

DOOMSDAY

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - NIGHT

**Chyron: Centers for Disease Control - Atlanta**

Crickets. The hum of generators. A SECURITY GUARD quietly patrols the exterior of the massive Centers for Disease Control complex, when he hears a WHOOSH overheard.

Climbing to the ROOF, he finds an unattended DUFFEL BAG, then sees the SHADOW of someone moving behind a generator.

CDC SECURITY GUARD  
(shining his flashlight)  
Hey! Who's there?

He then hears another WHOOSH, and before he can even turn his torch to the sky -- BOOM -- his face meets a pair of jackboots, belonging to a MAN descending by PARACHUTE.

The Guard lies prone, knocked out cold, as THREE MORE MEN now land on the roof in lockstep choreography. All of them in sleek, tailor-made HAZMAT SUITS. *The rest happens fast...*

They tie up the guard. Place EXPLOSIVE CHARGES on a grate reading "TOXIC AIR FILTRATION DUCT. DO NOT OPEN." They promptly ignore this command as the charges EXPLODE and --

INT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL, ATLANTA - NIGHT

-- they descend by chain (because rope wouldn't survive here) through a narrow air duct SWIRLING WITH TOXIC GAS. We see it eating through their suits. Bubbles burn on the surface of their face masks. Until, with the swing of a latch --

They drop into the CDC'S RESEARCH WING. They neutralize alarms, kill cameras, incapacitate TWO GUARDS with tasers. Every step, so confident and familiar, it's like these guys live here. Finally, they enter --

THE TESTING AREA. Biohazard symbols on *everything*. Deadly diseases resting in refrigerated VIALS. We recognize some of the names, EBOLA, INFLUENZA, MERS, all with cryptic numbers beside them.

Finally, a lone vial, MARBURG - MHF. Displayed and backlit like a prized champagne bottle at a fancy bar.

We see the FOUR MEN'S eyes, staring at their treasure through charred Hazmat masks. This is what they came for.

SMASH TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WASHINGTON, D.C. - MORNING

We BURST through the doors of an already buzzing conference room. An energetic FBI DIRECTOR wastes no time:

**Chyron: Washington, D.C.**

FBI DIRECTOR  
 Hope you brought your umbrellas,  
 people, because we just woke up to  
 a weapons-grade shit storm. Status  
 on the Joint Terrorist Task Force?

AGENT  
 Already deployed in Atlanta.

FBI DIRECTOR  
 What about the media?

INT. CDC WASHINGTON OFFICE - MORNING

The CDC SPOKESPERSON walks the halls of the Washington branch of the CDC with the GLOBAL HEALTH DIRECTOR and an AIDE.

CDC SPOKESPERSON  
 We can contain the story for now.  
 But we don't have much time.

HEALTH DIRECTOR  
 What about containing the disease?

AIDE  
 National Guard's on standby.  
 Citywide evacuations available,  
 along with possible --

INT. HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES - LABORATORY - MORNING

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
 -- quarantines, but it won't do  
 much good, sir.

A YOUNG SCIENTIST tries to keep pace with her boss in the Health & Human Services laboratory.

YOUNG SCIENTIST (CONT'D)  
 They stole Marburg virus. Bio-  
 Safety Level Four.

She nervously swipes PHOTO after hideous PHOTO on her TABLET, IMAGES of the VIRUS, photos of AFFECTED PATIENTS. It's grim.

BOSS  
 I'm presuming by your tone there is  
 no Level Five?

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
 Correct, sir. It's arguably --

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL - SITUATION ROOM - MORNING

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR  
 -- the most lethal virus on earth.  
 Ninety percent fatality rate. No  
 cure.

We're in the SITUATION ROOM of the WHITE HOUSE, where the National Security Council has convened before prepping the President. SEVEN PEOPLE, plus their AIDES, everyone representing the highest levels of government.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE  
 Where's Homeland Security on this?

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR  
 Hopefully figuring out how a  
 federal building was infiltrated  
 with a single length of chain and a  
 couple of --

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - MORNING

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
*Parachutes?*

PETER ALLEN (50s), Director of Homeland Security. Smart, impatient, and currently pissed. Another PACKED BOARDROOM.

DHS ADVISOR #1  
 Yes, sir. Direct access to the  
 roof, where they breached the  
 building through a toxic air  
 filtration duct that descends to  
 the testing wing.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
 Just like that? No guards?

DHS ADVISOR #1  
 The testing wing is heavily guarded  
*from the outside*. No one guards the  
 filtration duct, because, well --

DHS ADVISOR #2  
 Those ducts are filled with highly  
 toxic chemicals. Even with  
 protective gear, you'd have to be  
 crazy to try and crawl through.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
 "Crazy" is not properly guarding  
 the deadliest viruses in the world.  
 Perhaps "clever" is a better word.

Someone tries a more proactive approach --

DHS ADVISOR #3  
The CDC must have some kind of contingency plan -- a protocol for something like this.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
Something *like* this? How did someone even *think* of this?

Reveal Interim Deputy Director FAYE WALSH (45, whip-smart, shrewd). We may have noticed her already in the sea of faces, the only one who knows what's going on.

FAYE  
Director Allen? Can we speak in private?

INT. HALLWAY - DHS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

A walk-and-talk through the buzzing hallway of the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) headquarters, as Faye and Director Allen find a quiet spot.

FAYE  
The details of this break-in are *remarkably* familiar to a certain secret list from a certain secret program...

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
Deputy Walsh, I'm reporting to the President and the Joint Chiefs in ten minutes, so excuse me if I don't have time for--

FAYE  
The Doomsday Project.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
(a beat)  
That can't be a real thing.

FAYE  
It's a nickname, sir.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
For what?

FAYE  
A think tank.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
Nine minutes.

FAYE  
After 9/11, Homeland Security gathered experts from various disciplines to dream up out of the box disaster scenarios the country should be prepared for.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
 (vaguely remembering)  
 Those were bullshit creative exercises, right? Writers and scientists spinning their wheels in a room for a few days.

FAYE  
 At first. But in 2010 Director Mercer took the project to another level. We're talking the country's *greatest* minds, sequestered for *months* and given unprecedented access. *Codes. Weapons locations. Classified documents.* They got all the keys to the castle - and showed us how to blow up the castle.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
 This was John Mercer's brainchild?  
 (weighing this)  
 That's a huge problem.

FAYE  
 Yes, sir.

We don't know why yet, but they certainly do.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
 Why don't I know about this?

FAYE  
 The project was disbanded five years ago. The files were sealed. But the six experts Mercer enlisted came up with scenarios so destructive... If they ever got out...

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
 You worked for Mercer. Did you ever happen to warn him this was a colossally bad idea?

FAYE  
 Actually... Yes. Repeatedly.

Both silent for a beat, weighing the gravity of all this.

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
 So these "greatest minds"... How do we find them now?

JUMP TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

A sprawling construction site where DOZENS OF MEN work on the foundation of a massive building.

A Trump-like DEVELOPER in a hard hat leads DAVIS ALBRIGHT (40s, handsome, confident) through the sparking buzz saws and stacks of pipes. Davis wears a GQ-worthy suit and Italian leather shoes. He couldn't stand out more.

**Chyron: Upstate New York.**

DEVELOPER  
So you're the guy who thinks my building's gonna fall?

DAVIS  
Your building will *definitely* fall, regardless of what I think.

Davis STEPS IN MUD, inspects his priceless shoes, then stops to wipe them with a HANDKERCHIEF. Yes, Davis is the kind of guy who carries a handkerchief.

DEVELOPER  
You all right, there?

DAVIS  
Yes, it's just... I don't like going in the field very much.

DEVELOPER  
What's your job title, again?

DAVIS  
Field Engineer.

DEVELOPER  
(a beat)  
Listen, my guys inspected this property up and down, --

DAVIS  
Your men inspected their individual sections.  
(glancing to a WORKER with a HAMMER)  
When you're a hammer, all your problems look like nails, right? Well, I like to think of myself as the entire tool box, so I see things a bit more... holistically.

DEVELOPER  
Funny, all *my* problems look like smug field engineers.

He hands the Developer his MUD-STAINED HANDKERCHIEF.

DAVIS  
(what he came here to say)  
Your soil's the problem.

DEVELOPER  
The soil's --

DAVIS  
 (rapid-fire)  
 -- fine, for now. But the chemicals you plan to process are going to change its composition. Expansive soil -- while not as sexy as an earthquake or design flaw -- causes more structural damage than every natural disaster combined. First drought that hits, your overpriced pipes carrying toxic chemicals are going to burst, and you're going to have a *massive* problem.  
 (adding)  
 And then your building will fall.

DEVELOPER  
 A lot of smart people are telling me I've got nothing to worry about. Why should I listen to you?

As if on cue, a HELICOPTER chops its way onto the site, scattering debris and blowing the hard hat off the Developer's head. TWO DHS AGENTS jump out and approach Davis:

DHS AGENT #1  
 (yelling over the noise)  
 Dr. Albright, if you could come with us, please. Homeland Security needs your expertise immediately.

Off Davis' look to the Developer, JUMP TO:

INT. ELLE'S APARTMENT - NEW ORLEANS - MORNING

ELLE TRASK (late 30s, hyper-intelligent and articulate as hell with a bonus of vivacious southern charm), sits in front of her laptop at her desk doing a Skype interview for a popular media outlet.

**Chyron: New Orleans**

INTERVIEWER  
 We're back with renowned physicist, MD, and author, Elle Trask. Doctor, you've had undeniable influence as a "popularizer of science," making complex ideas digestible for the masses. But your critics accuse you of promoting scientific breakthroughs in ethical gray areas.

ELLE  
 (with a warm smile)  
 Jody, history is full of brilliant scientists who invented harmful things. The Nobel Prize was named after a man who killed his brother inventing dynamite.

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 But stifling our capacity for  
 innovation simply because we have  
 the *potential* to cause harm is - to  
 put it in "digestible" terms -  
 throwing the baby out with the  
 bathwater.

