

E D E N | R I S I N G

#309

"The Mourning After"

by
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EDEN RISING
"The Mourning After"
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TEASER

INT. CLASSROOM -- MORNING

TIGHT on a green chalk board. A white piece of chalk is scraped against it... we hear a PIERCING squealing noise as the teacher, BOURGEOIS, rambles on instead of an actual lesson going on.

Then we're tight on a PENCIL as it's balanced in someone's hand. It taps back and forth against the table...

...we pull up, showing PJ holding the pencil. Staring outside.

He can see, outside the dome's exterior, people training and preparing for an attack.

CLOSE on: PJ's eyes --- longing --- Wondering why the fuck he's HERE.

And then, he starts to tune in. We hear whispering...

...talking...

...it gets louder, the squealing noise disappears...

...and PJ's focus breaks.

He snaps back to reality.

We see the world through his eyes. Things begin to contort around him. Just like how he started hallucination in episode #206 "Moccasin", the walls begin to cave in. Weird shapes begin to appear all around... it's almost like we're seeing life through the eyes of someone on some heavy LSD shit, but no, this is his epilepsy getting the better of him.

He pulls out a bottle from his bag, uncapping it and popping a couple pills into his palm.

He tosses the pills into his mouth, tilts his head back, and swallows them.

That cocky looking kid, with the crooked ass smile, who got into conflict with PJ in #301 "Snapdragon" -- MATT -- looks at one of his buddies. It's almost as if PJ's hearing is enhanced now as Matt leans over and in slow-motion says:

MATT

Ya think Darla taught him to
swallow that hard? What a faggot.

We're tight on PJ's face, taking in a deep breath, as the two
guys laugh it up in the back.

DARLA sits in a seat nearby, she sees this --- in slow-
motion:

DARLA

...PJ...?

That's when PJ, twisting the cap onto his bottle of pills,
suddenly ---

--- turns around and whips the bottle at Matt. Hits him
square in the face.

MATT

Ah, fuck!

PJ pushes his desk over, stands, and approaches Matt in a fit
of rage. Grabs him by the collar and presses him against the
wall.

PJ

Shut the fuck up. You say one more
thing about me and I swear I will---
I'll---

PJ's tearing up in his rage.

MATT

Let me go!

Bourgeois pulls PJ away...

INT. MR. ARKENBURG'S OFFICE -- MORNING

The counselor's office. PJ sits in a chair across from the
clown-esque MISTER ARKENBURG. He has a pasty smile only
comparable to the Joker.

ARKENBURG

...Twizzlers?

PJ

No thanks. I was raised in a 'Red
Vines' family.

(bluntly --- annoyed)

Why am I here?

ARKENBURG

You lashed out at Matt today.

PJ

...Because Matt is an asshole.
That doesn't answer my question,
why am I here and not suspended,
sent home, whatever.

By the look on PJ's face, we can tell he'd rather have been sent home than trapped here with this guy.

ARKENBURG

Understandable. But are your
issues with Matt everything you've
got pent up in there?

PJ

I don't want to be here. I had
that pent up for the past thirty
seconds, but now you know. There.
Progress enough for you? Can I go
now?

ARKENBURG

Padget, I know this might be hard
for you to believe, but I was a
black sheep back in my family too.

PJ looks a little confused ---

PJ

Oh yeah?

ARKENBURG

Yeah.

(leans in, smirks)

I was somewhat of a stoner.

PJ lifts his eyebrow --- *Is this guy serious?* ---
understanding where Arkenburg's heading to now.

PJ

(with intense sarcasm)

Oh. Wow. I feel --- connected ---
to you, all of a sudden...

ARKENBURG

Yeah, yeah, man. My friends were
all jocks and stuff and my brother
was "Mr. Everything"... you know?
I had your hair and everything.

PJ

My hair? So because I'm growing my hair out, means I'm a stoner? And, for the record, I'm not feeling like a loser... that's not the issue here, Mister Arkenburg...

ARKENBURG

That's not what I was implying, PJ. If you'd let me finish, I know all about your dad not really being your dad and your mom not really being your mom, I've seen your file...

PJ

(interjecting)

That is exactly what you were implying.

He stands now. PJ is done with this guy's shit.

PJ (CONT'D)

Listen, this is who I am. This is who I'll be until the day I die. The issue isn't me, it's idiots like you who reduce me to an age-old stereotype. If you knew anything about my dad, you'd know he was a great man and that he died in the shooting two days ago. But no one cares about that little detail do they? The power's back and all you people care about is hiding the kids inside Eden from what's really going on out there, when we should be outside those walls defending our home.

(beat)

You know, maybe I will take you up on that Twizzler's offer.

