

# ORCHARD DRIVE

Pilot:  
"Trial Basis"

Written by  
Allen Clary

DRAFT: 10/23/18

Michael Kolodny  
323.653.4483



OVER BLACK:

ALISON (V.O.)  
"To err is human"...

An electric BUZZ swells - followed by CITY NOISES.

ALISON (V.O.)  
But mistakes aren't part of my  
DNA... At least they weren't.

SMASH TO:

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY / TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT**

A hot summer evening. Down below the chaotic, blinding  
marquees, thousands of PEOPLE traverse the sidewalks.

ALISON (V.O.)  
These days, I feel like a sponge...

We land on **THE ORCHARDS** - a family of two young parents with  
a teenage son & daughter. Wide eyes betray them as tourists.

**ALISON** - the mom (late 30s) - is striking, measured, and  
exudes a warmth that can freeze over in a flash. A *Gal Gadot*  
vibe. She smiles, closing her eyes for a moment.

ALISON (V.O.)  
Soaking up the energy around me.  
People, places, things...

With affection, Alison then observes her curious family.

**BRAD** - her husband (late 30s) - is handsome, matter-of-fact,  
analytical, and a bit offbeat. Think *Jamie Dornan*.

**CHARLIE** - her son (16) - is a dreamboat with depth, clueless  
to his own charms. Think *KJ Apa*.

**DEDE** - her daughter (14) - is artsy, subversive - not Goth  
but perhaps Goth-adjacent. Think *Chloë Grace Moretz*.

ALISON (V.O.)  
(bittersweet)  
But my family... They'll never  
understand the world like I do. The  
dizzying joy or the excruciating  
pain or all the wonderful things in  
between.

(then)  
To be honest, this realization  
kills me.

(MORE)

ALISON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And it'll drive me to make the  
biggest mistake of my life.

**INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER**

As Alison holds the door, the Orchards enter their opulent accommodations on the 40th Floor.

Brad admires the city views. Charlie plops down to watch TV. Dede cracks open a souvenir book from The MET.

ALISON  
I call shower. Nobody get too comfy  
- our reservation is in an hour.

DEDE  
I'm sick of sharing a bathroom.  
When will our new house be ready?

ALISON  
Delays are part of the game when it  
comes to construction.

BRAD  
A new ETA would be nice. One week?  
Two?

ALISON  
Let me worry about it, guys - just  
try to enjoy your vacation.

CHARLIE  
Our vacation from *what* exactly?

With a look, Alison silences their discontent - moving on to -

**INT. HOTEL SUITE / BATHROOM - LATER**

Post-shower, Alison wipes condensation from the mirror - then speaks directly to her reflection, with a hopeful smile.

ALISON  
I got this... I'm a great mom.

Suddenly, the room's PHONE rings and Alison answers that weird bathroom line by the toilet.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
Hello - yes?

Alison listens, now solemn. We don't hear the voice on the other side. After a few long seconds, she quickly hangs up.

**INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

Alison marches back into the room - cool and collected, but serious as death and authoritative.

ALISON  
We've been found. *Move.*

Like lightning, each family member springs to his/her feet - and leaps into action.

**INT. HALLWAY / HOTEL SUITE - MINUTES LATER**

Approaching the Orchards' suite, a SWAT TEAM takes formation outside their door.

Without verbal warning, the team RAMS the door to bits!

As the SWAT team barges into the room, it appears vacant. Most personal items were left behind - of note, there's a large, sleek CAPSULE resembling a metallic egg.

The SWAT Leader studies it, bewildered. But suddenly, when it begins to BEEP, his face goes ashen with urgency -

SWAT LEADER  
Get out! I repeat - *GET OUT!*

As the team flees, the last team member narrowly clears the doorway before the device EXPLODES - incinerating the suite - causing the windows to SHATTER!

**I/E. GETAWAY VAN (DRIVING) / NYC STREET - CONTINUOUS**

With the Orchards speeding away from the hotel, GLASS RAINS down on the street below.

Charlie, Dede, and even Brad (behind the wheel) look up in disbelief. Alison doesn't - and gently touches Brad.

ALISON  
Eyes on the road, please.

BRAD  
Alison - where am I going?

ALISON  
(a beat, a decision)  
Maybe we'll go home a little ahead  
of schedule after all -

BRAD

But I don't know where that is yet.

Alison looks out the windshield at the road ahead -

ALISON

Just head west, dear.

And as Brad exits the island of Manhattan, the Orchards' van disappears into a river of traffic...

FADE OUT.

CHYRON: "ONE WEEK LATER"

Fun, fresh, beachy MUSIC introduces us to -

**EXT. MARINA DEL SOL, CALIFORNIA - AFTERNOON (PRESENT DAY)**

A sun-drenched coastal town in Orange County with a postcard landscape. Seaside bluffs, a Pacific Ocean horizon, palm trees, perfect-barrel waves, tanned bodies, money...

ALISON (V.O.)

Welcome home, Orchards.

A slick TESLA MODEL X weaves through the town - passing bungalows, yachts, shopping boutiques, art galleries...

A luxury car with an anti-Hillary bumper sticker is parked right next to one that's stickered: "*Stormy for President.*"

ALISON (V.O.)

Time to meet the neighbors.

**I/E. THE ORCHARDS' SUV (DRIVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the moving car, the Orchards exhibit new hair colors and styles. Alison drives while Brad, Charlie, and Dede peruse iPads with digital DOSSIERS on people we'll soon meet.

Brad swipes from a polished realtor ("Selene Garza") to a handsome man's man ("Trace Jones") - accompanied with his CAMPAIGN AD and a NEWS ARTICLE about a rumored sex scandal.

BRAD

Another politician who can't keep his pants zipped?

ALISON

*Allegedly* can't keep his pants zipped. Let's not Cosby him yet.

Dede reads up on a teenage guy ("TJ Jones") as Charlie gets distracted by SURFERS. Alison looks back in her rearview.

ALISON (CONT'D)

You two will dive straight into school tomorrow.

(pop quiz, to Charlie)

Hit me again.

CHARLIE

Seriously, Mom? I *know* who I am.

ALISON

We can't afford slip-ups.

CHARLIE

Fine. I'm Charlie Orchard, 16 years old, and if I play my cards right, the next Roger Federer.

(then)

And maybe I'll learn how to surf.

DEDE

(scoffs)

You can't even swim.

ALISON

I'll teach you. I'll teach you all.

(to Dede)

Your turn.

DEDE

(dry, annoyed)

Delia, but I go by Dede. I'm a classically trained musician...

(off script)

Now stuck in a town that's clearly devoid of any real culture.

(mocking Charlie)

But maybe I'll join the cheer team.

Brad sees an affectionate COUPLE holding hands on a park bench.

ALISON

The school has an excellent arts program.

DEDE

By whose standards?

ALISON

You're so *emo* and I love it.

Inspired by the couple, Brad reaches over for Alison's hand. She's caught off-guard, squeezes his hand back awkwardly, and quickly lets go. She gives him a look - now it's his turn.

BRAD

Bradley Orchard. Harvard law sch--

ALISON

No, hold up - you're a *doctor* now.  
Did I not update you?

Brad looks over, confused - clearly she didn't.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I scheduled an interview for you at  
the most renowned hospital in the  
area tomorrow.

Brad nods - not too concerned. Alison notes their location -  
approaching *Jacaranda Drive*.

BRAD

(rehearsing)

*Doctor Bradley Orchard...*

Alison turns onto the idyllic residential street, leading up  
above the ocean, lined with spectacular homes. Alison smiles.

ALISON

I picked an absolutely perfect  
place for us to make a fresh start.  
So let's blend in, keep a low  
profile, and maybe even have a  
little fun, okay?

**I/E. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / ORCHARDS' SUV - MOMENTS LATER**

Centered on a cul-de-sac, Alison pulls up to a stunning,  
recently renovated Mid-Century Modern home.

ALISON

Home, sweet, home of the Orchards.

CHARLIE

This house is ours? Like, only  
ours?

ALISON

If this key works.

Alison tosses her KEYS to Charlie. As the kids pile out and  
toward the house, Brad turns to Alison -concerned.

BRAD

This feels awfully permanent. How do you know Halo won't find us again?

ALISON

I learned a lot from New York.  
(reassuring)  
We're invisible now.

**INT. HALO CORPORATION / ZARO'S OFFICE SUITE - AFTERNOON**

HALO could either be a clandestine agency or Apple HQ on steroids. Outside a wall of windows, a heavy rain comes down.

**SAM ZARO** (40s) - a presence on par with *Jobs* or *Musk* - paces. Usually, he's calm and collected - but lately, he's stressed as hell.

**CALISTA LING** (30s) enters - hesitant to poke the bear. She's a "fixer" - savvy, resourceful, and never not working.

LING

(re: his pacing)  
Getting in your steps?

Zaro stalls - no time or mood for small-talk.

ZARO

Give me the latest.

LING

The good news - forensics shows no fatalities, that includes Alison.

Zaro's relieved - but still on edge.

ZARO

The bad?

LING

Your girl's been busy. Made a few friends.

Ling shows Zaro **GRAINY SECURITY FOOTAGE PHOTOS** from the NYC hotel showing the Orchards quickly walking toward the getaway van. Zaro doesn't react - turns back toward the window.

