

E D E N | R I S I N G

#403

"Halcyon"

by
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EDEN RISING
"Halcyon"
#403

TEASER

OPENING MONTAGE:

INT. PARK -- DAY

The camera focuses TIGHT on a pair of feet, being dragged across the grassy ground.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

ASH addresses cameras. At his side are GWEN, SIMON and MANILA.

ASH
Séverine is gone. She gave herself up to ensure our safety, to continue living here but to do so and learn from our past mistakes.

INT. EXHIBITION LOBBY -- DAY

The massive EXHIBITION CENTER/LOBBY of EDEN is serving as a voting area. Folks slide folded slips into glasses boxes.

One of the people we watch placing his vote is KITTY, who has her hand on her stomach. Placing her vote with her unborn child in mind.

ASH (V.O.)
Your votes have told us that you agree. We need to move in a new direction. Your new council, consisting of Simon Boyle, Gwen Hayes, Manila Shea and I, will ensure that your trust was placed in the right hands.

INT. PARK -- DAY

VICTOR is one of many people dragging bodies from the events of the season 3 finale. They are all laid out. At least a hundred bodies.

It is clear with ANTON's tired -- sweaty, exhausted -- presence, his hatchet bloodied, that he has been putting down a lot of these people with smashes to the brain. Dirty work, but someone has to do it. He and Victor exchange nods.

ASH (V.O.)

The remains of the deceased will be located in Garden Square Park, which will be turned into a graveyard and memorial park. Though we must move past the events of last week, we need to never forget those we lost.

INT. TOM AND DARLA'S SUITE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Folks are helping move boxes and items out of the suite. GWEN looks at the carpet. The massive blood stains of RORY's brutal beating remain. She winces.

GWEN

We're gonna' need new carpet in here.

INT. DARLA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

The bedroom DARLA once procured. ASH sits on her bed, looking at everything around him. Taking it all in. This is the last time he'll see her bedroom like this.

A photo of herself, with Ash and her father TOM, sits on the bedside table. Somberly, he takes the photo with him and exits the bedroom.

ASH (V.O.)

One of our mistakes as a community is that we have remained so singular, so separated. We never came together to see when our own friends were in need of our help, when enemies were lurking in our midst. We were so focused on the evil that could come from outside the dome, that we were blind to what was living among us.

INT. RADIO TOWER -- DAY

ASH is on the radio, setting up a message --- the one heard by DWIGHT's group in the previous episode ---

ASH (V.O.)
And we were too scared to embrace
what good could be out there beyond
our limits. The U.N. abandoned us,
but they're dropping supply drops
in the middle of empty cities like
Paris. It's not much, but it's a
chance.

INT. ASH'S SUITE, BEDROOM -- DAY

TAMSIN finds herself in bed alone. She looks uncomfortable,
sad, empty. She stares at the wall.

ASH (V.O.)
We have to fight for it, but we're
strong. We need to bridge
connections with other communities
outside of our barriers. We can't
do this alone... not anymore.

As she reaches over and clicks out the light...

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT IINT. ASH'S SUITE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A small stream of light filters into ASH's bedroom from the hallway. Music can be heard playing. His eyes flutter open -- he squints. He can hear chattering.

He looks over at his bedside. TAMSIN is nowhere to be found. A bassinet, where a baby would definitely reside, sits against the wall.

Ash's eyes focus in on the twirling mobile, something that would capture an infant's attention is capturing his own. He snaps out of it ---

Ash's feet hit the floor, he pulls on some jeans, throws on a shirt, approaches the bassinet.

It's empty.

Puzzled, he stumbles out of his bedroom.

INT. ASH'S SUITE, DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

A pair of tiny, delicate feet dance rhythmically along the floor as Earth, Wind & Fire's "Fantasy" plays on the stereo.

We pan up to see Ash stood at the end of the hallway, watching this dancer move so gracefully.

His attention falls to the dining room table, however, as laughter and discuss erupts.

The camera focuses on a single face at the table's end. A smiling TOM SNYDER. He raises a glass.

TOM

Ah, the king has awoken.

The rest of the faces at the table are revealed:

THE GENERAL, KELVIN, and the cannibal girl from season 2 JESSIE.

They all raise their glasses. The General downs his quicker than the others.

REGIS, in a tight-fitting waiter's uniform, pours him a new glass of champagne. His eyes sassily wander to Ash:

REGIS

About time you got your ass up,
kid. Your people won't be waiting
around forever ---

He scoffs now.

REGIS (CONT'D)

What you're wearing though is,
honestly, downright rude. This is
a formal dinner. Jeans won't do.
And grab a shirt, as handsome as
you are---

Tom raises a hand, kingly. Regis silences.

REGIS (CONT'D)

Sorry, sir.

TOM

(smiling)

"Sir" isn't a title fit for me.
Show some respect to him.

He nods to Ash. Ash just watches this all happen.

Tom rises now, pulls out a throne-like chair at the end of
the table, and smiles plainly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Come join us.

ASH

But Tom... that's your chair.

TOM

I've been grooming you for far too
long. It's yours now. Come on,
don't be shy.

Ash approaches the seat and takes it. Everyone watches him,
their faces FEARFUL.

Except Tom. He stands beside Ash, proud.

Ash's eyes, his face contorted in complete disbelief, fall to
the dancer in the next room. He has a good look at her now
so the camera finally reveals her face.

It's DARLA. A single SNAPDRAGON flower is in her hair, now
being soaked in scarlet blood along with the rest of her face
as it pours down from her hairline.

From the kitchen doorway, Ash sees his younger brother BEN stood with TAMSIN. Blood covers Ben from head to toe, Tamsin's stomach is drenched with it.

They stand there, posture normal, as if it's nothing.

Ash swallows, hesitant, as Ben smiles and waves at him.

ASH
If you'll excuse me...

TOM
Oh, of course. Go ahead.

Ash leaves the chair. As he exits the room, everyone beginning to burst into LAUGHTER again...

INT. ASH'S SUITE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- DREAMSPACE

The music continues as Ash joins Ben and Tamsin in the kitchen. He doesn't even react to their bloody appearance.

It's almost as if we can see it, but he doesn't.

Or he does and just doesn't CARE.

ASH
(with sudden vitriol)
Who invited them here?

Tamsin cocks her head, gives him the strangest look.

TAMSIN
You did.

Their laughter continues, Ash winces.

ASH
I want them to leave.

Ben shakes his head.

BEN
They won't leave. People will
always be there.

The camera cuts to Tom, raucously laughing.

He takes a mocking seat in the kingly throne. Not his to reign anymore, but the man can bask.