INTERVIEWER  
 But can't innovation go too far?

ELLE  
 I truly believe that any problem we  
 create, we can solve. Technology is  
 not the danger. Our primal urge to  
 harm each other is.

INTERVIEWER  
 Dr. Elle Trask, thank you. We'll be  
 back.

The RED LIGHT on Elle's camera turns off as the interview  
 ends. Upon standing, REVEAL that while Elle has been  
 elegantly dressed from the waist up (the portion on camera),  
 she wears nothing but panties below.

In fact, Elle's apartment encapsulates her personality --  
 perfect if you only get a glimpse, but utterly disordered.

She drops her blouse to the floor and walks to a HANDSOME  
 NAKED MAN, barely under a sheet on the couch. Wine glasses  
 and a tipped over bottle line the coffee table.

ELLE  
 Sorry about that.

HANDSOME MAN  
 No, I like it. Especially that the  
 part about primal urges.

As Elle laughs and crawls on top of him... *KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK*.  
 She stops, looks to the door. Clearly not expecting someone.

AS THE DOOR OPENS, a pair of DHS Agents looked surprised.  
 THEIR POV: Elle stands confidently in nothing but her  
 underwear, covering her chest with her arm.

ELLE  
 Can I help you?

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. / INT. WARREN'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAWN

Another SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN, popping a bottle of champagne.

**Chyron: Los Angeles**

A POOLSIDE PARTY at a mansion tucked in the Hollywood Hills,  
 still going strong at 5am.

The debaucherous fun and the SQUEAL of a girl being thrown into a pool is immediately juxtaposed, though, as we head INSIDE to --

A quiet study adorned with AWARDS, MOVIE POSTERS, and FRAMED 'VARIETY' HEADLINES. Here we meet WARREN MOORE (40s, British-American, perpetually tipsy with a Hugh Grant charm), leading a BEAUTIFUL GIRL who marvels at the posh surroundings.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
You have your own Award Room?

WARREN  
This is my bar room. It just happens to be filled with awards.

The Girl reads aloud from a FRAMED ARTICLE as Warren prepares her a drink at the BAR.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
"With Warren Moore, we have entered a renaissance in the action screenplay. The pulp and wit of Die Hard, with -- "

WARREN  
-- "the unbridled imagination of Jules Verne."  
(returning with her drink)  
My prose is vastly superior to Verne's, but I appreciate the sentiment.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
And what's this one?

AN UNASSUMING BRONZE BUST has caught the girl's eye.

WARREN  
The Olivier Award. Best dramatic playwright.  
(a true pang of nostalgia)  
But I'm afraid that was a thankless toil. Artistic satisfaction, it turns out, doesn't get you the gated house, or the cars, or...

A SECOND BEAUTIFUL GIRL suddenly enters, a total knockout.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
(pleasantly surprised)  
... the women.

Before he can even smile and chat the new girl up --

SECOND BEAUTIFUL GIRL  
You're Warren, right? There's a bunch of creepy guys in suits downstairs looking for you.

Off Warren's curiosity, JUMP TO:

INT. THE WYNN CASINO - LAS VEGAS - MORNING

A SECURITY GUARD IN A SUIT, on the loud blinking floor of the Wynn Casino in Las Vegas. He speaks into an earpiece:

SECURITY GUARD  
Got it. Understood.

**Chyron: Las Vegas**

He walks into the SPORTS LOUNGE, where BEER GUTS and EX-FRAT BROS smoke cigars and holler at various games.

Standing out in the crowd -- a meek hipster nerd jotting numbers in a notebook like an over-eager kid in chemistry class. This is NATE HENSLEY (30s).

The Security Guard approaches when--

NATE  
(sternly)  
No way....

150-pound Nate is surprisingly unafraid of this guy.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, --

NATE  
It's sports betting, not card counting. I can't cheat. So if you don't want me winning three hundred thousand dollars in a sitting, create better point spreads.

SECURITY GUARD  
Mr. Hensley, --

NATE  
I'm a *professional analyst*. Predicting the future is what I do for a living. But *predicting* is not *cheating* --

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir!  
(finally quieting him)  
The Department of Homeland Security is here to see you. They say it's an emergency.

Nate calms down, a bit embarrassed. Looks across the floor to see a PHALANX OF AGENTS walking toward him.

NATE  
Okay, well *that* I did not see coming.

Off the PHALANX OF AGENTS hustling over, MATCH TO:

EXT. NAVY SEAL TRAINING BASE - VIRGINIA BEACH - DAY

A TROOP OF NAVY SEAL TRAINEES, jogging in perfect precision.

**Chyron: Virginia**

Establish the sprawling Naval Amphibious Base, Little Creek, Virginia. SQUADS OF SAILORS on runs, TRAINEES crawling under barbed wire. An active training base in full swing.

DHS AGENTS in the typical BLACK SUV talk through the open window with a NAVAL COMMANDER and his AIDE.

COMMANDER  
Chris Wyatt, huh?

The way he says the name, it's like the guy's a celebrity around here.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
He's on a full-gear run followed by an amphibious assault course. Takes about two hours, and he still has 45 minutes left, so you gentlemen are welcome to wait back at the...

He trails off, realizing that, in the distance, a lone SEAL is SCALING A WALL, landing, and SHREDDING targets with his rifle as he weaves through the final obstacles and SIMULATED EXPLOSIONS of the course. This is CHRIS WYATT (30s).

The Commander gives an I'll-be-damned grin.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
Or, you can talk to him now.

As we watch Chris triumphantly head toward us...

FAYE (V.O.)  
(PRE-LAP)  
There's just one problem.

INT. HALLWAY - DHS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

We're back in the hallway conversation from earlier, between Faye and Director Allen.

FAYE  
The team's computer specialist died of a brain tumor two years ago. Team's one short.

The Director doesn't have time for problems. He shoots back:

DIRECTOR ALLEN  
Well... who's the best cyber security analyst in the country?

INT. BOARDROOM - TECH FIRM - WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

**Chyron: Washington, D.C.**

A SLICK GUY IN AN OXFORD SHIRT, let's call him COREY, leans back in his chair and folds his arms, cocky and proud.

COREY

Arthur, let me tell you how confident I am. In every system I install, I put a folder of my own nude selfies, because I know, NO ONE'S getting into these files.

*Don't worry... this isn't our hero.*

We pan down the glossy conference table in the sleek glass office, as various SMART-LOOKING GUYS fumble over each other to impress ARTHUR, the boss at the head.

RAJ

The firewalls are state-of-the art. Completely impenetrable.

DANE

Like a nun's panties.

*Not him, either...*

Finally we reach KAYLA GREENE (29). *This is our hero.* (And incidentally the only woman in the room). Kayla is efficient, irreverent, not particularly interested in making friends, and currently rolling her eyes at all this alpha banter.

RAJ

Someone would have to *physically* access a computer in the building to steal information, and there are simply too many obstacles.

DANE

They'd have to go past two security checkpoints, into a guarded elevator, past a retinal scanner, --

KAYLA

They wouldn't have to get past the parking lot.

Silence as all eyes look to Kayla. We'll come to learn she does this kind of thing a lot.

Kayla produces a FLASH DRIVE and slides it to the middle of the table. The others look on skeptically.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

All someone would have to do is drop a two-dollar flash drive in your parking lot.

(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Whoever finds it thinks it was  
 dropped by someone who works here,  
 and when they bring it upstairs to  
 check what's on it --  
 (with a snap)  
 -- a Trojan horse activates,  
 stealing every file from your  
 system in seconds.

COREY  
 Cute theory. But that's assuming a  
 lot. What makes you think that  
 would actually work?

Kayla spins her laptop toward them.

KAYLA  
 It already did.  
 (to the very displeased  
 Arthur)  
 You hired me to see if I could hack  
 into your system. Your real problem  
 is I didn't even have to try.

She stands, collects her things and exits the stunned room,  
 but not before turning back to Corey:

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Nice selfies, by the way. You  
 should get a warmer apartment.

EXT. TECH FIRM - WASHINGTON D.C. - MOMENTS LATER

As Kayla marches out of the building with confidence, she's  
met with a WALL OF DHS AGENTS.

DHS AGENT #4  
 Kayla Greene?  
 (flashing a badge)  
 Homeland Security is requesting  
 your assistance immediately.

Kayla is beyond confused. She stares down the line of agents.

KAYLA  
 Yeah... I'm gonna pass. Saving the  
 government isn't exactly high on my  
 priority list today.

DHS AGENT #4  
 How about saving everyone else?

Off Kayla: *What the hell's going on?*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. CAR / EXT. CITY STREETS - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

**Chyron: Washington, D.C.**

A MINI-MOTORCADE as POLICE CARS lead and tail a black SEDAN as it passes ICONIC D.C. LANDMARKS. Kayla sits in the back seat, quiet and perplexed, staring out at INNOCENT PEOPLE in the street blindly going about their day. CHILDREN IN A SCHOOLYARD laugh and play. Time seems to slow until --

They pull up to an INTENTIONALLY NONDESCRIPT BUILDING on a city street. The stenciled sign reads: BELTWAY SOAP COMPANY.

KAYLA

This is Homeland Security?

DHS AGENT #4

Not officially.

INT. BELTWAY SOAP BUILDING - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS as Kayla is led through a dim lobby, past RETINAL SCANNERS, up a GUARDED ELEVATOR, down a LONG STERILE HALLWAY, and finally through HISSING DOORS into --

INT. THE HUB - DAY

-- the HUB, a high-tech TRI-LEVEL room with multiple workstations, a TOUCHSCREEN CONFERENCE TABLE, GIANT PLASMA SCREENS everywhere - like a war-room from the future.

DAVIS, ELLE, WARREN, NATE, and CHRIS, already gathered, staring back at Kayla, every one of them with the same question, which Warren vocalizes with charm:

WARREN

And who might you be?

She hesitates. Feels like Alice through the looking glass.

KAYLA

...Kayla Greene.