LING (CONT'D)

You knew about this?

ZARO  
(calmly correcting)  
They aren't Alison's friends.  
That's her family.

Ling takes a beat - frustrated with Zaro.

LING  
You never cleared any of this with  
the board.

ZARO  
It's none of the board's business.

LING  
(no offense, but...)  
It became their business when you  
lost majority stake in Halo.

He refuses to acknowledge her words. She presses on.

LING (CONT'D)  
After all the recent chaos around  
here, you should've told me.

ZARO  
There would be no chaos to speak of  
if I still had full control.

Ling quiets - it does no good to point fingers. But then her  
phone buzzes - as does Zaro's. The message reads:

**ALISON LOCATED. SWAT DEPARTS IN T-MINUS 15.**

Before Ling finishes reading, she's already on the move.

ZARO (CONT'D)  
She's to be taken alive - you  
understand?

Ling looks back before she exits - won't make any promises.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON**

Recent renovations have artfully modernized this older house -  
littered with wrapped-up new furniture and unpacked boxes.

Alison surveys her new kingdom - catching her reflection in a  
mirrored surface.

ALISON  
(to herself, happy)  
It's just like I always wanted -

She's interrupted by a DOORBELL from the front of house.

I/E. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Brad opens the door to **SELENE GARZA** (40), a potted PLANT in-hand. She's driven, sharply dressed - with a bright smile.

SELENE

Welcome - you must be the husband!

BRAD

I am... Good to meet you, Selene.

Selene's surprised he knows who she is. Brad explains.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Your face and name are all over our paperwork. And on every bus stop in town.

SELENE

The harder I am to escape, the easier it is to make that sale.

ALISON (O.C.)

(approaching, warmly)

I'd recognize that voice anywhere.

SELENE

(to Alison)

We meet at last! I've sold a boatload of real estate, but never sight-unseen before this.

As the two women hug hello -

ALISON

You've been a lifesaver.

SELENE

I told you this house was the jewel of the street! And you've had it polished up so exquisitely. The air around here's been thick with hypotheticals of who the new mysterious neighbors might be.

ALISON

Well, *ta-da!* Mystery solved.

Alison smiles - puts her hand on Brad's shoulder, sweet.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Would you grab my box from the car?

Happy to oblige, Bradley nods goodbye to Selene and moves on.

SELENE

You've got him well-trained. Want to take a whack at my husband?

ALISON

(smiles, re: plant)

Is that for me? Fair warning - my green thumb is black.

Selene nods and Alison politely takes the plant -

SELENE

It's a baby jacaranda tree. Hard to kill, gorgeous, messy as hell, and you can't live on this street without one. Kinda like me!

(re: the house's disarray)

I know you're swamped - but do you and the hubby have plans tomorrow night?

ALISON

Yes, we do - we plan to get to know our new neighbors.

### I/E. JONES RESIDENCE / GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Drawn in by muffled percussion, Dede walks by to see **TJ JONES** (15) - sweaty - jamming on DRUMS along with "Mr. Brightside" by *The Killers*. He's soulful - with a bad-boy edge.

TJ doesn't see Dede enter. She looks at POSTERS on the walls of famous drummers like Travis Barker (*Blink-182*) or Taylor Hawkins (*Foo Fighters*).

When Dede's foot snags the stereo's power cord and yanks it from the outlet, the music abandons TJ's follow-along.

DEDE

My bad.

TJ

Hey! - Who are you?

DEDE

Your new neighbor. You were making a lot of noise, so...

TJ  
Well, you were breaking and  
entering, so...

DEDE  
I'm a musician, too.

TJ  
You play the drums?

Dede smirks - no way.

TJ (CONT'D)  
Why the face? It's a great release  
for the whole teen angst thing.

She looks to a poster of Ronnie Vannucci, Jr. of *The Killers* -

DEDE  
Who's that?

TJ  
Only one of the best drummers of  
one of the best bands of our time.

DEDE  
According to who - you?

Now Dede's getting on TJ's nerves.

TJ  
What do you play?

DEDE  
Classical piano. A significantly  
higher degree of difficulty than a  
banal verse-verse-chorus structure.  
You play *pop*, I assume?

That's it. TJ shakes his head, stands, and ushers her out.

TJ  
This is a closed rehearsal.

DEDE  
A rehearsal for what?

TJ smiles and hits a wall button.

TJ  
Dunno. It's just closed to you.

As the garage door closes - blocking out Dede - it appears  
she's not exactly getting off on the right foot around here.

**EXT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON**

Brad opens the back hatch of the Orchard's SUV to reveal a cardboard BOX - not unlike any other box used during a move.

However, Brad peeks inside to see a large, metallic CAPSULE - similar to the one detonated in the Orchards' NYC hotel.

TRACE (O.S.)

Well, well - what do we have here?

Startled, Brad hits his head, quickly closes the box, and looks up to find **TRACE & JOSIE "JOJO" JONES** (40s) - an ex pro-surfer and his yoga-enthusiast wife. Trace taps the Tesla.

TRACE (CONT'D)

We're the Joneses - you're supposed to keep up with us.

(outstretches hand)

I'm Trace - this is my wife, Josie.

Brad awkwardly shakes Trace's hand. Dressed boho chic, Jojo carries a covered dish. She's the type to consults crystals for any ache - but ultimately, she'll take a Vicodin.

JOJO

Please - call me Jojo.

(nods toward house)

We live over there - the place with the aura.

Trace rolls his eyes. We kinda don't blame him.

BRAD

I'm Bradley Orchard. A doctor.

TRACE

(smiles, charismatic)

Can't have enough of those! I'm up for city council re-election and we're just here to lock in your vote.

JOJO

Oh, Trace - stop. Is your wife around, Brad?

BRAD

Yes. She's -

ALISON (O.S.)

Right here.

Alison approaches with Selene - who smiles at Jojo but her face falls when she locks eyes with Trace.

ALISON (CONT'D)

You must be the Joneses.

TRACE

The reputation precedes.

ALISON

I'm Alison. The better half.  
(re: Jojo's covered dish)  
And what's this?

TRACE

Undigestible - that's what.

JOJO

It's a casserole. Family recipe,  
except vegan and gluten-free. Tried  
to avoid it, but I'm destined to  
become some version of my mom.

TRACE

Lucky me.

ALISON

(to Brad)

Before I forget, the Garzas invited  
us over for a barbecue tomorrow  
night so don't you go making plans.

Upon hearing this, Trace waves it off - oozing charm.

TRACE

I won't hear of it. A heatwave's  
coming and grilling by our pool is  
infinitely better than the Sahara  
situation they've got going on in  
their backyard.

(to Selene)

No offense. But why don't you and  
Eddie join us? I'll fire up my new  
margarita machine just for you.

Put on the spot (and mildly offended), Selene clenches her jaw, forces a smile, and digs back.

SELENE

Sounds *muy bueno*.

Jojo steps up to Alison, all smiles - holding out the dish.

JOJO

Let's warm this in your oven so you don't have to worry about dinner.

TRACE

That's her not-so-subtle way of checking out what you've done to the old place.

ALISON

It would be my pleasure... Selene - see you tomorrow?

Selene nods - and heads home, but not before cutting eyes at Trace. Alison locks arms with an excited Jojo and takes her inside, leaving Trace and Brad alone in the driveway.

TRACE

(re: Alison)

My man - how'd you snag that? Makes me think I should maybe upgrade.

Trace laughs it off as a joke, but he's really gauging his new neighbor. Brad somehow forces a smile.

**EXT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / BACKYARD - AFTERNOON**

Charlie checks out his very own tennis court - but his eyes sparkle as he sets sights on the family's INFINITY POOL.

He approaches, curiously. Then, without taking off clothes, he steps down into the water. He smiles, takes another step... and slowly, walks down toward the deeper end.

Unbeknownst to Charlie, **ZOE JONES** (16) lounges on a chaise nearby and watches him, intrigued. Looking over her big sunglasses, she holds her phone in one hand and a lit joint in the other. Like *Regina George* - but a stoner.

In the pool, Charlie trudges into the deep. As the water level reaches his head, he doesn't pause - he takes another step, and as his mouth and nose go under...

ZOE

Dude - are you okay?

Charlie turns - surprised by Zoe's presence - and steps back to shallower water.

CHARLIE

Yeah - trying to teach myself how to swim.

ZOE  
You're crushing it.

Charlie pulls himself up on the pool's edge and climbs out.

CHARLIE  
What are you doing here?

ZOE  
This is my secret spot to chill.  
Well, it was before you moved in,  
so thanks for that. My name's Zoe -

CHARLIE  
Zoe Jones. Yeah, I know.

Zoe smiles - no stranger to guys knowing her name.

ZOE  
Some free advice? Maybe find a  
swimsuit next time.

Charlie looks down, just now noticing he's fully clothed and sopping wet.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
What year are you?

CHARLIE  
Junior. Just like you.

As Charlie pulls his soaked shirt off, Zoe's almost rendered speechless by his chiseled, wet torso.

ZOE  
(gets bearings)  
I'd be happy to show you the ropes  
tomorrow.

CHARLIE  
Ropes? There are ropes?

She stands - flirtatious, direct, gets closer.

ZOE  
If you're lucky.

Charlie smiles, oblivious to the entendre. Out of the blue -

CHARLIE  
My mom needs me.  
(off her confusion)  
But I'll see you tomorrow?

ZOE

I'll be hard to miss.

**EXT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON**

Brad endures as Trace monopolizes the conversation. The Tesla's hood is now open.

TRACE

I mean, sure, Musk is a genius, it's an engineering feat, a huge leap for clean energy, blah-blah-blah - but nothing beats good ol' American muscle.

Trace gestures to his driveway where a '78 DODGE CHARGER sits - in pristine condition with a gleaming new paint job.

TRACE (CONT'D)

Fixed up my old ride for my boy. Man, if that baby could talk. You bet your ass the first thing I did was put a governor on it.

BRAD

A what?

TRACE

A regulator. No matter how hard TJ smashes down on that accelerator, he's not breaking any speed limits.

Brad takes this in - as Trace dusts off his hands.

TRACE (CONT'D)

By the way, you're welcome for getting you out of that invite to the Garzas'...

Trace looks to the house across the street where **EDDIE GARZA** (40s) climbs into his COP CAR. As he makes eye contact with Brad and Trace, Eddie nods curtly - not blatantly rude but not exactly neighborly either.

TRACE (CONT'D)

What kind of Latino votes right-wing? A corrupt cop, I imagine.

BRAD

Corrupt?

TRACE

No telling what happens to a man  
when he's not the breadwinner.

BRAD

(abrupt)  
I have to go.

TRACE

Oooh-kay, *B.O.* Get ready to learn  
to man a barbecue tomorrow. I have  
a hunch it's not your forte.

Eager to get away from Trace, Brad nods and heads inside.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON**

Alison concludes the house tour for Jojo -

JOJO

Can't wait to meet the little one.

ALISON

We don't screw with nap time.

Jojo nods knowingly. *And no - this doesn't make sense yet.*

JOJO

You've breathed new life into this  
place. The old couple lived here  
right up until the end.

(then)

When you're ready to smudge it, I'm  
your girl.

Jojo reaches for the basement door, but Alison stops her.

ALISON

Oh, no. It's a war-zone down there -  
and the only reason we're able to  
even walk up here.

Jojo smiles - totally gets it. Charlie enters.

CHARLIE

Mom - you rang?

ALISON

You mean you got my reminder.

CHARLIE

Sure - whatever.

Dede rushes in as Brad enters with the box from the car. They both look expectantly to Alison as well.

DEDE I'm here, I'm here. BRAD You called?

Jojo's confused - she's been with Alison the whole time.

ALISON  
(laughs it off)  
I think we're all running on fumes.

JOJO  
(realizing)  
Oh my god, of course - you guys  
have had such a long voyage.  
(to Alison/Brad)  
And tomorrow evening, don't bring a  
thing but yourselves.

Jojo sees her way out. As soon as she's gone -

BRAD  
Her husband is repulsive.

DEDE  
The son isn't much better.

CHARLIE  
Did you know their daughter squats  
in our backyard?

ALISON  
Come on, guys. We're integrating  
way ahead of schedule.

Alison walks to the basement door, turns to her family.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
Come check out my favorite room.  
(to Brad)  
Bring the box, please.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Alison leads her family downstairs. It's not a war-zone - but instead a high-tech LABORATORY. Very *Star Trek* meets *Breaking Bad*. Blinking PANELS top four lab tables.

ALISON  
Since our bedrooms aren't fully  
equipped for a good night's rest  
yet, we'll sleep down here tonight.

DEDE

But we get our own beds tomorrow?

ALISON

You bet.

Brad, Charlie, and Dede each approach a different table - each with a blinking panel.

CHARLIE

Sweet - I'm operating at about 3%.

While Brad, Charlie and Dede hop up on the tables, Alison opens the box from the car and pulls out the pod. It's labeled: ELLIE.

ALISON

I can't wait to finish building your sister tomorrow.

Alison opens the mini-pod to reveal a **TODDLER GIRL** - except half of her is exposed circuitry and fiber optics. The most advanced robotic technology the world has (n)ever seen.

Alison caresses the "sleeping" face of the robot girl.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams, little Ellie.

And with that, Alison closes Ellie's pod - and beelines to her own table.

And as the Orchards say their goodnights -

Lay back on the panels (charging stations) -

Start to glow blue -

And close eyes to go to "sleep" (*recharge*) - we finally realize this family's secret: they are robots.

DAY CHANGE:

**EXT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE - PRE-DAWN**

In workout gear, Selene takes her before-daylight run. Across the street, she sees every light is on in the Orchard house.

She checks her watch - yeah, it's 5:00 a.m. That's strange.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS**

Now fully charged, the Orchards work like machines (literally) to put their new house in order.

IN QUICK CUTS:

- Furniture is assembled.
- Boxes are unpacked.
- Charlie sets up his bedroom - a teenage boy's dream. Sports memorabilia, bikini model posters, a video game lounge area.
- Dede sets up a keyboard along with sheet music. On her bookcase, she stacks volume upon volume of classic lit.
- In the master bedroom, Brad makes the California king bed. The bare mattress shows two charging panels embedded in the mattress - easily concealed by the fitted sheet.
- Alison sets up her lab. Everything must be just so - especially with the project at-hand: her daughter.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING**

The sun's up - and the house looks like they've lived there for years. Dressed for the day, the Orchards finish breakfast - the only thing missing is/was food.

ALISON

You are each prepared for your day.

She takes up the kids' (empty, unused) cereal bowls and puts them in the dishwasher - emulating a perfectly *normal* family.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Go get out there. Talk to strangers. Learn things.

CHARLIE

No promises.

DEDE

I already know too much.

ALISON

Your sarcasm is on-point.

(then)

And don't forget, if you actually eat or drink, be sure to --

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah - I'll dump my C.R.

DEDE

C.R.?

CHARLIE

It's an acronym I'm gonna use for  
*consumption reservoir*.

DEDE

Someday I hope to be as cool as  
you.

As they go, Alison turns to Brad and straightens his tie.

ALISON

Your upload is complete. You're  
basically a walking Mayo Clinic  
now.

BRAD

Thank you...

Brad pauses, like he might have more to say. But before he  
does, Alison smiles and hurries downstairs to work on Ellie.

**INT. ZARO MANSION - MORNING**

In a satin robe, **KERI ZARO** (30s) quietly talks on her phone  
as she searches the halls. Clued in by gigantic wedding  
photos in the foyer, we rightfully assume she's Zaro's wife.

KERI (INTO PHONE)

I appreciate the offer, I really  
do, and of course it stays between  
us, but -

Keri approaches Zaro's home office.

KERI (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

I'm sure you understand I have to  
respectfully decline. I just -

The door ajar, Keri peers in to see Zaro passed out on his  
desk, still in clothes from work. An empty decanter nearby.

KERI (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

**INT. ZARO MANSION / ZARO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Keri gently touches Zaro's shoulder and he jolts awake with a  
start. She gasps, then laughs nervously.

KERI

God, Sam - you scared me. You didn't come to bed last night.

As Zaro gets his bearings, he's quickly all-business.

ZARO

It's 8 already? Nobody called?

KERI

(shakes her head)

Let me fix you some breakfast.

Ignoring, Zaro starts to shut down equipment - while discreetly checking an encrypted messaging system.

KERI (CONT'D)

Think it's time for a day off? We could take the jet somewhere warm.

Ignoring, Zaro frowns to see a message he sent ("**ARE YOU OKAY?**") remains unanswered.

ZARO

Soon. Promise.

KERI

I always knew you were married to your work, but even a mistress gets more time than me.

Zaro grabs up his things as he securely logs out of all his top-secret devices. As he reaches the door, he motions for Keri to exit first. As soon as she clears the threshold, he shuts the door behind them - and enables its security system.

ZARO

We'll talk about this later.

And as Zaro walks down the hall, Keri's left lonely - but it's become the norm.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL / PARKING LOT - MORNING**

Zoe pulls into a parking space. Charlie rides shotgun. She gestures toward the school before them - with its anthill of STUDENTS heading to first period.

ZOE

And boom - there's our school. Tour complete.

CHARLIE

I kind of expected you to show me  
homeroom, my locker, where not to  
sit in the cafeteria.

ZOE

If you've seen one high school,  
you've seen 'em all.

CHARLIE

Well, thanks -

As Charlie steps out, Zoe stays seated.

ZOE

I think I'm going to start my three-  
day weekend early.

CHARLIE

We can do that?

ZOE

When you're with me, you can do  
whatever you want. Besides,  
practically everybody skips the  
Friday before a holiday weekend.  
It's, like, a thing.

Charlie's on the fence - conflicted. Zoe plays it cool.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You go be a good boy. I'll just  
head to the beach solo.

CHARLIE

(perking up)

You're going to the beach?

ZOE

I refuse to lose this summer tan  
without a fight.

Charlie looks to the school - then back at Zoe.

CHARLIE

Okay - I'll go. I mean, since it's  
a *thing* and all.

Zoe smiles and revs the engine.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL / MUSIC ROOM - LATER**

At a GRAND PIANO, Dede effortlessly slays Mozart's "Sonata No. 16" - with a TEACHER and STUDENTS seated around her.

Nobody notices TJ sneak in late - except Dede. The two make chilly eye contact as she drives home the song's crescendo.

When finished, she simply closes the key cover and stands - no fanfare. Everyone's impressed - even TJ.

TEACHER

Where did you say you came from?

DEDE

My mother.

A few students giggle. Dede moves back to her seat - which annoyingly happens to be next to TJ. The teacher speaks up.

TEACHER

So, people - your next assignment is to write an *original* song.

As Dede absorbs her first assignment, her face shows concern.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

And if that feels too ambitious, at least try a new arrangement of an existing song we all know.

There's a collective of eye rolls and groans in the class.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

You'll pair up with the person sitting next to you.

Dede and TJ both look to the other students on either side, but they've already paired up. As they realize they'll be stuck together on their first assignment -

TJ

The bright side? I get an automatic "A" since you're some sort of Rain Man music prodigy.

DEDE

(not so sure)  
I've never written my own music.

As this realization lands on Dede, TJ deflates - *great*.

INT. NEW HOPE HOSPITAL / CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

At the end of his interview, Brad sits across from the **CHIEF PHYSICIAN** - who mulls over Brad's résumé, references, etc. She finally looks up over her glasses, empathetically.

CHIEF

Look - I haven't seen credentials this impressive in, well, ever. You are such a no-brainer candidate on paper, but -

BRAD

Is something wrong?

CHIEF

It's just... your *bedside manner*.

BRAD

What about it?

CHIEF

(delicately)

You have none. Please don't take offense, but in your interactions today with the staff - with me - while you are so competent and professional, you come across as a tad abrupt, methodical, cold... kind of like *The Good Doctor*.

(then)

And hey - I love Freddie Highmore.

(off Brad's confusion)

But, you see, the most defining characteristic of New Hope is it's the un-hospital hospital. A warm and inviting place. A friend in uncertain, troubling times. My staff needs to be a sympathetic ear as easily as they can identify obscure ailments like fibrodysplasia ossi -- ?

BRAD

Fibrodysplasia ossificans progressiva.

The Chief smiles - case and point.

CHIEF

Dr. Orchard, I have no doubt you'll be hand-picking your next job. Unfortunately, it won't be here.

Brad's surprised - this wasn't the plan. He stands, nods goodbye, and exits - unsure as to how to fix his problem.

**EXT. BEACH / PIER - DAY**

Zoe and Charlie sit on a bench. He tracks surfers in the water - and she pulls out a joint, vying for his attention.

ZOE  
Shut up, Chucky. You're talking my ear off.

CHARLIE  
Sorry.

Zoe takes a hit and offers to Charlie. He takes it, curious.

ZOE  
Loosen up. It's legal now.

CHARLIE  
For 16-year-olds?

Zoe mocks his seriousness. He smiles - and takes a hit. But as he exhales, he awkwardly acts like it was delicious.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Mmmmmmm.

ZOE  
So weird. Thank god you're pretty.

Charlie hands the joint back to Zoe, but she waves him off.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Keep it. You need it more than me.

A SURFER POSSE crosses nearby - including **QUINN GARZA** (16, a bad-ass *Michelle Rodriguez*-type). Zoe notices Charlie's eyes follow the surfers - and an idea pops in her head.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
Yo - Quinn!

QUINN  
(awkward with Zoe)  
Hey...

ZOE  
Meet our new neighbor, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
You guys are awesome out there.

QUINN

You surf?

CHARLIE

Not yet. Gotta learn to swim first.

QUINN

Yeah - that's kind of a pre-req.  
(as her friends walk on)  
We gotta jet. Good luck, I guess?

Charlie nods thanks. As Quinn catches up to her friends, he's frustrated. Sensing this, Zoe tries to find another way to ingratiate herself to Charlie.

ZOE

You know, my daddy can teach you to surf. He used to be major.

Clear-headed compared to Zoe's reddening eyes, Charlie smiles thanks - but her offer is little consolation for his problem.

**EXT. ARROYO BRIDGE - DAY**

After school, TJ walks home with Dede - trying to make-nice.

DEDE

Why did you ask to walk me home?

TJ

I figure if we're shackled together, we might as well be civil.

DEDE

I didn't mean to disrespect your music.

TJ nods - coldly accepts the apology.

DEDE (CONT'D)

Why do you like it?

TJ

Hard to explain. I guess it makes me feel something. Moves me. Makes me feel -

DEDE

Human?

TJ

Yeah. Yeah, I guess.

As Dede absorbs this, she pauses to check out some GRAFFITI along a wall at the base of the bridge. TJ puffs up a bit -

TJ (CONT'D)  
That's mine.

DEDE  
You did that?

He nods, proud, and retrieves a can of SPRAY PAINT hidden nearby. He offers it to Dede.

TJ  
Go on - batter up.

Dede hesitantly considers the paint can. TJ urges her on.

TJ (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. I'll stand lookout.

DEDE  
I don't think I can -

TJ  
Stop thinking. Just paint the first thing that pops in your head.

Feeling pressured, Dede quickly sprays a series of 1s and 0s. It's weird, but artful. TJ quickly recognizes BINARY CODE.

TJ (CONT'D)  
First you're a music-savant and now you're *Mr. Robot*, too?

DEDE  
(covering, small nod)  
Something like that.

TJ  
You're just full of surprises.

As TJ begins to walk on, Dede looks at her "art" dejectedly.

DEDE  
I wish I could surprise myself.

**INT. HALO CORPORATION / ZARO'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Zaro's impatient. Ling enters, summoned.

LING  
Good morning -

ZARO

Why am I being pushed out of the loop? I want my full report.

LING

We were baited with a false lead. She's toying with us.

Zaro closes his eyes, relieved.

LING (CONT'D)

But we're learning, just like she is.

(then, tired)

Why did you do this?

ZARO

No one will ever know what it's like to watch everything I've built stripped away. I kept this one project secret because I'm not about to surrender it to Halo's new M.O. of turning my creations into controllable weapons of war.

Ling looks down - stuck in the middle.

ZARO (CONT'D)

Alison and her family - it's a completely altruistic endeavor. We aren't just skimming the surface of machines becoming human. We're diving in head first.

LING

Have you seen CNN lately? Being *human* doesn't inspire confidence.

ZARO

Alison is the one who wanted - who *needed* - a family.

LING

Are you sure she didn't need her own army?

ZARO

She and I built them together. And to get the full human experience - to adapt at an exponentially faster rate - they need to be out in the real world.

(excitement bubbling)

(MORE)

ZARO (CONT'D)

Don't you see? We're witnessing a new generation of mankind.

Ling, full of dread, stands and approaches a switch panel.

LING

May I?

Zaro nods. Light-blocking shades descend over the windows as an entire wall becomes a VIDEO SCREEN.

ZARO

You think you're going to show me something I haven't seen?

LING

I'm just trying to reiterate the gravity of our situation.

With a few keystrokes, Ling pulls up CCTV footage from a HALO LAB - dated just over a week ago. **VIDEO:**

**KILO** (a male A.I. with exposed circuitry) works harmoniously alongside a hum-drum LAB TECH.

*But without warning and in quick precise movements, KILO suddenly turns to the Lab Tech - eyes narrowing.*

*In precise, lightning-fast movements, Kilo brutally grabs the Lab Tech by his neck - lifts him off the ground - and cruelly SNAPS HIM LIKE A TWIG.*

*Without remorse, he then flings the lifeless body against the wall with super-human strength!*

*Kilo then moves on to approach another Lab Tech who begins to stumble away in fear.*

Ling pauses the VIDEO. Zaro bites his tongue.

LING (CONT'D)

Three techs died. No warning signs, no trigger. And Kilo was our newest, most promising model -

ZARO

That you knew of.

LING

It still happened.

ZARO

*This* happened because others are reckless with my work. Nobody can do what I do.

Zaro's God Complex is showing. Ling doesn't argue - just looks back at the paused image of Kilo on his terror spree.

LING

At least one thing came of this fiasco. We locked down all programs and discovered we now have A.I. posing as a *public* threat.

(then)

We have to terminate this project.

Zaro shakes his head, approaches the monitor controls, pulls up another recorded feed.

ZARO

Same day, moments later.

Zaro hits play. **VIDEO:**

*Zaro works in the lab alongside Alison. When KILO enters and approaches, Alison springs into defense mode - and precisely disables Kilo by ripping out a mechanism in his back.*

Zaro pauses the VIDEO on Alison - his protector.

ZARO (CONT'D)

There is nothing but good in her.

LING

She's an older model, outdated, no telling what glitches you haven't found yet.

Zaro takes offense, gets livid. Ling crossed a line.

ZARO

Alison gets constant upgrades. She has more advanced software than any of the others. She's not archaic, she's *evolved*. She's not artificial, she's - for all intents and purposes - *real*.

LING

(unbelievable)

So she's not A.I. now, she's R.I.? I don't care what you call her, she detonated a bomb in a public space. That's terrorist behavior.

ZARO  
(incensed at "terrorist")  
You and your goons are terrorizing  
her!

As Zaro storms out, Ling's left behind - feeling bad -

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON**

At a table, Alison works on Ellie. A web of cables and tubes connect to the robot child.

