

E D E N | R I S I N G

#402

"Let's Deal the Cards Again, Part II"

by
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EDEN RISING
#402
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TEASER

EXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- NIGHT

The night sky is full of stars. We're tight on NICO, sitting atop the roof of the truck on a fold-out chair. MAIA climbs up and sprawls out on the roof beside him.

NICO
Sorry... not a lot of room up here.

MAIA
Oh, it's fine. There's enough for my skinny ass.

NICO
I never got to thank you. For taking care of me back there.

MAIA
Anytime. Well, no, not anytime. I prefer you to be alive and kicking and not bedridden, it's a bit of a pain.

Nico smirks. Nico gives an extended yawn. Maia raises her eyebrows.

MAIA (CONT'D)
You want me to take over on this perimeter?

NICO
Nah, I need to get back into the groove of things. I'll be fine.

Maia looks him over for a long while, then ---

MAIA
I got scared, you know. That I was gonna' lose you.

NICO
You don't have to worry about me, Maia. Whatever happens, happens.

MAIA
You saved my life.

We feel it now --- we're starting to slowly understand and unravel their friendship, connection, whatever it is, a little more ---

MAIA (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for you, I'd still be snorting coke and screwing things up.

NICO

(bluntly, but honestly)
Or dead.

Maia chuckles, grimly, but appreciating his honesty.

MAIA

Yeah, or that.

NICO

Anytime. But you know, I prefer you to be alive and kicking.

He winks at her mockingly. Maia just smiles softly.

NICO (CONT'D)

(beat)
I'm proud of you.

Maia smiles softly, trying to be humble about it. But she's proud of herself, too.

MAIA

Thank you. Um, well, if you don't want me to take your shift I think I'm gonna' head to bed.

NICO

You have a good night.

MAIA

You too. Enjoy the stars, they might keep you awake.

NICO

Yeah that's the plan. I'll count 'em.

MAIA

No, don't do that. It'll put you to sleep.

Nico smiles softly. Nods to her.

NICO

Good night.

Maia leaps off of the truck and heads in the direction of her mobile home. Nico gives a yawn, a stretch in his chair ---

--- we pan through the seemingly endless fields of grass, landing on the group of survivors we saw in the ending of the previous episode. They've spent all day, all night, keeping an eye on these folks, and based on the weaponry they're armed with, waiting for the right moment to STRIKE.

One of the guys, who goes by the nickname ZEE, seems to be in charge.

Another women crawls through the underbrush, giving them a shake of her head. This is KAYLEE. She has a butch-like appearance.

KAYLEE

Zee, the perimeter down there's airtight.

ZEE

This entrance seems to be our best bet then. That guy up there --- on the truck.

He points at NICO, who looks incredibly tired.

ZEE (CONT'D)

He's gonna' be out like a light soon. Dude looks exhausted.

KAYLEE

(smiles softly)

Wait until we find our little friend.

This one has a specific target. But who?

She pulls out a blade. She eyes Zee tearfully.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

I'll take care of him. For what he did to Ty.

Zee pats her on the shoulder.

ZEE

It was a pleasure being with all of you. If there's anyway to go down right, it's in taking these cozy fucks down to hell with us.

FABIO, the youngest of the group at 19, with a naive face and permanent bright-eyed expression, swallows.

FABIO

Innit? I second that.

ZEE

On second thought, an all-out assault on one perimeter would be idiotic. If we wanna' do more damage to these folks, we've gotta' hit from all sides. You can handle it down there, Kaylee?

KAYLEE

Aye. I'll take Fabio with me.

Fabio looks a bit surprised. She smiles softly, and leads him on the way. Zee nods to the others.

ZEE

I'll take on this guy -- you two take the other sides. Kill however many you can.

We follow Fabio and Kaylee now.

FABIO

Thanks for inviting me to tag along.

KAYLEE

I don't like how Zee bullies you. I want you to feel these last moments, okay? I know you lost your brother, just like I lost Ty. We both want him dead. I let you get a few shakes in, yeah? We'll get 'im good.

As they keep moving, Fabio lodges his leg into a deep thicket. Kaylee has moved far ahead. Fabio tries to get himself out, but we see a rotted, dying infected barely noticeable. All that's left of it is its top portion, hidden beneath bushes and underbrush. It's hideous and it's grabbing him by the foot.

As it goes for his foot--

--we're back to Kaylee, who whips around.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

The hell you doing?

We see Fabio stomp down on the infected's head, killing it. He gives an exhausted smile.

FABIO
Nothin' --- just got jumped is all.
Took care of it though.

Kaylee hesitates, but she responds with a nod.

As they walk through the underbrush and approach the fencing of Nico's farm, we pan down to reveal the bottom of Fabio's pant leg...

...and the bite he received on his ankle from the zombie he fought off.

END TEASER

ACT IEXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- NIGHT

ZEE leads a few of his buddies toward the truck where Nico is slowly lulling into a slumber on watch duty. The rifle in his grip is going slack.

As Zee draws closer and closer and his men begin to spread out behind him ---

--- gunfire rips through the night.

Not from Zee or his people, but from elsewhere.

MAIA steps forward, a shotgun in her grasp. She takes another shot, just as Nico darts awake and is hit by a bullet from Zee's rifle.

With a scream, Nico quickly topples backwards off the roof of the truck. Maia's shotgun blast manages to hit Zee right in the face and neck area, killing him.

Ducking down, Maia avoids gunfire from Zee's pals. She runs to the cover of the truck, checking on Nico.

MAIA
Nico...!

NICO
I'm fine.

He smirks, poking at the gunshot wound in his shoulder. He winces.

NICO (CONT'D)
Just a flesh wound.

Maia picks up his rifle, trading him the shotgun.

MAIA
You don't mind?

NICO
Be my guest...

With the rifle, Maia begins firing back at the attackers.

QUICK CUT:

INT. PETROL STATION -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Maia is inside a PETROL STATION. She looks pale as fuck. Her eyes are cold. Dead.

She holds a big ass shotgun in her hands, cradling it. And a pink TEDDY BEAR hangs from the tag she has looped around her finger.

She's lying in a pool of blood.

Our last shot is of the teddy bear, soaked a scarlet color from the blood.

EXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- NIGHT

...then we're right back to present day.

Maia, struggling with these memories, resorts back to taking cover. Nico sees the horror in her face ---

NICO
Maia? Maia?!

He tries to sit up, to help her, which is when her instincts finally kick back in she lays him back down.

MAIA
You need... you need to stay down,
okay?

NICO
What's going on? You just froze
up...

MAIA
I'm fine.

She hears shouting nearby.

Spinning around, Maia sees DWIGHT, firing with his Glock at the attackers. As infected run around nearby, Dwight screams:

DWIGHT
What the fuck happened here?

MAIA
I don't know! They came out of
nowhere--- Nico was hit!

Dwight rushes over, and nods to Nico.

DWIGHT

Grab him --- hook under his arms ---

As Maia does so, Dwight grabs Nico's legs. Together, they lift him up and prop him inside the trunk of Dwight's truck.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Stay down.

NICO

There are still---people in their houses, you have to---

DWIGHT

I think they got their wake-up call, but I'll make sure they get to safety.

Nico just nods gruffly. He isn't happy about being stuck in here and unable to help, but he obliges.

MAIA

I'll stay with him---

NICO

(vehemently)

No.

(beat)

There are people still in their houses that need help. Families. Don't fuckin' worry about me, they need you. I don't.

A little surprised by his tone, but not by his valiancy, Maia hesitates, but then she nods and follows Dwight's lead.

He stops at a nearby redshirt, squirming from the bullets that riddle his midsection.

DWIGHT

We need to stop this from spreading more than it has! Anyone without a bullet in their head--you give 'em one--got it?

Maia nods. She aims her rifle and fires at the redshirt's head---

INT. FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The massive kitchen in the basement of the Francesci house is where WINNIE is.

She was on clean-up duty, as evidenced by her mopping. Lazily, she ignores some dirty spots on the floor with an annoyed:

WINNIE

Fuck it.

She moves the mop bucket toward the large sink on the floor, where she dumps all of the dirty water

INT. FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

FABIO sneaks through the house with KAYLEE. As Kaylee slices into the neck of a woman sleeping in one of the guest rooms, she looks back at Fabio, who is pressed against the wall.

KAYLEE

Hey --- Fabio, hey!

She grabs his shoulder.

KAYLEE (CONT'D)

No cold feet now, we went through the plan about fifty times. You knew what you were getting into...

