

Y:
The Last Man

EPISODE ONE:
"Hysteria"

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DATE:
4.28.2017

And God said: "I will destroy man whom I
have created from the face of the earth...
for I am sorry that I made them."

But...

Genesis 6:7-8

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. MORNING.

She wakes.

A 4 YEAR OLD GIRL in her big girl bed. And goddamn if she doesn't rub her fist in her eyes like a sleepy cartoon mouse.

This is YVETTE. She checks the clock. 6:59.

She waits a moment... Waits... The clock ticks 7:00. And...

INT. BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE.

SHE RUNS! And LEAPS into the big bed she knows she mustn't leap into. TWO MEN still asleep there. Faces down.

YVETTE
Daddy, get up, I'm starving!

Neither man moves. Yvette rocks DADDY.

Daddy doesn't respond. She tries the other man.

YVETTE
Papa...? I stayed in bed till seven,
that was the deal.

She comes round to PAPA'S face. Sees--

A BLOOD SMEAR on his pillow. BLOOD in his EAR CANAL.

Fear grips Yvette fast.

YVETTE
Daddy... Papa...

SOUND FALLS AWAY AS SHE SHAKES HER FATHERS WITH HER TINY HANDS. SUCCEEDING ONLY IN REVEALING THEIR FACES. THREE OF FOUR EYES SHUT AND THE ONE OPENED DILATED AND SHOT WITH BLOOD.

BOTH DEAD.

SOUND REMAINS GONE, AND WE ARE PERHAPS GRATEFUL NOT TO HEAR HER HEART BREAK WITH ANGUISH AND THE SUDDEN EXIT OF CHILDHOOD.

BEGIN A SERIES OF TIME CUTS:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. THAT DAY.

Yvette is on the floor clutching her favorite blanket. In shock and not reacting to the SIRENS and SCREAMS from OUTSIDE.

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. THAT NIGHT.

She pads into the kitchen haltingly. Unused to being alone.

She opens THE PANTRY. A few CANS of food. A gallon of water. Two shelves within her reach. A cracker box on the third.

CLOSE: She drags a stool across the floor.

CLOSE: The stool teeters under HER FEET as she reaches.

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

CLOSE: The box of crackers EMPTY on the floor. TILT UP TO--

The open fridge. A gay couple's fridge. Not much but what there is is orderly and in rows. Prepared salads. Yogurt. A half-full WINE BOTTLE. She takes one of two coconut waters.

INT. BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

She checks on her fathers again. Still dead.

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

She unlocks a cell phone screen. Scrolls to a number. Calls.

Straight to VOICEMAIL. A woman's voice in SPANISH.

She hangs up. Tries to remember a number. Then dials...

9-1-1. A pause. A harsh, forbidding BUSY SIGNAL.

INT. FOYER. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

CLOSE: ON HER FEET, as she stands up on A CHAIR. UNDOES THE FRONT DOOR LOCK. But -- THE CHAIN. High above the lock.

CLOSE ON: THE STOOL. Perched dangerously ON THE CHAIR. She teeters... Then rights. Opens the chain.

EXT. FRONT STEPS. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE.

THE DOOR OPENS. She looks--

OUTSIDE ALL IS NOISE AND CHAOS. PEOPLE FRANTIC. A MILITARY TRUCK RUMBLES BY. POLICE CARS FOLLOW, SIRENS AND LIGHTS.

She covers her ears. Too much.

INT. BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. THE NEXT MORNING.

She wakes. Rubs her eyes again. Then memory does its thing and she looks up from the foot of the bed... and we see...

She slept in bed with her dead fathers.

ABOVE HER THREE FLIES CIRCLE.

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. THAT NIGHT.

Frosty air pours over her as she sits by the OPEN FREEZER, eating a leftover Carvel cake, playing on her iPad, when--

THE LIGHTS GO OUT THROUGHOUT THE HOME. COMPLETE DARKNESS.

She cries by the screeny light.

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. DAY.

DAYS HAVE PASSED. Chip bags and apple sauce cups and Kind Bar wrappers licked clean surround the trash bin in a half hearted attempt at clean. We hear a CRASH -- *WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!*

FIND YVETTE. Dirty, hair tangled, as she picks up A CAN OF LINE CAUGHT TUNA from the floor. THROWS it at the wall again.

INT. BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. DAY.

She ignores the SWARM OF FLIES in here to search everywhere for anything to eat. She roots through all the DRAWERS.

FINDS A PIECE OF TRIDENT GUM in a knapsack. Eats it greedily.

CLOSE ON: A SOCK DRAWER. SEEN FROM ABOVE as her hand rummages through. She's too short to see how she nearly grabs a bottle of LUBE... then just past it...

A GUN. Her fingers near it... miss it by an inch.

INT. CHILD'S BATHROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. DAY.

She fills her cup from the faucet. The water SPUTTERS... then stops. *The water has run out.*

INT. CHILD'S BATHROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. NIGHT.

She dips her cup into the toilet to get the last drops of the water out of the bowl. She drinks it.

INT. HALLWAY. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. ANOTHER DAY.

She wrestles desperately with the GALLON WATER BOTTLE. Feral in her hunger and thirst. But the cap is too tight. The bottle too heavy. She can't get it open.

CLOSE: A DRAWER OPENS. SHE GRABS A PAIR OF SHARP SCISSORS.

She STABS at the plastic bottle. Again. Again.

The scissors SLIP. She CUTS her hand. She CRIES.

But -- she stops the cry cycle before it runs its course. Unrolls a dozen paper towels, wraps her hand. Wipes her eyes.

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. DAY.

She stands in front of the now empty fridge. Rethinking it.

She takes out a dismissed jar of mustard. The bottle of WINE.

ON YVETTE: On the floor. She eats mustard with a spoon. She chugs the wine. Hating both. But she is dying of thirst so she drinks more and more...

INT. LIVING ROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. NIGHT.

SILENCE. DARK. THEN... THE FRONT DOOR BASHES OPEN.

FOUR SOLDIERS IN BIO-MASKS ENTER. FLASHLIGHTS ON THEIR GUNS.

They walk through, BOOTS CLOMPING. A SWEEP.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
We got two. Bedroom.

THE CAPTAIN walks up to THE COUCH. HER FLASHLIGHT BEAM PANS OVER IT... Searching... FINDING NOTHING. She moves on.

CAPTAIN
That's it for this one. Tape it up.

INT. FOYER. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

A SOLDIER SLAPS TWO BIOHAZARD STICKERS ON THE DOOR.

SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT. THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY.

A pause. And we PAN from the DOOR... Across the FOYER... To the LIVING ROOM... To the COUCH... Then down... TO FIND:

YVETTE. Tucked behind the couch with the bottle, PASSED OUT. Silent and unmoving. She SIGHS in her sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. EVENING.

DAYS LATER. FLIES everywhere now. The place a mess.

Yvette COUGHS, a rattling, croupy cough. She is weak. Is dying. Hand SWOLLEN with INFECTION. Doesn't even register--

A KNOCK FROM THE FRONT DOOR. THEN A -- KICK! BAM!

THE FRONT DOOR BASHES OPEN. REVEALING... A TRIANGULAR SILHOUETTE. A FIGURE IN A PONCHO. WEARING A GAS MASK. CARRYING A SMALL DOG CRATE. POURING RAIN BEHIND IT. A PAUSE--

The gas mask comes off. We see A YOUNG MAN'S FACE (23).

MEET YORICK BROWN. *Neither generous nor brave nor especially bright, and if you think him cute well that's your opinion. But his intentions are, for the most part, good, and in any case he is what we have to work with.*

He pulls out earbuds and looks around, wowed. When he speaks, which is more often than not, he directs it to the dog crate.

YORICK
Money beats the shit out of not money.

He smells the rancid air. Sees FLIES pour from the bedroom.

YORICK
That is unpleasant.

INT. BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE.

He walks in, mask back on. Avoids looking at the bodies on the bed. He takes a look around. Grabs some CASH on a dresser... then sees... THE GUN IN THE DRAWER. At which--

He hears MOVEMENT.

INT. HALLWAY. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE.

Yorick steps toward the NOISE, CLUTCHING THE GUN AMATEURISHLY.

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE.

HE SPINS, POINTS THE GUN IN BEST GANGSTER IMITATION--

YORICK
*Freeze asshole or I will blow your brains
into the fucking coffee maker--*

At which he sees -- *THE 4 YEAR OLD GIRL terrified of him.* He hides the gun behind his back. Lifts the gas mask.

YORICK
*Heeeeey... Sorry about that -- the gun --
and the f-word. Door. Who are you?
(she says nothing)
I'm Yorick. Just looking for somewhere
to crash, check the canned good situation
-- ideally restock on the Ativan -- is
this your place? It's -- luxurious.
(she says nothing)
Oh you've gone full Newt here -- your mom
around?*

She shakes her head. He hesitates -- hoping:

YORICK
Your -- dad?

She shakes her head.

YORICK

Was it just you and him?

She shakes her head. Holds up two fingers. Yorick spots A FAMILY BEACH PHOTO: Yvette and TWO MEN in bathing suits.

YORICK

Two dads. Oh -- that's... Is there anywhere you can go?

He steps toward her. She backs away in fear.

YORICK

Right -- I'm a stranger -- good call -- should definitely not trust strangers -- though now it's a lot safer to... statistically. Rent's finally come down in Brooklyn.

(off her look)

Do you -- know what happened?

(off her look)

You don't. Ok -- yeah -- ok here's the thing -- your dads died. A lot of people died -- it's generally a shitshow out there -- I should probably be dead -- I'm not, so that's good -- the President's still alive, that's good too. We're gonna be ok is the take home point. But you can't stay here with the flies and that smell and now that I'm looking your hand looks like egg salad so...

He smiles, then... SHE CRIES. Her pent up terror EXPLODING--

YORICK

Nononono, don't freak out -- it's ok!

She only SCREAMS louder. Yorick blurts, desperate--

YORICK

You're gonna see them again! Your dads!

A pause. A sniffle. She's listening. He vamps.

YORICK

In heaven. Didn't they tell you about heaven? You see everyone you loved, all the good people -- and you're together again forever. With dogs. Amazing.

YVETTE

Papa said... it's not real... he said Heaven was a lie Nana told him.

YORICK

Your dads, clearly great guys -- can assume liberal, this place at least one of them was in finance -- but they were completely wrong on this one bit of theology, trust me. Heaven is absolutely 100 percent real deal, ok? Ok?

She nods. Then--

YVETTE

When?

YORICK

Hmm?

YVETTE

When can I see them?

YORICK

Y'know -- someday -- when you die.

AND SHE SCREAMS -- LOUD. RUNS -- FAST.

Yorick RUNS after to catch her -- he misses -- slides...

AND SLAMS INTO THAT OPENED SCISSORS DRAWER.

He falls. It hurts.

Yorick picks himself up. Then sees something in the drawer:

A PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE. His eyes widen. He dry swallows a PILL. Stops. Considers the bottle... A bad idea cresting...

INT. KITCHEN. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

Yvette hides behind the couch as... Yorick approaches slowly... dangling an open SNICKERS.

YORICK

Was saving this for a special occasion -- not sure we're gonna get one -- we should celebrate. Don't you want a treat? That sounds super creepy -- I swear I'm not creepy -- I'm just -- a strange dude -- with candy.

Her starving eyes lock on his thumb-mashed Snickers, and...

CUT TO:

A HAND KNOCKS ON A HEAVY DOOR WITH A RED CROSS PAINTED ON IT.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY STEPS. NIGHT.

A TIRED DOCTOR opens the door. PEOPLE busy inside. A place of sanctuary and support. The Doctor looks out. She sees no one. Then sees...

YVETTE. PASSED OUT AND BELTED INTO A STROLLER SHE IS TOO BIG FOR. THAT FAMILY PHOTO PINNED TO HER WITH A HANDWRITTEN NOTE:

GAY DADS.
WEIRD INFECTION.
BELIEVES IN HEAVEN.
MY BAD.

Y.

EXT. DARK BROOKLYN STREET. NIGHT.

Yorick, hood up, poncho and gas mask on, DOG CRATE in hand, walks the dark night... Passing CARS canted and crashed...

The LIGHTS are OUT far as we can see. A steady RAIN taps on.