WARREN

Kayla. You wouldn't happen to know why we're here, would you?

KAYLA

I was told there was a think tank. And an emergency. And I was needed.

NATE

(sizing her up)  
You're the new Alec?

KAYLA  
I don't -- Alec?

A look among the others. Alec is their friend who is dead now, but no one chooses to bring that detail up to Kayla.

WARREN  
Alec was our illustrious group's previous hacker.

NATE  
No one says "hacker."

KAYLA  
I'm a cyber security consultant.

NATE  
NSA?

KAYLA  
Private sector.

NATE  
A White Hat. Committing crimes against companies then getting paid for it.

WARREN  
A benevolent saboteur.

KAYLA  
(to Warren)  
That's good. Can I have it for my business cards?

WARREN  
Allow me to make introductions.  
(gesturing to Davis)  
Dr. Davis Albright, engineer, architect, habitually well-dressed. Formerly youngest-ever head of disaster prevention for FEMA.

Davis in the midst of cleaning his Cartier watch. He gives a confident smile and nod as we clock Elle staring at him disapprovingly.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
The skeptical young man in front of you is Nate Hensley, founder and editor-in-chief of The New Oracle.

KAYLA  
(familiar)  
The analytics website. You do sports predictions.

NATE  
Sports, politics, the stock market, code-breaking...

WARREN  
Basically anything a man thinks of  
to delay an orgasm.

ELLE  
Whereas we ladies simply think of  
you.

Warren and Elle share a good-natured smile. Warren gestures:

WARREN  
And the lovely Doctor --

KAYLA  
Elle Trask. I'm familiar with your  
work.  
(back to Warren)  
Yours as well. I like your movies.

WARREN  
Do you? And my plays?

CHRIS  
(a friendly jab)  
No one's seen your plays, Warren.  
(shakes Kayla's hand)  
Commander Chris Wyatt, Naval  
Special Warfare Instructor.

WARREN  
Chris is Captain America by way of  
Harvard. A PhD in anthropology AND  
a masters in military strategy. And  
were there any justice in the world  
would still be on the illustrious  
SEAL TEAM 6.

There's a story, here, but one Chris doesn't seem keen on  
telling.

Davis is cleaning his watch again. A little OCD.

ELLE  
I swear, Davis, if you clean that  
thing one more time...

Elle snatches the little cloth from him and throws it away.

WARREN  
(quick aside to Kayla)  
Oh, those two were married.  
(as Davis and Elle glower  
at each other)  
Now they're not.

CHRIS  
Look, as fun as this little high  
school reunion is, -- where the  
hell's Mercer?

WARREN  
 (to Kayla)  
 John Mercer is the founder of this  
 little project. He's the one who --

They hear the KEY PAD and the HISS OF THE DOOR.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
 Well, I'll let him tell you  
 himself.

The DOOR OPENS, but instead of the man they seem to be  
 expecting, in walks FAYE, the Deputy Director. Everyone is  
 noticeably surprised.

WARREN (CONT'D)  
 (to Faye)  
 John, you've changed your hair.

Faye walks straight to Kayla and shakes her hand.

FAYE  
 Kayla Greene? Faye Walsh, Deputy  
 Director of Homeland Security.  
 Thank you for coming.

WARREN  
 You got a promotion.

Faye doesn't like these people. She smiles at no one and  
 shakes no one else's hand. She uses a touchscreen interface  
 to push information to THE LARGEST FLATSCREEN as she talks.

FAYE  
 Last night, the CDC in Atlanta was  
 breached using the EXACT plan the  
 five of you devised.  
 (lets that land)  
 THIS MORNING, we discovered that  
 all the Doomsday Project files were  
 stolen. We can't determine exactly  
 when they were taken - but we know  
 they're gone.

It hits the team like a freight train. Their stomachs sinking  
 with concern and contrition. This just became real.

WARREN  
 I'm sorry, *where* is Mercer, again?

FAYE  
 He disappeared. Six days ago.

CHRIS  
*Disappeared?* As in --

FAYE  
 Thin air.

This news seems to hit even harder than the first bit.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
 Bottom line: every brilliant  
 scenario you "geniuses" dreamed up  
 to decimate our country is out  
 there. Somewhere. Along with HIM.

She SWIPES TO A GOVERNMENT PHOTO OF JOHN MERCER (60s,  
 avuncular with kind eyes).

ELLE  
 You're not saying *Mercer* did this?

CHRIS  
 Impossible. The man's a patriot.

ELLE  
 The Doomsday Project was Mercer's  
 baby. He'd die before he let  
 anything happen to it.

NATE  
 Maybe he did.

Elle shoots Nate a disapproving stare.

FAYE  
 I don't know if Mercer is involved  
 or not - but I do know this...  
 (swipes to a new screen)  
 ... is the last place we saw him.

ON THE SCREEN: John Mercer coming out of the SECURE SERVER  
 ROOM. **He looks directly at the security camera as he passes** -  
 his look one that could be construed as regret.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
 As you can guess, the server  
 containing the Doomsday Project  
 files was in that room.

ELLE  
 This can't be what it looks like.

FAYE  
 Believe me, I hope it's not true,  
 also. John Mercer was my mentor,  
 and a true friend. But our job  
 right now is to solve the crisis at  
 hand.  
 (a beat)  
 We've determined that the CDC break-  
 in was done by a small Indonesian  
 group that call themselves the  
 "Hantu" - their word for "Ghosts."

We see FACES ON SCREEN: a few HARDENED SOLDIER-LOOKING TYPES.  
 One of them unmistakably the LEADER from the opening scene.

CHRIS  
 (reading the name)  
 Rama Darmali - former Kopassus?

FAYE  
They all are. But he's in charge.

CHRIS  
(off the group's looks)  
Indonesian Special Forces. These  
guys are the real deal.

KAYLA  
So wait you're saying that Mercer -  
(off everyone's looks)  
- or *whoever* stole the Doomsday  
files - sold them to the Hantu?

FAYE  
That's the working theory.

Faye swipes A VIDEO to the screen: **Rows of bodies covered in sheets** on the dirt road of a poor Indonesian village.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
The Hantu blame our country for  
deaths in their villages caused by  
unethical drug trials done there by  
a handful of U.S. based  
pharmaceutical companies.

She swipes to photos of Hantu members with their FAMILIES.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
Every one of these men lost  
someone. Friends, siblings.

The last photo is of RAMA with his WIFE AND YOUNG DAUGHTER.  
Something about the image makes Kayla instantly empathize.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
Rama here lost his entire family.  
They've got a legitimate grievance.

KAYLA  
And a hell of a message to send.

FAYE  
You've all met Kayla Greene, I  
assume. If you have questions about  
her qualifications --  
(Nate's hand shoots up)  
-- I'll address them another time.  
For now, suffice to say - you can  
trust her.

WARREN  
Like you've always trusted us?

FAYE  
(to everyone)  
Sorry if I'm the only person in  
your lives that doesn't kiss your  
rings constantly.  
(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

I happen to look past your genius  
and see you all as reckless,  
walking liabilities who have  
personally compromised our nation's  
security.

(then)

Your minds opened Pandora's Box.  
Time to close it.

CHRIS

So bring up our files and let's do  
this.

FAYE

The server containing the Doomsday  
scenarios was corrupted and wiped  
clean when the files were stolen.

KAYLA

The files weren't backed up?

FAYE

For security purposes, they were  
kept on one server only.

WARREN

In retrospect, that seems like a  
bad idea, doesn't it?

ELLE

Wait - so that means the only place  
you have these scenarios now is in  
our heads.

FAYE

That's the only reason you people  
are here - instead of a brand new  
team of experts.

KAYLA

(trying to stay positive)

Well... How complicated are they to  
remember?

DAVIS

We were sequestered for three  
months and came up with over a  
hundred step-by-step scenarios...

KAYLA

So... *complicated*.

FAYE

Today you only have to remember  
ONE. Hope you've got good memories.

Off the group's faces, still processing the monumental task  
in front of them.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

CLOSE ON a finger drawing on a hand-held touchscreen pad.  
REVEAL Elle, standing, writing the words DEAD HAND - the HUGE  
FLATSCREENS displaying her handiwork as she writes.

ELLE

We called it Dead Hand Scenario.  
And yes, it involves very specific  
plans for a CDC break-in.

DAVIS

Wait, I thought the CDC break-in  
was Dragonfly Scenario.

WARREN

Dragonfly Scenario is the one with  
the submarine.

Elle waits patiently - clearly accustomed to having to deal  
with the boys going off on tangents.

NATE

No, the sub is in Jupiter Scenario.  
Jupiter's the god of the sea.

DAVIS

*Neptune's* the god of the --

KAYLA

Hey guys - maybe you should argue  
about what it's called *after* we  
stop it from happening.

Another way to handle things. Elle continues:

ELLE

The testing wing in the CDC is like  
a super-max prison for the world's  
deadliest diseases. All the bad  
apples -- Ebola, smallpox, SARS...

NATE

But the second step of the scenario  
depends on what diseases you steal.  
There was a flowchart.

FAYE

A flowchart? Seriously?

WARREN

Kind of like a "Choose Your Own  
Adventure" book from hell.

ELLE

But I'm betting the Hantu only  
stole one.

FAYE  
 (with a confirming nod)  
 Marburg.

Elle writes "MARBURG" and it appears on screen in a flow-chart box with an arrow leading from it.

In a flash, Kayla has the screens filled with INFO ABOUT MARBURG - descriptions, photos.

Until Chris stands and fills in "AMIE" after Elle's arrow.

CHRIS  
 (pointing to each letter)  
 Airborne. Mass. Infection. Event.

NATE  
 (not good)  
 Now I remember...

FAYE  
 So, what, a plague?

WARREN  
 A plague with a twist.

ELLE  
 The Marburg virus is not airborne in its natural state. The next step in Dead Hand Scenario is acquiring a device that can MAKE IT airborne. It's called a "Viral Splicer."

DAVIS  
 But it's purely theoretical. Doesn't exist.