Fabio turns around, crying. He bites into Kaylee's cheek, right under her eye socket. She has no time to fight back, completely taken aback as Fabio chews through her face. She shoves him off, and as he falls back, he takes her cheek with him.

As she lies screaming on the floor, Fabio --- still fighting his turn --- stumbles down the hallway crying.

People in rooms behind him rush out, going to aid the screamer. As more chaos erupts, ideally Kaylee is turning and infecting her curious saviors, Fabio stumbles toward the stairs.

INT. FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Winnie, finishing up her duties here, moves toward the door of the kitchen to head into the main basement. She hears violent thudding and stops in her tracks.

WINNIE

Hello?

No response.

She rolls her eyes.

WINNIE (CONT'D)
 (to herself, softly)
 Oh. My. God. Did someone just
 fall down the fucking stairs?

She pops open the door and heads into the basement.

INT. FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, BASEMENT -- NIGHT

Winnie sees a limp figure at the end of the staircase,
 silhouetted by the lack of lighting.

She giggles softly a bit, but approaches the body swiftly.

WINNIE
 You okay, dude? That sounded like
 it hurt...

As she goes to reach down, she hears screaming from upstairs.

She takes her eyes off of Fabio's figure to focus in on the
 panic from above---

---and then she flinches at the *pop pop pop* of gunshots
 outside.

She looks back down at the fallen Fabio, yells right at him
 probably out of panic:

WINNIE (CONT'D)
 Hey! Kevin Klutz! What the fuck's
 going on up there...?

---And that's when Fabio sits up. His eyes inhuman, his
 mouth leaking blood. She realizes what this guy is, what
 he's become.

She backs away, in near disbelief. Then he sprints at her
 like an animal.

And Winnie bolts. She's screaming. She presses her body
 against the swinging metal kitchen door and TUMBLES back
 inside the room---

INT. FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Winnie lands flat on her back. Fabio's shadow filters the
 light that heads in the darkened room from the hallway.

Winnie scampers on all fours toward the aisles of counters.
 She wants some sort of light, so she can see if there's
 anything lurking about, but she can't attract attention.

She crawls over to one of the counters and slides open a tiny metal door leading to the inside of the cabinet. She peeks inside -- the cabinet door runs down the entire counter.

There are only a few pots and pans and plenty of other sliding doors, making for an easy escape on the other side if need be.

It'll do.

She climbs inside the fucking cabinet and shuts the tiny door...

...takes a deep breath, and waits.

She can see the shadow of Fabio's figure crossing past, as he breaks the available lighting from the crack of the shut cabinet door.

Between her deep and heavy breaths, we can tell that Winnie is on the verge of hysterics but she is holding herself together as best as she can.

INT. MOBILE HOME -- NIGHT

One family crowds around their bedside. The father loads up his revolver. Everyone hugs each other tightly. Their two sons are crying. The mother looks at peace as her husband takes aim at her brain.

MOTHER

Look away boys, please...

Infected bang against their front door, trying to barrel their way in. As the patriarch of this tragic family pulls the trigger, we:

INT. ANOTHER MOBILE HOME -- NIGHT

A young woman and her significant other fight off infected that swamp inside of their mobile home. They aren't armed, they weren't expecting this.

As the woman wards off an infected with some sort of wooden plank, her man goes through drawers. He finally manages to get a hold of his gun. As he turns around though, he sees his lover is ripped to shreds. And more infected are coming at him as she is lost in the sea of distorted faces.

He just aims the gun and fires wildly, but we KNOW this guy is TOAST.

EXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- NIGHT

We PAN through the chaos. Loved ones scattered, those who have been shot are reanimating, and those who have reanimated are just biting their unsuspecting victims. Just a recipe for pure disaster.

We land on HIRO, looking completely shellshocked.

DWIGHT, who is ushering people to safety, hits Hiro on the shoulder as he passes by. ROZ is by Dwight, she's taking on oncoming infected with a knife of some sort. Spearing them in the face like a badass.

DWIGHT

Hey old man, this ain't the time to be having 'Nam flashbacks. Where's your kid?!

Dwight being an ass seems to have snapped Hiro back to reality.

HIRO

I don't know, I haven't seen him.

DWIGHT

Good luck, you meet us at the truck within ten. This isn't salvageable.

HIRO

What are you---

DWIGHT

We need to get the fuck out of here!

As Dwight and Roz head off, we're left on Hiro, who seems to be processing this. As an infected lunges at him, Hiro puts it down with a gunshot blast to its head.

Hiro rushes through the crowds, yelling at people:

HIRO

Dwight's truck! Get to Dwight's truck!!

He helps a fallen woman get on her feet. He keeps going through the crowd, killing infected along the way.

HIRO (CONT'D)

Oliver! OLLIE!

No sign of him.

HIRO (CONT'D)
Damn it...

OLIVER (O.S.)
Dad!!

Hiro spins around. He sees OLIVER stood by the shed outside of the Francesci farm house, a bloody AXE in his hand. He stands over the dead body of one of Zee's bandits, who he has completely GUTTED open. And he GRINS, proudly.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I got him, dad.

Hiro has no time to take this in.

HIRO
We gotta' get back to Dwight's truck.

OLIVER
What? Why?

HIRO
It's over, Ollie. We have to go.

OLIVER
That's what they wanted, we can't just leave this all behind. These arseholes sabotaged us, we'll be letting them win!

HIRO
Look around you, son. They have won. Now follow me to the fuckin' truck!

Oliver, still upset, nods. As an infected lumbers by, Oliver destroys its brain with the pointy end of the axe, yanks it out of its skull, and follows his father back toward Dwight's truck.

As they run through the crowd, they don't even notice that they're going right past NICO.

Nico limps through the crowd, shotgun in his grip. He winces with each step, his shoulder wound burning like all hell.

INT. FRANCESCO FARMHOUSE, FOYER -- NIGHT

Nico makes his way inside the farmhouse. Infected litter the foyer.

He blasts them all away with a single spray of the shotgun. One remains. As he pumps the shotgun, he smashes it in the skull with the butt of his weapon.

Folks are holed up in a nearby cupboard. Nico ushers them out.

NICO
Come on, there's a red truck
waitin' outside. Dwight's truck.
You've seen it, right? Get to it
before it goes.

One of the survivors, the elderly man JACOB who briefly interacted with Oliver in the previous episode, looks at him curiously.

JACOB
"Goes"? Goes where?

A long pause. And it hurts Nico to say it...

NICO
Away from here. We're low on ammo
as is, we can't clear the farm, we
have no choice but to leave.

No one has time to argue. They just head out.

Nico makes his way toward the stairs.

INT. FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CUE: "THROUGH THE WALLS" by I AM WAITING FOR YOU LAST SUMMER.

The snarling and slathering of a zombie can be heard outside the cabinet as Winnie waits inside.

Winnie peeks through a slit in the door -- and sees Fabio wandering about, his face pale and nearly unrecognizable in its distorted, horrific position.

She shuts her mouth -- holding her breath.

ON HER HAND

As it shakes violently. She's scared out of her mind.

ON FABIO

Who scans the room. Despite being un-dead, he KNOWS something is in this kitchen. And he SMELLS it. He turns in the direction of Winnie's cabinet. Stumbles slowly.

Sure, he can run. But think of the SUSPENSE of him SLOWLY lumbering in that direction.

IN THE CABINET:

We see the horror in Winnie's eyes --

WINNIE
(barely audible, whisper)
Nonononono...

THROUGH THE SLIT

Fabio STOPS. Just completely stops moving. He's a few feet away from the cabinet door.

Winnie peeks through, waiting....

And then Fabio's head snaps down. His dead eyes LOCKED on Winnie.

HE SEES HER.

He just sits for a moment.

Winnie remains in place. Frozen.

She thinks maybe if she doesn't move -- ?

Taking position like a PREDATOR, Fabio LEAPS at the door. Slobbering and sending slime inside through the slit. Winnie pulls herself back, she starts to climb through the pots and pans -- pushing herself through the cabinet underneath the massive row. Trying to get to another door.

ON FABIO

His hands flail uselessly, he's trying to slide open the door. Simply, he gives a powerful lurch and SMASHES his entire body through the metal door.

ON WINNIE

Surprised by the noise, Winnie SHRIEKS. She's climbing through. Nearing the door at the end.

ON FABIO

As he tries squeezing in. His entire body suddenly FALLS inside.