FADE TO TITLE:

Y: THE LAST MAN

SUPER 1: "THE LAST NORMAL"

FADE IN, AS:

A HAMMER CLANGS. STEEL ON STEEL. BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. SMALL METAL SHOP. NIGHT.

BETH DEVILLE, 24, BASHES glowing hot metal with practiced, precise strikes, suggesting more hours logged at the forge than she's spent alive. Two more STRIKES and...

She cools the steel in a water bath with a rewarding SIZZLE.

She raises her visor and looks over her work. *She has made a beautiful BLADE.* Which she places in A PACKING CRATE beside other CHEF'S KNIVES in various states of completion. Labeled for shipping, among a number of packed BOXES.

It is, for those keeping clocks, TWO WEEKS EARLIER.

Beth's phone CHIMES. A TEXT READS: "DID YOU TELL HIM YET?"

She takes off her glove, types back: "EN RT"

A REPLY COMES: "SHOOT THE PUPPY" DOG EMOJI. GUN EMOJI.

Beth STRIKES THE ANVIL one last time to center herself, and...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. NIGHT.

Cars and traffic and lit streetlights. Fruit carts and KIDS vaping outside bars. A MAN and WOMAN on a street corner at the tail end of a first date, into each other and figuring out what comes next. A night like countless before it.

Beth takes it all in as she walks. A confident, purposeful gait. Until...

She senses A MAN several steps behind her. Not too close, but moving in step with her. Creepy.

Beth's driven gait alters with unease. She quickens her step. Crosses the street to where the lighting is better.

She looks behind her. Clocks the Creeper. Still there.

She takes out her phone. DIALS. IT RINGS, and...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A NINJA MADE OF POST-ITS

A KAWAII-EVIL CHARACTER. *It does a series of flips, draws two paperclip sais, and SLICES through A BOSS-SAMURAI MADE OF STAPLES.* Terry Gilliam style animation. Witty and complex.

THE FINAL FRAME FREEZES.

A FLASH! A CLICK!

CLOSE AS: A HAND COMES AND ADJUSTS THE NINJA THE TINIEST BIT.

ANOTHER FLASH! ANOTHER CLICK! We are--

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. THAT MOMENT.

YORICK

COMES IN NOSE-CLOSE TO MOVE POST-IT-NINJA. A figure well lit on a battlefield art-designed entirely of misused OFFICE SUPPLIES. His own TABLETOP STOP MOTION studio. Meticulous work that has his complete obsessive attention.

Only on the THIRD BUZZ does Yorick even hear his PHONE. And see BETH'S FACE ON SCREEN. A WELL-FRAMED PHOTO OF HER SLEEPING, TAKEN FROM ACROSS A PILLOW.

He calls to THE DOG CRATE on a shelf. ITS DOOR AJAR.

YORICK

Hey, can you hand me the phone?

Nothing from the crate.

YORICK
Fine, just gimme the remote -- remote!

Nothing from the crate.

The phone BUZZES some more, and...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. THAT MOMENT. RESUME.

Beth's phone goes to voicemail. She projects, false cheer:

BETH
Hey! Don't start the movie without me!
I'm right around the corner, wave and you
can see me -- hi!

She waves to a lit window a block ahead.

Whether he heard this or got bored Creeper veers off Beth's path. Beth hangs up. Turns down a darker street. Looks at her phone. AT YORICK'S PICTURE ON THE SCREEN. Resolved.

BETH
Shoot the puppy.

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHAM BAR AND GRILL. THAT MOMENT.

A special occasion place. A WOMAN of 50 in neat professional dress is at a table facing an empty chair: SENATOR JENNIFER BROWN is smart, guarded, fierce passions governed by poise. Mostly. Though she has six places to be right now, she is trying very, very hard to be in the moment and relaxed.

She fails. Grabs her phone and DIALS...

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. THAT MOMENT.

CLOSE: YORICK'S CELL BUZZES AGAIN. "MOM"

But Yorick is now busy referencing his armature against the last frames played on loop on his computer to line up his next shot -- until: His eye catches something on screen:

AN OPEN YOUTUBE PAGE

For one of his short films: "POST-IT-NINJA VS. THE SHREDDER"

ON YORICK AS: He check the TIME. 9:01. He waits. Six seconds pass until it turns to 9:02. A safe even number. He CLICKS REFRESH. *THE NUMBER OF VIEWS UPDATES...*

TO 250,000. A number that appears to have special meaning.

He drops the ninja. Stands suddenly. A declaration:

YORICK
Ok. Ok. It's today.

INT. YORICK'S BEDROOM.

CLOSE: A DRAWER THUNKS OPEN. Yorick takes out:

A SMALL OLIVE WOOD BOX. HE SETS IT DOWN DELIBERATELY. EYES IT LIKE A SCHOOLYARD BULLY WHO THINKS YOU WON'T HIT BACK.

YORICK
Today.

Yorick's unanswered phone BUZZES with A PHOTO OF JENNIFER, arm raised in victory at a campaign rally, as...

INT. GOTHAM BAR AND GRILL. THAT MOMENT. RESUME.

Jennifer hears her phone go to VOICEMAIL. Mouths Asshole.

SENATOR BROWN
(into phone)
Call your father. Why do I need to tell you this. Reminders of things you know you knew. You pick up the phone, that he bought you, you dial, you tell him happy birthday, you do the Lear bit, you do it for him, you do it for me. You do it. You have three hours to make it count.

She hangs up. Just in time, as...

PROFESSOR DUKE BROWN returns. 55 in tweeds bought at 35 and both only look better with age because time is unfair. The observant may notice he drinks water while she drinks wine.

He sits. An awkward smile. If the mood feels strained you're not imagining things, marriage is a braided rope, and anyway they are nearly at dessert.

SENATOR BROWN
You're going to get it so no sense pretending.

DUKE
I haven't had sugar since...

SENATOR BROWN
Well I knew you'd say that so I already ordered it. You get the crumble on your birthday. With a candle and a song.

A pause. Duke chooses to roll with the gesture.

DUKE

Is it bad luck my favorite thing in the world is called "crumble?" Or just bad poetry?

SENATOR BROWN

You wanted something different?

DUKE

No, no. I love it. I love this place...

(a pause)

Remember the Japanese in D.C. with the shaved ice and beans? How much do we need in the bank to go there every night?

SENATOR BROWN

I finally have the name to get a table, if only we could afford it.

DUKE

Can't you be just a little bit corrupt?

She laughs. It's nice. A brief relax.

DUKE

We should go there next time we're in D.C.

SENATOR BROWN

You hate D.C.

A pause. A pronouncement, one planned if not rehearsed:

DUKE

I don't hate Georgetown.

Jennifer stiffens, instantly understanding what he's about to put out here... and already feeling the violation implicit.

SENATOR BROWN

Georgetown.

DUKE

They offered me a position in Comparative Lit. The chair, she liked my book-book.

SENATOR BROWN

They offered or you asked? *Not a good time--*

Her last line meant for the WAITER who chose now to refill her wine. Duke covers his glass, not a drinker. Waiter backs off.

DUKE

It'll be 20 more years at adjunct here. I'm not on the track, they were clear--

SENATOR BROWN
 --Whose fault is that?--
 (stops herself)
 Which I am not bringing up--

DUKE
 --Come on--

SENATOR BROWN
 --I said I'm not. It's your birthday.
 In the past and agreed upon. Ratified.

DUKE
 Thank you.

SENATOR BROWN
 What's not past is our deal. This was my
 time, that was the deal, we spent 25
 years on your career, now it's my--

DUKE
 --I'm not where I want to be.

SENATOR BROWN
Well I am. It's not my fault I succeeded
 so don't blame me for it.

DUKE
 I'm not. I'm not. I'm offering you more
 time in D.C. Where your job technically
 is. We can sell the apartment and--

SENATOR BROWN
 --The kids are here--

DUKE
 --The kids are old enough to stand on--

SENATOR BROWN
 --They need one of us close, we owe them--

DUKE
 --We could split our time--

SENATOR BROWN
Why would I do that?

For you? A conversation ender -- teeth bared and firm -- the
 professional side of her he rarely sees. And doesn't like.

Jennifer takes out a small (olive wood) BOX. Tied with a
 ribbon. Sets it on the table.

SENATOR BROWN
 Happy birthday.

It sits between them, as much challenge as peace offering.
 A standoff. Duke weighing the cost of submission, when...
 A SUDDEN COMMOTION at the entrance. Conversations halt as...
FOUR SECRET SERVICEMEN enter the restaurant, preceding...

BALWILDER SINGH. Congenitally impatient, more efficacious than smart, which are not inherently bad things in politics. Heads turn with recognition as he crosses, moving right for...

JENNIFER.

BALWILDER
 Senator. Your office said you were here.
 (a nod to Duke)
 Happy birthday.
 (back to Jennifer)
 Car's waiting. He wants to see you.

As if that said it all. The last thing Jennifer expected. Thrilling at any other moment.

SENATOR BROWN
Now?

BALWILDER
 He's in Manhattan another hour and--

He looks to his SENIOR ASSISTANT, NORA BERRY (30s), who, though on a call herself, holds up ten fingers twice, easily following two conversations at once.

BALWILDER
 --20 minutes. An hour for an interview, the 20 minutes goes to you. If you give one of the armed men your coat tag now.

Jennifer looks to Duke. He shrugs, lost.

DUKE
 Big leagues. Go.

Jennifer rises. Tries to find something. Comes up with:

SENATOR BROWN
 It's nice they asked.

And Duke watches his wife's entourage exit attract the restaurant's attention. Someone snaps a photo of her with their phone. He is married to a celebrity.

He looks at his unopened present. A WAITER brings an elaborate crumble. A CANDLE lit in the center. And--

MATCH CUT TO:

A VOTIVE CANDLE IS LIT. THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE GLOWS ON THE GLASS, FRAMED BY A RAINBOW. We are...

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. THAT MOMENT.

QUICK SHOTS AS YORICK CLEANS:

BOOKS STACKED.

DISHES CLEARED.

LAUNDRY STUFFED AWAY.

THE POSTMATES GUY AT THE DOOR IS PAID AND TIPPED.

A SHEET THROWN OVER THE STOP MOTION TABLE.

ANOTHER POSTMATES GUY WITH MORE FOOD AND A CLUSTER OF FLOWERS.

Yorick looks his apartment over. A contained tragedy. Seen now in full, Yorick's place is an implosion of hipster affectations. Vintage magic posters and Hudson Bay all in a woodsy cabin theme. Clever at first glance, but the more we look the more we see a series of masks worn by someone who still doesn't know his true face.

Yorick checks the time.

He checks the olive box waiting where he left it. A polished KNOT in the wood stares back at him. An unblinking EYE.

Yorick goes back to unpacking take out bags when...

His breath catches -- quickens.

He raises a hand to his chest -- pain.

Raises his other hand to test its steadiness. IT SHAKES.

YORICK

Nonono -- not now not -- now.

TIME SLOWS AS: A CHINESE FOOD CONTAINER FALLS TO THE FLOOR. BURSTS OPEN. A ROAD MAP OF NOODLES EXPLODE OUT.

YORICK'S PANIC ATTACK POV: *Looking at HIS BED. A SUDDEN, INFINITE TUNNEL OF DARKNESS separates him from...*

A PILL BOTTLE

On the night stand. The distance across his room an odyssey of dizzy miles. Sfumato shadows like CLAWS holding him back.

ON YORICK

Sweating. Eyes unfocused. Feet glued to the floor.

With effort he forces air to enter his lungs. Pushes panic down. The microscopic heroism of a single movement, as...

HIS FOOT FINALLY RISES.

HE TAKES A STEP.

AND COLLAPSES.

ON THE CRATE: The door slowly opens. Pushed by A TINY HAND.

A CAPUCHIN MONKEY, AMPERSAND, leans his weird little head out of the cage just enough to see Yorick on the floor. Then...

He BURSTS out! Leaps off the shelf... Over the couch... Over Yorick passed out on the floor...

Onto the breakfast table... over and down its leg to... the tangle of Chinese noodles on the floor.

He sits on Yorick's head. Eats greedily. PRELAP:

HERO (O.S.)
He's not stable.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. QUEENS, NEW YORK. THAT MOMENT.

An AMBULANCE moves fast as able through traffic.

INT. AMBULANCE.

Chest compressions are performed on an unconscious MALE PATIENT by A FEMALE EMT. Well-partied mid-20s, with a cat's sense of humor: the torment of others is endlessly funny.