FAYE  
 That doesn't make sense. Why would your doomsday scenario involve something that doesn't exist yet?

NATE  
 The government's already prepared for any number of regular outbreaks. But we were ordered to think *outside* the box...

KAYLA  
 People don't guard against what they think is impossible.

Nate doesn't need confirmation from the new girl and gives Kayla a deliberate side-eye. She doesn't give a shit.

DAVIS  
 We wouldn't be very good at our jobs if we came up with scenarios Homeland Security is already prepared for.

KAYLA  
 How would it work?  
 (off Elle's look)  
 The "viral splicer?"

Elle falls right into her pop-science persona - engaging, buoyant, putting it in layman's terms.

ELLE  
 Here's our Marburg.

She draws an angry face - which appears up on screen.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 He wants to kill everybody, but fortunately he can't get in the air. He relies on person-to-person contact to spread. Much easier for us to stop.

She draws a happy face up higher on screen. Draws little wings on it. Davis can't help but smile - admiring her.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 And here's the common cold. It can fly, but that's okay, because it's basically harmless.  
 (then)  
 But if Marburg could hitch a ride on the cold? Get airborne that way? Then we're in big trouble.

Kayla got what she needed. Opens her LAPTOP and starts TYPING, determined. We're not sure what she's doing yet.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 Scientists in Rotterdam did something similar with Bird Flu but it took months in a lab and it's difficult to replicate. The Viral Splicer would speed that up. You could do it instantaneously.

FAYE  
 Why would anyone want to invent something like that?

ELLE  
 Its original intention was to spread vaccines. There are actually a lot of positive applications for the science...

WARREN  
 That's what they said about the atom bomb.

ELLE  
 Again, it's only theoretical, nobody's completed a successful --

KAYLA  
 Dynalabs.  
 (all eyes turn to her)  
 Dynalabs. In Philadelphia. They  
 built a prototype Viral Splicer.

We clock Elle, looking down, visibly more worried than the others. Or perhaps more contrite.

WARREN  
 So much for "theoretical."

With a swipe of her hand she pushes a diagram of the Viral Splicer to the big screens for all to see.

FAYE  
 How did you find this?

KAYLA  
 I used your login info to access  
 Homeland Security's primary system  
 and used those resources to find  
 their contract with the defense  
 department.  
 (off Faye's look)  
 I'm an "ask forgiveness not  
 permission" kind of a girl.

NATE  
 And you did all that in under a  
 minute?

KAYLA  
 Thirty-five seconds. Give or take.

As the team trades looks, Faye's wheels are still spinning.

FAYE  
 What if they deviate from your  
 scenario? Throw it in the water  
 supply, inject it into someone...?

WARREN  
 Then a lot of people die a pretty  
 painful death.  
 (off her look)  
 Oh, were you hoping for a more  
 reassuring answer?

CHRIS  
 Parachuting onto the roof, entering  
 through the vents, stealing only  
 Marbug... So far they've followed  
 our scenario to the letter. We have  
 to assume they'll keep going -  
 otherwise we're flying blind.

Faye thinks a beat. Nods. Off her decisiveness --

PRELAP SOUND OF HELICOPTER BLADES

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

Behind or on the grounds of The Hub's campus.

Faye prepares to board a waiting CHOPPER, flanked by a couple of gunned up DHS AGENTS and a similarly gunned up Chris.

The rest of the Doomsday Team here to see them off.

KAYLA  
So that's it?

FAYE  
That's it for now.  
(re: Chris)  
We're going to Dynalabs to stop  
them from getting to this device.  
You stay put. And later, the rest  
of you can answer the fifty  
thousand questions I've got.

WARREN  
Tell me again why he's going. Is  
Homeland Security short on brooding  
alpha males with guns?

CHRIS  
"People sleep peaceably in their  
beds at night only because rough  
men stand ready to do violence on  
their behalf."

WARREN  
Did you just quote George Patton to  
me?

CHRIS  
I'm going because I can help finish  
this.  
(walking away)  
And it was George Orwell.

Warren smiles, always loving a verbal joust with Chris.

ELLE  
Faye - no matter what - you cannot  
let them get the Viral Splicer.

FAYE  
I'm aware of the stakes, Elle.

Faye turns to go, but Elle grabs her arm.

ELLE  
No. *Please*. It shouldn't exist.  
You should destroy it.

Kayla watching this exchange - clocking how personal Elle's  
taking this thing. Seeing this, Warren whispers:

WARREN  
 (sotto, to Kayla)  
 Remember when Elle said the Viral  
 Splicer was "theoretical?"  
 (off her look)  
 Guess which beloved scientist first  
 published that theory?

His eyes go to a distressed Elle watching Faye and Chris board the chopper. As it takes off, we stay with our team staring at each other - feeling useless - and we MATCH TO:

INT. HUB - DAY

The team waits idly. The mood is grim. Kayla at a workstation by herself off to one side. Warren typing away on his laptop, only half paying attention.

ELLE  
 This is our fault.

WARREN  
 It isn't our fault.

NATE  
 This is absolutely, unequivocally,  
 by *design* our fault --  
 (distracted by Warren's  
 typing)  
 -- Warren, are you *typing* a  
 screenplay right now?

WARREN  
 I'm on deadline. The world doesn't  
 stop just because the world's about  
 to stop.

Annoyed by everything about this conversation, Davis leaves the table and goes over to Kayla. She's tracking Faye and Chris's progress on her workstation. Assuming that's why Davis came over:

KAYLA  
 They should be at Dynalabs in  
 twenty minutes.

DAVIS  
 You know we never would've found  
 Dynalabs without you.

KAYLA  
 (eyeing Nate)  
 Not sure everybody feels that way.

DAVIS  
 You know why Nate's so hard on you?

KAYLA  
 Because he's a socially inept  
 number-cruncher who has problems  
 with talented women. It's okay, I  
 know the type.

They both smile. From across the room, *Elle notices*. Davis  
 secretly relishes.

DAVIS  
 It's not that. Nate's like if the  
 kid everyone shoved on the  
 schoolyard grew up to be wealthy  
 and respected, but was too used to  
 being shoved to ever trust people.  
 (off Kayla's sympathetic  
 look)  
 It also doesn't help that he was in  
 love with the man you replaced.

KAYLA  
 Alec? They were together?

DAVIS  
 Alec didn't know. Nate could never  
 bring himself to tell him. I saw  
 him at Alec's funeral. He couldn't  
 stop crying.

Kayla takes that in. She didn't realize Alec was dead.

Elle can't stop glancing over at Kayla and Davis. She breaks  
 the grim silence at the table - loud enough to break up Davis  
 and Kayla's moment across the room:

ELLE  
 We should search Mercer's office.

That gets everyone's attention.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
 Come on. It's right across the  
 courtyard.  
 (off their hesitation)  
 Faye Walsh says John Mercer is a  
 turncoat and we're just going to  
 take her word for it?

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Floor length windows looking down on the courtyard. Mercer's  
 office is expansive, luxurious... and a total disaster.

Somebody already searched the place and left it a mess -  
 drawers and cabinets open and the contents spilled out.

ELLE  
 They've already been here.

WARREN

(slyly)  
They suspect the man of high  
treason, I'm sure they had a peek.

DAVIS

This is a mistake. We shouldn't be  
in here.

Kayla picks up a framed photo of a YOUNGER MERCER with a  
WOMAN and a YOUNG BOY.

ELLE

(to Kayla)  
Mercer's wife and son. They died  
on 9/11. In the towers. That's what  
this was all for. Making sure  
something like that never happened  
again.

DAVIS

What exactly are you expecting to  
find? A secret message he left us  
encoded with his whereabouts?

Kayla turns over another of Mercer's framed photos. Whatever  
it is she sees in the photo SHOCKS her. Her eyes wide.

IN THE PHOTO: a young Mercer with THREE OTHER smiling people,  
including a 30something WOMAN in a Navy dress uniform.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RURAL HOME - DAY - FLASHBACK

Quickly establish a WORN RURAL HOMESTEAD on a flat plot of  
land - American flag waving over a modest porch.

A family portrait on a coffee table: It's the Woman from the  
photo in Mercer's office, along with an EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Kayla  
and Kayla's FATHER.

The flashback is WASHED OUT and mostly SOUNDLESS but MUFFLED  
SOBS and DISTORTED VOICES lead us over to --

Eight-year-old Kayla on a sofa as TWO MILITARY MEN give their  
condolences to KAYLA'S FATHER, who doubles over in tears.

DAVIS (O.S.)

Kayla...?

BACK TO:

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kayla snaps out of her memory. Looks up to see the others  
staring at her.

DAVIS  
You all right?

Kayla tries to shake it off. Turns away from the wall.

KAYLA  
Yeah. Sorry, I just...

Warren's not buying it. He approaches the picture. Notes the nametag on the woman...

WARREN  
Lt. Colonel Greene... rather  
stunning coincidence, don't you  
think, that the woman in the photo  
you spent thirty seconds staring at  
shares your last name?

KAYLA  
...It's my mother.

The others come over to see.

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
She was Naval intelligence, she --  
she died when I was eight. Not long  
after this picture was taken,  
probably.

ELLE  
And she knew Mercer? What the hell  
is going on here?

KAYLA  
Trust me, I'm as surprised as you  
are.

NATE  
Mercer goes missing and you show up  
out of nowhere, and now we find out  
your mother worked in *intelligence*,  
and *knew* him?

WARREN  
(adding)  
Well enough that he kept the photo  
on his desk. I couldn't get away  
with that in even the most  
outlandish of my scripts.  
(pointed)  
You can't tell us there's no  
connection.

Kayla feeling the walls close in. Knows she has to be completely honest, here, but she's hating every moment.

KAYLA  
There is *some* connection. But --  
it's not what you think.  
(then)  
I never believed the official story  
about my mother's death.

(MORE)

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
 Even as a kid. Always felt like  
 there was some kind of a cover up.  
 So... when I was 19 I hacked into  
 the D.O.D. looking for answers.