ON WINNIE

She's still going. Tries sliding these doors open. They're jammed.

ON FABIO

He's rushing after her, plowing through the cooking utensils like it's nothing.

ON WINNIE

She reaches the last door. Gives it her all and --

TRIES it open.

With a powerful SCREAM, she DIVES out of the cabinet.

ON FABIO

He lunges, grabbing the massive heel of her boot as she's halfway through. He brings it toward his mouth, ready to take a huge BITE.

Winnie yanks her foot free, just in time. With a mighty effort, she tries sliding the door shut but Fabio starts climbing out too fast.

She leaps back, gets on her feet and RUNS --

She tries for the door. But it's too far.

Spots a huge industrial oven. She goes for it. Throws the door open.

She climbs in. She's gonna trap him. She whistles.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Come get me!!

ON FABIO

Finally back on his feet, his attention SNAPS over to her quickly. She's on the top shelf of the oven.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah! COMEANDGETMEMOTHERFUCKER!!

And Fabio CHARGES -- RAMPAGES -- he leaps inside the oven.

He gives an epic crash through the two shelves below Winnie's, falling. Winnie gives an epic leap off of the top shelf -- lands outside.

As Fabio gets back on his feet, Winnie SLAMS the oven door shut. She starts playing with the dials.

AND BAM.

The oven starts to light up.

Fabio's rapping at the door uselessly, sees his meal only inches away through the door, snarling.

Winnie watches as he begins to melt. She turns it up all the way.

Fabio begins to cry out horrifically. And then --

BOOM.

AN EXPLOSION OF BLOOD COVERS THE INSIDE OF THE OVEN.

Winnie winces -- turns away.

Flames start to kick up and "Through the Walls" fades here.

Winnie's huffing and puffing. As fire envelopes the area around her, she grabs a nearby frying pan as her weapon and heads to the door.

She's set the fucking house on fire but the instant gratification of that exploding zombie was WORTH IT.

As she heads toward the door, NICO pops up from the hallway. She nearly hits him with the frying pan, but he puts his hands up.

NICO

Whoa, whoa, whoa! It's me!

Winnie sighs.

WINNIE

Oh thank God!

Quickly, Nico begins packing as many items as he can gather into the backpack. After a few moments of hesitation, Winnie grabs his arm.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

It's like a goddamn wildfire in here. We have to go---like now!

Nico tosses the bag at her.

NICO

Then take it. And get to Dwight's truck.

WINNIE

What? What about you?

NICO

I'll be right behind you. Just go.

Winnie gives him one last fleeting glance before putting the backpack on and getting the hell out of dodge.

INT. FRANCESCI FARMHOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Nico is trying to gather as many people as he can from the other rooms.

NICO

Come on! This house is gonna' blow, move your arses...!

EXT. FENCED-IN FIELD -- NIGHT

Winnie, Nico's backpack on her shoulders and armed with only a frying pan, runs like the wind. The farmhouse behind her lights up like a fucking firework, exploding in a fireball.

She has no time to look back, but she can feel the heat just judging by the expression on her face.

She swings the frying pan at an oncoming infected, knocking it back swiftly and not stopping her sprint. She makes it to Dwight's truck, hopping in the trunk with a few other redshirts.

MAIA, among the redshirts, hugs Winnie tightly.

MAIA

Winnie, Winnie, thank God you're okay!

Winnie laugh-cries at this reunion. She wipes her eyes as they break from their embrace.

WINNIE

Maia, I was so worried... is Hiro okay? And Oliver? Do they have Skeeter, is--?

MAIA

They're all inside the truck, they're fine... have you seen Nico? He was supposed to stay put, I told him---

WINNIE

Yeah, he's the one who gave me this bag full of shit and told me about the truck... He had other people to get out of the house. I don't know if he made it out, I'm sorry.

Dwight peers out from the driver's side window.

DWIGHT

You ready to go?

Maia hesitates. She nods softly. Smacks the top of the truck.

MAIA

Yeah, let's move it.

She turns her attention behind her, where NICO climbs into the truck.

MAIA (CONT'D)

Nico---damn you!!

She grabs him and helps the struggling guy into the trunk. She's crying.

MAIA (CONT'D)

I thought you killed yourself back there. What happened to you staying put?

NICO

I wasn't a big fan of that plan.

He reaches up and wipes Maia's eyes with his hand, and she scoffs slightly. As the truck pulls out, we see an infected MOLLY POTTS lying on the ground.

MOLLY POTTS

...ye...

Her head is splattered into oblivion by the truck's wheels running her over.

One final shot of the farm---the farmhouse burning down to nothing, infected sprawling the area, dead bodies everywhere--as the survivors drive away, never to return.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT I

ACT IIEXT. NOIR D'OR CASINO -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Establishing shot: Elegant, mysterious. A modern day Casablanca.

But according to the chiron we're not in Casablanca, we're in:

BAKU, AZERBAIJANINT. NOIR D'OR CASINO -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

We find DWIGHT, handsome and clean-shaven wearing evening dress, in the sumptuous casino.

He finds company at the 'No limit' table. Crowded with the nastiest and richest of the high rollers, Armenians, Turks, South Americans, a computer nerd American and a Russian industrialist's wife, heavy with jewelry and drink.

Meet ELEKTRA, a vibrant waitress who passes by balancing a full silver plate in her hand. She is impossibly glamorous in a sparkling dress that fits like second skin. Her hair is full and tumbling, while her eyes are fiery and wild.

She stops at Dwight. He nods to her--- she catches his eye--- making conversation.

DWIGHT

(looking about)

Mafia warlords, Diplomats and spies, consortiums from every country in the world. A nice little rat's nest.

ELEKTRA

(offering hors d'oeuvres)

Have some of the rat nest's caviar. From my own fishery. They buy my caviar, drink my champagne, lose to my House... In this country, for the right price and a pack of cigarettes, you can get anything you want. I don't understand you questioning my legitimacy.

DWIGHT

An American woman---

ELEKTRA

---born in Jamaica, actually.

DWIGHT

A foreigner, no doubt--no matter your locale of birth--working as a waitress in an Azerbaijan casino. Quite interesting, if you ask me.

ELEKTRA

And you're what? One of the Royal Queen's lackeys?

DWIGHT

(smirking)

Never heard that before. Yes, I'm from the UK.

ELEKTRA

No but are you a spy? James Blonde coming to swoop me off my feet? I assure you, I have nothing of MI5's interest...

DWIGHT

(smirking)

No, no, relax. I'm just here for the games, to win some money.

He picks off one of the caviar on the plate she carries. He doesn't seem well adjusted to the taste. Makes a disgusted expression. Elektra smiles.

ELEKTRA

(re: the caviar)

Takes some getting used to.

DWIGHT

Yeah, that's real bloody awful...

ELEKTRA

What brings you to Azerbaijan?

DWIGHT

A retreat. For work.

ELEKTRA

Oh, what do you do then?

DWIGHT

I am an activist. Figured I'd make a little extra money while in town to help me and the kid.

ELEKTRA

You're a father? Lucky woman.

He shakes his head.

DWIGHT

No woman. Just me and Penny.

ELEKTRA

Penny. That's cute.

As Dwight focuses in on the game and blocks out Elektra...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HALLWAY -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

DAWN BRASH, Dwight's little sister, is bruised and battered. Something's happened to her, she's been HURT. And based on her belly, she's ready to POP.

The doctors wheel her through the emergency room. DWIGHT chases after them, talking with one of the doctors. He is slightly injured too, but not as bad.

DWIGHT

Is she gonna' be okay?

NURSE

It is highly likely that the placenta was separated from the womb prematurely---this could be dangerous for her and her baby, sir. Please let us do our jobs.

DWIGHT

I'm not stopping you, no, in fact I'm encouraging you to do what you've gotta' do...

DAWN

(interjecting)

Please... save my baby.

DWIGHT

(to the nurse)

She's only thirty weeks pregnant. If she...

NURSE

We have to follow the patient's best wishes. I'm sorry, sir.

The nurse stops at the double doors, not allowing Dwight inside the operating room. He pounds against them.

DWIGHT

Damn it!

And he runs his hands through his hair, fighting the tears.

What the hell happened to Dawn and Dwight? A story for another time, kids...

EXT. NOIR D'OR CASINO -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

We're back to handsome, put together Dwight, as he exits the casino, moving briskly through the open parking lot. A van pulls up quickly and men dressed in dark clothes hop out. They grab Dwight and start to beat the shit out of him. He doesn't even have time to react...

