

E D E N | R I S I N G

#304

"Where in the World Have You Been, Manila Shea?"

by
John Oddo

EDEN RISING
"Where in the World Have You Been, Manila Shea?"
#304

TEASER

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

FADE in to a bar. "RHIANNON" by FLEETWOOD MAC plays.

An exotic BRUNETTE sits at the bar. Her long brown hair hangs down, hides her face. But we can instantly tell she's a beauty.

NOTE her CRIMSON-PAINTED nails, as she spins the straw around and around... she peeks behind her, over her shoulder, an alluring look to the young Italian man behind her. He's in his early twenties. He looks at his buddies, laughing, and then moves over to the bar. Meet NICOLA.

NICOLA
(subtitled: ITALIAN)
...Hey, beautiful.

The woman gives a smile out of the corner of her lips...

Her voice is accented. FAKE. But accented.

BRUNETTE
Oh. Hello. Not fluent in Italian,
I'm afraid.

NICOLA
I noticed you... taking a look.
Is there something you wanted to
say? I'm Nicola.

That smile on the woman's face is now a half-aggressive smirk.

BRUNETTE
Just wondering how old you were.
Not old enough to be in here, I
assume?

NICOLA
And?

BRUNETTE

For a town hell-bent on reassuring its citizens the rules of the old world are back in place to jump-start a better tomorrow, it sure seems to me like you're all a bit out of touch.

NICOLA

I knew you were an outsider. Where do you come from?

BRUNETTE

Russia.

NICOLA

And how are things over there? That ol' sickle and hammer burnt to the ground for good yet?

BRUNETTE

Sassy one. Cute.

NICOLA

Do you have a name?

BRUNETTE

Natalya.

NICOLA

Natalya. Like you're from a... James Bond movie or something. Ever seen those, lady?

BRUNETTE

Unfortunately I have.

NICOLA

Not a fan?

BRUNETTE

Their depiction of women leaves a bad taste in my mouth. If there's one good thing about the lack of new movies, it's no more rehashes. No more needless sequels. Maybe this little hiatus means when people start making movies again, they'll get a little more creative.

Off Nicola's smirking face, he's obviously into his conversation.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

NICOLA sits on the bed, naked. BRUNETTE, naked from the waist up, straddles him.

BRUNETTE
...this is nice...

NICOLA
When was your last time?

BRUNETTE
(pauses)
Almost a year.

NICOLA
Not bad.

The brunette kisses his neck and starts moving down from there. As she goes, unstrapping his belt and unzipping his pants... she peeks up at his face.

BRUNETTE
And you?

NICOLA
First time.

BEAT. The brunette just nods.

And keeps going.

LATER:

It's over. The Brunette lies on the bed as Nicola is gone, presumably showering in the other room...

She stretches out and while he's gone, Brunette pulls out a small PLASTIC BAGGIE containing a WHITE POWDER. She opens up the baggie and drops the powder into Nicola's DRINK. It instantly dissolves.

Mystery Brunette puts the bag back in her own jacket pocket. The door opens, and Nicola, dressed only in a bath towel, steps out. They look at each other momentarily, before Nicola picks up his drink from off the table.

TIGHT on his lips as he SIPS it down, and "Rhiannon" fades ---

EXT. HOME -- MORNING

Next morning. We're at the home of SOLANGE, a distressed Italian woman in her 30's.

The community surrounding is nice. A rebuilt little neighborhood, probably closely knit. A large mansion is visible in the background.

Solange has an empty bucket that she takes toward the well. She starts rolling the bucket inside the well back up toward her and she dumps its contents into her bucket. She starts lowering it back down, ready to rinse and repeat...

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Urgency on her face, Solange moves into the bedroom, heaving the heavy, now-filled bucket with her. She takes a SPONGE out of it and wrings it out, moving it toward the face of a young man laying in bed. It's NICOLA, looking in bad shape.

SOLANGE
(subtitled: ITALIAN)
C'mon Nicola... Shit.

She touches his face, concerned.

SOLANGE (CONT'D)
You're burning up.

Solange stands, puts the sponge back in the bucket.

INT. HOME -- MORNING

Solange takes a coat off the nearby coathanger and rushes for the front door. As she opens it, she finds ---

--- a SILENCED GUN BARREL to her face. Solange tries to fight, but the person GRABS her by the arm and PINS her against the wall. A valiant effort, but not enough. Her assailant kicks the door shut and holds the gun to her head. Solange is near tears now, her assailant's CRIMSON FINGER-NAILED hand covering her mouth.

We see that her attacker is the same BRUNETTE from the bar, the one who FUCKED Nicola and then DRUGGED him. As the Brunette leans in close, we still don't get a good shot of her face... her voice is not changed now, she's using one that's a bit more natural, a bit more FAMILIAR ----

She steps away, pressing the gun against Solange's face. Finally getting a clear shot, we recognize this woman as:

MANILA. With a poor brown wig plopped on her head.

SOLANGE

P--- Please. What do you want from me...? I just need to get a doctor.

Manila snaps. In plain English:

MANILA

No. No doctors. Nobody but me and you.

SOLANGE

What is this about, I don't --- I don't have much. You some sort of outsider, do you want food or something?!

MANILA

(offended)

Do I look fucking malnourished to you?

(BEAT)

Your brother was at the bar last night and I slipped a poison into his drink. Now that the effects have officially kicked in, he has seventy-two hours exactly to live.

Manila has the silencer of her pistol shoved into Solange's cheek now. Solange is panicking, crying, a complete fucking MESS ---

MANILA (CONT'D)

This is a specially-made concoction that only one person has the antidote. It's a liquid I can inject into his system to make him completely better. I don't have it. You don't have it. No doctor in the world can help you. I know who has it. You cannot get anyone else involved, or he will die. I do not carry the antidote on me, so trying to get someone to get a jump on me will only get Nicola killed. And it will be a slow, painful death. But I am trying to help you, do you understand me?

