

Executive Producer: Guillermo del Toro
Executive Producer: Carlton Cuse

THE STRAIN

"Night Zero"

#101

Written by

Guillermo del Toro
&
Chuck Hogan

Directed by

Guillermo del Toro

PRODUCTION DRAFT

June 26, 2013 (White)
July 25, 2013 (Full Blue)
August 6, 2013 (Pink)
August 13, 2013 (Full Yellow)
August 20, 2013 (Full Green)
August 26, 2013 (Gold)
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September 18, 2013 (2nd Green)
September 19, 2013 (2nd Gold)
September 22, 2013 (3rd Blue)
September 23, 2013 (3rd Pink)
September 26, 2013 (3rd Yellow)
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THE STRAIN
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CAST LIST

EPHRAIM "EPH" GOODWEATHER	NY1 NEWS ANCHOR	
NORA MARTINEZ	REPORTER (TV NEWS)	*
ABRAHAM SETRAKIAN	VARIOUS FAMILIES	
JIM KENT	VARIOUS REPORTERS	*
KELLY GOODWEATHER		
ZACK GOODWEATHER	CUT:	
THOMAS EICHHORST	REPORTER 1 (PRESS CONFERENCE)	
ELDRITCH PALMER	REPORTER 2 (PRESS CONFERENCE)	
AUGUSTIN "GUS" ELIZADE	REPORTER 3 (PRESS CONFERENCE)	
GABRIEL BOLIVAR	REPORTERS (PRESS CONFERENCE)	
THE MASTER	VASILIIY FET	
	NEIGHBOR	
MATT SAYLES	DINAH KESSEL	
CAPTAIN DOYLE REDFERN	TALL HOMIE	
JOAN LUSS	BUBBEH	
ANSEL BARBOUR	YOUNG ABRAHAM SETRAKIAN (8)	
DR. EVERETT BARNES	SARDU	
MR. FITZWILLIAM	SHORT HOMIE	
GUADALUPE ELIZADE (GUS'S MOTHER)	SWAT TEAM	
EMMA ARNOT	BAGGAGE LOADER	
GARY ARNOT	FAMILY MEMBER	*
CRISPIN ELIZADE		
DR. BENNETT		
PETER BISHOP		
ROSE (FLIGHT ATTENDANT)		
ATC		
THERAPIST		
HAZMAT WORKER		
AIRPORT COP		
PETER (FLIGHT ATTENDANT)		
ROOKIE COP		
PORT AUTHORITY OFFICIAL		
HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL		
SITE FOREMAN		
SWAT TEAM COP		
DRUNK GUY #1		
NTSB INVESTIGATOR		
GOTHS		

THE STRAIN
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#101
SET LIST

INTERIORS:

REGIS AIR 767 (FLIGHT 753):

FIRST CLASS
MAIN CABIN
REAR GALLEY
FLIGHT GALLEY
CARGO HOLD
FLIGHT CABIN

JKF CONTROL TOWER

OBSERVATION DECK

PASSENGER TUNNEL

THERAPIST WAITING ROOM

THERAPIST OFFICE

THERAPIST BUILDING HALLWAY

KNICKERBOCKER LOANS & CURIOS:

FRONT STORE/COUNTER AREA

BASEMENT WORKSHOP/ARMORY

CDC BIOHAZARD TENT

STONEHEART GROUP BUILDING:

LOBBY

ELEVATOR

PALMER'S PENTHOUSE:

MEDICAL ROOM

REGIS AIR HANGER:

BODY BAG AREA

CARGO AREA

SERVICE TUNNEL

QUARANTINE AREA:

BAY #1

BAY #2

BAY #3

BAY #4

KELLY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN

JFK AIRPORT TERMINAL 4

CLOSED-OFF SECTION/HALLWAY

MAIN AREA

CORNER SERVICE AREA

CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER/MORGUE

SECURITY OFFICE

JFK UTILITY GARAGE

CDC VAN

NYPD 113TH PRECINCT CELL

GUADALUPE'S APARTMENT

GARY ARNOT'S HOUSE/KITCHEN

CUT:

KELLY'S HOUSE:

KELLY'S BEDROOM

ZACK'S BEDROOM

BATHROOM

AIRPORT CONFERENCE ROOM

FET'S APARTMENT

REGIS AIR HANGER:

OFFICE

LUGGAGE STORAGE

SETRAKIAN'S APARTMENT

NTSB WAREHOUSE MORGUE

ROMANIAN COTTAGE (1932)

SARDU CASLTE (1873)

HILTON GARDEN INN

QUARANTINE AREA STATION

QUARANTINE AREA CORRIDOR

TERMINAL 4 FUNCTION ROOM

JKF CONTROL TOWER:

CORRIDOR

RESTING ROOM

SPANISH HARLEM BODEGA

GARY ARNOT'S HOUSE

*

EXTERIORS:

JFK AIRPORT:

TAXIWAY FOXTROT

TARMAC/BIOHAZARD TENT

TARMAC/MOBILE WORKSTATION

TERMINAL 4

CARGO AREA

JFK UTILITY GARAGE/SECURITY

QUEENS BROWNSTONE

KNICKERBOCKER LOANS & CURIOS

STONEHEART GROUP BUILDING

SPANISH HARLEM BODEGA/ALLEY

QUEENSBORO BRIDGE

CUT:

FET'S APARTMENT

ROMANIAN COTTAGE (1932)

ALBANIAN VILLAGE (1873)

WOODS/FORBIDDING CAVE (1873)

CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER/MORGUE

*

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1-13 OMITTED

1-13

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: **"Evil is easy and has infinite forms."**

-- **Blaise Pascal**

PRE-LAP the WHINE of a modern day jumbo jet.

FADE UP ON:

14 STOCK FOOTAGE

14

Of the underbelly of a jet approaching New York's JFK airport.

TITLE: **FEBRUARY 8th, 20:00.**

THEN: **NIGHT ZERO.**

The pilot's folksy, reassuring voice.

CAPTAIN REDFERN (V.O.)
Ah, folks, this is your captain up
in the flight deck. We are on our
final descent into New York for an
on-time arrival.

15 INT. REGIS AIR FLIGHT 753 - NIGHT

15

Flight Attendant ROSE locks the service cart and checks on her First Class passengers.

CAPTAIN REDFERN (V.O.)
We want to thank you for flying
Regis Air and encourage that you
ask us about any connecting gate
information you may need.

The service area phone RINGS. Rose picks it up. A panicked voice.

(CONTINUED)

PETER (V.O.)
(from phone)
Rose, get back here. Now. I need
your help.

ROSE
We're landing, whatever it is, it
can --

PETER (V.O.)
(interrupting her)
-- Now. Come now!!

She hangs up and moves through.

GABRIEL BOLIVAR (30) -- long-haired and speed-thin, a
brooding yet charismatic rock star -- working on his TABLET.

ROSE
Sir? We are about to land. Sir?

He barely acknowledges her -- hands over three empty Vodka
nips, then finishes a fourth.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Would you... power down your
device?

BOLIVAR
"Device"? You people call this a
"device"...

ROSE
You have to turn it off...

Rose locks eyes with him. She knows the type, she's dealt
with it before. She picks up his drinks. Takes them away.
She notices that the top buttons on his pants are undone for
comfort.

BOLIVAR
...And you call a drink a
"beverage"? That's like when a cop
calls a car a "vehicle" or when he
calls you "sir" when he means
"asshole."

Hands Rose the TABLET: A POSTER.

Rose looks at the graphics: SERENADE FOR THE ECLIPSE.
BOLIVAR. An illustration depicts Bolivar with full on WHITE
MAKE-UP and WHITE BRIGHT CONTACT LENSES.

(CONTINUED)

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15 CONTINUED: (2) 15

He lowers his glasses: ta-da!

ROSE
Turn it off. Straighten your seat
up and button your pants...
(beat)
We're landing, *sir*.

Bolivar grins and buttons up.

16 MAIN CABIN 16

Rose emerges into the cramped cabin. Most PASSENGERS are rising from slumber. Lights start TURNING ON.

Rose spots male Flight Attendant PETER at the very end of the cabin. He looks at her and motions for her to approach.

As she heads there...

ROSE
Ma'am... Ma'am? Seat backs in the upright position.

JOAN LUSS (40) is a seasoned air traveler, miffed at having to fly "cattle."

JOAN
Finally. Longest flight in history.

She hands Rose her coffee CUP, NAPKINS, water BOTTLE and PEANUTS. She is fastidious and standoffish. *

JOAN (CONT'D) *

It's the last time I fly your airline. The last time. *

ROSE *

Sorry you feel that way, ma'am. *

EMMA ARNOT
(in French, subtitled)
Are we landing now?

EMMA ARNOT (8) is travelling alone with an "UNACCOMPANIED MINOR" sticker on her chest. Earphones in. Listening to music. In her hands a bright RED RUBBER BALL. *

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

(in French, subtitled)

Yes, sweetie, and you've been a
 very brave girl. Wanted to give
 you these... Turn your music off.
 We're landing...

Rose secures a small winged PIN on the girl's dress and moves
 on.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Sir, please turn all electronics
 off -- we're landing.

ANSEL

Absolutely.

ANSEL BARBOUR (35), wiry and bespectacled, awakes tangled in
 headphone and power wires. He has a SLIDE RULER and
 schematics in his iPad. He tosses away an empty chip bag,
 ready for landing...

Rose looks up at Peter --

-- who is gesturing for her to hurry up. Something's really
 wrong.

Emma straightens her pin and smiles, several teeth missing.

Peter pulls Rose further into the galley, away from the
 passengers.

PETER

There's something in the plane.

ROSE

What do you m--

PETER

Inside the plane. Something alive,
 in the cargo hold.

ROSE

What the hell do you mean? Like a
 dog?

PETER

No. Something really, really big.
 I heard it move -- thumping under
 the floor. I heard it --

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN REDFERN (V.O.)
Flight Attendants, prepare for
landing.

ROSE
Peter -- there are no animals on
the manifest, and --

Joan Luss and Ansel turn to watch. Pete whips shut the
curtain. *

PETER
It tried to open the latch -- I
heard a noise -- then it moved
away... But you can feel it
moving.

Peter pulls her down, to her knees. Forces her to put her
palms flat on the flat surface of a trapdoor on the floor.

Rose opens the trapdoor and -- *

LOOKS IN -- into the darkness. Nothing.

PETER (CONT'D)
Did you see it?

ROSE
Nothing... I think you -- *

Just then a RATTLE is heard -- a violent rattle, something's
trying to open the latch!!! Rose puts all her weight on it!! *

Something bangs on it brutally, hurting Rose, shaking the
door!! Hinges are about to give!! Lights flicker!! *

CAPTAIN REDFERN (V.O.)
Flight crew members prepare for
arrival... *

ROSE
Oh my God, oh my God -- go to
Captain Redfern, tell him to warn
the landing crew. Get emergency
services. Someone's down there!!
Now. Now!

The turbines grow louder and louder!!

Peter hurries to the service phone and dials.

ROSE (CONT'D)
It's gonna give, it's gonna give!!

(CONTINUED)

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16 CONTINUED: (3) 16

The lights go off and --

Something opens the trapdoor --

And DARKNESS springs towards Rose!!

16A-16 OMITTED

16A-16B

17 INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS 17

SUPER: JFK AIRPORT - CONTROL TOWER

An OBESE ATC RADAR OPERATOR looks tiredly at his radar screen. On it a small dot beeps and blinks and moves sideways. Turns red -- BLIP! *

ATC
What the...?

Taps on the screen a couple of times.

A few ATCs muttering directions ("United 6-4-2, turn right heading 1-4-0, climb 5000," etc.) into their headsets. Amidst them, Control Supervisor PETER BISHOP (45).

ATC (CONT'D)
Bishop! Bishop! We have a problem. Regis Air flight outta Berlin, a seven-six-seven wide-body. Set down beautiful, turned off the runway stopped on the service apron!! *

Points at the dot.

BISHOP
What's it doing there? Apron's dead. A blind spot. *

ATC
I dunno. Plane just went dark. Shut down. Just flat-out quit. No lights, no radio -- nothing.

Bishop clearly panics.

A few ATC's agglomerate around them.

BISHOP (INTO MIC)
Regis 7-5-3, Kennedy ground, over.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ATC
I tried that.

BISHOP
Regis 7-5-3, Kennedy ground, please
respond, over.

ATC
Gross mechanical failure?

BISHOP
Right after landing?
(beat)
Hijack squawk? Fire alarm?
Cockpit breach?

ATC
Negative. No squawk at all.

Bishop thinks. More PERSONNEL gather, drawn by the
mystery...

17A INT. PASSENGER TUNNEL "A" - CONTINUOUS

17A

BISHOP
Okay. Shut down Foxtrot, clear the
gates, advise reroute. And ask
LaGuardia to take a first batch.
(to ATC)
How many do we have aboard?

ATC
Almost full flight, sir. *
Passengers and crew... about two *
hundred ten souls.

BISHOP
Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus.

ATC
Mr. Bishop, sir, shouldn't we wait *
for first responders? Sir -- sir? *

Bishop exits the tunnel and onto the --

18 EXT. TARMAC - SERVICE APRON - JFK - CONTINUOUS

18

Tarmac. He takes a few steps.

We don't see it yet -- only Bishop's wide eyes. He lifts a
radio to his mouth -- still staring as --

(CONTINUED)

We see it now...

An IMMENSE WIDE-BODY JETLINER -- sitting on the tarmac in total fucking darkness.

BISHOP

No lights. Engines shut down.

ATC

Oh, Jesus. All dark -- looks like a dead animal --

ATC joins him, squinting at the dark plane.

BISHOP

No movement. All the window shades are pulled down.

*

ATC

Not all of them...

The ATC points at a window shade half open.

Approaching SIRENS and multicolored lights. Bishop turns.

BISHOP

Scramble all emergency responders to Taxiway Foxtrot.

ATC

SWAT, Homeland Security?

BISHOP

Port Authority, FBI, TSA, CDC...
No one on the tower calls home. No one shares the news. This is bad. Real bad. We got ourselves a dead plane.

When he turns back -- the window shades are ALL closed now.

ACT ONE

21 EXT. QUEENS BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 21

SUPER: 33RD STREET, ASTORIA, QUEENS

DR. EPHRAIM GOODWEATHER (40), epidemiologist. He parks his Explorer in a "No Parking Commercial Loading Zone" spot in front of a classic Queens brownstone.

He sticks a "CDC OFFICIAL BUSINESS" placard on his dash and rushes to the sidewalk, throwing on a sports jacket, struggling with a necktie.

A stranger (MATT SAYLES, 35, fit, blond, tall and bland) leans against a green Prius, checking his phone while sipping an iced cappuccino through a straw. *

MATT
Is there really a medical emergency?

EPH
Uh? *

MATT
The sign -- is there a real medical emergency? *

EPH
There will be if I can't get this tie on. Know how to knot this? *

MATT
I wear a clip-on, man. *

EPH
Waiting for someone? *
(Matt nods) *
Do me a favor, tell the meter maid... CDC business, will you? *

MATT
Sure thing.

22 INT. THERAPIST'S WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 22

Eph rushes inside. His son ZACK GOODWEATHER (11), asthmatic, plucks out ear buds, greeting him. Eph gives his boy a vigorous hug.

(CONTINUED)

EPH

Hey, Zack! How's my man?

ZACK

(disappointed)

You're late.

EPH

Five minutes. Couldn't be helped.

ZACK

Ten, Dad. Ten.

Zack takes over fixing his father's tie. We hear Bolivar's MUSIC FAINTLY through Zack's ear buds.

EPH

Less than ten.

(looks at his watch)

Maybe ten. What's the weather like in there?

ZACK

What do you think, Dad?

EPH

Wish us luck, buddy. I have a good feeling today.

Zack watches him go -- and he's worried.

ZACK

Good luck.

23 INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

23

The crunchy THERAPIST (50) sits in a room decorated for peaceful reflection. A GRANDFATHER CLOCK ticks away.

*

KELLY GOODWEATHER (35), slender, fair, and simmering, sits before her. She again checks her phone. Nothing.

A conspicuously EMPTY CHAIR sits to Kelly's right.

Into this strained silence comes Eph -- his tie perfect now...

EPH

Sorry! I know. Five minutes...

THERAPIST

Ten.

(CONTINUED)

He goes to embrace Kelly, who deftly avoids his kiss. She shows him her Blackberry.

KELLY

I texted you. Five times.

Eph sits in his chair, setting his mobile phone face down on the table -- ready to go.

EPH

I was driving...

(for Therapist's benefit)

...and I would never text and drive. Not safe.

THERAPIST

Dr. Goodweather, I --

EPH

Just Eph -- please. She gets "Kelly," my son gets "Zack," so -- Ephraim, or Eph, please.

THERAPIST

Dr. Goodweather, this is the last of six court-appointed custody counselling sessions. You've been late for four of them.

EPH

Five minutes is not late, not in New York...

THERAPIST

It's not the amount of time --

EPH

You're going to tell me I'm late because I don't want to be here -- and I think you may be on to something -- but I have a really good reason.

He grabs Kelly's hand, trying to "bring her in" to his day.

EPH (CONT'D)

We had an outbreak of hantavirus in an Alphabet City pre-school, which is extremely rare this far east and north...

*

(CONTINUED)

THERAPIST

Dr. Goodweather. Every time you come in, you try to take over the session.

EPH

Because I have control issues, I know that. But the fact is -- I need to defend myself because this is my last chance -- and I've thought long and hard. And I know I'm the bad guy here -- but why? Because I don't want out of my marriage. Because I want things back the way they were.

Kelly wrestles her hand free.

KELLY

This isn't just about you. What you want. Not anymore.

Eph takes notice of a strange, new assertiveness from Kelly.

EPH

I am an epidemiologist. I take the weekend off, go -- *fly-fishing* -- people die.

*

In silence, the Therapist writes a note or two.

At the same time, a HUMMING noise interrupts. Eph's mobile phone VIBRATES on the table. Eph ignores it, sitting back, exaggeratedly giving Kelly his full and undivided attention.

KELLY

You have an important job, Ephraim. You are great at your job. You get straight "A"'s at your job.

EPH

But I'm flunking our marriage -- is that it? How horrible am I?

The Therapist scribbles.

EPH (CONT'D)

What are you writing there? Please don't write.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

You're not horrible. But barely
present. And in heart and mind --
absent. Most of the time.

Eph starts to argue... then closes his mouth. What he's
doing obviously isn't working, so he tries a different tack.

(CONTINUED)

EPH

Look, I've done everything you've asked me to in order to put us back together -- little and big.

THERAPIST

I think what Kelly is saying is that you still are unwilling to put your family and their needs first.

EPH

I gave up drinking. I kicked it -- with one slip-up -- and that was over a year ago... You wanted time apart -- so I moved out. Against my own wishes. I've jumped through every hoop. Tell me what you need.

After a long pause -- Kelly looks straight into his eyes.

KELLY

You say you want our marriage to work. But really you only want us together for Zack. And so do I...

(on Eph's excitement)

...but that's not enough anymore. Our time apart has only clarified things for me... allowing me to make room in my life for Matt. We're going to be living together now, and--

Kelly stares at him until... he gets it.

EPH

Matt? The Sears guy...? My house?

KELLY

Matt is a operational manager --

EPH

At Sears --

KELLY

And you know what? He gets straight "A"'s at his job, too. But at home he is present. Unlike you, he is always here. For both of us.

Eph is growing enraged. Trying hard not to explode. Realizing...

(CONTINUED)

EPH

Tall, jock asshole sipping iced
cappuccino? With the green Prius
outside...?

Eph's phone's SECOND VIBRATION. The insistent device
externalizes his bottled fury. He ignores it, furious -- yet
still trying to rescue the situation...

EPH (CONT'D)

Okay, look, this has gotten way out
of hand. You want me to quit my
job? Is that it? I'll quit.

KELLY

I don't want you to quit for me.

Eph is RIPPING OUT HIS NECKTIE now, like a man gasping for
air.

EPH

I wouldn't be quitting for you.
I'd be quitting because of you --
for Zack. So he isn't driving
around Queens with a Mr. Iced
Cappuccino in his green goddamn
Prius...

THERAPIST

Dr. Goodweather, please...

KELLY

It's too late, Eph. I love you,
but... I can't. I won't.

Into Eph's shocked silence comes the THIRD VIBRATION.

EPH

How can you love me and it be too
late? You want a guy that will
love Zack? Check. A guy that's
crazy about you? Check. Employed,
decent? Check, check.

Eph stares at his phone. Torn between despair and duty.

KELLY

Answer it. Answer it.

*

Eph is stunned by the scorn in her voice. It tells him, more than anything else, that this is the end of their marriage.

He defiantly retrieves his phone. We see only his face as he reads the text... his reaction momentous, and dark...

23 CONTINUED: (7)

23

KELLY

Can't you see that this is the
problem, Eph? This is who you are.

Eph is torn, desperate.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Go on -- go.

24 OMITTED

24 *

25 OUTSIDE WAITING ROOM 25

Eph is gutted. His phone VIBRATES again -- and he makes to throw it at the wall... then sets himself, answers.

EPH (INTO PHONE)
Nora, how bad's it look?

*

26 EXT. TAXIWAY FOXTROT - NIGHT 26

Outside a cordon of lights shining on the dormant Regis Air flight 753, anxious SAFETY OFFICIALS confer.

DR. NORA MARTINEZ (35) is compellingly attractive. A biochemist with a social medicine background, she cares more about people than the diseases that threaten them.

NORA (INTO PHONE)
Bad. I have -- oh, about twelve different agency officials about to have a dick measuring contest here.

*

*

Nora stands up to the various Agency Officials.

27 EXT. QUEENS BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 27

Eph exiting, still smarting.

EPH (INTO PHONE)
No, no, no -- don't let them take it. International flight, vessel docking from Berlin, Germany, CDC has the first call. I'll be there in less than twenty. Can you keep the measuring contest going?

*

*

NORA
Only if I show them mine.

*

EPH
Do it. They'll wait.

*

*

Eph crosses to his Explorer. He stops -- finding a PARKING TICKET from under the wiper. He pulls it out. Then turns.

Matt is standing there sipping the last drops of coffee.

*

MATT
Sorry, I guess the Meter Reader didn't see it as much of an emergency.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Eph's takes a looks at Matt's plate: "SRS . MAN"

EPH
Matt, huh?

He picks up the parking ticket.

MATT
(stands his ground)
That's me.

EPH
Interesting.

Eph drops the ticket on the dashboard next to two dozen more, yellowing, faded.

EPH (CONT'D)
Too bad I'm in a hurry, *Matt*. But
I look forward to seeing you again,
Matt.

MATT
Anytime.

He leaves.

MATT (CONT'D)
Drive safe.

28 EXT. TAXIWAY FOXTROT - NIGHT

28

Nora and JIM KENT (35), the savvy and trustworthy political operative of the Canary Group, intercept Eph ahead of the scrum of Agency Officials.

JIM
Hey.

EPH
Hey.

JIM
All right. Press starting to show
up. Sniffing around. And Homeland
Security's desperate to push the
button on a terror alert, as
always. They want to go in the
plane. Now.

*

*

Eph slows... taking in the sight of the MASSIVE AIRCRAFT.
Jim hands him a small 300ml CARTON of milk, opens it.

(CONTINUED)

EPH

Jim, Jim, terrorists usually crash airplanes, not land them and shut them down. What are the 911 calls saying? *

Nora and Jim look at each other. Eph drinks the milk. *

NORA

There haven't been any.

EPH

None? Shit. *

Eph continues into the fray of Officials.

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL

Dr. Goodweather --

EPH

When we flew to Chicago last week, we sat on the tarmac two hours waiting for takeoff, everybody was texting, freaking out, calling. And you've had two hundred people sitting there silently for...? *

JIM

Over an hour now. *

EPH

Pilots?

JIM

Absolutely no movement. *

EPH

(to HSO)

Have you done heat readings? *

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL

Surface of the plane is too cold. Blocks it all like a screen. But we attached Delsar mikes and picked up mostly silence -- but listen, fella -- *

EPH

(cuts him off)

Mostly? *

The Homeland official gives Eph a small DIGITAL RECORDER WITH A SCREEN SHOWING FREQUENCIES. SUPER HI-TECH. Eph listens.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL
Well, cooling pings from the sheet
metal contracting, and this here...

Eph hears a RUSTLING and a low, guttural VOICE. Maybe a
laughter or a grunt.

EPH
What do you think that is?

He looks at Jim and Nora.

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL
Sounds like something moving, a
rustle --

PORT AUTHORITY OFFICIAL
Our experts think it's the engines
shutting down or liquid settling.

*

EPH
How long between landing and
shutdown?

JIM
Six minutes --

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL
See? It seems like too short a
window for a contagious event. So
I think the CDC can take a back
seat on this one...

PORT AUTHORITY OFFICIAL
I agree.

EPH
Do you?

PORT AUTHORITY OFFICIAL
Absolutely I do.

EPH
Really, well, then tell me -- how
many times you touch your face?

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL
What?

EPH
You. In a day, how many times?

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICIAL
I don't know, once an hour?

EPH

No. Every three minutes. You have mouth-hand contact every five. You touch someone else every twenty. That's how contagion works.

(beat)

You don't like terrorists? Try negotiating with a virus. A virus exists only to find a carrier and reproduce. That's all it does, and it does it damn well. It has no political views, no religious beliefs, no cultural hang-ups. And no respect for a badge. It doesn't care about time or geography. To it this might as well be the Middle Ages -- except for the convenience of hitching a ride in a metal tube flying from meal to meal to meal.

*
*

The man stays silent.

NORA

So... we go first?

29 EXT. KNICKERBOCKER LOANS AND CURIOS - NIGHT

29

SUPER: EAST 118TH STREET, HARLEM, MANHATTAN

The pawnshop window shows a Gibson Guitar, brooches, a jukebox, a China setting. A police car goes by, SIREN on.

TWO LATIN HOMIES -- one SHORT, the other CRISPIN ELIZADE (30), a junkie-thin manchild that could sniff out dollars like a fiend -- enter the store.

30 INT. KNICKERBOCKER LOANS AND CURIOS - NIGHT

30

Crispin and his Homie move through this neighborhood reliquary of possessions abandoned and obsolete: radios, televisions, VCRs, tea sets, bar signs, gowns, furs.

Behind the safety glass appears an elderly gentleman of distinguished European bearing.

(CONTINUED)

ABRAHAM SETRAKIAN is older than 80, but his extraordinary life -- one of unimaginable trauma and occasional magic -- has left him with the vigor of a man ten years younger. He eats a BOWL of soup. SLICES a piece of BREAD.

Near him, the local NY1 news plays on a small portable TV.

CRISPIN
Hey, man, we hear you buy silver.
Without a receipt. S'that right?

SETRAKIAN
I always have a need for good
silver, yes...

CRISPIN
I want to get fifty on this.

Crispin hands him an expensive WRISTWATCH, band broken. Setrakian studies it with gnarled, arthritic hands -- examining the underside, shaking it, holding it to his ear.

SETRAKIAN
A very nice timepiece, indeed. I
see that the band links snapped.
You must have been in a hurry,
taking it off.

Crispin stares at the old man.

CRISPIN
Something like that. So, can you
give me fifty, man?

SETRAKIAN
I can offer you maybe twenty-five.
If the test is good.

Setrakian reaches for an eye-dropper next to THREE \$20 BILLS near the TV inside the cage. The Homies exchange glances.

Setrakian drips a bit of nitric acid on the back of the watch. The surface SIZZLES and turns BLUE-GREEN. He pushes the watch back to them, not surprised.

SETRAKIAN (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, this is merely
silver-plated brass. A cheap
Eastern Europe knock-off.

He chews on his bread. Crispin reaches inside the cage for the three \$20 bills.

(CONTINUED)

With shocking speed, Setrakian GRASPS Crispin's hand holding the cash, twisting it against the counter's edge. *

The old man's eyes are BRIGHT AND HARD as he stares at Crispin -- the point of the bread knife at his exposed wrist.

SETRAKIAN (CONT'D)

Listen very carefully, son. I call you "son" not because I have suffered the tragedy of fathering you but in order to instill in you some sense of hierarchy. I know your little friend has a gun, and its hammer is cocked. But I don't care. My thumb is in the central bone of your wrist, it's called the Lunate. Not that you care, but one needs to learn something every day. Now the important thing is I can control your entire body weight from that pressure point. And this knife is pointed straight at your radial artery. By the time he clears his coat pocket, your artery will be punctured and sliced wide open, top to bottom. You fall down, bleeding, I go under the counter and your friend starts shooting at an empty space, I can guarantee you this: you will bleed out before the 911 operator answers the phone. That is option one. Option two is you release these bills, you partner gives me the gun, he can keep the bullets, and you leave this store. Now, son, you have a choice. What is it going to be? *

Short Homie's hand is deep in his coat pocket. Crispin's face is wracked with pain, eyes bulging. A TENSE MOMENT... *

Crispin RELEASES the bills. Homie releases the loader, puts the gun in the counter. *

SETRAKIAN (CONT'D)

Is there anything else I can do for you gentleman this evening?

Setrakian nods to Short Homie to back off, which he does. Then he releases Crispin's arm... and they QUICKLY EXIT.

(CONTINUED)

Setrakian turns his attention to the bills, which landed next to the small TV screen. A MALE NY1 NEWS ANCHOR speaks at a desk before an angled, open laptop. The familiar NY1 chyron in the lower left corner gives the time -- 9:22 -- and the temp -- 25 degrees. Crawl: "JFK ON ALERT AS BERLIN AIRPLANE GOES DARK AFTER LANDING."

He sets down the dagger and turns up the volume.

INSERT footage of the darkened Regis Air jet on the taxiway.

NY1 NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...We have more news on this developing story out of JFK Airport tonight. You are looking at live footage of the airplane -- identified as a Regis Air wide body jet originating out of Berlin -- that shut down just moments after landing. We are told there has been no communication from the pilot, and all attempts to contact the flight crew inside the aircraft have been unsuccessful. Federal and location agencies are on the scene, including officials from the Port Authority and the Transportation Security Administration. The airport has not been evacuated at this time, and no word yet what sort of impact this incident will have on air travel into and out of New York...

*
*
*
*

Setrakian is transfixed by this bizarre image. It speaks to him. He sees something beyond a mysterious landing.

His sure hands begin to TREMBLE SLIGHTLY as the look in his eyes tells us: he knows something. Something evil.

SETRAKIAN

No. No.

He slides a mirror on the wall and opens a steel door.

31-32 OMITTED

31-32

33 INT. SETRAKIAN'S LAIR/WORKSHOP - NIGHT

33

One flight down from his shop, Setrakian enters breathlessly, alone --

(CONTINUED)

ARTIFACTS and WEAPONS everywhere. Shelves groan under leather-bound BOOKS, which also rise from STACKS on the floor. Ancient MIRRORS of all shapes and sizes reflect the old man many times as he moves to his parlor.

He dismantles the gun even without looking -- like a soldier. Tosses the pieces on a metal SCRAP PILE full of gun parts. He's stymied more than a few attempted robberies.

*
*

On a pedestal table stands an object under a DRAPE of black silk. Setrakian unveils a large GLASS SPECIMEN JAR. Inside the jar, suspended in a dusky fluid, is a HUMAN HEART. The heart is FAINTLY THROBBING -- as though agitated. Setrakian recognizes this. A terrible confirmation. He understands.

SETRAKIAN

He is here.

Setrakian sits down. He is agitated. He grimaces for a moment, feels his chest. He fishes a PILL BOTTLE out of his jacket with his heart medication. He takes a pill. Puts it away.

*
*
*
*

Then Setrakian looks over at the beating heart. He removes the jar's cover. With a PENKNIFE, he slices open a small scar in his fingertip -- feeding a few drops of blood into the fluid... A worm-like TENTACLE shoots out of the heart, DEVOURING the blood... the lonely muscle PALPITATING with new strength...

*

SETRAKIAN (CONT'D)

This time, dear... I will not fail...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

33A EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT 33A

Alongside the plane, TENTS have been erected.

SWAT TEAMS surround the plane with lights and control crowds of REPORTERS looking in from the fences.

34 INT. CDC BIOHAZARD TENT - NIGHT 34

Eph and Nora inside a cramped HAZMAT tent erected on the tarmac. They quickly begin to disrobe --

NORA

Not looking forward to what we find out there --

Eph's preoccupied, can't hide it.

NORA (CONT'D)

Eph, you with me? Mysterious dead plane on the tarmac not exciting enough?

She smiles as he refocuses --

EPH

It's fine. I'm okay.
(explaining)
Another court appointed therapy day with the family...

She takes that in -- studies him --

NORA

I noticed. You cut your hair. *

EPH

Hmmm. Yes, I did.

NORA

You clean up nicely. Did you break out a tie? *

Eph smiles slightly, she knows him too well --

EPH

It's in the car.

(CONTINUED)

Eph's down to a T-shirt and shorts, Nora a sports bra and *
panties. A telling moment comes as they stand before one *
another in their underwear... not awkwardly... not for the *
first time... There's intimacy here -- *

NORA *
Did it help? *

EPH *
No. *

Nora lays her hand lightly on his back. Knows he's in pain. *

EPH (CONT'D) *
She wants to take Zack away from *
me. And this young guy she's been *
seeing, the jerk's moving in. To *
my house. With my son. *

Nora's reaction is first shock... then, briefly, happiness... then, dutifully censoring herself, concern.

They pull their astronaut-like contact suits from a rack and begin to climb into them.

NORA

Hey, careful. Stay focused.

*

Nora seals a protective layer Eph missed --

NORA (CONT'D)

You and Kelly have been separated for a year. Things happen.

(beat)

They happened to us.

*

*

*

*

*

EPH

That's different.

*

*

She's checking all his seals.

*

NORA

How is it different?

*

*

EPH

It just is...

*

*

NORA

I don't think Kelly would agree.

*

*

EPH

She has no idea. I never told her.

*

*

NORA

You didn't?

*

*

EPH

She had filed, so I never told her. She doesn't know.

*

*

*

NORA

You really know nothing about women, do you?

(re: Hazmat suit)

How do I look?

*

*

He looks only at her face, means this --

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

EPH
Beautiful as ever.

NORA
Nice save.

They head for the door.

*

*

35 EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

35

Jim readies a VIDEO CART with the help of a technician.

Eph and Nora are on top of the wing. Jim gives them the go ahead. THEY ZIP UP A VACUUM/SEALED tent over the door.

AT the VIDEO STATION, Jim looks at their HOOD CAMERAS. Eph's face appears on one. Nora on the other one.

EPH
Ready, Jim?

JIM
Ready. Pop the door.

36 INT. REGIS AIR FLIGHT 753 - NIGHT 36

Through the open door the team enters the plane.

Eph and Nora look at the passengers...

All of whom are seated...

All of whom appear peaceful and still...

All of whom... are DEAD.

Staring eyes GLOW unblinkingly, reflecting light sources.

NORA

Oh my God. Jim -- are you seeing
this?

JIM

Yes, I am.
(under his breath)
Shit.

EPH

All dead. No signs of struggle.
No bruising, no discoloration -- no
marks.

37 EXT. TAXIWAY FOXTROT - SAME TIME 37

Jim and Safety Officials crowd around the video displays.
GASPS are heard as they see the mass casualty victims.

JIM (ON RADIO)

Holy shit. What is it, Eph?

*

38 INT. REGIS AIR FLIGHT 753 - SAME TIME 38

Eph moving along the aisle. Eerie.

EPH

Something sudden. Painless.

JIM (ON RADIO)

Gas leak? Chemical?

Nora holds up a HAZMAT CAT reader.

(CONTINUED)

NORA

The Hazmat Cat is picking up high levels of ammonia, but nothing deadly.

*
*
*

EPH

There's no ammonia in the plane systems. Jim, ask for a cargo manifest.

*
*
*

JIM

Got it. Geiger counter?

*
*

Nora checks a Geiger counter.

*

NORA

Negative.

*
*

A faint MUSIC is heard. A song --

*

Eph drops to his knee before an aisle passenger. We recognize young Emma Arnot and her "Unaccompanied Minor" sticker and Regis Air sun pin. She stares lifelessly...

We alternate between this perspective and Eph's helmet camera (intimate, scary) as Eph examines her under his hood light. He removes her earphones, a sweet SONG is still playing. Eph turns it off. Holds her hands. Still cupping the ball. Rigid.

*
*

EPH

No visible trauma... No bloating.

*

Opens her mouth.

His PEN CAMERA probes her dry throat glands... then he rotates her head gently from side to side...

He parts her lips, opening her jaw...

EPH (CONT'D)

Tongue and soft palate appear pale... almost white...

With his fingertip, he pulls down one of her eyelids to view the sclera. When he releases it, the lid remains pulled down, agonizingly slow to return to normal...

EPH (CONT'D)

Eyes are clear. Skin appears dry, and inelastic... No nosebleed or frothing...

*
*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

EPH (CONT'D)

No signs of panic or struggle.
They seem almost peaceful...

Nora is readying two TRIPOD LIGHTS.

NORA

Bacterial negative, and no signs of
blistering agents or chemical
burns. Let's try the UV lights...

*

Tight on their faces as they switch on the black light wands --
seeing their expressions of ABSOLUTE AMAZEMENT.

Then the TV equivalent of a comic book splash page...:

THE CABIN AWASH IN A SPECTACULAR GLOWING EXPLOSION OF COLOR.

A riotous stain -- over the floor, walls, chair backs...

NORA (CONT'D)

Ohmygod...
(moving closer)
It's dry. But it looks biological.
I'm getting samples.

*

*

*

39 REAR GALLEY

39

Eph checks it. The floor CLANKS a bit under his step. The
open trapdoor.

Splash patterns seem to EMERGE from it!!

EPH

Jimbo? What's this?

39A CUTAWAY

39A

He looks in a 767 RING BINDER with blueprints and SCHEMATICS.

JIM

No Jimbo, please.
(beat)
Cargo compartment. Should have
been locked.

Jim observes the cargo images -- NO MOVEMENT.

(CONTINUED)

39A CONTINUED:

39A

EPH

Have it emptied, take every piece
of luggage, check them for
biological agents and ammonia
spectrum.

CUTBACK:

40 FIRST CLASS

40

Up front, Nora finds more COLOR SPLASHES. As she's examining
them up close on the wall...

...the cockpit door SLOWLY OPENS a few inches behind her.

The outside light shining through the cockpit makes her turn.

NORA

Jim? The cockpit door just
opened...

*

JIM (ON RADIO)

Nora -- that door should not be
open.

41 OMITTED

41

42 FLIGHT CABIN

42

Nora stands very still in the doorway. Lights from the
taxiway GLARE through the cockpit windshield. The system
displays on the flight deck are all dark.

Nora looks at the backs of two men in the twin chairs. The
Captain's hand remains on a control lever.

JIM (ON RADIO)

Nora, get out of there. That door
should not be open.

NORA

I'm just going to take a quick
look.

*

*

JIM

I don't think so. I'm sending SWAT
in.

*

43 REAR GALLEY

43

EPH
Nora, wait!!! I'm on my way!!!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

Eph advances on the corridor...

A passenger's hand TWITCHES!!

44 FLIGHT CABIN 44

Nora leans over the console between the two seats. CAPTAIN REDFERN (50), whose folksy voice we heard earlier, is slumped forward, his hat in his lap.

Nora eases the Captain's head back. She examines his open eyes... his pupils fixed and dilated. She starts to feel his throat through his neck when --

SUDDENLY THE CAPTAIN SHUDDERS... GROANS...

Nora SCREAMS and FALLS HARD, backward...

45-46 OMITTED 45-46

47 MAIN CABIN 47

Eph goes running down the aisle as --

-- an arms grabs at him. Ansel Barbour, coughing, tumbling out of his seat... ALIVE! Eph spins, watching this incredible sight, but still pulled toward Nora. As she turns back to the First Class curtain --

-- she runs into Gabriel Bolivar, staggering out of his seat, GASPING FOR AIR. Joan Luss gets up, weakly, tumbling.

JIM (ON RADIO)

Eph! Nora! Talk to me! What's going on?!

*
*

EPH

Send paramedics. We've got survivors!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

47A EXT. STONEHEART GROUP BUILDING - NIGHT 47A

A HELICOPTER SHOT showing an immense building at the center of Manhattan.

47B INT. STONEHEART LOBBY - NIGHT 47B

SUPER: **STONEHEART GROUP, 156 WEST 57th STREET, MANHATTAN**

Employees vacate the building as MR. FITZWILLIAM (30), an armoire of a man, wearing a heavy, full-length coat guides a thin, Aryan man, THOMAS EICHHORST (perpetually 40), through the lobby and into an elevator.

47C INT. ELEVATOR - SAME 47C *

Eichhorst's gaunt cheeks are rouged, his hair a wig. His accent is German, though his voice emerges strangely from his too-red lips. His appearance is due less to vanity than perversity. (Note: Eichhorst's lips don't always sync up perfectly with his German voice.)

EICHHORST

How long have you worked for Stoneheart, Mr. Fitzwilliam?

*

THE ELEVATOR COUNTER reads: 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77.

*

MR. FITZWILLIAM

All of my life, sir. Mr. Palmer aided me and my brothers after my father passed away.

Fitzwilliam puts his finger on a fingerprint scanner. It clears.

*

*

EICHHORST

Gratitude, such an effective leash...

*

*

48 INT. STONEHEART GROUP HEADQUARTERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 48

Elevator doors open to a sprawling penthouse medical room. There a frail and withered man lies, receiving a dialysis treatment, TUBES connecting him to a large MACHINE.

(CONTINUED)

This is ELDRITCH PALMER (70), the world's third-richest-man. He lies in a hospital bed in a hermetically-sealed room.

It's so cold in here, his FAINT BREATH is visible. His naked chest is criss-crossed by a pattern of surgical scars.

FOOTSTEPS approach: Mr. Fitzwilliam and Eichhorst.

MR. FITZWILLIAM
Mr. Palmer, Herr Eichhorst wishes
to pay his respects.

The door opens. FOOTSTEPS approach: lighter than before.

PALMER
You may notice how chilly it has
gotten in here, Eichhorst. Twenty
full degrees cooler than the rest
of the building.
(beat)
But not too cold for you, I trust?

Eichhorst doesn't answer. His icy blue eyes and white-blond hair confer him an Aryan superiority.

PALMER (CONT'D)
Of course not. It can't be too
cold for you -- can it?

Palmer pushes buttons which elevate his bed and open the curtains behind it -- REVEALING A SPECTACULAR VIEW OF MANHATTAN.

PALMER (CONT'D)
But to me this is vital. The cold
slows tissue death. That is all we
are, you know, no matter how rich,
no matter how powerful --
(he smiles)
-- from the moment we are born, we
are dying. *
*

He points at some JARS on a shelf. *His own organs* rest inside them, preserved in formaldehyde.

PALMER (CONT'D) *
We are only human... *

EICHHORST
The cargo has arrived safely. And
the four survivors have been found.
As planned.

(CONTINUED)

Palmer grins icily yet with some regret.

PALMER

Throughout my life I have learned
what it feels to cross a line -- to
do things -- things that cannot be
undone.

He looks at Eichhorst.

PALMER (CONT'D)

That line -- it has been crossed
now, hasn't it? *

Eichhorst nods and looks out at the nighttime city.

EICHHORST

I look out upon this island and I
savor what is to come. Purity.

PALMER

I find it somewhat comforting that
something as powerful as *Him* needs
our help in doing something so
simple: crossing the river.

EICHHORST

Even he is bound by rules...

Hold on Palmer and Eichhorst... long enough for us to notice
that breath steams out of Palmers mouth...

...but none emerges from Eichhorst's.

PALMER

Your breath. I'll never get used
to...

He points at Eichhorst's mouth.

EICHHORST

Yes, even I miss breathing
sometimes.

49-54 OMITTED

49-54

54A EXT. DECONTAMINATION TENT - NIGHT

54A

TWO WORKERS are being hosed down out of their Biohazard
suits.

(CONTINUED)

54A CONTINUED:

54A

Eph and Nora are now dressed in street clothes. Arriving in a CDC chauffeured VAN is DR. EVERETT BARNES (60), a genial southern country doctor who used political wiles to rise to the head of the CDC. He is in civilian clothes.

JIM

Oh, here we go...

EPH

Everett?

BARNES

Eph... So how bad is it?

*

*

CUT TO:

*

55 INT. REGIS AIR HANGAR - NIGHT 55 *

SUPER: **JFK AIRPORT - CARGO AREA D**

BODY BAGS are laid out in long rows on tarps on the hangar floor... more than two hundred total...

HAZMAT Workers move them using stainless steel gurneys.

Eph, Jim and Nora walk with Barnes, who covers his mouth with a handkerchief.

EPH

Bags are triple sealed, Everett.
I'm handing a dozen bodies to the
CME -- four from each section of
the plane -- to do autopsies.

JIM

The NTSB has taken over a
refrigerated chemical warehouse in
the Bronx and turned it into a full
containment mass casualty morgue.
For now, the other 194 bodies are
going there. Using trucks from the
Fulton Fish Market.

*

BARNES

Have the next of kin been notified?

NORA

The airline is doing that.

JIM

But as soon as the news hit the
internet, we had a mob scene
outside. Obviously people are
freaking out.

BARNES

The four survivors...

*

*

NORA

I've secured hospital rooms in
Jamaica Hospital. We need to move
them there.

*

*

*

*

BARNES

Of course, of course. I'm sure
they'll comply.

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

EPH

Comply? I'm invoking the Health
Powers Act, Everett -- those four
people stay --

*
*
*
*

Barnes doesn't like that.

*

BARNES

Quarantine?

*
*

EPH

It's within the powers of the CDC.

*
*

BARNES

Any word from Berlin?

JIM

No sick employees, and no problems
on any other flights. So far.

BARNES

And no other similar incidents involving airplanes anywhere else in the world.

JIM

No.

BARNES

Good. Maybe soon, with a little bit of work, we can declare that this event is isolated and fully contained.

EPH

We can't declare anything until we know what happened.

BARNES

This is going to be a disaster.

*
*

EPH

What do you mean, "It's going to be...?"

*
*
*

Barnes motions him to be silent, he's deep in thought.

*

BARNES

Look, look, I want you to meet with the next of kin. Reassure them the CDC is on the case.

*

EPH

That's not my job.

*
*

NORA

Get Jim to do it. Or you do it.

*

BARNES

Pardon me?

NORA

We're trying to figure out what happened here, what caused this. Isn't that what's most important?

BARNES

Yes, but it's also important that we don't have full-tilt panic. These people need to hear from someone on the field.

*

NORA

Hear what? We don't know anything
yet.

Barnes is exasperated at Nora. And not for the first time.

BARNES

(help me)
Eph... Please.

EPH

I'll think about it.

*

Eph moves off. Nora stays behind with Barnes. Knows him too
well.

NORA

Everett -- no press.

BARNES

No press. I promise.

56B QUARANTINE BAY

56B

A curtain around a stretcher.

The survivors (Ansel Barbour, Joan Luss, Gabriel Bolivar, and Captain Redfern) are being examined by a MEDICAL TEAM.

Captain Redfern rubs his throat over his loosened necktie, looking up anxiously.

EPH
Captain Doyle Redfern?

CAPTAIN REDFERN
What happened on my plane?

Eph and Nora look at each other.

NORA
That's what we came to ask you.

EPH
Now, I want to ask you to recall as far as you can -- grass, garlic or apple -- were any of these odors present in the cockpit at the time you passed out?

CAPTAIN REDFERN
What? Grass? Apple?

NORA
Mnemonic odors, that's the way our brain reads chemicals. Phosphine gas, colorless, its technical grade smells like garlic, or Phosgene -- very toxic -- smells like freshly cut grass.

*

CAPTAIN REDFERN
I remember landing the plane, taking the runway next to apron, and then -- I don't remember anything else...

56C ANOTHER QUARANTINE BAY

56C

Ansel Barbour sits on his stretcher, stupefied.

(CONTINUED)

56C CONTINUED:

56C

ANSEL

I have this noise in my head...
like a hum... Could you have
someone look at my ears again?

*
*
*
*

EPH

We're going to run a complete
battery of tests on you.

*
*
*

ANSEL

You don't understand. My wife's
gonna panic if I don't call soon.
I have to call home...

JIM

Only four out of two hundred ten
passengers survived, Mr. Barbour.
You are a very lucky man.

He holds his aching head, distracted by the hum.

*

ANSEL

Wish I felt like it.

*

56D ANOTHER QUARANTINE BAY

56D

Joan Luss eyes Nora suspiciously.

JOAN

Only four people survived the
crash?

NORA

Ms. Luss...

JOAN

Mrs. Luss.

NORA

Mrs. Luss, there was no crash. An
unidentified agent killed all the
remaining passengers, and anything
you can recall would be of great
help.

JOAN

Of great help to who? Are you with
the airline?

NORA

No, ma'am, we are with the CDC.

(CONTINUED)

56D CONTINUED:

56D

Joan hands her an embossed card.

JOAN

Joan Luss, I'm with Matloff, Luss
and Hayum.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56D CONTINUED:

56D

JOAN (CONT'D)

We will be needing that information, too. You should make sure we get it.

56E ANOTHER QUARANTINE BAY

56E

Gabriel Bolivar sits rubbing the back of his neck.

BOLIVAR

The mother of all hangovers. Never fly commercial -- that's the moral of my story.

EPH

Mr. Bolivar, what's the last thing you remember about the landing?

BOLIVAR

Flickering lights, maybe... I dunno. I black out sometimes. How about some Demerol, Doc? What time's the refreshment cart swing by?

EPH

(ignoring the question)

Are those cuts on your arms?

BOLIVAR

These? Oh, yeah, I cut for the fans. In my concerts. They go nuts when I cut.

EPH

My son listens to your music.

BOLIVAR

He's a fan, eh?

EPH

I'm curious. Your stage look, the fascination with the occult, Satanic images... are these really part of your belief system?

*
*
*

BOLIVAR

You kidding, Doc? My father's a Baptist minister. I'm just in it for the pussy. But hey --

*

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56E CONTINUED:

56E

BOLIVAR (CONT'D)

I just bought a theatre in Tribeca,
going to have a special kick-off
concert there. Serenade for the
eclipse.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

56E CONTINUED: (2)

56E

BOLIVAR (CONT'D)

You get me some Demerol, I'll get
your kid front row seats.

EPH

(no fucking chance in
hell)

Really? How many pills per ticket?

*
*
*
*

Eph looks over as Jim enters.

JIM

Eph, baggage and cargo are ready
and laid out.

EPH

All right, let's go...

*

They head out, Bolivar calling after them --

*

BOLIVAR

Would ten be a fair number?

*
*

56F OMITTED

56F

57 REGIS AIR HANGAR - CARGO AREA

57

A large, ornately-carved CABINET of unvarnished ebony,
approximately 8'x4'x3'. Bishop tags along.

EPH

Who un-crated this?

JIM

No one. It came out like that. No
straps, no containment wrap...

EPH

What is it? What's inside?

JIM

No one's opened it yet.

EPH

What's the manifest say?

BISHOP

It's not on the manifest.

(reads)

Golf clubs... kayaks... machine
parts...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

BISHOP (CONT'D)

forty generators, ten thousand
condoms, ten plasma TVs... but no
box.

TWO WORKERS lower the box.

NORA

Looks like a coffin.

(CONTINUED)

EPH
 (scoffing)
 That thing's at least nine feet
 tall.

*
 *

With a gloved hand, Eph touches the strange symbols and distorted human faces carved into the lid: twin doors, split lengthwise down the middle.

EPH (CONT'D)
 Old. Hand-carved... not machined.
 Someone put in a lot of care and
 effort into this one.

JIM
 (nervous)
 Just as a reminder, the NTSB said
 not to touch anything.

EPH
 Help me open it.

*

JIM
 (instantly)
 Okay.

*
 *
 *

But Bishop and Nora help Eph. The doors open wide. Nora covers her nose -- almost retching.

NORA
 Ugh. Smells like roadkill...

Eph pulls out a sampling wand, extends it, reaches inside... sinking into RICH, BLACK LOAM.

NORA (CONT'D)
 Soil? Why would someone ship a box
 of soil? What are the chances of
 someone loading this unchecked and
 unlisted?

BISHOP
 A thing that size? In a flight
 bound for the US? Impossible. Not
 in today's world.

EPH
 Get samples from top, mid and
 bottom, then plastic seal it. No
 one goes near. Customs, Homeland --
 no one.

(CONTINUED)

NORA

Eph, look.

They both look: a heavy LATCH is bolted to the inside of the lid.

NORA (CONT'D)

That's a latch, Eph -- a *lock*.

(beat)

Why would anyone put that latch on *the inside*?

EPH

(to Bishop)

Call Berlin. They must have some record. Somebody loaded this thing on board. We just gotta find out who.

58 INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

58

SUPER: **KELTON STREET, WOODSIDE, QUEENS**

MATT

Any man who doesn't put you first is out-of-his-mind crazy. Tonight was a big step for you, babe...

*

Matt is cooking dinner. Zack's food is there, but his seat is empty. Kelly is transfixed by the TV and the airplane images in it.

A REPORTER doing her on-scene bite LIVE from outside the airport terminal, with requisite gestures toward the viewer, and ending with the camera panning to a CDC van behind her.

REPORTER

...a lot of confusion here at JFK International Airport tonight, Nestor, but we can now confirm that authorities have discovered multiple casualties -- I repeat, multiple casualties -- aboard the stalled airliner, Regis Air flight 753. At this time we have no word on what caused the fatalities, nor what might have caused the catastrophic systems failure that afflicted the plane immediately after landing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(continuing under scene)

As you can see behind me, officials from the Centers for Disease Control are on the scene, but whether this is any indication of the presence of a biological contaminant or some other toxin, we should stress that there has been no official word on what caused this tragedy...

*

Kelly looks at Zack, watching from the threshold. They understand each other and understand this is Eph's life. Matt has never gone through this.

MATT

Terrorists -- has to be. What do you think, Z-man?

Zack, chewing, doesn't miss a beat.

ZACK

Whatever it is, my Dad will handle it.

He starts texting.

59 OMITTED

59

60 INT. REGIS AIR HANGAR - CARGO AREA - NIGHT

60

The HAZMAT guys finish wrapping and sealing the coffin. Bishop's on the phone nearby.

BISHOP

I don't know. It's a box, but... there's something about it. Call me back... I don't give a warm shit what time it is -- here or there in Berlin. You're calling back.

Nora is also in the background, trying to get through.

NORA

I need a master list of all the passengers with their points of embarkation. And I need to know every port where that plane landed before Berlin.

Eph gets the text: "R U OK DAD :(?" He smiles, exits --

60A EXT. REGIS AIR HANGAR - CARGO AREA 60A

Eph texts back:

"BIG NIGHT. GO TO BED BUDDY. CALL U TMRRW LV U - DAD"

He sends and sighs. A faint smile in his lips.

Nora comes out --

NORA
Eph, let's go. Barnes is waiting
for us.

*
*
*

EPH
How do I look?

NORA
Nervous. But I'm right here.

*

He pulls out his tie.

*

EPH
Would you? I'm hopeless at this.

*
*

She knots his tie.

*

NORA
Everybody in that room is a family
member. Just talk to them like you
would like to be talked to. Tell
them what you would like to hear.

*
*
*
*
*

She kisses him on the cheek. He smiles.

*

NORA (CONT'D)
I'm right here.

*
*

60B INT. REGIS AIR HANGAR - CARGO AREA - NIGHT 60B

Bishop comes close to the coffin, studying its carvings,
and...

...listening.

We hear it now, too... a THRUMMING sound... but faint... and
not coming from the coffin --

Bishop stops a passing HAZMAT Worker.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Hey... you hear that?

The HAZMAT Worker listens.

HAZMAT WORKER

No. Sorry, nothing.

He moves on. Bishop tries to make out the sound's source...

It's not the coffin. At once, he starts across the hangar.

Rows and rows of STORAGE BINS. As Bishop explores -- the noise GROWS MORE DISTINCT, like a basso chorus of voices, churning.

(CONTINUED)

60B CONTINUED:

60B

At a video station, a VIDEO OPERATOR drinks COFFEE and munches on DONUTS. No one but Bishop is aware of the noise. It's hurting his ears.

61 SERVICE TUNNEL

61

Here, the noise is its LOUDEST... but still no visible source. As Bishop stands still, filled with the droning noise...

...he notices a MOUND OF RAGS in the corner.

The mound is TWITCHING.

Bishop edges closer to the corner, trying to make out the movement among the rags, when...

...the pile ARTICULATES, and A GREAT FORM RISES UP, taking shape... vague... horrible...

Seven feet in height... broad, cloaked... or winged???

We never fully see THE MASTER -- but we sense his strength, his speed, his power... as from deep within the Master's throat, A VEINOUS, MUSCULAR STINGER STRIKES AT BISHOP'S NECK.

Just a flash of it. The shock is: no fangs. Something far, far worse...

Barely a CROAK escapes Bishop's obstructed throat.

BISHOP
URRGH...!!!

As he is taken... his ARM VEINS SHRIVEL AND COLLAPSE like an emptied Capri Sun juice pouch.... Blood accumulates around the stinger, which filters it, engorged and pulsating.

...until his head is ROTATED WITH A SICKENING CRACK.

Bishop hits the ground, head facing south, body facing north.

Then the Master slams his massive, open palm against the head, repeatedly, crushing it, flattening it with a sickening crunch!!

And the cloaked figure withdraws... CRAWLING BACKWARDS LIKE A SPIDER into the dark!!!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

62 OMITTED 62

63 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 63

SUPER: **EAST 116TH STREET, HARLEM, MANHATTAN**

AUGUSTIN "GUS" ELIZALDE (21) is handsome, Mexican, and dangerous. GANG INK marks his arms and neck. He takes zero shit. On his arm a SKULL AND BLACK HEART TATTOO.

Next to him are TWO HOMIES (not Crispin or Short Homie). They are all drinking from BEER BOMBS.

Gus is shadow boxing there in the alley, and he's fucking good -- got game. *

GUS
(boxing) *
Show 'em this -- then they never *
see this... *

The Homes are impressed with his skills. *

GUS (CONT'D) *
I'm gonna be king of the world one *
day... Like Ali, sting like Sugar *
Ray... *
(beat) *
Floyd -- you were the man -- but *
now you gotta move on over... *

EICHHORST
You are avoiding me, Gus.

Eichhorst looks at the Homies. Gus gets it.

GUS
Shit man, you just appeared there,
uh? Boom! You an' my girlfriend --
you are one spooky bitch!
(beat)
How did you find me, Guerito?

He signals his homies to go. They obey. Eichhorst shows Gus an ENVELOPE.

EICHHORST
As we agreed, you will pick up the
vehicle at the airport.

(CONTINUED)

Eichhorst presses the envelope on Gus with his wax-like hand.

GUS

Airport? Pffft. No, no, no,
Blondie. Place is locked down.
Didn't you see the news?

Gus rips open the envelope. He pulls out five crisp \$100 BILLS... and some DOCUMENTS, car KEYS and a JFK I.D. CARD. CDC PLACARD.

*
*

EICHHORST

You will enter through a service staircase, get the vehicle. When you get to a barricade, you will be let through.

Hands him a STONEHEART card.

EICHHORST (CONT'D)

It's all arranged.

GUS

"It's all arranged." Calm down, James Bond...

(beat)

I've never failed you, Guerito.

*
*

EICHHORST

This is different. I need to make sure.

*
*
*

Gus sees that in the envelope there are more DOCUMENTS: the first is Gus's rap sheet, his juvenile jacket, listing convictions for theft and manslaughter.

The second shows photocopies of his driver's license -- and those of his mother, GUADALUPE, and his brother, Crispin -- and we realize his brother is the same guy we saw trying to sell a watch to Setrakian earlier.

EICHHORST

Your brother's criminal record and your mother's immigration status.

*

Gus glares at Eichhorst.

GUS

If this is a threat -- you just made a big mistake, puto.

Gus's hand drifts down near the side of his waistband, where one might carry a handgun. Eichhorst stays cool as a cucumber.

EICHHORST

Destination is pre-programmed in the GPS of the vehicle. In the glove box you will find the remainder of your fee.

(CONTINUED)

The prospect of \$500 more in cash changes things.

GUS

I get picked up driving a stolen
van -- that's it. Hard time.

(CONTINUED)

EICHHORST

It is not stolen. You will be let through.

*
*

GUS

I do this for you, this is the end. Lose my number. I'm trying to do right by my madre now --
(looks at the papers)
Anything happens to her, I'll find your waxy ass.

Again, Eichhorst is unmoved.

EICHHORST

The task is time-sensitive. Three rules: You will not examine the cargo. You will not make any stops. And you will cross the bridge back into Manhattan before daybreak. Do you understand?

Gus feels abundantly bad about this -- should he cap this motherfucker? He really thinks about it... but finally nods.

EICHHORST (CONT'D)

In English, then. The three rules. So I can hear them.

Gus raises three fingers, counting...

GUS

Screw you... Suck my dick... It will get done.

Gus moves away. Eichhorst smiles. Unseen by Gus, his neck engorges and the flesh fluctuates, undulating.

SUPER: JFK AIRPORT - TERMINAL 4

Setrakian goes up an escalator and approaches a crowd of MEDIA arriving for the press conference. A pack of GOTHS with "ECLIPSE SERENADE" T-shirts SIGNS and 8x10 GLOSSY PHOTOS, both B&W and COLOR -- Bolivar's devoted fans -- almost get past AIRPORT SECURITY before they are stopped.

GOTHS

BOL-I-VAR! BOL-I-VAR!

64 CONTINUED:

64

Setrakian takes advantage of the distraction to slip inside the cordon with the media...

(CONTINUED)

...then slips down a side corridor. Ahead -- a more fortified security checkpoint. Jim, nearby, spots him. No turning back now...

AIRPORT COP

Sir? Hey, take it easy there.
Only relatives. Sir...

Setrakian turns his back, studiedly, and we can see him formulating a plan, quickly.

SETRAKIAN

My grandson, he was in that airplane. I -- I -- my heart medication... I can't --

He grabs the wall... The old man points to his vest pocket over his heart.

The Cop wants nothing to do with a heart attack victim. Jim cuts in.

JIM

Wheelchair! We got a medical here!

Eph and Nora walking with Barnes, who is talking on his phone. Nora is prepping Eph, handing him PRINTOUTS.

NORA

Master list of passengers.

BARNES

Shit. I recognize some of these names in First Class. That never helps.

Eph flips through the pages, showing passport ID photos of the deceased. He stops at Emma Arnot's, remembering the young girl from the plane.

EPH

What do I say to these people? *

BARNES

Just introduce yourself to them and tell them we are on it. You'll do great. *

Nora pulls Eph aside -- *

65 CONTINUED:

65

NORA

You know this is all about him
covering his own ass, right?

*
*

EPH

True. But if I was a family
member, I'd want to hear from
someone like you or me.

*
*
*

And with that, they turn a corner and enter --

*

66 TERMINAL 4 MAIN AREA

66

A large hall. Some SNACKS and WATERS on tables along one
wall. The mood is oppressively mournful. DISTRAUGHT
FAMILIES in small groups turn toward Eph as he enters.

Eph faces them bravely... and then looks to the side.

REPORTERS and CAMERAS. The press. They see Eph and
immediately start shouting questions at him --

VARIOUS REPORTERS

(overlapping)

...Why won't you release the
survivors's names?
...Are you going to close the
airport?
...Is it true that Gabriel Bolivar
is one of the survivors?
...Where have you taken the bodies?
...Are you quarantining the
survivors?
...Was it a gas attack?
...Have all the families of the
dead been notified?
...Was this terrorism?
...Are the members of the flight
crew also dead?

Eph turns to glare at Barnes... who gives him a half-hearted
look of apology... which Nora is not buying...

NORA

When you said no press, I actually
believed you.

*
*

Barnes doesn't answer. Moves away, TEXTING.

*

Sandbagged, Eph focuses on the families that stand before
him, some terrified, others shell-shocked, a few hopeful...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

EPH

...I'm Ephraim Goodweather, Chief
Medical Officer with the Centers
for Disease Control here in New
York. I've been asked to introduce
myself to you...

66A INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

66A *

Kelly, alone in the dark, in her PAJAMAS, watches Eph on TV. *

(CONTINUED)

66A CONTINUED:

66A

EPH (ON TV) *
 ...and give you a preliminary *
 update on where we are in the
 investigation...

VARIOUS FAMILIES
 (overlapping)
 ...How many survivors?

KELLY *
 Oh, no... *

66B BACK TO AIRPORT

66B *

VARIOUS FAMILIES *
 ...Where are they keeping my son?
 ...How did this happen?
 ...Why can't we see them?

One prominent voice -- and one of the few people standing
 alone -- is GARY ARNOT (40), Emma's father, French accent --

GARY ARNOT
 My daughter!! I want to see my
 daughter! Have you seen her?
 Where have you taken her? My
 Emma!!

He holds a 8x10 picture of his daughter in a cheap frame.
 Eph exchanges a look with Nora: he remembers Emma.

Eph holds up a hand for quiet. Grows silent. He is
 thinking. Looks at Nora, who shakes her head silently,
 mortified.

EPH
 I think I'm supposed to stand here
 and somehow reassure you. I can't
 do that. No one can.

NORA
 Oh, no...

EPH
 Two-hundred-and-six passengers
 aboard Regis Air flight 753 are
 dead... and we don't know why.
 Four passengers survived... and we
 don't know why.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66B CONTINUED:

66B

EPH (CONT'D)

What I know, from having been the first to board the plane, is that they appeared to die peacefully, without any distress. That is the only comfort I can offer you at this time. You want answers -- real answers -- and so do I. And I won't quit until we are all satisfied. That much I can promise you.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

66

Gary Arnot SLAPS him across the face. Everybody gasps. Some COPS try to hold him back, Eph signals them it's okay.

GARY ARNOT

I don't care about your promises.
I just want my daughter back.

He holds up her picture for all to see.

GARY ARNOT (CONT'D)

This is my daughter. My daughter.
And I just want to see her again.
Dead, alive. Don't you have kids
of your own? Don't you have a
heart?

Eph takes this all in. He sees the hurt in this father. It moves him.

EPH

Forty-eight hours. It's the best I
can do. But you have my word.

Eph ignores the Reporters' questions, making his way past Barnes to the exit...

67 INT. CORNER OF TERMINAL 4, SERVICE AREA - SAME TIME

67

Setrakian sits on a gurney, watching the press conference break up on TV... He reviews the list of passengers nearby at a REGIS TABLE. He takes one of the copies, folds it in two and pockets it.

Jim talks to the PARAMEDICS, then to Setrakian.

JIM

Okay, all right. So... your
condition is real. You have a well-
defined cardiac arrythmia --

He shakes a small pill box.

JIM (CONT'D)

And you carry nitroglycerin pills.
But that little Shakespeare play
outside -- that was totally fake,
right?

(beat)

So what do you want?

SETRAKIAN

The bodies. Who has them?

*
*

68 OMITTED 68

69 INT. CME MORGUE - SAME TIME 69

**SUPER: OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER
EAST 30TH STREET, MANHATTAN**

HAZMAT Workers move about in the background, still setting up tables and equipment, loading in bodies.

DR. BENNETT (35), a medically obese man wearing a plastic safety shield mask, works over the FEMALE CORPSE laid out upon a table of stainless steel, neck arched over a metal block. His iPad FaceTime RINGS. It's Eph and Nora ON SCREEN.

Bennett uncovers a couple of corpses, still dressed, including that of Emma Arnot. He covers her again.

DR. BENNETT
Jesus. Goodweather, what are you doing to me?

EPH (SCREEN)
Tell me what you know.

DR. BENNETT
I'm just getting into it here, haven't started cutting them yet.

EPH (SCREEN)
Give me anything you have.

Dr. Bennett stands his iPad on a wheeled tray in order to demonstrate to Eph and Nora what he has found. He connects it to a pair of laparoscopic cameras.

DR. BENNETT
Okay, top of the charts -- can you see this here?

He parts the flesh of her neck with gloved fingers -- revealing A NEAT INCISION just a few centimeters long.

EPH (SCREEN)
Yes. What is that? *

DR. BENNETT
It's an incision. Deep enough to puncture one wall of the carotid artery without rupturing it. *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

DR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

Razor sharp. Clean cut. No
trauma; no bruising.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

NORA (SCREEN) *
That makes no sense. *

DR. BENNETT *
I realize that. *

NORA (SCREEN) *
There's no instrument that can make *
that, is there? *

DR. BENNETT *
Not that I know of, anyway. Not *
with this precision. *

Nora looks at Eph confused; what the fuck is going on here? *

EPH (SCREEN) *
Anything else? *

DR. BENNETT *
Oh, yeah. It gets way more *
interesting... A spot check of six *
other corpses revealed the same *
thing. *

70 INT. JFK AIRPORT TERMINAL 4 - HALLWAY - SAME TIME 70

Eph and Nora standing still now, absolutely riveted by the visual on the screen in Eph's hand.

EPH
You're saying other passengers have
this same incision?

DR. BENNETT (SCREEN)
Or puncture, yes. All the ones
I've looked at so far.

Eph and Nora look at each other -- then resume walking, fast.

DR. BENNETT (SCREEN) (CONT'D)
There is one other intriguing
abnormality...

71 INT. CME MORGUE - SAME TIME 71

Dr. Bennett selects a big #6 blade scalpel. He sets a steel pan beneath the corpse's hand, turns its wrist -- and SLICES.

What spills out of the vein and into the pan is NOT BLOOD -- at least, not as we know it.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

It flows WHITE AND OILY -- a pale, opalescent liquid.

EPH (SCREEN)

What. The hell. Is that.

NORA (SCREEN)

On our screen that looks white.

DR. BENNETT

Because it is. White and
opalescent.

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

EPH (SCREEN)
Are the blood proteins separating?
Hypostasis?

*
*

DR. BENNETT
No, in fact, there's a complete
absence of hypostasis: no blood
pooling anywhere. There's an
absolute absence of erythrocytes.
I'll know more once I cut into the
liver and kidneys...

72 INT. TERMINAL 4 - SAME TIME

72

EPH
Sorry to do this to you, but you
have to do the preliminary alone.
I don't want any of this filtering
to the press...

DR. BENNETT (SCREEN)
You'll owe me.

EPH
For the rest of my life.

DR. BENNETT (SCREEN)
Call me back in the morning.

As they arrive back at the Quarantine Station, Eph ends the call. Nora shares his disbelief. Jim approaches with Setrakian.

JIM
Eph, I'm sorry, but I think you
gotta talk to this man --

SETRAKIAN
Dr. Goodweather, my name is Abraham
Setrakian.

EPH
Nice to meet you, sir, I can't talk
right now...

*

JIM
Eph, he says he has some insight
into the outbreak here.

EPH
Great. Mr. Kent here can take down
your information...

(CONTINUED)

Eph tries to walk away... but Setrakian won't let him.

SETRAKIAN
Time is of the essence, Doctor.

EPH
It certainly is. Jim -- ?

Eph asking Jim to take over.

SETRAKIAN
You have to listen to me!! I have
seen this disease before... I have
faced it before... You must
contain it.

Eph stops. Setrakian has his attention... but not his belief.
Eph looks at the old man's gnarled hands, his walking stick.

NORA
You've seen it before. Where?

EPH
I assure you, we are taking every
available precaution --

SETRAKIAN
You are not. You can't. And *He* is
counting on that.

EPH
"He" who?

SETRAKIAN
It is too much to say all at once,
here, without sounding crazy...

EPH
No, of course not... Jim, please? *
Nora and I are going back in to the
cargo hold. Take care of the
gentleman for me, please?

Eph begins walking down the hall with the old man.

SETRAKIAN
The bodies... they are not
decomposing normally, yes? Tissues
are still pliable.

NORA *
How do you know that?

EPH
Nora...

*
*

SETRAKIAN
Listen to me now. What I am about to say, I do not say lightly. All the passengers on that plane, dead and alive. They must be destroyed.

EPH
Destroyed. Okay, fellas -- here you go.

Eph hands him off to a pair of Airport Cops -- one of whom recognizes Setrakian.

AIRPORT COP
Hey, Grampa -- recovered from your heart attack?

Setrakian is furious -- and desperate now.

SETRAKIAN
The heads must be severed, the bodies burned -- destroyed!

EPH
Mr. Setrakian -- we're doctors. We don't "destroy" anything until we've had a chance to study it, to learn what could have caused --

*
*

SETRAKIAN
This is no time for study, Dr. Goodweather! You must cremate the passengers and irradiate the airplane. It is the only way to stop this plague...

Eph jerks his head to the Cops, giving Setrakian the hook. The old man calls out as Eph is walking away.

SETRAKIAN (CONT'D)
Doctor! Did you find the coffin?

Eph ignores him, walking on... but Nora slows. Setrakian reads her interest, beseeching her.

SETRAKIAN (CONT'D)
If you have the coffin... then you still have him... and it is not too late...

(CONTINUED)

As the Cops try to pull him away, Setrakian's wolf's-head staff TWISTS in their hand... the handle separating and revealing a SHINY SILVER BLADE.

AIRPORT COP
What the hell?!

Handcuffs come out. Setrakian is being led away.

JIM
All right, enough. Come with me,
please.

*
*
*

SETRAKIAN
Destroy the coffin! You must not
allow it across the river. You
understand? Do not allow it across
the river!

Nora, unsettled by the old man's words, pauses a moment...

EPH
Coming?

*
*

She hurries after Eph.

*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

73 INT. REGIS AIR FLIGHT 753 - CARGO AREA - NIGHT 73

Eph and Nora inspect the now-empty CARGO AREA in Hazmat 1 suits.

NORA

How did that old man know about the coffin?

EPH

You mean -- the cabinet.

NORA

He called it a coffin.

EPH

I know what he called it -- how do you know he was talking about the same box? *

NORA *

(with certainty) *

Because he was. *

That's when Eph spots a few CRUMBS OF SOIL on the cargo floor -- and SOMETHING IS SQUIRMING in it. *

Three WORMS. Capillary-thin, pale white, a few inches long...

EPH *

What the -- *

Eph brings the wand near for a better look... and the worms REACT, wriggling away with horrible will. Their undulating movements are full of intention and intelligence. *

NORA

Hurry. Get it. You have a collection box? *

Eph brings out a small acrylic box, using it to gather up the strange worms. *

EPH *

Shit. Look at this thing. *

He holds it up for them both to see -- *

(CONTINUED)

EPH (CONT'D)

Looks like a horsehair worm... Or
a *Dirofilaria immitis* -- only
white... Body's simple, all
collagen. Degenerate non-
functional digestive system...

(beat)

So it wasn't airborne. This is the
carrier.

They look at it through the box. Nora moves her hand up
against the box. The worm lunges for her hand, struggling to
get to it, undaunted by the Plexiglass box. She pulls her
hand back.

NORA

I've never seen a parasite do that.

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

EPH

It wants to find a host. It's
desperate...

*
*

He now moves his free hand in closer, and the worm
immediately jumps at it, trying to get it. Desperate, almost
angry.

*
*

EPH (CONT'D)

Look at that...

*

NORA

(pointed)

And the soil. That look familiar
to you?

*
*
*

Off Eph, realizing...

*

74 INT. REGIS AIR HANGAR - CARGO AREA - NIGHT

74

Eph and Nora hurry into the warehouse. NTSB INVESTIGATORS
are SARAN WRAP-SEALING the luggage and cargo.

Eph and Nora see the same items as before -- the luggage,
kayak and golf clubs, plasma TVs, crates...

...but the floor space where the cabinet was is EMPTY.

Eph goes to a nearby NTSB INVESTIGATOR.

EPH

Where'd you take that cabinet?

The NTSB Investigator looks at the empty space on the floor.

NTSB INVESTIGATOR

What cabinet?

75 SECURITY OFFICE - MONITOR AREA

75

Eph, Nora, and NTSB Investigators with the SITE FOREMAN,
looking at CCTV monitors.

EPH

There -- right there. Rewind.

(CONTINUED)

The Site Foreman steps back the replay, showing the cargo area from the CEILING RAFTER CAMERA POV.

The cabinet is there... and suddenly it is not.

NORA
Can you go slower? Frame by frame? *

He does. The timecode passes more slowly... but the cabinet still vanishes.

EPH
There must be a gap. A cut.

SITE FOREMAN
No, there's no cut. Watch the time code. *

EPH
Two seconds.

He runs it again. Same thing. But this time, Eph sees something else.

EPH (CONT'D)
Go back. Start there. Wait...
wait... THERE.

The Site Foreman stops playback. Just missed it. He goes back a few frames...

There it is: a dark figure -- a BLUR -- just on the right edge of the screen.

EPH (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

SITE FOREMAN
I dunno. But it grabs the box and lifts off -- up.

EPH
That box weighed five hundred pounds. What can lift it up like that? *

He plays it again. A few frames after the dark blur appears, the cabinet vanishes. Nora straightens.

NORA
The old man said, "If you have the coffin, you still have him."
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NORA (CONT'D)
(beat)
Him.

She points at the blur. Chills. They bolt.

EPH
The footage is seven minutes old.
Wherever that box is being taken,
it hasn't left the perimeter!

SUPER: JFK AIRPORT - UTILITY GARAGE

Gus on foot, sauntering down lanes of parked delivery vans
and work trucks...

...until he comes to one van with government plates, the
letters "CDC" on the door.

He puts on a pair of SURGICAL GLOVES. He feels something
coming from the rear cargo doors. He leans closer,
listening... *

It is HUMMING.

Nearby is ripped BIOHAZARD plastic and seals. Gus opens the
van's doors --

Sees the cabinet inside. Using a flashlight, he illuminates
the designs.

GUS
Puto guerito loco...

He opens the van and grabs the keys hidden behind the visor.

Eph and Nora rushing.

EPH (INTO RADIO)
Jim, listen to me. Where are you?
Right now.

JIM (V.O.)
By the main garage door. We're
funneling traffic out. It's a bit
of a mess, but it's moving! *

77AA EXT. CARGO AREA - SAME TIME 77AA

Eph steps outside --

EPH
Then stop it!! Stop everyone!!
Listen to me -- we have an emergency.
We need to seal off the perimeter of
the airport. That box --

*

77A EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME 77A

EPH (V.O.)
Remember that box? The one with
the markings?

Jim is on the radio, nodding and walking fast.

JIM
Yes, yes. The -- the Berlin cargo
omit.

77B INT. JFK UTILITY GARAGE - NIGHT 77B

Gus drives the van inside the garage, heading for the exit.

GUS
C'mon, c'mon.

77C EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME 77C

EPH
Listen carefully, Jim. You need to
stop all vehicles big enough to
hold it. Vans, trucks -- nothing.
No big vehicles. No exceptions.

JIM
Got it -- no big vehicles in or out
of the security zone. On it.

78 EXT. JFK UTILITY GARAGE - SAME TIME 78

Gus exits the garage, driving in the CDC van. He turns
and...

...runs right into a security checkpoint up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

Chingado. I knew it.

He looks for a way out -- but there is none. He pulls out his gun. Cocks it. A rifle-toting SWAT TEAM COP comes to the window.

SWAT TEAM COP

ID and permit.

GUS

Sure thing...

He pulls out a CARD bearing the symbol of the Stoneheart Group.

SWAT TEAM COP

What do you want me to do with this?

GUS

Give me a minute.

*
*

79 OMITTED

79

80 BACK TO GUS'S VAN

80

A SWAT CANINE HANDLER approaches the van from the rear with a GERMAN SHEPHERD. The dog HITS on something... then abruptly SITS, refusing to obey its Handler.

The SWAT Cop sees Gus's chest tattoo over his shirt collar.

*

SWAT TEAM COP

Step out of the vehicle and open the cargo area, sir.

Gus must make a stand. He readies his concealed gun... slowly opening the door...

...but someone on the outside shuts it before he can exit.

It's Jim. He shows the SWAT Cop his ID.

JIM

What's going on?

SWAT TEAM COP

I asked for an ID. He gave me this.

*
*
*

The SWAT COP shows him the Stoneheart card. Jim thinks long and hard... and then, unexpectedly:

JIM
This vehicle is one of ours. Let it through.

The SWAT Cop hesitates...

JIM (CONT'D)
I said let it through.

SWAT Cop looks at the Handler in frustration... but has no choice other than to follow orders. He stands aside. Gus looks to Jim for some acknowledgement.

JIM (CONT'D)
(harsh whisper)
You tell those sons of bitches I'm done. I came through, but I'm done.

Gus drives on through and away.

Jim, in turmoil, steps away and answers Eph:

JIM (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Roger, Eph. At checkpoint now. No vehicles in or out.

Jim is in hell. He looks at the Stoneheart card and rips it to pieces.

Two BIOHAZARD WORKERS leave after depositing a corpse on a gurney...

Dr. Bennett examines an open body. Its cavity has been overtaken by CANCEROUS GROWTHS.

DR. BENNETT
Abnormal neoplasms in the heart, liver, and kidneys.

He deposits the heart on a tray, full of the white liquid.

DR. BENNETT (CONT'D)
The growths do not seem like oncological aberrations but almost like new, fully functional organs...

Dr. Bennett moves to a MALE CORPSE with a "Y" forensic incision sewed up. He pulls over a UV light unit and turns it on.

The black light reveals a substructure made of glowing capillary worms. A fleshy, obscenely animated map of wriggling patterns.

Then, on the standing tray, a soft, squishy sound.

Plip.

DR. BENNETT (CONT'D)

What the...?

The heart beats in the tray with the fluid, the surface RIPPLES. Dr. Bennett turns for a closer look.

Plip.

SOMETHING MOVED inside the heart, below the fluid.

He pulls down another specimen jar, pouring half the oily "blood" into it, then setting down both jars side-by-side.

After a moment -- twin ripples. Plip. Plip.

Fascinated, he looks even closer...

Behind him, just out of focus, one of the corpses SLOWLY SITS ERECT.

The heart explodes with worm activity, festooned by them. Hungry, searching. They twist their way into the fat doctor's arm.

One of them wiggles under his skin, through the glove, drawing blood. He screams and rips off the glove.

Three more CORPSES -- all in different stages of autopsy -- stand up and advance, slowly coming into focus...

Dr. Bennett catches the worm by its tail, yanking it off. It wiggles into his finger. Overturning a tray of instruments, he grabs a pair of pliers and yanks it loose. Bleeding through the perforation, he throws the worm in a jar...

Panting, he bends to pick up the fallen surgical instruments. *

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

When he gets up -- the corpses are standing next to him -- *

-- charging at him -- *

-- as the screen goes BLACK.

82 INT. STONEHEART HEADQUARTERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 82

Palmer sits in a chair, dressed in a black suit with a white shirt. Mr. Fitzwilliam knots his shoes.

Palmer rises to his feet, carefully, a fragile man. Assured of his balance, he walks a few feet to the grand windows overlooking the city of New York.

Eichhorst enters like an undertaker. Palmer sees his reflection in the glass.

EICHHORST

Everything went as planned. Love is going to guide them all back... to their homes... to their loved ones.

PALMER

A curious detail: an old man was arrested at the airport.

Palmer's head turns... ever so slightly...

EICHHORST

The Jew. He's still at it. After all these years.

PALMER

You must admire him for that.

EICHHORST

I will take care of him.

He moves away. Palmer places his bare hand against the glass, as though touching a membrane.

PALMER

Mr. Fitzwilliam, a sentimental man would venture out into the city tonight. To walk these streets one last time. Before the fall.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

MR. FITZWILLIAM

Do you require anything, sir?

PALMER

No. For the first time in my life,
I have everything I need.

83 EXT. REGIS AIR - CARGO AREA - NIGHT

83

Jim catches up with an exhausted and flummoxed Eph and Nora.

JIM

Anything on your end?

EPH

Not much. Just wondering how a 500
pound, nine foot tall coffin just
walked away... vanished.

*
*

NORA

You called it a "coffin."

JIM

We're bound to get a break. We
always do.

(beat)

We just need a place to start.

*

EPH

We got that.

Eph holds up the acrylic sample box.

JIM

What the hell is that thing?

EPH

Something new.

NORA

Or something really, really old...

Inside the soil, the thin, white worms are wriggling.

84 INT. 113TH PRECINCT HOLDING CELLS, NYPD - NIGHT

84

SUPER: NYPD 113TH PRECINCT, SOUTH JAMAICA, QUEENS

A RAVING LUNATIC is dragged through the cell corridor... past
Setrakian being escorted by a ROOKIE COP.

(CONTINUED)

ROOKIE COP
S-E-T-R-A-K-I-A-N... What is that?

SETRAKIAN
Armenian.

ROOKIE COP
That where you're from?

SETRAKIAN
At one time...

The cop opens a cell. Setrakian enters. TWO DRUNKEN GUYS are there.

SETRAKIAN (CONT'D)
How soon may I leave?

ROOKIE COP
Well... nothing happens until morning, when charges are filed. It's almost dawn now.

Hot and sweaty in here. Setrakian unbuttons his sleeve, rolling back the cuff to reveal, on his left forearm, an old tattoo. *

Six black numbers: 230385.

DRUNK GUY #1
That's some ancient ink you got there, old man. What's that? Numbers?

SETRAKIAN
Yes. Numbers.

DRUNK GUY #1
Mean anything?

Setrakian looks past the man.

SETRAKIAN
Only to me.

Gus pulls out his phone while driving and dials.

GUS (INTO PHONE)
Mama? Is me, Gusto... No, no trouble... I'm working, Mama...
(MORE)

85 CONTINUED: 85

GUS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
just checking in... Crispin
home...?

86 INT. GUADALUPE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 86

SUPER: **EAST 115TH STREET, HARLEM, MANHATTAN**

Gus's mother, GUADALUPE, a kind, old Mexican woman, speaks quietly on the phone. In the background, Crispin blobs out on the sofa, channel surfing blindly.

GUADALUPE
He is. Bendito Dios. At least
he's here, where I can watch him.

CRISPIN
Is that Gus, mama? *

GUADALUPE
Si. *
(to Gus) *
I'm making him breakfast. *

87 I/E. CDC SUPPLY VAN - MOVING - NIGHT 87

Gus frowns at that answer. On the seat next to him are the copies of his, his mother's, and his brother's IDs.

GUS
(into phone)
I'm crossing the bridge now...
I'll be home in an hour -- Mama?
Te quiero.

GUADALUPE
(into phone)
I love you, too, m'ijito.

He hangs up, tucks the phone in his jacket, lights a cigarette and smiles.

GUS
(to himself)
Damn. Life is good.
(looks back)
Hey, whatever you are, you're
bringing me good luck!!

BACK SHOT: In the back -- the coffin, Gus driving up front. He turns on the radio. A Mexican POP SONG PLAYS on the radio.

88 EXT. QUEENSBORO (59TH STREET) BRIDGE - WIDE REVEAL - DAWN 88

SUPER: **59TH STREET BRIDGE**

The song grows on the soundtrack.

The CDC van crosses the Queensboro Bridge over the East River into Manhattan as the sun rises on the unsuspecting city...

89-92 OMITTED

89-92

92A INT. GARY ARNOT'S HOUSE - DAWN

92A *

SUPER: **TUDOR ROAD, JAMAICA ESTATES, QUEENS**

*

Gary Arnot returns to his home. Exhausted, emotionally drained, he sets Emma's framed portrait on the kitchen table, along with some bullshit "Regis Air" paperwork.

*
*
*

The house is silent. His only daughter is gone forever.

*

Then a BREEZE stirs the paperwork on the table. Gary looks up, chilled suddenly. Is there a window open?

*
*

A RED RUBBER BALL rolls along the floor to his shoe.

*

Gary picks up the ball. Recognizes it. Is he going crazy?

*

EMMA ARNOT (O.S.)
(in French, subtitled)
Daddy...

*
*
*

Gary RUSHES to the back door -- which is OPEN.

*

Emma stands in the shadows, just outside the door. Wearing the same dress, dirty now. Her eyes stare vacantly, as though in deep shock...

*
*
*

EMMA ARNOT (CONT'D)
(in French, subtitled)
Daddy... I'm so cold.

*
*
*

92B EXT. GARY ARNOT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

92B *

Gary moves to her -- overcome by emotion -- clutching her to his chest, hugging her hard... sweeping her up in his arms.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

92B CONTINUED:

92B

GARY ARNOT
(in French, subtitled)
Emma! My baby! You're home!
You're home...

*
*
*
*

Gary carries her into the house. And closes the door.

*

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END