...as the driver's side door opens, and a man named LYSANDER approaches. 50's, intimidating as all hell.

LYSANDER

Oh Mister Brash, I hear your expo is over within the week. That's quite a shame.

A smile appears on this fuck's face. It's sick.

He places his boot on Dwight's neck.

LYSANDER (CONT'D)

I heard all about your neice. Penny, was it?

DWIGHT

(seething)

What the fuck does she have to do with anything? Where did you hear that, huh?!

LYSANDER

My wife told me all about your little conversation.

Dwight looks inside the van. We make her out.

It's ELEKTRA.

Shit.

DWIGHT

(scoffs)

Bitch---

Lysandre kicks him in the mouth. Bleeding everywhere, coughing on his own blood, Dwight is a wreck now.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
AH, FUCK!

Lysandre leans in.

LYSANDER
You owe me, Brash. Don't you fucking leave this country without paying your debt.
(beat)
My wife though---it'd be a joy to her if you gave us your child. You see, she can't have children. So to give me your niece? That might wipe away your debt.

Lysander picks him up, sits him up against another car in the lot, and pats him on the cheek with a small smile.

LYSANDER (CONT'D)
You have six hours.

And then he gets back in the van and drives away.

Looking through the rear-view mirror at Dwight's body is Elektra, who looks incredibly guilty.

Off a final shot of Dwight, just lying there, propped up against a car---

INT. DWIGHT'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

CUE -- "ORANGE MOON" by ERYKAH BADU:

DWIGHT drives the truck, letting the wind whip his hair out of his face.

In the passenger seat, HIRO looks unsettled as he stares out the opposite window. He looks back at his son, OLIVER, with a soft, reassuring smile. Oliver returns it as he pets SKEETER, keeping the dog company.

ROZ fumbles with ammunition in a bag of stuff she managed to grab in the chaos. It's not much, but at least it's SOMETHING.

EXT. DWIGHT'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

We're now in the open trunk where WINNIE, MAIA, and NICO are huddled with a number of redshirts.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE, CONT'D

A large shopping centre. Dwight's truck pulls into the lot. Parks. There are a few abandoned cars here. We see two in a wreck, having been burnt out long ago.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE, CONT'D

The group scatters at this point.

INT. PHARMACY -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE, CONT'D

ROZ smashes down the locked door leading to the pharmacy like a total badass.

Later, we see her and NICO are digging through pharmaceuticals, gathering whatever medication they can.

INT. FOOD COURT -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE, CONT'D

MAIA and WINNIE are clearing out infected in the food court. SKEETER sniffs around and helps put down a few infected that Winnie finish off. They're a good team.

They raid the pockets and bags of these infected. Winnie manages to pull out a single baggie of white powder.

WINNIE

Yuck, right? Pathetic.

She laughs as she rolls her eyes and places it back into the backpack where she found it.

It's apparent by the stricken look on Maia's face and her hesitated laugh that Winnie wasn't aware of Maia's previous problem.

MAIA

Yeah. Pathetic.

Later, as Winnie heads off, Maia reaches her hand into the backpack and discretely snatches the baggie of powder that Winnie left behind...

INT. HALLOWED GROUNDS -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE, CONT'D

HIRO is behind the counter of this Starbuck's ripoff, trying to work the espresso machine. OLIVER and a few redshirts giggle at his struggles.

OLIVER
C'mon old man, we want some fuckin'
espresso already.

DWIGHT hops the counter, smirking.

DWIGHT
I've got this.

Hiro looks unamused.

HIRO
(dryly)
Oh go right ahead then.

DWIGHT
You can still help. Mind grabbing
me some cups?

Hiro hates this and Dwight is RELISHING in it. As grumpy Hiro starts passing out cups onto the table, Dwight starts working that espresso machine like a champ. He grinds the coffee, taps it down into the espresso basket, makes the cup, and steams soy milk and milk into separate pitchers.

HIRO
Soy?

DWIGHT
I'm lactose intolerant.

Oliver's first in line. He takes the soy.

HIRO
You never had soy...

OLIVER
What's wrong with trying something
new?

He takes a sip. It doesn't agree with him.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Oh. Ew.

HIRO
How'd you learn to be so good at this? Were you a barista at a coffee house or something?

DWIGHT
Briefly, yes. Just to make some extra cash. It paid pretty good.
(deadpan)
And the proper term is *baristi*.
Barista's for the bird's.

HIRO
What? No way. I was being an arse...

DWIGHT
A correct arse.

Off Hiro's giggling:

HIRO
I'm sorry, mate...

Dwight just shrugs.

As his father continues giggling madly, Oliver discretely exchanging cups with his father. He takes a cautious sip, waiting a beat before reacting positively.

OLIVER
Oh, that one's good. That one's really good.

Hiro snatches his cup back and shoves his son, frowning.

HIRO
Bugger off, get your own cup.

Off Dwight's laugh...

INT. BOILER -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE, CONT'D

ROZ, armed with a pistol in one hand and flashlight in the other, moves through the boiler room of the mall. DWIGHT and a couple redshirts join her.

She snaps back at them, eyes on Dwight mostly.

ROZ
You ladies are supposed to cover me, not trail behind.

Dwight smirks, joining her side.

ROZ (CONT'D)
That's more like.

Roz waves her flashlight about, catching the eyes of an infected in it. It growls, ready to attack, then she fires. Right between the eyes.

Roz gets close, examines the body.

ROZ (CONT'D)
It's sickly. Hasn't eaten in a while. It's why it hesitated.

A burst of gunfire makes Roz spin around quickly. Another infected drops. She turns to Dwight, who lowers his gun and nods to her.

DWIGHT
How was that for cover?

Roz scoffs.

ROZ
At least you're good for something.

Dwight pushes on the back doors. They fly right open.

DWIGHT
We don't have access to the control room.

ROZ
Can't we try?

DWIGHT
Been there, done that. I was hoping we could barricade, but there are so many points of entry already and so little of us left.

Roz is disappointed. She wanted this; she wanted it bad.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
I know you wanted to stay here... but it's not secure.

ROZ
At least for the night?

Dwight thinks about this. He nods.

DWIGHT

Yeah. Decent enough shelter for now. And it'll give us til morning to find out what our next move is.

ROZ

Well before we discuss our next move, don't you think it'd be nice to discuss the elephant in the room?

Nodding to a slightly obese redshirt:

DWIGHT

Don't talk about Harold like that!

Roz's eyes narrow. She's serious.

INT. FOOD COURT -- NIGHT

The montage is over. "Orange Moon" fades here.

The group is gathered as WINNIE stands front and center.

WINNIE

Everybody here?

She scans the crowd. Looks like all except MAIA and NICO.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Maia?

DWIGHT

She's tending to Nico in the multi vitamin store.

Redshirt's start to speak up. A little concerned.

WHINY REDSHIRT

What did we do wrong?

OTHER REDSHIRT

Are we gonna' go back to the farm?

Winnie tries a smile. A true diplomat in the making here.

WINNIE

No one did anything wrong. That's why we're having a party.

HIRO

People are concerned and you want to party? Is there a reason?

WINNIE
Why do we need a reason?

LATER:

The group is all gathered, with the food court tables joined into one long table, exchanging food from the bag. A potlatch gathering of sorts.

Hiro is getting paranoid:

HIRO
We don't want to use everything...

Dwight looks at him, assured.

DWIGHT
And we won't. I've got this under control.

He lifts a glass. Tries clinging it with a fork to get people's attention. That shit isn't working.

He takes the glass and SMASHES it against the table.

HIRO
The fuck!?!

DWIGHT
LISTEN UP.

Everyone quiets.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
I know you all have a lot of questions and I --- I can't answer all of 'em but --- if it isn't clear already, the farm's done. We can't stay there anymore.

WINNIE
What about here? Can we stay here?

DWIGHT
I took a headcount. Fifteen of us left. Fifty two thousand square foot shopping centre. You do the math.

WINNIE
Ew, math.

He smirks.

DWIGHT

Basically, this place isn't secure enough and based on what little was left for us to pick off, people have been in and out frequently. I suggest we stay for the night and then t the hell out of dodge. We lost a lot tonight, but we can't let it destroy us.

HIRO

And we won't.

He nods to Dwight. A vote of confidence from Hiro ---
Dwight's impressing himself now.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE -- NIGHT

HIRO and OLIVER are camping out in here.