FLASH TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

NINETEEN YEAR OLD Kayla at her computer - her ROOMMATE trying  
 to sleep on the other side of the room.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
 I wasn't as good at covering my  
 tracks back then.

FEDERAL AGENTS burst through the door and grab up Kayla.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Nineteen-year-old Kayla, arms crossed, radiating attitude at  
 the TWO FEDS wagging fingers at her from across the table.  
 Even at nineteen, Kayla took no shit.

KAYLA (V.O.)  
 Instead of going to prison, I  
 agreed to do favors for the Federal  
 government from time to time.

BACK TO:

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

DAVIS  
 Favors like being here today.

KAYLA  
 (with a nod)  
 But as far as Mercer goes - I'd  
 never heard of him until today.  
 (then)  
 They usually bring me in to show  
 them how they're overspending on  
 security because the bugs are  
 already in their systems.

And with that, Warren's eyes light up with realization.

WARREN  
 What'd you just say?

KAYLA  
 Mercer. I never knew he was --

WARREN  
 No, no. *Already in their system...*  
 (a stunning realization)  
 (MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)  
Oh dear god...The Hantu have more  
than one of our scenarios.

ELLE  
What are you talking about?

EXT. DYNALABS - PHILADELPHIA - DAY

SWOOP IN ON CITY COPS and SQUAD CARS already surrounding  
DYNALABS, an aging collegiate-looking building in the middle  
of Philadelphia.

They've evacuated the building and created a perimeter, but  
haven't entered the building - they're waiting for:

A caravan of DHS SUV's - Faye and Chris and company - RUMBLE  
in as a COP waves them through.

WARREN (V.O.)  
Secure buildings -- banks, military  
bases, laboratories -- you can't  
just waltz into them.

**Chyron: Philadelphia**

QUICK CUTS as DHS AGENTS pour out of the SUV's and mount  
their sentry posts. Some running inside. Some taking  
positions outside. Faye and Chris giving unheard directions.

SNIPERS on the rooftops, pulling the BOLTS of their RIFLES in  
sequence. CA-CHUNK, CA-CHUNK, CA-CHUNK --

WARREN (V.O.)  
But they get supply shipments just  
like anybody else.

INT. DYNALABS VAULT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside one of the laboratory rooms, TWO DHS AGENTS enter with  
AR-15s - clear the room and take up their post keeping watch  
over the VIRAL SPLICER.

DAVIS (V.O.)  
(realizing)  
Our Houdini Scenario.

INT. DYNALABS SUPPLY ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A LARGE DRUM marked "CAUTION: HAZARDOUS MATERIAL -  
DO NOT X-RAY," resting among others in a dim storage room.

WARREN (V.O.)  
Exactly. They're *combining our*  
*plans*. It doesn't matter how many  
agents Faye puts outside the lab  
because --

Until a SCREW appears to TWIST ITSELF out of the top of the drum.

The HIGH-PITCHED HUM of a hand drill as the screw falls to the ground, pings, and rolls to a stop.

Somebody's in there.

INT. MERCER'S OFFICE - DAY

WARREN  
-- they're already inside.

"Oh shit" looks on everybody's faces before we're back to --

INT. DYNALABS VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Back with the two DHS AGENTS guarding the Viral Splicer. One of them TAPPED ON THE SHOULDER. Turns to find RAMA holding a gun in his face and a second Hantu with a gun to the other Agent's head. Both of them wear Philadelphia Police uniforms.

Rama puts a finger to his mouth. Shhhh.

KAYLA (O.S.)  
(prelap)  
What's Houdini Scenario?

EXT. THE HUB - COURTYARD - DAY

Warren, Davis, Elle, Nate, Kayla, all hustling across The Hub's courtyard trying to get back to the Control Center. Davis desperately dialing and re-dialing.

WARREN  
"Houdini" involves - among other things - breaking OUT of a guarded building instead of breaking IN, then escaping in the mayhem, dressed as law enforcement.

KAYLA  
The mayhem?

EXT. DYNALABS - DAY

Chris stands on alert along with a team of TEN AGENTS near the building. He answers his phone:

CHRIS  
Yeah?

EXT. THE HUB - COURTYARD - DAY

Davis with the phone to his ear -

DAVIS  
 (to the others)  
 Got him!  
 (to Chris)  
 Chris --

But Warren SNATCHES THE PHONE from him.

WARREN  
 Chris, it's Warren!

CHRIS  
 I'm a little busy, right now, so --

WARREN  
 You need to get your people away  
 from that building.

INTERCUT CHRIS AND THE TEAM

CHRIS  
 I what? Warren --

WARREN  
Now.

CHRIS  
 (getting the urgency)  
 Everybody away from the building!

WITH FAYE out by the perimeter. She sees Chris and other Agents retreating from the building. Furrows her brow.

BACK TO CHRIS as he hustles away from the building.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 What the hell's going on?

WARREN (O.S.)  
 Well, if I'm not mistaken, there's  
 about to be a rather sizeable --

BOOM! -- Dynalabs' East wall EXPLODES.

Chris and his men are either flattened or thrown like rag dolls. Fortunately far enough away, now, not to be killed.

WITH FAYE - Ducking behind an SUV as pieces of the wall tumble down around them, even this far from the building.

WITH CHRIS - Ears RINGING. Momentarily deaf from the noise. Destruction surrounds him. He looks to see --

RAMA AND HIS THREE 'GHOSTS'. All dressed as cops - mounting four unattended POLICE BIKES. Taking advantage of the chaos and ZOOMING AWAY through the smoke.

Strapped to one of their backs -- the device that will let them spread an unstoppable plague, killing millions.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

HEAVY FOOTFALLS chase the dwindling sound of MOTORCYCLES.

TILT UP to reveal Chris, bruised and dirty but otherwise unscathed, following the sound of the escaping Hantu.

The SMOKE from the lab explosion billows in the distance behind him. He exits the alley into --

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

-- the crowded street, just in time to see the four bikes hairpin into an UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE a few blocks away.

A CRACKLING as his earpiece comes to life.

KAYLA (O.S.)

-- you there? Chris? Can you hear us, Chris?

CHRIS

I'm here.

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Nate, Davis, Elle, Warren, Kayla, all just arrived back at The Hub. Kayla at her workstation, operating The Hub's systems, the SCREENS ALL POPPING TO LIFE.

Sighs of relief around the room when they hear Chris's voice over the speakers.

NATE

Chris, you're alive. Thank god.

INTERCUT CHRIS AND THE HUB

CHRIS

So are a lot of other people thanks to Warren.

WARREN

It was a team effort... Well actually I suppose it was mostly me.

CHRIS

You have my location? Rama and his guys just ducked into an underground parking garage.

Kayla brings up A MAP OF CHRIS'S LOCATION on one of the screens. A BLINKING BLUE LIGHT representing Chris.

DAVIS  
We've got you, Chris.

KAYLA  
The explosion knocked out  
communications but I'm bypassing -  
we're sending everybody to you.

Chris nearing the parking garage, now.

CHRIS  
I'm not waiting.

A SEDAN SCREECHES to a stop across the street from Chris.  
Faye exits the car, earpiece on and GUN in hand.

FAYE  
Neither am I.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Guns out, Chris and Faye covering each other as they descend.

AT THE HUB

The rest of the team watching those blinking dots on screen,  
LISTENING to Chris and Faye's breathing and footsteps as they  
round the corners of the garage.

WARREN  
Why a parking garage? They had us  
on the ropes and then they corner  
themselves?

DAVIS  
They're going underground. Kayla is  
there any way to get schematics for  
that parking ga--

Before he can finish his question the PARKING GARAGE  
SCHEMATICS appear on the touchscreen tabletop in front of  
Davis. He looks to Kayla, impressed.

AT THE PARKING GARAGE

Chris and Faye rounding the FINAL CORNER. The Hantu are  
nowhere to be seen, but--

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
There's a water runoff tunnel less  
than a mile from you. There's an  
access point in the garage.  
Southwest corner. In the floor.

WIDE METAL DOORS built into the concrete floor. Easy to miss.

CHRIS  
Got it.

It's secured with a SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONIC KEYPAD.

FAYE  
We're looking at a high-level  
electric lock here. Any ideas?

DAVIS  
...Nothing in the specs.  
(to Kayla)  
Access codes are stored with the  
municipality.

KAYLA  
On it.

Kayla's fingers flying.

DAVIS  
(to Kayla)  
Just be careful -- These city-run  
sites use a patchwork of databases  
and they'll lock you out if you  
don't --

KAYLA  
(heat of the moment)  
I know what I'm doing.

Then an "oh shit" look on Kayla's face as she takes her  
fingers off the keys.

CHRIS  
There a problem?

KAYLA  
I'm locked out.

Just what Davis tried to warn her about.

Nate shakes his head, turns to his own workstation.

NATE  
Five minutes and I can work out an  
algorithm to --

CHRIS  
Yeah I'm just gonna shoot it.

BANG! Chris shoots the keypad.

The lock on the wide metal doors POPS OPEN.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
We're in.

As he and Faye pull the doors open --

KAYLA  
(to Davis)  
I should've listened to you.

DAVIS  
It's okay.

KAYLA  
 No, it's not.  
 (then)  
 But I never make the same mistake  
 twice.

Without a hint of self-pity. Kayla's already moved on to whatever the next challenge might be.

INT. RUNOFF TUNNEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Chris and Faye, in the tunnel, guns drawn, no one in sight.

FAYE  
 Pretty quick to pull that trigger,  
 aren't you? Isn't that what got you  
 benched in the SEALS?

CHRIS  
 Got us down here, didn't I?  
 (a beat)  
 And for the record, pulling that  
 trigger saved my team that day. The  
 only mistake I made was  
 embarrassing the commander who was  
 too afraid to make the order.

FAYE  
 Isn't that the whole deal with the  
 military? Following orders?

CHRIS  
 Sometimes following can get you  
 into a lot more trouble than  
 thinking for yourself.

A REVVING SOUND. LIKE MOTORCYCLE ENGINES STARTING UP.

THREE MOTORCYCLE HEADLIGHTS flash on, a hundred yards out...  
 COMING AT Chris and Faye. They look to each other when --

POW! POW! Bullets WHIZZING by Chris and Faye from the  
 oncoming motorcycles. Chris AIMS HIS GUN TOWARD THEM:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 (to Faye)  
 Sorry I don't wait for people to --

BANGBANGBANG! Three quick shots from Faye and all three  
 oncoming bikes tumble and slide. Every shot hit center mass.

An impressed look from Chris.

KAYLA  
 (off the silence)  
 Chris? Faye? Are you okay?

CHRIS  
 ...We're good.

FAYE  
I was gonna say, I thought you did  
the right thing.

A nod of respect between them, even a slight smile. Maybe Faye isn't the uptight paper pusher they've grown to resent.

They check the Hantu's bodies. All dead. But -

CHRIS  
There were four bikes... Where's  
Rama?

FOOTSTEPS splashing in the tunnel from both directions. Chris and Faye on alert but it's just the other DHS Agents.

FAYE  
(to the agents)  
Did anybody see the fourth bike?

Agents on both sides shake their heads, "no." Shit.

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - DAY - LATER

Hours later. Kayla, Nate, Elle, Warren and Davis waiting for Faye and Chris's return. The mood, a little less hopeful.

WARREN  
It takes a special kind of  
ineptitude to be two steps behind  
your own ideas.

ELLE  
We outsmarted ourselves.  
(remembering her interview  
from earlier)  
We can go too far.

Warren looks to Kayla, who is lost in thought...

WARREN  
How about you? You look at  
despondent as the rest of us, but  
you had no hand in this. I take it  
you're still wrapping your head  
around other revelations?

KAYLA  
(snapping out of it)  
No, I'm fine. My head's where it  
needs to be.

WARREN  
(not dropping it)  
You never did finish your story,  
you know.  
(off her look)  
When you hacked the D.O.D. Did you  
find the answers you were looking  
for?

KAYLA  
I found enough. Enough missing  
files to tell me somebody's  
covering up something.

WARREN  
Is that what led you to computers  
in the first place?

KAYLA  
What, like an origin story?  
Friendless, introverted girl loses  
her mother and turns to the only  
thing that gives her hope to make  
sense of it all?

WARREN  
Something like that, yes.

KAYLA  
You've written too many movies. In  
real life, people's motivations  
aren't defined by a single tragedy.

WARREN  
Tell that to our friend Rama.

They glance to the resting image of RAMA on screen.

KAYLA  
You know, I understand what he's  
doing on some level. I mean, not  
the whole killing-the-entire-  
western-world stuff, but...  
(searching for the phrase)  
Holding someone accountable.

DAVIS  
You know, if we find Mercer, and he  
really knew your mother... maybe  
he'll have some answers for you.

KAYLA  
Don't think that hasn't crossed my  
mind.

The door HISSES and Chris hustles inside. Faye behind him.

FAYE  
Rama's gone. Bridges and tunnels  
are closed, highway checkpoints...

CHRIS  
But thanks to us, he'll find a way  
around that...

WARREN  
I must say, this is the worst pep  
rally ever.

FAYE  
But we do have THIS.

Faye holds up a plastic bag containing a SMARTPHONE.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
 We got it off one of the Hantu.  
 It's locked. NSA says 24 hours to  
 crack it..

She slides the phone across the table to Kayla.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
 I'm betting you can do it faster.

A look between the other team members. That's a lot of faith  
 Faye's putting in the new girl.

NATE  
 Hold on. Maybe we should just give  
 it to the NSA? Let the  
 professionals do what they do.

DAVIS  
 Kayla *is* a professional.

NATE  
 The "proper authorities," then.

WARREN  
 Remember the San Bernardino  
 shooting? The "proper authorities"  
 had to hire an independent hacker  
 to crack the shooter's phone.

NATE  
 One slip-up and --

KAYLA  
 Should I weigh in on this  
 conversation or did you guys want  
 to talk about me in third person  
 for a few more minutes?  
 (then)  
 As Nate was about to say, one slip-  
 up and the phone bricks and  
 everything we have on these guys is  
 lost forever. And he's right. But  
 that's not going to happen.  
 (Re: the phone)  
 Because this thing? I'm Mozart on  
 this thing.

Faye nods. Go for it. Kayla plugs the phone into her system.  
 As she goes to work:

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
 By the way, that hacker the NSA  
 hired to crack the San Bernardino  
 phone?... You're looking at her.

Warren can't help but chuckle. Chris unbuckles his tactical  
 vest, settling in for a long wait.

CHRIS  
How long before --

He's interrupted by the BEEP of Kayla's system as the SCREENS around the room LIGHT UP with INFORMATION FROM THE PHONE.

FAYE  
Good work.

Faye looks to Nate, who with the slightest of nods tacitly accepts that maybe Kayla knows what she's doing.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
Okay people, we've got who knows  
how much intel to go through here.  
Let's get to work.

As they all go to their workstations we DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. Everyone hustling... Progress on different screens...

UPSTAIRS at a bird's-nest workstation, Davis sits away from the others, analyzing data at a desk, when Elle approaches.

Elle sits and looks fondly at Davis. Opens her mouth to say something, but Davis, without looking up, speaks first:

DAVIS  
Are you engaged, Elle?

ELLE  
What?

Davis slides a PHONE across the desk.

DAVIS  
You left it up here. "Richard" said  
he had a great time last night. And  
this morning.

ELLE  
(unphased)  
And did he happen to propose?

DAVIS  
Your ring finger. There's an  
indentation, like you've been  
wearing a ring, but didn't today,  
because you were going to see me.  
(off Elle inspecting her  
hand)  
I notice things.

ELLE  
You sure do, Davis. And like I've  
always said, for someone so smart,  
you are so damn clueless.

Davis is confused. Maybe we are too. But before we can dwell:

NATE (O.S.)  
Got something!

NATE calls from downstairs, prompting everyone to converge.

DOWNSTAIRS, AT THE MAIN TABLE:

NATE (CONT'D)  
Our guys are definitely planning to release the virus into an industrial air conditioning system... I just don't know where... or when.

On the FLATSCREENS, blueprints of A/C VENTILATION SYSTEMS.

CHRIS  
Great. That narrows it down to every building everywhere.

KAYLA  
I've got something, too. A list of names...

Kayla pushes the list to the big screens.

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
Bob Sturm. Dan McDowell. Evelyn Wolcott. There's over a thousand, and all of them seem to work for pharmaceutical companies.

WARREN  
A hit list? It makes sense - the Hantu blame American Pharma companies for the deaths in their village.

ELLE  
Not just a hit list. It's a *guest list*.  
(getting their attention)  
Global Horizons Summit - the biggest pharmaceutical conference of the year is having their fancy gala tonight. New York City.

KAYLA  
(quick on the keys)  
Looks like they rented out the MET for a private opera. It starts in two hours.

ELLE  
That's their target.

As Elle continues, we SEE THE HYPOTHETICAL EVENTS SHE'S DESCRIBING:

INT. VENTILATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rama detaches a CANNISTER of the transformed Marburg from the Viral Splicer and hooks it into the AC system.

*ELLE (V.O.)  
Insert the virus into The Met's  
ventilation system...*

INT. THE MET AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Pharmaceutical reps watch the show - everything in SLOW-MO as the virus - represented for the viewer by fine RED PARTICLES - falls upon them from numerous AC vents.

*ELLE (V.O.)  
... Everybody in that room is  
infected immediately.*

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

*ELLE (V.O.)  
Some die within days...*

A FEVERED, BLEEDING PATIENT being rushed through a hallway...

INT. PASSENGER PLANE - DAY

A PHARMA REP, COUGHING on a commercial flight as the PARTICLES spread to the passengers around him.

*ELLE (V.O.)  
The ones who last longer take it  
with them...*

INT. THE HUB - NIGHT

*ELLE  
...And just like that we're Europe  
in the 1300s.*

*KAYLA  
Making pharmaceutical leaders the  
patient zeros in a pharmaceutically-  
engineered plague...*

*WARREN  
That's such a poetically evil idea,  
it should have been mine.*

Faye pulls out her phone.

*DAVIS  
What are you doing?*

FAYE  
 Evacuating The Met. Calling the  
 cavalry. Unless someone has a  
 better plan?

A beat as everyone takes in what might be about to happen,  
 but Kayla's mind is racing. Realizing something --

KAYLA  
 Yeah.  
 (off her look)  
 Let him release it.  
 (off EVERYONE'S look)  
 You evacuate The Met, he'll just  
 run. Do it somewhere else. Or  
 worse, your people put guns in his  
 face and he throws down the vial.  
 Bang. Airborne Marburg gets  
 released.

FAYE  
 That much I follow...

KAYLA  
 BUT... if we LET HIM release the  
 virus into the ducts - isolate it  
 there - maybe we can destroy it.

FAYE  
 I don't have time for maybes. I  
 need a real plan, now...  
 (re: her phone)  
 ... or we take our chances.

ELLE  
 You could program the AC system to  
 dilute the virus. It's how  
 hospitals filter out contagions.  
 (suddenly energized)  
 You'd need a massive HEPA filter.  
 But it would work.

DAVIS  
 It... It's possible. You'd have to  
 manually redirect some of the vents  
 to make that work. But this isn't a  
 hospital. The calculations you'd  
 have to create on the fly would be  
 impossible.

NATE  
 If only we had a nerdy statistician  
 who does calculations for fun.  
 (then)  
 It's an algorithm. If Kayla can get  
 me in the system, I can do it.

FAYE  
 Great. You can figure out the rest  
 on the way.

KAYLA  
Wait... *What?*

FAYE  
We're going to New York. All of us.

DAVIS  
We're a think tank.

NATE  
We're supposed to just... *think.*

WARREN  
I'm not even wearing sensible shoes.

CHRIS  
They've got a point, Faye. Sending civilians into something like this?

FAYE  
You're right. This isn't what you signed up for. And it's going to be dangerous.  
(then)  
But we have two hours until that event starts and right now only the six of you know how to stop this. I can't force any of you to go. But I am asking you...

Chris starts to stand, but Elle beats him to it.

ELLE  
We came up with this thing. There's not a chance in hell any of us are passing up the chance to stop it.

The looks from Chris, Davis, Nate, and Warren say it all: they're ready to go.

ELLE (CONT'D)  
Kayla, you don't bear the same responsibility the rest of us do. I think we'll all understand if --

KAYLA  
(a finishing keystroke)  
They're refueling the Chinook now. It'll be prepped in ten.

And for a beat, Faye actually seems proud of this team. She almost smiles.

FAYE  
Let's do this.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CH-47 HELICOPTER / EXT. NYC - NIGHT

Kayla and the team buckled in the belly of the CH-47 chopper. Aside from Chris and Faye, everyone is as pale as you'd expect. This is an alien experience for them.

Chris puts on his final bit of tactical gear, then hands out KEVLAR VESTS to everyone, ending with Kayla.

KAYLA  
What's this?

CHRIS  
Bulletproof vest.

KAYLA  
For what?

CHRIS  
Bullets.

He CLICKS the final scope onto his AR-15 and sits back.

KAYLA  
Oh. Great.

Not oblivious to Kayla's nerves, Chris decides to soften up for a moment and throw her a bone. He leans in closer.

CHRIS  
I've been in your position before.  
You're scared. Things can go wrong.  
Just remember you're part of a  
team. Focus on your own task -  
nothing else. The rest disappears.

KAYLA  
(appreciating it)  
Is that what you tell your men  
before a mission?

CHRIS  
It's what I tell my son before he  
goes to the plate in little league.  
(sharing a smile)  
But it works...

The PILOT clicks on his speaker.

PILOT  
Preparing for descent...

**Chyron: New York City**

With the luminous NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE below, the Chinook bends a turn over the Upper Bay, past -- perhaps fittingly -- the STATUE OF LIBERTY herself.

EXT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Establish the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center - its distinguishing tall arches of glass and bronze glowing against its marble courtyard.

UNMARKED CARS pull up to the loading docks. Our TEAM inserts EAR PIECES, standing around Chris as he quarterbacks.

A TEAM OF DHS AGENTS stands behind them, their backup.

CHRIS

Okay, we all know the plan. This is a Hail Mary we're not allowed to drop. Elle, you're on the roof. Davis, the vents, Nate and Kayla, get to the boiler room and solve this. I'm our lead on the ground. And Faye's our eye in the sky.

WARREN

Oh, don't worry about me, I'm sure there's an open bar.

FAYE

Warren, we need all the eyes on the ground we can get. Pick an agent and attach yourself to them.

Warren looks down the line of BEARDED ALPHA MALES until he finds a STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL FEMALE AGENT at the end.

WARREN

(with a caddish grin)  
Gladly.

INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

*POP.* A champagne bottle pours into a line of flutes on a bar. *THEN WIDE*, to show a buzzing lobby as a few elegantly dressed PHARMACEUTICAL PROFESSIONALS grab their drinks and lead us through the doors into --

INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - THEATER - NIGHT

-- the 3,000-seat theater, every one filled. The OPERA being performed hits us like cold air as we enter. A duet powerful and haunting.

A LARGE MAN painted white like a statue sings to a FRIGHTENED "DON GIOVANNI." JUMP TO:

INT. BASEMENT A/C ROOM - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

A cramped A/C CONTROL ROOM. A WALL OF SWITCHES AND LIGHTS on one side of the room and an ANCIENT DESKTOP INTERFACE for the A/C system on the other.

NATE  
Listen, I just wanted to say...

KAYLA  
Apology accepted.

A smile between them as she turns back to the ancient desktop  
- but now that Nate's started he can't seem to stop:

NATE  
It's just -- I have a bad habit of  
waiting to tell people things until  
it's too late. And given the  
overwhelming probability of us  
meeting our doom tonight --

KAYLA  
Nate... We're not going to die.

Nate nods. Psyching himself up.

NATE  
Of course not.  
(looks at the wall of  
switches and lights)  
Because I'm Mozart on this thing.

They both smile at his callback to Kayla's earlier comment.

Kayla sits in the desk chair like a fighter pilot in a  
cockpit and plugs her laptop into the desktop.

KAYLA  
Okay... Now we just wait for --

INT. BACK HALLWAY - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

ELLE  
-- Davis. Maybe this was a mistake.

As Davis prepares to climb into a GIANT VENT.

DAVIS  
It was your wedding ring.

ELLE  
What?

DAVIS  
The ring you were wearing, that you  
took off when you knew you'd see  
me. You still wear our wedding  
ring.

ELLE  
You really want to talk about this  
*right now?*

DAVIS  
I just want to know... Why?

He zips up his CONTAMINATION SUIT and starts to go in.

ELLE  
 I don't know. Maybe I still believe  
 there's no such thing as a problem  
 that can't be solved. Or a mistake  
 that can't be forgiven.  
 (a conciliatory beat, then)  
 Just be safe in there.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The security headquarters of The Met. SURVEILLANCE MONITORS  
 commandeered by FAYE and her DHS AGENTS.

FAYE  
 (into a headset)  
 Chris, any trace of Rama?

EXT. HALLWAY / SURVEILLANCE ROOM - OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRIS stalking the BACKSTAGE CORRIDORS, looking straight out  
 of Zero Dark Thirty. We HEAR the muted opera.

CHRIS  
 Negative.

FAYE  
 (through Chris's earpiece)  
 We've got eyes on every vent and  
 hallway, we're not seeing him yet.

INTERCUT with FAYE in the SURVEILLANCE ROOM, staring at a  
 WALL OF VARIOUS CAMERA VIEWS.

INT. THEATER - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

WARREN sits in a THEATER BOX with the gorgeous DHS AGENT.

WARREN  
 Because once again, we're looking  
 in the wrong place.

FAYE  
 Enlighten us then, Warren...

Warren grabs his OPERA BINOCULARS and exits through the box's  
 curtains. The BEAUTIFUL AGENT tails him...

WARREN  
 The opera we have the privilege of  
 watching right now, does anyone  
 know what it's about?

As he talks, he continues down --

INT. MET - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

-- a spiral staircase, leading to the orchestra section.

WARREN

A reckless sinner hurts everyone he touches, and feels so invincible that he saves a seat at his lavish banquet for Death Himself. When Death arrives, Don Giovanni asks why he is here to take him.

Warren reaches AN USHER who tries to stop Warren from entering, but the AGENT flashes a badge.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Death replies, "You invited me."

As the PERFORMER on stage bellows a dark note, Warren stands at the stage's footlights, scanning the AUDIENCE.

FAYE

(realizing)

Rama has a seat in the audience.

Warren's BINOCULAR POV: RAMA, in a tux, stands with a SMALL BLACK BAG and exits during an APPLAUSE break.

WARREN

Back row. Orchestra. Exiting now.

Faye clicks to the CAMERA VIEW just in time to see a CROWD OF MEN exiting into the lobby. *One of them, with a bag...*

FAYE (O.S.)

Chris - lobby.

CHRIS (O.S.)

On it.

Chris goes to pursue...

FAYE

Elle?

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

ELLE

Here...

ELLE, on the rooftop DRILLING a gargantuan HEPA FILTER to the roof exhaust with the assistance of two DHS AGENTS.

ELLE (CONT'D)

...Filter installed. Now we just need Davis to get out of the --

INT. AIR DUCTS - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

DAVIS  
(mumbling, to himself)  
-- dusty, disgusting,  
claustrophobic vents.

Davis. Inside the A/C ducts. Crawling, flashlight in hand.

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
(still to himself)  
This is why I don't do field work.  
Field work is degrading. Field work  
is dangerous.

WARREN (O.S.)  
You know everyone can hear you,  
right?

With a GRUNT, Davis PULLS A METAL LATCH CLOSED.

DAVIS  
There. I closed off the last of the  
ducts leading to the diffuser.  
Nate... It's a math problem now...

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

NATE  
Got it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Nate is staring at THAT WALL OF SWITCHES.  
Maybe a hundred of them. RED and GREEN LIGHTS blinking.

KAYLA  
I'm ready as soon as you --

Nate holds up a hand to silence her - lips moving as he does  
calculations. Kayla fidgets. They're running out of time.

INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - VARIOUS HALLWAYS - NIGHT

CHRIS following Rama through the building, turn after turn,  
stealthily until - CHRIS STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

RACK FOCUS to reveal a LINE OF FISHING WIRE stretched across  
the wall - attached to a BLINKING EXPLOSIVE.

Chris smirks, ducks, and continues to see:

RAMA, standing at a giant AC VENT. PUTTING ON A HAZMAT SUIT.

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

BOOM - Davis bursts out of a door on the rooftop, scaring  
Elle half to death. She could kiss him right now she's so  
happy to see him.

ELLE  
And you used to say I was always  
the late one.

INTERCUT with FAYE, in the control room, watching the hallway surveillance view of Rama producing a LARGE GLASS VIAL -- the newly airborne disease made with the Viral Splicer.

FAYE  
Guys. Fix this problem, FAST.

A shot of the AUDIENCE... the MUSIC building...

Then Chris, at the far end of the hallway, taking cover.

CHRIS  
(whispering)  
Let me just drop this crazy  
asshole. I've got a clean shot.

Elle on the ROOF:

ELLE  
That vial breaks outside the air  
duct, we're all good as dead. Do  
not shoot!

INT. HALLWAY - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

CHRIS  
Yeah, I'm used to that order...

Chris watches Rama place the VIAL inside the duct.

VIS FX: We fall, along with the VIAL -- and we see it CRUNCH.

It then takes us traveling through the air duct, SEEING the MICROSCOPIC TOXINS float through the space...

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

KAYLA  
Nate, it's now or --

SHUNK. Nate flips a heavy switch from left to right. Then another, and another, all over the board, like a kid playing Whack-a-mole.

He steps back. A slight smile at his masterpiece and then --

NATE  
Do it.

Kayla hits the ENTER KEY with flourish --

A BOOM OF THE A/C SYSTEM KICKING INTO GEAR.

IN THE THEATER: The ARIA hits its crescendo as the old walls RUMBLE. The sound of a 14-story building gasping for air.

VIS FX of the TOXINS IN THE VENT BEING BLOWN AWAY AND DISPERSED... *IT'S WORKING.*

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Elle stands with a hand-held PARTICLE COUNTER and hovers it above the HEPA FILTER, hand trembling, FEAR in her eyes.

ELLE  
PPM under one hundred...We're good.

INT. HALLWAY - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - SAME TIME

Downstairs, CHRIS waits for Rama to turn around before:

CHRIS  
Stand right there, pal.

Rama instantly PULLS OUT A GUN and Chris has no choice but to DROP him with a double-tap.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Dammit.

But as Chris walks over and removes Rama's mask, he realizes:

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Um... this isn't our guy.

And it's not. It's NOT RAMA. All this time, Chris had been tailing another Hantu we hadn't accounted for.

FAYE  
Then... where...?

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Nate and Kayla, in the A/C control room. Nate stays behind, switching controls back to their normal functions.

As Kayla exits into the larger industrial space for a moment to herself --

She runs into RAMA - *THE REAL RAMA.* THE LEAD HANTU.

Dressed in a Hazmat suit with the facemask unzipped.

A GUN in one hand. A VIAL in the other.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. AC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Rama looks to Kayla. Sizes up from her BULLET-PROOF VEST that she's some kind of authority. Gesturing to the DUCT behind her, he calmly says, in accented English:

RAMA  
You're in my way.

Kayla's frozen. She's no hero. Rama POINTS HIS GUN at her.

KAYLA  
MELATI!  
(off his hesitation)  
That was your daughter's name,  
right? I know you lost her. And  
your wife. I know that's why you're  
doing this.

RAMA  
One more chance. My grievance is  
not with you.

KAYLA  
It's with those crook pieces of  
shit upstairs, I get it. But this  
isn't the way to avenge your  
family.

Rama's face contorts, trying to stifle his emotions...

RAMA  
Have you had your family taken from  
you?

KAYLA  
Yes. I have. And I've been lied to.  
And every day - everything I've  
done - is about finding out who is  
responsible for that.

RAMA  
And when you finally find them --  
what will you do?

A realization on Kayla's face: she might never have actually considered that part of her fantasy.

KAYLA  
I don't know.

RAMA  
I do. You won't let anyone stand in  
your way.

He FIRES. Kayla falls with a graceless THUD, hit in the vest.

Rama walks toward the DUCT, stopping over her wheezing body.

KAYLA's POV: Rama looks down, ZIPS the see-through mask to his HAZMAT Suit. Points the gun down to finish her off when--

BOOM! The MASK IS PLASTERED INTERNALLY WITH BLOOD, like a PAINT BOMB IN A ZIPLOC BAG.

Rama's head, exploded by a rifle shot from CHRIS, who stands at the basement's entrance.

Kayla barely has enough time to register what happened before the Rama's GRIP on the vial releases as he falls down.

The vial slips out, SLO-MO, until -- CLUNK -- Kayla reaches out and snatches it, inches from the floor.

NATE walks in, comically oblivious this was happening:

NATE  
You okay? I heard a -- WHOA.

He sees the scene. Rama's body, Chris with a gun, Kayla...

NATE (CONT'D)  
What did I miss?

Off Kayla's holy-shit exhale that turns into a laugh, CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The CH-47 waits on the rooftop of the Met as Faye addresses the relieved and exhausted team.

FAYE  
That was officially the last of them. Threat's been neutralized. And the prototype Viral Splicer has been destroyed.

Elle is awash with gratitude and relief.

WARREN  
So in the end, perhaps we're more than just reckless, walking liabilities?

Even Faye has to smile at that.

FAYE  
I was right about the Doomsday project. It was a mistake.  
(a conciliatory beat)  
But I was wrong about this team. You saved a lot of lives today.  
(there's a "but" coming)  
But there's a larger problem.

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

While we still can't confirm who stole the scenarios, we were able to figure out how much they sold them for.

(then)

Nothing.

KAYLA

What?

FAYE

They gave two of your scenarios away for free, demanding only that they be used against the U.S.

CHRIS

So it's personal.

FAYE

Highly.

(then)

Look, these scenarios are still out there. There's a lot of work to be done. I know you have lives and careers and we can't force you to --

CHRIS

I'm in.

ELLE

In.

NATE

(less enthused, but...)

In.

DAVIS

Me, too.

WARREN

I have a film starting production in Hawaii in two weeks, so the timing's a bit--

(off their looks)

Of course. I'm in. Naturally.

FAYE

Kayla?

KAYLA

Absolutely.

Faye isn't the "thank you" type, but the *newfound respect* she has for these people is written on her face.

FAYE

All right then. I'm gonna clean up this mess. See you back in D.C.

INT. CH-47 HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

The team (minus Faye) settles in the chopper, buckling up.

The PILOT hits a few buttons as the blades begin to WHIR.

PILOT  
All right, folks. Where to?

WARREN  
Anywhere with a good whisky.

INT. THE HUB - NIGHT

Later. Warren, Chris, and Elle finishing up a somewhat somber mission accomplished celebration. Empty and half-empty bottles of wine and spirits litter the table.

Kayla walks around the dimly-lit Hub, taking in the surroundings that might be her new home for a while.

WARREN  
Kayla. Come on. Join us.

She re-joins to find Elle scrolling through her own iPHONE.

ELLE  
It's strange. Several major news sites were hacked tonight. They're now all displaying stories about US pharmaceutical companies' unethical testing in Indonesia.

KAYLA  
That *is* strange.

Kayla's knowing look confirms Elle's hunch for us. That despite having to defeat the Hantu, Kayla's sympathetic to their cause, and decided to do something about it.

Warren tries a couple of bottles before he finds one that's not empty. Pours Kayla a glass.

KAYLA (CONT'D)  
...Are you sure we should be celebrating?

WARREN  
Who says we're celebrating? In times of success, a toast is appropriate. Times like today? You drink from the bottle.

Which he then demonstrates.

Davis emerges from the bathroom supporting a snockered Nate with one arm.

DAVIS  
I should get Nate to a hotel.

NATE  
(so drunk)  
You don't need to take me anywhere.  
Based on my body weight and rate of  
alcohol consumption, I'll be sober  
enough to drive in...  
(thinking hard)  
Four years, seven months and...  
Wait, that can't be right.

WARREN  
I believe I'll join you.

A friendly mock salute to Chris, then a tip of an imaginary  
hat to Kayla and Elle. But before they go --

KAYLA  
You thought up hundreds of  
scenarios. This is going to happen  
again. And again. Whoever did this  
is angry, and determined, and worst  
of all smart.

CHRIS  
So there's only one thing we can  
do.

KAYLA  
Make sure we're smarter.

WARREN  
Here, here. 'Til tomorrow.

KAYLA  
(to the whole group)  
'Til tomorrow.

INT. THE HUB - CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT - LATER

The Hub, dark, save for a single light at Kayla's workstation  
as she scrolls through file after file on John Mercer.

She looks at her watch. 3 AM. Geez. Sits back in her chair  
and yawns. Looks at the NAMEPLATE glued to her desk alcove -  
"ALEC SHEFFIELD" - her predecessor.

She pulls it off, about to stick it in a drawer when she  
clocks: A TINY THUMB DRIVE attached to the backside of the  
nameplate.

She inserts the thumb drive. "ENCRYPTED" pops up on screen.

KAYLA  
Okay, Alec. I hear you were pretty  
good... Let's see if I'm better.

A few keystrokes - maybe a few more than she expected - and  
the file on screen UNENCRYPTS: Videos, photos, documents -  
all of them heavily featuring FAYE WALSH.

Kayla - and we - ZERO IN ON one doc in particular. A LETTER FROM ALEC TO THE NSA.

CLOSE ON this key line: "Director Mercer has instructed me to encrypt these files --"

CLOSE ON another line: ...reason to believe Faye Walsh is at best a criminal and at worst a traitor, and --"

We don't get to finish reading because:

A DOOR OPENS

And with a keystroke Kayla switches the display to files about Mercer. His photo prominent on her screen.

As FAYE comes over to her.

FAYE  
FBI, CIA, and Interpol are all  
looking for him. You don't need to  
spin your wheels on it, too.

KAYLA  
Just trying to earn my keep.

FAYE  
Or maybe it's personal.

Faye produces the PHOTO OF MERCER WITH KAYLA'S MOM and lays it on Kayla's desk.

FAYE (CONT'D)  
I want you to know I had no idea  
there was a connection between  
Mercer and your mother.

Kayla shrugs it off, struggling to keep her cool knowing Faye might be a traitor.

KAYLA  
She was in Naval Intelligence for  
over a decade. I'm sure she's in  
pictures with a lot of people.

FAYE  
And now you're serving your country  
just like she did.

A beat of tense silence as the two measure each other up.

KAYLA  
The team seems pretty sure Mercer  
is innocent.

FAYE  
They think he walks on water. But  
who can ever really know what  
another person is capable of?

(MORE)

FAYE (CONT'D)

(then)

You did good today. The team seems  
to trust you.

Faye starts to go. Kayla watches her for a beat, unsure if  
she should say what she's about to say, then suddenly:

KAYLA

Think they'll still trust me when  
they find out you've had me  
watching them for the last year?

Faye turns back and smiles, then continues on her way.

FAYE

Get some rest, Kayla.

And we get now how precarious a situation Kayla is in -

Unsure if she can trust the woman she's been secretly working  
for for the last year.

END OF PILOT