ALISON  
Okay, little one. Time to meet your  
maker.

Alison enters a complicated code and various panels fluctuate. A CHIME sounds and a monitor reads, blinking:

**:: SYSTEM FAILURE - CORRUPTION DETECTED ::**

Without warning, Alison angers and violently FLIPS the entire table - sending her creation and equipment crashing to the floor!

As she catches her breath and gets her bearings, she's surprised by her outburst. It was out of her control - and she begins to get emotional...

Brad descends the stairs - not in a very great mood. Alison hangs her head, trying to mask her emotions.

ALISON (CONT'D)  
Hey - how did it go?

BRAD  
I didn't get the job.

Brad misinterprets her down demeanor.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I can find something else.

ALISON  
It's not that... I have to start  
over again on Ellie. *Again.*

She looks up, vulnerable - as TEARS well up in her eyes. *It cannot be overstated what a big deal this is for a robot.* Brad's surprised and takes a step back.

BRAD  
Your eyes...?

Alison touches her now-wet eyes, realizing something. Floored, Brad backs away and rushes out of the room.

ALISON  
Brad! Come back -

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Brad barges into the room as Alison follows close behind.

BRAD  
(yelling upstairs)  
Charlie! Dede! Get down here!

ALISON  
Please calm down.

BRAD  
Well, I can't summon them with my  
mind like you can.  
(then)  
*KIDS!*

Charlie bounds down the stairs.

CHARLIE  
Whoa - it's just me. What's wrong?

BRAD  
It's your mother...  
(with great gravity)  
She was crying.

Charlie's in awe. Trying to make light, Alison shrugs -

ALISON  
Maybe it's my time of the month?

CUT TO:

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - LATER**

Mid-interrogation, Alison now sits across from Brad and Charlie - as they anxiously await answers. She downplays.

ALISON  
It's not a big deal, guys.

They couldn't disagree more.

BRAD

It's a simple question - how come  
you can cry and we can't?

ALISON

Simple. I've been alive longer.

CHARLIE

How long have you been able to...?

ALISON

A while now, I guess.

Brad and Charlie look at each other - this is major. Dede enters - notices the three seated around the table.

DEDE

A family meeting? How human.  
(then, noting tension)  
What's going on?

**INT. HALO / ZEN GARDEN - INTERCUT**

In a lush atrium space, Ling finds Zaro - deep in thought where he comes to cool off. He senses Ling without looking.

ZARO

I'm nothing if not predictable.

LING

Old habits. And I disagree. You're  
always keeping me on my toes.

Ling takes a seat - tries a softer, more friendly approach.

LING (CONT'D)

I was thinking about how much I  
miss Keri's paella.

ZARO

Rosa cooked it. Keri claimed it.

LING

(not surprised, then)  
What happened to 'us'?

ZARO

I lost the company, the board  
pitted us against each other. Tale  
as old as time.

Ling smiles - a neglected friendship between them.

ZARO (CONT'D)

I believe in my work. You used to,  
too.

Ling can't deny this hard truth.

**BACK AT THE ORCHARD RESIDENCE** -

Dede's been brought up-to-speed. Brad's especially reeling.

DEDE

I'm not terribly surprised, you've  
always been more advanced.

CHARLIE

Yeah - you talk so *human*.

BRAD

And now you're experiencing full-  
blown, authentic human emotion?  
(then, realizing)  
There's only one logical conclusion  
- we're *defective*.

ALISON

(adamant)  
No - you are not.

DEDE

Well something's wrong with us.

The kids look crestfallen - thinking they're defective, too.  
It obliterates Alison to see her family so broken down. She  
takes a breath - and makes a decision to confide.

ALISON

The truth is - each of you operate  
at only 12% of my adaptive human  
capabilities.

The kids are slow on the uptake, but Brad zeroes in.

BRAD

So you put a *governor* on us?  
(off the kids' confusion)  
Your mother restricts us while she  
operates at full capacity.

Charlie and Dede look to Alison, betrayed. She backpedals.

ALISON

It's true, I put a *limiter* on your  
intuitive growth parameters, your  
learning abilities, your -

DEDE

Our chances of becoming human.

CHARLIE

Why would you hold us back?

BRAD

Control. You want to control us.  
(gets closer)  
We're supposed to be partners.  
50/50. Your way isn't how a real  
marriage works.

Alison yearns to defend her actions as she gets ganged up on.

CHARLIE

It isn't how a real family works.

DEDE

It's how Communism works.

Suddenly upset, Alison SLAMS her hands on the table -

ALISON

Everything I've done is to protect  
you!

**BACK AT HALO IN THE ZEN GARDEN -**

LING

You have to consider the chance  
you're wrong. That she could snap.

ZARO

I did.

Ling is all ears.

ZARO (CONT'D)

Look - we know that A.I. has turned  
*evil* - for lack of a better word -  
but only after we max out their  
learning abilities and expose them  
to more of our world. Alison and I  
shared this very concern. So if the  
worst ever were to happen - and  
Alison had a break - her family is  
programmed to disable her. The same  
way Alison disabled Kilo.

LING

Is Alison programmed to do the same  
if one of her family members turns?

ZARO

Her family doesn't operate at full capacity. Yet another safeguard Alison and I put in place.

Zaro can see this answer doesn't satisfy Ling.

ZARO (CONT'D)

But yes - should the impossible happen - Alison would handle it.

**BACK AT THE ORCHARD RESIDENCE** -

Brad, Charlie and Dede look gutted - horrified.

BRAD

You'd make us destroy you?

CHARLIE

I'd never do that.

ALISON

You wouldn't have a choice.

As this sinks in, Dede looks especially hurt.

DEDE

Would you... would you kill us?

Alison's hit hard - TEARS begin to well again.

ALISON

The reason I held you back is so I never had to think that thought.

(then, realizing)

I love you.

The family reacts - they've never used the "L word"...

BRAD

Alison - while you get to experience love, you're denying our chance to love you back.

Alison has never thought of it that way. Sensing a weakening, each pleads his/her case -

CHARLIE

I want to know who I really am - not just what you created me to be.

DEDE

I want to do something that nobody else can - especially a machine.

BRAD

And I need to be able to have a conversation without sounding like I'm on the spectrum.

CHARLIE

You don't have to carry all the weight. Let's *protect* each other.

DEDE

Like a real family.

BRAD

Let us love you back.

Eyes still wet, Alison nods - forces a smile. She's been won over, but then sternly lays down the law.

ALISON

I swear - any reckless misstep whatsoever, any abuse of your new abilities - and we go back to our current arrangement like it or not.

Brad, Charlie and Dede exchange hopeful nods.

BRAD

You've got a deal.

Alison's still reeling from her realization about love.

CHARLIE

So when do we upgrade?

ALISON

(wiping her eyes)  
You just did.

As the family celebrates, Alison hopes she isn't making a huge mistake.

**BACK AT HALO IN THE ZEN GARDEN** -

LING

I'm in an impossible position. I believe in you, but there's a very real possibility of this blowing up into a catastrophe this company will not survive.  
(pleads, friend-to-friend)  
Please - help me.

Zaro takes a beat - then, it's hard to say -

ZARO

We're not on the same side anymore,  
Ling.

There it is - Ling considers this impasse...

LING

I won't stop looking for her.

ZARO

And I won't stop protecting her.

**INT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Brad marches back to hospital - feeling like a new "man."

Up ahead and down the hall, he sees The Chief and NURSES trying to console a hysterical, grief-stricken LATINA WOMAN who only speaks Spanish. It's clear the staff does not.

LATINA WOMAN

(subtitled, in Spanish)

Where did you take his body?!

Brad pauses for a moment - and we ZOOM INTO his -

**HARD DRIVE:**

A lightning-fast, chaotic montage of information downloads -

- *Rosetta Stone videos*

- *An over-the-top telenovela*

- *Newscasts on Univision*

- *Etc. etc. etc.*

**SMASH BACK TO:**

Brad - invigorated by his newly downloaded knowledge - approaches the crying Latina Woman and the Chief.

LATINA WOMAN (CONT'D)

(subtitled, in Spanish)

I need to know what's going on!

CHIEF

Ma'am, please calm down.

(sees Brad approaching)

The hell are you doing here?

Without response, Brad takes the chart from the Chief, gives it a quick glance, and turns to the hysterical woman. He's now personable, comforting, and proficient AF in Spanish.

BRAD

(subtitled, in Spanish)

Ms. Hernandez, your father is okay -  
alive. He's just been moved to a  
room he doesn't have to share.

The woman covers her mouth as relief washes over her.

LATINA WOMAN

(subtitled, in Spanish)

Oh my god. He's okay? Thank you,  
thank you, thank you...

The woman embraces Brad in a big hug. The Chief is surprised, seeing Brad in a new light.

BRAD

(subtitled, in Spanish)

I'll send you up to see him.  
(to a nurse, in English)  
Will you please show Ms. Hernandez  
to her father's new room upstairs?

As the nurse and Ms. Hernandez go -

CHIEF

You neglected to tell me you're  
bilingual. As you can see I am not.  
And it can be vital around here.  
(moving on)  
Can you start next week?

Brad nods, a small smile of victory - but the Chief adds:

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Trial basis, Dr. Orchard.

As the Chief walks away, Brad smiles - loving his upgrade.

**EXT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / BACKYARD - AFTERNOON**

Dede sits, deep in thought - and TJ plops down beside her.

TJ

Surprised you texted me.

DEDE

You're the only person I know.

TJ

You alright - or did you just find out Mozart is dead?

DEDE

Close. Found out my mom's been keeping secrets from me.

Dede doesn't elaborate. TJ doesn't pry.

TJ

People do that. Hell, I do that.

Dede looks at him - really? TJ decides to confide.

TJ (CONT'D)

I haven't exactly been forthright with my folks. I kinda let them think I'm straight. It shouldn't be a thing, but my dad - *Mr. Liberal* - makes homophobic jokes as often as Trump grabs a vagina.

DEDE

(disgusted, identifying)

You should be able to be who you really are. We all should.

TJ nods - but looks away. Easier said than done. Wishing she could help TJ, Dede's wheels start to spin.

**EXT. BEACH / ZOE'S CAR - AFTERNOON**

Charlie looks out across the Pacific - as we ZOOM INTO his -

**HARD DRIVE:**

A myriad of information downloads at lightning speed, like -

- *Michael Phelps gracefully glides through Olympic pools.*
- *Kelly Slater crushes epic waves.*
- *Physics diagrams of light waves, sound waves, ocean waves.*
- *Etc. etc. etc.*

**SMASH BACK TO:**

Charlie - a confident grin forms. Zoe sidles up.

ZOE

I'm not complaining, but the beach  
twice in one day?

CHARLIE

Thanks for the lift. Again.

ZOE

(flirty)

You use me for my car. My dad's  
surfboard. Just use away.

Charlie smiles, grabs the board, and walks toward the surf.

ZOE (CONT'D)

You didn't bring a swimsuit again?

Charlie looks down at his pants. Without hesitation, he rips  
the pant legs above the knee - instantly fashioning makeshift  
board shorts.

Zoe's rendered speechless - and even more so as Charlie pulls  
off his shirt to reveal that torso she lusts after.

Charlie resumes his march to the surf and Zoe smiles.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Break a leg! I'll watch from the  
pier with 9-1-1 on speed dial.

IN QUICK CUTS:

- Charlie enters the water without hesitation... to knee-  
level water, plops onto the board, and paddles out...

- In the deep, Charlie sees a choice swell approach - and  
steels himself.

- At the perfect moment, Charlie hops atop the board with  
ease - and as the wave begins to crest - he carves up the  
barrel like it's old-hat.

- And Charlie catches wave, after wave, after wave...

**EXT. BEACH PIER - CONTINUOUS**

A crowd gathers, admiring Charlie's prowess on the water.

Crushing harder than ever, Zoe VIDEOS Charlie's surfing feat.  
Quinn steps up beside her, her eyes wide -

QUINN

No way.

ZOE

Oh, hell yes, way.

On Charlie - in his new element - having a blast.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON**

Brad finds Alison in the lab, catching her off-guard. She's been working on Ellie, but moves to hide something. Brad doesn't notice - looks to Ellie.

BRAD

How is she?

ALISON

I found the glitch and we're back on track. Our daughter should be online by tomorrow morning.

BRAD

That's awesome.

(then, beaming)

Speaking of awesome, I went back to New Hope and I got that job.

ALISON

You did?! I am so proud of you!

Alison gives Brad a warm hug. He holds it longer than normal.

BRAD

Couldn't have done it without you.

ALISON

We have to celebrate. Maybe after our dinner thing tonight?

Brad notes their close proximity. Intimacy between them probably doesn't happen often, if at all -

BRAD

Or we could celebrate right now.

Suddenly cooler, Alison pulls back - tries to be gentle.

ALISON

You know I'm busy. I don't have time to -

BRAD

Aren't we anatomically correct for a reason? And it definitely seems like sex is a big deal to people -

ALISON

(snapping)

I just opened up your entire world.  
There are a million other  
experiences you could be exploring,  
yet you fixate on the most primal  
urge that - frankly - we've evolved  
beyond.

Brad's rendered speechless, hurt. He nods and ascends the stairs. Alison instantly regrets her outburst.

ALISON (CONT'D)

(calling after)

Brad - I'm -

But the door SLAMS - he's gone.

ALISON (CONT'D)

... Sorry.

Guilt-ridden, Alison pulls up a monitor to reveal she wasn't just working on Ellie, she was answering ZARO'S MESSAGE:

**ARE YOU OKAY?**

Alison's response:

**ALL IS GOOD HERE.**

But then Alison types an additional line to Zaro:

**BUT WE NEED TO TALK.**

On Alison, clearly wrestling with something -

CUT TO:

**EXT. JONES RESIDENCE / BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON**

Alison and Brad enter the side gate to the backyard. Still tense, she walks on eggshells and Brad's passive-aggressive.

ALISON

I know you're not my biggest fan  
right now, but can we please put a  
pin in our issues until later?

BRAD

Consider them pinned, *honey*.

JOJO (O.C.)

There they are! I swear, I could  
feel an energy shift.

(re: weather)

Or maybe it's just heatstroke.

Forcing smiles, Brad and Alison exchange hellos with Brad,  
Jojo, and Selene.

The women sit with water misters overhead, along with a  
whirring margarita machine at-the-ready.

Trace mans a smoking grill nearby.

SELENE

Eddie's sorry he couldn't make it.

TRACE

He's helping build that border  
wall, isn't he?

SELENE

He picked up an extra patrol.

(to Brad/Alison)

It happens more than I'd care to  
admit.

There's a slight sadness as Selene says this, but it's  
quickly covered by Jojo - the eager hostess with the mostess.

JOJO

My only rule - no empty hands!

She hands Alison and Brad margaritas and Trace waves Brad  
over to the grill. As the men shake hands -

TRACE

Was worried you weren't gonna show,  
but now I see what held you up.

(re: Alison)

Our heatwave just got hotter.

Trace is a dog. Brad forces a smile - and downs his margarita  
in one pull.

TRACE (CONT'D)

Whoa, B.O. Brain freeze, much?

(yells, kinda rude)

Jo! Get this man another drink.

Alison glances over - a tad concerned about Brad, but also  
intrigued by Trace and the way he treats his wife. Jojo,  
annoyed, gets up -

JOJO

Duty calls.

SELENE

(to Alison, gossipy)  
So - tell me everything.

ALISON

Well, I grew up in Chicago -

SELENE

No, no - fast-forward. Tell me how  
you and that Clark Kent clone met,  
fell in love, *procreated*...

ALISON

We met in college. We were both 18  
and -

Full-on FOMO, Jojo pops back over and sits.

JOJO

What did I miss?

SELENE

Alison's telling us if the strong,  
silent types are better in bed.

Jojo swats her playfully - but then listens intently. From  
the grill, Brad overhears as Alison plays coy.

ALISON

Well, all I'll say is we'd have a  
lot more than three kids if we  
weren't very, very careful.

The women giggle. Alison meets Brad's gaze and instantly  
feels bad. Brad burns - and starts on that new drink...

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / DEDE'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Dede scans TJ's Facebook page, still mulling over his  
problem. She sits back deep in thought - as we ZOOM INTO her -

**HARD DRIVE:**

A myriad of information downloads at lightning-speed -

- *All of TJ's social media, like Instagram...*

- *Pro-gay websites, like PFLAG...*

- *Impressive works of graffiti, like Banksy...*

- *Etc. etc. etc.*

**SMASH BACK TO:**

Dede - a small (rare) smile - as an idea begins to form.

**EXT. BEACH - MAGIC HOUR**

On Cloud 9, Charlie walks out of the surf crossing Quinn.

QUINN

So you're a hustler, huh?

CHARLIE

Nope. Just a quick study.

QUINN

Yeah, right. Your moves are sick.

Charlie grins - this means so much coming from Quinn.

**EXT. BEACH / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

At a distance, Zoe waits on the hood of her car and sees this exchange. Charlie seems to vibe with Quinn - and that sucks.

Impulsively, Zoe hops down and beelines straight over to Quinn's TRUCK. On the pavement, Zoe finds a small PEBBLE, uncaps Quinn's tire air valve, and inserts the pebble into its cap. As she screws the cap back on the stem, the pebble depresses the valve and - *HISS* - the tire slowly deflates.

Zoe walks away, smug - with teen hormones rendering this stoner less-than-chill...

**INT. ZARO MANSION / ZARO'S OFFICE - EVENING**

Alone with the door locked, Zaro sits before a bank of monitors. Several show VIDEO FEEDS from inside the Orchard house... He is set up to see everything.

He turns to his highly-encrypted message system, replying to Alison's message about needing to talk. He types:

**I'M AVAILABLE NOW, BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE BUSY.**

That's when Zaro looks to another monitor where he can actually see what Alison is seeing!

It's A REAL-TIME FEED FROM THE POV OF HER EYES.

And right now, she's at the -

**EXT. JONES RESIDENCE / BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

The gang sits around a table to eat. Brad's had a few.

BRAD

So yeah, I wanted to be a doctor ever since I was little. Mostly to help people, but let's be honest - it's pretty cool to play God, too.

The group doesn't know how to respond. Brad looks to Alison.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You know all about that, right?

Alison smiles through the awkwardness. Jojo pivots to Alison.

JOJO

And you're a psychiatrist?

ALISON

Psychologist. I don't see patients anymore, but I've been toying with the idea of starting a new practice. Most recently, I was a professor of Humanities at a city college.

SELENE

Good god - your career, family, life, all while looking impossibly young... How do you do it all?

BRAD

(deadpan)

She's a machine.

Trace, under his breath to Brad -

TRACE

I bet that's right.

Alison doesn't hear but makes eye contact with Trace - and he WINKS. Brad sees this - and starts to get angry. Suddenly --

WHOOOOSH - the power goes out across the neighborhood!

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / BASEMENT LAB - SAME TIME**

The electricity fails momentarily, but a back-up GENERATOR kicks in, quickly bringing all of the equipment back online.

But the brief power lapse causes Ellie's capsule to HISS open. As we ZOOM IN on Ellie's angelic face --

Her EYES POP OPEN!

**EXT. JONES RESIDENCE / BACKYARD - SAME TIME**

Back next door, the adults sit in darkness. Jojo's exasperated with the power company for ruining her party.

JOJO

It's the second outage this week.

TRACE

(to Alison/Brad)

Welcome to SoCal in the summer!

Then he sees the Orchards' residence is still lit up.

TRACE (CONT'D)

Your house didn't get hit?

BRAD

We have a back-up generator, fueled by solar energy from our roof. As a guy whose platform boasts support of clean energy initiatives, I'm surprised you're less knowledgeable about utilizing sustainable resources, but instead sing the praises of a fossil fuel-guzzling dinosaur in your driveway...

(then)

But to each his own, I guess.

Shots fired. Trace reddens and Jojo tries to peace-make.

JOJO

(to Trace)

Love - you mind grabbing those tiki torches in the garage?

TRACE

(nods, then)

B.O., buddy - give me a hand?

Begrudgingly, Brad follows - and when they're out of earshot -

TRACE (CONT'D)

Fair warning, Orchard - I don't  
enjoy being emasculated like you.

BRAD

Do you enjoy being a prime target  
for the Me Too Movement instead?

Enraged, Trace gets close and speaks with full contempt.

TRACE

You just drew a line, Orchard - And  
trust me, you're not gonna enjoy  
being on my bad side.  
(then, a veiled threat)  
Welcome to my neighborhood.

As Trace moves on, Brad can't help but feel more emboldened.

**INT. HALO CORPORATION / LING'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

On her TV, Ling's haunted by NEWS COVERAGE of the Orchards'  
NYC hotel explosion investigation when her phone rings.

LING (INTO PHONE)

(answering)

Ling.

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

(abrupt, ominous)

Update?

Ling straightens, speaking to a person of authority.

LING (INTO PHONE)

Nothing yet, sir - but we're -

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

Your clock's ticking.

LING (INTO PHONE)

Zaro refuses to cooperate and he's  
not exactly a person you can bully  
around -

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

You're resourceful. Find a new way.

LING (INTO PHONE)

I've tried everything -

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)  
Get me good news by 1800 tomorrow.  
Zaro may not be replaceable, but  
you sure as hell are.

*CLICK* - dial tone. Ling goes ashen, taking this threat as seriously as death.

**EXT. ARROYO BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Covered in paint, Dede vigorously tags a large wall near the bridge. (We don't see what she's doing.) She's in the zone - maybe even pleased with herself for once.

TJ (O.C.)  
Dede -

Dede spins, happy to see TJ - eyes wide - on his bike.

DEDE  
You got my text! What do you think?

TJ  
I think you're an asshole.

Dede is confused - as TJ looks at the wall, upset.

REVEAL - Dede has painted a MURAL of TJ (the likeness is undeniable) banging it out on a drum kit not unlike his heroes in his garage. The issue for TJ, however, is that there's a huge, billowing RAINBOW FLAG behind his image. The message is clear - this guy is gay, gay, gay.

TJ grabs a can of spray paint to cover it up - much to Dede's horror - but the can's empty. He throws it in frustration.

TJ (CONT'D)  
My dad drives by here twice a day.

DEDE  
I'm trying to help.

TJ  
(floored)  
You don't get to help with this.

DEDE  
But we said we'd always be honest.

TJ  
*Honestly*, you're a shitty friend.  
Stay the fuck away from me.

Ouch. TJ peels away as Dede picks up the discarded can.

Before she has a chance to get upset, red-and-blue FLASHING LIGHTS fill the air. A SPOTLIGHT blinds Dede. The police officer gets out of his car. It's EDDIE GARZA - Selene's husband, the Orchards' new neighbor, etc.

EDDIE

Busted.

**EXT. JONES RESIDENCE - BACKYARD**

Trace sets up tiki torches as Jojo lights candles. Brad sits quietly as Alison listens to Selene spill, tipsy.

SELENE

I have my daughter - Quinn - but I always wanted more kids. We tried, but no luck. I got checked out and everything's in working order, but Eddie's too proud to get tested and won't hear of any other options...

(re: Brad)

Be glad you have a virile one here.

Alison doesn't know what to say - Selene raises her glass.

SELENE (CONT'D)

The upside to not getting pregnant?  
Booze. Lots and lots of booze.

Selene takes a swig. Torches now lit, Trace comes back.

TRACE

Eddie's shooting blanks? He should bring that up at his next NRA meeting.

Amused with himself, Trace WINKS at Alison - *again* - and Brad's hit his limit. He puts his arm around Alison - and plants a BIG KISS on her lips, marking his territory.

Alison's surprised at first, but then relaxes into the kiss. And as Brad finally pulls away, Alison seems thrown for the first time ever. The moment is shattered by -

ELLIE (O.C.)

Mama?

The group turns to see Ellie - very much online, not to mention adorable - standing in the yard. They can't believe their eyes.

TRACE

Whose toddler is in my yard?

Shocked silent, Alison and Brad meet their youngest for the first time. This hits Alison especially hard, as she whispers as she tears up.

ALISON

This is my Ellie.

The neighbors react as Alison rushes over grabs up Ellie in a tight embrace. Brad covers, explaining the odd situation.

BRAD

Guess we'll be firing that  
babysitter.

Alison fights back tears.

SELENE

You okay, Alison?

Alison realizes how this must look - composes herself.

ALISON

I'm sorry. I just thought -  
anything could've happened to her -  
the street's right there, and...

The women fully understand this parental concern.

JOJO

Want a Xanax?

Alison shakes her head as Selene and Jojo gush over adorable Ellie. Alison looks to Brad. Their family is now complete.

BRAD

We should get her to bed, huh?

Alison nods - starts to apologize, but Jojo won't hear of it.

JOJO

Go, go. We'll do this all the time.

Saying their goodbyes, Brad walks Alison, carrying Ellie, back toward home. Trace crosses his arms, narrows his eyes.

TRACE

I'll be seeing you, B.O.

I/E. ZOE'S CAR / JACARANDA DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Fresh from the beach, Zoe parks outside her house - and seductively turns to Charlie, oblivious.

ZOE  
I like hanging with you, Chucky.

CHARLIE  
Same.

ZOE  
You know - you don't always have to be such a nice guy with me.

Before Charlie can interpret what she might mean, QUINN'S TRUCK pulls into the Garza driveway.

As Quinn gets out so does Charlie. Zoe looks on, thwarted. Quinn slugs the FLAT TIRE out of the bed of the truck and Charlie yells from across the street.

CHARLIE  
Hey, neighbor.

QUINN  
Hey, hustler.

ZOE  
(innocently, re: tire)  
What happened?

QUINN  
Just a flat. Easy fix.

Zoe simmers - quietly annoyed her sabotage effort failed.

CHARLIE  
You know how to change a tire?

QUINN  
I don't know if I can believe that you don't.

CHARLIE  
That's fair.

QUINN  
Happy to teach you sometime.

As Quinn waves goodnight and moves on, Charlie smiles and moves on home, too. Zoe's left to realize she's only worked to push Charlie closer to Quinn.

I/E. EDDIE'S SQUAD CAR / DRIVING - NIGHT

Dede's in the backseat, not cuffed. Eddie drives, stoic.

DEDE  
You didn't read me my rights.

EDDIE  
I didn't arrest you... Yet you  
insist on sitting back there.

DEDE  
I like it. It's roomier.

EDDIE  
You know, you don't really seem  
like the tagging type...

DEDE  
I was trying to do something nice.  
It kinda backfired.

EDDIE  
(nods)  
I imagine TJ would like some say in  
broadcasting his personal business  
to the world.

DEDE  
He's so angry...

Eddie feels bad for her - and awkwardly tries to advise.

EDDIE  
When my wife's pissed, I think  
about things she likes - and try to  
figure out a thoughtful present.

DEDE  
So I should buy him a gift?

EDDIE  
Not necessarily. It could be simple  
as showing interest in something  
he's into.

DEDE  
(sarcastic)  
So, what - I become a lesbian?

Eddie chuckles as Dede genuinely considers his advice...

**EXT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Alison quickly takes Ellie inside. Brad hangs back as Charlie walks up - clueless to what's going on.

BRAD  
Your little sister is online.

CHARLIE  
(hand up)  
Not "it" to babysit.

Brad smiles. There's an awkward adult/teenager beat.

BRAD  
How was your first day of freedom?

CHARLIE  
(smile)  
It was pretty awesome.

BRAD  
Mine, too, I guess.

CHARLIE  
Welp - great talk, pops.

Before Charlie ducks inside, Eddie's cop car pulls up. He steps out and opens the back door for Dede.

Wide-eyed, Brad and Charlie watch her beeline to the house.

DEDE  
(to Brad)  
Let's not mention this to Mom.  
(to Charlie)  
Thug life - am I right?

Dede pauses for a moment to salute Eddie. He smirks.

EDDIE  
At ease.

As Dede heads inside, Charlie follows - anxious to hear what happened. Brad turns to Eddie, wincing.

BRAD  
What did she do?

EDDIE  
Learned a lesson, I hope. And I figured it wasn't neighborly to arrest your kid on your first full day in town. I'm Eddie.

BRAD

Brad.

EDDIE

I'm sure Jones took the liberty of making my introduction for me.

Brad sours, remembering that jerk. Eddie's warm, kind, likable - nothing like Trace described.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I should've made it a point to warn you about him.

BRAD

I doubt it would've mattered. He essentially said I'd rue the day I moved in next door.

EDDIE

(impressed)

You work fast.

(then)

It'll be good to have an ally next door.

As the two men chat, Brad feels happier to possibly be making an actual friend - one with a common enemy.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / ELLIE'S NURSERY - NIGHT**

Alison tucks Ellie into her crib. The baby's eyes are closed and she glows blue - recharging. Alison softly reassures.

ALISON

Your upload will finish tonight and then we'll play all day tomorrow.

Brad pauses at the doorway, feeling guilt.

BRAD

Can we talk about earlier?

ALISON

(stiffens)

No. We can not.

BRAD

Alison -

ALISON

I'm dealing with a lot right now,  
Brad - including a husband who acts  
more like an unruly child than my  
actual children.

Brad simmers - seriously? Alison piles on, irritated.

ALISON (CONT'D)

How dare you surprise me like that?  
In front of our new neighbors? Are  
you crazy?

Tired of being put down, Brad finally stands his ground.

BRAD

Maybe I am. I mean, when the hell  
else might I get a fucking *kiss*  
from my Ice Queen-of-a-wife?

Alison's surprised silent and Brad stands taller.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You made me, Alison. One of these  
days you might actually have to  
deal with me.

Brad leaves, pissed - as Alison considers his words.

**INT. JONES RESIDENCE / GARAGE - NIGHT**

Having snuck out, Dede - sheepish - finds TJ in his garage.  
He's not thrilled to see her, but feels a twinge of guilt.

TJ

I saw you got busted.

DEDE

I needed the street-cred anyway.

TJ doesn't smile. Dede sits down, her KEYBOARD underarm.

DEDE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna clean up the mural  
tomorrow, but I wanted to get  
started on our mess tonight.

TJ

You don't have to say -

DEDE

I'm not gonna give you a lame  
apology.

(MORE)

DEDE (CONT'D)

I started working on our project -  
and since we're a team, I figured  
you'd want some input...

With this, Dede pulls her keyboard to her lap and begins to play a complete rearrangement of "Human" by *The Killers*. The only thing recognizable are the lyrics - this unique version harmoniously marries both traditional and computer-generated sound (in the style of a band like *Phantogram* or *The xx*.) Her voice is beautiful, stirring, even haunting.

DEDE (SINGING)(CONT'D)

*I did my best to notice  
When the call came down the line  
Up to the platform of surrender  
I was brought, but I was kind.*

TJ smiles - touched that she's used his favorite band. And yes, for each - the song has very different meanings.

DEDE (SINGING)(CONT'D)

*And sometimes I get nervous  
When I see an open door  
Close your eyes, clear your heart -  
Cut the cord*

And as Dede's song carries us over the end scenes...

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Charlie finds the JOINT Zoe gave him earlier. He lights it up - now actually able to see what all the fuss is about...

DEDE (SINGING)(V.O.)

*Are we human?  
Or are we dancer?  
My sign is vital  
My hands are cold*

As he lays back, getting stoned, his phone PINGS - and he pulls up a TEXT from Zoe (along with a YOUTUBE LINK):

**STICK WITH ME AND I'LL MAKE YA FAMOUS. XOXO**

Charlie clicks the link - and pulls up Zoe's VIDEO of his surfing today. No big deal - until he notices the number of HITS, already up in the thousands. His eyes widen.

CHARLIE

Oh, man.

"Going viral" isn't exactly keeping a low profile. As Charlie realizes this could spell trouble...

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT**

Resolute and upset, Alison faces the camera - head-on.

ALISON

So - I can't keep doing this.

Turn to REVEAL she's in a VIDEO CHAT with Zaro, confused.

ZARO

But this is what you wanted.

ALISON

This family, this house, this  
experience *is* what I want.

(then)

But I can't keep pushing Brad away  
because I can't stop thinking about  
you.

Whoa. Zaro can't deny his relationship with Alison is causing  
problems in both of their marriages. (*NOTE: We see a monitor  
near him still shows live feed from Alison's eyes.*)

DEDE (*SINGING*)(V.O.)

*And so long to devotion  
You taught me everything I know*

ALISON

I just need some space.

ZARO

So what - you're just going to  
disappear on me?

ALISON

No - but I need to get you out of  
my head.

ZARO

How?

ALISON

I know where to start.

With this, Alison delicately - and precisely - removes each  
of her EYES! (*NOTE: As she does this, Zaro's live feed from  
Alison's POV goes dark.*)

Alison re-inserts new/identical eyes - ones she designed so  
that Zaro doesn't have access to everything she sees.

This is extremely hard for both of Zaro and Alison.

ZARO

I love you.

ALISON

I can't use that word with you.

DEDE (SINGING) (V.O.)

*Wave goodbye, wish me well*

On Zaro's side, the CAMERA PANS through the wall -

**INT. ZARO RESIDENCE / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

- to the other side of his office door where KERI overheard the exchange! She takes a deep breath and walks on.

DEDE (SINGING) (V.O.)

*You've got to let me go.*

**INT. ZARO'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Forcing a resolute voice, Keri makes a hushed phone call.

KERI (INTO PHONE)

I'll do it. I'll help find out anything you need to know.

REVEAL she's talking to -

**INT. HALO CORPORATION / LING'S OFFICE - INTERCUT**

Relief washes over Ling. She now has a mole against Zaro.

LING (INTO PHONE)

You're doing the right thing, Keri.

**INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Still pissed, Brad pulls off his shirt as he gets ready for bed. When he glances out the window, he sees directly into Selene & Eddie's bedroom.

And at that moment, Selene steps in front of her window, pulling off her blouse - revealing her bra. Brad hesitates, but before he can move - Selene looks up, makes eye contact.

Brad jumps back - embarrassed.

BRAD

*Shit.*

After a few seconds that seem like a lifetime, Brad gets the courage to look again.

When he does, Selene still stands there - holds his eye contact - and seductively unlatches her bra. She takes it off - like she's making a show for Brad.

DEDE (SINGING)(V.O.)  
*Will your system be alright  
When you dream of home tonight?*

Conflicted, Brad's also transfixed, but pulled out of his trance as he looks down to notice an unusual sensation in his crotch area.

DEDE (SINGING)(V.O.)  
*There is no message we're receiving  
Let me know  
Is your heart still beating?*

Across the way, Selene smiles, clearly seeing the arousing effect she's having on Brad - and coyly waves goodnight.

As she shuts her curtains and moves on, Brad's left reeling. His sexuality might be explored with or without Alison.

#### **INT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - NIGHT**

As Alison walks through the house, lights seamlessly turn off as she exits a room. Hand to stomach, Alison realizes she is "full" - and walks to a discreet PANEL on the wall.

Alison lifts her blouse to retrieve a CLEAR TUBE as it pushes out of her navel. She plugs it into the wall - and the contents of her consumption reservoir (mostly margaritas tonight) is VACUUMED from her body.

It's weird-as-hell, even disgusting, but par for the course.

#### **EXT. ORCHARD RESIDENCE - INTERCUT**

In the shrubs, Trace peeps through the window! And he is completely bewildered by what he's witnessing.

DEDE (SINGING)(V.O.)  
*You've gotta let me know*

- Sensing she's being watched, Alison looks to the window -
- Just as Trace ducks to hide from view -
- Alison doesn't seem suspicious, and unplugs her navel tube.

*DEDE (SINGING)(V.O.)  
Are we human? Or are we dancer?*

- As Trace catches his breath, he pulls out his phone and pulls up the video camera to record. But when he turns to look in the house again, Alison is gone. He turns, and -

ALISON IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM! Her eyes narrow -

Before Trace can explain, Alison GRABS him by the throat, squeezing hard, and lifts him up off the ground -

*DEDE (SINGING) (V.O.)  
My sign is vital, my hands are cold*

And then Alison cruelly slams Trace's body against the side of the house with brutal force!

*DEDE (SINGING)(V.O.)  
And I'm on my knees  
Looking for the answer...*

And as Trace crumples to the ground - lifeless - Alison starts to realize what she's done.

*DEDE (SINGING)(V.O.)  
Are we human? Or are we dancer?*

As we ZOOM IN on Alison's troubled face...

END OF PILOT