INT. MULTI VITAMINS STORE -- NIGHT

NICO is sleeping. MAIA lies down beside him. ROZ peeks in to check on him. She sees this tender moment, and backs away with a soft smile. She doesn't want to interrupt.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE -- NIGHT

Instead of trying to sleep, DWIGHT is bench pressing large weights. WINNIE lies, curled in a ball, on the track of a treadmill.

WINNIE

You know, there's this... place...
I know of. We could go there, if
you wanted to. It should be safe.

DWIGHT

Big enough to manage us...

WINNIE

...but not too big to make it un-
defendable.

(pause)

Or whatever the opposite of
"defendable" is...

DWIGHT

Show us to it then, tomorrow.

Winnie snaps back to reality. She smiles.

WINNIE
Oh yeah. Great. Just a little...
winded. I get car sick.

MAIA
You did good telling us about this
place. It's perfect.

DWIGHT
Yeah, I'm impressed, Pooh.

WINNIE
(deadpan)
Pooh?

DWIGHT
You know, like the cartoon bear---

WINNIE
You think you're so original, huh?

DWIGHT
How'd you manage to know this
place? You're a valley girl right?

WINNIE
If by "valley" you mean "American",
then yeah... I knew a... guy
here, okay?

DWIGHT
Oh, should I tell Hiro?

Uncomfortable:

WINNIE
It wasn't like that.

The teasing grin on Dwight's face fades. He knows when to stop, so he does. He doesn't want to poke and prod on.

DWIGHT
Well, we're happy you did know.
You know if we have heat access
though? It's fucking freezing in
here.

EXT. PRIVATE PROPERTY -- NIGHT

The large property has a heater hooked up to the house from the outside. But it seems like it's not working as NICO tries to turn it on to no avail.

NICO

Shit.

INT. CABIN HOUSE, GUEST ROOM -- NIGHT

We're tight on one of the windows of the cabin home ---

A sped up shot through the window, as we see the season changing. Snow piles up outside. It melts away. Snows again.

Definitely a way to signal a passage through time...

...we pull out, revealing the GUEST ROOM, which has turned into a sick bay.

A bundled-up MAIA is sitting with a dying JACOB CROSS. She takes a deep breath, pulling out a pistol.

INT. CABIN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A fireplace is lit in the living room.

ROZ, HIRO, and a few redshirts sit by the flames, chatting. They hear a gunshot.

Silence.

They wait as MAIA comes out of the hallway, looking shaken.

MAIA

Jacob's gone.

Everyone stays quiet.

ROZ

I've never been a huge fan of winter, but this one in particular blows.

DWIGHT comes out of the kitchen and stops Maia in her tracks in the hallway. Takes the gun.

As he walks away, Hiro follows---

INT. CABIN HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Hiro looks annoyed.

HIRO
You know, I get the idea of
stashing the guns. I really do.

DWIGHT
I'm waiting for a "but" here.

HIRO
But we found them together. And
this is Nico's group...

DWIGHT
Nico's group? The guy has pussied
out because he blames himself for
not saving everyone back there.
And yeah, we found the guns
together, but I was the ones with
the balls to step up. Not you.
So... finder's keeper's. The guns
are mine.

That wasn't exactly the response Hiro was hoping for, or
expecting, based on his expression.

As Dwight wanders off, we're left on Hiro.

INT. KIM RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

TAMARA KIM, late 40's, lies on the couch. She's dying.

We pan up as a hand strokes her face.

It's a tearful HIRO. He takes a deep breath -- it's jagged,
as he's starting to show his cracks. He knows his beloved
wife's time is running out.

LATER:

Hiro is pacing back and forth, cell phone in hand. Whomever
he is trying to call, is not answering.

Then he throws the phone angrily.

HIRO
BULLOCKS!

INT. KIM RESIDENCE, GUN ROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Hiro makes his way toward the gun cabinet we saw OLIVER and his older brother DEAN examining in the previous episode's flashbacks.

He opens it open and is surprised when he finds---

---that most of his guns are gone.

The look on Hiro's face just SCREAMS: Where the fuck are all of my guns?

But he sifts through what's left. Finds the most gentle-looking pistol, picks it up, and walks off-camera.

INT. KIM RESIDENCE, KITCHEN -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Linger on a naked sheet of paper sitting on the table. A pen lies beside it.

HIRO (O.S.)
Sweet dreams.

He's barely audible.

A gunshot rings out. It's deafening.

Seconds later, Hiro paces into the kitchen.

He grabs the pen and starts scribbling something onto the piece of paper.

As he walks away, grabbing food, supplies, etc. We pan down to the letter then fade...

EXT. NAVAL BASE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

HIRO's voice is reading the letter aloud for us in a voice over as he approaches the naval base, armed with few guns, knives, and with a backpack of supplies on his back.

HIRO (V.O.)
Dear Oliver, if you come home, I want you to know that I waited as long as I could for you. I've left for your brother Dean's naval barracks. I hope you remember where that was. I'm sorry you had to find your mother like this. I love you. I hope I see you soon.

INT. NAVAL BASE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Inside the naval base, HIRO turns a corner with a pistol at the ready.

And as he does, he's met face to face with a familiar looking GLOCK.

DWIGHT BRASH.

So this is how they met. With their guns aimed at each other's face...

EXT. PRIVATE PROPERTY -- DAY

WINNIE is trying to shovel the heavy snow. SKEETER is barking nearby.

Winnie grows frustrated with the heavy snow.

WINNIE

So... damn... sick of this... shit.

She starts smashing the shovel against the icy snow, YELLING angrily. That's when Skeeter runs off.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

W--wait. Skeeter! Come back!!

Skeeter's out of there. Following the scent of SOMETHING.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Shit.

And Winnie's off. Following after Skeeter, off the property, into the wilderness surrounding.

END ACT II

ACT IIIEXT. FOREST -- SUNDOWN

NICO and MAIA are moving through the snowy forest.

NICO

...I always had a feeling this dog would lead us into nothing but trouble.

MAIA

Well obviously Skeeter means a lot to Winnie...

NICO

A silly connection to an animal like that isn't why I'm out here. That dog could hunt. Without it, we'd be down a good member of the team.

Maia's eyebrows furrow at this statement.

MAIA

That's a bit cold...

NICO

Not as cold as your corpse in a few days' time.

Maia is taken aback. She stops in her tracks.

MAIA

Wait, what?

NICO

Roz found used needles in the rec room yesterday. I covered for you, said they were probably from whoever lived there before us.

Guilt falls on Maia's face. She looks away from Nico.

NICO (CONT'D)

Hey. HEY. Look at me.

Slowly, like a scorned puppy, she does.

NICO (CONT'D)

I don't know where you got it, and I don't want to. Do you have it on you?

Maia shakes her head, "no".

NICO (CONT'D)
When we get back, we're dumping it.
Again.

MAIA
I --- Nico, I ---

Flustered, Nico begins to storm off.

NICO
Just bloody save it, Maia. Now
let's find this damn dog.

They continue, in a bitter silence that rivals the cold.

The camera PANS down to a frozen infected, not quite destroyed, covered in a layer of frost and froth, reaching out ahead of them desperately and slowly, almost like an eerie WARNING or to set up a "character doesn't notice me and trips on me" scene later ---

--- just as they hear GUNFIRE and shouting.

Nico grabs Maia by her shoulder, pushes forward, right in her ear:

NICO (CONT'D)
Run. Go. GO!

Maia, almost in a trance, suddenly BREAKS out into a full-on sprint. Nico right behind her.

The frozen infected's hand reaches out.

Maia leaps over it with a yelp, while Nico performs a SWIFT KICK, knocking the arm right off and sending it flying. Like a valiant "Screw you!" to the typical "character doesn't notice me and trips on me" scene.

Suddenly, a bullet whizzes into Nico's leg. He falls with a scream. Maia stops, trying to help him up.

NICO (CONT'D)
I told you to run, didn't I?

MAIA
Nico, but---

NICO
(hoarse, not loud)
Just fucking go.

Maia hesitates, before she rushes off. She keeps running, crying softly to herself, before diving into a nearby thicket.

INT. CRACK HOUSE -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Trashed druggies, nude whores, and partying lovers sway in a crowd of messed up people. No one has any idea of where they're at. Strobe lights and club music plays.

We focus on a couple.

Beautiful, exotic TATE dances with her younger, handsome boyfriend LUCAS behind her. He has his hands around her hips, his face in her hair. He nibbles on her ear. Off her intoxicated smile...