TAMSIN
Some waiting to put a knife in your
back.

The camera cuts between The General, his smarmy face downing
another glass of wine, and Kelvin, who is laughing.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
They hate you.

The camera cuts to Jessie, also laughing.

BEN
They blame you.

The camera cuts to Darla, still dancing. She isn't laughing,
but a smile crosses her lips.

Ben's face looks sad.

BEN (CONT'D)
Everyone blames you.

Now Regis, laughing so hard he spills wine all over The
General, who just continues to laugh as if the wine hasn't
touched his uniform.

And then his face turns serious.

BEN (CONT'D)
Remember, Corey.

He grabs his brother's arm.

BEN (CONT'D)
Trust no one.

The camera cuts to everyone's expressions: Tom, Kelvin, The
General, Jessie, Regis, Darla, then finally to Tamsin, Ben,
and then Ash.

INT. ASH'S SUITE, KITCHEN -- MORNING

Ash pours himself a bowl of some generic cereal, likely made
within the dome of Eden.

Tamsin saunters down the hallway as Ash digs in.

ASH
(mouth full)
Mornin'.

She replies with a soft smile and a stretch.

TAMSIN

Good morning.

ASH

You okay? You seem so quiet lately.

TAMSIN

You're the one not doing much talking.

As she moves toward the sink, she turns her back to him. Ash stands, moves toward her---

ASH

I'm gone a lot, I know. Just trying to fix this mess, Tam. So we can make Eden as good as I know it can be... Today we're letting people get their guns back. Gotta' take tests though. I was never very comfortable with that rule anyway...

TAMSIN

You were crying.

ASH

What?

She finally turns, looks right at him.

TAMSIN

Last night, in your sleep. It was like a --- a deep sob. It was really sad, and I kept trying to wake you. When you stopped, you went right back to sleep. You wouldn't talk to me. You never talk to me anymore. Not like --- talk, talk. It's just Eden and work.

ASH

I'm sorry, I...

TAMSIN

You said his name again. Tom.

Silence from Ash again. His eyes fall to the floor. Touchy subject, surely...

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

I know it's tough to talk about, but we're living together and you refuse to even tell me what the context of that relationship was.

ASH

Tom was like the only father I ever had. If it weren't for him, I probably wouldn't be here. No, in fact, I know I wouldn't be here. I didn't have the willpower. He gave it to me. I owe everything to that man.

TAMSIN

You never told me.

He's surprised by the hurt in her voice.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

He meant that much and you never, ever, told me.

ASH

You never asked.

TAMSIN

If I even had the slightest clue---

Ash interrupts. He's holding back the anger in his voice and managing fairly well, too.

ASH

But we weren't talking, okay? We weren't on good terms before he died. And now he's gone and it's not exactly the first thing I want to pour out to you.

TAMSIN

I never shared more than a glance and a couple of sentences with the bloke and he throws himself in front of me and dies to save my life, and you expect me not to blink an eye.

ASH

No, I expect you to be thankful.

TAMSIN

I am, I'm very grateful, I just---I just wanted answers, Ash.

She sighs.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
We need to work on these things.
Communication-wise.

ASH
You're right. We do.

He pulls her hand up, kisses it, and she smiles softly. They embrace.

ASH (CONT'D)
I know you want me to talk about
more than work, so the timing of
this might seem awkward, but the
public forum's today. We could use
all the opinions we can get. Will
you be there?

There's a pause.

TAMSIN
Yeah. I'll try. Job hunting
today, remember?

ASH
Oh yeah, that's right. Good luck.
They'd be bonkers not to accept
you. I used that word correctly,
right? Bonkers?

Tamsin can't help but smile. She nods.

TAMSIN
You did. Well done. I see you've
been reading up, that's good.

ASH
Gotta' make sure an illiterate
isn't leading this place.

TAMSIN
You're far too harsh on yourself.

She leans in, pecks him.

ASH
I'll see ya' later.

INT. CAR -- DAY

The camera is in the back seat of the car, positioned carefully so that all we see on this bumpy ride is MANILA sitting behind the wheel of this car.

GILLIAN

I'm taking you off course. This isn't familiar, not to either of us. But you have to trust me. You trust me - right?

Her voice is authoritative, as if she's talking to a soldier, a man she respects.

The camera reveals PJ sat in the back seat. He's got his hand on the cup holder in between the front seats and he leans forward to get a peek at where they're heading. A hand is holding his, whoever's in the passenger's seat--

--and we see that it's DARLA. A single SNAPDRAGON flower in her hair--identical to the one she had in Ash's dream.

His dead biological mother and his dead girlfriend, alive and well? No. This is just another fucking dream.

Yeah, I know. AGAIN? Bare with me here.

The car dives straight into the water.

They're driving UNDERWATER.

PJ is cowering in the backseat, his face a mixture of claustrophobic fear and awe. He puts his face down in the seat, trying not to get sick. He takes in deep breaths ---

DARLA

Just count to ten. One ---

Gillian smiles.

Presses on the GAS. Vroooooooooom.

PJ

Twothreefourfivesixseveneightnine---

And then his eyes snap open and he sits up with a brave face.

PJ (CONT'D)

TEN!

And he sees, as he sits up, that they're on land now.

PJ (CONT'D)
...You should've taken the bridge,
it was right there---

DARLA
No.

PJ looks at Darla, who finally locks her eyes on him. She smiles, reassuringly.

DARLA (CONT'D)
We don't need to do that.

He's heaving. As if he's ready to throw up. Gillian touches his shoulder, protectively, then smiles.

GILLIAN
No. I'll take this one.

She suddenly looks ready to get sick, steps out of the car, and vomits all over the grass.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

That's when PJ wakes up. He's reclined back in a beach chair being used as a break chair of sorts. Hundreds of other students scatter about. MATT in particular approaches PJ.

MATT
You okay?

PJ looks up, rubs his temples.

PJ
Y--yeah, just a weird dream.

MATT
You even get much sleep lately,
man? I'm sure Miss Bourgeois
wouldn't care if you went home for
some rest...

This kid, usually a dick, is showing some sympathy. PJ is silently thankful.

PJ
No, I need to be here.

MATT
Look, I know I haven't always been
cordial with you---

PJ
No, you haven't, you've been a
dick.

MATT
---Yeah, I know, and I just wanna'
say I'm sorry.

PJ nods slowly.

MATT (CONT'D)
Why isn't her body with the rest,
though?

Matt swallows, nervous.

MATT (CONT'D)
I mean, most of the others are
piled up. You've been sitting here
and you haven't moved her---

The camera reveals a few bodies left here, including DARLA.

PJ stands. Matt backs up quickly, a little SCARED based on
his wincing reaction.

PJ extends a hand. Matt hesitates, but then he shakes it.

PJ
Thanks. I'll see you around.

He wanders off. Matt watches him go, confused...

INT. MANILA'S HOME, GARAGE -- NIGHT

The purple sports car.

It's all beat up after Manila drove it through a sea of
infected in the finale, "Serpentine Fire".

PJ is in the midst of fixing it, his eyes heavy and his body
looking exhausted. MANILA opens the door from inside of the
home, leading to the garage.

MANILA
Hey, you need to get some sleep.

PJ
I'm tired of everyone telling me
that.

MANILA

No, you're just tired. Now cut the 'tude and get to bed. The car'll be here when you wake up.

PJ stands, takes in a breath.

PJ

You're right, it's been a draining... two days.

MANILA

You haven't slept in two days?

PJ

Little spurts here and there. I see things though, when I sleep. I have the weirdest dreams.

MANILA

It's your body telling you not to stay awake for over forty-eight hours at a time ever again. Darla wouldn't want you wandering around for days on end without sleep and without moving on...

PJ

...can we please not talk about that?

MANILA

How can I not? That's what this is about, isn't it? You lost Darla and Declan within such a short period of time, I get it. It sucks. All of us have lost family, have lost people we've loved... But we move on, PJ. And so will you. Letting yourself rot away isn't going to bring anyone back.

PJ is silent. There's an air of awkwardness surrounding the two of them. He wasn't expecting that from her.

MANILA (CONT'D)

I don't know if I ever told you this, I don't like to talk about my sports career much. Well, I was training for the Millennium Games in Sydney. My mother had multiple myeloma, a really nasty cellular cancer.

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

I kept training, my focus was solely on getting the gold medal... and even though my mother lived only a few hours away from the games, I never once made an effort to see her, even with knowing how terrible her condition was. When I got home with the bronze medal for the Australian team, I found out she passed away. And I never really sat down and accepted it. I never had the time to grieve, to mourn, to think about anyone except for myself because I was trapped in this defeating cloud of disappointment. All I kept asking myself was "Why wasn't I good enough?" "Why didn't I get the gold medal?" I was always such a bitch. It's different for me, I know, because I'm used to death. Hell, everyone I knew died before any of this shit even happened. You still haven't completely come to terms with it, but you will. It sounds fucked up, it really does, but you just get used to losing people. I just want you to know that I'm not being a bitch for my own sake anymore. I'm being a bitch so I don't lose you too. I don't know if I'd ever get used to losing you.

Respectfully, obediently, PJ enters the house without another word. Manila, watching him go, swallows. She looks regretful of her approach, but she's said enough. She shuts the door behind them.

EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS -- DAY

FIRST-PERSON POV SHOT:

We're flying, gliding seamlessly along the rooftops that overlook a mighty fine view of long-abandoned PARIS, FRANCE. We hear the sound of wheels reverberating against the solid roof...

INT. VAN -- DAY

VICTOR is driving a compact VAN as SIMON sits beside him. Simon looks unnerved by Victor's driving as he turns a tight corridor and smashes an infected in their way.

Victor chuckles at the impact of the infected and its ragdoll like toss in the air.

SIMON

You found that funny? You're a sick fucking bastard, you know that?

Victor just scoffs. He finds Simon's flustered attitude amusing to say the least.

EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS -- DAY

F.P. P.O.V. SHOT:

Our view is higher now, as we grind across the rooftops. We get a large sweeping shot of Paris from above:

The degradation is horrific. A war torn city that's been left to rot. Familiar signs of civilization make the landscape that much more disturbing--the blood-splattered metal of the Eiffel Tower, the dilapidated minicab office and the decrepit cinema.

Most disturbing however, is a huge gathering of infected.

Our first-person perspective breaks.

We see ANTON OLKO, geared up with his roller blades on and some pretty sick equipment including a pair of goggles, grinds to a halt. He yanks out a walkie-talkie from the courier bag draped over him.

ANTON

Aye-yo, this is The Flash. You've got a situation up ahead, try and find an alternate route---

INT. VAN -- DAY

Simon answers the call:

SIMON

(into talkie)

Alternate route? We don't know where the fuck we're going, that's what you're here for...

ANTON (V.O.)

There are multiple infected up ahead.

(MORE)

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

Multiple as in, over twenty of them near the town square up ahead. I can take out as many as I can, but I don't want to lose my vantage point from up here.

SIMON

(into talkie)

You're right. Stay up there. Our priority is getting that shipment, so keep doing your thing. I'll have Vic-Van find another way around town square...

VICTOR

There's no other way around. Make sure the windows on your side are rolled up.

SIMON

You're going through, aren't you?

VICTOR

Yep.

Off Victor's resigned smile...

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS -- CONTINUOUS

Sewage has oozed out from a blocked drain and the VAN sends two arcs of white-brown water as it turns a corner, pinning a few of the infected to the ground.

The van pummels through numerous infected, mowing them down. Simon's screams can be heard from inside the car.

SIMON

THIS IS JUST RIGHT FUCKING
BRILLIANT!!

EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS -- DAY

Anton LAUGHS. He clips his goggles back on and starts to ease his way back into grinding along the rooftops on his skates.

He manages to do make his way to the next roof, gaining enough speed to reach forward and grab the much-higher roof after it. With incredible upper arm strength, Anton pulls himself up and finds himself among rotten company.

Numerous infected are up here. They've got bags, bullet holes. Anton's eyes widen. He notices something, pulls out the walkie again:

ANTON
(into walkie)
...It's The Flash. I've got
infected up here.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Simon watches, in aghast horror, as Victor continues mowing through the rotting infected in the streets.

SIMON
(into walkie)
So do we, mate. How is this
newsworthy?!

EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS -- DAY

ANTON
(into walkie)
They're fresh, jackass.

He sticks his finger into one of the bullet holes on an infected that stumbles around. It's BLIND to Anton, it doesn't notice him at all. It moves its arms, waving them limply. It reacts to Anton feeling about inside of its bullet wound with his finger, but it just doesn't know where he is -- can't smell him, can't see him. It's fucking strange.

Anton yanks his finger out of the wound and wipes the blackish blood onto the infected's clothes. Quickly, he crouches and takes cover behind the wall.

ANTON (CONT'D)
(into walkie)
Someone sniped these people down.
We've got company.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Victor's driven his way out of that bloody sea of infected. Breathless, Simon looks at Victor---

SIMON
You hear that? Why are you slowing
down now of all times?
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'll suck it up if it means we get there before these fuck's, or better yet before they get us.

Into walkie now:

SIMON (CONT'D)

We're speeding through the streets now. Hang tight, stay safe.

EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS -- DAY

Anton scoffs at that last command. Stuffing away the walkie,

ANTON

Fuck that.

He stands, draws his hatchet. As he skates through the crowd of infected, he effortlessly swings the weapon, slashing his way through.

He makes his way to the end of the curved roof, sliding down it. Balancing his body weight against the winds, Anton manages to do an excellent leap off the roof onto the next building.

Gunfire blasts from a roof across the city --- this seems to exhilarate Anton even more. He just smiles, shouts:

ANTON (CONT'D)

You're gonna' have to be a better shot than that to hit The Flash!

Another gunshot. It was feet behind Anton, though. He just smiles.

Cocky shit.

INT. CLINIC -- DAY

IKE rubs KITTY's belly with the ultrasound stick. The baby's ultrasound appears on the screen.

Kitty SMILES. It's genuine. We haven't seen her genuinely smile since Rory died, so this is a great thing.

IKE

My grandmother was the healthiest woman alive. She lived to be a hundred and four. You know how? She embraced a daily hit of methamphetamine.

(MORE)

IKE (CONT'D)

Not that I encourage you to do that
with the pregnancy and all, I
just...

(beat)

...tend to get off-track very
easily. Sorry.

Kitty finds it amusing.

KITTY

No, it's fine, really...

Ike's eyes turn to the monitor now.

IKE

You've got yourself a really
beautiful kid growing in there,
though. Nice womb.

KITTY

...Thank you.

INT. MEDICAL WING -- DAY

Kitty has her purse clutched tight to her side as she makes
her way through the medical wing, passing coughing patients
and her fellow nurses and doctors.

GWEN (O.S.)

Kitty!

Kitty spins -- sees Gwen waving, jogging toward her.

Gwen opens her arms, Kitty smiles softly and leans in for a
quick hug. It's still a little awkward, but Kitty is opening
up.

GWEN (CONT'D)

How is everything with the little
guy?

KITTY

We haven't yet determined if it's a
"guy" or not, but it's doing well--

GWEN

You're going to refer to your baby
as an "it"? Oh please, Kitty, don't
be one of those people. You've got
to pick a side!

KITTY

I don't want to be so convinced at a gender and be disappointed when it's not.

GWEN

But you won't be disappointed either way. Calling your baby an "it" just sounds so inhuman.

Kitty chuckles.

KITTY

It was sweet of you to come visit.

GWEN

We haven't talked since... I don't even know when, but I'm really ecstatic about this kid.

KITTY

Me too. I wasn't at first but --- I'm really happy now.

Her smile is pretty convincing. This is a brighter Kitty. An air of acceptance and confidence and peace about her that we haven't seen since Rory's death.

GWEN

Well, I need to get upstairs. I've got another meeting to get to. Call me if you want to talk, I'm here for you---

Kitty smiles.

KITTY

Sure. Thanks.

Gwen smiles, waves, and heads off, leaving a bewildered and confused Kitty in her wake. She's not sure what to think.

EXT. PARIS ROOFTOPS -- DAY

A bullet whizzes past Anton as he skates across a roof, gliding to the next.

He sees Victor and Simon in the SUV on the ground below him. He's making good time. He's ahead of him, the wind helping him pick up speed.

The walkie strapped to his belt buzzes. Anton ignores the call. Probably just Simon bitching at him, and he doesn't want to hear it.

The gunfire ceases --

Those snipers require lots of time to reload, so it gives Anton the opportunity to find their vantage point.

He takes a quick skim of the area the gunfire came from. He can't spot a thing.

ANTON
(frustrated)
Shit...

He's almost to the roof where the supply drop is, though. He makes one last leap, grabs the edge and pulls himself up with incredible upper body strength.

He's standing right in front of it -- a parachute draped over it, dropped from the heavens.

He hacks at the parachute with his hatchet, pulling it away to reveal a small, mobile shipping crate crammed with supplies. Anton's face lights up.

From behind, he hears the clicking of weapons. He spins, pulling at the gun on his belt --

-- finding a stand off between himself--hatchet in one hand, pistol in the other--and a Pakistani man and an obese black man. They're both armed.

The Pakistani, the ringleader, is AMIR. He smirks.

AMIR
Oh, Anton, put down the gun. We both know you're a godawful shot.

ANTON
Good to see you too, Amir.

AMIR
Such bitter vitriol, boy!

ANTON
Nice goatee.

AMIR
Thanks, mate.

Laughing uncontrollably at the size of the black man, UGIS:

ANTON

Christ, you've gotten even bigger,
Ugis! Is your primary mode of
transportation still the belly-
flop?

Ugis stoically flashes Anton the middle finger.

AMIR

Your arrogance... so charming.

ANTON

I'm gonna...

AMIR

(interrupting)

Do what? Bravado me to death?

He chuckles.

AMIR (CONT'D)

I always forget, or just black out
to spare myself the agony, what
your most lethal weapon truly is...
your mouth. You'll talk nonsense
until your enemies surrender or
commit suicide. No weapon could
possibly top your sickening sense
of humor. I'll enjoy breaking you.

The door behind them leading from the building's interior to
the roof kicks open. SIMON and VICTOR are here. It's a
fucking Western-esque showdown, with guns pointed in every
direction.

ANTON

Fair is fair, Amir. I know you
worked hard to get here, I found
the bloody paper trail you left
behind. But you have to respect
the game man. It's how it works.

Amir swallows, then he nods to Ugis. They both slowly put
down their weapons.

From the next roof, KELLY -- a Russian woman in her 30's
stands with a sniper --

KELLY

He was too fast.

AMIR

It's okay, baby. They're right.
They got here first.

She furrows her brow. This isn't making her happy.

KELLY

So we just let them go--

AMIR

Yes. We just... let them go.

He puts his hands in the air, gun pointed upward in a position of surrender, and begins to back away. Anton, Simon and Victor aren't letting their guard down just yet.

AMIR (CONT'D)

We're going on our way. Good game, gentlemen. See you next time.

He winks. They disappear through the door Simon and Victor came in from, with Kelly hopping from the next roof and following suit. The guys finally lower their guns, then their faces turn from rock-solid to smiles all around.

VICTOR

You fuckin' did it. Cheers, mate.

He wraps an arm around Anton's neck and messes up his hair. Anton laughs, awkwardly tries to wriggle out through his laughter--

ANTON

'kaayy, man, stop! Let's just get it into the SUV.

Anton does a hand-shake with Simon, too.

SIMON

Good shit, man.

Victor and Anton begin to pull on their claimed victory prize, while Simon has his gun out -- he's on watch duty.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm driving back. Never again will I be a passenger in this nigga's ride.

VICTOR

Oh piss off, stop bein' a pussy.

SIMON

Those fuckin' 2002 Air Jordan's give you a lead foot, aye?

VICTOR
These bitches cost a fortune back
in 2002, fuck you very much...

As they carry on, one last shot of Anton, staring darkly in
the direction they left--

END ACT I

ACT IIINT. SALON -- DAY

The door chime to the SALON makes a cheery *DING!* as TAMSIN enters the establishment. The smiling hairdressers doing an elderly woman's hair suddenly turn straight-lipped at the sight of her.

The main hairdresser, the one not busy on their elderly customer, ZHEN, stops sweeping, smiles softly and approaches the counter.

ZHEN

Um yes, how can I help you?

TAMSIN

I'm here to apply for a job,
actually. I saw the sign--

She gestures to the "NOW HIRING" sign hanging at the door.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

--and I have a lot of experience.

ZHEN

We... already hired someone
earlier. In our haste, we just
forgot to take down the sign. Our
apologies.

The other hairdresser is looking at Tamsin through the mirror. When Tamsin's gaze meets hers in the mirror, she quickly looks away.

TAMSIN

Do I have something on my face?

ZHEN

I'm sorry?

TAMSIN

You people look at me like I have
something on my face. Do I?
Because I'm sick of the glares.

ZHEN

There are no glares... it was an
honest mistake, I assure you.

TAMSIN

Just genuinely give me a chance.
Don't look at me as an outsider,
look at me as a human being who
wants a chance. A chance at doing
something for myself. I'm good at
this.

ZHEN

Staff's full. I'm sorry.

Tamsin shakes her head. As she exits the salon, she RIPS the sign off of the door, crumples it up, and tosses it at the window.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS -- SUNSET

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

The sun is setting over PARIS. The EIFFEL TOWER is in our backdrop. The glare of the sun makes it difficult to see how dismantled it is, giving us the illusion of beauty.

GROUND LEVEL:

TRACK SHOT of the SUV.

INT. SUV -- SUNSET

ANTON's eyes flutter around as he looks outside the window of the backseat. They fall on a building ahead of them, an old cafe -- his faces hardens.

ANTON

I think we should stop.

SIMON

What for?

ANTON

I'm exhausted.

Anton points--

ANTON (CONT'D)

That building right there. The roof provides good vantage points and shit.

SIMON

If we keep going, we'll make it back to Normandy by sunrise.

ANTON

Do you really want to drive for a few more hours? Dude, that's ridiculous.

SIMON

Victor and I were gonna take turns--

VICTOR

I think we should stop and rest, man. Honestly. Driving all night isn't gonna do us any good, especially with how long a'day we've had.

Anton has a look of surprise that matches Simon's --- it is obvious that he wasn't betting on anyone agreeing with him, and Simon wasn't either.

INT. CAFE -- SUNSET

ANTON and VICTOR are boarding themselves up inside of the cafe. Behind them, SIMON grabs a rifle.

SIMON

I'm gonna' get a seat on the roof and make sure we're all clear.

VICTOR

A'ight, cool.

As he leaves for the door, Simon sends a suspicious look in their direction.

Once Simon makes his exit and the door clicks shut, Victor smirks --- an accusatory finger in Anton's direction. Anton's not digging this.

ANTON

(with sass)

What?

Victor, still smirking, just shakes his head.

VICTOR

Nothin'.

ANTON

...Whatever. Thanks for having my back, though.

VICTOR

I only did 'cuz I'm tryin' to figure you out.

ANTON

Nothing to figure out. I'm tired. Skate sometime, see if you don't feel a little fatigued---

VICTOR

No thank you. My 2002 Air Jordan's can work the gas pedal on a car just fine.

Quiet.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I'll figure you out, I promise I will. Simon just sees a stubborn kid, but there's more to it, I know there is.

ANTON

Just because you're the secretive type, doesn't mean everyone else is. Sometimes looking at something at face value is accurate. What you see is what you get.

VICTOR

I'm pretty sure that is never, ever the case, fam.

They hear gunfire and a scream from above. Anton instantly draws his hatchet and runs forward --- Victor watches him head for the door heading to the roof, before grabbing one of the rifles they set against the wall and following him.

EXT. ROOF -- SUNSET

Anton swoops into view on the rooftop. A vivid, blood red sunset cascades in the sky behind and around him, setting the tone for the scene.

Simon is on the ground, dodging gunfire from a sniper above. Anton kneels down -- he only has his melee weapon, so he is defenseless -- and ducks behind the pipings of the roof, ensuring safety from the sniper fire. He joins Simon's side.

ANTON

You okay?

SIMON
I'm straight, bro. They fired, but
whoever did it has shitty aim.

ANTON
You think maybe they're not trying
to hit us?

Simon shrugs.

He slings his gun over the piping and fires a blind burst
shot.

The door behind them kicks down and Victor exits, guns
blazing. Anton hears movement from the other side of the
building. He scampers on all fours, looking like a homeless
dog, to the edge where he peers over and sees two shadows
exiting from the inside of the building---pushing the crate
of supplies out with them!

ANTON (CONT'D)
FUCK! They took our shit!!

Anton and Simon run for the doors, while Victor fires -- the
sniper is gone now. They got what they came for. He follows
them through the door.

EXT. CAFE - SUNSET

Anton and Simon bolt out the front doors. Gunfire erupts,
they take cover behind their SUV and exchange fire.

As a truck comes out of nowhere, Simon runs out and tries to
shoot them down. The driver ducks -- and SLAMS right into
Simon! He goes flying sideways and out of sight.

ANTON
Simon!!

He rushes out, DRAGS Simon's lifeless body behind the SUV to
protect him, and watches as the truck pulls up, parks, and a
pair of figures hop inside. Through the window, the figures
peek out.

KELLY and AMIR smile and wave at Anton, before UGIS at the
wheel drives away.

ANTON (CONT'D)
(to himself, softly, re:
Amir, Kelly & Ugis)
See you fuckers soon.

INT. KITTY'S SUITE -- DAY

KITTY is reading a novel --- THE HUNGER GAMES in fact --- when there's a knock at her door. She gets up. Another knock.

KITTY

Just a second!

Kitty opens up the front door once she arrives, finding a hesitant-looking PJ stood there.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Oh PJ, hey.

PJ

Hi Kitty. Are you, uh, going to that meeting, err forum thing today?

KITTY

No, I was actually planning on staying inside to catch up on a bit of reading. I've been falling behind on *The Hunger Games*. Rory recommended it, I just never got around to it.

It's nice to see her casually mention Rory. She doesn't choke up, she doesn't get sad, it's just a passing glance--a good memory.

PJ

Meh, just see the movie. Less time-consuming. I found it a few months back on a run.

She's about to geek out.

KITTY

Wait, seriously? Disc is in good shape, too?

The boy nods then crosses his arms with an overweening smirk. He sees his opportunity.

PJ

Yeah, but I'll only loan it to you if you come with me to this meeting.

Kitty raises an eyebrow.

KITTY

A fifteen year old kid wants to go to a meeting where a bunch of politicians smack on about their agendas? I'm not even interested, and I'm---

(pauses, realizes she's lost her train of thought)

---never mind how old I am, let's just leave it at that.

PJ

I've got something you might be interested in, but you need to come to this meeting with me to find out what it is. You do that, you get the movie.

Kitty's lips slowly curve into a smile---PJ's goading game is working on her.

KITTY

Deal. But only because I want to see how good Jennifer What's-her-face did as Katniss. And I'm curious as to how much they screwed up on the page-to-screen transition...

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

The welcome lobby has been cleared out and filled with chairs. People flood the massive room. At a table in front are ASH, GWEN and MANILA.

Gwen, familiar with this setting, heads the meeting with an air of gusto and confidence. Ash and Manila look less enthusiastic.

GWEN

...As he is an organizer of supply runs and hunts, Simon is out there ensuring that our first trek for U.N. supply drops is something actually worth our time in future escapades---he will be back, I assure you and I'm sorry that he is not here to answer your question.

The woman she's speaking to sits down.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Next question?

TAMSIN stands. We see the disapproving looks from people in the crowd. Gwen perks up.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Yes, Tamsin?

TAMSIN
I have a question about jobs inside the dome.

GWEN
Then I'll pass the mic to Miss Shea, our head of internal affairs.

She hands it to Manila.

TAMSIN
Is there any way we can ensure employment? Surely there are jobs that need to get done around here. No one in the dome should be unemployed if they're willing to work.

MANILA
That's not how things work, Tamsin. Employers need to be making points to distribute points to workers. If there isn't enough demand, sadly there'll be lost job opportunities. This is just like it was before the biters, before the dome. There are always ways to sign up for supply runs to make extra points though---

TAMSIN
(interrupting)
But it's never a guarantee, or a constant flow of income.

MANILA
I understand your frustration, and I will make sure I do my best to get jobs created, but there are numerous labor jobs around the dome that people just don't want to do. They complain about jobs, but are just too lazy to do the jobs that are available. We could use hands in construction.
(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

We are always looking for help on the farms, especially since the passing of Declan, who provided a lot of our agricultural expertise... We can all learn a little together.

BRYCE (O.S.)

Just tell her to go back to where she came from.

BRYCE EASTON, his eternal scowl so-ever-present here, stands into camera view.

Ash's fist clenches. Gwen catches this, puts a hand over it. She glares at him --- a calm glare. *Let it go, this guy's a dick.*

BRYCE (CONT'D)

She's the reason we're re-tooling everything in the first place. She comes here, brings The Serpent and his cronies with him and now we're without a true leader. I appreciate what you guys are trying to do, really. Our leadership had its problems, but to just dump us to the curb?

ASH

Quite frankly, you and the rest of the council weren't getting anything done. You proved your carelessness and cowardice when you wouldn't even join us outside the dome to defend Eden. The people voted and their voice was heard, and their opinion of you and your friends is pretty damn telling Mister Easton.

BRYCE

And what will we do about The Director? No replacement for her? No effort to find her?

GWEN

We're still working out the kinks of how we're going to go about replacing her, if at all.

ASH

We're talking about potentially going to negotiate her release with The Serpent, and a potential treaty. He's an enemy, but we realize that we need to co-exist.

There is murmuring about the crowd. We see Gwen and Manila's expressions... this seems like news to them.

DURING A BREAK OF THE MEETING---

Gwen and Manila are leaving the stage, behind Ash, who grabs a bottled water. Gwen is more confrontational as she catches up to him, Manila just has her arms crossed -- she seems deep in thought.

GWEN

Hey. I don't remember discussing any sort of treaty.

ASH

I'm telling him what he wants to hear.

GWEN

Sugarcoating or just straight-up lying to our people is when we dive deeper into the same hole we're trying to dig ourselves out of. You don't tell them happy lies. You tell them bitter truths and hope for the best... or else we fail just like our predecessors. This is all about trust, Ash. About gaining it back, not shattering any chances we have left!

ASH

I don't plan on not doing it. It's something I'm seriously considering.

GWEN

Peace with the guy who held me captive for months? The guy who captured our former leader?

MANILA

What other choice do we have?

The two look at Manila, who sighs.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Ash is right. We're still living within the same proximity as him. We need to end this somehow, whether by violence or peace. We need to at least attempt some sort of negotiation.

ASH

And at least get answers on Séverine's whereabouts, even if we don't get her back. Everyone deserves some peace of mind. Something is better than nothing.

Gwen is still wrestling with her personal experiences with The Serpent by the looks of her unsettled expression...

END ACT II

ACT IIIINT. SUV -- NIGHT

ANTON and VICTOR lift the still-unconscious SIMON and throw him in the back seat of their SUV. Anton sits in back with Simon while Victor takes the wheel.

Anton wakes Simon up with a light slap on the cheek.

ANTON
Dude... wake up. C'mon.

Simon grunts.

SIMON
What--what--?

ANTON
(smiling)
There's that grumpy voice.

VICTOR
They took our shit. I can't believe they actually took our shit.

ANTON
It was Amir, his whore, and that meat-sac. I know where they stay, we can get it all back.

Rubbing his head, sitting up:

SIMON
We can't, man. As part of the council, I've gotta' remind you that we shouldn't be pickin' fights with---

VICTOR
(interrupting)
Picking fights?! They ran you over with a van, or have you forgot? And they took our shit!

ANTON
I'm not talking about picking a fight dude, I'm talking about a slaughter.

Simon shakes his head.

SIMON
You're sick.

ANTON
I'm being realistic. We find 'em,
we get back the stuff we rightfully
won, and we kill them. No
conflict, and nobody's gotta' know.
We're struggling now back in Eden.
You asked me to come along. You
wanted my opinion on this run, to
take a page from my playbook, to
take advantage of my speed--I get
it. Here it is, you asked, so deal
with what I have to say. Life
isn't so cozy outside of your
friendly neighborhood fish bowl.

Anton stares daggers at Simon.

SIMON
I still say no.

ANTON
Take a left up here, Vic-Van.

SIMON
Victor, if you fucking---

And he does. He takes a left. Simon is FURIOUS.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You two are forgetting who's in
charge here. When we get back---

ANTON
(interrupting)
When we get back, I'm leaving. As
much as I love that dome and what
it stands for, I really hate being
trapped in there.

SIMON
So what I say has no bearings on
you, whatever, but for him---
(nods his head in Victor's
direction)
---he's got a lot of shit comin' to
him.

ANTON
Oh yeah? Then that's his problem.

Victor remains silent. He keeps driving.

VICTOR

Just keep telling me where to go,
Anton.

ANTON

Will do.

Off Simon's glowering glare as he lies his head back down,
still in pain and in no place to continue arguing with these
two...

INT. LOBBY -- NIGHT

The public forum continues.

PJ and KITTY stand, walk toward the front together. We see
MANILA's reaction---she's surprised to see these two
together.

PJ

This is a suggestion for whoever
will listen.

MANILA

I will.

She's quick to say it. PJ smiles softly. Then he begins:

PJ

I've spent the past week gathering
bodies in the park and there's no
more room to bury who's left and I
really don't think that your idea
of crossing burials over into
public parks is such a good idea.

KITTY

Parks are a place for people to
escape, to enjoy life. Not be
reminded of death. There's so much
of it already.

PJ

I suggest we have a funeral pyre.
Open up the dome for a night, let
the flames burn off and then we
close it back up when they're all
burned off.

KITTY

We can have a list of names, of the
ones who died during the outbreak,
and just---put it behind us.

Reactions from ASH --- staring right at PJ, feeling empathy, understanding --- *finally someone who gets it* ---

GWEN --- looking down, quiet, solemn, before looking up at Kitty and giving a nod.

MANILA --- trying to bore deep into her kid's soul.

PJ
We volunteer to take over the
service. Just please. We need to
put this behind us.

The crowd seems to positively respond to this.

MANILA
That's a beautiful idea.

GWEN
I agree. Get it done whenever you
want.

PJ
Tonight?

There's a pause.

PJ (CONT'D)
As soon as we possibly can.
Tonight would be... good though.
I need it, but it's not just me, I
think we all do.

ASH
Tonight it is.

Ash smiles at PJ, who musters a small smile back.

PJ and Kitty hug. The crowd claps and makes noises of agreement.

PJ
Thanks, Kitty. You're the --- only
person I know who'd understand.

KITTY
Thank you.

It's a smile of relief that crosses her face during this hug.

LATER---

The forum is over. It's time for them to clean up.

Ash, Gwen and Manila stay behind to help out the effort to clean up.

GWEN
I hope you reconsider.

ASH
Sorry?

GWEN
The Serpent cannot be trusted to act in good faith.

ASH
So we prepare for war, end up marching toward our deaths, and leave Eden to burn? I'm not gonna' make the same mistakes as our predecessors.

GWEN
And I'm not repeating my own mistakes.
(beat)
When I was in charge of New Venice, I did something similar with The General. Then he double-crossed us and I lost my entire city. I lost everyone I was responsible for. I trusted Leigh, and I lost Sidney. I'm not letting anyone suffer again because I continue to trust the wrong people.

ASH
No one says we have to trust him.

There's a pause here. Manila chimes in.

MANILA
Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer.

Gwen slowly starts to nod.

GWEN
Then we get this done fast. And when you go, I'm coming with you.

ASH
Tomorrow morning work for you?

GWEN

The earlier the better. The better chance we have of getting Sev back, that is.

MANILA

Simon's not even back yet.

GWEN

Which means you'll be in charge.

Manila, slightly taken aback, swallows. She nods.

MANILA

Alright. You two just---stay safe.

GWEN

(smirking, re: Ash)

Someone needs to protect this kid from his own good graces.

ASH

I'm not a kid anymore. We're on the same level. Don't patronize me.

Is he offended? Not really. It's more like a friendly reminder. And Gwen's gaze softens.

GWEN

You're right. My bad.

A small smile crosses Ash's face now.

ASH

Yeah, your bad. And don't forget it.

EXT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

ASH, hands in his pockets, wanders alone through the park. He passes the covered dead bodies as numerous people help drag them away, and approaches the half-destroyed greenhouse. He looks over the place where TOM made his last stand with an expression of crestfallenness. He takes in a deep breath and moves past the police tape.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

Entering the greenhouse area, Ash finds himself looking at PJ.

ASH

You're not supposed to be back here.

PJ

Neither are you.

ASH

Yeah, well --- I don't have a memorial service to take care of and you do.

PJ

I just needed some motivation.

ASH

This is motivation to you?

PJ

I keep dreaming about her, Ash. She's trying to tell me something.

ASH

I've seen her at least twice in the past week in my sleep, too. You think it's a message?

PJ

All dreams are a message.

ASH

From what? The dead?

PJ

Maybe. Sometimes, I mean. It could even just be your subconscious. But I think they all have a meaning. I just struggle to understand them sometimes, but... Are they really there to understand?

Ash nods, agreeing.

ASH

I think they're a test. We can't understand, so do we continue to try? Do we continue to latch on to her and not let go, or do we move on?

BEAT.

ASH (CONT'D)

We move on.

PJ

Yeah. Just gotta stay strong
right? Be tough?

ASH

You're stronger than you give
yourself credit for. In fact,
you're the strongest dude I know.

PJ

Now you're giving me too much
credit.

ASH

You're one of the few people who's
given me a genuine smile, genuine
happiness, in these past few years.
Yet you've been through so much.
That's tough right there.

PJ

I just wanted to say goodbye.
Before I let go. Ya know? Because
now that we're burning her, it's
not like I can visit a grave, or
leave her flowers, or whatever.

ASH

And we're probably going to tear
down this greenhouse... rebuild
everything. Maybe it's for the
best.

PJ

Maybe.

Ash puts his arm around PJ and hugs him tight. A brotherly
hug. They break and he smiles at the kid.

ASH

Get out there and make her proud.

EXT. EST. EDEN BIO-DOME -- NIGHT

The BIO-DOME retracts. It's slow, it's beautiful, it's such
a poignant moment to watch the thing disappear into the large
slats in the ground. The residents of Eden are revealed to
the world -- naked, bare, open.

EXT. PARK -- NIGHT

CRANE SHOT - we see smoke and fiery embers rising up against the night sky, then TILT DOWN to

A BURNING FUNERAL PYRE, and the crowd of EDEN-ITES standing before it, some bowing their heads in prayer, others quietly crying, some are very stoic, but all are respectful --- as a community.

PJ speaks, KITTY by his side, in front of everyone.

PJ

Um, Manuel Raphael Santos --- I think that's what his ID says, I'm sorry if I didn't pronounce that right, I'm a couple reading level's behind in school but --- uh, according to this he was an organ donor. Or would have been, at least.

Kitty rifles through his things. She's getting emotional, sniffing her way through the eulogies.

KITTY

He has pictures in his wallet, a family. Him and two kids, uh... I'm not sure if they're still around, but either way their dad is with them. Together in the um, well, afterlife or in spirit here on earth, still watching over them.

She throws his wallet into the fire. Memories purged away.

PJ

The next name um...

He takes a breath.

PANNING ACROSS THE GATHERED: We see ASH, hugging TAMSIN close to him, next to IKE, then BRYCE, MANILA, GWEN.

PJ (CONT'D)

...Tom and Darla Snyder. Father and daughter. I've known these for the past few years, and --- they were great. Tom saved a lot of lives throughout his time with us, he brought us here he was --- the best guy, I mean, I don't really know what else to say.

Kitty does a silent prayer for Tom.

Ash grips Tamsin close to him. She takes a breath and once he releases her, she kisses his cheek, smiles softly, whispers a goodnight and heads out of the memorial in a hurry. Ash watches her go ---

--- Gwen's glance falls on this too. She's curious.

BACK ON PJ:

PJ (CONT'D)

...Darla was my best friend. I was hoping we'd uh---

(getting emotional)

---I wanted to marry her. I thought we would, at least, I mean it's silly to think about getting married at fifteen, but I don't care. I've got Tom's wallet here, and Darla's ID --- I took it from her bedroom after she died because she didn't have it on her person. But yeah. That's about it. I love you guys. Thanks for everything.

He drops Tom's wallet into the fire. His hand trembles as he has Darla's ID, her smiling picture staring into his eyes. He starts to cry.

Kitty stands behind him, puts a hand on his shoulder.

KITTY

Keep it. Maybe you ---

And he drops it. Darla's face disappears into the flames. PJ wipes his eyes, does a sigh of relief, and looks into the crowd. Ash and Manila look proud of him.

The memorial continues.

INT. ASH'S SUITE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ASH returns from the service, finding TAMSIN laying in bed already.

ASH

It was a nice service. Everything okay?

TAMSIN

...It was beautiful. He's a brave kid.

(MORE)

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

(pause)

Yeah, it's just been a long day.

He can see something's wrong in her behavior. Out of pure concern:

ASH

What's wrong? You left as soon as Tom got mentioned, as soon as I --- took your hand. Don't think I didn't notice.

TAMSIN

I knew you would, I just hoped you wouldn't bring it up.

ASH

You wanted us to communicate more. Please. Talk to me, Tam.

TAMSIN

I think I'm starting to understand why Tom killed himself for me, for a --- for a stranger. And it's scaring me.

Ash stays quiet. He wants to wait for her to finish, because he's not quite understanding.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

He saw me as a potential---soulmate for you. He wanted me to be around to make you happy and, Ash I love being with you and all but, it makes me uncomfortable to know that a man's last thoughts were that he was dying to ensure us to be together.

Ash is still quiet. *Ouch. That hurt.*

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

We just met each other a few months ago, we just---we barely know each other and I don't want to rush into us with this predisposition that we're going to be together forever.

ASH

Like you said earlier, we need to make an effort---I've gotta' step up, I need to---

TAMSIN

You're so busy, Ash. You're so involved, you're so thoughtful and caring and you love this place and you're trying to fix it. You can't fix me too. I'm going to back off. Just for now. I really need to think things over, and I think we both need our own space.

Ash is so taken aback. We see how angry this is making him, but he's doing well at holding back his emotions right now.

ASH

I'm not going to---to argue with you, you do what you've gotta' do.

TAMSIN

This isn't... I wouldn't say it's over, okay? We can try again, I'm not going to just move on and find another guy. I need "me" time. I need to find out what I need for myself.

Ash just nods. Tamsin swallows, she grows quiet, and Ash walks out of the room.

CUE --- "EYE IN THE SKY" by ALAN PARSONS PROJECT:

CLOSING MONTAGE:

INT. GWEN'S SUITE -- NIGHT

GWEN opens her front door, finding TAMSIN stood there with a suitcase behind her.

TAMSIN

Do you have room?

Gwen doesn't look too surprised. After all, she saw Tamsin storm away in such a hurry during the memorial service. She gives a smile.

GWEN

Yeah, come in.

INT. ASH'S SUITE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

ASH, with so much on his mind, is having trouble sleeping on his own.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS -- NIGHT

VICTOR pulls up the SUV at a specific spot. An entrance to the FRENCH CATACOMBS.

VICTOR
This the spot?

ANTON climbs out.

ANTON
Yeah.

In an alleyway, Anton flashes a LIGHT --- revealing the VAN Amir and company used as their getaway vehicle. A devious smile crosses his face.

ANTON (CONT'D)
Fucking predictable.

What is he really up to?

INT. KITTY'S SUITE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

KITTY lies in bed, one hand on her belly, the other fumbling with RORY's dogtags as they hang around her neck. She looks serene, at peace.

INT. MANILA'S HOME, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

MANILA lies down in her bed. The door slides open and PJ steps in---

Manila slowly sits up. PJ stumbles toward the bed. He's not crying, but he wants to. We can see it in his face.

PJ
Were... were you sleeping? Is this a bad time?

MANILA
N-- No. You okay?

PJ shakes his head. He stands there, staring into his mother's eyes -- and she gets the hint. She pulls open the covers and PJ falls into the bed next to her. She pulls them over him.

PJ
I just... I don't want to talk about it right now. Can we just lay here? Please?

She understands completely. Manila wraps her arm around him tightly, pulling him in close with a big bear hug. She sees that he's fighting his tears, his jaw is quivering like crazy.

MANILA

You know it's okay for your mom to
see you cry, right?

PJ tries to smile through the pain as a defiant and embarrassed *I'm not crying!*, but he can't...

There's so much going on in his mind, so much he's bottling up that it all just pours out there in Manila's arms.

She kisses his forehead.

MANILA (CONT'D)

I'm so proud of you.

As we fade from this heartbreaking image---

EXT. PARK -- MORNING

The funeral pyre is finished burning. Everything is reduced to ashes. No more smoke, no more flame, no more bodies.

EXT. EST. EDEN BIO-DOME -- MORNING

And now that the smoke is clearing, the DOME begins to return to its place over their heads. Once it finally clamps down in place and "Eye In the Sky" begins to fade...

END EPISODE