AMIDST THE GUNFIRE.

ASH
STOP! I SURRENDER. I'm done.
It's over!!

The pirates stop now. And PJ too.

ASH (CONT'D)
We don't need to waste anymore
bullets, c'mon now.

The pirates get closer. Cock their weapons.

Ash nods to PJ. PJ, a bit confused, stands too now, leaning against the wall of the tiny shantyhse. He drops his weapons. The pirates speak in fluent, thick FRENCH, as they approach the boys...

Ash and PJ look over in the distance, as a man wearing a HAWAIIAN shirt and SUNGLASSES approaches. Not your typical pirate, sans his very pirate-esque beard, with small little ponytails in it and all... This man is THE SERPENT.

He spits orders at his men in French. Using ropes, they tie the boys's hands. And they walk them away. In the direction of their anchored pirate ship. One of the pirates helps limping PJ walk.

Ash and PJ exchange looks as they march ahead, AS PRISONERS.

PJ looks back, where Darla fled. Still no sign of her...

The Serpent smiles at them. Revealing a single gold tooth.

THE SERPENT

Oh boys, boys, boys. What ever
shall we do with you?

As they are carted away, we focus on something left behind, hanging from the side of the house...

PJ's LUCKY SOCK.

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

GARETH and MACPHERSON wander through a small park at night. The stars are beautiful, visible through the glass of the dome.

MACPHERSON

Is there a reason you called me
outta' my comfortable bed with my
beautiful wife to be here, Gareth?

GARETH

I have this gut feelin' about
Manila.

MACPHERSON

(dryly)
If her disappearance is givin' you
diharrea, that's not something I'd
exactly care to know...

GARETH

Just listen to me, man. It was Leigh.

MacPherson's eyebrows raise.

MACPHERSON

Leigh Vega?

Gareth nods.

GARETH

The one 'n only.

MACPHERSON

You and Leigh are friends, partners, and you're willing to sell her out?

GARETH

Leigh was an asset. Nothing more. She had something to do with Manila's disappearance and I want answers.

MACPHERSON

So you're doing this for the good of 'Eden', to protect us?

GARETH

Just as I've always done.

(BEAT)

Leigh ordered an unauthorized mission to pull out an unauthorized target and she did it using 'Touch Star' for cover.

MACPHERSON

You seem pretty worked up about this. You said it was you that called out that hit, you never mentioned Leigh... she has no authority for that.

GARETH

She did it under my watch.

MACPHERSON

You're telling me she went rogue on her own and I just don't see what would be in it for her---

GARETH

That's my point, exactly. The bitch acts without reason... she sent Manila out there and I let her. I trusted her. But now shit's falling apart and I'm seeing that bitch's true colors. I'm done being pushed around, I'm doing this for the greater good of this sanctuary...

MACPHERSON

(interrupting)

If you wanna' nail her, I'm gonna' need proof. So if you know anything about her disappearance, anything at all, you need to let me know. I want details, specifics...

GARETH

Fuck you.

MACPHERSON

Excuse me?

GARETH

You don't believe me? Fuck. You. I made a goddamn mistake trusting her and you won't even listen to me.

MACPHERSON

You aren't helping your cause here... Without proof, I can't burn anybody Gareth.

GARETH

I have no proof because she got rid of it! She's playing you, she's playing me, she's --- she's a fucking criminal mastermind.

MacPherson shakes his head. He finds this all ridiculous.

Gareth licks his lips. Looking like a madman. He takes a deep breath.

GARETH (CONT'D)

Don't matter. You're gonna' back me anyway. You are gonna' burn Leigh, and bring my partner home for me. I had nothing to do with what's going on with Manila, you understand me?

(smiles)

(MORE)

GARETH (CONT'D)

You want me to blow the whistle to the U.N.? Because when what happened during "Operation Snapdragon" goes public, heads will roll. And sure as shit my friend, yours is gonna' be one of 'em. Because there are so many secrets here, that if the fucking leader doesn't know what's going on, then there's a problem.

MACPHERSON

(matter-of-factly)

And yours. You authorized it. You went behind my fucking back. With or without Leigh's involvement, you were the commanding officer and you signed off on "Snapdragon"... Like you said, I know nothing.

Gareth gives an exaggerated faux GASP.

GARETH

Ooooooh! I DON'T GIVE A FUCK what happens to me!! I don't have a wife. I don't have a hard-on to be the Director of this place someday.

(whispers)

But you do.

(BEAT)

So if you don't want that dream to die under my boot, I suggest you give me what I want... *Ed*. And if this goes public and people find out that you're fucking clueless about your own business, you'll lose any chance you ever had.

Gareth pats Ed on the shoulder and stalks off into the night, we CUT away:

We're elsewhere in the same park now. TIGHT on a man at a park bench. This is SIMON BOYLE, British, black, in his 30's. Stylishly handsome, if beyond tired and rugged.

He's sketching in his notepad, a drawing of an absolutely gorgeous woman. Then:

DECLAN (O.S.)

That's beautiful.

Simon slams his notepad shut and peers behind him to see DECLAN stood there.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Bit familiar though. I thought you
were a journalist.

SIMON
Aye. My art is a hobby. Try
finding one and you won't have to
waste my time, American boy.

Declan joins him on the bench.

DECLAN
Oh Simon, you charming bastard, the
American slander isn't...

SIMON
(interjecting)
Now you know how it feels to be the
minority, eh?

DECLAN
I guess I was wrong. You never
cease to find ways to beat that
dead horse of a joke.

SIMON
Alright I'm done fucking around,
can we just cut to the chase here?

DECLAN
Lots of stories in the pipeline?
Well I've got another one for you.
Breaking new's type shit.

SIMON
I'm listening, g'on.

DECLAN
Dedicated mother and Touch Star
employee disappears without a
trace, Ed MacPherson involved.

Simon's eyebrows give a slight twitch.

SIMON
Gigantic balls you have there. Any
proof?

DECLAN
(shakes head)
Nothing concrete. Just this.

Declan hands Simon the note he found in Manila's home.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

That's her handwriting. She wouldn't fuck with us like that. She knew something was going to happen to her.

(BEAT)

And I think it has something to do with Gwen, too.

We get a GLIMPSE of the note now, in Simon's hand:

'I WAS WARNED.

IT WAS ALL MACPHERSON.'

SIMON

Juicy shit. Incredibly juicy, mate. Always thought MacPherson was a slimy bugger...

DECLAN

And now you understand why I went to you for help and not Touch Star. I can't trust the authorities here.

SIMON

Are you getting anyone else involved in this?

DECLAN

I was going to ask Ash. He's a good friend of mine and he would be able to give me inside info.

SIMON

You don't think he or any other Touch Star employees know about this? You can trust him?

DECLAN

Ash wouldn't stand for that. That just ain't him.

Simon seems to be mulling it over.

SIMON

I'll help you out. I just need something in return.

DECLAN

Money?

SIMON

Sole credit.

BEAT.

SIMON (CONT'D)

If anything comes up, I want sole credit. I don't want your name on anything. I want this to be a Simon Boyle-orchestrated production. And you'll carry on with your life, no fuck's given, ya hear?

DECLAN

Fair to me. I don't care about credit. Me and my son just need her home.

Tight on the note, we ZOOM in on 'I WAS WARNED' in particular...

EXT. FOREST PATH -- NIGHT

DARLA runs on her own, on pure adrenaline at this point. She runs at a quick, restless pace. She's crying softly to herself as she runs. PJ's gun is in her hand. There is no one chasing her as far as she, or we, know, but she keeps looking back to check.

INT. SUITE -- NIGHT

TOUCH STAR employee's scatter out of Tom and Leigh's suite, post-interview. LEIGH enters the room, just as one of the men walks past her.

LEIGH

Everything okay?

Tom, despondent, runs his fingers through his hair.

TOM

Depends on what you mean.

LEIGH

Is everything cleared? You're not in any trouble?

Shaking his head:

TOM

No. No.

LEIGH

What's wrong? I've never seen you like this.

TOM

I never expected it. Why would someone do this?

LEIGH

There's something more to this. I can see it. I feel it.

She takes his hand. He looks her in the eyes. She's truly concerned.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

You're not telling me everything.

TOM

My mother did the same thing.

Leigh looks confused. Clarifying:

TOM (CONT'D)

She ran the car in the garage, buckled herself inside. And then she died. I was nine.

And now Leigh gets it. This is why he's so worked up about it.

Tom mumbles...

TOM (CONT'D)

It wasn't the first time she tried it.

LEIGH

What are you talking about?

TOM

Killing herself. It wasn't the first time.

(sighs)

Three months earlier, I had, uh, walked into the garage and the car was running and she was inside the car and she was crying.

(choking up)

She made me promise not to tell anyone. So I didn't. I wanted to, I thought about it, I was gonna' tell my father but he...

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I was scared to tell him, I didn't know what he'd do to her, you know?

(BEAT)

She told me she wouldn't do it again, and I believed her.

LEIGH

Of course you did. You were just a kid...

TOM

Yeah, I know. I just, um... I miss her sometimes. Everything we fought for, this is it. Right here. And yet, scary shit is still happening. This isn't what I wanted, why I brought everyone here.

LEIGH

You have to remember that human being's are capable of evil things. As long as human's inherit the homes of this dome, there'll be evil inside.

She hugs him tightly.

TOM

...Thank you.

Leigh doesn't respond. Tight on her conflicted face as she keeps hugging him...

BOOM.

SUPER: SIX WEEKS LATER

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM -- NIGHT -- FLASHFORWARD

A confrontation. We don't know how it's happened.

But we know it involves the two people stood in the room:
TOM and LEIGH.

Tom has one hand against his chest. He's wincing. They both have guns pointed at each other. A suitcase on the table. Some sort of BOMB. This is an INTENSE, sudden CONTRAST to the happiness this rocky couple has recently found.

TOM

...Everything you've made me do.
It's come to this.

Tom's hand SHAKES --- we FOCUS on it ---

LEIGH
I guess so.

TOM
So this is it. Your big plan.
Contamination.

LEIGH
No. Extermination.

TOM
The bomb, however the hell you got
it... it's not going off.

LEIGH
Oh, this is all thanks to Manila.
You're filled with so much rage,
and you've got --- so much blood on
your hands. Once again, we're
caught with so much in common.

She comes closer to him, sexy...

LEIGH (CONT'D)
...Yet you still can't do anything
but push me away.

He shoves her off.

This standoff's growing more intense by the second.

Then Leigh drops her weapon. Raises her arms. And Tom steps forward, his gun trained on her.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Aren't you going to read me my
rights?

Tom stops as he moves for the door. He whispers into Leigh's ear, placing the gun under her chin. She winces a bit, smirking. He wants to relish in this moment, savor every bit of his victory and her LOSS ---

TOM
You have none. Not anymore.

LEIGH
(scoffs)
You think you've won, but it's done
and finished...

Tom ignores her, and moves toward the door, victorious.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT -- FLASHFORWARD

Seether's "COUNTRY SONG" carries on as we travel across the floor of the garden... beautiful, completely serene, contrasting with the song.

TOM (V.O.)
What you don't understand is that
they're safe.

We see the DOOR LEFT AJAR, the lights outside flickering. People are running about in panic, screaming madly, through the hallways in the background.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And there's nothing you can do
about it.

But our focus is on our first shot of the season: that conspicuous gathering of SNAPDRAGON flowers, laying their limply, caked in blood. We PAN down ---

Revealing a LIMP HAND lying in a pool of blood.

As we continue to pan across the body, we find...

...her body lying in a contorted, twisted mess, with a single bullet hole in her head, staring oddly peacefully right into the camera is DARLA SNYDER.

ECU OF DARLA'S EYES. Lifeless, but oddly peaceful.

LEIGH (V.O.)
You're absolutely right...

MATCH CUT to an image of her step mother KATE's eyes shortly after her own death in the season 1 finale. Their expression is horrifically similar.

This is the same kind of shot featured in the beginning of season 2 as Darla laid on the operating table after being bit by a biter --- in six week's time, Darla will be DEAD.

LEIGH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...There's nothing you can do.

As we linger on her body, on this moment, one single drop of blood drip's down from the petals of the snapdragon's that hang above her, and that drop lands on her face. As that splash collides with her skin, abruptly...

SMASH TO BLACK.

END EPISODE