...we pan through the crowd as someone bumps into Lucas.

MAIA. She can barely stand, a pink teddy bear in her hand.

Lucas manages to bite Tate's ear hard now ---

TATE

Ow, fuck! Lucas!

LUCAS

Tate, babe, I'm sorry...

Maia tries to turn around and apologize, but she is SHAKING furiously. Her entire world SWIRLS around her. As Lucas screams at her, she can't even focus in on him.

Lucas snatches a baggie of drugs from inside Maia's jacket.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Hey, you hear me?! I know my shit is good shit, but to take it this far? You made me bite my girlfriend.

Maia just rushes out the front door, snatching a lone SHOTGUN that lies carelessly, dangerously, against the wall. Tate holds her bleeding ear, wincing.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

You okay? She bumped me, I...

TATE

No, it's cool, just --- I can't believe you let her leave. In her state? She'll die out there.

(MORE)

TATE (CONT'D)

I thought the rule was we stay in here until we're all --- sober.

Lucas gives an exaggerated sigh, runs his fingers through his hair in frustration.

LUCAS

Nothing's ever good enough, Tate. Is it? Always wanna' stress me out...

TATE

You know I think you're cute when you're stressed.

Lucas flashes her a smile, as she slinks back into the crowd to dance some more. He grabs his jacket from some nude woman who has it draped over her.

LUCAS

'scuse me...

He yanks the jacket off of her, puts it on, and heads out. He pulls out a mini RADIO...

EXT. PETROL STATION -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Fumbling with a needle Lucas didn't spot in her hand, Maia jabs it into her arm.

Maia stumbles toward a petrol station.

Her head swirling, her mind numb, she hears voices.

MAN (O.S.)

Who is that...?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Miss, are you okay?

Maia suddenly picks up her shotgun, aims and fires as she approaches the petrol station.

Firing shot by shot by shot by shot, pump, trigger, pump, trigger, we don't see any of the damage she inflicts. We only see the crazed, drug-induced expression on her face as she keeps firing and firing and the screaming from inside dies out.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

ANTON is on his roller skates. LUCAS jogs behind him, trying to keep up, with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of liquor in the other.

ANTON

...And you think this girl's in trouble?

LUCAS

Yeah, I mean, she was --- really messed up, dude.

ANTON

You do realize I can't save everyone right?

LUCAS

But it's your job. "To be aware of outside conflict and recruit new members of the Eden Initiative"...

ANTON

So you read the rule book and I didn't? This is a sad state of affairs. How I about I try and recruit you?

LUCAS

No thanks, I've got a lot to lose...

Unimpressed:

ANTON

Your drug empire?

LUCAS

No. My beautiful butterfly.

ANTON

She's changing you, man. With the bat of them thick ol' eyelashes, she has you like putty in her hands.

LUCAS

Tate's a free spirit. You're just jealous that I'm banging something with two sets of lips and you're stuck with your best friend over there---

He gestures to Anton's right hand.

Anton goes to argue, but that's when they hear the shotgun fire from the petrol station.

Anton skates over there quickly, drawing his HATCHET.

TIGHT on Lucas though, his face lighting up as the shotgun blasts continue to POP POP POP!

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Ho-ly shit!

(yelling)

So I guess the party's over, huh?!

And he LAUGHS, breathless, in a wave of drunken surprise as he takes a swig of his bottle.

INT. PETROL STATION -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Maia is inside a PETROL STATION. She looks pale as fuck. Her eyes are cold. Dead.

She holds a big ass shotgun in her hands, cradling it. And a pink TEDDY BEAR hangs from the tag she has looped around her finger.

She's lying in a pool of blood.

Our next shot is of the teddy bear, soaked a scarlet color from the blood.

We pull out, revealing Maia lying in a pool of blood of the people inside that she shot.

As the door flies open, ANTON stands at the door. Maia lifts her shotgun. Anton's hands go up quickly, waving.

ANTON

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Christ, lady!

Maia's eyes connect with Anton's. Even while she's like this, there's something here that makes her put the gun down.

ANTON (CONT'D)

M--Maia? What the hell?

Her voice is drawling, slow, but we can still make out her hints of recognition, and admiration.

MAIA

Flash...

(chuckling)

(MORE)

MAIA (CONT'D)

You here to sweep me up off my feet again, little superhero? Little too late.

ANTON

Jesus, you are completely fucked up. What've they done to you, huh?

MAIA

This was--- this was my own doing--- get out of here, there's nothing left for you to save---

ANTON

Look, at Eden, the door's always open. Just because you said "no" once...

MAIA

...Means I'll say it twice.

Anton is quiet. He stands there, hesitant, as Maia starts to cry.

MAIA (CONT'D)

Just... go. Please. I... I can't do this, I...

She's shaking, returning back to her rage. Anton doesn't want to, he really doesn't.

EXT. PETROL STATION -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Maia limps her way on her own, dragging the shotgun on the ground behind her. The bloody teddy bear still at her side.

INT. CRACK HOUSE -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

LUCAS is getting TATE her coat.

TATE

Did the Flash help you find that girl?

LUCAS

Yeah. Let's get outta' here.

TATE

Is she okay?

EXT. CRACK HOUSE -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK, CONT'D

Lucas and Tate are leaving the house, their weapons strapped to them.

LUCAS

We're gonna' crash at Kev's for the night, sober up and go back home in the daylight.

TATE

Why are you so adamant on leaving, is everything okay?

LUCAS

You know how Anton is about drugs. He guilt tripped me.

Lucas sees Tate's "No, really?" expression. He caves.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

It was that girl. Did you see her face? I don't wanna' end up like her. Might as well quit while we're...

TATE

(interrupting, softly)
She is dead, isn't she?

They look down the street, see Maia struggling with the shotgun. She's heading back to the house, back toward the party. Lucas shakes his head.

LUCAS

Not yet. Give her a month, or five more hits. Whichever comes first.

Off Tate's concerned look, Lucas leads her off-camera:

LUCAS (CONT'D)

C'mon. We've got our own asses to worry about out here...

Our last shot is of Maia, heading back into that house. As the door shuts behind her...

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

...we're back to real-time.

MAIA has returned to the cabin. Everyone looks shocked.

HIRO

Did you see how many there were?

MAIA

I didn't get a good look. At least three. They tied him up, climbed into a boat...

ROZ

We have to go after 'em. Doesn't matter how many. How little. It's Nico, for God's sake.

DWIGHT

Roz is right. And we gotta' go soon. Before he ends up as jack-snack.

Winnie takes in a breath, from her seat on the couch. She looks distraught over the loss of her dog among other things. Maia nods at her softly.

MAIA

No sign of him. But we'll find him, once we get Nico back.

Winnie returns Maia's optimistic smile, and they hug.

WINNIE

We'll be okay, right? All of us?

MAIA

Yeah.

And Winnie squeezes her tighter.

EXT. DOCK -- NIGHT

DWIGHT, HIRO, OLIVER, ROZ, MAIA and WINNIE are at the dock. There's a SAILBOAT here.

We get a wide shot of it.

The name of it is the "OLD TRAVELER".

We linger on that, as if it will hold later importance. Cuz it will. Take note.

DWIGHT

The "Old Traveler" huh? Dire name.

Winnie's the first to hop on. Dwight and Hiro follow.

WINNIE

The mast's down. We can't take off
til it's fixed. Give me five
minutes, I'll have it up.

Hiro examines her knot as she prepares it.

HIRO

You have a secret past in the Navy
I didn't know about?

WINNIE

Your first time talking to me in
weeks and that's what you have to
say to me? What's that even
supposed to mean?

HIRO

It means... How'd you learn to tie
a perfect bowline knot?

WINNIE

By dating guys with sailboats.

She smiles softly.

WINNIE (CONT'D)

Know how to sail, too.

Oliver, Roz and Maia board now.

HIRO

Brilliant. You can help Dwight and
I out, then.

WINNIE

You don't want me at the wheel?

HIRO

Nah. Women drivers. Blech.

WINNIE

Fuck you.

Off Hiro's laugh, and Winnie's laugh --- charmed.

EXT. THE OLD TRAVELER -- NIGHT

Using Roz's heavy-duty FLASHLIGHT as a guide, Dwight and Hiro
guide the boat through the waves. Everyone is bundled up,
the sea water making the winter's bitter cold even more
brutal.

The next shot is much later:

We're near an ISLAND, vaguely familiar.

That's when SPOTLIGHTS on the beach hit the boat.