PJ reaches into the jar full of Twizzler's sitting on Arkenburg's desk. Digs his entire hand into the jar and spins it around, just pulls out an enormous handful. He nods to Arkenburg mockingly---

PJ (CONT'D)

Mmm, munchies. Sure you can relate, brah.

And he walks away. The handful of candy still grasped in his fingers.

And he SLAMS the door shut behind him.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

And PJ PUNCHES the door as he exits. His eyes watering, his emotions just raging. He starts to rush out of there. As the bell rings, DARLA exits her class and sees PJ forcefully shoving open the front doors and leaving.

Off her concerned look:

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT IINT. TOM'S SUITE -- DAY

Open on the record player. The Dwight Twilley record played in the last episode is removed from its place, not by Leigh's red-fingernail-clad hands but by smaller, more petite hands.

It is replaced by some sort of Christmas album.

"WHITE CHRISTMAS" by THE DRIFTERS plays.

As the bouncy doo-woop-esque beat of the song's beginning plays, we see a CHRISTMAS TREE, and two hands wrapping a silvery garland with little paper candy canes hanging off the strands.

Next is a shiny ornament being plopped onto one of the branches.

Then a star is placed atop the tree... we pull back, to reveal DARLA stood on a step stool to reach the tree top. She leaps down, smiling at her Christmas tree in satisfaction.

INT. TOM'S SUITE, MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

TOM wakes, groggy. He's a sweaty mess. He hasn't shaved, we can tell. And he looks himself over in the mirror --- seeing someone sitting in the chair in the bed next to him. It's KITTY. Beside her is GWEN, who holds a gun.

KITTY

I told you I'd see you in the morning, didn't I, Tom?

Tom doesn't know what to say, he's ready to explode, but Kitty interrupts:

KITTY (CONT'D)

Ssshhh. I need you to get Darla out of here. We need to talk.

TOM

Kitty, I don't know what you're doing here, what you want, but I...

GWEN

Stop lying to her, Tom. After everything you've put her through, she deserves to know the truth.

Off Tom ---

INT. TOM'S SUITE -- DAY

He stumbles down the hallway. TOM shakes his head, groggy, as he enters the suite's main room, seeing DARLA at the tree. The music continues to play from the record.

DARLA
Morning, dad. How's it look?

TOM
You did --- all this yourself?

She nods.

Tom's eyes, however, have fallen to the spot on the floor that has been since cleaned up - but where Rory was killed.

QUICK CUT:

STOCK FOOTAGE of Rory getting the shit beat out of him by Tom with a meat tenderizer, from the last episode.

Tom shakes this image out of his head. He rubs his temples.

DARLA
You okay?

TOM
Yeah, just... just a migraine.

His eyes never leave the spot. There's still a faint darkness to the carpet.

DARLA
You really screwed up spilling that spaghetti yesterday huh?

TOM
What?

DARLA
That spot on the carpet you're staring at...

Tom seems to forget his own lie to Darla. And then he shakes his head.

TOM
Oh yeah.

DARLA
I'm still mad you didn't save me
any.

She's smirking.

DARLA (CONT'D)
You know how I feel about
spaghetti.

He looks up for the first time --- smiles softly.

TOM
Sorry darlin', next time.

And she twirls, back to the Christmas tree, putting more
ornaments on its branches.

TOM (CONT'D)
It looks nice, it looks complete
really. You have some sort of
baking test don't you?

DARLA
Yeah, I need to bring cupcakes to
school.

TOM
I heard PJ can cook. Maybe you
should go over there and have him
help you.

DARLA
(surprised; almost
impressed)
Really? PJ --- cook?

TOM
Yes, do you think you can go now?
I'd like you to finish your
homework early.

DARLA
Why now? Daddy, you know I always
get it done.

TOM
Can you just go? Right now? I
think it'd be for the best if you
did it early, the cupcakes uh ---
they'll need time to sit.

DARLA
And fluff out?

TOM
Yeah. Sure. I don't speak
"cupcake" so...

Darla smiles. She heads into the kitchen, obediently,
gathering what she needs.

INT. PENTHOUSE -- DAY

TIGHT ON: An empty champagne glass.

PULL out ---

This is a huge penthouse suite at the top floor of the large
hotel that makes up the centerpiece of Eden.

BRYCE EASTON, a cocky and handsome guy in a suit, pours a
glass of liquor for a woman sitting across from him. Then
another, another, another, passing them around to a bunch of
other fancily-dressed people in the penthouse.

BRYCE
Séverine is out of surgery... did
you hear she's still going ahead
with the tree lighting?

One of the women, lights up a cigarette and smirks. She
takes a puff. MEREDITH is her name.

MEREDITH
A mass murderer runs about, shoots
up a bunch of people downstairs,
then we lose our sponsorship from
the U.N. and now it seems like we
have enemies on the outside and
inside. People are just flying off
the handle.

BRYCE
You're talking about that kid who
was beat to death and dumped in the
flooded alpha sector?

MEREDITH
Yes. That Gareth guy was always a
little... off. Doesn't surprise
me one bit.

BRYCE
I've honestly considered where I
stand this past week or so. I
mean, haven't we all though?
(MORE)

BRYCE (CONT'D)

It's why we're up here instead of outside defending the dome, right?

ANTON (O.S.)

I'm glad you explained that on your own time.

Bryce, Meredith and the rest turn around to see ANTON stood at the door.

BRYCE

Ah, The Flash himself. Would you like a drink?

ANTON

Not from you.

Bryce frowns.

BRYCE

Well, I see you're a foul mood, what brings you up here?

MEREDITH

This is a private party...

ANTON

Yeah, well, I crashed it, bitch.

MEREDITH

Excuse---

ANTON

No, stop talking. Seriously. I just want to know why, when a call goes out saying we have a threat coming to attack us, you people decide you would rather stay up here. This is your home, and if you're going to stay here, you're going to have to defend it.

BRYCE

Is this a threat? Who the hell do you think you are anyway, I don't remember anyone putting you in charge? You're just some storybook myth, a comic book hero, what you are -- what you represent -- isn't real. You have no authority, no power, no relevance, nothing. So get out of my penthouse.

ANTON

You're just a coward. All of you.
We need all the help we can get out
there, so excuse me for coming
across as rude, but---

BRYCE

---Come across? Really? We don't
want to be out there, because we
know they're a threat.

ANTON

You ignorant fucking...

Bryce swings, knocking Anton on his ass with a swift punch to the face. Anton holds his face, his nose bloody. And then he leaps, fucking TACKLING Bryce! But Anton is skinny, swift, but not strong, so Bryce easily throws the kid off of him.

BRYCE

(laughing)

You've got some balls, but you're
just a scrawny little git.

Anton stands, huffing and puffing. He sees this isn't worth his time anymore.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

LEAVE.

Anton CRACKS his neck into place, grumbling as he exits the penthouse. The other people inside look at Bryce in silence. He lifts his glass and takes another swig.

INT. BAR -- DAY

TIGHT ON: An empty glass being pressed against a bar counter.

PULL out ---

This is the same dining area our survivors were brought to for a huge dinner welcoming party in the season 2 finale.

And ANTON is sat at the same bar TOM and GARETH had their fateful conversation, the conversation that set up all the conflicts we've had between them and between LEIGH, throughout the entire third season.

The bartender, a blonde female probably only a year or two older than Anton, leans forward. She wears a band tee, has dark eye makeup, and despite being attractive, her expression makes her look relatively unpleasant. This is BLAIR.

BLAIR
...On the rocks, sweetie?

Anton looks up. He swallows. Shakes his head.

ANTON
Just ice, please.

Blair scoffs --- *That's what "on the rocks" means, you moron.*

BLAIR
Alright then.

She takes a deep breath, it's taking a lot out of her to not act annoyed by him, and pours a bottle of liquor into the glass.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
You don't drink much, do you?

ANTON
What gave me away?

BLAIR
Well the fact that you're basically a myth around here made me think you've been wandering around outside the dome... not much alcohol is there?

ANTON
Most of it's been looted already. I've had a drink or two, but...

BLAIR
Yeah, yeah.

ANTON
I'm glad you read up on your Eden Mythology Bible though, that's good.

He takes his first sip. Gags a little.

ANTON (CONT'D)
Why do people like to drink this stuff? And that's just an honest question.

BLAIR
Because most people aren't gigantic pussies like you.

Anton looks up at her darkly, but he sees her expression; biting her lip, trying not to cackle.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Sorry, I was totally pissing around
with that one... Didn't mean to
nick a nerve.

Anton takes another sip silently.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
I thought you were supposed to be
outside the dome. Getting people
ready for this big war.

ANTON
Yeah well... I needed a break.

BLAIR
You look emotionally wrecked. Is
it really that dramatic out there?

No response. Anton just stares ahead, past Blair. She takes a breath.

BLAIR (CONT'D)
Think you could go for another pair
of hands out there?

BEAT.

ANTON
Yeah, we could use the help.

As he goes to take another sip, Blair takes the glass out of his hand---

ANTON (CONT'D)
Hey, whattya---?

---dumping the liquor down the sink behind her and putting the glass in the sink.

ANTON (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
What the hell was that all about?

BLAIR
I want a sober person showing me
how to handle a gun. I'm not
risking my neck just for you to
blow off one of my tits in your
drunken stupor.

Anton doesn't say anything. Off his dark expression:

INT. MANILA'S SUITE - DAY

PJ is unpacking still in his room, going through all of the things he left at DECLAN's, sorting them about the room in silence. He stops, feeling someone's eyes on him, and he turns around...

It's MANILA, standing at the doorway.

PJ

What are you looking at? Are you checking out my butt? Because that's sort of weird since I call you "Mom" now...

MANILA

No, I'm looking at a kid who looks *really* sad.

PJ

I'm not sad.

MANILA

You are.

PJ

Am not.

MANILA

Are too.

PJ

We sound ridiculous.

MANILA

Yeah, well, you denying it is ridiculous.

BEAT.

MANILA (CONT'D)

...Do you remember back at The General's camp? I watched you do one of those fights he had set up, between people, for the last of the supplies.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

I guessed I was so stressed out,
wrapped up in my own little world
with the transition from being some
nobody to taking care of a kid,
that I actually needed someone to
tell me that you'd already got up
and left. I went looking all over
for you. When I gave up, I came
back to our tent ready to bawl my
eyes out for losing you, and I
found you sitting there just...
like nothing ever happened.

Manila laughs at this --- PJ gives an awkward smile.

PJ

I walked back all by myself, I
remember.

MANILA

You walked back home all by
yourself, and you know what PJ?
Sometimes it feels like you're
still walking, and no matter how
hard I try, I'll never ever catch
up to you.

PJ

Well... Sometimes it feels like...

He stops. Swallows. Manila sees he's nervous. She's trying
to push his buttons and get him to spit it out.

MANILA

Feels like?

PJ shuffles uncomfortably.

PJ

...Nothin'.

MANILA

(pushy)
Feels *like*?

He takes a deep breath.

PJ

That you still haven't come after
me, okay?

There's a silence.

MANILA

Why didn't you just say that, PJ?

PJ

Because it felt like a cliché.

MANILA

Yeah, well, life's full of clichés. Get over it. This is the problem, you have to stop holding out on me. On everyone you care about.

PJ

Yeah, well you just zone out in your problems and I feel like it's hard for you to even focus on me. This isn't even just from losing Declan, because that was the cherry on top of the red velvet cake I have called my life, but from you just --- you off and disappeared all the time, I felt like you didn't even care. I get it, you're lonely and you're sad and you being tied up in that room by some psycho's was pretty messed up, but look at me, Mom. Look at how messed up I am too.

He's exasperated, tomato-red, after saying this.

MANILA

...You're right. I guess it was just easier for me to tell myself that you wanted it that way. That you wanted to be pushed and not pulled.

PJ

Maybe I do.

Manila scoffs -- and smiles. PJ returns it. It's small, but it's genuine.

MANILA

That smile. Right there. Tells me you don't mean it. You're just being a sarcastic little turd to get a reaction and I'm not giving it to you cause I can see *right* through your little...

PJ
 (smirking)
 Am not.

Manila laughs playfully---

MANILA
 You are too. You always have
 played that crap for kicks.

PJ
 Okay, maybe I have--

MANILA
 Wow. You admitted it. And I
 didn't even sense sarcasm...

PJ
 I'm not in the mood today. You're
 lucky.

MANILA
 ...I'm coming after you, okay?

...And with a genuine smile, PJ quips:

PJ
 ...Well thanks for the warning,
 Mom.

And she laughs. Manila didn't expect anything less.

There's a knock. Manila stands, exits the room ---

INT. MANILA'S SUITE -- DAY

--- she opens the front door to the suite, seeing DARLA SNYDER stood there with a basket in her hands. Inside the basket seems to be the ingredients for a cake or some sort.

DARLA
 Hi, um... Is PJ here?

INT. TOM'S SUITE -- DAY

TOM sits in his living room chair. KITTY sits on the couch, Gwen sits in the chair right in front of Tom.

Gwen balances the gun in her hand...

This is the scene from the flash-forward at the end of 305:

GWEN

Rory's dead, and Gareth saw you taking a trash bag into the alpha sector. He told me everything. You got rid of him, didn't you? So he could keep quiet. Are you going to have to kill me too?

TOM

I wouldn't kill anybody, Gwen, you know me ---

GWEN

I know what you did.

Tom shakes his head --- he's done denying it. The tears are coming now.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Don't give me that look. I'm not going to pity you. I don't care what your excuse was, he was our friend.

Tom still sits there in silence, wiping his eyes.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You betrayed us. No one will ever trust you again. I just want to know.

And she raises the gun. Points it right at Tom.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I won't let you get away with this. So tell me, why did you kill him?

Gwen's giving this steely glare, she fucking means business...

Tom takes in a deep breath. Softly:

TOM

Why... why?

He looks, this time at the ground. The fucking stain again. Kitty's eyes follow him --- she puts two and two together, shaking her head.

KITTY

You told Darla it was spaghetti. That's not a sauce stain. That's where you murdered him, isn't it?

That word. "Murder". It makes Tom wince. The pain, the confusion, he still is in shock over what he did.

His eyes, they trace Gwen's outline, staring down her and her gun...

Kitty grows irate. She yells, like she's never yelled before. Forceful, angry, full of dripping venom:

KITTY (CONT'D)
LOOK ME IN THE EYE.

STOCK FOOTAGE: from "Funeral" - Rory staring down Tom.

RORY
You're gonna kill me? Fine. Look
me in the eye then.

--Quick cut to Tom swinging right at Rory's body--

--then we're back to present day. His head snaps up and around. He stares right into Kitty's eyes. He's shaking, his eyes red, he's ready to burst, and so is she. They're an even match.

KITTY
You coward. He couldn't even fight
back, could he? You just ---
completely wasted. With what?

Her eyes keep boring right through him. Finally...

TOM
A meat tenderizer.

...The first OUNCE of honesty comes from his lips. He says it so dryly, so fucking EMPTY.

TOM (CONT'D)
It's in the bag. The same garbage
bag the rest of Rory is in.

Kitty's jaw is trembling. She's fighting back her tears, shaking her head, she won't look weak in front of him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Leigh escaped, she blamed
everything on Rory. She broke into
my suite, dragged him in here and
forced me to kill him. She --- she
wouldn't do it herself and she
threatened Darla. She threatened
to destroy everything I have, so---

KITTY

So you destroyed everything I had?

The guilt can't pile any higher without overflowing and tearing Tom apart from the inside out. He doesn't know what to say, I don't know if anyone would in that situation. There are no words to change or fix what he's done, as much as he'd like to completely change it all --- it's too late.

Gwen chimes in here:

GWEN

I figured as much. You had no motive. It's no excuse but --- we want you to help us, take her down.

TOM

I don't know where to find her.

GWEN

We know how to bring her out, and take her down.

KITTY

I saw her burying something.

GWEN

And I have a source saying it's most likely a bomb.

KITTY

I know where she buried it. If we go and grab it, then we could probably get her to come out of hiding.

TOM

Why do you want my help?

GWEN

Because we're not you, and we're not her. We're offering you the opportunity to take care of this once and for all. It all makes sense now, she killed Sidney for Christ's sake! You of all people--- she's put you through hell and you didn't even see it, she was right under your nose! How could you not want this?

As much as Gwen believes in helping Tom, we see the uncertainty and rage in Kitty's face and recognize she believes the exact opposite, but her self-control allows her to play along.

END ACT I

ACT IIINT. MANILA'S SUITE, KITCHEN -- DAY

PJ and DARLA are trying to make these cupcakes together.

PJ
Maybe you should just stick to
frosting the cupcakes.

DARLA
I never knew you could bake PJ!

PJ
It's not something I'm very --- um,
I don't know how to put it.

DARLA
You think it's feminine, don't you?

PJ
Yeah, a bit. I don't know. Manila
knows a lot of recipes, she's
taught me a lot, I figured it'd be
nice to know.

DARLA
And it is. And I think it's sexy
when a guy can cook.

PJ
Sexy, huh?

He smirks. Reminded of their first kiss in 301 by this, she
remembers:

DARLA
How is your leg by the way?

PJ rolls up his pant leg, showing off where he was hit by the
pirates in the premiere episode.

PJ
It only nicked me really, I got
lucky. Hurt like hell when it
happened though.

DARLA
Oh, so you were just being a drama
queen?

PJ
If you wanna put it that way, sure.

DARLA
I'm only teasing.

She looks him over...

DARLA (CONT'D)
How's the transition been? I mean,
the permanent move-in with your
mom...

Not wanting to discuss this:

PJ
...Um, it's been fine I guess. I
don't really know. Still trying to
process everything.

That's when the alarm goes off on the oven. The cupcakes are
done. PJ quickly opens up the door and uses his oven mitt to
grab the cupcakes and take them out.

The camera lingers on the cupcakes...

DARLA
They need to sit right?

PJ
Yeah, before you frost 'em. That's
your job, right? It's all you're
good for.

Darla peers into the other room:

DARLA
You have absolutely no decorations!

PJ
Decorations? For what?

DARLA
It's Christmas Eve.

PJ
Are you shitting me?

DARLA
No. The Director's making a big
hooplah about it, I'm surprised you
haven't heard.

PJ
You act like I've been out and
about Darla...

DARLA

I can help you decorate if you'd like. I have stuff back at my suite.

PJ

Sure, could be fun.

EXT. PATHWAY -- DAY

Because Manila has one of the smaller cabin-like suites outside of the main hotel, Darla has to head outside and to the hotel.

As Darla is on her way, we see LEIGH peeking around one of the corners... listening as Darla shouts back to PJ:

DARLA

Make sure you keep an eye on those cupcakes!

Something seems to light up in Leigh's eyes --- and the camera pans down to see the bomb in one hand, and the vial of the virus in the other.

She sneaks around, and heads right toward Manila's cabin...

INT. GREENHOUSE -- DAY

TIGHT on a SCREEN. It's a GPS-esque screen, with an arrow in a far distance away from the "home plate" icon...

MANILA

I don't understand.

We see MANILA holding onto this device --- she's looking at TOM, GWEN and KITTY --- our "awkward trio".

MANILA (CONT'D)

I rigged the bomb with a tracking device, to make sure I was always on top of it. It says it's not here.

GWEN

Maybe she found the tracker. She's trying to throw you off?

Kitty starts to dig. This is the spot she saw Leigh burying the bomb in "Tomorrow". Nothing. It's gone.

She shakes her head.

KITTY

No. She's on the move.

As Kitty preps up the hole again, Tom looks over at Manila and Gwen.

TOM

...How's PJ holding up?

GWEN

Wait, what? I'm way behind since I was locked up by those douchebags... Is the kid okay?

Manila realizes Gwen never found out. She's been so busy with everything else... Manila takes a deep breath. She's not good at giving bad news. She doesn't quite know what to say. So Gwen looks at Tom ---

TOM

Declan was shot when Eddie went on his rampage. PJ saw it all go down.

GWEN

Shot? You mean --- he's ---

Everyone's silence is enough of an answer for her. She runs her hand through her hair, doesn't really know what to say. She is in shock. She walks away to mourn in solitary, and Manila and Tom exchange looks.

EXT. DOME -- SUNDOWN

TAMSIN is on watch, with VICTOR helping her out.

VICTOR

I'm surprised that stuck-up boyfriend of yours let you out here. He seems like the protective type.

TAMSIN

I don't take orders well, honestly. I do what I want to do, whether anyone --- him or otherwise --- approves or not.

VICTOR

That's mighty attractive.

TAMSIN

You do remember I have a boyfriend
right?

VICTOR

(shrugs)

Eh, it was worth a try.

Tamsin rolls her eyes. She pulls out her binoculars to do
more inspection of the surrounding area.

ASH (O.S.)

Tam?

Tamsin turns around, sees ASH standing behind her. Victor
starts to whistle to himself, walking off. Tamsin just
cackles.

TAMSIN

Can you believe him? That barmy
git tried to make a pass at me.
You gonna' beat him up?

ASH

I'm not worried about him,
obviously you're too obsessed with
me.

She dips in for a kiss. He responds, but breaks early.

ASH (CONT'D)

I'm half-surprised you're out here.

TAMSIN

You didn't think I'd just stay
inside and do nothing, did you?

ASH

I mean after everything you were
telling me, I wasn't sure what
you'd do.

TAMSIN

Are you out here for good now?

ASH

Yeah. You guys need as many hands
as you can get. I see not many
people are out here.

TAMSIN

A lot of people aren't sticking
around. I've heard a ton have went
inside to pack.

(MORE)

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

That Simon guy said he's staying with the lady in charge because she's still recovering and all... we're definitely short on people.

ASH

People are going to leave? And go where?

TAMSIN

Anywhere.

ASH

I'm just glad you're not going with them.

Tamsin smiles softly.

Anton helps Blair hold a gun.

BLAIR

Okay, am I holding it right?

ANTON

Yeah, you have a pretty good grip, keep it steady---

Blair fires, hitting a branch on a tree and blowing it to bits. She smiles. Anton is impressed.

ANTON (CONT'D)

I'm not a great shot, I'm better hand-to-hand, but even I know that was an impressive shot.

Blair smirks.

BLAIR

I was aiming for the stump.

Anton's eyes widen.

ANTON

Well then...

Blair laughs. But then her expression changes ---

BLAIR

Dad?

Anton turns around and sees BRYCE EASTON, the man he got into a fight with earlier, approaching. He looks heated.

BRYCE

Are you serious right now? You burst into my penthouse, attack me, and then you drag my daughter out here?

ANTON

If I remember correctly, you're the asshole who swung first, not me. And I didn't force your daughter to do anything man, she approached me.

BRYCE

Blair, get inside.

ANTON

She wants to protect her home, what the hell is wrong with that?

BRYCE

This isn't going to be our home for a while, and I don't need a hoodlum like you speaking for my daughter.

BLAIR

What the hell are you talking about, "this won't be our home"?

BRYCE

We're getting the hell out of dodge.

ANTON

You don't have to go anywhere with him, Blair.

Bryce grabs Anton by the scruff of his shirt.

BRYCE

Bugger off, I'm warnin' ya---

BLAIR

DAD!!

Bryce goes to swing at Anton's face with his free hand.

Blair approaches quickly, SLAMMING the butt of her rifle into the back of Bryce's head. He's knocked out immediately, taking Anton's scrawny body down with him. Anton stands, dusting himself off.

ANTON

Christ, lady...

Blair takes a deep breath. *That felt good...*

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

MANILA has the GPS tracking device in her hand, leading TOM, GWEN and KITTY through the hallway.

MANILA

It looks like she's heading to the
vent shafts upstairs.

Gwen hands Kitty a gun. And then Manila. She hesitates with Tom. Then ultimately decides not to.

TOM

Where are you getting all these
weapons from?

GWEN

Gareth had the keys to the armory.

MANILA

Wait, why aren't you giving Tom a
gun?

GWEN

He killed two of us for her.

Manila looks on in shock.

MANILA

Oh no, Gareth? And --- ?

KITTY

(quickly)
Rory.

MANILA

Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry...

She looks at Tom, not knowing what to say or how to act...
He's used to the dirty, disappointed looks by now it seems.
He carries on, unfazed.

INT. VENTILATION ROOM -- NIGHT

As the four enter the ventilation hallway, gunfire begins to erupt. This is Leigh's final stand and she knows it. She's firing wildly at them from the ventilation room. Gwen tosses Tom a gun...

Everyone takes cover. Gwen blind fires wildly. During the chaos, Kitty takes her eyes off of the target, Leigh, and turns toward Tom.

She fucking PULLS the trigger! She hits Tom right in the left side of his chest, he blasts backward against the wall. She quickly turns back to look as if she was firing at Leigh the entire time ---

--- Tom doesn't even know what hit him. He sways, completely taken aback, putting his hands in the air.

TOM

Stop. Stop shooting. Let's --
let's just talk okay?

No more gunfire.

Leigh keeps her gun pointed at Tom.

LEIGH

Just you. Get inside here. Come
on.

Tom heads forward, hands still up.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Just hurry up already, no need for
the fucking "surrender" position...

So Tom just slowly puts his hands down, reacting from the pain of Kitty's gunshot wound. He enters the door, and shuts it behind him.

CUT TO BLACK

END ACT II

ACT IIIINT. VENTILATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Tom has one hand against his chest. He's wincing.

A suitcase on the table. Some sort of BOMB. Tom whips out his gun, the two keep each other close, guns trained on each other.

LEIGH
(re: the bullet wound)
Was that from me?

TOM
I'm not too sure.

LEIGH
I saw the look in her eyes. Kitty really wants you dead.

TOM
Can you blame her?

BEAT.

TOM (CONT'D)
You never planned on letting me and Darla go did you? You were going to do this right here --- right now.

LEIGH
I am going to do this right here, right now. And no, I never planned on that. I just wanted to see how far you'd go for that girl of yours. But you don't even get a babysitter for her tonight?

TOM
You're sick. Everything you've made me do. It's come to this.

Tom's hand SHAKES --- we FOCUS on it --- this is familiar, we saw this in the flashforwards of #301, "Snapdragon".

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.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
...No matter what you think, I
always did care. Even if it was
just a little bit, I thought maybe
I could change for you.

He stops.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

But I couldn't. I accepted that I was doomed to this fate. It's not the bomb you should worried about though... I'm surprised you thought it'd be this simple. Goodbye, Tom. And good luck.

She takes Tom's gun, twists his hand, and presses him against the wall. Leigh rushes forward, grabs the bomb, and presses a button. The bomb explodes in a mass of flames and smoke, blasting Leigh backward --- her corpse covered in flames, like a fireball shooting through the air.

Tom is trapped in the burning room. Flames explode around him. And he's holding his wound... his eyes widen. He opens the door, limping forward, toward Gwen, Manila and Kitty.

MANILA

She fell for it? The bomb blew up! Was the virus in there?

TOM

No, it's not in the bomb. She must've known, she knew you rigged the bomb, damn it! She did something else, she killed herself because she has the virus somewhere else! Fuck!

The flames are getting closer. They rush for the exit. Kitty watches Tom limp, suffer, small amounts of satisfaction visible on her face.

TOM (CONT'D)

She mentioned me not getting a babysitter for Darla... it has something to do with her, she did something to my daughter.

Tom limps forward, continuing on as quickly as he can... we can see the wound is hurting him, though.

INT. MANILA'S SUITE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

PJ is rubbing his head, he was passed out on the couch. DARLA is setting up a tree.

CUE --- "ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS YOU" by VINCE VANCE & THE VALIANTS, playing on the radio.

PJ
How could you be in the Christmas spirit? You're adorable.

DARLA
Anger isn't a good way to grieve, PJ. I tried it when Kate died --- it doesn't help.

PJ
Everyone keeps telling me to be happy, but that's not going to make me happy.

He sits up. Approaches Darla.

PJ (CONT'D)
I just want to be happy.

Suddenly, they kiss. A coupled effort, they both move at the same time... It's a long, romantic one. A lovely and profound moment.

Darla breaks, PJ looks guilty --

DARLA
What are we doing?

PJ doesn't respond. He just holds his body close to hers.

DARLA (CONT'D)
(softer)
PJ...

She pulls away, calming her shaky nerves. PJ looks at her seriously. Completely guilty, but with NO REGRETS.

PJ
Well, we're kissing.

DARLA
...Why?

PJ
Because I've wanted to kiss you from the moment I first saw you. And now that I have, I don't think I'm ever going to be able to stop.

Before Darla can even say anything in response, PJ dives in again. Another kiss... She doesn't fight it. One after another after another...

And they fall on the bed. Not fighting each other's temptations, but embracing the temptation. And it's so passionate and real and beautiful.

When they break, PJ pulls back.

PJ (CONT'D)
Was that corny?

Darla giggles, endearingly though.

DARLA
Yeah. Maybe even a bit creepy.

PJ
I... I'm sorry.

DARLA
...I'm not. I mean, I really,
really was waiting for that.

He just holds her on the bed and gives another kiss... "All I Want for Christmas Is You" fades here.

EXT. DOME -- NIGHT

ASH and TAMSIN are talking together.

ASH
One year, I remember getting out of bed early and finding my mom placing all the presents under the tree. I was so devastated that there wasn't a Santa Claus.
(scoffs, smiles softly)
It was kinda' pathetic though, because Ben already knew Santa wasn't real, and he was a year younger than me.

Tamsin laughs a little.

TAMSIN
Awe, mini-you actually bought that Santa bull? Gullible little shit.

Pan through the crowd: Things have calmed with BRYCE, who is being looked over by IKE.

IKE

You'll be a-okay, but I think
you'll need to see a family doctor
to heal the wounds between you and
your doctor.

Bryce grumbles.

Pan again: Anton's on watch now, with Victor. They hear
noises from over the hill.

VICTOR

You hearin' that?

Anton listens.

ANTON

...Yeah.

He stands, and sees ---

--- SANTIAGO and over fifty of his pirates, heading toward
them. Anton leaps down...

...Ash sees this. He and Tamsin stand.

ASH

I'll be back.

Ash joins Anton and Victor at the front lines. Santiago and
Anton square each other up and down ---

THE SERPENT (O.S.)

I'm assuming you and Santiago met
already?

THE SERPENT steps out of the crowd, limping with a cane. He
gives a soft smile.

THE SERPENT (CONT'D)

Be careful around him friend, he
eats little shits like you for
breakfast.

ANTON

He eats shit... for breakfast?

Waving a hand:

THE SERPENT

Despite what this child said, I'm
not here rearing for a fight.

ASH
Then what do you want?

The Serpent smiles softly.

THE SERPENT
Ash... we miss you over at the
island...

ASH
(interjecting)
I asked you a question.

Bold, strong, confident. The Serpent is impressed with his
tone. He scoffs.

THE SERPENT
We want someone from you.

ASH
And who might that be?

THE SERPENT
Bring me your director.

ASH
Sev?

The Serpent nods.

Everyone murmurs ---

ANTON
(vehement)
Absolutely not. What do you even
want with her?

THE SERPENT
If you do not comply with my
demands, we will attack.

SANTIAGO
(hissing)
We do outnumber you, in case you
can't tell.

There's an intense stand off here, Ash against The Serpent,
Anton against Santiago ---

And no one speaks. Everyone just stands, waiting, thinking,
mulling over their options...

INT. MANILA'S SUITE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

DARLA wipes her hair out of her face as she frosts one of the cupcakes.

She looks behind her shoulder, seeing PJ put his shirt on in the other room. There's an awkward silence in the air tonight.

She clears her throat, picks up the first frosted cupcake.

STOCK FOOTAGE -- Leigh sneaking toward Manila's cabin/suite.

FLASHBACK -- Leigh sprinkles the vial of the virus she's had since season 2 all over the cupcakes as PJ naps on the couch in the background.

LEIGH (V.O.)
...you don't even get a babysitter
for her tonight?

REAL TIME now -- CLOSE on Darla's mouth as she takes a BIG BITE and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE