

DOOMSDAY

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - NIGHT

Chyron: Centers for Disease Control - Atlanta

Crickets. The hum of generators. A SECURITY GUARD quietly patrols the exterior of the massive Centers for Disease Control complex, when he hears a WHOOSH overheard.

Climbing to the ROOF, he finds an unattended DUFFEL BAG, then sees the SHADOW of someone moving behind a generator.

CDC SECURITY GUARD
(shining his flashlight)
Hey! Who's there?

He then hears another WHOOSH, and before he can even turn his torch to the sky -- BOOM -- his face meets a pair of jackboots, belonging to a MAN descending by PARACHUTE.

The Guard lies prone, knocked out cold, as THREE MORE MEN now land on the roof in lockstep choreography. All of them in sleek, tailor-made HAZMAT SUITS. *The rest happens fast...*

They tie up the guard. Place EXPLOSIVE CHARGES on a grate reading "TOXIC AIR FILTRATION DUCT. DO NOT OPEN." They promptly ignore this command as the charges EXPLODE and --

INT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - NIGHT

-- they descend by chain (because rope wouldn't survive here) through a narrow air duct SWIRLING WITH TOXIC GAS. We see it eating through their suits. Bubbles burn on the surface of their face masks. Until, with the swing of a latch --

They drop into the CDC'S RESEARCH WING. They neutralize alarms, kill cameras, incapacitate TWO GUARDS with tasers. Every step, so confident and familiar, it's like these guys live here. Finally, they enter --

THE TESTING AREA. Biohazard symbols on *everything*. Deadly diseases resting in refrigerated VIALS. We recognize some of the names, *EBOLA*, *INFLUENZA*, *MERS*, all with cryptic numbers beside them.

Finally, a lone vial, MARBURG - MHF. Displayed and backlit like a prized champagne bottle at a fancy bar.

We see the FOUR MEN'S eyes, staring at their treasure through charred Hazmat masks. This is what they came for.

SMASH TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, D.C. - MORNING

We BURST through the doors of an already buzzing conference room. An energetic FBI DIRECTOR wastes no time:

Chyron: Washington, D.C.

FBI DIRECTOR
Hope you brought your umbrellas,
people, because we just woke up to
a weapons-grade shit storm. Status
on the Joint Terrorist Task Force?

AGENT
Already deployed in Atlanta.

FBI DIRECTOR
What about the media?

INT. CDC WASHINGTON OFFICE - MORNING

The CDC SPOKESPERSON walks the halls of the Washington branch of the CDC with the GLOBAL HEALTH DIRECTOR and an AIDE.

CDC SPOKESPERSON
We can contain the story for now.
But we don't have much time.

HEALTH DIRECTOR
What about containing the disease?

AIDE
National Guard's on standby.
Citywide evacuations available,
along with possible --

INT. HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES - LABORATORY - MORNING

YOUNG SCIENTIST
-- quarantines, but it won't do
much good, sir.

A YOUNG SCIENTIST tries to keep pace with her boss in the Health & Human Services laboratory.

YOUNG SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
They stole Marburg virus. Bio-
Safety Level Four.

She nervously swipes PHOTO after hideous PHOTO on her TABLET, IMAGES of the VIRUS, photos of AFFECTED PATIENTS. It's grim.

BOSS
I'm presuming by your tone there is
no Level Five?

YOUNG SCIENTIST
Correct, sir. It's arguably --

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL - SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
 -- the most lethal virus on earth.
 Ninety percent fatality rate. No
 cure.

We're in the SITUATION ROOM of the WHITE HOUSE, where the National Security Council has convened before prepping the President. SEVEN PEOPLE, plus their AIDES, everyone representing the highest levels of government.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
 Where's Homeland Security on this?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
 Hopefully figuring out how a
 federal building was infiltrated
 with a single length of chain and a
 couple of --

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - MORNING

DIRECTOR ALLEN
Parachutes?

PETER ALLEN (50s), Director of Homeland Security. Smart, impatient, and currently pissed. Another PACKED BOARDROOM.

DHS ADVISOR #1
 Yes, sir. Direct access to the
 roof, where they breached the
 building through a toxic air
 filtration duct that descends to
 the testing wing.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
 Just like that? No guards?

DHS ADVISOR #1
 The testing wing is heavily guarded
from the outside. No one guards the
 filtration duct, because, well --

DHS ADVISOR #2
 Those ducts are filled with highly
 toxic chemicals. Even with
 protective gear, you'd have to be
 crazy to try and crawl through.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
 "Crazy" is not properly guarding
 the deadliest viruses in the world.
 Perhaps "clever" is a better word.

Someone tries a more proactive approach --

DHS ADVISOR #3
The CDC must have some kind of contingency plan -- a protocol for something like this.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
Something *like* this? How did someone even *think* of this?

Reveal Interim Deputy Director FAYE WALSH (45, whip-smart, shrewd). We may have noticed her already in the sea of faces, the only one who knows what's going on.

FAYE
Director Allen? Can we speak in private?

INT. HALLWAY - DHS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A walk-and-talk through the buzzing hallway of the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) headquarters, as Faye and Director Allen find a quiet spot.

FAYE
The details of this break-in are *remarkably* familiar to a certain secret list from a certain secret program...

DIRECTOR ALLEN
Deputy Walsh, I'm reporting to the President and the Joint Chiefs in ten minutes, so excuse me if I don't have time for--

FAYE
The Doomsday Project.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
(a beat)
That can't be a real thing.

FAYE
It's a nickname, sir.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
For what?

FAYE
A think tank.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
Nine minutes.

FAYE
After 9/11, Homeland Security gathered experts from various disciplines to dream up out of the box disaster scenarios the country should be prepared for.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
(vaguely remembering)
Those were bullshit creative
exercises, right? Writers and
scientists spinning their wheels in
a room for a few days.

FAYE
At first. But in 2010 Director
Mercer took the project to another
level. We're talking the country's
greatest minds, sequestered for
months and given unprecedented
access. *Codes. Weapons locations.*
Classified documents. They got all
the keys to the castle - and showed
us how to blow up the castle.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
This was John Mercer's brainchild?
(weighing this)
That's a huge problem.

FAYE
Yes, sir.

We don't know why yet, but they certainly do.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
Why don't I know about this?

FAYE
The project was disbanded five
years ago. The files were sealed.
But the six experts Mercer enlisted
came up with scenarios so
destructive... If they ever got
out...

DIRECTOR ALLEN
You worked for Mercer. Did you ever
happen to warn him this was a
colossally bad idea?

FAYE
Actually... Yes. Repeatedly.

Both silent for a beat, weighing the gravity of all this.

DIRECTOR ALLEN
So these "greatest minds"... How do
we find them now?

JUMP TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

A sprawling construction site where DOZENS OF MEN work on the
foundation of a massive building.

A Trump-like DEVELOPER in a hard hat leads DAVIS ALBRIGHT (40s, handsome, confident) through the sparking buzz saws and stacks of pipes. Davis wears a GQ-worthy suit and Italian leather shoes. He couldn't stand out more.

Chyron: Upstate New York.

DEVELOPER
So you're the guy who thinks my
building's gonna fall?

DAVIS
Your building will *definitely* fall,
regardless of what I think.

Davis STEPS IN MUD, inspects his priceless shoes, then stops to wipe them with a HANDKERCHIEF. Yes, Davis is the kind of guy who carries a handkerchief.

DEVELOPER
You all right, there?

DAVIS
Yes, it's just... I don't like
going in the field very much.

DEVELOPER
What's your job title, again?

DAVIS
Field Engineer.

DEVELOPER
(a beat)
Listen, my guys inspected this
property up and down, --

DAVIS
Your men inspected their individual
sections.
(glancing to a WORKER with
a HAMMER)
When you're a hammer, all your
problems look like nails, right?
Well, I like to think of myself as
the entire tool box, so I see
things a bit more... holistically.

DEVELOPER
Funny, all *my* problems look like
smug field engineers.

He hands the Developer his MUD-STAINED HANDKERCHIEF.

DAVIS
(what he came here to say)
Your soil's the problem.

DEVELOPER
The soil's --

DAVIS
 (rapid-fire)
 -- fine, for now. But the chemicals you plan to process are going to change its composition. Expansive soil -- while not as sexy as an earthquake or design flaw -- causes more structural damage than every natural disaster combined. First drought that hits, your overpriced pipes carrying toxic chemicals are going to burst, and you're going to have a *massive* problem.
 (adding)
 And then your building will fall.

DEVELOPER
 A lot of smart people are telling me I've got nothing to worry about. Why should I listen to you?

As if on cue, a HELICOPTER chops its way onto the site, scattering debris and blowing the hard hat off the Developer's head. TWO DHS AGENTS jump out and approach Davis:

DHS AGENT #1
 (yelling over the noise)
 Dr. Albright, if you could come with us, please. Homeland Security needs your expertise immediately.

Off Davis' look to the Developer, JUMP TO:

INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT - NEW ORLEANS - MORNING

ELLE TRASK (late 30s, hyper-intelligent and articulate as hell with a bonus of vivacious southern charm), sits in front of her laptop at her desk doing a Skype interview for a popular media outlet.

Chyron: New Orleans

INTERVIEWER
 We're back with renowned physicist, MD, and author, Elle Trask. Doctor, you've had undeniable influence as a "popularizer of science," making complex ideas digestible for the masses. But your critics accuse you of promoting scientific breakthroughs in ethical gray areas.

ELLE
 (with a warm smile)
 Jody, history is full of brilliant scientists who invented harmful things. The Nobel Prize was named after a man who killed his brother inventing dynamite.
 (MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)
 But stifling our capacity for innovation simply because we have the *potential* to cause harm is - to put it in "digestible" terms - throwing the baby out with the bathwater.

INTERVIEWER
 But can't innovation go too far?

ELLE
 I truly believe that any problem we create, we can solve. Technology is not the danger. Our primal urge to harm each other is.

INTERVIEWER
 Dr. Elle Trask, thank you. We'll be back.

The RED LIGHT on Elle's camera turns off as the interview ends. Upon standing, REVEAL that while Elle has been elegantly dressed from the waist up (the portion on camera), she wears nothing but panties below.

In fact, Elle's apartment encapsulates her personality -- perfect if you only get a glimpse, but utterly disordered.

She drops her blouse to the floor and walks to a HANDSOME NAKED MAN, barely under a sheet on the couch. Wine glasses and a tipped over bottle line the coffee table.

ELLE
 Sorry about that.

HANDSOME MAN
 No, I like it. Especially that the part about primal urges.

As Elle laughs and crawls on top of him... *KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK*. She stops, looks to the door. Clearly not expecting someone.

AS THE DOOR OPENS, a pair of DHS Agents looked surprised. THEIR POV: Elle stands confidently in nothing but her underwear, covering her chest with her arm.

ELLE
 Can I help you?

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. / INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAWN

Another SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN, popping a bottle of champagne.

Chyron: Los Angeles

A POOLSIDE PARTY at a mansion tucked in the Hollywood Hills, still going strong at 5am.

The debaucherous fun and the SQUEAL of a girl being thrown into a pool is immediately juxtaposed, though, as we head INSIDE to --

A quiet study adorned with AWARDS, MOVIE POSTERS, and FRAMED 'VARIETY' HEADLINES. Here we meet WARREN MOORE (40s, British-American, perpetually tipsy with a Hugh Grant charm), leading a BEAUTIFUL GIRL who marvels at the posh surroundings.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
You have your own Award Room?

WARREN
This is my bar room. It just happens to be filled with awards.

The Girl reads aloud from a FRAMED ARTICLE as Warren prepares her a drink at the BAR.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
"With Warren Moore, we have entered a renaissance in the action screenplay. The pulp and wit of Die Hard, with -- "

WARREN
-- "the unbridled imagination of Jules Verne."
(returning with her drink)
My prose is vastly superior to Verne's, but I appreciate the sentiment.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
And what's this one?

AN UNASSUMING BRONZE BUST has caught the girl's eye.

WARREN
The Olivier Award. Best dramatic playwright.
(a true pang of nostalgia)
But I'm afraid that was a thankless toil. Artistic satisfaction, it turns out, doesn't get you the gated house, or the cars, or...

A SECOND BEAUTIFUL GIRL suddenly enters, a total knockout.

WARREN (CONT'D)
(pleasantly surprised)
... the women.

Before he can even smile and chat the new girl up --

SECOND BEAUTIFUL GIRL
You're Warren, right? There's a bunch of creepy guys in suits downstairs looking for you.

Off Warren's curiosity, JUMP TO:

INT. THE WYNN CASINO - LAS VEGAS - MORNING

A SECURITY GUARD IN A SUIT, on the loud blinking floor of the Wynn Casino in Las Vegas. He speaks into an earpiece:

SECURITY GUARD
Got it. Understood.

Chyron: Las Vegas

He walks into the SPORTS LOUNGE, where BEER GUTS and EX-FRAT BROS smoke cigars and holler at various games.

Standing out in the crowd -- a meek hipster nerd jotting numbers in a notebook like an over-eager kid in chemistry class. This is NATE HENSLEY (30s).

The Security Guard approaches when--

NATE
(sternly)
No way....

150-pound Nate is surprisingly unafraid of this guy.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, --

NATE
It's sports betting, not card counting. I can't cheat. So if you don't want me winning three hundred thousand dollars in a sitting, create better point spreads.

SECURITY GUARD
Mr. Hensley, --

NATE
I'm a *professional analyst*. Predicting the future is what I do for a living. But *predicting* is not *cheating* --

SECURITY GUARD
Sir!
(finally quieting him)
The Department of Homeland Security is here to see you. They say it's an emergency.

Nate calms down, a bit embarrassed. Looks across the floor to see a PHALANX OF AGENTS walking toward him.

NATE
Okay, well *that* I did not see coming.

Off the PHALANX OF AGENTS hustling over, MATCH TO:

EXT. NAVY SEAL TRAINING BASE - VIRGINIA BEACH - DAY

A TROOP OF NAVY SEAL TRAINEES, jogging in perfect precision.

Chyron: Virginia

Establish the sprawling Naval Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Virginia. SQUADS OF SAILORS on runs, TRAINEES crawling under barbed wire. An active training base in full swing.

DHS AGENTS in the typical BLACK SUV talk through the open window with a NAVAL COMMANDER and his AIDE.

COMMANDER
Chris Wyatt, huh?

The way he says the name, it's like the guy's a celebrity around here.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
He's on a full-gear run followed by an amphibious assault course. Takes about two hours, and he still has 45 minutes left, so you gentlemen are welcome to wait back at the...

He trails off, realizing that, in the distance, a lone SEAL is SCALING A WALL, landing, and SHREDDING targets with his rifle as he weaves through the final obstacles and SIMULATED EXPLOSIONS of the course. This is CHRIS WYATT (30s).

The Commander gives an I'll-be-damned grin.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Or, you can talk to him now.

As we watch Chris triumphantly head toward us...

FAYE (V.O.)
(PRE-LAP)
There's just one problem.

INT. HALLWAY - DHS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

We're back in the hallway conversation from earlier, between Faye and Director Allen.

FAYE
The team's computer specialist died of a brain tumor two years ago. Team's one short.

The Director doesn't have time for problems. He shoots back:

DIRECTOR ALLEN
Well... who's the best cyber security analyst in the country?

INT. BOARDROOM - TECH FIRM - WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

Chyron: Washington, D.C.

A SLICK GUY IN AN OXFORD SHIRT, let's call him COREY, leans back in his chair and folds his arms, cocky and proud.

COREY
Arthur, let me tell you how
confident I am. In every system I
install, I put a folder of my own
nude selfies, because I know, NO
ONE'S getting into these files.

Don't worry... this isn't our hero.

We pan down the glossy conference table in the sleek glass office, as various SMART-LOOKING GUYS fumble over each other to impress ARTHUR, the boss at the head.

RAJ
The firewalls are state-of-the art.
Completely impenetrable.

DANE
Like a nun's panties.

Not him, either...

Finally we reach KAYLA GREENE (29). *This is our hero.* (And incidentally the only woman in the room). Kayla is efficient, irreverent, not particularly interested in making friends, and currently rolling her eyes at all this alpha banter.

RAJ
Someone would have to *physically*
access a computer in the building
to steal information, and there are
simply too many obstacles.

DANE
They'd have to go past two security
checkpoints, into a guarded
elevator, past a retinal scanner, --

KAYLA
They wouldn't have to get past the
parking lot.

Silence as all eyes look to Kayla. We'll come to learn she does this kind of thing a lot.

Kayla produces a FLASH DRIVE and slides it to the middle of the table. The others look on skeptically.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
All someone would have to do is
drop a two-dollar flash drive in
your parking lot.
(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Whoever finds it thinks it was
dropped by someone who works here,
and when they bring it upstairs to
check what's on it --
(with a snap)
-- a Trojan horse activates,
stealing every file from your
system in seconds.

COREY
Cute theory. But that's assuming a
lot. What makes you think that
would actually work?

Kayla spins her laptop toward them.

KAYLA
It already did.
(to the very displeased
Arthur)
You hired me to see if I could hack
into your system. Your real problem
is I didn't even have to try.

She stands, collects her things and exits the stunned room,
but not before turning back to Corey:

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Nice selfies, by the way. You
should get a warmer apartment.

EXT. TECH FIRM - WASHINGTON D.C. - MOMENTS LATER

As Kayla marches out of the building with confidence, she's
met with a WALL OF DHS AGENTS.

DHS AGENT #4
Kayla Greene?
(flashing a badge)
Homeland Security is requesting
your assistance immediately.

Kayla is beyond confused. She stares down the line of agents.

KAYLA
Yeah... I'm gonna pass. Saving the
government isn't exactly high on my
priority list today.

DHS AGENT #4
How about saving everyone else?

Off Kayla: *What the hell's going on?*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. CAR / EXT. CITY STREETS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Chyron: Washington, D.C.

A MINI-MOTORCADE as POLICE CARS lead and tail a black SEDAN as it passes ICONIC D.C. LANDMARKS. Kayla sits in the back seat, quiet and perplexed, staring out at INNOCENT PEOPLE in the street blindly going about their day. CHILDREN IN A SCHOOLYARD laugh and play. Time seems to slow until --

They pull up to an INTENTIONALLY NONDESCRIPT BUILDING on a city street. The stenciled sign reads: BELTWAY SOAP COMPANY.

KAYLA
This is Homeland Security?

DHS AGENT #4
Not officially.

INT. BELTWAY SOAP BUILDING - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Kayla is led through a dim lobby, past RETINAL SCANNERS, up a GUARDED ELEVATOR, down a LONG STERILE HALLWAY, and finally through HISSING DOORS into --

INT. THE HUB - DAY

-- the HUB, a high-tech TRI-LEVEL room with multiple workstations, a TOUCHSCREEN CONFERENCE TABLE, GIANT PLASMA SCREENS everywhere - like a war-room from the future.

DAVIS, ELLE, WARREN, NATE, and CHRIS, already gathered, staring back at Kayla, every one of them with the same question, which Warren vocalizes with charm:

WARREN
And who might you be?

She hesitates. Feels like Alice through the looking glass.

KAYLA
...Kayla Greene.

WARREN
Kayla. You wouldn't happen to know why we're here, would you?

KAYLA
I was told there was a think tank. And an emergency. And I was needed.

NATE
(sizing her up)
You're the new Alec?

KAYLA
I don't -- Alec?

A look among the others. Alec is their friend who is dead now, but no one chooses to bring that detail up to Kayla.

WARREN
Alec was our illustrious group's previous hacker.

NATE
No one says "hacker."

KAYLA
I'm a cyber security consultant.

NATE
NSA?

KAYLA
Private sector.

NATE
A White Hat. Committing crimes against companies then getting paid for it.

WARREN
A benevolent saboteur.

KAYLA
(to Warren)
That's good. Can I have it for my business cards?

WARREN
Allow me to make introductions.
(gesturing to Davis)
Dr. Davis Albright, engineer, architect, habitually well-dressed. Formerly youngest-ever head of disaster prevention for FEMA.

Davis in the midst of cleaning his Cartier watch. He gives a confident smile and nod as we clock Elle staring at him disapprovingly.

WARREN (CONT'D)
The skeptical young man in front of you is Nate Hensley, founder and editor-in-chief of The New Oracle.

KAYLA
(familiar)
The analytics website. You do sports predictions.

NATE
Sports, politics, the stock market, code-breaking...

WARREN
Basically anything a man thinks of
to delay an orgasm.

ELLE
Whereas we ladies simply think of
you.

Warren and Elle share a good-natured smile. Warren gestures:

WARREN
And the lovely Doctor --

KAYLA
Elle Trask. I'm familiar with your
work.
(back to Warren)
Yours as well. I like your movies.

WARREN
Do you? And my plays?

CHRIS
(a friendly jab)
No one's seen your plays, Warren.
(shakes Kayla's hand)
Commander Chris Wyatt, Naval
Special Warfare Instructor.

WARREN
Chris is Captain America by way of
Harvard. A PhD in anthropology AND
a masters in military strategy. And
were there any justice in the world
would still be on the illustrious
SEAL TEAM 6.

There's a story, here, but one Chris doesn't seem keen on
telling.

Davis is cleaning his watch again. A little OCD.

ELLE
I swear, Davis, if you clean that
thing one more time...

Elle snatches the little cloth from him and throws it away.

WARREN
(quick aside to Kayla)
Oh, those two were married.
(as Davis and Elle glower
at each other)
Now they're not.

CHRIS
Look, as fun as this little high
school reunion is, -- where the
hell's Mercer?

WARREN
 (to Kayla)
 John Mercer is the founder of this
 little project. He's the one who --

They hear the KEY PAD and the HISS OF THE DOOR.

WARREN (CONT'D)
 Well, I'll let him tell you
 himself.

The DOOR OPENS, but instead of the man they seem to be
 expecting, in walks FAYE, the Deputy Director. Everyone is
 noticeably surprised.

WARREN (CONT'D)
 (to Faye)
 John, you've changed your hair.

Faye walks straight to Kayla and shakes her hand.

FAYE
 Kayla Greene? Faye Walsh, Deputy
 Director of Homeland Security.
 Thank you for coming.

WARREN
 You got a promotion.

Faye doesn't like these people. She smiles at no one and
 shakes no one else's hand. She uses a touchscreen interface
 to push information to THE LARGEST FLATSCREEN as she talks.

FAYE
 Last night, the CDC in Atlanta was
 breached using the EXACT plan the
 five of you devised.
 (lets that land)
 THIS MORNING, we discovered that
 all the Doomsday Project files were
 stolen. We can't determine exactly
 when they were taken - but we know
 they're gone.

It hits the team like a freight train. Their stomachs sinking
 with concern and contrition. This just became real.

WARREN
 I'm sorry, *where* is Mercer, again?

FAYE
 He disappeared. Six days ago.

CHRIS
 Disappeared? As in --

FAYE
 Thin air.

This news seems to hit even harder than the first bit.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 Bottom line: every brilliant
 scenario you "geniuses" dreamed up
 to decimate our country is out
 there. Somewhere. Along with HIM.

She SWIPES TO A GOVERNMENT PHOTO OF JOHN MERCER (60s,
 avuncular with kind eyes).

ELLE
 You're not saying *Mercer* did this?

CHRIS
 Impossible. The man's a patriot.

ELLE
 The Doomsday Project was Mercer's
 baby. He'd die before he let
 anything happen to it.

NATE
 Maybe he did.

Elle shoots Nate a disapproving stare.

FAYE
 I don't know if Mercer is involved
 or not - but I do know this...
 (swipes to a new screen)
 ... is the last place we saw him.

ON THE SCREEN: John Mercer coming out of the SECURE SERVER
 ROOM. **He looks directly at the security camera as he passes** -
 his look one that could be construed as regret.

FAYE (CONT'D)
 As you can guess, the server
 containing the Doomsday Project
 files was in that room.

ELLE
 This can't be what it looks like.

FAYE
 Believe me, I hope it's not true,
 also. John Mercer was my mentor,
 and a true friend. But our job
 right now is to solve the crisis at
 hand.
 (a beat)
 We've determined that the CDC break-
 in was done by a small Indonesian
 group that call themselves the
 "Hantu" - their word for "Ghosts."

We see FACES ON SCREEN: a few HARDENED SOLDIER-LOOKING TYPES.
 One of them unmistakably the LEADER from the opening scene.

CHRIS
 (reading the name)
 Rama Darmali - former Kopassus?

FAYE
They all are. But he's in charge.

CHRIS
(off the group's looks)
Indonesian Special Forces. These
guys are the real deal.

KAYLA
So wait you're saying that Mercer -
(off everyone's looks)
- or *whoever* stole the Doomsday
files - sold them to the Hantu?

FAYE
That's the working theory.

Faye swipes A VIDEO to the screen: **Rows of bodies covered in
sheets** on the dirt road of a poor Indonesian village.

FAYE (CONT'D)
The Hantu blame our country for
deaths in their villages caused by
unethical drug trials done there by
a handful of U.S. based
pharmaceutical companies.

She swipes to photos of Hantu members with their FAMILIES.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Every one of these men lost
someone. Friends, siblings.

The last photo is of RAMA with his WIFE AND YOUNG DAUGHTER.
Something about the image makes Kayla instantly empathize.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Rama here lost his entire family.
They've got a legitimate grievance.

KAYLA
And a hell of a message to send.

FAYE
You've all met Kayla Greene, I
assume. If you have questions about
her qualifications --
(Nate's hand shoots up)
-- I'll address them another time.
For now, suffice to say - you can
trust her.

WARREN
Like you've always trusted us?

FAYE
(to everyone)
Sorry if I'm the only person in
your lives that doesn't kiss your
rings constantly.
(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

I happen to look past your genius
and see you all as reckless,
walking liabilities who have
personally compromised our nation's
security.

(then)

Your minds opened Pandora's Box.
Time to close it.

CHRIS

So bring up our files and let's do
this.

FAYE

The server containing the Doomsday
scenarios was corrupted and wiped
clean when the files were stolen.

KAYLA

The files weren't backed up?

FAYE

For security purposes, they were
kept on one server only.

WARREN

In retrospect, that seems like a
bad idea, doesn't it?

ELLE

Wait - so that means the only place
you have these scenarios now is in
our heads.

FAYE

That's the only reason you people
are here - instead of a brand new
team of experts.

KAYLA

(trying to stay positive)

Well... How complicated are they to
remember?

DAVIS

We were sequestered for three
months and came up with over a
hundred step-by-step scenarios...

KAYLA

So... *complicated*.

FAYE

Today you only have to remember
ONE. Hope you've got good memories.

Off the group's faces, still processing the monumental task
in front of them.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

CLOSE ON a finger drawing on a hand-held touchscreen pad.
REVEAL Elle, standing, writing the words DEAD HAND - the HUGE
FLATSCREENS displaying her handiwork as she writes.

ELLE
We called it Dead Hand Scenario.
And yes, it involves very specific
plans for a CDC break-in.

DAVIS
Wait, I thought the CDC break-in
was Dragonfly Scenario.

WARREN
Dragonfly Scenario is the one with
the submarine.

Elle waits patiently - clearly accustomed to having to deal
with the boys going off on tangents.

NATE
No, the sub is in Jupiter Scenario.
Jupiter's the god of the sea.

DAVIS
Neptune's the god of the --

KAYLA
Hey guys - maybe you should argue
about what it's called *after* we
stop it from happening.

Another way to handle things. Elle continues:

ELLE
The testing wing in the CDC is like
a super-max prison for the world's
deadliest diseases. All the bad
apples -- Ebola, smallpox, SARS...

NATE
But the second step of the scenario
depends on what diseases you steal.
There was a flowchart.

FAYE
A flowchart? Seriously?

WARREN
Kind of like a "Choose Your Own
Adventure" book from hell.

ELLE
But I'm betting the Hantu only
stole one.

FAYE
(with a confirming nod)
Marburg.

Elle writes "MARBURG" and it appears on screen in a flow-chart box with an arrow leading from it.

In a flash, Kayla has the screens filled with INFO ABOUT MARBURG - descriptions, photos.

Until Chris stands and fills in "AMIE" after Elle's arrow.

CHRIS
(pointing to each letter)
Airborne. Mass. Infection. Event.

NATE
(not good)
Now I remember...

FAYE
So, what, a plague?

WARREN
A plague with a twist.

ELLE
The Marburg virus is not airborne in its natural state. The next step in Dead Hand Scenario is acquiring a device that can MAKE IT airborne. It's called a "Viral Splicer."

DAVIS
But it's purely theoretical.
Doesn't exist.

FAYE
That doesn't make sense. Why would your doomsday scenario involve something that doesn't exist yet?

NATE
The government's already prepared for any number of regular outbreaks. But we were ordered to think *outside* the box...

KAYLA
People don't guard against what they think is impossible.

Nate doesn't need confirmation from the new girl and gives Kayla a deliberate side-eye. She doesn't give a shit.

DAVIS
We wouldn't be very good at our jobs if we came up with scenarios Homeland Security is already prepared for.

KAYLA
 How would it work?
 (off Elle's look)
 The "viral splicer?"

Elle falls right into her pop-science persona - engaging, buoyant, putting it in layman's terms.

ELLE
 Here's our Marburg.

She draws an angry face - which appears up on screen.

ELLE (CONT'D)
 He wants to kill everybody, but fortunately he can't get in the air. He relies on person-to-person contact to spread. Much easier for us to stop.

She draws a happy face up higher on screen. Draws little wings on it. Davis can't help but smile - admiring her.

ELLE (CONT'D)
 And here's the common cold. It can fly, but that's okay, because it's basically harmless.
 (then)
 But if Marburg could hitch a ride on the cold? Get airborne that way? Then we're in big trouble.

Kayla got what she needed. Opens her LAPTOP and starts TYPING, determined. We're not sure what she's doing yet.

ELLE (CONT'D)
 Scientists in Rotterdam did something similar with Bird Flu but it took months in a lab and it's difficult to replicate. The Viral Splicer would speed that up. You could do it instantaneously.

FAYE
 Why would anyone want to invent something like that?

ELLE
 Its original intention was to spread vaccines. There are actually a lot of positive applications for the science...

WARREN
 That's what they said about the atom bomb.

ELLE
 Again, it's only theoretical, nobody's completed a successful --

KAYLA
Dynalabs.
(all eyes turn to her)
Dynalabs. In Philadelphia. They
built a prototype Viral Splicer.

We clock Elle, looking down, visibly more worried than the others. Or perhaps more contrite.

WARREN
So much for "theoretical."

With a swipe of her hand she pushes a diagram of the Viral Splicer to the big screens for all to see.

FAYE
How did you find this?

KAYLA
I used your login info to access
Homeland Security's primary system
and used those resources to find
their contract with the defense
department.
(off Faye's look)
I'm an "ask forgiveness not
permission" kind of a girl.

NATE
And you did all that in under a
minute?

KAYLA
Thirty-five seconds. Give or take.

As the team trades looks, Faye's wheels are still spinning.

FAYE
What if they deviate from your
scenario? Throw it in the water
supply, inject it into someone...?

WARREN
Then a lot of people die a pretty
painful death.
(off her look)
Oh, were you hoping for a more
reassuring answer?

CHRIS
Parachuting onto the roof, entering
through the vents, stealing only
Marbug... So far they've followed
our scenario to the letter. We have
to assume they'll keep going -
otherwise we're flying blind.

Faye thinks a beat. Nods. Off her decisiveness --

PRELAP SOUND OF HELICOPTER BLADES

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

Behind or on the grounds of The Hub's campus.

Faye prepares to board a waiting CHOPPER, flanked by a couple of gunned up DHS AGENTS and a similarly gunned up Chris.

The rest of the Doomsday Team here to see them off.

KAYLA
So that's it?

FAYE
That's it for now.
(re: Chris)
We're going to Dynalabs to stop
them from getting to this device.
You stay put. And later, the rest
of you can answer the fifty
thousand questions I've got.

WARREN
Tell me again why he's going. Is
Homeland Security short on brooding
alpha males with guns?

CHRIS
"People sleep peaceably in their
beds at night only because rough
men stand ready to do violence on
their behalf."

WARREN
Did you just quote George Patton to
me?

CHRIS
I'm going because I can help finish
this.
(walking away)
And it was George Orwell.

Warren smiles, always loving a verbal joust with Chris.

ELLE
Faye - no matter what - you cannot
let them get the Viral Splicer.

FAYE
I'm aware of the stakes, Elle.

Faye turns to go, but Elle grabs her arm.

ELLE
No. *Please*. It shouldn't exist.
You should destroy it.

Kayla watching this exchange - clocking how personal Elle's
taking this thing. Seeing this, Warren whispers:

WARREN
 (sotto, to Kayla)
 Remember when Elle said the Viral
 Splicer was "theoretical?"
 (off her look)
 Guess which beloved scientist first
 published that theory?

His eyes go to a distressed Elle watching Faye and Chris board the chopper. As it takes off, we stay with our team staring at each other - feeling useless - and we MATCH TO:

INT. HUB - DAY

The team waits idly. The mood is grim. Kayla at a workstation by herself off to one side. Warren typing away on his laptop, only half paying attention.

ELLE
 This is our fault.

WARREN
 It isn't our fault.

NATE
 This is absolutely, unequivocally,
by design our fault --
 (distracted by Warren's
 typing)
 -- Warren, are you *typing* a
screenplay right now?

WARREN
 I'm on deadline. The world doesn't
 stop just because the world's about
 to stop.

Annoyed by everything about this conversation, Davis leaves the table and goes over to Kayla. She's tracking Faye and Chris's progress on her workstation. Assuming that's why Davis came over:

KAYLA
 They should be at Dynalabs in
 twenty minutes.

DAVIS
 You know we never would've found
 Dynalabs without you.

KAYLA
 (eyeing Nate)
 Not sure everybody feels that way.

DAVIS
 You know why Nate's so hard on you?

KAYLA
Because he's a socially inept
number-cruncher who has problems
with talented women. It's okay, I
know the type.

They both smile. From across the room, *Elle* notices. Davis
secretly relishes.

DAVIS
It's not that. Nate's like if the
kid everyone shoved on the
schoolyard grew up to be wealthy
and respected, but was too used to
being shoved to ever trust people.
(off Kayla's sympathetic
look)
It also doesn't help that he was in
love with the man you replaced.

KAYLA
Alec? They were together?

DAVIS
Alec didn't know. Nate could never
bring himself to tell him. I saw
him at Alec's funeral. He couldn't
stop crying.

Kayla takes that in. She didn't realize Alec was dead.

Elle can't stop glancing over at Kayla and Davis. She breaks
the grim silence at the table - loud enough to break up Davis
and Kayla's moment across the room:

ELLE
We should search Mercer's office.

That gets everyone's attention.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Come on. It's right across the
courtyard.
(off their hesitation)
Faye Walsh says John Mercer is a
turncoat and we're just going to
take her word for it?

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Floor length windows looking down on the courtyard. Mercer's
office is expansive, luxurious... and a total disaster.

Somebody already searched the place and left it a mess -
drawers and cabinets open and the contents spilled out.

ELLE
They've already been here.

WARREN

(slyly)
They suspect the man of high
treason, I'm sure they had a peek.

DAVIS

This is a mistake. We shouldn't be
in here.

Kayla picks up a framed photo of a YOUNGER MERCER with a
WOMAN and a YOUNG BOY.

ELLE

(to Kayla)
Mercer's wife and son. They died
on 9/11. In the towers. That's what
this was all for. Making sure
something like that never happened
again.

DAVIS

What exactly are you expecting to
find? A secret message he left us
encoded with his whereabouts?

Kayla turns over another of Mercer's framed photos. Whatever
it is she sees in the photo SHOCKS her. Her eyes wide.

IN THE PHOTO: a young Mercer with THREE OTHER smiling people,
including a 30something WOMAN in a Navy dress uniform.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RURAL HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Quickly establish a WORN RURAL HOMESTEAD on a flat plot of
land - American flag waving over a modest porch.

A family portrait on a coffee table: It's the Woman from the
photo in Mercer's office, along with an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Kayla
and Kayla's FATHER.

The flashback is WASHED OUT and mostly SOUNDLESS but MUFFLED
SOBS and DISTORTED VOICES lead us over to --

Eight-year-old Kayla on a sofa as TWO MILITARY MEN give their
condolences to KAYLA'S FATHER, who doubles over in tears.

DAVIS (O.S.)

Kayla...?

BACK TO:

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kayla snaps out of her memory. Looks up to see the others
staring at her.

DAVIS
You all right?

Kayla tries to shake it off. Turns away from the wall.

KAYLA
Yeah. Sorry, I just...

Warren's not buying it. He approaches the picture. Notes the nametag on the woman...

WARREN
Lt. Colonel Greene... rather
stunning coincidence, don't you
think, that the woman in the photo
you spent thirty seconds staring at
shares your last name?

KAYLA
...It's my mother.

The others come over to see.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
She was Naval intelligence, she --
she died when I was eight. Not long
after this picture was taken,
probably.

ELLE
And she knew Mercer? What the hell
is going on here?

KAYLA
Trust me, I'm as surprised as you
are.

NATE
Mercer goes missing and you show up
out of nowhere, and now we find out
your mother worked in *intelligence*,
and *knew* him?

WARREN
(adding)
Well enough that he kept the photo
on his desk. I couldn't get away
with that in even the most
outlandish of my scripts.
(pointed)
You can't tell us there's no
connection.

Kayla feeling the walls close in. Knows she has to be
completely honest, here, but she's hating every moment.

KAYLA
There is *some* connection. But --
it's not what you think.
(then)
I never believed the official story
about my mother's death.
(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Even as a kid. Always felt like
there was some kind of a cover up.
So... when I was 19 I hacked into
the D.O.D. looking for answers.

FLASH TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

NINETEEN YEAR OLD Kayla at her computer - her ROOMMATE trying
to sleep on the other side of the room.

KAYLA (V.O.)
I wasn't as good at covering my
tracks back then.

FEDERAL AGENTS burst through the door and grab up Kayla.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Nineteen-year-old Kayla, arms crossed, radiating attitude at
the TWO FEDS wagging fingers at her from across the table.
Even at nineteen, Kayla took no shit.

KAYLA (V.O.)
Instead of going to prison, I
agreed to do favors for the Federal
government from time to time.

BACK TO:

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

DAVIS
Favors like being here today.

KAYLA
(with a nod)
But as far as Mercer goes - I'd
never heard of him until today.
(then)
They usually bring me in to show
them how they're overspending on
security because the bugs are
already in their systems.

And with that, Warren's eyes light up with realization.

WARREN
What'd you just say?

KAYLA
Mercer. I never knew he was --

WARREN
No, no. *Already in their system...*
(a stunning realization)
(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)
Oh dear god...The Hantu have more
than one of our scenarios.

ELLE
What are you talking about?

EXT. DYNALABS - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

SWOOP IN ON CITY COPS and SQUAD CARS already surrounding DYNALABS, an aging collegiate-looking building in the middle of Philadelphia.

They've evacuated the building and created a perimeter, but haven't entered the building - they're waiting for:

A caravan of DHS SUV's - Faye and Chris and company - RUMBLE in as a COP waves them through.

WARREN (V.O.)
Secure buildings -- banks, military
bases, laboratories -- you can't
just waltz into them.

Chyron: Philadelphia

QUICK CUTS as DHS AGENTS pour out of the SUV's and mount their sentry posts. Some running inside. Some taking positions outside. Faye and Chris giving unheard directions.

SNIPERS on the rooftops, pulling the BOLTS of their RIFLES in sequence. CA-CHUNK, CA-CHUNK, CA-CHUNK --

WARREN (V.O.)
But they get supply shipments just
like anybody else.

INT. DYNALABS VAULT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside one of the laboratory rooms, TWO DHS AGENTS enter with AR-15s - clear the room and take up their post keeping watch over the VIRAL SPLICER.

DAVIS (V.O.)
(realizing)
Our Houdini Scenario.

INT. DYNALABS SUPPLY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A LARGE DRUM marked "CAUTION: HAZARDOUS MATERIAL - DO NOT X-RAY," resting among others in a dim storage room.

WARREN (V.O.)
Exactly. They're *combining our plans*. It doesn't matter how many agents Faye puts outside the lab because --

Until a SCREW appears to TWIST ITSELF out of the top of the drum.

The HIGH-PITCHED HUM of a hand drill as the screw falls to the ground, pings, and rolls to a stop.

Somebody's in there.

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

WARREN
-- they're already inside.

"Oh shit" looks on everybody's faces before we're back to --

INT. DYNALABS VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Back with the two DHS AGENTS guarding the Viral Splicer. One of them TAPPED ON THE SHOULDER. Turns to find RAMA holding a gun in his face and a second Hantu with a gun to the other Agent's head. Both of them wear Philadelphia Police uniforms.

Rama puts a finger to his mouth. Shhhh.

KAYLA (O.S.)
(prelap)
What's Houdini Scenario?

EXT. THE HUB - COURTYARD - DAY

Warren, Davis, Elle, Nate, Kayla, all hustling across The Hub's courtyard trying to get back to the Control Center. Davis desperately dialing and re-dialing.

WARREN
"Houdini" involves - among other things - breaking OUT of a guarded building instead of breaking IN, then escaping in the mayhem, dressed as law enforcement.

KAYLA
The mayhem?

EXT. DYNALABS - DAY

Chris stands on alert along with a team of TEN AGENTS near the building. He answers his phone:

CHRIS
Yeah?

EXT. THE HUB - COURTYARD - DAY

Davis with the phone to his ear -

DAVIS
 (to the others)
 Got him!
 (to Chris)
 Chris --

But Warren SNATCHES THE PHONE from him.

WARREN
 Chris, it's Warren!

CHRIS
 I'm a little busy, right now, so --

WARREN
 You need to get your people away
 from that building.

INTERCUT CHRIS AND THE TEAM

CHRIS
 I what? Warren --

WARREN
Now.

CHRIS
 (getting the urgency)
 Everybody away from the building!

WITH FAYE out by the perimeter. She sees Chris and other Agents retreating from the building. Furrows her brow.

BACK TO CHRIS as he hustles away from the building.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 What the hell's going on?

WARREN (O.S.)
 Well, if I'm not mistaken, there's
 about to be a rather sizeable --

BOOM! -- Dynalabs' East wall EXPLODES.

Chris and his men are either flattened or thrown like rag dolls. Fortunately far enough away, now, not to be killed.

WITH FAYE - Ducking behind an SUV as pieces of the wall tumble down around them, even this far from the building.

WITH CHRIS - Ears RINGING. Momentarily deaf from the noise. Destruction surrounds him. He looks to see --

RAMA AND HIS THREE 'GHOSTS'. All dressed as cops - mounting four unattended POLICE BIKES. Taking advantage of the chaos and ZOOMING AWAY through the smoke.

Strapped to one of their backs -- the device that will let them spread an unstoppable plague, killing millions.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

HEAVY FOOTFALLS chase the dwindling sound of MOTORCYCLES.

TILT UP to reveal Chris, bruised and dirty but otherwise unscathed, following the sound of the escaping Hantu.

The SMOKE from the lab explosion billows in the distance behind him. He exits the alley into --

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

-- the crowded street, just in time to see the four bikes hairpin into an UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE a few blocks away.

A CRACKLING as his earpiece comes to life.

KAYLA (O.S.)
-- you there? Chris? Can you hear
us, Chris?

CHRIS
I'm here.

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Nate, Davis, Elle, Warren, Kayla, all just arrived back at The Hub. Kayla at her workstation, operating The Hub's systems, the SCREENS ALL POPPING TO LIFE.

Sighs of relief around the room when they hear Chris's voice over the speakers.

NATE
Chris, you're alive. Thank god.

INTERCUT CHRIS AND THE HUB

CHRIS
So are a lot of other people thanks
to Warren.

WARREN
It was a team effort... Well
actually I suppose it was mostly
me.

CHRIS
You have my location? Rama and his
guys just ducked into an
underground parking garage.

Kayla brings up A MAP OF CHRIS'S LOCATION on one of the screens. A BLINKING BLUE LIGHT representing Chris.

DAVIS
We've got you, Chris.

KAYLA
The explosion knocked out
communications but I'm bypassing -
we're sending everybody to you.

Chris nearing the parking garage, now.

CHRIS
I'm not waiting.

A SEDAN SCREECHES to a stop across the street from Chris.
Faye exits the car, earpiece on and GUN in hand.

FAYE
Neither am I.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Guns out, Chris and Faye covering each other as they descend.

AT THE HUB

The rest of the team watching those blinking dots on screen,
LISTENING to Chris and Faye's breathing and footsteps as they
round the corners of the garage.

WARREN
Why a parking garage? They had us
on the ropes and then they corner
themselves?

DAVIS
They're going underground. Kayla is
there any way to get schematics for
that parking ga--

Before he can finish his question the PARKING GARAGE
SCHEMATICS appear on the touchscreen tabletop in front of
Davis. He looks to Kayla, impressed.

AT THE PARKING GARAGE

Chris and Faye rounding the FINAL CORNER. The Hantu are
nowhere to be seen, but--

DAVIS (CONT'D)
There's a water runoff tunnel less
than a mile from you. There's an
access point in the garage.
Southwest corner. In the floor.

WIDE METAL DOORS built into the concrete floor. Easy to miss.

CHRIS
Got it.

It's secured with a SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONIC KEYPAD.

FAYE
We're looking at a high-level
electric lock here. Any ideas?

DAVIS
...Nothing in the specs.
(to Kayla)
Access codes are stored with the
municipality.

KAYLA
On it.

Kayla's fingers flying.

DAVIS
(to Kayla)
Just be careful -- These city-run
sites use a patchwork of databases
and they'll lock you out if you
don't --

KAYLA
(heat of the moment)
I know what I'm doing.

Then an "oh shit" look on Kayla's face as she takes her
fingers off the keys.

CHRIS
There a problem?

KAYLA
I'm locked out.

Just what Davis tried to warn her about.

Nate shakes his head, turns to his own workstation.

NATE
Five minutes and I can work out an
algorithm to --

CHRIS
Yeah I'm just gonna shoot it.

BANG! Chris shoots the keypad.

The lock on the wide metal doors POPS OPEN.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
We're in.

As he and Faye pull the doors open --

KAYLA
(to Davis)
I should've listened to you.

DAVIS
It's okay.

KAYLA
 No, it's not.
 (then)
 But I never make the same mistake
 twice.

Without a hint of self-pity. Kayla's already moved on to whatever the next challenge might be.

INT. RUNOFF TUNNEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Faye, in the tunnel, guns drawn, no one in sight.

FAYE
 Pretty quick to pull that trigger,
 aren't you? Isn't that what got you
 benched in the SEALS?

CHRIS
 Got us down here, didn't I?
 (a beat)
 And for the record, pulling that
 trigger saved my team that day. The
 only mistake I made was
 embarrassing the commander who was
 too afraid to make the order.

FAYE
 Isn't that the whole deal with the
 military? Following orders?

CHRIS
 Sometimes following can get you
 into a lot more trouble than
 thinking for yourself.

A REVVING SOUND. LIKE MOTORCYCLE ENGINES STARTING UP.

THREE MOTORCYCLE HEADLIGHTS flash on, a hundred yards out...
 COMING AT Chris and Faye. They look to each other when --

POW! POW! Bullets WHIZZING by Chris and Faye from the
 oncoming motorcycles. Chris AIMS HIS GUN TOWARD THEM:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 (to Faye)
 Sorry I don't wait for people to --

BANGBANGBANG! Three quick shots from Faye and all three
oncoming bikes tumble and slide. Every shot hit center mass.

An impressed look from Chris.

KAYLA
 (off the silence)
 Chris? Faye? Are you okay?

CHRIS
 ...We're good.

FAYE
I was gonna say, I thought you did
the right thing.

A nod of respect between them, even a slight smile. Maybe
Faye isn't the uptight paper pusher they've grown to resent.

They check the Hantu's bodies. All dead. But -

CHRIS
There were four bikes... Where's
Rama?

FOOTSTEPS splashing in the tunnel from both directions. Chris
and Faye on alert but it's just the other DHS Agents.

FAYE
(to the agents)
Did anybody see the fourth bike?

Agents on both sides shake their heads, "no." Shit.

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - DAY - LATER

Hours later. Kayla, Nate, Elle, Warren and Davis waiting for
Faye and Chris's return. The mood, a little less hopeful.

WARREN
It takes a special kind of
ineptitude to be two steps behind
your own ideas.

ELLE
We outsmarted ourselves.
(remembering her interview
from earlier)
We can go too far.

Warren looks to Kayla, who is lost in thought...

WARREN
How about you? You look at
despondent as the rest of us, but
you had no hand in this. I take it
you're still wrapping your head
around other revelations?

KAYLA
(snapping out of it)
No, I'm fine. My head's where it
needs to be.

WARREN
(not dropping it)
You never did finish your story,
you know.
(off her look)
When you hacked the D.O.D. Did you
find the answers you were looking
for?

KAYLA
I found enough. Enough missing
files to tell me somebody's
covering up something.

WARREN
Is that what led you to computers
in the first place?

KAYLA
What, like an origin story?
Friendless, introverted girl loses
her mother and turns to the only
thing that gives her hope to make
sense of it all?

WARREN
Something like that, yes.

KAYLA
You've written too many movies. In
real life, people's motivations
aren't defined by a single tragedy.

WARREN
Tell that to our friend Rama.

They glance to the resting image of RAMA on screen.

KAYLA
You know, I understand what he's
doing on some level. I mean, not
the whole killing-the-entire-
western-world stuff, but...
(searching for the phrase)
Holding someone accountable.

DAVIS
You know, if we find Mercer, and he
really knew your mother... maybe
he'll have some answers for you.

KAYLA
Don't think that hasn't crossed my
mind.

The door HISSES and Chris hustles inside. Faye behind him.

FAYE
Rama's gone. Bridges and tunnels
are closed, highway checkpoints...

CHRIS
But thanks to us, he'll find a way
around that...

WARREN
I must say, this is the worst pep
rally ever.

FAYE
But we do have THIS.

Faye holds up a plastic bag containing a SMARTPHONE.

FAYE (CONT'D)
We got it off one of the Hantu.
It's locked. NSA says 24 hours to
crack it..

She slides the phone across the table to Kayla.

FAYE (CONT'D)
I'm betting you can do it faster.

A look between the other team members. That's a lot of faith
Faye's putting in the new girl.

NATE
Hold on. Maybe we should just give
it to the NSA? Let the
professionals do what they do.

DAVIS
Kayla *is* a professional.

NATE
The "proper authorities," then.

WARREN
Remember the San Bernardino
shooting? The "proper authorities"
had to hire an independent hacker
to crack the shooter's phone.

NATE
One slip-up and --

KAYLA
Should I weigh in on this
conversation or did you guys want
to talk about me in third person
for a few more minutes?
(then)
As Nate was about to say, one slip-
up and the phone bricks and
everything we have on these guys is
lost forever. And he's right. But
that's not going to happen.
(Re: the phone)
Because this thing? I'm Mozart on
this thing.

Faye nods. Go for it. Kayla plugs the phone into her system.
As she goes to work:

KAYLA (CONT'D)
By the way, that hacker the NSA
hired to crack the San Bernardino
phone?... You're looking at her.

Warren can't help but chuckle. Chris unbuckles his tactical
vest, settling in for a long wait.

CHRIS
How long before --

He's interrupted by the BEEP of Kayla's system as the SCREENS around the room LIGHT UP with INFORMATION FROM THE PHONE.

FAYE
Good work.

Faye looks to Nate, who with the slightest of nods tacitly accepts that maybe Kayla knows what she's doing.

FAYE (CONT'D)
Okay people, we've got who knows
how much intel to go through here.
Let's get to work.

As they all go to their workstations we DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. Everyone hustling... Progress on different screens...

UPSTAIRS at a bird's-nest workstation, Davis sits away from the others, analyzing data at a desk, when Elle approaches.

Elle sits and looks fondly at Davis. Opens her mouth to say something, but Davis, without looking up, speaks first:

DAVIS
Are you engaged, Elle?

ELLE
What?

Davis slides a PHONE across the desk.

DAVIS
You left it up here. "Richard" said
he had a great time last night. And
this morning.

ELLE
(unphased)
And did he happen to propose?

DAVIS
Your ring finger. There's an
indentation, like you've been
wearing a ring, but didn't today,
because you were going to see me.
(off Elle inspecting her
hand)
I notice things.

ELLE
You sure do, Davis. And like I've
always said, for someone so smart,
you are so damn clueless.

Davis is confused. Maybe we are too. But before we can dwell:

NATE (O.S.)
Got something!

NATE calls from downstairs, prompting everyone to converge.

DOWNSTAIRS, AT THE MAIN TABLE:

NATE (CONT'D)
Our guys are definitely planning to
release the virus into an
industrial air conditioning
system... I just don't know
where... or when.

On the FLATSCREENS, blueprints of A/C VENTILATION SYSTEMS.

CHRIS
Great. That narrows it down to
every building everywhere.

KAYLA
I've got something, too. A list of
names...

Kayla pushes the list to the big screens.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Bob Sturm. Dan McDowell. Evelyn
Wolcott. There's over a thousand,
and all of them seem to work for
pharmaceutical companies.

WARREN
A hit list? It makes sense - the
Hantu blame American Pharma
companies for the deaths in their
village.

ELLE
Not just a hit list. It's a *guest
list*.
(getting their attention)
Global Horizons Summit - the
biggest pharmaceutical conference
of the year is having their fancy
gala tonight. New York City.

KAYLA
(quick on the keys)
Looks like they rented out the MET
for a private opera. It starts in
two hours.

ELLE
That's their target.

As Elle continues, we SEE THE HYPOTHETICAL EVENTS SHE'S
DESCRIBING:

INT. VENTILATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rama detaches a CANNISTER of the transformed Marburg from the Viral Splicer and hooks it into the AC system.

*ELLE (V.O.)
Insert the virus into The Met's
ventilation system...*

INT. THE MET AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Pharmaceutical reps watch the show - everything in SLOW-MO as the virus - represented for the viewer by fine RED PARTICLES - falls upon them from numerous AC vents.

*ELLE (V.O.)
... Everybody in that room is
infected immediately.*

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

*ELLE (V.O.)
Some die within days...*

A FEVERED, BLEEDING PATIENT being rushed through a hallway...

INT. PASSENGER PLANE - DAY

A PHARMA REP, COUGHING on a commercial flight as the PARTICLES spread to the passengers around him.

*ELLE (V.O.)
The ones who last longer take it
with them...*

INT. THE HUB - NIGHT

*ELLE
...And just like that we're Europe
in the 1300s.*

*KAYLA
Making pharmaceutical leaders the
patient zeros in a pharmaceutically-
engineered plague...*

*WARREN
That's such a poetically evil idea,
it should have been mine.*

Faye pulls out her phone.

*DAVIS
What are you doing?*

FAYE
 Evacuating The Met. Calling the
 cavalry. Unless someone has a
 better plan?

A beat as everyone takes in what might be about to happen,
 but Kayla's mind is racing. Realizing something --

KAYLA
 Yeah.
 (off her look)
 Let him release it.
 (off EVERYONE'S look)
 You evacuate The Met, he'll just
 run. Do it somewhere else. Or
 worse, your people put guns in his
 face and he throws down the vial.
 Bang. Airborne Marburg gets
 released.

FAYE
 That much I follow...

KAYLA
 BUT... if we LET HIM release the
 virus into the ducts - isolate it
 there - maybe we can destroy it.

FAYE
 I don't have time for maybes. I
 need a real plan, now...
 (re: her phone)
 ... or we take our chances.

ELLE
 You could program the AC system to
 dilute the virus. It's how
 hospitals filter out contagions.
 (suddenly energized)
 You'd need a massive HEPA filter.
 But it would work.

DAVIS
 It... It's possible. You'd have to
 manually redirect some of the vents
 to make that work. But this isn't a
 hospital. The calculations you'd
 have to create on the fly would be
 impossible.

NATE
 If only we had a nerdy statistician
 who does calculations for fun.
 (then)
 It's an algorithm. If Kayla can get
 me in the system, I can do it.

FAYE
 Great. You can figure out the rest
 on the way.

KAYLA
Wait... *What?*

FAYE
We're going to New York. All of us.

DAVIS
We're a think tank.

NATE
We're supposed to just... *think*.

WARREN
I'm not even wearing sensible shoes.

CHRIS
They've got a point, Faye. Sending civilians into something like this?

FAYE
You're right. This isn't what you signed up for. And it's going to be dangerous.
(then)
But we have two hours until that event starts and right now only the six of you know how to stop this. I can't force any of you to go. But I am asking you...

Chris starts to stand, but Elle beats him to it.

ELLE
We came up with this thing. There's not a chance in hell any of us are passing up the chance to stop it.

The looks from Chris, Davis, Nate, and Warren say it all: they're ready to go.

ELLE (CONT'D)
Kayla, you don't bear the same responsibility the rest of us do. I think we'll all understand if --

KAYLA
(a finishing keystroke)
They're refueling the Chinook now. It'll be prepped in ten.

And for a beat, Faye actually seems proud of this team. She almost smiles.

FAYE
Let's do this.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CH-47 HELICOPTER / EXT. NYC - NIGHT

Kayla and the team buckled in the belly of the CH-47 chopper. Aside from Chris and Faye, everyone is as pale as you'd expect. This is an alien experience for them.

Chris puts on his final bit of tactical gear, then hands out KEVLAR VESTS to everyone, ending with Kayla.

KAYLA
What's this?

CHRIS
Bulletproof vest.

KAYLA
For what?

CHRIS
Bullets.

He CLICKS the final scope onto his AR-15 and sits back.

KAYLA
Oh. Great.

Not oblivious to Kayla's nerves, Chris decides to soften up for a moment and throw her a bone. He leans in closer.

CHRIS
I've been in your position before.
You're scared. Things can go wrong.
Just remember you're part of a
team. Focus on your own task -
nothing else. The rest disappears.

KAYLA
(appreciating it)
Is that what you tell your men
before a mission?

CHRIS
It's what I tell my son before he
goes to the plate in little league.
(sharing a smile)
But it works...

The PILOT clicks on his speaker.

PILOT
Preparing for descent...

Chyron: New York City

With the luminous NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE below, the Chinook bends a turn over the Upper Bay, past -- perhaps fittingly -- the STATUE OF LIBERTY herself.

EXT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Establish the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center - its distinguishing tall arches of glass and bronze glowing against its marble courtyard.

UNMARKED CARS pull up to the loading docks. Our TEAM inserts EAR PIECES, standing around Chris as he quarterbacks.

A TEAM OF DHS AGENTS stands behind them, their backup.

CHRIS

Okay, we all know the plan. This is a Hail Mary we're not allowed to drop. Elle, you're on the roof. Davis, the vents, Nate and Kayla, get to the boiler room and solve this. I'm our lead on the ground. And Faye's our eye in the sky.

WARREN

Oh, don't worry about me, I'm sure there's an open bar.

FAYE

Warren, we need all the eyes on the ground we can get. Pick an agent and attach yourself to them.

Warren looks down the line of BEARDED ALPHA MALES until he finds a STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL FEMALE AGENT at the end.

WARREN

(with a caddish grin)
Gladly.

INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

POP. A champagne bottle pours into a line of flutes on a bar. THEN WIDE, to show a buzzing lobby as a few elegantly dressed PHARMACEUTICAL PROFESSIONALS grab their drinks and lead us through the doors into --

INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - THEATER - NIGHT

-- the 3,000-seat theater, every one filled. The OPERA being performed hits us like cold air as we enter. A duet powerful and haunting.

A LARGE MAN painted white like a statue sings to a FRIGHTENED "DON GIOVANNI." JUMP TO:

INT. BASEMENT A/C ROOM - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

A cramped A/C CONTROL ROOM. A WALL OF SWITCHES AND LIGHTS on one side of the room and an ANCIENT DESKTOP INTERFACE for the A/C system on the other.

NATE
Listen, I just wanted to say...

KAYLA
Apology accepted.

A smile between them as she turns back to the ancient desktop
- but now that Nate's started he can't seem to stop:

NATE
It's just -- I have a bad habit of
waiting to tell people things until
it's too late. And given the
overwhelming probability of us
meeting our doom tonight --

KAYLA
Nate... We're not going to die.

Nate nods. Psyching himself up.

NATE
Of course not.
(looks at the wall of
switches and lights)
Because I'm Mozart on this thing.

They both smile at his callback to Kayla's earlier comment.

Kayla sits in the desk chair like a fighter pilot in a
cockpit and plugs her laptop into the desktop.

KAYLA
Okay... Now we just wait for --

INT. BACK HALLWAY - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

ELLE
-- Davis. Maybe this was a mistake.

As Davis prepares to climb into a GIANT VENT.

DAVIS
It was your wedding ring.

ELLE
What?

DAVIS
The ring you were wearing, that you
took off when you knew you'd see
me. You still wear our wedding
ring.

ELLE
You really want to talk about this
right now?

DAVIS
I just want to know... Why?

He zips up his CONTAMINATION SUIT and starts to go in.

ELLE
I don't know. Maybe I still believe
there's no such thing as a problem
that can't be solved. Or a mistake
that can't be forgiven.
(a conciliatory beat, then)
Just be safe in there.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The security headquarters of The Met. SURVEILLANCE MONITORS
commandeered by FAYE and her DHS AGENTS.

FAYE
(into a headset)
Chris, any trace of Rama?

EXT. HALLWAY / SURVEILLANCE ROOM - OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRIS stalking the BACKSTAGE CORRIDORS, looking straight out
of Zero Dark Thirty. We HEAR the muted opera.

CHRIS
Negative.

FAYE
(through Chris's earpiece)
We've got eyes on every vent and
hallway, we're not seeing him yet.

INTERCUT with FAYE in the SURVEILLANCE ROOM, staring at a
WALL OF VARIOUS CAMERA VIEWS.

INT. THEATER - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

WARREN sits in a THEATER BOX with the gorgeous DHS AGENT.

WARREN
Because once again, we're looking
in the wrong place.

FAYE
Enlighten us then, Warren...

Warren grabs his OPERA BINOCULARS and exits through the box's
curtains. The BEAUTIFUL AGENT tails him...

WARREN
The opera we have the privilege of
watching right now, does anyone
know what it's about?

As he talks, he continues down --

INT. MET - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

-- a spiral staircase, leading to the orchestra section.

WARREN

A reckless sinner hurts everyone he touches, and feels so invincible that he saves a seat at his lavish banquet for Death Himself. When Death arrives, Don Giovanni asks why he is here to take him.

Warren reaches AN USHER who tries to stop Warren from entering, but the AGENT flashes a badge.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Death replies, "You invited me."

As the PERFORMER on stage bellows a dark note, Warren stands at the stage's footlights, scanning the AUDIENCE.

FAYE

(realizing)

Rama has a seat in the audience.

Warren's BINOCULAR POV: RAMA, in a tux, stands with a SMALL BLACK BAG and exits during an APPLAUSE break.

WARREN

Back row. Orchestra. Exiting now.

Faye clicks to the CAMERA VIEW just in time to see a CROWD OF MEN exiting into the lobby. *One of them, with a bag...*

FAYE (O.S.)

Chris - lobby.

CHRIS (O.S.)

On it.

Chris goes to pursue...

FAYE

Elle?

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

ELLE

Here...

ELLE, on the rooftop DRILLING a gargantuan HEPA FILTER to the roof exhaust with the assistance of two DHS AGENTS.

ELLE (CONT'D)

...Filter installed. Now we just need Davis to get out of the --

INT. AIR DUCTS - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

DAVIS
(mumbling, to himself)
-- dusty, disgusting,
claustrophobic vents.

Davis. Inside the A/C ducts. Crawling, flashlight in hand.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
(still to himself)
This is why I don't do field work.
Field work is degrading. Field work
is dangerous.

WARREN (O.S.)
You know everyone can hear you,
right?

With a GRUNT, Davis PULLS A METAL LATCH CLOSED.

DAVIS
There. I closed off the last of the
ducts leading to the diffuser.
Nate... It's a math problem now...

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

NATE
Got it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Nate is staring at THAT WALL OF SWITCHES.
Maybe a hundred of them. RED and GREEN LIGHTS blinking.

KAYLA
I'm ready as soon as you --

Nate holds up a hand to silence her - lips moving as he does
calculations. Kayla fidgets. They're running out of time.

INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - VARIOUS HALLWAYS - NIGHT

CHRIS following Rama through the building, turn after turn,
stealthily until - CHRIS STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

RACK FOCUS to reveal a LINE OF FISHING WIRE stretched across
the wall - attached to a BLINKING EXPLOSIVE.

Chris smirks, ducks, and continues to see:

RAMA, standing at a giant AC VENT. PUTTING ON A HAZMAT SUIT.

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

BOOM - Davis bursts out of a door on the rooftop, scaring
Elle half to death. She could kiss him right now she's so
happy to see him.

ELLE
And you used to say I was always
the late one.

INTERCUT with FAYE, in the control room, watching the hallway surveillance view of Rama producing a LARGE GLASS VIAL -- the newly airborne disease made with the Viral Splicer.

FAYE
Guys. Fix this problem, FAST.

A shot of the AUDIENCE... the MUSIC building...

Then Chris, at the far end of the hallway, taking cover.

CHRIS
(whispering)
Let me just drop this crazy
asshole. I've got a clean shot.

Elle on the ROOF:

ELLE
That vial breaks outside the air
duct, we're all good as dead. Do
not shoot!

INT. HALLWAY - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

CHRIS
Yeah, I'm used to that order...

Chris watches Rama place the VIAL inside the duct.

VIS FX: We fall, along with the VIAL -- and we see it CRUNCH.

It then takes us traveling through the air duct, SEEING the MICROSCOPIC TOXINS float through the space...

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

KAYLA
Nate, it's now or --

SHUNK. Nate flips a heavy switch from left to right. Then another, and another, all over the board, like a kid playing Whack-a-mole.

He steps back. A slight smile at his masterpiece and then --

NATE
Do it.

Kayla hits the ENTER KEY with flourish --

A BOOM OF THE A/C SYSTEM KICKING INTO GEAR.

IN THE THEATER: The ARIA hits its crescendo as the old walls RUMBLE. The sound of a 14-story building gasping for air.

VIS FX of the TOXINS IN THE VENT BEING BLOWN AWAY AND DISPERSED... *IT'S WORKING.*

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Elle stands with a hand-held PARTICLE COUNTER and hovers it above the HEPA FILTER, hand trembling, FEAR in her eyes.

ELLE
PPM under one hundred...We're good.

INT. HALLWAY - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

Downstairs, CHRIS waits for Rama to turn around before:

CHRIS
Stand right there, pal.

Rama instantly PULLS OUT A GUN and Chris has no choice but to DROP him with a double-tap.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Dammit.

But as Chris walks over and removes Rama's mask, he realizes:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Um... this isn't our guy.

And it's not. It's NOT RAMA. All this time, Chris had been tailing another Hantu we hadn't accounted for.

FAYE
Then... where...?

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Nate and Kayla, in the A/C control room. Nate stays behind, switching controls back to their normal functions.

As Kayla exits into the larger industrial space for a moment to herself --

She runs into RAMA - *THE REAL RAMA.* THE LEAD HANTU.

Dressed in a Hazmat suit with the facemask unzipped.

A GUN in one hand. A VIAL in the other.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Rama looks to Kayla. Sizes up from her BULLET-PROOF VEST that she's some kind of authority. Gesturing to the DUCT behind her, he calmly says, in accented English:

RAMA
You're in my way.

Kayla's frozen. She's no hero. Rama POINTS HIS GUN at her.

KAYLA
MELATI!
(off his hesitation)
That was your daughter's name,
right? I know you lost her. And
your wife. I know that's why you're
doing this.

RAMA
One more chance. My grievance is
not with you.

KAYLA
It's with those crook pieces of
shit upstairs, I get it. But this
isn't the way to avenge your
family.

Rama's face contorts, trying to stifle his emotions...

RAMA
Have you had your family taken from
you?

KAYLA
Yes. I have. And I've been lied to.
And every day - everything I've
done - is about finding out who is
responsible for that.

RAMA
And when you finally find them --
what will you do?

A realization on Kayla's face: she might never have actually considered that part of her fantasy.

KAYLA
I don't know.

RAMA
I do. You won't let anyone stand in
your way.

He FIRES. Kayla falls with a graceless THUD, hit in the vest.

Rama walks toward the DUCT, stopping over her wheezing body.

KAYLA's POV: Rama looks down, ZIPS the see-through mask to his HAZMAT Suit. Points the gun down to finish her off when--

BOOM! The MASK IS PLASTERED INTERNALLY WITH BLOOD, like a PAINT BOMB IN A ZIPLOC BAG.

Rama's head, exploded by a rifle shot from CHRIS, who stands at the basement's entrance.

Kayla barely has enough time to register what happened before the Rama's GRIP on the vial releases as he falls down.

The vial slips out, SLO-MO, until -- CLUNK -- Kayla reaches out and snatches it, inches from the floor.

NATE walks in, comically oblivious this was happening:

NATE
You okay? I heard a -- WHOA.

He sees the scene. Rama's body, Chris with a gun, Kayla...

NATE (CONT'D)
What did I miss?

Off Kayla's holy-shit exhale that turns into a laugh, CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The CH-47 waits on the rooftop of the Met as Faye addresses the relieved and exhausted team.

FAYE
That was officially the last of them. Threat's been neutralized. And the prototype Viral Splicer has been destroyed.

Elle is awash with gratitude and relief.

WARREN
So in the end, perhaps we're more than just reckless, walking liabilities?

Even Faye has to smile at that.

FAYE
I was right about the Doomsday project. It was a mistake.
(a conciliatory beat)
But I was wrong about this team. You saved a lot of lives today.
(there's a "but" coming)
But there's a larger problem.
(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

While we still can't confirm who stole the scenarios, we were able to figure out how much they sold them for.

(then)

Nothing.

KAYLA

What?

FAYE

They gave two of your scenarios away for free, demanding only that they be used against the U.S.

CHRIS

So it's personal.

FAYE

Highly.

(then)

Look, these scenarios are still out there. There's a lot of work to be done. I know you have lives and careers and we can't force you to --

CHRIS

I'm in.

ELLE

In.

NATE

(less enthused, but...)

In.

DAVIS

Me, too.

WARREN

I have a film starting production in Hawaii in two weeks, so the timing's a bit--

(off their looks)

Of course. I'm in. Naturally.

FAYE

Kayla?

KAYLA

Absolutely.

Faye isn't the "thank you" type, but the *newfound respect* she has for these people is written on her face.

FAYE

All right then. I'm gonna clean up this mess. See you back in D.C.

INT. CH-47 HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

The team (minus Faye) settles in the chopper, buckling up.

The PILOT hits a few buttons as the blades begin to WHIR.

PILOT
All right, folks. Where to?

WARREN
Anywhere with a good whisky.

INT. THE HUB - NIGHT

Later. Warren, Chris, and Elle finishing up a somewhat somber mission accomplished celebration. Empty and half-empty bottles of wine and spirits litter the table.

Kayla walks around the dimly-lit Hub, taking in the surroundings that might be her new home for a while.

WARREN
Kayla. Come on. Join us.

She re-joins to find Elle scrolling through her own iPHONE.

ELLE
It's strange. Several major news sites were hacked tonight. They're now all displaying stories about US pharmaceutical companies' unethical testing in Indonesia.

KAYLA
That *is* strange.

Kayla's knowing look confirms Elle's hunch for us. That despite having to defeat the Hantu, Kayla's sympathetic to their cause, and decided to do something about it.

Warren tries a couple of bottles before he finds one that's not empty. Pours Kayla a glass.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
...Are you sure we should be celebrating?

WARREN
Who says we're celebrating? In times of success, a toast is appropriate. Times like today? You drink from the bottle.

Which he then demonstrates.

Davis emerges from the bathroom supporting a snockered Nate with one arm.

DAVIS
I should get Nate to a hotel.

NATE
 (so drunk)
 You don't need to take me anywhere.
 Based on my body weight and rate of
 alcohol consumption, I'll be sober
 enough to drive in...
 (thinking hard)
 Four years, seven months and...
 Wait, that can't be right.

WARREN
 I believe I'll join you.

A friendly mock salute to Chris, then a tip of an imaginary
 hat to Kayla and Elle. But before they go --

KAYLA
 You thought up hundreds of
 scenarios. This is going to happen
 again. And again. Whoever did this
 is angry, and determined, and worst
 of all smart.

CHRIS
 So there's only one thing we can
 do.

KAYLA
 Make sure we're smarter.

WARREN
 Here, here. 'Til tomorrow.

KAYLA
 (to the whole group)
 'Til tomorrow.

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT - LATER

The Hub, dark, save for a single light at Kayla's workstation
 as she scrolls through file after file on John Mercer.

She looks at her watch. 3 AM. Geez. Sits back in her chair
 and yawns. Looks at the NAMEPLATE glued to her desk alcove -
 "ALEC SHEFFIELD" - her predecessor.

She pulls it off, about to stick it in a drawer when she
 clocks: A TINY THUMB DRIVE attached to the backside of the
 nameplate.

She inserts the thumb drive. "ENCRYPTED" pops up on screen.

KAYLA
 Okay, Alec. I hear you were pretty
 good... Let's see if I'm better.

A few keystrokes - maybe a few more than she expected - and
 the file on screen UNENCRYPTS: Videos, photos, documents -
 all of them heavily featuring FAYE WALSH.

Kayla - and we - ZERO IN ON one doc in particular. A LETTER FROM ALEC TO THE NSA.

CLOSE ON this key line: "Director Mercer has instructed me to encrypt these files --"

CLOSE ON another line: ...reason to believe Faye Walsh is at best a criminal and at worst a traitor, and --"

We don't get to finish reading because:

A DOOR OPENS

And with a keystroke Kayla switches the display to files about Mercer. His photo prominent on her screen.

As FAYE comes over to her.

FAYE
FBI, CIA, and Interpol are all
looking for him. You don't need to
spin your wheels on it, too.

KAYLA
Just trying to earn my keep.

FAYE
Or maybe it's personal.

Faye produces the PHOTO OF MERCER WITH KAYLA'S MOM and lays it on Kayla's desk.

FAYE (CONT'D)
I want you to know I had no idea
there was a connection between
Mercer and your mother.

Kayla shrugs it off, struggling to keep her cool knowing Faye might be a traitor.

KAYLA
She was in Naval Intelligence for
over a decade. I'm sure she's in
pictures with a lot of people.

FAYE
And now you're serving your country
just like she did.

A beat of tense silence as the two measure each other up.

KAYLA
The team seems pretty sure Mercer
is innocent.

FAYE
They think he walks on water. But
who can ever really know what
another person is capable of?

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

(then)

You did good today. The team seems
to trust you.

Faye starts to go. Kayla watches her for a beat, unsure if
she should say what she's about to say, then suddenly:

KAYLA

Think they'll still trust me when
they find out you've had me
watching them for the last year?

Faye turns back and smiles, then continues on her way.

FAYE

Get some rest, Kayla.

And we get now how precarious a situation Kayla is in -

Unsure if she can trust the woman she's been secretly working
for for the last year.

END OF PILOT