Solange looks terrified.

SOLANGE

Oh god...

MANILA

Because of the information I have,
only I can save your brother's life
because only I know where the
antidote is, so I'm sorry to say
for you that you have absolutely no
choice but to trust me. I do hope
I'm making this clear enough for
you?

Solange nods amidst her tears.

SOLANGE

Why are you doing this?

MANILA

I need you to do me a favor. It's
very simple, very one-two and done,
okay? Go to your boss's study,
there is a small electric clock on
the bookshelf.

Manila pulls something out of her bag. It looks like a BOMB.

Solange gives a tiny pipe of a squeal, Manila puts a hand on
her shoulder to calm her.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Pull the clock up and the shelf
will slide, revealing a secret
passage. Move through the passage,
and take a bomb that looks exactly
like this decoy and replace it.
Bring me the real bomb.

SOLANGE

Are you going to blow us up?

Manila smirks.

MANILA

I'd go through all the trouble of
getting him a formula to save his
life just to blow him to bits with
a bomb? That doesn't make much
sense, sweetheart. The bomb isn't
intended for anyone here. While
you do this for me, I will retrieve
the antidote for Nicola and bring
it back. Then, we can make a
trade... the bomb for the formula
that will save your brother's life.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

Then you will live your life and
never tell anyone about this,
Nicola will be okay, and we can all
live happily ever after.

Solange seems to be weighing her options here.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Just remember, if anything happens
to me, he will die. So don't do
anything stupid. Do as I say, he
gets better... one-two.

Manila goes to walk away, as Solange runs up behind her...

SOLANGE

No! Give it to him now! Save him
now, fix him, make him better,
please---!

Her shouting is loud. Manila whips around, puts her arm
under Solange's throat and her opposite hand over the
panicking woman's mouth, slamming her against the wall.
Solange tries to scream under Manila's hand, but she's
muffled.

MANILA

...Solange, Solange... listen to
me. I understand, really, I do...
so let me help you get through
this. Please. Make this easy on
me, it'll be easier on you.

Solange makes a muffled sound...

MANILA (CONT'D)

Will you let me help you and your
family get through this?

Solange nods, making another muffled noise.

Manila pulls away slowly ---

MANILA (CONT'D)

Okay. Good. Good.

And she leaves Solange propped up against the wall. As the
woman collapses to the floor, clutching the crucifix on her
neck, praying softly to herself...

...we linger on Manila, as she storms out the front door.
Once it SLAMS shut behind her, we **CUT TO BLACK**.

END TEASER

ACT IINT. HOTEL -- MORNING

A hotel room.

The door opens.

From his place at the bed, IKE (who we met in the previous episode as Eden's resident drug distributor) looks up to see MANILA enter the room.

IKE
So I heard this joke the other day,
I forgot to tell you... "If a Jew
eats another Jew, is it considered
kosher?"

MANILA
And the answer?

IKE
"If the Jew he ate was orthodox,
sure. But reformed? Not a
chance." Love that.

Manila smiles a bit.

IKE (CONT'D)
It's okay, I can laugh, because I'm
a Jew. But you're just being
insensitive.

MANILA
(laughing now)
Sorry. I'm mostly laughing at the
fact that you found such a lame
joke so funny.

Ike shrugs.

IKE
So, how'd it go?

Manila hesitates.

Ike's relaxed form disappears. Now, he waits, growing impatient, waving his arms at her in an attempt to get her to...

IKE (CONT'D)
Spit it out.

MANILA

I used it.

Ike just blows up.

IKE

You--- I fucking told you, I don't have the goddamn antidote---

MANILA

I know, but I didn't have a choice.

IKE

We can't just let him die.

MANILA

And that's not the plan, Ike. Calm the fuck down. No innocents die, that's the deal, always has been.

(beat)

I really need this, though.

IKE

The fact that I still don't even know what we're smuggling back into Eden is really uncomfortable to me.

MANILA

Find an antidote and I'll tell you.

IKE

Well how fucking fair is that?

MANILA

As fair as it is that I'm doing all the dirty work and you got to sit your ass in the hotel room all day farting around, asking old people to tell you very offensive Jewish zombie jokes...

IKE

I know someone who can help. It's why I gave you the poison in the first place, I just thought you'd give me some time...

MANILA

...we didn't have anymore time. I'm sorry. The opportunity was there, I had to take it.

BEAT.

IKE
I'll take you to him. It's not
going to be a fun trip.

MANILA
Nowhere is.

Off Ike's dark expression;

EXT. CLOCK TOWER -- MORNING

POV SHOT:

We're stood on the top of a two-maybe-three-story clock
tower.

Overlooking the city-scape of somewhere. It's quiet as hell,
though.

According to the *chiron* on the bottom of the screen we're in:

SIENA, ITALY.

The camera pans down, revealing a pair of skate-clad feet.
These things are pretty sleek and sexy. ITALIAN-made, for
sure.

CUT AWAY:

Revealing someone putting a pair of expensive headphones over
the grey beanie on his head and plopped over his ears. We
don't see his face.

And then a pair of goggles are SLAPPED onto his face.
They're pretty sweet goggles though. The morning sun
reflects off of them nicely.

An IPOD in his hand. He picks a song.

CUE --- "THE ROCKER" BY CHILDISH GAMBINO:

AS this dude on skates TAKES OFF, right out of the open gap
in the wall of the clock tower...

EXT. SIENA ROOFTOPS -- CONTINUOUS

...this dude lands on his SKATES and begins to GRIND his way
down the rooftops of Siena. He kicks off and...

