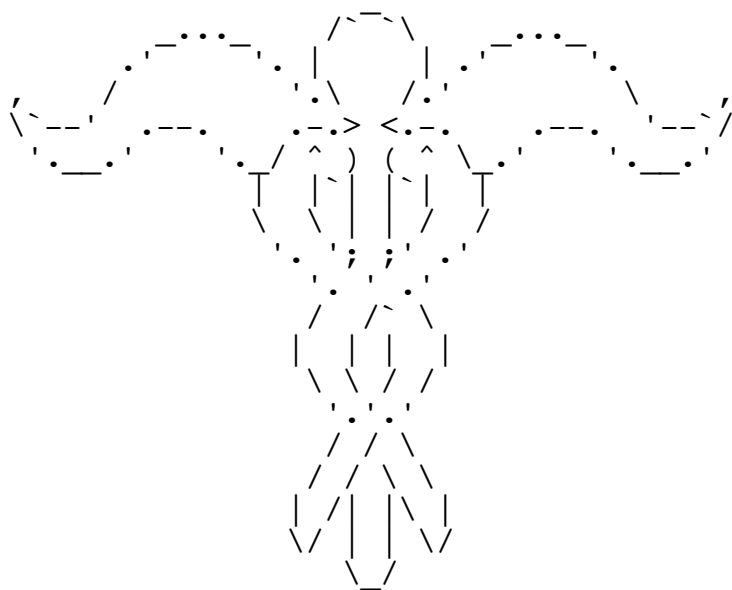

DECON

Written by

Max Landis



6-27-2018

The sound of gate rattling. Rain. Distant thunder. Then:

INT. THE CENTER - PARKING GARAGE

An inauspicious garage gate rumbles open, and down the ramp comes **Megan DWYER's** Mazda Miata. The lot is small, and several of the spaces are full already.

Dwyer nervously checks her parking pass: SPACE 12.

She pulls into the space marked twelve, and sits alone in her car, lost in thought, eyes looking off to nothing.

Dwyer's mid-20s, with short, tomboyish hair, not particularly striking but with bright, expressive eyes. She wears sweatpants, no make-up; it looks like she just woke up.

The look on her face is focused, completely. She's in this garage but she's far away.

A **lamborghini** screeches into the space next to her, the music through its closed windows startling her in a sharp inhale: she didn't even notice she was holding her breath.

She stands up, getting out of her car, and looks over at the lamborghini; Top 40 Country is blasting out so loud it vibrates the frame of the car.

Dwyer grabs her duffle bag out of her car, and then starts to hurriedly walk away, towards an elevator, when the music suddenly stops. From inside, a woman speaks:

BEACON
Security pass.

DWYER
(turning)
What?

BEACON
Do you have your security pass?

DWYER
(beat)
Yes, of course.

BEACON
Maybe double check. A lot of you forget it on your first day.

Dwyer reacts, annoyed...And checks her pockets...Realizing she doesn't have her security pass.

Dwyer awkwardly jogs back to the car, and grabs her security pass, then heads back to the elevator, embarrassed, as the music starts back up.

INT. THE CENTER - LOCKER ROOM

The locker-room is actually something closer to the pre-op room of a hospital; equipment is everywhere, neatly filed, everything shades of dark blue and exposed steel.

There are lockers, sanitary workstations, and a mirrored area by the far wall with sinks and a number of diagnostic and decontamination devices.

Megan walks in, setting down her duffle, seeing

Richard HASKLE, late 30s early 40s, a little pudgy and friendly faced, best described as a deeply cynical teddy bear, in his underwear, pulling on a jumpsuit, not unlike something a mechanic would wear.

She falters.

DWYER

Oh, sorry, I thought this was-

HASKLE

It is. We're not shy around here.

DWYER

There's not a separate changing room for women?

HASKLE

We're not shy around here.

DWYER

Oh, then I could wait outside, or you could-

HASKLE

No, we're behind the clock already. Just get changed and put your kit together, you know how, you read the book?

DWYER

It was a pamphlet.

HASKLE

It's the best we got.

A green light on the wall illuminates with a soft, airplane-esque "bing" sound.

HASKLE (CONT'D)
Shit, we're really rolling tonight.

DWYER
Is that-

HASKLE
It means we have an inbound.

Haskle finishes buttoning up the final pieces of his jumpsuit, and extends a hand.

HASKLE (CONT'D)
Haskle, Dr. Richard Haskle.
Welcome to the team.

DWYER
Megan Dwyer.

They shake hands, and Haskle quickly pulls away, heading to the work station.

DWYER (CONT'D)
They uh- they didn't tell you
anything about me, or-

HASKLE
Not the way it works, there's no
resume for this kind of work.

DWYER
Right, uh- right.

Haskle opens a kit, and begins charging and pressurizing a number of interesting devices; some of them seem surgical, or even orthodontic, in nature, but many of them feel mechanical or engineering based.

He begins assembling them, cleaning them, and loading them into a work kit.

Dwyer stands awkwardly.

HASKLE
If it makes you feel comfortable,
I'll stay facing this way till
you're decent. Hurry up and get
changed.

DWYER
Okay- I'll- alright, thank you.

Dwyer changes, stripping naked, and then redressing into the jumpsuit, as she talks to Haskle, who faces away, assembling his "kit."

HASKLE

You're shy. I think a lot of OSI's are shy, so that's normal.

DWYER

I'm not shy I just don't want to be naked in front of a st- what's an OSI?

HASKLE

That's you, that's what you bring to the team. That's all I know about you.

DWYER

What does it mean?

HASKLE

Why does it matter?

DWYER

It's just- I'm a little nervous, I was told that there would be a tutorial and-

HASKLE

Nervous? You're nervous?
(laughs)
Did you pass the 51/50?

DWYER

The- what?

HASKLE

The stress test, the 51/50, the one they gave you with the lights and they-

DWYER

Yes-

HASKLE

And the noises, the sirens and the-

DWYER

Yes I did.

HASKLE

The shaking, the pain, the fire and the water and all that, you got all the way through til the end?

DWYER

Yes- no- I think so. Fire?

Haskle looks daunted, and Dwyer finishes putting on her jumpsuit, heading over to him.

HASKLE

Here, get your kit together.

DWYER

Right, okay- fire, there was no fire-

HASKLE

Then you didn't pass.

DWYER

I must've passed, I'm here-

HASKLE

You can pass it without acing it.

DWYER

But it's a stress test.

HASKLE

People who don't ace it are viewed in a different way.

DWYER

A different way?

HASKLE

Yes.

(beat)

What did they say to you on your way out?

DWYER

I was crying a lot, I couldn't-

HASKLE

Did they say "you passed" or "good job."

DWYER

I don't remember-

HASKLE

Try.

DWYER

(beat)

"Good job."

HASKLE

Okay. Put your kit together.

Haskle watches her start putting together her kit, observing calmly, like a teacher. His voice stays friendly, and gentle.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Okay, that means...okay. So maybe you didn't ace it. But maybe...maybe you had special qualification maybe they asked about?

DWYER

Yes, I'm Stanford School of Medicine, MD in Critical Care, MD in Cardiology, dual masters in hematology and cytopathology, minors in anesthesiology and surgical oncology.

HASKLE

Wow. What are you, twenty five, twenty six?

DWYER

Twenty seven.

HASKLE

So to get all that school in you had to start early-

DWYER

Yes. I finished high school by thirteen. College by seventeen.

HASKLE

Huh. So...not a lot of time for boys, eh?

Dwyer falters, uncomfortable.

DWYER

What's that got to do with anything?

HASKLE
I think you know. Specially
qualified.

DWYER
(beat, horrified)
Did they tell you?

HASKLE
Of course they told me.

DWYER
I didn't think it was real- I'd
never taken a spectrum of tests
like that before-

HASKLE
It was real.

DWYER
Why does it- why does it matter?

HASKLE
It's important to have an OSI on
every Sweep Team.

DWYER
That's what OSI means? Are you-
(beat)
Are you implying-

HASKLE
Yes, I am. There's a reason they
made you sign that form. All the
forms, in fact.

Haskle finishes assembling his kit, and heads over to the mirrored sink area. Dwyer stops assembling her kit and turns to him, a little frustrated, as Haskle sets off a device that lights him up with several different spectrums of light.

It's clearly doing...something to him. Cleaning, him? Somehow? With light?

Another soft airplane "bing," and a row of lights goes up on the wall: pulsing lines of orange.

Haskle notices it and looks alarmed, but hides it, turning instead to Dwyer.

HASKLE (CONT'D)
What are you doing, finish your
kit? We have a EBKI coming in, we
need to be-

DWYER

I don't understand why there needs to be this level of mystery about it.

HASKLE

You're not asked to understand that. You know what it is we do here.

DWYER

Yes, but-

HASKLE

Well then that's all you need to know. They explained the concept of sacred knowledge to you?

DWYER

They did.

HASKLE

Parrot it back to me.

DWYER

That there's- there's knowledge that cannot be spoken, only-experienced, or that- like there's knowledge you write down or document, it becomes useless-

HASKLE

You'd make a really shitty parrot.

DWYER

It's all been- vague, people have been vague with me-

HASKLE

Get used to it. And get used to being vague yourself. And finish your goddamn kit before she-

A woman enters the room. You can feel her presence instantly; this is the fucking sheriff. She's all dry heat, giant swinging balls, the swagger of a fighter pilot.

This is **Grace BEACON**, early 40s. She was in the lamborghini. Because she *is* a lamborghini.

She tosses down her duffle, eyeing Dwyer, as Haskle looks to her, finishing his sanitation routine.

DWYER

Hello, I-

BEACON

(ignoring her, to Haskle)
Is this the new virgin?

DWYER

My name is Megan Dwyer-

BEACON

Is this the new virgin?

DWYER

Dr. Megan Dwyer, I'm a surgeon with
a dual masters in-

Beacon begins undressing, casually stripping naked as she talks, Dwyer startled and uncomfortable.

BEACON

You're a virgin though?

DWYER

(beat)
Yes.

BEACON

So you're the new virgin?

DWYER

I'm not just a virgin-

BEACON

Yeha they wouldn't hire you if you
were *just* a virgin, little guy.
Here's a tip for free, don't be the
hotshot and the virgin, you're
either the virgin or you're not the
virgin, no hotshots on my team
please.

HASKLE

Except you.

BEACON

I can't help the reality of me
being the best at this, Haskle.

HASKLE

(singing)
I wear my sunglasses at night-

BEACON
Very funny.

HASKLE
No hug?

BEACON
Have a good night, we go four for four and then you get a hug.

HASKLE
Four for four? There's *four* EBKIs!?

Beacon's already done changing, headed over to assemble her kit. She's *UNBELIEVABLY* fast at it.

DWYER
Um, I don't-

BEACON
They say it was a whole family. Are you excited, little guy?

DWYER
I-

BEACON
Cause I'm fucking pumped up. We're going four for four. We're doing this like Cristos Palmer. We're beating Funigawa's record tonight!

HASKLE
Well hell yeah, but we're a new Sweep, we can't go four for four-

BEACON
But we will, isn't that right, baby boots?

DWYER
I have a name.

BEACON
Why learn the name of someone who's gonna be dead in an hour? I'm kidding. I'm psyched up. I'm Batman you're Robin. You're gonna ride my ass and listen to everything I say and we're gonna go four for four on a clean sweep and send all the kids home happy, you got it?

DWYER
Wait are you Grace Beacon?

BEACON
I am.

DWYER
You're the team leader?

BEACON
Yes indeed. You can call me Grace.

DWYER
Dr. Beacon, I was a- I'm friends
with Professor Isobel, he was who
recommended me for this program-

BEACON
Did you fuck him or something?

DWYER
...I-

BEACON
Guess we already know the answer to
that, right Haskle?

HASKLE
You are wired tonight. You're on
your pro-athlete shit, I can't
relate.

BEACON
I want it man. I want that sweep.
Four subjects in dirty, four
subjects out clean. That's the
plan, so get on board or go the
fuck home.

HASKLE
I'm on board.

BEACON
How about you *Dr. Dwyer*, good
friend to Vitali Isobel, Professor
Emeritus and hero to the
underclass. You with me, chastity
belt?

After a beat, Dwyer nods.

BEACON (CONT'D)
Good because this cannot be amateur
hour.

(MORE)

BEACON (CONT'D)

Amateur hour in there doesn't mean you get a warning, there's no slap on the wrist here. When stuff goes wrong in there it can go all the way wrong. You know what that means?

DWYER

They said it would be dangerous.

Haskle laughs, despite himself, but quickly stifles it, looking to Beacon. Beacon's expression is cold, distant, serious. She's as somber as we've seen her.

BEACON

Dangerous. Dangerous what like death is dangerous. Dangerous like you could die.

DWYER

They said that, yes.

BEACON

Yeah, well, it is that but it's other types of dangerous too. It's your lungs spontaneously fill with flesh eating maggots dangerous. It's your own skeleton attacks you from the inside dangerous. It's your eyeball being driven through your head dangerous. It's shitting out your own heart dangerous, and that is not a metaphor.

Dwyer looks to Haskle, who's silent.

DWYER

You're being s- serious?

BEACON

That's right shy girl. Why are you still a virgin?

DWYER

I'm not comfortable answering that.

BEACON

Comfortable. Did you hear that Haskle? She's not comfortable. Do you know what it is we do here?

DWYER

It's...an intervention center for...unusual diseases-

BEACON

Unusual diseases. Love that. No. Parasites. Fungal infections. The rarest bacterias on Earth.

DWYER

That's right, I know-

BEACON

But you don't know. You don't know does she Haskle. You don't know it til you see it. Then you say "oh, oh I get what it is. I get what this is now." And your little mind is just *blown*, just fucking BLOWN.

(beat)

Why the fuck are you here?

DWYER

(beat)

I want to be one of the best.

BEACON

The best what? Best virgins-

DWYER

I want to be one of the best doctors in the world.

She says it with such an intensity Beacon falters, holding eye contact. She then looks at Haskle and smiles.

BEACON

We're gonna have fun tonight. Don't you fuck this up for me. "Comfortable," she's "not comfortable." You know what the funny thing is about comfort, right?

Dwyer's silent. Beacon waits. Smiles. The light on the wall turns White. A droning warning sound begins, all the lights in the room pulsing gently.

HASKLE

Shit, that's our cue.

BEACON

Transpo's here. Suit up.

(loudly)

CLEAN. FUCKIN. SWEEP. Four patients in, four out. Four for four. Andale!

INT. DECON - OUTER HALLWAY

Silence in an immaculately white, glowing hallway. Three figures emerge, all in white hazmat suits, each with a different set of colored accents.

First comes Beacon, accented red, then Dwyer, accented light blue, then Haskle, accented yellow. Carrying their kits, they walk towards a hatch style door.

Lights begin to splash them. Noises of different types of gas being filled in and out of the room. Dwyer notices Haskle watching her.

HASKLE

Don't scream.

DWYER

What?

HASKLE

Things are going to happen in there, things that are going to be...frightening. It's gonna move very fast.

DWYER

I've worked in trauma before.

HASKLE

This isn't an ER. Things are going to happen very quickly in there. Things that will frighten you, or startle or shock you, things that would frighten or startle or shock anyone. So when it starts, and it will start much more quickly than you're expecting-

DWYER

I'm not going to scream.

HASKLE

Don't. Don't scream. Don't swear or say "oh my god" or "holy shit" or anything like that. If you're afraid, just say "I'm afraid." Say "I'm afraid" and myself or Dr. Beacon will assist you.

Beacon laughs to herself.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

What's funny?

BEACON

I don't know why you bother.

(beat)

You know she's gonna scream.

There's a buzz. And the reenforced hatch door opens, as they walk through into...

INT. DECON

The Decon chamber itself is a large room not unlike a surgical theater. Most of the surfaces are white. Sprinklers are visible in the ceiling. It feels cold.

There are a number of different types of lights on extendable arms coming from the walls, and a few different harder to identify larger machines and tools similarly built into the room's architecture.

The most striking of these tool sets is a number of coiled hoses, each color coded. Two dozen small go-pro style cameras are mounted around the room, each with a sticker marked with a number from one to twenty four.

Though the room seems immaculate, it's on these stickers that we can see the sign of wear and tear. Stains.

Some sort of stains.

The room is very clearly medical in nature; there are six elevated platform style cushion beds for surgery, but what type of surgery is performed in this room is a complete mystery; it could be anything from dentistry to open heart.

Coming in, Beacon quickly goes to set up her kit at a station by the wall, with a hatch next to it, Haskle checking and adjusting some dials, starting up some systems.

DWYER

(at a loss)

What should I-

BEACON

Set up your kit.

A light in the room goes on, and a soft, distinctive tone. A projector turns on, splashing a wall with a 90 second countdown.

90...89...88...

Dwyer quickly moves to where Beacon is, beginning to set up her own kit, watching Beacon, emulating her.

DWYER

I don't understand why I can't have some clearer notion of what happens here. If this situation is as dangerous or as intense as you guys keep implying it is, how could it possibly be beneficial to walk me in blind?

HASKLE

Sacred knowledge.

DWYER

"Sacred," yes, I heard that before, that's superstitious nonsense-

BEACON

Certain neurons in your brain haven't been activated, synapses haven't fired, parts of the hippocampus that are dormant until you encounter certain things first hand. "Sacred knowledge." Trying to teach what we do can lead to a higher susceptibility to misunderstandings and infection-

DWYER

Me *knowing what we're doing* could lead to "infection-"

BEACON

That's right.

HASKLE

What you're dealing with is frontier science. Things you've never dealt with before. Everything Dr. Beacon and I know we learned on the job, in this room, or rooms like this one.

DWYER

But-

BEACON

(laughing sourly)
She's going to get us both killed. Gibbs?

50...49...48...

DWYER

Who-

BEACON
GIBBS. Gibbs, where are you?

A pleasant, paternal, sonorous male comes over the

GIBBS (ON COMMS)
Present and accounted for Dr.
Beacon.

INT. DECON - OVERWATCH

Behind the reenforced double-sided mirror of the Decon Chamber, we find a control room, lit primarily by screens. Sitting at its center is

GIBBS, 60s, somehow still feeling young, spry; lit by the screens and fully focused, there's a razor focus to him. His eyes bounce from screen to screen, hyper aware.

GIBBS
It's a fpir person pull tonight.
Two adults, a teen and a juvenile.

BEACON (ON COMMS)
Who's attending?

GIBBS
Farkus. Farkus where are you?

Glenn FARKUS, 28, young and bookish, in black male nurse duds, pops through transparent flaps leading to a clean room, hurriedly wiping his hands.

FARKUS
Here Gibbs, sorry, hello Dr.
Beacon, Dr. Haskle. Welcome to the
program Dr. Dwyer.

IN DECON

Dwyer finishes setting up her kit, looking at the two way mirror and giving an awkward nod.

30...29...28...

DWYER
Dr. Haskle. If we're going to
treat a patient I really think-

HASKLE
The conditions we treat here are
often co-morbid;
(MORE)

HASKLE (CONT'D)

funguses, parasites and bacterias that, once contracted, tend to attract each other. You're going to see things- experience things. These people are going to smell bad, even through the suit. They're going to be unconscious or mostly unconscious and even if we're unlucky enough that one wakes up, you're going to have a hard time getting any level of information from them. Very hard.

DWYER

Are these people...- what is the nature of the danger I will face in this room?

The lock on the vault door of the tube to the Pre-Op room begins turning with a distinctive clicking sound. A low siren begins to go off.

Beacon has her eyes closed, and is muttering under her breath, focused. Dwyer keeps her eyes on Haskle.

Whatever it is, it's coming in.

HASKLE

The etiologies and pathogenesis of the ailments you're about to experience has never been discovered. But the symptoms you'll see might be...familiar.

(beat)

Simply put, Dr. Dwyer, these symptoms, when experienced even second or third hand, are uniquely extreme enough to have, over the course of thousands of years, worked their way into the fundamentals of most human religions.

DWYER

(beat)

R- religions? What are you saying?

BEACON

You're in for a wild ride.

3...2...1.

GIBBS (V.O.)

Patient One up.

The vault door opens, and a **LITTLE GIRL**, 8-10, in a hospital smock is slid out by a mechanism onto the operating table. She's unconscious, pale, veins visible under her skin.

From here on in, everything rolls fast; we're in the ER, in it with the doctors, too close to everything that's happening.

These are the best in the world at what they do. The words come quick and constant.

Blood will be spilt. Amongst other things.

BEACON
Station one, now please.

DWYER
Yes Doctor.

Dwyer and Haskle roll the gurney to station one, where it locks into place.

HASKLE
Pre-Op says it's a myconefaria.

DWYER
(confused)
Myco-

BEACON
Let's get a drip of Caspofungin going right now.

HASKLE
On it.

BEACON
Left arm if you please.

They begin rapidly setting up an IV, inserting a needle into the girl's arm, as Dwyer, after clipping a heart-rate to the girl's finger, watches, unsure what to do.

BEACON (CONT'D)
Might need a second IV if we're not already showing a reaction.

HASKLE
I'll get one ready, voriconazole?

BEACON
Amphotericin; virgin, will you go?
Right arm on this one.

DWYER
 (annoyed)
 Yes doctor.

Dwyer goes into her kit, rapidly finding the correct chemical, pulling it into a syringe and inserting the IV.

GIBBS (V.O.)
 Be careful. She's in bloom.

BEACON
 We're careful. Virgin, you keeping up here?

DWYER
 She has a fungal infection?

BEACON
 Yes. Systemic, from a trauma.

DWYER
 What's the point of origin; where's the trauma?

BEACON
 Everywhere. Temperature please.

Dwyer quickly takes the girl's temperature, and blinks at the result.

DWYER
 She's 102. She's not even sweating, how's that possible?

BEACON
 (ignoring her)
 Number three scalpel.

HASKLE
 Ten blade?

BEACON
 Twenty two. Going in through the arm.

Beacon takes the scalpel and, as Haskle pins the limb, appears to cut deeply into the underside of the girl's forearm. Blood begins to seep out.

DWYER
 That skin isn't clean-

BEACON
 It's not skin.

HASKLE

Doctor Dwyer please just stay with us on this and follow our lead.

Dwyer blinks, shocked, as Beacon sticks the second IV drips needle *into the cut, apparently injecting the bone itself-*

DWYER

What you're doing is...flatly bizarre, and I can't condone-

BEACON

Jesus christ, shut her up, please.

GIBBS (O.S.)

Dr. Dwyer how about you just focus on observing the patient's vitals, how about that?

DWYER

How am I supposed to help if I *don't even know what's going on, I- ...I...*

Dwyer notices something about the little girl so surprising that she drops out of her indignation.

DWYER (CONT'D)

Her eyes are open.

BEACON

(quietly, concentrating)
No they're not.

DWYER

Yes they are, Overwatch- Mr. Gibbs confirm her eyes are open?

GIBBS (V.O.)

Subject's eyes appear to be open.
It's already starting.

DWYER

Starting, what's starting-

The little girl has turned and is looking at Dwyer, startlinging her, a little jolt.

Dwyer recovers, noticing Haskle looking at her.

HASKLE

Dwyer you good?

DWYER

Yes, I just-

HASKLE

(casually, back to work)
Don't scream.

DWYER

I'm not going to scream. You said-
this subject was under anesthesia,
she's awake, she's looking at me-

HASKLE

You can't trust what you're seeing.
You're seeing a symptom.

DWYER

You're saying I'm hallucinating-

HASKLE

No, I said you're seeing a symptom.
Stay calm.

DWYER

I am calm.

BEACON

(concentrating)
She's gonna freak, clear her kit
before she knocks it over.

GIBBS (V.O.)

Enzymes in the blood are peaking.

LITTLE GIRL

I'm going to die.

DWYER

She's talking-
(leans in, softly)
No, honey, listen, we're helping
you-

LITTLE GIRL

I'm going to die. And I'm taking
you with me.

DWYER

Wh...What?

LITTLE GIRL

(whisper)
I'm taking you with me to hell.

DWYER

...wh-

The little girl's arm jets up, and she plants her fingernails deeply into her forehead, and *rips her own face off*.

Dwyer startles as blood sprays up onto her suit's faceplate-

The little girl lurches up and starts shrieking, her bloodskull face, lidless eyes and lipless teeth screaming as blood streams down the bone-

Dwyer **SCREAMS**, *jerking away*, staggering backwards and falling to the ground, sending the contents of her kit all over the floor in all directions-

LITTLE GIRL

(deep, distorted voice)

**WITNESS HELL, WITNESS THE FUCKING
TRUE FACE OF DEATH-**

DWYER

WHAT THE FUCK- HOLY SHIT OH MY GOD

Over the little girl's UNEARTHLY SHRIEKING:

BEACON

Haskle, PIN HER!

HASKLE

Got it!

Haskle immediately forces the little girl back to the table, and Beacon wraps her face to the table with something that looks like saran wrap, distorting her bloody, gruesomely destroyed face and muffling her constant, insane screams

Dwyer awkwardly scrambles across the floor in horror, backing against a wall in her bulky, bloodstained suit.

DWYER

*What the fuck is happening- THIS
ISN'T REAL this can't be real-*

BEACON

(ignoring Dwyer)

It's already reached her lungs.

HASKLE

*I know, we're going to have to
aerate her after we pull the mask
off. We could use the sautering
saw-*

BEACON

Yeah, but we need the virgin to coax it. Dr. Dwyer, could you please join us at the table?

Dwyer is slowly getting to her feet, eyes wide, clumsy in the suit. The little girl writhes, vomiting blood.

DWYER

What- why-

BEACON

You're a virgin. You're not neurochemically activated, so you're not giving off the pheromones that would cause this infection, a Temeron, to target you-

DWYER

(hyperventilating)

This thing can't read my mind-

HASKLE

Don't be so sure.

DWYER

That's pseudo science-

HASKLE

Not around here it isn't; we think neurochemical immunity is what led to virgins being considered sacred., maybe even started the whole bullshit concept of virginity in the first place-

BEACON

CANCEL THE LECTURE, her vitals are spiking. It's closing her wind pipes. Don't fuck this up for me Dwyer, get over here, I am not losing this patient to a localized fungus-

DWYER

This is- something else, this is *supernatural-*

BEACON

No, it's not, it's FUNGUS, Dr. Dwyer, it's a fungal infection. You are crying and gasping over a FUNGAL INFECTION.

DWYER
 THAT'S NOT FUCKING FUNGUS!

BEACON
*GET UP. GET UP AND GET OVER HERE
 RIGHT NOW.*

Dwyer is startled by Beacon's tone, and goes immediately to the table.

Haskle indicates the little girl's head, the lidless eyes bloodshot beneath the translucent binding, mouth screaming.

DWYER
ohmygod.

HASKLE
 On our cue you're going to hold her head still.

DWYER
 With my hands?

HASKLE
 With your hands, yes.

Beat.

BEACON
Now. We're going to pull the binding. It's going to try to make her sit up and you have to hold her tight, or it'll snap her neck. We're going to perform an excision with a sautering saw and a manual debridement followed by a moringa antifungal steam wash.
 (beat)
 Haskle on three step back Dwyer step forward. One two three.

Dwyer just shakes her head....Then takes a step forward as Haskle and Beacon step back. The horrifying faceless little girl stops writhing.

BEACON (CONT'D)
 Take hold. Thumbs on the under the jaw. Brace forearms.

The translucent covering pulls off the gruesome face. Dwyer takes hold of the little girl's head as instructed. The lidless eyes twitch, but she doesn't move.

Dwyer stares down at the horrible ripped open face, bloodstained blond hair hidden under the surgical cap.

Beacon steps forward, clicking on an electrical sautering blade, Haskle prepping an aerosol spray of some sort.

The second Beacon approaches, the girl's upper body starts jerking, and Dwyer holds her tight; the girl's body jerks unnaturally hard as the horrible old man voice comes out of her again-

LITTLE GIRL
**YOUR FLESH WILL BE PEELED FROM YOUR
 BONES YOU FUCKING WHORE WE'RE GOING
 TO FUCK YOUR-**

BEACON
 Haskle.

HASKLE
 Got it.

Haskle sprays the aerosol into the little girl's mouth and the voice *cracks horribly, gagging and then-*

BEACON
 Cutting. Dwyer hold tight.

Beacon *sinks the saw into the side of the girl's neck, making a sizzling, smoking incision all the way up to her temple, then around the hairline, and back down the neck on the other side, connecting the cuts.*

Dwyer watches, trying to control her breathing as the skullfaced thing gags and hisses.

GIBBS
 She's crashing, we're losing her-

DWYER
 (horrified)
You're mutilating her.

BEACON
 Please no more noise. Haskle,
 hooks.

Haskle hands over a number of small medical hooks, strung together by steel wire, and *stabs them carefully into the incision around the girl's face.*

She draws pulls up the wires, then, presses a thumb down, drawing them taut, the hooks pulling torn burnt flesh.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Okay Dwyer. I need you to let her go and immediately pull the wire as hard as you can, straight back and away.

DWYER

You want me to *rip her face off*.

BEACON

If I have to do the pull it endangers her, Dwyer, *pull*.

(beat)

Pull!

Dwyer has frozen completely, staring at the mutilated face of the child.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Fine fuck it, Haskle spot me.

Beacon pushes Dwyer aside as the girl **IMMEDIATELY STARTS WRITHING EVEN HARDER**- Haskle tries to hold her down-

HASKLE

Do it, hurry, she's dislocated her shoulder she's gonna snap her own fucking neck-

BEACON

(calm)

Pulling.

Beacon **WRENCHES THE HOOKS TIGHT**, and with a meaty, wet rip, something truly remarkable happens:

The "face" of the girl, all the way down to her collar bone, is **RIPPED OFF**. And by that I mean the "ripped off face" is revealed to be some kind of growth-

The eyes, the skull, even the teeth, all are part of a false face layered on top of the real little girl-

Who's pale and lifeless beneath-

The false face having been removed reveals a spongy, gooey fungal underside, and dozens of thin, sticking, translucent roots, which pull up out of the girl's nose and mouth-

BEACON (CONT'D)

It's a good pull, I'm taking the whole thing.

Beacon turns and *rips it to the left*, the fungus coming away like dried Elmer's glue, one giant scab-

That goes all the way down her left arm, revealing that the cut on the arm Beacon made was actually into the...whatever it is.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Yeuchhh.

Beacon *hands Dwyer the girl's ripped off face*. Beacon immediately starts administering CPR with a intubating pump.

Beacon stares down through her suit at the twitching, hideous ripped off skull face in her hands. Haskle suddenly appears at her side with a biowaste container

HASKLE

Got the waste here.

Dwyer dumps the detris into the biowaste container, and Haskle seals it and dumps it into a chute at the far side of the room, Dwyer going to the little girl's side.

GIBBS

Her heartbeat's stabilizing.

BEACON

Yeah, we got her. Gonna need to really flush her in Expo.

GIBBS

They're ready. Nice work Dr. Beacon.

BEACON

Fucking bullshit, shit work. Shit work. Haskle, Fuck Up, you mind helping me to get her to expo?

Beacon leads them as they bring the patient and the table to the other side of the room, setting her up into an automated tube out of the room like the one she came in on the other side.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Clear for Expo?

GIBBS

Expo team confirms clear.

Beacon and Haskle move the little girl gingerly onto a conveyor belt, which pulls her up into the tube.

BEACON

Tell Expo she needs a wash and to go into intensive, keep her off her feet yeah?

GIBBS

Got it.

The tube door closes. Beacon goes to the far end of the room, and pulls a chain hanging from the ceiling, causing two faucets to spray clean her suit with a blast of water, then a blast of steam.

Dwyer is staring at the tube, in shock. Haskle approaches.

HASKLE

There's teams on either side. Prep and Expo.

DWYER

I froze up.

HASKLE

Perfectly normal first time out. But you screamed. That I didn't need.

DWYER

I was...I'm not- I'm underprepared.

HASKLE

Fear is their weapon. Fear is their first line of defense.

DWYER

The disease we just treated, it was some kind of yeast infection but...It symptomatically...it sympotomatically...

Haskle lets her come to it.

DWYER (CONT'D)

It pret- it pretends to be a demon?

HASKLE

No, for all terms and purposes, it IS a demon. All the diseases we treat here, as far as history is concerned, come directly from hell.

BEACON

RACK UP THE NEXT PATIENT, GIBBS.

GIBBS

He's almost done with prep. Male, age 12. Farkus, how far out are we?

FARKUS

Moments away. They say the other patients are deteriorating though, manifesting secondary symptoms.

GIBBS

Well let's not shake the order up yet.

DWYER

SO

HASKLE

No, as I said, co-morbid conditions. That was a less complex treatment.

DWYER

That. That was SIMPLE.

BEACON

Yeah, and you already fucked up.

HASKLE

(ignoring her)

Mushrooms are the interface organism between life and death. They are our planet's master builders. Parasites are the hitch-stowaways of the world. And bacteria? Bacteria are the life blood of the planet.

Beacon, bouncing like a boxer in her suit, seems annoyed.

BEACON

You ever think of doing a TED talk, Haskle, or are we so lucky that this is an exclusive? GIBBS, where's the next patient?

DWYER

And I couldn't know this going in?

HASKLE

No. These things can somehow detect the subtle physical differences of intent. Gotta learn in the field.

GIBBS

Next patient up in two minutes.

HASKLE

This order was founded a thousand years ago, when they still called these conditions "demonic possession." Anywhere you go in the world you're not more than a three hour flight from one of our decon centers. There's only a thousand doctors at our level globally. We're the order of Asclepius. You're now operating at a level of medical science beyond cultural acceptance.

(beat)

Welcome to the Knights Templar.

Haskle heads over to the Decon shower. Dwyer takes a shaky breath, and then shakes her head, laughing anxiously.

BEACON

I'm sorry are you laughing? I'm sorry, is this funny, sorry, I'm confused, maybe I'm too focused on breaking Funigawa's record and I don't understand why you're laughing when your Fuck Up almost killed a little girl three fucking minutes ago. Is that why you're laughing or are you just retarded?

DWYER

I_

Beacon suddenly gets RIGHT IN DWYER'S FACE IN HER SUIT, bumping their faceplates together.

BEACON

*You will not fuck this up for me.
The record's one thing, that's my
goal, that's being the best, but
you put a child's life on the line.*

(MORE)

BEACON (CONT'D)

I don't care how many asses you licked to get here, to be in this room you're supposed to be one of the best doctors in the world, TOP LEVEL like PAST TOP LEVEL like ME not some kid who won a spelling bee, not a memorization machine who does good on tests in a quiet studyhall, not some crying wheezing bumblefuck acades vulgaris aspergers show off who can't hang when they're in the field, you cannot be a book baby in my OR, you cannot be a fucking limp wristed theoretician, now I don't know if you gave Vitali Isobel a handjob or maybe he's just got dementia and his judgment's gone or maybe he was hypnotized by your tight little ass toned from keeping your legs squeezed shut all these years but I have never seen someone lose it so bad on their first night, EVER. OSI or otherwise. At least not anyone that survived. Breathe.

Dwyer blinks, confused, and then realizes she's been holding her breath, and gasps in air. Beacon starts to walk away, but then suddenly turns and comes back.

BEACON (CONT'D)

You were supposed to pass a stress test. A STRESS TEST. Like a goddamn ASTRONAUT. So next time I tell you to cut something or pull something you fucking do it because if one of these things doesn't get you, I will, you clumsy FUCKING virgin.

Beacon shoves her back, heading to clean up her kit. Dwyer is shaking involuntarily, staring straight ahead. A tone sounds. The next patient is inbound.

BEACON (CONT'D)

FOUR FOR FOUR! Fuck Funigawa, the record goes down tonight!

We slowly push in on Dwyer's face. Closer. Closer. Closer.

EXT. COLLEGE ATHLETIC TRACK - MORNING

Dwyer is running. She wears sweatpants and a sweatshirt. She's drenched in sweat. She stops, exhausted, and looks with some concern at a bench.

She looks around, a little frantic, and then notices a guy, also sweaty from running.

Handsome, approachable hipster. He notices her noticing.

GUY

Hey. I see you running here all the time. Are you a student?

BEACON

(beat)

Grad student, yeah. Are you?

GUY

No, just...Got my bachelors, you know. Bachelor's for a bachelor.

(beat)

That's stupid, I'm stupid.

Dwyer laughs awkwardly.

GUY (CONT'D)

You like the track? No treadmill?

DWYER

(beat)

I like the wind.

(beat)

Plus it's better for your knees.

Dwyer again looks around at the bench.

DWYER (CONT'D)

Have you seen my bag?

GUY

Your what?

DWYER

I think somebody...I think somebody stole my bag.

GUY

Oh, Jesus, sorry. No, I didn't see anyone. Are you...do you need anything? Do you need me to call someone?

DWYER

No I- oh there, I see it. It fell under the bench.

Dwyer pulls it up. The guy laughs. Dwyer laughs too.

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The guy and Dwyer are having dinner.

GUY

So basically branding is about storytelling. You're telling the story of the product; these days anything that isn't a major brand needs a personal connection.

(off reaction)

Like you know, when you buy organic food, you're not just paying for the food. You're paying to be a part of that narrative, you know, be the "sort of person" who buys organic.

DWYER

Is that what you always wanted to do? Like, when you were little-

GUY

Well I mean it's hard to be passionate about something so sort of- you know, cold, in some ways? I mean the guys who're passionate about marketing kind of give me chills.

Dwyer smiles, but falters, a small change in tone.

DWYER

So is it more like...What is it, like a platform, for you, to do what you really want to do?

GUY

Yeah, sort of. It's a career, you know? You can't let your career define you. You can't let it be who you are. You have your career, and your passions, it's separate.

DWYER

That's how you feel?

GUY

I mean you understand, you're a doctor, right? You're like- you're doing a job that's ultimately providing a service. It's not a passion based job.

Dwyer's nods, pleasantly, going through the motions.

GUY (CONT'D)

What I mean is- I mean I suppose you can be passionate about helping people, but I mean, it's not like an arts job. It doesn't consume you in the same way. Like for instance my job, I leave it at work. I believe in it, but I leave it at work. I suppose you have to be the same way with being a doctor, right? Cause...Um...

Dwyer is doing a great job still seeming to be interested, but we know her too well by now. She's checked out.

EXT. BRUNCH PLACE - MORNING

It's a hip, hipster-y bar. All young professionals.

REESE, flamboyant, smiling, articulate, and **WHITNEY**, dyed a natural shade of blonde, talk to Dwyer, now in sweats again, who sits next to **VAL**, pixie-ish and beautiful.

An untouched beer sits in front of Dwyer.

WHITNEY

All my friends in relationships say the same thing, don't look, don't look, but you'll never find someone if you don't- put yourself out there, and whatever! Like join a club or an activity or like- AA or just whatever, but it's a myth-

REESE

It's not a myth, you can-

WHITNEY

I'm just saying it's not- relationships don't come from apps, and they don't come from guys you meet while running-

REESE

Yeah, they come from wishing on a genie lamp-

WHITNEY

Oh shut up.

REESE

Maybe she just needs sex-

WHITNEY

She doesn't know how to GET sex-

DWYER

I could have sex, I'm not adverse to having sex-

REESE

Aren't you though?

WHITNEY

Reese, not cool.

REESE

I'm just saying it's- when was the last guy you fucked, Megan, be honest.

Megan just groans and shakes her head, looking to Val, who sighs, rolling her eyes.

VAL

Not everyone needs the affirmation of a man to be happy Reese.

REESE

Oh shut up bitch you know I don't need the affirmation I just love it.

VAL

You say it like a joke but it's serious.

REESE

UGHHHH kill me.

Dwyer laughs quietly, smiling at Val, who smiles back knowingly.

INT. RESIDENCY APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

It's a cool weekend afternoon. A different day. It's raining outside. Dwyer and Val sit on the bed. Dwyer's reading, making notes.

Val's looking at her. Dwyer notices, and looks at her, confused. There's a beat.

Val leans forward and kisses Dwyer's neck. Dwyer freezes up.

DWYER

We...We have to study-

Val kisses her lips and Dwyer *yanks away from her*.

DWYER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

VAL

Don't make this weird.

DWYER

What? We have to study-

VAL

Be honest with yourself.

DWYER

What?

Val touches Dwyer's thigh, leaning into kiss her again, and she jumps up off the bed. Dwyer stares at her, shaking.

DWYER (CONT'D)

You have to leave.

VAL

Talk to me. If someone hurt you, you can-

DWYER

"If someone hurt me," okay, right, no, you're way off base here. You're the school's best anesthesiologist, I thought you were going to help me study-

VAL

You seem very triggered right now-

DWYER

I'm not- triggered I'm just not interested in this, I don't have to be "triggered" to not want to kiss you-

VAL

You're getting really worked up, okay? I take it back, my mistake. I think you just need to take a breath.

Val puts her hand on Dwyer's thigh. Dwyer settles, and puts her hand on top of Val's. Val smiles slightly. Dwyer smiles back, removing Val's hand from her thigh.

DWYER

Get the fuck out of here.

AT THE PARK

Morning. Dwyer runs. She sweats. She breathes. The guy runs by. He just nods, awkwardly.

She barely acknowledges him. Dwyer stares straight ahead.

SLAM TO:

INT. DECON - CONTINUOUS

We're back into the room as Dwyer snaps out of her reverie. Dwyer yanks the chain from the ceiling, spray cleaning her suit. She watches the blood wash off her hands, watching it go down the drain, and Haskle catches her eye.

DWYER

I'll- I'm just adjusting to the situation.

HASKLE

Everything you see in this room is part of a natural process, evolved at a specialized level by CURABLE ailments to terrify, intimidate and assault humans out of attempting to address infections: when you scream in this room, you are a participant in nature. You are a monkey, and you are being scared by a disease's defense system.

DWYER

It's just a lot to-

HASKLE

No more fucking screaming. Just stay out of our way.

DWYER

I-

GIBBS

Incoming.

The hatch shifts and the lights change. We're on patient number two. He's slid out onto the bed; it's a male, teenager, maybe fifteen.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

No sign on preliminaries, they think it's a temeron.

BEACON

It is. Look at that REM.

Indeed, under his eyelids the young man's eye are bouncing around wildly.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Go to your kit, get me the portable CAT/MRI.

DWYER

Yes Doctor.

Dwyer starts looking in her kit as Haskle and Beacon take vitals. There's tons of different equipment in there, she hasn't had time to familiarize herself with.

BEACON

Today, please.

She finds something marked CAT/MRI and draws it out, hurrying back to the table.

HASKLE

Vitals are steady. You're sure it's a temeron?

BEACON

Yes. Thank you Dr. Dwyer- wait where the fuck's the battery?

DWYER

What I- oh, sorry-

Dwyer turns back to her kit, trying to find the battery.

BEACON

Fucking virgin doctor. You know most of the virgins, all the ones I've seen, they're nurses, and they're almost all men. What does that say about you, Dwyer? What is WRONG with you? You're the first one supposedly on the level of an actual team member so great job so far, Fumbles the Clown.

DWYER

Battery.

Dwyer hands Beacon the battery; she slaps it in and puts the device over the boy's head. It expands rapidly, into a headband, and several LEDs light up to let us know it's working.

BEACON

Snap X him, Haskle.

HASKLE

Got it.

Haskle draws out some sort of camera from his kit, and snaps a BRIGHT GREEN FLASH of the boy's head; the camera rapidly prints out an X-Ray sheet.

BEACON

Yep.

Dwyer takes a look at the X-Ray. It appears to show some kind of...mass, a snakelike mass, coming down through the roof of the mouth and then down the throat and wrapping around the spine.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Virgin. Open his mouth. Careful.

DWYER

This is something different?
(off Beacon's look)
I mean yes doctor.

Dwyer gently opens the boy's mouth. The three doctors look in; you can see a horrible thick, undulating worm like body sticking out of the roof of his mouth, clearly reddened and infected, going down his throat.

DWYER (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Is that a...Is that some kind of helminth? Or a nematode?

HASKLE
Correct. Temeron. Parasitic worm.

BEACON
Fuck, it's really in there, isn't it. It's fully grown, rooted in...How'd it get this bad?

GIBBS
I'm reading unusual brain activity here on the MRI.

We can see it undulating and moving under his skin at the base of his neck. The boy's head beands at an unnatural angle with a loud pop.

BEACON
Shit, it's rooting in under the hypothalamus. It's probably wrapped two or three times around his spine, and it knows we're here looking or it. We have to get it to expose; Haskle, it's on you.
(beat)
Confess.

HASKLE
I don't have anything.

BEACON
Yes you do you dirty dog, dig into the annals of your memory, confess-

HASKLE
I don't have anything- I've used them all.

DWYER
What's happening?

BEACON
(smiling)
Temerons respond to shame.

DWYER
Shame?

HASKLE
That's how they spread. Many of the diseases we treat here are drawn in by the physiological signifiers created by negative emotions: it's where the idea of sin comes from-

BEACON
 Stop stalling and tell this goddamn
 thing a secret.

Haskle groans, and leans forward.

BEACON (CONT'D)
 Open your vents.

Haskle shakes his head in frustration and hits a button on
 his suit and two vents open at either side of his face.

DWYER
 Is this safe?

BEACON
 (focused)
 Nothing we do is safe.

Haskle leans close to the teen boy's face. Closer. Closer.
 Tension rises. He takes a beat, and then:

HASKLE
 When I was sixteen I pulled out of
 the driveway and ran over my own
 dog. I heard his bones crack and I
 heard him scream but it was already
 too late. He'd followed me out to
 the garage like he always did and I
 had just forgotten to close the
 door. I didn't know what to do,
 and he was clearly going to
 die...So I dragged him into the
 street and left him there. I
 washed the car and I could hear him
 dying. I told my family he'd been
 hit by a truck.

There's a beat. Nothing.

BEACON
 I've heard that one before. The
 shame isn't strong enough-

HASKLE
 (frustrated)
 Grace I said I didn't have anything-

BEACON
 Of course, of course you would have
 used up your dark secrets you
 milque-toast bore. You and your
 decaf coffee.

(MORE)

BEACON (CONT'D)

Yeah I'll bet, I'll bet, coffee
without caffeine, kisses with no
tongue, alcohol free beer nicotine
free cigarettes and sex without
orgasms, you fucking vegan pussy,
you disgust me, I thought I asked
for a fucking A+ doctor on my team
not some reject from an STD clinic-

HASKLE

(grit teeth)

You're not going to get shame out
of me that way.

BEACON

Worth a shot.

DWYER

(quietly)

I can do it.

GIBBS

Brain activity's slowing down.
He's going to drop into a coma if
that thing doesn't snap his neck
first, and we're getting some
pretty dire warnings from prep that
the next patient is-

BEACON

SHUT UP ABOUT THE NEXT PATIENT.
Get Nurse Dumbshit in here to
confess about the time he jacked it
to his auntie-

DWYER

(louder)

I can do it.

BEACON

What, Fumbles?

DWYER

I have a secret.

BEACON

"I have a secret."

DWYER

I have a secret. I can do it.

BEACON

And you've never told anyone? Not even whatever half-assed therapist told you it was okay to be a virgin past twenty-

DWYER

No.

BEACON

(beat)

Open your vents, go for it. Shock me.

Dwyer takes a step forward. Searches around, then opens her vents. She leans close to the teenager's mouth. And starts to speak. As she speaks, we see dreamlike images of

YOUNG DWYER

Age ten, at home, watching TV. Someone who must be her older sister comes home. Her parents leave, her sister saying goodbye to them. Little Dwyer sits on the floor of her room, reading a picture book.

She seems to hear a noise, and walks down the stairs, to her sister on the couch, making out with a boy. Dwyer watches. Another boy enters. Dwyer watches.

Now the boy is having sex with her sister from behind while she's giving the other boy a blowjob. Dwyer watches.

She comes downstairs. It's later. One of the boys is leaving, and notices her, awkwardly. Dwyer walks straight past him.

She goes into the bathroom. There's a condom in the toilet. She looks at it, and then fishes it out. She takes it and puts it on her parents bed.

Later that night, she's in bed. She hears noises. She goes to the door and sees her parents yelling at her sister, who is sobbing. They're furious.

Little Dwyer smiles, and closes the door.

BACK TO:

Tears are streaming down Dwyer's face under her haz-mat faceplate. She exhales, shakey.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Fucking *yikes*.

The boy's neck *JERKS*, startling Dwyer, who manages to stifle a scream, as his JAW *UNHINGES*, he gags, and then *SPRAYS CHUNKY PURPLE VOMIT* in all directions, then collapses, and *FOUR TONGUES SUDDENLY POP OUT OF THE BOY'S MOUTH!*

All three doctors, their suits splattered, exchange a look...Then lean in.

HASKLE

Okay, it's manifesting; that fluid was a defensive mechanism, but it's unrooted from the cerebrum.

DWYER

Is one of these his real tongue?

BEACON

Yeah but the rest are pseudopods, the Temeron disguising itself. Cut the wrong one and you could cut the real tongue off, cut them one at a time and this thing will snap his spine and crush his brain out through his eyes. We have to inject it with a powerful muscle relaxant but if we inject his real tongue it'll cause his throat to close and the thing will snap his neck anyway-

DWYER

I have an idea.

Beacon and Haskle stare at her. Dwyer falters. The tongues loll around, spilling bloody drool down the boy's face.

DWYER (CONT'D)

It's spongy tissue, right? A nematode? So, we could inject it?

BEACON

(interested)

Yes, but like I said, the relaxant will-

DWYER

Not the relaxant, I think dye maybe, a chlorophyll dye-

BEACON

(interested)

Why?

HASKLE
 (nodding)
 No, food coloring. Chlorophyll
 might agitate it but triarylmethane-

Beacon's annoyed they're ahead of her.

BEACON
 Why dye?

DWYER
 This thing is porous, so- so-

Dwyer's too intimidated by Beacon to finish but Haskle's
right there for her.

HASKLE
 There's a chance the stain would
 localize, show us which tongues are
 the counterfeits.

Beacon blinks, then nods.

BEACON
 Haskle get me three CCs of
 triarylmethane dye, green.

HASKLE
 Yes doctor.

BEACON
 One in four shot.

DWYER
 We'll have to guess.

BEACON
 Yes thank you Dr. Obvious.

DWYER
 This might work.

HASKLE
 It will. Doctor?

He hands her the syringe full of dye. She leans in, gently
 pressing the tip of the needle against each tongue.

BEACON
 Eenie...Meenie...Miney...

She stabs the needle into the soft flesh of the tongue, and
 injects; all the tongues shake and tremble, and then, three
 of them rapidly **turn green**.

BEACON (CONT'D)
 Ha ha! It worked. 30 ccs of
 Xylazine, Doctor Haskle.

The tongues suddenly retreat down the throat-

DWYER
 Forceps!

HASKLE
 Forceps.

He hands her the forceps and she goes in after the tongue,
 but now the teen is gagging convulsively, choking out little
 sprays of blood from his mouth out onto the suits-

BEACON
 Don't get ambitious, Dwyer.

DWYER
 Got it.

She tries to pull the tongue-tangle back up, it TWISTS THE
 BOY'S NECK and then a tendril, presumably the other end of
 the worm, *bursts out of his nape, wrapping around his throat-*

So what we have here is a parasitic worm, its face a mass of
 tongues visible in the mouth, its body then down the throat,
 wrapped around the bones of the neck and then penetrating out
 and *choking the patient-*

DWYER (CONT'D)
 I- what did I-

BEACON
 You pissed it off.

DWYER
 Inject it!

BEACON
 Too late, if we inject it now
 inside him it'll choke him to
 death, if we pull it, it snaps his
 spine-

The teen wheezes. They have very little time. Tick tock.
 Dwyer turns and grabs up a scalpel and Beacon physically
 blocks her.

BEACON (CONT'D)
 Whoa there-

DWYER

We have to-

BEACON

Do not cut, repeat, do not cut.

DWYER

It's choking him, it's expanding in his airway, we have to-

BEACON

Do not cut. Scalpel hold.

DWYER

He's going to die-

BEACON

This organism reproduces by fission.

DWYER

What?

HASKLE

If you cut that off, it'll still be alive. Cut it in two you'll have two of them, cut it in four you'll have eight, you can't kill it this way, we need hydropenzakine-

BEACON

Hydropenzakine will clot the interior artery of the tendril and it'll start expanding: dead patient-

HASKLE

Then what do we do?

BEACON

Paramoralide?

HASKLE

That might work-

DWYER

What about a horizontal incision-

HASKLE

What?

BEACON

I just told you we can't cut.

The tendril tightens around the teen's throat, twisting his head to the right so hard it smacks the table- he spits blood-

DWYER

A superficial horizontal incision along the axis of the tendril could weaken its grip and we could just pull it over the cranium, we could-

HASKLE

It'll split.

DWYER

Not with a steady hand.

The teen begins shaking convulsively, making painful sounding hacking breaths. His vitals start spiking, loud, frightening beeping and droning coming from the monitors.

BEACON

Okay, Haskle hold him down.

HASKLE

(in disbelief)
Yes Doctor Beacon.

Beacon hands Dwyer her scalpel.

BEACON

Don't go deeper than five millimeters. He jerks half an inch in one direction you'll cut through and it'll split and attack us, half an inch in the other direction and you'll slit this kid's throat.

Beacon goes around, strapping the shaking, dying boy down as Haskle holds his arms.

Dwyer leans in with the scalpel, focused, and slowly begins to cut. It's incredible to watch. She's sweating in the suit but she manages to very slowly make the perfect shallow incision along the length of the tendril around the throat-

Repeatedly having to pull back as the boy jerks around- and then- the cut having been made-

DWYER

Hemostat, curved, 6".

Haskle hands her a hemostat pliers, and she carefully lifts the writhing tendril off the boy's throat- *it yanks back, withdrawing into this neck-*

The tongues raise into his mouth, flopping out onto his chest-
we can briefly see the horrible, fanged mouth of the nematode
Temeron worm amongst them-

Beacon injects it, and it goes limp, and then, after a
moment, grasps it with a forceps.

BEACON

Massage the neck please.

Dwyer does as she's told, and Beacon slowly, carefully pulls
the worm up out of the boy's throat, unwrapping it from his
spine, and then:

BEACON (CONT'D)

Haskle, waste.

HASKLE

You got it.

Haskle holds up the tox-box again, and she tosses the dead,
hideous worm into it.

BEACON

Are we clear for vitals?

GIBBS

Yes Doctor. Looks like you're two
for two.

BEACON

He got anything else going on?

GIBBS

Not that we can tell.

BEACON

Cause we rushed through that first
one, I don't wanna fuck this up
cause Average McPrude here popped
her cherry all over my efficiency
record-

GIBBS

Patient 1 in the Expo chamber now.
Responding well to treatment.

BEACON

Okay then. Patient Two, are we
clear for Expo?

GIBBS

Expo team confirms clear.

Beacon, Dwyer and Haskle move the teen boy gingerly onto a conveyor belt, which pulls him up into the tube. It closes.

There's a beat, the room now splattered with blood and purple mucus and vomit. Beacon turns to Dwyer, who flinches.

BEACON

That is the absolute minimum level of efficiency expected from a doctor at this level. You are now at a "normal" level of operation. If I'm harsh, if I have *offended* you, I hope you know it's because I have a very handsome husband, and he is a great chef, and he loves me, and I have a great little daughter and she's a ballerina, and she loves me, and if I don't come home cause you fucked up? Oof.

DWYER

I understand Dr. Beacon.

BEACON

This is a no-mistake gig.

DWYER

I understand.

As they talk, they go to wash themselves one by one in the DECON Tox-Mat rinse.

GIBBS

Next patient is ninety seconds out. They're opening her chest.

HASKLE

What? They're *opening her chest*?

GIBBS

She was showing vascular irregularities. She's actually manifesting a couple different symptoms; hard to tell, but we think she was the family's patient zero. Apparently she went into a locked off portion of their basement. One day later the whole family's gone antichrist.

BEACON

Save us the narration, Gibbs?

(to Dwyer)

(MORE)

BEACON (CONT'D)

You know, he's Overwatch now, but the guy came in as a virgin. Then one night he's out on the town, bingo bongo some chick throws it at him. Now he's behind the glass in his little NASA control center.

GIBBS

I can hear you.

BEACON

No shit.

DWYER

(suddenly)

What does four for four mean? Why is that important?

BEACON

Normally we go one for one. Someone comes in, once every two weeks or so, manifesting symptoms. We clean them up and we get them out. They think they went to a normal hospital. But every subsequent patient, the odds of losing someone either on the table or on the team gets higher. Some of these things are dangerous.

DWYER

Have you lost people?

BEACON

Eleven yeah. Eleven people. Four patients.

(beat)

Five doctors.

(beat)

Two virgins.

(beat)

I mean shit we almost lost BOTH those kids tonight already. Once these things smell adrenaline in the air, once they get the impression we're coming for them, they ramp up their intensity. Kill people quicker, get more aggressive.

(beat)

About thirty years ago Dr. Kenneth Funigawa had three patients in at once. And all three came out alive. He didn't lose any doctors.

(MORE)

BEACON (CONT'D)

But he's the only man ever to do it.

DWYER

He's the only person ever to clear three patients?

BEACON

I didn't say the only "person." I said the only *man*.

Dwyer stares at Beacon, registering.

BEACON (CONT'D)

(quietly, unreadable)

But I lost both my Doctors. I had to finish alone.

GIBBS

Patient 3 inbound.

The vault door opens, and the **MOTHER of the two patients we've seen**, 40s, in a hospital smock, is slid out by a mechanism onto the operating table.

Her chest has been opened via some kind of high tech device, and she's hooked into a cardio-pulmonary machine, which is circulating her blood. Her heart pumps in the open air, her flesh folded open.

HASKLE

Well this is a bad joke.

GIBBS

They thought they were doing you a favor, they're all under a lot of pressure in there.

BEACON

Hey Dwyer, lookie here.

Dwyer leans in, looking into the open chest cavity. There appears to be some kind of veiny, thorny vines wrapped around the ribs and the heart itself, with small bud-like polyps.

BEACON (CONT'D)

What'd they say this was, a Mastema? It looks like it's metastasized from under the heart. Her immune response should've stopped it, I've never seen it spread this far, see how it's clutching the heart?

DWYER
It's beautiful.

Dwyer can't believe she just said that, but then Beacon glances at her, unreadable.

BEACON
It really is.

Haskle is looking at them both like: yikes.

BEACON (CONT'D)
Alright, both of you, let's get
this started now now now.

Beacon and Haskle begin rapidly hooking her into machines, an IV, plugging the cardiopulmonary machine into a bigger system.

DWYER
Is it a fungus?

HASKLE
That's right. A fungus that relies
on a benign bacterial infection;
this thing gets deep in the meat.
We might have to excise it piece by
piece. This could take hours.

Dwyer notices something.

DWYER
Her eyes are open.

Indeed. The Mother is coming around, dazed.

BEACON
Got it. Watch her.

DWYER
Yes doctor.

MOTHER
(drowsy)
What is this? Who are you? Where
are my children?

Dwyer's silent, looking at the mother. The mother, dazed, looks down at her open chest, her eyes blinking, non-comprehending.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
What're you doing to me...oh god,
Where am I? Where is my daughter?
(MORE)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'm scared. Please just talk to me. Please. I don't know what's happening. Please help me.

Dwyer silently regards her as Beacon leans in the to heart with some optic tools, getting a closer look.

BEACON

They thought this was a Mastema?

HASKLE

I mean what else could it be.

BEACON

But look at these brachials, this isn't normal. We might have to move the heart a few centimeters, get a look behind it. Dwyer, you with me on this?

DWYER

Yes Dr. Beacon.

She looks back down at the Mother, to see that *cuts have opened on her face, her gums are black and her eyes have gone a deathly rotten yellow-*

MOTHER

I'LL TEAR OUT MY OWN HEART BEFORE I LET YOU HAVE IT CUNT!

BOTH THE MOTHER'S ARMS SHOOT UP, REACHING FOR HER OWN HEART IN HER CHEST-

Beacon grabs one, Haskle the other, holding on for dear life-

HASKLE

She's trying to rip out her own heart!

BEACON

Doctor Dwyer!

MOTHER

SATAN IS MY LORD, FEAR THE COMING OF THE ANGEL OF DARKNESS! I'M GOING TO EAT YOUR FUCKING EYES, SLUT, I'M GOING TO SUCK THEM RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HEAD, I-

Dwyer quickly sprays anti-fungal into the woman's throat, and she gags. Beacon and Haskle push down her arms, strapping them down-

BEACON

Dwyer, IV of-

Dwyer returns already with grabs an IV bag, stabbing the needle into the side of the woman's neck, and then squeezing the bag.

The demonic face distorts horribly, and Dwyer rapidly cuts around the edges of the horrible visage, and as it twitches and snarls, slides in the surgical hooks and **RIPS THE FACE OFF, bringing all the thin wispy roots that had been used to puppet the arms with it**, the mother's real, unconscious face revealed-

DWYER

Clear.

Beacon and Haskle barely acknowledge it, beyond a quick nod. We don't lose momentum; all of the mother's vitals are going crazy.

BEACON

Good. Beacon, toss that and join us?

Beacon, breathing hard, shakes herself out of it, tosses the myconefaria in the tox-box, and joins the other doctors, looking down into the heart.

HASKLE

Co-morbid Myconefaria. And those idiots in prep actually opened her? That could've been a disaster. It's probably still on her body somewhere.

Beacon's distracted, staring at the veiny, thorny vines wrapped around the heart. Beacon looks to Dwyer.

BEACON

Hey, Meg. Wave your hand over this?

Dwyer, confused, does.

BEACON (CONT'D)

(concerned)

You see that?

HASKLE

Why isn't it reacting to the virgin's presence?

DWYER
Temperature is rising.

BEACON
Something's wrong.

DWYER
104 and rising.

HASKLE
Her heart's open, she should be
losing heat, this doesn't-

For the first time, Beacon seems alarmed.

BEACON
(hurriedly)
Something's wrong. Gibbs what's
happening in Expo?

GIBBS
Don't concern yourself, focus-

BEACON
Is something wrong in Expo?

GIBBS
Yes, the little girl went into a
seizure, but-

Beacon's eyes widen.

BEACON
Prep misdiagnosed, *this isn't a
Mastema*, it's *Ascaris Infernus*.

HASKLE
Oh christ.

GIBBS
We're detecting some kind of enzyme
spike-

HASKLE
Jesus she's hyperthermic-

BEACON
Fuck.

DWYER
What??? What's hap-

BEACON
FUCK.

Beacon suddenly turns and *shoves Dwyer away-*

Just in time because **EXPLOSION OF TENDRILS BALLOONS OUT OF THE WOMAN'S OPEN CHEST, ONE OF THEM WHIPPING HASKLE AND SENDING HIM FLYING INTO THE WALL, ANOTHER ONE OF THEM EXPLODING OUT WITH SUCH FORCE IT PUNCTURES BEACON'S FACEPLATE, HITTING HER IN THE MOUTH AND LIFTING HER OFF HER FEET, PINNING HER TO THE CEILING AS MORE VEINY THORNY VINE TENTACLES SLAM OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS-**

Dwyer, on the ground, **SCREAMS AS THE TENTACLES SMASH INTO THE LIGHTS PLUNGING US INTO BLACK-**

SLAM TO:

INT. USC MEDICAL SCHOOL - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Megan Dwyer brushes her hair out of her face, eyes wide, listening carefully amongst all the other med students. **Professor Vitali ISOBEL**, 70s, continues his lecture.

ISOBEL

There is no popular museum that the people bring their family to that shows the great work of doctors. We are best and most often remembered for the flavor of death we fought; violence, disease, or the ravages of time. But make no mistake, doctors are artists. We make two kinds of art; progress, and healing. The progress, the knowledge, is what we hand to our compatriots, our peers, and it is beautiful, and it is ever growing, ever changing. The healing, our work, we give to our patients, those in need, and it is beautiful, and it too is fleeting, and changing. A great doctor is more than just a lot of memorized knowledge, or one or two great discoveries. A doctor lives through the mortality they protect. A great doctor is a conductor and composer of momentum.

(beat)

The forward momentum of life itself.

Megan Dwyer must control herself. Because she is weeping.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE CLUB

At some kind of beautiful, exclusive posh club. Plush, relaxing, modern. Dwyer sits at a table with Vitali Isobel, an untouched glass of wine in front of her.

ISOBEL

You know why people believe in conspiracies? UFOs, the illuminati, this sort of stuff?

DWYER

It's because they want control.

ISOBEL

They want to believe the world is a place not of arbitrary cataclysm, but of a careful, intricate plan. They're wrong of course. The earth is...chaos. And they are usually, idiots, so...

Dwyer laughs slightly, clearly thinking of someone specific. Isobel leans forward.

ISOBEL (CONT'D)

But what if I told you there was a hidden truth, of our entire planet, of human history. What if I told you there was an entire collection of ideas, theories and gruesome realities protected from public consumption for the sake of society's sanity?

Dwyer looks at him like he's crazy, but controls that reaction in a way only Dwyer can.

DWYER

(beat)

Is this...is this something you've seen? In person, or...

ISOBEL

And what if I told you your excellence, your skills, your mind, had qualified you to be one of the most elite in the world, handpicked to operate on that level.

DWYER

Is this...is this the job?

ISOBEL

Yes, Megan. This is the job.

She lets out a shuddery, exhilarated breath.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan, her older sister **WENDY**, and her sister's husband **CHRIS** are at dinner with Megan's parents, **PAULA** and **EDWARD**.

EDWARD DWYER

Okay but is this special program a
job-

PAULA DWYER

Ed.

EDWARD DWYER

I'm just being rational, I'm trying to bring some rationality to the conversation. I'm flattered, or- you know- that you have been offered this opportunity, but both your mother and I feel like it's time to exit- academia, so to speak.

There's a beat.

CHRIS

Well, I think it sounds exciting? Vitali Isobel is very well respected, he's a New York Times best selling author.

WENDY

That's right, I think it's flattering. I saw his uh- TED talk, I think it was on...Cancer, or something? You forwarded me that, right Megan?

DWYER

Yes, thank you for watching it.

WENDY

Yeah I watched almost the whole thing, really interesting.

PAULA DWYER

Okay yes, Mr. Isobel-

DWYER

Dr. Isobel.

PAULA DWYER

Dr. Isobel is very kind to have chosen you for this program, but I think your father and I are just worried that this will perpetuate, you know, the issue, right now.

Chris looks uncomfortable, glancing at Wendy.

DWYER

What's the issue, mom?

PAULA DWYER

I mean...

EDWARD DWYER

Don't be rude to your mother, Megan-

PAULA DWYER

I mean you know all this stuff, all these scholarships and grants, it's kind of led you in a circle. You haven't- you know, you were always shy, and- I guess, agoraphobic-

DWYER

(flatly)

You think I'm agoraphobic.

WENDY

Mom she's just like- the way she is, you know, she's always been like that- like your mother, you know, grandma was like that-

PAULA DWYER

But my mother was a very special person. She was- okay, not that you're not a special person, Megan-

EDWARD DWYER

Because she's been *coddled* and she's been allowed to feel safe. She doesn't take risks and she positions herself, she's positioned and- *fetishized*, or *whatever*, by these lefty intellectuals as a prodigy, but what has she ever done? What is her real- where's the finish line?

PAULA DWYER

We just want you to be happy,
honey. We are so proud of you, we
just want you to have a purpose.

DWYER

You think I don't have a purpose.

EDWARD DWYER

Jesus, the attitude.

PAULA DWYER

You're just not taking any risks,
you've got no passions, you know?

DWYER

You think I don't have passions.

PAULA DWYER

Well, I-

(laughs)

I mean, Megan, other than school or
like- cutting people open?

DWYER

That's not important to you.

EDWARD DWYER

You aren't even being paid!

WENDY

Mom she's just like that, she's
just like- some people are like
that, it's not a-

EDWARD DWYER

Some people just don't have jobs?
Or boyfriends, ever? She's not a
child genius anymore, she's an
adult, and we're *worried* about her-

PAULA DWYER

We're just worried about you,
Megan.

Dwyer is staring at the food, and then suddenly:

DWYER

Hey, I am living my life my way-

EDWARD DWYER

Well-

Dwyer suddenly bangs her fist on the table, startling the entire family into silence. Dwyer speaks with deeply badass, measured confidence that's unlike anything we've heard out of her so far...but was always lurking right below the surface.

DWYER

There is nothing wrong with me. I will do things when I want to do them, in the manner that pleases **me**. You were- you are good parents but you do not understand me. That doesn't mean there's something wrong. Cause speaking plainly, my accomplishments are not small, they are not secondary. I am twenty five and have accomplished as much as most doctors do in their entire lives, I am *on fire* right now, and one of the most respected experts on EARTH just handpicked me as a protege, not because he was being "kind," mom, but because I earned it by working harder than anybody else, because I am *the best*, and I love it, and I love that, and I'm proud of that, and it makes me happy. I am not content to be the best in my class, I am not content to be the best in the city or the state or the country, I want to be *the best in the world*. *That is what makes me happy, and I think I can achieve that, and you know what, that makes me happy too.* Being picked for this program is a big deal. In fact, as big a deal, if not, I dare say, a bigger deal than Chris' promotion, no offense Chris.

CHRIS

(overwhelmed)

None taken.

Paula and Edward are silent

DWYER

I grow: my way. I succeed: my way. Not anyone else's, but for *me to be the best me*. This is not a mistake, this is **my choice**. And that's how I help people.

(MORE)

DWYER (CONT'D)

Now is that okay, or are we gonna keep having this conversation about why I'm not "normal" every six months?

SLAM TO:

INT. DECON - CONTINUOUS

Dwyer groggily stirs in the flickering lights. She hears a hissing sound. She realizes it's her suit, leaking oxygen. She tamps down the valve, and then blinks, turning on her suit's headlamps, looking around.

The faceplate of her helmet is badly cracked; her vision is partially obscured, but she can see...

The environment has **RADICALLY changed**. The vines spread from the body in the center of the room, twitching, dripping slime and mucus. The vines feel vascular and horrible, like the exposed veins and tendons in an arm.

Bloody vomit is all over the patient's face. The lights in the room cycle on and off, giving everything a somewhat surreal feel.

Dwyer stands, and sees Haskle slowly trying to get up over by the far wall. He's clearly injured.

DWYER

Haskle?

HASKLE

Fucking thing broke my arm.

DWYER

What?

HASKLE

FUCKING THING BROKE MY ARM.

BEACON

(muffled)

Dwyer.

Dwyer looks up, to see Beacon, hanging from the ceiling, pinned there by her face; the tentacle vine stabbed her into the mouth, straight through the cheek and out the back of the helmet. Blood drips from the mask, down and off her dangling boots.

Beacon, however, **because she is Beacon**, is still talking, spitting blood around the tentacle.

BEACON (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Don't go near it. Infects virgins.
Don't go near it.

DWYER

How do I get you down?

BEACON

(beat)

I don't think you do.

HASKLE

Fucking christ-

Haskle, almost to his feet, sinks to the ground in agony.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

It's not just my arm it's my ribs
too. I'm fucked. SHIT.

DWYER

What is this thing?

HASKLE

It's a *malingerer*. Ascaris
Infernus. One of the most
dangerous things we deal with. It
must've gotten into the mother
through the daughter. You were
right, Grace, we rushed it.

GIBBS

I can confirm that.

Dwyer goes to Haskle, trying to help him up.

DWYER

Gibbs what do I do?

GIBBS

Dr. Beacon, there's a second
malingerer in the Expo Chamber. We
thought the daughter was clean.
She wasn't. Thing has sprouted
into full bloom. I've called in a
Response Team, but I don't know if
they'll make it in time to save the
facility.

DWYER

The fa- the facility, why is the
facility in danger?

GIBBS

If this thing goes fully airborne, we'll have to fire wash. It's going to try to have a spore drop and we can't kill it without the flooding the rooms, so the response team will-

DWYER

What? This thing is going to infect us all?

GIBBS

It COULD, it's already started in the next room. The facility is compromised. It's safest to evacuate.

DWYER

What about the- the patients-

GIBBS

This is a wash. We'd need a full team to cover the specimen in front of you, and another one to deal with the monster in the next room. It'll have performed a pathogenesis to protect the root-

DWYER

What does that mean?

BEACON

Zombies.

HASKLE

It means there's a room full of rabid lunatics with pseudopod tentacles up their ass just past that tube. You'd have to give each of them an adrenaline shot into the heart or brain to get their system to reject it, it's impossible-

GIBBS

Dwyer you have to evacuate.

DWYER

What about the patients? What about the prep team, can't they-

GIBBS

The prep team is locked down in their chamber, which is exactly what I'm going to have to do to you if you and Dr. Haskle don't get out of there, now!

There's a sickly, wet cracking sound from the patient's chest, and a horrible fungal bloom rises into view.

DWYER

What about Dr. Beacon?

GIBBS

Dwyer evac now! *This is OVER, EVAC NOW.*

DWYER

(beat)

Yes Overwatch.

Dwyer turns heads to the vault door, which opens, jets of anti fungal steam shooting out of the doorframe, and Dwyer leads Haskle to it...and then stops.

Her face is unreadable, and then:

DWYER (CONT'D)

Doctor Beacon, how long does it take to spread to a virgin host?

GIBBS

Dr. Dwyer.

BEACON

(spitting blood)

Four minutes.

HASKLE

It'll grab your arm if you get close and then enter your nasal cavity-

DWYER

It's just a basic excision, it's just a foreign body with a central root, right, sever the root and it's done, easiest thing we've done all night-

HASKLE

Yes, but-

(horrified)

Wait- What are you doing.

DWYER

(mostly to herself)
 How does it detect your virginity?
 What even qualifies virginity loss,
 medically, you said something about
 neurological activation-

HASKLE

We don't know; there's a
 neurological component and a
 chemical component, your psychology
 has to register the concept. We
 understand it to be fast but- wait.
 (realizing her intent)
 If you think somebody's going to
 come in and have- *intercourse* with
 you in there you're out of your
 fucking mind.

Dwyer gives him a wild eyed look, a weird smile touching the
 corner of her mouth.

DWYER

I can do this.

HASKLE

What?

DWYER

I can do this, I've done open heart
 before and I can be my own
 oversight, I have four minutes, I'm
 not afraid of this-

HASKLE

Jesus Christ, you're delusional.

GIBBS

You are risking your life, you are
 risking the life of everyone here-

DWYER

Are they not all already on the
 table? Are they not factored in?
 Five seconds ago this whole
 facility was going to be
 firewashed, it's already a
 crapshoot, right?

BEACON

She's right, Gibbs.

GIBBS

Yes but- a response team is inbound-

DWYER

So we wait and this thing blows up and throws demon fungus everywhere and they power wash our blood off the walls, *fuck that!* I can do this.

Beacon, pinned to the ceiling, lets out a bloody chuckle.

GIBBS

(exasperated)

You would need to complete an open heart surgery on a disease that will specifically target your physiology, then get into the expo room which is in full fungal bloom and inject all the infected nurses with trans or phosphorus or Cytotoxic antibiotics, kill the cordyceps and clear the room, then get back in here in time to treat the father before the response team arrives-

DWYER

I understand. Dr. Haskle, will you assist-

HASKLE

Help me out of this goddamn room, NOW, Dr. Dwyer- Gibbs she's out of her mind-

DWYER

(wild-eyed)

I will not lose all my patients my first night on the job Doctor Haskle.

She sets him down, and he slumps next to the open door, and then she slams the door closed, going to her kit.

DWYER (CONT'D)

Can you bring the lights back on in here please, Mr. Gibbs?

In the control room, Nurse Farkus stares through the cracked glass of the one way mirror, in horror.

FARKUS

She's serious? Shouldn't we be evacuating?

Gibbs blinks. Thinks. Then.

GIBBS

Okay Doctor Dwyer the floor is yours.

DWYER

Once I get into the next room it's going to have to be internal then all topical. Gibbs, have them prep the husband. Is there anything airborne in this room?

GIBBS

No, not yet.

DWYER

Good.

GIBBS

Lights coming back on.

As the emergency lights flicker to life, Dwyer starts hitting the unlocks on her suit, ducking under vines of fleshy fungus, approaching the table.

DWYER

Haskle when you get your shit together, I need you to prep me a crash trauma kit for the next room.

HASKLE

(controlled)

You are having some kind of breakdown-

DWYER

Start prep from the kit now please. You know what I'll need better than I do. Mr. Gibbs, could you join me in here?

GIBBS

In there?

Dwyer sets a surgical scissors, a scalpel and a bone saw on the table.

DWYER

I need a nurse to assist for the surgery.

GIBBS

Wh- what?

DWYER

Me losing my virginity here in this room seems an unsanitary and impractical course of action, so my only option is to perform the surgery as is-

GIBBS

No, you have another option, *get the fuck out of that room-*

DWYER

(ignoring him)
Her heart-rate is dropping.

GIBBS

(stammering)
You can't be serious, you'll kill yourself and him-

DWYER

We're going to bait it out and excise from behind the Inferior Vena Cava. I am the expert here, not you, so *get it together, Gibbs, I need you to get in here and be a fucking nurse.*

GIBBS

(terrified)
...I- uh- But I'm Overwatch-

BEACON

(muffled)
She's right, Gibbs.

Gibbs jaws silently, realizing what's about to happen.

GIBBS

F- Farkus.

FARKUS

(startled)
Me?

GIBBS

You're the nurse, you're here for a reason-

FARKUS

What are you fucking kidding me, go in there with that thing!?- I've seen what they do to virgins, the fish-hook thing, I don't want to be in there when that shit happens-

GIBBS

Now Mr. Farkus-

FARKUS

I don't have even have a suit, this is- *NO!*

GIBBS

Mr. Farkus. Are you the one that blows this?

Farkus stammers, frantic to find a response but coming up dry.

IN DECON

Dwyer pulls off her helmet, and unlatches the back of her suit; it opens, as she steps calmly towards the table, and she steps out of it, letting it fall to the floor, now wearing only her tank top and sweat pants.

She steps forward.

DWYER

Okay. Okay.

She sticks her arm out to the fungal growth- *and it immediately LAUNCHES A NUMBER OF SMALL VINES, trapping her left hand painfully-*

DWYER (CONT'D)

Agh!

She winces, but does not pull away.

GIBBS

It's going to start heading for your nose, Dr. Dwyer. It's too exhausted for another big attack, but it'll try to go through your nasal cavity and out the mouth two twist your head apart.

DWYER

I understand.

Dwyer winces in pain, then reaches over to her kit with her free arm, and pulls a syringe full of anesthetic, injecting it to her own left arm.

HASKLE

You're numbing your arm?

DWYER

Numbness is less distracting than pain.

She tosses the syringe away, looks into the fungal bloom, and finds the heart.

DWYER (CONT'D)

Beacon this thing can't grab me twice?

Beacon, bloodily tries to respond, but can't, so instead just gives a thumbs up. Dwyer nods.

DWYER (CONT'D)

Okay. GIBBS WHERE ARE YOU?

Dwyer quickly reaches back into her kit, putting on a latex glove, using her teeth, and reaches back and gets a surgical clamp.

DWYER (CONT'D)

Repositioning Superior Vena Cava.
If her pulse gets irregular just pump it up through the machine, yes Mr. Gibbs?

GIBBS

Got it. Farkus inbound.

DWYER

Farkus?

GIBBS

The nurse.

Dwyer takes a moment, breathing hard, and shakes her head and slaps herself in the face, twice. Checks her hand: she's steady.

Above her, Beacon again laughs, blood all over her.

Dwyer carefully reaches into the Mother's OPEN CHEST CAVITY, carefully moving the fungal bloom to expose the Mother's ensnared heart, and then surgical clipping it to the ribs.

Behind her the Decon door opens, revealing a cringing Farkus, who looks openly terrified to enter. He first looks at Haskle, then the chaos of tentacles, then Beacon on the ceiling.

FARKUS
I can't do this.

DWYER
Get over here now please.
Everything's going to be fine.
Stop wasting our time.

The tentacle is now past Dwyer's elbow, constricting like a boa. Farkus just shakes his head.

DWYER (CONT'D)
NOW, NURSE FARKUS, FUCKING NOW.

Farkus is jerked out of his daze, and shakes his head violently.

FARKUS
Okay. Approaching.

As Dwyer finishes making one-handed surgical prep on the fungus, Farkus carefully walks through the tendrils, alongside her.

Gibbs watches from the control room, clinical, focused. Haskle watches from the floor like he's watching a car wreck.

DWYER
Please begin, Nurse Farkus.

FARKUS
...How should I-

DWYER
Push it to the left-

FARKUS
I've never done this type of- okay,
doing it.

Farkus slowly pushing his hands into the gooey, writhing, thorny mess in the gaping open chest cavity.

FARKUS (CONT'D)
Doing it now. I'm doing it, I'm
reaching in and doing it now-

DWYER

Narration is unnecessary Nurse
Farkus.

FARKUS

Yes, okay, right.

The tentacles on her arm abruptly tighten and she hisses in pain- tugging her forward- Farkus' eyes widen, staring at the vines- Dwyer *nearly stabs the mother's exposed beating heart with her scalpel-*

The tendril crawls onto her face.

HASKLE

(looking away)
Holy shit.

Dwyer stays still, controlling her breathing.

DWYER

*Dr. Haskle are you- prepping my
crash kit for E- for Expo-*

Haskle is in awe.

HASKLE

Um- Yes Doctor Dwyer.

Haskle *yanks himself to his feet, using the wall, and heads to her kit.*

DWYER

(exhaling)
Okay. Farkus you okay?

FARKUS

Yes. Okay. Yes.

Dwyer keeps her eyes closed, breathing hard, but then shakes her head clear and picks back up the scalpel.

DWYER

Beginning the excision. Grab each one of those...vines in turn, hook them with your thumbs-

FARKUS

(absolutely terrified)
Yep. Yep. Okay yep yep yep.

She loads antiparasitic on a hypodermic, then gingerly makes four cuts, unhooking thorny vines from the ribs, cutting them one by one....

...as the tendril *GOES UP INTO HER NOSE*. *Dwyer stays calm.*

DWYER
Completing cuts on the costae
spuriae, suction please?

FARKUS
(staring at nose tendril)
Wh- um- what?

DWYER
Suction please.

Farkus reaches over awkwardly and hands her the vacuum tube, and Dwyer quickly cleans out the fluids from the cut tendrils, then picks back up the scalpel but is abruptly *wrenched forward by the fungus-*

As the tendril up her nose now *emerges from her mouth-*

DWYER (CONT'D)
(gagging)
AGH!

GIBBS
It's spreading, it's going to try
to use its leverage to tear your
head in half-

The tendril does indeed flex, wrenching her head- we now fully see what Farkus meant earlier when he said "fish-hook," the tendril has threaded through her face and now-

Dwyer moves with it, slowly being twisted to the left, turned away from the operating table-

DWYER
(gagged)
--mirror---

FARKUS
Wh- what-

The Malingerer *twists her again*, breaking her nose, blood pouring out of the nostril not clogged with tentacle. Dwyer, the end of the tentacle reaching further out of her mouth, hisses in pain but controls her reaction-

It twists her so her back bends, her neck cranking backwards-
tears stream out of her eyes, blood now pouring from her nose
up her face and dripping off her forehead, mixing with sweat-

GIBBS

It's gonna crack your head open
like a pistachio, abort abort-

DWYER

-----mirror----

FARKUS

W...what-

DWYER

(unable to breathe)

---mrrrrr----

Farkus realizes what she means, and grabs up a surgical
mirror from the operating table, holding it in front of
Dwyer's face-

So she can see the chest cavity, now behind her, which means
she is now **suffocating**, in incredible pain, and

**performing one handed open heart
surgery upside-down and backwards.**

FARKUS

-Oooooookayyyyyy-

It tugs again, pulsating-

GIBBS

It's going to attack, Dr. Dwyer-

Dwyer grips the woman's beating heart, moves it aside
revealing the mass of fungus with a HORRIFYING BLOODSHOT
EYEBALL behind it-

And INJECTS THE EYEBALL WITH THE SYRINGE, POPPING IT- the
malingerer SCREAMS, and a BURST OF PUSS hits Dwyer and Farkus-

Dwyer drops onto the floor as rot rapidly spreads through all
of the fungal vines, rapidly decaying them-

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

Dwyer rolls over, the THE TENTACLE STILL THROUGH HER FACE,
grabs the part in her mouth, and, disgustingly, like removing
a tape worm, pulls it through her nose and then VOMITS.

She sits panting, staring down into the pool of vomit under her, where blood is *dripping from her nose*, then something seems to occur to her:

Dwyer suddenly throws herself to her feet, and staggers forward, eyes up, arms out- what's she doing?-

CRACK- Beacon drops from the ceiling into Dwyer's arms-

Her weight, in the suit, sends them both crashing to the floor hard. But Dwyer's already pushing herself up-

The two women face each other, both on their knees, as Dwyer helps Beacon pull off her shattered helmet, revealing her bloodied, bruised face.

DWYER

Nurse, towel.

Farkus, is fully dazed.

*

FARKUS

Wh...What!? T- T-

DWYER

MEDICAL TOWEL, NOW.

(to Beacon)

Doctor Beacon, can you hear me-

BEACON

Yeah, I'm here.

Farkus hands her the medical towel, and she immediately begins dabbing the wound on Beacon's face. It's nasty, but a through and through, and not as bad as it looked.

DWYER

It's superficial. Doesn't look like it hit your masseter muscle, how are you feeling?

BEACON

I'm in shock.

DWYER

(spits blood)

Can you still operate?

BEACON

NURSE FARKUS, BANDAGE.

FARKUS

Okay okay okay okay-

DWYER
Can you operate-

BEACON
I am IN SHOCK.

As Farkus bandages Beacon's cheek, Dwyer FULLY gets in her face, intense, locking eyes.

DWYER
No, listen, I don't have time to listen to you cry about the hole in your face cause YOU rushed an op, got it? Shock? Bullshit, it's a cosmetic injury, get over yourself. You wake up NOW, we have to close this one up and clear the dad who's in prep. I could've left you pinned to the ceiling like a fucking pinata, but I didn't. I'll go to fucking Expo myself. So can you snap out of your bipolar or your menopause or whatever puts you in this sour fucking garbage attitude you have all the time and operate, or are you going to fuck up everything, again?

Beacon stares at her, and then lets out a low, ghoulish laugh. The newfound confidence on Dwyer's face wavers in the face of Beacon's blood-covered smile.

BEACON
You are one crazy bitch Dwyer.

Beacon grabs Dwyer and *kisses her on the cheek*, startling her, then grabs Dwyer's nose and **CRACK!**- **Sets it back into place**

DWYER
AGH!

BEACON
(glee, inspired)
Come on, it's **cosmetic!**

Beacon lurches to her feet to her feet, renewed.

BEACON (CONT'D)
LET'S GO! Andale andale arriba
arriba, agh- fuck-
(grabs cheek, recovers)
(MORE)

BEACON (CONT'D)

Nurse Farkus you're with me, help me close up mamacita, Haskle, help Dwyer, Gibbs, how far out is daddy dearest?

Gibbs stares in shock for a moment.

GIBBS

I, uh- he's one minute out. Satyricum Grotesqua, with an aggressive phallic distention-

BEACON

What's happening in Expo?

GIBBS

Every bad thing.

DWYER

I'm on it. Dr. Haskle?

As Beacon starts work on the mother with Farkus, Dwyer goes to Haskle, leaning heavily on a table, and he hands her some kind of sleek medical diaper.

HASKLE

You'll want to put this on; should prevent infection through every orifice.

Dwyer nods, rapidly taking off her sweats, and pulls on the diaper as Haskle, pained, continues talking, showing her the utility belt he's assembled for her, as she puts on the gear.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

Pocket torch with some aerosol butane, two pressure injectors preloaded with haloperidol, stun gun, obsidian saw, you can use that to get through their suits, flashlight- keep your boots on- and three syringes of diluted adrenaline, and one of vancomycin. Here's your facemask with rebreather, goggles, headset to cover your ears, lamps on the head too. Take some tape, cover your belly button.

As he talks, Dwyer, now in a blood and vomit and sweat stained tank top, a diaper, and boots, slips on the utility belt, the gas-mask rebreather, blue latest gloves, the goggles, and finally the headset, clicking on the headlamps.

Dwyer, all her gear now on, like she's going to the world's scariest Burning Man.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

It's going to try to get in through any orifice on you; cover your fingernails. Got everything?

Dwyer takes a beat, then nods. Haskle offers her a pistol.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

This is a Beretta 92. Do you know how to fire a-

Dwyer pushes it away.

DWYER

I'm not using that.

HASKLE

...Are you sure?

DWYER

A gun is not a tool of healing.

HASKLE

I-

DWYER

"Do no harm."

HASKLE

You know the monsters don't take that oath.

DWYER

Well that's what makes us better than the monsters.

HASKLE

Are you ready for this?

Dwyer nods, hopping from foot to foot like a prizefighter, shaking herself out.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

Okay. Gibbs!

She clicks on her facemask, the oxygen clicking to life, she and tapes up her belly button as she walks towards the hatch in the wall.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

OPEN IT UP!

The Expo tube opens...revealing it's already thickly covered with some sort of black and red and pink and disgusting moss and mucus and fungus.

HASKLE (CONT'D)

Headset on.

Dwyer pulls down her headset, cutting out all the ambient sounds of the world, replaced with only Gibbs' voice.

GIBBS

Okay doctor Dwyer. Enter the antechamber and I'll close the door behind you.

Dwyer nods, and *climbs head first into the disgusting claustrophobic tube-chamber full of slime.*

She takes one last look behind her at the room; Haskle staring back at her, and then the door slams shut and the lights go off, leaving her only with her headlamp.

All we can hear is her breathing and Gibbs.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Alright Doctor Dwyer. When you exit into Expo visibility is going to be low; there's spores in the air, and several of the alarm systems are malfunctioning badly so there's going to be flashing lights, sirens, and possibly falling water and various medicated gas leaks shooting into the room, and some of those will be hot enough to burn your flesh, badly. First thing you're going to be confronted by is the Expo Team. They've all been penetrated by Acaris Pseudopods, and have no cognitive control. They will attack immediately, but uncoordinated, clumsy, no fine motor skills. Do not cut the pseudopod tendrils in their anuses, that will kill the infected and possibly cause the Ascaris it to attack you more directly. You're going to want to inject them either in the heart with adrenaline to get their bodies to reject the pseudopods, electrocute them, or inject them in the nerve cluster at the groin.

(MORE)

GIBBS (CONT'D)

It's two men and one woman. It's going to be three on one. Their suits are already compromised, some of them look like they took parts off, but it's still going to be an uphill battle, and they're going to look... frightening. Once you get through them then you're going to have to get to Patient 1, who's the root base, and is in process of going airborne, which is good cause it'll all be in one place, and bad if it goes, we're all fucked.

You're going to have to break the protrusions off of her forehead manually, fry them on the floor, then go with a vancomycin syringe up her nose right through the sinus into the brain; when it's blooming this thing is at its most vulnerable. As soon as you do that, go to the blue and green throw-switch on the wall and pull that to manually purge the room. You have one minute thirty seconds.

(beat)

Pull the manual switch to start the system. Good luck, Dr. Dwyer.

Dwyer breathes. And breathes. And breathes.

INT. HOSPITAL - THE PAST

Megan's grandmother, **MARJORY DWYER**, lays dying in a hospital bed. College age Dwyer sits by her side, holding her hand. She looks at Dwyer and smiles, closing her eyes. Her pulse flatlines. Doctors swirl around the bed.

Dwyer notices one of the female doctors crying. Dwyer sits still, slowly beginning to cry herself.

EXT. BIG SUR - HIKING TRAIL - FURTHER IN THE PAST

Out on a beautiful hiking trail, Young Dwyer is hiking with her grandmother and her teen older sister. They see someone floating face down in a river they're passing.

The Grandmother rushes into the water, dragging the passed out hiker to shore. She calmly performs CPR as Dwyer's sister panics and screams, Dwyer watching in horror.

And suddenly the hiker coughs up water. The grandmother has saved his life. Dwyer watches in wonder. The grandmother comforts the hiker, and then smiles at Megan, warmly.

EXT. BIG SUR - CLIFFSIDE - EVEN FURTHER IN THE PAST

Megan's Grandmother is showing a **VERY** young Dwyer her doctor's kit. She takes her temperature. She tests her reflex in her knee. She lets her use the stethoscope to listen to her heart.

And over this, we hear **MARJORY DWYER'S** voice....:

MARJORY DWYER

My beautiful girl. Don't let anyone tell you what you can't do. You are infinite. You can fail, but only you can fail you. They can't fail you. You can't ever let fear slow you down.

The beat of her heart: thump thump. thump thump. thump-

SMASH TO:

Dwyer on her stomach, *crawling through the slimy, soupy, frothy, disgusting mire of fungal slime in the tube*, reaches up and yanks the emergency release. The tube pops open the conveyor belt briefly coming to life-

Ejecting Dwyer onto a hospital bed in:

INT. THE CENTER - EXPO - CONTINUOUS

The room is **FUCKED** and **TOTAL VISUAL CHAOS**. Ascaris vines are everywhere, lights are flickering and flashing on in different sections, alarm-lights are swirling and adding to the anarchy, several overhead sprinklers are going, and the shower has been busted and is spraying water-

The air is thick with disgusting mist or fog or something and **before Dwyer can even get her bearings AN EXPO DOCTOR IN A HALF DISSEMBLED DECON SUIT IS ATTACKING HER KNOCKING HER UP AND OVER THE HOSPITAL BED-**

Scrambling to the ground she's **slammed into the wall by another EXPO DOCTOR, AND WE SEE THE DOCTOR'S FACE IN THE LIGHT, ALL OF HER MUSCLES PALSIED EYES ROLLED BACK AND LOOSE MOUTH DANGLING OPEN AND ABSOLUTELY HORRIFYING-**

Dwyer can see that a *tentacle is up her ass*, and is able to wiggle loose- *Only to be grabbed from behind by a nurse- she struggles wildly and they go crashing painfully into a cabinet of equipment, sending blades everywhere-*

She gets the one up on him and **SLAMS THE SYRINGE INTO HIS HEART, INJECTING HIM-** *only to be yanked off by another Expo doctor, fully suited- SHE BLASTS HIM WITH HER BUTANE LIGHTER, knocking him back-*

The female Expo doctor attacks again, violently **KNOCKING DWYER OVER A RECOVERY BED** and Dwyer **SHOVES HER OFF** with her legs, knocking her into the wall-

Dwyer lunges, **STUN GUNNING THE WOMAN IN THE WRIST** and then taking the opportunity to **SLAM THE ADRENALINE SYRINGE INTO HER HEART-**

She drops to her knees, and Dwyer shoves her aside- *only to be **grabbed and driven hard to the ground by the final Expo doctor**, who pins her, choking her, SCREAMING and VOMITING onto her-*

Losing consciousness, she sinks the electrical obsidian saw into the neck of the suit, slowly sawing open the helmet- the suit is too heavy- *no she writhes out from under it, snaking around onto the doctor's back-*

AND RIPS OFF THE HELMET and CHEST PIECE IN ONE MOVE- He turns- **DWYER HITS HIM WITH AN ABSOLUTELY SAVAGE RIGHT HOOK, and when he dazedly tries to stand, Dwyer NAILS him with the syringe in the chest.**

Dwyer staggers, already clearly injured, and watches the tentacles slither out of the doctor's asses, into darkness...

A shape is silhouetted against the flashing lights...

Humanoid...with two **horns sticking out of the forehead.** Dwyer, dazed stares, not comprehending, and **SUDDENLY THE LITTLE GIRL RUSHES OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND CRASHES INTO HER, the source of the tentacles her MOUTH and GROIN eyes CROSS-EYED HORRIBLY AND SIGHTLESS, MUCUS POURING FROM HER NOSE AND HEARS-**

And those horns- *from her forehead, two massive fungal protrusions, pulsing and writhing full of nasty spores-*

Dwyer struggles with the monstrous girl- then grabs the "horns" and **RIPS THEM OFF THE GIRL'S HEAD, SHOVING HER BACKWARDS, THEN TORCHES THEM, then TACKLES THE GIRL TO THE BED-**

The girl squirms wildly, and Dwyer slowly, agonizingly, DRIVES THE SYRINGE OF ANTIBIOTIC UP HER NOSE, INJECTING HER BRAIN- she goes into a HORRIBLE SEIZURE, chomping down on the thick tentacle coming from her mouth-

And then VOMITS UP THE ROOT OF THE TENTACLE, Dwyer helping to pull it out, and then reaching down to the girl's groin and tearing away the tentacle roots there as well.

Dwyer checks the girl's pulse, then listens for a heart beat. She nods, picking the little girl up, and staggering over to the nurse, who's dazedly recovering.

NURSE
WHO ARE YOU?

She hands off the girl without answering, and then staggers to Patient #2's hospital bed, and checks his vitals, before stumbling over to the wall, tripping over the doctor she punched, and going to the emergency switches on the wall.

She finds the blue green one, shatters the glass, and throws the switch: *The lights in the room go Blue and White, and the room is flooded with steam from the ceiling.*

Dwyer staggers through it, bumping into the female doctor, who she helps to pull to her feet, before climbing back into the tube full of fungus-

-and slamming the door behind her. A beat, Dwyer laying panting in the coffin-sized space between rooms:

GIBBS
Dwyer? You there? I'm flushing
the tube.

JETS OF CHEMICALS SUDDENLY TURN ON, SOAKING HER, VACUUM VENTS OPENING TO SUCK OUT THE MOSS AND FUNGUS, AND THEN THE CONVEYOR BELT SENDING HER RUSHING FORWARD INTO:

INT. DECON - CONTINUOUS

Dwyer goes crashing to the floor, soaking wet, orients herself and sees that Farkus and Beacon are standing over the **FATHER**, who's been strapped down, and is **BRAYING GOATLIKE SOUNDS-**

His legs kick wildly; they're covered in fur-like setae (the hair you see on flies), the feet swollen and black, and a **HORRIBLE MONSTROUS PHALLIC GROWTH WRITHES AT HIS GROIN**, Beacon trying to pin it down-

Dwyer tries to get up but her legs are shaking too hard. She tries again, staggering, yanking off the headset, the goggles and the rebreather, tossing them aside.

Haskle, back on the ground, stares up at Dwyer.

HASKLE
(disbelief)
She's back? She's back.

Beacon notices her, and completely no-sells the hell she just went through.

BEACON
Dwyer, hands!

DWYER
Yes Dr. Beacon!

Dwyer FORCES HERSELF UP and RUSHES to the table.

BEACON
Help me pin this down.

Dwyer assists Beacon in pinning the growth with surgical clamps, who then draws out a scalpel blade.

BEACON (CONT'D)
Get the liposuction cannula prepped
for Dwyer, Nurse?

FARKUS
Yes doctor.

Farkus draws a lipo-suction tube and system close to the table, as Beacon spreads the growth.

BEACON
We're gonna drain the abscesses
here, reading? I'm gonna make a
series of little cuts and the you
follow me, quick quick quick.

DWYER
Yes Doctor Beacon.

Gibbs, staring in urgent barely controlled terror as he looks at security screens, speaks up over the intercom.

GIBBS
*The response team is in the
building! The cancel call didn't
go through, they're coming in hot!*

HASKLE

Fucking call them off, they'll murder us in here!

GIBBS

I can't call them off with an active infection in the room!

BEACON

Ignore it, focus. Cutting.

Beacon cuts the vein on the growth. Dwyer shoves in the tube, sucking out thick puss. Farkus clears the bag and replaces it.

The monstrous phallus begins to deflate.

GIBBS

They're inbound, they're breaching the lockers now, they're headed for the airlock!

HASKLE

GIBBS LOCK THE DOOR, DON'T LET THEM IN FOR CHRISTSAKES!

GIBBS

They have overrides, there's nothing I can do! *I can't kill an alarm with an active in the room!*

Beacon cuts again. Dwyer shoves in the vacuum, sucking out more puss, and the growth deflates fully.

BEACON

Okay, cutting the base, Dwyer, you got this? Quickly please, careful of the patient underneath...

DWYER

Nurse have waste ready.

FARKUS

Yes doctors.

Dwyer and Beacon cut around the base of the growth, and then, slowly, *rip it off*. Dwyer dumps it in the tox-box, still twitching.

DWYER

(re: the hairs)

What about these growths here?

FARKUS

They'll fall off within twenty four hours. Leave a hell of a rash, though.

There's a beat. Dwyer looks over at the Mother, whose chest is closed.

BEACON

We'll have to do some tidying on that. Keep her in for a minute.

Another beat. Haskle looks to Dwyer who's steadying herself.

HASKLE

What happened in Expo?

Dwyer takes a beat, and then:

DWYER

I had to do some...I had to do some triage. Some trauma work. A little bit clumsy.

There's a beat. Nurse Farkus seems frozen. Beacon is leaning over the father, staring down. Dwyer is steadily having more trouble keeping her legs from shaking.

And then:

Haskle shakes his head like he's waking up from a dream.

HASKLE

Wait...
 (realizing)
 Are we...Are we clear?
 (beat)
 Are we clear right now?

There's a beat. Gibbs exhales, and *slaps a button, flipping a switch:*

All the alarms turn off, leaving the room in a strange, almost religious silence. Gibbs stares at the screens.

GIBBS

Yes, we are clear. Alarm level zero, we- I-
 (cannot believe it)
 The situation...has been *contained*.
 (beat, shaky)
 Nice work, Doctors.

Farkus sinks to his knees, eyes wide, rocking.

Dwyer takes a few steps, and then falls forward, into Beacon's arms. Haskle makes a sound like a relieved dog.

Beacon holds her up, laughing, and then *SPITS BLOOD everywhere*, wiping her mouth, and holding up four fingers.

BEACON

YES! YES! YES! CALL IT! Call it, Gibbs!

Gibbs takes a beat, and then:

GIBBS

All patients cleared and stable. Your team has broken Funigawa's record with no losses.

(beat)

You're four for four Dr. Beacon.

Dwyer lets out a sob, immediately crying, clutching tight to Beacon, who looks down at her. They lock eyes.

Dwyer, covered vomit, blood, mucus, and disgusting, her nose badly broken, is sobbing with happiness. Beacon's eyes light up.

She spits blood again and then:

BEACON

That's how it's done ladies and gentlemen. I KNEW YOU IT WOULD BE YOU IN HERE WITH ME, HASKLE, EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT WORK! That's how we play in the big leagues, NO COMPROMISES. **THAT is how it's**-

The DECON door slides open, revealing a **HEAVILY ARMED HAZ-MAT RESPONSE TEAM ARMED WITH FLAMETHROWERS AND MACHINE GUNS.**

They falter, staring at the three doctors- FUCK ARE THEY ABOUT TO SHOOT THEM-

Nope. Safeties click on. Everybody here, including this strike team, is way too well trained to let it end like that.

Beacon turns the exhausted, dazed Dwyer to face strike team.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Look, Dr. Dwyer. It's your parade.

INT. THE CENTER - CLEAN ROOM

Dwyer, Beacon, Haskle and Farkus are naked in a steam-room like chamber, being sprayed down by multiple unknowns in hazmat suits not unlike the ones they just wore.

They are looking at Beacon's face wound, and then take her out of the room. Haskle, meanwhile is having trouble standing, and they start to take him out of the room.

RESPONSE TEAM WORKER

Let's get that arm taken care of,
Dr. Haskle.

As they lead him out, he stops, and looks back at Dwyer. They make eye contact. Haskle holds up four fingers, and Dwyer nods curtly.

HASKLE

Thank you Dr. Dwyer.

Haskle shakes his head as though shaking off a winter chill, and out he goes. Dwyer is now alone with Farkus, in the antibiotic/bacterial/fungal steam. A different system turns on, and sprinklers from the ceiling start to spray them.

Farkus is just staring straight ahead, but after a moment, he begins sobbing. Dwyer walks over and wraps her arms around him.

After a moment, Farkus calms.

Dwyer simply holds him in the water. She can hear his heart beat. Thump thump. Thump thump. Her face is serene.

EXT. THE CENTER - ROOF - SUNRISE

Dwyer is out on the roof of the center; very sparse, various air conditioning units. A view of a forest.

The sun is rising. She wears cozy, comfortable sweats, clearly given to her by the Clean Teams. Her bruises and cuts are evident, and tended to. Her nose is bandaged.

She holds out her hand in front of her. It's shaking. After a moment, she stills it. A door opens behind her; it startles us, but Dwyer doesn't flinch.

It's Beacon, also in sweats. The side of her cheek is covered in a more professional bandage. She comes out, sitting down next to Dwyer, looking at the sunrise.

BEACON

Coffee?

DWYER

No thank you.

BEACON

Good, cause I didn't bring any.

Dwyer produces a bottle of Tequila and two cups, setting them out on the ledge, and pouring two shots.

BEACON (CONT'D)

I have seen some crazy shit in this job. And that was some crazy shit.

(beat)

You had a few stumbles here and there, but over-all, not a bad first night.

Dwyer barely reacts. Beacon watches her closely.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Whole family is in recovery right now. They'll be home by Tuesday.

Again, Dwyer's reaction is unreadable. Beacon prompts again.

BEACON (CONT'D)

The Expo Team is in recovery too, they're shaken up and their asses are sore but whose isn't these days. They want to meet you. Even Dr. Sawyer.

DWYER

Dr. Sawyer?

BEACON

(smiles)

Dr. Sawyer was the one whose jaw you broke. Where'd you learn to throw a punch like that?

Dwyer, looking out at the sunrise, just shrugs.

BEACON (CONT'D)

Really? I've been playing the footage back. Just watched the whole thing, you went in there like you had a vendetta, that was some alpha pitbull shit. Can't wait to get you out there in fieldwork.

(MORE)

BEACON (CONT'D)

You're a real scary motherfucker,
Dwyer. Didn't know you had it in
you.

Dwyer's silent, and watches the sun rise. Beacon smirks.

DWYER

Thank you for being patient with
me, Dr. Beacon.

Beacon gives a very genuine laugh, and takes the shot. She
winces in agony, touching the OPEN CHEEK WOULD she just
INTENTIONALLY POURED TEQUILA ON, and then laughs again.

Dwyer looks down, still serious. Beacon gazes at her.

After a beat.

BEACON

Hey Megan, can I ask you a personal
question?

Dwyer's quiet, and then turns to look at Beacon, waiting.

BEACON (CONT'D)

You were choking. It was breaking
your neck, dislocating your
shoulder, blocking your airway,
twisting you backwards. You had
your own blood in your eyes. And
then you had to perform open heart
surgery upside-down and backwards,
with one hand.

(beat)

I mean...What was, what was in your
head, during that.

DWYER

(beat)

Just the patient. Nothing else.

Beacon's eyes go wide for a moment, and then:

BEACON

(laughs)

No, I don't believe you. There
must've been something else.

DWYER

Honestly?

(beat)

Beating Funigawa's record.

(beat)

Clean sweep. Four for four.

Beacon stares at her. Her expression turns into something we haven't seen from her, an emotion we didn't even know she could express.

It's more than pride. It's real affection. It's love.

BEACON

Welcome to the team, Dr. Dwyer.
Welcome to the best in the world.

Beacon touches her shoulder affectionately, and then leaves Dwyer, alone, watching the sun rise.

She takes the shot.

For the first time in the whole movie: Dwyer truly smiles.

SLAM TO BLACK.