WINNIE holds her arm in front of her face to block out the dreadfully bright light.

Everyone raises their arms.

Except Dwight, Roz and Oliver, they're at the ready for a fight. Guns raised.

SANTIAGO (O.S.)
You people old friend's of our new
friend?

We see SANTIAGO in the search light tower.

Men stand on the beach in bandana's. A gagged and bound NICO is knelt down, guns to his head.

Yep, this is THE SERPENT'S ISLAND.

DWIGHT
Give him back, and we go in peace.

THE SERPENT stands amongst the crowd, a soft, but cruel smile, on his face.

THE SERPENT
Oh guests, how lovely. Welcome to
my humble abode.

HIRO
We'll give you all we have.

DWIGHT
(softly)
You've gotta' be fuckin' kidding
me.

Angry, Dwight begins to pace on the boat. Roz grabs his arm, trying to calm him. He pulls himself away.

Hiro continues negotiating.

HIRO
We'll turn back and go on our way.

The Serpent whistles. His men pick Nico up, start to tie up his legs.

THE SERPENT

My boy Santiago found him on our turf, Lee. And he hasn't been so kind to us, so I don't like him much. I don't want your supplies. I want him.

By the time he's done talking, he pulls a rope and Nico gets dragged from behind by his rope -- upwards --

He hangs upside down from a tree at the edge of the jungle.

Maia rushes to the railing of the sailboat, her eyes watering. All of that optimism from earlier? It's washed away.

MAIA

NICO!

Oliver holds her back...

THE SERPENT

You his lover? Why don't you come down here? Give him a kiss goodbye.

DWIGHT

She's not going anywhere...

Maia pulls out of Oliver's grip and HOPS over the railing.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

MAIA! GODDAMNIT!

She rushes forward. The Serpent waves down his men. *Down, boys.*

She just heads, unarmed, right for Nico.

THE SERPENT

Well, she seems to have accepted his fate.

MAIA

I'm not leaving this island without him! So say goodbye to me, too.

THE SERPENT

Go while you can, friends. I'm offering you the opportunity.

HIRO

We're no--

DWIGHT
 (interrupting)
 Okay. We'll go.

Hiro's nostrils flare. He's fucking pissed.

HIRO
 You're serious? We just leave them
 here...

DWIGHT
 If that's what she wants, she'll
 die with him. Poignant.
 Beautiful. That's a wrap. But
 it's her choice. Every man, every
 woman, for themselves out here,
 mate, if you haven't noticed
 already. Jack Sparrow here's
 letting us go. Might as well take
 it, with or without them. Can't be
 the valiant, perfect hero every
 time...
 (emphasis, feeling the
 irony)
 ...Hiro.

Hiro is shocked, annoyed, by Dwight.

EXT. THE SERPENT'S ISLAND -- CONTINUOUS

Maia's face is on level with NICO's as he hangs upside down
 from the tree. He's all red, blood rushing to his brain.

NICO
 ...I did this... I'm here... cuz
 I wanted to buy you time. Don't do
 this, Maia...

Maia grits her teeth. Shakes her head.

MAIA
 I'm sorry... I... I'm so sorry.
 I tried to quit... so many times,
 but when I disappointed you back
 there, it's the first time I... I
felt it.

NICO
 I don't wanna' hear it. I wanna'
 see it. And I will.

She understands what he means. In spirit. He's trying to return faith to her. And it seems to be working, slowly but surely.

NICO (CONT'D)
I'll see you on the other side,
Maia. But not today.

Maia swallows. She sees the sailboat start to turn around, the pirates helping with that.

Her eyes back on Nico, she fights back tears---

MAIA
Not today.

She grabs his face, KISSES him... it's emotional, powerful. Not quite ROMANTIC, as their relationship has been enigmatic thus far and we'd like to end it as such, but it gives off so much emotion and love.

She breaks --- sobbing, and runs back toward the boat.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN, THE OLD TRAVELER -- EARLY MORNING

WINNIE spots MAIA as she swims through the water ---

WINNIE
Someone get me the ladder!

OLIVER
What?

WINNIE
Maia's in the water, she's coming
back!

OLIVER goes to get the ladder. ROZ joins Winnie at the edge.

ROZ
Girl's gonna' freeze to death in
those waves!

Roz takes off her coat generously, and as Oliver dips the ladder into the water and Maia climbs on board, she throws it over Maia comfortingly.

Maia sits down next to Winnie and Roz. She's crying, and Winnie and Roz hold her, a group hug to warm her up, a silent encouragement to let it all out.

We see a paddle boat in the distance.

OLIVER
Dad, you see that?

He looks up to Hiro, at the wheel.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
There's another boat, going towards
the island. Think we should warn
'em of what's out there?

DWIGHT
None of our business.

Oliver quiets.

HIRO
Of course it isn't. Human lives
are never a concern for you, are
they, Dwight?

Dwight approaches Hiro, getting up close.

DWIGHT
Hey asshole, you got somethin' to
say, then say it.

Hiro shoves Dwight, and a fight ensues.

That's when Winnie lifts a gun and FIRES a single gunshot
into the night sky.

WINNIE
That's ENOUGH!

Hiro and Dwight stop, and look at her, the disgust in her
eyes.

We CUT to the paddle boat:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN, PADDLE BOAT -- CONTINUOUS

TOM, LEIGH, DECLAN, and VICTOR.

We realize this is STOCK FOOTAGE, a scene from episode #305.

Declan pulls a rifle off the bottom of the boat.

He points out across the water. At "Old Traveler".

DECLAN
They're fuckin' shootin' at us.

He stares down the barrel of his rifle.

Declan fires.

We follow the bullet...

EXT. OPEN OCEAN, THE OLD TRAVELER -- EARLY MORNING

...as it nails HIRO right in the back, and he spits blood all over DWIGHT.

A final "fuck you", in a poetic sort of way. He tumbles into the water.

Dwight's shocked expression is nothing compared to Oliver's stoic one, as he lifts up his gun and FIRES a shot into the night, hitting his father right in the head. To prevent reanimation of course.

Winnie's SCREAMS nearly negate the gunshot completely. As they continue to sail through the night, Oliver goes to turn the tables.

Dwight, broken out of his trance, jumps down and GRABS the gun by the top. SNAPPING Oliver out of it.

DWIGHT

It's over, Ollie. It's over. He's gone. There isn't a fight anymore.

OLIVER

He said we'd leave, he said we could go ---

DWIGHT

What are you on about?

OLIVER

That fucking pirate! He had his guys waiting for us out here. They were supposed to kill all of us, mate, isn't it fucking obvious!?

Roz stands, motherly, hugging Oliver.

ROZ

Let's sit, yeah? We need to calm down.

Everyone reels, in shocked silence, after losing Hiro so quickly like that.

EXT. THE SERPENT'S ISLAND -- EARLY MORNING

NICO still hangs upside-down. He's solemn, resilient.

THE SERPENT makes a passive look to SANTIAGO, then nods back to Nico.

THE SERPENT
Get rid of him.

SANTIAGO
Can I have a little fun?

The Serpent smiles, pats Santiago on the cheek.

THE SERPENT
Just clean up after your mess.

The Serpent disappears through the foliage. Santiago's all smiles.

LATER: He comes back, leading a swarm of infected with ELECTRIC PRONGS. These are the ones he and his kin have trained.

SANTIAGO
Come on boys. Dinner.

Nico's eyes open and he sees the infected converging on him. He realizes he's being used as live bait as he SCREAMS ---

--- and the first infected goes right for his neck. The rest SNAP and grab at whatever they can, tearing him to pieces. His screams only last seconds.

He's yanked down from the ropes and disappears into the crowd of infected.

Santiago and his buddies laugh -- they clap, applaud at the SHOW.

Rest in pieces, Nico. He died helplessly, but for the sake of his people.

INT. CABIN -- EARLY MORNING

Everyone's packing their stuff. Once again, they aren't safe.

We linger on OLIVER, as he approaches DWIGHT.

OLIVER
...Can we talk?

DWIGHT
Is this about your dad?

Oliver shakes his head.

OLIVER
I don't wanna' talk about that.
Not now, not ever. It's something
else.

Dwight hesitates, but he nods.

DWIGHT
Yeah.

They're out of earshot, so Oliver just blurts it out.

OLIVER
I used to sneak out of camp, back
when we lived at the farm. Stalk a
group of bandits outside of town.
Dude called himself Zee. Thought
he was hot shit. I started picking
'em off, killed a couple here and
there. No more than one a night
though, I couldn't take 'em all on
at once... I killed one of the
attackers on the farm and I
realized... it was one of 'em. I
recognized him. I must have got
sloppy, and they followed me back.
That attack wasn't random, Dwight,
they were after me. For revenge.

DWIGHT
Is this a fucking joke? What the
hell is wrong with you?

OLIVER
It's not, I just... I didn't know
who else to tell. I just want you
to know I won't make that mistake
again.

Dwight wants to continue lecturing him, but Oliver just stomps off. He sees Dwight's anger, disappointment, confusion --- and it's all too overwhelming for him. It is for Dwight, too. He doesn't even know what to say.

INT. BATHROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Oliver storms into the bathroom.

CUE --- "(DON'T FEAR) THE REAPER" by BLUE OYSTER CULT.

He kicks a trash bin.

Then he turns and sees Winnie propped against the wall, wiping her eyes. She's been crying.

OLIVER
I... sorry. Are you okay?

WINNIE
Yeah, I just ---
(sniffles)
It's a lot at once.

OLIVER
Yeah.

He approaches, awkwardly.

And he pulls her into a hug.

Winnie doesn't really reciprocate, as she's taken aback. But Oliver's got his eyes closed, and he's embracing her so tightly...

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

ORGANIZED CHAOS.

Students prepare their projects for --- at least, according to a banner --- the "Royal Society's Science and Technology Exhibition" while removing set pieces from the annual Shakespeare production.

This year's production? HAMLET.

JOE LOUDEN (16) helps his friend KC (17) set up his project. A massive volcano replica.

JOE
What is this, actual size, KC?

KC smirks.

KC
I guess my work is done.

As Joe twists a screw into place, the screwdriver slips out of his hands and clatters to the floor.

KC (CONT'D)

You fucking butterfingere wanker!
This project could win me Uni
money! Don't fuck this up for me
Joe, or else I won't help you with
yours next year.

JOE

You're really taking this Uni thing
seriously, huh?

KC smiles proudly.

KC

Yeah. First in my family. I've
looked into a bunch of schools
already.

Joe looks around him. Probably because he isn't going to Uni
himself, and to avoid feeling disappointment in himself, he
wants to change the subject. Re: the setpieces.

JOE

Ugh. This place is a disaster.

KC

You and your actor friends
should've torn down the sets after
the show last night.

JOE

Correction: We should've set them
on fire after that abomination last
night. I can't believe the other
panels on the committee chose Wes
Sexton to act as Hamlet...

KC

It's the last name. The ladies
love "Sex"--- wait for it---
"ton".

JOE

KC, that sodding joke got old in
secondary school.

KC shrugs, mumbles...

KC

I still think it's funny...

Still on about the damn play:

JOE

...Wes couldn't act his way out of a paper bag. They should've chose Oliver Kim.

KC shoots him the most incredulous look.

KC

He's a freak, that's why they didn't pick him.

JOE

But he owned that audition. Could've been his chance to shine, such a shame they keep shoving the poor bloke into the background. See this is problem here, it's not a casting call anymore, it's a fucking popularity contest.

KC

It's high school. Everything's a popularity contest.

Joe looks across the room, sees a boy --- it's OLIVER. He's wearing all black camouflage, sat in a chair ALONE. An unsettling overcoat, hood flopped over his head. A heavy-looking gym bag propped against the wall beside him

ECU on his leg, bouncing about --- he can't sit still --- as if he's NERVOUS or something.

KC (CONT'D)

Can you please stop staring at Oliver before he comes over here and shoots us?

JOE

He's not like that...

KC

Whatever. I heard he was extra pissed he didn't get the part.

JOE

(beat)

He was.

KC

Then watch your back, Joey.

JOE

Don't say shit like that, you're making me nervous.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

There're already enough rumors about his after school groups --- creepy shit.

KC

They're not rumors, man, it's true shit. He's into that demon-worshipping, Trenchcoat Mafia type shit.

(beat)

Just forget it, can we please get this done? I need this scholarship!

JOE

Alright, alright...

Joe continues helping with the set-up for KC's model volcano...

...we see Oliver. He picks up the heavy bag leaning against the wall beside him, gets up and starts walking. He brandishes something heavy out of the bag, we don't quite see it.

Back to KC and Joe:

KC

Dude, you have to make sure you follow my instructions...

JOE

I am, I'm reading everything---

KC

You seem distracted.

JOE

I am. I just keep thinking about the damn play.

He laughs to himself. Shakes his head. KC looks annoyed, rolls his eyes.

KC

You won't let that stupid thing go will you?

JOE

Seriously, whoever cast Wes fuckin' Sexton should be shot.

And with that, KC gives a scream.

KC
JOE! BEHIND YOU! OHMYFUCKING---

Joe whips around in his seat. He barely has time to register what he sees as ASSAULT RIFLE GUNFIRE rips through the air and HITS Joe right in the chest, neck, arm, and he falls to the ground. KC hits the floor, hiding under the table...

...staring at his dying friend, in paralyzed horror and agony...

...he looks up and sees OLIVER, walking around the auditorium, shooting up everything in his sight.

His eyes soulless and, dare we say the word, evil.

And now we know where all of HIRO's missing guns went from his gun cabinet...

That's when Joe's hand shoots forward and GRABS KC. Joe lifts himself up, his face inhuman.

Even Oliver seems freaked out as Joe COMES BACK TO LIFE and TEARS INTO KC's face.

And then he smiles softly.

Seeing the irony, the sheer LUCK, in his timing.

This doesn't have to be the end of the road for him now.

Exhilarated, Oliver starts blowing away the rest of the auditorium...

INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

The main room of the cabin.

The five left from that thriving farm community are all together.

MAIA, wrapped in a blanket silently, gives DWIGHT a silent death glare. She blames him. We see it. OLIVER sits beside her, also silent.

ROZ stands at the fireplace that keeps them warm, feeding the fire by prodding at the wood with the poker.

WINNIE approaches Dwight.

WINNIE
Hey, um... Can we at least stay
here for the night?
(MORE)

WINNIE (CONT'D)

And when we do leave, I'd like to um, I'd like to stay close. Look for Skeeter.

She's half expecting him to laugh in her face. But he doesn't.

Softened, Dwight nods.

DWIGHT

Yeah. Seems like a smart idea to me.

ROZ

And then what? More running?

Her optimism gone... so solemn:

MAIA

There's only five of us left.

OLIVER

Where do we go next?

MAIA

...I met this kid. Two years ago, something like that. He saved my life...

(scoffs)

Twice in fact. He told me about this place called Eden. A dome or something, a place where people are trying to preserve life. A safe zone.

ROZ

How many times have we heard that phrase?

MAIA

But this late in the game. I mean, half a decade in and the place is still standing? Thriving as he put it? I mean, I thought it was silly too, it's why I'm here but --- look where that choice got me. He told me they play radio broadcasts. Wouldn't hurt to give it a try.

Everyone sits in silence.

Dwight grabs a portable RADIO. Turns it on. Hands it to Maia.

She plays with the dial, fuzz -- fuzz --

For what seems like forever.

And then a voice.

Unfamiliar to them, but familiar to us.

It's ASH.

ASH (V.O.)

---Eden bolsters amenities for all.
We go through an application and
interviewing process to ensure the
safety of our citizens---

MAIA

You hear that? Eden. This is it.
And if it's still broadcasting,
then it's still around. Right?!

ROZ

I mean, not necessarily---

MAIA

---Shhh!

ASH (V.O.)

---once again, we are located in
Normandy, France. I'm just some
dumb kid from Monroeville,
Pennsylvania. I've been through a
lot, and I heard a similar
broadcast a long time ago, back
when I was in Kentucky. And now
I'm here, so --- so if I could do
it, anybody could. It's not
perfect here, nothing is, was, or
ever will be, but it's --- it's
something. And any hands we can
get to making it closer to perfect,
the better.

The battery dies out.

Everyone's left in silence. To adjust this information.

DWIGHT

Normandy, France, huh?

ROZ

How long would that take us?

DWIGHT
Could be a month, if we hustle.
Two and a half, max.

WINNIE
...at least it gives us ---
something.

Dwight looks at her. The sheer EMPTINESS in that statement,
and the fact that it's so full of HOPE in this moment,
destroys him.

He nods.

DWIGHT
Yeah. Something.

We're left on a shot of them at the fireplace... taking this
all in...

FADE TO BLACK.

END EPISODE