

PANDEMIC

MINI-SERIES

Part One: "RIPTIDE"

Written by

Bryce Zabel & Jackie Zabel

FIRST DRAFT
May 10, 2006

WGAw #1099925, #1125981

Larry Levinson Productions
500 S. Sepulveda Blvd., #610
Los Angeles, CA 90049
(310) 440-7834

PART ONE: "RIPTIDE"

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK

"The 1918 influenza pandemic killed more people in twenty-four weeks than AIDS has killed in twenty-four years... more in a year than the Black Death killed in a century. With today's population and global air travel, the disease would spread even faster and claim more lives."

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

As a bulldozer pushes dirt in the background, another piece of heavy equipment continues to dig a wide deep trench.

The men operating the equipment are wearing masks.

Now WE SEE that a small group of workers, all wearing medical masks, in protective gowns and gloves, are off-loading body-bags from a pick-up truck. In teams of two men each, one grabs the feet and the other the head and shoulders, and they throw the bodies into the trench.

Now WE SEE that this is not the only pick-up truck. There's another in line... and another...

Over this, we hear, incongruously:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Brings back memories, huh?

The image drains of color, taking us to:

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - MORNING

Observing from the stands which are mostly empty, except for a few skate mothers and fathers, is CDC epidemiologist DR. KAYLA MARTIN. She's 31, dressed in a warm jacket, a back-pack with her, and typing away on a laptop.

She turns to see her father, HOWARD MARTIN, mid 60s, taking a seat on the bench next to her, setting a cup of coffee down for Kayla.

KAYLA
Oh, hey, Dad. I wasn't actually
thinking about... the girls...

Kayla nods toward the rink itself. Several teenage girls skate, going through routines, working with coaches. A clock on the wall tells us it's 6:24 am.

CONTINUED:

HOWARD

Work?

KAYLA

Yeah. Report's gotta get in by Friday. This one's the worst case scenario, scary stuff.

HOWARD

You don't have to come by if you're too busy.

KAYLA

It's on the way into work. It relaxes me. I feel like the team mascot.

Howard nods, takes a long sip from his coffee, lets his eyes go out over the rink.

HOWARD

You know, Kayla, when you were a little girl and you decided you were going to go to the Olympics, I remember thinking it was just a phase you were going through and wondering how I could get through it without going broke. Now I own a skating rink.

KAYLA

That -- according to you -- is still making you go broke.

HOWARD

Yeah. But since your mom's gone, it's what keeps me happy.

Kayla slinks her arm around her dad's back, gives him a squeeze of support.

EXT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

A 747 Jumbo Jet cruises above the soft clouds of the Pacific.
SUPER: Flight 182, Sydney, Australia to Los Angeles, California.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

From the looks of pilot CAPTAIN NICK SALTER and his co-pilot, it's another routine flight. The co-pilot enjoys his first-class meal and Salter sips coffee as he keys the microphone.

CAPTAIN SALTER

We're five hours into our flight, making good speed.

(MORSE)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN SALTER (cont'd)
 Flight attendants should prepare for
 landing in about, oh, nine hours and
 twenty minutes when we'll touch down
 in Los Angeles.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Every seat is taken, but the Captain's comments bring a few
 smiles and sighs from this sold out flight.

CAPTAIN SALTER (V.O.)
 As for the rest of you, I've just
 turned off the seat belt sign now that
 we're past that bumpy weather. You're
 free to move about the cabin. Just
 remember we're full up so don't be
 surprised if your seat's gone when you
 come back.

One face that with a less-than-genuine smile belongs to
 flight attendant LINDSEY MASTRAPA, trying to maneuver a
 beverage cart down the aisle. One of the passengers, recently
 divorced KATHRYN HADORN, 55, makes eye contact.

HADORN
 Sense of humor. You must enjoy that.

LINDSEY
 First twenty times or so.

Hadorn looks up from her book, nods, getting that Lindsey has
 heard the shtick before.

HADORN
 Gotcha. Had a husband like that.

Hadorn winks knowingly. Lindsey smiles, rolling her cart into
 first class, past an occupied lavatory door. JACK HENDLER,
 high-end real estate agent/developer, stares angrily at the
 door.

THE LAVATORY

Passenger AMES SMITH, 19, studies his face in the mirror.
 He's sweating profusely, seems to be fighting a persistent
 cough and muscle aches, his eyes are tearing and he's shaking
 from chills. He reacts to a POUNDING on the door.

HENDLER (O.S.)
 You okay in there?

OUTSIDE - MAIN CABIN

Ames stumbles out, practically knocking into Hendler.

HENDLER
Hey, easy, buddy.

Hendler observes Smith moving into the main cabin.

HENDLER (cont'd)
That's the first class bathroom, you know.

AMES
I got lost.

As Ames turns, Hendler gets a good look at his face now.

HENDLER
You on somethin'?

AMES
Oh, yeah. Sure. Whatever.

Ames stumbles forward into the main cabin. He puts a hand on flight attendant Mastrapa.

AMES (cont'd)
Can I get... some juice, you think?

Lindsey, frazzled, is trying to serve another passenger.

LINDSEY
As soon as I...

She looks around, sees Ames's dissolute condition, wants to minimize the potential for "incident" with this young man.

LINDSEY (cont'd)
Just get to your seat, sir, and I'll bring you something.

AMES
Cool...

Ames pushes past another passenger to get to his seat in the center of the plane.

AMES (cont'd)
Sorry... sorry...

Ames flops into his seat, clutches a flimsy airline blanket. He turns to Hadorn, making her look up from her book again.

AMES (cont'd)
I'm not gettin' up anymore.

CONTINUED:

Hadorn arches backward, repelled by his sweaty, ill look.

HADORN

Would you like my blanket, too? You don't look well.

Ames tries to answer but starts coughing. Hadorn looks to Lindsey, her eyes asking for help. Lindsey hands an orange juice to Ames.

LINDSEY

Here you go. Maybe this'll help.

Ames takes a sip, but erupts into another cough. As he does:

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

A device we'll use throughout the film where a modified BLACK LIGHT/FLUORESCENT EFFECT highlights the potential of the spread of infection.

As the droplets of infection (fomites) spray from his mouth into the air around him... Surrounding the passengers in the seats in front of him... Being sucked into the air intake system... Re-circulated out of an air vent in the back of the plane... OFF this disease spreading...

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - MORNING

A young girl goes for a jump but loses her footing on the ice, coming down hard. She gets up, skates over to Kayla, who's watching from the railing. Her name is BROOKE FLOREN and she's 13. When she arrives, WE SEE that there are tears in her eyes.

KAYLA

Hey, Brooke, I fell so many times when I was training, I still have bruises.

Kayla reaches out to Brooke's eyes with a tissue, runs it over her face.

BROOKE

It's just my ear. Maybe my balance is off.

KAYLA

Well, Doctor, you mind if I give you a second opinion?

Kayla puts a couple of her fingers to feel Brooke's lymph nodes to see if they're swollen.

BROOKE

It's not like what happened to you.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA
(taken aback)
Really?

BROOKE
I googled you. After all your boring
sick people stuff -- no offense --
anyway, there was this article on like
the twelfth page about how not making
the Olympics team because of pneumonia
made you become a doctor.

Kayla's turn to smile. But it's almost a sad one.

KAYLA
I wasn't as good as you are. Things
worked out okay.

BROOKE
Definitely.

Kayla finishes her inspection of the lymph nodes.

KAYLA
Open up.

Kayla pulls a penlight out of her pocket, peers into Brooke's
mouth with it.

KAYLA (cont'd)
Looks pretty clear. Turn.

Now she takes a medical scope out of her backpack and uses it
to take a look into Brooke's ear.

KAYLA (cont'd)
You're good to go by me.

BROOKE
I told coach maybe I need an easier
routine.

KAYLA
Safe doesn't win, Brooke. You just
keep the faith, okay?

Brooke nods. Kayla looks up at the clock.

KAYLA (cont'd)
Gotta go.
(taking off)
Get a jacket on as soon as you get off
the ice.

CONTINUED: (2)

Brooke nods, skates away, beaming. Kayla turns back, watches a beat, waves at her dad across the rink, then turns and takes off herself.

5B

INT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

5B

As FOMITES CONTINUE TO CIRCULATE forward in the cabin, they take us to the first class section where GIBSON ("GIBBY") SMOLAK, a Blackwater Security agent returning from a tour in Indonesia, is enjoying the free drinks and trying to chat up photographer ARIA BEUTEFELDT, 27, currently flipping through a magazine.

SMOLAK
(finishing drink)
I gotta have another one of those. You want one?

Aria's amused by his eagerness, that of a seeming novice.

ARIA
You fly first-class often?

SMOLAK
Private security contractor. You fly business class or above, stay in a five-star hotel, seven percent chance of coming home in a coffin. If you get on a return flight, there's a lot to celebrate.

Smolak looks Aria over. Always trying to show off.

SMOLAK (cont'd)
You're a professional woman, probably have some bucks, but somebody else's picking up your tab.

ARIA
I'm a photographer, on my way to an LA assignment. My publisher's paying.

SMOLAK
I'm good at reading people. I seen anything of yours?

Aria closes her magazine, shows him the cover.

ARIA
Faces. That's my thing.

MORE FOMITES take us into the main cabin. A handsome Hispanic man, EDWARD VICENTE, 50s, rubs his wrist and, as he does, WE SEE that he has a handcuff around it. The other end is attached to his FBI handler, PETE SAMPSON, 30s, African-American, who looks out his window at the clouds.

CONTINUED: (3)

VICENTE

Got no feeling in my hand.

SAMPSON

Yeah? Maybe you should have worried about that before you started letting your guys sell crystal meth to teenagers.

VICENTE

This is abuse, cabron.

SAMPSON

(not looking)

On behalf of the entire Federal Bureau of Investigation, please accept our sincere apologies.

Sampson keeps looking, Vicente leans back in his seat, trying to massage the skin under his wrist. A beat, suddenly interrupted by a SCREAM. Vicente jerks on his cuff to get a look at where it's coming from in the seat behind them.

The SCREAM continues to come from Hadorn. Ames has thrown up blood-tinged vomit all over her and she's freaking out.

Lindsey sprints down the airplane aisle, getting there as fast as she can, seeing instantly how bad it is.

LINDSEY

Do we have a doctor anywhere?! A doctor?!

A beat, then DR. CHUCK WESTLEY, reluctantly stands near his seat. Lindsey waves him over.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

A black Suburban barrels down the street of a residential neighborhood.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

At the wheel is FBI agent TROY WHITLOCK, 41, a man who -- if he took his wife as seriously as he did his gym work-outs -- would probably still be married. His passenger is his 14-year-old son, GIL, glasses, braces. He's as out-of-shape as Troy is in-shape.

TROY

Don't skip PE today, Gil, okay?

GIL

I don't skip PE.

CONTINUED:

Troy looks over at Gil. Smart kid, good student, skips PE.

TROY

If some kids are giving you a hard time, running from them won't solve it.

GIL

Dad, if you were Mister Problem Solver, your partner wouldn't be in Australia while you're here driving me.

TROY

Transporting prisoners isn't like a vacation, Gil.

GIL

(shrugs)
Whatever. But Pete got picked, not you.
(digging it in)
You wanted to go.

Troy grips the wheel just a little tighter at that question.

TROY

FBI only wanted to pay one ticket.

GIL

Mom said you ticked off your boss and you were lucky to still have a job.

TROY

Your mother said that?

GIL

Not exactly those words.

Gil indicates the side of the street.

TROY

School's two blocks away.

GIL

You wanted me to get more exercise.

TROY

See you tonight.

GIL

Can I order a pizza?

TROY

Just put a vegetable on it, okay?

CONTINUED: (2)

Gil shrugs. Starts to open the door, but pauses.

GIL
Can I see your gun?

TROY
(shocked)
No.

GIL
Why not?

TROY
(counting on fingers)
Because you're a kid, it's a school
day, and third, why the hell are you
even asking?

Gil shrugs, getting out of the car.

GIL
What Mom really said was they think
you pull your gun too fast.

TROY
Well, now you know better. And --

GIL
(cutting him off)
I'll go to PE.

Gil swings the door shut and heads off. Troy watches a moment, then pulls the Suburban out into the street, doing a U-turn so Gil can make his solo approach.

EXT. LAX - MORNING

The comings and goings of the hundreds of planes carrying nearly 150,000 passengers here to Southern California each and every day. Here in LA, the day is just starting. SUPER: Los Angeles International Airport.

INT. LAX - CDC FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Not much to look at, just a cluster of generic cubicles. PICK UP DR. CARL RATNER, 34, sitting in one of them, speaking on the phone and bouncing a ping-pong ball on a paddle. He's good.

RATNER
Well, if we need to, I can have a 'go'
team ready in about four hours. Let us
know.

CONTINUED:

Ratner hangs up, sees Kayla entering, keeps bouncing the ball.

KAYLA

Let me guess: 'All Avian, All the Time.'

RATNER

Seattle's got four cases of run-of-the-mill flu in a kindergarten. The class has a healthy pet chicken. Since the chicken is okay, we can be pretty sure it's not Avian.

KAYLA

Case closed.

RATNER

Unless you want to see the Space Needle.

KAYLA

Tempting. But we gotta get the morbidity revisions out.

Kayla sets up her laptop on the desk.

RAT-BOY

You coming from the ice house?

KAYLA

Yeah. Kids're all nervous, trials coming up...

The phone RINGS. Kayla picks up.

KAYLA (cont'd)

Centers for Disease Control, Los Angeles. This is Doctor Kayla Martin.

Kayla listens a moment, then covers the phone, speaks to Ratner.

KAYLA (cont'd)

Flight 182 incoming. Major symptoms on board. Run it.

Kayla goes back to the phone as Ratner jumps onto his own laptop to pull up the flight details.

INTERCUT: CDC / FLIGHT 182

WE SEE Lindsey Mastrapa, who's at wit's end, talking on the phone at the flight attendant's station.

CONTINUED:

LINDSEY

Captain Salter wanted to be on the safe side because he got that memo about bird flu.

KAYLA

Avian or not, the first thing you want to do is separate the sick passenger from everyone else.

Lindsey looks out over the packed passenger cabin.

LINDSEY

It's a full flight. We've only been able to clear three seats by double-buckling some parents and kids.

(strained)

It's a real mess.

KAYLA

Lindsey, sounds like you're doing the best you can. I want to put you on speaker with my colleague, Doctor Carl Ratner.

Kayla hits the button, motions Ratner to come closer.

KAYLA (cont'd)

Is this passenger laying down?

LINDSEY

We tried, but he only wants to sit up. It's like he's having an asthma attack, except he doesn't have asthma.

RATNER

This is Doctor Ratner. Even in a pressurized cabin, it can feel like nine-thousand feet. What are his other symptoms?

LINDSEY

Fever for sure, says his head's about to explode, he's coughing pretty bad, chills.

RATNER

And when he vomited, you said there was blood in it?

LINDSEY

Lots. It looked more like there was a little vomit in the blood to me.

Kayla and Ratner trade looks. Not good.

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA

Did this man visit anyplace other than Australia? Like maybe New Guinea or Indonesia?

LINDSEY

I don't think so. He's a young guy. He came to Australia to surf.

Kayla considers this a beat, then:

KAYLA

Lindsey, tell the Captain we'll have a CDC response team meet you at LAX. That doctor on board should continue to manage him. Call me back in ten minutes.

LINDSEY

All right. Bye.

Both Lindsey and Kayla hang up. Kayla turns to Ratner.

KAYLA

Okay, round up the local talent. Tell them it's precautionary only. I'll get Atlanta on the line.

The two set to work.

OMITTED

EXT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL - DAY

To ESTABLISH the CDC operations matrix. SUPER: Centers for Disease Control, Atlanta, Georgia.

INT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

62-year-old DR. MAX SORKOSKY, the chief operating office of the CDC, enters the working lab. He stops at a station where brilliant analyst DR. SHAHEEM RAZI works.

RAZI

Doctor Sorkosky. You didn't say you were coming.

Sorkosky speaks like a Donald Rumsfeld know-it-all.

SORKOSKY

I didn't want you to roll out the red carpet, Doctor Razi.

CONTINUED:

English is a second-language to Razi who looks confused. Red carpet?

SORKOSKY (cont'd)
We've got to get you out of this lab more often.
(waves it off)
Tell me how the Avian stain tests are holding up.

Razi indicates an electron microscope.

RAZI
Better I show you.

Sorkosky sticks his eye up to the microscope.

INSERT - MICROSCOPE POV

We're staring at a collection of microscopic bacteria.

RAZI (V.O.) (cont'd)
We are still having problem with the initial version, but recently we switch over to using last year's Malaysia strain. Early results show that up to seventy per cent of the time even small amount of the virus can be detected in infected tissue.

RETURN TO LAB

Sorkosky pulls back from the microscope.

SORKOSKY
How fast can you do this?

RAZI
Less than a day. Maybe even hours.

SORKOSKY
Well, that will certainly come in handy.

RAZI
Yes. If the CDC had these types of tests back in 1976, it would never have gotten things so wrong with Swine Flu.

Sorkosky stares at Razi a moment, a hard look on his face.

CONTINUED: (2)

SORKOSKY

So suggesting that the entire country be immunized was, in your opinion, a terrible mistake?

RAZI

Yes, of course. Thirty-two people died from vaccine reaction but only one from flu itself.

A VOICE is heard across the lab.

SPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)

Doctor Sorkosky, line two, Los Angeles.

Sorkosky nods, lowers the boom on Razi.

SORKOSKY

I was part of the team that made the recommendation to President Ford.

Razi looks apoplectic. Sorkosky enjoys this.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

It's alright, Doctor Razi. How would you know?

Sorkosky picks up a nearby phone.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Sorkosky.
(beat)
I don't like it. Sounds like shock lung. You agree?

INTERCUT: CDC LAX OFFICE / CDC ATLANTA LAB

Pick up Kayla, who's got the phone cradled to her neck, simultaneously banging away on her keyboard.

KAYLA

Could be. Uh-huh.

SORKOSKY

Dr. Martin, I hear you typing.

KAYLA

(stopping)
No, sir. I'm not typing.

She looks over at Ratner who's watching her and mouths the word: "Anymore."

CONTINUED:

SORKOSKY

I can wait.

KAYLA

Sorry. I'm all yours.

SORKOSKY

Meet that plane. Alert the
Australians. We'll get Los Alamos
working on scenarios. I'll be in LA in
five hours.

KAYLA

(surprised)

I'm not sure the situation warrants
your coming.

SORKOSKY

Doctor Martin, should you and Doctor
Ratner decide to save the world,
you'll need a reality check. Put
everything in e-mails. My BlackBerry
will download it as soon as I land.

Sorkosky hangs up. Turns to Razi.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Hope you have a bag packed. Looks like
we're getting you out of the lab right
now.

Kayla slowly hangs up on her end. Ratner shrugs.

RATNER

No worries. Old Man just wants to keep
the kids out of trouble.

Kayla nods back, goes back to her keyboard.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

Ames, the sick passenger, breaks into another hacking fit,
coughing up more blood which freaks out the other passengers.
Westley attends to Ames with Lindsey, handing him cold
washcloths.

WESTLEY

Just so you understand legally, I'm an
orthopedist, not an expert on
infectious disease.

LINDSEY

We're just glad to have your help.

CONTINUED:

WESTLEY

I still want that point clearly stated
in the Captain's report.

LINDSEY

(nods, re: Ames)
What do you think?

WESTLEY

About the only thing I know is that
this young man does not have any
broken bones.

Ames starts to cough again. Westley continues:

WESTLEY (cont'd)

Try to ease up, Ames. You can crack a
rib coughing so hard. I've see it
happen.

(to Lindsey)

You sure your kit only has aspirin? I
can't even give that to someone who's
bleeding. Anything stronger?

LINDSEY

Should I ask passengers?

Ames, so sick he can barely see, flails his hand out,
completely delirious with fever and pain.

AMES

Somebody... I'm... goin' under...

Westley stands back, pushes Lindsey forward.

WESTLEY

Really out of my field now.

Lindsey is hesitant to touch Ames but, out of sheer humanity,
reaches out and gently takes his hand anyway.

LINDSEY

You'll be feeling better soon. We've
got doctors meeting the plane.

AMES

Just... tell my parents... sorry.
Promise?

LINDSEY

You'll tell them yourself when we get
to LA. Right now, you just hang in
there with us, okay?

AMES

You surf?

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDSEY
(taken aback)
No. Well, I've used a boogie board.

AMES
In a riptide... you don't fight it...
you let the wave take you... where it
wants to go...

Suddenly, Ames goes into convulsions.

LINDSEY
Doctor, do something! My God!

It's madness on the plane. People are horrified and scared.
There are SCREAMS.

Then Ames stops his movement and... the struggle ends... he's gone.

After feeling for a pulse, Westley pulls a flimsy airline
blanket over his head.

The news spreads up and down the plane like a wildfire.

FLIGHT 182 - BATHROOM - DAY

Lindsey washes her hands long and hard. Then she starts to
wash her face. She looks up into the mirror. She's scared out
of her mind. She starts the whole process over again.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - COCKPIT - DAY

Captain Salter turns to his co-pilot.

CAPTAIN SALTER
You have the plane. I'm calling
company freq.

The co-pilot nods, does what he needs to do to take control.
Salter keys his radio.

CAPTAIN SALTER (cont'd)
This is Flight 182, Sydney to Los
Angeles. Air Pacific Operations,
Flight 182, over.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
182, Operations, go ahead.

CAPTAIN SALTER
We need to report a death on board.

CONTINUED:

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Are you reporting a terrorism
incident, 182?

CAPTAIN SALTER
Negative. We had a very sick 19-year-
old die just now.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Do you suspect a possible biological
agent?

CAPTAIN SALTER
All I know is that I got a plane load
of passengers who wish they weren't
breathing the same air. We've been in
contact with CDC.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Roger that. We'll pass that along to
Air Traffic Control and request
emergency medical priority. Based on
protocol, we'll request landing on
runway two five right, but be advised
you may have to taxi to a quarantine
area rather than the gate.

The co-pilot looks over at Salter. Definitely not the usual.

INT. LAX - SECURITY CHECK-POINT - DAY

Troy shows his FBI identification to a security screener. A
weary traveler waiting in line gives him a dirty look. Troy
flashes the ID to him as well.

TROY
All-Access pass.

The screener waves Troy through.

INT. LAX - ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

Kayla and Ratner walk-and-talk through the comings and goings
of a busy day at the airport.

KAYLA
Let's set Razi up at County lab ASAP.

RATNER
Got it. But what are we doing with
this plane?

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Let's think this out. If we over-react...

RATNER

If you over-react. You're the big rectangle at the top of the Power Point.

KAYLA

You can be really irritating.

RATNER

Whatever. Doing too much could kill a career.

Kayla stops in front of an arrival gate.

KAYLA

Here's where I'm meeting the airport manager.

Ratner points in down the hallway.

RATNER

If I'm gonna run our check-list, I gotta boost. Thataway.

KAYLA

Wait. What happens if I under-react? In your opinion...

RATNER

Well, if it turns out to be major, under-reacting can be a career wipe-out, too.

KAYLA

(sarcastic)

Thank God I have you for comfort and support.

RATNER

Look, just do the right thing. There's always the ice capades.

Ratner takes off, leaving Kayla having to smile in spite of the seriousness.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

We hear the familiar WHINE OF ENGINES for an aircraft in descent. As THE CAMERA MOVES about the cabin, WE SEE tense faces and white knuckles grabbing arm rests and each other.

CONTINUED:

In the center of the aircraft, three seats are taken up by the body of Ames Smith. Rather than move him and frighten passengers more, they have piled nearly a dozen blankets on top of the body and strapped seat-belts around it.

Around Ames's body, there are two seats on either side and rows of three in front and behind it. They are all filled with passengers. To re-cap: Sampson and Vicente; Hadorn; Westley; Lindsey, etc.

Over this descent, we hear Captain Salter:

CAPTAIN SALTER (V.O.)

We've begun our descent into Los Angeles. I know this flight hasn't been a pleasant one. I want to prepare you for what lies ahead. We have been in touch with the Centers of Disease Control. They will meet us. Your safety is the concern of this airline. I will let you know what I know when I know it.

(crisp)

Flight attendants, prepare for landing.

After this downbeat preparation, several passengers sneak a look in the direction of Ames's covered body.

INT. LAX - ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

Kayla stands, lost in thought, in the middle of the crowded concourse of passengers coming and going, flight attendants, pilots, janitors. Monitors and announcements. Full activity.

KAYLA'S POV - THE CONCOURSE

Then slowly the PEOPLE BEGIN TO FADE AWAY... dissolving out of the scene one-by-one... then the SOUND BEGINS TO REVERB, THEN FADE AWAY...

Now Kayla stands in the middle of an empty concourse. There's nobody there, no sound, no live monitors. It's quiet and empty.

As we linger in Kayla's inner fears, a mental projection of a future no one wants, WE HEAR:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Doctor Martin?

CONTINUED:

RETURN TO NORMAL

Suddenly, the entire concourse is alive again, full of people and activity. And the man's voice belongs to CHRIS FENTRESS, wearing a badge designating him as LAX "Facilities Manager."

FENTRESS
Chris Fentress, LAX.

He sticks out his hand, but Kayla doesn't take it.

KAYLA
You're gonna want to break that habit.

Fentress withdraws his hand, almost hurt.

KAYLA (cont'd)
What's our flight status?

FENTRESS
On time. But I've put the 'delayed' designation on the system to buy you an hour or so before people meeting the plane get rowdy.

KAYLA
Thanks. Now what I'm about to say is confidential, okay?

FENTRESS
Of course.

KAYLA
We need to lock down that plane.

FENTRESS
That's quite a step.

During this, Troy Whitlock has arrived and, in the background, WE SEE him getting the runaround from a gate attendant who points at Fentress and Kayla. Troy approaches them, points at the monitor board flashing "Delayed." He flips open his ID:

TROY
Agent Whitlock, FBI. What's the delay?

Fentress looks over at Kayla. She sighs:

KAYLA
What I just told you obviously doesn't apply to the FBI. Round your people up, and call me.

Fentress nods, takes off. Kayla turns to Troy.

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA (cont'd)
What's the agency's interest?

TROY
For starters, finding out why they
call doctors to decide if a plane can
land.
(indicates gate attendant)
She talked.

KAYLA
Impressive.
(off his shrug)
We've had a suspicious death on board.
We need to hold everyone until we
figure out what's going on.

TROY
Uh-uh. I have a federal prisoner to
pick up from that plane.

KAYLA
No exceptions. We can keep you
informed.

TROY
Better still, you put me on the guest
list for meetings you got planned.
Here's my number.

Troy hands her his business card. She looks at it a beat,
then nods her agreement.

KAYLA
Sure. We could use your advice on
security issues anyway. Twenty
minutes. Runway two-five-right.

Kayla takes off, leaving Troy to his own thoughts. He flips
his phone out and hits a speed dial.

TROY
Kelly, it's me. Something's come up.
I'm going to need you to take Gil.

Troy listens and it's clear he's getting an earful.

TROY (cont'd)
You think I don't know how you feel by
now? This thing -- which I can't talk
about -- it's not up to me...

Troy continues his conversation, one eye on the board.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - DAY

A couple of police cruisers have diverted traffic from this intersection. L.A. Mayor RICARDO SANCHEZ speaks to reporters and selected city workers brought out for the occasion.

SANCHEZ

Last year, I ran for Mayor promising to make this city work better in ways large and small. Today, I want to tell you how we're doing.

A city street crew stands poised at the subject of everyone's attention: a single, unfilled pothole. News photographer JAKE LARAMIE, long, stringy hair, earring and hard-body, turns to his reporter, local TV flavor-of-the-month, MELISSA LUI who juggles the tools of her own trade: coffee, cell-phone, pen, notepad.

LARAMIE

Total cluster-op.

MELISSA

(shrugs; pragmatic)

It's a minute-fifteen package in segment one if it's a slow day.

Sanchez gestures toward the pothole.

SANCHEZ

You see this pothole here? Ugly. Hard on vehicles. We are about to fill our one-hundred-thousandth pothole since taking office.

The small crowd APPLAUDS. Melissa rolls her eyes at Laramie.

MELISSA

Suck-ups.

While videotaping, Laramie holds up a finger to Melissa to shush her, pointing to his camera-mounted microphone.

SANCHEZ

Now with the help of one of our city works supervisors, Jose Ruiz, we'll fill this in and then I'll be happy to take your questions.

Sanchez steps forward and takes a shovel handed him by JOSE RUIZ, wearing a city works uniform. With Ruiz assisting, the Mayor starts filling in the key pothole with fresh asphalt.

CONTINUED:

As they do, Chief-of-Staff KENNETH FRIEDLANDER, his balding head shaved down to stubble with a neatly trimmed goatee, takes a call, holding a BlackBerry, speaking into his Bluetooth headset.

A little girl nearby, Ruiz's daughter BELINDA, makes a tiny hand wave in Ruiz's direction and he winks back at her. His wife, ANGELA, beams at his moment in the sun. Sanchez turns to Ruiz, whispers:

SANCHEZ (cont'd)
What's your daughter's name?

RUIZ
Belinda.

Sanchez speaks directly to Belinda.

SANCHEZ
Belinda, why don't you come on up and help your daddy finish this important job?

Sanchez welcomes Belinda up, hands the shovel back to Ruiz, walks off toward Friedlander.

SANCHEZ (cont'd)
That little girl's going to remember today all her life.

Friedlander breaks off his call.

FRIEDLANDER
Something's come up.

Friedlander leans in and whispers into Sanchez's ear. As Melissa observes, Sanchez and Friedlander trade some hush-hush back-and-forth. Sanchez steps forward, pulling a man out of the audience to the front.

SANCHEZ
I have some business I need to attend to, but I'm sure our Public Works Manager John Ray can answer any questions you have about our War on Potholes.

Sanchez turns and heads toward his town car. Friedlander follows. Melissa turns to Laramie.

MELISSA
We're out of here, too.

LARAMIE
Just a few more shots.

CONTINUED: (2)

MELISSA

Now.

(off his reaction)

Follow that mayor.

As Sanchez's town car pulls away, Melissa and Laramie head for their own "News 6" van.

OMITTED

INT. LAX - OUTSIDE BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Waiting friends and relatives -- including MAUREEN SMITH. She holds some helium balloons and stands next to a limo driver holding a sign that says, "Welcome Home, Ames Smith!" A beat, then her husband, BRENT SMITH, approaches.

BRENT

Complete incompetence. They can't tell me the reason for the delay and they can't give me an estimate for when Ames will be here.

MELISSA

Well, the plane can't keep flying forever.

Brent looks at the balloons and the sign.

BRENT

Maureen, I still think this is a bit much.

MAUREEN

That's the idea. He thinks we hate him. Parents who hate their sons don't show up with balloons.

BRENT

True.

MAUREEN

Honey, no matter what he says or what he looks like, don't say anything. Let's just accept him the way he is.

(voice breaking)

I don't want to chase him away again.

Brent takes the balloons from Maureen's hands and gives them to the limo driver. He steers her away.

BRENT

I know things got a little rough, but I want him back, just like you do.

CONTINUED:

MAUREEN

He's a good kid. He's always had a good heart.

BRENT

And he's always late. Some things never change.

Brent pulls Maureen a little closer to him, and they share a smile.

EXT. APPROACH TO LAX - DAY

The "News 6" van is parked at an overpass. Laramie has his camera up on a tripod and he's scanning the airport tarmac in front of them. Melissa is on her cell phone.

MELISSA

We followed him out here to LAX. He drove out on the tarmac!

(frustrated)

Of course it means something. How often does the Mayor do that?

Laramie looks up from his camera's eyepiece.

LARAMIE

I got a visual on him.

Melissa nods, turns back to her phone.

MELISSA

Listen, Singer, all I'm saying is be ready to dump something just in case.

She flips her phone shut, moves over to Laramie.

MELISSA (cont'd)

Man still produces like he's in Boise.
(re: Sanchez)
Anything?

LARAMIE

Sanchez is down there with a bunch of people.

MELISSA

What're they talking about?

LARAMIE

Let me see. No, still can't read lips.

Melissa puts her eye to the camera eyepiece to look.

CONTINUED:

MELISSA

Maybe we got a chance for a Pottery Barn here.

She pulls back, starting to feel more confident.

MELISSA (cont'd)

We break it, we own it.

Laramie puts his eye back to the camera.

EXT. LAX - TARMAC - DAY

The jet aircraft carrying Flight 182 sits parked on the tarmac. Standing outside the terminal in a huddle are Kayla, Ratner, Troy and Fentress. Kayla flips her phone shut.

KAYLA

Our bio-team's held up at security.
Can you --

FENTRESS

They're cleared. I have someone taking them through now.

Ratner looks over, sees Sanchez and Friedlander approaching.

RATNER

Mayor at two o'clock. No TV smile.

Sanchez joins them, nods to Friedlander to get it started.

FRIEDLANDER

Who's Doctor Martin?

KAYLA

That's me.

FRIEDLANDER

Let's get lines of authority straightened out right now. LAX is city property. Mayor Sanchez is the elected leader of Los Angeles.

KAYLA

Understood. However, technically, the CDC --

SANCHEZ

(exploding)

Don't give me technicalities! I have to hear that you demanded LAPD deployment from my Chief of Police. From now on, you go through my office.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Going through channels just isn't our first priority.

TROY

And your turf war isn't mine.

FRIEDLANDER

Who are you?

TROY

FBI. We've got a prisoner on that plane -- a bad, bad mother of a drug dealer -- and the U.S. government has sent me here to take him into custody.

Hard glances are exchanged. Ratner wades right in.

RATNER

Okay, guys, I know I'm only a doctor so I don't have the city seal or a gun to wave, but does anybody want to know what we think is going on inside that plane?

It's a good question. Another beat.

SANCHEZ

Of course we do.

KAYLA

A 19-year-old who was in good enough health to surf big waves a couple days ago just died a pretty horrible death on board. And it sounds contagious.

FRIEDLANDER

What is it? Bird flu? What?

KAYLA

Can't rule it out. That's why we need to quarantine those passengers until we can.

SANCHEZ

Quarantine?!

TROY

(to Kayla)

Now you've done it. Used the 'Q' word.

FRIEDLANDER

Quarantine is an inappropriate response to the facts.

CONTINUED: (2)

RATNER

Is that your medical opinion?

SANCHEZ

You saw what happened to Toronto when SARS hit. A quarantine could destroy LA's economy.

KAYLA

We're only talking about passengers, not the whole city, or even the airport.

FRIEDLANDER

In Toronto, they only quarantined a few hospitals, and it still brought the city to its knees.

TROY

I just want my prisoner. We got the best quarantine for him -- solitary confinement.

SANCHEZ

Let's think out loud here...

As the debate continues, LAPD cruisers and officers can be seen creating a security perimeter outside the aircraft.

OMITTED

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

Some people remain seated, but more are standing, making the entire aircraft seem much more chaotic. The area around the body of Ames Smith has been emptied with nearby passengers pushing to get away from the possible infection. Among them, PICK UP FBI agent Sampson, pulling Vicente after him by the handcuffs. Vicente laughs.

SAMPSON

What's funny, Vicente?

VICENTE

You. Can't wait to hand me over but you're stuck.

Sampson pulls him up short, gets close.

SAMPSON

Listen, scuz. I want you healthy enough to get the death penalty. And I want me healthy enough to witness your execution.

CONTINUED:

PICK UP Lindsey, surrounded by agitated people demanding answers.

LINDSEY

We're expecting CDC to send someone in to talk to us any minute. That's why we need everyone seated.

PICK UP Smolak who closes his flip phone in frustration, turns to Aria, who's pulling a high-end digital camera out of her carry-on bag.

SMOLAK

My cell still doesn't work.

Aria starts snapping pictures, seen as a SERIES OF FREEZE FRAMES of anxious faces.

ARIA

Maybe there's no service on this runway.

SMOLAK

That's right. People can get calls in the middle of Borneo but not at LAX. Whatever's happening here, they don't want anybody to know.

ARIA

'They'?

SMOLAK

The Man. The Puppetmasters.

ARIA

Could you please find someone else to talk to?

Aria turns back to her work, leaving Smolak nonplussed. Suddenly, a MURMUR OF CONCERN as people rush to the windows.

25A

EXT. LAX - PASSENGER'S POV - TARMAC

25A

Kayla and Ratner, each wearing blue "Level Four" variety BIO-SUITS are moving toward a stairway that's been run up to the jet aircraft's main door, instead of the usual accordion.

Ratner carries a duffel sized case. Kayla carries something smaller.

OMITTED

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

As the door unlocks, the two blue bio-suits -- Kayla and Ratner -- enter.

One woman starts to pass out from fear. Smolak watches her be supported into a seat by another passenger, says to no one in particular:

SMOLAK

You know those WMDs they couldn't find? Guess where they ended up?

Kayla and Ratner approach Captain Salter, recognizable by his uniform.

KAYLA

Captain? We'd like to speak to your passengers.

Salter gestures for her to go ahead. Kayla's voice is broadcast through the MODIFIED BOOM-BOX style speaker she carries.

KAYLA (cont'd)

I'm Doctor Kayla Martin, this is Doctor Carl Ratner. We're from the Centers for Disease Control. We are wearing these bio-suits only because it is protocol to minimize the risk of exposing any member of our investigation team to any disease-causing germs, not because you necessarily are in great danger.

Kayla nods to Ratner who keys the mike on his own suit and his voice transmitted through Kayla's speaker.

RATNER

The first thing we're going to do is inspect, remove, and then test the body of the young man who died on your flight. Buses are coming to take you to a safe place while we wait for results.

From the back of the plane, someone yells, "Where's that?"

KAYLA

It's a hospital in North Hollywood. Kindred Spirits.

Hendler steps forward belligerently.

CONTINUED:

HENDLER

The hell with that! I've got a major business deal closing.

That elicits CRIES OF SUPPORT from various parts of the plane.

KAYLA

All your family and friends will be notified, of course. But until --

SMOLAK

Why don't you un-jam our phones so we can tell them ourselves?

RATNER

If you let us do our jobs right, everybody has the best chance of being okay.

People begin to shout out other questions, all talking over each other. Captain Salter shouts.

CAPTAIN SALTER

Folks! The airline and the government have given CDC the authority to do whatever it thinks is reasonable to protect us. Sooner they do their jobs, sooner we all get released.

People move aside, allowing Kayla and Ratner to pass through them. They get to Ames's body. Kayla starts to pull the blankets back, and Ratner unloads a heavy-duty body bag from the suitcase he brought with him.

KAYLA

We should hurry.

Ratner glances back into a sea of anxious faces.

RATNER

You think? I bet they're totally chillin' now.

They pull back the final blanket and get a look at Ames Smith's face.

RATNER (cont'd)

This kid managed to walk onto this plane.

KAYLA

Whatever did this, it's fast.

Kayla and Ratner look at each other face mask to face mask, then set about their grim task.

OMITTED**INT. LAX - BUSINESS LOUNGE - DAY**

Sanchez and Friedlander have commandeered a section of the lounge for their own purposes. Sanchez works on a yellow legal pad while Friedlander finishes up a phone call.

FRIEDLANDER

Melissa, all I can tell you is that the Mayor is busy getting exactly the information you want and as soon as he gets it, we'll call you direct. Give me your number.

(beat)

Okay. We'll get back to you.

Friedlander hangs up the phone.

FRIEDLANDER (cont'd)

It's that Channel Six reporter again. Melissa Lui. She's relentless.

SANCHEZ

I don't like ducking her.

FRIEDLANDER

The CDC hasn't said anything yet. You don't want to be out front on this.

SANCHEZ

But retreating's no good for a politician either. We ran on a promise of transparency in government. Not giving that back.

FRIEDLANDER

I understand.

SANCHEZ

Wish we'd worried more about preparedness than potholes.

FRIEDLANDER

People rated it their number one gripe in our survey.

SANCHEZ

Those same people start getting sick, Ken, that won't last long.

(beat)

Let's work on my statement.

Friedlander nods, firing up his laptop.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

MOVING THROUGH the passengers, seeing a mixture of reactions. Some sit sullenly in their seats, others mingle and talk loudly in the aisles as if they're at a crowded cocktail party.

As Kayla exits the aircraft, Ratner -- in full bio-suit -- stands at the exit to the aircraft (which is between first class and the main cabin), carrying the portable speaker. Standing next to him -- also in a bio-suit -- is another CDC worker, RICK FOXHOVEN.

RATNER

If I can have your attention, we're ready to get you off this airplane.

People are still talking. Ratner turns up the volume.

RATNER (cont'd)

I said, we're ready to get you off this airplane.

Applause. Ratner has the floor.

RATNER (cont'd)

We're going to disembark you by seat assignments. Two reasons. It helps us keep track of who's who. And we want to know where you were seated in relation to the young man who passed away. He's called our 'index case.' And your proximity may eventually have something to do with what treatment, if any, will be recommended. We'll be starting with rows nine through twenty.

In first class, Hendler nods to Aria.

HENDLER

I always knew first class was the way to go. Now I'm sure. They're taking the people at most risk first.

ARIA

You don't think whatever's in the air went everywhere?

HENDLER

Airlines have been upgrading the air filtration systems on all their jets but it's not a perfect system.

CONTINUED:

SMOLAK

I say they want to study who dies faster so they can build a better bio-weapon.

ARIA

Nobody would test something like that on a commercial flight.

SMOLAK

Probably not the first choice, no.

Aria shakes her head, moves to the aisle on the other side of the aircraft, trying to get away from this guy. Smolak doesn't seem phased, turns his attention back to Hendler.

SMOLAK

You know, they tested LSD on GIs in the fifties.

Hendler looks at Smolak with a "life's too short" expression. He moves up to the first class bathroom area and lets himself in to one of them.

Nearby, Ratner and Foxhoven from CDC continue to process people.

RATNER

Can I have your name and seat assignment?

It's Sampson and Vicente.

SAMPSON

Pete Sampson. 22A.

RATNER

(to Vicente)

And you, sir?

Sampson pulls Vicente's arm up by the handcuff.

SAMPSON

He's with me.

FOXHOVEN

(looking at chart)

22B. Eduardo Vicente.

Ratner gestures to the door.

RATNER

Watch your step.

Sampson and Vicente move to the door, as Ratner turns his attention to the next in line.

OMITTED**EXT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY**

An eerie sight as PASSENGERS are led down the stairs to a trio of grimly painted school buses -- converted to prisoner transport, complete with bars on the windows -- waiting for them.

They're being escorted and handled by more CDC WORKERS in bio-containment suits.

An outside security perimeter of LAPD OFFICERS keep watch from a distance far enough away that the officers don't need protection themselves.

Among those waiting outside -- both in bio-suits -- are Troy and Kayla. Troy holds out his blue, gloved hands in front of his face.

TROY

We're probably scaring the crap out of these people.

KAYLA

We designed the suits to look less threatening. That's why we have the big face visors.

TROY

I'm talking about the prison transport buses.

KAYLA

We got them from the county on short notice. We thought they were...

TROY

What? Used buses from the last Stones tour?

(looking up)

I see my package.

Troy starts off, but Kayla grabs his arm.

KAYLA

You can talk but you can't take. That's the deal.

TROY

(gestures to face plate)

I'm nodding. Can you see me nodding?

Kayla nods back, lets him go. Troy approaches Sampson and Vicente as they clear the bottom of the stairs.

CONTINUED:

SAMPSON
Jesus, Troy...

TROY
I got bad news.

SAMPSON
Don't come dressed like that and tell
me you got bad news.

TROY
CDC's got as many regulations as we
do. Federal agency, you know?
(re: Vicente)
The bad news is they won't let me take
him off your hands.

VICENTE
Your lucky day, Sampson.

SAMPSON
(to Vicente)
Shut up.

Sampson maneuvers so he can face Troy and keep Vicente tucked
behind him.

SAMPSON (cont'd)
What do you know? For real?

TROY
If it's flu, they got stuff you can
take if you need to. That's all.

Kayla gives Troy the "wrap" sign from a distance and Sampson
catches it.

SAMPSON
Who's the woman?

TROY
CDC. Workaholic type.

SAMPSON
Seen her without the suit?

TROY
That's classified.

Vicente glares at Troy as Sampson starts to pull on him.

TROY (cont'd)
Don't worry about catching anything,
Vicente. The injection you're gonna
get, that'll nail it.

CONTINUED: (2)

Vicente spits a big one onto the visor of Troy's face-plate. As the spit slides down, Troy holds himself back from reacting, saying only.

TROY (cont'd)
I'm gonna remember you.

Sampson drags Vicente off.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

The wait without news appears to be wearing on the families and friends of the passengers. Some slump lethargically, trying to ignore it while others like Brent Smith pace around the flight board which still says "delayed." Even Maureen have taken a seat, the balloons tied to a luggage cart now and the limo driver leaning against a wall nearby. Fentress, the LAX official, arrives, moves in front of an empty baggage carousel.

FENTRESS
Excuse me.

Everyone snaps to life. Fentress clears his throat.

FENTRESS (cont'd)
Flight 182 from Australia is now
safely on the ground.

That gets APPLAUSE from the crowd, and only increases Fentress's discomfort.

FENTRESS (cont'd)
At this time, I can confirm that an
'incident' has occurred that prevents
us from having the passengers contact
you yet. Meanwhile, we have entry
passes for the airline lounge. It's
nearby and has coffee, sandwiches and
TVs. But those of you who want to take
off, please leave contact information
so we can call as soon as we're able
to.

Fentress indicates two other people in airline uniforms.

FENTRESS (cont'd)
We have staff here to assist you in
any way they can.

Fentress closes his eyes, inhales, knowing the next part is even harder.

CONTINUED:

FENTRESS (cont'd)
 One more thing. I'm looking for --
 (looking at clipboard)
 -- Brent and Maureen Smith.

Maureen grabs Brent's arm.

MAUREEN
 Oh, God. Ames.

Brent grabs her hand, calls out.

BRENT
 That's us.

FENTRESS
 Please come with me...

Fentress begins to lead the Smiths away as the crowd murmurs its suspicions and fears. The airline reps step forward.

EXT. ABOVE LAX - VIEW OF TARMAC - DAY

Laramie fiddles with his videocamera, fine-tuning the frame of his shot. Melissa looks into a monitor on the ground in front of her, pushes her earpiece into place. We hear a PRODUCER'S VOICE in the earpiece.

PRODUCER (V.O.)
 Okay, Melissa, we're thirty seconds.
 Just say nobody's returning calls. If
 we get anybody, I'll let you know.

MELISSA
 Got it. What about the people meeting
 the flight?

PRODUCER (V.O.)
 Not yet. Dan's down at baggage claim.
 Be ready to throw to him or back to
 us.

Melissa nods, looks out at camera, speaks to Laramie.

MELISSA
 When I got hired out of Minneapolis, I
 thought I was done being cold.

LARAMIE
 Uh-uh. Living in LA just means you
 never have a jacket with you.

PRODUCER (V.O.)
 Here we go...

CONTINUED:

The earpiece goes silent. Melissa takes a clearing breath, sneaks a last look at her notes, then faces the camera directly. A final piece of audio from the EARPIECE.

ANCHOR'S VOICE (V.O.)

-- Melissa Lui, standing by at LAX.
Melissa?

The red light on Laramie's camera LIGHTS UP. Melissa is "on."

MELISSA

Ziona, I'm at a vantage point on the north side of LAX where, a little over an hour ago, we began seeing individuals in bio-containment suits. They've been entering and exiting the aircraft below.

WE SEE (either on the monitor or from the location) images from the previous scene where passengers are being processed from the aircraft to the waiting buses.

MELISSA (cont'd)

Those blue suits usually indicate a 'Level Four' threat which applies to bio-terrorism or an infection situation. We've also got an ID on the plane. You're looking at Air Pacific's Flight 182, a Sydney to Los Angeles non-stop. That model, when full, carries over three-hundred passengers and crew. We've received no official confirmation of what's happened. In fact, quite the opposite. While I was covering Mayor Sanchez this afternoon, he took off abruptly for the airport. He's not taking our calls either.

Melissa's report continues.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

Ratner and Foxhoven send the last few passengers down the stairway.

RATNER

All right, I'm starting at ground zero with the victim. Foxhoven, check all the bathrooms, make sure we're clear, then join me. Rest of you guys, let's get that food and garbage off and incinerated ASAP after we get the samples we need from them.

INSIDE THE LAVATORY

Hendler hears Ratner's instructions. He quietly slips the "occupied" sign open to "vacant."

BACK TO SCENE

Foxhoven moves to the common area separating first class from economy class. He eyeballs all of the bathroom signs.

FOXHOVEN

All vacant up here.

(taking off)

I'll check the others.

Foxhoven moves down the aisle of the plane, eerily populated now by only a handful of others, all wearing bio-safety suits.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

City worker Jose Ruiz, last seen filling in the pothole, carries a carton of milk and a loaf of bread toward the cash register. He obviously came in for these two items, doesn't have a basket much less a cart, and as he continues he grabs more items until he's juggling an armful.

He moves to the cash register and places them before DERRICK, an African-American teenager, who's running the single open register in a row of six or seven.

The TV that normally plays advertisements at point-of-purchase is instead tuned to the news where WE SEE Melissa Lui's reporting from LAX. Ruiz checks out the grainy video of the bio-suits and the passengers being off-loaded.

MELISSA (T.V.)

LA County Health claims they haven't been notified about anything. We're still checking. Now even though those are LAPD officers on the security perimeter, LAPD isn't talking yet.

DERRICK

That's messed up, man.

Derrick starts to pick up the bread to check the price and Ruiz holds up a finger to slow him down.

RUIZ

I need a couple other things.

Ruiz goes on a quick search-and-rescue operation around the immediate vicinity.

CONTINUED:

Starts to gather batteries, duct tape, water, cough drops, aspirin, you name it. He keeps dumping the booty on the counter and Derrick keeps ringing it all up.

RUIZ (cont'd)

I'm National Guard. 'Case I get called up for anything, want to make sure my family has what they need.

Derrick nods, points to a nearby plastic container of jerky.

DERRICK

It's already been nuked. Stuff'll last forever.

RUIZ

I'll take the whole thing.

Derrick nods again, starts counting the jerky as the TV keeps flashing those macabre images.

INT. LAX - CDC FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Kayla sits behind her desk. Brent and Maureen Smith are seated in a couple of shabby chairs across from her.

BRENT

We know what CDC stands for. So just tell us what's happened to our son. How sick is he?

MAUREEN

(softly)

I want to see him now.

Kayla takes a moment to gather her own thoughts.

KAYLA

That won't be possible.

BRENT

You have no right to keep him, whatever the problem is. We have the money to give him whatever medical care he might need.

Kayla looks away. She's rarely had to do this, never so unexpectedly, and it's never ever easy.

KAYLA

Your son is dead, Mister Smith. He passed away on the flight.

Maureen literally gasps, choking for air. Kayla speaks straight to her now.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (cont'd)
I'm terribly sorry.

Even Brent has the anger taken from him now. He withers visibly, sinking back in his chair.

BRENT
How can that be? He's young, strong.

KAYLA
We only know that he seemed to be suffering from extreme respiratory distress. We're talking to people on his flight. I know how difficult this is, but can you tell us anything about his trip?

MAUREEN
No.

KAYLA
That's understandable, of course, but we're also concerned now for the other passengers.

BRENT
She doesn't mean we won't, she means we can't. We were... estranged... we hadn't spoken in nearly a year. He was coming home.
(cracking)
We were going to try for a fresh start.

KAYLA
You knew he was in Australia, though?

BRENT
We received an e-mail from an internet cafe about three days ago with flight information.

Kayla takes this in, realizes there's nothing more they can offer her.

KAYLA
The airport has grief counselors. Mister Fentress can take you to see them now.

MAUREEN
I don't want to talk to anyone.

KAYLA
Of course, it's your decision.

CONTINUED: (2)

MAUREEN

I want to see my boy.

Kayla's heart is breaking, too. Her voice is barely audible.

KAYLA

I can't let you do that. If I let you see his body, you could be exposed to whatever disease he had. It's caused at least one fatality, so you would have to be quarantined like the rest of the passengers.

BRENT

(to Maureen)

Honey, let's just go.

MAUREEN

(pulling away)

No! I'm going to say goodbye to Ames.

Kayla looks across the desk. Brent seems ready to flee, but Maureen looks like she's going nowhere until she gets what she wants.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

Ratner, Foxhoven and the rest of the CDC team -- all in bio-suits -- move purposefully about the aircraft, taking samples using test kits which consist of test tubes with pre-loaded liquid and paper-wrapped Q-tip swabs.

RATNER

All right, folks. In its wisdom, CDC has provided us with a whopping ten test-kits which means we have to prioritize. I want half of them for Ground Zero, where our victim sat. Other thoughts?

FOXHOVEN

Filter in the air system. This is an older model. Not sure about the zone situation.

RATNER

So let's swab it, and let's bag it, too.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

Infection residuals are all over the aircraft, concentrated in the areas where Ames Smith died.

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Ratner crouches near the seat that Ames Smith occupied.

RATNER (cont'd)
Our victim gave it up right here.

Ratner lets down the tray table, breaks a Q-tip out and swabs it. He then places the Q-tip inside the test tube and replaces the top. He hands it to Foxhoven.

RATNER (cont'd)
Here.

Foxhoven starts to mark the tube.

RATNER (cont'd)
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
(beat)
That's not an indelible marker. You put that in our ice chest and by the time the lab gets it, they won't be able to read the label.

Ratner hands Foxhoven an indelible Sharpie.

FOXHOVEN
Sorry.

RATNER
No worries. Let's start baggin' and taggin'.

Rat-boy pops out the seat cushion where Ames was sitting, hands it off to Foxhoven.

FOXHOVEN
Mark it 'priority' for the lab?

RATNER
See how fast the learning curve is around here?

Foxhoven puts it into a large plastic evidence bag.

RATNER
Let's send 'em a carpet fragment, too.

Ratner begins aggressively using a box-cutter on the carpet, cutting out a square.

FOXHOVEN
Careful not to nick your suit.

Ratner looks up at Foxhoven, paying attention to him for the first time.

CONTINUED: (2)

RATNER

We haven't used you before.

FOXHOVEN

My dad worked with Sorkosky, put in a good word.

RATNER

How well you know him? Sorkosky?

FOXHOVEN

When I was a kid, we used to go to barbecues at his house.

RATNER

(shakes head)

I'm just guessin' here, but he probably made everything 'well-done.'

Foxhoven smiles at how accurate Ratner's guess is.

FOXHOVEN

He grilled asparagus spears once and made me eat them. I was eleven.

Ratner's turn to smile. He hands the carpet square to Foxhoven for bagging.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - FIRST CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Hendler cracks the lavatory door to see what's going on.

HENDLER'S POV - RATNER AND FOXHOVEN

Working with their backs turned to him, in the middle of the aircraft.

BACK TO FIRST CLASS

Hendler cracks the door again and seeing the coast clear, slips out of the lavatory. As his hand touches the outdoor handle:

FLASHCUT - AMES SMITH

Leaving the same bathroom, grabbing the same door handle.

SPFX - PATHOGENIC VIEW

The handle is teeming with fomites, coming in contact with Hendler's hand.

CONTINUED:

BACK TO FIRST CLASS

Hendler wipes his nose and mouth as he leaves the bathroom. Taking advantage of the limited vision of the bio-suits, Hendler carefully goes to the open doorway, so far unnoticed. At the last moment, as he leaves the plane, he grabs a clipboard that is hanging in the flight attendant's station.

INT. LAX - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

It's an improvised "clean zone." Kayla wears a full bio-suit. Set before Kayla, Brent and Maureen is a collection of protective gear -- gown, glove and mask.

KAYLA

Now ordinarily, we'd want you in one of these suits, too, but the ones we have are all in use.

Kayla starts putting on a gown.

KAYLA (cont'd)

So you're going to put on a gown and then we'll glove and mask you. We'll go in and look, stay briefly, and then we give the gear to our disposal team and you'll be moved to quarantine.

Brent hesitates.

BRENT

I can't do this.
(to Maureen)
What's it prove?

Kayla sees the emotion between the two, has no time to waste.

KAYLA

All right, then. Mister Smith, you'll need to exit the way we came in and keep going.

Kayla starts to help Maureen with the gear. Brent starts to leave, turns.

BRENT

Doctor...

KAYLA

We don't have much time.

Brent nods, exits. Kayla inspects Maureen, hands her a set of goggles.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (cont'd)
Just put these on.

Maureen puts them on. She's now wearing a mask, gloves, gown and goggles, just to see her son. Kayla leads Maureen through a drapery -- through a modified airlock -- into another room.

MAUREEN
I can't believe this is all necessary.

KAYLA
It's a precaution. Stand back until I tell you to approach.

Ames's body is on a metal gurney, waiting to be moved. Kayla moves to the body and begins to unzip a body bag.

WE SEE Ames Smith's blue and troubled face. Even through all the masking, it's clear that Maureen's eyes have tears in them. Play the moment.

MAUREEN
My baby...

Kayla turns, motions for Maureen to come forward. They stand together silently.

MAUREEN (cont'd)
He'd been accepted at his father's school but he wouldn't go. He just took off.

KAYLA
He must have known you loved him.

Kayla's cell-phone RINGS. She turns to answer.

MAUREEN
People say that...

Maureen instinctively bends to kiss her son's face through her mask

KAYLA
Stop!

Too late.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

As the infectious germs from Ames Smith's face transfer to the mask worn by his mother.

CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO SCENE

The act of a mother's love sets off an immediate counter-reaction of panic. Kayla pulls Maureen back. She places a hand up against Maureen.

KAYLA (cont'd)
Stay perfectly still.
(yelling O.S.)
We have a contact with our victim! We
need a clean team right now in our
holding room!

Kayla turns back to the body, quickly zips it up, one bag after the other. She turns to Maureen:

KAYLA (cont'd)
I'm very sorry, Mrs. Smith, but we are
done here. There's no choice.

Kayla leads Maureen into the airlock on the way into the holding room.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Flight 182 sits on the runway, guarded in the extreme perimeter by only a couple of LAX SECURITY GUARDS. They pull their jackets close from the cold.

SECURITY GUARD #1
The whole Blue Man Group thing, that
freaks me out. I don't even know what
we're doing out here, you know? I
mean, who wants to get sick?

The other guard shrugs, whatever. Doesn't talk much.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (cont'd)
I'm gonna walk the perimeter.

He takes off, leaving the first man standing watch solo. His back is to the aircraft because, as we've now heard, they're protecting people from going in.

A beat, then WE SEE Hendler poke his head out of the open door. He sees the guard with his back to him and starts to creep down the stairs as quietly as he can.

At the bottom of the stairs, he trips slightly, and the PING of metal causes the guard to turn around. Hendler manages to crouch behind the stairway and wait it out until the guard, satisfied it's nothing, turns back.

CONTINUED:

Hendler moves along the side of the aircraft, planning to pass across the tarmac on the other side, away from the guard.

He sees two members of the CDC team, both of them wearing bio-suits, as they wheel two food carts to a stop under the wing. The one in charge is DOCTOR LUKE RUEGGER.

RUEGGER

Let's get everything off the plane first, then we'll call for the truck.

Hendler slips into the shadows.

RUEGGER (cont'd)

One more trip should do it.

The two CDC team members head back to the accordion stairs they came down on and Hendler begins moving again. As he rounds the corner of the larger aircraft, he is startled by:

SECURITY GUARD #1

Hey! Who's there?

Hendler holds his clipboard confidently and, instead of moving away from the security guard, he moves toward him.

HENDLER

I was wondering where you were.

SECURITY GUARD #1

What?

HENDLER

What are you doing out here, taking a smoke? You're supposed to be guarding this aircraft.

SECURITY GUARD #1

I was just... walking the perimeter.

HENDLER

How many doors does this aircraft have open? One. That's where you should be. Look, if we didn't have Homeland Security showing up any second, I'd have to write you up. But, as it is, I can't take the time. Just get back to where you're supposed to be and we'll pretend this never happened.

Relieved, the Security Guard instinctively sticks out his hand to shake hands with Hendler.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Thank you. I really appreciate that.

CONTINUED: (2)

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

As WE SEE infection fomites from Hendler's hand transfer to the hand of the security guard.

BACK TO TARMAC

Hendler finishes pumping the security guard's hand. The security guard takes a deep breath and wipes his face with his hand in relief.

HENDLER

Don't mention it. Now go.

The security guard nods and takes off. Hendler keeps moving in the opposite direction.

EXT. AERIAL POV - LA FREEWAYS - NIGHT

The "Sky-Eye" news chopper tracks the buses as they head north. Troy's black Suburban is the lead vehicle. LAPD vehicles are on either side.

MELISSA (V.O.)

This is the view from the 'Sky-Eye' chopper as the buses make their way slowly through the LA freeway system. Where? We don't know yet. We are developing information from inside sources that bio-terrorism experts from the Centers for Disease Control have been dispatched to Los Angeles.

INT. BUSES - NIGHT

Fear, paranoia, and inconvenience converge here. About an equal number of numb faces and angry diatribes. Kathryn Hadorn and Dr. Chuck Westley share a seat, bonded together in the mutual frightening experience.

HADORN

I'm divorced. My kids are all out of the house now so I run a charity that collects clothes for an orphanage in El Salvador.

Westley looks at Hadorn with a "why is she telling me this?" Expression.

WESTLEY

We're going to be fine.

CONTINUED:

HADORN

You're a bone doctor. You said so yourself.

WESTLEY

They're just being on the safe side, that's all.

HADORN

Safe for everybody else. Not for us.

She's right. Westley has no comeback, turns and stares out the window at the nighttime traffic.

Smolak turns around and sees Maureen.

SMOLAK

Excuse me?

MAUREEN

(shell-shocked)

Yes?

SMOLAK

I'm in private security. The way I stay alive is I notice everything and everybody and I'm reasonably sure you were never on our plane.

MAUREEN

Please, I'd rather not talk.

SMOLAK

Tell me what you're doing on this bus and I'll leave you alone.

MAUREEN

The boy who died?

(off his nod)

He was my son. I kissed my son so they put me in quarantine.

SMOLAK

You touched the body?

Maureen nods. Smolak rises from his seat and begins to move back in the bus, calling to Maureen as he moves away.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

I'm sorry for your loss.

Lindsey, the flight attendant, sees this gross insensitivity, moves over and introduces herself.

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDSEY

Hi. I'm Lindsey. Mastrapa. I was the flight attendant who was with your son... I held his hand... so Mister Big Mouth there probably doesn't want to be near me either.

Maureen struggles to speak.

MAUREEN

Thank you...

LINDSEY

Where's your husband?

Maureen shakes her head. She has to lie to save face.

MAUREEN

We thought it would be better if only one of us went into quarantine. You know, all the burial details.

(beat)

Did he... did Ames say... anything?

LINDSEY

He wanted both of you to know he was sorry. I'm not sure about what.

MAUREEN

He thought we were controlling his life, he wanted to make his own decisions.

LINDSEY

Well, he wanted you to know that it didn't mean anything, that he still loved you.

This time, Maureen reaches out and takes Lindsey's hand in hers, trying to find comfort.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Troy's black suburban is at the head of the three buses. Kayla is in the passenger seat. Ratner's in the seat behind them. Kayla points:

KAYLA

Wait! That's our exit, isn't it?

TROY

It is if you're not leading a convoy of people who don't want to be taking the ride.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

What are you talking about?

TROY

My business is motive and opportunity.
I know people.

KAYLA

I know people, too.

Ratner leans up from the back-seat.

RATNER

I don't want to spoil something that
has the potential for a really great
fight, but, actually, nobody really
knows anybody.

Both Troy and Kayla glare back at him.

TROY

Put on your seat-belt.

Ratner leans back and starts to buckle up.

RATNER

(whining)
But Dad...

Troy looks over at Kayla.

TROY

If I come up the 101, I can take the
Victory exit, and be on surface
streets only four blocks. You don't
want these buses to stop because, if
they do, your people might get off.

(bottom line)

Usual passengers on those buses are
cuffed.

Kayla looks straight ahead.

KAYLA

Victory's good. I appreciate your
assessment.

Another beat of driving, then, from the back seat:

RATNER

Anybody want to know what I think?

KAYLA

No.

TROY

No.

Ratner starts drumming on the front-seat's leather.

INT. LAX - PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Hendler blends in with the mass number of passengers, coming and going. He tries his cell phone again and gets a dial tone.

HENDLER
(to himself)
About damn time...

Hendler hits the speed dial.

HENDLER (cont'd)
Hey, Juicy Fruit, it's Hendler.
Listen, my cell's been down, but I
wanted to make sure my nine a.m.
hasn't canceled.
(beat)
Beauty.
(beat)
Yeah, I heard about that flight.
Wasn't mine, though. I took Quantas.
Last minute change.
(beat)
Here's the deal, at exactly 9:30
tomorrow morning, I want you to call
me. Tell me we have another offer,
okay? That oughta close it quick.
(beat)
Great. Talk at you then.

Hendler SNEEZES, wipes his nose on his shirt sleeve.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

Hendler is covered in fomites, and the air around his sneeze just hurled hundreds more into circulation.

BACK TO PASSENGER AREA

Moving ahead with bounce in his step, Hendler has become our social spreader -- a modern day Typhoid Mary.

OMITTED**EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

It's a gathering storm. Already a collection of Los Angeles media is on the scene, currently being held back by LAPD officers. Melissa and Laramie are among them. Several news choppers are already circling in the air, including the "Sky-Eye" chopper.

CONTINUED:

First into the parking lot is Troy's black Suburban which pulls over and lets the buses pass by.

As the buses pull into the parking lot, LAPD officers direct them to their parking assignment.

Again, it's bio-hazard suited CDC personnel escorting the passengers, and workers in masks, gloves and disposable aprons, off-loading the luggage.

After the buses begin processing, Kayla and Ratner exit the Suburban, and the second they do, the sounds of media questions can be heard.

RATNER

If you want to get inside that building, don't look back. Whatever you do.

Kayla looks back. And, as soon as she does, every single reporter's voice is barking at her.

RATNER (cont'd)

You looked.

Kayla looks back at Ratner.

KAYLA

We're waiting for Sorkosky. He's the pro.

RATNER

Yeah. You should wait until they've whipped everybody up into believing that we'll all be dead by morning. Good plan.

KAYLA

I hate you.

RATNER

Feed the beast, Kayla, or the beast will eat you alive.

Kayla nods, considering this.

KAYLA

Okay, but you --

RATNER

I'll get our guests good and comfy, make sure everybody gets a little chocolate wafer on their pillow.

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA
(tight smile)
You do that.

Ratner takes off, and Kayla moves over to the media.

KAYLA (cont'd)
I can understand your concern. My name is Doctor Kayla Martin with the Los Angeles office of the Centers for Disease Control. I can answer a few of your questions.

MELISSA
Melissa Lui, Channel Six. Can you confirm a bio-terrorism attack?

KAYLA
We're ruling nothing out in our investigation but, so far, we've seen nothing that would rule in bio-terrorism.

MELISSA
Is it Avian flu then?

KAYLA
My answer is the same. Not ruled out, not ruled in either.

Kayla's cell-phone RINGS.

KAYLA (cont'd)
Excuse me, I...

It's no use explaining. She takes a step away, and turns her back, holding one finger to her ear to try to hear.

KAYLA (cont'd)
Hello?

Out of the line of sight of the media, but within Kayla's, stands Troy with his own cell-phone out.

TROY
I'm somebody very important and I've just summoned you back inside.

KAYLA
(into phone)
Be right there.

Kayla slides her cell-phone shut, turns back to the media.

CONTINUED: (3)

KAYLA (cont'd)

I'm needed inside. Let me just confirm that a young adult male died on a plane from Sydney to Los Angeles. Our protocols are now in place. Don't construe this as anything more than due caution. Someone will be out in the next few hours with a full update. Thank you.

Kayla takes off, passing by Troy, who falls in step with her.

KAYLA (cont'd)

Very clever.

TROY

Only works once. Next time, you gotta stand and deliver.

Kayla and Troy head inside together.

INT. LAX - PLANE PREP AREA - NIGHT

The area where food and garbage is off-loaded and processed as it is taken off airplanes. PICK UP one of the workers, RICHARD GREELEY moving among the tray stacks, cherry-picking uneaten sandwiches and packaged food and putting them into a plastic container. One of the women on shift, NORA BARTON, a heavy-set type in a hairnet, approaches.

BARTON

Do not let my supervisor see those grabby hands of yours.

GREELEY

It's going to homeless shelters. Why would anybody care?

BARTON

Because it's the rule, Richard. And you know how they like their rules.

GREELEY

Okay, okay. Just a couple more.

Greeley skims a few more sandwiches.

SPFX PULSE - THE SANDWICHES

Several of them are alive with fomites. And as Greeley's hand grabs them, WE SEE them transferring to Greeley.

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Barton, who's one of those people who knows everything before anybody else, leans in.

BARTON
You hear they evacuated a plane-load
of passengers?

GREELEY
Uh-uh. What happened?

BARTON
Way I hear it went down is they found
a bomb and they're gonna interrogate
everybody.

GREELEY
Like one of those shoe bombs?

BARTON
Now how would I know what kind of bomb
it was if they don't know?

Barton quickly grabs a half-dozen unopened sandwiches from the same fomite infested trays and throws them into Greeley's container.

BARTON (cont'd)
You're done. Now get a move on.

Greeley winks at her and takes off. Barton turns back to her work and says to nobody in particular:

BARTON (cont'd)
All heart but no brain...

Barton unloads more garbage into a dumpster.

OMITTED

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kayla leads Troy inside past a busy nurse's station. Not far away is a common area that has been taken over by CDC personnel and a temporary command center created. It looks into what we'll call the "quarantine wing" through a plate glass window, accessible only through a double-doored barrier. Ratner is already at work in the command center.

RATNER
Remind me never to glamorize going
into the hotel business.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

That bad already?

Ratner gestures over his shoulder. Through the observation window, WE SEE inside the quarantine wing a scene of organized chaos as alarmed, angry and attitudinal passengers are processed in by bio-suited CDC team members.

RATNER

I think they expected more... amenities.

KAYLA

Maybe we should remind them that the official city plans call for cots in a drafty airline hangar. This is the Ritz.

RATNER

If you want to suit up and go tell them that, be my guest.

(to Troy)

If she goes, make sure she takes that gun under your jacket.

TROY

You noticed.

RATNER

I interned at Bellevue.

Kayla looks around her new digs, sees several maintenance types running phone lines and building pre-fabbed cubicles. Troy notices.

TROY

Planning on staying long?

KAYLA

CDC loves cubicles. We all have our space but we're still all a team.

TROY

It's a fed thing. We have them, too.

Troy's cell-phone RINGS. He motions he's taking the call, moves down the hall. Kayla turns back to Ratner.

KAYLA

You got a head-count?

RATNER

293. Plus, the late add of Maureen Smith, so 294.

CONTINUED: (2)

Ratner turns to JACKO, the all-purpose tech who never suits up for action but crunches numbers and hacks systems with ease.

RATNER (cont'd)

Right?

JACKO

Was 294. Should be 295.

RATNER

We should be glad we came that close. I don't know if it's our mistake or the airline's yet.

KAYLA

Are you sure?

JACKO

(waves at stacks of papers and computers)

You kidding? I have to cross-reference from the airlines and our own counts. But first you've got me designing a room plan where people are housed by seat number. You have any idea how complex that is?

KAYLA

Not really. No.

JACKO

Well, it's impossible.

KAYLA

So when will you have it?

JACKO

Twenty minutes.

Kayla nods. Good enough for her.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - NIGHT

Aria snaps another motorized sequence of photos from the quarantine. Her target is a group of several dozen passengers in a waiting area, crowded around a TV set, watching local news. Footage from the arrival at the hospital is playing on screen.

SMOLAK

We ought to get residuals. That's the fifth time they've used it since we came in here.

CONTINUED:

Hadorn, who's been watching Aria take her photos, approaches.

HADORN

Why are you doing this?

ARIA

It's what I do, I'm a photographer.
Can I take your picture?

HADORN

Why would you want to do that?

ARIA

For your family.

HADORN

In case I die?

ARIA

It'll keep me from thinking about
this.

HADORN

I must look a mess.

Aria reaches out, runs her fingers through Hadorn's hair, straightening it up a bit.

ARIA

You look great. If I can get the light
to cooperate...

Hadorn nods, Aria starts to position Hadorn in a seat where she can get the best lighting. As they do, Foxhoven, in his bio-suit, passes by.

TRACK WITH FOXHOVEN beyond the waiting area where patients are still being sorted by CDC members and some luggage is being distributed. Others are talking on their cell-phones. A lot of bitching and moaning is going on.

Lindsey sits in a nearby chair. Foxhoven kneels before her.

FOXHOVEN

They told me you're feeling a little
nauseous.

LINDSEY

Maybe dizzy, too.

FOXHOVEN

Might be early to have symptoms but
not impossible.

LINDSEY

My friends think I'm a hypochondriac.

CONTINUED: (2)

FOXHOVEN

Probably nerves. Let me find what we're doing about anti-virals, get you started right away. Why don't you come with me, we'll get you into a room where you can lie down?

LINDSEY

Thanks.

Lindsey stands shakily and, as soon as she does, she starts to swoon, and falls to the floor. Foxhoven crouches near her, his outfit only making the unease on the floor worse.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - CDC COMMAND - NIGHT

Kayla has a phone cradled under one shoulder, seemingly on hold. She's looking out over the hallway. At this point, it's a fairly standard hospital scene: a few people doing their work, nothing unusual.

KAYLA'S POV - THE HALLWAY

As it transforms into an image of what could come. The same corridor, now with gurneys with patients, beds with patients, chairs with patients. Overwhelmed medical personnel, masks on everybody, a scene of a health care system that has crashed.

RATNER (V.O.)

Kayla!

BACK TO REALITY

It's Ratner waving a hand in front of her eyes.

RATNER (cont'd)

You wanted to know about the autopsy.

KAYLA

Yes.

RATNER

Well, if you want a front-seat, county coroner says he's starting within the hour.

KAYLA

That means I leave you in charge.

RATNER

Worried?

KAYLA

Exceptionally.

CONTINUED:

RATNER

Don't be. Sorkosky's plane just got in. Check your BlackBerry.

Kayla checks out her BlackBerry, reads aloud.

KAYLA

'Postpone all important decisions.
Taking charge. I will brief media.'
(flips phone shut)
Good. I'll be at the autopsy.

RATNER

Can I come to? Please, please!

Kayla gives him a back-to-business look. A beat, then Troy approaches.

TROY

You sure don't waste time.

KAYLA

Sorry?

Troy holds up his own cell-phone.

TROY

My boss. Telling me that the CDC requested FBI security. I'm assigned to your team.

RATNER

Wow. I only asked them for a driver.

Ratner swipes his clipboard and takes off. Troy pulls his keys out of his pocket and dangles them in front of Kayla.

TROY

Fine. For now, it keeps me closer to my perp.

KAYLA

And later?

TROY

Maybe you'll promote me to orderly.

KAYLA

Well, *for now*, I do need a ride.

Kayla swipes Troy's keys from him and takes off.

OMITTED

EXT. LOS ANGELES OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

One of the sleek architectural showcases. CAMERA MOVES IN on one of the upper floor.

INT. ACLU OFFICE - NIGHT

PUSHING THROUGH the door which reads, "American Civil Liberties Union."

MOVING INTO the darkened offices, finding a corner office with lights on.

MOVING INTO the corner office where ACLU attorney SARAH ADAMS-CAPLAN sits on the corner of her desk watching the news coverage on a state-of-the-art plasma TV. She turns to one of her co-workers, ED MANN.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Ed, you thinking what I'm thinking?

MANN

Maybe this is our way in?

ADAMS-CAPLAN

These passengers -- innocent Americans -- they're being treated like enemy combatants.

MANN

They're in quarantine, Sarah. Not arrested.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Neither are the prisoners at Gitmo.

MANN

So we go after the quarantine as illegal incarceration without charging a crime and, if we win, we open the door to the entire detainee policy.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Yes. I mean this government is mounting a full-frontal assault on individual civil liberties. They don't play fair. Why should we?

MANN

Well, what if these people need to be quarantined?

ADAMS-CAPLAN

You a doctor now, Ed?

CONTINUED:

MANN

No.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Let's re-work the 'Guantanamo' complaint, sub out 'Los Angeles.' If we win, we set a precedent.

Mann takes off.

MANN

I'll make some coffee, start calling people in.

Mann takes off into the darkened office. Adams-Caplan fires up her computer, keeping one eye on the TV.

OMITTED

INT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

LA Coroner, DR. WINSTON TAM stands over the body of Ames Smith as Kayla observes. Both are wearing the full bio-suit.

TAM

Haven't seen that shade of blue lately. Ready to take a look?

KAYLA

Let's go.

Tam fires up a circular saw to make the chest incision. As this work continues:

TAM

What made you treat Mister Smith here as a four-alarm?

KAYLA

Rapid on-set of fatal respiratory distress with fever combined with blood on a plane with three-hundred passengers.

TAM

That would get my attention.

Tam continues with his work. With the chest split open, he uses clamps to spread it and hold it. Begins to probe into the lungs with a surgical instrument.

CONTINUED:

TAM (cont'd)

These lungs look more like a bloody steak than normal tissue. What's the priority for your pathology guys?

KAYLA

Tissues, fixed and fresh for PCR. Multiples, different teams.

TAM

(low whistle)

LA, we have a problem.

Tam motions Kayla over to the body cavity and pokes the lung tissue again.

SPFX - LUNGS

Not our normal fomite effect. This one is a POWER ZOOM into the microscopic lung tissue. It's not a pretty sight, but it's fascinating at this level.

KAYLA (O.S.)

Lung tissue ought to be pink and fluffy. He's only nineteen.

TAM (O.S.)

No time to abuse himself enough to really do big damage.

KAYLA (O.S.)

It looks like he bled to death from the inside.

TAM (O.S.)

He broke ribs with that cough of his.

BACK TO AUTOPSY ROOM

Tam and Kayla are still hovering over the body cavity.

TAM (cont'd)

If your time-line is right, we're dealing with one of the fastest disease progressions I've ever seen.

Tam pulls back, picks up a different surgical instrument.

TAM (cont'd)

I'll get your samples. You got people standing by at the lab?

KAYLA

Yeah. Rushing them over with a police escort.

CONTINUED: (2)

TAM

Who's doing the work-up?

KAYLA

We brought in Doctor Shaheem Razi from Atlanta for the tests.

TAM

He's the best. Medical journals treat him like Bono. Where's Sorkosky?

KAYLA

Just got to the airport.

TAM

Keep him away from me. Life's too short.

Tam continues to weigh body organs on a hanging scale, his gloves covered with blood.

KAYLA

I've got to get these samples moving.

TAM

(nods)

Just so you've been warned, we run this morgue just under capacity. If you get a wildfire, you're not going to be able to send all your bodies here. Not by a long shot...

Tam continues at his work. OFF Kayla's reaction.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sorkosky enters the media area, strides to the microphone cluster.

SORKOSKY

I'm Doctor Max Sorkosky of the Centers for Disease Control. I've just arrived from Atlanta, but I'm up to speed on the situation, and I want to set a few things straight.

Sorkosky peers out over his bifocals at the media pack. His demeanor has all the charm of a public scolding.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

In my view, you're all overreacting. This is simply a cautionary investigation.

A middle-aged local reporter, BRIAN WELLS, cuts right in.

CONTINUED:

WELLS

All due respect, Doctor Sorkosky, but the media didn't quarantine three hundred people, the CDC did.

SORKOSKY

Point is you're trying to make the story bigger than it is.

MELISSA

We haven't told you how to deal with Avian flu. Are you sure you want to tell us how to cover a quarantine?

SORKOSKY

What is your name?

MELISSA

Melissa Lui, Channel Six.

SORKOSKY

Miss Lui, you make two erroneous assumptions. The first is that this is Avian flu, something we do not know. The second mistake is that I don't want to tell the media how to cover a quarantine. I actually do.

MELISSA

(pissed)
Go for it.

SORKOSKY

Let's go to the definition of quarantine.

(pulls out paper)

According to Websters... 'enforced isolation or restriction of free movement imposed to prevent a contagious disease from spreading.'

(puts paper away)

Once we have identified the cause of death for Mister Smith, we will either let everyone go, or move into an actual quarantine.

WELLS

Excuse me? You're saying this isn't a quarantine?

SORKOSKY

I would prefer to call it a preventative action. Responsible news coverage should make clear that there is absolutely no need for public panic.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

If this is not a contagious disease,
by definition, there is no problem.
And if it is, we've taken appropriate
action to protect the public.

Another local reporter, ANGIE CENTOFANTE, joins in.

CENTOFANTE

What else could be the cause but Avian
flu?

SORKOSKY

Any number of things.

CENTOFANTE

(a challenge)

Name two.

SORKOSKY

(don't challenge me)

Ross River Virus or Dengue Fever.

Every reporter starts to write this down.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Don't write that down! You asked for
two examples. I didn't say that's what
it was.

(pointing finger)

You see? You people in the media have
everybody expecting bird flu, but
there are plenty of other diseases out
there, believe me.

The image from the parking lot becomes a TV set in:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Ratner and Jacko watch Sorkosky's performance.

RATNER

Wow.

JACKO

What?

RATNER

Sorkosky just set a low for media
antagonism not seen since the Cheney
shoot-out. Impressive.

WELLS (T.V.)

Are you prepared with a vaccine if you
need one?

CONTINUED:

SORKOSKY (T.V.)

Vaccines takes months to develop. If it's something new, the chance we would have a useful vaccine on the shelf right now is small. Now don't go off writing that we're defenseless. If we have a form of influenza, bird flu or something else, the first course of action is to treat with anti-viral drugs.

RATNER

I can't watch this anymore.

Ratner takes off. Jacko turns back to his own work.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - CONTINUOUS

Again, the center of attention seems to be the central TV. CAMERA FINDS a particular room.

Inside the room, we find Vicente and Sampson, still handcuffed together, with the room TV playing.

Their attention turns back to the television set. The on-screen super reads: "Breaking News / Live / North Hollywood."

MELISSA (T.V.)

We have reports of people buying up supplies of the anti-viral drug Tami-flu, all across town.

SORKOSKY (T.V.)

Now that's jumping the gun. First, Tami-flu may or may not even be the best anti-viral available. It has to be tested against this particular disease. We may end up using a newer one, called Vira-flu. We need time to study both of them and compare the results.

MELISSA (T.V.)

Is Vira-flu on the market?

SORKOSKY (T.V.)

It's very promising but it's not been publicly released yet.

REPORTER #2 (T.V.)

What are you saying? That there's private stocks of it?

Sorkosky looks a little flustered.

CONTINUED:

SORKOSKY (T.V.)
I don't want to talk about this.

REPORTER #2 (T.V.)
You brought it up.

SORKOSKY (T.V.)
Look. It's in a safe place. That's all
you need to know.

WE SEE that Vicente has paid particular attention to this.

VICENTE
Sampson, your idea of togetherness
mean we gonna sleep together tonight?

Vicente purses his lips together in a kiss. Totally
disgusting.

SAMPSON
I've arrested transvestite hookers
better looking than you.

In one quick movement, Sampson unlocks the cuff from himself
and, before Sampson can react, slaps it onto the metal
bedframe.

VICENTE
What're you doing?

SAMPSON
What I'm not doing is sleeping with
you. Sweet dreams.

Sampson takes off, leaving Vicente cuffed to the bedframe.
Sampson sinks into the chair outside the door.

OMITTED

INT. GLENDALE HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Greeley, the Good Samaritan from the airport, brings in a
plastic case full of the pilfered sandwiches from the
airport. It's late, only a few men are up smoking cigarettes
and watching TV. He's greeted by a nun, SISTER GRACE TAYLOR.

SISTER GRACE
Richard, how are you? We saw the story
from the airport.

GREELEY
Yeah, but apparently they don't have
the whole story. I heard the bomb
squad's out there now.

CONTINUED:

SISTER GRACE

My.

GREELEY

Got about thirty sandwiches.

SISTER GRACE

Most of the men have gone to bed. The last to come in didn't get fed.

Greeley grabs a few sandwiches out of the plastic basket, hands them to Sister Grace.

SPFX PULSE - THE HAND-OFF

As Sister Grace accepts the charity, she also gets fomites on her.

BACK TO SCENE

Greeley indicates the men gathered around the TV.

SISTER GRACE (cont'd)

Some of them are so weak, they just sit there.

GREELEY

Why don't you see if anybody wants a snack, and I'll put the rest of these in the frig? They ought to last 24 hours.

SISTER GRACE

Oh, they'll be gone by then. Bless your kindness.

Sister Grace accepts the sandwiches and moves toward the cluster of TV watchers.

SISTER GRACE (cont'd)

Who's hungry for a sandwich?

Greeley watches her hand out the sandwiches, begins stuffing the rest into an old refrigerator.

SPFX PULSE - THE FAN

One of the old standing floor varieties. As the blades circulate the air around the room, more fomites spread around the shelter.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A sedan pulls up near the media enclave. We've seen it before and so has Melissa Lui who tugs at her cameraman.

MELISSA

Roll tape.
(indicates the car)
It's Sanchez.

Sure enough, it's Sanchez getting out of the vehicle, followed by Friedlander. And, as opposed to Kayla who looked like a deer caught in the headlights, and Sorkosky who lectured like Donald Rumsfeld, Sanchez is smooth and polished. He strides right up.

SANCHEZ

Good evening everybody. I know you're all here to get some answers and, frankly, so am I. As the Mayor of Los Angeles, I consider myself your advocate. As such, I'm going inside now to ask the questions the citizens of this great city have a right to expect answers to. I'll be back out to share with you what I've learned. Thank you.

Sanchez heads away, having fed the beast, ignoring the shouted questions. Friedlander yells back at the media.

FRIEDLANDER

You heard the mayor. Give us a few minutes.

Sanchez and Friedlander disappear into the darkened breezeway leading into the hospital.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sanchez and Friedlander enter, met by Troy, now passing the nurse's station, moving to CDC Command.

Kayla and Sorkosky are looking over Jacko's shoulder at a computer screen.

KAYLA

Uh, Doctor Sorkosky, we've got company.
(off his blank reaction)
It's the Mayor.

Sorkosky nods, strides up to meet the new arrivals. He sticks his hand out to Friedlander.

CONTINUED:

SORKOSKY

Mister Mayor. I'm Doctor Max Sorkosky.

Friedlander shrinks away. Sanchez sticks out his hand and takes Sorkosky's handshake.

SANCHEZ

That would be me.

SORKOSKY

My apologies. I don't much follow LA politics.

SANCHEZ

Well, Doctor, you may not recognize me, but I recognize you.

SORKOSKY

You saw those news jackals, I expect?

SANCHEZ

I saw people with legitimate questions getting the runaround from a man who should know better.

Sorkosky just stares at Sanchez, taking his measure, while everybody does their best to look away.

SORKOSKY

America's a great country. It gives everybody the right to express an opinion. What can we do for you, Mister Mayor?

SANCHEZ

Let's start by agreeing you don't talk to the media anymore.

SORKOSKY

That would be my call, not yours.

SANCHEZ

Look, Doctor, the President is a friend of mine. I expect he can give your job to another equally qualified candidate.

Another stand-off. These guys are looking for a fight.

FRIEDLANDER

We'd suggest Doctor Martin handle media, unless you have another idea.

KAYLA

I don't think --

CONTINUED: (2)

SORKOSKY

Done. I have better things to do
anyway.

FRIEDLANDER

Great. Now, do you know what we're up
against medically?

KAYLA

Autopsy presents an Avian-like picture
but we can't pinpoint the disease for
at least a day.

FRIEDLANDER

What about the investigation in
Australia? Do they have sick people?

SORKOSKY

We're still waiting for them to get
back to us.

SANCHEZ

Doctor, from my experience, if you
want the facts you have to go see for
yourself. What are we waiting for?

Sorkosky nods. Something he and the mayor agree on.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - DAY

Sampson, still armed, watches the door outside the private
room where Vicente is being held. A beat, then Foxhoven, in a
bio-suit, approaches.

FOXHOVEN

Agent Sampson?

SAMPSON

Yeah?

FOXHOVEN

You have a visitor.

SAMPSON

In here?

FOXHOVEN

Not technically. You'll need your cell-
phone.

(re: Vicente)

Can you leave him?

SAMPSON

He's cuffed to the bed and the door's
locked. I can take five.

CONTINUED:

Sampson rises and follows after Foxhoven. They walk up to the observation window. We've usually seen this from the other side, with doctors looking in.

Instead, what Sampson sees Troy who hits the speed dial on his cell-phone, and Sampson's phone RINGS.

TROY

How you feeling?

SAMPSON

Like I sat in a plane for a day and now I'm sleeping in a chair. I could use a pizza.

TROY

Gil's favorite food group. I'll get something in to you.

(beat)

I'm going back to Australia.

SAMPSON

(sarcastic)

I knew it. You couldn't stand me having all the fun.

TROY

I gotta babysit a doctor who's got to collect some samples.

SAMPSON

The woman? I knew it.

TROY

(shakes head)

Back off, it's Junior MD. I figured playin' ball with them was the fastest way for them to owe us a favor.

SAMPSON

Good thinking. But if you come back with a tan, I'm gonna beat the crap out of you.

TROY

Look forward to it.

Troy flips his phone shut, and Sampson does the same. He does a salute through the window.

OMITTED

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Razi and his team are at work on the materials that have arrived from the autopsy. Kayla enters.

KAYLA

Welcome to LA, Doctor Razi.

RAZI

Thank you. I haven't seen much of it.

KAYLA

Well, crazy as it may seem, I have to explain what you're doing to reporters used to covering Jennifer Aniston's love-life.

RAZI

The IHC stains are in progress. Still waiting.

KAYLA

I'll use the key and lock analogy, but the bottom line is you can only look for one disease at a time, right?

RAZI

It is easier to look for something we already know than to look for something new, yes.

KAYLA

Anything besides the IHC?

RAZI

PCR. Insight-2 technology.

KAYLA

Any reaction?

RAZI

I want to re-run the tests. Let me show you.

Razi turns to his computer. Calls up a screen-shot of an electron-microscope amplification of a bacteria.

KAYLA

That's bird flu.

RAZI

Yes. Note the fluoresce. I can see that glow under the microscope.

Razi calls up another screen-shot. Similar, not identical.

CONTINUED:

RAZI (cont'd)
This is what our young victim had.

KAYLA
Close, not a match.

Razi nods, taps on a print-out.

RAZI
I want to check it against every stain
we have in our data bank.

KAYLA
Let me know.

Razi nods that he will. Kayla finishes her notes.

OMITTED

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

To ESTABLISH the beginning of our second full day. Troy's Suburban drives haltingly down the streets. Kayla is driving it, listening to talk radio.

TALK HOST #1 (V.O.)
The problem is they've got these
people in North Hollywood. Maybe if
they'd just shipped them all up to
Palmdale or Lancaster.

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Kayla negotiates streets that are still full of cars and frustrating rush hour traffic.

TALK HOST #2 (V.O.)
Right. You get on a plane in Australia
and when you get off in LA we treat
you like a piece of nuclear waste.

TALK HOST #1
People are stirred up, that's all.

TALK HOST #2
Thank you for letting these people
live. I'm sure your first instinct was
to burn them.

TALK HOST #1
Every society has a right to protect
itself.

CONTINUED:

Kayla's cell phone RINGS. She TURNS OFF the radio, and juggles her phone.

KAYLA
Hello?

HOWARD (V.O.)
Kayla, it's Dad.

KAYLA
Dad? Oh, God!

Kayla speeds up to avoid a red light, another car HONKS at her.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Howard is on the phone, near his office, watching a public skate.

HOWARD
What was that?! Kayla!

KAYLA (V.O.)
It's okay, dad. I'm fine.

INTERCUT: KAYLA'S CAR / ICE RINK

Howard puts a finger to his open ear to try to hear the phone better.

HOWARD
I just want to know if you're okay.

KAYLA
Yeah, Dad, I'm fine. I should have called.

HOWARD
The Today Show showed pictures of you talking last night. And Scott Matis just called to say he saw you on Good Morning America.

KAYLA
Okay, then, you should know I'm good.

HOWARD
Pretty scary stuff, this flu, huh?

Kayla holds the phone away, silently mouths a swear word away from the mouthpiece.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Only if you let it get away from you.
We're not going to let that happen.

HOWARD

Maybe I should watch the news for you,
leave messages on your phone about
what they're saying.

KAYLA

(exasperated)

Dad, where do you think the news is
getting their information? From us.

HOWARD

I guess that makes sense. If there's
anything I can do to help, you just
ask.

KAYLA

I'm good now. But I'll call you back.

HOWARD

Promise?

KAYLA

Dad!

Kayla sees something ahead that shocks her.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's a huge white canvas tent, like the kind you'd see at a
huge outdoor wedding. It's been erected overnight in the
parking lot.

HOWARD (V.O.)

Real quick. Brooke nailed her jump
after you left. Just thought you
should know whatever you said worked.
I'm hanging up now.

Kayla drives into the parking lot. There are already mobile
trucks feeding reporter's stand-ups to satellites to go God-
knows-where.

Kayla flips her phone shut, throws it down into the seat next
to her.

INT. MODEST HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela Ruiz makes breakfast for Jose and Belinda. Like
everybody else, they're watching TV but, in this house, it's
Telemundo that's on the set.

CONTINUED:

The booty from Jose's shopping spree at the convenience store is spread around, and Belinda goes through it.

TELEMUNDO ANCHOR (V.O.)

Un portavoz para Los centros para el control de enfermedad dijo que el hospital de Hollywood del norte será el recurso temporal para Los pasajeros de la línea aérea. No hay palabra en cuanto a...

BELINDA

Daddy, why won't they show us fixing the hole in the street?

This is a family completely comfortable in the LA dialect of Spanglish, moving back and forth, mix-and-match language.

JOSE

Porque it's not as important as the story about la gente on the airliner.

ANGELA

It's just as importante, Belinda. They'll have it él pronto. You'll see.

BELINDA

But I'll be at school.

ANGELA

Recordaré the whole thing. Besides, you were there.

Belinda holds up the duct tape and inspects the plastic container of jerky. Turns to Jose.

BELINDA

Why compra all this stuff?

JOSE

Porque, you know, in case we need it.

BELINDA

For what?

JOSE

No sé. Acaba de parecerse como una buena idea... to have something extra around.

BELINDA

Jerky?

It does sound a little silly. Jose tousles Belinda's hair.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSE

Well, in case people start acting crazy, and I can't buy any huevos for your mother, we'll sit around and eat jerky. No moriremos de hambre.

Jose opens up a copy of La Opinion newspaper. The headline reads: "El Plano de la Muerte Viene a Los Angeles."

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

PAULETTE, the lead nurse, hands a chart off to another nurse as Kayla arrives. She looks around, sees more activity.

KAYLA

What's going on?

PAULETTE

Power of suggestion. People see it on TV, they think they're sick, they come here.

KAYLA

We need to set up a screening process.

In the background, there's a TV set on and the airwaves of Los Angeles are absolutely cluttered with interviews with hysterical relatives and friends of the passengers who are crying cover-up.

PAULETTE

Doctor Sorkosky said the same thing. We're going to start intercepting all wannabes in the parking lot.

KAYLA

Good idea.

PAULETTE

We can't handle Friday nights around here. Can't have all of LA showing up.

KAYLA

Well, you take a few letters out of pandemic and you get panic.

PAULETTE

Very clever.

KAYLA

I stole it from one of Doctor Sorkosky's lectures.

Kayla takes off, heading toward the CDC Command. Foxhoven approaches.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (cont'd)
What's the update?

FOXHOVEN
Higashi Yoshida, the Japanese
businessman? He died. We think he was
sick before he even boarded the plane,
weakened immune system, they're
running labs.

KAYLA
What else?

FOXHOVEN
The flight attendant, Lindsey
Mastrapa? She needs to go on a
respirator. I'm on my way to intubate.

KAYLA
I'll take that.

FOXHOVEN
I can handle it. I'm sure you got --

KAYLA
I'll do it. What else?

FOXHOVEN
Just looking at the charts, I think
before today's over you're going to
see between two and four dozen more
turn symptomatic.

Kayla nods her thanks, moves off, worried.

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

A continent away, but the last place where Ames Smith hung
out before getting on Flight 182. A Gulfstream II sits on the
runway. SUPER: Sydney, Australia

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

Troy and Ratner exit their jet and move out on the runway. A
car marked Sydney Police is parked nearby and an Australian
cop, CHRISTIE TOOLEY, stands outside applying sunscreen.

TROY
You're Chris Tooley?

TOOLEY
That's the deal.

CONTINUED:

She tosses the tube of sunscreen at the two men. Ratner catches it.

TOOLEY (cont'd)
Screen up, friends. Sun down under can
kill you same as bird flu. Just takes
years instead of days.

Ratner starts putting sunscreen on his face.

RATNER
We don't technically know what it is
yet. That's why we're here.

TOOLEY
Well, what are we waitin' for? I got
an address and a car.

Tooley gets in the car. Troy goes for the passenger seat,
Ratner for the back.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - ISOLATION - DAY

Kayla enters, wearing her full bio-suit, sees Lindsey laying
in the bed, looking very close to death.

KAYLA
Hi.

LINDSEY
...hi...

KAYLA
I know you're having trouble breathing
and I'm here to give you some help.
We're going to put a tube down your
throat -- it's uncomfortable -- and
you won't be able to talk, but it will
help breathe for you. All right?

LINDSEY
...right...

Kayla turns around, motions for a nurse, also in a bio-suit,
to enter with the supply cart. Lindsey reaches out, feebly
grabs at Kayla's forearm. She motions for Kayla to lean down
to hear better.

LINDSEY (cont'd)
...I've seen... the whole world...
good...

It's all she can get out. Kayla nods.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Yes.

(beat)

Okay, you relax as much as you can.

Here we go.

With the nurse's assistance, Kayla begins the process of intubating Lindsey, finding the sweet spot, and sliding the tube down her throat.

INT. TOOLEY'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

As Tooley rolls all the windows down --

TOOLEY

Mind a little air?

Rhetorical question. Ratner's getting blasted in the back. He hands the sunscreen up to Troy.

TOOLEY (cont'd)

Took a little doin' -- your boy was flyin' under the radar, not usin' credit cards -- but we got him tracked up to Bondi.

TROY

What's Bondi?

TOOLEY

Beach colony, about thirty clicks up the road here. Remote surfer hang-out. You surf?

TROY

Afraid not.

RATNER

(eagerly)

I surf.

Tooley looks back, gets a look at Ratner.

TOOLEY

I'd figured that. Not me. Too dangerous.

RATNER

Waves too radical?

CONTINUED:

TOOLEY

The sun, mate. Ozone hole's real.
Anyhow, up at Bondi, they got a big
riptide, call it the 'Backpacker's
Express.' Ya get caught in it, ya can
end up two beaches away.

Tooley looks over at Troy.

TOOLEY (cont'd)

Why's the FBI care about all this?

TROY

I'm a chaperone.

TOOLEY

(indicates Ratner)

So tell him to put on his seatbelt.

Tooley hits the gas, passes the car in front of her.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Kayla enters, finds Sorkosky leaning on the desk with both
arms, staring at a piece of paper.

KAYLA

Hey.

SORKOSKY

You don't look so good.

KAYLA

We're starting to lose people.

SORKOSKY

These are people who had anti-virals?

KAYLA

Yes.

SORKOSKY

Well, they won't work for everyone.
You have others who aren't on anti-
virals who aren't sick.

KAYLA

We shouldn't wait. We should start
everybody immediately.

SORKOSKY

Because if we wait, and they start
dying, we'll never hear the end of it?

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Because if we wait, they might start dying.

SORKOSKY

That's rash. We should only start anti-virals if they show symptoms.

KAYLA

We're talking three-hundred people we absolutely know have been exposed. It's not a supply issue.

SORKOSKY

If everybody starts now, we split them between Tami-flu and Vira-flu.

KAYLA

That's going to make people feel like guinea pigs.

SORKOSKY

We need facts. It's the only way. Go ahead and get started.

(beat)

What's going on at the lab?

KAYLA

Razi can't ID it yet, but it's not Avian.

SORKOSKY

So we have a mutated virus that seems to move faster than Avian. If it's more deadly, too...

Sorkosky thrusts the paper he was looking at toward her.

KAYLA

This is a court summons.

SORKOSKY

The ACLU woke a district judge up in the middle of the night and got him to call an emergency hearing.

KAYLA

(reading)

We have to show up this afternoon.

Sorkosky nods. Indeed they do.

OMITTED

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY

Jack Hendler stands outside his Benz, using both thumbs to write Blackberry e-mail. He's in front of a beautifully manicured lawn with an awesome house behind him. Without thinking, he wipes his nose with the palm of his hand, wipes it on his pants.

A beat, then another Benz pulls up and producer-on-the-rise MICHAEL TORINO, wearing sunglasses, exits.

HENDLER

Mister Torino. Great to see you this morning.

Hendler eagerly extends his hand to Torino.

SPFX PULSE - THE HANDSHAKE

Again, the fomites make an easy transition from one man to the other.

BACK TO MANSION

Torino flashes a white strip smile because that's who he is, someone who sells himself, not property like Hendler.

HENDLER (cont'd)

You got any kids?

TORINO

They only live with me in the summer. But I'm getting married again, may have a few more.

HENDLER

Awesome. Man, they are going to love the backyard of this estate. Pool, slide, jacuzzi, rock waterfall. Big enough they can play water polo back there.

TORINO

House is open for us to look at, right?

HENDLER

We're definitely taking the tour. First, I just wanted you to see how beautifully this home presents from the street.

CONTINUED:

TORINO

(impatient)

The thing is, my company has a new movie coming out and there's a premiere tonight, and -- as the film's producer -- I kind of have some things to do to get ready.

HENDLER

You're talking about 'Bomb Squad?'

(off Torino's nod)

I saw the trailer. How much did you pay that stuntman to jump from that helicopter.

TORINO

Nada. It's all computer. We put the actor in this suit, wire him up, the computer takes a complete picture.

HENDLER

Can't wait to see it.

TORINO

Well, I can't wait to see your house.

Hendler's phone RINGS. He listens, speaks quietly outside of Torino's range.

HENDLER

Got it. Well, you hold them off on dating anything.

Hendler hangs up.

HENDLER (cont'd)

Somebody's making an offer now. But it's through my office, so I can put you in first position. C'mon in...

Hendler uses his car key to electronically lock his car, starts walking to the house. Torino falls in after Hendler.

OMITTED

EXT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Stock footage.

INT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

A gavel brings a courtroom to order. Brought down by JUDGE ANDREW POLACOFF who peers down from the bench at two groups: Sarah Adams-Caplan and Ed Mann from the ACLU, and PHIL DUIN and Kayla for the CDC. Adams-Caplan stands at her table.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Your Honor, we have included in items for your review the federal regulations regarding quarantine. The law only allows quarantine of individuals in cases of specific known diseases. Whatever the man on the plane died of, the CDC has yet to identify it. Therefore, they are in violation and have no authority whatsoever to deprive healthy individuals of their liberty.

Duin shoots to his feet.

DUIN

Your Honor, the regulations clearly anticipate using quarantine to halt the progress of infectious disease spread. She is arguing a technicality and that argument could cost lives.

JUDGE POLACOFF

I'm inclined to agree.
(to Adams-Caplan)
I'll review it, but your problem with this quarantine better exceed the scope of that argument.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

It does. If I may continue --
(off his nod)
We believe the CDC has no jurisdiction, no authority and, frankly, no good reason to hold these people. The CDC mandate for action specifically refers to cross-state transmission. There is no reason to believe this flu, if that's what it is, will go beyond Los Angeles.

JUDGE POLACOFF

(to Duin)
What about that?

DUIN

We live in world where disease can travel the globe in hours where it used to take years.

(MUSIC)

CONTINUED:

DUIN (cont'd)

So far we've been lucky to stop it with the airline passengers.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Mister Duin ignores other measures, such as individual responsibility and home quarantine. We should simply trust people to use common sense.

KAYLA

(under her breath)

Start with yourself.

Kayla says this as an audible mutter, not able to restrain herself.

JUDGE POLACOFF

On the subject of containment, contain yourself.

DUIN

Sorry, Your Honor. I'm sure she's just speaking out of passion.

Judge Polacoff nods his agreement.

JUDGE POLACOFF

The Court will recognize your passion to be heard Doctor Martin but then I expect you to take a seat. The floor's yours.

Judge Polacoff waves his hand at Kayla who stands.

KAYLA

Your Honor, we are about to identify the specific disease. If it is not a threat, we certainly won't recommend keeping anyone. But if we let them go now, we could blow our only chance of stopping a pandemic. These are dangerous times. Sometimes the rights of the public must trump the rights of the individual.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Oh, please. They've made the same argument about the Patriot Act.

And now we dissolve into a cacophony of OVERLAPPING DIALOGUE.

KAYLA

And that's what this is all about, isn't it?

DUIN

Sit down, Doctor.

*

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAMS-CAPLAN MANN
You know what this is about. Sarah...

KAYLA JUDGE POLACOFF *
You've dragged us in here not You're out of order!
because you care about public
health but because you could
care less about it.

ADAMS-CAPLAN JUDGE POLACOFF
I will never apologize for Both of you!
caring about individual
rights.

We end as we began -- with a gavel being slammed down,
repeatedly, calling for order.

EXT. NARROW ROAD - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

The Sydney PD vehicle bounces along a dirt road, churning up
a cloud of dirt behind it.

The car turns into a driveway, threading through some
foliage, comes through into a clearing.

A BEACH SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Granted, the location is near paradise with the ocean and
beach in the background and the palms, etc. But the shack
itself looks so run-down as to be barely livable. The car
pulls to a stop. Troy and Ratner exit. Ratner carries a
suitcase sized kit.

TOOLEY
(from inside car)
Surfers like to rent these shacks out.
Perfect strangers most times. Cram
inside, costs 'em a few bucks each
day, they're so far from everything.

TROY
But nobody's home?

TOOLEY
Unless they're strong sleepers.

RATNER
Sure you don't want to suit up and go
in with us? Brought an extra.

TOOLEY
(shakes head)
What do you Americans say? 'Above my
paygrade.'

CONTINUED:

RATNER

So wait down the road, we'll give a call.

Tooley flips her sunglasses down, starts backing her car up the road.

A distance from the shack, Ratner unfolds a metal folding table and uses it to support the kit. He opens it. There are sample cases, etc., and also gowns, gloves and masks. He puts some sanitizing gel on his hands, begins to rub them together. Then he hands a gown to Troy and begins to put on his own.

TROY

Tooley would have loved these. Great sunscreen.

RATNER

We have to burn 'em when we're done.

TROY

Comforting.

Gowns on, Ratner hands Troy gloves. They each put on a pair. Next, Ratner hands Troy a mask. They each put one on. Finally, Ratner hands Troy a wrapped condom.

RATNER

Everything's gotta be covered.

Even with the mask on, we can see Troy's reaction in his eyes. Ratner shrugs. A beat, then Ratner slaps Troy on his gowned back:

RATNER (cont'd)

Dude, relax. I'm just messin' with you.

TROY

It's because I got the front seat, isn't it?

RATNER

It's always nice to share.

Ratner snaps the case shut, hefts it with one hand.

RATNER (cont'd)

Let's take a look around.

Ratner and Troy move cautiously toward the beach shack.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

An upscale office and design. This is Hendler's kingdom where he reigns. He enters, with a carry-tray from Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf.

HENDLER

Listen up, folks. The King is in the Building.

AD-LIBS from his co-workers who look up and gather round as Hendler begins to hand out the drinks.

HENDLER (cont'd)

First off, yours truly will be attending a Hollywood premiere tonight as a guest of, are you ready for this? Michael Torino.

That elicits various OOHS and AAHS. One of his CO-WORKERS speaks up.

CO-WORKER

The producer? You know he gives ten percent of his money to charity?

HENDLER

This man doesn't just produce. He makes things happen.

CO-WORKER

Oh my God...

HENDLER

Mister Torino has invited yours truly because I've just made him a super-sweet deal on the LaFontaine Estate.

In the Beverly Hills real estate world, this is the equivalent of a home run. Hugs and kisses are exchanged throughout and as they are:

SPFX PULSE - HENDLER COUGHS

And, as he does, fomites transfer from one person to another to another.

BACK TO REAL ESTATE OFFICE

As the hoo-hah continues, Hendler wipes the sweat off his brow.

HENDLER (cont'd)

Where am I gonna get a tuxedo on this short a notice?

CONTINUED:

A social spreader has sent forth another handful of people who will within hours be doing the same themselves.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND - DAY

Kayla goes over some paperwork, having her zillionth cup of coffee when suddenly she sees a face she'd nearly forgotten about.

KAYLA

Dad.

It's her father, Howard. He's got a couple of large paper bags, stuffed with take-out food.

HOWARD

Can I kiss my daughter or do I need to put on one of those crazy suits first?

Kayla backs off.

KAYLA

It's a 'no-kiss' zone. Sorry.

Howard sets the sacks on a desk.

HOWARD

I stopped by Mario's Trattoria and picked up some of everything. Didn't want you eating hospital food.

Howard hands Kayla a garlic roll from the bag, and she bites into it.

KAYLA

Garlic rolls? Why not? I'm wearing this mask most of the time. Thanks, Dad.

HOWARD

You know that public skate's down fifty percent overnight?

KAYLA

They'll come back.

(beat)

Dad, I need to ask you something.

HOWARD

Whatever you need, K.

KAYLA

I think we have this virus contained. But if we don't, we may have a situation...

CONTINUED:

HOWARD

What kind of situation?

KAYLA

Where we have more bodies than a place to put them.

HOWARD

What are you gonna do?

KAYLA

We'd need other places to put the bodies until they can be claimed or buried.

(can't look at him)

They'd have to stay cold.

A long pause as Howard registers what she's really saying.

HOWARD

You can't put bodies on the ice!

KAYLA

It'd be temporary.

HOWARD

No, it wouldn't. Nobody's gonna bring their kid in to skate at a place that stored dead people.

KAYLA

(backing off)

Yeah, I guess. Well, it's not gonna come to that, so...

Paulette, the lead nurse, approaches.

PAULETTE

We've had another six become symptomatic. They're in iso.

Kayla nods. She hands the two bags to Paulette.

KAYLA

Hot Italian. Treat the other nurses.

(to her dad)

I have to go. I love you. Don't be mad.

Kayla leaves. Paulette heads in the other direction with the food. Howard watches his daughter, then gets up to leave, too.

EXT. BEACH SHACK - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

Ratner and Troy move toward the shack. As they do:

RATNER
This isn't good.

Ratner kneels to the ground, uses a stick to turn over a dead seagull.

TROY
It's a dead seagull. I grew up by the beach, seen plenty of them.

RATNER
Yeah. But it's the right pathology.

TROY
For what?

RATNER
They call it bird flu, right? Chickens might not have cornered the market on it.

Ratner opens the case, uses tongs to place it in the plastic specimen bag.

INT. BEACH SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

They enter and, even through their masks, they can smell death.

TROY
Somebody's dead in here.

RATNER
Yeah.

TROY
Over there.

On the couch is a body, not moving, bluish skin tone. A quick check for a pulse by Ratner shows that they're right -- he's dead, blood on his nose and mouth. Ratner opens up his kit again to take samples.

RATNER
Check the rest of the place.

Troy starts to move through the shack. He opens the refrigerator, sees some rotting food.

TROY
Food's starting to spoil.

CONTINUED:

Troy starts looking around the kitchen. He finds a blank notepad. He rips the top page off, then takes a fresh page to the back and uses a pencil to shade across it. Writing begins to take shape.

TROY (cont'd)
There's a pad here. Last thing written
on it was Flight 182.

Troy continues to look around the kitchen. Looks out the window.

TROY (cont'd)
You're gonna want to look at this.

From the look on his face, it's not good news.

EXT. BEACH SHACK - OCEAN SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Ratner and Troy, gloved and gowned, walk out onto the sand into a frightening tableau.

Before them are dozens of dead seagulls.

Some have washed up on the beach and others have died on a back patio ledge, full of their droppings.

INT. BEACH SHACK - LATER

It's a medical swarm as Ratner is now joined by Australian health officials.

Like a CSI team, the suited-up members begin to take samples, seize all bedding, cut up the throw rug and go through the trash.

Everything is bagged and tagged. Everybody is deadly serious.

Ratner stands to the side with Troy.

TROY
You're saying this new guy had the
regular flu?

RATNER
Probably. So he feeds the seagulls
which have their own flu. We catches
the birds flu. Now this kid's body
becomes a petri dish and out comes a
new mutation that combines his flu
with their flu and is transmissible to
humans. Smith catches that mutated
virus, doesn't know it.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RATNER (cont'd)

But he's freaked out by his sick roommate so he decides it's time to fly home. By the time he's on the plane, he's already feeling lousy, just wants to get some of mom's home cooking, decides to tough it out. But he's too far gone, and dies on the plane, but not before he shares it with his fellow passengers. I gotta call LA, let's go.

Ratner and Troy leave this tableau behind.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND - DAY

The war-room is up and running and it's a tribute to Sorkosky's organization talents. He's got computers, dry erase boards and bulletin boards pulled into service to track the passengers. They are now divided in two ways: by seating on the plane and by their condition. A third way is just getting started, separating them by the two anti-virals they're testing until they determine exactly what kind of flu they're up against. At a table set up in the middle FIND Sorkosky, Kayla, Razi, Duin, even Jacko. There's a speaker phone box set up in the middle.

SORKOSKY

You there, Doctor Ratner?

RATNER (O.S.)

I can hear you.

SORKOSKY

Let's get started. Doctor Razi?

RAZI

It is not the H5N1 strain we were expecting but one we now call H3N7. We have not prepared for this virus strain, but there are enough similarities we have some good leads.

RATNER (O.S.)

That squares with Australia. We'll have to test the samples, but it looks like seagull to human, and then human to human transmission on the plane. The authorities here are rounding up everybody. It was a remote hut, end-of-season. I think they'll be okay.

Sorkosky leans in, speaks toward the speaker box.

CONTINUED:

SORKOSKY

Doctor Ratner. Any idea how long the roommate was dead before you found him?

RATNER

Not reliably. But my rough timeline -- the figures must be wrong -- but the rough says this kid got it, transmitted it, and died in less than 24 hours.

SORKOSKY

Get on a plane and get your samples to Doctor Razi's lab ASAP. And you and the FBI fellow should really be on anti-virals. L-A out.

Sorkosky turns off the speaker connection, turns to Kayla who's wearing surgical scrubs (the restrictive gown variety) with a mask hanging around her neck.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Your turn.

KAYLA

(looking at board)

Here in LA, we already have thirty-two passengers showing symptoms of disease. All on anti-virals.

SORKOSKY

But only one additional fatality among the passengers.

KAYLA

Only a matter of time. I've got four that are in free fall and may be gone any minute.

RAZI

Given also that Mister Smith and his roommate is dead, I agree with Doctor Martini that it is reasonable to expect significant increased fatalities among the passengers.

DUIN

Hopefully, this will cause the judge to side with us and maintain the quarantine.

SORKOSKY

Well, I have one more piece that might shift our paradigm. Jacko?

CONTINUED: (2)

That's an attention grabber. Sorkosky pushes his glasses back up his nose, gestures to the board.

JACKO

I've been over and over this. We've counted and re-counted, cross-referenced from ticketing to a full bed-check, and we keep coming back to the same thing. Someone who was on that plane when it left Australia did not get to this hospital.

KAYLA

We've got a rogue out there?

SORKOSKY

(nods)

Not for long. He's a Beverly Hills real estate agent. We've notified police to bring him in.

DUIN

By force?

SORKOSKY

If necessary.

DUIN

I don't like that legally.

KAYLA

It's worse medically if he stays out.

There are some grim faces around the table. Interrupted by the arrival of Paulette:

PAULETTE

We have a code-blue in Iso.

Kayla jumps up and runs out of the room, tracking along with Paulette into the corridor. As she does, she's pulling up her mask into place. Paulette hands her gloves which she pulls on while still on the run.

OMITTED

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - ISOLATION - CONTINUOUS

Kayla enters. Foxhoven indicates the patient on the bed -- it's Lindsey Mastrapa -- she's on a respirator already and she looks bad. The heart monitor above her is flat-lined.

FOXHOVEN

Where's your bio-suit?

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

No time.

FOXHOVEN

Doctor, you need to step out now!

KAYLA

No! This'll be okay.

Kayla takes a half-beat to take this in, but that's all --

KAYLA (cont'd)

Vitals?

FOXHOVEN

BP 60 palpable. She just started dropping... out of nowhere...

Kayla examines Lindsey's pupils with a pen light.

KAYLA

Pupils are dilated and unresponsive.
(to Lindsey)
You gotta fight, Lindsey.

The medical team labors around Lindsey's body.

KAYLA (cont'd)

Paddles.

Foxhoven hands her the paddles.

FOXHOVEN

Charging.

KAYLA

Clear.

All stand clear. Kayla sends a jolt through Lindsey.

FOXHOVEN

Uh-uh. Charging.

KAYLA

Again. Clear.

Kayla sends another jolt. Nothing.

KAYLA (cont'd)

Again. Clear.

Kayla sends another jolt.

FOXHOVEN

Mean arterial pressure of 70. Pulse is gone.

CONTINUED: (2)

Kayla steps back from the bed. Lindsey's face has the same blue pallor seen on Ames and his dead roommate.

Kayla reaches out and takes Lindsey's hand in her gloved hand.

EXT. RED CARPET ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Producer Michael Torino stands with a police officer watching a couple of paramedics (both wearing masks, wearing rubber gloves) put Hendler, his tuxedo ripped open to let him breathe easier, onto a gurney.

POLICE OFFICER

How well acquainted are you with
Mister Hendler?

TORINO

I'm not! He's my realtor, that's all.
(scared)
What does he have?

POLICE OFFICER

We don't really know, sir, but did he
tell you he was on the plane that's
been in the news?

TORINO

No! If he had, you think I would have
invited him to come tonight and infect
all my friends?
(angry)
Why the hell wasn't he quarantined
like the rest of them?

POLICE OFFICER

Not sure. The CDC is sending someone
down here to talk to everybody who was
exposed. Maybe they'll know. We just
started looking for him a few hours
ago.

Hendler is rolled past Torino and the officer on the gurney.
Torino visibly shrinks away.

TORINO

(yelling at Hendler)
What the hell were you thinking?

But Hendler is too sick to answer. The paramedics begin to load him into the ambulance as the crowd chatters away about what it all means.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DECONTAMINATION PROCESS

A) Kayla enters the "clean room." She stands in a designated area and has a team remove her scrubs and gloves. Nobody says anything. Everyone knows this is just the beginning. They place Kayla's clothes in an incinerator and the flames consume them.

B) Kayla steps into a shower stall, and begins to wash herself. Like Lindsey in the aircraft bathroom, she can't get clean enough.

C) Kayla sits in front of a locker, getting dressed. She's slow and deliberate. Another CDC worker gets into a bio-suit in the background. He looks over at Kayla, knows enough not to bother her. He takes off.

D) Alone again, Kayla puts her head in her hands and begins to cry. A beat, then Ruegger (formerly Bio-Suit #1) approaches tentatively.

RUEGGER
Doctor Martin?

Kayla blinks back her tears, then turns to face Ruegger.

KAYLA
Yes?

RUEGGER
Doctor Sorkosky wanted me to tell you that they found Mister Hendler.

KAYLA
Oh, that's good.

RUEGGER
He's on a respirator now.
(beat)
And there was one other thing. He wanted you to go check out someone who's sick at home but won't come in.

KAYLA
Get Doctor Foxhoven to go.

RUEGGER
The man works at the airport.

KAYLA
Never mind. Tell Sorkosky I'm on my way.

Adrenaline pumping now, Kayla pulls a backpack out of her locker, and slams the door.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's very late at night. Pick up Foxhoven, dressed in surgical scrubs, as he exits the building. He passes by a single LAPD officer, assigned to provide security.

How's it goin'?

LAPD OFFICER

Simple. Keep the patients in... keep news crews out.

The officer indicates Media City, the tent area surrounded by "live" news trucks. It's dark and activity is at a minimum.

LAPD OFFICER (cont'd)

Get some sleep, doc.

G'night.

Foxhoven nods, keeps on walking.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sorkosky -- drinking a cup of Starbucks -- stares at the tracking board, splitting passengers into groups, coding them by seating assignment, etc. There is also a new map of Los Angeles put up with colored push-pins -- representing the airport, Beverly Hills and Glendale. His attention is broken by the arrival of Troy and Ratner. Sorkosky, true to form, gets right to it, looking straight at Ratner.

SORKOSKY

The samples?

RATNER

Dropped them at the lab. Razi's taking them apart now.

Sorkosky nods, takes a long hit on his coffee. Troy looks at his desk, sees two other cups... and a couple of more on top of the waste basket trash.

TROY

It's night. Maybe you should try sleeping.

RATNER

I'm fresh, I can spot you. Slept almost eight hours on the flight.

(shrugs)

Still left time to watch 'King Kong' on DVD.

CONTINUED:

Sorkosky, not easily amused, indicates the map to Troy, ignoring Ratner.

SORKOSKY

It's a puzzle, Agent Whitlock. There is an answer to it, but not one that's easy to see.

During this exchange, Ratner looks at the passenger groups, picks up a clipboard, studies the print-out.

TROY

Doctor Martin around?

SORKOSKY

No.

(to Ratner)

We have a potential chain of transmission case with an airport worker. She's checking him out now.

RATNER

Whoa. Doctor Sorkosky, have you slept at all since you got here?

SORKOSKY

No. Why?

RATNER

All due respect, sir, but I think you may have missed something.

(bottom line)

Tami-flu may work on Avian, but whatever we're up against, it's no better than aspirin. We have to switch everybody to Vira-flu right now.

Sorkosky looks at Ratner, impressed with his grasp, pissed at how easy it comes.

SORKOSKY

Show me what you're seeing here.

While Sorkosky and Ratner lapse into medical speak, Troy slips away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's a satellite parking lot, away from the main lot where the Media City sits. Foxhoven walks to his car, turns his key to unlock it.

A man wearing a sweatshirt approaches, smoking a cigarette. This is SMOKE.

CONTINUED:

SMOKE

Excuse me, you know what time it is?

Foxhoven, sleep deprived, turns, tries to focus on his watch.

FOXHOVEN

Yeah, it's, uh --

As soon as he turns, however, another man comes from behind and hits him on the head with the butt end of a revolver. This is VALDEZ. Foxhoven goes down in a heap.

The two men set to work putting Foxhoven into his own car. Smoke pulls Foxhoven's ID off his pocket.

SMOKE

Make sure he doesn't wake up. I'll fix this.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greeley, our airport Good Samaritan, lays in bed, obviously very ill. Wearing a surgical mask, Kayla enters.

KAYLA

Mister Greeley? I'm Doctor Martin with the Centers for Disease Control. Your wife said it was okay to examine you and ask a few questions.

Greeley nods. Kayla begins to snap on a set of latex gloves.

GREELEY

She wanted to drive me to the hospital... but I didn't feel up to it...

Kayla begins to feel for Greeley's lymph nodes.

KAYLA

When did you start getting sick?

GREELEY

Couple a days ago. You know, sore throat and a cough.

KAYLA

And you work at the airport?

GREELEY

Yeah...

Kayla opens up a small medical kit.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

I'll be taking some throat and nose samples and drawing some blood.

(beat)

Any contact with the plane in the news?

GREELEY

No.

KAYLA

What do you do?

GREELEY

Work in airport maintenance... nothing to do with planes, just the buildings...

KAYLA

Were you anywhere near the room where they took the body?

GREELEY

No way.

Kayla finds a vein, and starts drawing blood.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Smoke, now wearing Foxhoven's scrubs, approaches the LAPD officer on duty. He taps his ID (with his picture now laminated on) and passes, no worries.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Smoke now opens a door at the end of a quiet hallway, letting in two other men, Valdez and BANDIT, dressed in street clothes. They're armed, and they give Smoke a handgun.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - MOMENTS LATER

It's quiet. A solitary CDC worker in a bio-suit walks the hallway. A couple of night owls are watching television in the common area.

Outside one room is Sampson, in an overnight chair with the leg extension out, a blanket pulled over him, trying uncomfortably to sleep.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Troy has his travel kit spread out on the sink. His face is lathered up and he's grabbing a shave while he can.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - NURSE'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Paulette goes through her paperwork. Smoke approaches the desk.

PAULETTE

New nurses don't report until six.

SMOKE

Must be a screw-up.

PAULETTE

Let's see what happened.

(reads off his tag)

Doctor Foxhoven?

Smoke holds his handgun up above the counter.

SMOKE

Don't even speak.

Paulette nods.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - MOMENTS LATER

The three men move into the quarantine floor with a gun to the head of the shift nurse. No bio-suits, just brazen, get-out-of-my-way attitude. Terrified, she nods down the hallway at Sampson.

Sampson awakens to the sound of a GUN BEING CHAMBERED outside his ear. He looks into the face of Smoke.

SMOKE

Key?

Sampson bolts up, but ends up being overwhelmed by the superior numbers of his attackers. They strip him of his keys and use them to open the door.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Vicente sleeps, handcuffed to the bed.

SMOKE

Hey, boss. House call.

CONTINUED:

VICENTE

What took you so long?

They uncuff him and cuff Sampson to the bed in his place.

SAMPSON

You're all dead.

In response, one of the men clubs him with the gun, sending him reeling into a blackout.

VICENTE

Don't kill him. That'll just make them look harder. Let's go.

They move out of the room, locking the door as they do.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY

The three men and Vicente move down the hallway, still using the frightened Paulette as a hostage.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Sampson fights to get his scrambled brains back in working order. He sees that his phone has fallen from his pocket and skittered across the floor. He has to strain and stretch, finally, finally, getting it into his hands.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - BATHROOM

Troy continues to shave. His cell-phone RINGS. He picks it up, holding it a couple of inches away from his face to avoid getting shaving cream on it.

TROY

Agent Whitlock.

(beat)

Sampson?

Troy listens a beat longer, then flips the phone shut. He runs a towel instantly across his face, gets his gun and moves out, ignoring the splotches of shaving cream still on his face.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

The escape party clears through the double doors. Troy rounds the corner, sees them on the other side. Sorkosky and Ratner are in the middle.

CONTINUED:

TROY

Hold it!
(to Sorkosky, Ratner)
Get out of the way!

It's a stand-off, except that Troy is outnumbered, and they have Paulette as a hostage. Smoke turns to Bandit.

SMOKE

Get the car.

Bandit takes off.

SMOKE (cont'd)

(to Troy)
You won't let me shoot her. Put your
gun down.

TROY

There's cops all over the place out
there.

SMOKE

There's one. Maybe another one on a
coffee break.

Vicente grabs the handgun from Bandit, moves on Sorkosky,
grabs him.

VICENTE

You can't let us kill him. He's gonna
beat your big bad virus.

Troy sees they have two hostages now.

VICENTE (cont'd)

Put the gun down. Or I'm gonna blow
his head off.

Troy and Vicente stare at each other.

VICENTE (cont'd)

Three, two...

Troy scowls, aims the gun up.

TROY

I'm putting it down, just let them go.

Troy puts his gun on the floor and the Valdez picks it up.

Smoke pushes Paulette forward.

Vicente keeps the gun on Sorkosky.

CONTINUED: (2)

VICENTE

We're keeping him. Call it medical insurance.

Smoke, Vicente and Valdez start to back away with Sorkosky.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bandit drives up with the getaway car. Sorkosky is stuffed in the trunk. The others pile in, and the car roars away.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - DAWN

The hospital parking lot has taken on the look and feel of an armed camp. Besides the tent city aspect, there are now a half-dozen LAPD cruisers and a belated SWAT truck. Officers are standing everywhere now.

An ambulance clears security and is directed to the drop-off zone.

Behind the ambulance, PICK UP Kayla driving up in the Suburban, getting stopped by an LAPD officer.

Troy approaches the officer, shows his own ID.

TROY

She's Head of CDC.

The officer nods, puts her in the prime spot. As she gets out, Troy notes grimly:

TROY (cont'd)

You are. At least you are here.

KAYLA

What are you talking about?

TROY

Vicente took Sorkosky with them. I'm not sure why.

KAYLA

I didn't hear that on the news.

TROY

That's because they don't know yet. They're waiting for you to brief them.

KAYLA

I need you to --

CONTINUED:

TROY

Stop. This is a federal crime scene now. I have a missing prisoner, and my partner's got a concussion. That's my case priority now.

Troy swipes the keys back from Kayla.

TROY (cont'd)

These are mine. Good luck.

RATNER (O.S.)

Kayla!

It's Ratner, approaching even as Troy heads over to repossess his Suburban.

KAYLA

This is a disaster.

RATNER

Text-book.

(beat)

Download?

Kayla nods her agreement, indicates the ambulance, off-loading Greeley.

KAYLA

One of the food carts didn't get properly marked. He stole the sandwiches, gave them to a homeless shelter. He's critical. Somebody on his shift is sick, too.

RATNER

Even money when we call the homeless shelter, we'll find a few there, too. People already have diseases like HIV or TB so they're immuno-suppressed to begin with... easy prey...

KAYLA

You started the work-up on Hendler?

RATNER

On a respirator now. He's our Typhoid Mary, guy's been hugging and kissing his way through offices, homes and parties since he landed.

KAYLA

Great. So we have two highly likely clusters outside of the cases here.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA (cont'd)

Each one of them probably has a dozen satellites infections. We need more investigators.

RATNER

Actually, a lot more... It's bad news, Kayla, real bad...

Kayla looks over at the hospital, sees Aria Beutefeldt taking photos of Smolak, Maureen, Dr. Westley and other passengers as they exit the door. She freaks out!

KAYLA

They're leaving!

Kayla starts marching toward them. Ratner reaches at her sleeve to pull her back.

RATNER

Stop, Kayla, chill.

Kayla pulls away from Ratner.

KAYLA

What the hell are you talking about?

Ratner sprints around in front of her, physically blocking her.

RATNER

Stop! I mean it!

Kayla stops. She can see that he does.

RATNER (cont'd)

The Judge on the ACLU case? Blew a fuse when he heard about the break-out. He said if we can't protect our patients from guns, then we sure can't protect them from germs.

(pissed)

He's let everybody go, Kayla. There's no more quarantine. L.A. just got turned into a hot zone. We're going exponential.

Kayla spins around, looking at what's happening, getting a sick feeling that's as strong as any virus.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Howard stands at the railing watching his smaller group of hopefuls, including Brooke, practice on the ice.

CONTINUED:

Kayla enters. Howard looks up to see her coming down the stairs toward him. His heart sinks.

KAYLA

You have to send them all home, Dad.
Now. It's not going to be safe for a
while.

HOWARD

Are you sure?
(stops himself)
Of course you're sure.

Kayla hands him a box from her back-pack.

KAYLA

I brought you a box of masks. I
couldn't get any more. Everybody's
gonna want one. Tell people not to get
closer than three feet to anyone else.
They should wash their hands often
with an antispetic hand cleaner.

HOWARD

Okay.

Kayla hands him an envelope. He opens it and produces an official looking form.

HOWARD (cont'd)

What's this?

KAYLA

It's a public seizure, Dad. I don't
have time to find somebody else. I
need your help.

KAYLA'S POV - THE ICE RINK

As it goes from having a cluster of skaters on the ice... to
losing all the skaters... to replacing them with bodies on
gurneys... doctors and nurses walking amongst them...

The future...

BACK TO NORMAL

Howard sinks to one of the benches. His business, a place
that has given him and so many others life, is about to
become a place of death. Kayla sits down next to him.

KAYLA (cont'd)

It's not the end of the world, Dad.
It's just going to feel like it for a
while.

CONTINUED: (2)

Howard blinks back tears from his eyes and so does Kayla.

SPFX PULSE - RIPTIDE VIRUS SPREADS THROUGHOUT L.A.

Using the special effect that has been our signature throughout this film, WE SEE the city of Los Angeles from above the hospital.

MELISSA (V.O.)

As of this moment, Los Angeles is under siege from the so-called 'Riptide Virus', named for its origin with surfers in Australia. With the court-ordered release of all quarantined airline passengers, CDC officials fear an exponential growth in the transmission of the virus. People are being urged to avoid public gatherings and to take precautionary measures to avoid contact with infected individuals...

Each of these people is a point of infection, and each is causing other points of infection. The Riptide Virus is spreading. Los Angeles is in grave danger. The clock is ticking...

FADE OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED

PANDEMIC

MINI-SERIES

Part Two: "RING OF FIRE"

Written by

Bryce Zabel & Jackie Zabel

FIRST DRAFT (
May 12, 2006

WGAw #1099925, #1125981

Larry Levinson Productions
500 S. Sepulveda Blvd., #610
Los Angeles, CA 90049
(310) 440-7834

PART TWO: "RING OF FIRE"

FADE IN:

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

From every direction, WE SEE ambulances and LAPD squad cars converging at the same time. SIRENS and LIGHTS. No attempt at stealth or subtlety.

The back of one of the ambulances throws its doors open. It's DR. KAYLA MARTIN, currently the senior member of the Centers for Disease Control in Los Angeles. She's wearing a familiar blue full-coverage bio-suit.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Kayla enters, backed by several other CDC team members. There are about a half-dozen people working here, and they are, to say the least, freaking out. A woman SCREAMS.

KAYLA

I'm Doctor Kayla Martin from the Centers for Disease Control. Last night, a man who works here, Jack Hendler, was admitted to Kindred Spirits Hospital. As you may not know, he was a passenger on Flight 182, the flight that was quarantined.

One of the CO-WORKERS stands up.

CO-WORKER

Oh, no. He wasn't on that flight. He took another one.

KAYLA

Not true. He was. And now he's very sick.

CO-WORKER

Are we going to die?

KAYLA

For your own safety, we want you to go home and stay home. We will distribute anti-viral drugs that you can begin taking immediately. We urge you and your family members to wear surgical masks for the next week, and to stay in touch with us.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (cont'd)
 If you begin to experience
 symptoms, we want you to come
 directly to Kindred Spirits
 Hospital for treatment.

Off the frightened reactions.

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Troy and Sampson sit in the vehicle, reviewing the FBI case file on Edward Vicente, particularly the section marked, "Known Associates." Obviously on a stake-out, listening to the strident passion of two voices on local TALK RADIO really going at it.

VOICE #1
 Breathe deep, LA, here comes Attack
 of the Flu People!

VOICE #2
 Come on. Like you had a better
 plan.

VOICE #1
 I thought we had it handled pretty
 well -- keep everybody in a
 hospital until it's safe. But you
 and your civil rights loving
 friends want everyone on the
 streets coughing on each other.

VOICE #2
 A judge agreed, amigo. And don't
 forget, it's already out, there are
 other outbreaks.

VOICE #1
 Not as many as there will be now.

Troy reaches over, shuts off the radio, looks over at Sampson.

TROY
 Yeah, that'll keep everybody calm.

SAMPSON
 Screw all of 'em.

Troy looks over at Sampson, studying him for signs of illness.

TROY
 You don't have to be out here,
 Pete.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

TROY (cont'd)

Even if you think you're okay, you got exposed, maybe you should be in bed or something.

SAMPSON

That got me on those anti-virals on Day One. And now they got me on the better stuff, same as you, I might add. So we're covered.

(changing subject)

What'd you tell Kelly and Gil?

TROY

This was supposed to be my week with Gil but she's had him since this went down.

SAMPSON

She'll never let you hear the end of that.

TROY

Tell me about it. We fight more now that we're not married than we did before.

Suddenly, across the street, a man emerges from a pawn shop.

SAMPSON

Looks like our man.

Troy pulls the Suburban out into the street, jamming it to a halt in front of the man, MARCO.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CHASE

A) Sampson jumps out in time to see Marco make a run for it, and starts to run him down.

B) It's a full-on chase where two men both cover pavement like there's no tomorrow. Suddenly, Sampson drops, can't get a breath, wheezing, like he's dying.

C) Troy is out of the car behind him, stops at Sampson's side.

TROY

Let's get you back to the hospital--

SAMPSON

Get him...

(off Troy's hesitation)

Go!

CONTINUED:

Troy nods and takes off, knowing that his partner will know he's coming back for him.

D) Marco is fast, wearing sneakers, and Troy, in his street clothes, has to run like a son-of-a-bitch to catch him.

E) But he does, throwing him against a wall in an alley.

BACK TO SCENE

Both men are gasping for air and the conversation is tough to get out.

TROY

Why run so hard... you got nothing to hide... do ya?

We get a good look at Marco. Maybe he's one of the men from the hospital break-out of Vicente. It's hard to say.

MARCO

I run from trouble. You're trouble, hombre.

TROY

Eduardo Vicente. He's trouble. And he's who I want.

MARCO

Wrong answer.

Marco's eyes dart back-and-forth. No escape. Troy whips out his cuffs and cuffs him to a nearby parking meter.

TROY

I'm comin' back for the truth.

Troy heads back toward Sampson.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND - DAY

Kayla enters, finds Ratner staring at the status board. Activity has ramped up considerably, all medical personnel are in masks.

KAYLA

Never thought I'd say this but I miss Sorkosky. You think they'll find him?

RATNER

(false confidence)
Yeah. Troy's a bloodhound.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

(nods)

So how are we doing here?

RATNER

With the passengers released, we have 190 new potential social spreaders out there. Let's say fifty percent of them stay home or don't have it. That's 95, plus our two new satellite outbreaks, each with, say a dozen. That's 125. So I plugged it into the simulation, and started it running for six this morning.

Ratner clicks on his computer screen which shows the number of cases growing exponentially.

KAYLA

Now show me the least-damaging scenario.

RATNER

That's what this is. You want worst-case? Check this out.

He clicks again. The computer screen fills up with hits.

RATNER (cont'd)

LA E/Rs can't handle weekends. A surge like this, no way. With our projected lethality rate, we could lose half a million people right here in Los Angeles.

Kayla sinks down into a nearby chair.

KAYLA

All right. We know victory is buying time. What do you think Sorkosky'd want us to do?

RATNER

Track everybody as best we can, give anti-virals to anybody in contact, and lecture the media in his honor.

KAYLA

But your computer model says that playing it safe isn't safe. We have to quarantine this entire city.

Ratner lets out a low whistle.

CONTINUED: (2)

RATNER

Kayla, they wouldn't even let us hold three-hundred people. Let alone twenty-million.

KAYLA

Handle the hospital surge until I get back.

RATNER

Where are you going?

KAYLA

The mayor needs to see your worst case scenario, but not on a computer screen.

Kayla takes off in one direction, Ratner in the other. As Kayla moves away, she runs into Aria, carrying her one piece of luggage with her camera hanging around her neck.

KAYLA (cont'd)

I thought you left. With the others.

ARIA

I came back.

KAYLA

Are you not feeling well?

ARIA

I'm feeling for the first time like my work matters. Before they let us go, I'd been taking photos of everybody in the quarantine.

KAYLA

Why?

ARIA

So that no matter what happens, their memory lives on with their loved ones.

Kayla's not sure where this is going, but she is god-awful busy.

KAYLA

That's a good idea. I hope you'll forgive me but I've got to --

ARIA

Of course. I just wanted to say that what's happening here seems important enough to remember.

CONTINUED: (3)

Aria lifts up her camera.

ARIA (cont'd)
I want to keep working.
(off Kayla's reaction)
I know how to stay out of the way.

Kayla nods her understanding.

KAYLA
Well, you'll be about the only
person around here who does.

ARIA
Then it's okay?

KAYLA
(writing on pad)
Yeah. Here's your hall pass. Wear a
mask.

The two women trade small smiles. Aria clicks a few shots of Kayla as she takes off.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

EDUARDO VICENTE throws open the trunk of the sedan which was driven as the getaway car the night before.

Even though we saw some of these people in the break-out, they were in masks. Now they're his gang and they include BANDIT, SMOKE and VALDEZ. Vicente turns to Bandit, who was the driver in the break out:

VICENTE
Pop the trunk.

Vicente moves around back where, inside the trunk, we reveal DR. MAX SORKOSKY, his hands are tied behind his back with duct tape, and a strip is placed over his mouth, too.

VICENTE (cont'd)
You scream, we shoot you right now.

Vicente rips the tape off Sorkosky's mouth. It hurts. But he doesn't scream, it's a just a statement.

SORKOSKY
You've made a big mistake taking
me. I've got important --

Vicente jams a revolver up against Sorkosky's temple.

CONTINUED:

VICENTE

What's the name of the flu drug
you're giving everybody?

SORKOSKY

The question is not as simple as
you want to ask it.

Again, the man thinks he's Donald Rumsfeld, lecturing a man
with a gun.

VICENTE

The one you can get in a pharmacy.

Vicente chambers a round.

INT. DRUG STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Vicente and his gang are in the middle of a drug looting
rampage.

VICENTE

Tami-flu, that's what we're looking
for. T-A-M-I.

It's a frenzy of emptying drawers, sweeping counters clear
and general drug stealing. Finally:

BANDIT

I got it.

Vicente moves to the area where Bandit points. There are a
number of dosage packages.

SMOKE

How many we need for us?

VICENTE

Take them all.

They all look at Vicente, not quite understanding.

VICENTE (cont'd)

If what's out there is as bad as
people think it is, this stuff's
worth more than heroin.

They start scooping up their loot.

EXT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

A coroner's van is parked out front. Several U-Haul trucks are being unloaded of the tools of the death trade, including hundreds of cots and body bags. Police officers are in the process of securing the entrances to the parking lot.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Standing by the lockers which open out onto the ice, Kayla, her father HOWARD MARTIN (the owner) and WINSTON TAM, the LA County Coroner, are in the middle of discussion. In the background, workers are moving in, assembling cots on the ice in rows.

TAM

Let's use the south door access as our corridor in and out and restrict all handling of corpses to that area.

KAYLA

How many people will you have assigned to identification and processing of the bodies?

TAM

Today? Three, plus myself, I'll be in and out. More later, if needed.

KAYLA

I'm assigning Doctor Ruegger from our team to coordinate with your office.

Tam nods, turns to Howard.

TAM

You're the owner, right?

HOWARD

(nods)
Howard Martin.

TAM

You don't have to stick around unless you want to. What's going to happen here takes a strong stomach to watch.

HOWARD

I'm not leaving.

CONTINUED:

TAM

Okay, good. Well, I'm going to need all these lockers vacated ASAP. We need them to store personal effects until we can get them disinfected and returned to families.

(to Kayla)

Make sure you brief Mister Martin on protective protocol. This is going to be the coldest 'hot zone' in town.

Tam takes off. Kayla turns to her father, sees what this is doing to him.

KAYLA

I didn't tell him you were my father. You can if you want.

HOWARD

He's got enough on his mind.

KAYLA

I'm sorry, Dad.

Kayla's heart is breaking but her father, a former Marine, has accepted his assignment.

HOWARD

Most of the lockers are public, so they're empty, except for the team.

He sees BROOKE FLOREN, the 13-year-old skate prodigy, coming up behind Kayla, her eyes full of questions.

KAYLA

Brooke.

HOWARD

Champ, skate practice is going to be canceled for a while. I want you to go get your things from your locker.

BROOKE

Are you going to put sick people here?

Kayla puts her arm on Brooke's shoulder, steers her away toward the lockers.

KAYLA

C'mon. I'll help you get your things, we can talk...

CONTINUED: (2)

Kayla and Brooke move off. Howard casts a glance at the workers, moves off in their direction.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

One of our passengers, KATHRYN HADORN, pushes a shopping cart down the aisle. As she inspects various cereals, a woman friend, HEIDI, coming the other direction, recognizes her.

HEIDI

Kathryn?

HADORN

Oh, hey, Heidi, how are you? It's sure great to see you.

HEIDI

(confused)

Well, how are you?

HADORN

I'm fine.

HEIDI

But they said you were on that plane. That you sat next to the man who died.

HADORN

(embarrassed)

They put me on this medicine. If I get symptoms, I'm supposed to go in, but I don't have any and I have to eat.

Heidi starts backing her cart away in the other direction.

HEIDI

You shouldn't have come here.

HADORN

Heidi, come on...

Flustered, Heidi backs into an aisle and sends boxes and cans scattering. A MANAGER stocking nearby comes up.

MANAGER

Everything okay here?

HEIDI

(frightened; softly)

She was on the plane.

CONTINUED:

MANAGER
(shocked)
The one in the news?

Heidi nods, numbly, then just takes off.

HADORN
Heidi!

The manager speaks to Hadorn, keeping a very safe distance.

MANAGER
Ma'am, we can't have you in the
store. You're scaring our
customers.

HADORN
I'm taking medicine.

MANAGER
Ma'am, just take your cart,
whatever's in it, whatever you've
touched, and just walk out of here
to your car. It's on us.

Two more shoppers round the corner to come down the aisle.
The manager holds up a hand to stop them.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Stop right there. We have a
situation but it's being handled.
(back to Hadorn)
Please. Let's not make this worse
than it is.

Hadorn starts to cry, drops the box she was holding, and
turns to run from the store.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC EFFECT

*As WE SEE that fomites are on the box she dropped, on the
items in her cart, and trailing from her as she leaves.*

BACK TO SCENE

The manager shouts to DERRICK, an employee who's been
observing from down the aisle.

MANAGER (cont'd)
Let's get a bleach-and-mop down
here.
(frantic)
Do it! Now!

Derrick nods, takes off, running.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Hadorn sits in the front seat of her car, sobbing in humiliation, fear and loneliness. She's startled by a KNOCK on her window.

It's Derrick, the stockboy from the previous scene (and the late night clerk we saw in Part One, ringing up Jose Ruiz). Hadorn rolls the window down.

HADORN
(through tears)
What do you want?

Derrick indicates the shopping cart behind him. It's Hadorn's with all her things in it.

DERRICK
You left your things.

HADORN
I didn't pay for them.

DERRICK
They were gonna have me throw them away.
(beat)
If you'll open your trunk, I'll put them in for you.

Hadorn struggles for her dignity, but pops the trunk.

HADORN
Thank you. That's kind of you.

DERRICK
(shrugs)
No use going to waste, right?

Hadorn dries her eyes as Derrick goes to work, loading up her car trunk with groceries.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Kayla sits on one of the benches, working the telephone, sees Friedlander approaching. Alone.

KAYLA
Where's Mayor Sanchez?

FRIEDLANDER
You can't summon him like one of your interns. What you have to say to him, you can say to me.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

I wanted him to see this. Our projections tell us that this entire rink, and probably several more like it, are going to be filled with bodies.

FRIEDLANDER

Tragic. How can we help, though? How do we fight something this uncontrollable?

KAYLA

We need to quarantine LA and all surrounding areas.

Friedlander can't believe he's hearing this.

FRIEDLANDER

Did you even scan the judge's ruling, Doctor Martin?

KAYLA

People would still be free to move about, to work or stay home. It's not the same issue.

FRIEDLANDER

Now you're a lawyer?

KAYLA

Mister Friedlander, if you value life, you will figure out how to make this happen. The clock's ticking. We need to achieve quarantine in hours, not days.

FRIEDLANDER

Or what?

KAYLA

The Riptide Virus will spread much faster throughout California, the entire United States and probably the world. At NASCAR speeds.

FRIEDLANDER

So the way you see it, you'd like us to keep it bottled up here so our citizens die alone.

Kayla chooses her words carefully. She knows he will not budge.

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA

Let me at least talk to Mayor Sanchez.

FRIEDLANDER

I'll relay your message. We're having our department heads over for a meeting at three.

KAYLA

I should be there.

FRIEDLANDER

Are you a department head?

Kayla fumes. Friedlander seems to almost enjoy this.

FRIEDLANDER (cont'd)

Anything else?

KAYLA

There is nothing else.

FRIEDLANDER

We'll be in touch.

Friedlander takes off. Kayla won't let him get away that easily.

KAYLA

If I don't hear back by noon today, I'm exercising my other options.

Friedlander won't even dignify her threat with an answer; he just smiles enigmatically.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

DR. RICK FOXHOVEN, in a bio-suit, stands over the bed of JACK HENDLER, who's on a respirator.

FOXHOVEN

Mister Hendler? Mister Hendler?

Hendler slowly opens his eyes but he looks like death. Foxhoven has a colored marker and a dry-erase board in his hands.

FOXHOVEN (cont'd)

Mister Hendler, you've been a little delirious but we've got your fever down and we're getting you hydrated. Do you know where you are? Can you write it for me?

CONTINUED:

Foxhoven hands Hendler the marker, holds the dry-erase board for him to write on. Hendler weakly writes "hospital."

FOXHOVEN (cont'd)

That's right. I need to ask you some questions about where you've been lately. We've already been down to your real estate office. We also talked to your client, Mister Torino, but we still need to know about any other stops. Have you been anywhere else since coming back to LA?

Hendler writes "Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf" in a weak handwriting.

FOXHOVEN (cont'd)

Coffee Bean. Is that the Beverly Hills one?

(off Hendler's nod)

How many people, including employees, do you think were in the store at that time?

Hendler writes "20" on the board.

FOXHOVEN (cont'd)

All right. Now, I need you to think real hard about the rest of that day, okay?

Hendler nods, his eyes fluttering shut again.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Passenger and Blackwater Security agent GIBBY SMOLAK enters wearing a surgical mask, approaches COLEMAN, the manager who stands behind a counter. MUFFLED GUNSHOTS are heard from the nearby firing range.

COLEMAN

Gibby, decided on wearing a mask, huh?

SMOLAK

Precaution, Coleman. Who knows what this thing really is?

COLEMAN

News says it's flu. Not bird flu, but close.

CONTINUED:

SMOLAK

Those reporters just vomit up
whatever the Man feeds 'em. You
feel me?

COLEMAN

Yeah.

SMOLAK

Listen, I want you put together a
few people, men we can trust, in
case this thing gets hairy.

COLEMAN

Okay. I can do that.

SMOLAK

I'm gonna need some things.

Smolak lays a handwritten list on the desk. As GUNSHOTS are heard from the range, WE SEE from Coleman's look that it's not an insignificant list.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

The lines of the sick being registered are out the door. A high-end convertible pulls up. The driver is a teenage girl wearing a mask. The passenger, also wearing a mask, is DOCTOR CHUCK WESTLEY, the orthopedist who helped Ames Smith on the plane. Westley gets out and the girl drives the car quickly away.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Westley wades through the crowd, approaches the desk, speaks to the nurse.

WESTLEY

Hello, there. I'd like a room,
something with a view, I'm a repeat
customer.

Ratner, at work with JACKO, the CDC computer/system expert, over in the command area, sees Westley and heads right over, pulling on a mask as he does.

RATNER

Doctor Westley.

WESTLEY

Doctor Ratner.
(beat)
Surprised I'm back?

CONTINUED:

RATNER
(lying)
No.

WESTLEY
Why not? I'm the guy who was
closest to the Smith boy on that
plane.

RATNER
How are you feeling?

WESTLEY
Symptomatic. I was going to ride it
out at home, but my own family
wouldn't have it. They're all
scared crazy. Neighbors, everybody.
So I'm back.
(ruefully)
Bet they sell my car.
(desperate)
Doctor, the Tami-flu isn't kicking
it.

RATNER
Correct. Just figured that out.
We're switching everybody to Vira-
flu, as long as supplies last.
We'll get you started right away.
(to nurse)
Let's get him in Iso STAT, room
thirty-seven.

The nurse nods, gets to work on the paperwork.

RATNER (cont'd)
No singles available, but you got
an FBI agent for a roommate. And
the good news is that agent Sampson
seems to already be responding to
Vira-flu. I'll check on both of you
as soon as you get settled.

Westley nods as Ratner starts flipping through charts.

EXT. BACK PATIO - DAY

Part of an elegant, high-end Malibu home with the sand only a few feet away, and a tremendous view of the ocean. Vicente sits here, contentedly smoking a cigar, and drinking a glass of red wine. A flat-screen television plays in the background.

CONTINUED:

REVEAL that across from Vicente is Sorkosky, seated himself, but with his hands and his feet bound with plastic ties, the kind used by police and soldiers on their prisoners. He still has the duct tape over his mouth.

VICENTE
Beautiful view.

Vicente sees the words "Special Bulletin" on the TV screen, motions for one of his men, Smoke, to TURN UP the volume. It's Kayla moving toward the bank of microphones.

KAYLA (T.V.)
We have a couple of announcements
to make, then I'll take questions.

Vicente gestures slightly toward Sorkosky, and Smoke removes the tape.

VICENTE
She looks better without the blue
suit.
(to Smoke)
Tell the others.

Smoke disappears inside.

KAYLA (T.V.)
First off, although the courts
lifted the quarantine of Flight
182, we still are treating
passengers and others at this
facility, and that will continue.

Sorkosky nods toward the beach.

SORKOSKY
Where are we?

VICENTE
I have friends who want me to be
comfortable.

Vicente wags a finger up close to Sorkosky.

VICENTE (cont'd)
You speak only when I let you. Yo
soy el jefe. Entiende?

Vicente holds up his finger to his lips, makes a "shhh" sound. He focuses on the TV.

WELLS (T.V.)
Do the police have any leads on who
was behind the armed attack at the
hospital last night?

CONTINUED: (2)

Smoke returns with both Bandit and Valdez.

KAYLA (T.V.)
That's a criminal matter. You
should direct those questions to
law enforcement.

Kayla points into the media, recognizing a follow-up
question.

INT. DRUG STORE - CONTINUOUS

A uniformed LAPD OFFICER stands at a yellow crime scene
barricade. Troy approaches, flash his badge.

TROY
Looks like they tossed the place
pretty good.

LAPD OFFICER
Yes, sir. That's the owner's side
of it.

TROY
What'd they take?

LAPD OFFICER
They're not sure yet.
(curious)
What's the FBI's interest?

TROY
Keeping controlled substances
controlled. Our suspect's looking
for something specific.

LAPD OFFICER
Owner's inside. He's all yours.

Troy nods, begins to pull on some latex gloves. As he does,
he casts an eye toward the small TV the pharmacist has behind
the counter which is tuned to Kayla's news conference.

KAYLA (T.V.)
Health workers from both CDC and
County Public Health are following
up on our two outbreak zones in
Beverly Hills and Glendale.

Troy SNAPS the gloves tight.

TROY
Let's have a look.

Troy ducks under the yellow tape.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - MEDIA TENT - CONTINUOUS

Kayla faces the cameras and the reporters of the assembled media, including MELISSA LUI and her cameraman, JAKE LARAMIE as well as BRIAN WELLS and ANGIE CENTOFANTE.

MELISSA

Will you be attending the funeral for Ames Smith?

KAYLA

I think my work here with the living will prevent it. Of course, my prayers will be with his family.

WELLS

How is his mother? You put her in quarantine with the other sick people.

KAYLA

She was well when she was released from here.

CENTOFANTE

We're told Mayor Sanchez might attend. Should he?

KAYLA

His call. I'd probably tell him not to do a lot of hand-shaking. In fact, everyone involved in planning any kind of public events should take a hard look at postponing them.

OMITTED

EXT. BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Vicente watches the TV with satisfaction, enjoying being on the beach with Sorkosky as his viewing partner. He takes a puff from his cigar.

VICENTE

You see, hombres, we're just doing what they ask: staying out of public places.

Bandit, Smoke and Valdez nod their agreement.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (T.V.)

As for our medical update, and this is a very important announcement, preliminary analysis shows that of the two anti-virals testing, Tami-flu is not effective in slowing down or stopping the Rip Tide virus.

MELISSA (T.V.)

Does the other one work?

KAYLA (T.V.)

Thankfully, it looks that way. Vira-flu seems to lessen the severity of symptoms if taken at their onset.

Vicente's face seems cloud over.

WELLS (T.V.)

So doctors should prescribe Vira-flu?

KAYLA (T.V.)

They can't. It's newer so it's not available to the general public.

WELLS (T.V.)

How do people get it then?

KAYLA (T.V.)

We are accessing our limited supply. We'll have it available through this hospital, and at satellite hospitals as well.

MELISSA (T.V.)

How long? Where's it coming from?

KAYLA (T.V.)

I can't comment on that.

(off their reactions)

The good news is that it's stored in a warehouse in Southern California, and we will be moving it into action very soon --

Vicente aims the zapper at the TV and shuts it down. He turns to Sorkosky, with barely contained rage.

VICENTE

You told us to take the Tami-flu. That's what I'm taking. That's what we're all taking.

CONTINUED: (2)

Vicente slams his fist on the table, sending drinks crashing and glass breaking.

VICENTE (cont'd)
You lied!!

SORKOSKY
No, I didn't. I told you it wasn't that simple. The testing needed more time. This is a brand new flu.

VICENTE
So, where's your warehouse?

It catches Sorkosky short. He doesn't have a ready answer. He knows, but he can't say.

SORKOSKY
(not convincing)
I don't know. It's classified.

VICENTE
The senior honcho doesn't know where they keep his medicine? You think I'm stupid?

SORKOSKY
Again, the location is a secret.

Vicente turns to his men, shrugs with a psychotic smile.

VICENTE
A secret stash of drugs. Now that's something I know a lot about.

Vicente turns back and stares at Sorkosky. He slowly removes a handkerchief from his pocket and coughs several times into it. He wads the handkerchief up into a ball in his fist and then smashes it into Sorkosky's mouth, and puts the tape back over it, locking it in place.

VICENTE (cont'd)
Looks like you're going to need the same medicine as we all do.

Vicente gets up, storms past his men.

VICENTE (cont'd)
Get ready to move. One man's flu is another man's fortune.

Vicente leaves Sorkosky, bound and gagged in paradise.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Los Angeles Mayor RICARDO SANCHEZ sits behind his desk with a collection of city officials and department heads arrayed across from in chairs, and also around a small table. They're hearing from DR. MICHAEL DORNAN, the LA County Health Administrator.

DORNAN

We recommend closing schools immediately. We also need to shut down shopping malls, sports arenas, amusement parks and so on. People who can work from home should do so.

FRIEDLANDER

Is all that really necessary?

DORNAN

It's called social distancing and, yes, it can slow transmission and save lives. We recommend people keep at least three feet away from other people.

SANCHEZ

I'll hold a news conference at one of the closed schools, explain everything.

FRIEDLANDER

You're scheduled to go to that funeral tomorrow morning for that Ames Smith boy. How do we square that with 'social distancing?'

SANCHEZ

It's the perfect place to talk about this. It's our last public gathering, everybody wears protective measures, the media will cover it, we get our message out.

Sanchez nods, sees the light on his phone flashing. Punches up his SPEAKER PHONE.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT (V.O.)

There's a Doctor Martin from the CDC here to see you, sir?

Sanchez looks around. Friedlander holds up a hand.

FRIEDLANDER

I told her not to come.

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

What does she want?

FRIEDLANDER

She's still pushing for quarantine.

SANCHEZ

That's been decided.

FRIEDLANDER

She sees that as a lost battle in a larger war. She's thinking big. Wants to lock down the entire city this time.

SANCHEZ

(shocked)

What?!

FRIEDLANDER

Don't worry, I told her it's not gonna happen.

Sanchez nods, keys his speaker again.

SANCHEZ

Please tell Doctor Martin I'm in a meeting. I'll see her as soon as we're done.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT (V.O.)

Sir, she's with someone.

Now we hear the Executive Assistant's voice yelling toward the door.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT (V.O.) (cont'd)

You can't just go in there!

The door opens. Sanchez's jaw drops and so does everyone else's.

SANCHEZ

Governor?

It's California Governor LUCAS SHAEFER, a distinguished war vet who knows how to make an entrance. Kayla follows behind him.

SHAEFER

Good to see you all.

(to Sanchez)

Mister Mayor.

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ

Governor Shaefer, what the hell is this all about?

SHAEFER

If we are going to quarantine Los Angeles, we need united leadership.

Sanchez, still a little shaken, regards Shaefer a moment, then nods to the others.

SANCHEZ

Give us the room, please.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - DAY

Marco sits at a shabby wooden table, trying to look anywhere but across that table at Troy.

TROY

Marco, you got a decision to make here.

MARCO

Can I get a cup of coffee or something?

TROY

Whatdya say we take you out for a latte later? But first we gotta do some business.

MARCO

I told you I don't know where Vicente is.

TROY

You did tell me that. But we both know you're lying.

MARCO

I want a lawyer.

A long beat of silence. Troy looks at Marco. Marco looks back at Troy. It's excruciating. Finally:

TROY

You're right, Marco. You do need a lawyer.

(indicates file)

Because your rap sheet has two outstanding warrants on it, and one of them's for selling drugs to kids.

CONTINUED:

MARCO

It was weed. Nobody got hurt.

TROY

The thing is, when your lawyer gets here, he can help you with that defense because my deal's gonna be off the table.

MARCO

What deal?

TROY

You give me an address. I get warrant amnesia. You're free to get all the coffee you want.

Marco looks over at the window, thinking it over.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanchez, Friedlander, Shaefer and Kayla are the only ones left.

KAYLA

This virus is fast and it's lethal. Usually, a virus starts out lethal and slow, then it becomes fast and less lethal. This one's the perfect storm.

FRIEDLANDER

You're confident to make that analysis on only a week's study?

KAYLA

Yes. We're going to need every hospital bed in Los Angeles and then some. We're canceling elective surgeries and sending every patient home that we can to open space.

SHAEFER

Disease and death. Not on my watch, Mister Mayor. Not without a fight.

SANCHEZ

I couldn't agree more but that doesn't mean that quarantine solves the problem.

KAYLA

No, but it gives us time to solve the problem. A pandemic is like a forest fire.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (cont'd)

We need to get a ring around it, and slow it down. That's what these anti-virals will do. By cutting off the LA 'burn zone', it buys us time to get a vaccine, putting the fire out before it spreads and gets out of control.

SANCHEZ

You can't defend turning LA into a 'burn zone.'

FRIEDLANDER

(to Shaefer)

And don't tell me there's no politics involved. If the mayor is the architect of disaster and gets blamed, we can't very well run against you next year, can we?

SHAEFER

I'd be saving him the trouble. LA Times has me beating you by five points.

Kayla has watched this political measuring contest in horror.

KAYLA

Stop! You want to cover your backsides, I get that. There's a way.

That gets everybody's attention.

KAYLA (cont'd)

The federal regulations give the CDC -- that would currently be me -- broad powers to contain disease that is in danger of spreading beyond state borders. I deem this disease to be such a threat.

(bottom line)

I am ordering you to quarantine Los Angeles.

Friedlander laughs out loud.

FRIEDLANDER

You can't just order the governor and the mayor to do any such thing.

Sanchez holds up a hand to stop him.

CONTINUED: (2)

SANCHEZ

That might just give us some room.
It's not our call, right? Feds say
we have no choice.

SHAEFER

Mayor, the state can stay out it.
I'll keep the National Guard on
stand-by alert if we need them, but
you can use local law enforcement
for now. We start with local
control.

FRIEDLANDER

(to Shaefer)

Does anyone else know you're in
town?

SHAEFER

(proudly)

I flew myself.

FRIEDLANDER

(big deal)

Really?

SANCHEZ

So the Governor stays out of the
way. We're reluctantly following a
directive from federal authorities.
We'll run it out of LA Command in
the bunker.

(to Kayla)

When do we start the quarantine?

KAYLA

Before the sun comes up.

Looks traded around the room as a quarantine is born.

OMITTED

EXT. VENTURA FREEWAY - AGOURA HILLS - DAY

Police begin setting up a traffic stop. Melissa Lui has a
microphone and is being taped by Laramie, her photographer.

MELISSA

We're here now in Agoura Hills.
This is the actual line between Los
Angeles and Ventura County. An
unprecedented city and county wide
quarantine is now in effect.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - OFF THE COAST - DAY

A Coast Guard cutter intercepts a boat.

MELISSA (V.O.)

Under the orders relayed by Mayor Sanchez less than an hour ago, the greater Los Angeles area is being sealed off. That includes access by sea.

INT. LAX - TICKET COUNTER - DAY

As a ticketing agent puts a closed sign in her window area. The monitors showing departing flights all begin to flash "canceled."

MELISSA (V.O.)

Perhaps most significantly, it also means that Los Angeles International Airport, LAX, is shut down. Burbank, Ontario, John Wayne and Long Beach are also closed. For the time being, inbound planes are being diverted to other airports outside Southern California and all outbound planes are being turned around.

OMITTED**EXT. MALIBU BEACH HOME / INT. SUBURBAN - DAY**

The Suburban is parked inconspicuously with Troy sitting inside. He's looking across the street, over at a home. There's a banging on the window behind him. In a second, Troy whirls, has his gun aimed in that direction.

It's Sampson! Troy rolls the window down.

TROY

What the hell are you doing here?

SAMPSON

That Vira-flu's the real deal. I'm feeling better already. Not perfect but the edge is off. Be glad you're on it.

TROY

They let you out this soon?

CONTINUED:

SAMPSON

Not exactly.

TROY

Get in the car.

SAMPSON

Uh-uh. I already checked it out.
We go in through the neighbor's
home, make the approach from the
beach.

(points)

Them.

TROY

Let's do it.

Troy exits the Suburban and together they move out.

EXT. BACK PATIO - DAY

Troy and Sampson approach, walking through the beach sand,
the sound of the SURF in the background.

As they move to the patio, WE SEE that it's empty. Troy and
Sampson use hand signals. As they move to the door, Sampson
picks up the cigar that Vicente had been smoking earlier. He
smells it for freshness.

INT. MALIBU BEACH HOME - DAY

Troy and Sampson, still both using hand signals, enter. They
have guns ready.

They clear the house, room by room, swinging in, ready to
shoot.

Each room is empty.

Finally, they swing into a back bedroom. Something moves!
They damn near shoot Sorkosky!

They remove the tape and the gag from his mouth.

TROY

Doc, you okay?

Sorkosky spits out the handkerchief, gasps for a full intake
of air, and nods. Sampson is already on the phone.

SAMPSON

(into cell)

We have the hostage. He's alive.

CONTINUED:

Troy works to cut the plastic ties which have been pulled so tight that Sorkosky's wrists are bleeding.

SORKOSKY

They got it out of me?

SAMPSON

Got what?

Troy and Sampson brace for the answer. Whatever it is, the tone of Sorkosky's voice tells them the news won't be good.

EXT. SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Vicente and his men have a full-size semi-trailer truck backed up to the warehouse loading dock.

Vicente smokes another of his cigars, watches approvingly as the men truck in case after case of boxes marked, "MEDICAL: Vira-Flu, Controlled."

Smoke, who seems to be emerging as Vicente's first lieutenant, approaches.

SMOKE

Five minutes, we'll have it all.

VICENTE

How many doses?

SMOKE

Guessing between half a million and a million.

VICENTE

We have struck gold, my friend.
People will sell their souls to buy what we've got.

Smoke nods in agreement, greed in his eyes.

SMOKE

I'll finish up.

Smoke takes off. Vicente watches, smiles.

INT. MODEST HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

JOSE RUIZ stands at the dresser, throwing a few last minute things into a duffel bag. He's dressed in his National Guard uniform. His wife ANGELA approaches.

ANGELA

¿Bebé, qué tu estás haciendo?

CONTINUED:

JOSE
We're being called up.

ANGELA
Why?

JOSE
They don't tell me.

ANGELA
Nada?

JOSE
Nada. Not stayin' in LA, though,
muster's in Simi Valley.

BELINDA, their little daughter, shows up at the door.

BELINDA
Are you guys talking about what's
making people sick?

ANGELA
Daddy's got to go help people for a
few days.

BELINDA
Can you shoot at a germ?

Jose and Angela have to suppress a laugh. Jose kneels down to her level.

JOSE
If I have to, baby, you know I
will.
(kisses her)
Love you.

Jose stands and gives Angela a kiss on the lips.

ANGELA
Love you, too.

Jose picks up his duffel and takes off.

OMITTED

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Kayla leads a staff meeting that includes Ratner, Jacko, Foxhoven, Razi and several others.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

Alright everybody, we're in uncharted territory here. This is the first time an entire American city has been placed under quarantine. How we handle ourselves over the next few days will determine whether history will judge us as an example of modern infectious disease control or just another disaster.

(to Ratner)

Doctor Ratner, you have operational authority here at Kindred Spirits.

(to Foxhoven)

Doctor Foxhoven, you will support Doctor Ratner in any way necessary.

(to Razi)

Doctor Razi, your team gets whatever it needs in terms of identifying a potential vaccine. Say the word and...

Kayla's voice trails off as she looks beyond the group. She stands up from the desk and begins to SLOWLY CLAP in CADENCE.

It's Doctor Sorkosky moving down the hallway, using a cane to balance an injured leg. Being escorted by Troy.

Ratner stands and begins to clap, too, also in cadence.

A beat, then everyone is on their feet, clapping in cadence.

It's an emotional moment, enough to bring tears, and the only person who can snap a mood like that is Sorkosky.

SORKOSKY

Stop. Sit down everybody.

KAYLA

Welcome back, sir.

SORKOSKY

I suppose this quarantine was your idea?

KAYLA

(beat)

Yes, it was.

SORKOSKY

Please tell me that our people already got to the warehouse and got the Vira-flu supplies.

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA

Without your authorization, we ran into a lot of red tape. We were waiting on Washington for clearance.

SORKOSKY

I have very bad news.

This gets everyone's undivided attention.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

The entire west coast supply of Vira-flu was hijacked last night by the people who took me hostage!

FOXHOVEN

How?

SORKOSKY

They drugged me. I don't know what it was...

The room falls quiet. Sorkosky sinks into a chair.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Now more people are going to die...

The mood sinks palpably. Kayla won't let it.

KAYLA

(to group)

This is a problem, I agree, but we excel at working the problem. Ideas?

A few traded looks. Ratner speaks first.

RATNER

We gotta get our hands on the east coast supply and get it shipped out here ASAP.

KAYLA

Good. Maybe they left some behind in the warehouse. Go see.

(to Troy)

Can he go with you?

TROY

Only because I'm going back there anyway.

RATNER

Nice to be wanted.

CONTINUED: (3)

KAYLA
(to Ratner)
Thanks, guys.

Ratner nods. Takes off with Troy.

FOXHOVEN
We need to identify any local
facilities that had test supplies
of Vira-flu and get them.

KAYLA
Yes. Go.

Foxhoven follows after Ratner.

RAZI
We search for an effective vaccine,
starting with ones developed and in
trials for avian flu. Perhaps we
get lucky and find one with cross-
over protection.

KAYLA
Yes.

Sorkosky has been looking back-and-forth between the status
board and a computer print-out.

SORKOSKY
We need to find the man who
kidnapped me, this Vicente.
(waves finger)
Not because I want revenge. He's a
curious case. He was in the primary
exposure range of the Smith boy on
the plane, he received the wrong
anti-viral and he still shows no
symptoms whatsoever. That makes him
medically interesting.

RAZI
Some kind of natural immunity?

SORKOSKY
No telling. I want full blood labs
on that cockroach.

KAYLA
(nods)
Okay. Let's all get to work.

The meeting breaks up, people going in every direction.

INT. SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Another crime scene, being swarmed by LAPD cops. Troy pushes Ratner past the gatekeepers.

RATNER

Easy Troy-boy, you're not the only one who's ticked off.

TROY

I've been one-step behind Vicente from the get-go. The pharmacy, his safe house, now this.

RATNER

Hear ya.

Troy stops indicates about a dozen large boxes.

TROY

These look like the only ones they missed.

Ratner kneels, inspects the outside labels.

RATNER

Well, this is enough to handle a lot of first responders, so that's good.

Ratner stands up, looks Troy right in the eye.

RATNER (cont'd)

I'm not gonna lie to you, man. I know Sorkosky wants Vicente alive, but we need that medicine more than a healthy criminal. If it's a choice, kill for pills.

TROY

When we get one, we'll get the other. Give me 48 hours.

RATNER

I would. But you only got 12 before my charts say we go ballistic.

Troy thinks about it. Indicates the warehouse.

TROY

See ya, Doc. Got a stop to make.

Troy takes off, leaving Ratner to his work.

EXT. PASADENA HOME - NIGHT

Troy approaches the door, knocks. His 14-year-old son GIL answers.

GIL
You want me to get my stuff?
(yelling O.S.)
Mom! Dad's here.

Gil throws the door open but instead of going through, Troy backs away.

TROY
Gil, you gotta hold off on that.
(off his disappointed
reaction)
Pete and I are still working a big
case.

GIL
Doesn't the FBI have some other
people?

Gil's mother and Troy's ex-wife, KELLY, shows up at the door.

KELLY
So where'd you disappear to?

TROY
Doesn't matter. And I can't take
Gil now either.

KELLY
So why are you here?

TROY
I just wanted to check and see if
you guys are okay.

KELLY
You could have phoned.

TROY
Yeah.

Troy pulls a couple of protective masks out of his pocket, hands them to her.

TROY (cont'd)
Wear this if you go out.

GIL
That's freak.

CONTINUED:

TROY

That's life for a while. Just do it.

GIL

I'm not wearin' that to school!

TROY

School's closed until further notice.

(ironic smile)

Your dream's come true. No PE.

Gil brightens at the thought. His mom slaps him affectionately.

KELLY

(to Gil)

Give us a minute.

Gil nods, and disappears inside. She looks straight at Troy.

KELLY (cont'd)

Troy, the news says there's 71 people dead. If what you're doing is too important to pick up Gil, then it's more important than hand delivering a couple of masks.

TROY

We just heard it's going to be three-thousand by tomorrow and growing every day.

From the street, there's a HORN HONK from Sampson in the Suburban. Troy holds out something wrapped in newspapers.

TROY (cont'd)

It's a gun. My experience is that people can act crazy during times like these. Put it in the closet, but at least you'll have it if you need it.

A beat, then Kelly takes it from Troy. WE SEE that Gil has observed this from inside the house.

KELLY

Okay. I'd rather have some of that anti-viral medicine the news was talking about.

TROY

It's pretty tight. Only for first-responders.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

TROY (cont'd)
That's why you wear the mask if you
go out, and have this if you stay
in.

There's a moment between the two where they both remember
what it used to be like.

TROY (cont'd)
Can you send Gil out to say
goodbye?

Kelly takes off. Gil comes to the door.

TROY (cont'd)
You gotta take care of you and your
mom for a while.

GIL
I promise. Handle it just like you.

TROY
And turn the heat up, she keeps it
too cold. You guys need to keep
your immunity solid.

Troy nods one last time at Gil, turns and heads toward the
waiting Suburban.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - DAY

In bio-suits, Kayla leads Sorkosky down the hallway, past
rooms with two and three people in them, and around beds
pushed into the hallways. The surge is in full swing.

SORKOSKY
This has definitely gotten worse.

KAYLA
These people are still fighting.
We've had to triage an entire wing.

SORKOSKY
With respirators?

KAYLA
Without. There's such a shortage.
We're getting more every day, but
there's not enough. We exceeded
LA's capacity two days ago.

Kayla stops outside one door, points inside. It's JACK
HENDLER, the real estate agent.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA (cont'd)
That's Jack Hendler, the passenger
who ditched the quarantine.

SORKOSKY
He's still fighting.

KAYLA
He bottomed out a day ago. I think
he's going to live.

SORKOSKY
The ones you want to strangle
usually do. I'll probably make it
to a hundred.
(beat)
What about our satellite infection
in Glendale? The airport worker.

KAYLA
Didn't make it. He went fast.

She walks to another part of the hallway, points into another
room. A nun, SISTER GRACE, is on a ventilator.

KAYLA (cont'd)
That's the nun from the homeless
shelter he gave the compromised
food to. She got in this morning.
Straight onto a ventilator.

As they continue their walk:

SORKOSKY
We're going to need more Vira-flu.
Dammit!

KAYLA
Doctor, you know if we had it now,
it would still be a finger in the
dike because there's not enough of
it and it doesn't work for
everybody. The solution is still a
vaccine.

SORKOSKY
(nods)
I'll check Razi, see if he's making
any progress.

Up ahead, Sorkosky sees Dr. Westley bending over a patient,
mopping her brow. Westley has a mask, glove and gown, but no
bio-suit.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)
Is that...?

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA
Doctor Chuck Westley.

SORKOSKY
He treated Ames Smith.

KAYLA
Returned with symptoms. Oh, God...

Kayla sees Brooke, the skater, entering the hospital with her parents.

EXT./INT. MAYOR'S SEDAN - DAY

Sanchez and Friedlander sit together in the back seat.
Sanchez is on the phone.

SANCHEZ
Yes, of course, Governor Burns, I
can appreciate how you feel, but
your needs are potential. Ours are
real. And immediate.
(beat)
We have the city under quarantine!
For God's sake, what more could you
want?
(beat)
Yes. We'll take whatever you have,
but we need it all.
(beat)
Talk soon then.

Sanchez slams the phone shut, pissed.

SANCHEZ (cont'd)
Son-of-a-bitch!

FRIEDLANDER
The Governor of Tennessee
appreciates your predicament, but
he's got the only Vira-flu in the
nation that isn't in criminal hands
and he's not about to give it up.

SANCHEZ
And that makes him as big a
criminal as Vicente!

FRIEDLANDER
He'll come around. People want him
to help. Remember Katrina.

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

To most people, Katrina was somebody else's problem. We've all got our own Katrina to face now.

FRIEDLANDER

(moving past)

Let's go over our talking points.

Sanchez looks pensively out the window. Then:

SANCHEZ

I knew it.

Outside the car, on the street and in a church parking lot, there is a gathering of mask-wearing protesters, holding printed signs that read: "Let Our People Go" and "LA Is Not Gitmo." With the protesters, of course, there's a collection of media to record the event.

SANCHEZ (cont'd)

Who the hell are those people?

FRIEDLANDER

ACLU mixed in with survivalists, Libertarians and just plain panicked citizens.

SANCHEZ

With that circus, maybe we should go straight inside the church. This time. Forget press.

FRIEDLANDER

(shaking head)

You're the one who says always go into the problem, never around it. You have the thing?

Sanchez nods. Friedlander taps the driver on the shoulder and points.

FRIEDLANDER (cont'd)

Pull over right there.

The driver pulls the car to a halt in a location that allows Sanchez to exit the vehicle straight into the media enclave and shouts from the protesters which seem to be lead by the ACLU's SARAH ADAMS-CAPLAN. He holds a hand over his head and shouts above the racket.

SANCHEZ

I understand your concerns. If I could just have a moment.

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAMS-CAPLAN

(shouting)

You don't or you wouldn't have done this!

SANCHEZ

Good morning, Sarah.

(hands up again)

Please, everybody, just a moment.

Sanchez, political pro that he is, lets the anger of the protesters punch itself out, then addresses the media.

SANCHEZ (cont'd)

Thank you. This quarantine was not my first choice, but we can debate later what should or should not have been done. I'm here today for the funeral of Ames Smith to pay my respects and to remind the people of Los Angeles that those who are infected are not the enemy -- this disease is -- those who become ill are simply casualties.

Wells, the reporter, shouts out from the crowd:

WELLS

Why let this funeral go ahead if you've closed the schools?

SANCHEZ

That's a good question. This should be the last public gathering. I'm urging everyone to shut down for a week, at least, to make this quarantine effective.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

And illegal.

SANCHEZ

We can make this flu a world-wide pandemic or we can help slow it down here.

Sanchez looks to the side, sees Friedlander miming his hand to his face. Sanchez puts on a mask.

SANCHEZ (cont'd)

We have distributed protective masks to all the fire stations throughout LA city and LA county. I urge people to get these masks and, when in doubt, to wear them.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANCHEZ (cont'd)
I see a lot of you are already
doing so. That's good.

Sanchez pounds a single hand to his chest, placing his hand
literally over his heart.

SANCHEZ (cont'd)
God Bless LA.

As Sanchez makes this gesture, WE SEE that Aria is in this
crowd, and she's caught the mayor at this moment of public
courage. Friedlander turns to her:

FRIEDLANDER
Ms. Beutefeldt, the mayor's busy,
but I could probably get you a
short private sitting after the
funeral...

ARIA
No, thank you. I've got it.

Sanchez takes off, ignoring the shouted questions and the
protester-hurled insults.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY

Film producer MICHAEL TORINO stands on the deck of his
powered yacht, "Reality Doesn't Bite", preparing to go to
sea. He's got his iPod playing and seems almost cheerful.

Three of his friends, a married couple -- JAY and MICHELE --
and his girlfriend, ORLEY, approach, carrying suitcases and
overflowing grocery bags.

TORINO
Looks like you've come provisioned.

JAY
Aye, Captain. Permission to come
aboard?

TORINO
Granted.

Torino helps them onto the boat. He gives Orley a kiss, then
hands her a champagne bottle.

TORINO (cont'd)
Here. Open this.

MICHELE
Got everything?

CONTINUED:

TORINO

Yep. Listen, Michele, trust me.
When that lunatic realtor passed
out at our premiere, I went and had
my doc set us up. He wanted to give
it to only me but I told him my
friends are a part of me.

Torino starts handing out pre-packaged packets of pills to
each person.

TORINO (cont'd)

Start with two right now.

They each start pushing their pills through the foil wrap as
Orley hands out champagne glasses to everyone.

JAY

Tami-flu.

Torino points at the packaging.

TORINO

(reading)

'Proven effective in dealing with
influenza when taken at first onset
of symptoms.'

(beaming)

And we get it now to make sure
we're all covered no matter what.

MICHELE

Maybe we should turn on the TV, see
if there are any updates.

TORINO

It'll just freak us out more. We're
safe on the boat. Look, I love you
guys and if LA is going nuts, our
best bet is to wait it out at sea.

ORLEY

When do we leave?

TORINO

Under cover of darkness, my friend.

MICHELE

(toasting)

To good friends and sailing by the
stars!

They all take their pills and wash them down with champagne.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A memorial service, no casket. To the side are pictures of Ames Smith on poster-board, and a display of the surf ribbons he'd won. A clergyman, REVEREND FINE, speaks from the pulpit:

REVEREND FINE

People ask why God has taken us to this place and this time. I am not a believer in the God who plans all these events. God has given us this beautiful home on Earth, but he has kept it a struggle because it is the struggle that makes us human.

(points)

Ames Smith used to sit in this very church as a young man with his parents.

(with a smile)

He used to roll his eyes when I would say such things. Sorry, Ames, some things can't be helped.

Fine looks to the parents, Maureen and Brent. And that's when it dawns on us.

EVERYBODY IN THE CHURCH IS WEARING A MASK!

It's shocking. We've seen people in masks before but never a public group where everybody has one on.

WE SEE a few late stragglers entering the church. As they enter, they are handed a mask and put it on, like donning a keepah to enter a Bar Mitzvah.

Mayor Sanchez, in the front row, looks like all the others with his mask on.

Only Fine speaks without one. But now that we focus, WE SEE that he has simply allowed his to hang around his neck, allowing him to speak and be heard for the sermon.

REVEREND FINE (cont'd)

And I say to you, Maureen and Brent, to look to God for strength even now.

You can only see eyes, and these eyes are full of tears.

EXT. CHURCH - PARKING LOT - DAY

With the media preparing for their live shots to follow the service, the protesters have their signs down, drinking coffee and chatting. Adams-Caplan finishes a phone call as Friedlander approaches.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

(into phone)

Tell them two weeks is the whole game here. Not acceptable.

A highly-strung Type-A used to getting her own way, she flips her phone shut in disgust.

FRIEDLANDER

Let me guess. Feds don't want to hear your case?

ADAMS-CAPLAN

No offense, Mister Friedlander, but you are the last person I'd talk to about this, next to your boss.

FRIEDLANDER

Really? Well, that could be a mistake.

Adams-Caplan studies Friedlander, turns to her subordinate, ED MANN.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

I'll be a few minutes.

She indicates to Friedlander that he should follow her and they walk off.

ADAMS-CAPLAN (cont'd)

So what does the Mayor have to say to me?

FRIEDLANDER

Nothing. He doesn't know we're talking.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Then you have the floor.

FRIEDLANDER

Back when I got out of law school, I was one of the lucky ones. Clerked for the Supreme Court. Justice Donald Morgan.

CONTINUED:

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Who can hear appeals in the California region.

FRIEDLANDER

If he wants. But he'll take my call.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Why would you do this?

FRIEDLANDER

The Mayor had no choice but to support the quarantine and it will be as lethal to his career as this Riptide Virus is to people who get it. And that's a shame because he's a good man.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

But if the courts throw the quarantine out again, he won't get pulled under.

FRIEDLANDER

Not so fast. We'll still let the ACLU have it with both barrels for putting everyone at risk.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

So the question you pose is do I want to end the quarantine or do I want to be popular?

FRIEDLANDER

We want to be popular. You just want to make a point.

Adams-Caplan nods. He's got her pegged.

EXT. WAREHOUSE #2 - DAY

Another warehouse -- could be anywhere, LA's full of them and that's the point. This is the needle in the haystack.

INT. WAREHOUSE #2 - DAY

The trucks used in the heist of the Vira-flu from its original location have been pulled inside. Their back doors are open and they have boxes inside, and stacked outside.

Vicente sits like a king behind a folding table with Smoke at his side.

CONTINUED:

He has an LA road map unfolded and taped to the wall with sections marked with a Sharpie as sales territories. Valdez stands behind them with a sawed-off shotgun. Bandit works near the truck with a PUSHER who nods his agreement, walks over to the table.

PUSHER

I can move five-hundred units to start.

SMOKE

Ten to each dose pack. That's five-thousand pills.

PUSHER

How much?

SMOKE

250 a pill.

The customer does a double-take.

PUSHER

That's over a mil.

SMOKE

That's only 'cause you're early. Price goes up tomorrow. Goes up again the day after.

Vicente leans forward.

VICENTE

You sell those at a thousand dollars a pill and you gross five-million, keep four.

(sitting back; satisfied)

A few days from now, people will sell their homes to buy this stuff.

The customer puts an attaché case on the table.

PUSHER

I only got 50-thousand.

VICENTE

That buys you 200 pills.

(to Bandit)

Give him 500.

(to customer)

You owe us for the rest. You'll be back for more, and you'll have the cash to buy.

Vicente points to his wall map.

CONTINUED: (2)

VICENTE (cont'd)
 And it's your lucky day. I'm giving
 you Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills.
 Business should be excellent.

Smoke has verified the cash. He closes the attaché case and
 nods. Vicente waves the customer away, turns around to
 Valdez.

VICENTE (cont'd)
 I want five more men here. With the
 biggest guns they got.
 (smiles)
 Muy grande.

Vicente turns to Smoke.

VICENTE (cont'd)
 No drug on Earth has ever been
 worth what these are going to be
 worth for the next few days.

Smoke nods. Truth.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A young man, one of Ames's friends, TODD CARANTO, tall,
 stringy hair, a beard, obviously a surfer dude like his
 friend, stands at the podium.

CARANTO
 Me and Ames, we would catch the
 most awesome waves a couple of
 miles from his house. Sometimes,
 we'd get so into it, we'd kinda
 miss school, especially Miss
 Reynard's class.

Caranto looks off at Brent and Maureen.

CARANTO (cont'd)
 Sorry, Mrs. Smith. We didn't do it
 that often, really.

It's hard to say that people are smiling because they're all
 wearing masks, but that's the feeling. But Maureen begins to
 cough behind her mask.

CARANTO (cont'd)
 Anyway, we always used to say you
 could tell what kind of person
 somebody was by how they surfed.
 Ames was the kind who let you go
 before he went if you got to the
 wave right after him.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CARANTO (cont'd)
 (really impressed)
 Yeah. He was like that. I remember one time when Wesley and Jonathan were getting trashed on by some guys who thought we were on their beach, you know, but Ames came up and, I don't know, people just liked him and we spent the whole day surfing with those guys and they told us to come back anytime...

During this remembrance, Maureen has been coughing LOUDER and LOUDER to growing concern from the people in attendance. As Luke trails out now, her COUGHING CRESCENDOS --

Suddenly, she's on the floor --

Her husband is over her --

BRENT
 We need a doctor!!

This does not get the usual helpful response. Instead, there are SCREAMS and people begin to panic, several going straight for the door.

In a panic, trying to get a breath, Maureen rips her mask off and coughs harder than ever.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

As the fomites spew from her mouth, circulating into the air inside the church, landing on hands, masks and clothing.

INTERCUT WITH SCENE

That's about all it takes to create a full-fledged panic as everyone begins to panic and flee. It's madness.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

MOVING WITH Smolak, reflective sunglasses hiding his eyes. This is a place that should be crawling with people. It's almost empty, eerily so, and the people who are here are mostly wearing masks, looking like they're in a hurry to buy something and move on.

Smolak arrives at this destination, a seating area where close to twenty people have gathered.

SMOLAK
 Okay. Everybody got a watch?

CONTINUED:

Most people do, raise their wrists.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

I make it to be 12:17pm, Pacific Standard Time. On my mark, it will be 12:18.

(beat)

Mark.

Watches are set.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

This mall would be full ordinarily so we know how well the fear campaign has worked. I want you to know that you're all 'Sons and Daughters of Liberty' today. I'm proud to see so many of you here ready to fight for your freedom. Just because the government released this deadly disease to thin the population, doesn't mean we have to go quietly. Any questions before we get started?

Coleman, the gun store owner, pipes up.

COLEMAN

How're you feeling?

SMOLAK

Like a survivor.

The group breaks into spontaneous APPLAUSE.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

I survived the unconstitutional detention of Flight 182 and, with your help, I'm going to survive the unconstitutional imprisonment of Los Angeles.

(to Coleman)

But, in answer to your question, I feel fine.

COLEMAN

Did you take the drugs they gave you?

SMOLAK

Are you kidding?

(shakes head)

No, friend, but I'll tell you what I have been taking. The pills they gave us back in Iraq in '91 in case we got hit by a chemical attack.

(MOP)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMOLAK (cont'd)
Kept a few of those for a rainy day
and, despite the clear weather
today, I feel a storm a comin'.

More APPLAUSE from the group.

SMOLAK (cont'd)
Everybody parked in lot D?

Nods all around.

SMOLAK (cont'd)
Alright then, let's take a drive.

CHEERS from the group.

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - DAY

The usual landmark, but there are no tourists out. The few people who are around all walk briskly on business and all wear masks.

Pusher, the man we saw earlier with buy from Vicente, stands on the corner where flowers are in containers for sale. A Bentley stops at the corner. The window goes down.

VOICE FROM INSIDE (V.O.)
They say your flowers can stop you
from getting flu.

PUSHER
They're very rare. How many would
you like?

VOICE FROM INSIDE
Ten.

The pusher grabs a wilted bouquet of flowers, places a foil packet of Vira-flu tablets inside the arrangement.

The man in the car hands out an envelope. The pusher takes a quick look. A thick wad of hundred dollar bills. The pusher hands him the flowers.

The window goes up and the car drives off.

OMITTED

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Three beds are in a room built for two, plus two cots. Brooke has one of the beds. A beat, then Kayla enters: glove, gown, mask; goes to Brooke.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

How are you feeling?

BROOKE

Kayla?

Her voice is weak. She motions for Kayla to lean in. She whispers.

BROOKE (cont'd)

The nurse hasn't been here in a while. I think the person next to me is dead.

Kayla immediately goes to check. Brooke's prognosis is correct. Kayla covers the body with a sheet.

KAYLA

Brookie, that's not going to happen to you. That person was a lot more sick, and not as strong as you are.

BROOKE

I don't feel that strong.

KAYLA

I know. I'm gonna tell you a secret. I don't always feel that strong myself sometimes. But I tell myself I'm strong and then I become it.

Brooke doesn't seem to react. Finally:

BROOKE

Like last year at the Northwest qualifiers. I wanted to quit because I knew everybody was better than me but I told myself I'd already beaten them before.

KAYLA

And you made it happen. And you and I are going to walk out of this hospital holding hands, and you're going to the Olympics next year.

A beat as Brooke considers this. There's a hint of a smile on her face.

BROOKE

Yeah... I'm gonna think that.

Brooke drifts off back to sleep. Kayla watches a beat, then takes off, stopping at the door to flag a nurse.

CONTINUED: (2)

KAYLA

We need to clear the bed in number three.

Kayla takes off.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

A stapler flies across the room smashing into a glass framed photo on the wall, cracking the glass and scattering it over the floor. The thrower, Mayor Sanchez, is standing behind his desk, glaring at Friedlander.

SANCHEZ

The President says he'll see if he can get us five percent of the Vira-flu that's stored in Tennessee. Five percent!

FRIEDLANDER

(bitterly sarcastic)
Great. No federal help and the health care delivery system of LA is now in the hands of a convicted drug dealer.

SANCHEZ

FBI and LAPD have a massive search going. Pray it works.

Sanchez slumps into his desk.

SANCHEZ (cont'd)

This is a disaster, Ken. All the solutions are bad.

FRIEDLANDER

Working on it.

SANCHEZ

I have to tell the people about the Vira-flu problem.

FRIEDLANDER

No. Let Sorkosky from the CDC do that. Nobody likes him anyway.

SANCHEZ

Let's put out a reward.

FRIEDLANDER

That's a good idea. I'll look into it.

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

You wanted to see me?

FRIEDLANDER

New item. Chief Barton has asked for clarification on our enforcement policy.

(off Sanchez's reaction)

Are we prepared to shoot people who are breaking the quarantine?

SANCHEZ

Tell him that publicly we say we will, but make sure his men know we don't mean it. I can't live with shooting innocent people who are scared for their lives.

Friedlander nods, writing it down.

INT. COUNTY LAB - DAY

Razi, Sorkosky and Dornan (from LA County) gather at white dry-erase board which has numbers such as 23-B and 37-AZ, scrawled and coded on it.

SORKOSKY

Seems ad-hoc. Remind me to put a monitor in your budget.

RAZI

It's better for all of us to see. Anyone can make a change anytime.

DORNAN

It's like a Wiki. My kids --

SORKOSKY

(cutting him off)

We don't have the time.

(to Razi)

Doctor Dornan has been asked to review your operation and report directly to the Mayor.

Dornan looks a little shocked, not used to Sorkosky's style. Razi is unfazed.

RAZI

Since you have returned, the number of possible vaccines we have identified has increased to 217, I'm afraid.

CONTINUED:

DORNAN
All for Avian?

SORKOSKY
We do a lot of testing, Doctor
Dornan.

RAZI
Our hope is to find one which may
be a closer match for H5N13.

DORNAN
Riptide Virus.

Sorkosky nods impatiently, indicates the board to Razi.

SORKOSKY
The field still looks a little
broad.

DORNAN
I'd say so.

Sorkosky shoots him a look.

RAZI
The tests continue round-the-clock.
But since we have nothing to go on,
we are testing them in random
order.

DORNAN
So you might get a winner today, or
the one you're looking for will be
the very last one you test.

SORKOSKY
Or there are multiple winners or no
winners.

DORNAN
What about other labs coming in to
help?

SORKOSKY
We can spend our time testing or
turn the job over to Fed Ex
Kinko's.

DORNAN
You know, Doctor, I can appreciate
what you've been through, but I
don't like your attitude. You are
using our labs, you know.

CONTINUED: (2)

Sorkosky looks up at Dornan, eyes moving up from his bifocals, through the tops of his glasses to get a better look. He takes a L-O-N-G time to answer. Finally:

SORKOSKY

Thank you.

Sorkosky turns his attention to one of the microscopes.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Doctor Razi, I believe that Doctor Dornan needs something to tell his boss other than random hopes for the best. Can you help him?

RAZI

On the contrary, sir, he must help me.

Sorkosky looks up.

SORKOSKY

Yes?

RAZI

When I was a boy, I read many Sherlock Holmes novels.

DORNAN

Really?

RAZI

These books were very popular.

SORKOSKY

And you're saying you need a clue.

RAZI

Exactly. I need you to tell me which one is more important to test than another.

DORNAN

How can we possibly do that?

SORKOSKY

I'll give you an example. The man who kidnapped me? He sat within feet of the Ames Smith boy. He showed no symptoms. And he's been in prison, not exactly known for boosting immunity.

While they are standing there, one of the CDC lab techs approaches the dry erase board and erases 23-B from the active column and places it into the "No-Go" column.

CONTINUED: (3)

SORKOSKY (cont'd)
Keep at it. Good day, doctors.

Sorkosky takes off. Dornan looks over at Razi, still baffled at the Sorkosky style. Razi shrugs, turns back to work.

INT. CONDOMINIUM HALLWAY - DAY

Aria pounds on the door. She's holding a manila envelope. A beat, then the building SUPERINTENDENT -- wearing a gas mask -- approaches.

SUPERINTENDENT
You don't want to go in there?

ARIA
I do. I'm looking for Kathryn Hadorn. I have a photograph for her.

SUPERINTENDENT
I'm telling you. She was on that plane. The one that started this whole thing.

ARIA
So was I.

The superintendent backs away. As he takes off:

SUPERINTENDENT
I want you out of this building!

Aria knocks again. No answer.

ARIA
Kathryn! It's Aria. I've got your picture.

Still no answer. She tries the door and it opens.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - CONTINUOUS

Aria enters, tentatively. She finds Kathryn Hadorn in a nightgown and robe, dead on her couch. Before her on the coffee table is the TV remote, a half-full glass of water, a scrapbook, an address book and a photo album.

Aria kneels before Hadorn's body. Her eye trails over to the photo album.

Inside the album are PHOTOS from much happier times. When she had a husband, and young kids, and friends... and her health.

CONTINUED:

Beside the photo album is a letter. Aria picks it up and begins to read. We hear it through HADORN'S VOICE.

HADORN (V.O.)

It feels like the end of the world to me but I know that it's not. It's just the end of mine. The sun will come out, lovers will marry, children will play, life will be lived. To whoever finds this, please pass it on to my three children -- Ashleigh, Trace and Daniel. Make sure the photo album and the letter have been disinfected so they won't throw them away. Tell them I do forgive them for being scared. I'm sorry it had to end this way. My advice, worry less. Honestly, I never saw this one coming. I wasted so much precious time worrying about everything else in the world. To my kids, I love you all. Your mom, Kathryn.

Aria slowly sets the letter back down. She slides the picture she took out of the envelope and examines it. Hadorn smiles but it's a sad smile.

Aria gathers up the photos and the address book and puts them in her back-pack.

EXT. TRAFFIC BREAK - DAY

Looks a lot like a sobriety check-point except that the cars which approach it are not being checked and let through but, rather, they are being turned around.

Several LAPD officers, drink coffee, man the checkpoint. One of them, FREERICKS, talks to a driver of a car who is trying to get through. The line is about three cars, but WE SEE that the second car is being driven by Smolak.

FREERICKS

Sorry, ma'am, it doesn't matter if you have a note from your doctor. No one is being allowed out. I'm gonna ask you to turn it around here.

The driver is pissed off but does as she is told.

INT. SMOLAK'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Smolak, beside himself with the adrenaline rush, picks up his phone (which is one that operates as a walkie-talkie). He shouts into it.

SMOLAK

Alright, everybody. I'm punching through, so stand-by. Keep the channel open but maintain your silence.

This is the moment he's waited all his life for.

INTERCUT: TRAFFIC BREAK / SMOLAK'S SUV

Smolak drives up to the check-point. Rolls his window down to talk to Freericks.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

Morning, officer.

FREERICKS

Good morning. You've probably heard the city's under quarantine, so we need you to turn it around.

SMOLAK

Really? You know that this quarantine is illegal.

FREERICKS

(heard it all)

What I know is that you need to turn it around.

SMOLAK

Remember the Beaver, the Elanor and the Dartmouth?

FREERICKS

Can't say I do, but --

SMOLAK

The ships at the Boston Tea Party. Just happened to be there when history was being made.

(smiles)

It's about to happen again.

With that, Smolak hits the gas and the SUV leaps ahead --

FREERICKS

Hey!!

CONTINUED:

The SUV blasts through the cones, sending them spraying every which way --

Now Smolak's SUV plows into the squad car up ahead which is stretched across the traffic lane. The souped up engine of his monster vehicle pushes the car aside like a bulldozer.

SMOLAK
(screaming into his phone)
Let's go, let's go!!

One of the LAPD officers trains his weapon on the vehicle, but Freericks stops him:

FREERICKS
We don't have authority to fire!
(screaming)
Pursue!

That officer and his partner leap into their squad car and hit the FLASHERS and SIRENS and head-off in pursuit.

The car that was behind Smolak goes straight through the opening.

Freericks hits his own radio and starts to call it in:

FREERICKS
This is Simi traffic stop five. We
have a runaway -- two runaways...

Freericks's voice trails off. Because, coming his way, is a --

CARAVAN
Nearly ten cars and trucks and
SUVs, one after another. And they
are not stopping.

Unable to shoot, with his back-up in pursuit of Smolak, and his own car crunched into a ditch, he can't stop them. He can only watch.

FREERICKS
(into radio)
We got a big problem, base.

POLICE VOICE (V.O.)
What is the problem Simi-5? Repeat,
what is the problem, Simi-5?

Freericks watches the cars simply drive past him.

FREERICKS
(into radio)
We got people trying to start a
revolution.

CONTINUED: (2)

People in the cars of the caravan, seeing the impotence of the traffic stop, have their windows down and are WHOOPING and HOLLERING as they pass Freericks.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - DAY

We're inside one room with three beds jammed in where there should be two. On one of the beds is Hendler who's watching TV. The other two people in the room look so far gone they don't even know what's going on around them.

A beat, then an unshaven Hendler flips his feet over the side of the bed and sits up. He feels under his neck, he stretches... he smiles.

Hendler gets up, looks in the mirror. His eyes look clear.

FOLLOW Hendler from the room out into the hallway. He starts padding along in his bare feet.

Hendler stops outside one room and looks in.

PATIENT ROOM

He sees Westley sitting next to Maureen, Ames Smith's mother, holding her hand. She's on a respirator with full monitors hooked up. Westley is crying. The EKG machine says she's flatlined. Aria observes it all through her camera. CLICK... CLICK...

BACK TO SCENE

Hendler puts his hand over his mouth, as if it would protect him from germs, or death.

He moves along again, sees someone in a bio-suit up ahead.

HENDLER
Hey, spacesuit guy!

The man in the bio-suit turns around. It's Ratner.

RATNER
Mister Hendler?

HENDLER
Yeah. You got me surrounded by sick people.

RATNER
Maybe because you're sick?

CONTINUED:

HENDLER

Not anymore, baby. The Jack is
Back!

(beat)

Listen, I need to get my hands on a
cell-phone charger. Need to power
up again.

RATNER

We're here for people's medical
needs. We'll examine you, probably
move you to a different ward. But
right now, consider yourself lucky
to be alive.

HENDLER

How bad did it get out there?

RATNER

Bad.

HENDLER

This whole Riptide thing is like a
neutron bomb. The people go bye-bye
but the buildings are still there.
It'll be a buyer's market.

Ratner just freaking loses it! He shoves Hendler up against
the wall. It's quite a sight: a man in a bio-suit accosting a
man in a hospital gown with his ass hanging in the wind.

RATNER

Hey! You know who's in the room
down there? The mother of that poor
kid who died. And now she's dead.
And his father's sick. That whole
decent family's gonna be wiped off
the face of this goddamn planet and
you want to sell their house for a
deal.

Ratner throws Hendler away.

RATNER (cont'd)

Screw you.

Ratner storms away in his rage as Hendler straightens his
gown.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Torino's yacht, "Reality Doesn't Bite", is at sea.

INT. YACHT - CONTINUOUS

Torino and his friends, Orley, Jay and Michele, sit around the main table, a view of the ocean outside their window. They're living the high life, playing Texas Hold 'em, each with a beer in front of them. Jay turns over the flop.

JAY

We're huntin' for Queens.

ORLEY

What are you, the play-by-play?

JAY

Technically, that's color.

Torino coughs slightly, but it's enough to trigger:

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

As the fomites explode across the table, swirling past the faces of his friends, covering their faces and clothes, falling to the table.

BACK TO SCENE

Torino is oblivious to what he's doing.

TORINO

'There's the flop.' That would be play-by-play.

JAY

Don't you watch poker on TV?

ORLEY

That's like watching other people having sex. It only reminds you that you're not doing it yourself.

Michele casts her eye up to the TV that sits nearby.

MICHELE

Enough ignorance is bliss. I want to see the news, Michael.

TORINO

Forget that. You know how depressing that is.

MICHELE

I have family and friends. Just because we're safe out here doesn't mean I don't care about them.

CONTINUED:

Orley squeezes Torino's hand under the table. Torino shrugs.

TORINO

I can only get a couple of channels. Something about my transmitter. Even the radio's in-and-out.

JAY

Just see if you can find one TV station. They're all covering this round-the-clock.

Torino turns the TV on, tries to tune it to a channel. As the picture comes into focus, WE SEE that it's a helicopter POV of the escape caravan on an open road with several police cars with lights flashing buzzing after them. The on-screen SUPER reads: "SkyCam 8, Live."

ANCHOR #1 (V.O.)

We're still tracking that group of ten cars which, in defiance of the road blockade, seems to be headed out of town. Police are following these vehicles but, according to our sources, not prepared to take action to stop them. The question becomes, I suppose, exactly how the quarantine can remain effective, given this situation. LA Mayor Richard Sanchez has no comment. Now, as you're watching these pictures, we'll turn to our medical update. With Tami-flu being ruled out as an effective anti-viral and the bad news about the Vira-flu supplies falling into criminal hands, the news just seems to have gone from bad to worse. Most people are just staying home...

As the TV continues, Michele looks concerned. She starts to rummage through her purse, pulls out her foil pack of pills.

MICHELE

That's what we have. We have Tami-flu! It's not the right drug.

TORINO

Can't be. My doctor gave that to me special.

Torino coughs again, causing Jay to recoil.

JAY

Michael, cover your mouth!

CONTINUED: (2)

Jay and Michele both push back from the table in fear.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY

One of those places where criminals meet in broad daylight to do what they do. In this case, Marco -- who got interrogated by Troy -- stands outside his car, looking around nervously. A beat, then another car pulls up. It's Smoke who, as always, has a cigarette.

MARCO

Hey.

SMOKE

Where you been?

MARCO

Ah, you know...

SMOKE

No, Marco, I don't. Where you been?

MARCO

Right here. But my cell, you know. Place was closed down 'cause of the flu thing, but I needed a new sim card.

Smoke regards Marco, takes a drag on his cigarette. Marco's story is specific enough to be true.

SMOKE

We got product to move. But it's gotta move fast.

MARCO

That's what I do.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

Where Troy and Sampson sit, listening in on headsets. Marco's wired.

MARCO (V.O.)

Want me to follow you someplace?

SMOKE (V.O.)

No. That's front row only. You got nosebleeds.

Troy shakes his head.

CONTINUED:

TROY

We're gonna have to take this guy
in.

SAMPSON

He's gonna be missed.

INTERCUT: INDUSTRIAL AREA / SUBURBAN

MARCO

Come on, I told you what happened.

SMOKE

Boss don't think he can trust you.

Smoke throws his cigarette to the ground and stubs it with
his boot.

SMOKE (cont'd)

Me neither.

Smoke gestures for Marco to put his hands on the car, submit
to a frisk.

MARCO

What do you got to do that for?

Marco opens up his jacket, shows his gun stuck inside his
pants.

MARCO (cont'd)

You want my piece, there it is.

SMOKE

Not lookin' for your piece.

In the car, Troy and Sampson look at each other. Shit!

TROY

Let's go.

Over the headsets, we hear Marco scream:

MARCO

Get me out of here!!

The Suburban hits it and screeches around the corner of one
of the buildings.

Smoke puts a bullet straight into Marco's heart, dropping him
dead to the ground.

Smoke fires head on at the Suburban, shattering the
windshield glass. He gets inside his own car and pulls away.
Gunning it.

CONTINUED: (2)

Troy starts to pursue, firing his own weapon at Smoke. In the confusion, he can't tell whether he's hit anything or not.

TROY

Dammit!

Troy looks over at Sampson, expecting a reaction. Sampson is slumped, held up only by his seatbelt. Blood is coming from a hole above his upper chest. There's glass everywhere from the windshield. Sampson's been shot.

EXT. STATE CAPITOL - DAY

The seat of government in Sacramento. A SUPER reads:
"California Statehouse, Governor's Office, Sacramento."

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Governor Shaefer sits behind his desk, watching the news, working a hand-grip exerciser, passing it back from hand-to-hand.

On the TV, WE SEE more of the aerial coverage of the slow-speed caravan chase.

ANCHOR #1 (V.O.)

That's a live shot of the group of cars that have broken through the Los Angeles quarantine. We've just received a cell-phone call from one of the drivers. We're going to put on the air right now. Go ahead, sir, you're on the air.

SMOLAK (V.O.)

Can you hear me?

ANCHOR #1

Yes, we can hear you. Could you please identify yourself?

INT. SMOLAK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Smolak yells into his walkie-talkie phone.

SMOLAK

I'm a patriot, that's all you need to know.

ANCHOR #1 (V.O.)

Alright. Why do you call yourself that?

CONTINUED:

SMOLAK

No government has the right to tell an American he can't pick up and leave for someplace new. How do you think this country was started in the first place?

INTERCUT: GOVERNOR'S OFFICE / SMOLAK'S CAR

Shaefer begins to work his hand-grip faster and faster.

ANCHOR #1 (V.O.)

Where are you going?

SMOLAK

Wherever the hell we want. You'll see soon enough. And we're urging everybody in Los Angeles to do the same. Don't let them tell you that this is for the greater good.

Shaefer frowns, hits the MUTE button on the remote knocking out the sound. He picks up the phone and punches a speed dial.

SHAEFER

Fuel my helicopter.

Shaefer pops open a briefcase, starts throwing documents from his desk into it.

EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

LIGHTS FLASHING and SIRENS BLARING, blasting through the streets of Los Angeles.

There are a few cars, not many.

There are a few pedestrians, not many, and most of them wear masks.

It's a wild ride.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Troy is in the back with a PARAMEDIC who is working over Sampson, trying to keep him in the game.

Sampson's face has been cut by shards of flying glass from the shattered windshield but his big problem is the gaping hole torn in his upper chest. The paramedic is applying pressure to stop the blood.

CONTINUED:

PARAMEDIC

(to Troy)

I need to start a line. I want you
to hold this. Keep firm pressure.

Troy does as he's told. The paramedic turns his attention to starting an IV drip.

TROY

(to paramedic)

Can he hear me?

PARAMEDIC

Assume he can.

Troy nods, turns his attention to Sampson.

TROY

Pete, it's me. I'm in the ambulance
with you.

Sampson's eyes open to a slit, nothing more.

TROY (cont'd)

We're on our way to get you fixed
up.

Sampson's mouth seems to be trying to move. Troy puts his head closer. He can't quite make it out. Troy looks to the paramedic for help. The paramedic shrugs.

PARAMEDIC

He's in-and-out.

Troy turns back to Sampson, squeezes his hand.

TROY

Whatever you need, partner. I got
it handled.

Sampson nods slightly, but can't keep his eyes open. He slips out of consciousness.

INT. HOME LIBRARY - DAY

An elegant home library, lots of dark wood and books, many of them law books, plus mementos, photos with presidents and other VIPs, etc. Working at his desk is Supreme Court Justice DONALD MORGAN. He's in his 60s, very fit, avuncular like Walter Cronkite used to be. A plasma screen TV on the wall plays the aerial POV of the slow-speed chase with the sound down.

His wife opens the door and shows in both Adams-Caplan from the ACLU and PHIL DUIN from the CDC.

CONTINUED:

Morgan waves them both over to some comfortable leather chair arrayed around heavy wood coffee table.

MORGAN

Please, have a seat.

Morgan comes around his desk, taking one of the chairs himself. As he does, he puts on a mask.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Hope you don't mind. I'm an old man who wants to get a little older.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Not at all, Justice Morgan. Would you like us to...

MORGAN

Completely up to you.

Adams-Caplan looks over at Duin. He shrugs. She turns back to Morgan.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

We're good.

Morgan begins to pour tea from a set-up on the table.

MORGAN

Well, let me pour you some herbal tea, then. What this office lacks in the grandeur of the Supreme Court, I like to make up in the amenities.

DUIN

Thank you for meeting on such short notice.

MORGAN

My old law clerk, Kenny Friedlander was quite persuasive. Besides, how could the notice be anything other than short under these circumstances?

(taps folders on table)

I've read your brief, Miss Caplan-Bennett. Do you have anything to add?

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Only that it appears the quarantine, whatever legal grounds it stands on, doesn't appear to be stopping people from leaving.

CONTINUED: (2)

Morgan looks over at the TV, silently playing the slow-speed chase.

MORGAN

Haven't seen anything like it since OJ in his Bronco.

DUIN

Justice Morgan, it's our belief, however, that there is no relevance to --

Morgan holds up a hand to stop him.

MORGAN

Your absolutely correct, of course. It's theater, not law.
(to Caplan-Bennett)
Anything legal to add?

ADAMS-CAPLAN

No sir. It's in the brief.

MORGAN

(to Duin)
You?

DUIN

We simply want to underscore that given the threat the case for citywide quarantine is even more clear under federal statute than the quarantine of the original plane.

MORGAN

(to Adams-Caplan)
I was surprised you won that one.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

As you've seen, however, the outbreak spread is not exclusive to those passengers.

Morgan looks at Adams-Caplan as a father would look at a child who has been caught doing a bad thing.

MORGAN

Hair-splitting. I don't believe in legislating from the bench, never have. If I use my authority now, I will be making law, rather than reviewing it. This quarantine may very well be a mistake, maybe even a deadly one.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORGAN (cont'd)

But it has been made with good intentions and I will not overturn it. We may never see it happen again because I'm quite sure you will be standing before the entire Supreme Court some day soon, but today, we are all in this together. The quarantine stands.

(beat)

Cookies?

Morgan holds a plate of tea cookies out. Adams-Caplan has lost her appetite, but Duin grabs two.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

The rink has been fully converted to a morgue, and the open ice is mostly covered with bodies.

Tam and his men continue their gruesome task of identifying bodies and processing their belongings. Some bodies come in with body bags and others must be placed inside one.

Howard walks through this and his face reflects the understanding that things have changed forever. He closes his eyes for a moment:

HOWARD'S POV - THE RINK

In its better days. The MUSIC is upbeat and dozens of people are on the ice, skating, laughing, living.

BACK TO NOW

The memory is gone. Howard walks through the bodies, approaches LA coroner Tam.

HOWARD

Mister Tam?

TAM

Yes?

HOWARD

I served two tours in the Marines, seen a lot of bad things happen, and I'm no stranger to duty. So I'd stay here if I was truly needed but I'm not. My time's up and I'm done with this place. Here.

Howard hands a packed keychain over to Tam and walks slowly away.

OMITTED**INT. PASADENA HOME - DAY**

Kelly stands in her kitchen, both hands on the sink counter, looking out the window. A beat, then Gil comes in, opens the refrigerator.

GIL
We don't have any milk.

KELLY
Don't go out. Have something else.

GIL
I'll wear one of those stupid masks. Don't worry. Can I have some money?

Kelly doesn't respond. WE SEE her close up now and it's pretty clear that she's leaning on the sink counter to hold herself up.

GIL (cont'd)
Mom. Money.

Gil looks around and gets a better look.

GIL (cont'd)
You okay?

KELLY
I don't... know...
(beat)
I just got a bad feeling.

GIL
You're sick. Aren't you?

KELLY
No. I'm gonna be fine.

GIL
You gotta lie down.

KELLY
Maybe I... maybe...

Gil comes to help her, starts to grab her by the elbow, but she pulls away.

KELLY (cont'd)
Put your mask on.

CONTINUED:

GIL
I been in the same house for days
with you --

KELLY
Put the mask on!

Gil backs off, pulls his mask out of his pocket but he's looking at his mom and he's worried. Kelly drifts away to sleep.

A beat, then Gil goes to her dresser. The top drawer is locked. He knows where she keeps the key and retrieves it. He opens the locked drawer and removes the folded newspaper. He unfolds it and holds the gun in his hands.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - DAY

The hospital is now a teeming city of the dispossessed.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - DAY

Troy sits in a waiting area, leaning forward, elbows on his legs, ready to pounce, unable to leave. Dials a number on his cell-phone.

EXT. PASADENA STREET - DAY

Gil is walking down the street, wearing his mask, carrying his back-pack. Answers his cell-phone.

GIL
Hello?

INTERCUT: KINDRED SPIRITS / PASADENA STREET

TROY
Gil? Just checking in, see how you
guy's are doing?

GIL
Good. Yeah, we're good.

TROY
You sound distracted. Anything
going on?

GIL
No. I'm, I'm just in the middle of
a videogame and I'm gonna lose my
level if I don't get back to it.

CONTINUED:

TROY
Gil, Pete's in surgery.

GIL
Surgery? For the flu?

TROY
We got in a situation.

GIL
You're okay, though?

TROY
Yeah. Gil, I should probably talk
to your mom.

GIL
She's sleeping. And I really got to
get back to this.

TROY
Okay. Well, tell her I called.

GIL
Yeah. See you, Dad.

Gil hangs up the phone. Gil sees an ATM, accessible through a parking lot and heads in that direction.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

Part of the mountain getaways outside of Los Angeles. Trees, A-Frames, ski shops and crisp air.

We settle on a secluded mountain retreat cabin. Wood smoke curls upward from its chimney.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

Smolak and the gang of quarantine-runners are settling in for the long haul. That includes watching themselves on TV where Melissa Lui is "live."

MELISSA (T.V.)
These quarantine runners are led, we believe, by a Gibson Smolak, a passenger on Flight 182 who was returning to Los Angeles from an overseas assignment where he works as a private security contractor. The people inside are believed to be heavily armed.

CONTINUED:

Indeed they are. Moving furniture against doors, loading weapons, etc.

COLEMAN

How do they know all that?

SMOLAK

I told 'em.

Smolak peers through the corner of the blinds.

SMOLAK'S POV - OUTSIDE THE MOUNTAIN CABIN

WE SEE that the ten vehicles of the escape caravan are gathered here --

-- and that outside that perimeter there is a contingent of National Guard soldiers --

MELISSA (T.V.)

Now, about an hour ago, a contingent of soldiers from the National Guard arrived from up north and, from what I can gather, told the LAPD officers who conducted the slow-speed pursuit that their services were no longer needed, that they were out of their jurisdiction and that the Guard now had control of the situation.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Amid the tent city of trucks and satellite antennas, PICK UP Melissa Lui, who's "live" --

MELISSA

We are still attempting to cover this story in person but, as you know, we are being denied the right to leave the city.

During this, in the distance, we hear the sound of a HELICOPTER ON APPROACH. By this point, it is loud enough that it can't be ignored. Melissa looks up at the sky.

MELISSA (cont'd)

Looks like we've got some company. With news, police and medical helicopters taking off and landing constantly, those of you who are following our coverage know it's like an airport here.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MELISSA (cont'd)

In fact, the entire south end of the parking lot has been designated as a landing zone.

(beat)

Well, that's not a news chopper, and it doesn't seem to belong to law enforcement either. Whatever it is, it's landing and it's unmarked.

(yelling off-camera)

Maybe National Guard?

(back to camera)

We don't think that's Guard.

(beat)

I've seen this helicopter before.

(to cameraman)

Let's go.

Melissa keeps up a running commentary, trained talker that she is.

MELISSA (cont'd)

I could be wrong, but I think we may have a surprise visitor here.

Up ahead, WE SEE the helicopter putting down in the designated zone. A beat, as the engine power is killed, and the blades continue to auto-rotate.

A man gets out, dressed in a flight suit, wearing a military style flight helmet. The man crouches under the blades and, clearing them, walks briskly toward Melissa and several other camera crews who have run to greet him.

The man removes the helmet -- it's Governor Shaefer! -- and he holds the helmet under his arm, looking like a military pilot more than a public official.

MELISSA (cont'd)

That's California Governor Lucas Shaefer. Governor!

Shaefer stands framed with his helicopter in the background, in his flight suit, looking like the toughest guy on the block.

SHAEFER

Good afternoon. I'm here today because I believe strongly that there is no justice without security. Although we believe in the rule of law, the law is not effective if it is only words.

(beat)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHAEFER (cont'd)

Today I am issuing an executive order moving the National Guard from its current stand-by positions to operational status. I'm invoking martial law in Los Angeles and asking the Guard to enforce a mandatory curfew for the duration of the crisis.

EXT. TRAFFIC STOP - DAY

Several National Guard vehicles are pulled over to the side of a the road where a handful of soldiers -- under the command of Jose Ruiz -- start pulling barricades out of one of the trucks and setting up their own roadblock.

SHAEFER (V.O.)

Guard units are deploying now, replacing local police authorities. I have given the Guard clear instructions to enforce this quarantine and, believe me, they will.

WE SEE police officers backing up their own barricades. Jose has his men gathered around.

JOSE

(to other Guardsmen)

We're under military rules of engagement. Our orders are to prevent vehicles from leaving the city, using our discretion as to the use of force. Let's get it done.

Jose checks his weapon, chambers a round.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Many of the shelves have been picked clean. Derrick, the store employee we've been following, is seen trying to talk to a hyped-up Smoke, fresh from the shoot-out.

SHAEFER (V.O.)

I want to urge members of the public to stop hoarding. Supply trucks are still getting into the city and will continue to do so once we have re-established control.

Smoke pulls out a weapon. Derrick puts up his hands.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER PLANT - DAY

A couple of workers struggle to close a valve on a water line.

SHAEFER (V.O.)

There have also been reports of city workers who are tasked to perform essential tasks from water and power to health services who either are too sick to come to work or too scared. I'm urging people to do their duty. If they do not, the Guard will step into these jobs, too, and the people who have abandoned them may face charges unless they have proof of illness.

The water line doesn't hold, and high pressure water is shooting everywhere.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Back to where we started. Melissa shouts out a question.

MELISSA

Governor Shaefer, now that you're here in Los Angeles, who's in charge?

SHAEFER

I am.

MELISSA

What about Mayor Sanchez?

Shaefer nods.

SHAEFER

I expect to work closely with Mayor Sanchez.

INT. LA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Sanchez huddles with his team, going over assignments and assessments.

SHAEFER (V.O.)

At the same time, however, I have a responsibility to the entire population of California which, if this quarantine is not effective, will be put at risk. That will not happen on my watch.

CONTINUED:

Friedlander is seen approaching Sanchez, telling him something. From the shocked and pissed look on Sanchez's face, it's clear he has learned that Governor Shaefer is in town.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - BACK LOADING DOCK - DAY

Smoke directs Derrick in stuffing his car full of supplies, using his gun. Derrick sees that there's a bullet hole in the car. His eyes turn to Smoke who has blood pooling under his jacket.

DERRICK
You gonna be okay?

SMOKE
Shut up.

Derrick finishes placing the rest of the supplies in the car.

DERRICK
You want me to fill up the front seat, too?

SMOKE
No, I'm sittin' there. Let's go.

DERRICK
What?

SMOKE
You're drivin' me, got it? Get in.

Derrick does as he's told.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Standing on the deck are Jay and Michele, looking worried, very worried. From where they're standing, they can look down into the hold --

Torino is down inside the boat, terribly ill.

Orley begins to move up the steps to join them on the deck. Michele is deeply sad.

MICHELE
How is he?

ORLEY
I don't know. He's too weak to even talk.

CONTINUED:

MICHELE

We should have stayed back in LA and not listened to Michael. He'd be getting treatment now. But the plan seemed to make sense.

Jay tries to hold her to comfort her. She pulls away.

MICHELE (cont'd)

And you say nothing!

JAY

Let's just try to be logical about this. What do we know?

MICHELE

We know that Michael is sick and we're all taking the wrong anti-viral medication. What more do you need to know?

ORLEY

We're close to Mexico.

MICHELE

We don't even know how to sail, Orley. That's always been Michael's job.

JAY

The news said the Mexicans say they'll turn back any Americans trying to cross the border. They're not going to let us harbor, even if we could figure out how to get there.

(to Orley)

Is Michael conscious?

Orley shakes her head. They stand in silence. It's cold.

JAY (cont'd)

We can't sleep out here another night. We'll freeze and, at the very least, lower our resistance. But we can't sleep down there with him.

ORLEY

What are you saying, Jay?

JAY

He's dying anyway. The boy from the plane, they said he got put in three body bags. Michael's just about gone.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAY (cont'd)

It's tragic and we will miss him.
But we have to try to stay alive
now.

ORLEY

(fighting back tears)

He was buying that house for us. We
were going to get married, have
kids. It was all so good.

Despite Orley's sentiments, it all sounds close to pre-
meditated murder. Jay and Michele try to comfort her but she
is inconsolable.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Sorkosky chairs another staff meeting. Kayla, Ratner,
Foxhoven, Razi, the head nurse, others.

SORKOSKY

We have one-sixth of the
respirators we need. And we're not
going to get many more. Not in
time.

KAYLA

Under the current triage plan,
there's not much we can do.

RAZI

That plan may not be the most
logical in terms of patient
outcomes.

SORKOSKY

(to Ratner)

What do your numbers tell us,
Doctor Ratner?

RATNER

Hey, I'm not comfortable picking
who gets to live and who doesn't.

SORKOSKY

Your comfort level is not part of
your job.

Ratner says nothing, just flips through his paperwork.
Finally:

RATNER

We have over a hundred phase-
three's on ventilators. So far, the
stats say, that nearly ninety
percent of them will die.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RATNER (cont'd)

If you pull them now, and start some of the healthier ones before they become phase-three, we could save some lives.

KAYLA

Is there anyway to make an educated guess as to which people have more chance to live?

RATNER

The mortality rates are spread equally from young to old, men to women, black to white. We had a twenty-four year old who came in third last year's LA Marathon women's division who died this morning.

Everyone looks around, knowing what this means. It's a death sentence for the ten percent who might have made it otherwise.

KAYLA

That's the trade-off then.

RATNER

If you pull respirators from one group, you have to pull them from everybody in that group.

SORKOSKY

Is there any other way? Are we missing anything?

WE SEE the faces of everybody in the room. Face to face to face. All drawn and grim, but none with an answer.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Everybody participates. Nobody lives alone with this.

Kayla lowers her head, whether she's having trouble looking at the others, or saying a silent prayer, we cannot say.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A car pulls up into a parking space near an ATM. The MAN who gets out is wearing gloves and a mask.

The man approaches the ATM. He removes a package of antiseptic tissues from his pocket and uses them to wipe the top of the keyboard and the touch-screen.

CONTINUED:

He goes through the process, receives his cash. He begins to wipe down the twenty-dollar bills that come from the machine with his antiseptic wipes.

Gil steps from the shadows. He's got his dad's handgun. He still has his mask on.

GIL
I'm really sorry but I need that
money. My mom's sick.

The man hands over the money. Gil nods at the ATM card he has.

GIL (cont'd)
Can you get more?

The man nods, very scared, starts the process again.

EXT. TRAFFIC STOP - NIGHT

Jose and his National Guardsmen keep watch at their traffic stop. A familiar car drives up and Jose motions for it to pull over to the side.

Angela and Belinda exit, both wearing masks.

JOSE
¡Hola, mis muchachas hermosas!

BELINDA
Hi, Daddy!

It's unexpected. Jose looks up to Angela while he's hugging Belinda.

ANGELA
She wanted to see you. Ella era
asustada poco. We made you all
sandwiches.

Belinda pulls out a big Tupperware plastic container full of sandwiches.

JOSE
Mejor than MRE's.

ANGELA
(to Belinda)
Why don't you go give Daddy's
friends their sandwiches?

Belinda takes off, leaving Jose and Angela.

CONTINUED:

JOSE

I don't know if it's buen idea to be here.

ANGELA

Jose, your mother just called.

JOSE

¿Es bien?

ANGELA

Sí. Pero ... your father died, and Rodrigo, he's very sick.

We stay on Jose's face. His heart is breaking into pieces and there's nothing anybody can do.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Soy así que apesadumbrado de tener que decirle. Él le amó mucho.

Angela pulls Jose tight. He hugs her back fiercely. Belinda, handing out the sandwiches in the background, looks over, knows that something bad has happened.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Kayla enters a room with four beds in it. She finds Aria on one of the gurneys that's just been rolled in. She's having a tough time breathing.

KAYLA

Aria, I'm so sorry you're sick.

ARIA

I guess I fought it off as long as I could.

KAYLA

Maybe if we could have started you and everybody else from the plane on Vira-flu first...

ARIA

How can you blame yourself? Please don't.

KAYLA

You've given people some lasting memories of what's happened here.

ARIA

One last thing...

Aria pulls her camera from under the sheet.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

You really do sleep with that thing.

Aria smiles, hands the camera to Kayla.

ARIA

Would you mind?

KAYLA

This looks a little more complex than my digital.

ARIA

It's all set up. Just push this button.

Aria pulls herself up a little in bed, sweeps her hair out of her face. Her smile is more Mona Lisa than Jessica Simpson.

Kayla SNAPS the photo!

INT. PASADENA HOME - NIGHT

Gil enters, moves to the back bedroom, finds his mother in bed. He looks at her a moment, then starts shaking her.

KELLY

What? Gil!

GIL

Mom, God, you scared me.

KELLY

I was... sleeping...

GIL

You looked like you were, well, you're not so, I mean how are you?

KELLY

I'm tired... Where were you? I called for you?

GIL

I went out for a walk.

FLASH - GAS STATION

Gil buys Vira-flu from a seller who's working the station, operating out of the shadows.

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Gil pulls out a foil packet of the Vira-flu. He pops two out and holds them out.

GIL (cont'd)
You gotta take these right now.

Kelly pulls herself up into a sitting position.

KELLY
What?

GIL
It's that Vira-flu stuff. You gotta take it.

KELLY
How'd you get it?

GIL
Never mind how I got it. The thing is you gotta take it, Mom.

Kelly starts to cry.

KELLY
You bought that on the street. Where'd you get that kind of money, baby?

GIL
Mom, I don't want you to worry about this. I just want you to get better.

Gil keeps holding his hand out. A moment, then Kelly takes the pills and he helps her swallow them by holding a glass of water for her.

KELLY
Oh, baby, what have you done?

GIL
We gotta get you to the hospital. I'll get the car.

KELLY
You're fourteen...

GIL
Mom, I'm in so much trouble already, that driving without a license is not gonna make a difference.

CONTINUED: (2)

Gil takes off.

INT. LA COMMAND CENTER - DAY

This is a hub of 911 calls, emergency ops, and city oversight. Maps, computers, ringing phones.

Sanchez approaches Dornan, who's on the phone.

DORNAN

Call you back.

SANCHEZ

What are you hearing?

DORNAN

My people say that the hospitals are the tip of the iceberg. That we've got at least as many sick at home as people receiving any kind of organized medical care.

SANCHEZ

Why don't they come in?

DORNAN

Might be too sick to want to move. Ambulances are running way late on all calls responding, they're overwhelmed. The number of calls from people who are reporting dead neighbors or family members is up from forty-five three days ago to thirty-two hundred yesterday.

Friedlander approaches.

FRIEDLANDER

Mister Mayor.

Friedlander indicates he'd like to speak privately. Sanchez nods at Dornan, and they excuse themselves.

FRIEDLANDER (cont'd)

I thought you should know that Governor Shaefer's office called about fifteen minutes ago. They wanted to know if we had given local police the authority to shoot quarantine runners.

SANCHEZ

What'd you say?

CONTINUED:

FRIEDLANDER

I re-stated your position. If anybody dies during this, it'll be from the flu not from a bullet.

Sanchez's eyes narrow in anger.

FRIEDLANDER (cont'd)

Was that wrong?

Sanchez is looking past Friedlander. He nods. Friedlander turns around.

It's Governor Shaefer entering the command center, escorted by some heavily armed National Guard soldiers. The soldiers begin to fan out throughout the room. Shaefer approaches Sanchez.

SHAEFER

Mayor Sanchez, under the authority vested in me as Governor of the State of California, I am deploying the National Guard to enforce the Los Angeles quarantine.

INT. LA COMMAND CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sanchez and Shaefer square off across the table, its physical presence keeping them from violence.

SHAEFER

Your style is to overthink everything. We can't afford that luxury.

SANCHEZ

Maybe, just maybe, this situation requires a little more thought than usual.

SHAEFER

It's not complicated, Mister Mayor. People don't get out. That's what makes it a quarantine.

SANCHEZ

You wanted us to shoot innocent people in the cars?

SHAEFER

If that's the only way to stop them.

CONTINUED:

These are two formidable men, both used to getting their way. Right now, they are the Irresistible Force and the Immovable Object. Sanchez turns away, shakes his head.

SANCHEZ

What do you really want?

SHAEFER

What I want is for the Riptide virus to stop. Here in LA.

SANCHEZ

All right, Governor. You come in here and make your big play. How does that work?

SHAEFER

I assume responsibility for security and public safety. You should concentrate on city services. There's more than enough for both of us to do.

SANCHEZ

What if I say no?

The two men stare at each other. After a long moment of impasse, neither man looking away, Shaefer simply says:

SHAEFER

It's already happening.

Sanchez looks outside, sees the National Guard in his command center, knows this is true.

EXT. TRAFFIC STOP - DAY

Jose -- dispirited by the death of his father -- and the National Guard stand watch. The word's out. Cars trying to get out are few and far between.

EXT./INT. SMOKE'S CAR - DAY

Derrick drives. Smoke holds the side of his abdomen where his wound bleeds.

DERRICK

You can't mess with the National Guard. A lot of those dudes, they've been in Iraq. They're serious.

CONTINUED:

SMOKE

Those guys up at Big Bear, they got out, no shots fired. We're getting out. I gotta disappear.

DERRICK

What if we do? Then what? Are you gonna kill me then?

SMOKE

If you keep talking, I'm gonna kill you now.

Smoke indicates the road-block up ahead.

SMOKE (cont'd)

You drive up nice and slow and respectful, talk to the first guy, then when they tell you to turn it around, you look like that's what you're gonna do, only then you cut right, and hit the gas.

Smoke puts the gun to Derrick's head.

SMOKE (cont'd)

If you don't, I will shoot you. Any questions?

Derrick shakes his head, "no."

Now, it plays out as described... Smoke's car drives up...

Jose mans the first part of the two-step road-block. Derrick rolls down his window.

JOSE

Road's closed. You need to turn it around.

DERRICK

Okay.

Jose looks closer.

JOSE'S FLASHCUT - DERRICK

From the scene where he rang him up at the grocery store last week.

Jose lightens up a bit.

CONTINUED:

JOSE

You look familiar. You work at a grocery store, right?

DERRICK

No.

Jose looks in back of the car, piled with stuff from a grocery store.

JOSE

Well, looks like you been shopping in one.

DERRICK

We just need to get someplace. We're both feeling good. We're not gonna infect anybody.

JOSE

Sorry. Road's closed. That's the order.

Jose makes a signal with his hand to turn the car around.

Derrick drives the car ahead. Smoke sticks the gun in his ribs.

Derrick hits the gas, cuts right.

Suddenly, the National Guard and Jose are on it. GUNFIRE from several places aimed at the car.

One of the tires blows out. At the speed it's traveling, the car fishtails into another car parked on the side of the road.

Derrick uses this opportunity to leap from the vehicle, to escape from his tormentor and to run.

Derrick sprints to safety for all he's worth.

As he does, one of the National Guardsmen, pumped with adrenaline, continues to fire.

Derrick goes down.

JOSE (cont'd)

No! Cease fire! Cease fire!

Jose rushes up to Derrick. He's been hit bad, blood is gurgling up from his mouth. Jose cradles his head in his arms, yells to the others.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOSE (cont'd)
 Get me the kit! I know this guy!
 (to Derrick)
 Stay with me. You are the guy,
 right?

DERRICK
 (nods)
 In the car... he... he knows who
 stole... the medicine...

Another Guardsman runs up with the medical kit and they set to work. They check the pulse. Nothing. Jose wipes a tear away with the back of his sleeve, keeps trying.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - WAITING AREA - DAY

Troy sees Kayla emerging from behind some closed doors. She approaches.

TROY
 Anything new?

KAYLA
 Agent Whitlock --

TROY
 That's what you called me when we
 met at the airport. Which feels
 like five years ago.

KAYLA
 Yeah, it does.

TROY
 So you call me Troy and...

KAYLA
 You can call me, Kayla.

TROY
 Okay, Kayla. Now that we're on a
 first-name basis, you know me well
 enough to be straight with me.

KAYLA
 Troy, your partner wasn't a hundred
 percent when he got shot. The
 doctors who operated on him think
 he's got a chance, but you need to
 be ready to say goodbye.

TROY
 Peter operates at a hundred and ten
 percent normally.

(MOP)

CONTINUED:

TROY (cont'd)

So, maybe you're wrong, maybe he was a hundred percent when he got hit.

KAYLA

I hope so.

Troy's PHONE RINGS.

TROY

Yeah.

(beat)

I'm on it.

Troy listens for a beat longer. Kayla gestures that she's going to leave. Troy hangs up.

TROY (cont'd)

Kayla! You're gonna want to hear this.

KAYLA

What is it?

TROY

Got a lead on Vicente.

Kayla closes her eyes a second, *Thank God*.

KAYLA

You can't do anything for Pete while he's in recovery. Go.

TROY

Call me if there's any change.

KAYLA

Good luck.

Troy takes off in a hurry.

EXT. TRAFFIC STOP - DAY

Another crime scene. Troy talks to Jose. In the background, WE SEE one body covered up, obviously Derrick. Smoke has his wounds being tended to by a paramedic.

TROY

You knew the driver?

JOSE

Yeah. He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

CONTINUED:

TROY

Excuse me.

Troy walks over to Smoke. Addresses the paramedics.

TROY (cont'd)

Give us a second.

Smoke looks up, angry and in pain.

TROY (cont'd)

That's a nasty wound.

SMOKE

I got nothin' to say to you.

TROY

Well, you should re-consider.
Because that wound needs some
attention and the lines are real
long at the hospitals. You wait
your turn, you could bleed out. I'm
the only one who can help you get
up front.

Smoke grimaces from the pain. He knows the drill.

OMITTED

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Smolak and his gang gather in the living room around a fire. One man has the shades pulled aside, looking out into the darkness. Smolak does not look well. He's sweating, and his words are punctuated by clearing his throat.

SMOLAK

See anything?

The man turns back from the window, shakes his head. Everyone else in the room has their eyes on Smolak.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

No. Okay, we're taking shifts, four
hours each. Donny, Scott, Andie,
Alan, you have the first one.

Smolak stops. There's a definite sound coming from outside. Everyone looks from one person to the other. It's the rumbling of LARGE DIESEL ENGINES.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

Tanks. Once you hear that sound,
you never forget it.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SMOLAK (cont'd)

(beat)

Well, we knew these guys wouldn't take this lying down. All they understand is force.

He stops, holds up a hand. Everybody listens carefully. It's loud and scary.

SMOLAK (cont'd)

I was wrong. It's not the Boston Tea Party. It's the Alamo.

Smolak's cough intensifies and he starts to cough up blood. Someone rushes up to his side, but Coleman stops them.

COLEMAN

Don't! Nobody touch him.

Looks all around. Nobody moves to touch him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Vicente and his men are packing up to leave. Vicente approaches Bandit.

VICENTE

Nothing on Smoke?

BANDIT

Uh-uh.

VICENTE

He's probably dead.

(beat)

We gotta get out now. How much longer?

BANDIT

Thirty.

VICENTE

Fifteen. We leave what we have to but we're gone. I got a boat waiting at the marina. It's our best shot out of here.

Vicente takes off.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

Another boat. Jay, Michele and Orley -- all wearing strips of clothing across their mouths and noses -- emerge from the room below with Torino's body. Orley is hysterical, repeating the following as if a mantra:

CONTINUED:

ORLEY

Oh, God... Oh, God... Oh, God...

The weight of the body is too much, it falls to the deck of the boat.

The three stand over the body, on the rocking boat, full of fear and sadness, and repulsion.

JAY

We're sure he's dead?

MICHELE

There's no pulse.

JAY

Considering the public health issues involved, we'd be within our rights to dispose of a body, under these circumstances.

ORLEY

Oh, God!

JAY

We've already made this decision, Michele.

MICHELE

Jay, this man was our friend.

Michele just looks at her husband. She can't bring herself to agree, her anger is so fierce. She turns to Orley, still mumbling, and grabs her by the shoulders.

MICHELE (cont'd)

We all do this together. That's what we agreed.

Orley nods, numbly. Jay reaches out and takes her hand, and Michele's hand. The three of them bow their heads.

JAY

Dear Lord, please take our friend Michael back to your embrace and lay him to rest in the ocean he so loved. Amen.

MICHELE/ORLEY

Amen.

They all reach down and grab a body part. Jay has Torino by the shoulders. Michele and Orley each have a leg.

MICHELE

One...

CONTINUED: (2)

They begin to swing the body to gather rhythm and strength.

MICHELE (cont'd)

Two...

It's unreal, but it's happening.

MICHELE (cont'd)

Three...

Torino's body flies off the boat. We hear a SPLASH in the ocean.

ORLEY

Goodbye, my love.

Orley breaks down.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vicente enters. He walks up to the urinal, unhitches his pants and starts to take a piss. A beat, then:

TROY (V.O.)

Don't even bother to zip up. Just put both hands on the wall.

It's Troy, who's been hiding at the wall. The window to the bathroom is open.

Vicente slowly places both hands on the wall.

TROY (cont'd)

Just so you know, your own man was running from you, and he gave you up in less than five minutes.

VICENTE

I can make you a very rich man.

Troy moves quickly to cuff one hand, then another, behind Vicente's back. Troy flips open his phone.

TROY

So can the lottery, and it's legal.
(into phone)
I got number one. Let's take the rest.

Troy flips his phone shut, pulls Vicente away from the urinal. His eyes drift low.

TROY (cont'd)

I should've let you zip, that's just embarrassing.

CONTINUED:

From outside, we hear the sound of a door being blown down and a few shots of GUNFIRE.

OMITTED

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Moving through the forest. It's dark and close. No natural lights.

There's a glint of steel up ahead. One of the tanks maybe.

Moving ahead. WE SEE the source of the sound.

It's not a tank. It's two NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, crouched in bushes and trees.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

Never thought I'd get a psy-ops mission in my own country. I bet they're just freaking out inside.

Before them is a large speaker, connected to a laptop computer. It is from here that the TANK RUMBLINGS emit. And, as they do, WE SEE that there are a half dozen such speakers set up in the woods and, like a Surround-Sound movie system, the tank moves from one side of the woods to the other.

Your psy-ops dollars at work. A beat, then the second guardsman points through the clearing.

IT'S COLEMAN

Holding a white tee-shirt on a broom handle above head. Two others have Smolak on a stretcher.

The war is over.

OMITTED

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ratner sits under an awning where the cafeteria food service has been moved. A beat, then Kayla takes a seat.

KAYLA

The people holed up in that cabin just surrendered. Half of them are symptomatic.

RATNER

Bring it on. Can't get any worse.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

You sure?

Ratner looks up numbly, like he's trying to formulate a response.

RATNER

When the cafeteria is full of beds and the staff has to eat in the parking lot, it's a good sign that we've hit bottom.

KAYLA

Yeah. Dumb question.

RATNER

No. It's not. I mean, it is the worst I've ever seen, but it's not a dumb question. God, I'm tired. I keep thinking I don't want to die this tired. I mean seeing all this death, and then being so tired you can't see straight, and then dying yourself. It's so freaking selfish, but it's what I was thinking.

Ratner is so rambling. Kayla reaches out and puts her hand on his.

KAYLA

I've seen how many people you've saved and at what risk. Selfish is not the word.

RATNER

Back at ya, Kayla. How's your skater girl doing?

KAYLA

She's really sick. But I keep reminding myself that even among the people who get sick the majority get well. So I think she's going to make it.

RATNER

I'm going to drop in on her this afternoon. I have this juggling thing I do with Dorito packages that kids usually like.

KAYLA

Yes!

CONTINUED: (2)

RATNER

It's not that good a trick,
actually.

Pulling into the parking lot is a giant rental truck,
followed by Troy's Suburban. Troy is leaning out the window
with a big thumbs up and a grin.

Kayla takes off at a run.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - MEDIA TENT - NIGHT

Sorkosky stands at the podium; Kayla stands behind him.

SORKOSKY

Just over an hour ago, we received
notice from the Federal Bureau of
Investigation that the stolen Vira-
flu supplies have been recovered.
This does not mean we are out of
the woods yet, not by any stretch.
It means that we have a tool to
slow down the virus. It also means
that people who have symptoms will
now be started on anti-virals. Some
of them will still get the flu. And
some of those will still die...

Sorkosky trails off.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Excuse me a moment.

Sorkosky steps back to Kayla.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

I sound like the Messenger of
Death, don't I?

KAYLA

Maybe a little.

SORKOSKY

Doctor Martin, this is hopeful news
and these people need hope. I
promised the mayor I'd turn this
over to you.

KAYLA

This was a big deal, Doctor
Sorkosky, it's only fair --

SORKOSKY

Get ready.

CONTINUED:

Sorkosky steps to the microphone.

SORKOSKY (cont'd)

Doctor Kayla Martin has had the day-to-day operational authority during this crisis and she's down an excellent job. I've asked her to continue the briefing so you might have the most accurate and up-to-date information.

(to Kayla)

Doctor Martin.

Sorkosky steps back, allowing Kayla to take the podium.

KAYLA

We believe that as we bring the Vira-flu anti-viral medications to bear that we will be able -- with the continued cooperation of the public -- to slow the disease spread and lethality. At the same time...

Kayla has come into her own and it shows.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - VIEWING - DAY

On the outside, Troy sits alone watching Vicente, also sitting alone in the actual interrogation room, through the glass window. A beat, then Kayla arrives.

KAYLA

The good news is that your partner is stable.

(smiles)

He says you're bad luck and you should stay away until he's better.

Troy smiles himself, nods inside at Vicente.

TROY

What about Scarface here? His blood any help to your lab guys?

KAYLA

They got it spinning in a dozen centrifuges. We'll see.

TROY

I still don't get why you care.

CONTINUED:

KAYLA

He was as exposed as your partner, he got the wrong anti-viral, and by the time he got the right one, most people in his situation would have been symptomatic.

TROY

So what he stole didn't save his life?

KAYLA

Something else did.

TROY

I want you to come in with me. Don't say anything. Just look angry.

KAYLA

So, it's good cop/bad doc?

TROY

Pretty much. Minus the good part.

Troy shrugs, nods toward the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Troy and Kayla sit across from Vicente.

TROY

If you got something to give, the longer you wait to give it, the less it's worth.

VICENTE

If I talk, I want a pardon.

TROY

From what? Organizing the biggest drug trade in LA? Everything you did that got you arrested in the first place?

VICENTE

Yeah. All of it.

Troy boils. He takes Kayla aside.

TROY

How important is this really?

KAYLA

It could save lives. A lot.

CONTINUED:

TROY

Just go with me on this.
(loudly)
I won't do it. No way.

Troy nods, returns to Vicente.

TROY (cont'd)

Since I don't know what information you may or may not have, let's put it this way. If the CDC certifies that it helped directly save lives, we'll take the death penalty off the table.

VICENTE

Forget it.

TROY

I can't let you walk. But I can let you live. That's all I'm prepared to do. Other than take this off the table in thirty seconds.

VICENTE

(to Kayla)

You're the witness, doctor.

Kayla nods. Whatever.

VICENTE (cont'd)

Okay. When I was in Australia, waiting for you Feds to get your hands on me, they tested a flu vaccine at my prison.

KAYLA

We knew that. A vaccine manufactured in Denmark.

Kayla consults the medical file on Vicente, turns to Troy.

KAYLA (cont'd)

But he wasn't given the vaccine.
Says so in the prison medical log.

TROY

(to Vicente)

Sorry. Wrong answer.

VICENTE

You're looking under Eduardo Vicente. That's why.

Troy sits down at the table.

CONTINUED: (2)

TROY
I'm listening.

VICENTE
They gave inmates random numbers. I didn't get picked. Those that did got one of those wrist bracelets which got you better food for the month. So I convinced a guy to let me take his place.

TROY
You got the shot, the food and the benefit. What'd the other guy get?

VICENTE
(shrugs)
I didn't kill him. Remember telling you this gets me immunity.

TROY
Give me the name.

VICENTE
Stephen Marks.

Kayla runs her finger down the paperwork.

KAYLA
That's a match. Gotta call Razi.
That's his clue.

Kayla takes off in a hurry.

INT. COUNTY LAB - DAY

Razi examines a slide under his electron microscope.

INSERT - THE SCOPE

The Riptide Virus is on the run.

BACK TO SCENE

Razi leans back and, for the first time, we see him smile. He writes on a piece of lab stationary: "Denmark A."

EXT. YACHT - DAY

The yacht drifts aimlessly on the open sea. We hear:

CONTINUED:

COAST GUARD VOICE (V.O.)
This is the United States Coast
Guard. Please prepare for boarding.

EXT./INT. YACHT - DAY

As several members of the U.S. Coast Guard board the boat.

As they go below deck, they find Jay, Michele and Orley all dead.

INT. L.A. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Shaefer confers with an officer in a National Guard uniform.
Sanchez confers with several city workers.

Kayla enters, approaches Sanchez.

KAYLA
Mister Mayor.

SANCHEZ
Doctor.

As Kayla begins to speak to Sanchez, our POV shifts to Shaefer who watches a beat, then moves to join them.

SHAEFER
Anything I should know about?

SANCHEZ
We've caught a break. A big one.

SHAEFER
The anti-virals.
(to Kayla)
Well-done.

KAYLA
Bigger than that. A vaccine.

SHAEFER
I thought...

SANCHEZ
We all did.

KAYLA
Turns out that one of the vaccines
developed for the Avian flu
actually works on the Riptide
Virus.

CONTINUED:

SANCHEZ

How long before we can bring it on line?

KAYLA

There's enough of it in Denmark right now to start an inoculation program. It's being loaded on a plane in Copenhagen as we speak.

SHAEFER

What now?

KAYLA

Not sure. We need a way to get it disbursed evenly across the population.

SANCHEZ

Use the fire stations. They're in every neighborhood.

SHAEFER

Good idea.

(beat)

You should make the announcement.

Sanchez looks at Shaefer incredulously.

SHAEFER (cont'd)

I told you. It wasn't about politics.

The two political enemies shake hands.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - WAITING AREA - DAY

Gil sits in the waiting area, playing a videogame on his cell-phone. Troy approaches.

TROY

Hey.

GIL

Just a sec...

Troy reaches over, grabs the phone and shuts.

TROY

I got good news and I got bad news.

GIL

Bad.

CONTINUED:

TROY
Nah, good first.

GIL
So why do you ask?

TROY
Like to know who I'm dealing with.
(beat)
Your mom's gonna make it and so's
Pete.

GIL
Awesome. So the medicine worked?

TROY
No, not really. Your mom's got
pneumonia. She never had the flu in
the first place. Plain old anti-
biotics cured her.

GIL
She wouldn't let me turn the heat
on.

TROY
Here's the bad news. Your ATM
robbery was caught on camera, and
even though you had a mask on, the
man who was robbed still thinks he
can ID you.

GIL
I'm really sorry, Dad. I wasn't
thinking right.

TROY
I know you were thinking about
trying to help your mom. I'm sorry
you felt it was all on you.

GIL
Am I gonna get locked up?

TROY
Look, Gil, after this is all over,
people are going to understand that
a lot of people did things they
weren't proud of, out of caring for
other people, out of panic,
whatever. Thing is, they can't
throw them all in jail.
(shrugs)
And if you testify against the man
you bought the drugs from...

CONTINUED: (2)

GIL
In a second!

TROY
It can't happen again. And you have to pay back the money. I'll ask the juvie judge to give you community service.

GIL
Dad, I totally promise.

TROY
(standing)
You hungry?

Gil's up on his feet. They take off.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - DAY

Our tent city at its zenith. Melissa Lui stands outside the hospital.

MELISSA
This is Day 11 of the Los Angeles quarantine. Officials place the current death toll at 72-thousand-719 confirmed victims. Everyone has been touched in this city. My cameraman, Jake Laramie, began this story with me when Flight 182 landed here in Los Angeles and Jake, sadly, did not live to see his story completed. I'm told we're going now "live" to City Hall where Mayor Sanchez has news about a rumored vaccine.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Sanchez sits behind his desk.

SANCHEZ
Good afternoon. Los Angeles has always been a place where things happen first. Once in a while, as we've seen in the past weeks, we have to deal with natural disaster -
- earthquakes, fires and now this Riptide Virus. But we are a strong city full of strong people.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

Later in the speech.

SANCHEZ

Today, we have hope to go with that strength. A vaccine has been found in Europe that was already manufactured in sufficient quantities that we will soon be able to make it available here in Los Angeles. More is being manufactured as we speak.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

Sanchez takes a moment to gather himself. It's a very emotional moment.

SANCHEZ

Finally, there was a young woman on Flight 182, a photographer, her name was Aria Beutefeldt. She spent her final days taking pictures of her fellow passengers and others who were affected by this modern plague. She died this morning. As we begin now to put our city back together, I'm asking all of us to take a minute -- whether that minute be simply silent reflection or prayer -- but a minute where we think about what we have learned, mourn those we have lost and ask for wisdom in how we are going to move forward. Please join me as we watch Aria Beutefeldt's important, and final, work...

With that, Sanchez simply bows his head. Even members of the media join in --

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE MOMENT OF SILENCE

All the PHOTOS taken by photographer Aria Beutefeldt. WE SEE what her eye has seen. In every image there is a humanity shining through.

Some people who have survived and others who haven't.

CONTINUED:

Hadorn... the Mayor with his hand on his heart... many others... ending with Arial herself, propped up in her bed, that final photo taken by Kayla.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - DAY

Many of the CDC members have their heads bowed to, along with the rest of the city.

On the TV, Sanchez lifts his own head:

SANCHEZ (T.V.)

Thank you. Remember to go to your local fire stations for your vaccines. Let's get back to work, taking care of each other and getting this city back on its feet.

Kayla stands with Brooke, who's looking much better.

KAYLA

I told you I was going to walk you out of here.

BROOKE

And I believed you.

Kayla takes Brooks hand, as she promised, and leads her through the waiting room where signs mention "Vaccine Clinics", etc.

Outside the door, Brooke runs to her parents who are waiting with Howard. Kayla sees Troy, helping Sampson get in the Suburban and waves.

Kayla moves to speak to Troy.

KAYLA

What's next for you, Troy?

TROY

My boss likes me for a change. You?

KAYLA

I've been offered a promotion to go to Atlanta.

TROY

Wow. That's great. You're going, right?

KAYLA

What? And leave paradise?

CONTINUED:

They both have to laugh. It's been anything but. Life will go on. Life always does.

FADE OUT.

THE END