EXT. SIENA STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

...lands on the streets below.

Flawless landing, form, everything.

He flips out, from one of the pockets of his cargo pants, a blood-stained HATCHET. He flips it around in his hand.

This guy seems to hover about on the cement, gliding on his skates. We get a better look at him:

He's just a kid. 18 at the most. Shaggy hair, wearing a t-shirt with the logo of the comic book hero THE FLASH on it.

This is ANTON.

He begins to make an obnoxious noise. HOWLING. Like a fucking dog.

And then he starts to laugh to himself. He starts clacking his skates together. And then he picks up a brick from the ground and SMASHES a nearby window.

ANTON
C'MON MOTHERFUCKERS. DINNER TIME.
YUM YUM YUM. FRESH MEAT, RIGHT
HERE.

He sees a nearby car.

ANTON (CONT'D)
...this fuckin' thing still work?

He picks up the fallen brick and throws it at the car. The alarm BLARES.

Anton is even surprised by it. He jumps back. Laughs a bit.

ANTON (CONT'D)
Well, shit. I guess so.

The alarm whirls and whoops and screams...

...Anton just stands there. Waits. He smiles. Nods.

As the music's heavy beat pumps, we see the undead, infected ugly bitches, rearing over a nearby hill. They rush at the camera, at us.

Anton whips around the hatchet, spins it like a fucking toy.

And then they get closer... Rushing right...

Past him.

They run past him. Like they don't even notice him.

They just bang at the car, still blaring its alarm. And Anton watches them. Gets closer. Then as they beat and beat at the windows hungrily, Anton HACKS at the nearest one with his hatchet.

Then one by one, they're all headless and Anton is soaked in blood.

He shakes himself off, gives a soft laugh.

ANTON (CONT'D)
Well, that was fun.

And he skates away... finds a message, freshly spray painted in bright neon colors, against a wall.

"FLASH.

MUSEUM.

TODAY."

The SONG fades here, as a cocky smirk crosses Anton's face. He darts quickly away, down an alley, out of sight...

INT. MUSEUM -- DAY

It's abandoned. This place was once full of artifacts and beauty, surely, but now it's completely ransacked.

MANILA stares at a sole vase...

ANTON (O.S.)
Beautiful.

Manila turns around. ANTON walks over, approaches, that SAME cocky smirk on his face. She looks back at the vase:

MANILA
Italians did know their art.

And she scoops it under her arms, and bags the fucking thing.

Anton carries on, nonchalant:

ANTON
...Except I wasn't referring to the vase.

MANILA
...You must be him. "Flash".

Anton pats the Flash logo on his shirt.

ANTON
I hate to disappoint. Am I living
up to my reputation?

MANILA
Not quite sure.

As Anton begins really looking her over, making it obvious,
Manila grows annoyed.

MANILA (CONT'D)
Isn't it past your bedtime?

ANTON
Oh, a little bit of a challenge in
ya. I like that.

MANILA
(rolls eyes)
Then you're gonna' love me.

ANTON
Gotta love the hard-to-get card,
but fortunately for me, I know the
full deck.

MANILA
Cute.
(beat)
I was actually referring to the
"Flash" shirt you have on. Not
exactly the best codename to have
when you wear it on your sleeve ---
literally.

ANTON
Well, it's kind of the point.
Hiding in plain sight. Or, well,
not really hiding, when there's
nothing to hide from. Nothing to
touch me. I'm sure you've heard---

MANILA
---you're a folk hero around Eden,
Anton. Everyone's heard. The
untouchable Flash. "Fast as
lightning, the Devil can't even see
him."

ANTON

(smiles)

I've missed that. And you're Manila right? Adopted mother of PJ, Eden's newest sensation. "The boy who martyred himself to get people to Eden, but escaped the explosion unexpectedly with just a sunburn". Not as catchy as my nickname, "the Flash", admittedly. But still, it's such a gripping tale.

MANILA

(smiles)

That's right. But then again Anton, now that you're out here and not trapped in that fishbowl full of rules, the world is your oyster and I don't blame you.

ANTON

Is that why you're out here?

IKE walks out of another room. He's got a large painting in hand.

IKE

This place is a *goldmine*, Manila. If I were high right now, this would look so fucking cool. I need this for my wall. Seriously. When we're done with these shenanigans, I'm totally coming back here and picking up this beaut---

Noticing Anton:

IKE (CONT'D)

Oh. Hi there.

ANTON

Ike. My favorite stoner. You don't happen to have some on---

MANILA

Sorry to break up this happy reunion, but we're out here because we need your help. I need an antidote.

ANTON

I can be your antidote. I can fix any problems you have, honey...

MANILA

Fuck you.

ANTON

Right here? Right now?

He begins to unbutton his pants. Manila smacks him hard across the cheek. Puts her arm under his neck and PINS him against the wall.

MANILA

Button your fucking pants, pig. I don't have time for games.

Anton scoffs.

ANTON

Okay. Okay. Let me go and I'll show you around...

She releases her grip on him. He coughs a bit.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Jesus, you... you've got great muscle tone on your arms...

She shoves him.

MANILA

Shut up. Let's go.

And he complies. Ike looks over that painting one last time, hesitates, and then puts it back against the wall before following Manila and Anton.

EXT. SIENA STREETS -- DAY

ANTON leads MANILA and IKE through the streets of SIENA.

ANTON

...her name is Zoe. She lives in what we refer to as... the 'downtown district'.

MANILA

And why don't you two live together?

ANTON

Um, we tried it, but she's... very territorial. She has a lot of stuff and she'd rather not share.

(MORE)

ANTON (CONT'D)

So we decided to separate, and to keep me out she set up a lot of tracks. Let's just say she won't be very happy to see me.

IKE

Unhappy enough to kill you and us on sight?

ANTON

We had some good times together. So it's a big maybe.

IKE

The fuck did you do to piss this bitch off?

ANTON

Very long story. We don't quite have the time...

MANILA

Let's just get what we need, okay? Not quite in the story time mood.

Anton looks at Ike and gives a face...

ANTON

Me-ow.

IKE

Tell me about it...

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

SOLANGE moves through the streets of her village. She's got a basket and she's gathering groceries, supplies, whatever she can. She gives the lady at the counter a few coins sketched out of rocks; their form of currency it seems.

She turns --- sees a girl. The girl seems to know her, approaches her, worriedly.

SOLANGE

...Celia...

CELIA

Where is your brother? I went to your house and knocked and knocked and there was no answer.

SOLANGE

He's ill. He'll be fine. He just needs his rest.

CELIA

Ill? Oh no. I should go see him.

SOLANGE

It might be contagious. I don't think you should.

CELIA

He's my boyfriend, of course I'll see him.

SOLANGE

You two are official again? He didn't tell me. You two are too hard to keep track of.

CELIA

We got into a big fight yesterday, but as far as I'm concerned, we'll move past it. We always find a way. That is love, yes?

Solange swallows --- not very sure they'll "find a way" this time.

SOLANGE

Yes. But I'd give him his space today okay, Celia?

Celia nods.

CELIA

I'll stop by tomorrow.

SOLANGE

Thank you.

EXT. VILLA -- SUNSET

An enormous coastal villa sits on the edge of the MEDITERRANEAN SEA. A fucking beautiful establishing shot. A purple, hazy sky that matches the deep, violet blue hue of the water.

INT. VILLA, STUDY -- SUNSET

SOLANGE, in a maid's outfit, wipes down a beautiful oak desk. She hears a ticking---

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock---

---her attention turns to---

The BOOKSHELF. A ticking little clock sits there.

Solange moves toward it...

...a door flies open behind her. The boss's wife, a little Italian woman named MARIA, walks in with a bright smile.

MARIA

Oh Solange, dear, there you are...

Solange spins around, half-gasping, trying to keep her composure in the surprise. But we can see her heart has skipped a beat or two.

MARIA (CONT'D)

...have you seen Gio's date book?

SOLANGE

...it's in the dining room.

Maria shakes her head.

MARIA

Oh for God's sake, that man! God help us if we ever leave anything to him.

She does the Sign of the Cross, before looking over Solange expectantly. Solange follows suit.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You look tired. Are you alright?

SOLANGE

I haven't been sleeping well. It's nothing, really.

MARIA

Is that boy of yours giving you trouble? He's always been a little reckless since your parents...

SOLANGE

...he's had a major turnaround. After everything you and Gio have done for us.

Maria gives a kind, old smile. She pats Solange's shoulder.

MARIA

*You're like family to us, Solange.
You and your brother. I just hope
it's not him causing you trouble
again, and if it is? You know you
can talk to me.*

SOLANGE

Of course.

Off Maria's smile, as she exits the room...

...the door shuts behind her, and Solange's attention falls back to that clock.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock---

These are people that obviously trust her, that she places great trust in herself... this is difficult, for her. But she locks the door. And moves toward the clock.

She picks up the clock ---

--- and the shelf automatically moves, slides, across the wall.

Reveals an opening in the wall, a PASSAGE.

From her skirt, Solange extracts the decoy BOMB. She takes a deep breath and keeps going.

END ACT I

ACT IIEXT. CODIGORO, STREETS -- NIGHT

Night has fallen. We focus on an abandoned car, sitting on the side of the road.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

ANTON lies stretched out in the driver's seat. IKE is sprawled out on the backseat, MANILA in the passenger's seat. This is their campout for the night.

ANTON

...We're in Codigoro. By morning we'll make it to the refinery. It was abandoned before all of this even happened, so it was a pretty brilliant place for her to set up camp. Well, it was her dad, really.

MANILA

Yeah what is this girl's story anyway?

ANTON

Same as mine, really. Touch Star sent us out here, because both of us have nothing to lose. No family, no kids, no responsibilities, free spirits.

MANILA

The perfect outside team.

Anton nods.

ANTON

She sorta' lost it a bit, though. The difference between me and her, you see, she had her dad around. Her dad died right before she got to Eden. She fought her way there, but she --- she's not used to fending for herself, so it took its toll.

MANILA

Whereas you, you're "Flash". You can do anything.

Anton smirks.

ANTON

See! You're catching on. Knew you would.

Manila rolls her eyes.

MANILA

So you heard intel on the Bagnasco camp?

ANTON

Intel? The Bagnasco camp has been dead silent. What the fuck is this about?

Off Manila's confused face ---

INT. LEIGH'S OFFICE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

We're at the official security office, it's LEIGH's private quarters. MANILA sits on the other side of the table.

MANILA

Gareth trusted you enough to tell you what I've been doing out there?

LEIGH

It's hardly a secret. Everyone's suspicious of what Séverine has been doing with MacPherson's forces. People are disappearing left and right and then popping up again. Only Ed seems to be the ignorant one. As long as his checks are coming in from the U.N., he isn't concerned. But once people start disappearing for good... then he'll find himself in deep shit.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

...So the Director has you and the rest of your team going outside the dome to collect art? Sure sounds like an awfully insignificant thing to risk your lives for.

MANILA

It pays the bills. I have to support PJ. Declan's getting screwed out of funds at the farm.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

Séverine offers me and the others more money to just smuggle in art for her personal collection than I do for the shit I do inside the walls. The extra cash is worth the risk.

LEIGH

Noble.

MANILA

You gotta' do what you gotta' do.

LEIGH

And I respect that.

MANILA

Okay, what's this about?

LEIGH

...I've got contacts on the outside.

MANILA

And that isn't against protocol?

LEIGH

No. These are people MacPherson actually approved to be outside the dome...

MANILA

(rolls eyes)

Okay, go on.

LEIGH

...there's a tiny community in Italy, they call it Little Bagnasco. Named after Giovanni and Maria Bagnasco, the folks in charge of the place. They own this fantastic villa at the edge of the Mediterranean. According to one of my contacts, The Flash, The Serpent's got eyes on it.

MANILA

What's in it for The Serpent?

LEIGH

The old folks have been trying to make bombs. I want you to get the bomb. Do whatever you can, make it discrete.

(MORE)

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Then bring the bomb inside the dome. Just so we can keep it out of the wrong hands.

Manila swallows.

MANILA

This is a hell of a lot different than nabbing a fucking Vincent Van Gogh painting, I hope you know that.

LEIGH

Gareth told me you're the best he's got. He trusts you with everything in his gut. He said he'd approve to bring one other person with you, whoever you want. I'd prefer you keep this on the downlow though. I don't want it being common knowledge that there's a bomb inside the dome.

MANILA

Yeah, wouldn't want to cause a panic. But once I bring it in, my question is: what are you gonna' do with it...?

LEIGH

I'll dismantle it.

MANILA

And does Ed know about this?

LEIGH

He does.

MANILA

I don't know about this. I really don't. That's not what I do.

LEIGH

You're a collector, Manila. This is just as simple as whatever Sev has you doing.

MANILA

Not exactly. This is dangerous. When I go out there to collect art, I don't have much competition.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

We have a few run-ins here and there, but art is the last thing on many people's lists. A bomb? I just don't...

LEIGH

What is it?

Off Leigh's icy glare...

EXT. CAR -- NIGHT

...we're back to Manila and Ike.

Manila and Ike's eyes fall to Anton, waiting.

ANTON

It's been dead lately. No traffic coming in or out. It's literally Bagnasco's little community and then Eden. Everywhere in between is radio silent because they're all walking corpses.

IKE

She lied to us as if we weren't going to find out.

MANILA

There needs to be a reason. Leigh wouldn't just lie...

ANTON

...Well she did, sweetheart.

MANILA

She has to have her reasons.

There's a silence.

ANTON

Well, you sit on that. I'm gonna' hit the sack. Big day tomorrow.

Anton goes to lie down.

Manila and Ike lower their voices:

MANILA

I wanted to tell you. I was just respecting her word.

IKE

Séverine already has us sneaking out in the middle of the night, collecting artifacts behind MacPherson's back. Imagine what would happen to us if we got caught doing this. Touch Star is not an external group. Whatever Leigh has you doing, I can assure you it's not up to protocol...

MANILA

But you said it yourself Ike, neither is nabbing these artifacts for Sev's personal collection.

IKE

...but smuggling in art isn't smuggling in a fucking bomb. You realize how bad that'll make us look!? I understand Sev's motives. She wants to keep a human element inside Eden, remember history, educate our kids, all of those beautiful things. But Leigh smuggling in a fucking bomb? I don't care what she did for you in the past Manila, none of this makes any sense and you have to see that.

We see it in Manila's eyes, she does see it. She nods.

MANILA

I'm just trying to wrap my head around it. We'll finish the mission and ask her once we get back.

IKE

Alright. Let's get some sleep.

He turns over, faces the seat. Manila looks out the window, trying to shut her eyes...

INT. CAR -- EARLY MORNING

There's a loud scraping noise. Manila jumps with a start. She looks over in the driver's seat; ANTON is wide awake. He looks at her.

ANTON

...you hear that shit too?

MANILA

...yeah.

Manila looks in the backseat. IKE is fast asleep.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Turn on the lights!

ANTON

I don't --- I don't know how to
work a fucking car ---- !!

MANILA

Goddamn it...

Manila lifts herself up. Picks her sleepy body up, clicks the switch and the lights turn on...

...in the beam of lights ahead of the car, we see a ROTTING WOMAN, standing at the edge of the car, clawing at the hood. With the beam of light hitting her face, she snaps up with an inhuman, demonic SCREAM.

She POUNCES right at the car, it's so fast, so sudden, admittedly it's the perfect JUMP SCARE.

Anton gives a SCREAM. It's a laughing scream though. Startled, but ENJOYING the thrill.

ANTON

Holy--- holy shit, you're an ugly
ass bitch!!

Ike leaps, waking quickly.

Anton takes a flashlight out of the cupholder and opens the door, steps outside the car.

EXT. EMPTY ROAD -- EARLY MORNING

Anton flashes the light in the direction of the biter.

This ugly woman looks right in his direction, right at the beam, and moves toward it ---

--- but it doesn't notice Anton at all. And once it gets close enough, Anton pulls out his hatchet and beats the living shit out of it until it's not moving anymore.

INT. CAR -- MORNING

It's morning. Blood-stained ANTON sits in the passenger seat, MANILA drives, IKE sticks his head between them from the backseat.

It's a very silent car ride.

MANILA
...where are we going?

ANTON
Make a right up here.

And so she does.

EXT. CODIGORO REFINERY -- DAY

ESTABLISHING. The Codigoro sugar refinery. Abandoned since 1975, a relic of the 1800's...

MANILA, ANTON and IKE walk toward the refinery with caution.

ANTON
She's set traps... so be careful.

They keep going. Manila grabs Anton by his chest--- pulls him back.

She points at a TRIP WIRE stretched between the two walls. At the end of it, is a small device. Probably an explosive.

Anton nods to her --- *thanks*.

And he carefully steps over it.

MANILA
Lots and lots of traps...

We pan across the courtyard of the refinery to see a group of zombies chained up against the fence. Dozens of them, lined up in a row, snapping and snarling.

MANILA (CONT'D)
And they're not for them...
they're for us.

Off Ike's frightened expression...

INT. CODIGORO REFINERY -- DAY

The trio enter the refinery, slowly creaking open the front door. Manila peeks in first... sees a shotgun angled nearby, a string attached to the door...

...another trap.

MANILA

Shit!!

She quickly shuts the door as the trap goes off, blasting a hole in it and sending her, Ike and Anton back.

ZOE (O.S.)

Chi diavolo è?!!

ANTON

*E 'Anton. Ho portato amici, vi
preghiamo di lasciare dentro Noi
non intendiamo male.*

ZOE (O.S.)

*Aprire lo sportello. Inserire
lentamente.*

Anton looks at Manila and Ike.

He opens the door slowly... he enters with his hands up.

INT. CODIGORO REFINERY -- CONTINUOUS

IKE and MANILA follow ANTON's lead.

ZOE (O.S.)

The last time I let strangers in
out of the kindness of my heart,
those assholes out on the sea, they
were --- they were checking
everybody. Trying to see who to
take, who to leave behind.

MANILA

The pirates.

ZOE steps out of the shadows, toting a gun at them.

ZOE

They have their own island out
there in France, they sailed all
around here. Left a woman behind
because she was too dark. Can you
believe that?

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

And she had a newborn baby. So I took her in. She kept telling me stories about how her baby was the love of her life, he was --- he was what was keepin' her going after her husband died a few days before. I checked for bites, I checked for everything... she had this mark on the back of her head. She told me she hit her head on something, but otherwise she said she felt okay. I wake up the next day, and I find this woman hunched over her baby boy, eating him. She looked at me, and I saw it in her eyes. That's when I realized we're all ticking time bombs. She died overnight of a fucking concussion is all I can think of. So yeah. I have a problem taking in strangers. Every other time, they've been blown away.

IKE

Without warning?

Zoe wipes her damp face, she's been crying. Then Zoe taps at her lips with her fingers, a bit anxious.

ZOE

You know, I'd kill for a cigarette.

Manila pulls one out of her pocket, tosses it at her. Zoe catches it.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Lighter?

Manila tosses one at her. Zoe catches it, nods.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Grazie.

She lights it up.

ZOE (CONT'D)

...so why are you back here, Anton?

ANTON

I know things ended poorly the last time we saw each other...

ZOE

Cut to the chase.

Anton sighs.

MANILA

I used a mortar and pestle to smash
up a curare plant. I poisoned a
man and now I need the antidote.

ZOE

Well that sounds counter-
productive.

MANILA

Anton told me you have it.

ZOE

And you believed that *stronzetto*?
God bless you.

MANILA

Do you have it or not?

ZOE

What do you have in exchange for
me?

MANILA

...Nothing. I was hoping I could
give you an I-O-U.

ZOE

That is not what you were planning
at all.

MANILA

What are you trying to say?

ZOE

Sei venuto per uccidermi.

Manila hesitates. She steps backward ---

--- a rope gets caught around her ankle. Manila is flipped
over as she's pulled up ---

--- she hangs upside down from the ceiling as Zoe disappears
into the darkness. Manila can hear screaming from below, but
she can't see a thing.

IKE

MANILA!!

Gunfire can be heard. Manila pulls herself up, bending in
half. She's still hanging, swinging around, trying to grab
her gun at her waist---

---she whips it out, and hangs there.

From ground level, Ike and Anton take cover behind pillars.

Zoe fires at them.

From where she hangs, upside-down, Manila fires one shot...

...and BANG!

Zoe is blasted backward, a single gunshot to her face.

The gunshot echoes.

It's silent afterwards.

Manila aims her gun up now. At the chain the rope hangs from the ceiling. She fires and the rope snaps. Manila tucks in, landing with a thud but she's okay.

Anton looks at Zoe's body, he's in a state of panic.

ANTON

Jesus--- Jesus Christ--- you never
said anything about killing her,
what the fuck!?

MANILA

She started it.

ANTON

Now what?!

MANILA

Now we find the damn antidote.

ANTON

This was your plan all along,
wasn't it? She was right. This
was an assassination.

MANILA

I'm NOT an assassin, okay? That's
not my job. I'm a collector. If
people shoot at you first, you have
every right to justify a kill with
a mere "They were bad, I shot
them." It's that simple.

Manila brushes past him. Anton watches her and a silent Ike
walk forward as he stares at Zoe's body in horror.

ANTON

...I actually, kinda, liked her.

Manila doesn't care. She keeps going. Anton, always talking for the majority of the time we've known him, is speechless for the first time. Off one final shot of him standing over Zoe's body---

EXT. CODIGORO REFINERY -- DAY

MANILA exits the refinery with confidence. IKE looks confused.

IKE

Why are you acting like this?
We're just going to leave Anton
here?

MANILA

It's what the little shit wanted.
It's not like he'd want to come
back to Eden with us anyway.

IKE

Why is this mission so important to
you?! You're taking extremes I've
never seen from you before.

MANILA

Because there's more at stake okay?
What don't you understand about
potential threats operating their
own bomb factory?!

Manila keeps going. Ike shakes his head.

IKE

I feel like nothing's stopping you
at this point. If it comes down to
it, for Nicola and Solange, are you
going to sacrifice them? For "the
greater good"?

And indeed, he uses 'air-quotes'.

MANILA

It's not going to come down to
that. It won't.

She gets back into the car. Ike stands there for a moment, we get a good look at his expression... before he gets into the car with her.

INT. HOME -- MORNING

MANILA and IKE enter SOLANGE's home...

MANILA
Solange... Solange?

They walk into the bedroom, where Solange's elderly employer, CELIA, holds a gun to her head. Solange is whimpering, a mess. She's been bawling her eyes, we can tell.

SOLANGE
I didn't... I didn't say a word, I swear.

CELIA
She got caught, that's why.

Celia turns her gun on Manila and Ike. She pulls the bomb Solange must have stolen off the shelf.

CELIA (CONT'D)
We have cameras. Who the fuck are you people?

MANILA
I just want a bomb.

CELIA
They are not for sale. And certainly they are not up for you to steal.

She nods to NICOLA's body on the bed...

...we notice he has a bullet hole to his face. Blood and brain matter is splattered all over the pillow.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Too bad these two poor shits had to fall into your trap.

Celia fires a shot into Solange's head now. She's dead.

Manila whips her gun out. She's quick. Gunfire erupts.

Manila and Ike take cover, Celia is firing from behind a wall. This old woman sure is fucking nuts.

She puts the bomb up in the air. Walks out from behind the wall. A smirk on her old, wrinkled face.

CELIA (CONT'D)
Shoot me now. Let's see how that
works out.

Manila keeps her aim. She stands. And then shrugs.

MANILA
Okay.

So simple, so fucking COOL about it.

She fires. Twice, three times, hitting Celia in the chest.

Ike is on the floor, fucking preparing for detonation...

...the bomb falls, and Manila catches it in her hands. She
smirks.

Ike slowly recovers...

IKE
What the FUCK was that? We
could've blew up.

Manila just walks out the door.

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

People have crowded, they have their guns raised at MANILA
and IKE as they exit the house.

MANILA
I have a bomb. It's all we wanted.
Let us leave.

Then, in Italian ---

MANILA (CONT'D)
*Ho una bomba. E 'tutto quello che
vogliamo. Lasciamo.*

These people start to panic and murmur. Manila and Ike make
the trip from the house to the car --- a VERY slow trip ---
hands up, Manila's still on the bomb ---

They climb in and drive off, the people lowering their guns
in awe and terror. They're all thinking: *Who are these
strangers?!?*

INT. UNDERGROUND EXHIBITION CENTER -- NIGHT

This is the underground entrance to Eden. MANILA and IKE have made their way back. They slip in...

EXT. IKE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

MANILA has walked IKE home.

MANILA

...I'm sorry about how I've been acting.

IKE

What? Like a crazy bitch?
(deadpan)
I honestly didn't notice.

MANILA

Funny. I'll explain it all in the morning. I'm sorry. I just wanna' get back home before we get caught. Thank you for sticking by my side though, through all of it.

Ike smiles. A little smitten.

IKE

Of course. I wasn't gonna' leave you hangin'. Are you okay? I know... I saw the look in your face when that crazy old hag took out Solange... you really wanted to save that guy.

MANILA

I dragged in two innocent people, and promised them safety and protection. I fucked up tonight.

IKE

But we completed the mission. We aren't complete fuck-up's.

MANILA

There's no we in this fuck-up, Ike. I take full responsibility.

IKE

As you should.

Manila smirks. Ike smiles.

IKE (CONT'D)
Thanks for bringing me back alive.

MANILA
No promises next time. Good night.

Ike shuts the door and Manila leaves...

...we pan up. A security camera watches this.

EXT. MANILA'S SUITE -- NIGHT

MANILA is approaching her suite, when from the bushes, someone leaps out. GRABS her around the neck and puts a RAG at her mouth. Presumably covered in chloroform because as soon as she gives a muffled scream and tries to fight off her attacker, Manila falls unconscious in the attacker's arms.

INT. DARK ROOM -- NIGHT

Tick, tock, tick, tock.

MANILA is tied to a chair in a dark room. She looks up...

MACPHERSON
...You're probably not ready to talk.

MACPHERSON steps out of the darkness.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)
So I put a little thing I found in your bag under the chair. Maybe it'll convince you.

Manila recognizes the ticking. The bomb.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Miss Shea.

Ed MacPherson, Manila's captor, leaves the room and we get a shot of Manila sitting in the chair, looking weak, tired, weary, confused, as the bomb ticks under her chair.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT II

ACT III

CHIRON: *PRESENT DAY*

INT. MACPHERSON'S SUITE, SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- TIMELESS

MANILA has her head hanging low. She's still tied up in a chair, but we recognize the place to be part of MacPherson's lair now. Tight on her face as the door can be heard opening and light leaks in on her.

ED MACPHERSON approaches.

MACPHERSON

I brought some things... PJ said
you liked during our interview
about you going missing.

Manila winces at the sound of PJ's name. She shakes her head.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

Some liquor... peanuts... figured
you could use some things from
home.

MacPherson takes a seat in the rolling chair next to the security footage and the buttons. He looks over Manila for a long moment, a look of despair, of self-hate, and he shakes his head sadly.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I had to do this to you.
But you gave me no choice. That
steely glare you're givin' me? I
don't deserve that, Manila, you
betrayed me, you got those poor
souls killed. Not me.

(BEAT)

My clean-up crew had quite the mess
over there. I just want to know
why.

Manila shakes her head, consumed by the memories---

MANILA

...I needed the money...

(BEAT)

And you see, that's why we worked
under you --- because Séverine paid
more than you.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

That's why we went to you in the first place, because we were good at what we did and we needed the money. That's it.

MacPherson tries keeping his composure, his smirk has turned into a hardened straight-face as he stares down Manila, shaking his head. She knows how to get under his skin.

MACPHERSON

Just for the money? Not to serve? Protect? Show your loyalty to your home turf? That's disappointing.

(BEAT)

At least I know that this was Séverine's doing. This basically means my report back to the U.N. will write itself. She isn't fit for leading this place anymore because there are too many godforsaken secrets.

MANILA

This wasn't Séverine. It was Leigh.

MACPHERSON

You and Gareth keep telling me the same goddamn story. Leigh Vega has absolutely no authority.

MANILA

She's a manipulative bitch who threatened the safety of my family unless I brought that bomb here. So I had to go not just behind your back, but Séverine's too.

MACPHERSON

My options with you... are very limited. Now the question you and I are gonna' have to answer together is "What next?"

No response. MacPherson's getting impatient, annoyed, with Manila's demeanor.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

You have a chance to save yourself. But you need to summon your loyalty, you need to soldier up and tell me what you did out there.

(MORE)

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

You tell me what she had you retrieving out there, what she had you doing when you disappeared on those long nights, huh? I need you to honor the code you took when you signed your contract to work with Touch Star---

MANILA

You don't even care about Leigh? You're still going on about Séverine? You're THAT desperate to get her out of here? You slimy bastard. She's a THREAT.

MACPHERSON

Tell me what Séverine had you doing out there, or I won't do anything about Leigh.

MANILA

(interjecting)

Fuck your code.

MACPHERSON

You listen to me...

MANILA

(interjecting)

Fuck Touch Star.

MACPHERSON

...bitch, I'm not done talking...

MANILA

(interjecting)

And fuck you.

MACPHERSON

LISTEN TO ME!!

His explosion of anger briefly quiets Manila, who's tearing up.

MANILA

Or what?! What are you gonna' do? You gonna' kill me? I ain't beggin' for you. Anything happens to me, I've got a policy under your contract, under Séverine's, so my family will be loaded if anything happens to me. And they're all that matters. So I don't care.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

Give me a gun, I'll blow my own fucking brains out right now. Come on. Do it. You tortured me not because of me leaving --- no, it's not about that --- it's because I was going to tell the truth about you. I know that you shipped Gwen off. I kept my mouth shut because I believed you knew what you were doing.

MACPHERSON

The truth? Whose truth?! Because the only truth that I see is that there's people out there trying to kill us, and I'm the only one with the balls to go get them! Gwen WANTED to go there, it's what she needed to get her

MANILA

What you did was illegal and immoral.

MacPherson stands and SCREAMS right in Manila's face:

MACPHERSON

HER law and HER morals are NOT the fucking truth!

He glares at her, before sitting back down.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

Now. I'm giving you a chance to save yourself. I was looking after you and your family, I tried to find you, I brought you back--

MANILA

Is that what you're trying to do? You're trying to help me?

MacPherson nods --- he completely believes himself.

MACPHERSON

Yeah.

MANILA

Yeah?

MACPHERSON

Yeah, I told Séverine all about you, that you were a stand-up young lady, who cared about her family and about her duty to Eden more than anything else. But what do you do? You betray me. You switch sides, to her side, and you tell your husband to talk to that fucking big-mouthed reporter. You set me up to fuck me over! Everything that's happened to you, you did to yourself!

Manila spits on MacPherson, right in the face. MacPherson stands, and HITS her right across the face. She falls out of the chair and he comes at her, kicking her in the ribs.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

Again and again. Manila's coughing, choking, on the floor. Defenseless.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

Fucking --- cocksucking --- cunt.

Again and again. And then he stops and SCREAMS AGAIN:

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

FUCK YOU!

MacPherson tries to recompose himself, wiping the spit that's leaked from his lips in his screaming fits, and wanders toward the monitors again. As he examines the screens, he hears Manila on the floor --- GIGGLING. Like it's fucking nothing. He turns around.

MACPHERSON (CONT'D)

Go 'head and laugh. Because it's the last fucking thing you'll ever do.

And he leaves the room, SLAMMING the door behind him. Manila's on the floor, curled up now, red and laughing softly to herself.

CUE --- "SMILING FACES SOMETIMES" by THE UNDISPUTED TRUTH:

Manila, still on the floor, has regained her composure. TOUGH, she crawls toward the items MacPherson left on the floor for her. She sees something among the bag of things. She pushes past the alcohol, the peanut's...

...and removes PJ's LUCKY SOCK. She holds it close to her, hugs it tightly. A reminder of what she's missing. She loses all composure she's regained and just breaks down on the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. She misses him.

The song carries through the montage---

EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

TOM, LEIGH, DECLAN, and VICTOR are rowing their way toward THE SERPENT'S ISLAND. They're almost there.

Leigh gives Tom a reassuring smile. He smiles back.

INT. PINK HOUSE -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

ASH and TAMSIN climb out of bed. An awkward after-sex look between them...

INT. YELLOW HOUSE -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

PJ sits with NOEL in the living room. PJ stares out the window, nervously expecting THE SERPENT to return.

INT. ISLAND LABORATORY -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

GWEN is examining a test subject ZOMBIE.

INT. QUARANTINE, KITTY'S ROOM -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

KITTY and RORY, newly-engaged, snuggle and kiss in Kitty's bed.

INT. SÉVERINE'S OFFICE -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

SEVERINE watches from her massive office window as SIMON walks through the halls... she is genuinely curious.

INT. MACPHERSON'S SUITE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE

We see ED MACPHERSON storm out of the suite. CHANDRA lies in her bed. Moments later, there's a knock.

Chandra gets up, opens the door. It's SIMON BOYLE, dressed handsomely.

CHANDRA
Oh... hello.

SIMON
Is Ed here? I'd like to speak with
him.

CHANDRA
No, but...
(smiles seductively)
...I can take a message.

SIMON
Mind if I ask you a few questions
then?

CHANDRA smiles at SIMON.

CHANDRA
Of course, come in.

The music crescendoes as Simon steps inside, and Chandra
shuts the door with a LOCKING CLICK.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE