

**HOT ZONE**

screen story and screenplay by

**JIM V. HART**

Based on CRISIS IN THE HOT ZONE, by Richard Preston

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:**

**Ridley Scott**

**PRODUCER:**

**Lynda Obst, Mimi Polk**

"You might call AIDS the revenge  
of the rain forest..."

RICHARD PRESTON

"These diseases are true emergers.  
Humans have truly stumbled into  
these occult agents."

DR. KARL JOHNSON

"We've got company!"

HAN SOLO

**WRITER'S PREFACE:**

This is a work of fiction. It is based on the actual events that occurred in Zaire, Africa in 1976; and in Reston, Virginia and at Ft. Detrick, Maryland in 1989. The people are real, the events are real. It could have been worse. In this version--it is.

JIM HART  
UPSTATE NEW YORK  
NOVEMBER 1, 1993  
MAY 13, 1994

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

1.

## CRISIS IN THE HOT ZONE

1 BLACKSCREEN: PRESENTATION TITLES 1

FADE IN: AERIAL POV - LANDSCAPE - LIVING ORGANISM

Rivers, teeming microscopic life threads like spaghetti through a geography of living cells. Invaders. Replicating themselves. Territory is overrun. A War is being waged.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. AERIAL POV - AFRICAN TERRAIN - DAY MAIN TITLES 2

Rivers, gleaming in the sun, thread like spaghetti through jungle terrain, matching the patterns of the virus landscape. WE ARE FLYING LOW over the veldt closing on a dusty speck in the distance. Closer. Closer. We blow over a lone Land Rover speeding on the dusty road to:

3 EXT. MT. ELGON, KENYA AFRICA - DAY TITLES CONT'D 3

The eroded volcanic massif rising up 8,000 feet from the dense rain forest. Zebras graze the swales.

The Rover roars toward the bloodred mountain. WE SEE: A handsome WHITE MAN driving. Early 30's. The beautiful MASAI GIRL next to him is loving the wild ride to:

4 EXT. THE MOUTH OF KITUM CAVE - DAY TITLES CONT'D 4

A tribe of AFRICAN GREEN MONKEYS scatter into the cave as the Rover drives up.

SUPER: KITUM CAVE, KENYA, AFRICA - NEW YEARS EVE 1975

The Masai Girl leaps out twirling childlike in her white sarong gown. The Man follows with a heavy duty light.

MASAI GIRL

Come, Monet. Come--

She runs into the cave. CHARLES MONET follows, marveling.

5 INT. KITUM CAVE - CONTINUING ACTION TITLES CONT'D 5

The cave ceiling is alive with a sea of red jewels. Monet's spotlight flushes scores of Fruit Bats instantly taking flight, whirring out of holes, flicking through flashlight beams. The Masai girl runs laughing deeper into the cave.

MONET'S POV - THE CAVERN CEILING

Everywhere, huge petrified logs stick from the ceiling. Trees turned to stone and opal. White needles of mineral protrude into his light. A crystalline forest.

(CONTINUED)

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5 CONTINUED:

5

MONET (french subtitles)  
Look at this--it's a petrified forest. This mountain was a volcano. Lava buried the forest turning it to stone--You don't understand do you?

He breaks off a piece of crystal turning it in the light. He holds it up to her ear like an earring. She laughs.

MONET (continuing)  
(licks the crystal)  
Mmmmm. That's why elephants come in here at night. To eat the minerals.

She licks the crystal playfully. She pulls her lover to her for a kiss in the dark. She dances in his beam innocent, beautiful.

MONET  
You're an absolute vision, Love

His light follows her past bones of dead elephants. Something by his head startles him. He shows his light on:

CROCODILE JAWS - OPEN WIDE

Embedded in the cave wall. Petrified. Crystalline. PUSH IN CLOSER as Monet gently passes his hand and fingers over the crystalized teeth.

He peers inside the open jaws. Teeth framing his face. He takes out his knife and begins to dig out a big fang.

A fine mist of volcanic ash rains down on his face glistening like pixie dust. He wipes his eyes continuing. The croc tooth comes loose in his hand--He savors it.

6 EXT. MT. ELGON - SUNSET

TITLES CONT'D 6

SUPER: MT. ELGON - KENYA AFRICA - NEW YEARS EVE - 1975

7 EXT. CAMPSITE - MT. ELGON IN VIEW - CONTINUING ACTION

7

A simple lean-to tied to the Land Rover. A fire crackles. Troops of monkeys thrash in the trees nearby.

TIGHT ON HANDS POPPING CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

MONET (O.C.)  
Happy New Year--

The Masai girl pours warm champagne into Monet's mouth. He takes in her exotic beauty. Her white flowing gown.

(CONTINUED)

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7 CONTINUED:

DIRECTED BY TITLE:

7

Then, with sincere ceremony, he removes the ring from his finger and slips it on her long graceful hand. She savors it and kisses him. They lay back and make love under the African sky.

8 EXT. SUGAR PLANTATION - DAY

8

LABORERS clear as another tree from the Rain Forest crashes to the ground revealing a thriving Plantation.

Monet peers through a surveyors scope yelling to the Laborers holding a spot marker--

MONET (BANTU)

Right. Don't move this time. Please.

His vision blurs for a moment. He pinches the pain between his eyes and tries again. Worse. His eyes are red. He goes to rub them when he realizes his hand is dripping blood. His nose! He feels it. Blood streams freely.

He calls to his FOREMAN as he hurries to the Rover holding his nose. WE HEAR: A CHORUS OF CHILDREN SINGING

9 EXT. YAMBUKU MISSION - MORNING - CHORUS CONTINUES

9

An imposing old chapel and a ring of cinderblock buildings. The Belgian flag flies in the courtyard. A NUN leads a chorus of VILLAGE CHILDREN singing morning hymns in their native language. Strangely haunting. Ominous.

SUPER: YAMBUKU MISSION - EBOLA RIVER REGION - JAN. 8, 1976

10 INT. MISSION CLINIC - MORNING - SINGING CONTINUES OVER:

10

THREE NUNS give injections to teary-eyed CHILDREN and a few PREGNANT MOTHERS. After each injection, the Nuns hand rinses the syringe in a pan of hot water and re-uses it.

SISTER GENEVIEVE, a Belgian in her 30's, moves among the patients calming them in their native tongue.

SISTER "G" [Bantu/subtitled]

Don't be frightened. The medicine will keep you healthy--Good for you.

A shadow fills the doorway. Sister G turns to:

MONET, standing like a ghost. Blood-red eyes fixed--the thousand yard stare. He's emaciated, clutching his head in excruciating pain. His clothes spattered with blood.

SISTER "G"

Monsieur? Etes tu malade?

(CONTINUED)

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4.

10 CONTINUED:

10

MONET (French, subtitled)  
(zombied out)  
Headache--can't shake it off--

She hurries to him. Monet collapses, his body weight too much to hold. Sister G cries out for help.

11 EXT. CLINIC - MINUTES LATER

11

The Rover looks like it's been through a war. The Masai girl tries to wash spattered blood off the driver's seat and wheel. She's skittish like a frightened animal.

Sister "G" hurries up. The Girl starts to run away. Sister G takes her firmly by the arm.

SISTER G [Bantu/subtitled]  
Please, Child. You know him?

The Masai girl nods showing Sister the ring he gave her.

SISTER G [subtitle cont'd]  
How long has he been sick?

MASAI GIRL  
Two day. Maybe three--

SCREAMS O.C. turn them to: A YOUNG NUN running from the Clinic. Her white habit is completely drenched with blood.

CUT TO: BLACK

12 FADE IN: AERIAL POV - LANDSCAPE - LIVING ORGANISM

12

An aerial recon photo of an alien land at war.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. AERIAL POV - LANDSCAPE - AFRICAN TERRAIN - DAWN

13

A Fokker light airtransport descends into view.

14 EXT. THE JUNGLE - LOOKING UP - CONTINUING ACTION

14

GREEN MONKEYS, hundreds, frolic and chatter in the trees. The plane's SHADOW passes over A BIG MALE watching inquisitive. He opens its mouth frighteningly wide; a "threat display". Four HUGE FANGS flash at the intruder.

15 FLYING POV - TWENTY FIVE FEET ABOVE THE EBOLA RIVER

15

SUPER: ZAIRE, AFRICA - EBOLA RIVER REGION - 14 DAYS LATER

The river town of BUMBA appears dead ahead.

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5.

- 16 EXT. REMOTE AIRSTRIP - AT THE RIVER'S EDGE - DAWN 16  
 ZAIREAN POLICE hold back a crowd of frightened VILLAGERS who scream and wave as the transport buzzes the field. WHITE well to do people watch anxiously as well.
- 17 INT. TRANSPORT - BUZZING OVER VILLAGERS 17  
 CHUCK REESE, late 20's, watches the scene below. He pulls on an armband; "C.D.C." shield. U.S. Flag.

REESE

Jesus Christ. Looks like the end of the world down there.

KARL JOHNSON dozes under his fishing hat next to him. At 35, he's already a legendary field virologist.

JOHNSON

That's why we're here, Chuck.  
 (resuming his nap)  
 Watch your pucker factor. We're not even on the ground yet.

Some comfort. Johnson grabs what remaining rest he can.

- 18 EXT. AIRSTRIP - CONTINUING ACTION 18  
 The Transport touches down right over the town.  
 THE TRANSPORT - REARVIEW - CARGO DOORS OPEN  
 A Land Rover emerges. Then another. Reese drives the lead vehicle out. "WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION" emblems on the side panels.

A POLICEMAN flags them to halt. Reese flashes credentials.

The others in the SIX PERSON MULTINATIONAL EPIDEMIC TEAM hurry down the ramp carrying a Bubble isolator stretcher which they load into the back of the rear Rover. A "hot" casualty inside the bubble can't infect the world outside.

JOHNSON EMERGES from the shadows walking down the ramp. He surveys the scene with intensely watchful eyes.

THE CROWDS could be refugees fleeing a wartorn land.

The CO-PILOT yells at Johnson from the ramp.

CO-PILOT

We cannot wait for you, Johnson.  
 You will have to get to Kinshasa on your own. Good luck!

Doors close. Engines rev. Johnson waves in the propwash.

CUT TO:

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19 INT. CARGO HOLD - POV THROUGH CLOSING DOORS 19

Reese honks waving to Johnson. He runs and hops inside.  
Police hold the crowds back as the Rovers speed through the barrier. Cargo doors close.

20 EXT. PLANE - CONTINUING ACTION 20

It taxis, picking up speed.  
REFUGEES CRUSH THROUGH THE TROOPS; chasing the plane in a wave of panic. People drop their meager belongings, pleading to go. Some hold up children begging for mercy.

TO AUTOMATIC WEAPONS - FIRING IN THE AIR

THE PLANE - AS IT LIFTS OFF

BARELY CLEARING the trees sending monkeys scattering in all directions. Their angry cries echo; "KRA KRA KRA!!!"

21 EXT. EBOLA RIVER - FERRY CROSSING - MORNING 21

A handful of ZAIREAN POLICE guard the primitive landing. One POLICEMAN passes out half-cooked monkey.

REFUGEE VILLAGERS camp along the banks in the b.g. Suddenly shots rings out O.C. Shouts from Policeman.

TO POLICEMAN - FIRING DOWNRIVER

DOWNRIVER - REFUGEES

Trying to ford the swift current with their belongings. Automatic Weapons fire rakes the water around them. One MAN is hit reeling. His belongings are swept away.

The others turn back.

ON THE LANDING - CONTINUING ACTION

The Ferry Bell RINGS O.C. A jeep HORN HONKS O.C.--

POLICE POV - THE EBOLA RIVER

A makeshift Ferry parts the mist. Canoes held together by a plank deck. FERRYMEN buck the current with long poles.

KARL JOHNSON parts the mist--standing on the hood of the lead Rover WEARING A FULL FACE RESPIRATOR! A creature from another planet.

REESE honks at the wheel. He wears a full respirator. All the Team members wear them.

(CONTINUED)

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7.

21 CONTINUED:

21

REESE  
American Doctors! Don't shoot!  
Shit, man, these people should be  
quarantined.

THEIR POV - THE FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS

Meager belongings, hungry children, terrified.

ON JOHNSON - AS THE FERRY LANDS

He raises his respirator staring right into the guns.  
Some of the Police carry spears and shields strapped to  
their backs clashing with their automatic weapons. The  
CAPTAIN wears a chain mail vestment over his uniform--

JOHNSON  
Name's Johnson. Karl Johnson.  
Center for Disease Control. U.S.A.---

He holds up his credentials--points to his armband--

Police respond yelling threats at the frightened Ferrymen  
and banging their weapons on the Rovers.

REESE is dragged from the Rover by two Policeman and forced  
to his knees--gun at his head. Norwegian Team members react  
in their language.

REESE  
Karl---? I think they're going  
kill me! If you're going to do  
something--now would be good!

JOHNSON hops from the hood and approaches the Leader. He  
pulls a brown bottle from his shoulder bag--he offers  
tablets around. Fearless. No takers.

JOHNSON  
Medicine for you and your Men. And  
food--for these people.  
(calling to Rover)  
Michell! Tell'em--

MICHEL, the older Frenchman driving the second Rover, hops  
out translating in French. He puts a crate of canned fruit  
down in front of the Leader. His Men look hungry.

Johnson pops the tablets himself, showing his sincerity.  
Silence. The Leader takes the entire bottle.

LEADER (perfect English)  
You do not want to go to Yambuku,  
Doctor. There is nothing but death.

(CONTINUED)

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8.

21 CONTINUED:

21

JOHNSON  
(quiet defiance)  
If you don't let us pass, whatever  
is out there might get you next.

The Leader eyes Johnson---then signals to his Men. They  
release Reese sending him scrambling back into the Rover.

Reese is a nervous mess. He looks down at his bush shorts.  
He soiled them good.

The Captain sticks his gun in Johnson's face--

LEADER (English)  
Do not be coming back this way,  
Doctor. Quarantine. We will shoot  
you if you try. Move--

Johnson tosses medicine and cans of fruit to the Men and  
Refugees as he climbs back in the Rover.

JOHNSON  
You heard the man. Let's move.

REESE  
You are certifiable, Doc--

THE VIEW CLIMBS as the Rovers speed off the landing and  
disappear into the bush.

22 EXT. BANTU VILLAGE - TIGHT ON BANTU ELDER - DAY

22

Sitting vigil crouched outside a hut. Eyes transfixed. THE  
VIEW SHIFTS TO REVEAL: Huts burn and smolder. Termite-ant  
hills tower over the remains. A handful of BANTU hold  
vigil. Women wail a death chant.

A HAND reaches out the doorway to bowls of food and water.  
It clenches in agony--then flops to the dirt.

The Elder rises torch in hand. He prays and fires the hut.

A WOMAN screams rushing toward her flaming home. OTHER  
WOMEN pull her back.

The Elder picks up his medicine bundle and leads the  
survivors of his Village into the Bush.

FLAMES OBSCURE THE VIEW TO:

23 THE ROVERS - MOVING THROUGH VILLAGE - LATER

23

Johnson signals "slower". Burned devastation everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

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9.

23 CONTINUED:

23

**THEIR POV - CHARRED BODIES**

Smoldering in the ruins. Reese is sickened. Two Team members crank photographs from the second Rover.

**A HUT - CONSUMED IN FLAMES**

The Rovers stop nearby. Johnson climbs out surveying the sight. This is his war. Reese follows with the Team. Johnson surveys the ground like a military General.

**JOHNSON**

(gathering his team)

Right--listen up. Deploy in teams of two. I want good clean samples. Blood, tissue--a burned cadaver is no good. Watch your sharps--Don't jab yourself. We don't need any accidents--This whole zone is "hot"--

The Teams deploy tending several VILLAGERS lying on the ground too weak to move. Giving injections, water and drawing blood samples.

Reese moves with Johnson who cranks photos with a Nikon.

**REESE**

Primitive shit, man. Did soldiers do this?

**JOHNSON**

(matter of fact)

Ancient Plague control. Simple. Put the sick person in a hut. Put food and water in the door. If the person comes out on their own, you celebrate. If they don't...you burn the hut. No more disease. Burn it out. Contain it. Works. We're too civilized. We'd rather die than burn down the house.

**TO A PYRE - MICHEL HURRIES UP**

Speaking in French to the TEENAGE BOY about to torch the stack of bodies. The Boys agrees and waits. Michel draws blood from a victim's arm--and backs away.

The boy, tears in his eyes, torches the pyre. FLAMES WHOOSH UP WIPING FRAME TO:

**THE VILLAGE - TWO HOURS LATER**

The Team loads 6 coolers of samples into the Rovers.

(CONTINUED)

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10.

23 CONTINUED

23

Reese fumbles blood sample vials and syringes into this cooler. He shoots Karl a frightened glance.

REESE

Karl--we're going to need more equipment. I'll get these samples back to Kinshasa for analysis.

Johnson reads him. He's scared.

JOHNSON

Go on--get those samples tested. Leave a vehicle and some supplies.

REESE

(in shock)

You're staying---Karl--?

JOHNSON

I'll try to get to Yambuku. There's been no radio contact with the mission since yesterday--

Karl ties off his own arm and draws his own blood.

JOHNSON (continuing)

See if you can find the bug?

He tosses the blood vial TO REESE--

JOHNSON (continuing)

Test your own while you're at it. We could've already been exposed.

Reese and the Team audibly react in French and Norwegian.

MICHEL (French-subtitled)

Let's get the fuck out of here!

ON JOHNSON - FRAMED BY THE DECIMATION - HE SMILES

JOHNSON

Hey--if this is the mother slatewiper-- you won't be safe anywhere in the world.

Reese is riveted. Smoke swirls around Johnson.

JOHNSON (continuing)

Me--I'd rather be right here in the epicenter trying to stop it. Beats catching it in the Men's room at the London Opera.

(an afterthought)

And, Chuck--don't drink the water.

SMOKE WIPES THE FRAME TO:

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24 EXT. YAMBUKU ROAD - MID-DAY

24

Johnson stops his lone Rover overlooking a vast plain. Heat swelters. He drinks from a water bottle wetting his face. He sees something on the plain. He grabs his binoculars.

HIS POV - AN APPARITION

A shimmering white figure floating ghost-like toward him. It's Sister Genevieve. Haggard, suffering dehydration and exposure. She pushes herself to run to the vehicle.

WITH JOHNSON - SISTER G IN VIEW

He jumps out with his medical kit. He offers her a bottle of water--Sister chugs it stringing drops down her parched lips. She traces his CDC armband as he checks her eyes and arms for signs of disease.

SISTER GENEVIEVE (French)  
Etes-vous un Doctor? Americain?  
(he nods, she speaks English)  
--I am Sister Genevieve. I am from  
the Yambuku Mission--

JOHNSON  
That's where I'm headed, Sister?

SISTER GENEVIEVE  
The clinic is infected. We radioed for  
help two days ago--I left this morning--

JOHNSON  
Well--I'm all the help that's coming--  
(pops tablets in her mouth)  
Salt tablets. You're dehydrating.  
I'm going to give you a shot of  
B-12 and draw some blood.

SISTER GENEVIEVE  
Bless you, Monsieur--

--thumping up her vein, he draws her blood.

JOHNSON  
Save your blessings, Sister...

He caps the syringe vial holding it up to the sun. Her blood sparkles golden reflecting the light. He labels it--

PUSH IN ON LABEL: "SISTER G"

Abruptly Sister "G" straightens her habit and stands up.

SISTER GENEVIEVE  
I will go with you to Yambuku, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

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24 CONTINUED: 24

Johnson starts to protest. He admires her courage.

JOHNSON  
Bless You, Sister.

25 EXT. YAMBUKU ROAD - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN - AFTERNOON 25

The lone Rover travels slowly along the rough road through trees and scrub browse. In the f.g., GREEN MONKEYS jump from limb to tree, escorting Johnson deeper into the bush.

JOHNSON (V.O.)  
What happened to this Monet? He was  
the first to break--

THE ROVER - INSIDE

Sister G lays in the back on his bedroll--away from him.

SISTER GENEVIEVE  
We burned his body with the others.

Johnson is disappointed. He needed that tissue.

SISTER GENEVIEVE (continuing)  
I've been in Africa twenty years.  
Never have I seen any disease  
like this--The infection hit the  
hospital like a--like a bomb.

Johnson rides in silence, shifting gears, tracing the spread in his mind.

JOHNSON  
You think you were exposed?  
(she nods, Karl steels himself)  
How'd you treat the patients?

He methodically slides his surgical mask over his mouth.

SISTER GENEVIEVE  
Injections. Chloroquine--vitamins.  
These people do not believe they  
have been "doctored" unless we give  
to them an injection....

She hesitates, her voice guilt ridden--confessing.

SISTER GENEVIEVE  
We only used five syringes a day to  
treat everyone---fifty a hundred people.

JOHNSON (grim diagnosis)  
The needles. The infection could've  
passed through the needles--

(CONTINUED)

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13.

25 CONTINUED:

25

SISTER GENEVIEVE

God forgive us...Hundreds became violently ill and died in one week-- Forgive me father for I have sinned---

Silence. Johnson realizes he's facing nature's revenge.

JOHNSON

Seven days....You did what you could, Sister.

She sobs in the back. Johnson drives on, lost in thought.

JOHNSON

I have this nightmare--about the end of the world. About a virus--thousands of years old--beautiful to look at. Nothing can cure it. It's nature's immune system--to protect Earth from it's natural enemy--the human race. It's been put here to wipe us out.

He stops the Rover. They're there.

JOHNSON (continuing)

(he gestures around)

This--is how my nightmare always begins...

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSEHILD - THE MISSION

GLIDING VIEWS; A handful of VILLAGERS sew shrouds around bodies lined up in the courtyard. A few stoke the fire consuming a pyre of bodies.

Open air porches are lined with empty bloodstained beds.

26 EXT. HOSPITAL COMPOUND - TRACK WITH JOHNSON

26

He now wears a Tyvek protective suit, boots and full face respirator. He carries a field kit and a small ice chest.

Sister Genevieve follows in silence. Like a ghost. Only the chittering of the monkeys in the trees.

TWO WOMEN carry a wrapped body silently toward the bush

JOHNSON

(calling to them)

The bodies. They could be contagious--

The Women hurry away with the body not understanding.

JOHNSON

Stay here, Sister....rest.

(CONTINUED)

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14.

26 CONTINUED:

26

SISTER GENEVIEVE sinks slowly to her knees, frozen like a statue, praying over the field of covered bodies.

27 INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUING ACTION

27

Flies buzz swarming out the windows and doors. Johnson opens the door. Red eyes stare at him from the darkness.

He shines his light on zombie-like faces of Ebola victims. The mud walls are blood stained--as if a bomb did go off.

FOLLOW JOHNSON

Down the rows of beds, inspecting a few remaining bodies.

TIGHT ON - JOHNSON'S GLOVED HAND

With tweezers, he pinches out skin tissue samples. WE FOLLOW skin tissue into plastic vials. Johnson tags and places each in the ice chest.

IN THE ICE CHEST - TIGHT ON THE TAG

Numbers; 001, etc., then, "Yambuku blood & epidermal tissue slices - Ebola, Zaire."

AT ANOTHER BED: Johnson carefully checks an AFRICAN WOMAN for signs of life. Her arms and legs are strapped to the frame. She's emaciated. Her face bloated, cheesy, eyeballs paralytic, blood red. Skin pulpy and rotting. WE SEE: THE RING on her bony finger given to her by Monet

Johnson feels for a pulse--his gloved fingers sink into her flesh like pudding! Johnson reels back--reviled.

The Woman animates, jerking and thrashing. The last phase --biological meltdown. She disgorges blood spewing black vomit. Her skin splits as she convulses--

TIGHT ON JOHNSON - WATCHING THE HORRIBLE SIGHT

O.C. noises sound like bedsheets ripping, but it's a human being disintegrating. We can only imagine what's happening.

WE SEE: HER HAND flop limp off the bed. Pools of blood leech over the sides onto the dirt floor. The ring slides off her finger and disappears into the meltdown.

28 EXT. HOSPITAL - SUNDOWN

28

Johnson exits, exhausted, solemn. Sister Genevieve is still bent in prayer, motionless; wearing her respirator.

TWO NUNS help Villagers tend the dead.

(CONTINUED)

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15.

28 CONTINUED:

28

The Bush is surreal in the golden light. Johnson is fried. He loads his sample cooler in the Rover. He takes a water bottle, some food and walks to Sister Genevieve.

JOHNSON

No survivors. Nightmare's real.

He kneels beside her, pouring her a cup of water.

JOHNSON

If there is a God, Sister, pray for a soul out there who's immune. If I can find one survivor, then maybe We, and God, can stop it together---  
(silence, he reaches her)  
Sister--

SISTER GENEVIEVE slowly raises her bowed head. Her faceplate is peppered with blood. Karl cradles her removing the respirator. Blood traces from her tearducts--

JOHNSON

Hold on--hold on--  
(calls to Nuns)  
Sisters--I need your help--

The Two Nuns rush over at the sight. He pops a field syringe and starts to shoot her full of antibiotics. She spasms in his arms--thrashing--

The syringe STICKS in the surgical glove on his left hand. He yanks it off immediately, sucking his hand and spitting like a snake bite--

A TRUCKLOAD POLICE roars into the compound shouting and firing in the air. Remaining Villagers scatter in dismay.

Johnson cradles her as the Police torch the mission.

SISTER GENEVIEVE

First...come...the...headaches---

FOLLOW TORCHES - INTO THE MISSION

Flames billow up--

JOHNSON AND THE TWO NUNS drag the isolator stretcher from the Rover to her. They tug and pull her into the bubble.

JOHNSON

Don't you die on me, Sister. Not today--Don't you die!

The Mission is completely aflame behind them.

CUT TO:

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16.

28A THE VIEW ROCKETS UP UP INTO THE TREES

28A

Monkeys cry everywhere. "Kra! Kra!" We rocket right into the face of a BIG GREEN MALE. Deep brown cloudy eyes staring at us transfixed. Blood!--building in a crimson wave--emerges from the nose!

CUT TO: BLACK

29 FADE IN: AERIAL POV - LANDSCAPE - LIVING ORGANISM

29

Teeming microscopic life threads like spaghetti through a geography of living cells. Invaders. Replicating. War.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

30 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - AERIAL VIEW - MORNING - MAIN TITLES

30

Teeming human life threads like spaghetti through a geography of roads and rivers with morning traffic.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY - NOV. 16 0:800 HRS. - DAY 1

31 EXT. RESTON, VIRGINIA - HIGH ANGLE - MORNING - TITLES CONT'D

31

The Washington monument is just visible in the distance. The green carpet of the mall--and Capitol dome--

TILT DOWN TO: A prosperous community in the shadow of D.C. Commuter Traffic moves along the Leesburg Pike. Pumpkin vendors are open already. WE FOLLOW A VAN marked "Capitol AC and Furnace Repair" down a suburban street. RADIO V.O. plays the morning news and weather.

WITH THE VAN - TRAVELING

Passing homes, MacDonalds, Safeway, a Chevron station. The Van turns into a small office park.

32 EXT. MONKEY HOUSE - REARVIEW - TITLES CONT'D

32

The Van stops in the alley behind a windowless non-descript building. The AC REPAIRMAN hops out and circles to the rear to get his tools. The man is lean and gaunt like a long distance runner. The sounds of kids playing echoes O.C.

THE ALLEYWAY - DAYCARE CENTER IN VIEW TITLES CONT'D

KIDS play in a sandbox at the Daycare Center across the alley. A LITTLE BOY spoons up some sand and eats it. Yukk. He spits it all over a GIRL next to him. Two more KIDS drink juice from the same cup. Harmless? Innocent?

THE AC MAN carries his tools to the rear entrance of the monkey house. He chugs a carton of juice tosses it and hits the intercom--

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

17.

32 CONTINUED:

32

AC MAN (intercom)  
Hey? Capitol Heating. Hello--?

TINY (VO intercom)  
Well it's about time. Thermostat's  
still broke. We're burning up in here.

AC MAN  
Fuck you. I'll be on the roof.  
(to himself)  
Morons...

He climbs the access ladder up by a pile of long wooden  
crates. In red letters on one WE SEE: "SYNERGY PRIMATES".

33 EXT. THE ROOF - CONTINUING ACTION TITLES CONT'D 33

AC Man removes hoods checking a row of ventilation stacks.

He bangs the last hood off and gets blasted with dust and  
debris. Fanning away the air away, he peers in.

DOWN IN THE STACK - LOOKING UP END TITLES

The AC Man is visible above. There, silhouetted on a grid  
is what appears to be the shape of a small child.

34 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - ROOM F - MINUTES LATER 34

TIGHT ON BROWN MONKEY EYES

Almost feminine. Watching us. O.C. WE HEAR:

TINY (singing O.C.)  
--a brown eyed girl--She's my brown  
eyed girl. And we were singing--

TINY MERRIAM sings to the Monkey as he feeds her in a  
stainless steel cage. He's in overalls, plaid hunting  
shirt, ball cap, pony tail, deer knife, weighs about 350.  
A constant sweat-ball and hell-raiser.

TINY (continuing)  
Sha la la la-la-la-la--

As Tiny sings THE VIEW GLIDES BY: A 100 wall mounted  
stainless steel cages. GREEN AFRICAN MONKEYS screech and  
rush the bars. Others stare listless. Ghost-like.

SUPER: SYNERGY RESEARCH LABS - ANIMAL QUARANTINE UNIT,  
RESTON, VIRGINIA - 0:815 HUNDRED HRS.

DEKE, a biker type and LOC, a Vietnamese who speaks no  
English, transfer more monkeys from crate to cage one at a  
time. They wear no masks--just gloves.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

18.

34 CONTINUED:

34

DEKE

Don't stare at 'em, Tiny. It makes 'em  
real mad. They go berserk.

Tiny jerks back from his monkey wringing his hands--!

TINY (continuing)

Ow--Nadine bit the shit--outta me--

DEKE

You're pro'bly the little shit's  
first meal since it left Africa.

Tiny shucks his glove and sucks his bloody finger. WANDA, a  
corpulent Black Woman shakes her head inspecting his wound.

WANDA

You don't keep your hands outta the  
cages like I showed you, you gonna  
need more fingers'n god give a octopus.

Deke and Loc get a laugh. Wanda takes over the feeding.

AC MAN (O.C.)

Three hundred and ninety-nine--

THE HANDLERS LOOK TO: THE AC MAN - UP ON A STEP LADDER

Opening a ceiling grate. A monkey tumbles out dead.

AC MAN

Your little primate friend was  
blocking the exhaust. That'll  
let some cool air flow again.

Tiny emotionally picks the monk up in his bare hands.

TINY

Aw, Elvis. That's where you got to.

WANDA

Damn shame. That makes 29 this week--  
Better tell the Boss.

The AC Man pats Tiny's tum on the way out with his gear.

AC MAN

You need some exercise, bub. Two  
miles a day is all it takes.

TINY

Huh? Oh yeah. Sure. Start tomorrow.

Tiny's oblivious. AC Man is gone. Loc hoses down the bloody  
floor, kicking up an airborne mist.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

19.

34 CONTINUED:

34

CLOSE ON MONKEYS - WATER MIST SWIRLING UP

Some flash their fangs. Others chatter. FOLLOW THE MIST:  
Swirling up past monkey cages to grates in the ceiling--

35 INT. MONKEY HOUSE TREATMENT ROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

35

The fine mist rolls from a ceiling vent DOWN TO: STAN  
GIRARD; fifty-years old, soft drawl. On the phone. Worried.  
He pulls his surgical mask down around his neck. He's  
wearing surgical gloves--The phone rings again--

36 EXT. FT. DETRICK, MD. - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

36

The base spreads at the eastern slope of the Applachian  
Mountains. WE PASS OVER an array of 90 foot radio dishes.  
This is a major defense communications center.

SUPER: FT. DETRICK, MD - NOV. 16, 0:900 HRS.

WE DESCEND TO: A THREE STORY CONCRETE BUNKER BUILDING

A SIGN: U.S.A.M.R.I.I.D.  
UNITED STATES ARMY MEDICAL RESEARCH  
INSTITUTE OF INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Insiders call it "RIID" for short.

37 INT. USAMRIID BLDG. - REAR ENTRANCE SECURITY STATION

37

TIGHT ON USAMRIID SHIELD: Twin serpents entwine around a  
flaming sword. The slogan; "Research for the Soldier."

PAN TO: A SECURITY GUARD

Siting vigil over monitors with views of the entire  
facility; containment labs, corridors, monkey cages...

And a person in a space suit peering into a microscope!??

38 INT. LAB OFFICE - SAME TIME

38

A MOUSE CAGE; made of popsicle sticks. Inside are three  
white mice made of pipecleaners. Each wears a tinfoil gas  
mask. The phone RINGS!...Again...

Guinea Pigs fill wall cages behind a MAN wearing civvies,  
surgical gloves and mask bent over his electron microscope  
PETER JAHRLING looks up annoyed; late 20's, garrulous,  
black heavy glasses, the quintessential lab scientist.  
Another ring--

PETER

Okay! It's not the end of the world--

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

20.

39R CONTINUED:

39R

He circles a glass partition and answers the phone.

PETER

Virology. Pete Jahrling--

39 INTERCUT: INTERIOR MONKEY HOUSE TREATING ROOM - DAY

39

GIRARD (on phone)  
Stan Girard--Synergy, right. Chief  
research Vet. I sent you a tissue  
sample? Monkey 053? Cyno fatality.

Girard is nervous, clearing his throat repeatedly.

GIRARD (cont. on phone)

We've got a little problem at one of our  
quarantine units not too far from you--

38R TO JAHRLING - USAMRIID

38R

PETER (on phone)

I've got it on the bench right now.

He rotates the tinfoil wrapper holding a monkey spleen.

PETER (continuing)

We may be slightly paranoid around  
here about killer viruses, but people  
do get a little upset when you send us  
a sample of mystery meat and it drips  
on the carpet.

39R TO GIRARD - MONKEY HOUSE

39R

He examines a dissected monkey on a "bleed table".

GIRARD (on phone)

Sorry 'bout that. I've got more fatalities  
than usual in our last shipment of Cynos.  
Necropsy results show enlarged spleens--  
looks like lunch meat--lung hemorrhaging--  
liver spotting--

38R TO JAHRLING - USAMRIID

38R

He moves back to the electron microscope adjusting the  
microscopic image on the video monitor.

PETER (on phone)

Yeah. Classic symptoms for Simian  
Hemorrhagic Fever. What's the body count?  
....Seventy down in one batch?  
(now taking notes)  
Out of five hundred African Greens?

CUT TO:

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

21.

39R TO GIRARD - MONKEY HOUSE

39R

GIRARD (on phone)  
We lost 29 this week already. So far only one room is infected.

Behind Girard, WE SEE: FOUR SECURITY MONITORS, showing the monkey rooms, front and rear entrances. Nothing hi-tek. A Radio Shack lashup.

GIRARD (continuing phone)  
My Management doesn't exactly want to lose the whole population--We've got over a quarter million dollars in these monkeys alone--

A MONITOR - CLOSER

Duke and Tiny remove another lifeless monkey from its cage. Wanda checks it's vitals.

40 TO JAHRLING - USAMRIID

40

PETER (on phone)  
Look, uh, keep the infected room isolated. You know SHF's harmless to people--Just make sure your handlers use normal contagion precautions, gloves, masks--We'll test this tissue sample right away. Right--

He hangs up tentatively, then hurries out. PUSH IN ON:  
The pipecleaner mice wearing gas masks.

41 INT. CORRIDOR MAZE - CONTINUING ACTION

41

We follow Peter jogging through the halls. At closed double doors, he takes his security card clipped to his pocket and swipes it across a black magnetic wall sensor.

42 INSERT: SECURITY MONITOR - BUILDING ENTRANCE

42

DISPLAY: JAHRLING, PETER B. - VIROLOGY BL-4 APPROVED  
Processing...You are cleared to enter

41R RESUME: CORRIDOR

41R

Doors spring open. Peter enters. A sign overhead reads:

INFECTIOUS AREA - NO UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY

43 INT. LAB - HOT SUITE ENTRANCE - CONTINUING ACTION

43

The RED TREFOIL symbol for "biological hazard" marks the submarine style airlock door like a skull and crossbones. Jahrling swipes his security card over the sensor.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

22.

43 CONTINUED:

43

Pneumatic gaskets HISS retreating around the door. He enters the lock--The door seals shut behind him--

WARNING BIOSAFETY LEVEL - 2 - BL2 CONTAINMENT  
Moderate risk infectious agents present; Hepatitis B virus,  
Salmonella virus, HIV, HIV II virus, AIDS related agents

44 INT. HOT SUITE AIRLOCK - "THE GRAY ZONE" - CONT. ACTION 44

Peter enters the dressing area. The red light is on over another airlock door. Another warning sign reads:

WARNING - BIOSAFETY LEVEL 3 - CONTAINMENT  
Serious to lethal infectious agents present; Yellow fever  
virus, Encephalitis, Monkey Pox, Dengue virus, Venezuelan  
Equine, Anthrax virus,---

A glass partition looks into the BL3 hot suites. Two rows of animal cages face each other; monkeys and guinea pigs. At the far end of the suite, a figure in a bluespacesuit is visible. Air hoses hang from the ceiling like spaghetti.

Peter checks a wall display:

SUITE: OCCUPIED HOT AGENTS IN USE: ANTHRAX

He puts on headphones at a wall control and punches in.

PETER (intercom)  
Calling Colonel, Jaax, calling  
Colonel Jaax. Mayday, Colonel--

45 INT. BL3 SUITE - THE SPACESUITED FIGURE - CLOSER 45

Expertly handles a syringe with the clumsy spacesuit gloves drawing blood from a Reeses monk. "COL. JAAX" is stenciled on the soft blue helmet of the one piece spacesuit. Jaax looks up at the sound of Peter on the helmet mic. We can't see Jaax's face. Just Peter reflecting in the helmet visor.

PETER (intercom continuing)  
Your presence is requested on the  
"cold side" on the double--Would you  
believe you are the lucky winner of  
last night's basket ball pool--?

Jaax flips him "the bird" with the heavy clumsy glove.

PETER (FM mic)  
Sorry, sorry--Be happy in your work.

Jaax carefully places the blood vial with others in an icecream box container marked "ANTRHAX".

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

23.

46 CONTINUED:

46

INSIDE SPACESUIT - POV JAAX'S HELMET

Air rushing in the suit like a jet engine making it hard to hear. Jaax returns the dozing Reeses monkey to its cage with all the care a mother has for her child. The sign on the cage says: "SUPERMONK". The monkey stirs, kicking to life. Suddenly, Supermonk is up bounding around the cage.

Jaax slips Supermonk a treat.

WE MOVE WITH JAAX: entering another Airlock door carrying the "Anthrax" container. Door hisses shut. A sign screams--

WARNING BIOSAFETY LEVEL 4 - MAXIMUM CONTAINMENT  
Authorized personel only; life threatening agents present; Filoviruses, Arboviruses, Lassa Fever Virus, Ebola Virus, Hantaan Virus, Crimean-Congo hemorrhagic fever Virus, Marburg Virus, Dengue, Machupo--

47 INT. BL4 SUITE - CONTINUING ACTION

47

JAAX arrives at two industrial size refrigerators, both with computer locks. Trefoil biohazard logos abound.

Jaax punches in a code and swings wide the doors. Liquid nitrogen fog rolls out. The fridge is full of lethal vials. WE SEE NAMES: LASSA, MARBURG, HANTA, ANTHRAX and EBOLA!??

Jaax opens the container and takes the deadly Anthrax virus flasks in clumsy gloves and places gently them in the liquid nitrogen environment. Methodical, calm.

Jaax locks the doors--Red Trefoil sign filling the view.

CLOSE ON - AIR HOSE

Jaax unhooks it from a HEPA filter on the suit's right thigh.

INSIDE SPACESUIT - POV JAAX'S HELMET - MOVING FAST

No more rushing air. Just Jaax's heavy breathing. The helmet visor fogs up. Jaax wipes it to no avail. Breathing quickens.

48 INT. AIRLOCK - ENVIROCHEM SHOWER - ONE MINUTE LATER

48

As Jaax enters the stainless steel seven headed shower. The door seals automatically. The system sign glows:

WARNING - DECONTAMINATE CONTAGENS  
7 MINUTE ENVIROCHEM SHOWER REQUIRED  
DO NOT ENTER COLD SIDE WITHOUT DECON

Envirochem pounds the suit in the cramped darkness

CUT TO:

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

24.

49 INT. GRAY ZONE - MINUTES LATER

49

Jaax steps from the shower, suit glistening wet; then unzips the space suit and pulls the soft helmet back.

COL. NANCY JAAX is a striking woman in her early thirties.

JAAX  
I really hate this helmet, Pete.  
Can't we afford the model with  
windshield wipers? What's another  
billion or two when you're having fun?

IN THE DRESSING AREA - CONTINUING ACTION

She enters shucking her suit. He follows.

PETER  
Don't let the taxpayers hear you talk  
like that, Nance. Speaking of fun, how  
does the Magic Bullet for Anthrax?

JAAX  
Two Reeses crashed and bled out,  
but Supermonk threw off a strong  
antibody response again. No symptoms.  
I think he's immune. He's the  
healthiest primate in captivity.

PETER  
Yeah? Think he's ready for Ebola?

Jaax stops flashing her green eyes right at Peter.

JAAX  
I'd sooner cut off your right arm--  
I worked the "hot side" for 10 years  
with Supermonk. He retires alive.

She opens a DECON LOCKER. Ultraviolet light floods. She routinely hits the deck and sticks her legs in the air. Jahrling tugs the suit off.

PETER  
Okay. Okay. So--I got a propostion  
for you--Your husband will never know.

Jahrling smiles cheesey down at her making a muscle. Jaax cracks up in a needed release. She hops up.

JAAX  
Gerry may be far far away, Pete, but  
I'm not desperate--yet. What's up?

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

25.

49

49 CONTINUED:

PETER

Girard over at Synergy's got a bug  
burning through his primate colony.  
I need you to take a look at some  
monkey parts tonight, spleen, few  
slices of liver, lung tissue, snot  
swabs--

JAAX

Is that "to go", Sir?

She bats her green eyes car hop style. She's now down to  
green scrubs; pulling off layers of taped surgical gloves.

PETER

God, Gerry has been away too long.

JAAX

No tonight, Pete. I've been in the suit  
all day. Jamie's got a gym meet.

PETER

Aw, c'mon--the monks could be hot  
with Simian or maybe--an "unknown"--  
(makes spooky mouth music)  
20 minutes? Okay?

She eyeballs the two giant fridges visible through the  
glass partition.

JAAX (continuing)

We need another bug in this house  
like a hole in the head. We got  
BL-4 viruses in the fridge that make  
AIDS look like a runny nose.

Jahrling doesn't laugh. It's the truth.

PETER

Hey, there's a happy thought....  
(pushes his glasses back)  
Just look at the samples. Ten minutes--?

JAAX

Okay. Flip you for the "overtime".

PETER

Nance, don't start pulling my foreskin  
about "overtime" and "hazard pay". I  
know you deserve it. It's got nothing  
to do with you being a woman--

Oh yeah? Jaax defiantly starts to take off her scrub top.  
Peter races out beat red.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

26.

49 CONTINUED:

49

PETER  
Keep your shirt on. I'm going, okay.  
Don't get desperate on me, now. Bye--

Jaax grins after him. Airlock doors open. He's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

WARNING: BIOSAFETY LEVEL 3 CONTAINMENT

DISSOLVE TO:

50 MICROSCOPIC VIEW - MONKEY TISSUE

50

A carpet of living cells takes on a spider web look.

PETER (O.C.)  
Liver cells. Monkey sample #053--  
What do you think?

50C INT. HOT SUITE (BL3) - NIGHT - CONTINUING ACTION

50C

Jaax adjusts the view wearing gloves and surgical mask for Biosafety Level 3 lab. No spacesuits this time. She's in her light green army blouse and uniform trousers.

Jahrling turns the glass flask containing the cell culture under the microscope.

JAAX  
The infected cells have a definite spider web look. SHF's signature.

PETER  
Agreed. It looks like Simian to me, too.

He studies the magnified image on a video monitor attached to the microscope. Jaxx looks again--

JAAX  
Oh, you've got super powers all of a sudden? Run some Simian anti-bodies. See what lights up.

THE LAB BENCH - CLOSER - PLASTIC VIALS

Jaax removes one labeled "ANTI-BODY SERUM - SIMIAN HF". She draws a drop of the liquid in a pipette--then inserts it into the flask. Pete flicks on the ultraviolet scope light.

PETER  
Go for the gold.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

27.

50 CONTINUED:

50

## VIDEO MICROSCOPIC VIEW - MONKEY TISSUE

Cells glow in the ultraviolet. Suddenly, the dark solution clouds the view. Antibodies surround infected cells glowing bright fluorescent golden orange.

Jaax studies the scope as Peter refers to a chart.

## THE CHART - CLOSER - "FLUORESCENT ANTIGEN COLOR CHART"

He scans down bar graphs of fluorescent colors to a GOLDEN ORANGE BAR labeled: "Simian Hemorrhagic Fever".

PETER

Bingo. Positive for SHF. Good news for us--bad news for the monkeys.

Jaax peers into the microscope.

JAAX

Pete--there's something flaky going on in this flask--

## MICROSCOPIC VIEW - MONKEY TISSUE

## MAJOR MUSIC CUE

Blackholes grow in the carpet of glowing cells as if eaten by moths. Dead and dying cells float away--

TO JAAX &amp; PETER

JAAX

That's not like any SHF I've ever seen. Something is blowing those cells away. They're off the plastic.

She doesn't like it. She pulls Peter to the scope.

PETER

Aw, just some crud in the scope. Pseudomonas bacterium maybe. Really annoying. Wipes out everything. You have to start over. Here--my sinuses are blocked--The little suckers smell like Walches grape juice--

He opens the flask and guides it to Jaax's nose. She reflexes back, recorking the flask herself.

JAAX

Yeah and a virus kills with no odor--

They stare at the flask in silence....

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

28.

50 CONTINUED:

50

JAAK (continuing)  
 Okay--we've got an "unknown" here,  
 Pete--Let's do it by the numbers. How  
 long to culture another isolate and  
 get it on the big scope so we can see  
 what the damn thing is?

PETER  
 I'll need more monkey samples. Ten,  
 twelve hours maybe.

She looks at the wall clock; 6:50 pm--

JAAK  
 Damn--I'm gonna be late for Jamie's  
 gym meet. Call your wife. Tell her  
 we're shacking up together. Then call  
 Girard and get us some monkeys---

Jaax exits slamming the door. The warning sign reads:

DO NOT STRIKE GLASS - HOT AGENTS IN USE

Peter ponders the flask for a moment. He opens it, curious,  
 he wafts his hand toward his nose across the top of the  
 flask. No odor. More curious, he pours the milky fluid into  
 a testube--places the tube in a centrifuge and turns it on.

THE CENTRIFUGE - WHIRLS TO A BLUR

WIPE SCREEN TO:

51 INT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT 51

JAMIE JAAK whirls by in a blur as she finishes her floor  
 exercise on a back layout with a full twist. 10 years old,  
 wears braces and never stops. Never.

52 INTERCUT: EXT. HIGHWAY 15 - SAME TIME 52

We follow Jaax in her Honda doing 80. She checks her watch.  
 That late!? The THURMONT MD. exit looms up. She blows down  
 it--

53 RESUME: GYM MEET - SAME TIME 53

Jamie gets high fives from her TEAMATES. Her proud COACH  
 towels her down as the crowd applauds.

COACH  
 Good numbers, Jamie. Solid routine.

JUDGES hold up her scores. Jamie pumps "yes". She scans the  
 crowd for her Mother. Not there. We see her disappointment.

CUT TO:

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

29.

54 INTERCUT: TOWN INTERSECTION - SAME TIME 54

Jaax sits behind a pokey car waiting to make a left turn. Losing patience, she humpbacks around the slo-poke makes the turn and speeds away.

55 INTERCUT: INT. BL3 LAB - SAME TIME 55

WE MOVE IN ON THE TESTUBE TO A MICROSCOPIC VIEW: The geography of cells are at war.

56 INTERCUT: INT. JAHRLING'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 56

PETER

Hey? Remember me?

As Peters enters their modest house, his DAUGHTERS, ages 5 and 3, run to him shrieking gleefully "Daddy! Daddy!"; scattering an array of toys in their path. The youngest grabs his leg, hugging it. The oldest jumps in his arms.

DARIA, his wife appears with their INFANT DAUGHTER.

PETER

Hi, hon. Sorry I'm late.

DARIA

Just as long as you leave your work at the office.

Peter smiles at their ritual joke. They manage a juicy kiss in the midst of kiddom.

57 INTERCUT: INT. BL3 LAB - SAME TIME 57

PUSH IN ON THE TESTUBE TO A MICROSCOPIC VIEW: Invaders overrun territory. Burning the cells up like fire.

58 INTERCUT: GYM MEET - SAME TIME 58

Jamie spins on the uneven bars preparing for her dismount. She throws--falling just a bit on the landing. The crowd cheers. A smile spreads across Jamie's face.

She spots Nancy Jaax standing proudly beside her Coach; out of breath--both fists clenched to Jamie. "Go for it."

Jamie trots over to her Mom's waiting arms. They embrace.

59 EXT. OLD VICTORIAN HOUSE - THURMONT MD. - NIGHT 59

Right near the center of the small town. Jaax's headlights reveal the "rambling wreck" as they pull into the driveway.

JAAX AND JAMIE gather their gear of the day, books, gym bag, etc.--

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

30.

59 CONTINUED:

59

JAAK

Your father must've been out of his mind the day he bought this old house. I keep thinking I'll come home some night and it'll be gone. It'll just implode--

Jamie gives a sullen laugh toying with the silver medal around her neck. Jaax smoothes her daughter's hair. She knows what's wrong.

JAAK

Aw, Princess, I'm sorry Dad missed another one of your big moments.

Jamie pulls away trying to hang tough.

FOLLOW THEM TO THE HOUSE

Lights are on. Dogs bark inside.

JAMIE

When's he coming home?

JAAK

When the job he went over there to do gets done.

JAMIE

(disappointed)

You said Thanksgiving---?

JAAK

(getting frustrated)

Maybe--I said maybe Thanksgiving.

60 INT. JAAK HOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

60

Jamie and Jaax enter through the sunporch; where the family menagerie resides. A fish tank, an Amazon Parrot, some parakeets and big black Bouvier who is there to greet them with licks and whines.

JAAK

Hey, big guy. You hungry?

JAMIE

I am--

Herky, the Amazon Parrot, starts to sing.

PARROT

Heigh ho--heigh ho--it's home from work we go--

CUT TO:

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

31.

61 INT. KITCHEN/FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

61

The rambling house is in a constant state of renovation. An occasional open wall shows plumbing and electrical conduit.

Now the Parrot segues into "Colonel Bogey's March". The noise and singing from the menagerie stirs JASON, age 8, from the couch watching TV with his BABYSITTER, VAL. Jamie and Jaax enter dumping their load--

JASON

Mom! Mom! Jamie--guess what? Guess?  
I saw Dad on TV. On CNN! CNN--

JAAX

Whoa--you did, Jace? Really?

Jamie is instantly jealous. Jaax gives him a hug as she eyes the Babysitter for confirmation.

JAAX

Val--He's not imagining this, is he? Gerry looked okay--?

VAL

(nodding all smiles)  
Yeah, they interviewed him and his U.N. team right there in Baghdad. It was really cool.

JASON

Dad's growing a beard. Looks woofy.

Jaax makes a face. They're getting a charge out of this. Jamie is in instant fear.

JAMIE

I hate Dad being over there. When is he going to call?

Silence. The tension in the room raises rears it's head. Jaax pays Val. She quickly leaves saying her goodnights.

Jaax sits on the couch pulling her kids to her.

JAAX

You know--your father doesn't exactly get to choose what part of the world the bad guys hide chemical weapons in. Dad inspects them over there so we can be safe over here. You know the drill--  
"We all have to be good--"

She stops fixed on the TV.

JAMIE/JASON

--good soldiers--

(CONTINUED)

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

32.

61 CONTINUED:

61

JAMIE  
Mom? You okay?

THE TV - CLOSER

File footage of the night bombardments in Baghdad during Desert Storm. It looks like Star Wars. She grabs the remote and clicks the damn thing off!

62 INT. JAAX KITCHEN - 1AM

62

Now in sweats and t-shirt, Jaxx prepares meals for the week with the blurring speed of a martial arts master (which she is). Therapy. Trying to lose herself in her mom-chores. She pulls a chicken out of the Microwave, wraps it in cellophane and tucks it in the freezer next to two more.

Blackhawk is there for an occasional scrap. Jaax opens doors with her hands and feet grabbing freezer storage bags, utensils, etc. She ladles stew from a crock pot into containers and pitches them in the freezer. All while she routinely listens to the answering machine.

GRANDMOTHER JAAX (V.O.)  
Hi, it's Mama Jaax. Are you there?  
Hello? She's not there. Call us.

She grabs a can of Libby's green beans to go in a casserole. The electric can opener doesn't work. Damn. She rifles the drawers. No opener.

PETER. (v.o. phone machine)  
Nance, I just reached Girard. Seven more monkeys went down. They've got them on ice. He sounds spooked. Meet me there at 0-800. I'll be the one with tooth picks propping my eyelids open--

She grabs a butcher knife and poises the point in the lid with her left hand--and hits the handle with the heel of her right one. It slips! Her palm slicing down the blade--

JAAX  
Son-of-a-bitch!--

The bloody knife tangs to the floor sending Blackhawk running. She kicks the cabinet doors holding her hand in pain--

CLOSE ON HER HAND

She checks the damage. Nothing. Then blood leeches from the clean cut on her right palm.

CUT TO:

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

33.

63 INT. JAAX BATHROOM - NIGHT

63

Jaax twines a wide bandaid over her wound and closes the medicine cabinet. She jumps with fright at THE FACE leering right behind her--

JAAX

Jamie--oh--hon--

Jamie is half asleep--still in her gym suit.

JAMIE

Can I sleep with you, Mom--?

64 INT. JAAX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

64

A family photo sits on the cluttered night table next to the king-sized bed. GERRY JAAX, her handsome 6'3" husband with the kids at the beach.

JAMIE FALLS INTO BED, half-asleep. Jaax collapses beside her too tired to undress. Jamie instinctively curls to her.

Then another body crawls in bed on the other side. Jason. He's needs reassurance too. Nancy Jaax exhales the stress of the day--feeling very close and very loving toward her children. Some inner fear grips her. She hugs them tight.

Blackhawk curls up at the foot of the bed. Keeping watch.

SHARP CUT TO:

65 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - ROOM F - NIGHT

65

Tiny, chugging a beer, sings to the monkeys as he closes up for the night. The last monkey is making sounds right with him--big finish. Tiny and Monkey face to face at the bars.

TINY (Travis Tritt)

"Here's a quarter call someone who cares--"

Then Tiny shuts off the lights and leaves.

SHARP CUT TO:

66 EXT. LEESBURG PIKE - NIGHT

66

Tiny roars by on his Harley heading into the night.

67 RESUME: MONKEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

67

The CAMERA ROCKETS along cages of glowing eyes right to the last monkey. Death stare. Blood trickles from it's nose.

END ACT ONE

CUT TO: BLACK

HZACT1B 5/13/94 7:41pm

34.

68 ACT II: FADE IN: EXT. RESTON ALLEWAY - MORNING (PETER'S POV) 68  
Kids romp in the play-yard at the day care center.

SUPER: RESTON, VA., NOV. 17 - 0:830 HRS - DAY 2

69 EXT. AMOCO STATION - VIEW DOWN ALLEWAY - CONT. ACTION 69  
Peter watches from his big brown older buick parked behind the station. His license plate reads "ANTHRAX". He downs donuts and coffee listening to the WOMAN with trashy blonde hair yapping on the payphone nearby.

TRASHY BLONDE (on payphone)  
I know he knows somethin's going on.  
'Cause--I just do. I didn't marry him  
'cause I love him. I saved that for you---

Peter checks his watch. Come on Jaax.

HIS POV - THE DAY CARE CENTER

A boy bites a girl on the hand drawing blood. The TEACHER hurries over to the screaming child. PAN TO: The rear door to the monkey house. Empty monkey crates stacked in back.

70 INT. SYNERGY MONKEY HOUSE - GIRARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME 70

Jaax waits impatiently. Full army uniform. She checks out the goings on in the monkey rooms on the Radio shack lash-up monitors. The conditions upset her even more.

Girard enters wearing a gray business suit and white lab coat. He's nervous, clearing his throat constantly.

JAAX  
Dr. Girard--Colonel Jaax. Army  
Medical Research--I'm here for  
the samples--

GIRARD  
Young lady--

JAAX  
(reacting to his tone)  
Colonel Jaax--

GIRARD (continuing)  
Did anybody see you come in here?  
Nobody said anything about uniforms.  
I don't want a bunch of Army uniforms  
in and out of here. It'll upset my  
employees. People will ask questions--

JAAX  
(bristling, keeping control)  
Sir---?

CUT TO:

\H# HZACT2B 5/13/94 7:41pm 35

71 EXT. ALLEWAY - MINUTES LATER 71

Jaax pulls up in her Honda by Peter. Bristling. Angry.

JAAK

Girard's afraid our army "unis" will alarm his people--He said his management is already on him for calling us in. He's bringing the samples here.

PETER

Oh, free home delivery. Nice.

She fixes on the Day Care Center across the alley. Kids playing "Ring Around the Rosie"--

JAAK

The hygiene in that place ranks just above "sewer". I don't like this, Pete. Young children--so close--

Pete offers her a half-eaten donut through his window.

THEIR POV - A LIME GREEN VAN

Heads up the alley and stops beside them. TINY leans from the cab. Big toothy grin.

TINY

How you. M'am? Uh, General, M'am--?

Jaax smiles putting the nervous Tiny at ease.

JAAK

Col. Jaax--this is Dr. Jahrling, U.S. Army Medical Research--

Tiny shyly lumbers out revealing black powder Rifles in a cab rack. He ambles to the back, talking away.

TINY

Y'all think y'all can find out what's killin'em, huh? I only been there 'bout two--three months, but you get attached to the cute little things real quick--

JAAK

(polite)

I know what you mean.

INSIDE THE VAN - DARKNESS

Tiny opens the door. Jaax and Peter gawk at 7 plastic garbage bags. No one wants to be the first to grab one.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT2B 5/13/94 7:41pm

36

71 CONTINUED:

71

PETER  
"Samples?" You brought whole  
monkeys? Are they disinfected  
and triple bagged?

TINY  
You bet. Wouldn't want to get  
any on ya--

Tiny wipes his runny nose with his finger then stirs his  
coffee with the same one, oblivious. Jaax is appalled. A  
habit she will never forget.

JAAX  
The specimens all came from Room F?

TINY  
Nope. Room H.

Jaax and Peter trade concerned glances.

JAAX  
The bug's jumped to a new room.  
Do all the monkeys breathe the  
same air?

TINY  
Guess so. If a monkey even farts  
in one room, you can smell it  
in 'n'other. No 'fense Mam--

Jaax motions Peter behind her car; both concerned.

JAAX  
If the bug can jump rooms, it  
can jump out too. And we know  
it's not Simian Fever.

PETER  
Whatever it is--it's just lethal  
to monkeys--so far--

Both eye Tiny and the bags in the van.

JAAX (continuing)  
Pete, this is Virginia. I can't  
knowingly transport a dead animal  
with an infectious disease across  
state lines to the lab without a  
permit. I can lose my veterinarian's  
license. No way it's going to stay  
quiet we transported them. You're a  
civilian M.D. You can plead ignorance.

(CONTINUED)

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37

71 CONTINUED:

71

Peter starts to protest. She thumps the gold rank bars on her lapel--

JAAX  
This---is why I get to make these decisions. I wear the big eagles.

SHE POINTS TO: HIS BIG BROWN CAR

JAAX (continuing)  
Besides--your car's bigger and shittier than mine.

Jaax bats her green eyes over the top "Miss Scarlett".

TO PETER'S TRUNK - THEY LOAD THE BAGS

The weight depresses the rear end. Jaax holds her bag out as far away as she can. Tiny loads the last bag with childlike sadness.

TINY  
Bye, Nadine...  
(explains embarassed)  
She liked it when I sang to her.

Tiny sadly closes the trunk. It won't shut. He sits on it.

Jaax and Peter watch him climb in the van singing "Nadine" softly to himself. He waves, sweating profusely.

Peter and Jaax wave politely as the VAN WIPES FRAME TO:

JAAX - LOOKING UNDER PETER'S CAR

JAAX  
I'll follow you. Make sure you don't drip.

Peter pushes his glasses up his nose. Pleasant thought.

SHARP CUT TO:

72 MOVING POV (JAX'S CAR) - FOLLOWING PETER'S CAR

72

He bottoms out on a bump. Sparks fly as the rearend drags the road. His license plate--"Anthrax" an ironic warning.

Jaax whiteknuckles her steering wheel waiting for the trunk to pop open. It holds.

73 EXT. DAY CARE CENTER - CONTINUING ACTION

73

As they pass by, A LITTLE BOY STANDS on top of the slide pounding his chest like King Kong--making monkey faces.

CUT TO:

HZACT2B 5/13/94 7:41pm

38

74 INT. USAMRIID - BL 4 SUITE - DAY

74

A stainless steel door opens revealing the seven monkey sacks in the over-sized pass through chute. PUSH IN ON:

BIOSAFETY LEVEL 4>

Room pressure: Negative Alarms: enabled Space Suits: Ready  
Gender Occupant: Female Hot Agent: Unknown

75 INTERCUT: JAAX - IN THE STAGING AREA

75

She removes the gold chain around her neck. Then her wedding ring and diamond engagement ring. She strings them on the chain and hangs them in her locker.

She removes her under garments and stows them too. She pulls on her green scrubs and cap.

76 INTERCUT: PETER IN BL3 LAB

76

He's running on fumes. Mask and gloves only. IN MACRO CLOSE UP WE SEE: Peter places a microdot button of cells under his microscope. He looks:

MICROSCOPIC VIEW: THE BUTTON OF CELLS

As Peter turns on the "slicer". The diamond knife slices through the mysterious viral cells like deli-meat. The microscopic slices fall onto a droplet of water.

77 INTERCUT: JAAX IN BL4 HOT SUITE

77

She smoothes the bandaid curling on her right palm over her cut; then slides her right hand into a surgical glove. She tapes the glove to her scrub sleeve with brown sticky tape. Next she slides her gloved hands down the spacesuit sleeves into the heavier surgical gloves.

78 INTERCUT: PETER - ELECTRON MICROSCOPE ROOM

78

A metal tower eight feet tall. Peter places the water droplet slide into the "sample holder"--a long steel rod. Then, with odd precision, Peter plucks one of his own eyelashes--places it in tweezers and gently stirs the water droplet with it.

Peter slides the rod down the chamber of the big scope.

79 INTERCUT: JAAX - HELMET POV INSIDE SPACESUIT

79

Closing her diagonal zipper, then the airtight ziploc.

80 INTERCUT: PETER - ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

80

Peter shuts out the lights and sits down at console in front of a big viewing screen--like a spaceship.

(CONTINUED)

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80 CONTINUED:

80

ON THE VIEWING SCREEN: a cellscape appears. Oxbow rivers and lakes, complicated vistas like an aerial view of a jungle. We've seen this view before. An ominous sight--

81 INTERCUT: JAAX - IN HOTSUITE

81

She pulls a monkey bag through the pass-through chute and opens it.

82 INTERCUT: PETER - ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

82

He scans the cellscape, like flying. Searching, he abruptly stops. He stares in horror at the screen. HE ZOOMS IN--

THE VIEWING SCREEN - RUSHING AT US

So thick with virus it looks like a bucket of worms. Worms!

PETER

Oh shit...oh....shit....

He rifles a negative file until he finds it. He holds the micrograph picture up to the screen. PUSH IN ON THE PICTURE: It's labeled: EBOLA, ZAIRE; LUNG SLICE, PATIENT 17, 1976. It's loaded with the same virus!

83 INTERCUT: JAAX - BL4 LAB

83

Her gloved hand picks up a scalpel from the "sharps" box. She makes the chest incision--She raises her gloves back into view---both soaked with blood. She dunks both in the clorox pan, cleaning them.

84 INT. BL4 LAB - CHEMSHOWER/SUITE

84

Peter enters the suite from the chemshower in his spacesuit. He's distraught, carrying micrographs.

PETER

Jaax--We got a problem--Nance?  
Talk to me. Nance---

No response. He forgot his headset! Sweat runs down his nose. His faceplate fogs up. He clamps on an airhose.

They keep snapping apart. Peter hurries down the corridor no airhose attached, his breathing labored.

HIS POV - JAAX IN LAB

Peter waves. She doesn't see him. He starts to pound the glass. A warning sign stops him.

INFECTIOUS AREA - DO NOT STRIKE GLASS

(CONTINUED)

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40

84 CONTINUED:

84

INSIDE JAXX'S SPACESUIT - HER POV

Air ROARS like a freight train. She talks to herself.

JAXX (to herself)  
Subcutaneous hemorrhaging. Slow your  
hands, girl. Too fast. Patiechial  
lung hemorrhages. Put the sharp down.  
Rapid tissue deterioration--Ooggh.  
This thing's a bag of soup--

Suddenly her air stops flowing. What? She turns to check  
her hose. SHE FACES PETER; her hose squeezed tightly in  
his gloves. He lets go. Air flows.

JAXX  
HEY--WHAT'S UP?!!

He shoves the micrographs of Ebola up to her face plate.  
She takes them in her bloody gloves--

JAXX  
YOU'VE GOT CRUD IN YOUR SCOPE.

Peter indicates "no". He's white as a ghost, freaking out.

PETER  
IT'S EBOLA! I SNIFFED THAT FLASK!  
IT'S BL4! I AM PRIME MEAT FOR MELTDOWN!

OUTSIDE THE SUITS; He's so upset he knocks over the tray of  
sharps. Scalpels and cutters spill dangerously across the  
floor. Jaax pins Peter's arms behind him in a  
powerful martial arts hold.

JAXX  
COME ON PETE--YOU DIDN'T JAM IT UP  
YOUR NOSE DID YOU? YOU MAY NOT BE  
INFECTED! LOOK AT ME! WE'VE GOT NO  
PROOF IT'S CONTAGIOUS TO PEOPLE!!

PETER  
TELL THAT TO THE DEAD MONKEYS!  
MAYBE THE BUG JUST JUMPED SPECIES  
TO ME!

Pete's air hose hangs loose. Jaax quickly clamps one on.

JAXX  
DON'T WIG ON ME, PETE. LET'S TEST  
FOR EBOLA ANTIBODIES. WE'VE BEEN  
FOOLED BEFORE--

She points to the big fridge. He nods, composing himself.

CUT TO:

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HART J

JH  
PAGE 01

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41

85 TO THE BIG FRIDGE - A MONOLITH IN DIM LIGHT

85

Pete punches in the computer combination. The titanium lock chunge. THE DOOR OPENS. Nitrogen fog spills out.

FOLLOW PETE'S GLOVE: searching vials and containers marked: LASSA, MARBURG, ANTHRAX, HANTA, RIPT VALLEY, ENCEPHALITIS, AIDS, EBOLA--to a vial marked: "ANTIBODY SERUM - EBOLA ZAIRE, YAMBUKU; SISTER GENEVIEVE: SURVIVOR".

TO JAXX &amp; PETE - AT THE MICROSCOPE

Peter places the slide under the fluorescent microscope with forceps.

VIDEO MICROSCOPIC VIEW - MONKEY TISSUE

Crawling with the Filovirus. Antibodies seize on the cells lighting the cellscape in a foreboding purple glow.

JAXX

These monkeys are loaded--

PETER

(sags in his suit)  
I knew it. I'm fucked--

He suddenly freezes pointing at Jaxx's gloves.

INSIDE SPACESUIT - HER POV

Jaax holds her right glove up. Bloodsmeared. A rip in her outer glove across her right palm clearly visible. She instantly reacts--JAMMING HER GLOVE in the clorox vat--It comes up shiny, clean, wet. She rips the outer glove off. Oh God! Her inner suit glove--it's covered in monkey blood!

JAXX

Leaker--oh shit--I can feel it inside, Peter. Aww shit--!

86 INT. CHEMSHOWER - INSIDE JAXX'S SUIT - SECONDS LATER

86

Envirochem pounds her suit.

JAXX

(fear jag to herself)  
They'll put me in the slammer. Shit-- I didn't go to the bank today. The kids--Baby sitter has to be paid. Gotta call Gerry. I can't die. Who's going to stay with my kids tonight? Shit. Shit. I forgot to order the turkey for Thanksgiving. How are my kids going to eat if I'm in the slammer? I love Gerry--

CUT TO:

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HART J

JA  
PAGE 02

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87 INT. STAGING AREA - MINUTES LATER

87

Jaax shucks her spacesuit--literally leaping out of it. She pulls her arm out--

CLOSE ON - HER INNER SURGICAL GLOVE

Covered in monkey blood too! She can see the bandaid through the translucent glove, under the Ebola blood.

Panic. She pours more Clorox over the glove scrubbing it viciously with a brush trying to wash away the threat.

HER HAND - CLOSER

As she peels the glove slowly off. She reaches the bandaid--no monkey blood! Her hand is clean!

Jaax fills the glove up like a balloon at the faucet. Final verdict. No leaks!

Suddenly her legs collapse under her. She slides down the wall, her legs kicking out. Her heart pounding.

Peter appears his suit dripping from the shower. He unzips gasping for air.

JAAK

No leaks.

PETER (breathless)

Another routine day at the office.  
This is no job for a hypochondriac.

JAAK

God--I need a diet soda--

She suddenly stands, heaving in the sink.

CUT TO: BLACK

88 FADE IN: INT. GENERAL RUSSELL'S RECEPTION AREA - DAY

88

His door says it all: COMMANDER ARMY MEDICAL RESEARCH.  
Jaax and Peter barrel by the startled RECEPTIONIST.  
Peter is wearing a surgical mask.

RECEPTIONIST

Col. Jaax, the General asked  
if this could wait until--

89 INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUING ACTION

89

They enter. GENERAL RUSSELL is getting ready to leave. Mid-forties. Top virologist with a grim sense of humor.

(CONTINUED)

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HART J

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89 CONTINUED:

89

RUSSELL  
Why the hell do I have the feeling  
I'm not going to like this? What's  
with the mask, Pete--?

PETER  
Uh--I whiffed a basic BL4 cocktail  
yesterday--shaken not stirred.

Before he can respond, Jaax shoves the micrographs in front  
of him.

JAAX  
It's a filovirus, sir. From a private  
house near D.C.

RUSSELL  
What? You got crud in your scope.

He looks back at Jaax, and Peter. Wrong. Russell closes his  
door WIPING FRAME TO:

90 INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

90

A map of the world fills the view. Colored pins mark  
locations of viral outbreaks. JAAX ENTERS FRAME--pointing  
out the "hot spots" in Africa.

JAAX  
The only Ebola case on record--  
the '76 outbreak in Africa. Now--  
you can put a pin right here---

She travels her finger from Africa across the Atlantic and  
dramatically sticks a new BLACK PIN in to Washington D.C.

JAAX (continuing)  
We've got a slate-wiper virus right  
here in Washington D.C. That monkey  
house is a viral time bomb--

RUSSELL  
Jesus. How the fuck did it get here?

PETER  
One plane flight is all it takes.

Silence as this sinks in.

RUSSELL  
Son-of-a-bitch. If the word gets out  
what Ebola can do to people--we've  
got a major panic on our hands.

(CONTINUED)

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44

90 CONTINUED:

90

JAAX

If the virus gets out--we've got an epidemic. A disaster. Ebola averages four to seven days to incubate. Another week to crash and bleed out the host.

Jaax draws a big red circle around D.C., VA., Maryland, etc.

JAAX (continuing)

We've got millions of potential hosts.

PETER

Well--If I'm infected--I should be getting my first headache in, oh, about five days.

RUSSELL

(not easy to say)

I should put you in the slammer, Pete. You know that.

Peter nods. His worst nightmare. Jaax lowers Peter's mask refusing to succumb to hysteria and fears.

JAAX

I need him. He's not contagious unless he shows symptoms--Anyway if it spreads, he won't be the only one with a headache....Sir.

Russell respects their knowledge and loyalty. He looks at the Callscapes in grim silence.

RUSSELL

I got it, Jaax. Got it. Pete--are we anywhere close to a magic bullet for this bug?

PETER

Well, one Guinea has been immunized against Ebola successfully; but I've had no luck cloning the antibodies--yet. We need a breakthrough. The one possible cure right now has to come from a survivor with immunities--

(hesitates)

Something Ebola is not famous for--

Peter self-consciously pulls his mask back up.

RUSSELL

I'll call the CDC and tell Reese myself. He'll piss in his pants.

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45

90 CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED) 90

JAAX

They'll buck us for jurisdiction.  
This should stay an army operation.

Russell looks at them--Jaax entrenched. Dug in.

RUSSELL

Jaax, I'm putting you and Pete in  
charge of the o.p.

Jaax and Peter look at each other. Not what they expected.

JAAX

General, I'm a lab pathologist.  
A doggie doctor. I don't have any  
experience in field operations.

RUSSELL

You and Pete have more bench time  
with Ebola than anyone at the RIID  
--and you both practically live in  
spacesuits. I want a strategy fast.

JAAX/PETER

Yes, Sir--

RUSSELL

You get to Girard. Limit any contact  
his people have with the monkeys.  
Contact the Health Department. Find Col.  
Takafuji at the Surgeon General's. I'm  
calling a "laydown" meet here soon as  
possible so get your data in order.

(he studies the map)

There's no doubt in my mind we've  
got a national emergency. I don't  
want a panic.

Jaax gathers the micrographs. They head for the door.

PETER

No panic. You didn't sniff that flask.

They exit as Russel moves to the map on the phone--

RUSSELL (phone)

Reese? Phil Russell. Hey, we got a  
problem up here. Found a little  
pissant filo virus in a bunch  
of monkeys down the road. Ebola.  
What d'ya think about that?

REESE (V.O. phone)

I think you've got crud in your scope.

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46

91 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - GIRARD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CUT TO:

91

Girard stops fixing the antique clock spread on his desk.

GIRARD (on phone)  
Highly lethal? Well, what is it?  
Dengue? Marburg?

92 INTERCUT: JAAX - LAB OFFICE

92

JAAX (on phone)  
We don't want to set off a panic, but  
don't allow anymore necropsies on sick  
animals. Keep your employees out of those  
rooms unless it's absolutely necessary.  
A briefing is being be set up. That's  
all I can say. We'll get back to you.

91R INTERCUT: GIRARD

91R

Hangs up deep in thought; his fears masked. He looks to:

THE MONITORS: Loc and Wanda tend their charges wearing  
heavy gloves and surgical masks. On the "ROOM F monitor,  
Tiny is hand feeding a Monk and singing to it. No mask.

Girard pinches the pain between his eyes. He grabs the  
ADVIL from a drawer and pops two. He gets his labcoat, mask  
and hurries out. PUSH IN ON TINY: "Sha-la-la-la-la-la"

92C RESUME: JAAX - LAB OFFICE

92C

Peter enters in a rush with a stack of files.

PETER  
The CDC wants some monkey parts  
to run their own tests on. We're  
already in a pissing contest.

JAAX  
We've got to get inside that monkey  
house before the bug gets outside.  
I keep thinking about those kids--

She dials the phone. Peter opens a wide file cabinet and  
methodically stacks more thick bound files on Jaax's desk.

JAAX (on phone)  
Message from Mom. Working late again.  
Do all homework. Feed all animals.  
Val will thaw you dinner. Love you.  
(hangs up)  
I don't cook for my family anymore,  
I "thaw".

She stares at the piles of files Peter is stacking.

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92C CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

92C

PETER

HE is the one you need to run the  
"Epi-team" controlling this thing.

Jaax reads the top cover: "EBOLA ZAIRE/SUDAN OUTBREAK  
JANUARY, 1976 - KARL M. JOHNSON - FIELD REPORT"

JAAX

Karl Johnson--Mr. "Emerging Virus"  
himself--

PETER

He's the best "bug man" there is.

JAAX

I was just a green recruit when he  
"retired". You mention his name around  
here the Men cover their ears and Women  
do ten minutes on his "bedroom eyes".  
(opens top file)  
Anyway--he's not here. We are.

PETER

Let's find him. You've read his  
papers. You heard his lectures at  
the Trop-Med thing on the new AIDS.  
He was at the Machupo outbreak. Last  
year the Hanta break in Chiapas. Nance--  
he contained the Zaire epidemic using  
fire. He proved blood anti-bodies of  
an Ebola Survivor can save others--  
you know? Sister Genevieve's serum  
rescued two cases--

Jaax has heard this all before.

JAAX

Johnson never published those cases.  
You know they weren't documented--

PETER

Whoops. But we're still using what's  
left of her serum to try and find  
a cure aren't we?

JAAX

C'mon, Pete, Karl Johnson and the  
CDC in the same room? He told them  
and the Army to stick it up our  
collective asses when they chopped  
his field programs--

PETER

Maybe they'll listen now.

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48

92C CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

92C

JAAX

He scares people in high places.

PETER

I'm scared and I'm way down here.

He unplugs the coffee maker and takes it with him.

93 INT. SLAMMER CORRIDOR - CONTINUING ACTION

93

JAAX

Pete? Hey? We've got skull work--

PETER

You got the big gold eagles, Col. I can't risk being around my family. I'm going in the lab and I'm not coming out until I'm clean--or-- Or--I will you my vacation days.

JAAX

Pete--don't say that--

PETER

I'm not particularly interested in dying, Nance. Sister G's the closest thing we've got to a Magic Bullet. I'm going try and clone her antibodies. I'll test it on myself if I have to since I am now an official guinea pig--

JAAX (mixed emotions)

It's your call. You want me to talk to Daria--explain to the kids?

He stops at a large glass partition. They look in on:

THEIR POV - THE SLAMMER

A BL4 maximum containment intensive care hospital room. Two hospital beds are enshrouded in biohazard isolator tents. The entrance looks like Submarine hatch.

PETER

I'll call'em. Nance, I could be campbell soup by this time next week. Don't let my kids see me in the Slammer. It'd kill me not to be able to touch them--

He pushes his glasses up and heads away down the hall. Jaax watches him go. A terrifying thought; losing the ability to touch those you love.

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94 INT. JAAX'S HOUSE - THE STUDY - NIGHT

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

94

A PHOTO OF KARL JOHNSON staring right at us. He's standing outside the remains of Yambuku Mission. A Field Team and Two Nuns flank him. One Nun, emaciated, but smiling, is Sister Genevieve. They pose before an Isolator Stretcher with Village Children. The SOUNDS OF AFRICA swell, children's voices singing, drawing us in--

JAAX (V.O. reading)  
February 12, 1976. Fifteenth day.  
Sister G has miraculously broken  
her fever. Hemmoraging and clotting  
stabilizing. She could be immune--

CLOSER - MORE PHOTOS                      SOUNDS OF AFRICA CONTINUE

Ebola victims. Sad sunken eyes. Ghost like faces. Then Village Children. Youthful smiles of hope.

JAAX (V.O. reading)  
"We have a duty to go to the epicenter  
of any outbreak and fight to contain  
the contagion before it reaches the  
unprepared vulnerable millions--"

She adds to a list on her legal pad the word: "EPICENTER". The list includes; "MONKEY HOUSE", "CONTAINMENT", "NUKE PRIMATE COLONY", "SURVIVOR", "CURE" and "PETER".

THE STUDY - WIDER                      SOUNDS OF AFRICA CONTINUE

Up in the round cupola of the old house. Exotic plants fill the cupola under grow lights--a little rain forest.

Jaax sits nearby at her desk transfixed on the photograph reading Johnson's field reports. Files fill her desk. African voices intensify. Drums escalate. Urgent.

Jaax turns to her computer calling up:

E MAIL: USAMRIID INQUIRY  
ENTRY: SEARCH FOR > JOHNSON, KARL M.  
SEARCHING: E MAIL ADDRESS LOCATED  
          WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION FIELD HOSPITAL  
          KITALE, KENYA S.A.

Jaax hesitates, studying the desk full of photos. She types a message quickly into the computer.

ENTRY:       TO: DR. KARL JOHNSON  
              FROM: LTC JAAX - USAMRIID  
              OUTBREAK IN LOCAL PRIMATE POPULATION  
              CAUSE: FILOVIRUS -- MICROGRAPHS TO FOLLOW  
              CONTACT IMMEDIATELY

REPLY:       SENDING NOW

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94 CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

94

Jaxx feeds Ebola micrographs into a fax machine.

JAAAX

C'mon, Johnson. Where are you?

She senses she's suddenly being watched. She looks at the plants--A BOA CONSTRICTOR HANGS DOWN RIGHT IN HER FACE!

JAAAX

AHHH! Oh, Samson! Goddamn snake--

She uncoils the snake from a driftwood tree--pissed.

Jason clods up the stairs. Blackhawk bounds with him.

JASON

Mom--Jamie's home from practice. Is dinner thawed yet?

JAAAX

You can have fresh Samson burger if he gets out again. You're in charge of him while Dad's gone, okay--

Silcne. Jason dutifully takes the six foot snake and coils him in his glass box on the floor.

JAAAX

C'mere, big guy. Give me a smacker.

He shuffles over embarrassed and gives her a peck. She hoists him up getting right in his face.

JAAAX

You look more like your Dad everyday.

JASON

Good, then I won't forget what he looks like.

That gets her. She musses his hair--they head downstairs.

PUSH IN ON - THE FAX MACHINE                      SOUNDS OF AFRICA BUILD

Another cellscape disappears into it.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 TIGHT ON ANOTHER FAX MACHINE - TIME LAPSE DISSOLVES

95

Cellscapes scroll from the machine curling to an old plank floor. Then another. And another. HANDS PICK up the stream and place them in a cardboard box; "JOHNSON" scrawled on it in marker. It's running over with uncollected faxes.

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96 EXT. AFRICA - A PANORAMA - DAWN - SOUNDS OF AFRICA CONT'D 96

SHARP CUT TO:  
The majesty of the Rain Forest spreads before us. Mt. Elgon reigns in the distance. Blue sky from the dawn of creation. Animals abound. It is hard to imagine invisible killers lurking in this paradise.

A YOUNG AFRICAN BOY runs by with elegant strides. There is purpose in his direction. WE FOLLOW HIM through the bush. He knows the unmarked path well. He carries a message

SUPER: NOV. 18 - KENYA, AFRICA - 0:700 HRS. - DAY 3

97 EXT. A GREAT WATERFALL - DAWN 97

Crashes to the river below. WE SEE: THE BOY running along the river's edge.

THE RIVER - CONTINUING ACTION

Hundreds of Waterbirds take flight as the boy passes.

The Boy climbs up a rock overlooking the river without missing a stride. He searches the view below.

HIS POV - THE RIVER

Hippos bathe in the flowing waters. The boy calls out a name in his sing-song tongue---

THE RIVER - FALLS IN VIEW

TILT DOWN TO: KARL JOHNSON; his back to us, standing waist-deep in the middle of the river. Hippos bathing ignore him. Still in his favorite fishing hat, he rips his line off the water and lays a cast upstream.

AFRICAN BOY (O.C.)  
Doctor Johnson---!?

He turns to us--His features elegantly weathered over the years. His full beard now laced with gray and white.

TO THE BOY - ON THE RIVER BANK

Tentative. He yells again over the roar of the falls.

AFRICAN BOY (Swahili subtitled)  
Bad news, Hepa, Bad news. You must come, Doctor!!

95 EXT. AFRICAN VELDT - DAY 95

Johnson jogs behind the boy across the vast grazing land.

CUT TO:

HZACT2B 5/13/94 7:41pm

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98 EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - DAY

98

Johnson follows the boy through the small village to his field clinic. WE SEE: CHILDREN PLAYING. Some run with him. He speaks to them in their language--smiling. Bad news?

THE FIELD CLINIC - CONTINUING ACTION

Several MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN wait in the open air clinic to have their blood taken for testing.

THE HEAD FEMALE NURSE (AFRICAN) waves Johnson to her as he approaches with the Boy.

HEAD NURSE

Doctor, this one is frightened. His Mother has told him we are going to take all her boy's blood and eat it.

She's comforting a crying TWO YEAR OLD and the child's MOTHER. Johnson, speaks to the mother gently in Swahili--

JOHNSON (subtitled)

Your Son has a wise strong Mother. I will give you mine in return.

Johnson opens a thumb lancet, pricks his own thumb and smears it on a plastic slide. He presents it to the Mother. She smiles in acceptance. It's agreed. She holds out her boy's finger. Johnson opens a new lancet and gently makes the prick. The boy stops crying--

HEAD NURSE

Thank you, Doctor.

JOHNSON

That is the bad news?

She shakes her head grimly "no".

99 INT/EXT - LAB TENT - DAY

99

Cages of test animals, monkeys bats, gray rats, birds and insects caught in bush line the prefab walls. An AFRICAN MED STUDENT uses a portable field isolator to inoculate a woodchuck looking animal called a "Hyax".

An AFRICAN DOCTOR in his 20's peers into a microscope. Johnson hurries in--anticipation high.

JOHNSON

Katana--you found something?

KATANA

Indeed I did--A filovirus.

(CONTINUED)

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97 CONTINUED:

97

Johnson instantly moves him aside and peers in the scope.

JOHNSON  
You owe me 20 if it's Marburg.

KATANA (continuing)  
--but not there. Here.

Katana points to the fax box along with a stack of mail. The top page of Ebola draws Johnson like a magic spell. He sifts page after page of Peter's micrographs--his body language divided between shock and euphoria.

JOHNSON  
Look at those worms. Mother lode--

Johnson looks around at his lab, the animals, files, etc.

JOHNSON  
How many living things you think we've checked for Ebola over the last three years, Katana? Rough guess. This is not a quiz--

KATANA  
Not counting insects--over twelve hundred, Johnson.

JOHNSON  
No Ebola and no source of the bug. Dry hole. So where is the new outbreak? Eleven thousand miles away in Washington D.C.

The irony is too much.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
The one day I take off to go fishing. There's 80lb perch in that river--

KATANA  
(looking at cellscape)  
Maybe they got crud in their scope?

99 EXT. LAB TENT - CONTINUING ACTION

99

Johnson walks out onto the porch. Introspective. He surveys the village, his clinic--and Mt. Elgon in the distance.

HIS POV - AN APPARITION? A DREAM?

A woman walking toward him out of the sun. White robes flowing like Sister G. A striking, real, village WOMAN emerges from the sun carrying a clay vessel in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

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100 CONTINUED:

100

AFRICAN WOMAN (Swahili)  
 (smiling at Johnson)  
 Kaiiribuu, Hepa.

He responds to the greeting. She pours sparkling pure water into his hands. He splashes his face in needed relief.

AFRICAN WOMAN (english)  
 How do you feel, Johnson?

JOHNSON  
 How about "scared shitless"--

He is. He gazes at his paradise. Mt. Elgon in the distance.

HIS POV - MT. ELGON

Sounds of Africa fade as Elgon dissolves to another massif.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 EXT. U.S. CAPITOL DOME - D.C. - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT 101

Descending right over the Dome. Lights are winking on. Car lights jam the roads forming patterns like the cellscapes.

SUPER: NOV. 19 - WASHINGTON D.C. - 2200 HRS. - DAY 4

DISSOLVE TO:

102 INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL - IMMIGRATION - NIGHT 102

PEOPLE from all over the world and all different races wait in long lines to clear customs.

WE SEE: PEOPLE coughing, unable to cover their mouths holding bags or crying children. A MOTHER uses the same soiled tissue to wipe her three children's runny noses.

JOHNSON EXITS with the sea of people. Still bearded--a tie and jacket, but clearly out of his natural habitat.

JAAX (O.C.)  
 Dr. Johnson!?

TO JAAX - IN THE CROWD

She yells again over the cacaphony of people.

JAAX  
 Karl Johnson!!??

JOHNSON scans the crowd. He studies Jaax with those piercing eyes--like a Bear sizing her up.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT2B 5/13/94 7:41pm

55

102 CONTINUED:

102

Jaax is in full Army uniform. Her Colonel's gold eagles glint. Her face--determined. Johnson makes his way over.

JAAX (continuing)  
It's...Jaax...Nancy Jaax? Virology.  
Special Pathogens. USAMRIID--

They shake hands over the barrier. Tentative. Awkward.

JOHNSON  
Colonel, that was my job--once upon  
a time...

JAAX  
Yes, Sir, I know. When I joined the  
Veterinarian Corps, you'd just retired--

Johnson shoots her a look. "Retired"? Bad choice of words.  
Jaax knows it. He heads along the barrier. She follows.

JOHNSON (ticked)  
How'd you find me, anyway?

JAAX  
Dr. Johnson, I didn't mean you're  
"inactive" in the field--

JOHNSON  
What do you mean, Colonel?

The barrier ends. Suddenly they're face to face. Johnson  
can make you unsure of the very ground you stand on.

JAAX  
(brisk, buttoned down)  
Are you surprised by this?--

JOHNSON  
Surprised that you're a female  
Colonel with no field experience  
in epidemics? Or surprised that  
Ebola has jumped to the U.S.?

JAAX  
I will wisely choose "B".

TO JAAX AND JOHNSON - ASCENDING AN ESCALATOR

The arrival area is jammed with PEOPLE passing Customs.  
Johnson surveys it like a General does a battle field.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
It was only a matter of time before  
a bug worse than AIDS broke out here.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT2B 5/13/94 7:41pm

56

102 CONTINUED:

102

He sneezes, catching the force in his handkerchief.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
I hate airplanes. Germ spreaders.

JAAX  
Are you alright, Doctor?

JOHNSON  
Just an airplane cold--I hope. Then again, I could've picked up a little African virus this morning--sneezed it up on the plane contaminating the A.C.-- So by the time we landed everyone on board's been exposed to Mother Nature's revenge.

JAAX'S POV - AS THEY ASCEND

A Middle-Eastern MAN sneezes spritzing droplets in the air. THE DROPLETS fan over a cup of coffee in the hands of a WOMAN, two feet away. She stirs with her finger and DRINKS!

JOHNSON (continuing)  
I waltzed through customs. You see anyone being checked for incubating a lethal virus?

CUSTOMS AGENTS rifle bags. PASSENGERS look on nervously.

JOHNSON  
Most people don't realize the human race is just one plane flight away from extinction. All I have to do to infect you is get close enough to breathe on you--

He does. She meets his gaze--refusing to be intimidated.

JAAX  
Well that'll set air travel back about a hundred years. I guess everything I read about you is true.

He sneezes.

103 EXT. TEDDY ROOSEVELT BRIDGE - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

103

We follow an ARMY MOTOR POOL car across the Potomac to Virginia. Lights glow like antibodies under the scope.

JAAX (V.O. PHONE)  
Can we talk about this tomorrow, Princess? I've got a long meeting.

CUT TO:

HZACT2B 5/13/94 7:41pm

57

104 INT. POOL CAR - TRAVELING - CONTINUING ACTION

104

Jaax is on the rear car phone. Johnson studies her data.

JAAX (phone cont'd)  
Just tell Mama Jaax if she's afraid  
of the microwave to order a pizza.

She holds the phone away as Jason cheers "pizza" in the  
b.g. Johnson eyes her over the top of his glasses.

JAAX (hangs up)  
Sorry--

JOHNSON  
Why? This is first rate scope work.  
Jahrling nailed this one. It's a  
hotter strain than Zaire.

JAAX  
Hotter? Aw shit--I know a few pucker  
factors that're gonna red-line.

Johnson finally smiles. Spoken like a true pro.

JOHNSON  
My thoughts exactly. What about  
exposures? Anybody spike a fever?  
Any symptoms? Fatalities?

JAAX  
Just the monkeys that we know of.  
And one exposure at our lab--Pete.

He flares annoyed closing the file pissed--

JOHNSON  
Jahrling? You don't know that for  
sure--do you? Do you? Have you run  
blood tests on the monkey handlers  
and anyone else who had contact?

She starts to speak. He doesn't wait for an answer.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
How about sealing off the building and  
alerting the immediate population?

JAAX  
We can't move that fast here,  
Doctor. A meeting's going on right  
now between all the agencies and  
the CDC to decide on a course of  
action. We need your help--

(CONTINUED)

HZACT2B 5/20/94

6:25pm

58

104 CONTINUED

104

JOHNSON

Why? You've got the assets, plenty of dollars, lots of voices with opinions--If the bug doesn't kill us, all those staff bureaucrats will.

The young MILITARY DRIVER watches them in his rearview mirror. Jaax catches him and glares back. "Eyes front."

JAAX

Like it or not, there's a chain of command that has to be observed.

Johnson admires her calm tenacity. Her discipline.

JOHNSON

In the field--a mother brings her child to my clinic--sick with anything--I decide the protocol for treatment. I have to determine who gets quarantined--

JAAX

How about who lives and dies? You too?  
(that gets him--silence)  
This is the epicenter, Doctor. In this one there's a whole lot of rules. We've got a monkey house full of Ebola a few miles from here. You in--or out?

He looks out at the miles of civilization gliding by.

JOHNSON

You're something, Colonel. How'd you convince your superiors and the CDC to bring me in? Break their kneecaps?

JAAX

Actually, they don't know you're coming. I didn't tell them.

He looks at her. She's dead serious and quite pleased with herself. He grins. Then he hoots. THEN HE LAUGHS LOUD OVER:

105 EXT. FT. DETRICK - USAMRIID - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT 105

SUPER: NOV. 18 - FT. DETRICK, MD. - 2300 HRS. - DAY 4

106 INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT - ROVING POV 106

A HUGE PROJECTION SCREEN; THE WAR ZONE fills the view. It's not a recon photo--but the Ebola callscape.

A WAR MAP fills another screen. A series of circles fan out from Reston, Virginia right over Washington D.C.

(CONTINUED)

HZACT2B 5/20/94 6:25pm

59

106 CONTINUED:

106

The CAMERA GLIDES THROUGH: OFFICIALS from the Health Department, Surgeon General, the CDC and USAMRIID, all caucusing and buzzing with the mission.

RUSSELL, coffeed out and hot tempered, drives his point home to Girard, some SUITS from Synergy and CHUCK REESE.

REESE

The Army's done a great job--

Chuck hasn't changed much since that day 12 years ago with Johnson in Africa. Now in his late 30's, handsome and persuasive, he's risen to the top of the heap at CDC.

REESE (continuing)

--up to now. And everyone at CDC is really grateful to your team, Phil, for sounding the alarm. So, if you'll have Jahrling give us the virus samples and your data--we'll take over from here.

Russell bristles at Reese's tone. No love lost here.

RUSSELL

Chuck, that sounds a little like "give you big boys the sharp objects before we hurt ourselves."

REESE

This is a civilian health threat, not military. It's our jurisdiction.

RUSSELL

Synergy called in the Army and we will maintain our alert status.

Girard clears his throat nervously as the two LAWYERS on either side of him whisper intently.

RUSSELL (continuing)

We've got no vaccines and no cure for this bug. Before people start dying, man, we have to wipe this sucker out.

Battle lines drawn. The room buzzes. Reese quietly reassures Girard who is beside himself.

REESE

Look--I'm the only one here who's seen up close what Ebola can do to people. I worked in close contact with victims for months during the '76 outbreak and was never infected.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

Some relief ripples through the room.

REESE (continuing)  
What we don't need here is to "cry  
wolf" to the American public. Unless  
we want more budget cuts from Congress--

A commotion at the back of the room disrupts everyone--

TO JOHNSON AND JAAX - ENTERING THE ROOM

Raised eyebrows and confusion around. Johnson's name  
ripples through the room. Amazement. Even some laughter as  
he shakes a few hands.

JOHNSON  
Phil, sorry I'm late--

RUSSELL  
Karl---? I wasn't expecting you.

JOHNSON  
You know me. How could I resist?

He dumps his bag on the table. Russell glares at Jaax--

RUSSELL (quiet anger)  
Jaax----?

JAAX (playing innocent)  
I just faxed him Pete's micrographs  
for confirmation. I didn't think he'd  
show up---Paid his own way....

TO REESE - SHAKING HANDS WITH KARL

REESE  
Dr. Johnson--Karl. Thought you'd  
gone fishing. We were just wrapping up--

JOHNSON  
Oh, then, you've got it under control.  
Contain it and cure it--right--?  
(looking around the room)  
Are you going to quarantine the Monkey  
Handlers? You don't need any viral bombs  
walking around exposing everybody.

Reese looks like a deer caught in the headlights.

GIRARD  
Viral bombs?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

JOHNSON

One infected monkey can wipe out an entire colony--like a bomb. The same goes for colonies of people. Fourteen hours--the time it took me to fly here--any one of those employees could've come in close contact with fifty people. Tomorrow that could be twenty-five hundred--

Lots of reaction here. Jaax is impressed watching Karl ignite the room without raising his voice.

REESE

Same old Karl. Always yelling fire.

JOHNSON

Always.

REESE

Karl, we have no evidence the virus has jumped species. Nobody's sick--

JOHNSON

--Yet. Anyone who's had contact with those monkeys could be incubating the virus. Quarantine them and their families. Find out.

GIRARD

Excuse me--is this man in charge here? Isn't this a question for the lawyers to settle?

JOHNSON

Sir, while the lawyers are still negotiating, we could be triple-bagging people instead of monkeys.

More reactions. Girard's Managers have had it.

JOHNSON (continuing)

Seal off the facility--depopulate the entire primate colony--now--

He says this right to Girard who nervously takes an advil. The place goes up. Russell pulls Jaax aside--

RUSSELL

The lid's going to blow up in our faces. Goddammit--he's trouble--.

Jaax nods grinning ear to ear. Reese jockeys for the floor.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

REESE

The monkeys are going to die anyway. Why risk more human exposure going in and putting them down. Simply seal off the building and let the bug burn itself out. Makes the most sense.

Reese strikes a chord among the various people in the room. A wave of unease grips Jaax. She abruptly speaks up.

JAAX

--I have a real problem with that--

All heads turn to Jaax. A sea of male faces staring at her.

JAAX (continuing)

How ethical is it to let these animals suffer a long time before they die? Ebola's not a fun way to go.

REESE

What's your point, Colonel?

He's annoyed, patronizing. Russell eyes her--"Don't embarrass me again." Johnson watches her handle pressure.

JAAX

I'm a veterinarian. I'm supposed to heal animals, relieve their suffering. But my job as a scientist is to protect human life. How do we guarantee that-- while we let the monkeys die? Ebola's a jumper. It won't stay in there long. Dr. Johnson's right. We have to nuke the monkey house...And I'll volunteer to lead the team--

Yes! Johnson is jerked up by her guts. Russell stands by her in a show of solidarity. The right stuff.

REESE

Whatever we do, we can't overreact.

Johnson drills Reese--

JOHNSON

We can't? How's your pucker factor, Chuck? You remember what Ebola does to a human being? I have nightmares about it. It does to your body in a week what AIDS takes ten years to do. Seven days to incubate--seven days to kill....

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

He works the room. Eyes fixed on him.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
First come the headaches--waves of them. And fever. All the time inside your body the bug's copying itself--until it owns you. "Explosive amplification". Blod clots. Everywhere, brain, liver, intestines, lungs--the hemmoraging begins. Your skin turns to tapioca pudding. You vomit a thick black fluid--Then you meltdown. Bloody diarrhea. You pass your intestines, what's left of them--You crash and bleed out leaking huge quantities of blood and virus from every orifice in your body--Then--if you're lucky, you die.

JAAX sees disgust, horror, fear. One Man leaves nauseated.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
The black plague killed four out of ten people. When the white man and the red man exchanged diseases, seven out of ten died. Ebola wipes the slate clean--nine out of ten people in this room won't be here.

REESE

This is irresponsible---!!

The room ignites. Major reactions through the gathered. Johnson circles D.C. and vicinity on the map.

JOHNSON

If the virus breaks out, ten million people could be exposed. You have no choice--but to "cry wolf".

...Dead fucking silence.

CUT TO: BLACK

107 FADE IN: INT. BL3 LAB - NIGHT

107

Peter draws his own blood with a syringe.

DISSOLVE TO:

PETER IN HIS SPACESUIT - MINUTES LATER

He studies his blood slide on the video microscope. He sits back relieved. He swivels in his stool to a wall calendar.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

THE CALENDAR - CLOSER

He marks another day off in red. Three down, Four to go to the day he's marked "E-DAY"....Thanksgiving.

All of a sudden Peter hears singing in his headset. "DAY-O MESAY DAY-AY-O". Peter stands, grinning ear to ear.

TO JOHNSON - AT THE HOTSUITE PARTITION

Headset on--singing--

JOHNSON (PA)  
ME SAY DAY, ME SAY DAY ME SAY DAYOOO--

Peter crosses the partition limboing in his spacesuit.

JOHNSON/JAHLING  
(bad harmony)  
DAYLIGHT COME AND ME WANNA GO HOMEEEE--

Peter is genuinely happy to see his old mentor.

PETER (fm mic)  
Karl....at least we're still loud.  
It's been a long time since Panama.

JOHNSON (PA)  
The Cuervo Goldust Twins. Hey--I should be your student now, Pete. Missed you at the powow. Think I made some new friends. Reese still can't believe the bug's here. All that red tape must've choked off the air supply to his brain.

Peter cracks up enjoying a much needed laugh.

PETER (fm mic)  
Well, so far no one's sick. Just monkeys--and maybe me.....

JOHNSON (PA)  
Jaax briefed me. How's your blood?

Peter crosses his spacesuit-gloved fingers.

PETER (fm mic)  
No Ebola antibodies yet. The test tube-witch willing--and no symptoms-- I can go home for Thanksgiving.

He points to: THE CALENDAR: THANKSGIVING; four more days. Peter smiles hopefully. Karl sees the fear in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

JOHNSON (continuing)  
How are you fixed for Sister  
Genevieve?

PETER (FM mic)  
Gold plated stuff. Her blood  
antibodies are still the strongest  
rescue therapy we've got against  
Ebola. At least in my guinea pigs.

He gestures to his wall of loyal guinea pigs behind him.

Peter reverently holds up a paquet of plasma to the glass  
marked "Sister G". Johnson savors it. A long lost friend.

JOHNSON (PA)  
Sister "G". She beats Ebola--She beats  
it--then dies of Aids few years later.  
Picked it up in the next hospital.

PETER (FM mic)  
We're down to less than four units.

JOHNSON (PA)  
Not exactly enough to fight an  
epidemic.

PETER (FM mic)  
I'm trying to clone her immune cells.  
But dead cells don't work. I need her  
alive. Her cells alive. Voila'--la  
magic bullet--

He pushes his glasses up on his nose through his helmet.

PETER (continuing)  
Just give me one lousy survivor on this  
whole goddamned planet--I can crank  
out immuno-serum like a Chinese noodle  
factory. We can immunize our troops--  
dogs--cats--even politicians--

JOHNSON  
Make a hell of a medical paper, Pete.

The airlock door opens. It's Jaax with beer and pizza--

JAAX  
Room service--You guys do your  
bonding thing?

She shoves the pizza and two beers in the "pass through"  
chute. Peter pulls them out on the other side. He clowns  
trying to drink the beer through his spacesuit.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

PETER (fm mic)  
Watch out, Nance, he's a living  
legend. Notorious reputation--

Johnson is embarrassed. Jaax hands him a beer--

JAAX  
No shit. He was pretty amazing tonight.

He grins, modest. She pops her beer, her energy way up--

JAAX (continuing)  
Reese backed off. We're going to nuke  
the monkey house. I get to recruit  
the first "Bio-Hazard Swat Team" in  
U.S. military history.

PETER  
Sounds like one of my kid's cartoons.

They sober under Johnson's stern gaze. She studies him.

JAAX  
Karl--do you want to see it?

Johnson nods. Casual, but his eyes give away his need, his  
desire--his urgent curiosity to see it--

TO A PANORMA VIEW - EBOLASCAPE

The living virus, replicating itself as we watch. Huge  
armies form bricks and burst through cell walls.

ON JOHNSON; the eerie glow of the big scope reflecting the  
virus on his face. JAAX WATCHES him as he savors the image.  
He traces the forming bricks with his finger like caressing  
the lines of a beautiful woman.

108 EXT. HOLIDAY INN - EARLY A.M.

108

The signs reads: THANKSGIVING BUFFET - \$10.95 Jaax pulls  
up. She and Johson get out in mid-conversation--

JOHNSON  
Hey--if I had half the lab in Africa  
you and Pete take for granted, maybe we  
could have spotted AIDS sooner. Warned  
the world. Been ready. No funding. I  
barely make ends meet over there as it is.

JAAX  
I watched you tonight. You find the  
viruses beautiful, don't you?

CONTINUED:

108 CONTINUED:

108

Not a question. Her scientific observation.

JOHNSON

(raptures)

Oh, yeah. Looking at Ebola under an electron microscope is like looking at a sculpted ice castle. The thing is so cold. So pure....

Johnson slows his walk. The fall sky is full of stars.

JOHNSON

These viruses have been here a long time. Just...waiting.

He picks up a handful of pine needles.

JOHNSON (continuing)

We clear a rain forest, the virus comes out. We dry up another river-- cover it with concrete--more viruses emerge. Epidemic. Our "colony" gets thinned out. Earth's immune system is kicking in--to get rid of us--

--tossing straws away until the last straw remains.

JOHNSON (continuing)

Makes you wonder who's the smarter species--Us or Them....

Jaax reaches out taking the last straw.

JAAK

Were you always this much fun? Did girls avoid you like the plague when you were a kid?

He grins, nodding "yes". Busted. They subside. Silence. Neither knowing what to say. Jaax looks at her watch.

JAAK

(panicked)

Hey---I take the kids to school in three hours--

(extending her hand)

Thanks for coming. You really were amazing tonight. Talk about a room full of puckered assholes--

JOHNSON

I was one of them. Scared shitless.

They shake hands looking each other right in the eye.

CONTINUED:

108 CONTINUED:

108

He grips her hand noticeably tighter refusing to let go--

JOHNSON

This nuke team---Have you really thought about it--the risks?

JAAX

I work with lethal monkeys everyday. Nobody else does--except Pate...

JOHNSON

Yeah--he's having fun right now. You have to neglect your kids--or neglect your duty. Can't do both.

JAAX (laughs)

I've heard that before, Karl. I'm the only woman with a D6-BL4 rating in the whole army. Comes with the territory--

JOHNSON

Hey, well, you can die on this mission just like combat. People with families should stay out of it--

JAAX

Karl, are you my first volunteer--?

Johnson. Truth. Jaax isn't going anywhere. In command.

109 INT. HOLIDAY INN ROOM - EARLY A.M.

109

Johnson stands in the doorway taking in the sterile room. He opens the curtains. Fast food and Service Stations. Ebola? Here? He checks the movies available on TV. "Girls of the Amazon XXX", etc.

In the bathroom, he examines the hermetically sealed cups, sealed toothbrush, sealed comb, sealed razor--the sanitized band on the toilet. Germ free. Safe.

Johnson stares at himself in the mirror. Fluorescent light. With ceremony, he unwraps the cup, toothbrush--the razor, lathers up and starts to shave his beard of many years slowly revealing what's underneath--

111 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - DAY

111

NOTICE: All operations other than feeding, observation and cleaning are suspended. Anyone tending animals must wear full protection, respirator and gloves. Dead animals are to be double bagged and placed in refrigerator. S. GIRARD

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

WIDEN TO: TINY; reading the notice in the maintenance room. His eyes are red. He's sweating. Nothing unusual for him. Deke, the handler who looks like a Biker, is panicked.

DEKE

Monkey shit's hit the fan. Army guys are asking everybody who they had sex with--if you got nosebleeds--

TINY

Aw, just "monkeyflu", prob'ly.

112 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - FRONT OFFICE - DAY

112

The room is jammed with HANDLERS and LAB WORKERS. THREE CDC-EIS OFFICERS in white "cruise ship" style uniforms, complete with shiny badges and epaulets, sit at the desks interviewing People one by one and taking blood samples.

SUPER: NOV. 19 - SYNERGY MONKEY UNIT - 1700 HRS. - DAY 5

JOHNSON ROAMS uneasily watching REESE field questions.

WANDA, the black female monkey handler, cuts him off--

BLACK WOMAN

I don't care what happened in Africa. I wanna know if I'm gonna get sick working here and maybe die 'fore my babies get home from school---

This is not the "low key" meeting Reese had hoped for.

REESE

Just be calm. One of the Epidemic Investigators will take care of you.

He points to the EIS Officers--

REESE (continuing)

All bloodtests are confidential. If you have symptoms--call immediately. You'll be given an emergency number.

Johnson is not happy with any of this--

AT THE DOOR - GIRARD

Passes out paychecks as Lab Workers and Handlers leave.

GIRARD

It's only temporary. We'll be open after Thanksgiving. Enjoy the holidays. Temporary layoff, folks--

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

Loc doesn't understand, convinced he's been fired. Johnson, overhearing, tells Loc what's going on in Vietnamese. Loc's eyes get big with fear. He looks at Girard and hurries out.

JOHNSON (to Girard)  
Nobody bothered to tell him what  
he'd been exposed to. Nice.

Girard just turns and walks away--

THE VIEW ROCKETS IN ON TINY - AT THE EXAMINATION TABLE

Squeamish--sweat rivulets run down his nose.

EIS OFFICER  
How long have your eyes been red?

TINY  
Allergies. They're always like that.

The Officer dutifully takes note, on auto-pilot. Johnson can't hold back anymore. He intervenes abruptly.

JOHNSON  
Allergies? Have you been bitten or  
scratched by a monkey in the last  
two weeks?

Tiny grins holding up two hands full of bandaids.

MONKEY HOUSE CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Johnson gets Reese alone and confronts him.

JOHNSON  
You're letting prime exposure cases  
walk. Let's check'em into the  
Slammer until we do the blood work.  
See if anybody's cooking the bug--

REESE  
Karl, don't blow your consultant  
status. Okay? If anybody shows, we'll  
bring them in.

Reese double takes as he heads into the conference room.

REESE  
You shave your beard? Look older--

Reese grins. Tiny and Deke pass Johnson with their paychecks. He watches them go--powerless to stop them.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

THE CAGE WASHING AREA - TINY AND DEKE - CONTINUING ACTION

TINY  
I'm gone, Deke. This here's a paid  
vacation--I'm'o party down.

He blows a kiss to the monkey rooms then slams the door.

113 EXT. USAMRIID ANIMAL CARE UNIT FARM - AFTERNOON

113

Sheep and Goats graze. Horses roam a corral. The oddity is  
the ARMY MEN & WOMEN in camoflauge fatigues. It's raining.

SUPER: NOV. 19 - USAMRIID RESEARCH FARM - 1630HRS. - DAY 5

114 INT. BARN - CONTINUING ACTION

114

Rows of cages with several species of monkeys. Cows in  
stalls. The place is spotless. Easy rock plays on the PA.

JAAX is addressing a small group of MEN and WOMEN. Their  
official classification: "91 Tango Animal Handlers". The  
Veterinarians Corps. Most are in their "teens". Two young  
women; SGT. KLAGES (18) works with Supermonk and PFC GODWIN  
(17) nurses a baby goat with a milk bottle.

JAAX  
I know none of you joined the Army for  
combat duty. I won't bullshit you--  
this is a high-hazard unrehearsed  
mission no combat unit in the military  
can handle but us. You can die, but  
it's not a war zone. So no hazard pay.  
Privates still get seven bucks an hour.

Grave faces stare back at her.

JAAX (continuing)  
Hey--I know the army thinks we're  
just a bunch of "doggie doctors"--  
If we do the job and do it right,  
thousands of innocent people can  
go right on living without ever  
knowing what you did to save them.  
Anybody want to go? Up to you?

Uneasy excitement ripples. Klages signals--

KLAGES  
I'd like to help, Colonel.

SGT. PIERRA, her boyfriend, "volunteers" too. Then more.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

JAAX

Good. This is closehold. We don't want a panic before the event. No talking to family or friends. Clear?

The group responds. Sobered.

GODWIN

Colonel, Jaax, I'm just 17. I don't want to miss this--Can I go?

JAAX

Proud to have you, Pvt. Godwin. You need a note from your mother.

Laughter. Godwin is embarassed. Not much older than Jamie.

115 OMITTED

116 INT. MCDONALD'S - EARLY EVENING

116

Jamie picks at her McNuggets. Jason eats his burger piece at a time. Jaax is trying to soft pedal the news.

JAAX

--Anyway it's possible that people can get sick from the monkeys. Like you going to school and catching a cold from one of your buddies.

JASON

Can you get sick, Mom--at the monkey place?

JAAX

I'll be in my spacesuit.

JAMIE

Well, there's not really any danger--

--as if Jamie is willing this to be a true fact. The three sit there eating in silence.

117 EXT. JAAX HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

117

MAMA JAAX, a handsome woman in her 60's loads the kids's duffels in her station wagon. Jaax ushers Jason and Jamie out trying to keep it light--

JAAX

--and don't forget to raise the toilet seat, okay, please Jace--

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

JASON

What if Grampa tells his dirty jokes?

JAAX

Laugh. Then forget what you heard.

She hugs him. He runs on to his Grandmother. Jaax hugs Jamie. It's stiff and loaded.

JAMIE

Why do we have to leave?

JAAX (low blow)

Jamie--You know what your father says--

JAMIE (not interested)

I don't wanna be a "good soldier."  
When is Dad coming home?

JAAX

Hopefully, he'll be waiting when you  
come back Thanksgiving.

Jamie climbs in glaring at her mother. Mama Jaax lingers. Mama Jaax sees right through her her smiles. They embrace.

MAMA JAAX

Take care of yourself. Love you.

Jamie and Jason wave from the rear window as they pull away. Blackhawk barks after them. Jaax--watching them go. Her braveface--

JAAX

Love you...Seatbelts---!

118 INT. BL3 LAB - MIDNIGHT

118

Jahrling is bent over his scope, exhausted. He squeezes his eyes--behind his glasses.

PETER

Oh, shit. Do I have a headache?  
Is this it?---

He fixes on the unit of "SISTER G" serum resting on his bench. He picks it up fondling it in his hands. Salvation? He rifles his bench--ah--IV tube. He snaps it in the serum bag. Caught up. Giving in to the will. He ties off his arm with surgical tubing, thumping up his vein. He trembles bringing the IV needle closer to his vein. He breaks off.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

He plops on a cot in the corner. Just him and the remains of the day. His wall of guineas reflect his mood.

PETER

(to himself)

Save it, Dummy. You've got no symptoms.

(to his Guinea Pigs)

What're you looking at? No wild parties after lights out, guys....

He checks off the day on his calendar and flops. He turns off the lights. The Electron scope screen glows bathing Peter and the Pigs in an eerie light.

PUSH IN ON THE SCOPE: EBOLA IS GROWING; ARMIES BUILDING

119 INT. JAAX HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

119

Someone knocks on the door. Blackhawk immediately appears barking his head off. The whole menagerie comes alive screeching. Herky, out of his cage, mimicks the kids.

HERKY

Mom! Mom!

Jaax hurries in wearing sweats. She backs Blackhawk off--

JAAX

Easy, Blackie. Is Daddy home--?

She checks outside. Surprised, she opens the door. JOHNSON STANDS THERE feeling awkward--running togs-- sweating in the cold air.

JOHNSON

I--was just--saw the lights on--  
I was jogging by--

JAAX

Come on in. I can't sleep either.

Johnson reluctantly enters. Animals are going berserk.

JOHNSON

Hey--? I'll wake up your kids--

She starts vacuuming the sunroom oblivious to the birds, cats, dogs, etc. shrieking and running loose.

JAAX

They have names; Jason who's eight  
and Jamie--ten going on thirty-five.  
I sent them to Grandma's. Took your  
advice--

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

JOHNSON  
(surprised but cautious)  
---You're alone?

Blackhawk jumps up licking his face. Herky flies in front of him to perch on Nancy's shoulder. And Samson takes this moment to untwine himself from a faux column leading to the family room/kitchen. Cats and birds everywhere.

JAAAX  
(matter of fact)  
Coffee?

INT. JAAAX KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

He sits at the counter. She puts two mugs of water in the microwave.

JAAAX  
I think Blackhawk thought you were Gerry at first--surprising me.

JOHNSON  
Sorry---Heard from him? He's okay?

JAAAX  
Once a week if he can get through. Kids saw him on CNN. It's tougher on them. I get lonely--I talk to Herky or Blackie--

JOHNSON  
Hey--three marriages and I still talk to walls.

JAAAX  
Three? Whoa. What's wrong with you?

The microwave dings.

JOHNSON  
I don't know. I kept jumping from some new outbreak to another wife. Good intentions. None of them worked--

JAAAX  
Gerry and I got married the same week we joined the army. Straight off the farm. No money. We knew we both wanted animals and kids--

She plops the cups in front of him, dumps in big spoons of instant coffee and slides him a cookie jar full of oreos. He eyes the fare warily--

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

JAXX  
That's the extent of my gourmet o.p.

JOHNSON (impressed)  
How do you do it?

JAXX  
Nuke everything in the microwave.

JOHNSON  
No. This---

He gestures around at the unfinished house, her life.  
Blackhawk sticks his face in Johnson's lap begging an oreo.

JAXX  
You know you ask a lot of questions.

JOHNSON  
Too long in the field. You try to  
size everyone up as a potential carrier.

His eyes are suddenly cold. Removed.

JAXX  
I'm a typical American mother with  
an unusual job description. Okay?

JOHNSON  
(smiles, lightening up)  
Good coffee.

119XEXT. JAXX HOUSE - SUNROOM DOOR - NIGHT

119X

Johnson exits. Jaxx hangs in the doorway.

JAXX  
C'mon--I can drive you. I'm awake.

JOHNSON (pats his middle)  
Nay. Need the exercise.

JAXX  
Karl--you any good in a spacesuit?

JOHNSON  
I wore one into a cave once. Bug  
hunt. It's not an experience I'm  
looking forward to repeating.

JAXX  
Hey--you'll do fine.

Silent respect passes between them. He heads away.

SHARP CUT TO:

120 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

120

Frenetic views. Some thrash violently in their cages. Others watch listless, red eyes in the gloomy light.

121 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING POV - NIGHT

121

White lines blur by up the winding road. TINY BLOWS BY US with five other BIKER FRIENDS pushing their Harleys.

TINY ON HIS HOG - FRONTVIEW

Shit eating grin. Hair blowing back. "Sha-la-la-la-la" Then it happens--His nose begins to bleed. The wind spiderwebs it across his face in streaming rivulets. He's oblivious. Into the ride--!!

CUT TO: BLACK

122 FADE IN: INT. JAAX'S KITCHEN - DAY [JAAX'S NIGHTMARE]

122

Gerry Jaax stands there all 6'3" of him; handsome, rugged straight from the desert, big smiles on his face, arms open wide. Jamie is the first to jump in his arms, then Jason. They face us. Moving toward us reaching out--

Nancy can't move. She's trapped upright in a translucent coffin, a see through-body bag. Anguished, she reaches out but can't make contact. Gerry moves to kiss her. The barrier stops him. He passes her by with the kids. Peter is there, his wife and kids pass her by. NO AIR! Jaax fights to get out. Silent scream!

123 INT. JAAX HOME - SAME TIME

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES 123

She wakes. Cold sweat. Afraid. She stares at the empty space beside her. She caresses Gerry's pillow.

She sits in Jamie's room. Empty. Alone. All of her medals and trophies juxtaposed to the stuffed animals and dolls on her bed. Still a little girl.

To Jason's room. A complete mess. She makes his bed. Ever the good mother.

The menagerie. Jaax feeds her animals. This could be the last time. Samson roils in his cage. Herky the Parrot wolf whistles and calls "Mom! Mom!"

JAAX (ritual)

Yeah--Mom's here. If you get out,  
Herky, don't crap on my carpet.

Blackhawk jumps up for a hug, almost refusing to let her go as if the dog knows there is danger ahead. The PHONE RINGS!

CUT TO:

## 123X THE KITCHEN - CONTINUING ACTION

123X

The machine answers. She hurries in. The voice she hears brings a wave of euphoria--

GERRY (on machine)  
Good morning Baghdad! Hey everyone--

JAAX (on phone)  
Gerry--oh God, you're okay. I was worried...oh, it's you---yes!

Jaxx slides down the wall like a teenager getting a call from her boyfriend.

JAAX  
Yeah, they saw you on TV...  
(anguished)  
No--it's not fine. The lab--all hell's breaking loose. Can you come home early?

Blackhawk comes and sits beside her, sensing trouble.

GERRY (phone)  
Nance--you're breaking up. Listen-- I can't get outta here. The Iraqis froze off a critical inspection site. Hello? Are you going to be okay? Can I talk to the kids--??

JAAX  
(numb, complete shock)  
--I sent them to your parents---

Satic breaks up the line--It goes dead.

JAAX  
--Goddammit! Fuck this--

She hurls the phone in anger. Blackhawk backs off whining.

## 124 INT. HOT SUITE - EARLY MORNING

124

Peter checks his blood under the scope. He "high-fives" air marking another day on his calendar. "Two to go".

## 125 EXT. MONKEY HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

125

SUPER: NOV. 20 - 0:5300 HUNDRED HRS. - DAY 6

THE REAR ENTRANCE - TIGHT ON REAR DOOR SECURITY CAMERA

Two WHITE VANS pull up silently reflecting in the lens.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

## THE ALLEWAY - WIDER

The Vans park behind the building; one a BL4 Ambulance. The ground is covered in frost. Jaax climbs out of the lead Van wearing "civvies". Girard is waiting at the rear door.

## JOHNSON'S POV - INSIDE THE VAN

He watches from the lead van, studying a map of the monkey rooms. He looks in back; Klages and Godwin shuck syringes. Just kids. It's cold.

## KLAGES

So we had this fight last night.  
It's okay the guys are here doing  
the dangerous stuff, but not us.

## GODWIN

I just told my Mom to sign my  
release and hope she doesn't see  
me on the news or something--

## JOHNSON POV - GIRARD AND JAAX - AT THE DOOR

Girard hands Jaax the building keys and a signed release.

## JAAX

Is everybody out?

He nods coughing nervously. He heads to his car--he can't wait to get out of there. Jaax signals to the Vans.

## THE VANS - DOORS OPEN

America's first BIO-HAZARD TEAM piles out unloading camouflaged field trunks. Two MAJORS, a CAPTAIN, young SERGEANT PIERRA, Godwin and Klages. All in civvies.

## JAAX

The back door's our insertion point.  
Tell everyone to hit the head. Once  
they suit up the only place to go  
is down your leg.

CPT. HAINES, a compact stocky former Beret, cracks up.  
Tension released. JAAX'S V.O. PLAYS OVER THE FOLLOWING:

## JAAX (V.O.)

Action report, Lt. Col. Nancy Jaax.  
November 20. Team arrived at facility  
0630. Civilian clothes to avoid  
attention. Medical Unit in place for  
potential casualties. Mood tense.

(CONTINUED)

- 125 CONTINUED: 125
- JOHNSON pitches in unloading an isolator bubble stretcher with the MEDICAL TEAM. Orange spacesuits with bubble helmets are stacked on top. Godwin and Klages eye the stretcher as it passes--"casualties?"
- 126 INT. LEAD VAN - MORNING 126
- JAXX (V.O.)  
Severe cold. Everyone changing into scrubs where they can. Embarassing--
- Sgt. Pierra throws sheets of plastic over a rope dividing the back of the van into a crude changing room. He strips naked, jerking on surgical scrubs, shivering. THE FAR SIDE: Klages and Godwin, embarassed, disrobe. Both freezing cold.
- 127 EXT. EXXON STATION - SAME TIME 127
- Haines exits the "Men's Room" in his scrubs. The young Captain waiting outside ducks in and starts to change.
- 128 INT. CHANGING VAN - SAME TIME 128
- Jaax strips on her side fighting the bitter cold. A shadow enters on the other side and starts to peel. It's Johnson. Their eyes meet over the screen. Both are embarassed and try to make the best of it.
- 129 EXT. MONKEY HOUSE - DAY CARE CENTER IN VIEW 129
- Johnson joins her shivering in his scrubs. The sound of children echoes in the air.
- JOHNSON  
Nice neighborhood. Kids. Fast food.  
Diseased monkeys. Lethal virus...
- THEIR POV - CHILDREN SINGING "RING AROUND THE ROSIE"
- JOHNSON  
"Ashes ashes we all fall down".  
Children sang that in London  
during the plague. Ashes fell  
like rain--from bodies--thousands--  
burning outside the city gates--
- JAXX  
--We should've warned them. We  
should've evacuated them.
- JOHNSON  
You're giving orders today, Colonel.
- PUSH IN CLOSE ON JAXX; she looks to the Daycare Center--  
then to Karl. "Cry Wolf."
- CUT TO:

130 EXT. MONKEY HOUSE PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

130

Reese arrives briefing two EIS Officers surveying the area.

REESE

I don't want to see anybody outside in a spacesuit. Locals'll start asking questions. Anyone--I mean anyone--civilian or military--gets exposed--monkey bites--needle jabs--you quarantine them immediately--and get them to Fairfax hospital. I'm headed there now to brief the Staff--

He spots Jaax crossing the alley to the Day Care Center,

FOLLOW REESE - HURRYING AFTER HER

REESE

Col. Jaax--? This is not a good idea.

JAAK

I am not starting this operation until that Day Care center is evacuated.

REESE (annoyed)

We don't have the time or the manpower. Do your job and no civilians will be in danger--

JAAK

That's it? Do my job? Okay, I'm evacuating those kids.

She heads across the alley. Reese pursues.

REESE

Civilians are my jurisdiction. You go over there--you start a panic--this whole operation is compromised--Don't let your maternal instincts get in the way of your duty--

Jaax gets right in his face, wanting to tear his eyes out.

JAAK

What the hell do you know about my maternal instincts?---It's a bad call, Reese. Bad call---

Too angry to finish--she stalks back to the Monkey house.

CUT TO:

## 131 INT. MONKEY HOUSE STAGING AREA - MORNING

131

The storeroom is crowded. The Medical Team help Klages, Godwin, Sgt. Pierra, Cpt. Haines, Capt. Rice, and Johnson struggle into orange lightweight RACAL spacesuits and plastic bubble helmets.

The EIS Officers observe as everybody woofs down Dunkin' donuts and coffee and getting in each other's way.

JAAX ENTERS shivering in her scrubs. All faces turn to her. She fixes on Karl. He reads her disappointment.

JOHNSON (quietly)  
Shake it off...You're on--

She turns to all the hopeful, anxious faces.

JAAX  
Well this is sure as hell is one  
big "Charlie Fox Trot".

Everyone cracks up at the military code for--

JAAX (continuing)  
--major C.F. "cluster fuck".

One by one, Medical Personnel fit clear bubble helmets over each Team member's head and tie them in place.

Klages'suit pressurizes making her look fat. Nervous giggles. All excited and scared. Jaax grabs Cpt. Haines--

JAAX  
Okay--you all look like Pillsbury  
doughboys--but we're not playing games.  
A BL4 outbreak's not a training  
session. Captain Haines was a Green Beret.  
He parachuted into all kinds of fire  
fights in 'Nam...A fifteen pound  
monkey is an even match for him in  
hand to hand combat. I shit you not---

It sinks in. Haines looks frightened for the first time.

Jaax drops to the floor and spreads her legs. Johnson shoves her suit legs over her feet. She pulls them on. She straps her battery pack blower on her back and tapes her gloves with brown sticky tape.

JAAX (continuing)  
Be exquisitely careful. None of  
these monkeys have had their canines  
filed. They're quick--they can  
bite through your hand like it's a  
marshmallow. If the animal's shedding  
virus--you're a deader.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

She easily rips a rend in her leg spooking everyone.

JAXX (continuing)  
Suits are fragile. If you get a rip--  
--tape it shut fast or contaminated  
air can flow inside. That's how the  
virus will get you.

She tapes the rend shut with "brown sticky tape". Klages  
checks the seal. Godwin eyes her. "What am I doing here?"

JAXX (continuing)  
Take extra tape. Mickey Mouse boots  
keep the blood from getting up your legs.

Everybody immediately tapes their ankles and puts on their  
big yellow boots.

JAXX (continuing)  
If you get blood on you, stop--  
clean it off. With bloody gloves,  
you can't see holes in them.  
Believe me, I know from experience...

She loads a syringe into a special pole. A deadly spear.

JAXX  
That's it. Watch your needles.  
Don't jab yourself. You've got six  
hours on the battery pump so decon  
out to the coldside before it fails.

Jaax nods for Karl to say something. He resists...then--

JOHNSON  
Not much to say. We're going to  
ethanize a whole building full of  
animals as humanely as possible.  
(carefully chosing words)  
Remember, they're sick and dying.  
They were caught up in this...It's  
not their fault...Don't forget  
for a second--they carry the most  
deadly virus known.

Faces in helmets. Grimset. Scared. Air blowers kick on one  
by one. Suits inflate. FM headsets activate.

JAXX  
We'll go in by twos--Let's do it.

The Team grabs up gear and line up like paratroopers---

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

THEIR POV - THE DOOR - PUSH IN ON:

The Red Trefoil Biohazard symbol until it fills the view--

132 INT. GRAY ZONE - CONTINUING ACTION

132

The staging area door opens slowly. Light spills into the long dark hallway leading to the holding rooms.

HAINES AND JOHNSON enter the "Zone". Air dense. No sounds from monkeys. Haines pours instant sweat. Helmets fog up--

HAINES (FM mic)  
Great--can't see. It's burning  
up in here. Must be 90 degrees--

JOHNSON (FM mic)  
Thermostat's shot--

He points to the dismantled thermostat on the wall. Tools on a bench beside it left in mid repair.

TO JAAX - AT THE THRESHOLD

One breath and she LEADS THE TEAM in by twos. WE HEAR: breathing, the rush of air, heartbeats as they enter--

INT. GRAY ZONE - QUICK CUTS:

KLAGES AND GODWIN lay out necropsy tools on a bleed table; scalpels, cutters, lancets, pipettes, blood syringes--

PIERRA sets out rows of "kill syringes". RICE stacks plastic bags and biohazard body boxes.

TO JAAX AND JOHNSON - ROOM "F" ENTRANCE

Johnson carries a mop handle with a "U-shaped" prong on the end to hold the monkey. Jaax carries the spear pole and a bag of syringes. She signals down the hall to:

CPT. HAINES AND LT. RICE; Ready at Door "H". Haines counts three. They enter.

134 INT. ROOM F - JAXX'S POV - THROUGH HELMET

134

Johnson pushes open the door with his broom handle. They enter. Fluorescent lights glow "end-of-the-world-red". Instantly MONKEYS screech and rattle about. The place is trashed. Biscuits and feces everywhere--smearred on walls.

JAXX (FM mic)  
They haven't been fed. They're  
freaked--Hunger gets them hostile.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

HELMET POVS - MISTY IMAGES APPEAR DREAMLIKE  
MONKEY EYES STARING AT US!

A MONKEY - SCREECHING FROM ITS CAGE

Clawing through the bars. One throws feces smacking  
Johnson's helmet. He jerks back breathing hard.

JAAAX

Karl? Karl! You okay?

JAAAX APPEARS from the gloom. He nods, heart pounding.

135 INT. ROOM H - FOLLOW RICE AND HAINES

135

Moving from cage to cage with precision and rythm; HAINES  
PINS a monkey with the mop handle (O.C.), RICE THRUSTS his  
pole syringe in the cage injecting the animal (O.C.).

MONKEY POV: Staring at the weird creatures in space suits.  
Slowly they fade from view--to blackness.

136 INT. GRAY ZONE - LATER

136

KLAGES washes the bloody table with Clorox.

GODWIN draws blood from a sedated monkey. [only syringe and  
monkey hindquarter visible] As blood fills the vial--TILT  
UP TO: GODWIN singing softly to the monkey, like mother to  
child--He voice breaks and cracks, trying to keep control--

GODWIN

Somewhere over the Rainbow---

As she places the blood vial in a box filled with blood  
samples, we see she is crying.

PIERRA is feeling the pressure. He fumbles for a scalpel  
with his gloves. He slits the top of a cadaver bag and  
peers in. (we don't see what he sees). His breathing rapid.

PIERRA (FM mic)

Can't breath in here.

KLAGES (FM mic)

(checking him out)

You okay?

INSIDE SUIT - HELMET POV

Sweat rivulets run down his nose into his eye. His  
faceplate fogs up. He wipes instinctively with his glove  
smearing the visor on his wet face making it worse.

(CONTIUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

PIERRA (FM mic)  
Get me outta this fucken' thing!

He wipes his faceplate violently with his glove. The scalpel in his hand slices the clear plastic bubble open. Air rushes out! He goes nuts--!

PIERRA (FM mic)  
Aw fucken shit!

KLAGES FORCES the scalpel from his hand. He flails, knocking over the tray of sharps! His airhose uncouples!

He thrashes wildly about. Klages centers and chops him hard in the solar-plexus. Pierra goes limp on the floor.

Klages instantly whips a piece of sticky tape off her leg and seals his helmet shut--just like Jaax trained her.

KLAGES (FM mic)  
You're okay--no pressure lost.  
Nothing got in--You're okay.

Klages is shaking like jello. HAINES ENTERS the Gray Zone on the double. He calms Klages then hauls up Pierra--

137 INT. STAGING AREA - CONTINUING ACTION

Haines and Klages help Pierra through the door. Rice instantly hoses the trio down with disenfectant.

The EIS Officers look panicked feeling un-protected in their lily white uniforms.

138 INT. ROOM K - LOW ANGLE

138

Jaax crawls into frame on her hands and knees. She vapor locks--staring at a very scary sight--

HER POV - A FLOOR LEVEL EMPTY OPEN CAGE

JAAX (FM mic)  
We could have a loose one...

She stands peering around the dank room. It could be anywhere. JOHNSON POPS UP on the other side of the row scaring the spit out of her--

JAAX (FM mic)  
--Jesus christ--

JOHNSON (FM mic)  
I don't think so--! Where is it?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

JAAX (FM mic)  
Just keep looking---

He fumbles his flashlight on checking the lower cages. Something rattles in the corner. They wheel. Nothing.

Johnson's air blower suddenly stops. His suit begins to deflate. He turns to Jaax---

JOHNSON (FM mic)  
Nancyyyy---

She spansks his battery pack. It sputters to life. He smiles in relief. It dies again.

JAAX (FM mic)  
It's dead. Get out of here. You got two minutes of air in your suit--

JOHNSON (FM mic)  
I'm not leaving you--

UP IN THE CEILING - PREDATOR POV - LOOKING DOWN

A shadowy figure moves impossibly along the ceiling right above them. Sitting ducks.

JOHNSON'S POV - THROUGH HELMET

His flashlight fans the heavy air checking the room. Sedated monkeys in their cages. Suddenly the dim light from overhead begins to sway--HE PANS HIS LIGHT UP TO:

BIG EYES IN THE SHADOWS; A fierce Green perches on the sprinkler pipes like a gargoyle--hissing at the humans! Gnashing fangs!

JAAX STANDS UP IN VIEW

JAAX (FM mic)  
Oh shit, I do not like this---

JAXX'S POV - THROUGH HELMET

It leaps SHRIEKING! Right at us! Eyes bulging wild!

JOHNSON PULLS HER TO THE DECK

THE MONKEY SLAMS INTO THE CAGES

FOLLOW JAAX AND JOHNSON

Chasing it along the wall of cages swinging wildly from one to another--

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

JOHNSON (FM mic)  
We've got a loose one in "K"  
Somebody bring a net!

WITH JAAX - LOOKING AROUND

She lost it. She turns. The 4 foot tall thing SPRINGS AT  
HER from the floor!

JAAX AND MONKEY - FACE TO FACE

Lunging, snapping at her. Jaax grabs it's arms and legs  
blocking it's attacks. The infected monkey has become a  
primordial beast, a killing machine!

JOHNSON POKES it with his mop handle. The thing sinks its  
fangs into the handle and won't let go---Johnson SLINGS the  
monkey--THROUGH THE AIR----

139 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUING ACTION

139

The monkey bursts out the door sliding on the floor. It  
takes off running.

140 INT. GRAY ZONE CORRIDOR - MONKEY POV - RUNNING

140

It turns a corner heading right for the bleed tables. Jaax  
and Johnson right behind. Johnson just misses swiping at  
him with a handnet!

Klages sees them coming. She grabs a syringe. The monkey  
rushes her---Klages STABS with the syringe--It leaps!!.

RUNNING RIGHT UP HER ARM AND RIGHT OVER HER HELMET---

--Leaping on the Bleed Table--dumping samples--

THE STAGING ROOM DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS!

Haines enters to check out the noise. The Monkey instantly  
LEAPS on him!!

THE MONKEY - JAWS OPEN WIDE - FANGS EXPOSED

IT CHOMPS DOWN HARD crunching through Haine's hand!

JAAX CHARGES hard with Johnson.

JAAX  
Get a Medic in here!

THE MONKEY ESCAPES through the staging room door!

CUT TO:

141 INT. STAGING ROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

141

As the Monkey enters; Johnson right behind.

MEDICAL TEAM carrying boxed monkey samples to the Vans are in the way. Johnson crashes into them.

JOHNSON

DOOR!

MONKEY POV - RUNNING

The back door is open. Daylight! JOHNSON DIVES slamming the door shut!.....Too late!

142 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUING ACTION - MONKEY POV - RUNNING

142

Like a shark attracted to the sounds of playing and laughter, it zeroes in on the Day Care Center.

143 EXT. DAY CARE PLAYGROUND - CONTINUING ACTION

143

Kids suddenly stop playing on the swing. More look up from the sandbox. A little boy giggles with delight.

LITTLE BOY

Monkey! Monkey!

TO THE MONKEY: bounding toward them. Two SPACE PEOPLE in spacesuits are chasing it! With nets!

JAAX

Get the children inside! Run!  
Get away! Get away from it!

MONKEY POV - RUNNING

KIDS run away in all directions.

A TEACHER grabs two TODDLERS screaming at Kids to run.

The Monkey heads right for the jungle gym, scattering kids everywhere. It swings about the bars hissing--screeching--

THE MONKEY LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR TO:

THE SANDBOX: THE MONKEY LANDS five feet away from a traumatized TWO YEAR OLD GIRL. She sits crying. Too frightened to run.

THE MONKEY OPENS IT JAWS WIDE; raising to its full height--four feet; big as a child.

TO JAAX - RUNNING

JAAX

Please, no--please---

FLASH TO:

144 THE SANDBOX - [JAAX'S IMAGINATION] 144

SHE FLASHES TO: Jamie sitting in the sandbox--then Jason!  
She's trapped in the plastic coffin unable to touch them!

144XRESUME: REALITY - JAAX LUNGES 144X

Landing in the sand between child and beast--her syringe  
engarde---The Big Monk hisses---and topples over dead....

Johnson arrives bagging it it up immediately--He rips his  
helmet off remembering to breathe! He herds Neighborhood  
PEOPLE and kids back--

JOHNSON

Clear back! Everyone! Nance--Hey--?

JAAX, in shock herself. She tries to comfort the frightened  
child, but holds back from touching her--

JAAX

It's okay now. Every thing's alright---

The Day Care Teacher grabs the child up--She glares down at  
Jaax and Johnson with disdain.

Team Members arrive hosing Jaax and Johnson down with  
envirochem. The effect is humiliating.

SHARP CUT TO:

145 EXT. USAMRIID - REAR ENTRANCE PARKING LOT - SUNDOWN 145

Doors kick open from the lead white van. The SIX MAN AIR  
MEDICAL ISOLATOR TEAM jumps out carrying the Vickers  
Isolator stretcher double time. CPT. HAINES is visible  
inside. His mangled hand bandaged and bloodstained.

146 EXT. USAMRIID - SIDE VIEW - CONTINUING ACTION 146

The Team sets the stretcher onto a steel track protruding  
from a hatchway in the building wall. The Lead Man opens  
the outer hatch and bangs on the inner one.

THE ISOLATOR - VICTIM POV

We are inside looking over the victim's feet. The inner  
wall hatch opens. The Team grabs both sides and shoves the  
isolator on the tracks--THROUGH THE WALL AND INTO:

147 INT. THE SLAMMER - VICTIM POV - CONTINUING ACTION 147

FIGURES IN BLUE SPACESUITS approach. They insert their arms  
through ports into the isolator. With precision, they  
drag Cpt. Haines onto the hospital bed--

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

A female M.D., MAJ. HOSKINS stamped on her helmet, checks the bandaged hand while others cut away the man's clothes.

MAJ. HOSKINS (FM mic)  
Let's pump some anti-virals in him.  
Two units Interferon. Same Ribovarin.

DOCTORS hook I.V. bags of antivirals to Haines through the glove ports. The Spacesuited Doctors all move in eerie slow motion like a UFO Alien Abductee's nightmare.

FADE TO BLACK

148 FADE IN: INT. HOTSUITE - NIGHT

148

A PASS THROUGH CHUTE OPENS: Inside--a fifth of Cuervo Gold.

Pete looks up from his bench. The sight brings a genuine smile to his face.

Johnson is standing at the glass partition. Haggard. Worn from the experience in the monkey house. Pete walks over.

PETER (through talk-port)  
How bad was it? Did you put the  
Genie back in the bottle?

JOHNSON (talk port)  
Too early to tell. We've got a man  
down. You?

PETER  
Day 6. Blood--negative. No signs.  
"Ebolaless Wednesday."

Johnson holds up a baggie of limes and a shaker of salt. Peter. Crazy grin. He hoots "Hoo-haa"!

149 INT. RIID OFFICER'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

149

Jaax tends bar opening beers and setting them on the counter for her tired and shaken Team.

JAAX  
Here you go--There's some lites.  
C'mon, break a few regs. You all  
went above and beyond today--

She tosses a beer to Klages. Others gather round taking beers, slowly loosening up. A TV plays on the wall--

JAAX (raising her beer)  
Captain Haines--wounded in action.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

That's all she needs to say. Everyone raises a toast. Godwin plops down and starts to cry. Jaax comforts her.

JAAAX

I know. I know. But we may have  
saved a lot of lives today too...

VOICES SINGING O.C. breaks the somber mood. Klages and Pierra lead the laughter over by the door.

Johnson enters WITH PETER--in his spacesuit wheeling an emergency air tank. Both feeling the tequila and singing--to Jaax! They're cracking everybody up.

JOHNSON/PETER

Hey there Bartender, another round of  
brew. Why don't we get drunk--and screw.

Jaax cracks up enjoying the show. Everyone joins in for the rousing chorus--"Why don't we get drunk and screw. I just bought a waterbed filled up for me and you" [by Jimmy Buffett]. Jaax finally jumps in on the finale:

JAAAX/JOHNSON/PETER

They say you are a smut queen. Honey  
I don't think that's true. So--Why  
don't we get drunk and screwwwwww--

50-50 DISSOLVE TO:

150 ON TV - NEWS REPORT

150

Russell and Reese talk to Reporters at a press conference.

REPORTER

Is the public in danger of this  
virus spreading?

REESE (TV)

To prevent that possibility, an  
Army Bio-hazard team entered the  
facility today and harvested the  
monkey colony with the CDC's help.

REPORTER #2

Is this Ebola the Andromeda Strain  
that could wipe out the human race?

A major buzz ripples. Russell takes the mic.

RUSSELL

We don't know what Ebola can really  
do in a dense population. Viruses  
mutate. If it's airborne who knows--

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

Reese cuts him off--

REESE

I can assure you the virus has been contained and there is no further danger of exposure to the public--

A flurry of questions to Russell. He tries to allay fears.

RUSSELL (TV)

A Special Forces Decon Team is mopping up the monkey house right now. It'll be the only spot on the planet where no living thing exists.

SHARP CUT TO:

151 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - A SUNBEAM SKILLET - LOOKING DOWN 151

A Heat-suited DECON TEAMER drops a handful of "para-formaldehyde" crystals into the skillet. They sizzle.

152 INT. MONKEY HOUSE - SAME TIME 152

The VIEW TRACKS ALONG 10 extension cords--running the length of the "gray zone"--one veers off into each Room.

WE TURN INTO: ROOM F---Barren. Spotless. The cord connects up 8 Sunbeam skillets. Formaldehyde crystals fry-- PLUMES OF LETHAL GAS BILLOW UP!

IN ROOM H: More skillets billow gas. Moths drop to the floor dead. Two Mice run from behind the cages....and die.

GAS FUMES ENGULF THE ROOM AND OBLITERATE THE VIEW

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF IMAGES TICK BY TO MUSIC: A SONG

153 NEWSPAPER HEADLINES - THE WASHINGTON POST 153

"Deadly Ebola Virus Found in Va. Laboratory Monkeys"

"Army - CDC Stop Ebola Outbreak"

154 TO GIRARD: Reading the paper in his Maryland home. His Wife 154 brings him tea. He gives her a kiss and returns tinkering on an antique clock. He takes an Advil--routine. Habit.

155 TO KLAGES AND PIERRA: All excited seeing their picture in 155 spacesuits on TV.

CUT TO:

156 TO TINY: At his mountain hunting cabin drinking beer and whiskey with his Buddies. "Hawks" and Black Powder rifles prevail. Tiny hurls his hawk sticking dead center in a tree trunk target. Yes! He chugs Wild Turkey. He throws again-- 156

157 TO A FOOTBALL - SPIRALING THROUGH THE AIR 157

158 THE FACE OF JAMIE RUNS TOWARD US IN SLO-MOTION 158

159 THE HOT SUITE: Peter ceremoniously places his blood on the electron microscope. Tense, nervous. This is it. 159

SUPER: THANKSGIVING DAY, 1030 HUNDRED HRS - DAY 7

160 EXT. JAXX'S BACKYARD - THANKSGIVING DAY 160

A perfect fall day. Crisp blue skies. Last Autumn leaves. JASON FADES BACK IN SLO-MO. JOHNSON BLITZES with Blackhawk. Jason pumps and throws--

161 INTERCUT: THE HOT SUITE 161

Peter pumps his fist in triumph. He marks the wall calendar with a big red "X" over "E" day. Thanksgiving. He made it.

162 RESUME: JAAX'S BACKYARD - PLAY IN PROGRESS 162

The ball spiraling! JAMIE FAKES and cuts around GRANDPA JAAX. He tips the football--RIGHT IN JAMIE'S HANDS-- She runs. Johnson chases. She squeals dodging away.

JASON BLINDSIDES JOHNSON--tumbling into a pile of leaves.

JAMIE SCORES, throws an aerial and spikes the ball.

ON THE SIDELINES; MAMA JAAX whoops it up. Jaax helps Grandpa to his feet.

Johnson uncovers looking for the culprit. Jason blams him in the face with leaves. He gapes. Jason blams him again.

Jamie dives into the leaves on top of them. They're all over him. Johnson stands with both kids hanging off him. Blackhawk zig-zags around them--barking--

JOHNSON  
Nancy--call'em off!

Her in-laws just laugh and applaud. Jaax trots over--then plows into Johnson knocking them all into the leaves.

Jaax rolls into his arms frolicking like a kid. They're face to face--too close. He suddenly scrambles up, brushing off. Afraid of touching...afraid of connecting...

Jaax locks eyes with him. We see the sadness behind her smile....Gerry's not coming home.

CUT TO:

163 INT. JAXX'S HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE

163

Jason opens the front door. It's Peter and his family!

PETER

Yo, Jason. You've grown a foot since the summer. Are you slam dunking yet?--Look at this guy.

Peter puts up a jump-shot. Jason laughs--He's easily a foot shorter than Peter.

IN THE DEN - CONTINUING ACTION

Jason leads Peter, Daria and his girls in where everyone is watching football.

PETER

Hey, sportsfans. I've got fifty says Ohio by seven--

Grandpa Jaax waves from the easy chair.

GRANDPA JAAX

Sucker bet, Pete. You're on.

JOHNSON

Pete--hey---??

Johnson stands abruptly, uneasy. Jaax enters from the kitchen with a tray of crudites. She stops at the sight of Peter and his family--(just like her nightmare).

She looks to Johnson--he's restless, quietly upset. That awkward moment when a friend with AIDS shows up--

PETER

Well, uh, Happy Thanksgiving--

He and Daria exchange looks, feeling the vibes. Jaax abruptly moves to them, smiling sincere, embracing Daria--

JAAX

Daria--Happy Thanksgiving---

DARIA

(letting down)

It sure is--I didn't bring a thing.

Jaax looks at Peter and embraces him giving him a big squeeze refusing to deny him human contact--

JAAX

This guy's enough. Pete. Welcome back to the fight.

(CONTINUED)

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163 CONTINUED:

163

PETER

Aw, Nance. I'm breathing fresh air again. Hey--Gerry call?

JAAX

Not yet. Anytime now.

Jamie brings a tray of beers. Peter grabs one. He toasts.

PETER

This bug's for you. I mean "Bud".

He laughs loudly at his own joke and chugs the beer. Johnson smiles politely--

Peter grabs another beer from Jamie handing her his empty. Daria eyeballs him. "Slow down".

WE FOLLOW JAMIE BACK TO THE KITCHEN

She shakes each can on the way. Ah, a swallow in Pete's can. She looks around clandestine--and takes the swig.

164 EXT. JAAX HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

164

Johnson just looks at Peter. No words are necessary.

PETER

Don't look at me like that, Karl. I've been cooped up in there for a week. I'm clean. No big "E". I dodged the bullet--

He pulls out a video-print of his blood cells. Johnson inspects it. He's amazed but skeptical.

JOHNSON

Maybe. I've seen the bug break in 7 days. Sometimes 10 to show-- Hideout a couple more days, Pete--

PETER

Don't you ever shutdown? Relax? I'm okay. Happy Thanksgiving.

He starts mouth a bass line doing a funky dance.

PETER (singing)

Wim-oh-weh-ah-wim-oh-weh--wim-oh-weh--  
In the jungle the mighty jungle  
the Lion sleeps tonight---ooooo

For once, Johnson doesn't join in.

(CONTINUED)

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164 CONTINUED:

164

JAXX sticks her head out the Sunporch door--

JAXX  
Come and get it before I throw  
it away! Shake a leg you two.

165 TO A STEAMING TURKEY - FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR

165

Microwaved to perfection.

167 INT. JAXX'S HOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

167

Jason parades the turkey from the microwave with the help of Grandpa--through the house leading everyone to the dining room.

Johnson and Peter enter. Peter sets his beer can down and pulls Jaax aside.

PETER  
Well, we have to go. Just stopped  
by to say hello--

JAXX  
Pete--are you sure?

She's upset. He nods already gathering his daughters. Daria looks fearfully to Jaax.

Jaax eyes Karl stoking the fire. He avoids eye contact as:

Peter and family say goodbye to Jason and her in-laws.  
JAMIE MOVES INTO FRAME: She picks Peter's can up with some others. It's not empty. She takes the swig.

168 EXT. PETER'S HOME - DAY

168

He pulls up in the driveway. The kids unload. Daria gets out to follow--Peter stays behind the wheel--

PETER  
I'm going back to the lab, Hon.

Daria stops cold. She doesn't like this.

DARIA  
Go on in girls. Wash your hands.  
Pete? Are you okay?

PETER  
I won't be long. Promise---

He backs out before she can reach him. PUSH IN CLOSE: Daria knows something is wrong. Please, God, no.

CUT TO:

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169 INT. JAAX DINING ROOM - HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN 169

We hover like God above the feast. Johnson refuses to sit at the head of the table. Jaax makes him. Everyone joins hands around. Heads bowed. Grandpa Jaax says the blessing.

GRANDPA

Let us pray--We give thanks this day, for family and friends--Keep our loved ones free from harm. Watch over our Gerry. Bring him home safe--

Jaax takes Johnson's hand on one side and Jamie on the other. He reacts nervous at first, then allowing their touch. The circle feels good for once. Jason squeezes his eyes shut saying his own prayer for Dad--

170 INT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME PRAYER CONT'D 170

CHUCK REESE slices the turkey for FAMILY and FRIENDS. The Waiter and Waitress are dressed as Pilgrims.

171 INT. GIRARD'S VA. HOME - SAME TIME PRAYER CONT'D 171

GIRARD bows his head with his WIFE, FAMILY and GRAND-CHILDREN around their table.

CLOSE ON GIRARD: Praying. Ever so slowly, a crimson stream of blood rolls from his nose and trickles into his plate! He looks down. He's bleeding in his mashed potatoes--!

172 EXT. TINY'S CABIN - SKIRMISH LINE PRAYER CONT'D 172

Black Powder rifles aimed right at us REPORT one at a time. Tiny is the last on the firing line. He's so drunk he can barely hold his gun up. He chugs more Wild Turkey.

HIS POV - THE TURKEY TARGET

His vision blurs then rights itself. Tiny fires wildly! The slug explodes the beer cooler! Buddies hit the deck.

Tiny wanders off into the woods, carrying his rifle. His eyes blood red. A thin stream flows from his tear ducts.

173 INSIDE PETER'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY PRAYER CONT'D 173

The Guard at the gate waves him through. He's feverish--

Post Traffic BLURS in and out. He fights to see the road. Petechiae begin popping out on his face. The bug is eating him alive!

174 INT. SLAMMER CORRIDORS - DAY 174

Peter covers his mouth--waving people away.

(CONTINUED)

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174 CONTINUED:

174

MED. STAFFER  
Dr. Jahrling--are you all right?

175 INT. SLAMMER - POV THROUGH GLASS PARTITION

175

Jahrling flops in the isolator, sticks a thermometer in his mouth, ties off his arm and draws his own blood.

176 INT. FAIRFAX EMERGENCY ROOM

PRAYER CONT'D 176

Paramedics roll in LOC, the Vietnamese Monkey Handler. The poor man is curled up with severe abdominal pains. Loc speaks in Vietnamese. He's frightened. No one understands.

NURSE  
He's running a fever. Hundred  
and two--nausea--

DOCTOR  
He doesn't speak English, great.

The young DOCTOR on duty examines his distended lower abdomen. Loc winces in pain---

DOCTOR (continuing)  
Right lower quadrant pain, rebound  
tenderness--Where's that bloodwork?

An orderly sticks his head in with chart--

ORDERLY  
This guy's white blood count's  
way up. Acute shift to the left.  
Atypical lymphocytes---

Loc pleads in Vietnamese. The young Doctor thinks hard--

DOCTOR  
Okay--let's get his appendix out--

177 INT. O.R. - MINUTES LATER

PRAYER CONT'D

177

The Doctor makes the incision in Loc's lower bloated abdomen. BLOOD spews under pressure--Ebola blood!

WE HEAR: "AMEN"--

SHARP CUT TO:

178 RESUME: JAAX'S - TIGHT ON TURKEY BREAST BEING SLICED

178

Juices flow. The gathering applauds the bird.

(CONTINUED)

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178 CONTINUED:

178

Johnson carves. He presents a healthy slice to Jason--

JASON  
(ribbing him)  
Not as good as my Dad, but--  
better'n you play football.

Johnson grins and bears it. Laughter around the table.  
Their laughter is broken by the phone ringing O.C.

Both kids know who it is, bolting from the table.

JAMIE  
Dad!--He called!

JAAX  
Hey you two--

IN THE KITCHEN - CONTINUING ACTION

Jamie and Jason race for the phone. Jamie grabs it.

JAMIE  
Hello? Dad? It's me! Hello?

JASON  
(fighting for it)  
I wanna talk to him--

Jaax's BEEPER suddenly goes off. It's piercing sound has  
the effect of an air raid siren. PUSH IN ON JAAX'S BEEPER  
squealing on the counter.

Jaax hurries in to stop it. Jamie hands her the phone.

JAAX  
(taking the phone)  
Hello--Jaax--

PUSH IN FAST: Her horrified expression says it as she looks  
to Johnson--OUTBREAK!

SLAM CUT TO:

179 INT. FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - DAY

179

A madhouse as Karl and Jaax arrive. Patients exiting  
enmasse. Karl angers.

JOHNSON  
The virus could be walking out of  
here. Where the hell is the CDC?  
They should be here already--!

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

101

179 CONTINUED:

179

JAAAX  
(showing her ID)  
U.S. Army. Which way to "isolation"?

She stops a harassed NURSE. He points to the yellow hall.

THEIR POV - MOVING THROUGH CROWD

PATIENTS in a crush to sign themselves out argue with  
distraught ADMINISTRATORS at the desk.

PATIENT #1  
I'm discharging myself. I don't  
want to catch this thing--

A TV NEWS WOMAN hounds TWO SENIOR M.D.s who are "blown".

NEWS WOMAN  
How many cases do you have? Do you  
know how the virus is spreading?

SENIOR M.D.  
We haven't processed all the  
information yet. The Health  
department will make a statement--

They hurry away. A SECURITY GUARD blocks the News Crew.

180 INT. NURSES STATION - ISOLATION WARD

180

A young EIS Officer talks nervously on a cellular phone--  
--AS JOHNSON AND JAAAX BARGE IN--Jaax flashes her military  
I.D. The Officer is spooked.

JOHNSON  
You've got a major panic Lieutenant.  
Don't you think you should be in  
there taking charge?

EIS LT.  
I'm waiting for my superior officer.

JOHNSON  
Do you have an "index" case?  
(blank look from Lt.)  
The person who spread the virus?

Jaax continues right into the Isolation ward.

EIS LT.  
Hey--you're not authorized--  
(frazzled to Johnson)  
This is only my second month in  
the field---I'm---

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

102

180 CONTINUED:

180

JOHNSON (finishing for him)  
--just not ready for this. I know.  
It's not your fault.

181 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

181

Doors bang open. Jaax and Johnson push Loc in a Vickers isolator. Two of the Medical Team from the monkey house assist. Loc looks bad. Bloody gauze covers his nose.

REESE APPROACHES from the other end with EIS OFFICERS, two ADMINISTRATORS and two SECURITY GUARDS. A standoff.

REESE  
Well, I'm not surprised to see  
you here, Karl. You move fast.

JOHNSON  
So does the bug, Chuck. It's out.

JAAAX  
Reese, I'm using my authority  
to move this patient to our  
Slammer. We're better equipped.  
You've got your hands full here.

Reese bristles. His authority challenged in front of his own people. He checks Loc's chart.

REESE  
He stays here. We'll contain it here.

JOHNSON  
How? One O.R.'s contaminated--They  
did this guy's bloodwork in the  
hospital lab so it's hot too. A Doctor  
and two Nurses were exposed--This  
place can go up like wildfire! You  
should have quarantined them--

REESE  
I'm quarantining the hospital.  
(to his officers)  
Contain them and this patient--  
--unless they're out of the building  
before I make the order official--

PUSH IN ON KARL AND REESE - FACE TO FACE

REESE (continuing)  
Ten minutes should be adequate--

He pushes past Karl. Karl eyes Jaax amazed. He's won! Reese has intentionally given them a chance to get away!

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

103

182 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

182

Chaos. TV CREWS are now camped outside the entrance. POLICE arrive. They wheel Loc toward a side exit.

JAAX SEES GIRARD being wheeled in by Paramedics looking deathly pale. Their eyes meet as he passes. Bloodred.

GIRARD  
(pleading to her)  
I--kissed my Grandchildren. Made  
love to my wife--God what've I done--

Blood spurts from his nose. Jaax yanks the paramedics back. Jaax looks to Johnson. They both know what they have to do.

JAAX  
We're isolating this man immediately.

She flashes her I.D. at the Paramedics. Suddenly Johnson and she take over and wheel Girard out behind Loc.

PARAMEDIC  
Hey! What the hell're doing? Hey!!

183 EXT. E.R. SIDE ENTRANCE - A MILITARY VAN

183

Backs to the ramp as Jaax and Karl roll out with the patients. More MED TEAM jump out and load the isolators.

THE HOSPITAL - WIDER - CONTINUING ACTION

A CROWD has gathered. Police run yellow tape across the entrance. TV Crews throw lights on the eerie scene.

FOLLOW THE VAN - ROARING OUT THE DRIVE

POLICE SET UP BARRICADES right behind them.

184 INT. USAMRIID WAR ROOM - DAY

184

SUPER: USAMRIID EPIDEMIC COMMAND - 1100 HRS. - DAY 8

ARMY PERSONEL hastily roll out phone cable, boot VDT's, etc. Monitors play news coverage on the outbreak. Phones ring. A large war zone map of D.C. area dominates. Russell is on the phone--breathing fire--

RUSSELL (on phone)  
Ambulances, every helicopter--anything  
with wheels that moves. What? Hell I  
needed them ten minutes ago!!

An EPI STAFFER crosses the map catwalk and plugs in red flags indicating location of first victims. Three.

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

104

185 INT. SLAMMER - AT THE PARTITION WINDOW

185

Loc cries in an isolator next to Peter. Pete's face is now peppered with hemmorages. Girard is shoved through the human "passthrough chute" into the Slammer. Hoskins and her Med Team [spacesuits] tend him. His face--the death mask.

Johnson and Jaax watch through the partition.

JAX

I didn't think it would get this far.  
This is not on. Tell me it's not on.

Johnson. Grimset. It's happening again. It's happening.

PETER RAISES UP in bed making eye contact with them. Sadly, he mouths some words:

JAX (reading his lips)

He wants me to get his lab notes--  
on cloning anti-bodies.

(mouthing to Pete)

Okay--anything else?

(reading his lips, depressed)

Call his family. Tell them he won't  
be home for supper...

(she nods affirmative)

I copy, Pete. Hang in there.

Pete understands. He gives her "thumbs up" and sags back.

JOHNSON

He whiffed that flask a week ago.  
The bug's on schedule. We could all be  
exposed, Nance. You have to know that.

Jaax shudders at the thought. Jamie...Jason....

186 INT. BL3 SUITE OFFICE - LATER

186

Jaax is on the phone. She squeezes an alcohol pad on her elbow vein.

The fridge full of deadly viruses is visible through the glass. Johnson [mask and gloves] studies her blood on the electron microscope.

JAX (on phone)

Okay--okay--just don't go anywhere.  
There's plenty of food in the house,  
Gran. Jamie? I said no gym practice.  
You have my beeper number. Call me if  
anyone gets...doesn't feel well. Call  
me--immediately. Love you too--

She hangs up the phone like it's a ten ton nuke. Almost shaking with anxiety.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

105

186 CONTINUED:

186

JAAX

They don't get it. They just don't get it--my own family.

JOHNSON (checking microscope)

You're clean.....So far.

JAAX

So far? How reassuring. Anybody tell you your bedside manner could use some work, Karl.

He eyeballs her over the scope her. Not funny.

JOHNSON

We're going to need immuno serum. Lots of it. We are not ready to fight this epidemic.

Jaax circles to the big fridge, grabs two plasma bags and returns, talking a bluestreak--

JAAX

I am sick and fucking tired of "not being ready." Here. Sister G. Closest thing we've got.

He savors the container--his long lost friend.

JOHNSON

Not enough. I wish she was here right now. She'd drain herself dry to save one life--

She fixes on Pete's guinea pigs through the glass.

JAAX (continuing)

Pete's got guinea pigs here that are immune to Ebola. Supermonk's beat it. We can bleed them off. Throw immuno serum--

JOHNSON

That'll take weeks. You should've been stockpiling years ago.

He ties off his arm to draw his own blood for testing.

JAAX

Well, what the fuck would you do? Pete's dying in here--!

JOHNSON

We need a survivor--It's the only chance anyone's got.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

106

186 CONTINUED:

186

JAXX  
Well let's get one!

She's on fire. A heightened urgency to her every word--

JAXX (continuing)  
 Let's give Pete the last of her.  
 Maybe he'll pull through. We owe  
 it to him--

The serum bag shakes in her hands. He steadies her.

JOHNSON  
 Do it. Try anything. If he beats it,  
 one pint of his blood can save two more,  
 maybe four. And they can save sixteen--

He wipes an uncharacteristic stray tear from her cheek.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
 --If I'd had ten of you in Africa--  
 and Panama--Bolivia--

She tries to smile. Pulling away, she takes Sister G with  
 grim resolve and heads down the corridor.

Johnson heads in the opposite direction for the airlock.

187 INT. WAR ROOM - LATER

187

More pins are now being put into the D.C. War Map. A  
 cacaphony of voices, phones, TV monitors, computers--

MONITOR #1: An ANCHOR tracing the path of the virus on a  
 map to the U.S. from Africa via the Phillipines.

NEWS ANCHOR (TV)  
 The monkey's voyage brought them from  
 Africa by plane to the Philipines, to  
 Amsterdam to JFK's animal unit and  
 finally to WASHINGTON D.C.--carrying  
 the deadly virus. How the monkeys  
 contracted the African Ebola virus,  
 the Army and the CDC can only speculate.  
 ...Please call this number if you have  
 any of the symptoms--

TV SUPER: 1-800-555-VIRUS

MONITOR#2: Local coverage from the mob scene at Fairfax  
 Hospital. A FEMALE ANCHOR grills the young EIS Officer.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

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187 CONTINUED:

187

EIS OFFICER (TV)  
We have nine confirmed cases so far--including three medical staff.

FEMALE ANCHOR (TV)  
What are their chances for survival?

No answer. Awkard silence.

THE CONFERENCE TABLE - CONTINUING ACTION

Johnson, Russell, Reese, EIS Officers, Officials from the lay down meet crowd around. Files everywhere. Maps. VDTs. An air of cooperation now prevails--

REESE  
Look--the hospital can house hundreds of cases. Your Slammer's already full and the bug's just getting started.

RUSSELL  
You're right--but we can contain it here. Let's get every hospital in a 50 mile radius to refer any exposures here. Keep the bug here til it burns out--

Reese seeks out Johnson--He's is in a heated discussion with a female EIS OFFICER huddled over a VDT.

REESE  
Karl--this is your field of expertise.

Reese is passing the torch. Johnson quietly accepts it.

JOHNSON  
Get the primary and secondary exposures off the street. Break the lethal chain of transmission to innocent people, or we'll never put the genie back in the bottle as Pete says. Time is everything now. Every second someone new could be exposed.

He works the computer with the young woman.

THE MONITOR - SECURITY CAMERA VIDEO

Deke, Loc, Girard, Wanda then Tiny scroll by--

JOHNSON (continuing)  
The monkey house gang. We have to assume they're all exposed and contagious--

(CONTINUED)

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187 CONTINUED:

187

THE SCREEN WINDOWS EACH FACE PRINTING OUT THEIR DATA

JOHNSON  
 --Reese--that big guy. He had all the  
 bites on his hand. Remember? Check  
 his blood test--

A TITRE CHART PRINTS OUT ON TINY'S SCREEN

REACTIVITY OF MA-104 CELLS WITH ANTISERA: "Anti-Ebola",  
 "Anti-Marburg", "Anti-Simian HF". "O" appears in every  
 category except "Anti-Ebola". It's got numbers. Russell  
 fingers the numbers on the screen--

RUSSELL  
 Jesus--he's crawling with Ebola.

JOHNSON  
 That makes him a Serial killer or a  
 Saviour. We have to find out. They're all  
 loaded with the bug--everyone one of them.

Video prints of the Monkey House gang spit from a hot  
 printer. Johnson holds up the images to the room.

JOHNSON (continuing)  
 Okay, people--these faces are our  
 index cases. Find them. If they're  
 dead, end of story. If they're alive,  
 any one of them--could kill us all--

TIGHT ON JOHNSON - TINY'S COMPUTER IMAGE IN VIEW

JOHNSON  
--or save our asses IF--they're immune.

Match in a haystack. This is it---the whole room ignites.  
 Reese plucks Tiny's picture from Johnson's hand. Johnson  
 squints at him suspiciously.

REESE  
 I'll get him for you, Karl.  
 (a pause)  
 Better to be at the epicenter  
 isn't it?

Johnson's piercing stare slowly becomes a grin.

JOHNSON  
 Beats catching it in the men's room  
 at some Burger King.

Reese thumps Tiny's picture and heads away with his Team.

CUT TO:

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189 INT. SLAMMER - MINUTES LATER

189

Jaax hooks one of the last units of Sister G to Pete's I.V.  
He forces a smile from his isolator.

PETER  
Hey, what flavor is that? I  
ordered pistachio.

JAAX  
Sister "G", Pete. Potent stuff.

PETER  
(deeply moved)  
Don't waste it on me...Nance...

JAAX (continuing)  
The good Sister's gonna pull you  
through this, Pete. And when we run  
out of her, I'll pump guinea pig  
antibodies into that flabby bod  
of yours. Get well. We need your  
brilliant brain. I need you--

Peter turns away in tears. TILT UP TO: Sister "G" dripping  
slowly into Pete's body.

190 INT. SLAMMER CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

190

Jaax doesn't like what she sees. Med Team MEN and WOMEN  
setting up beds in the hall. Johnson jogs up--

JAAX  
Feels like the Alamo around here--

He doesn't laugh. It does. He takes her arm heading away.

JOHNSON  
C'mon. We're going fishing--

He hands her an EPI file photo of Deke the Monkey Handler.  
The young female EIS OFFICER joins them out of breath.

WOMAN EIS OFFICER  
(reading her notes)  
I just talked to his girlfriend--  
She said he went to the mall--to  
the movies. She thinks he's "high".

JOHNSON  
What mall? C'mon--c'mon--

She flusters searching her zone field map. She points.

JOHNSON  
Let's bring him in. No Police...

SLAM CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

110

- 191 EXT. MALL - AFTERNOON - QUICK CUTS: STATE POLICE CARS 191  
 Screeching to a halt in front of the Mall entrances.
- 192 INT. MALL - CINEMA ENTRANCE - SAME TIME 192  
 Jammed with holiday MOVIEGOERS, SHOPPERS and CRUISERS.
- 193 INT. DARK THEATRE - CONTINUING ACTION 193  
 INFRARED SURVEILLANCE POV - SCANNING THE CROWD  
 WE SEE: TEENAGERS kissing passionately on the back row.  
 Their tongues all over each other.  
 PAN TO: A SYMPHONY OF PEOPLE COUGHING; Aerosol droplets  
 glisten like snow in projector light.  
 TO JAAX - STANDING IN BACK  
 Scanning the crowd with an infrared night scope. The  
 COUGHING AMPLIFIES, LOUDER, LOUDER, in Jaax's mind. She  
 finally covers her ears, it's so annoying.
- 194 INT. MALL - OUTSIDE CINEMA - FOLLOW JOHNSON 194  
 Patrolling long "MOVIE" lines of PEOPLE spilling into the  
 main Mall. He checks his xerox of Deke's photo, looking,  
 searching.  
 HIS POV - PEOPLE IN SLOW MOTION  
 A virologist's nightmare. Everywhere he looks he sees germs  
 spreading. TEENAGERS sharing puffs on the same cigarette.  
 A MAN AND WOMAN eat from the same popcorn box with their  
 two CHILDREN. One child eats stray kernels off the floor  
 unobserved by his parents. The other wipes her runny nose  
 with her bare hand then sticks the same "wet" hand in the  
 popcorn box.  
 SURVEILLANCE POV - MACDONALDS [JAAX POV]  
 FOUR FAST FOODERS eat with their hands. All double dip  
 their french fries in the ketchup after each bite.  
 TO JAAX: Now on stakeout in the "food halls" area. She  
 makes eye-contact with Karl and "thumbs" to the door.  
 TO POLICE: Standing out like sore thumbs at the entrance.  
 They wear surgical gloves! And surgical masks!  
 Police cause a stir stopping SHOPPERS to show them Tiny's  
 picture for a reaction.  
 TO JOHNSON: He's steamed. He spots Jaax and mimes blowing  
 his brains out.  
 CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

111

195 EXT. D.C. INNER CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

195

An Army Ambulance pulls up in front of a tenement along with a plain sedan. STREET PEOPLE are everywhere. Kids playing streetball. Boomboxes. Corner Dealers. Life.

Amulance doors open. An EPI-TEAM wearing respirators and gloves jump out causing a stir among the Pedestrians carrying the isolator stretcher. An EIS OFFICER leads them into the tenement.

196 INT. TENEMENT - CONTINUING ACTION

196

The Team hurries through the shabby hall, the Officer reading apt. numbers with a flashlight. FRIGHTENED TENANTS react to the "invasion".

TENANT

You the police? What you doin' here?

One of the Team moves the Man aside, Intimidating. The officer knocks on a door--Children can be heard inside. The door cracks. Young eyes pearout.

EIS OFFICER

Wanda Leonard?--Is she home?

WANDA (inside)

Who is it, honey--don't let nobody in---

INSIDE - CONTINUING ACTION

Wanda is lying on a couch. She hears her kids starting to cry. She tries to get up. Too weak. The Team suddenly enters moving swiftly--the isolator. She stares at it--

EIS OFFICER

Mam--Center for Disease Control. You've been exposed to a highly contagious lethal agent. Would you come with us---

Wanda panics, shaking off their gloved hands.

WANDA

(crying, scared)

I caint--who'll take care of my babies--?

A team member picks up her little girl.

EIS OFFICER

They're coming too, Mam. For their own protection--

That scares Wanda even more. She begins to wail fighting the Team. They restrain her. She kicks harder, screaming!

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

112

197 INT. MALL - SAME TIME - JOHNSON POV - PANNING TO:

197

Deke! Sitting alone in the food area. His head down on the table. Eyes closed in pain. Feet and knees bouncing wildly.

JOHNSON WENDS through the tables, circling him.

JOHNSON (radio link)

Jaax. Food halls. Southeast corner--  
He's out of it.

JAAX CLOSES on the opposite side talking on a hand radio.

JAAX (radio link)

Got him.

THE FEMALE EIS OFFICER reacts on her radio and signals to two other EIS OFFICERS through the crowd. They close.

JOHNSON'S POV - MOVING CLOSER

Deke slowly looks up. His face is pockmarked with bloody pimples. His eyes red, zombied out. He stands abruptly trying to steady himself. PEOPLE at nearby tables react.

Johnson moves quickly. Deke suddenly drops to his knees and wretches on the floor sending disgusted Shopper quickly away. One Woman grabs her child who nearly steps in it--

JOHNSON hurries toward him pushing through people.

JOHNSON (radio)

Move! He's down! Go! Go!

TWO POLICE suddenly spot Deke from the other side and head right toward him through the tables.

DEKE, delirious, vision blurred, bolts up and runs wildly--

MALL HALLWAY - CONTINUING ACTION

Deke is now running bulling his way through the crowd. The Police in hot pursuit. People panic at Deke's face--

Johnson runs trying to get between Deke and the Police--

POLICE #1

Stop right there! Stop! Freeze it!

DEKE reaches inside his jacket as if to draw a gun--

THE POLICE - GUNS COME OUT

POLICE

Clear! Get outta the wayyy!

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

113

197 CONTINUED:

197

People hit the deck. JOHNSON BULLS PAST the Police---  
JAAX FIGHTS her way through the fleeing crowd--

DEKE STOPS RUNNING--He turns struggling to pull his hand  
from his jacket--His face like death. Blood dribbling from  
his lips--

POLICEMAN'S POV - GUN AIMED

Johnson is in his line of fire--Suddenly JAAX ENTERS FRAME  
disarming the Cop with her self-defense wrist lock.

JAAX  
His blood could be more lethal  
than your gun--Jerk--stupid--

JOHNSON GRABS DEKE'S HAND and slams him into a merchant's  
cart of cheese and smoked sausages. Deke goes down taking  
the cart with him.

JAAX AND POLICE rush up with the female EIS officer.

JOHNSON  
Get back everybody--this man is  
highly contagious!

RUBBERNECKERS crush back away from the scene.

DEKE LOOKS AT JOHNSON. Karl's seen this face in Africa a  
hundred times. Nightmares. Deke fumbles his hand in his  
pocket. Police level weapons---

JOHNSON  
They'll shoot you. They will. I  
need you to live. I want to help.

Jaax watches riveted. Deke pulls a handful of CD's from  
his jacket spilling them on the floor. His blood  
smeared on them.

DEKE  
(delirious)  
Christmas present--for my girlfriend...

He collapses on the floor. His wretching (O.C.) turns Jaax  
away. Johnson is in his nightmare. WE WIDEN AS THE Epi-Team  
close in with plastic blankets.

A SERIES OF SHARP CUTS TO:

198 EXT. ORIENTAL MARKET - KOREA TOWN - LATE DAY

198

Epi Team in Racal Spacesuits escort Loc's terrified  
Vietnamese wife and four children to an ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

114

198 CONTINUED:

198

She pleads in Vietnamese to no avail. Angry NEIGHBORS throw bottles and debris at the vehicle.

Some rush the Ambulance and begin to rock it as it pulls away. SHOTS RING OUT! The Mob backs off.

A YOUNG ARMY INFANTRYMAN faces down the crowd with his M-16 from the sidedoor. An image many of these people never wanted to see again--

199 SHARP CUT TO: SLAMMER MORGUE

Gloved hands zip a body bag over Loc and slide him in the rack. The submarine door closes. Gloved hands crank it shut.

200 SHARP CUT TO: GIRARD'S HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

200

Visibly upset, Girard's wife, their Daughter and Grand-children are escorted into a RIID Van by a team in Racals.

201 SHARP CUT TO: TINY'S MOUNTAIN CABIN - EVENING

201

Floodlights approach. Engine's whine down. A Huey hovers into view. The Epi-Team jump out in respirators and gloves. Reese is the first one on the ground.

Tiny's Biker friends spill out of the cabin, dazed, drunk, some carrying their hawks and black powder rifles.

BIKER

Aw shit--it's a bust! Son-of-a-bitch!

REESE (bullhorn)

Everybody remain calm. We are not the police! Just remain calm--

Two figures in Spacesuits move through the Six Bikers checking their eyes with flashlights holding pictures of Tiny up to check identity. The Men complain and curse freely--

BIKER (seeing picture)

Tiny? He ain't here--What'd he do?

Reese overhears. He is pissed.

REESE

You're all under quarantine. Any attempt to resist will be met with--

202 SHARP CUT TO: INT. SLAMMER - TIGHT ON PETER

202

Death mask. The thousand yard stare. Deke's covered body is wheeled by--dead. Capt. Haines yells in dementia. Maj. Hoskins sedates him with an air gun. Peter is horrified.

DISSOLVE TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

115

203 EXT. USAMRIID - AFTERNOON

203

Troops in Desert Storm chemical warfare gear now surround the building. Media vehicles and mobile satellite vans fill up the parade grounds. TV CREWS are everywhere.

SUPER: USAMRIID - 1700 HRS - DAY 9

PAN TO: LOCAL NEWSANCHOR

NEWS ANCHOR (on air)

According to experts, the virus may be transmitted like a common cold and through close contact with anyone contagious. So far one death is confirmed, but over forty cases have been reported. Here at the Army Medical Research Institute, scientists still have no cure.

Another ambulance arrives in the b.g. Figures in Spacesuits jump out with another victim in isolator.

WIDEN TO: INT. JAAX'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jason and Jamie watch riveted with their Grandparents. Mama Jaax gives Jason a reassuring hug. PUSH IN ON JAMIE--

204 INT. SLAMMER CLINIC AREA - AFTERNOON

204

Loc's Vietnamese family is comforted by an Army Vietnamese Nurse. She has to take their blood. Girard's family is there waiting to be tested. Tiny's Biker friends are there. The room is filled with potential exposures.

In the corner, Jaax tries to comfort the Mother and the little Girl from the sandbox at the daycare center. The girl reviles to Jaax's touch in surgical gloves and mask.

PUSH IN ON JAAX; It hits her. Her own family. Nobody's safe.

205 INT. WAR ROOM - AFTERNOON

205

TO THE WAR MAP: More pins. More cases.

TO JOHNSON; ghostlike, staring at a computer. Jaax arrives with coffee.

JAAX

We just lost our second monkey handler. Capt. Haines is breaking. No change in Pete's fever...I need an hour to go home --check the kids--

She's on the edge. Johnson doesn't respond. He's transfixed on Tiny's computer photo.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

116

204 CONTINUED:

204

JOHNSON

We lost him. He slipped through the net. One always gets through. Damn. He could be our survivor, Nance.

JAAX

Him? That's the guy who laid the hot cadavers on Pete and I. Stirs his coffee with the same finger he wipes his nose with. Good luck--

JOHNSON

Hey--this guys's at least 14 days into primary exposure--If he's alive, he could be the "magic bullett".

An Epi Staffer yells from the phone.

EPI STAFFER

We've got a case in D.C.!

Russell watches grimly as another pin is stuck in the map. The epidemic is spreading.

205 EXT. HIGHWAY SERVICE STATION PACKAGE STORE - NIGHT

205

Right in the landing pattern of a local airport. Jets land. The view glides to a phone booth. Tiny is there, ravaging a bag of oreo cookies, talking heatedly on the phone.

TINY (phone)

I'm real bad sick, Mom. No can't go to the Doctor. They'll...I can't. I just wanna come home. No--can't drive. Take too long--Mama...I wanna come home--

He turns to us. A mass of sweat and bloody pimples all over his face--His lips cracking--his mouth full of oreos.

CUT TO: BLACK SCREEN: A PHONE RINGS

206 EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

206

The phone rings again.

SUPER: ROANOKE RAPIDS NORTH CAROLINA - 1800 HRS - DAY 9

TINY'S MOM (O.C.)

Hell-O

JOHNSON (O.C.)

Mrs. Merriam--This is Karl Johnson-- I'm calling about your son, Timothy--

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

117

207 INT. MERRIAM HOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

207

TINY'S MOM sinks in an old rocking chair. Years of bad diet have taken their toll on her, but her home is clean and tidy inside--She's visibly troubled--

TINY'S MOM

Oh--goodness. Tim. You the police?

208 INTERCUT: THE WAR ROOM

208

Johnson and Jaax try to have an intimate conversation with Tiny's Mom amidst the frenetic activity in the b.g.

JOHNSON (on phone)

(incredibly polite)

No, M'am. We're concerned your son may be carrying an infectious disease. Have you heard from him? It's important.

INTERCUT: TINY'S MOM

TINY'S MOM (on phone)

Who are you people...? How'd you know Tiny's sick? He toll me not to say nothin'to nobody when he calt today.

INTERCUT: WAR ROOM

That's all Johnson needed to hear. He covers the phone.

JOHNSON

We've got a live one. He walks. He talks--

Jaax sees his mind working. He passes the phone to her and heads to Reese. Reese shows him a location on the war map. map of North Carolina--a red circle around "Roanoke Rapids." Karl draws a line north across Virginia to Reston.

JOHNSON

(firm deduction)

He's going home.

He's up conferring with Reese. Jaax is not sure what to do.

TINY'S MOM (V.O. phone)

Hello--who are you people? What's happening to my Tim--?

JAAX (on phone)

(adding a mother's concern)

Mrs. Merriam, I'm Nancy Jaax with Army Medical Research. I know you're scared. I have two children myself. I know you really want to help him. Can you help us find him?

CUT BACK TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

118

INTERCUT: TINY'S MOM

Silence. She's in turmoil--

JAAX (V.O. PHONE)

I know if it was my child, I'd want to do everything in my power. Where is he, Mrs. Merriam? Help us help him.

The Woman starts to cry--

TINY'S MOM

He's....he's coming home--

SHARP CUT TO:

209 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

209

A turbo-prop commuter plane bucks turbulence flying around towering thunderheads visible in the distance. The entire sky illuminates with brilliant flashes. The Gods are at war.

SUPER: FLIGHT 390 - 2215 HUNDRED HOURS - DAY 9

210 INT. COMMUTER PLANE - CONTINUING ACTION

210

Commuters white knuckle their arm rests as the plane bucks. At the back, a NERVOUS COMMUTER is particularly upset. Next to him, Tiny blows his nose into a bloody handkerchief. He's sweating bullets.

NERVOUS COMMUTER

You okay, buddy?

Tiny nods, hiding his face. The plane bucks again. Tiny grabs his used airsick bag and wretches again.

WE SEE IN SLO MO: Aerosol droplets from Tiny swirl up into the air ducts.

VIRUS POV - LOOKING DOWN THROUGH AIRVENT

The Commuter is nauseated. He turns the airvent on him and punches the call button repeatedly. Tiny continues O.C.

IN THE COCKPIT - CONTINUING ACTION

The whole world lights up ahead.

CAPTAIN

We can't fly over this. Put in a FP request to vector south--

CO-PILOT

Hey--Bob--we've got a call coming in on the emergency band. Something's up.

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

119

211 EXT. FT. DETRICK AIRBASE - NIGHT

211

Thunder storms close. Rain drenches MILITARY PERSONEL loading two Hueys with medical equipment. JAAX helps the Med Team from the monkey house secure aibrorn isolators in the bays.

JAAX  
(to the pilot)  
We're outta here as soon as we have  
a rendezvous zone--

PILOT  
We've got a 250 mile range, Colonel--

Lights flash. ARMED SOLDIERS cauldron off a handful of Reporters trying to get some news--

THE VIEW SWOOPS UP TO: THE MILITARY CONTROL TOWER

JOHNSON AND REESE are visible inside with FLIGHT CONTROLLERS and an FAA OFFICIAL--

FAA OFFICIAL (on radio)  
Captain--the FAA has given the military authority to direct you. Proceed as if this were a bomb threat--

212 INTERCUT: COCKPIT - CONTINUING ACTION

212

CAPTAIN (on radio)  
(alarmed)  
We have a bomb on this aircraft!?

213 INTERCUT: CONTROL TOWER

213

Johnson politely puts on headsets--

JOHNSON  
It's not a bomb, Captain. It's a human being we believe is on board--infected with a lethal virus. Male. 35. He's highly contagious and should be treated like a bomb--

INTERCUT: COCKPIT

The pilots look at each other. Spooked.

CAPTAIN  
We copy, over. What are your instructions--?

214 INT. PASSENGER AREA - CONTINUING ACTION

214

The P.A. crackles.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

120

214 CONTINUED:

214

CAPTAIN (P.A.)  
Ladies and Gentlemen. We are going to  
be making an emergency landing. Please  
remain in your seats. We have a medical  
emergency on board and---

Passengers react verbally. TO TINY: squirming in his seat.  
He knows it's him! He knows. Suddenly he erupts from his  
seat, crawling like a madman over the nervous commuter,  
making his way unsteadily down the aisle--

The harried FLIGHT ATTENDANT pursues--

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Sir! Please--you have to stay in your seat.

FOLLOW TINY - AIRSICK BAG IN HAND

Freaking passengers out as he rumbles past. His airsick bag  
is leeching black blood. He lurches into the toilet and  
locks the door. We hear him wrenching inside.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
(knocking on door)  
Hello--Sir--?

TINY (through door)  
Leave me alone! I'll shoot anybody  
'at opens the fucken door--!!

She backs away. Passengers react. WE HEAR: Singing. It's  
Tiny! His voice raspy, scratchy. A sad C&W ballad.

215 EXT. COMMUTER PLANE - FLYING - CONTINUING ACTION 215

Banks in the weather and begins to descend. Tiny singing--

216 EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT 216

Flying downriver, 150 feet above the water. The TWO  
HUEYS ascend into view. Running lights flashing.

217 INSIDE JOHNSON'S COPTER - FLYING - LOOKING FORWARD 217

Johnson stares at the water rushing by in the floodlights.  
SOUNDS OF AFRICA swell.

PILOT  
Sir--front's moving in. We'll have  
to stay low. Ten minutes to rendezvous

Jaax makes her way back to him with a thermos. She watches  
him staring at the water rushing by.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

121

217 CONTINUED:

217

JOHNSON  
 (without being asked)  
 He should've melted down days ago.  
 But he's alive and on the move. He  
 could be beating the bug.

JAAX  
 This is a longshot, Karl, even by  
 your standards--

JOHNSON  
 So was Ebola crossing the Atlantic.  
 She nods his kudos and pours him some coffee.

JOHNSON  
 Ever have nightmares?

Jaax. She nods reluctantly. Suddenly catching her breath--

218 FLASH TO: JAAX - TRAPPED IN THE TRANSLUCENT BODY BAG 218

Unable to breathe, trying to touch her family.

RESUME: HELICOPTER

JOHNSON  
 Try this one. MIT graduate. Middle  
 East religious fanatic on the side.  
 Mixes up some eco-terrorism in a dingy  
 kitchen lab. A little AIDS, a little  
 Ebola and a new lethal bug "to be named  
 later." He gene splices the killers  
 into, your favorite and mine, the common  
 cold germ. Holocaust in a testube. Then,  
 the fun part; our eco-terrorist and his  
 friends put the "new AIDS" in aerosol  
 spray cans. In every airport, school,  
 church, synagogue, cafe, restroom, gym--  
 police station they can get to, all it  
 takes is---  
 (he mimes spraying aerosol)  
 We're history. Extinct.

Lighting flashes illuminating Johnson. His eyes riveting.

PILOT  
 Sir--coming up on the hot zone--

AERIAL POV - FLYING - LOOKING FORWARD

Landing lights flare in the whipping rain. An airfield fans  
 out before us. Military vehicles and Troops are visible.

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

122

219 EXT. REMOTE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

219

A squad of MARINES in Chemical warfare gear deploy as landing lights approach.

SUPER: USMC AIRFIELD - QUANTICO, VA. 2340 HUNDRED HRS. DAY 9

SEARCH LIGHTS FIND: THE COMMUTER PROP PLANE

On approach.

INSIDE PLANE - CONTINUING ACTION

It's a nightmare ride for these passengers. PUSH IN ON: THE RESTROOM DOOR. Tiny is still singing! He's alive!

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUING ACTION

The Hueys are there. Jaax and Johnson are out, breaking out medical gear. Johnson briefs the young MARINE CAPTAIN.

JOHNSON (on the radio)  
I need this guy alive, Captain--He's no good to us with a bullet in his head. We'll never know if his antibodies can beat the bug or not. Dementia can make him violent. And he can experience episodes of unusual strength before he crashes. You take care of the other passengers. Col. Jaax and I will do the rest.

MARINE CAPT.  
Aye, aye, Sir--Can do--

The young Captain jogs off. Johnson watches him go.

JOHNSON  
Doesn't matter what kind of war it is--we send kids to do the fighting.

JAAX  
I sent mine to Grandma's house.

He realizes she's not trying to be funny. She hands him a respirator, gloves and a jumpsuit. Their eyes meet.

ON THE RUNWAY - THE COMMUTER PLAN TOUCHES DOWN

Marines deploy as it taxis toward us.

THE COCKPIT - FRONT VIEW - CONTINUING ACTION

Landing lights fall over the eerie gauntlet of Marines in bio-hazard gear. Rain pours. Lightning--

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

123

219 CONTINUED:

219

HIGH ANGLE - THE TARMAC

The plane is guided down the Marine gauntlet and shuts down.

THE VIEW DESCENDS TO: JAAX AND JOHNSON

Anxious. Anticipating. Marines wait. No life inside the plane. Lightning flashes. Then--

THE REAR HATCH POPS OPEN - A SLIDE INFLATES

Frightened Passengers crowd and shove their way out.

THE WING EMERGENCY DOOR OPENS - PEOPLE SPILL ONTO THE WING

Some slip on the wet surface and fall to the tarmac.

JAAX AND JOHNSON head to the plane with a medical case. Both scanning the frightened people for Tiny--

MARINES intercept panicked passengers; checking their faces against video prints of Tiny--

PASSENGERS are quickly ushered to Ambulances--

JAAX AND JOHNSON - REACH THE GANGWAY

No Tiny. The frantic Flight Attendant is the last down the slide. The Pilots spill out forward.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to Marine)

The guy locked himself in the toilet.  
He's got a gun!

Jaax and Johnson react as she is hauled away rambling. The young Marine Captain steps up and offers Johnson his sidearm.

JOHNSON (declining)

Keep it. Nature's full of her own  
equalizers. More deadly--less noise.

They pull down respirators like Knights going into battle.

220 INT. THE PLANE - NIGHT

220

Trashed. The wake of panicked people escaping. Cabin lights flicker. Johnson enters forward first. Jaax follows. They hear it; Tiny's voice singing weakly--

JOHNSON

He's still kicking--

(jazzed moving down the aisle)

Mr. Merriam? I'm a Doctor. You're  
in need of medical attention--

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

124

220 CONTINUED:

220

The singing stops.

TINY (through door)  
I know why you come! My mama's goin'  
take care'o me!--

The shots rip through the thin walls tearing into seats.  
Oxygen masks drop out! Jaax yanks Johnson to the deck.

JAAX  
Shit! How'd he get a gun onboard!??

OUTSIDE - CONTINUING ACTION

Marines and Passengers react to the shots. The Young  
Captain moves to the gangway--at the ready.

INSIDE - JAAX AND JOHNSON - ON THE FLOOR

JOHNSON  
Good sign. Good sign. He's a fighter.

JAAX  
If you say so.

He shucks a syringe from the field kit.

JOHNSON  
Load it--100ccs Ketamine.

JAAX  
You're going to anesthetize him?

JOHNSON (matter of fact)  
If I can get close enough.

He's up bolting down the aisle. Tiny fires through the walls  
ripping overheads, seats etc. Johnson ducks past the doors.

JOHNSON  
Tiny--if you keep shooting, the  
Marines--MARINES--will take you out.  
I have medicine. We can fly you to a  
special hospital. Walk out now while  
there's still time.

TINY  
No fuckan way! If the Grunts come,  
I'll shoot them too--

He fires wildly. Then. clicks. No ammo.

JAAX tosses the syringe over the seats to him. She follows  
on her hands and knees. They flank the door.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

125

220 CONTINUED:

220

## INSIDE TOILET - CONTINUING ACTION

Tiny's hands drop the bloated airsick bag into the toilet. He tries to flush it. The suction catches it blocking the drain--IT EXPLODES!

Showering the mirror and walls with blood--TO TINY'S REFLECTION; distorted from view!

## OUTSIDE - MAIN CABIN - CONTINUING ACTION

Ebola blood seeps under the door moving toward their boots. Jaax and Johnson look at each other. No words are spoken They're now a team--

She stands, centers, spins and kicks the door splintering it in pieces--

Johnson blocks the door, syringe at the ready--They freeze.

TINY; plopped on the john. The gun slips to the bloody floor. His face hideous; blood leeching from all his pores, hunks of skin sloughing off--comatose dead look in his eyes.

JAAX

Jesus.....

Tiny spasms lunging at Johnson. The two men crash into the aisle. Tiny is melting down with horrible ripping sounds.

JOHNSON

Don't you die on me! Don't you dare! Live goddammit. I need a survivor---damn you--live!

Jaax breaks open the medical bag. She hands him an air pump.

He jams it in his bloody mouth and pumps. Nothing. He rips open Tiny's shirt--his body is covered with hemorrhages and skin ruptures.

JOHNSON

You're not dying on me, Tiny. C'mon you son-of-a-bitch--

HE POUNDS THE BIG MAN'S CHEST--

FLASH TO: AFRICA - HUTS BURNING

HE POUNDS AGAIN!

FLASH TO: AFRICA - SISTER G

In Karl's arms in front of the mission. Villagers watching helplessly, mourning their dead--

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

126

220 CONTINUED:

220

JOHNSON

Don't die on me, Sister. Fight it!  
C'mon--live--live. You've got to--

REUME: KARL POUNDING TINY

Nothing. Jaax hands him the chest needle. He shoots the  
adrenalin right in Tiny's heart. Nothing.

He pounds the man's chest again. Jaax pulls him back--

JAAX

He's gone, Karl. Get away from him....

Karl holds it all in. He closes Tiny's eyes. Jaax pulls him  
away--gagging, nauseous.

The big Man melts down before their eyes.

CUT TO: BLACK

FADE IN: EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

IN SLO MO, Marines load Tiny's body bag into the Huey.  
Like a ceremony for a fallen hero.

IN SLO MO, a DECON TEAM torches Jaax and Johnson's bloody  
jump suits and gear in an field burn box.

IN SLO MO, a DECON TEAM sprays the commuter plane from de-  
icer cranes covering the craft in foam.

IN SLO MO, Marines haul huge plastic tarps over the plane,  
forming an oversized isolator around it to contain any virus.

IN THE HUEY - JAAX AND JOHNSON

Both devastated. Jaax is exhausted, eyes closed, whipped.  
Johnson pours over the pictures of the Monkey House gang.

JOHNSON

I'll call his Mother....There has to  
be somebody out there who can beat it.  
Just one....would be nice.

JAAX

I'm not giving up on Pete.

Johnson looks at her. Too close to home. She reaches out  
to take his hand. A piercing sound breaks the moment.

PUSH IN FAST ON JAAX: Her stomach drops away. She grabs  
the beeper off her belt.

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

127

221 INT. JAAX KITCHEN - NIGHT

221

Mama Jaax looks spooked. Jason broods at the glass doors. Blackhawk whines knowing something is wrong.

MAMA JAAX (phone)  
Doctor Levin said it was a "A touch  
of the flu"--"24 hour virus".

222 INTERCUT: JAAX - AT A HANGAR PHONE [RAIN CONTINUING]

222

JAAX (phone)  
Doctors always say that! When  
did the bleeding start?

She sags against the glass. The world seems to fade away. Johnson hurries over from the Huey.

JOHNSON  
Nance--is it Gerry?

She shakes her head. How ironic.

JAAX  
Jamie.  
(on phone)  
A hundred and three? What'd he  
give her? Anything?

INTERCUT: MAMA JAAX

MAMA JAAX (phone)  
Just some aspirin. Nance--this  
isn't that virus thing? It can't be.

INTERCUT: JAAX

JAAX (phone)  
No aspirin! Aw shit! It speeds up the  
the infection. Cooks the virus. Jesus--  
(trying to calm herself)  
It's okay, Gran--it's okay. You didn't  
do anything---Yeah, I am...I will....

Johnson is devastated by what he's hearing. She hangs up. Terrible silence.

JAAX (covering phone)  
It's Jamie. She's got symptoms.

JOHNSON  
(his mind computing "how?")  
Your house--when Pete was there  
somehow. We may all be incubating  
the goddamn thing--

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

128

222 CONTINUED:

222

The Huey begins to whine. Karl and Jaax face each other.

JAAK

If she's got it she's got about  
seven days--

Her world crashing in. She fights tears. Johnson hesitates,  
not knowing what to do, how to react. Then he folds her to him.

JOHNSON

Let's go get your daughter, Colonel.

They're engulfed in rain and wind as they run to the ship.

INSIDE HUEY - LIFTING OFF

Jaax watches the commuter plane, enshrouded in plastic,  
getting smaller and smaller.

DISSOLVE TO:

223 INT. THE JAAK HOME - JAMIE'S BEDROOM - SUNDOWN

223

Mama and Grandpa Jaax and their Family M.D., DR. LEVIN,  
tend Jamie who is burning up with fever.

DR. LEVIN

We have to move her. I'll call  
the hospital--

Suddenly the THUD of a helicopter approaches outside.

THE MENAGERIE ROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

The THROBING intensifies. The animals go crazy. Jason runs  
outside with Blackhawk.

224 EXT. JAXX'S BACKYARD - CONTINUING ACTION

224

The Huey lands on the street in front of the house. JAAK  
CLIMBS OUT with JOHNSON a MED TEAM toting an isolator.  
Jason has never been so glad to see anybody in his life.

JASON

All right, Mom! Yes! Mr. J--!

She hugs him on the run trying to hold it together.

225 INT. JAXX'S - CONTINUING ACTION

225

Mama holds the door open as Jaax and her Team enter.

JAAK

Moms, you and Grandpa okay--?

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

129

225 CONTINUED:

225

Mama nods weakly as she sets food on the table--

JOHNSON

Thanks, Mrs. Jaax. Some other time.

He slips a surgical mask on her. Then Jason. The Team follows Jaax to Jamie's room.

226 INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - CONTINUING ACTION

226

Dr. Levin leads her in. He's now wearing a mask.

JAAAX

She needs isolation, Dr. Levin.  
We'll handle it.

Grandpa is holding Jamie's hand. Jaax hands him a mask. She nearly breaks when she sees her daughter lying there so still--as if dead.

Johnson braces her up. She looks to him. Thanks--

JAAAX

Let's go for a ride, Princess.

Johnson leads the Team gently sliding Jamie into the isolator. Jamie wakes. Her voice faint, weak.

JAMIE

Mom--all I did was sip some beer.  
--don't be mad--Am I going to die?

JAAAX

No way. You have to win the Olympics.

Ever the good mother--and soldier. Johnson witnesses her steel herself. She is truly an amazing woman.

227 EXT. JAXX'S HOUSE - CONTINUING ACTION

227

They load Jamie into the Copter along with Jason. Jaax has to coax her in-laws.

JAAAX

You have to come too. I can't leave  
you here--You've been exposed....

Grandpa and Mama look at each other in fear. Then he takes Mama's hand and properly helps her into the bird.

HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN

The Huey lifts off right at us.

SMASH CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

130

228 INT. SLAMMER - JAMIE IS SHOVED THROUGH THE WALL

228

The isolator rockets toward us with a metallic crunch!

JAMIE  
(freaked)  
Mom? Where's my Dad?

MAJ. HOSKINS  
Let's get you comfortable.

Hoskins and her Aide use the arm ports to take Jamie's vitals and hook her up to IV's. [note: since she's in the isolator, MDs wear masks gloves, etc. not space suits]

JAAX ENTERS. She strokes her daughter with her hands in the glove ports. Jamie squeezes them through the plastic.

JAAX  
I'm here, Jamie. I'm here.

JAMIE  
Where's Dad...and Jason?

JAAX  
Dad's....in Iraq, remember?

Dementia? She regroups almost losing it.

JAAX  
Jason's with Gramps and Mama to get their blood tested. We're going to take some of yours too. Check it out. You might not be sick at all.

JAMIE (faint smile)  
If I am sick, am I going to die without seeing Dad....?

JAAX (staying calm)  
Oh, Jamie, everyone who gets sick doesn't die. You know that. Lots of people with cancer don't die. Lots of people never even get it.

JAMIE  
Your Father did. And he died....

JAAX  
Princess, we all have immune systems that fight infections and diseases with special antibodies--like soldiers.

JAMIE  
What if I'm not a good soldier--?

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

131

228 CONTINUED:

228

JAAAX  
 (her heart breaking)  
 Then we'll give you a special  
 magic blood strong enough to  
 make you win---I promise--

Maj. Hoskins ties off Jamie's arm through the glove ports and thumps up a vein. Jaax holds Jamie's hand--the needle enters. Jamie whimpers.

JAMIE  
 Better hurry with the magic blood.  
 I don't feel so good--

Then it happens. A tiny stream of blood appears and rolls slowly down Jamie's nose. The sight freaks Jaax. She instinctively reaches her hand to wipe it away--the plastic isolator walls stop her--she can't touch Jamie! She presses against the plastic--Jamie's in the see through coffin!

Hoskins reaches in the port and stanches the flow. Jaax is on the verge of emotional meltdown.

AT THE SLAMMER WINDOW - CONTINUING ACTION

Jason and his Grandparents watch Jamie's suffering in anguish. Johnson, observing, intervenes, leading the boy and the Jaax's solemnly away. Johnson is visibly upset.

229 INSERT: MICROSCOPIC VIEW - JAMIE'S BLOOD

229

It glows with Ebola.

230 INT. BL3 HOTSUITE - CONTINUING ACTION - NIGHT

230

Jaax sits back from the microscope, trembling. She sags, dropping her head on the bench. She weeps openly.

Johnson watches through the glass partition. Separated.

JOHNSON  
 (grim resolve)  
 God help us---if there is one.

He hurries away down the corridor. He has a mission--

CUT TO: BLACK

231 FADE IN: THE MORGUE

231

Another corpse slides in the rack. The tag reads "Girard". Bodies are piling up.

CUT TO: BLACK

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

132

232 FADE IN: WAR ROOM - SECURITY CAMERA IMAGES

232

The Monkey House gang coming and going. Tiny clowns for the camera with Deke stealing and eating monkey biscuits.

SUPER: 0800 HUNDRED HRS. - DAY 10

Johnson and the Female EIS officer go over the footage again.

JOHNSON  
(dogged, relentless)  
Again. From the top. We missed some-  
body. A primary exposure's out there--

EIS OFFICER  
We've been through the logs ten times--

JOHNSON  
You think the virus gives a damn?  
Run the rear entrance tapes--

EIS OFFICER  
I didn't know there was any.

Johnson's look sends her searching under penalty of death. He surveys the room. Fatigue and hopelessness have set in. Pins on the War Map are denser. A Survivor--just one....

Reese hurries up, fighting exhaustion.

REESE  
Had to call in a favor, but it's  
done. I just hope there's time.

Johnson nods appreciation for the cryptic favor. The EIS officer slams in a data tape.

ON MONITOR - THE MONKEY HOUSE - REAR ENTRANCE POPS UP  
They scan at high speed past the familiar faces. Then--

JOHNSON  
Go back. Go back--Sixteenth November.

The view freezes on: The back of a Man going out the door. The EIS officer enhances the view. Closer. It's the AC Man!

She checks against video files of employees. No match.

JOHNSON  
Let's find him. He's twelve days  
into possible exposure. Work orders,  
delivery receipts--check it out--

Verbal reactions. More people crowd around the screen. Epi Staffers begin digging through file boxes. New energy--

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

133

233 INT. SLAMMER - TIGHT ON PETER - LATER

233

Pete's face tells us this is a horrible way to go. Jaax looks on with loving eyes. She feels helpless.

PETER

Lousy room service. And what happened to the sexy nurses we used to have around here--?

Jaax strikes a sexy pose. His laugh is like sandpaper. He's dying and knows it. He pushes his serum bag through the plastic walls.

PETER

Nance--you better put me on the endangered species list. Give the rest of Sister G to Jamie. She's young. Maybe it'll turn her around.

Pete doesn't know the serum bag is bone dry. Jaax doesn't know what to say. She can barely speak.

JOHNSON (O.C.)

Hey--

Jaax startles. Johnson has been standing behind her. He holds up a can beer. Peter allows a painful smile--

PETER

Just hook those suds up to my I.V. Put it on my tab.

JOHNSON

On the house. I'm going after the one who got away, Pete--

Silence. Pete raises his hand trying to find a way out. Jaax looks at Johnson urging him to take Pete's hand. Emotions leaking, Johnson slips his gloved hand through the port with the beer.

Pete grips the can. Then Peter's hand. His grip is weak.

PETER

.....Hurry.....

Johnson looks his friend in the eye. He and Jaax fix on each other. Unspoken promises. HURRY!

234 EXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

234

The Capitol AC/HEATER repair Van sits in the driveway.

REESE waits in an unmarked BL4 ambulance a half-block away.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

134

234 CONTINUED:

234

JOHNSON rings the doorbell. The intercom crackles.

WOMAN'S VOICE (intercom)  
Who is it?

The woman coughs severely. Johnson instantly is on alert.

JOHNSON  
Dr. Karl Johnson. Public Health--

The door opens tentatively. A WOMAN in her 30's peeks out with a young boy about 5. Her eyes are red. She coughs again.

JOHNSON  
Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Matoian.  
Your husband--is he home?

WOMAN  
(shaking no)  
I won't see him until tonight.

Johnson surges. He's alive. The Woman coughs in a jag.

JOHNSON  
Have you seen a Doctor about that?  
Lot of flu going around?

WOMAN  
(putoff by his questions)  
No--we don't believe in Doctors.  
What's this about anyway?

JOHNSON  
We think your husband was exposed to  
a dangerous virus. You may have also.

WOMAN  
(she blanches)  
That plague thing on TV? Oh---oh--

Johnson signals to Reese. The unmarked Van pulls up--

JOHNSON  
When did these flu symptoms start?

WOMAN  
Yesterday. We both had headaches.  
He had a fever last night--

Reese approaches with two Med Team in masks and gloves.

JOHNSON  
Don't be alarmed. This is Dr. Reese.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

135

34 CONTINUED:

234

REESE

Ma'm, we're just going to make  
sure you and your child aren't sick.

She begins to panic as they enter the house.

JOHNSON

Can you tell me where he is now,  
M'am?

WOMAN

Running. He's a runner. He never  
gets sick--

JOHNSON

So--he's jogging in the neighborhood.

The Woman shakes her head sadly. Afraid--

SHARP CUT TO:

235 EXT. ANTIETAM MAIN STREET - DAY

235

Five thousand RUNNERS poise at the start line. Blurring  
views scan the faces--

SUPER: NORTH-SOUTH 25K - ANTIETAM VA. 1100 HRS. - DAY 10

The STARTER fires his pistol. Five thousand bodies head  
right at us. Somewhere in the mass of heads and feet--

WE FIND THE A.C. MAN: #1976 on his back. Already sweating  
profusely. Pinching that pain between his eyes as he finds  
his rythm. He passes by melding into the sea of bodies--

236 INT. SLAMMER AREA - SAME TIME

236

Corridor beds are now filled. 50 PATIENTS are tended by  
MEDICAL STAFF & VOLUNTEERS wearing Scrubs, masks, decon  
suits, anything to protect against possible infection.

WE SEE: Passengers from Tiny's airplane having their  
blood tested.

INT. USAMRIID CLINIC - SAME TIME

Peter's Wife sleeps on a sofa with her two children. Mama  
Jaax brings the children juice and fruit.

Jaax checks a patient who looks good. Eyes clear. Minimal  
symptoms. It's Wanda, the Black Woman from the Monkey house.  
Jaax is on edge, barely holding it together.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

136

236 CONTINUED:

236

JAAK (to nurse)  
Check her temperature every half  
hour. If it drops even slightly  
it means she's beating it. Maybe  
she's our "magic bullet".

The Nurse squeezes Jaax's hand. Wanda smiles hopeful. Jaax  
looks out the partition into the Slammer area.

HER POV - THE SLAMMER AREA

A Medic covers another victim. It could easily be Jamie.  
MEDICS hurry in with a body bag.

IN THE SLAMMER - MINUTES LATER

Jaax regards her daughter. Small hemorrhages mar her  
youthful face. Jaax checks her temperature. Still hot.  
She's getting worse.

Jaax's tears run down the isolator walls. Someone KNOCKS  
on the partition glass O.C. She looks up.

GERRY JAAK is home. Jaax can't move, she's so stunned.  
He's standing there, rugged, tan, holding Jason on his  
shoulders. Loving smile--The image from her nightmare!

She moves toward the glass. She reaches to touch him.  
Glass separates them. She presses trying to touch him.

JAAK

Gerry...Gerry...you're home. Oh,  
God, you're home. I look awful.  
(tries to fix her hair)  
I missed you--you're home...

He says nothing, solemn smile, indicating he can't hear.  
She's frustrated beyond belief. Her breathing labored--

OUTSIDE - CONTINUING ACTION

Jaax exits the airlock gasping for breath. She melts in  
his arms, letting it all go, crying, kissing him, hanging  
on for dear life.

GERRY

It's okay. I'm, here, sport. I'm  
sorry it took so long. Somebody  
upstairs pulled some strings.  
It's okay. I'm home...

Jason is crying too, still in his arms hugging him tight--  
Then his parents rush up. WIDEN SLOWLY as the family group hugs  
and heads slowly down the long corridor to the slammer.

DISSOLVE TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

137

237 THE RACE - FEET BLURRING BY

237

An endless river of flashing soles. Constant fapping.  
Breathing like engines straining--

TILT UP TO: FACES BLURRING BY

Sweat flying off hair and arms and necks. Aerosol droplets  
from mouths and spitting water showering the sky.

TILT UP TO: A NEWS HELICOPTER TRACKING OVERHEAD

INT. NEWS COPTER - FLYING LOW

Strafing the RUNNERS stretching out for miles.

PILOT

Forget it pal. You'll never find  
this guy this way--

Johnson rides shotgun, a small TV monitor in his lap  
showing closer views of the race. A CAMERAMAN with a  
Betacam is strapped in the side bay.

JOHNSON

I'll wait at the finish line if I  
have to--till hell freezes over.  
(to camerman)

His number's 1976. Can you get closer--

The view on Johnson's monitor zooms in. He can  
read the numbers on Runner's backs. There's too many--

The WOMAN REPORTER in back has the story of her career.

REPORTER

Suddenly this North-South Marathon has  
turned into a life and death race. A man  
believed carrying the deadly Ebola virus  
is running in the event--which could be  
his last if Army Medical Virologists  
are unable to find him in time--

Johnson. Scanning. Searching.

238 EXT. THE RACE - TRACKING

238

Faces. Arms--legs pumping. There he is. His distinctive  
gaunt body loping toward us. He starts to wobble, losing  
his balance. He composes himself. He grabs water from an  
AID and drinks. He spits it up! It's bloody!

HIS POV - RUNNERS AHEAD OF HIM - HIS VISION BLURS

He can't see! He staggers bumping into Runners around him!

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

138

239 INT. SLAMMER - TIGHT ON JAMIE

239

Jamie. Comatose. Death mask. Gerry steels himself against the nightmare he's walked in on. Jaax reaches in the glove ports and wipes a trace of blood from Jamie's ear.

JAAX

Why can't I just put my life in her I.V. Why...her and not me?

GERRY

C'mon...Don't do that....

Gerry folds her into him.

GERRY (continuing)

We're going to get through this.

He pulls a stuffed bear from a bag of personals.

GERRY

She sent it with me to keep me safe. Remember when she was two years old--she used to want "Dee Dah" the Bear when she was sick...

Jaax kisses the bear and tucks it in beside Jamie. Jamie instinctively hugs it to her. She wakes staring at them. She completely lights up, touching his face beyond the plastic bubble. She's weak, barely able to speak.

JAMIE

....Daddy....Where ya been?

Jamie squeezes his hand through the glove port.

GERRY

Hey, Champ. I hear you've been breaking training.

Jaax wells up. She has to get out of there. She heads away leaving Gerry with Jamie.

240 INT. SLAMMER CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

240

Jaax hurries from the airlock, guilt eating at her. Gerry overtakes her from behind.

JAAX

She's worse. Ribovarin's not working. Nothing is.

GERRY

We need immuno serum. Where the hell is the great Karl Johnson--?

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

139

240 CONTINUED:

240

JAAX

He's out there trying to find a donor! I fucked up being a good mother and a good soldier. I put our daughter in the line of fire.

Gerry holds her trying to calm her down. She fights him--  
--rocking her in his long safe secure arms.

GERRY

Anger isn't going to help Jamie now....We've been around killer viruses and hot agents for years. We did this to her. Both of us.

JAAX

I can't just sit around and watch her die--

She wipes her face, pulling herself together.

JAAX (continuing)

Pete's animals. He's been cloning antibodies. So far his Guinea pigs don't work. I want to try something that maybe could--

GERRY

You'll do the right thing for Jamie. You always do the right thing--

HUSBAND AND WIFE - FACE TO FACE

Unshakable in their bond. Unwavering in their commitment. Good soldiers. Jaax smoothes his face. Touch. She breaks. The airlock door hisses closed behind her. She hesitates at the port--smoothes her hair, smarts up her uniform --then disappears

241 EXT. THE RACE - TIGHT ON MATOIAN - SAME TIME

241

He is wobbling badly. His headache, splitting. Blood streams from his nose. He runs faster, trying to run it out of his system. Runners look at him as he blows by kicking miles too soon.

242 INTERCUT: NEWS COPTER - CONTINUING ACTION

242

They passover the leaders below.

JOHNSON

We missed him. Let's go back--  
We'll wait for him---

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

140

## 243 INTERCUT: THE RACE - CONTINUING ACTION

243

Runners cross an overpass. The AC Man suddenly spasms, his legs gyrate crazily. He blindly grabs the RUNNER next to him--clutching the startled Man--who yells in Spanish--

SPANISH RUNNER (spanish)  
What are you doing? Hey--you crazy!

They tangle and fall over the guard rail--TUMBLING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT---!!

## A CULVERT - CONTINUING ACTION

The two Men bounce to a stop 75 feet below. RUNNERS SLOW above yelling down to them.

The Spaniard sits up dazed. The AC Man sprawls lifeless.

## 244 INTERCUT: NEWS COPTER - SAME TIME

244

Hovering, side slipping against the Tide of Runners sweeping by below. Johnson is now perched in the sidedoor with the cameraman scanning the tide with binoculars.

PILOT  
Check this. Just picked up a call for an ambulance. A Runner went off a bridge up ahead out of control--

Johnson looks to the Newscaster. He knows. She signals--

THE COPTER SPINS AND BANKS AWAY!

## INTERCUT: THE CULVERT - SAME TIME

The Spaniard listens to the man's heart. He pumps again giving CPR, counting in Spanish. He cocks the Man's mouth open--hesitates--

## CLOSER - MOUTH TO MOUTH

--places his mouth over AC's and blows. The lifeless man's chest expands---

Suddenly, AC heaves, his body quakes. He spews of phlegm red with blood. The Spaniard reels back, wiping his mouth.

Matoian sits up, disoriented, but alive!

AC MAN  
Whoa--God--you got any aspirin--

TWO RACE OFFICIALS skitter down the embankment to the scene.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

141

244 CONTINUED:

244

OFFICIAL #1

You boys hurt? Ambulance is on  
it's way--

AC is too nauseous to speak. He heaves again. The Spaniard  
speaks wildly to the Officials.

SPANIARD

Yo estoy bien. I okay. Hombre enfermo.  
(he points to AC)  
Muy mal. Sick. Very sick. Me tengo  
correr. Go--go--ganar la carrera--

The Spaniard motions anxious to rejoin the race--

OFFICIAL #2

Go on--We'll take care of him--

He scrambles up the bank. SIRENS APPROACH O.C.

ON THE ROADWAY - SAME TIME

An Ambulance speeds through the Runners, lights flashing,  
siren blaring. Runners scatter--

244XINTERCUT: NEWS COPTER - LOOKING FORWARD

244X

Johnson can see the flashing lights several miles ahead.

THE CULVERT - SAME TIME

Paramedics make their way down the embankment. A small  
group have gathered below.

245 INTERCUT: NEWS COPTER - DESCENDING

245

As the Spaniard jogs away into the sea of Runners, the  
Copter Pilot sets down on the right-of-way across the bridge.  
Johnson jumps out. The Reporter yells after him--

REPORTER

Hey--Johnson--I want this story!

FOLLOW JOHNSON - CROSSING THE ROAD

Dodging endless Runners streaming past. He reaches the  
ambulance. He checks inside. No one.

Paramedics appear over the embankment carrying the AC Man  
in a stretcher. The Officials follow.

PARAMEDIC

Coming through. Everybody back--

(CONTINUED)

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142

245 CONTINUED:

245

Johnson sees the man's number. "1976". He's still alive.

246 IN THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUING ACTION

246

The Paramedics slide Matoian in. They start to close the doors. Johnson forces his way in--

PARAMEDIC

You know this guy?

JOHNSON

(showing his credentials)

Yeah--I do. Johnson. Army Medical Research--CDC--I'm going with you.

The Medics eyes each other as they strap the stretcher into the rack. Johnson grabs a surgical mask and puts on gloves.

JOHNSON

Get'em on. Fast!

The Medics respond, anxious, questioning. They pull away.

PARAMEDIC

Jesus. What's wrong with him?

The Medic gives AC oxygen. Johnson checks his arms and neck for hemmorages. No petechiae.

JOHNSON

No symptoms. Maybe he's incubating.

PARAMEDIC

What? Incubating what---?

JOHNSON

Ebola.

The word goes through the Medics like laser bolts. Sirens sound. They speed ahead.

Johnson finds a small patch of symptomatic rash on the Man's back. Blood is caked in his ear.

JOHNSON

(showing Paramedic)

He's got the bug. Question is for how long? A week? A day? What's his temperature?

The Medic checks the reading on a digital thermometer.

MEDIC

Ninety-nine. He's almost normal.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

143

245 CONTINUED:

245

JOHNSON  
He should be roasting if he's  
showing infection in the last week.  
(then it hits him--)  
--Unless...he's a survivor. Unless...  
he's immune.

Karl looks at the man. Traumatized but his pulse normal.

JOHNSON  
Keep checking his temperature. Take  
some blood--Be careful--  
(to the Medics)  
We're going to be making a little  
detour. You're now quarantined.

The stunned Medic yells up to the Driver. The other starts  
finding a vein on the man and draws blood.

Karl clamps a field centrifuge onto a seat back and begins  
cranking. The blood sacks spin---

OUTSIDE - THE AMBULANCE

Swerving from the race course onto a side street.

246 INT. SLAMMER MORGUE - LIMBO

246

A body bag slides in by the stack of others. CPT. A. HAINES.

SUPER: USAMRIID - 1730 HUNDRED HRS. DAY 10

INT. WAR ROOM - EVENING

A TV MONITOR: The Local ANCHORWOMAN standing outside RIID  
interviews Reese and Russell by phone inside. Both running on  
fumes. So is the Staff watching him and the monitor.

ANCHORWOMAN (TV)  
How many deaths so far, Colonel?

RUSSELL (ON TV)  
We can confirm seventeen fatalities as a  
result of close contact with the virus--  
We're continuing to bring all "cases"  
here to RIID--

246 INT. SLAMMER AREA - V.O. CONTINUES OVER

246

Patients are sleeping on the floor it's so crowded.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
Our strategy is to contain the virus  
here until it burns itself out--

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

144

247 INT. SLAMMER - MORNING

247

Gerry holds vigil. Jamie's arm is covered with petachiae. The rest of her is under the sheets. We don't want to see.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
We're still working on a rescue therapy that's effective against the virus--So far nothing is effective.

248 INT. PETER'S BL3 LAB - SAME TIME

248

A mini-Noah's ark; Two goats, a sheep, a Clydesdale, Pete's Guinea pigs. "Supermonk" lords over all. Godwin draws blood (o.c.) from a goat. Jason bottle-feeds it to keep it calm.

Klages places blood vials in the centrifuge and spins out the red blood cells. The Centrifuge whirls to a blur.

Jaax, dark circles under her eyes, studies a complicated computer graphic of a cell structure turning in 3d graphics on the VDT next to her video microscope.

She looks up--Someone enters the lab in a spacesuit. The figure moves closer. It's Peter. Weak and frail--

JAAX  
Pete--what are you doing--?

PETER (fm mic)  
Hey, I'm beating this thing, okay.  
I feel good--oowwoooWWWWWWWWWWW!

He does a wobbly James Brown in his spacesuit. Jaax is blown away he's even walking. She motions Jason and the girls into another lab room, closing the door.

PETER (fm mic)  
The irony of it all. I wore this thing for years to keep the bugs out. Now I'm wearing it to keep them in. I'm a giant condom--

JAAX  
Pete? Your fever broke? Right?

PETER (fm mic)  
Fever? What fever? I just came down to feed my Guineas. They're immune you know. They can save a life or two--

JAAX  
Let's get you back to the slammer so they can save yours. We've got our first unit of immuno serum.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

145

248 CONTINUED:

He resists her, hugging the bench, barely able to focus.

248

PETER  
I have to finish this. If the human cells you're cloning in the serum are strong and healthy, this just might work. Whose are they?

He studies the monitor. Jaax watches him intently.

JAAX  
Supermonk's genes and...mine..

Peter looks at her through his helmet, he smiles--

PETER  
I'm impressed. Better cell combo for humans. All you need is a survivor as in "me".

JAAX  
The antibodies won't clone, Pete--

He begins to enter one finger key commands. Slow. Weak.

PETER  
Here's your problem. Change the binding sight--  
(he teeters)  
Hold me up--Nance--Let me finish it--

Jaax braces him up. He can barely lift his hands to type. Suddenly, the computer graphic of the cells reconfigures. Peter smiles, satisfied.

PETER  
Done. Clone city. I'd say if your daughter has any of the stuff her mother's made of--her children and her grandchildren will be born immune---

Jaax wells up at the hope he's given her. Hope. A tear of blood trickles from his eye.

JAAX  
(to Klages)  
Get me that unit of serum--now!...

PETER  
Make a hell of a paper, Nance. You can have....top...billing....

Klages, frantic, grabs the unit of serum from the bench. Too late. Pete jumps up in his bluesuit--staggering about.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

146

248 CONTINUED:

248

His face plate spatters with blood. Jaax rushes him. He grabs a scalpel waving it wildly---

JAAX  
Pete--the serum--

PETER  
If you open me up you'll contaminate the lab--Nance---

He quakes in pain. A death dance. She can hear him melting down inside his spacesuit--his tissue cracking like popcorn.

PETER  
(singing)  
A wim-o-weh-a-wim-o-weh----

His visor spatters again as his face dissolves. He collapses on the floor. His suit undulates as if filled with water.

Jaax gags at the sound of blood sloshing through his suit.

Godwin and Klages turn Jason away. Horrified. Jaax plops on the floor beside Pete's bloated spacesuit. She covers his visor with a towel. She grieves.....

PUSH IN ON PETE'S GUINEA PIGS

CUT TO: BLACK

249 FADE IN: EXT. USAMRIID - AERIAL POV - DAY

249

Armed Soldiers in gas masks surround the RIID building. Bradley Tanks block the roads in and out at Checkpoints. Media trucks line the parking lot.

TO AN ANCHOR - ON CAMERA - INSIDE HOSPITAL TENT

ANCHOR  
Men and Women in the RIID fortress are now completely quarantined and cut off from the outside world except by telephone.

The Anchor walks us through the hospital tent that has been erected on the parade grounds. MEDICAL CORPS MEN AND WOMEN set up rows of field cots.

ANCHOR (continuing)  
This tent ward around me is for overflow cases the CDC and the U.S. Medical Corps hope never come.

The THUD of a helicopter approaches. Everyone looks up.

CUT TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

147

250 EXT. RIID HELIPAD - DAY

250

The Huey lands beside the building. The AIT's hurry the stretcher bearing the AC Man toward the wall hatch.

FOLLOW KARL - RUNNING

Toward the guarded main entrance carrying blood vials and dangling the makeshift plasma bags on a coat hanger. Soldiers challenge.

SOLDIER

Sir, no one is allowed inside without authorization--

JOHNSON

This is authorization. [the plasma] There's some Paramedics in the chopper. Quarantine them. Nicely.

Reese opens the door waving Johnson in---

REESE

Let'em in. C'mon. What the hell have you been doing---fishing?

251 INT. RIID - CONTINUING ACTION

251

WE FOLLOW THEM through the maze of beds and patients lining the corridors. WE SEE: AC Man's wife and daughter. Wanda is near death. Loc's family. Mama and Grandpa Jaax. Girard's family--Johnson carries the bags of serum like the Holy Grail. Doctors look up. Staff step aside.

252 INT. SLAMMER - CONTINUING ACTION

252

Johnson enters the Slammer Airlock and barrels past Major Hoskins--Reese hangs back. WE FOLLOW JOHNSON through the chem shower into--

THE SLAMMER - GOD'S POV - LOOKING DOWN ON JAMIE

Hovering, waiting to take her next. Both parents hold her hands through the glove ports.

Johnson stops short at the sight of Jamie. He stares at this Man so intimate with her and with Jaax. Their eyes meet.

GERRY

Dr. Johnson--Nance told me all you've tried to do--

JAAX

We're losing her, Karl--

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

148

252 CONTINUED

252

Johnson shoves the plasma bags at Gerry.

JOHNSON  
Gerry--you made it--Put her on  
this. If it's good stuff, we'll  
know in two hours.

JAAX  
Magic bullet?

He nods. They look at each other--Gerry grabs the bags.

GERRY  
I'll screen it--standard rack. AIDS--  
hepatitis--Don't let Jamie die.

He runs out. Johnson hovers over Jamie--hoping he's not too  
late. Jaax is all nerve endings watching Jamie.

JOHNSON  
Nance--let's get Pete on it too.

He can tell by her reaction, Pete's dead. He bows his head.  
Silent goodbye. She takes his hand. This time he lets her.

253 THE SLAMMER CORRIDOR - CONTINUING ACTION

253

Johnson drags Jaax into the last room.

JOHNSON  
I want you to meet somebody.

Maj. Hoskins tends the AC Man. He's sitting up in the  
isolator, completely alert--thermometer in his mouth.  
He glares at Johnson.

MAJ. HOSKINS  
Temperature's normal, Doctor. All  
signs stable.

AC MAN/MATOIAN  
Hey what is this place? I gotta go  
to work in the morning. Anybody got  
a cigarette?

Johnson grins. Jaax checks his chart in shock.

JAAX  
What's your name?

AC MAN/MATOIAN  
Angelo. Friends call me "Angel".

Jaax looks to Johnson. "What else".

DISSOLVE TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

149

254 INT. SLAMMER - GOD'S POV DESCENDS TO TAKE JAMIE

254

JAAX

I don't want Jason to see her  
like this--

Gerry bursts in--

GERRY

He's clean. No hepatitis. HIV's  
negative. And--he's loaded with  
antibodies!

JAAX

(finishing it)  
Minimal symptoms. Karl's right.  
He must be immune.

The whole Slammer is buzzing. Gerry looks to Jaax for a  
decision. Jaax hooks the serum IV bag up herself.

GOD'S POV DESCENDS LOWER--CLOSER

Jaax gets right beside Jamie as close as the plastic will  
allow. She whispers, determined not to give up.

JAAX

You listen to me Jamie Magritte  
Jaax, God gave you an immune system  
to fight disease with--so fight.  
Don't think about anything else  
but living. You want to do a triple  
back layout--live, Jamie, live. You  
want to go to the Olympics don't you?

She strokes Jamie's face through the glove port. Gerry is  
right beside her. Karl leans into view on the other side.

PUSH IN TIGHT ON THE PLASMA BAG - "ANGEL"

255 QUICK CUTS: MONTAGE OF THE MAGIC BULLETT

255

Hoskins, Medical Staff, Jaax, Johnson, Gerry all pitching  
in to hook up other ailing patients to the serum. Faces we  
have seen; Wanda, Loc's vietnamese wife.

Jason pushes a cart of IVs. Daria, Pete's grieving joins  
the effort, wanting to help. Jaax embraces her. Klages and  
Godwin are there--

TIGHT ON PLASMA BAGS - ONE AFTER ANOTHER

All bear the one word name; "ANGEL". Each bubbling life.

DISSOLVE TO:

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

150

256 INT. OFFICER'S LOUNGE - EARLY A.M.

256

SUPER: 0400 HUNDRED HOURS - DAY 11

Johnson slouches in a chair, half asleep. The sounds of Africa haunt him. He blinks.

FLASH TO: HIS POV - THE AFRICAN BUSH

A beautiful AFRICAN WOMAN walks toward him. Ancient garb. She carries a gourd brimming with healing waters. He reaches for it--IT'S HOT! The water stings his hand--

JAAAX

Karl? Are you alright? It's hot--

Her jerks back, disoriented. Jaax is before him holding out a cup of steaming coffee to him.

JOHNSON

Oh yeah--I'm just dandy. I was just in Africa--I found a member of an ancient tribe. They're immune to everything. One of my little fantasies.

(takes the coffee)

I'd kiss Reese's ass on the fifty yard line at the Superbowl if that tribe existed--Immuno serum by the buckets--

Jaax sits beside him, calm, serene.

JAAAX

You don't have to. Jamie's fever broke. She's going to be okay. You did it.

Johnson. Dumbfounded. Then the smile comes. Then the whoop. He picks Jaax up and swings her around---

257 INT. THE WAR ROOM - SAME TIME

257

Russell is completely distracted. The place is nuts. The female EIS officer shoves a note in front of him.

RUSSELL

I'll be goddamned--We have a survivor!

Yells and shouts go up. We see reactions on the TV monitors.

258 INT. SLAMMER CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

WANDA is surrounded by Nurses, and Johnson. She's smiling. Johnson reads her temperature.

JOHNSON

Ninety-nine point six and falling!

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

151

258 CONTINUED

258

He gives Wanda a big high-five. Reese yells down the corridor with another patient--

REESE

We got another one. One oh one.  
No--one hundred and falling!

It's Loc's wife, the frail vietnamese woman. She weeps. Cheers echo through the halls of RIID. Daria hugs her kids.

259 IN THE SLAMMER - THE VIGIL - MULTIPLE DISSOLVES

259

As one by one, the Team enters the Slammer through the airlock, exhausted, shedding tears, hopeful, holding onto each other--all connected as they embrace Jaax and Gerry and encircle Jamie in the isolator--willing her to live--

THE VIEW GLIDES TO JAMIE - "ANGEL" I.V. IN VIEW

Her eyes focus. A heavenly smile crosses her face. She takes her parent's hands squeezing them tight---

Then Jaax takes Karl's hand and draws him in placing it on top of Jamie's. He's part of the family.

JOHNSON

Jamie--now your blood can save another and another. It's a privilege we've forgotten as humans. We can save each other.

SHARP CUT TO:

A BLUR OF MOTION AS JAMIE WHIPS BY

260 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY - WIDEN TO:

260

Jamie hits the springboard and throws over the vaulting horse. She hits her one-and-a-half with a full twist dead on.

The crowd cheers. There is beautiful Jamie. Full of life and joy. She runs over to: GERRY ON THE SIDELINES who gives her a big hug. Then she embraces her brother, Jason.

IN THE STANDS; Johnson has his breath taken away at Jamie's grace and beauty. He didn't expect this. He wipes he tear stinging his eyes as Jamie takes a bow for her scores.

Jaax whistles shrilly watching Karl struggle.

261 INT. DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

261

Johnson lingers at the gate with Jaax trying to say goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

152

261 CONTINUED

261

JAAK  
I don't know how I'll ever be able  
to--thank you--You got Gerry home  
too, didn't you--? Reese told me.

JOHNSON  
(shrugs denial)  
Who listens to me?

He laughs. She laugh/cries.

JAAK  
Wish Peter was here to share this.

JOHNSON  
Maybe he is.

JAAK  
Are we ready for the next one?

JOHNSON  
We weren't ready for this one.  
This was just a wakeup call.

She shudders to think about it.

JOHNSON  
We still don't know where Ebola  
comes from. Guess I'm cursed to  
try and find these viruses before  
they find us....

Silence. Jaax extends her hand, sincere, deep respect.

JAAK  
See you at the epicenter---

The hand shake. Sincere. Johnson believes her. So do we.

262 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - AERIAL POV - NIGHT

262

Twilights last gleaming as we ascend above the clouds.

263 INT. COMMERCIAL JET - CONTINUING ACTION

263

Johnson, exhausted, fixes a pillow, reclining in his seat  
for the long journey back.

THE VIEW GLIDES TO THE BACK OF THE PLANE: A FAMILIAR FACE  
He's speaking Spanish on the airfone. He doesn't look good.  
He coughs a hacking jag. HIS EYES ARE RED!

(CONTINUED)

HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

153

263 CONTINUED:

263

IN ULTRA-SLO-MO: WE FOLLOW cigarette smoke and glistening cough droplets, sucked up--up--into the vents.

VIRUS POV - THROUGH AIR VENTS

We're in the soup. Below, WE SEE: PASSENGERS, BABIES, KIDS, drinking, snacking, smoking, coughing, crying all unaware of the predator above.

THE VIRUS POV HOVERS AT JOHNSON'S VENT - LOOKING DOWN ON HIM

His eyes closed, finally relaxing, drifting to sleep.

THE VIRUS VIEW RUSHES DOWN AT JOHNSON like a shark for the kill! He stirs--and abruptly reaches up closing the vent!

CUT TO: BLACK

ROLL END CREDITS

CRISIS IN THE HOT ZONE

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HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

154

## SUPER: THE FOLLOWING LEGENDS

1. To date the origin or reservoir of the Ebola virus is still unknown; there is still no vaccine for Ebola and no proven cure.
2. The CDC levied fines against Synergy and three other primate companies and banned the shipment of monkeys into the United States for 18 months.
3. No virus was found at the JFK animal unit where the monkeys entered the U.S. The Phillipine exporter would not allow a CDC/Army Team to inspect their animal quarantine unit.
4. Monkeys with the Ebola virus were reported in primate quarantine units in Texas and Pennsylvania during the Reston outbreak.
5. NANCY AND GERRY JAAX are both acting Colonels of Veterinary Medicine at USAMRIID and are actively involved vaccine and viral research...including Ebola.
6. PETER JAHRLING is alive and well and Head of Virology at USAMRIID. He continues his research on synthetic antibodies and is currently in South America isolating a new virus.
7. KARL JOHNSON lives in Montana with his wife Merle near the Gallatin River. Karl isolated the Ebola virus in 1976, and the Hantavirus the same year. If he isn't fishing, Karl is consulting with the CDC on the Hantavirus outbreak in the U.S. that is still taking human lives as of this writing.

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HZONE4 06/03/94 10:07AM

155

TO DR. KARL JOHNSON, DR. C.J.  
PETERS, DR. PETER JAHRLING,  
LTC. NANCY JAAX, COL. GERROLD  
JAAX, COL. ERNEST TAKAFUJI,  
CHERYL PARROT, SGT. CHARLOTTE  
GODWIN, SGT. NICOLE KLAGES,  
DR. JOEL McCORMICK, TOM GEISBERT,  
JOAN RHODERICK, MAJ. MARK HAINES,  
MAJ. NATHANIEL POWELL, THE MEMBERS  
OF U.S. ARMY THE BIOHAZARD TEAM

THE CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL

AND

THE UNITED STATES ARMY MEDICAL RESEARCH  
INSTITUTE FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES

WHO LIVED TO TELL ABOUT IT--AND  
ARE STILL FIGHTING THE BATTLE  
AROUND THE WORLD---

JIM HART  
UPSTATE NEW YORK

THANKSGIVING - 93

NEW YORK CITY - 94