

E D E N | R I S I N G

#401

**"Let's Deal the Cards Again, Part I"**

*by*  
John Oddo

TEASER

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

TIGHT on a JUKEBOX.

Someone suddenly kicks it. It shakes violently.

WADE  
...damn thing.

WADE, 40's, a gruff and violent appearance with a lot of repressed emotions, trudges away. He looks rugged. As the camera pulls out, we can see that everyone here is starving. People are sick. Not looking good at all.

Another member of the group, a woman named FRED, gives a sad little smirk at Wade. This is his wife.

FRED  
I dunno if I remember how to properly use those big ol' music boxes honey, but I think it requires a coin or two.

A little girl, one of the most able-bodied of the group, is around eight. Her little British accent makes her all the more charming, but it's not like she needs it. This is CHARLOTTE, Fred and Wade's daughter.

CHARLOTTE  
I want to hear music.

FRED  
One day.

CHARLOTTE  
Can we go out and look for a coin?

FRED  
And where on God's green earth will we find one?

CHARLOTTE  
Come on mommy, there's gotta' be one outside.

WADE  
You're gonna' get sick out there like the rest of us, it's cold as hell out there Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

So you lock me in here with all the sick people?

Wade sits in silence. He sighs.

WADE

Fine. Get out there and get me a coin and I'll show you some music.

Charlotte beams. She takes her mother's hand.

CHARLOTTE

Let's go, mummy!

Charlotte leads her mother out the back door of the diner.

EXT. DINER -- NIGHT

Outside the diner, there is a bit of a barricade made up. Two or three guys sit out here with guns, keeping watch.

We get a wide shot. Beautiful panoramic view.

We're in the middle of the London countryside. A dead end diner all the way out in "bumfuck Egypt". Perfect place for a hideout for its seclusion, but as we can tell surviving has been rough on these people since they're so far away from desperately-necessary tools.

One of the men on watch, BOONE, shoots WADE a look as he comes out the front door.

BOONE

...You sick?

WADE

Yeah. Along with half our camp. Some sort of nasty bug. If it isn't one can of rubbish we've got for us, it's another.

BOONE

Yeah well, count me lucky. Good immune system, you think?

WADE

Nothing?

BOONE

Nope. Not a cough, not a sneeze, nothin'.

(BEAT)

(MORE)

BOONE (CONT'D)

Then again I didn't eat any of that food we brought back either. None of the water neither.

WADE

You think it's food poisoning?

There's an intense look on Boone's face. It's got to do with the food, but he thinks there's something a little more malicious than just natural old food poisoning.

Without warning, bullets rip through the night sky.

For a moment Wade doesn't realize that HIS NECK HAS BEEN RIPPED OPEN BY A LINE OF BULLETS.

He tries to scream. Can't.

That's when A PLUME OF RED SHOOTS OUT OF HIS MOUTH all over Boone. Boone backs away, disgusted, in a state of surprise.

BOONE

What the fu---

That's when the barrier around them explodes. Wood splinters fly in all directions. Boone ducks and covers. This took them all by surprise, so fucking unexpected.

A huge truck has smashed in through the barrier.

Two people in riot uniforms exit the truck, the shorter one armed with a military-grade assault rifle and the taller one with a GLOCK 18 fully-automatic machine pistol.

The man on the roof of the diner aims down, ready to take them on. The shorter riot gear attack aims his rifle up, and fires.

Bullets tear into him and he flips over the railing of the roof, falling onto the pavement plenty feet below with the sickening snap of his spine. Boone's taking cover. He sees Wade still struggling on the ground, he's still alive --- barely.

The burlier and taller of the two attackers approaches Wade.

He gets on his knees, ready to take Wade out.

That's when Boone takes his opportunity and jumps the big guy with a knife. Stabs him in the stomach region.

Boone sees that the attacker is aching a bit from this knife wound, but if it went through all of that riot gear armor it only went in a little bit.

Not enough to be life threatening. So he dives forward to slam onto the knife, when his attacker yanks the knife out and:

Slams it right under Boone's chin. His eyes flip backward, go to pale white. He's done for.

And the attacker lets him drop.

The attacker looks the dying, mortified Wade in the eyes.

ATTACKER

I know what you did. You know what you did.

WADE

P---Please.

The attacker gives a pathetic, disgusted laugh.

ATTACKER

You don't deserve to live.

As his shorter cohort takes out the people around them, our burlier attacker makes it his personal deed to put his thumb and forefinger onto the bridge of Wade's nose.

He's pinching it, blocking off his only airway. The blood gurgles around in Wade's destroyed neck. He's fucking choking on his own blood, holy shit.

The death is slow, but it's sure.

Once the deed is complete, the attacker shoots the dead Wade point-blank in the head with the Glock-18, spraying our attacker's riot gear face mask with crimson.

This acts as a good transition to:

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Inside the wheat strands of the wide-open field behind the cafe, FRED leads her daughter CHARLOTTE to find a damn coin. Fred looks annoyed; what are the chances?

CHARLOTTE

Mum, you're going too slow.

FRED

I'm just --- I don't know, I don't think luck's gonna' be on our side tonight, hun.

They suddenly hear yelling. Gunshots.

No, Fred, you're right. It's not.

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

Everyone inside --- no discrimination on age or health --- they are all gunned down. It's a horrific sight.

Charlotte throws open the door, she and her mother Fred enter the diner and bullets head right in their direction.

TIGHT on the door they just shut behind them, riddled with bullet holes as we hear their bodies slump to the ground. We didn't have to see that. We already know what happened.

The burlier, taller attacker drops a coin into the jukebox. Makes a selection.

CUE --- "OUT OF TOUCH" by DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES

He surveys the area. Takes off his mask, taking in a deep breath.

This is DWIGHT, 35. Ruggedly handsome, he's been through some rough shit. We can see it in his tortured, aged, wolf-like eyes. He takes in a deep breath. Does a quick prayer as he reloads his machine pistol.

The shorter attacker takes off his helmet, revealing he isn't quite a "he" after all.

She's 35, a pretty woman with exotic skin and shoulder-length hair. This is ROZ, short for ROSALIND.

There's a lot of remorse and disgust in her face, but we realize that for them, this wasn't something they wanted to do but something they felt they had to do.

DWIGHT

You okay?

She preps herself with a sassy, but genuine, response to mask her disgust over the situation.

ROZ

Sorry to disappoint you Dwight, but these aren't Jane Austen times anymore. A girl can get her hands dirty, believe it or not.

DWIGHT

So I take that as a firm "yes".

ROZ

Aye.

DWIGHT

Excellent.

He takes in a deep breath. Roz seethes, a little

ROZ

That was a right waste of our shit,  
poisoning it like that.

DWIGHT

These dicks thought they had the  
bollock's to steal from us, so  
giving 'em tainted food serves 'em  
right. They had it coming. And  
you better not open your mouth  
about poisoning that food too. You  
know Nico, he'd burn the rest of  
our supply.

ROZ

Yeah, yeah, I won't say a word. We  
heading back to the farm then?

Dwight scoffs, as if he's offended by this suggestion.

DWIGHT

Not without a bit of a consolation  
prize, are you kidding me Roz?

He steps through the crowd.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

They've got to have something worth  
looting. Not like they'll be using  
it.

He kicks the leg on a body.

ROZ

Not like we have much time until  
they turn into jack's.

DWIGHT

Put your mask on then if you're  
worried. That's what it's for.

Roz grumbles at his tone, but Dwight continues on like a  
child at a toy store, picking and choosing what he wants and  
doesn't want.

ROZ

Your stomach okay? I saw that guy  
shank you like this was some street  
fight.

DWIGHT

I bet you know all about those.

ROZ

Was that a black joke?

DWIGHT

From me? Absolutely not.

This guy's an asshole, but charming as hell. Roz smiles.

She puts her mask on as she sees some of the people on the  
ground starting to squirm. She starts taking out a couple of  
the reanimating folks. Dwight shakes his head. He still  
hasn't put his face mask back on.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Nothing of worth here.

As they head for the door, one of the bodies rises from the  
ground to attack Dwight, but he's quick to turn his Glock on  
the undead and blow it to bits.

EXT. DINER -- NIGHT

A wide shot of the diner as DWIGHT and ROZ climb back inside  
the truck they burst in with, and take off. Like fucking  
assassins in the night, just driving off to whatever hole  
they crawled out from in the first place.

As their truck disappears into the distance, we fade away  
slowly and "Out of Touch" slowly fades as we...

END TEASER



ACT IEXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- DAY

A vast, open field. Numerous people are working here, making sure the crops that are growing are being tended to.

At the edges of the fences are MOBILE HOMES, obviously shelters for people who are living here. There are at least twenty five separate mobile homes visible in this shot alone. They are all hand made too, nothing fancy but they're livable.

The first face we STOP panning on, is of a beautiful 25-year-old blonde woman. This is WINNIE REIL. She's charming, coy and knows how to get what she wants.

She's got a straw hat, she manages to make that age-old fashion statement work. She stands at the small lake, trying to fish. She's not doing a very good job, though.

She sighs, yanking the fishing rod out of the water and setting it aside.

HIRO (O.S.)  
Having trouble?

Winnie turns around to look at HIRO, a Korean-British man in his 40's. This is a guy who's put a lot of dedication into his work as a military man. His presence demands attention.

Winnie shakes her head, a bit annoyed, but she still can't shake off the smitten smile on her face.

WINNIE  
You made fishing look so easy.

HIRO  
Oh, don't remind me of that.

WINNIE  
Our first interaction together...  
so romantic.

HIRO  
Why did I come over here, I  
should've known you'd have brought  
this up.

WINNIE  
When Dwight challenged me to look  
after myself, and I told him I'd be  
able to catch my own fish.

Hiro, already knowing the story, still listens intently. His face is turning red.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

So I put on my charm and got you to catch some fish for me.

HIRO

Yeah.

(repeating Winnie)

*So romantic.*

Winnie grows annoyed.

WINNIE

I'm ashamed of it, I've told you this before---

HIRO

---and so am I. I'm happy you're trying though. It's nice to see. I mean, you've become really good at farming. Those turnips were great.

WINNIE

Thanks.

HIRO

I can teach you how to fish.

WINNIE

Really? Thanks.

HIRO

Just a fair warning... Lake Francesci can't be charmed.

Hiro smiles as he picks up the fishing rod, we see Winnie's eyes drift off to the large pick-up truck from the opening scene. She taps Hiro's shoulder.

WINNIE

...Hiro. They're back.

Hiro turns around. Off his look---

---we're at the truck, with DWIGHT and ROZ climbing out. HIRO and WINNIE approach, Hiro has the fishing rod over his shoulder.

DWIGHT  
Yo, Hiro. Catch anything good?  
I've been craving fish sticks  
recently.

ROZ  
...Gay fish.

DWIGHT  
What was that?

Roz smirks, chuckling to herself as no one seems to have gotten the joke except for her.

ROZ  
Oh, it was something on *South Park*,  
you remember that show?

She waves it off.

ROZ (CONT'D)  
Just forget it.

She heads towards the back of the truck, preparing to gather the weapons out from it.

HIRO  
What happened out there?

DWIGHT  
Exactly what you think happened.

Dwight sees the disappointment in Hiro's eyes.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
I did what I had to do, okay mate?  
I mean --- I just don't understand  
why you're giving me that look. We  
all agreed on this.

HIRO  
Not all of us.

DWIGHT  
Well, majority rules. I'm not  
understanding the mindset of these  
people who think they can just come  
on our turf and steal the shit  
we've claimed for our own. You say  
"let's not stoop their level", and  
I say "They gave us no fucking  
choice."

He starts off, flustered. Hiro looks like he's ready to say something. Winnie takes his arm and flashes a smile.

WINNIE

Come on, teach me to fish.

The charm's working. Hiro's blood stops boiling and Winnie leads him back to the lake.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

MAIA, early 30's, with a sweet and innocent demeanor, is making some lunch on the stovetop. NICO, mid-to-late 30's, comes down the steps. He takes a whiff of the air.

NICO

What's cookin'?

Maia turns around, smiling.

MAIA

Morning. Well, more like afternoon. I've got a butt-load of roast being made in the crockpot, gonna' make probably around four pot's worth.

NICO

Yeah, we're so used to five, but...

He gives a heavy sigh.

MAIA

No one blames you, so stop this.

NICO

It's my farm, you're my people, so when a camp of sodding lunatics raids my farm and kills my people...

MAIA

(interrupting)

Then we blame the sodding lunatics.  
Not you.

Nico isn't hearing it. He looks at the clock on the wall.

NICO

One-fifteen? Oh, fuck me.

MAIA

You look ill, Nico, you're wearing yourself thin. I'm sure no one will blame you for taking a day off to rest up.

NICO

There are no day's off anymore.

And he heads out the door, a miserable mess.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

A young, bright-eyed boy around the age of 10 comes down the stairs of the large farmhouse...

...as we get a wider shot of the home, it's the FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, but a quarter of a century ago.

This young boy is NICO. His father, JACK, stands at the sink washing dishes. He hears his son's footsteps and turns around with a smile.

JACK

Well, look who decided to return to the land of the living.

YOUNG NICO

Sorry dad.

JACK

It's nearly ten, you know that? Sleeping in'll get the best of ya out there today. You'll be trudgin' along all slow-like.

Nico likes a challenge.

YOUNG NICO

No, I won't. Just watch me.

Off his father's proud grin...

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

A wide shot of the Francesci farm. Notably not fenced-in, we realize that must have been a post-apocalyptic addition to the farm's landscape.

Young Nico is kicking ass ploughing the fields on his own. Jack stands nearby, watching. Nico doesn't even know his dad's there.

JACK  
Color me impressed, son.

Nico jumps, startled.

YOUNG NICO  
Ya know I hate when you sneak up on  
me like that...  
(deep breath)  
...blimey!

Laughing:

JACK  
Sorry, don't crap yourself.

YOUNG NICO  
Too late.

Jack continues to laugh. Nico looks up at his dad, trying to  
continue milking the praises.

YOUNG NICO (CONT'D)  
The field's almost done. Like, all  
of it.

JACK  
You got your determination from my  
old man, I hope you know that.

YOUNG NICO  
He was the best. You're alright,  
though.

JACK  
Alright? You better watch it.

YOUNG NICO  
I'm joking. You did the best thing  
though, you followed granddad's  
little code.

JACK  
Code?

YOUNG NICO  
He never told you? He told me  
before he passed...

JACK  
What was it?

YOUNG NICO

The Francesci family doesn't leave this farm. We're born here, we live here, we thrive here, and we die here. At least, that's what granddad used to say.

JACK

Oh. That code. Don't let that age-old saying determine where you end up, son. You do what you've gotta' do, farm or not, ya hear? If your heart calls for you to say, then ya stay. If not --- then get the hell outta' here, kid. This is just a way to teach you responsibility. And lesson learned, Nico, you've got a grip on this. No matter how you die, how matter how go, you've just gotta' make it count. It's not about the code, or the farm, or any of that. It's about you and controlling your own destiny.

Off Young Nico's young, thoughtful face:

EXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- DAY

OLIVER, 24, handsome yet incredibly awkward with a boyish young face, slips in through the fence alongside a hunting labrador retriever named SKEETER. He manages to sneak past many trailers, but as he walks away we see that this young man's hands are slathered in blood. And the dog's teeth, too.

The next shot shows a running hose washing away the blood from Oliver's hands.

A man, JACOB, in his 60's, smiles passively and politely at Oliver as he approaches to wash his hands. He's covered in dirt and probably mistakes the blood on Oliver's hands for the same grimy substance:

JACOB

You were working hard out there,  
huh Ollie?

Oliver just smiles softly and nods. Jacob, realizing Oliver's curtness, decides to carry along and leave the young man to himself.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Make sure you don't wear yourself  
thin, mate.

The kindly older gentleman claps Oliver on the shoulder and heads off. Off Oliver's look as he starts to wash off Skeeter's face...

EXT. LAKE -- DAY

...HIRO and WINNIE are still trying to fish. Winnie's getting into a bit of a TIFF here.

WINNIE  
Fish just don't like me.

HIRO  
No, you just don't like putting in  
an effort---

Oh, it's ON now. Winnie puts on her game face, a snap of competitiveness.

WINNIE  
And what the hell's that supposed  
to mean?

HIRO  
It means I'm trying to teach you  
and you're fighting me at every  
turn.

WINNIE  
I'm the one who wanted you to teach  
me in the first place...

They see OLIVER with SKEETER walking nearby.

HIRO  
Hey, Ollie! There you are.

Oliver turns to look at the pair. Skeeter runs over excitedly to join Winnie, who welcomes the dog with open arms.

HIRO (CONT'D)  
You wanna' help me this damsel how  
to fish? Your brother used to take  
you fishing, it was more his niche  
than mine so I figured...

Oliver's gaze turns in the opposite direction.



OLIVER

I was actually gonna' go back into the house, dad. I need to piss.

Dad. Hmm.

Hiro gives a nod.

HIRO

Fine, go ahead. If you ever get bored though, we'll likely be out here all day.

Winnie rolls her eyes, grabbing a crossword puzzle and a pen. As Oliver walks away, Hiro glares at her.

HIRO (CONT'D)

What are you doing---

WINNIE

You're wasting my time.

HIRO

I'm wasting your time?

WINNIE

You're sitting here yelling at me...

HIRO

I can't believe you right now. This is low, Winnie. Even for you.

Looking at her crossword, Winnie places the pen under her chin and makes an exaggerated "Hmm".

WINNIE

...What's a four-letter word for "you're being a dick"?

She writes something down on the crossword and saunters off.

INT. FARMHOUSE, FAMILY ROOM -- DAY

DWIGHT is sorting through a deck of cards. He hears footsteps, turns around and sees

OLIVER stood in the doorway.

DWIGHT

Don't sneak up on me like that, man.

OLIVER

Sorry. Erm---I was just wondering  
how that run went.

DWIGHT

Good. Pretty good.

OLIVER

My dad wasn't happy, so I just  
don't want him to know that I  
helped lace the food they stole.  
Can you uh, keep that between us?

Dwight nods.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What's with the cards?

DWIGHT

I'm playin' poker. You ever play  
poker?

Oliver shakes his head.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there. Sit down,  
I can teach ya.

OLIVER

Who the hell are ya' playin' with?

Dwight goes solemn. Gruff.

DWIGHT

I can take two turns, damn. You  
act like I'm a guy with a ton of  
friends, Ollie.

Oliver awkwardly shuffles over to the table and takes a seat  
on the opposite side of Dwight.

OLIVER

So what's the point of this game?

DWIGHT

(smirks)

To win.

OLIVER

Oh.

DWIGHT

The key is you need to be able to spot liar... And the only way you can do that is to find their tell.

EXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- DAY

As Dwight continues, we now pick up INDIVIDUAL LONG LENS SHOTS of the others in the distance. Small M.O.S. ("motor only shots" -- meaning muted, no sound, we just track their movements) VIGNETTES as Dwight gives us the accompanying VOICE OVER --

We start on ROZ, talking to some folks on the fields. She's tending to crops with them, watering them in the beating sunlight. As she chats, we pan down her arm, to her hand, which clutches into a FIST. Opens. Closes...

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Easiest tell is body language. Some tense up. Curl their toes, but that's hard to spot unless it's after sex and you ask if they liked it or not. Typically, most make a fist.

HIRO is following WINNIE as she storms away from the lake, in the middle of one of their apparently-normal arguments.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Another really amateur mistake is that some people get super defensive when they lie. Even hostile. They'll fight, snap at you, bite your head off...

A line of shelters take up space on one side of the fences, and MAIA is helping some people with RAIN TARPS that cover the roofs of their mobile homes.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

More experienced players use distraction to keep your attention off their cards...

NICO is by himself, tending to heavy-duty fieldwork. He's overworking himself, guilt in his face.

DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Others avoid contact altogether.  
 When they catch a hand, they  
 isolate themselves for fear of  
 being unable to hide the truth.  
 But some people...

INT. FARMHOUSE, FAMILY ROOM -- DAY

...the camera finally settles on a close-up of Oliver.

DWIGHT  
 ...You just can't read at all.

There's a silence here, Dwight seems to study Oliver. He's INTRIGUED by this kid, for reasons he is not yet understanding. There's something about his silence. It's telling.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

A pair of coffins sit at the foot of an empty grave. Both are draped with the UNION JACK flag... Many mourners stand around the twin coffins.

One in particular is familiar. It's DWIGHT. He looks horrified, he's wrapped up in a blanket. He's got a buzz-cut. A young woman named DAWN hugs him tightly.

PASTOR  
 ...And I believe it's our understanding that Callum and William's brother, Dwight, was providing a eulogy for today's celebration of their life and service?

Dwight has trouble standing. This is a guy who is completely --- physically, emotionally --- wrecked. The opposite of the rugged, put-together guy we see in the present day storyline.

Dwight struggles at the mic.

DWIGHT  
 As you all surely know, Cal and Will and I all served in the Royal Navy together. If it weren't for---

He strokes both of their coffins, a somber smile crossing his face.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

---if it weren't for these guys, I wouldn't be here today. Ever since I was little, they were like my surrogate dad's. They were twins, so they did everything together. So when I wanted to learn how to ride a skateboard, or play a game of footy, it was always these two there to show me. Those are things you'd expect a dad to show his son, but since pops was never around --- it was always Will and Cal. And Cal would always kick the ball too high and Will would always kick it too wide, and I'd always bitch---

Dwight's eyes fall to the pastor, and he performs a really quick Sign of the Cross in realization of the words he said.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

---excuse my language, father, but anyways---I'd just cry and tell 'em to kick the ball right at me. They'd always tell me the same thing, "That's not how it's gonna' come at you in a game, Dwight." I used to think they were just being big brothers, doing the dick routine and picking on me.

He performs another quick Sign of the Cross, wincing after saying the word "dick" and realizing he just DID IT AGAIN.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

---forgive me again, father---

(continuing)

But now I understand why they did those things. My brothers always wanted me to be ready, for anything. And I'm ready, guys... for whatever comes.

Dwight takes his seat next to Dawn, who grips his hand tightly. She puts a head on his shoulder but he just stares ahead at those coffins, his eyes tortured. That was rough on him, but he managed.

The pastor returns to the podium and continues the ceremony.

INT. BRASH HOME -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

DWIGHT is examining family photographs on the shelves of the BRASH HOME. We see DWIGHT, his two older brothers CALLUM and WILLIAM -- TWINS -- and then DAWN, obviously we can recognize she is their sister.

Dwight hears footsteps from behind. He turns around, sees DAWN stood in the doorway.

DWIGHT

I'm surprised you managed to shake off all the company. Uncle's and aunt's we haven't seen in decades---

DAWN

---sharing their condolences with me and sad stories like they cared. Yeah, I know the drill. I'm the one they're talking to, not you.

She smiles, and they hug. She rubs his head.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Digging the buzz, dude.

He pulls away from her so she can't "noogie" him anymore.

DWIGHT

Seriously chick...?

DAWN

Yeah, seriously. I can actually see your eyes.

DWIGHT

All the cute birds always did swoon over my eyes.

DAWN

...I see you're feeling better.

DWIGHT

I think the burial was the hardest part. It's over now, so... I mean, you gotta' jump back to the norm somehow yeah?

DAWN

Yeah. Speaking of the norm, what is yours now? After what happened with Cal and Will, you're not going back to the Navy are you?

DWIGHT

No, the wouldn't let me back if I tried. Psych eval went bad.

DAWN

I'd be worried if it didn't go bad. You saw some rough shit on that ship, to your own brothers too. It's best for you. And --- you'll have a little distraction too. It might help us both with the mourning process.

DWIGHT

Oh yeah and what's that?

Dawn pauses, takes a deep breath and then spits it out:

DAWN

I'm pregnant, Dwight.

DWIGHT

I'm sorry, a little louder?

Near yelling in his ear:

DAWN

I'm pregnant, Dwight! Piercing enough for you?

DWIGHT

So I'm gonna' be an uncle?

(scoffs)

I mean, I'm happy, you know I'll help you with the kid and all but Christ, Dawn, the timing of all of this---

DAWN

It's good. It's good, you know, I mean---a kid's gonna' be a big responsibility. It'll be a nice---happy---distraction, for both of us.

DWIGHT

Yeah, an uncle's a huge task, dunno if I'm able enough to handle it.

DAWN

Once you start wiping his , you'll fall in love with him, I'm sure.

DWIGHT  
(confident, adamant)  
Her . I'm gonna' have a niece.

DAWN  
Oh, you seem sure of that.

DWIGHT  
Yeah, yeah, I am actually.

DAWN  
Well, you get some rest, okay?  
Spare room upstairs is still  
livable. We can talk more  
permanent arrangements later, I'm  
sure you want to find your own  
place---

DWIGHT  
I think it'd be best for both of us  
if we just kept under one roof, at  
least for a while.

This seems to be what Dawn wanted to hear. She's good at  
luring people in.

DAWN  
Yeah, you're probably right.

She hugs him. It's a tight one, and then they break. As  
Dawn heads into the other room, Dwight gives another sad  
passing glance to that family photo.

END ACT I



ACT IIEXT. BARN -- DAY

ROZ, wearing a cowgirl hat with her hair braided on one side, is loading a HORSE into the stable. She gives it a nice pat and leads it in there. That's when she sees HIRO stood, leaning against the wooden fence. As she closes up the door to the stable:

HIRO

Hey, can we chat for a second?

Roz---a little put off by this, apparently these two don't interact much---just nods.

ROZ

Yeah, what's up?

She approaches the fence where he stands.

HIRO

I like the braids and the hat.  
Nice cowgirl get-up.

ROZ

Yeah thanks, Brenda did it.

HIRO

Oh yeah, she's a nice old bird.

Growing a bit impatient, antsy, NERVOUS even:

ROZ

So what's this about?

HIRO

I mean, I know you two aren't  
together or anything---

---Roz's eyebrows raise. Her interest is piqued, though.  
*This should be good.*

HIRO (CONT'D)

---but you and Dwight seem to spend  
a lot of time together. What do  
you think his deal is with my son?

ROZ

His deal? I'm not sure---

HIRO

They always interact, he seems to really look up to Dwight. I mean, Ollie's always wanted to be a military man and I thought maybe that's it, but I've known Dwight for about five or six years now give or take and he's never come off to me as the talkative type.

ROZ

...Dwight sees things in people. I don't know if that makes sense, but he does. He'll connect with some people and push away others. With all due respect though Hiro, isn't this something you should bring up to Oliver?

HIRO

I don't know, it's just, when I look at my son now---he's not who I see.

ROZ

I mean, he was on his own for what? Three years? You two didn't reunite for some time, who knows what he could've went through out there.

HIRO

And he refuses to talk to me about it. He's always been really reserved, but he seems more---  
confident now---

ROZ

In a way, we all have though yeah? You have to be now. If you aren't confident, you can't really survive if you think about it. And I know that you and Dwight haven't always seen eye-to-eye but I also know that there is some respect there between you two. He and Oliver just click, I wouldn't read too much into it. You're still his dad.

Roz gives him a comforting smile and starts off.

ROZ (CONT'D)  
I've got stuff to finish up here,  
but I think you should probably  
talk to Oliver about this. It's  
long overdue.

HIRO  
He can only hold out on me for so  
long, right?

Roz just nods in return.

HIRO (CONT'D)  
Thank you though.

ROZ  
No problem.

And then he's gone, and Roz returns back to the barn.

EXT. PATIO -- DAY

A large outdoor patio. This was obviously built before hand, but extensions have been made to its structure to make it fit for the community. Everyone comes here to socialize and eat, and we see that WINNIE and MAIA are placing the tables and getting prepared to serve a meal.

MAIA  
So how are you and Hiro doing? I  
only ask that because I heard  
shouting earlier, and I want to be  
nosy.

WINNIE  
His temper's been really off-  
putting lately, honestly.

MAIA  
What'd you do this time?

WINNIE  
(defensive)  
You're saying I ask for it?

Maia shrugs, just being honest.

MAIA  
Usually when you two get into these  
quarrel's, you do ask for it.

Winnie looks annoyed, but she bites her tongue because she knows, deep down, that Maia's right.

WINNIE

I just --- I feel there's an emptiness and I don't know if it's Hiro, if it's me, if it's just that we're not compatible or what.

Maia looks slightly hesitant before she responds. Turning her back and placing a table in a manner of which she can avoid seeing Winnie's expression, preparing for a condescending one surely, she says:

MAIA

I know me and you have been through this routine before, but the invitation still stands. We meet every night in the church, and you're always welcome to come, we'd love to have you.

Winnie's expression isn't condescending or bad or anything like that, she just looks a bit sad.

WINNIE

I mean, it's good that you're so open and willing to talk about Jesus and welcome him into your life, it's just I'm not sure if I believe. I don't like being the skeptic, or the oddball or whatever in a group. There are so many of you who are so proud of the Bible.

MAIA

And it's not just the Bible either. We like to combine and acknowledge more than just Christianity, I mean Reem has brought up a few Muslim traditions and it's so fascinating just to celebrate unity between everyone, no discrimination. Recognizing the good that people can still do, even today, is something I take great pride in. All of us have done awful things to keep ourselves around, so it's nice to really focus on the human spirit and how beautiful it can truly be.

WINNIE

And yeah, you're right, it is beautiful --- It's just that a lot of people find it so --- weird.

And here it is. Maia gets it now. It looks from the expression on her face, the half-roll-of-her-eyes, that she always assumed that Winnie was merely embarrassed of accompanying her to the church, but now she finally has the proof.

MAIA

I want to know what Winnie thinks, not what everyone else in the community thinks. I don't care about that. My invitation is to you, and that's for any night, anytime.

Winnie struggles with her words, before she just finally goes for it.

WINNIE

I'll think about it.

Maia just nods, used to this answer. Not exactly surprised, but probably disappointed, Maia just sends her a smile.

MAIA

I hope you and Hiro do work it out though. I like you guys together. I never expected it, but I think it's cute.

Off Winnie's sad smile:

INT. STRIP CLUB -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Awful CLUB MUSIC plays way too loudly.

A juiced-up BOUNCER snaps the deadbolt behind WINNIE and MR. FISHER, a man in his late 30's, attractive but something sad and sheltered about him.

Winnie leads Fisher to a table in a dark corner.

FISHER

What are we doing here?

Winnie flashes a 1000-watt smile.

WINNIE

Having fun. Does that word not compute with you? "Fun"?

FISHER

I'm not sure this was an appropriate location for an interview...

(mumbling, mostly to himself)

...I'll have to change the rules regarding who chooses the locations for these things.

High heels tip-tap on the dirty floor as "MISS KITTY", a topless cocktail waitress wearing nothing but a g-string, pasties over her nipples and a pair of kitty ears on her head, holds a clipboard and pen in her hand.

She gives a smile, her teeth covered in lipstick and her chin stained with white stuff. You don't wanna know.

MISS KITTY

So what'll it be, Romeo?

Fidgeting with the menu---

FISHER

I'm not done looking at the...

---Winnie swats the menu right out of his hand, rolls her eyes and spews an order to Miss Kitty.

WINNIE

Bring him a Redheaded Slut with a side of BJ Fries. I'll take a Comfortable Screw... stirred, please.

Nervous laughter squeaks out of Fisher as Miss Kitty struts to the bar.

FISHER

I do appreciate the gesture Miss Reil, but this is completely inappropriate---

WINNIE

Lighten up. I heard of your situation on the news. I'm sorry about your wife, but there's a whole world to explore away from your desk and telephone! You should enjoy it, be an active participant, and not just an observer. Money isn't anything if you aren't even willing to have fun and spend it.

FISHER

Good grades don't come to everyone,  
Miss Reil. I looked at your high  
school transcripts---impressive.

(a hint of sarcasm)

I am a bit curious though, as to  
why you didn't go to college with  
that GPA.

WINNIE

Based on that cocky little smirk  
and your tone Fisher, you already  
know.

(winks)

Besides, good grades aren't  
everything.

With a coy smile, Winnie reaches under the table... grabs  
Fisher's hand... and drags it under her skirt. Fisher gives  
an awkward smile, Winnie first gives a pleased grin, then a  
small cry which seems to give Fisher the confidence to turn  
that awkward smile into a more excited, genuine one.

Miss Kitty returns, sets down their drinks, along with a  
small bag of weed, on the table.

MISS KITTY

From a mutual friend.

Fisher looks absolutely confused, while Winnie follows their  
topless waitress's nod, across the stage where RUSTY, a thin  
22-year old covered in dumb tattoos, ignores the stripper  
disrobing before him. He gives a sinister little wave to  
Winnie.

She simply smiles. Fisher is mortified.

FISHER

How do you know that creep?

WINNIE

Oh, Rusty? We went to high school  
together, didn't keep in touch.

Winnie slides cash across the table, Miss Kitty stashes the  
money in her panties, then skirts along to the next table.

Winnie snuggles with Fisher...

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Winnie's perfectly tanned legs straddle Fisher's chest.  
They're both naked.

It seems like we missed it, as she seems to dismantle from him and they both roll over on the bed, out of breath. Winnie covers herself up with the blankets.

Catching his breath, Fisher smiles at her.

FISHER  
...This is probably the best job interview I've ever had the pleasure to host.

WINNIE  
(laughing)  
Probably?

FISHER  
Probably.

Winnie leans in to kiss him---we hear a dial tone, which carries us to the next scene---

INT. OFFICE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

---Winnie is sat, in business casual, at a small cubicle with a PHONE to her ear. She's waiting for someone to answer on the other line.

She turns and looks at the office behind her. MR. FISHER sits behind the desk. And she smiles to herself.

Looks like a mission success for her.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

The field is empty. Everyone's off to eat.

We get an aerial shot. A small person, almost ant-like in size from up here, is using a HO to dig and till into the soil.

We get a ground-level view, finally recognizing that this is NICO. He's shirtless and his skin is red, it'll probably be bubbling soon based on how badly he's getting burnt by the sun out here. He looks delirious, pushing himself to the brink of exhaustion.

MAIA (O.S.)  
I knew you were crazy but not this crazy.



Nico spins around, parting the sweaty hair that sticks to his head out of his eyes to see that MAIA is stood nearby, her hands on her hips. She gives a worried, motherly glare.

MAIA (CONT'D)

You're going to kill yourself out here Nico. Take a break, come grab some grub.

NICO

I'll be fine. Honestly. I'll eat later Maia.

MAIA

You've been avoiding people all day. I know you think this is some kind of way for you to grieve because of the attack last night, but --- Dwight and Roz took care of it, it's over and done with and you doing this isn't going to bring them back or assure it'll never happen again.

NICO

Yeah well, it sure as hell makes me feel better so why don't you just bugger off, okay?!

Maia sighs.

MAIA

I'll bring you a plate, okay? Even if you don't want to see anybody, you've still got a stomach and you've still got needs.

Nico gets annoyed as Maia walks away, but deep down we can tell he's grateful.

#### EXT. PATIO -- DAY

OLIVER has his plate full of roast and carrots and all sorts of cooked healthy foods, and he's trying to find a table. That's when he sees HIRO waving at him from the end of the rows. He moves passed many tables, making eye contact with WINNIE, who is sitting with another group of people and conversing.

Oliver sits beside his dad.

HIRO

Oi, looks good doesn't it?

OLIVER

Erm, yeah---what's with Winnie?  
Did you piss her off?

HIRO

I don't know what her deal is,  
Ollie, I can't keep track of that  
woman for the life of me. And I  
know it bums you out cuz you liked  
lookin' at her---

OLIVER

---mostly in surprise over how my  
dad landed that. I mean, have you  
looked at her lately?

Hiro scoffs, laughs slightly.

HIRO

Surprise? I'm her trophy lad.

Oliver laughs slightly. Hiro sees Oliver fingering the  
necklace that hangs from his neck.

E.C.U. on the necklace: It reads "SIERRA".

HIRO (CONT'D)

You ready to talk about that yet?

Oliver looks up at his dad, initially confused. That's when  
Hiro nods, gesturing to the necklace. Oliver's fingers  
instantly release the necklace, as if it'd help him escape  
this awkward situation.

OLIVER

The necklace? Not really, no.

HIRO

Who is she? Or --- was? You  
certainly didn't own that necklace  
before---

OLIVER

---because I told you that much.

HIRO

Why won't you talk to me, Oliver?  
I know next to nothing about what  
happened to you out there.

Oliver is hollow, blank, overwrought with too many memories.  
He's not going to say a word, and Hiro realizes that he's  
getting nowhere.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

MAIA is returning to the fields where NICO is still working his ass off. Smiling, she holds the plate out.

MAIA  
C'mon Superman, I brought you some  
supper.

Examining his work:

MAIA (CONT'D)  
You killed it out here today, man.  
We're gonna' have fresh greens for  
a while, huh?

Nico, taking deep breaths, looks up at Maia and nods. An air of arrogance:

NICO  
Yeah, that was the idea.

He starts to approach Maia, and then he completely collapses, falling face-first into the soil. His arm falls and smacks into the plate Maia prepared for him, shattering it and sending roast everywhere. Maia jumps back with a yell.

MAIA  
Crap!

She turns back and yells:

MAIA (CONT'D)  
SOMEONE GET OVER HERE NOW!

EXT. PATIO -- DAY

Everyone's eating. A young survivor in her 20's, peers out curiously. MOLLY's her name.

MOLLY  
What was that?

We see WINNIE stand, looking out into the field.

WINNIE  
That sounded like Maia.

TIGHT on DWIGHT's face. He jumps into action, running over toward the noise.

At their table, HIRO looks at OLIVER.

HIRO

Stay here.

He jogs after Dwight. Tight on Oliver's face, watching to see what just happened.

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

Dwight kneels down to feel for a pulse. Maia stands nearby, looking horrified as Hiro is still jogging over---

DWIGHT

(grimly)

Not a pulse. You know what that means.

Dwight whips out his Glock 19. Aims it at Nico's head.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Sorry, mate.

HIRO

What the fuck! Put it down!

MAIA

You're crazy, what if he's not dead, what ---

DWIGHT

There's no PULSE, Maia. I'm sorry.

That's when Maia grabs a pistol out of her skirt and aims it right at Dwight. Everyone is taken aback by her GUNG-HO reaction.

MAIA

Put your gun back in your pants  
Dwight, or I swear to God I will  
put a bullet in your head.

Dwight looks at her in surprise, standing up defiantly and angrily shoving his Glock into his jeans. He puts his hands up.

DWIGHT

"Sweet and innocent Maia", my white  
behind. I always knew there was  
more to you than that. I've been  
with girls like you.

MAIA

I wouldn't be so sure they were  
girls exactly like me.

Dwight's amused by her. He really is.

And Hiro, while in a silent state of shock at Maia's quick and potentially-explosive reaction, escorts Dwight away to defuse this intense situation.

Maia kneels down beside Nico's fallen body, examining him further, not caring about all of the scared, surprised watching eyes from the patio.

**CUT TO BLACK.**

END ACT II

ACT IIIINT. FARMHOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

NICO lies in the master bedroom of the farmhouse. MAIA tends to him.

At the doorway stands ROZ, WINNIE and HIRO.

WINNIE  
How's he doing, Maia?

NICO  
I'm cramping, but it's getting better --- as long as I don't move, or exhale, or inhale.

Maia places a wet rag on Nico's forehead and gets up to speak with the trio.

MAIA  
I think he was poisoned.

ROZ  
Poisoned? Are you sure it wasn't just exhaustion?

HIRO  
Yeah, the man's been working out there all day in the heat with no stopping him.

MAIA  
Yeah but when you collapse from exhaustion your heart doesn't stop for an instant. Explains why Dwight felt no pulse...  
(re: their confused looks)  
Nico taught me all this medical stuff. And I mean, for him to be feeling like this too. Something hit him and it hit him hard.

WINNIE  
Why would someone poison him?

HIRO  
There are a few reasons I can think of.

He has a few things he'd like to say, but based on the look he gives Roz, he can't say it in front of her. And she realizes: He thinks Dwight did it.

ROZ  
Oh yeah? Do tell.

She's CHALLENGING him. And he recognizes this. So he just spills it out for her.

HIRO  
Dwight seemed pretty gung-ho at pulling that gun out and blowing Nico's brains out. And he's always been vocal about his disdain for the guy...

ROZ  
(scoffs)  
You're unbelievable. I shouldn't be this gobsmacked, but I honestly am.

HIRO  
It doesn't look good, Roz. You can't honestly tell me otherwise.

ROZ  
If a man's not breathing, what's your first assumption? That he's gonna come back as a jack, right? What he did was impulsive, sure, but it wasn't completely irrational!

She shakes her head.

ROZ (CONT'D)  
You're wrong on this one.

And she stomps off.

EXT. PATIO -- DAY

Dwight is one of the last to eat. While many other members of the community are in their own little groups discussing and mulling over what happened with Nico, he's on his own. Roz comes out of the house, approaching him.

DWIGHT  
He alright?

ROZ  
He's fine. Who I'm worried about is you, you better watch your arse.

DWIGHT

Sorry?

ROZ

Apparently Maia's convinced someone poisoned him. And Hiro's being a cunt upstairs, per usual, and accussing you of it.

Dwight chuckles sullenly, a morose smile crossing his face.

DWIGHT

Ohh, for fuck's sake, you've gotta' be pulling my leg here.

Roz sits down next to him, much more serious, leaning in.

ROZ

You're sure there's no way that any of the food we mucked around with got to Nico, right? I mean it just seems awfully convenient that right after we poison some of our supplies to get those thieves off of our radar, one of our own ends up ill.

Realization seems to hit Dwight. She's got a point.

DWIGHT

I honestly thought we did a good enough job controlling it.

ROZ

We're going to have to come forward aren't we?

DWIGHT

I won't link you to this.

Dwight stands. Roz grabs his arm.

ROZ

They're going to know I talked to you---

DWIGHT

You'll be fine, alright? Just let me talk to them.

Dwight storms inside the house.



EXT. ISLAND, BEACH -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

CUE --- "EVENT HORIZON" by I AM WAITING FOR YOU LAST SUMMER:

ECU of an EYE:

Young, eager, and alive. We see the reflection of the ocean in the brown iris.

Pull back, so we discover that this eye belongs to ROZ. She stands at the beach in a two-piece bikini, letting the brown sand sink in over her toes.

GIO  
What are you doing?

ROZ  
Sinking.

Roz turns to a young man slightly younger than her. This is her brother, GIO (15-16). He walks up to her, wearing his trunks.

This is the same kid we saw in the finale, the one VICTOR was tailing in his FLASHBACK. More on THAT connection at a later date...

He crosses his arms and frowns skeptically.

GIO  
Sinking?

ROZ  
Yep. It's fun. You should try it sometime.

GIO  
Whatever.

Gio looks off, down the shoreline. Eager.

GIO (CONT'D)  
Welp, I think I'm gonna' head back to the ferry---

ROZ  
Oi! We haven't been out here for even two hours yet.

GIO  
Did you even put on lotion, Roz?

ROZ

Did either of us actually expect  
sun around here? It's a proper  
miracle.

GIO

No such thing. Now, come on,  
you're going to get all burned up.  
At least go buy some lotion.

ROZ

No...

Roz smiles with a snarky attitude. Gio isn't in the mood.

ROZ (CONT'D)

Why the bag on? If it gets too  
crispy out here, I'll dash over to  
some shade at one of the kiosks.

(beat)

Look, it's been weeks since we've  
gotten out. I'm not ready to go  
back to the city just because it's  
clear and sunny, Giovanni!

We pan over the beach, seeing notable landmarks in the  
background. The river Thames, Big Ben, the Millenium Dome.  
We're only a few miles out from London.

GIO

Okay since you want to get all  
serious and use my government name  
I'm in a bad mood, Rosalind,  
because my job isn't hunkered in a  
desk in the city all day. I work  
labor in the sun!

Roz plants her feet down, taking enjoyment out of bugging  
Gio. He sighs and steps forward, singing into the thick,  
wet sand. He struggles to get down to Roz - making it all the  
more entertaining.

GIO (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm down here. Now what?

ROZ

We just --- look out.

Gio joins her in doing so, but his face wrinkles up. He's  
not getting it.

ROZ (CONT'D)

See. Life's not so bad, now is it  
baby brother?

Gio takes it all in, sighs.

GIO  
No, you're right.  
(beat)  
Not so bad at all. Minus my telly  
bill, my phone bill, taxes, rent...

ROZ  
(frowning)  
None of that's out here, now is it?  
That's why we're here. An  
escape...

GIO  
Doesn't mean the family's not in  
trouble, sis.  
(beat -- cynical)  
But I'm sure sinking will fix all  
of that.

Roz rips her feet out of the sand, annoyed.

ROZ  
Right. Looks like we're going back  
to the ferry, then.

GIO  
Oh, Roz. I didn't---

ROZ  
No, you're right, Gio. Weekends  
are for losers, anyway.

She begins marching off.

GIO  
I just can't leave all of my  
troubles in the city.  
(beat)  
I'm not like you.

Roz stops now. The look on Gio's face, we see he feels  
guilty. He's touched a nerve and he knows it. He swallows.  
His tone is a mixture of annoyed and concerned:

GIO (CONT'D)  
You're not crying, are you?  
Bollocks, Roz, I didn't mean it!

Silence.

GIO (CONT'D)  
Roz... come on!

Another beat.

Gio begins to unearth his feet to move toward her, when SUDDENLY she SWINGS AROUND --- a MUD BALL in her hand. She flings it, hitting Gio square in the stomach.

He falls back, splashing into the tide --- STUNNED. It's hilarious. At least Roz thinks so, judging by her dorky laugh.

GIO (CONT'D)  
Ow, damn, you throw like a dude! I  
nearly shit myself, Rosalind, the  
hell was that for?!

With this, Gio snaps on a child-like GRIN --- the sheer shock of the situation mixed with the blow from the mud ball has literally KNOCKED his grumpy mood out of him.

GIO (CONT'D)  
Right then --- it's a war you want?

He hops to his feet.

GIO (CONT'D)  
It's a war you'll get.

He begins throwing, rather ungracefully, wet sand at Roz. The two begin fooling around with the London skyline prevalent behind them as "Event Horizon" fades...

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

DWIGHT stands at the doorway with a rifle in his hand. HIRO, WINNIE and MAIA descend, Hiro raises his hands.

HIRO  
Whoa, what the hell--?

DWIGHT  
Oi! I heard you were talkin' shit,  
came to shut you up for good.

Then he bursts into laughter. Shakes his head.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
I'm just taking the piss, mate.  
Lighten up. Wanna' go for a hunt?  
I think we need to talk... and the  
camp could use more food for the  
rest of the week. Nice to kill two  
birds with one stone, aye?

WINNIE  
(trying to catch her  
breath)  
Dwight, you're a fucking dick---

Off Hiro's annoyed look...

EXT. FIELD -- DAY

Dwight slings the rifle over his back, and checks the chamber of his Glock 19. Hiro is arming himself up too, from the weapons' cache in the back of the truck.

That's when OLIVER sulks over. He's got a rifle strapped to his back.

OLIVER  
I'm coming too.

Dwight claps Oliver on the shoulder. "Atta' boy" type shit.

Hiro looks a little annoyed, but he nods. WINNIE walks SKEETER over on his leash. She passes the leash to Oliver.

WINNIE  
You're lucky he likes you. Be  
careful with him, okay?

She kneels down, pets Skeeter and kisses his forehead, then gets up and leaves. Not even a passing glance at Hiro. Oliver looks at his dad and smirks slightly.

OLIVER  
Ouch.

DWIGHT  
Yeah, even I felt that one...

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Dwight, Hiro and Oliver have driven out into the forest to go for a hunt. Dwight is helping Oliver with his aim.

DWIGHT  
You're too stiff. You need to find  
the right balance, keep a good grip  
so you don't knock yourself to the  
ground, but you don't wanna' be  
stiff like a wooden plank. Does  
that make sense?

OLIVER

Yeah.

DWIGHT

Go. Right for that tree.

He points at a tree up ahead.

Oliver licks his lips --- takes aim --- pulls the trigger ---

A short burst of rounds hits the tree. Right in the middle, as if in line with Dwight's point. Dwight laughs.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Spot on.

He and Oliver high-five.

Later, night has fallen and the trio have set up a small campsite. Oliver's already in his tent, probably asleep. Dwight and Hiro tend to their campfire. Dwight's got an apple in hand and he pets Skeeter with the other.

HIRO

We've got nothing all day.

DWIGHT

We can probably nab a few wild boar during the night. Roz and I found a whole lot of 'em the other day, they're breeding like --- well, pigs.

HIRO

You found boar out here?

DWIGHT

Must've been from other farms in the area. Boar farming isn't uncommon, you know. I'm assuming they escaped their cages with no living owners left to tend to them, and now they roam free. Ain't anything better for 'em to do except eat, shit and fuck now so they're breeding like crazy. No one to judge 'em, no one to eat 'em.

(smiling)

Time to put those beasts back in their place, am I right? Haven't had pork in a long while.

Hiro's growing frustrated. He has honestly had enough of the small talk.

HIRO  
Why'd you bring me out here,  
Dwight? Is this a confession?

Sensing his comrade's unamused demeanor, Dwight just shakes his head with a scoff.

DWIGHT  
I heard you tried to vote me off  
the island.

"Survivor" reference. Nice.

HIRO  
You and Nico never did see eye-to-eye.

DWIGHT  
Me and a lot of folks never see eye-to-eye, you don't see me chucking poison at everyone I disagree with.  
(actually thinking about it:)  
Christ, there'd be nobody left.

Not buying his bullshit:

HIRO  
You've got a point there man, but I still feel like you've still got something you wanna' tell me. I think you and Roz were awfully quick taking care of those folks at the diner. Just the two of you, too? Impressive.

Dwight shrugs, cocking an eyebrow and taking a bite of his apple.

DWIGHT  
We do kick major arse.

BEAT. As he chews, Dwight mulls over his options. Then he swallows. Decides it's time to finally be serious.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
We knew they were coming back.

Hiro's interest is piqued. No more bullshit. At least he's hopeful.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

So I tainted the food, okay? Laced it with some poison. It's nothing lethal, just enough to make you sick for a few hours. Enough for us to shoot 'em up and get out of there.

HIRO

Jesus Christ...

DWIGHT

Nico must have accidentally got a hold of some of the food. Sometimes the symptoms take a while to kick in, I don't know how it slipped but it did. No one's perfect, okay?

HIRO

Roz had---?

DWIGHT

---nothing to do with it. All my idea. She was just keeping it a secret for me.

HIRO

Poison, though? That's sick, Dwight.

DWIGHT

It's done and over with now. Give Nico a few more hours, and he'll be fine.

Hiro shakes his head.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

You gonna' burn me at the stake or what?

HIRO

Official story is he just got sick. I don't want to complicate things with the rest of the community.

Dwight's eyes widen. He's a little impressed actually.

DWIGHT

Hiro getting all ambitious and secretive with his people. I like this new you.



Hiro shakes his head.

HIRO

Don't make me regret covering for you. Cuz with a slip-up like that, if it were to ever come out, I'm sure the votes would be overwhelming on my side of your exile from 'the island'.

Dwight's glance goes cold. That one stung.

INT. TENT -- NIGHT

Dwight is sleeping in his tent. Oliver peeks his head inside.

OLIVER

...D-Dwight? You up?

Dwight groans slightly. Oliver shushes him.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Don't be loud, please. Dad's finally out cold, I figured it'd be a good time to---

DWIGHT

To interrupt my beauty sleep?  
Never a good time for that, pal.

OLIVER

Thanks for not ratting me out.

Dwight's eyes fall to the young man. Oliver looks on guiltily.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

About poisoning the food. That was all me, you didn't have to do that. I wasn't careful enough, I feel bad enough as is without you having to take the fall for it.

Dwight nods slowly.

DWIGHT

I'm already the guy they love to hate, figured it wouldn't do me much damage. You, though?  
(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

You're the newest addition to the gang and you're reserved as hell, so I figured besides your pops and I --- there wouldn't be many to defend you.

OLIVER

Thanks. Appreciate it. Really.

It's the best this awkward kid can muster.

DWIGHT

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just go back to sleep.

Off Oliver's face, truly grateful, as he slips out of the tent---

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Oliver takes Skeeter, Winnie's hunting dog, and is sneaking around the forest on his lonesome.

Skeeter is going wild over some sort of scent.

OLIVER

What'd you find, boy?

Oliver unsheathes a knife. Follows the traces on the trunk of a tree. A boar's tusks have rubbed against it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

(softly to himself)

Those are from tusks, they've gotta' be.

Skeeter is sniffing like crazy. And then he begins to bark, bark, bark. Oliver winces.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Shut up. Stupid mutt --- shut the fuck up!!

Oliver readies his knife, then grabs the rifle on his back. One weapon in each hand.

As a beast RIPS out of the forest --- heading right toward Oliver and Skeeter, Oliver turns and FIRES quickly, instinctively, out of FEAR.

And he is blasted backward.

A dead boar skids across the ground, a rifle blast to its gut.

That's when Skeeter gives a victorious howl.

And Oliver, trying to catch his breath, gives an exhilarated smile.

INT. GUN ROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

OLIVER sits curiously, stares at a wall full of guns... He's probably around 16 or 17.

...this is when DEAN KIM, his older brother (19), enters the room.

DEAN

Yo Ollie... What are you doing?

Oliver turns around, shrugs.

OLIVER

Just checkin' 'em out. A Janson rifle? That's pretty cool. Think you'll fire one?

DEAN

I dunno.

OLIVER

When do you depart?

DEAN

Deploy.

OLIVER

(rolls eyes)  
Okay, but when?

DEAN

Few hours.

OLIVER

Will you be back for my graduation?

DEAN

Yeah, definitely.

OLIVER

You're lying. You don't even have a schedule.

DEAN  
Then why'd you ask?

OLIVER  
To wonder if you even cared.

DEAN  
I do. And I'll "Janson rifle" my way there if I have to, Ollie. I promise.

Oliver smirks.

OLIVER  
Are you nervous?

DEAN  
I'm excited.

OLIVER  
How soon until you're a general?

DEAN  
I'm in the Navy, dumbass.

OLIVER  
You know what I meant. An Admiral. Can I have your comics? And your Shakespeare scripts? I'm gonna' try out for the play when I get to my senior year...

DEAN  
Maybe. Ask politely.

OLIVER  
Fine, asshole. Can I please have your comic books and Shakespeare scripts?

Dean smirks.

DEAN  
Works for me.  
(beat)  
They're all yours.

Creaky footsteps--- The brothers exchange wide-eyed "Oh shit" expressions.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Dad's coming. Better get your arse back to bed, no telling what he'll do if he finds you in here.

OLIVER

...Wake me up before you leave,  
okay?

DEAN

I will. Now come on, let's get out  
of here.

Dean and his younger brother sneak out of the room---

EXT. FOREST -- MORNING

HIRO climbs out of his tent, stretches. He sees a massive dead BOAR sat where the fire pit was the night before. If his eyeballs could pop out of his head right now, they would. A proud OLIVER smiles, sitting next to SKEETER. DWIGHT is shaking his head, laughing slightly.

OLIVER

You have the same "Holy shit" face  
Dwight had when he got out of his  
tent.

DWIGHT

It was all him, too. Woke up and  
there's a fuckin' boar posted here.

HIRO

You tracked this thing by yourself?

OLIVER

Yeah. Well, me and Skeeter here.

He pets the content dog. Hiro, usually stern, just LAUGHS.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS -- MORNING -- MONTAGE

"GET CLOSER" by SEALS AND CROFTS begins as we start up a feel-good montage.

OLIVER

Is greeted by many redshirts at the field, as he and Hiro and Dwight present the boar he got. He smiles.

HIRO

Gives his son a proud smile. Hugs him. A really nice father-son moment.

DWIGHT

Takes an apple he got from the hike... tosses it to

ROZ.

She is a little surprised by the gesture. Dwight nods, a silent reassurance. "We're off the hook". As she watches him go, realizing this, she takes a bite with utter satisfaction.

WINNIE

Approaches the makeshift church. She opens the door, enters, kneels in a pew, and turns. MAIA is there too. They exchange smiles. Maia is happy to see her. Then she returns to her prayers...

After her moment in the church, Winnie sits with Maia at the lake. Winnie's trying out fishing again. She gets a bite. Maia is clapping, laughing, cheering her on, as Winnie yanks the rod and ---

--- pulls out a fish.

She practically TOSSES it aside in her utter joy. It's just the joy of CATCHING one. The feeling that she can actually do it, fend for herself. Maia congratulates with her. The two women look ridiculous in their celebration, but there's no way it can't make you smile.

NICO

Smiling, laughing, standing by the lake. He's feeling better, gotten over the poison.

Both women see him. Maia rushes over, excited, embraces him in a hug.

MAIA

Beaming, crying softly in happiness as she hugs Nico. Her prayers, answered.

As the song comes to an end, we see something rustling outside the fences. A group of watchful eyes.

And whatever's going on between these people's intense eyes, armed with weapons and looking morbid as hell...

...It ain't good.

**SMASH TO BLACK.**

END OF EPISODE