This is HERO BROWN. She eyes the PARAMEDIC IN CHARGE, DUGAN.

HERO
I wanna trach him.

DUGAN
You're not going to trach him. Keep working the chest.

She does. CPR is a violent act, done right. She checks:

HERO

Still irregular. We should hit him with the thing.

DUGAN

No we shouldn't. Just keep working the--

AN ALARM. Her patient's heart STOPPED. Hero gloats.

Then pulls the defibrillator PADDLES from the wall. Presses the trigger to hit him with it. Her patient CONVULSES and...

ON THE MONITOR: The vitals smooth out. Relief.

Until... Hero notices something on the patient.

She lifts the paddles over his chest again evilly.

HERO

We should hit him again.

DUGAN

He's stable.

He taps the MONITOR. Hero nods to the PATIENT: A SWASTIKA TATTOO on his shoulder. Dugan catches her look. Game.

DUGAN

Clear.

Hero puts the paddles to his chest again, her thumbs squeeze the trigger, and with the BURST -- PRELAP: BOOTS IN LOCKSTEP.

CUT TO:

EXT. HATZERIM AIRBASE. NEGEV DESERT, ISRAEL. THAT MOMENT. DAWN.

The nation's elite in crisp procession. The short billed caps that designate this year's 35 GRADUATES OF THE ISRAELI AIR FORCE -- a 7:1 ratio of men to women, though in uniform with hair back there is little to evince their number.

The graduates fall into line before a podium. PARENTS, FAMILIES, GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS watch on with pride. The mood both solemn and joyful. It is everyone's best day.

The MINISTER OF DEFENSE begins. In HEBREW, SUBTITLED:

MINISTER OF DEFENSE

I flunked out of this program. I want you all to know this.

This gets a laugh.

MINISTER OF DEFENSE (O.S.)

*When I was six my mother stopped the car
in front of a line of hitchhikers and
pointed to one small man in the back --
you, hop in. I asked my mother why him?
She said simply: "He is a pilot." In
Israel the pilot rides first. Eats
first. Strikes first. Dies first.*

He continues, as... An IAF CAPTAIN, moves down the line of GRADUATES and pins on the collar of each A PAIR OF WINGS.

This is ALTER TSE'ELON. A senior commander whose bearing evokes her many days in combat, and her readiness to return to it in a blink. Someone in whom intelligence and instinct have merged into an elemental force.

Each new pilot salutes Alter. Proud to stand before her. Alter gives very little, very rarely, so if you get a nod of approval from her it means the world.

She stops deliberately in front of a FEMALE GRADUATE, SADIE. Cocks a brow at the talky speech. With one look she says more than all his words combined:

You did it. Be proud.

Sadie straightens, feeling it.

SADIE

Captain.

ALTER

Quiet.

And she gives Sadie her wings. Erasing any doubt Sadie may have ever had in herself, past, present or future.

MINISTER OF DEFENSE (O.S.)

*You represent what is best in our best.
Sacrifice distilled into sacrifice
distilled into you. One day your
sacrifices will be distilled into the
next generation. Which will exist
because of you. Because you will have
protected us -- from above.*

All heads look up as... A FORMATION OF HELICOPTERS FLIES OVERHEAD -- THEN BREAKS! PERFECT TIMING. AFTER WHICH...

A SCREAM OF JETS! A SQUADRON OF F16S ALL ROTATING TOGETHER IN A PERFECT CORKSCREW, A FLYBY TO HONOR THE NEWLY MINTED PILOTS.

Delight. Cheers. Applause.

THE F16S PASS AT THE EXACT MOMENT THE SUN PEAKS OVER THE HORIZON. And then--

ONE OF THE JETS VEERS SLOWLY OUT OF FORMATION TO CLIP THE NEXT.

A BURST OF FIRE IN THE AIR.

ALTER'S POV AS: FOUR MORE JETS BEGIN A SLOW ARC AWAY FROM THE GROUP -- FURTHER -- FURTHER -- UNTIL THEY DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW.

ALTER is instantly on the run, grabbing for her phone when--

SADIE STOPS HER.

ALTER
Out of the way--

Sadie SHOUTS to bring her attention back to ground. SCREAMS penetrate Alter's concentration until--

SHE TAKES IN THE HORROR AROUND HER: ALL BUT THE FIVE OF THE GRADUATES ARE ON THE GROUND. HARD TO TELL WHO IN THE CHAOS. THE REST DEAD OR DYING.

ON THE PODIUM: THE DEFENSE MINISTER IS ON THE GROUND. DYING.

IN THE BLEACHERS: HALF OF THE AUDIENCE ARE ON THE GROUND. DEAD OR DYING. PARENTS, FAMILIES. A MIX OF YOUNG AND OLD. BLOOD IN THEIR NOSE, EYES, EARS.

Alter's mind works. Fathoming the horror. The scope.

Somewhere in the distance THE THUNDER OF CRASHING JETS.

The RUMBLE of destruction.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER 2: "THIS WAY MA'AM"

FADE IN ON:

A RIOT OF POLICE LIGHTS. SIRENS OUT OF SYNCH, MANIC. WE ARE--

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET. NIGHT.

AN NYPD FLEET FLANKS AND ESCORTS--

INT. ARMORED LIMOUSINE. THAT MOMENT.

Jennifer is in the big back seat by herself. Not used to this treatment. Hard not to feel thrill.

REVERSE ACROSS HER: Balwilder and Nora work, each on a separate phone call. Just another Tuesday.

SENATOR BROWN

Did he say why he wanted to see me?

Balwilder ignores her. Nora's eyes credit the asking of a question and little else. Professional dragons at the gate.

SENATOR BROWN

Is it the Mid-East talks? He's staffing.

Again, nothing.

SENATOR BROWN

Okay.

Jennifer quietly takes their reticence as good news, and...

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLS. "THE DAILY SHOW." NIGHT.

SHINY SHOES ON LINOLEUM...

SHINY SHOES ON BAD CARPET...

Jennifer is led through the overlit office guts of the show, fronted and backed by SERVICEMEN. They reach--

INT. HALL OUTSIDE GREEN ROOM. "THE DAILY SHOW."

Balwilder and Nora step in. Jennifer is about to follow, eager and excited. A FIRM HAND holds her back. A LARGE MALE SECRET SERVICE AGENT directing her to stay where she stands.

Jennifer stands there awkwardly. She catches the eye of A BLACK FEMALE SERVICE AGENT. Who gives nothing. Says nothing. An inscrutable baseline.

HOLD TIGHT ON JENNIFER, as, from inside the green room:

NORA (O.S.)

You want makeup? They're asking.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS (O.S.)

He's too handsome to compete. Let 'em see I'm tired.

NORA (O.S.)

She's here. Or you want to do this after?

PRESIDENT CALLOWS (O.S.)

No, let's now. Take Sig to Balwilder's car. Rabbi, fly back with us, we'll finish up on the plane. It's fajita night.

RABBI SIG (O.S.)
My pleasure, Sir.

A 60-ish modern-orthodox Rabbi, SIG, steps out smiling, not acknowledging Jennifer. Balwilder and Nora step out after.

The Female Service Agent blankly directs Jennifer to enter. Jennifer straightens his shirt, and enters...

INT. GREEN ROOM. "THE DAILY SHOW."

PRESIDENT CALLOWS rebuckles his belt, nibbles at grapes in a bowl. The demeanor, dress and Roman sculpture hair of a former CEO of GE. Ice-witted, fired with the confidence of success and, goddammit, intimidatingly good looking.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
You meet the Rabbi? Campaigned against me, now he's staying for fajitas he can't even eat. Nice to meet you finally.

SENATOR BROWN
We met actually. Briefly. At--

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
(recalling)
--Prayer Breakfast, your first month in. Your husband had just published a book on the history of books. The book-book. "Duke and Jennifer."

SENATOR BROWN
Yes, Sir. Good memory.

He taps his forehead.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
Didn't even need the tap and whisper. Jennifer. "Senator Jennifer"... "Representative Jennifer"... Doesn't really go. You were born 1971, 1970?

SENATOR BROWN
'69.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
Was the most popular girl's name in the country for 15 years, '70 to '84, a tyranny of Jennifers. There's got to even be a few Grandma-Jennys out there already, suppose we were due a Senator. Are you a fan?

He points to a CLOSED CIRCUIT TV: *A LIVE feed of the show.*

SENATOR BROWN
I don't watch a lot of--

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
--He hates me, but holy hell he's funny.
He does an impression of me. Sorry, you
were answering my question, my wife says
I'm a big interrupter. That may be true.

SENATOR BROWN
I've seen him a few times. Don't care
for the language. I think he needs you
more than he hates you.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
You should try to get on. Junior Senator
from New York.

SENATOR BROWN
I think he hates me too.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
I think you're right.

Balwilder sticks his head in. Holds up four fingers. Time.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
I'll get to it. The midterms. I'm
making a push for O'Brien, Harold's a
good man. I'm not going to support you.
I wanted you to know that ahead of time
and from me. You can make whatever plans
you need. You're welcome to campaign if
you'd like but...

It hits her like a bullet from the back. It takes longer to
push through the shock than to find the reason:

SENATOR BROWN
McKinnley-Radison.

Callows says nothing. Lets her work the math.

SENATOR BROWN
I was clear where I stood.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
And you stayed where you stood. Now
you'll be moved.

SENATOR BROWN
I campaigned on what I believe. I was
elected on what I promised. Half-
measures don't get abortion banned
nationally, the heartbeat bill--

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

Wouldn't have passed. Twenty weeks was a massive step in our direction. That was freshman purist bullshit, thinking about what you want, not what the country needs. A half measure is still a measure and measures can be built on. You can't build on nothing, and you voted for nothing. And now we have nothing. That is the legacy of your first and now only term in office: Nothing. Mazel tov.

He turns to the mirror to smooth down the one hair to dare.

SENATOR BROWN

I wasn't the deciding vote.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

You were the vote they heard.

SENATOR BROWN

Because I'm a woman.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

You make me look unprincipled.

SENATOR BROWN

You are unprincipled.

She hears her own words to the President of the United States. Who takes a moment with them, understanding he just for the first time really met Jennifer Brown. He smiles grandly.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

That's all I had. There's a minute left, did you have anything?

A pause. She doesn't. Callows steps out to go on stage.

After a moment, he pokes his head back in.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

How'd it sell? The book-book.

SENATOR BROWN

Well.

Callows bobs his head, impressed. Then leaves...

Leaving Jennifer to catch her breath by the closed circuit monitor on which TREVOR NOAH introduces the President.

ON THE MONITOR: THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE even before Callows' entrance. He comes on, waves to the audience, breezy smiles as if he didn't just crush Jennifer's windpipe seconds ago.

TREVOR NOAH (ON MONITOR)
*You're the only world leader who walks on
 to his interviews. All the others start
 sitting.*

PRESIDENT CALLOWS (ON MONITOR)
*I like to be able to change my mind at
 the last minute.*

BIG LAUGHS from the audience.

TREVOR NOAH (ON MONITOR)
Yes, yes you do.

More laughter. The audience loves their sparring.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS (ON MONITOR)
*What's great about this country is you can
 say that to my face and I don't have the
 Secret Service shoot you. Not right away.*

NORA LAUGHS, pleased. Puts a check mark on HER NOTES, *which
 have everything Callows just said written out.* Her lines.

CLOSE ON: JENNIFER. Watching him kill it on TV, and--

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS. NIGHT.

NYPD MOTORCYCLES TAKE OFF FIRST AS THE PRESIDENTS' CAVALCADE
 BEGINS TO PULL AWAY FROM THE STUDIO.

CHEERS and BOOS from the CROWD lining the street. None to
 penetrate the thick, darkened WINDOW of the ARMORED CAR...

WHICH JENNIFER MARCHES UP TO. KNOCKS ON, CALLING OUT:

SENATOR BROWN
 The Bishops Council.

THE FEMALE SERVICE AGENT from inside instantly, forcefully
 intercepts Jennifer. Separates Jennifer from the car. Aware
 she is hurting her. This is AGENT 355. Professionally and
 dispositionally opaque. You could stare at her for years and
 never know a thing about her. But you will listen.

AGENT 355
 Step back, Ma'am. Step back now and keep
 stepping.

Jennifer holds her ground. Expecting to be taken down...
 About to be, when...

The car door opens.

INT. ARMORED LIMOUSINE. MOMENTS LATER.

Jennifer sits across from Callows, Nora and A SERVICE AGENT.
Callows lets her fill the silence:

SENATOR BROWN

They haven't forgiven you for the Guasi
appointment.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

And?

SENATOR BROWN

What if they forgave you for the Guasi
appointment? Cardinal Manque. I can
deliver him in his pointy hat.

Callows takes his time.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

And?

Jennifer pauses.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

If you're gonna lick you're gonna swallow.

Jennifer tastes copper.

SENATOR BROWN

McKinnley-Radison.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

(pauses, then)

Have you had dinner yet? You should fly
back to D.C. with me. It's fajita night
on Air Force One.

Jennifer exhales. Leans back into her seat. At which--

The vehicle stops abruptly.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET. THAT MOMENT.

The car ahead stops suddenly. Balwilder gets out -- face
dropped, shaken. He pushes past SECURITY DETAIL on foot to:

INT. ARMORED LIMOUSINE.

JENNIFER'S POV:

She watches Balwilder get in, with LEAD SECRET SERVICE AGENT.

BALWILDER

Sir--

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
Guess who's coming to dinner.

Balwilder's not listening. Hands Callows a BRIEF.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
You're gonna ruin my night aren't you?

Whatever it is makes them all forget Jennifer is there and listening, as... He takes the brief. Reads. Goes still.

Bravado shatters. A new reality enters like a guillotine blade. And alters, with sound, the flow of time.

BALWILDER
Out of the Middle East. Started in the eastern border of Israel, daybreak. No details yet -- we're waking up CDC.

Callows digs deep, his spine strong.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
Get me back.

BALWILDER
(to the driver)
The plane -- now.

LEAD AGENT
No. We can't allow that.

Callows burns. *You're telling me no?...*

LEAD AGENT
First priority is your safety. We have a female co- on standby, but--

NORA
He's right. If there's any kind of spread -- we can't account for other aircraft -- or the towers.

BALWILDER
(knows she's right)
Take us under.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS. NIGHT.

TIME SLOWS. FROM ABOVE: A GOD'S EYE VIEW OF PARK AVENUE.

TRAFFIC PARTS LIKE THE SEA OF REEDS. POLICE MOTORCYCLES THE TIP OF THE ARROW, FLYING UPTOWN. FAST.

EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL. NIGHT.

SIRENS. The cavalcade arrives to -- A FLEET OF NYPD already surrounding the hotel. Conspicuous activity. Balwilder sees the spectacle. Wheels on Nora, pissed.

BALWILDER

Get half of them out of here now.

Nora stays behind, chastened, as... Balwilder follows Callows in, flanked and fronted by SECURITY.

Jennifer is swept in after, debris caught in their contrail.

INT. HALLS. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL. NIGHT.

ON THE MOVE, 9/11 LEVEL INTENSITY, JUMP CUTTING THROUGH, AS...

A wall of SERVICEMEN press Callows on...

Deeper into the hotel... and DOWN...

Into seldom used corridors...

WITH JENNIFER. *Keeping up but barely. Blurred surroundings merge one into the other as she hears most, but not all of:*

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

Can this kind of thing cross the ocean?

BALWILDER

Depends what kind of thing. Best guess is it's a bio-agent out of Iran.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

They weren't supposed to have this level shit.

BALWILDER

They don't. They're playing with Legos. Might have made something they couldn't control. Hearing numbers as high as--

Jesus.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

Where are Marla and the kids?

LEAD AGENT

Your family is covered.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

I want them with me.

He nods. They are suddenly at A GUARDED DOOR, opening into...

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR.

THEY PACK IN. GOING DOWN.

Nora has caught up. Jennifer is pushed back, away from Callows, no longer able to hear them confer in hushed voices. But fear barely suppressed reads like a news ticker.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR DOORS. THEY OPEN ONTO...

INT. SUBWAY TILED HALL.

Callows is pressed ahead roughly through dusty passages.

Jennifer comes out last, catches up. Nora reads off her phone, suddenly shaken:

NORA

Moved west with daybreak. Last hit
Sudan, Chad -- nothing from them but
screaming. No one's covering it.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

Reroute all international flights. No
foreign shoes touch our soil.

*A FLASH OF JENNIFER'S POV: A STOLEN GLANCE AT NORA'S PHONE.
WORDS CAUGHT. "SPREAD" "51.2%" "MEDIA BLACKOUT" "FEMALE
MEDIC ON SCENE." At which--*

NORA CATCHES JENNIFER SNEAKING A LOOK AT HER PHONE.

*They catch eyes, Nora momentarily unable to hide her distress.
She pauses, allowing Jennifer's eye to linger on her phone...
This is not a normal moment... All this, as--*

BALWILDER

Should we prepare a statement?

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

No.

He looks to Nora. Who clears her head and works the problem.

NORA

Gaming can scrub the net for
references, shut down chatter, social
media. Would be porous but quiet.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

(nods, firm)

Make it clear. Anyone who reports this
before daybreak loses access permanently.

Nora takes this as an order, peels off to see it through.

The rest continue on to A FINAL SECURE DOOR.

ON JENNIFER: The gravity of the situation makes it hard to speak. Indignation forces the words out:

SENATOR BROWN
You can't leave people in the dark.

Callows stops. They all do.

SENATOR BROWN
They need to know -- prepare -- if
there's an outbreak coming--

Lead Agent doesn't allow any further pause. He PUSHES Callows through the door. Balwilder holds back, a look to the AGENTS.

BALWILDER
Why is she still here?

He disappears through the door after Callows, and....

Agent 355 is suddenly beside Jennifer. Her arm gently taken.

AGENT 355
This way, Ma'am. I'll have a car come
round for you right away, if you'll...

"Come with me" isn't even out of her mouth before Jennifer is escorted back the way they came, and...

INT. HALL. WALDORF ASTORIA. MOMENTS LATER.

Back in the hotel proper. 355 continues, the suddenly dire circumstances have added new humanity to her demeanor.

AGENT 355
They're clearing traffic out front, could
be a few minutes. You can use a phone
here while you wait.

355 opens a door, indicates it's all yours. Jennifer nods her thanks.

AGENT 355
I'm sure you'll want to contact your
family.

SENATOR BROWN
And tell them what?

355 shrugs, not sure either. Both in the dark. A first moment of sympathy from her. Jennifer steps in, to...

INT. HOTEL ROOM. WALORF ASTORIA.

Without warning... *JENNIFER IS PUSHED OFF BALANCE -- A HAND SWIPES HER JACKET POCKET -- REMOVES HER CELL PHONE.*

Jennifer grabs for it. 355 CLASPS HER WRIST FIRMLY.

Shoves her inside.

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT AFTER. LOCKED.

Jennifer BANGS on the door.

Nothing. She turns. Takes in her surroundings:

A beautifully appointed room. RABBI SIG, in a chaise, shoes off, reads a newspaper. Casual as a cocktail.

RABBI SIG

We sure picked the wrong day to orbit the sun.

He shakes out his newspaper. A relaxed yawn.

RABBI SIG

Don't think we're getting fajitas.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. WALORF ASTORIA. NIGHT.

Jennifer is a caged tiger. She tries the window. Locked. She checks the phone. The receiver removed. *Fuck.*

RABBI SIG

Can't remember the last time I read a paper-paper. Forgot how nice it feels, ink on your fingers, you might consider calming the hell down. You're being hysterical.

Jennifer THROWS the phone at the door.

INT. HALL. WALDORF ASTORIA.

355 and MALE SERVICE AGENT guard the door and hear the phone SHATTER against it. Male Agent smiles. 355 doesn't.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. WALORF ASTORIA.

Sig is face deep in the mini-bar. Pulls out two bottles.

RABBI SIG

I almost voted for you.

He offers her a beer. Jennifer barely registers it.

SENATOR BROWN
They should be telling people.

RABBI SIG
They can't start shouting till they know what they're dealing with or all you have is panic. I spent time with the last administration too... It's always something and it's always the end of the world, every day. Some sign people want to read as the deluge come again. But it never is. The flood was a one time thing. God doesn't break His promises.

SENATOR BROWN
I don't believe in the Bible.

RABBI SIG
I thought that was your thing, Catholics.

She feels brief embarrassment at her rage against his calm.

Fuck it. Jennifer takes the beer. Sits.

SENATOR BROWN
It's my husband's birthday.

RABBI SIG
How many years married?

SENATOR BROWN
A lot. A lot of years.

RABBI SIG
In a row?

She shrugs. She drinks.

SENATOR BROWN
Catholics.

RABBI SIG
Marriage is a blessing. Divorce is a miracle. Trust me.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. WALORF ASTORIA. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Jennifer adds two more empty mini-bar bottles to a good sized group of them. She looks at the TV, now ON.

ON SCREEN: FOX NEWS COVERS "BROWNOUTS OVER EUROPE AND AFRICA. TELECOMMUNICATION AND SOCIAL MEDIA QUIET." A brief piece, then a return to sports nonsense.

Rabbi Sig sees Jennifer's anxiety rise.

RABBI SIG
Should I turn it off?

SENATOR BROWN
They're withholding information.

RABBI SIG
They're working. They stopped flights, closed borders, nothing is getting into this country. I don't like the man, or his politics -- or yours... But he's protected us from worse. For that I'll take a night of luxury sequestration in a nice hotel room. With a Senator.

This sinks in. She wants him to be right so lets it go.

RABBI SIG
And a pretty senator at that.

Jennifer has a long career of hearing shit like this in professional settings. She lets that go too. Takes a chair. Takes a drink. Her eyes flick to the TV, which he ignores.

SENATOR BROWN
I just don't like being sent to my room without supper. Not when something big's happening in Israel -- now Ghana.

RABBI SIG
Ghana? I heard it was Greece.

A pause. Jennifer stiffens. Greece?

RABBI SIG
I was with Balwilder when the Prime Minister called. She called it the worst morning of her life, hit with the sunrise. Won't lie to you, it sounded bad, lot of people, but it's contained. Was why he shut down all the airp--

*ON JENNIFER: THE WORLD GOES WET. SOUND DROWNS. HER MIND
PIECING FRAGMENTS TOGETHER... TO FIND A MONSTROUS WHOLE...*

*HER EYES DART. HIT THE TV SCREEN: COVERAGE OF A TWEETED
PHOTO OF A SOMALIAN GENERAL BEING TREATED BY A FEMALE DOCTOR
AFTER A CAR CRASH. SIG'S VOICE A WARBLE, BARELY PERCEIVED:*

ON JENNIFER. Very suddenly she feels very sick.

She moves fast enough that the vomit hits the trash bin.

INT. BATHROOM. HOTEL ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

She cleans her mouth. Looks at her hands.

They shake.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. WALORF ASTORIA. MOMENTS LATER.

Jennifer steps out. Eyes distant.

RABBI SIG
That sounded most foul.

He offers her a water. Instead she reaches for her beer bottle. *GRASPS it by the neck, and--*

INT. HALL. WALDORF ASTORIA. THAT MOMENT.

355 and MALE SERVICE AGENT hear A LOUD, HEAVY THUMP.

SENATOR BROWN (O.S., THROUGH DOOR)
The Rabbi! He's -- I think he's having --
a seizure--

They exchange a look, and...

INT. HOTEL ROOM. WALORF ASTORIA.

Male Service Agent enters, sees Rabbi Sig on the floor, beer spilled around him. He rushes in to assist, when--

CRACK! The bottle STRIKES Agent on the back of the head! He goes down.

Jennifer shakes out her hand, which hurts from the impact. Moves for the door--

355 *BARS THE WAY. PISSED.*

She shakes her head. Makes a fist. Shouldn't have done that.

A moment as they face one another. Jennifer outmatched. And knows it. This was not well thought out.

355 *VAULTS.*

JENNIFER BRACES.

THEY COLLIDE. JENNIFER TAKES A PAINFUL HIT ACROSS HER CHEST. FALLS BACK. CATCHES HERSELF, LUCKY, AS--

355 *SLIPS ON SIG'S SPILLED BEER.*

HITS HER HEAD ON A TABLE. GOES DOWN WITH A THUMP. UNLUCKY.

It takes Jennifer a moment to realize 355 is not moving. Or getting up. And...

INT. LOBBY. WALDORF ASTORIA. MOMENTS LATER.

Jennifer MOVES through the lobby fast, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. THAT MOMENT.

A remote command center underneath the Waldorf. Windowless, airless. Only TWO DOZEN STAFFERS, all on phones or conferring. Tempered chaos. Balwilder briefs Callows.

NORA

Steps aside from the briefing when HER PHONE BUZZES. She reads A TEXT. And goes cold with what she reads.

CLOSE ON NORA AS... AN IMAGE FLASHES:

A PLASTIC CHILD'S GLOBE. A SMALL BOY'S FACE PRESSED RIGHT UP TO IT. HIS FINGER POINTED AT ISRAEL... SLIDING WESTWARD... OVER ALL OF EUROPE... OVER GREECE... GHANA... OVER THE OCEAN... TO A TINY ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC.

BACK ON NORA. Attempting to process. Just then--

THE SEALED DOOR BUZZES. A SERVICE AGENT OPENS IT ON:

355. Holding her bleeding head.

BALWILDER
Jesus shit.

AGENT 355
The Rabbi's still--

BALWILDER
--Her college roommate is Metro editor at the Times -- find her. What?

The "What?" for Nora. Beside him. Unable to articulate what she has to say:

NORA
It -- hit Ponta Delgada. Sunrise. All -- all of them.

BALWILDER
Barely 60,000 people. No foreign desk. Is anyone reporting it?

It takes her a moment to hear the question, shake her head no.

BALWILDER

Make sure. We're protecting the homeland
now, we need the night.

FOLLOW BALWILDER. He takes the news to Callows, as...

Behind him: *NORA slips out the door without a word to anyone.*

EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL. NIGHT.

Nora stops A SERVICE AGENT, shows her credentials. Voice even.

NORA

Need a car.

She gets in one, driving herself off, as, behind them...

SECRET SERVICE POUR OUT, FAN OUT. 355 at the lead. All
searching for...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET. NIGHT.

JENNIFER

She runs through the night CROWD. Frightened and lost and
unsure where to go. *She SLAMS into a PASSERBY.* Both fall.

She grabs his dropped PHONE. RUNS ON. Blocks fly past.

She STOPS to catch her breath. To catch up with her thoughts.

LATE NIGHT CITY LIFE happens all around her. CABS go by. A
movie theater lets out. Cars and bikes and PEOPLE carrying
on. No idea what could be coming.

SHE HEARS SIRENS. Coming closer.

TO BLACK:

SUPER 3: "BOY IN A BOX"

FADE BACK IN ON:

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. EARLIER THAT NIGHT.

ON THE FRONT DOOR. As seen from the floor. Someone KNOCKING.

INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE YORICK'S APARTMENT.

Beth KNOCKS. No answer.

BETH

Yorick? Yorick--
(still nothing)
Ampersand! Door!

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT.

ON THE COUCH: AMPERSAND LOLLS ABOUT. At the sound of Beth's voice he lights up. Leaps up.

OPENS THE DOOR. Jumps into Beth's arms. He loves her.

BETH
Mongrel ingrate. Where is he?

She rubs his neck affectionately as she walks in to find...

YORICK. A HUMAN PUDDLE ON THE FLOOR. Food mess around him.

YORICK
Hi.

Jesus. She kneels to him.

BETH
How bad?

YORICK
About a four.

BETH
This is a four?

She sets Ampersand back in his cage. Opens a kitchen drawer. Sifts through the population of ketchup and soy sauce to find a pill blister, which she opens. Gives to Yorick.

BETH
Half a milligram. Last one.

He takes it. Only now does Beth look around and see the place is half-cleaned. Food and fancy cheese spilled on the floor.

BETH
You bought cheese -- you bought stinky cheese -- dumplings -- this is a lot of food. This is all the food.

YORICK
It's a gesture. A grand gesture. Today is -- I had a speech -- Simone de Beauvoir quote...

Yorick tries to rise, not quite there.

BETH
Shut up, calm down. You need to breathe first. I need to talk first.

But Yorick now CRAWLS across the floor. Toward the BOX.

BETH
Would you please--

YORICK
No, me.

BETH
Just--

YORICK
Me. Listen -- I hit -- I hit my number
today -- 250 thousand hits.

She does not instantly understand him. She musters interest.

BETH
From the cartoons? Wow... YouTube star.
Shining bright. That's great. Good
news.

YORICK
250 thousand hits is 60 percent rent.

BETH
(not catching on)
So you'll drop your hours copy editing?

YORICK
No -- yes but -- that's not -- I'm not an
online copy editor who makes shorts --
I'm an animator. I'm -- a person. 60
percent a person. A majority. Doing
what's wanted over needed to the same
end.

He makes it to the bedroom. Tries for the BOX. Slips.

Beth steps over and hands him the BOX. Yorick grips it.

YORICK
I know -- it's a number -- and this is
some thready OCD magical thinking -- I
know, we're young and yes -- yes --
you're the only good thing in my life
right now and that may, in some cases,
cause one to overestimate the value of a
relationship. But for this one -- this --
this us -- is not in question. Yes,
there's an aspect, yes, every day I fall
off a cliff and flail and every day my
hand grabs a solid ankle, your ankle, and
I can climb back up. But that's
function, not love, love is the why.

Beth watches Yorick, confused, as he finds the strength to rise. To kneel before her. Finds his voice.

YORICK
You're horrified, you look horrified,
don't tell me if you're horrified -- just
marry me and everything else figures
itself out. Ok.

A deeply inhabited silence passes.

BETH
What?

YORICK
Was that not clear? I'm asking you -- to
marry me. Now. It's happening now.

He opens the box. INSIDE IS A RING.

Beth looks at Yorick as he looks at her. On his knee and eyes wide and heart open and sincere in a way few creatures who aren't actual puppies know how to be...

BETH
You're such an asshole.

And she kisses him, falls atop him on the couch. They land on the floor. The unspoken choreography of familiar sex partners. Buckles and belts and fingers. She pulls him on top of her as they both know she likes and... PAN TO:

AMPERSAND. In his cage. Noticing what they're up to.

He SCREAMS, excited. Starts to masturbate furiously and...

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

In bed. Post-coital. Entangled. Yorick kisses Beth's ankle.

Beth admires the RING now glistering on her finger.

BETH
Sparkles. I can already feel myself
getting dumber. I should call my dad.

YORICK
It's .4 carat. Small, but flawless --
which felt better than big but flawed.
The setting's gold, ish, pavé encrusted
so it looks bigger, like pube shaving.

Beth notes his new expertise. He put effort into this.

BETH
This metalwork is gorgeous...

YORICK
I worked with an orthodox woman on 5th Avenue, Rifka -- she has six kids -- not much older than Hero. I told her you know your metals so she had her best guy fabricate it. She said it turned out so well she almost didn't ship it to me.

A thought occurs to Beth. She sits up. Studies Yorick.

BETH
She shipped it? But you picked it out?

YORICK
Stone and setting. Turns out I have very good taste.

BETH
Where?

YORICK
Hmm?

BETH
Where did you pick it out? What store?

YORICK
I talked to a lot of people -- a lot of stores. You don't just walk into a CostCo and say show me your two carat fancy princess cuts -- which actually you can, CostCo sells--

Beth faces him. Forcing an answer.

BETH
A store. Did you walk outside... and take the subway and go through a door and talk to a human person in person -- can you describe Rifka?

Yorick pauses two seconds too long before answering. Caught.

BETH
You bought it online. You proposed to me online? You -- you're trapped in this apartment -- you never leave.

YORICK
Who needs to leave, I got Postmates.
(off her look)
I leave all the time.

A lie and they both know it. Beth rises sharply, dressing.

YORICK

I wanted to pick it up -- I -- couldn't.

BETH

What am I doing, I can't... This isn't mine. You can't give this to me.

She takes off the ring. Holds it out. He doesn't take it.

YORICK

Of course I can -- I did -- it's yours. Don't you love me?

BETH

(matter of fact)

Yes, I do. And I need to stop. You're -- a boy in a box.

Yorick reads on her face what she is trying to say, and the seriousness with which she is saying it.

YORICK

You're -- breaking up with me?

BETH

I'm moving to Vermont. My Dad--

YORICK

You're breaking up with me for your Dad.

BETH

(what she was prepared to say:)

He needs help on the farm. He's got a full tilt forge there and can teach me how to expand. I'm trying to build a business, my stuff is selling. I can have my own shop, sell there, sell online. I want to expand, me. I'm moving.

Her point, finally stated. Yorick's phone RINGS.

Yorick ignores it. Just stares at her. Puppy, shot.

YORICK

But I love you.

BETH

That doesn't obligate me.

(off his phone, still RINGING)

You should get that. Did you call your dad yet? You should call him.

Yorick here starts to CRY. He is not a beautiful crier, or quiet. Even AMP can tell something's wrong and is scared.

Beth sets the ring in the olive box.

YORICK
Beth -- don't!

Beth reaches for the door. AT WHICH...

AMPERSAND LEAPS AT HER. BITES HER HAND, AND...

INT. BATHROOM. YORICK'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER.

CLOSE: A TOWEL DABS A GOOD SIZED MONKEY BITE.

Yorick gently bandages Beth's hurt hand. Feels awful.

YORICK
I'm so, so sorry. He's never bitten anyone before. In weeks.

BETH
He didn't mean it. He was defending you. He's sweet. You're sweet.

Yorick looks at her. Desperate.

YORICK
I can move with you. I can -- farm.

BETH
You can't go outside. Vermont is all outside.

YORICK
So?

BETH
When was the last time you left. The building? Sunlight.

YORICK
The other day.
(off her look)
A couple days ago.
(off her look)
I had a lot going on -- the last short was complicated -- Amp freaks out if I'm gone, and my IBS has been--

BETH
--When? When--

YORICK
--I don't know! A few weeks.

Jesus. Any doubt she had is gone. She moves to the living room, aiming for the door now. Yorick follows.

YORICK
 Come on -- you hated me on Lexapro -- I hated me on Lexapro -- fat and impotent.

BETH
 I'm leaving tomorrow. Janine is taking over the lease.

YORICK
 You already bought a ticket? Not like a half-price Orbitz -- Jesus, you -- came here to break up with me.

Beth says nothing.

YORICK
 When do you go?

BETH
 Six.

YORICK
 PM?

BETH
 Hmm?

YORICK
 Six PM?

BETH
 It doesn't matter. In the morning.

YORICK
 You're leaving in -- five hours? Did you pack?

Beth doesn't stick around to be painted the bad guy.

YORICK
 Wait--

She doesn't. He tries:

YORICK
 I'll go back on antidepressants -- I'll take Viagra -- I'll go outside -- I'll go out right now.

BETH
This is desperate. Don't be desperate.

YORICK
Tell me what I need to do. Don't go.

Beth can see how much he means it. Her resolve challenged by the rare thing. But she is resolved.

BETH
You really want to stop me?

He does. He does.

BETH
Stop me.

And she walks out. Leaving his front door opened. An invitation to walk out. And follow. If he can.

INT. HALLS/STAIRS. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

Yorick watches Beth go down the steps. Follows after her...

Watches as Beth reaches the front door.

Yorick follows. Reaches the door to the vestibule...

The outside world visible through the glass...

He stops. His feet unable to carry him any further. As if a wall of glass came down in front of him.

Even as he watches her disappear down the steps and into the night. His chest tight. His breath crushed. He turns...

*EYES CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF POST-IT-NINJA ON THE STAIRS...
SHAKING ITS HEAD WITH DERISION AT YORICK'S COMPLETE FAILURE TO
FUNCTION AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT...*

SMASH TO:

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER.

Yorick SLAMS his door shut. Gulping for air.

His phone RINGS again. He doesn't answer. QUICK CUTS, AS:

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER.

Yorick opens his pill bottle, turns it out. EMPTY.

INT. KITCHEN. YORICK'S APARTMENT.

Yorick rummages through the condiment drawer. Finds only empty pill blisters. *Shit.*

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. VARIOUS.

YORICK IS ON THE PHONE. Mid-call, anxious:

YORICK
Is your pharmacy open? I need to refill
a prescription... Can you open it?--

JUMP CUT TO:

YORICK ON ANOTHER CALL:

YORICK
Kevin! You're up, did you ever finish
those Kolonopins from before your
surgery? Valium, cool, could you bring
them to my--

The call goes dead. Hung up on him.

JUMP CUT TO:

YORICK TYPES A TEXT: "Dnt go. Im coming."

Bites his lip. SEND.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

Yorick blasts down the stairs. On a mission.

CUT TO:

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK. Yorick pounds on a door.

INT. HALLWAY. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

COCO, a drug dealer, more stoned than fearsome, answers.

COCO
Monkey man, been a time man... That last
cartoon was lit, Monk, fully stupid.

YORICK
Got a minute?

Coco sees this is business, grins as he holds open the door.

INT. COCO'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER.

CLOSE: POP! A TACKLE BOX OPENS. INSIDE: A traveling buffet of drugs. Pills, vials, bottles, needles.

COCO (O.S.)
Name your flavor.

Throughout this COCO'S GIRLFRIEND, TUSSY, plays X-Box, doesn't stop her game for a second, is fucking great at it.

YORICK
Just some antianxiety. Ativan, Xanax...

Coco pulls out a large, full bottle of pills.

YORICK
I only need one -- two. Three tops.

COCO
No single serve, don't sell less than thirty.

YORICK
Fewer -- neverm-- How much for thirty?

COCO
Hundred even. Cash please.

YORICK
(checks)
I have twenty.

COCO
ATM six blocks.

YORICK
I can't go six blocks without them, that's the whole--

Coco closes up his tackle box. No exceptions.

YORICK
I can pay in take out, you hungry?
Anything on Postmates -- the noodle place is still open.

COCO
Tuss, you hungry for noodles?

She's not. Coco shrugs.

TUSSY
What about his monkey?

COCO

What about your monkey?

YORICK

I can't sell my monkey. He's not even my monkey. I'm just his socialization volunteer till he goes to Monkey College.

COCO

College is a bad idea. Loans and shit. They got books at the library.

YORICK

I need to get to the airport -- I can't go outside without something.

TUSSY

(finally looks at him, curious)
What happens if you go outside?

Yorick tries to answer. Can't. Tussy gets it, sympathetic.

TUSSY

World gonna end? My sister has that shit. Started with Zika. Washes her hands bloody, wears gloves in the house...

(a hopeful pause)

She's on Lexapro. You should get on that shit.

Off Yorick, no luck...

INT. HALLWAY. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER.

Yorick crosses the hall, dejected, when he sees a dotty older neighbor, MARILYN, coming up the stairs with a grocery bag.

YORICK

Easy there, Marilyn.

He takes her bag, carries it for her up the stairs.

MARILYN

I was out of food for Davey. He gets his bowl in the morning or he pisses up all my shoes. Son of a bitch goes for the boots first, every time. You're up early. Such a go getter.

INT. KITCHEN. MARILYN'S APARTMENT. MINUTES LATER.

CLOSE: Marilyn pours boiling water into mismatched mugs.

INT. LIVING ROOM. MARILYN'S APARTMENT.

The home of a retired chorus girl, still living in proud Broadway heyday memories. Things faded, yellowed, but dusted.

Yorick is dejected and out of ideas, barely listening to...

MARILYN (O.S.)

...I read stage directions for him for rehearsals on Hedda Gabler at the Old Vic. We slept together a few times, on and off, he was gay but not too strict about it. To this day says I was his last woman, which I always took as a compliment. Last bite of cake.

Head down, Yorick notices her purse on the floor. Notices...

A PILL ORGANIZER inside.

Yorick checks she's not coming... Takes it out... Pops open the WEDNESDAY... Checks the contents...

A pill twinkles at him like the diamond in the ring.

HISS. A CAT, presumably DAVEY, stares at Yorick hatefully.

Yorick stuffs the pill in his front pocket. Crumples his twenty, drops it on the floor by her purse. RISES for the door fast... just as Marilyn comes with the mugs...

YORICK

Dammit! -- I forgot to call my Dad -- it's his birthday -- I gotta -- let's do this another time.

MARILYN

But you're almost done steeping. How's tomorrow? For brunch.

YORICK

Sure -- you dropped some cash by your...

He points vaguely in the direction of her purse, and is gone.

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER.

Moving fast: Yorick grabs his keys... Grabs his coat...

Pulls his PHONE out to check the time, 5AM, not realizing...

THE PILL PULLED OUT OF HIS POCKET WITH IT. TIME SLOWS, AS...

THE PILL FALLS THROUGH THE AIR.

CLOSE ON THE FLOOR: THE PILL FALLS. LANDS. BOUNCES.

BOUNCES AGAIN. AND ROLLS... ROLLS... ROLLS...

THEN STOPS. RIGHT IN FRONT OF...

AMPERSAND

Who grabs it in his tiny fingers. Considers it. Curious.

Yorick stares at his monkey. Voice unnaturally calm.

YORICK

Amp. Ampersand. Buddy. Gimme the pill.

Ampersand gives a monkey grin. Raises the pill *sloooooowly* toward his mouth.

YORICK

You want a treat! Treat!

Amp pauses.

Yorick grabs a puff of monkey chow.

Amp lowers the pill.

Yorick holds out the treat.

Amp eats the pill.

SMASH TO BLACK:

SUPER 4: "I PROMISED MY DAD"

EXT. HOSPITAL. EARLIER THAT NIGHT.

Hero walks out the ER's double doors, bag over her shoulder. Shift done. Doesn't wait to clear 20 feet before vaping.

She waves bye to a CO-WORKER pulling out in an ambulance.

CO-WORKER

Few drinks?

HERO

You know it.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET. NIGHT.

Hero walks, checking for something in her purse. Not finding it in the mess of receipts and wrappers. She walks up to...

An old CHURCH.

INT. CHURCH. ALL-PURPOSE ROOM. NIGHT.

Hero sets up folding chairs in a circle while talking on HER PHONE. Across the room A HANDSOME also sets up chairs, far less lazily. TWO PEOPLE chat in the hall outside. No one else yet in the room.

HERO

Ok -- I said-- I said I would, you made your point and got your way. I'll go straight home after... Because Yorick never picks up his phone...

Not meaning to, she catches Handsome's eye. Catches him staring. Wrapping up her call:

HERO

I'll try him. Happy birthday.

A pause, then reluctantly and by rote:

HERO

*"More than words can wield the matter /
Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty."*

She hangs up, puts her phone away. Sets down another chair.

Locks eyes with Handsome again. Overt. Holding it. Daring.

INT. CHURCH. BEHIND STAGE. NIGHT.

Old props from a children's Passion Play around them as Hero and the Handsome have sex in the narrow space behind the stage. Stolen privacy. Stolen intimacy.

For him it's intense sex with a stranger, something that happens to him from time to time and he is game. For her it's grand theft of an inhabitable moment, thoughts ablated.

Hero grabs the papier maché sheep by the ears for support as she comes. One of them breaks off.

INT. CHURCH. ALL-PURPOSE ROOM. NIGHT.

Stale coffee, fresh donuts. An A.A. meeting in progress. 14 PEOPLE in chairs Hero and Handsome set up. Hero and Handsome seated across from one another.

Handsome is mid-rambleshare:

HANDSOME

--The monastery's an hour into the woods, for like a week I'm freaking out in the zendo trying to meditate, everything's so big and quiet and, y'know, vast, birds, till finally, I just feel it... we're so small, all our problems... I felt so humbled by the scope of shit, for a week I was in it, I was clear... And then, this huge monk comes to me and says "I am so impressed with your humility." Holy shit, right? Now every time I try to meditate all I'm feeling is, is pride in my humility. That prick monk completely sabotaged my spiritual growth. Two days later I was back in a bar...

ON HERO. Listening to Handsome get less attractive with every word. *I can't believe I fucked that.*

She hides behind her coffee cup to keep from laughing.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET. NIGHT.

Hero walks. Rummaging through her purse again for something she still can't find.

Her PHONE BUZZES. She checks it. Sees who is calling.

She considers not taking it. Knows she shouldn't. Which is reason enough.

HERO

(answering her phone)

I'm going home.

MAN'S VOICE

Home's boring.

HERO

Well I promised my dad.

MAN'S VOICE

Ooh, Daddy said. You know what I say?

HERO

I don't care what you say.

MAN'S VOICE

I say you should come meet me. You should come meet me right now.

HERO

Well I said I want to go home.

MAN'S VOICE
You can't go home.

HERO
Really.

MAN'S VOICE
Nope.

HERO
Why can't I go home?

MAN'S VOICE
Because I took your keys.

Hero stops. Looks in her purse. *Asshole.* And...

INT. MASON HALL THEATER. BARUCH COLLEGE. NIGHT.

A 1,200 seat performance hall. Most recently set for an orchestra. Stands and chairs. Lights down.

ON CENTER STAGE, FIND:

HERO. On top of A MAN. Having sex. With DUGAN, the PARAMEDIC IN CHARGE from her work (30s). Though he is muscular, strong, she is in strict control. Practiced dominance they both get off on. It would be hot if we didn't suspect this might be a problem for Hero.

HERO
You're a piece of shit.

DUGAN
I am. I'm a piece of shit.

She TUGS his hair HARD and SLAPS him.

Which instigates a surprise orgasm on his part. He rolls off.

HERO
Hu-uh. You're not done.

She pushes him down -- *Get to work.*

DUGAN
I came in there.

HERO
Eat it.

Her look allows no argument. Which turns him on.

He lowers down. Her head tips back.

INT. MASON HALL THEATER. BARUCH COLLEGE. NIGHT.

Hero pulls up her jeans. Dugan re-buttons.

DUGAN

A buddy schedules janitor shifts, thought
you'd like this one. Center stage.

She grins. She did. She looks at the sheet music left on an
orchestra stand. *Of course...*

HERO

Falstaff, Verdi. You can go if you want.

DUGAN

I don't want.

HERO

You need to.

DUGAN

I should. Between her schedule and mine
we basically only overlap Tuesdays and
Thursdays for six hours.

HERO

Say hi for me.

A dig. He grabs her, pulls her back to him.

DUGAN

You're not jealous?

HERO

Of your wife? Who you fuck around on.
"As the stung are of the fucking adder."

She pulls away. He holds her wrist.

DUGAN

Hey. Be nice. No games now.

HERO

You broke us onto a stage because your
wife is home and we already got busted in
the break room. Not exactly romance.

DUGAN

Romance. I thought you were dead inside.

She cocks her head at him, seeing through him.

HERO

You're going to tell me about me inside?
You know my heart and all what powers it?
Sing the pumping ballad of my blood...

DUGAN

I could. If you let me.

She laughs at him.

HERO

If you were just a bit smarter you'd know
how stupid that was.

DUGAN

I'm not you smart, but when I'm in
something I go big and I get stupid. I'm
in this. You. I don't care if you know
it.

He's putting it out there. Deliberate vulnerability. Hero
pauses. More put off than moved, but a little of the latter.
Which she resents.

HERO

Go home to your wife.

DUGAN

HEY!

Voice raised. ECHOING in the hall. She stops.

DUGAN

I'm staying here with you.

He kisses her hard. A pause... Then...

CLOSE ON HERO. She appears to accept it. Ups it.

HERO

Till the orchestra comes.

She pushes him back. Into a chair. Straddles him.
Sexualizing the moment that bordered on sincere.

HERO

There's an ocean inside me.

DUGAN

Yeah?

One of her hands slips under his belt.

HERO

You want to dive in?

The other grips his hair firmly so he has control over his head and neck. She finds the right spot. Working his neck.

HERO
You want to swim in me?

He moans, liking this.

HERO
You don't think you'll drown?

DUGAN
I don't care. Drown me.

She BITES his neck. More now.

DUGAN
Don't leave a mark.

HERO
I won't.

DUGAN
(pushing her back)
Ow, don't bite too-- Stop--

She doesn't. She BITES the shit out of his neck. Suction.

DUGAN
Stop it -- stop -- STOP!

He PUSHES her off him. But it's too late. She bit hard and left an obvious MARK on his neck. Which she finds hilarious.

DUGAN
Goddammit-- You left a mark--

HERO
You told me to--

DUGAN
She'll see!--

HERO
Fuck her--

And Dugan SLAPS Hero across the face with an open hand.

Both stop shock still.

Both stunned that just happened.

Dugan instantly apologetic. Hero muddled, defensive.

DUGAN

Shit-- Shit-- I didn't mean--

He tries to come near her. She PUSHES him away.

HERO

What am I doing here, I... I shouldn't even be here, I should be home... I -- promised my dad...

She wanders to the edge of the stage. In a daze.

DUGAN

Wait, I've never done that before.

HERO

Yes you have. Or I wouldn't have picked you.

He blocks her with his body. Which is much larger than hers.

DUGAN

You have to let me say sorry--

HERO

--Just give me my keys--

DUGAN

--I didn't mean it -- I'll never--

HERO

--*Gimme the keys!*

She tries to grab them. He keeps them away from her.

DUGAN

You have to let me fix this. I shouldn't have done it.

She eyes him level. He looks away. Hero forces his gaze.

HERO

You didn't hit me, I hit me. You think you're the first? *I made you*. You hit me as much as you fucked me. You get that, right? You're a dildo -- that's all you are -- to fuck me -- to hurt me -- a-- an emotional dildo--

She continues off stage.

DUGAN

Don't say that. Don't--

HERO

That I use you? A piece of shit so I can
feel like a piece of shit--

He grabs her. He SHAKES her. She gives a sinister grin.

HERO

You're barely even here. I look at you,
I don't even see a face. Not when you
hit me, not when you're inside me. I
don't even know what you look like--

DUGAN

Shut up.

HERO

--You could be anyone. One of the
doctors, the janitor, the guy I fucked on
my way over here.

He shakes with rage. His fingers squeeze into a fist.

DUGAN

You don't mean that.

HERO

I met him at a meeting -- didn't even
meet him -- he bent me over and he came
deep inside me -- you ate his cum, right
out of me -- you lapped it up, you--

His FIST CRACKS across her face. Intending to hurt.

It does. But Hero LAUGHS through the pain.

She SPITS. Her hand flashes out, fast.

SHE SCRATCHES HIS FACE.

THREE VIVID LINES ACROSS HIS CHEEK. NASTY TELLTALE MARKS.

Dugan sees the blood. Feels the pain. No longer thinking...

DUGAN

Bitch--

HE HITS HER AGAIN. A BACKHAND ACROSS THE FACE. DELIBERATE,
EYE CONTACT MAINTAINED SO SHE WILL KNOW.

*What is about to follow is an ugly fight. Not choreographed
or elegant or tv-adventure-fun. But brutal, uncomfortable and
real. And long.*

Hero GROWLS. Lands a solid PUNCH on his chest, but she lacks
the mass for it to matter.

She kicks him, SMASHING his knee. Fierce pain.

He comes at her.

She backs away across the stage, knocking over chairs.

He can barely walk to follow her. But he does. And--

GRABS HER ARM PAINFULLY, PINNING HER IN PLACE AS HE HITS HER ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD TWICE.

He swings again. She PULLS AWAY so he grazes her ear.

He grabs her again, with BOTH HANDS.

She flails to free herself.

He SHAKES her. Against a wall. The back of her head HITTING.

Hero KICKS HIM in the crotch with everything she has.

THE PAIN RISES, HITS. HE PUNCHES HER. A closed FIST to her cheek. Followed by a second -- full-force, followed through -- RIGHT TO THE MOUTH.

Hero is knocked off her feet. SHE FALLS.

She LANDS on her back on the floor. Coughing. Choking...

On her FRONT TOOTH. Which she spits out.

She GASPS through blood. Lungs barely filling, only...

In an instant he is on top of her.

His full weight presses on her chest. She jerks to get him off her, to get up. But she can't move. Not even when...

His HANDS find her throat.

AND GRAB.

AND SQUEEZE.

She thrashes in a rage. A wild thing -- scratching -- kicking -- flailing. Hands reaching for anything. Finding nothing.

Dugan squeezes only harder. CRUSHING HER THROAT. Beyond any thought but to squeeze the fucking life out of her.

SHE FIGHTS AGAINST THE POWERFUL ARMS SMASHING DOWN ON HER WINDPIPE. STRENGTH FADING.

HER HAND DROPS... REACHING OUT FOR SOMETHING TO GRAB...

FINDING NOTHING.

ON HERO. EYES FULL OF TEARS. CHOKING. DYING.

Her hand finally stops moving.

Her hand falls flat on the ground. Holds there.

Then makes a FIST.

SHE PUNCHES DUGAN ONE LAST TIME. ENOUGH HIS GRIP LOOSENS A HALF SECOND. SHE LURCHES--

BUT HE HAS HER PINNED AGAIN.

Her hand flails out again... searching... probing...

UNTIL... HER FINGER GRAZES... A MUSIC STAND.

HER FINGERS STRETCH FURTHER... REACH HARDER...

HIS HANDS CRUSHING DOWN...

HER FINGERTIPS CARESSING THE METAL ALMOST GENTLY...

THEN... FINALLY... GRASPING IT...

SHE SWINGS THE HEAVY STAND WITH THE LAST OF HER STRENGTH AT THE BLURRY MASS ATOP HER.

IT LANDS WITH A WET SOUND SOMEWHERE ON HIS HEAD OR NECK.

Dugan stops moving.

Blood drips onto Hero.

His weight drops on top of her.

Hero's head rolls and consciousness slips away... and we...

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK. HERO'S SHALLOW BREATHS MERGE WITH HARD BREATHING.

SUPER 5: "AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT..."

MUSIC TAKES A FASTER TURN, QUICKENING OUR BREATH, AS...

WE BEGIN A SEQUENCE... AND COME BACK ON...

INT. TAXI. DRIVING. NIGHT.

ON JENNIFER

Impatient in a slow moving cab. The stolen cell phone dialed and RINGING. *Come on... come on... pick up...*

DUKE finally picks up:

DUKE (ON PHONE)
I got hold of Hero, she's fine, she's going home. I'm in the basement. Are you close?

SENATOR BROWN
(relieved)
Did Yorick answer?

DUKE (ON PHONE)
I can go to Brooklyn. I can go to him, but-- We still don't know if this is anything. There's nothing about an outbreak online, it's pretty quiet. Are you sure?

A pause. She is not.

SENATOR BROWN
Stay there. Promise me. Stay.

DUKE (ON PHONE)
Like a collie.

She hangs up. To the DRIVER:

SENATOR BROWN
Turn around. I need to go to Greenpoint.

The cab swings around, and...

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Yorick is on the floor. Back against the wall. Defeated. Trapped. He looks over.

Ampersand is passed out on the couch. Deep, sleepy breaths.

VOICE (O.S.)
Your monkey OD-ed.

YORICK TURNS TO SEE...

POST-IT-NINJA WALKS ACROSS THE APARTMENT FLOOR TO HIM.
SOMERSAULT LEAPS TO LAND RIGHT AT HIS FEET.

POST-IT-NINJA
Get the fuck up.

Yorick looks toward the door. STAPLE-SAMURAI and THE SHREDDER block THE DOOR menacingly. Yorick is frozen, terrified.

POST-IT-NINJA
Goddamn milk baby.

INT. SUBWAY CAR. NIGHT.

Beth clutches her phone in her lap, her suitcase between her knees. A DRUNK MAN stares at her.

She looks at her phone for the thousandth time. At Yorick's last text: "Dnt go. Im coming."

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Jennifer's taxi is STUCK in thick traffic on the bridge. Lanes merging for construction. Brooklyn just ahead.

INT. TAXI.

Jennifer BANGS on the plexi, the nightmare of not being able to move made real.

Another cab cuts ahead of them, cutting off their minimal progress. She shouts at the driver.

SENATOR BROWN
Come on! Get around him--

DRIVER
Where do you want me to go!

They are stopped again. Jennifer looks out. Sees this is hopeless. Sees the lit twin breasts of the Newtown Creek wastewater treatment plant in the distance out her window.

SENATOR BROWN
(to Driver)
You have a family?

DRIVER
Yes.

SENATOR BROWN
Go home to them.

DRIVER
They're in Delhi.

SENATOR BROWN
Call them.

She gives him all the cash she has. She opens the cab door...

EXT. QUEENSBORO BRIDGE.

MUSIC BUILDS, RAPID, UNEASY, AS... she kicks off her shoes.

And runs.

Over the bridge. Moving through the stopped cars and cabs.
Breath even. Determined. She will find her son, as...

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Yorick faces the door. POST-IT-NINJA squatted beside him.

POST-IT-NINJA

She's getting on the plane. Do it.

But STAPLE-SAMURAI and SHREDDER are at the door, barring his way. Tiny menace.

POST-IT-NINJA

Be a hero. Go outside.

Yorick shakes his head. He can't. As...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. NIGHT.

JENNIFER RUNS THE SIDEWALK. SHE IS IN SHAPE. BUT THIS IS
MILE THREE AT A FULL SPRINT AND BAREFOOT.

*A city gauntlet as... She dodges a GAGGLE OF DRUNK COLLEGE
KIDS... Veers into the street...*

Nearly collides with A DELIVERY MAN on a bike...

Her chest burns... Her feet bleed...

BUT SHE DOESN'T STOP.

INT. YORICK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Yorick pulls himself UP a wall. Looks out A WINDOW longingly.

Post-It-Ninja right behind him. Chin resting on his shoulder.

POST-IT-NINJA

*You are not a healthy person. What
happens if you go outside?*

Yorick shakes his head. *Something bad.*

POST-IT NINJA

*You can't break the world, asshole.
You're not that important.*

YORICK
(a confession)
The air -- it's -- poison.

In answer, Post-It-Ninja does a series of FLIPS around the room to land at...

The closet... where among the crap hangs...

A GAS MASK. A SLICE of his sai, and...

THE MASK LANDS ON THE FLOOR. Facing Yorick.

Yorick stares back at the flat, plastic eyes, and...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. NIGHT.

Jennifer digs deep... Finds the strength to carry on...

Running... Running... Until...

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET. NIGHT.

Jennifer turns a corner -- to face:

EXT. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

A block and a half away. And goddammit if from the block and half away she doesn't see...

YORICK

LOOKING OUT HIS WINDOW. Trying to muster the courage.

EXT. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT.

Jennifer tries to shout his name, but can scarcely fill her lungs. Can't make a sound other than COUGHING.

Yorick turns away. Moved inside. *Gone.*

Jennifer is so close. She forces herself on. As best she can on torn feet spent legs. She runs the block...

She crosses the street...

Nearly at the steps of his building...

Arm outstretched to hit HIS BUZZER, when--

JENNIFER IS TACKLED TO THE GROUND!

THROWN. MOUNTED. She looks up at--

AGENT 355.

Also out of breath but not nearly as spent. Their eyes lock.

355'S FIST COMES DOWN HARD ON JENNIFER'S FACE, AND--

CUT TO:

SLAM! Jennifer is DROPPED. CUFFED into a seat, in...

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. MINUTES BEFORE DAWN.

355 checks her binds. Holds her look. Stay the fuck put.

Callows notices her return barely, briefly. Spares her a look of disappointment and nothing more. At which...

SERVICEMEN escort A YOUNG MAN and A YOUNG WOMAN into the sealed command center. Vampire businessmen. Callows' children. He hugs them tight.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

You're safe here.

(to Lead Agent)

Marla?

LEAD AGENT

In the White House. She's secure.

BALWILDER

Seal it.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

Wait-- Nora? Did they find her?

A conspicuous ask. Lead Agent shakes his head.

LEAD AGENT

She went.

Callows as surprised by this as he is unhappy. Still, he nods. Decisive.

THE AGENTS SHUT AND RE-SEAL THE DOOR, AS...

INT. NORA'S SUBURBAN HOME. THAT MOMENT.

JEFF, 40, short beard and bathrobe, gives a confused YAWN, following the strange giggling inside...

INT. SENSIBLE KITCHEN. NORA'S HOME.

He finds his TWO YOUNG KIDS at the breakfast table eating CANDY. A GIRL, 9, and a BOY, 7 (THE BOY WE SAW PEERING AT THE GLOBE). A straight white nuclear family right out of the box.

Nora comes from a pantry, arms loaded with even more candy.

JEFF

Thought you were taking the train
tomorrow. We're doing candy breakfast?

Nora dumps candy on the table. The kids attack it giddily,
laughing. Nora pulls her son onto her lap. Kisses him.

JEFF

That bad a night?

Nora's look says she'll fill him later on everything.

He kisses her on the cheek. Nora accepts it, lips tight.

He sits down beside his daughter and pretends to hoard all the
candy for himself. More manic sugar-laugh from the kids.

CLOSE ON NORA: Holding it all in. She puts a hand on her
husband's. Stealing the moment. *MUSIC BECOMES RAPID,
BUILDING TO SOMETHING DISCORDANT, UNEASY, AS...*

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. THAT MOMENT.

JENNIFER WATCHES CALLOWS hug his own children, as...

INT. HALLWAY. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

YORICK'S GAS MASK POV: STEPPING TO THE INSIDE VESTIBULE DOOR.
BREATH HEAVY. BUT EVEN.

HE REACHES WHERE HE COULDN'T PASS BEFORE...

AND STEPS THROUGH... BAG IN HAND... TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. AIRPLANE. THAT MOMENT.

Beth moves down the aisle to her seat. She waits behind A
YOUNG COUPLE with a TODDLER and an INFANT doing their tired
best with their bags and car seats and kids.

Beth too weary, bleary to take it in as the MOTHER battles the
straps to buckle her baby in. A curt MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
tries to speed her up.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You're doing that wrong, it goes forward.

YOUNG MOTHER

That was the old recommendation, infants
are supposed to ride rear-facing until
they're 20 pounds.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

That's not our policy--

YOUNG MOTHER

--Then your policy is wrong. I bought
this car seat for this flight, I
practiced installing it at home--

YOUNG HUSBAND

(trying to be helpful)
How about I just hold her in my arms
during takeoff--

YOUNG MOTHER

--He's wrong, just let me finish--

Beth watches the young husband take a breath.

Beth finds her seat. Sits heavily. Squeezes her phone.

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. THAT MOMENT.

ON BALWILDER. Reading his phone. His voice catches:

BALWILDER

Sir-- Canada... Nova Scotia.

The information lands like a bomb. The room quiets. They all
feel this. Whatever it is is coming. SOMEONE CRIES.

WITH JENNIFER. Watching the commanding family command.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

"The waters prevailed, and God blotted
out all in whose nostrils was the breath
of the spirit of life. But Noah he kept,
and all who were with him." We built our
ark long ago and for this, this moment.

He reaches out. Takes HIS SON'S HAND. His DAUGHTER'S.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS

The world will need a spine in the hour
of its suffering. They will look to us.
And we will be here.
(to his daughter)
Pray for us.

Callows' daughter, MARIETTE, closes her eyes. Calm, confident
faith:

MARIETTE CALLOWS

*Dear Lord, Jesus Christ, the United
States is here to be your ark for the
world...*

CUTS come breathlessly fast now, as:

INT. AIRPLANE. THAT MOMENT.

Beth's plane LURCHES--

But only with acceleration. Beth checks her monkey bite bandage. Reads Yorick's text again. "Dnt go. Im coming."

Beth looks out her window. The runway speeding by.

She is leaving. She is leaving Yorick.

INT. VESTIBULE. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

Yorick, in his GAS MASK, stands in the vestibule in front of the front door. Breathing heavily. Eyes shut.

He reaches for the handle. HIS EYES OPEN, and...

INT. MASON HALL THEATER. BARUCH COLLEGE. THAT MOMENT.

HERO'S EYES BLINK OPEN.

HER HAND GRASPS A CHAIR.

She pulls herself to her knees. Feels the pain of her wounds. Feels her MISSING TOOTH. Her eyes find focus. FINDING:

DUGAN CRUMPLED. IN A POOL OF BLOOD. DEAD.

The music stand bent from the force of her swing.

Hero staggers to her feet. Deep shock.

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. THAT MOMENT.

MARIETTE CALLOWS

*Let those who are sacrificed be sacrifice
enough so those who are spared this day
may relight the flame, in your name,
faithful and true and kind...*

EXT. FRONT STEPS. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

YORICK'S FOOT

Crosses the threshold of the front door. Landing on the landing. He is outside.

INT. MASON HALL THEATER. BARUCH COLLEGE. THAT MOMENT.

Hero, bruised, bloody, forces her FOOT forward, as...

EXT. FRONT STEPS. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

YORICK'S GAS MASK POV OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE: *Overbright even though the sun is still seconds from peaking over the horizon.*

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. THAT MOMENT.

Jennifer, cuffed, cannot join as...

Others gather around the first family. Take hands, coming together in prayer. Callows speaks to them all, to God:

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
*Watch over your ark. Be father to us
 that we might father the world.*

He raises his eyes to all in the room. Making eye contact with each. His family. His subordinates.

PRESIDENT CALLOWS
 Look at me, all of you. We are here,
 always here. We can rebuild the world if
 we have to.
 (an iron vow)
 We will be OK.
 We will be OK.
 We will be OK.

His son smiles, relieved. He opens his mouth to speak...

And his head SNAPS BACK.

Horror strikes the President's face, as...

His son falls. BLOOD trickling from his ear.

The horror is the last thing the President experiences, as...

CUT TO:

THE SUN BREAKS OVER THE HORIZON

EXT. FRONT STEPS. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

Yorick GRIPS the banister. Takes another step forward. Going DOWN the steps. Breath like a blast furnace. Explosive heart beats. PANIC RISING.

YORICK'S GAS MASK POV: *THE WORLD A BLUR.*

His focus so tight on what is immediately in front of him -- the bannister -- the stairs -- that we barely notice...

THE MAILMAN -- AND TWO MALE JOGGERS -- COLLAPSE ON THE
 SIDEWALK AHEAD OF HIM.

OR THE THREE CAR COLLISION ON THE STREET.

Another step. Only now does Yorick's POV TILT UP so he sees:

THE SPRAY OF MALE BODIES FELLED OR FALLING IN THE STREET.

HOLD IN HIS POV: THE WORLD GOES NUMB. BLACKNESS COMES IN AT THE CORNERS... OVERTAKING THE FRAME... WHICH SPINS AS...

YORICK BEGINS TO FALL!

INT. AIRPLANE. THAT MOMENT.

Beth sees the bickering couple in their seats, their baby in its car seat rear-facing. The husband smiles at his wife. The wife takes his hand. An understanding neither meant it, the bickering situational and behind them.

Beth smiles. Turns her PHONE OFF. And then--

THE AIRPLANE BEGINS TO BANK. OUT OF CONTROL.

EXT. FRONT STEPS. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

YORICK'S GAS MASK POV, A DYING MAN'S POV: AS HE FALLS.

TWISTING toward the cement steps. HITTING THEM HARD.

AND TUMBLING. DOWN.

DOWN.

DOWN.

INT. FOYER. MASON HALL. THAT MOMENT.

Hero stumble-limps toward the door, morning sunlight blinding an eye already starting to swell. Blood and spit in a stream from her chin, as...

INT. AIRPLANE. THAT MOMENT.

ON BETH: AS THEY PLUMMET. OBJECTS FALL TO THE CEILING. PEOPLE SCREAM. BETH STRUGGLES TO BREATHE.

HOLD ON BETH, FRAMED BY THE VIEW OUT HER WINDOW, TO SEE...

THE PLANE DROPS. ONLY JUST TAKEN OFF BUT STILL DANGEROUSLY HIGH. THE GROUND CLOSES IN AND...

EXT. FRONT STEPS. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

Yorick ROLLS down the steps...

To come to a concussive STOP on the SIDEWALK.

Where he does not move.

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. THAT MOMENT.

Jennifer forgets to breathe watching TWO FEMALE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS frantically encircle Callows.

355 runs over DEAD BALWILDER to join them. She begins CPR, getting blood from Callows' lips on her own, as...

INT. AIRPLANE. THAT MOMENT.

THEY CRASH!

A ONCE SOLID PLANE BREAKS AWAY AROUND BETH, AS...

EXT. MASON HALL. STREET. THAT MOMENT.

Hero steps out the front doors, holds the wall for support. Senses PEOPLE all around the busy city street. Grateful for the morning CROWD of STUDENTS, TEACHERS, COMMUTERS.

She tries to find her voice. Has none.

HERO
H-elp... I need help...

Only now does is she able to take in THE CHAOS ALL AROUND HER:

DEAD MEN ON THE GROUND EVERYWHERE.

A MOTHER SCREAMS OVER A STROLLER.

A WOMAN SHOUTS AT HER HUSBAND ON THE GROUND, GIVING HIM CPR...

A TRUCK RUNS A RED LIGHT AND SMASHES INTO THEM BOTH -- THEN WRAPS AROUND A STREET LAMP!

ON HERO

Past shock. Past breath. Pupils wide. Thoughts broken.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT SWAMPS. THAT MOMENT.

BETH'S PLANE CRASHES INTO THE SWAMPS!

THE FRONT END SNAPS AND RUPTURES.

But the back end breaks off whole and SPINS OUT.

People and things are thrown, as...

INT. SEALED ROOM. UNDERGROUND. THAT MOMENT.

EVERY MALE IN THE ROOM HAS FALLEN. Is dead or dying.
Callows' son... Agents...

JENNIFER LOOKS DOWN AT: PRESIDENT CALLOWS. HIS DEAD, BLOODY
EYES stare up into hers, as...

INT. BASEMENT. NEW YORK APARTMENT. THAT MOMENT.

ON A CRACKED PHONE. Beside it FIND:

DUKE. BLOOD CLOTS clouding his eyes. Lungs past working.
His left leg gives a final rebuttal twitch. And he is gone.

INT. SENSIBLE KITCHEN. THAT MOMENT.

Nora shields her daughter's eyes. Carries her out of the room
-- away from the twitching LEGS ON THE FLOOR, as...

INT. HOTEL ROOM. WALORF ASTORIA. THAT MOMENT.

Rabbi Sig dies peacefully in his sleep, in the lounge chair
with his shoes off, as...

INT. COMMAND CENTER. ISRAEL. THAT MOMENT.

ALTER holds her chin in her hand. A FULLY FUNCTIONING COMMAND
CENTER in front of her. Run entirely by WOMEN.

Calm. Effective. The opposite of the American team.

Alter watches them work. In command.

The sequence comes to its end. Halting suddenly, on:

EXT. JFK AIRPORT SWAMPS. THAT MOMENT.

The wreckage of Beth's flight sprayed across the marsh.

PAN OVER the pieces of plane... Pieces of luggage...

Pieces of people...

BODIES SCATTERED IN THE MUD... Until we FIND...

AN AIRPLANE SEAT WITH THE INFANT GIRL IN HER CAR SEAT. REAR
FACING. WAILING. BUT ALIVE.

Her MOTHER beside her, killed by a puncture wound.

THE REAR SECTION OF THE PLANE IS STILL INTACT. Some
passengers DEAD. A FEW WOMEN still alive.

No sign of Beth.

EXT. FRONT STEPS. YORICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING. THAT MOMENT.

On the sidewalk. Bodies everywhere.

ON YORICK

DEAD STILL ON THE STOOP.

ON THE STREET IN FRONT OF HIM

A WOMAN STOPS A DAZED FEMALE COP. Both in shock and breathless with terror. Both smeared with BLOOD. Words barely heard over the CAR HORNS and STREET CHAOS.

BREATHLESS WOMAN

Please you have to help! My father's sick! There's blood--

FEMALE COP

--It's too late. It's... everywhere.
My husband, my boys...

She takes out her gun.

FEMALE COP

They're all dead.

And she shoots herself in the head.

A BALLET SLIPPER OF BLOOD

Floats through the air, turning slowly, spreading. To land...

SPLASHING on Yorick's unmoving face. Spraying over the mask.

ON YORICK'S FEET

The Cop's body lands on them.

A moment. Another moment still.

And Yorick's foot moves.

His legs stir.

He sits up. Coughing. Gasping.

Alive.

He looks around him, only now seeing:

THE SEA OF MEN'S BODIES EVERYWHERE ALL AROUND HIM.

A SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH. A SHRIEK LOCKED IN THE CHAMBER AND--

CAMERA RISES UP... UP... UP...

CARRYING HIS MASK-MUFFLED SCREAMS...

PAST A WINDOW...

PAST A DOVE'S NEST ON A LEDGE...

AND INTO... A BEDROOM WINDOW... TO FIND...

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM. BROOKLYN TOWNHOUSE. THAT MOMENT.

AS WE BEGAN. CLOSE ON: YVETTE.

IN BED. RUBBING HER EYES AWAKE.

She checks the clock.

Which ticks to 7:00. And...

SHE RUNS OUT OF HER ROOM, THROUGH HER DOOR.

WE HOLD ON HER EMPTY DOOR FRAME

YVETTE (O.S.)
Daddy, get up, I'm starving!

A long pause.

YVETTE (O.S.)
Papa...?

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT.