

PANDEMIC

Mini-Series

Part One: "Riptide"

Written by

Bryce Zabel
&
Jackie Zabel

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Larry Levinson Productions
500 S. Sepulveda Blvd., #610
Los Angeles, CA 90049
(310) 440-7834

PART ONE: "RIPTIDE"

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK

"The 1918 influenza pandemic killed more people in twenty-four weeks than AIDS has killed in twenty-four years... more in a year than the Black Death killed in a century. A similar pandemic today would claim many more victims."

EXT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

A 747 Jumbo Jet cruises above the soft clouds of the Pacific.

SUPER: Flight 182, Sydney, Australia to Los Angeles, California.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

From the looks of pilot **CAPTAIN NICK SALTER** and his **CO-PILOT**, it's another routine flight. The Co-Pilot enjoys his first-class meal and Salter sips coffee as he keys the microphone.

CAPTAIN SALTER

We're five hours into our flight, making good speed. Flight attendants should prepare for landing in about, oh, nine hours and twenty minutes when we'll touch down in Los Angeles.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Every seat is taken, but the Captain's comments bring a few smiles and sighs from this sold out flight.

CAPTAIN SALTER (V.O.)

As for the rest of you, I've just turned off the seat belt sign now that we're past that bumpy weather. You're free to move about the cabin. Just remember we're full up so don't be surprised if your seat's gone when you come back.

One face that with a less-than-genuine smile belongs to flight attendant **LINDSEY MASTRAPA**, trying to maneuver a beverage cart down the aisle. One of the passengers, recently divorced **KATHRYN HADORN**, 55, makes eye contact.

HADORN

Sense of humor. You must enjoy that.

LINDSEY

First twenty times or so.

Kathryn looks up from her book, nods, getting that Lindsey has heard the shtick before.

HADORN

Gotcha. Had a husband like that.

Kathryn winks knowingly. Lindsey smiles, rolling her cart past an occupied lavatory door. **JACK HENDLER**, high-end real estate agent/developer, stares angrily at the door.

THE LAVATORY

Passenger **AMES SMITH**, 19, studies his face in the mirror. He's sweating profusely, seems to be fighting a persistent cough and muscle aches, his eyes are tearing and he's shaking from chills. He reacts to a POUNDING on the door.

HENDLER (O.S.)

You okay in there?

OUTSIDE

Ames stumbles out, practically knocking into Hendler.

HENDLER

Hey, easy pal.

Hendler observes Smith moving into the main cabin.

HENDLER (CONT'D)

That's the first class bathroom, you know.

AMES

I got lost.

As Ames turns, Hendler gets a good look at his face now.

HENDLER

You on somethin'?

AMES

Oh, yeah. Sure. Whatever.

Ames stumbles forward into the main cabin. He puts a hand on flight attendant Mastrapa.

AMES (CONT'D)

Can I get... some o.j., you think?

Lindsey, frazzled, is trying to serve another passenger.

LINDSEY

As soon as I...

She looks around, sees Ames's dissolute condition, wants to minimize the potential for "incident" with this young man.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Just get to your seat, sir, and I'll get you something.

AMES

Cool...

Ames pushes past another PASSENGER to get to his seat in the center of the plane.

AMES (CONT'D)

Sorry... sorry...

Ames flops into his seat, clutches a flimsy airline blanket. He turns to Hadorn, making her look up from her book again.

AMES (CONT'D)

I'm not gettin' up anymore.

Hadorn arches backward, repelled by his sweaty, ill look.

HADORN

Would you like my blanket, too? You don't look well.

Ames tries to answer but starts coughing. Hadorn looks to Lindsey, her eyes asking for help. Lindsey hands an orange juice to Ames.

LINDSEY

Here you go.

Ames takes a sip, but erupts into another cough. As he does:

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

A device we'll use throughout the film where a modified BLACK LIGHT/FLUORESCENT EFFECT highlights the potential of the spread of infection. In this case:

*As the droplets of infection (fomites) spray from his mouth into the air around him...
Surrounding the passengers in the seats in front of him...
Being sucked into the air intake system...
Re-circulated out of an air vent in the back of the plane...*

INTERCUT WITH THE CABIN

The droplets introduce us to several brief snippets of conversation. Among them:

A handsome Hispanic man, **EDWARD VICENTE**, rubs his wrist and, as he does, WE SEE that he has a handcuff around it. The other end is attached to his FBI handler, **PETE SAMPSON**, 30s, African-American, who reads a magazine as if there's nothing unusual about this.

VICENTE

Cuff's cutting off my circulation.

SAMPSON

Yeah? Maybe you should have worried about that before you started letting your guys sell crystal meth to teenagers.

VICENTE

This is abuse, cabron.

SAMPSON

(not looking up)

On behalf of the entire Federal Bureau of Investigation, please accept our sincere apologies.

Sampson keeps reading, Vicente looks back over his shoulder through the crack between seats. He sees Ames still fighting a cough.

As FOMITES CIRCULATE forward in the cabin, they take us to the first class section where **GIBSON ("GIBBY") SMOLAK**, a Blackwater Security agent returning from a tour in Indonesia, is enjoying the free drinks and trying to chat up celebrity photographer **ARIA BEUTEFELDT**, 27, who's best known for her insightful portraits of celebrities (think Annie Leibowitz).

SMOLAK

(finishing drink)

I gotta have another one of those.
You want one?

Aria's amused by his eagerness, that of a seeming novice.

ARIA

You fly first-class often?

SMOLAK

Private security contractor.
(MORE)

SMOLAK (CONT'D)

You fly business class or above,
stay in a five-star hotel, seven
percent chance of coming home in a
coffin. If you get on a return flight,
there's a lot to celebrate.

Smolak looks Aria over. Always trying to show off.

SMOLAK (CONT'D)

You're a professional woman, probably
have some bucks, but wouldn't spend
them on a flight. Somebody else's
picking up your tab, too. Right?

ARIA

I'm a photographer, on my way to an
LA assignment. My publisher's paying.

SMOLAK

There you go.

ARIA

There you go.

A beat, suddenly interrupted by a SCREAM from the middle of
the aircraft. As a flight attendant sprints past them, we
follow to the center seats where --

-- Ames has thrown up blood-tinged vomit all over Hadorn and
she's freaking out. Lindsey is already there, trying to
restore order.

LINDSEY

Do we have a doctor anywhere?! A
doctor?!

A beat, then **DR. CHUCK WESTLEY**, reluctantly stands near his
seat. Lindsey waves him over, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - MORNING

The comings and goings of the hundreds of planes carrying
nearly 150,000 passengers here to Southern California each
and every day. Here in LA, the day is just starting.

SUPER: Los Angeles International Airport.

INT. LAX - CDC FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Not much to look at, just a cluster of generic cubicles. PICK UP epidemiologist **DR. KAYLA MARTIN**, 31, speaking on the phone and doodling on a desk pad simultaneously.

KAYLA

Well, if we need to, I can have a 'go' team ready in about four hours.
(beat)
Okay, great. Talk to you.

Kayla hangs up, looks over to see her sidekick **DR. CARL ("RAT BOY") RATNER**, 34, hanging on her cubicle.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

All Avian, All the Time.

RAT-BOY

Interesting.

KAYLA

What is?

RAT-BOY

Your 'go' team, does that include me? Because I have a wedding to attend this weekend, and it would be a real problem for me.
(sarcastic)
Obviously not for you...

KAYLA

(smiles)
I'm not trying to get out of my own wedding.
(off his reaction)
Look, Seattle's got four cases of run-of-the-mill flu in a kindergarten. The class has a healthy pet chicken. So we know it's not Avian. They just need reassurance.

RAT-BOY

So practical. And yet so gung-ho.

Rat-Boy picks up Kayla's doodle-sheet, looks it over.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

But this, this, is the work of a deranged mind.

Kayla swipes the paper back.

KAYLA

Because I'm a stress-ball. My best friend from med school organized one of those, oh God...

RAT-BOY

Limo-crawl, bachelorette 'things.'

KAYLA

Yeah.

Rat-Boy takes out his wallet and starts throwing ones and fives on her desk.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RAT-BOY

Just in case your 'joy-ride' includes semi-naked men who need cash stuffed in their speedos.

Kayla rolls her eyes at Rat-Boy, who pops a \$20 tautly in front of Kayla then throws it on the pile.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

You never know.

The phone RINGS. Rat-Boy grabs it.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

CDC, Los Angeles.

(beat)

This is Dr. Carl Ratner.

Another beat, he hands the phone to Kayla.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

Call from thirty-thousand feet. Flight attendant named Lindsey. Sick guy on board.

Kayla picks up the phone.

KAYLA

Hello, Lindsey. This is Dr. Martin.

What's happening?

Kayla listens, scrawls on the notepad -- "Check status #182" -- and hands it to Rat-Boy:

INTERCUT: CDC / FLIGHT 182

WE SEE Lindsey Mastrapa, who's at wit's end.

LINDSEY

Captain Salter wanted me to run something past you --
(looking over cabin)
-- to be on the safe side because he got that memo about Avian flu.

KAYLA

Avian or not, the first thing you want to do is separate the sick passenger from everyone else.

LINDSEY

Not exactly possible.

She looks out over the passenger cabin where there's no empty seats, and in the middle of it all, Ames Smith is sprawled across three seats.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

It's a full flight. We've only been able to clear three seats by double-buckling some parents and kids.
(strained)
It's a real mess.

Back in LA, Kayla stands.

KAYLA

Lindsey, sounds like you're doing the best you can. Can I put you on speaker with my associate, Doctor Ratner?

LINDSEY

Sure.

Kayla hits the button, motions Rat-Boy to come closer.

KAYLA

Is it possible to switch those three seats to the back of the plane?

LINDSEY

People are pretty freaked out already.

KAYLA

Then let's leave him there. Is he laying down?

LINDSEY

We tried, but he only wants to sit up. It's like he's having an asthma attack, except he doesn't have asthma.

RAT-BOY

This is Doctor Ratner. You know even in a pressurized cabin, it's still the equivalent of six to nine-thousand feet. Maybe it's the altitude. What are his other symptoms?

LINDSEY

Fever for sure, says his head's about to explode, he's coughing pretty bad, chills.

RAT-BOY

And when he vomited, you said there was blood in it?

LINDSEY

Lots. It looked more like there was a little vomit in the blood to me.

Kayla and Rat-Boy trade looks. Not good.

KAYLA

Did this man visit New Guinea or Indonesia before Australia? We've seen some odd infections from there.

LINDSEY

I didn't specifically ask him, but I don't think so. He's a young guy. He came to Australia to surf.

(beat)

Captain wants to know if we should turn back and land in Hawaii.

KAYLA

Hold on a second.

Kayla quickly hits the "mute" button.

RAT-BOY

Hawaii is so not ready and you know it.

KAYLA

We've got over three-hundred passengers exposed to something.

RAT-BOY

C'mon, Kayla, this baby's ours. We're the 'go' team.

Kayla considers this a beat, then:

KAYLA

Okay, round up the local talent. Tell them it's precautionary only, that we haven't had any reports of Avian out of Australia. Let's get Atlanta on the line.

RAT-BOY

You're gonna call Sorkosky?

KAYLA

If it's Avian, he's going to want to be here.

Rat-Boy nods, takes off for his own cubicle. Kayla takes a beat, then releases the "mute" button.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Lindsey, tell the Captain to stay on course for Los Angeles. We'll have a full CDC response team here to meet you. That doctor on board should continue to manage him.

LINDSEY

People are pretty scared. I am.

KAYLA

Sometimes the flu is just the flu. In fact, that's usually the case.
(beat)
Now, do you have something you can write with?

As Kayla and Lindsey continue their conversation, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

A black Suburban barrels down the street of a low-rent residential neighborhood.

INT. SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

At the wheel is FBI agent **TROY WHITLOCK**, 41, a man who -- if he took his wife as seriously as he did his gym work-outs -- would probably still be married. His passenger is a 14-year-old boy African-American boy, **GIL**, who watches him like he's studying an alien life form.

GIL

How'd Pete get you to do this?

TROY

He's my partner. It's a favor.

GIL

He got a free trip to Australia and you got carpool. Sucks to be you.

Troy allows a small smile.

TROY

It's not a problem, Gil. Dropping you at school's on the way to the airport.

They ride in silence a few beats.

GIL

Pete's not really my dad, you know.

TROY

He married your mom. In this world, that's close.

GIL

(shrugs)

So why'd he get to go, not you?

Troy grips the wheel just a little tighter at that question.

TROY

FBI only wanted to pay one ticket.

GIL

Pete said you pissed off your boss and you were lucky to still have a job.

TROY

He said that?

GIL

Not exactly.

TROY

Well, exactly what did he say?

GIL

Doesn't matter. Take it up with him.

Troy sneaks another glance at Gil. Kid's got attitude. He points up the street.

TROY

That your school?

Gil nods, indicates the side of the street.

GIL
Drop me here.
(off Troy's reaction)
No offense.

Troy gets the sub-text, probably not "cool," but lets it slide, pulling the car over.

TROY
I'll say hi to your... to Pete...
for you.

Gil nods. Starts to open the door, but pauses.

GIL
Can I see your gun?

TROY
(shocked)
No.

GIL
Why not?

TROY
(counting on fingers)
Because you're a kid, we're sitting
a block away from a school, and third,
why the hell are you even asking?

Gil shrugs, getting out of the car.

GIL
What Pete really said was they think
you pull your gun too fast.

TROY
Well, now you know better.

GIL
(nods)
Sure.

Gil swings the door shut and heads off. Troy watches a moment, then pulls the sedan out into the street, doing a U-turn so Gil can make his solo approach.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL - DAY

To ESTABLISH the CDC operations matrix.

SUPER: Centers for Disease Control, Atlanta, Georgia.

INT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

As he moves through a lab, it's obvious that 62-year-old **DR. MAX SORKOSKY** is the man in charge. He stops to de-brief the CDC's brilliant analyst **DR. SHAHEEM RAZI** who speaks in clipped English with an Indian accent.

RAZI

Doctor Sorkosky. You didn't say you were coming.

SORKOSKY

I didn't want you to roll out the red carpet, Doctor Razi.

Dr. Razi looks confused. Red carpet?

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)

You've got to get out of this lab more often.

(waves it off)

Tell me about your Avian IHC stain tests.

RAZI

Yes, of course. We've switched over to the strain found last year in Malaysia. Early results show it detects virus more than seventy percent of the time.

SORKOSKY

How fast?

RAZI

Less than a day. Maybe even hours.

SORKOSKY

Well, that will certainly come in handy.

RAZI

Yes. If the CDC had these types of tests in 1976 it would never have gotten things so wrong with Swine Flu.

Sorkosky stares at Razi a moment, then abruptly ends the conversation.

SORKOSKY

Carry on, Doctor Razi.

Sorkosky takes off, leaving Razi even more confused than when the conversation started. He looks to his co-worker, **DR. BENSON** with a "what did I do?" expression.

BENSON

Back when Sorkosky was our age, he was the head cheerleader for immunizing the entire country against Swine Flu.

RAZI

(getting it)
Oh...

BENSON

Oh, yeah. Thirty-two people died from his vaccine but only one from the flu. He never got over it.

Razi and Benson look across the lab where Sorkosky has picked up a phone. On Sorkosky, speaking on the phone:

SORKOSKY

Sounds like 'shock lung.' Do you agree?

INTERCUT: CDC LAX OFFICE / CDC ATLANTA LAB

Pick up Kayla, who's got the phone cradled to her neck, bangs on her keyboard as she surfs the Internet for data, and scribbles in her notebook simultaneously.

KAYLA

Could be. Uh-huh.

SORKOSKY

Dr. Martin, I hear you typing.

KAYLA

(stopping)
No, sir. I'm not typing.

She looks over at Rat-Boy who's watching her and mouths the word: "Anymore."

SORKOSKY

I can wait.

KAYLA

Sorry. I'm all yours.

SORKOSKY

Concentrate on meeting that plane.
(MORE)

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)

Alert the Australian authorities.
See how long that young man was there.
We'll get Los Alamos working on
simulations.

KAYLA

Good. Call you as soon as we hear
anything.

SORKOSKY

Don't bother. I'll be in the air
myself. See you in about five hours.

KAYLA

I'm not sure the situation warrants
that.

SORKOSKY

Doctor Martin, should you and Doctor
Ratner decide to save the world,
you'll need a reality check. Put
everything in e-mails. My BlackBerry
will download it as soon as I land.

Sorkosky hangs up. Kayla slowly hangs up on her end. Rat-Boy
shrugs.

RAT-BOY

No worries. Old Man just wants to
keep the kids out of trouble.

Kayla nods back, goes back to her keyboard.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

Ames, the sick passenger, breaks into another hacking fit,
coughing up more blood which freaks out the people gathered
around. The plane now seems divided into those who want a
closer look and those who can't get far enough away. Dr.
Westley attends to Ames with Lindsey watching handing him
cold washcloths, as needed.

WESTLEY

Just so you understand legally, I'm
an orthopedist, not an expert on
infectious disease. Way out of my
depth.

LINDSEY

We're just glad to have your help.

WESTLEY

I still want that point clearly stated
in the Captain's report.

LINDSEY

I'll make sure.

WESTLEY

About the only thing I know is that
this young man does not have any
broken bones.

Ames starts to cough again. Westley continues:

WESTLEY (CONT'D)

Easy, Ames. You can crack a rib
coughing so hard. I've see it happen.

(to Lindsey)

You sure your kit only has aspirin?
I can't even give that to someone
who's bleeding. Anything stronger?

LINDSEY

Should I ask passengers?

Ames, so sick he can barely see, flails his hand out,
completely delirious with fever and pain.

AMES

Hold my hand, please...

Westley stands back, pushes Lindsey forward.

WESTLEY

Really out of my depth now.

She's hesitant to touch him but reaches out and gently takes
his hand in hers out of sheer humanity.

LINDSEY

You'll be feeling better soon. We've
got doctors meeting the plane.

AMES

Just want you to... to tell my
parents... I'm sorry. Promise?

LINDSEY

You'll tell them when we get to Los
Angeles. Right now, you just hang in
there with us, okay?

AMES

You surf?

LINDSEY
(taken aback)
No. Well, I've used a boogie board.

AMES
When you get caught in a riptide...
you don't fight it... you gotta let
the wave take you where it wants to
go.

Suddenly, Ames goes into convulsions.

LINDSEY
Doctor, do something! My God!

It's madness on the plane. People are horrified and scared.
There are SCREAMS.

Then Ames stops his movement and... he's gone. Dr. Westley
pulls a flimsy airline blanket over his head.

Across the row, Hadorn stands up in her seat instinctively
and practically screams:

HADORN
He's dead!!

The news spreads up and down the plane like a wildfire.

CUT TO:

FLIGHT 182 - BATHROOM - DAY

Lindsey washes her hands long and hard. Then she starts to
wash her face. She looks up into the mirror. She's scared
out of her mind. She starts the whole process over again.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 182 - COCKPIT - DAY

Captain Salter turns to his co-pilot.

CAPTAIN SALTER
You have the plane.

The co-pilot nods, does what he needs to do to take control.
Salter moves to the back of the cockpit, keys his radio.

CAPTAIN SALTER (CONT'D)
This is Captain James Salter of Flight
182, Sydney to Los Angeles. Come in
LA Traffic Control.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
This is LAX ATC.

CAPTAIN SALTER
We need to report a death on board.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Are you reporting a terrorism
incident, 182?

CAPTAIN SALTER
Negative. We had a very sick 19-year-
old die just now.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Do you suspect bio-terrorism?

CAPTAIN SALTER
All I know is that I got a plane
load of passengers who wish they
weren't breathing the same air as
that kid. We've been in contact with
CDC.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Roger that. I'm going to pass that
on. Based on protocol, we're going
to give you priority landing at
emergency runway X-ray, Charlie,
Victor.

The co-pilot looks over at Salter. Definitely not the usual.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - SECURITY CHECK-POINT - DAY

Troy shows his FBI identification to a security screener. A weary traveler waiting in line gives him a dirty look. Troy flashes the ID to him as well.

TROY
All-Access pass.

The screener waves Troy through.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

Kayla and Rat-Boy walk-and-talk.

KAYLA

It's our call now. Sorkosky's not here in LA yet, but that plane's about to be.

RAT-BOY

You outrank me so technically it's your call.

KAYLA

I want your opinion.

RAT-BOY

The blood's a red flag. So to speak.

KAYLA

Doctor Razi should come out, too. He can work up his samples over at County lab. We have to know what we're dealing with ASAP.

RAT-BOY

Got it. Look, Kayla, you have to do what you're going to do with this plane pretty much, oh, now.

KAYLA

Okay. Let's think this out. If we over-react --

RAT-BOY

If you over-react.

KAYLA

If I do...

RAT-BOY

Your career's pretty much over.

KAYLA

But if I under-react...

RAT-BOY

And it's a big one, then your career's pretty much over, too.

Kayla stops in front of an arrival gate.

KAYLA

Here's where I'm meeting the airport manager.

Rat-Boy points in one direction.

RAT-BOY

If I'm gonna run the check-list, I
gotta boost.

(points down hallway)

Thataway.

KAYLA

(not really)

You've been a great help.

RAT-BOY

That's what I'm here for.

(very serious)

I just want you to know one thing,
Kayla. No matter what you decide --

(beat)

-- you won't be going to any clubs
tonight so you owe me nearly fifty
bucks.

Rat-Boy takes off, leaving Kayla having to smile in spite of
the seriousness. She sees a man standing near the check-in
counter, glancing at his watch, wearing an airport badge.

KAYLA

Chris Fentress?

(off his reaction)

Doctor Martin. From CDC. What's our
flight status?

FENTRESS

On time. But I've put the 'delayed'
designation on the system to buy you
an hour or so before people meeting
the plane get rowdy.

KAYLA

Thank you. Now what I'm about to say
is confidential, tell no one.

FENTRESS

Of course.

KAYLA

I'm thinking very seriously about
locking that plane down.

FENTRESS

That's quite a step.

During this, Troy Whitlock has arrived and, in the background,
WE SEE him getting the runaround from a gate attendant who
points at Fentress and Kayla. Troy approaches them, points
at the monitor board flashing "Delayed."

He flips open his ID:

TROY

Agent Whitlock, FBI. Here to make a pick-up. What's the delay?

Fentress looks over at Kayla. She sighs:

KAYLA

What I just told you obviously doesn't apply to the FBI. Round your people up, and call me.

(to Troy)

Let's take a walk.

Kayla takes off with Troy. Her cell phone RINGS.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Doctor Martin.

(beat)

Oh, God, Mario.

(beat)

I'm not sure I can talk just now.

Well, actually, I am sure. I can't talk. But I'll call you.

(beat)

Right. Same.

Troy has studied Kayla during the conversation. A trained investigator, he doesn't miss much.

TROY

I love you, too.

KAYLA

What?

TROY

You could have said it. What do I care?

KAYLA

I don't even know you.

TROY

Husband?

KAYLA

None of your business.

TROY

Right, good point.

(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

My business is to find out why they call doctors to decide if a plane can land.

Kayla looks hard at Troy, already under her skin.

TROY (CONT'D)

Unless you'd rather talk about the phone call.

The two get lost in corridor traffic, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - DAY

A couple of police cruisers have diverted traffic from this intersection. L.A. Mayor **RICARDO SANCHEZ** speaks to reporters and selected city workers brought out for the occasion.

SANCHEZ

Last year, I ran for Mayor promising to make this city work better in ways large and small. Today, I want to tell you how we're doing.

A city street crew stands poised at the subject of everyone's attention: a single, unfilled pothole. News photographer **JAKE LARAMIE**, earring and hard-body, turns to his reporter, local TV flavor-of-the-month, **MELISSA LUI** who juggles the tools of her own trade: coffee, cell-phone, pen, notepad.

LARAMIE

Total cluster-op.

MELISSA

(shrugs; pragmatic)

If it's a slow day, it's a minute-fifteen package in segment one.

Sanchez gestures toward the pothole.

SANCHEZ

You see this pothole here? Ugly. Hard on vehicles. Get your cameras ready because we are about to fix our one-hundred-thousandth pothole since taking office.

(waits for applause)

One-hundred-thousand! That's a record.

Sufficiently prodded, the small crowd APPLAUDS.

MELISSA

Suck-ups.

While videotaping, Laramie holds up a finger to Melissa to shush her, pointing to his camera-mounted microphone.

SANCHEZ

Let me introduce you to one of our city works supervisors, Jose Ruiz. And as soon as we fill this in, I'll be happy to take your questions.

Sanchez steps forward and takes a shovel handed him by **JOSE RUIZ**, wearing a city works uniform. With Ruiz assisting, the Mayor starts filling in the key pothole with fresh asphalt.

As they do, Chief-of-Staff **KENNETH FRIEDLANDER**, his balding head shaved down to stubble with a neatly trimmed goatee, takes a call, holding a BlackBerry, speaking into his Bluetooth headset.

A little girl nearby, Ruiz's daughter **BELINDA**, makes a tiny hand wave in Ruiz's direction and he winks back at her. His wife, **ANGELA**, beams at his moment in the sun.

Sanchez turns to Ruiz, whispers:

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Yours?
(off his nod)
What's her name?

RUIZ

Belinda.

Sanchez speaks directly to Belinda.

SANCHEZ

Belinda, why don't you come on up and help your daddy finish this important job?

Sanchez welcomes Belinda up, hands the shovel back to Ruiz, walks off toward Friedlander.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Upstaged by a little girl. But you know what? She's going to remember that all her life.

Friedlander breaks off his call.

FRIEDLANDER

Something's come up.

Friedlander leans in and whispers into Sanchez's ear. As Melissa observes, Sanchez and Friedlander trade some hush-hush back-and-forth. Sanchez steps forward, pulling a man out of the audience to the front.

SANCHEZ

I have some business I need to attend to, but I'm sure our Public Works Manager John Ray can answer any questions you have about our War on Potholes.

Sanchez turns and heads toward his town car. Friedlander follows. Melissa turns to Laramie.

MELISSA

We're out of here, too.

LARAMIE

I need a few more shots.

MELISSA

Now.

(off his reaction)

Follow that mayor.

As Sanchez's town car pulls away, Melissa and Laramie head for their own "News 6" van.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

We hear the familiar WHINE OF ENGINES for an aircraft in descent. As THE CAMERA MOVES about the cabin, WE SEE tense faces and white knuckles grabbing arm rests and each other.

In the center of the aircraft, three seats are taken up by the body of Ames Smith. Rather than move him and frighten passengers more, they have piled nearly a dozen blankets on top of the body.

Around Ames's body, there are two seats on either side and rows of three in front and behind it. They are all filled with passengers. To re-cap: Sampson and Vicente; Hadorn; Westley; Lindsey, etc.

Over this descent, we hear Captain Salter:

CAPTAIN SALTER (V.O.)

We've begun our descent into Los Angeles. I know this flight hasn't been a pleasant one.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN SALTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I want to prepare you for what lies ahead. We have been in touch with the Centers of Disease Control. They will meet us. Your safety is the concern of this airline whenever you fly with us, and it remains the case. I will let you know what I know when I know it.

(crisp)

Flight attendants, prepare for landing.

After this downbeat pep-talk, several passengers sneak a look in the direction of Ames's covered body.

CUT TO:

EXT. APPROACH TO LAX - DAY

The "News 6" van is parked at an overpass. Laramie has his camera up on a tripod and he's scanning the airport tarmac in front of them. Melissa is on her cell phone.

MELISSA

We followed him out here to LAX. He drove out on the tarmac!

(frustrated)

Of course it means something. How often does the Mayor do that?

Laramie looks up from his camera's eyepiece.

LARAMIE

I got a visual on him.

Melissa nods, turns back to her phone.

MELISSA

Listen, Singer, all I'm saying is be ready to dump something just in case.

She flips her phone shut, moves over to Laramie.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Man still produces like he's in Boise.
(re: Sanchez)
Anything?

LARAMIE

He's down there with a bunch of people.

MELISSA

What're they talking about?

LARAMIE

Lens lets me see 'em, doesn't make me a lip reader.

Melissa puts her eye to the camera eyepiece to look.

MELISSA

Maybe we got a shot at a Pottery Barn here.

She pulls back, sees Laramie's confusion.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

We break it, we own it.

LARAMIE

Whatever it is...

Laramie puts his eye back to the camera, as we:

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - TARMAC - DAY

The jet aircraft carrying Flight 182 sits parked on the tarmac. Standing outside the terminal in a huddle are Kayla, Rat-Boy, Troy and Fentress. Kayla flips her phone shut.

KAYLA

The team's held up at security. Can you --

FENTRESS

They're cleared. I have someone taking them through now.

Rat-Boy looks over, sees Sanchez and Friedlander approaching.

RAT-BOY

Here come da mayor.
(softly; to Kayla)
And he don't look too happy.

Sanchez joins them, looks around -- a convergence of authority if ever there was one. He nods to Friedlander to get it started.

FRIEDLANDER

Who's Doctor Martin?

KAYLA

That's me.

FRIEDLANDER

Let's get lines of authority
straightened out right now. LAX is
city property. Mayor Sanchez is the
elected leader of Los Angeles.

KAYLA

Understood. However, technically,
the CDC --

SANCHEZ

(exploding)

Don't give me technicalities! I have
to hear that you demanded LAPD
deployment from my Chief of Police.
Do you know how that makes me look?
County health hasn't even heard from
you.

KAYLA

All due respect, Mayor Sanchez, but
going through channels isn't my
highest priority right now.

TROY

(to Kayla)

Finally. Something we agree on.

FRIEDLANDER

Who are you?

TROY

FBI. We've got a prisoner on that
plane -- a bad, bad mother of a drug
dealer -- and the U.S. government
has sent me here to take him into
custody. Your turf war is your
problem. My mission's clear.

Hard glances are exchanged. Rat-Boy pushes ahead anyway.

RAT-BOY

Okay, guys, I know I'm only a doctor
so I don't have the city seal or a
gun to draw, but does anybody want
to know what we think is going on
inside that plane?

It's a good question. Another beat.

SANCHEZ

Of course.

KAYLA

A 19-year-old who was in good enough health to surf big waves a week ago just died a pretty horrible death on board. And it sounds contagious.

FRIEDLANDER

What is it? Ebola? Avian flu? What?

KAYLA

Can't rule any of it out. That's why we need to quarantine those passengers until we can.

SANCHEZ

Quarantine?!

TROY

(to Kayla)

Now you've done it. Used the 'Q' word.

FRIEDLANDER

Quarantine is an inappropriate response to the facts.

RAT-BOY

Is that your medical opinion?

FRIEDLANDER

You saw what happened to Toronto when SARS hit. A quarantine could destroy LA's economy. This administration has busted its ass to make LA a friendly business environment.

KAYLA

If it's Avian or even something else, and we let it get out now, we could destroy a lot more than the local economy.

TROY

I just want my prisoner. We got the best quarantine for him -- solitary confinement.

Sanchez turns to Friedlander.

SANCHEZ

It's a precaution, right? You could argue that by putting these people in a quarantine and really locking them down tight that it gives people confidence that whatever this bug is, it's not going to cause any problems here in Los Angeles.

(to Kayla)

Where'd this kid come from last?

KAYLA

Australia.

SANCHEZ

(to Friedlander)

See? It's on them, not us.

As they debate the politics of flu, we:

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - OUTSIDE BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Waiting friends and relatives -- including **MAUREEN SMITH**. She holds some helium balloons and stands next to a limo driver holding a sign that says, "Welcome Home, Ames Smith!" A beat, then her husband, **BRENT SMITH**, approaches.

BRENT

I've never seen such an incompetent airline. They can't tell me the reason for the delay and they can't give me an estimate for when Ames will be here.

MELISSA

Well, the plane can't keep flying forever.

Brent looks at the balloons and the sign.

BRENT

I still think this is a bit much.

MAUREEN

That's the idea. He thinks we hate him. Parents who hate their sons don't show up with balloons.

BRENT

True.

MAUREEN

Honey, no matter what he says or what he looks like, don't say anything. Let's just accept him the way he is.

(voice breaking)

I don't want to chase him away again.

Brent takes the balloons from Maureen's hands and gives them to the limo driver. He steers her away.

BRENT

He's my son, too, Maureen. I know things got a little rough, but I want him back, just like you do.

MAUREEN

He's a good kid. He's always had a good heart.

BRENT

And he's always late. Some things never change.

Brent pulls Maureen a little closer to him, and they share a smile, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

The jet sits on the tarmac unmoving and, where ordinarily there would be activity from baggage handlers, mechanics and fuel crews.

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

It's more chaotic now that the plane is on-the-ground. Some people are seated, but more are standing, making the entire aircraft seem much more crowded. Also, the area around the body of Ames Smith has been emptied with nearby passengers pushing to get away from the possible infection. Among them, PICK UP FBI agent Sampson, pulling Vicente after him by the handcuffs. Vicente laughs.

SAMPSON

What's funny, Vicente?

VICENTE

You. Can't wait to hand me over but you're stuck.

Sampson pulls him up short, gets close.

SAMPSON

Listen, a-hole. I want you healthy enough to get the death penalty. And I want me healthy enough to witness your execution.

PICK UP Lindsey, surrounded by agitated people demanding answers.

LINDSEY

We're expecting CDC to send someone in to talk to us any minute. That's why we need everyone seated.

PICK UP Smolak who closes his flip phone in frustration, turns to Aria, who's pulling a high-end digital camera out of her carry-on bag.

SMOLAK

My cell still doesn't work.

Aria starts snapping pictures, seen as a SERIES OF FREEZE FRAMES of anxious faces.

ARIA

Maybe there's no service on this runway.

SMOLAK

That's right. People can get calls in the middle of Borneo but not at LAX. Whatever's happening here, they don't want anybody to know.

ARIA

'They'?

SMOLAK

The Man. The Puppetmasters. Powerbrokers. Check your camera. If it's digital, bet they've figured out how to jam it, too.

Aria, having heard enough, turns to Smolak.

ARIA

Listen, I'm sure you're just being concerned, but I'd like you to stop talking to me right now.

Aria turns back to her work, leaving Smolak nonplussed. Suddenly, a MURMUR OF CONCERN as people rush to the windows.

PASSENGER'S POV - BIO-SAFETY SUITS

Two of them -- inhabited by Kayla and Rat-Boy -- blue "Level Four" variety. Large face panels so we can always see the faces of the characters who wear them. Rat-Boy carries a duffel sized case. Kayla carries something smaller.

An LAPD police van pulls up outside the aircraft and a dozen armed officers exit and form a cordon around the plane.

BACK TO SCENE

People literally GASP at seeing what looks like a scene from a sci-fi film. Only it's real. And the two bio-suits are walking toward a stairway that's been run up to the jet aircraft's main door, instead of the usual accordion.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE LAX - VIEW OF TARMAC - DAY

Laramie has his videocamera on a tripod, aimed down at the Flight 182 below. Melissa pours coffee from a thermos.

MELISSA

When I got hired out of Minneapolis,
I thought I was done being cold.

LARAMIE

Uh-uh. Living in LA just means you
never have a jacket with you.

MELISSA

They're gonna put our piece in the
third segment as a v/o and cut my
stand-up.

LARAMIE

So the War on Potholes has been
downgraded to a skirmish.

MELISSA

So we don't even make air today.

LARAMIE

Your face doesn't. But I've got 45
seconds of pothole glory.

Suddenly, Melissa rushes toward the railing.

MELISSA

What is that? What the hell is that?

She's pointing in the distance. A couple of tiny specks of blue are moving toward the plane.

Laramie gets his eye up to his eyepiece. He sees more clearly now that the two blue-suits are moving up the stairs.

LARAMIE

Those are those, you know, bio suit things.

MELISSA

Roll! Now!

LARAMIE

I am!

The blue bio-suits disappear inside.

MELISSA

Did you get that?

LARAMIE

Camera... didn't... I wasn't rolling.

Melissa throws her coffee against the news van in anger.

MELISSA

Dammit!

Laramie and Melissa glare at each other a minute. Melissa takes a cleansing breath to calm down.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Okay. They went in. That means they have to come out. And when they do, then we'll be rolling.

Laramie nods. A second chance.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 182 - DAY

Inside the plane, they hear the sound of the door being unlocked through some method from outside -- sounds like an airlock as it opens.

The two blue bio-suits -- Kayla and Rat-Boy -- enter.

One woman starts to pass out from fear. Smolak watches her be supported into a seat by another passenger, says to no one in particular.

SMOLAK

You know those WMDs they couldn't
find? Guess where they ended up?

Kayla and Rat-Boy enter, see Captain Salter in his uniform.
Kayla speaks and when she talks her voice from inside the
suit is broadcast through the modified boom-box style speaker
she carries.

KAYLA

Captain? We'd like to speak to your
passengers.

Salter nods numbly, gestures for her to go ahead.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I'm Doctor Kayla Martin, this is
Doctor Carl Ratner. We're from the
Centers for Disease Control. We are
wearing these bio-suits only because
it is protocol to minimize the risk
of exposing any member of our
investigation team to any disease
causing germs, not because you
necessarily are in great danger.

Kayla nods to Rat-Boy who keys the mike on his own suit and
his voice transmitted through Kayla's speaker.

RAT-BOY

The first thing we're going to do is
inspect, then remove, the body of
the young man who died on your flight
so we can run some tests. There will
be several buses here in a few
minutes. You'll all be taken to a
safe place while we wait for results.

From the back of the plane, someone yells, "Where's that?"

KAYLA

It's a hospital in North Hollywood.
Kindred Spirits.

Hendler steps forward belligerently.

HENDLER

The hell with that! I've got a major
business deal closing.

That elicits CRIES OF SUPPORT from various parts of the plane.

KAYLA

All your family and friends will be notified, of course. But until --

SMOLAK

Why don't you un-jam our phones so we can tell them ourselves?

RAT-BOY

If you let us do our jobs right, everybody has the best chance of being okay.

People begin to shout out other questions, all talking over each other. Captain Salter shouts.

CAPTAIN SALTER

Folks! The government has given CDC the authority to do whatever they think is reasonable to protect us. So let's make way for them to get to the body. Sooner they do that, sooner we all get released.

People move aside, allowing Kayla and Rat-Boy to pass through them. They get to Ames's body. Kayla starts to pull the blankets back, and Rat-Boy unloads a heavy-duty body bag from the suitcase he brought with him.

KAYLA

We should hurry.

RAT-BOY

You think? I bet they're totally chillin' now.

They pull back the final blanket and get a look at Ames Smith's face.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

Poor bastard.

KAYLA

Whatever did that...

Kayla and Rat-Boy look at each other face mask to face mask, each finishing that thought in their own minds.

CUT TO:

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - NIGHT

The wait without news appears to be wearing on the families and friends of the passengers.

Some slump lethargically, trying to ignore it while others like Aria's business partner **SAM RAYFIELD** pace around the flight board which still says "delayed." Even Brent and Maureen have taken a seat, the balloons tied to a luggage cart now and the limo driver leaning against a wall nearby.

Fentress, the LAX official, arrives, moves in front of an empty baggage carousel.

FENTRESS

Excuse me. May I have your attention a moment? I'm looking for people who are waiting for arriving passengers from Flight 182 from Australia.

Everyone snaps to life. Fentress clears his throat.

FENTRESS (CONT'D)

Flight 182 is now safely on the ground.

That gets APPLAUSE from the crowd, and only increases Fentress's discomfort.

FENTRESS (CONT'D)

But it may be a while until the passengers are released. We'd like to get contact information from each of you --

Rayfield steps forward.

RAYFIELD

Wait a minute. You can't just slide past it like that. What's the problem?

FENTRESS

I'm not able to give that specific information at this moment.

(the hard truth)

I wish I could.

Brent speaks up from the back.

BRENT

Is some kind of terrorist thing going on?

FENTRESS

I'm only able to confirm that an 'incident' has occurred that prevents us from releasing the passengers or having them contact you yet.

(MORE)

FENTRESS (CONT'D)

We're working to sort that out. We understand how you must feel.

RAYFIELD

No, you don't! I've hired a photographer for an important project and she's supposed to be someplace in thirty minutes. Except you won't let her off that plane.

FENTRESS

As soon as I have more information I'll share it with you. We have entry passes for the airline lounge. It's nearby and has coffee, sandwiches and TVs. But those of you who want to leave contact information can do so. We'll be in touch.

Fentress indicates two other people in airline uniforms.

FENTRESS (CONT'D)

We have staff here to assist you in any way they can.

Fentress closes his eyes, inhales, knowing the next part is even harder.

FENTRESS (CONT'D)

One more thing. I'm looking for --
(looking at clipboard)
-- Brent and Maureen Smith.

Maureen grabs Brent's arm.

MAUREEN

Oh, God. Ames.

Brent grabs her hand, calls out.

BRENT

That's us.

FENTRESS

Please come with me...

Fentress begins to lead the Smiths away as the crowd murmurs its suspicions and fears. The airline reps step forward, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

MOVING THROUGH the passengers, seeing a mixture of reactions. Some sit sullenly in their seats, others mingle and talk loudly in the aisles as if they're at a crowded cocktail party.

Rat-Boy -- in full bio-suit -- stands at the exit to the aircraft (which is between first class and the main cabin), carrying the portable speaker. Standing next to him -- also in a bio-suit -- is another CDC worker, **RICK FOXHOVEN**.

RAT-BOY

If I can have your attention, we're ready to get you off this airplane.

People are still talking. Rat-Boy turns up the volume.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

I said, we're ready to get you off this airplane.

Applause. Rat-Boy has the floor.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

We're going to disembark you by seat assignments. Two reasons. The first is that we're just trying to keep track of who's who. The second is we want to know where you were seated in relation to the young man who passed away. He's called our 'index case.' And where you were in relation to the 'index case' may eventually have something to do with what treatment, if any, will be recommended for you. We'll be starting with rows nine through twenty.

In first class, Hendler nods to Aria.

HENDLER

I always knew first class was the way to go. Now I'm sure of it. They're taking the people at most risk first.

ARIA

You don't think whatever's in the air went everywhere?

HENDLER

Airlines have been upgrading the air filtration systems on all their jets but it's not a perfect system. Besides, why would they care where we sat if it didn't matter?

SMOLAK

Because they want to study who dies faster so they can build a better bio-weapon.

ARIA

You think we'd test something like that on a commercial flight?

SMOLAK

Probably not the first choice, no.

Aria shakes her head, moves to the aisle on the other side of the aircraft, trying to get away from this guy. Smolak doesn't seem phased, turns his attention back to Hendler.

SMOLAK (CONT'D)

You know, they tested LSD on GIs in the fifties.

Hendler looks at Smolak with a "life's too short" expression. He moves up to the first class bathroom area and lets himself in to one of them.

Nearby, Rat-Boy and Foxhoven from CDC continue to pass people by.

RAT-BOY

Can I have your name and seat assignment?

It's Sampson and Vicente.

SAMPSON

Pete Sampson. 22A.

RAT-BOY

(to Vicente)

And you, sir?

Sampson pulls Vicente's arm up by the handcuff.

SAMPSON

He's with me.

FOXHOVEN
(looking at chart)
22B. Eduardo Vicente.

Rat-Boy gestures to the door.

RAT-BOY
Watch your step.

Sampson and Vicente move to the door, as Rat-Boy turns his attention to the next in line.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - BUSINESS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sanchez and Friedlander have commandeered a section of the lounge for their own purposes. Friedlander's phone RINGS.

FRIEDLANDER
Friedlander.
(beat)
Hold on. Let me check

Friedlander puts the phone on hold.

FRIEDLANDER (CONT'D)
It's that Channel Six reporter again.
Melissa Liu. She's relentless.

SANCHEZ
Maybe I have to talk to her then.

FRIEDLANDER
The CDC hasn't said anything yet.
You don't want to be the source.
Trust me, you don't want to be out
front on this. You want to be squarely
behind them.

SANCHEZ
She's going to know I'm ducking her.

FRIEDLANDER
Let me handle this.

Friedlander clicks the phone back on.

FRIEDLANDER (CONT'D)
Melissa, all I can tell you is that
the Mayor is busy getting exactly
the information you want and as soon
as he gets it, we'll call you direct.
Give me your number.

(MORE)

FRIEDLANDER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Okay. We'll get back to you.

Friedlander hangs up the phone, turns to Sanchez.

FRIEDLANDER (CONT'D)

Let's work on your statement.

Sanchez nods, and Friedlander fires up his laptop, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

An eerie sight as PASSENGERS are led down the stairs to a trio of buses waiting for them.

They're being escorted and handled by more CDC WORKERS in bio-containment suits.

An outside security perimeter of LAPD OFFICERS keep watch from a distance far enough away that the officers don't need protection themselves.

Among those waiting outside -- both in bio-suits -- are Troy and Kayla. Troy holds out his blue, gloved hands in front of his face.

TROY

We're probably scaring the crap out of these people.

KAYLA

We've tried to design them to look less threatening. That's why we have the big face visors.

TROY

The all-new warm and fuzzy CDC.
(looking up)
There they are.

Troy starts off, but Kayla grabs his arm.

KAYLA

You can talk but you can't take.
That was the deal.

TROY

(gestures to face
plate)
I'm nodding. Can you see me nodding?

Kayla nods back, lets him go. Troy approaches Sampson and Vicente as they clear the bottom of the stairs.

SAMPSON

Jesus, Troy...

TROY

I got bad news.

SAMPSON

Don't come dressed like that and tell me you got bad news.

TROY

Nah, you guys are probably fine. Even if whoever died had something, they got stuff to give you.

(re: Vicente)

The bad news is they won't let me take him off your hands.

VICENTE

Your lucky day, Sampson.

SAMPSON

(to Vicente)

Shut up.

Sampson maneuvers so he can face Troy and keep Vicente tucked behind him.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

You'll talk to Kelly for me? Tell her not to worry.

TROY

Done.

SAMPSON

And how'd it go with Gil?

TROY

Great. For a 14-year-old kid with an attitude.

SAMPSON

You think he's got a mouth, you should hear his mom.

Troy and Sampson share a smile. Kayla gives Troy the "wrap" sign from a distance and Sampson catches it.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

We gotta go.

(MORE)

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

(taking off)
Who's the woman?

TROY

Not my type. She's getting married
on Saturday. I like 'em way before
or long after the 'I do' part.

SAMPSON

That's actually good. Means she's
got motivation to let us out at least
by Friday.

Vicente glares at Troy as the start to move.

TROY

Don't worry about catching anything,
Vicente. The injection you're gonna
get, that'll nail it.

Vicente spits a big one onto the visor of Troy's face-plate.
As the spit slides down, Troy holds himself back from
reacting, saying only.

TROY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna remember you.

Sampson drags Vicente off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE LAX - VIEW OF TARMAC - NIGHT

Laramie fiddles with his videocamera, fine-tuning the frame
of his shot. Melissa looks into a monitor on the ground in
front of her, pushes her earpiece into place. We hear a
PRODUCER'S VOICE in the earpiece.

PRODUCER (V.O.)

Okay, Melissa, we're thirty seconds.
Just say nobody's returning calls.
If we get anybody, I'll let you know.

MELISSA

Got it. What about the people meeting
the flight?

PRODUCER (V.O.)

Not yet. Dan's down at baggage claim.
Be ready to throw to him or back to
us. Here we go...

The earpiece goes silent. Melissa takes a clearing breath, sneaks a last look at her notes, then faces the camera directly. A final piece of audio from the EARPIECE.

ANCHOR'S VOICE (V.O.)
-- Melissa Liu, standing by at LAX.
Melissa?

The red light on Laramie's camera LIGHTS UP. Melissa is "on."

MELISSA
Ziona, I'm at a vantage point above the tarmac on the north side of LAX where, a little over an hour ago, we began seeing individuals in hazardous materials or bio-containment suits. They've been entering and exiting the aircraft below.

WE SEE (either on the monitor or from the location) images from the previous scene where passengers are being processed from the aircraft to the waiting buses.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Those blue suits usually indicate a 'Level Four' threat which, we're told, would apply to bio-terrorism or to some kind of infection situation. The other thing we've been able to do so far is to identify what plane that is. You're looking at Air Pacific's Flight 182, a Sydney to Los Angeles non-stop. We can't tell you more than that because Air Pacific isn't talking and neither is LAX. But that plane, when full, carries over three-hundred passenger and crew. Just looking at the scene below, you can see for yourself that there are a lot of people down there. But, as I've said, we've received no official confirmation of what's happened. In fact, quite the opposite. While I was covering Mayor Sanchez this afternoon, he took off abruptly for the airport. He's not taking our calls either.

As Melissa's report continues, we:

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

Rat-Boy and Foxhoven send the last few passengers down the stairway.

RAT-BOY

All right, I'm starting at ground zero with the victim. Foxhoven, check all the bathrooms, make sure we're clear, then join me. Rest of you guys, let's get that food and garbage off and incinerated ASAP. Everything else stays put in case we need to sample it.

INSIDE THE LAVATORY

Hendler hears Rat-Boy's instructions. He quietly slips the "occupied" sign open to "vacant."

BACK TO SCENE

Foxhoven moves to the common area separating first class from economy class. He eyeballs all of the bathroom signs.

FOXHOVEN

All vacant up here.
(taking off)
I'll check the others.

Foxhoven moves down the aisle of the plane, eerily populated now by only a handful of others, all wearing bio-safety suits.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

City worker Jose Ruiz, last seen filling in the pothole, grabs a carton of milk from the cold section, then a loaf of bread from a shelf. He moves to the cash register and places them before **DERRICK**, an African-American teenager.

A TV plays behind Derrick where WE SEE Melissa Liu's reporting from LAX. Ruiz checks out the grainy video of the bio-suits and the passengers being off-loaded.

MELISSA (T.V.)

As to what group or organization is supervising this operation, we can't tell you. The California Department of Health and Safety says this is not one of their operations.

(MORE)

MELISSA (T.V.) (CONT'D)
LA County Health claims they haven't
been notified about it. We're still
checking. Now even though those are
LAPD officers on the security
perimeter but LAPD isn't talking yet
either.

DERRICK
That's messed up, man.

Derrick starts to pick up the bread to check the price and
Ruiz holds up a finger to slow him down.

RUIZ
I need a couple of other things.

Ruiz goes on a quick search-and-rescue operation around the
convenience store. Starts to gather batteries, duct tape,
water, cough drops, aspirin, you name it. He keeps dumping
the booty on the counter and Derrick keeps ringing it all
up.

RUIZ (CONT'D)
I'm National Guard. 'Case I get called
up for anything, want to make sure
my family has what they need.

Derrick nods, pushes an entire plastic container of jerky
forward.

DERRICK
It's already been nuked. Stuff'll
last forever.

RUIZ
I'll take the whole thing.

Derrick nods again, starts counting the jerky as the TV keeps
flashing those macabre images.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - CDC FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Another location, more eyeballs on those televised images.

PICK UP Kayla working the phone, with one eye watching Melissa
Liu's continued speculation and coverage with the sound low.

MELISSA (T.V.)
Officials are obviously preferring
to act first and talk later.
(MORE)

MELISSA (T.V.) (CONT'D)
Since we don't know what the danger is, we can't tell you how concerned we should be, even though these pictures are, of course, very disturbing.

KAYLA
Media's already got this, so let's get the passengers to our temporary location, and I'll make a statement then.

(beat)
We're using a hospital wing at Kindred Spirits in North Hollywood. Tell them to give us at least an hour.

Fentress arrives with Brent and Maureen, whose faces are drawn and tight, just knowing something is terribly wrong. Kayla steps in front of the TV, turns it off with one hand behind her back.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I'll have to call you right back.

Kayla hangs up the phone.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
You're the Smiths?
(off their nods; to Fentress)
You want to give us a minute?

Fentress nods, excuses himself. Kayla points the shabby few chairs across from her desk.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Please.

BRENT
What's happened to our son? We know what CDC stands for. How sick is he?

MAUREEN
(softly)
I want to see him now.

Kayla takes a moment to gather her own thoughts.

KAYLA
That won't be possible.

BRENT

You have no right to keep him,
whatever the problem is. We have the
money to give him whatever medical
care he might need.

Kayla looks away. She's rarely had to do this, never so
unexpectedly, and it's never ever easy.

KAYLA

Your son is dead, Mister Smith. He
passed away on the flight.

Maureen literally gasps, choking for air. Kayla speaks
straight to her now.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I'm terribly sorry.

Even Brent has the anger taken from him now. He withers
visibly, sinking back in his chair.

BRENT

How can that be? He was fine.

KAYLA

We only know that he seemed to be
suffering from extreme respiratory
distress. We're talking to the people
who were with him on the flight. We
haven't been able to locate anyone
who might have seen him before he
got on. I know how difficult this
is, but can you tell us anything
about that?

MAUREEN

No.

KAYLA

That's understandable, of course,
but we're also concerned now for the
other passengers.

BRENT

She doesn't mean we won't, she means
we can't. We were... estranged... we
hadn't spoken in nearly a year. He
was coming home.

(cracking)

We were going to try for a fresh
start.

KAYLA

You knew he was in Australia, though?

BRENT

We received an e-mail from an internet cafe about three days ago with flight information. That's all we knew.

KAYLA

Well, if you think of anything else...

BRENT

That's it?

KAYLA

The airport has grief counselors. Mister Fentress can take you to see them now.

MAUREEN

I don't want to talk to anyone.

KAYLA

Of course, it's your decision.

MAUREEN

I want to see my boy.

Kayla's heart is breaking, too. Her voice is barely audible.

KAYLA

I can't let you do that. If I let you see his body, you'd be exposed to the same disease. It's caused at least one fatality, so you would have to be quarantined like the rest of the passengers.

BRENT

(to Maureen)

Honey, let's just go.

MAUREEN

(pulling away)

No!

Kayla looks across the desk. Brent seems ready to flee, but Maureen looks like she's going nowhere until she gets what she wants.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 182 - NIGHT

Rat-Boy, Foxhoven and the rest of the CDC team -- all in bio-suits -- move purposefully about the aircraft, taking samples using test kits which consist of test tubes with pre-loaded liquid and paper-wrapped Q-tip swabs.

RAT-BOY

All right, folks. In its wisdom, CDC has provided us with a whopping ten test-kits which means we have to prioritize. I want half of them for Ground Zero, where our victim sat. Other thoughts?

FOXHOVEN

Filter in the air system.

RAT-BOY

Swab it, and let's bag it, too.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

Infection residuals are all over the aircraft, concentrated in the areas where Ames Smith died.

BACK TO SCENE

Rat-Boy crouches near the seat that Ames Smith occupied.

RAT-BOY

Our victim gave it up right here.

Rat-Boy lets down the tray table, breaks a Q-tip out and swabs it. He then places the Q-tip inside the test tube and replaces the top. He hands it to Foxhoven.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

Here.

Foxhoven starts to mark the tube.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

(beat)

That's not an indelible marker. You put that in our ice chest and by the time the lab gets it, they won't be able to read the label.

Rat-Boy hands Foxhoven an indelible Sharpie.

FOXHOVEN

Sorry.

RAT-BOY

No worries. Let's start baggin' and taggin'.

Rat-boy pops out the seat cushion where Ames was sitting, hands it off to Foxhoven.

FOXHOVEN

Mark it 'priority' for the lab?

RAT-BOY

See how fast the learning curve is around here?

Foxhoven puts it into a large plastic evidence bag.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

Let's send 'em a carpet fragment, too.

Rat-Boy begins aggressively using a box-cutter on the carpet, cutting out a square.

FOXHOVEN

Careful not to nick your suit.

Rat-Boy looks up at Foxhoven, paying attention to him for the first time.

RAT-BOY

We haven't used you before.

FOXHOVEN

My dad worked with Sorkosky, put in a good word.

RAT-BOY

How well you know him? Sorkosky?

FOXHOVEN

When I was a kid, we used to go to barbeques at his house.

RAT-BOY

(shakes head)

I'm just guessin' here, but he probably made everything 'well-done.'

Foxhoven smiles at how accurate Rat-Boy's guess is.

FOXHOVEN

He grilled asparagus spears once and made me eat them. I was eleven.

Rat-Boy's turn to smile. He hands the carpet square to Foxhoven for bagging.

FIRST CLASS CABIN AREA

Hendler cracks the lavatory door to see what's going on.

HENDLER'S POV - RAT-BOY AND FOXHOVEN

Working with their backs turned to him, in the middle of the aircraft.

BACK TO SCENE

Hendler cracks the door again and seeing the coast clear, slips out of the lavatory. As his hand touches the outdoor handle:

FLASHCUT - AMES SMITH

Leaving he same bathroom, grabbing the same door handle.

SPFX - PATHOGENIC VIEW

The handle is teeming with fomites, coming in contact with Hendler's hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Hendler wipes his nose and mouth as he leaves the bathroom. Taking advantage of the limited vision of the bio-suits, Hendler carefully goes to the open doorway, so far unnoticed. At the last moment, as he leaves the plane, he grabs a clipboard that is hanging in the flight attendant's station.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

It's an improvised "clean zone." Kayla wears a full bio-suit. Set before Kayla, Brent and Maureen is a collection of protective gear -- gown, glove and mask.

KAYLA

Now ordinarily, we'd want you in one of these suits, too, but the ones we have are all in use.

Kayla starts putting on a gown.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

So you're going to put on a gown and then we'll glove and mask you. We'll go in and look, you can say your goodbyes, and then we give the gear to our disposal team and you'll be moved to quarantine.

Brent hesitates.

BRENT

I can't do this.
(to Maureen)
What's it prove?

Kayla sees the emotion between the two, has no time to waste.

KAYLA

All right, then. Mister Smith, you'll need to exit the way we came in and keep going.

Kayla starts to help Maureen with the gear. Brent starts to leave, turns. He presses his business card into her hand.

BRENT

Doctor, we own jets. We charter them. It's our business.

KAYLA

But your son was flying commercial...

BRENT

Yeah, ironic. Anyway, if you need one, to help track down this disease, it's all yours, on us.

Kayla nods and Brent exits. Kayla inspects Maureen, hands her a set of goggles.

KAYLA

Just put these on.

Maureen puts them on. She's now wearing a mask, gloves, gown and goggles, just to see her son. Kayla leads Maureen through a drapery -- through a modified airlock -- into another room.

MAUREEN

I can't believe this is all necessary.

KAYLA

It's a precaution. Stand back until I tell you to approach.

Ames's body is on a metal gurney, waiting to be moved. Kayla moves to the body and begins to unzip a body bag.

Inside the body bag is another body bag. Kayla begins to unzip that body bag.

Inside the second body bag is another body bag. Kayla begins to unzip that body bag.

WE SEE Ames Smith's blue and troubled face. Even through all the masking, it's clear that Maureen's eyes have tears in them. Play the moment.

MAUREEN

My baby...

Kayla turns, motions for Maureen to come forward. They stand together silently.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

He'd been accepted at his father's school but he wouldn't go. He just took off.

KAYLA

He must have known you loved him.

MAUREEN

People say that...

Maureen instinctively bends to kiss her son's face through her mask

KAYLA

Stop!

Too late.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

As the infectious germs from Ames Smith's face transfer to the mask worn by his mother.

BACK TO SCENE

The act of a mother's love sets off an immediate counter-reaction of panic. Kayla pulls Maureen back. She places a hand up against Maureen.

KAYLA

Stay perfectly still.
(yelling O.S.)

We have a contact with our victim!

(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)

We need a team right now in our holding room!

Kayla turns back to the body, quickly zips it up, one bag after the other. She turns to Maureen:

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry, Mrs. Smith, but we are done here. There's no choice.

Kayla leads Maureen into the airlock on the way into the holding room, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Flight 182 sits on the runway, guarded in the extreme perimeter by only a couple of LAX SECURITY GUARDS. They pull their jackets close from the cold.

SECURITY GUARD #1

The whole Blue Man Group thing, that freaks me out. I don't even know what we're doing out here, you know? I mean, who wants to get sick?

The other guard shrugs, whatever. Doesn't talk much.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

I'm gonna walk the perimeter.

He takes off, leaving the first man standing watch solo. His back is to the aircraft because, as we've now heard, they're protecting people from going in.

A beat, then WE SEE Hendler poke his head out of the open door. He sees the guard with his back to him and starts to creep down the stairs as quietly as he can.

At the bottom of the stairs, he trips slightly, and the PING of metal causes the guard to turn around. Hendler manages to crouch behind the stairway and wait it out until the guard, satisfied it's nothing, turns back.

Hendler moves along the side of the aircraft, planning to pass across the tarmac on the other side, away from the guard.

He sees two members of the CDC team -- **BIO-SUIT #1** and **BIO-SUIT #2** -- as they wheel two food carts to a stop under the wing.

BIO-SUIT #1
Let's get everything off the plane
first, then we'll call for the truck.

Hendler slips into the shadows.

BIO-SUIT #2
One more trip should do it.

The two CDC team members head back to the accordion stairs they came down on and Hendler begins moving again. As he rounds the corner of the larger aircraft, he is startled by:

SECURITY GUARD #1
Hey! Who goes there?

Hendler holds his clipboard confidently and, instead of moving away from the security guard, he moves toward him.

HENDLER
I was wondering where you were.

SECURITY GUARD #1
What?

HENDLER
What are you doing out here, taking a smoke? You're supposed to be guarding this aircraft.

SECURITY GUARD #1
I was just... walking the perimeter.

HENDLER
How many doors does this aircraft have open? One. That's where you should be. Look, if we didn't have Homeland Security showing up here any second, I'd have to take your name and write you up. But, as it is, I can't take the time. Just get back to where you're supposed to be and we will pretend this never happened.

Relieved, the Security Guard instinctively sticks out his hand to shake hands with Hendler.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Thank you. I really appreciate that.

As WE SEE infection fomites from Hendler's hand transfer to the hand of the security guard.

BACK TO SCENE

Hendler finishes pumping the security guard's hand. The security guard wipes his brow with his hand in relief.

HENDLER

Don't mention it. Now go.

The security guard nods and takes off. Hendler keeps moving in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL POV - LA FREEWAYS - NIGHT

The "Sky-Eye" news chopper tracks the buses as they head north. Troy's black Suburban is the lead vehicle. LAPD vehicles are on either side.

MELISSA (V.O.)

This is the view from the 'Sky-Eye' chopper as the buses make their way slowly through the LA freeway system. Where? We don't know yet. We are developing information from inside sources that bio-terrorism experts from the Centers for Disease Control have been dispatched to Los Angeles.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSES - NIGHT

Fear, paranoia and inconvenience converge here. About an equal number of numb faces and angry diatribes.

Kathryn Hadorn and Dr. Chuck Westley share a seat, bonded together in the frightening experience they just had on the plane.

HADORN

I don't actually have any family. If I die, nobody's going to miss me. Except my cats, but only because I feed them.

Westley looks at Hadorn with a "why is she telling me this?" expression.

WESTLEY

We're going to be fine.

HADORN

You're a bone doctor. You said so a dozen times.

WESTLEY

They're just being on the safe side, that's all.

HADORN

Safe for everybody else. Not for us.

She's right. Westley has no comeback, turns and stares out the window at the nighttime traffic.

Smolak turns around and sees Maureen.

SMOLAK

Excuse me?

MAUREEN

(shell-shocked)

Yes?

SMOLAK

I'm in private security. The way I stay alive is I notice everything and everybody and I'm reasonably sure you were never on our plane.

MAUREEN

Please, I'd rather not talk.

SMOLAK

Tell me what you're doing on this bus and I'll leave you alone.

MAUREEN

The boy who died?

(off his nod)

He was my son. I touched his body so they put me in quarantine.

SMOLAK

You touched the body?

Maureen nods. Smolak rises from his seat and begins to move back in the bus, calling to Maureen as he moves away.

SMOLAK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss.

Lindsey, the flight attendant, sees this gross insensitivity, moves over and introduces herself.

LINDSEY

Hi. I'm Lindsey. Mastrapa. I was the flight attendant who was with your son... I held his hand... so Mister Big Mouth there probably doesn't want to be near me either.

Maureen struggles to speak.

MAUREEN

Thank you...

LINDSEY

Where's your husband?

Maureen shakes her head. She has to lie to save face.

MAUREEN

We thought it would be better if only one of us went into quarantine. You know, all the burial details.

(beat)

Did he... did Ames say... anything?

LINDSEY

He wanted both of you to know he was sorry. I'm not sure about what.

MAUREEN

He thought we were controlling his life, he wanted to make his own decisions.

LINDSEY

Well, he wanted you to know that it didn't mean anything, that he still loved you.

This time, Maureen reaches out and takes Lindsey's hand in hers, trying to find comfort.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Troy's black suburban is at the head of the three buses. Kayla is in the passenger seat. Rat-Boy's in the seat behind them. Kayla points:

KAYLA

Wait! That's our exit, isn't it?

TROY

It is if you're not leading a convoy of people who don't want to be taking the ride.

KAYLA

What are you talking about?

TROY

My business is motive and opportunity. I know people.

KAYLA

I know people, too.

Rat-Boy leans up from the back-seat.

RAT-BOY

I don't want to spoil something that has the potential for a really great fight, but, actually, nobody really knows anybody.

Both Troy and Kayla glare back at him.

TROY

Put on your seat-belt.

Rat-Boy leans back and starts to buckle up.

RAT-BOY

(whining)
But Dad...

Troy looks over at Kayla.

TROY

If I come up the 101, I can take the Victory exit, and be on surface streets only four blocks. You don't want these buses to stop because, if they do, your people might get off.

Kayla looks straight ahead.

KAYLA

Victory's good. And I appreciate your assessment.

Another beat of driving, then, from the back seat:

RAT-BOY

Anybody want to know what I think?

No. KAYLA

No. TROY

Rat-Boy starts drumming on the front-seat's leather, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - PASSENGER AREA - NIGHT

Hendler blends in with the mass number of passengers, coming and going. He tries his cell phone again and gets a dial tone.

HENDLER
(to himself)
About damn time...

Hendler hits the speed dial.

HENDLER (CONT'D)
Hey, Juicy Fruit, it's Hendler.
Listen, my cell's been down, but I
wanted to make sure my nine a.m.
hasn't canceled.
(beat)
Beauty.
(beat)
Yeah, I heard about that flight.
Wasn't mine, though. I took Quantas.
Last minute change.
(beat)
Here's the deal, at exactly 9:30
tomorrow morning, I want you to call
me. Tell me we have another offer,
okay? That oughta close it quick.
(beat)
Great. Talk at you then.

Hendler SNEEZES, wipes his nose on his shirt sleeve.

SPFX PULSE - PATHOGENIC VIEW

Hendler is covered in fomites, and the air around his sneeze just hurled hundreds more into circulation.

BACK TO SCENE

Hendler has become our social spreader -- a modern day Typhoid Mary.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - PLANE PREP AREA - NIGHT

The area where food and garbage is off-loaded and processed as it is taken off airplanes. PICK UP one of the workers, **RICHARD GREELEY** moving among the tray stacks, cherry-picking uneaten sandwiches and packaged food and putting them into a plastic container. One of the women on shift, **NORA BARTON**, a heavy-set type in a hairnet, approaches.

BARTON

Do not let my supervisor see you doing that.

GREELEY

It's going to homeless shelters. Why would anybody care?

BARTON

Because it's the rule, Richard. And you know how they like their rules.

GREELEY

Okay, okay. Just a couple more.

Greeley skims a few more sandwiches.

SPFX PULSE - THE SANDWICHES

Several of them are alive with fomites. And as Greeley's hand grabs them, WE SEE them transferring to Greely.

BACK TO SCENE - MORNING

Barton, who's one of those people who knows everything before anybody else, leans in.

BARTON

You hear they evacuated a plane-load of passengers?

GREELEY

Uh-uh. What happened?

BARTON

Way I hear it went down is they found a bomb and they're gonna interrogate everybody.

GREELEY

Like one of those shoe bombs?

BARTON

Now how would I know what kind of bomb it was if they don't know?

Barton quickly grabs a half-dozen unopened sandwiches from the same fomite infested trays and throws them into Greeley's container.

BARTON (CONT'D)
You're done. Now get out of here.

Greeley winks at her and takes off. Barton turns back to her work and says to nobody in particular:

BARTON (CONT'D)
All heart but no brain...

Barton unloads more garbage into a dumpster as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's a gathering storm.

First into the parking lot is Troy's black Suburban which pulls over and lets the buses pass by.

Already a collection of Los Angeles media has begun to gather, currently being held back by LAPD officers. Melissa and Laramie are among them.

Several news choppers are already circling in the air, including the "Sky-Eye" chopper.

As the buses pull into the parking lot, LAPD officers direct them to their parking assignment.

Again, it's bio-hazard suited CDC personnel escorting the passengers, and workers in masks, gloves and disposable aprons, off-loading the luggage.

After the buses begin processing, Kayla and Rat-Boy exit the Suburban, and the second they do, the sounds of media questions can be heard.

RAT-BOY
If you want to get inside that building, don't look back. Whatever you do.

Kayla looks back. And, as soon as she does, every single reporter's voice is barking at her.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)
You looked.

Kayla looks back at Rat-Boy.

KAYLA

We're waiting for Sorkosky. He's the pro.

RAT-BOY

Yeah. You should wait until they've whipped everybody up into believing they'll be dead by morning. Good plan.

KAYLA

I hate you.

RAT-BOY

Feed the beast, Kayla, or the beast will eat you alive.

Kayla nods, considering this.

KAYLA

Okay, but you --

RAT-BOY

I'll get our guests good and comfy, make sure everybody gets a little chocolate wafer on their pillow.

KAYLA

(smiles)
You do that.

Rat-Boy takes off, and Kayla moves over to the media.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I can understand your concern. My name is Doctor Kayla Martin with the Los Angeles office of the Centers for Disease Control. I can answer a few of your questions.

MELISSA

Melissa Liu, Channel Six. Can you confirm a bio-terrorism attack?

KAYLA

We're ruling nothing out in our investigation but, so far, we've seen nothing that would rule in bio-terrorism.

MELISSA

Is it Avian flu then?

KAYLA

My answer is the same. It's not ruled out, but it's not ruled in either.

Kayla's cell-phone RINGS.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I...

It's not use explaining. She takes a step away, and turns her back, holding one finger to her ear to try to hear.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A great-looking Italian, **MARIO DELLAVERSON**, sits at a round table surrounded by a number of his male friends. It's a bachelor's party, and he is Kayla's fiancée.

MARIO

Babe, it's Mario. Is this a better time?

KAYLA (V.O.)

I'm in the middle of something.

INTERCUT: EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS / INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Mario has to hold his own ear to hear Kayla now.

MARIO

Same thing?

KAYLA

New thing.

MARIO

Bad?

KAYLA

Not good.

MARIO

Let you get back to it?

KAYLA

Appreciate it.

MARIO

Love you madly.

KAYLA

Same.

Kayla slides her cell-phone shut, turns back to the media.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I'm needed inside. Let me just confirm that a 19-year-old man, Ames Smith, has died on a plane from Sydney to Los Angeles. There are protocols which have been put into place as to how we handle such incidents. Don't construe this as anything more than exercising due caution. Someone will be out in the next few hours. We'll give you a full update then. Thank you.

Kayla takes off, passing by Troy, who was watching while standing outside the Suburban. He falls in step with her.

TROY

Now tell me what you really think.

KAYLA

I think if you follow me inside you're agreeing to support the CDC in its effort here. And if you can't do that, you should stay outside.

Troy nods, keeps following.

TROY

And the phone call?

KAYLA

Remains none of your business.

Troy smiles, keeps walking, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kayla leads Troy inside past a nurse's station that has several people absolutely panicked running the place. Not far away is a common area that has been taken over by CDC personnel and a temporary command center created. It looks into what we'll call the "quarantine wing" through a plate glass window, accessible only through a double-doored barrier. Rat-Boy is already at work in the command center.

RAT-BOY

Remind me never to glamorize going
into the hotel business.

KAYLA

That bad already?

Rat-Boy gestures over his shoulder. Through the observation window, WE SEE inside the quarantine wing a scene of organized chaos as alarmed, angry and attitudinal passengers are processed in by bio-suited CDC team members.

RAT-BOY

I think they expected more...
amenities.

KAYLA

Maybe we should tell them that the
official city plans called for putting
them on cots in a drafty airline
hangar. This is the Ritz.

RAT-BOY

If you want to suit up and go tell
them that, be my guest.

(to Troy)

If she goes, make sure she takes
that gun under your jacket.

TROY

You noticed.

RAT-BOY

I interned at Bellevue.

(taking off)

Now if you'll excuse me, I have some
guests demanding their luggage.

Kayla looks around her new digs, sees several maintenance types running phone lines and building pre-fabbed cubicles. Troy notices.

TROY

Planning on staying long?

KAYLA

CDC loves cubicles. We all have our
space but we're still all a team.

TROY

It's a fed thing. We have them, too.

Troy's cell-phone RINGS. He motions he's taking the call, moves down the hall.

Kayla turns to **JACKO**, the all-purpose tech who never suits up for action but crunches numbers and hacks systems with ease.

KAYLA

You got a head-count?

JACKO

293. Plus, the late add of the mother, so 294.

KAYLA

Was 294. Should be 295.

JACKO

We should be glad we came that close. I don't know if it's our mistake or the airline's yet.

KAYLA

You have a name?

JACKO

(waves at stacks of papers and computers)

You kidding? I have to cross-reference from the airlines and our own counts. But first you've got me designing a room plan where people are segregated by seat number. You have any idea how complex that is?

KAYLA

Not really. No.

JACKO

Well, it's impossible.

KAYLA

So when will you have it?

JACKO

Twenty minutes.

KAYLA

Good. Stay on it.

Rat-Boy returns.

RAT-BOY

If you want a front-seat at the autopsy, county coroner says he's starting within the hour.

KAYLA

That means I leave you with this mess.

RAT-BOY

Worried?

KAYLA

Exceptionally.

RAT-BOY

Don't be. Sorkosky's plane just got in. I have a text message.

Rat-Boy hands Kayla his phone to read from.

KAYLA

(out loud)

'Postpone all important decisions. Taking charge. I will brief media.'

(hands back phone)

Good. I'll be at the autopsy.

RAT-BOY

Can I come to? Please, please!

Troy approaches.

TROY

You sure don't waste time.

KAYLA

Sorry?

Troy holds up his cell-phone.

TROY

My boss. Telling me that he CDC requested and he agreed that I provide FBI security to you and operate as a part of your team.

KAYLA

Wow. I only asked them for a driver.

Troy pulls his keys out of his pocket and dangles them in front of Kayla.

TROY

For now, it keeps me closer to my perp. So what's next?

KAYLA

I need a ride.

Kayla swipes Troy's keys from him and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Even though official statements have limited to Kayla's, the media is busy interviewing anybody who shows up or passes by.

Melissa Liu has snagged Sam Rayfield, the man waiting for Aria Beutefeldt at baggage claim. She looks over her shoulder at Laramie.

MELISSA

Rolling?

Laramie nods. Melissa turns back to Rayfield.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Give us your name and spell it, please.

RAYFIELD

Sam Rayfield. R-a-y-f-i-e-l-d.

MELISSA

How has the quarantine affected you so far?

RAYFIELD

My partner, she's a photographer, Aria Beutefeldt, she was supposed to be shooting a cover for a national fashion magazine. That important assignment has now gone to someone else.

MELISSA

So the impact has been financial?

RAYFIELD

Both. Yeah, I'm losing money but Aria's a true artistic professional and she's losing a chance to make a living at her craft.

Melissa looks over her shoulder again at Laramie, rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - NIGHT

Where -- ON THE CUT -- Aria snaps another motorized sequence of photos from the quarantine. Her target is a group of several dozen passengers in a waiting area, crowded around a TV set, watching local news. Footage from the arrival at the hospital is playing on screen.

SMOLAK

We ought to get royalties. That's the fifth time they've used it since we came in here.

Beyond the waiting area, patients are still being sorted by CDC members and some luggage is being distributed. Others are talking on their cell-phones. A lot of bitching and moaning is going on.

Lindsey sits in a nearby chair. Foxhoven, in his bio-suit, kneels before her.

FOXHOVEN

Tell me how you feel?

LINDSEY

Nauseous. A little.

FOXHOVEN

Might be early to have symptoms but not impossible.

LINDSEY

My friends think I'm a hypochondriac.

FOXHOVEN

Probably nerves. Let me find out what anti-virals we're going with, get you started right away. Okay?

LINDSEY

Thanks.

Foxhoven stands, moves off down the hallway. People stare at him, his outfit only making their unease worse.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

One of the sleek architectural showcases. CAMERA MOVES IN on one of the upper floor.

INT. ACLU OFFICE - NIGHT

PUSHING THROUGH the door which reads, "American Civil Liberties Union."

MOVING INTO the darkened offices, finding a corner office with lights on.

MOVING INTO the corner office where ACLU attorney **SARAH ADAMS-CAPLAN** sits on the corner of her desk watching the Rayfield interview on a state-of-the-art plasma TV. She turns to one of her co-workers, **ED MANN**.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Ed, you thinking what I'm thinking?

MANN

Maybe he's our way in?

ADAMS-CAPLAN

And that people like he and his partner -- innocent Americans -- they're being treated like enemy combatants.

MANN

They're in quarantine, Sarah. Not arrested.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Neither are the prisoners at Gitmo.

MANN

So we go after the quarantine as illegal incarceration without charging a crime and, if we win, we open the door to going after the Administration on their entire detainee policy.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Yes. I mean this government is mounting a full-frontal assault on individual civil liberties. They don't play fair. Why should we?

MANN

Well, what if these people need to be quarantined?

ADAMS-CAPLAN

You a doctor now, Ed?

MANN

No.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Let's find this guy from the news.
Make him our plaintiff. Take the
pending complaint, sub out 'Los
Angeles' for 'Guantanamo.' If we
win, we set a precedent the courts
will have to consider.

Mann takes off.

MANN

I'll make some coffee, start calling
people in.

Mann takes off into the darkened office. Adams-Caplan fires
up her computer, keeping one eye on the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sorkosky, carrying a hanging bag around his shoulder, enters,
looks around critically. People are bustling about, but you
can tell he's judging everybody and everything. Rat-Boy
approaches.

RAT-BOY

Doctor Sorkosky.

SORKOSKY

Where's Doctor Martin?

RAT-BOY

It's good to see you here, sir. She's
at the autopsy.

There's some Eddie Haskell in Rat-Boy when he talks to
authority. Sounds sincere, but you wonder if he's putting
you on with the deference.

SORKOSKY

She left you in charge?

RAT-BOY

Operation's all yours, sir.

SORKOSKY

First thing we need is to get our
system up and running. Let's sort
these people by their seat
assignments, break them into study
groups and start them on anti-virals.

RAT-BOY
Jacko's been working on that.
(to Jacko)
Do we have the room assignments yet?

Jacko pulls a paper out of the printer, hands it to Rat-Boy who hands it to Sorkosky.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)
(to Jacko)
Good work.

SORKOSKY
Not so fast. Have these people already been moved?

RAT-BOY
Per your instructions, sir, we've made no important decisions. That seemed important.

Sorkosky hands the print-out back to Rat-Boy.

SORKOSKY
Make it happen.

RAT-BOY
Okay. I'm on it.

SORKOSKY
One more thing, Ratner.

Rat-Boy stops in his tracks.

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)
Whose idea was it for Martin to brief the press?

Rat-Boy could hang Kayla out on this, but does the opposite.

RAT-BOY
My call, sir. I suggested it.

SORKOSKY
What in God's name for?

RAT-BOY
Well, it didn't seem important to avoid them so I felt like you'd given us permission.

Sorkosky looks at Rat-Boy, knowing he's being screwed with but not sure exactly how.

SORKOSKY

I hate the press. Except for Bill O'Reilly. Is he here?

RAT-BOY

Didn't see him.

SORKOSKY

(nods)
Get to work.

Rat-Boy takes off again, this time for real.

CUT TO:

INT. LA COUNTY MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

LA Coroner, **DR. WINSTON TAM** stands over the body of Ames Smith as Kayla observes. Both are wearing the full bio-suit.

TAM

Haven't seen that shade of blue lately. Ready to take a look?

KAYLA

Let's go.

Tam fires up a circular saw to make the chest incision. As this work continues:

TAM

What made you treat Mister Smith here as a four-alarm?

KAYLA

Rapid on-set of fatal respiratory distress combined with blood on plane with three-hundred passengers.

TAM

That would get my attention.

Tam continues with his work. With the chest split open, he uses clamps to spread it and hold it. Begins to probe into the lungs with a surgical instrument.

TAM (CONT'D)

These lungs look more like a bloody steak than normal tissue. What's the priority for your pathology guys?

KAYLA

Tissues, fixed and fresh for PCR. Multiples, different teams.

TAM
(low whistle)
LA, we have a problem.

Tam motions Kayla over to the body cavity and pokes the lung tissue again.

SPFX - LUNGS

Not our normal fomite effect. This one is a POWER ZOOM into the microscopic lung tissue. It's not a pretty sight, but it's fascinating at this level.

KAYLA (O.S.)
Lung tissue ought to be pink and fluffy. He's only nineteen.

TAM (O.S.)
No time to abuse himself enough to really do big damage.

KAYLA (O.S.)
True.

TAM (O.S.)
Well, what I'm seeing is extraordinary.

BACK TO AUTOPSY ROOM

Tam and Kayla are still hovering over the body cavity.

TAM
If this young man was well-enough to walk onto a plane under his own power, and he looked like this before landing, we're dealing with one of the fastest disease progressions I've ever seen.

Tam pulls back, picks up a different surgical instrument.

TAM (CONT'D)
I'll get your samples. You got people standing by at the lab?

KAYLA
Yeah. Rushing them over with a police escort.

TAM
Who's doing the work-up?

KAYLA

We brought in Doctor Shaheem Razi
from Atlanta for the tests.

TAM

He's the best. Medical journals treat
him like Bono.

Kayla nods, moves to the wall phone, clumsily punches out a
number on a mounted wall phone.

SORKOSKY (V.O.)

(heard over speaker)
Sorkosky.

KAYLA

It's Doctor Martin. The autopsy's
cause for concern. Let's set up an
isolation unit within the quarantine
for symptomatic patients.

SORKOSKY (V.O.)

That's being done now.

KAYLA

Okay, then.

SORKOSKY (V.O.)

We need those tests ASAP to call
this flu. Could be Dengue Fever from
North Australia.

KAYLA

Not likely. This kid was a surfer.
Best waves are down south.

From the table, Kayla hears:

TAM

This is interesting.

KAYLA

(into phone)
I've got to get these samples moving.

SORKOSKY (V.O.)

See you back at base.

Kayla hangs up, looks over at Tam who's weighing body organs
on a hanging scale, his gloves covered with blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sorkosky appears before the media gathering that, if anything, has grown even larger. His demeanor has all the charm of a Donald Rumsfeld scolding.

SORKOSKY

In my view, you're all overreacting.
This is simply a cautionary
investigation.

REPORTER #1

All due respect, Doctor Sorkosky,
but the media didn't quarantine three
hundred people, the CDC did.

SORKOSKY

Point is you're trying to make the
story bigger than it is.

MELISSA

We haven't told you how to test for
Avian flu. Are you sure you want to
tell us how to cover a quarantine?

SORKOSKY

What is your name?

MELISSA

Melissa Liu, Channel Six.

SORKOSKY

Miss Liu, you make two erroneous
assumptions. The first is that this
is Avian flu, something we do not
know. The second mistake is that I
don't want to tell the media how to
cover a quarantine. I actually do.

MELISSA

(pissed)
Go for it.

SORKOSKY

Let's go to the definition of
quarantine.

(pulls out paper)

According to Websters... 'enforced
isolation or restriction of free
movement imposed to prevent a
contagious disease from spreading.'

(MORE)

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)

(puts paper away)

Once we have identified the cause of death for Mister Smith, we will either let everyone go, or move into an actual quarantine.

REPORTER #1

You're saying this isn't a quarantine?

SORKOSKY

I would prefer to call it a preventative action. Responsible news coverage should make clear that there is absolutely no need for public panic. If this is not a contagious disease, by definition, there is no problem. And if it is, we've taken appropriate action to protect the public.

REPORTER #2

What else could be the cause besides Avian flu?

SORKOSKY

Any number of things.

REPORTER #2

(a challenge)

So name two.

SORKOSKY

(don't challenge me)

Ross River Virus or Dengue Fever.

Every reporter starts to write this down.

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)

Don't write that down! You asked for two examples. I didn't say that's what it was.

(pointing finger)

You see? This is exactly what I'm saying.

The image from the parking lot becomes a TV set and we are in:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Rat-Boy and Jacko watch Sorkosky's performance.

RAT-BOY

Wow.

JACKO

What?

RAT-BOY

Sorkosky just set a low for media antagonism not seen since the Cheney shoot-out. Impressive.

MELISSA (T.V.)

Are you prepared with a vaccine if you need one?

SORKOSKY (T.V.)

Vaccines takes months to develop. If it's something new, the chance we would have a vaccine is small. Now don't go off writing that we're defenseless. If we have a form of influenza, bird flu or otherwise, the first course of treatment is anti-viral drugs.

Through the glass window now:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - CONTINUOUS

More passengers gathered around the TV including, specifically, Sampson and Vicente.

VICENTE

Sampson, your idea of togetherness mean we gonna sleep together tonight?

Vicente purses his lips together in a kiss. Totally disgusting.

SAMPSON

I've arrested transvestite hookers better looking than you.

Their attention turns back to the television set. The on-screen super reads: "Breaking News / Live / North Hollywood."

MELISSA (T.V.)

We have reports of people buying up supplies of the anti-viral drug Tamiflu.

SORKOSKY (T.V.)

Now that's jumping the gun.

(MORE)

SORKOSKY (T.V.) (CONT'D)
First, Tami-flu may or may not even be the best anti-viral available. It has to be tested against this disease. We may end up using a newer one, called Vira-flu. We need time to study both of them.

MELISSA (T.V.)
Is Vira-flu on the market?

SORKOSKY (T.V.)
It's very promising but it's not been publicly released yet.

REPORTER #2 (T.V.)
What are you saying? That there's private stocks of it?

Sorkosky looks a little flustered.

SORKOSKY (T.V.)
I don't want to talk about this.

REPORTER #2 (T.V.)
You brought it up.

SORKOSKY (T.V.)
Look. It's in a safe place. That's all you need to know.

WE SEE that Vicente has paid particular attention to this, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - BUSINESS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Where the TV flashes off, as Mayor Sanchez points the zapper at it. He turns to Friedlander.

SANCHEZ
The man's an idiot. And I'm hiding here in a business lounge at LAX.

Friedlander nods. It's hard to argue the point. A beat, then:

FRIEDLANDER
It's time.

Friedlander starts gathering up his things.

CUT TO:

INT. GLENDALE HOMELESS SHELTER - NIGHT

Greeley, the Good Samaritan from the airport, brings in a plastic case full of the pilfered sandwiches from the airport. It's late, only a few men are up smoking cigarettes and watching TV. He's greeted by a nun, **SISTER GRACE TAYLOR**.

SISTER GRACE

Richard, how are you? We saw the story from the airport.

GREELEY

Yeah, but apparently they don't have the whole story. I heard the bomb squad's out there now.

SISTER GRACE

My.

GREELEY

Got about thirty sandwiches.

SISTER GRACE

Most of the men have gone to bed. The last to come in didn't get fed.

Greeley grabs a few sandwiches out of the plastic basket, hands them to Sister Grace.

SPFX PULSE - THE HAND-OFF

As Sister Grace accepts the charity, she also gets fomites on her.

BACK TO SCENE

Greeley indicates the men gathered around the TV.

GREELEY

Why don't you see if anybody wants a snack, and I'll put the rest of these in the frig? They ought to last 24 hours.

SISTER GRACE

Oh, they'll be gone by then. Bless your kindness.

Sister Grace accepts the sandwiches and moves toward the cluster of TV watchers.

SISTER GRACE (CONT'D)

Who's hungry for a sandwich?

Greeley watches her hand out the sandwiches, begins stuffing the rest into an old refrigerator. An old standing floor fan spreads fomites around the shelter.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A sedan pulls up near the media enclave. We've seen it before and so has Melissa Liu who tugs at her cameraman.

MELISSA

Roll tape.
(indicates the car)
It's Sanchez.

Sure enough, it's Sanchez getting out of the vehicle, followed by Friedlander. And, as opposed to Kayla who looked like a deer caught in the headlights, and Sorkosky who lectured like Donald Rumsfeld, Sanchez is smooth and polished. He strides right up.

SANCHEZ

Good evening everybody. I know you're all here to get some answers and, frankly, so am I. As the Mayor of Los Angeles, I consider myself the people's advocate. As such, I'm going inside now to ask the questions the citizens of this city have a right to expect answers to. I'll be back out to share with you what I've learned. Thank you.

Sanchez heads away, having fed the beast, ignoring the shouted questions. Friedlander yells back at the media.

FRIEDLANDER

You heard the mayor. Give us a few minutes.

Sanchez and Friedlander disappear into the darkened breezeway leading into the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sanchez and Friedlander enter, met by Troy, now passing the nurse's station, moving to CDC Command.

Kayla and Sorkosky are looking over Jacko's shoulder at a computer screen.

KAYLA

Uh, Doctor Sorkosky, we've got company.

(off his blank reaction)

It's the Mayor.

Sorkosky nods, strides up to meet the new arrivals. He sticks his hand out to Friedlander.

SORKOSKY

Mister Mayor. I'm Doctor Max Sorkosky.

Friedlander shrinks away. Sanchez sticks out his hand and takes Sorkosky's handshake.

SANCHEZ

That would be me.

SORKOSKY

My apologies. I don't much follow LA politics.

SANCHEZ

Well, Doctor, you may not recognize me, but I recognize you.

SORKOSKY

You saw those news jackals, I expect?

SANCHEZ

I saw people with legitimate questions getting the runaround from a man who should know better.

Sorkosky just stares at Sanchez, taking his measure, while everybody does their best to look away.

SORKOSKY

America's a great country. It gives a man named Sanchez the right to be Mayor of a city like LA, and it gives everybody the right to express an opinion.

(beat)

Even if they're wrong.

Now Sanchez stares at Sorkosky. Friedlander steps in.

FRIEDLANDER

Okay, now that we've gotten the niceties out of the way, why don't we get down to the real reason we're here?

KAYLA
(quickly)
Good idea.

SORKOSKY
What can we do for you, Mister Mayor?

SANCHEZ
Let's start by agreeing you don't
talk to the media anymore.

SORKOSKY
My call, not yours.

SANCHEZ
Look, Doctor, the President is a
friend of mine. I expect he can give
your job to anyone he thinks could
do it better if you're going to be a
problem.

Another stand-off. These guys are looking for a fight.

FRIEDLANDER
We'd suggest Doctor Martin handle
media, unless you have another idea.

KAYLA
I don't think --

SORKOSKY
Done. I have better things to do
anyway.

FRIEDLANDER
Great. Now, do you know what we're
up against medically?

KAYLA
Autopsy makes us nervous but can't
pinpoint the disease for at least a
day.

FRIEDLANDER
What about the investigation in
Australia?

SORKOSKY
We're still waiting for them to get
back to us.

TROY
I can help there.
(MORE)

TROY (CONT'D)

I've been dealing with the Aussies on our extradited prisoner. Let's just say they have a different assessment of threat level, especially when the threat's in the U.S.

SANCHEZ

Disease started in their country.

(to Sorkosky)

Why don't you get some people over there? We need medical facts.

Kayla pulls out the business card given her by Brent Smith.

KAYLA

I've got a free jet, waiting at the airport if we want to send a team. The victim's parents. Said they want to help.

SORKOSKY

Doesn't matter. I don't have the people to spare.

KAYLA

What about Rat --
(catches herself)
Dr. Ratner?

FRIEDLANDER

(to Troy)

You should go, too. You've been working with them.

TROY

What about my prisoner?

SANCHEZ

He won't be released to anybody but you or somebody you designate. That's no problem.

Kayla hands Troy the business card.

TROY

It's summer there, right?

Kayla shrugs. Probably is.

CUT TO:

EXT. GULFSTREAM II - NIGHT

To ESTABLISH that the CDC has wasted no time in getting their people airborne and headed half-way around the world.

INT. GULFSTREAM II - MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Pretty cushy environment, especially for an FBI agent and a CDC grunt, both of whom are unlikely to experience this level of luxury in their daily lives. Troy's working a phone.

TROY

Got it. We're just looking to reverse track the kid's activities. Where'd he stay, who'd he talk to, party with?

Rat-Boy's on his laptop computer and has a couple of computer simulations up and running.

TROY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

We'll look for you at the airport, thanks.

Troy hangs up, looks over at Rat-Boy.

TROY (CONT'D)

The got a Chris Tooley meeting us at the airport.

(re: computer)

What's that?

RAT-BOY

Computer simulation.

He turns the laptop so Troy can share a view of the screen.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

The red dots are outbreak clusters. This first one is every 24 hours, fast acting influenza, delayed initial response.

Rat-Boy starts punching the keyboard. With every key stroke, the red darkens in LA and moves outward. Ten days out the entire US is dark red. Rat-Boy presses "re-set."

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

Here it is, all assumptions the same, except that we jump on it in LA with everything we've got.

Now as he punches the keys, the red increases slightly in LA, spreads a little bit into the rest of the country, then begins to recede.

TROY

Good argument for quarantine.

RAT-BOY

Same as you learned in college on a Saturday night.

(off his reaction)

Timing is everything.

TROY

So basically, if you whine, wring your hands, and screw around in red tape, people just die faster.

RAT-BOY

Taking action is better than doing nothing.

Rat-Boy swings the laptop around and flips it shut. Lesson over. He rips open a gourmet package of peanuts.

TROY

Everybody's gonna expect you geniuses have a vaccine somewhere.

RAT-BOY

Gotta know what you're vaccinating against. We had a situation once, testing this vaccine. I give the injection --

(snaps fingers)

-- Benjie dies less than two hours later.

TROY

Why'd this guy let you test a vaccine on him that could kill him?

RAT-BOY

Not like that. Benjie's a rat.

Troy lets out a laugh. It's kind of ridiculous.

TROY

You name your rats before you shoot them up?

RAT-BOY

(shrugs)

Rats are people, too. He gave his life so you wouldn't have to give yours.

Troy leans back and lets out a big laugh.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

TROY

It's Rat-Boy, they call you Rat-Boy.

RAT-BOY

Who told you that?

TROY

Doctor Martin. But I thought she said 'Frat-Boy.' And I've been sitting here thinking you're too off-the-wall to be a frat boy.

(shakes head)

Freakin' Rat-Boy!

Rat-Boy starts throwing peanuts at Troy, one at a time.

RAT-BOY

Keep it up, man. I'm workin' on a name for you.

But even Rat-Boy has to laugh as Troy catches one of the peanuts in his mouth and barks like a seal.

CUT TO:

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

Dr. Razi and his team are at work on the materials that have arrived from the autopsy. Kayla enters.

KAYLA

Welcome to LA, Doctor Razi.

RAZI

Thank you. I haven't seen much of it. It was dark when we arrived, and we've been in the lab.

KAYLA

Well, crazy as it may seem, I've been made the designated hitter in briefing the media about our medical progress. So what do we know?

RAZI

The IHC stains are in progress. Still waiting.

KAYLA

I have to explain this process to reporters who were covering Jennifer Aniston yesterday.

RAZI

Of course.

(choosing words
carefully)

The suspect antibodies latch onto the Avian pathogen signature and fluoresce under the microscope when they fall within certain parameters as defined by our 2004 W-H-O protocol.

Kayla takes this in, nods.

KAYLA

Great, thanks. Let me work with that. Anything besides the IHC?

RAZI

We are also doing PCR now.

KAYLA

Polymerase-Chain-Reaction.

RAZI

Insight-2 technology.

KAYLA

The chain reaction is the RNA, so you use the a special enzyme to multiply the signal. Right?

RAZI

Yes.

KAYLA

Any reaction so far?

RAZI

I want to re-run the tests.

KAYLA

What reaction? C'mon, Doctor, I need to know.

Razi hands her a print-out. She scans it.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
This could be bird flu.

RAZI
Yes.

Razi points at another part of the print-out.

RAZI (CONT'D)
But this argues for another pathogen.
(beat)
We have not seen these results before.
So we re-run the tests to find out.

Kayla nods, good plan.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - DAY

Sampson, still armed, watches the door outside the private room where Vicente is being held. A beat, then Foxhoven, in a bio-suit, approaches.

FOXHOVEN
Agent Sampson?

SAMPSON
Yeah?

FOXHOVEN
You have a visitor.

SAMPSON
In here?

FOXHOVEN
Not technically. You'll need your
cell-phone.
(re: Vicente)
Can you leave him?

SAMPSON
He's cuffed to the bed and the door's
locked. I can take five.

Sampson rises and follows after Foxhoven. They walk up to the observation window. We've usually seen this from the other side, with doctors looking in.

Instead, what Sampson sees is Gil and his mother, **KELLY**. Gil hits the speed dial on his cell-phone, and Sampson's phone RINGS.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you guys doing here?

GIL

Your man Troy, he made 'em let us visit.

SAMPSON

Damn, now I'm gonna have to be nice to him. Where is he?

GIL

They sent him to Australia on a private jet or something. He said you shouldn't have all the fun.

Sampson reacts, wants to know more, but has something else on his mind, too.

SAMPSON

Let me speak to your mom.

Gil hands the phone to Kelly.

KELLY

Pete, are you okay?

SAMPSON

Yeah. I'm fine. They're gonna give us some pills to keep us safe. So far, so good.

KELLY

You look like you could use some sleep.

SAMPSON

The way it's set up, Vicente, my a-hole perp, he gets the bed so I can lock him in the room. Which puts me in a chair outside.

KELLY

They should give you your own room.

SAMPSON

I gotta watch him. A chair's something. Things are so crowded here already, you should see the evil eye I'm gettin' from people.

Kelly holds up a plate.

KELLY

I baked cookies. They said they'd get them to you.

Kelly casts an apprehensive eye at one of the CDC workers in bio-suits.

SAMPSON

I'm eatin' all of 'em, right in front of scumbag.

KELLY

Just come home soon. Gil misses you.

Gil rolls his eyes.

SAMPSON

He does, does he? Anybody else?

KELLY

I actually turned on my oven and made cookies. What do you think?

Kelly holds up the plate of cookies, and Pete laughs.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Give me a kiss.

Kelly leans to the glass and puts her lips to it. Pete shakes his head, but puts his lips to the glass, too. OFF their kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Kayla's driving Troy's official car and listening to LA talk radio. The streets are still full of cars and frustrating rush hour traffic.

TALK HOST #1 (V.O.)

The problem is they've got these people in North Hollywood. Maybe if they'd just shipped them all up to Palmdale or Lancaster.

TALK HOST #2 (V.O.)

Right. You get on a plane in Australia and when you get off in LA we treat you like a piece of nuclear waste.

TALK HOST #1

People are stirred up, that's all.

TALK HOST #2

Thank you for letting these people live. I'm sure your first instinct was to burn them.

TALK HOST #1

Every society has a right to protect itself.

Kayla's cell phone RINGS. She TURNS OFF the radio, and juggles her phone.

KAYLA

Hello?

WENDY (V.O.)

Kayla, honey, is that you?

KAYLA

Mom? Oh, God!

Kayla speeds up to avoid a red light, another car HONKS at her.

CUT TO:

INT. KAYLA'S PARENTS' HOME - DAY

It's Kayla's mother, **WENDY**, standing in an entryway. Several suitcases are neatly lined up by the door.

WENDY

What was that?! Kayla!

KAYLA (V.O.)

It's okay, mom. I'm fine.

INTERCUT: KAYLA'S CAR / PARENTS' HOME

Wendy does not seem overly relieved by her assurance.

WENDY

Are you sick?

KAYLA

Of course not.

WENDY

The Today Show showed pictures of you talking last night. And Andie Matis just called to say she saw you on Good Morning America.

KAYLA

Okay, then, you should know I'm not sick.

WENDY

Well, what about the wedding?

Kayla holds the phone away, silently mouths a swear word away from the mouthpiece.

KAYLA

I'm not exactly thinking about the wedding right now.

Wendy looks over at the suitcases.

WENDY

Your father and I sure are. We have a plane to catch tomorrow morning.

KAYLA

I don't know.

WENDY

When do you think you'll know.

KAYLA

I don't know.

WENDY

That morning newsman who cut all his hair off said that the World Health Whatever is 'this close' to putting a travel advisory out on Los Angeles. Maybe we should come now.

KAYLA

(quickly)
Don't do that.

WENDY

Kayla, honey, you sound so stressed.

KAYLA

(exasperated)
Mom, I am stressed. I'm driving an SUV that is twice the size of my own car, I have three-hundred people in quarantine, the mayor just insisted that I brief the media, I haven't had time to eat or sleep or even talk to my fiancée and you want to know if you should get on the plane.

WENDY

I understand.

KAYLA

What? What do you understand?

WENDY

This is an inconvenient time for you.

KAYLA

There may not be a convenient time between now and the wedding.

(beat)

Let me think about this. I just don't know. I'll call you back.

WENDY

You promise?

KAYLA

Mom!

WENDY

If you don't call back, can I call you?

KAYLA

Yes. Of course.

Kayla sees something ahead that shocks her.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

It's a huge white canvas tent, like the kind you'd see at a huge outdoor wedding. It's been erected overnight in the parking lot.

Kayla drives into the parking lot. There are already mobile trucks feeding reporter's stand-ups to satellites to go God-knows-where.

WENDY (V.O.)

I love you, honey. You're getting married.

KAYLA

I love you, too, Mom. Let's hope for good news. Hi to Dad.

WENDY (V.O.)

I'll look for you on the TV.

KAYLA

Yeah...

Kayla flips her phone shut, throws it down into the seat next to her.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - NURSE'S STATION - DAY

New shift **NURSES** are coming on duty.

INCOMING NURSE

(looking around)

Wow. This is unbelievable.

OUTGOING NURSE

You should have seen when they all came in. Never seen that before.

INCOMING NURSE

Is it true that everybody makes time and a half?

OUTGOING NURSE

Unless you want to make more.

(off her reaction)

The suits are so sweaty, and if you put one on, the contract says that's hazard pay.

In the background, there's a TV set on and the airwaves of Los Angeles are absolutely cluttered with interviews with hysterical relatives and friends of the passengers who are crying cover-up.

PICK UP Kayla who watches the TV a beat.

KAYLA

Any symptoms?

OUTGOING NURSE

Two for sure.

KAYLA

What are their names?

OUTGOING NURSE

Lindsey Mastrapa and Kathryn Hadorn.

KAYLA

Lindsey held his hand, and he threw up on Kathryn.

Kayla knows this is bad.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Have you moved them to iso?

OUTGOING NURSE
(nods)
Doctor Sorkosky approved. And he's
looking for you.

Kayla nods her thanks, moves off.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Kayla enters, finds Sorkosky leaning on the desk with both
arms, staring at a piece of paper.

KAYLA
Hey.

SORKOSKY
You heard?

KAYLA
That's about a 24 hour incubation.

SORKOSKY
I put Mastrapa on Tami-flu and Hadorn
on Vira-flu.

KAYLA
I hate to treat them like an
experiment.

SORKOSKY
That's what they are until we know
what we're dealing with.
(wry smile)
I just wouldn't use that word when
you talk to the jackals.
(beat)
What's going on at the lab?

KAYLA
There are markers that look like
Avian, but others that are definitely
different. Razi's re-running the
whole set-up.

SORKOSKY
We might have a novel virus that
passes easily, makes them symptomatic
in a day, and kills fast.

KAYLA

We might. I'm thinking we should start everybody on anti-virals.

SORKOSKY

Because if we wait, and they start dying, we'll never hear the end of it?

KAYLA

Because if we wait, they might start dying.

SORKOSKY

That's rash. Start at on-set of symptoms.

KAYLA

When you're talking limited supplies and a general population. But we're talking three-hundred people we absolutely know have been exposed.

SORKOSKY

I'll consider it.

Kayla nods. Sorkosky thrusts the paper he was looking at toward her.

KAYLA

This is a court summons.

SORKOSKY

The ACLU woke a district judge up in the middle of the night and got him to call this hearing on an emergency basis. We have to show up this afternoon.

KAYLA

They don't waste any time, do they?

Sorkosky shakes his head. They don't.

CUT TO:

INT. MODEST HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Angela Ruiz makes breakfast for Jose and Belinda. Like everybody else, they're watching TV but, in this house, it's Telemundo that's on the set. The booty from Jose's shopping spree at the convenience store is spread around, and Belinda goes through it.

TELEMUNDO ANCHOR (V.O.)

Un portavoz para los centros para el control de enfermedad dijo que el hospital de Hollywood del norte será el recurso temporal para los pasajeros de la línea aérea. No hay palabra en cuanto a...

BELINDA

Daddy, why won't they show us fixing the agujero en el camino?

This is a family completely comfortable in the LA dialect of Spanglish, moving back and forth, mix-and-match language.

JOSE

Porque it's not as important as the story about *la gente* on the airliner.

ANGELA

Es justo como importante, Belinda. Hablarán de él pronto. You'll see.

BELINDA

But I'll be at school.

ANGELA

Recordaré la cosa entera apenas para tu. Besides, you were there.

Belinda holds up the duct tape and inspects the plastic container of jerky. Turns to Jose.

BELINDA

Por que compra all this stuff?

JOSE

Porque, you know, in case we need it.

BELINDA

For what?

JOSE

No sé. Acaba de parecerse como una buena idea... to have something extra around.

BELINDA

Jerky?

It does sound a little silly. Jose tossles Belinda's hair.

JOSE

Well, in case people start acting crazy, and I can't buy any *huevos* for your mother, we'll sit around and eat jerky. *No moriremos de hambre.*

Jose opens up a copy of La Opinion newspaper. The headline reads: "*El Plano de la Muerte Viene a Los Angeles.*"

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS MANSION - DAY

Jack Hendler stands outside his Benz, using both thumbs to write Blackberry e-mail. He's in front of a beautifully manicured lawn with an awesome house behind him. Without thinking, he wipes his brow with the palm of his hand, wipes it on his pants.

A beat, then another Benz pulls up and producer-on-the-rise **MICHAEL TORINO**, wearing sunglasses, exits.

HENDLER

Mister Torino. Great to see you this morning.

Hendler eagerly extends his hand to Torino.

SPFX PULSE - THE HANDSHAKE

Again, the fomites make an easy transition from one man to the other.

BACK TO SCENE

Torino flashes a white strip smile because that's who he is, someone who sells himself, not property like Hendler.

TORINO

Call me Michael.

HENDLER

Michael, you bet. You got any kids, Michael?

TORINO

Oh, yeah. But they only live with me in the summer.

HENDLER

No problemo. They are going to love the backyard of this estate. Pool, slide, jacuzzi, rock waterfall.

(MORE)

HENDLER (CONT'D)

Big enough they can play water polo
back there.

TORINO

House is open for us to look at,
right?

HENDLER

Oh, yeah. We're taking the tour.
First, I just wanted you to see how
beautifully this home presents from
the street.

TORINO

(impatient)

Yeah, it's great. Look, Jack, the
thing is, I have a new movie coming
out, you know, and there's a premiere
tonight, and -- as the film's producer --
I kind of have some things to do to
get ready.

HENDLER

You're talking about 'Bomb Squad?'
(off Torino's nod)
I saw the trailer.

TORINO

Yeah. How'd it look?

HENDLER

Awesome. How much did you pay that
stuntman to jump from that helicopter.

TORINO

Wasn't a stunt.

HENDLER

What do you mean?

TORINO

It's all computer. We put the actor
in this suit, wire him up, the
computer takes a complete picture.
It's pretty amazing.

HENDLER

Can't wait to see it.

TORINO

Well, I can't wait to see your house.

Hendler's phone RINGS. He listens.

HENDLER

Got it. Well, you hold them off on dating anything.

Hendler hangs up.

HENDLER (CONT'D)

Somebody's making an offer now. But it's through my office, so I can put you in first position.

Hendler uses his car key to electronically lock his car, starts walking to the house.

HENDLER (CONT'D)

All those details, all that hard work. You deserve a home like this. Follow me.

Torino falls in after Hendler.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

A continent away, but the last place where Ames Smith hung out before getting on Flight 182. A Gulfstream II sits on the runway.

SUPER: Sydney, Australia

EXT. SYDNEY AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

Troy and Rat-Boy exit their jet and move out on the runway. A car marked Sydney Police is parked nearby and an Australian cop, **CHRISTIE TOOLEY**, stands outside applying sunscreen.

TROY

You're Chris Tooley?

TOOLEY

That's the deal.

She tosses the tube of sunscreen at the two men. Rat-Boy catches it.

TOOLEY (CONT'D)

Screen up, friends. Sun down under can kill you same as your Riptide Virus. Just takes years instead of days.

Rat-Boy starts putting sunscreen on his face.

RAT-BOY

Riptide?

TOOLEY

That's the handle we hung on it soon as we figured out who your Ames Smith was.

TROY

Who was he?

TOOLEY

I can show ya. We just got an address. Get in.

Tooley gets in the car. Troy goes around, starts to get in the front. Rat-Boy puts a hand on his forearm.

RAT-BOY

I don't know why I always get the back seat.

TROY

Because I'm the cop.

Troy opens the front door, gets in. Rat-Boy shakes his head, gets in the back.

INT. TOOLEY'S POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

As they take off, Tooley rolls all the windows down.

TOOLEY

Mind a little air?

Rhetorical question. Rat-Boy's getting blasted in the back. He hands the sunscreen up to Troy.

TOOLEY (CONT'D)

Took a little doin' -- your boy was flyin' under the radar, not usin' credit cards -- but we got him tracked up to Bondi.

TROY

What's Bondi?

TOOLEY

Beach colony, about thirty clicks up the road here. Big surfer hang-out. You surf?

TROY

Afraid not.

RAT-BOY
(eagerly)
I surf.

Tooley looks back, gets a look at Rat-Boy.

TOOLEY
I'd figured that. Not me. Too dangerous.

RAT-BOY
Waves too radical?

TOOLEY
The sun, mate. Ozone hole's real. Anyhow, up at Bondi, they got your surfers from around the world showin' up. They also got big riptide, call it the 'Backpacker's Express.' Ya get caught in it, ya can end up two beaches away.

Tooley looks over at Troy.

TOOLEY (CONT'D)
Why's the FBI care about all this?

TROY
I'm a chaperone.

TOOLEY
(indicates Rat-Boy)
So tell him to put on his seatbelt.

Tooley hits the gas and passes the car in front of her, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Stock footage.

INT. LA COUNTY COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

A gavel brings a courtroom to order. Brought down by **JUDGE ANDREW POLACOFF** who peers down from the bench at two groups: Sarah Adams-Caplan and Ed Mann from the ACLU, and **PHIL DUIN** and Sorkosky for the CDC.

JUDGE POLACOFF
Alright, people.
(MORE)

JUDGE POLACOFF (CONT'D)
I've granted this expedited hearing because of time urgency. I'm going to hear what you have to say today, take it under advisement, rule in 48 hours or less.

(looks at paper work)
Do we have a Sarah Adams-Caplan for the plaintiff, the American Civil Liberties Union?

ADAMS-CAPLAN
Here, Your Honor.

JUDGE POLACOFF
What about the attorney for the Centers for Disease Control? Mister Phillip Duin?

DUIN
Here, Your Honor.

JUDGE POLACOFF
You brought us together, Miss Adams-Caplan. Let's hear from you.

Adams-Caplan stands at her table.

ADAMS-CAPLAN
Your Honor, we have included in items for your review the charter of the Centers for Disease Control. As you read it, you will see that it only allows quarantine of individuals in the case of a known disease. Whatever the man on the plane died of, the CDC has yet to identify it. Therefore, they are in violation of their own rules and have no authority whatsoever to deprive healthy individuals of their liberty.

Duin shoots to his feet.

DUIN
Your Honor, the CDC charter Miss Adams-Caplan refers to clearly anticipates using quarantine to halt the progress of infectious disease spread. She is arguing a technicality and that argument could cost lives.

JUDGE POLACOFF
I'm inclined to agree with that.
(MORE)

JUDGE POLACOFF (CONT'D)

(to Adams-Caplan)

I'll review it, but your problem with this quarantine better exceed the scope of that argument.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

It does. If I may continue --
(off his nod)

We believe the CDC has no jurisdiction, no authority and, frankly, no good reason to hold these people against their will. There are local health authorities which, rather than be consulted, have been frozen out of this process. The CDC mandate for action specifically refers to cross-state transmission. Even if some form of flu were to be caused by this current outbreak, there is no reason to believe it will go beyond Los Angeles. Therefore, locals are the appropriate authorities to act.

JUDGE POLACOFF

(to Duin)

What about that?

DUIN

These passengers arrived by plane, a number of them are simply passing through Los Angeles. We live in a world where disease can travel the globe in days where it used to take years. We cannot afford to take chances.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Mister Duin ignores the fact that there are already acceptable methods used by public health authorities, such as home quarantine and simply trusting people to use common sense.

SORKOSKY

If people could be trusted to use common sense, we wouldn't be here in the first place.

Sorkosky says this as an audible mutter, clearly intending for it to be heard.

JUDGE POLACOFF

Mister Duin, who is this man and why is he talking without being recognized by the court?

DUIN

Sorry, Your Honor. I've brought Doctor Max Sorkosky with me. He's the head of the CDC. I'm sure he's just speaking out of passion.

Judge Polacoff nods his agreement.

JUDGE POLACOFF

Ah, the horse's mouth. The Court will recognize your passion to make a statement Doctor Sorkosky but then I expect you to take a seat and wait your turn. The floor's yours.

Judge Polacoff waves his hand at Sorkosky who stands.

SORKOSKY

Your Honor, we are in the midst of identifying the specific disease. If it is not a threat, we certainly wouldn't recommend keeping anyone. But if we let them go now, we could blow our only chance of stopping a pandemic. These are dangerous times. Sometimes the rights of the public must trump the rights of the individual.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

Oh, please. They've made the same argument about the Patriot Act.

And now we dissolve into a cacophony of OVERLAPPING DIALOGUE.

SORKOSKY

And that's what this is all about, isn't it?

DUIN

Sit down, Doctor.

ADAMS-CAPLAN

You know what this is about.

MANN

Sarah...

SORKOSKY
You've dragged us in
here not because you
care about public health
but because you could
care less about it.

JUDGE POLACOFF
You're out of order!

ADAMS-CAPLAN
I will never apologize
for caring about
individual rights.

JUDGE POLACOFF
Both of you!

SORKOSKY
You're a damn fool!

We end as we began -- with a gavel being slammed down,
repeatedly, calling for order.

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW ROAD - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

The Sydney PD vehicle bounces along a dirt road, churning up
a cloud of dirt behind it.

The car turns into a driveway, threading through some foliage,
comes through into a clearing.

A BEACH SHACK

Granted, the location is near paradise with the ocean and
beach in the background and the palms, etc. But the shack
itself looks so run-down as to be barely livable. The car
pulls to a stop. Troy and Rat-Boy exit. Rat-Boy carries a
suitcase sized kit.

TOOLEY
(from inside car)
A lot of the surfers rent these shacks
out, cram inside, costs 'em a few
bucks each day.

TROY
But nobody's home?

TOOLEY
Unless they're strong sleepers.

RAT-BOY
Sure you don't want to glove-and-
gown and go in with us?

TOOLEY

(shakes head)

What do you Americans say? 'Above my paygrade.'

RAT-BOY

So wait down the road, we'll give a call.

Tooley flips her sunglasses down, starts backing her car up the road.

A distance from the shack, Rat-Boy unfolds a metal folding table and uses it to support the kit. He opens it. There are sample cases, etc., and also gowns, gloves and masks. He puts some sanitizing gel on his hands, begins to rub them together. Then he hands a gown to Troy and begins to put on his own.

TROY

Shouldn't we have one of those suits you guys love to wear?

RAT-BOY

This is nearly as good and we can burn it when we're done.

TROY

Nearly as good, needs to be burned. Comforting.

Gowns on, Rat-Boy hands Troy gloves. They each put on a pair.

Next, Rat-Boy hands Troy a mask. They each put one on.

Finally, Rat-Boy hands Troy a wrapped condom.

RAT-BOY

Everything's gotta be covered.

Even with the mask on, we can see Troy's reaction in his eyes. Rat-Boy shrugs.

A beat, then Rat-Boy slaps Troy on his gowned back:

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

Dude, relax. I'm just screwin' with you.

TROY

It's because I got the front seat, isn't it?

RAT-BOY
It's always nice to share.

Rat-Boy snaps the case shut, hefts it with one hand.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)
Let's take a look around.

Rat-Boy and Troy move cautiously toward the beach shack.

CUT TO:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

An upscale office and design. This is Hendler's kingdom where he reigns. He enters, with a carry-tray from Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf.

HENDLER
Listen up, folks. The King is in the Building.

AD-LIBS from his co-workers who look up and gather round as Hendler begins to hand out the drinks.

HENDLER (CONT'D)
First off, yours truly will be attending a Hollywood premiere tonight as a guest of mega-producer Michael Torino.

That elicits various OOHS and AAHS.

HENDLER (CONT'D)
Mister Torino has invited the King to attend because he is so grateful. And he's grateful because I've made him a super-sweet deal on the LaFontaine Estate. We will be closed in 72 hours!

In the Beverly Hills real estate world, this is the equivalent of a home run. Hugs and kisses are exchanged throughout and as they are:

SPFX PULSE - HENDLER COUGHS

And, as he does, fomites transfer from one person to another to another.

BACK TO SCENE

As the hoo-hah continues, Hendler wipes the sweat off his brow.

HENDLER

Where am I gonna get a tuxedo on
this short a notice?

A social spreader has sent forth another handful of people who will within hours be doing the same themselves.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND - DAY

Kayla goes over some paperwork, having her zillionth cup of coffee when suddenly she sees a face she'd nearly forgotten about.

KAYLA

Mario.

It's Mario, her fiancée. She looks at him blankly, what's he doing here?

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I didn't... I wasn't...

MARIO

Can I kiss my fiancée or do I need
to put on one of those crazy suits
first?

Kayla puts her arms around Mario and kisses him.

KAYLA

It'll be our secret.

Except that half the people on the floor are looking at them. She lets go and pulls back.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Sort of.

MARIO

Your mom called me.

KAYLA

Oh, God, that's right. I was supposed
to call her.

MARIO

It's okay. She understands. I told
to get on the plane.

(MORE)

MARIO (CONT'D)

(looking for her
reaction)

Since her only daughter's still
getting married on Saturday.

(beat)

Right?

KAYLA

Oh, Mario, the thing is I have no
portion of my brain left to think
about those details.

MARIO

And you don't have to. Everybody
else will. I'll handle everything.
All you have to do is show up.

KAYLA

Okay.

MARIO

Well, you have to say 'I do.'

KAYLA

Can do to I do.

MARIO

All right, then, it's easy. We're
still having rehearsal dinner at my
restaurant on Friday night. If you
can't make it, we'll understand.

(shrugs)

I'll get 'em all so buzzed on a good
Pinot, they won't even notice.

Kayla reaches out and takes Mario's hand.

KAYLA

I don't know.

(looking away)

Maybe we should postpone. Things
aren't...

MARIO

(stunned)

Kayla...

One of the SHIFT NURSES approaches.

SHIFT NURSE

We've had another three go
symptomatic.

Kayla nods. Turns to Mario.

KAYLA

I have to go. I love you.

Kayla kisses him quickly, gets up and leaves. Mario watches her and realizes things are starting to tank.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH SHACK - DAY (AUSTRALIA)

Rat-Boy and Troy move toward the shack. As they do:

RAT-BOY

This isn't good.

Rat-Boy kneels to the ground, uses a stick to turn over a dead seagull.

TROY

It's a dead seagull. I grew up by the beach, seen plenty of them.

RAT-BOY

Yeah. But it's the right pathology.

TROY

For what?

RAT-BOY

They call it bird flu, right? Chickens might not have cornered the market on it.

Rat-Boy opens the case, uses tongs to place it in the plastic specimen bag.

INT. BEACH SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

They enter and, even through their masks, they can smell death.

TROY

Somebody's dead in here.

RAT-BOY

Yeah.

TROY

Over there.

On the couch is a body, not moving, bluish skin tone. A quick check for a pulse by Rat-Boy shows that they're right -- he's dead. He opens up his kit again to take samples.

RAT-BOY

Check the rest of the place.

Troy starts to move through the shack. He opens the refrigerator, sees that it's full of rotting food.

TROY

Food's starting to spoil.

Troy starts looking around the kitchen. He finds a blank notepad. He rips the top page off, then takes a fresh page to the back and uses a pencil to shade across it. Writing begins to take shape.

TROY (CONT'D)

I got something.

Rat-Boy has gotten up, moving around the house.

RAT-BOY

Yeah, what?

TROY

There's a pad here. Last thing written on it was Flight 182. And something else. An address.

From around the house, Troy hears:

RAT-BOY

This is really, really not good.

EXT. BEACH SHACK - OCEAN SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Rat-Boy and Troy, gloved and gowned, walk out onto the sand into a frightening tableau.

Before them are dozens of dead seagulls. Some have washed up on the beach and others have died on a back patio ledge, full of their droppings.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEACH SHACK - LATER

It's a medical swarm as Rat-Boy is now joined by Australian health officials.

Like a CSI team, they begin to take samples, seize all bedding, cut up the carpet and go through the trash.

Everything is bagged and tagged. Everybody is deadly serious.
There is no dialogue.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND - DAY

The war-room is up and running and it's a tribute to Sorkosky's organization talents. He's got computers, dry erase boards and bulletin boards pulled into service to track the passengers. They are now divided in two ways: by seating on the plane and by their condition. A third way is just getting started, separating them by the two anti-virals they're testing until they determine exactly what kind of flu they're up against. At a table set up in the middle FIND Sorkosky, Kayla, Razi, Duin. There's a speaker phone box set up in the middle.

SORKOSKY

You there, Doctor Ratner?

RAT-BOY (O.S.)

I can hear you.

SORKOSKY

Let's get started. Doctor Razi?

RAZI

It is definitely an influenza, similar in some respects to Avian but not Avian. At least it is not the H5N1 strain we were expecting.

RAT-BOY (O.S.)

That squares with Australia. We'll have to test the samples, but it looks like we have seagull to human, then human to human transmission. It turns out that besides Smith's roommate who died here already, there's another one on a respirator. Soon as I'm off this call, I'm going up to see him.

Sorkosky leans in, speaks toward the speaker box.

SORKOSKY

Doctor Ratner. Go check out that other roommate right now and then fly home. Hurry. LA out.

Sorkosky turns off the speaker connection, turns to Kayla.

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)

Your turn.

KAYLA

(looking at board)

Here in LA, we already have thirty-two passengers confirmed symptomatic. All on anti-virals.

SORKOSKY

But no fatalities.

KAYLA

Only a matter of time. I've got four that are in free fall and may be gone any minute.

RAZI

Given also that Mister Smith's roommates are dead and dying, it is reasonable to expect significant fatalities among the passengers.

SORKOSKY

Those reporters will blow this way out of proportion.

DUIN

My legal advice remains: hold nothing back.

(off his reaction)

We do and it gets out -- and it will because all staff and patients talk to everybody -- then they'll cry cover-up.

SORKOSKY

At least that'll be a kick in the ass to the ACLU. No judge in his right mind would break the quarantine now.

DUIN

True. Judge Polacoff will be far less likely to break the quarantine from the bench. He's apt to let it stand, and let the courts sort it out post-facto.

SORKOSKY

Well, I have one more piece that might shift our paradigm.

That's an attention grabber. Sorkosky pushes his glasses back up his nose, gestures to the board.

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)

I've been over and over this. We've counted and re-counted, cross-referenced from ticketing to a full bed-check, and we keep coming back to the same thing. Someone who was on that plane when it left Australia did not get to this hospital.

KAYLA

We've got a rogue out there?

SORKOSKY

(nods)

Not for long. He's a Beverly Hills real estate agent. We've notified police to bring him in.

DUIN

By force?

SORKOSKY

If necessary.

DUIN

That's not good from a legal point of view.

KAYLA

It's worse from a medical one if he stays out.

There are some grim faces around the table.

SORKOSKY

Let's put everybody on anti-virals today. Randomly assign half to Tami-flu, half to Vira-flu.

(to everybody)

We're done.

(to Kayla)

You stay.

Razi and Duin get up and leave together. Sorkosky turns to Kayla.

SORKOSKY (CONT'D)

Could I be hearing right? That you're getting married on Saturday?

KAYLA

It's been planned for six months.

SORKOSKY

Unplan it. Now.

Sorkosky stands, takes off, leaving Kayla, alone with her thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Kayla enters in her surgical scrubs. A collection of bio-suits hang on the wall. She takes one and begins to dress herself in it.

CUT TO:

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - DAY

Kayla enters. She has the modified boom box speaker.

KAYLA

May I have your attention, please?

Kayla pulls a chair out and stands on it.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

May I have your attention?

Standing on a chair in a bio-suit, holding a boom-box, she pretty much has their attention.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

I'm going to tell you what we know and what we're going to do, then I'm going outside and telling the reporters, so you are hearing this first.

(beat)

We have a serious flu epidemic. It is not Avian flu and it is impossible to tell whether any vaccine developed for Avian would be effective against this. Because of this, we're starting everyone on anti-viral medication.

People begin to murmur amongst themselves.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

As we told you, there are two anti-virals which may be effective in slowing or stopping transmission of the flu. Because this is a new strain of flu, we just don't know which might work here.

Kayla indicates two CDC workers to her side.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Every one of you has been assigned to one group or the other based using your seat assignment as an identifier --

Foxhoven steps into the hallway from one of the rooms and shouts:

FOXHOVEN

Kayla! Code Blue!

Kayla hops down from her chair, leaving the boom box, and begins to run down toward Foxhoven, followed by the two CDC workers.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PATIENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Kayla and the others enter on the run. Foxhoven indicates the patient on the bed -- it's Lindsey Mastrapa -- she's on a respirator already and she looks bad. The heart monitor above her is flat-lined. Two other patients who've taken an interest in Lindsey, Dr. Westley and Maureen Smith, are in the room, too. Kayla takes a half-beat to take this in, but that's all --

KAYLA

Vitals?

FOXHOVEN

BP 60 palpable. She just started dropping... out of nowhere...

Kayla examines Lindsey's pupils with a pen light.

KAYLA

Pupils are dilated and unresponsive.
(to Lindsey)
You gotta fight, Lindsey.

The medical team labors around Lindsey's body.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Paddles.

Foxhoven hands her the paddles.

FOXHOVEN
Charging.

KAYLA
Clear.

All stand clear. Kayla sends a jolt through Lindsey.

FOXHOVEN
Uh-uh. Charging.

KAYLA
Again. Clear.

Kayla sends another jolt. Nothing.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
Again. Clear.

Kayla sends another jolt.

FOXHOVEN
Mean arterial pressure of 70. Pulse
is gone.

Kayla steps back from the bed. Lindsey's face has the same
blue pallor seen on Ames and his dead roommate.

Kayla reaches out and takes Lindsey's hand in the hand of
her gloved bio-suit.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED CARPET ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Producer Michael Torino stands with a police officer watching
a couple of paramedics (both wearing masks, wearing rubber
gloves) put Hendler, his tuxedo ripped open to let him breathe
easier, onto a gurney.

POLICE OFFICER
How well acquainted are you with
Mister Hendler?

TORINO
I'm not! He is helping me buy a house,
that's all.
(scared)
What does he have?

POLICE OFFICER

We don't really know, sir, but did he tell you he was on the plane that's been in the news?

TORINO

No! If he had, you think I would have invited him to come tonight and infect all my friends?

(angry)

Why the hell wasn't he quarantined like the rest of them?

POLICE OFFICER

The CDC is sending someone down here to talk to everybody who was exposed. Maybe they'll know. We just started looking for him six hours ago.

Hendler is rolled past Torino and the officer on the gurney. Torino visibly shrinks away.

TORINO

(yelling at Hendler)

What the hell were you thinking?

But Hendler is too sick to answer. The paramedics begin to load him into the ambulance as the crowd chatters away about what it all means.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - DECONTAMINATION PROCESS

A) Kayla enters the "clean room." She stands in a designated area and has a team spray down her suit with a disinfecting solution. Nobody says anything. Everyone knows this is just the beginning.

B) Left alone, Kayla removes the suit. Her face is grim because, more than anybody in the building except for Sorkosky, she knows what could be next.

C) Kayla steps into a shower stall, and begins to wash herself. Like Lindsey in the aircraft bathroom, she can't get clean enough.

D) Kayla sits in front of a locker, getting dressed. She's slow and deliberate. Another CDC worker gets into a bio-suit in the background. He looks over at Kayla, knows enough not to bother her. He takes off.

E) Alone again, Kayla puts her head in her hands and begins to cry.

A beat, then one of the Shift Nurses, approaches tentatively.

SHIFT NURSE
Doctor Martin?

Kayla blinks back her tears, then turns to face the nurse.

KAYLA
Yes?

SHIFT NURSE
Doctor Sorkosky wanted me to tell
you that they found Mister Hendler.

KAYLA
Oh, that's good.

SHIFT NURSE
He's on a respirator now.
(beat)
And there was one other thing. He
wanted you to go check out someone
who's sick at home but won't come
in.

KAYLA
Why does Sorkosky even care?

SHIFT NURSE
The man works at the airport.

KAYLA
Tell him I'm on my way.

Adrenaline pumping now, Kayla pulls a backpack out of her
locker, and slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's very late at night. Pick up Foxhoven, dressed in surgical
scrubs, as he exits the building. He passes by a single LAPD
officer, assigned to provide security.

FOXHOVEN
How's it goin'?

LAPD OFFICER
Simple. Keep the patients in... and
keep news crews out.

The officer indicates Media City, the tent area surrounded
by "live" news trucks. It's dark and activity is at a minimum.

LAPD OFFICER (CONT'D)

Get some sleep, doc.

FOXHOVEN

G'night.

Foxhoven nods, keeps on walking.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Sorkosky -- drinking a cup of Starbucks -- stares at the tracking board, splitting passengers into groups, coding them by seating assignment, etc. There is also a new map of Los Angeles put up with colored push-pins -- representing the airport, Beverly Hills and Glendale. His attention is broken by the arrival of Troy and Rat-Boy. Sorkosky, true to form, gets right to it, looking straight at Rat-Boy.

SORKOSKY

The samples?

RAT-BOY

Dropped them at the lab on the way over. Razi's taking them apart now.

Sorkosky nods, takes a long hit on his coffee. Troy looks at his desk, sees two other cups... and a couple of more on top of the waste basket trash.

TROY

It's night. Maybe you should try sleeping.

RAT-BOY

I'm fresh, I can spot you. Slept almost ten hours on the flight.
(shrugs)
Still left time to watch 'King Kong' on DVD.

Sorkosky, not easily amused, indicates the map to Troy, ignoring Rat-Boy.

SORKOSKY

It's a puzzle, Agent Whitlock. There is an answer to it, but not one that is easily revealed.

During this exchange, Rat-Boy looks at the passenger groups, picks up a clipboard, studies the print-out.

TROY

Doctor Martin around?

SORKOSKY

No.

(to Rat-Boy)

We have a potential chain of infection case with an airport worker. She's checking him out now.

RAT-BOY

Just looking at the thirty-two passengers who have been on anti-virals from Day One, we've got a statistical mean that's enough to make an early call.

(bottom line)

Looks like Tami-flu's a 'no go.'

Sorkosky looks at Rat-Boy, impressed with his grasp, pissed at how easy it comes.

SORKOSKY

Show me what you're seeing here.

While Sorkosky and Rat-Boy lapse into medical speak, Troy slips away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's a satellite parking lot, away from the main lot where the Media City sits. Foxhoven walks to his car, turns his key to unlock it.

A MAN-IN-A-SWEATSHIRT approaches.

MAN-IN-SWEATSHIRT

Excuse me, do you know what time it is?

Foxhoven, sleep deprived, turns, tries to focus on his watch.

FOXHOVEN

Yeah, it's, uh --

As soon as he turns, however, another MAN comes from behind and hits him on the head with the butt end of a revolver. Foxhoven goes down in a heap.

The two men set to work putting Foxhoven into his own car. The Man-in-a-Sweatshirt pulls his ID off his pocket.

MAN-IN-SWEATSHIRT

Make sure he doesn't wake up. I'll fix this.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Greeley, our airport Good Samaritan, lays in bed, obviously very ill. Wearing a surgical mask, Kayla enters.

KAYLA

Mister Greeley? I'm Doctor Martin with the Centers for Disease Control. Your wife said it was okay to examine you and ask a few questions.

Greeley nods. Kayla begins to snap on a set of latex gloves.

GREELEY

She wanted to drive me to the hospital... but I didn't feel up to it...

Kayla begins to feel for Greeley's lymph nodes.

KAYLA

When did you start getting sick?

GREELEY

Couple a days ago. You know, sore throat and a cough.

KAYLA

And you work at the airport?

GREELEY

Yeah...

Kayla opens up a small medical kit.

KAYLA

I'll be taking a couple of blood samples.

(beat)

Any contact with the plane in the news?

GREELEY

No.

KAYLA

What do you do?

GREELEY

Work in airport maintenance... nothing to do with planes, just the buildings...

Kayla finds a vein, and starts drawing blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The Man-in-Sweatshirt, now wearing Foxhoven's scrubs, approaches the LAPD officer on duty. He taps his ID (with his picture now laminated on) and passes, no worries.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Man-in-Scrubs now opens a door at the end of a quiet hallway, letting in two other men, dressed in street clothes. They're armed, and they give the Man-in-Scrubs a handgun.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - MOMENTS LATER

It's quiet. A solitary CDC worker in a bio-suit walks the hallway. A couple of night owls are watching television in the common area.

Outside one room is Sampson, in an overnight chair with the leg extension out, a blanket pulled over him, trying uncomfortably to sleep.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Troy has his travel kit spread out on the sink. His face is lathered up and he's grabbing a shave while he can.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - NURSE'S STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The on-duty shift nurse goes through paperwork. The Man-in-Scrubs walks up.

SHIFT NURSE

New nurses don't report until six.

MAN-IN-SCRUBS

Must be a screw-up.

SHIFT NURSE

Let's see what happened.

(reads off his tag)

Doctor Foxhoven?

The Man-in-Scrubs holds his handgun up above the counter.

MAN-IN-SCRUBS

Don't even speak.

The shift nurse nods.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - QUARANTINE - MOMENTS LATER

The three men move into the quarantine floor with a gun to the head of the shift nurse. No bio-suits, just brazen, get-out-of-my-way attitude. Terrified, she nods down the hallway at Sampson.

Sampson awakens to the sound of a GUN BEING CHAMBERED outside his ear. He looks into the face of the Man-in-Scrubs.

MAN-IN-SCRUBS

Key?

Sampson bolts up, but ends up being overwhelmed by the superior numbers of his attackers. They strip him of his keys and use them to open the door.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Vicente sleeps, handcuffed to the bed.

MAN-IN-SCRUBS

Hey, boss. House call.

VICENTE

What took you so long?

They uncuff him and cuff Sampson to the bed in his place.

SAMPSON

You're all dead.

In response, one of the men clubs him with the gun, sending him reeling into a blackout.

VICENTE

Don't kill him. That'll just make them look harder. Let's go.

They move out of the room, locking the door as they do.

BACK IN THE HALLWAY

The three men and Vicente move down the hallway, still using the frightened shift nurse as a hostage.

INSIDE THE ROOM

Sampson fights to get his scrambled brains back in working order. He sees that his phone has fallen from his pocket and skittered across the floor. He has to strain and stretch, finally, finally, getting it into his hands.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - BATHROOM

Troy continues to shave. His cell-phone RINGS. He picks it up, holding it a couple of inches away from his face to avoid getting shaving cream on it.

TROY
Agent Whitlock.
(beat)
Sampson?

Troy listens a beat longer, then flips the phone shut. He runs a towel instantly across his face, gets his gun and moves out, ignoring the splotches of shaving cream still on his face.

INT. KINDRED SPIRITS - CDC COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

The escape party clears through the double doors. Troy rounds the corner, sees them on the other side. Sorkosky and Rat-Boy are in the middle.

TROY
Hold it!
(to Sorkosky, Rat-Boy)
Get out of the way!

It's a stand-off, except that Troy is outnumbered, and they have the shift nurse as a hostage.

The Man-in-Scrubs turns to one of the men.

MAN-IN-SCRUBS
Get the car.

The man takes off.

MAN-IN-SCRUBS (CONT'D)
(to Troy)
You won't let me shoot her. Put your gun down.

TROY
There's cops all over the place out there.

MAN-IN-SCRUBS
There's one. Maybe another one on a coffee break.

Vicente grabs the handgun from the other man, moves on Sorkosky, grabs him.

VICENTE

You can't let us kill him. He's gonna beat your big bad virus.

Troy sees they have two hostages now.

VICENTE (CONT'D)

Put the gun down. Or I'm gonna pop him.

Troy and Vicente star at each other.

VICENTE (CONT'D)

Three, two...

Troy scowls, aims the gun up.

TROY

I'm putting it down, just let them go.

Troy puts his gun on the floor and the second man picks it up.

The Man-in-Scrubs pushes the shift nurse forward.

Vicente keeps the gun on Sorkosky.

VICENTE

We're keeping him. Just in case I need my own personal doctor.

The Man-in-Scrubs, Vicente and the other man start to back away with Sorkosky.

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The man drives up with the getaway car. Sorkosky is stuffed in the trunk. The others pile in, and the car roars away.

WIPE TO:

EXT. KINDRED SPIRITS - DAWN

The hospital parking lot has taken on the look and feel of an armed camp. Besides the tent city aspect, there are now a half-dozen LAPD cruisers and a belated SWAT truck. Officers are standing everywhere now.

An ambulance clears security and is directed to the drop-off zone.

Behind the ambulance, PICK UP Kayla driving up in the Suburban, getting stopped by an LAPD officer.

Troy approaches the officer, shows his own ID.

TROY
She's the Head of the CDC.

The officer nods, puts her in the prime spot. As she gets out, Troy notes grimly:

TROY (CONT'D)
You are the Head of the CDC. At least you are here.

KAYLA
What are you talking about?

TROY
Vicente took Sorkosky with them. I'm not sure why.

KAYLA
I didn't hear that on the news.

TROY
That's because they don't know yet. They're waiting for you to brief them.

KAYLA
I need you to --

TROY
Stop. This is a federal crime scene now. I have a missing prisoner, and my partner's got a concussion. I am on that case.

Troy swipes the keys back from Kayla.

TROY (CONT'D)
These are mine. Good luck.

RAT-BOY (O.S.)
Kayla!

It's Rat-Boy, approaching even as Troy heads over to repossess his Suburban.

KAYLA
This is a disaster.

RAT-BOY
Text-book.
(uncomfortable)
Uh, we need to talk.

Kayla nods her agreement, indicates the ambulance, off-loading Greeley.

KAYLA

One of the food carts didn't get properly marked. He stole the sandwiches, gave them to a homeless shelter. He's critical. Somebody on his shift is sick, too.

RAT-BOY

Even money when we call the homeless shelter, we'll find a few there, too. They're immuno-suppressed to begin with. Anyway...

KAYLA

You started the work-up on Hendler?

RAT-BOY

On a respirator now. He's our Typhoid Mary, guy's been hugging and kissing his way through offices, homes and parties since he landed.

KAYLA

So we have two confirmed local outbreaks, and each one of them probably has a dozen satellites. We need more investigators.

RAT-BOY

Actually, a lot more... this other thing...

Kayla looks over at the hospital, sees Aria Beutefeldt taking photos of Smolak, Maureen, Dr. Westley and other passengers as they exit the door. She freaks out!

KAYLA

They're leaving!

Kayla starts marching toward them. Rat-Boy reaches at her sleeve to pull her back.

RAT-BOY

Stop, Kayla, chill.

Kayla pulls away from Rat-Boy.

KAYLA

What the hell are you talking about?

Rat-Boy sprints around in front of her, physically blocking her.

RAT-BOY

Stop! I mean it!

Kayla stops. She can see that he does.

RAT-BOY (CONT'D)

The Judge on the ACLU case? He flipped when he heard about the break-out.

He said if we couldn't protect them from guns, then we sure couldn't

protect them from germs.

(pissed)

He's let everybody go, Kayla. There's

no more quarantine. L.A. just got

turned into a hot zone.

Kayla spins around, looking at what's happening, getting a sick feeling that's as strong as any virus, as we:

CUT TO:

SPFX PULSE - RIPTIDE VIRUS SPREADS THROUGHOUT L.A.

Using the special effect that has been our signature throughout this film, WE SEE the city of Los Angeles from above the hospital.

Each of these people is a point of infection, and each is causing other points of infection.

The Riptide Virus is spreading. Los Angeles is in grave danger. The clock is ticking...

TO BE CONTINUED

FADE OUT.