

CDC

"Brie at Last"

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&

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REVISED STUDIO DRAFT

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COLD OPENING

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. CDC HALLWAY - MORNING (DAY 1)

BRIE WEATHERLY (24, DRIVEN, PERSONABLE) IS BEING SHOWN AROUND BY THE CDC DIRECTOR, DR. ANTHONY SALAZAR (41, HANDSOME, SMOOTH). THEY WALK DOWN A SLEEK AND MODERN HALLWAY, AMONGST BRAINY BUT DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING SCIENTISTS.

SALAZAR

Just a few more stops on your orientation, and I'll tell you where you're being assigned. Enjoying your first day so far?

BRIE

You have no idea. I was born to work at the CDC. Ever since I was a kid, on Halloween I've dressed up as a different virus. Except in college when I dressed up as Elsa from *Frozen*. But my Elsa had herpes.

SALAZAR

Love it! Now as I was saying, the Center for Disease Control is the leading health protection agency, not just in America, but the world...

SALAZAR POINTS TO A SCIENTIST IN A HAZMAT SUIT APPROACHING THEM WITH A CONTAINER OF MURKY LIQUID.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

Case in point: I believe that man is holding a sample of swamp water from Tanzania teeming with brain-eating amoebas.

THE HAZMAT SCIENTIST TAKES A SIP OF THE LIQUID.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

Or iced tea. You never know around here! (THEN) And here we are...

RESET TO:

INT. CANCER LAB - CONTINUOUS

SALAZAR LEADS BRIE INTO A FULLY STAFFED, STATE-OF-THE-ART LABORATORY. THE PLACE IS PACKED SPARKLING NEW EQUIPMENT, AND HAS BIG, BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS WITH SPECTACULAR VIEWS.

SALAZAR

...The Cancer Department.

BRIE TAKES IN ALL OF THE HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT.

BRIE

Oh my god. Thermal cyclers... a CRISPR system... electron microscopes. You don't understand. It's always been my dream to work in a lab like this.

SALAZAR

Wonderful! (THEN) Now let me show you where you'll be working.

OFF A THROWN BRIE, WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE BINT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 1)BRIE AND SALAZAR STAND QUIETLY, AS WE HEAR THE DESCENDING ELEVATOR BEEP PAST EACH FLOOR. AFTER A FEW BEATS:

BRIE

Pretty long elevator ride.

SALAZAR

Yes well, we started on the fifteenth floor, then there are the five levels of underground parking, then four basement levels of storage, and finally the floor where the Pathology Lab is. Did your ears pop yet?

BRIE

What?

SALAZAR

Guess there's my answer. (THEN) I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO THE PATHOLOGY LAB!

BRIE

(DISAPPOINTED) Really?

SALAZAR

You have great social skills, Brie. For instance, in our interview, you made me feel at ease when you complimented my shoes.

BRIE

Well, they were very nice.

SALAZAR

(TICKLED) See, you did it again!
(THEN) And I need someone down there like you, who's easy to communicate with. As you might expect with a group of people who hang out in a basement sifting through poop all day, they're a wee bit... quirky.

THE ELEVATOR DINGS AND THE DOORS OPEN.

RESET TO:

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

BRIE'S FACE FALLS AS THEY EXIT THE ELEVATOR. IN STARK CONTRAST TO THE STATE-OF-THE-ART CANCER LAB, THE PATHOLOGY LAB IS WINDOWLESS AND DILAPIDATED. SALAZAR WALKS BRIE TOWARDS GLENN FORESTER (EARLY 30'S, HARRIED, ADORABLE).

SALAZAR

That's Glenn, head of the department, the leader of the pack. Proud and headstrong, but also temperamental and easily riled. Observe... Morning, Glenn!

GLENN

(ANNOYED) Sir. Are you talking about us like we're zoo animals again?

SALAZAR

(SOTTO, TO BRIE) Notice how his neck hair rises when agitated.

GLENN

(TO SALAZAR) Any update on whether you'll approve that spectrometer I requested?

SALAZAR

(BRIGHTLY) Yes! (SADLY) No. (THEN) I thought you'd be better off with another pair of hands.

BRIE SMILES AND TURNS ON THE CHARM.

BRIE

Hi! I'm Brie. Your new microbiologist.

GLENN

(SHAKES BRIE'S HAND) Hi. (TO SALAZAR) Sir, we're clearly underfunded down here, and aren't really looking to add more staff. So unless she can measure the mass of an individual atom, I'm not sure how much use she is. No offense, Brie. You seem very nice and your name makes me want to eat cheese.

AS GLENN STOMPS OFF:

BRIE

(TO SALAZAR) I get that a lot.

SALAZAR NODS, THEN NOTICES EDEN HENCH (16, INTELLECTUAL, ALL BUSINESS) AT A NEARBY MICROSCOPE.

SALAZAR

Up next is our resident wunderkind,
Eden Hensch... Eden, this is Brie
Weatherly.

BRIE

Cool, I didn't know the CDC had
interns. I would've totally done that
when I was in high school.

EDEN

(EYE ROLL) I'm not an intern. I have
a PhD in Immunology and a PhD in
Chemical Engineering.

SALAZAR

And Brie has a PhD in Microbiology
from Princeton.

EDEN

Wow, Princeton has the fourth-ranked
program in the country.

BRIE

(FLATTERED) Well...

EDEN

How'd you get this job?

SALAZAR

Ha! Moving on...

AS SALAZAR LEADS BRIE AWAY:

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

(SOTTO) She's kind of like Doogie
Howser, if Doogie Howser was a dick.

(THEN) And last we have...

THEY CONTINUE OVER TO RUDNICK (LATE 30'S, BLUNT, NAIVE), A
LAB TECHNICIAN INSIDE A GLASS-ENCLOSED, SOUND-PROOF WORK
AREA.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

Rudnick. The man who processes all
of the infectious waste samples. He's
worked in that box for almost two
decades now, and inhaling all those
toxic fumes has really done a number
on his brain. For instance, much like
a four-year-old, he tends to speak all
of his inner thoughts out loud...

RUDNICK EXITS HIS BOX AND NOTICES BRIE.

RUDNICK

You're pretty, but your hair doesn't
match your eyebrows.

AS SALAZAR WATCHES HIM GO:

SALAZAR

He can also understand Portuguese --
but only when it's sung -- and claims
he can smell emotions. A real kook.
(TURNS TO BRIE) Now then! Let's get
you into your lab coat!

SALAZAR GRABS A LAB COAT FROM THE WALL AND TRIES TO HELP BRIE
INTO IT, BUT BRIE KEEPS SHIFTING AWAY.

BRIE

Well, thank you for this opportunity,
Dr. Salazar, but I just have to ask.
Are there any openings in the
departments upstairs? In Cancer, for
example? As you know, that was my
focus in grad school. Plus my
father's a cancer scientist, so I was
kind of hoping to follow in his
footsteps...

SALAZAR

(FINALLY GETS COAT ON BRIE) There!

SALAZAR STARTS TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR.

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

Not to worry, Dr. Weatherly. If you
do a good job down here, word will get
around and, before you know it, the
Cancer team will come knocking at your
door. (STEPS INTO ELEVATOR) In the
meantime, enjoy the wonder that is...
The Pathology Lab.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE, LEAVING BRIE ALL ALONE. ON HIS WAY
BACK TO HIS WORK AREA, RUDNICK PASSES BRIE AND SNIFFS THE AIR.

RUDNICK

You smell apprehensive.

AS BRIE REACTS...

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONESCENE C

INT. BASEMENT LAB - LATER (DAY 1)

BRIE SITS AT A DESK FILLING OUT HER START PAPERWORK. EDEN WALKS BY.

BRIE

Oh, hey, Eden, do you know the numeric code for our department?

EDEN

(WITHOUT BREAKING STRIDE) Yep.

AS EDEN WALKS OFF, BRIE SIGHS AND RETURNS TO HER PAPERWORK. THEN, AFTER A BEAT:

FEMALE (O.S.)

Twenty-three L.

BRIE LOOKS AROUND TO SEE WHERE THE VOICE CAME FROM, BUT DOESN'T SEE ANYONE.

BRIE

(CONFUSED) Thank you?

AS BRIE TURNS BACK TOWARDS HER PAPERWORK, SHE'S STARTLED TO SEE SAMMY O'GRADY (25, NERVOUS ENERGY, KINDHEARTED) SITTING BESIDE HER.

SAMMY

You're welcome. (OFF BRIE'S REACTION)

I'm Sammy, another scientist down here.

BRIE

Hi, I'm--

SAMMY

Brie! I know. Here's the thing. I have, like, severe social anxiety, especially around the fancy upstairs doctors like Salazar, so whenever they come by the only way I feel safe is if I hide in the biohazard closet.

SAMMY POINTS TO A CLOSET. RUDNICK WALKS OUT OF IT, WITH A SMUDGE OF WHITE POWDER ON HIS SHOULDER.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Rudnick, is that anthrax on your shirt?

RUDNICK

Huh? (TOUCHES AND TASTES IT) Nope, powdered sugar. Just had a donut.

AS RUDNICK WALKS OFF:

SAMMY

Anyway, to get used to new people, my psychologist has me use a technique called "exposure therapy" -- you know, interact for short intervals at first, then work my way up. So before I walked over, I set my watch alarm for thirty seconds, and when it goes off I'll stop talking, even if we're mid-conversa--"

SFX: BEEP

SAMMY TURNS AROUND AND WALKS OFF.

BRIE

Okay. (CALLING AFTER HER) Nice to kind
of meet you!

RESET TO:

INT. GLENN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

IT'S A MESSY OFFICE, WITH STACKS OF PAPERS AND RESEARCH
MAGAZINES STREWN ABOUT. A STRESSED GLENN IS LOOKING THROUGH
A FILING CABINET, AS AN UMBRELLA CANOPY LEVITATES ABOVE HIS
HEAD.

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

GLENN

Yep?!

BRIE ENTERS.

BRIE

Finished my start paperwork. Should I
put it... (LOOKS FOR AN UNCLUTTERED
SPOT) back on my desk?

GLENN

(POINTS) Right there's fine.

GLENN CROSSES OVER TO HIS DESK AND THE UMBRELLA FOLLOWS HIM.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(OFF FILE) Just trying to figure out a
way we can afford a spectrometer by
seeing if there's anything I can cut
from the budget. How do you feel
about toilet paper?

BRIE

(CHEEKY) Hate the stuff. (RE:
UMBRELLA) I'm sorry, what is that?

GLENN

Oh, I invent stuff in my spare time.
That's my Umbrella Drone. (HOLDS UP
PHONE) It tracks you through your
phone.

BRIE

That's actually... pretty awesome.

GLENN

(PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Really?

BRIE

Yeah, I'd buy one of those.

GLENN

I'm just testing it out. Still some
bugs I need to fix.

THE DRONE SUDDENLY DROPS DOWN HARD ONTO GLENN'S HEAD.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Like battery life. (THEN) Here's
another one of mine...

GLENN PULLS UP HIS SHIRT, REVEALING A HIGH-TECH CONTRAPTION
AROUND HIS WAIST.

GLENN (CONT'D)

The Grammar Belt. It uses voice
recognition to give you a tiny
electric shock if you speak wrong.

(ZAP SOUND; FLINCHES IN PAIN; CORRECTS
HIMSELF) Wrongly. (NO ZAP SOUND) See?

BRIE

Very impressive.

GLENN

(SMILES) Well, thank you, Brie... (OFF HER PAPERWORK) Weatherly? Daughter of esteemed cancer doctor, Angus Weatherly? (OFF BRIE'S NOD) I'm surprised you're not up in the Cancer Lab.

BRIE

Salazar assigned me here. But honestly, I was hoping to get Cancer.

GLENN

(DEFLATED) Of course you were. Cancer gets all the funding, Cancer gets all the glory,... Everybody wants Cancer.

BRIE

It's nothing personal. It's just... that was my line of study and I wanted to work somewhere where I could really--

GLENN

(RILED) Help people?

BRIE

(BACKPEDALING) No, no. I hate helping people.

GLENN

Come with me.

GLENN LEADS BRIE OUT THE DOOR...

RESET TO:

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

AS GLENN AND BRIE ENTER:

GLENN

(CALLING OUT) Eden, where you at?!

(ZAP SOUND, FLINCHES IN PAIN) Where
are you?!

HE SPOTS EDEN WALKING TOWARDS HER WORKSTATION.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Eden, explain to our new associate
what it is you're doing.

EDEN

I just finished analyzing the RNA of a
norovirus and nanoformulated a vaccine
which can be packaged into spherical
dendrimer particles, permeate infected
cells and save the lives of thousands
of babies. (COCKY) And it's not even
noon.

GLENN

(MOVING ON) Thank you...

GLENN LEADS BRIE OVER TO SAMMY, WORKING NEARBY.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Sammy! Pop quiz -- what world-renowned
publication are you being published in
tomorrow?

SAMMY

(SUDDENLY ANXIOUS) I'm sorry. I heard "pop quiz" and my mind went totally blank. Can you repeat the question?

GLENN

(TO BRIE) *The New England Journal of Medicine.*

SAMMY

Hey, I'm being published in that tomorrow! (TO BRIE) Because of my research on the increased rate of Rotavirus among geriatric oncological patients.

NEXT, GLENN WALKS BRIE OVER TO RUDNICK'S GLASS-ENCLOSED WORK AREA.

GLENN

And Rudnick...

RUDNICK STANDS MOTIONLESS, STARING INTO THE DISTANCE.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Well, it looks like Rudnick fell asleep with his eyes open again.

GLENN SMACKS THE GLASS WITH HIS HAND. RUDNICK WAKES UP, PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS BOOM BOX, AND GOES BACK TO WORK.

GLENN (CONT'D)

But the fact is, every time that man steps inside this box, he's putting his health on the line for us.

RUDNICK STARTS THRASHING HIS HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE, ROCKING OUT TO WHATEVER HE'S LISTENING TO.

GLENN (CONT'D)

His physical health. His mental health is pretty much shot. (THEN) The point is, Pathology is one of the most important departments at the CDC, even if we are buried so deep in the earth that coal miners once accidentally drilled through that wall.

BRIE

Wow. You guys really do amazing work. It's an honor to join your team.

GLENN

Okay, you know what? You Cancer snobs are all the same--

SAMMY

(SOTTO, TO GLENN) That was a compliment.

GLENN

(ON A DIME) Welcome aboard! (THEN) I'm going to have you extract some RNA from our lysed virus. Sammy, can you show Brie to her workstation?

SAMMY

Yes, sir.

SAMMY WALKS BRIE TOWARDS A VACANT WORKSTATION.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

So, what was Salazar like on your tour this morning?

BRIE

Fine.

SAMMY

Mmm, tell me about it. (EXPLAINING) I know it's weird, but I kind of have a major crush on him. He's just so handsome and debonair... and did you smell his cologne? He's like a walking scented candle. (THEN) So was he wearing his Ralph Lauren suit? Because he also wore it on the 2nd, 10th, 18th and 24th. (OFF BRIE'S LOOK) Photographic memory. It's too bad I've never witnessed a murder.

BRIE

But I bet it's pretty useful when you're doing your research. Congrats on getting published, by the way. That's so fantastic! What did you do to celebrate?

SAMMY

Well, when I first found out I did this...

SAMMY DOES A DORKY LITTLE DANCE.

BRIE

Cool. But did you go out?

SAMMY

Oh no. I don't even drink. Although I did sign up for a sober companion once. But that's just because I didn't want to watch the finale of "Castle" alone. (REMEMBERING) Man, did she get wasted.

BRIE

Well, you and I should go out some time to celebrate.

SAMMY

Really? (EXCITED) Ahhhh! I mean, also (SCARED) Ahhhh! But mostly (EXCITED) Ahhhh! (THEN) How about tonight?

BRIE

(CAUGHT OFF GUARD) Oh, um... Okay, sure.

SAMMY

This is so cool! I've been dying to have a girlfriend at work. I tried being friends with Eden but she said she liked me better as a silent co-worker. But look at us! We're talking, we're bonding,...

SFX: SAMMY'S WATCH ALARM

SAMMY (CONT'D)

(TURNS ALARM OFF) I don't even need to
take a break from you! (THEN)
Hey, you think we could have lunch
together sometimes?

BRIE

Of course.

SAMMY

Sweet!

SAMMY WHIPS OUT A BAG LUNCH AND STARTS EATING. BRIE LOOKS
AROUND AND NOTICES THAT GLENN, RUDNICK AND EDEN HAVE ALSO
STARTED EATING LUNCH AT THEIR RESPECTIVE WORKSTATIONS.

BRIE

You guys always bring a bag lunch?
THE GANG AD LIBS, "YEP", "PRETTY MUCH", ETC.

BRIE (CONT'D)

(CONFUSED) No one ever goes to the
cafeteria?

EVERYONE EMPHATICALLY SHAKES THEIR HEADS "NO."

BRIE (CONT'D)

Why not?

EVERYONE STOPS EATING AND EXCHANGES NERVOUS LOOKS. FINALLY,
AN IRRITATED GLENN STANDS UP.

GLENN

I'll show you.

GLENN AND BRIE EXIT INTO THE ELEVATOR.

RUDNICK

They make a good couple.

SAMMY

I know, right? Glenn and Brie?

RUDNICK

Nope. (RE: HIS SANDWICH) Peanut butter
and jelly.

AS RUDNICK TAKES A BITE, WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE DINT. CAFETERIA - A LITTLE LATER (DAY 1)

THE CAFETERIA IS PACKED WITH THE SAME KIND OF ATTRACTIVE, "UPSTAIRS" CDC WORKERS THAT BRIE SAW EARLIER THAT MORNING. BRIE ENTERS WITH GLENN. AS THEY STEP INTO THE FOOD LINE, SHE SURVEYS THE ROOM.

BRIE

This is incredible. All of these great minds, sharing a meal and talking shop...

GLENN

Please. It's high school all over again. (GESTURING AT VARIOUS TABLES) You've got your "rich kids" from the AIDS Department, your "jocks" from Airborne Diseases, the "goths" from Bloodborne,... And without a doubt, the "cool, popular kids" are the ones in Cancer.

BRIE

It just looks like a bunch of people enjoying each other's company. Don't you guys in the lab ever hang out together?

GLENN

(THINKS) Does being quarantined because someone dropped a vial of Ebola count?

BRIE REACTS, INCREDULOUS.

BRIE

Well, I'm going to go introduce myself to the Cancer Department.

AS BRIE STARTS OFF:

GLENN

Really? What happened to "it's an honor to join your team"?

BRIE

It is. But Salazar said if I ever want Cancer to be an option for me down the line, I need to impress them.

GLENN

Yeah, Salazar is full of it. They're not going to let you anywhere near their department. Ever.

BRIE

Why?

GLENN

Because you're in Pathology, and everyone else at the CDC looks down on us.

BRIE

What are you talking about? We're all scientists. We've all dedicated our lives to the advancement of Humankind.

A CAFETERIA LADY NOTICES GLENN AND BRIE.

CAFETERIA LADY

What's up, Poop Patrol?

ALL THE PEOPLE IN LINE SNICKER.

GLENN

That. That is what I'm talking about.

(THEN, OFF FOOD) Ooh, paninis!

AS BRIE REACTS, SHOCKED, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE E

INT. BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON (DAY 1)

BRIE AND GLENN STEP OFF THE ELEVATOR. EDEN WORKS NEARBY.

BRIE

I can't believe Salazar would lie to me like that. I'm going to have another talk with him.

GLENN

You can have a thousand talks. Salazar doesn't care where you want to work. He's a politician. All he cares about is kissing babies -- and the ass of his donors.

BRIE

So no one has ever transferred from this lab to another department?

GLENN

Actually, we did have one scientist transfer last year.

BRIE

Really? To where?

GLENN

The morgue. He had a heart attack.

BRIE

(STARTLED) Oh.

GLENN WALKS OFF.

EDEN

It's okay. He was really old. At
least forty-two.

BRIE REACTS, THEN:

BRIE

(DEEP BREATH, TO HERSELF) Alright, no
big deal. I can still get into
Cancer. I'm just going to go home
tonight, put on some coffee, and
strategize.

AN EXCITED SAMMY WALKS UP TO BRIE.

SAMMY

Hey, lady. Who's psyched about going
out tonight?!

BRIE

Oh, right. Um... (OFF SAMMY'S
EXCITEMENT; WEAKLY) Meeeeeee!

AS BRIE MIMICS SAMMY'S DORKY DANCE FROM EARLIER, WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE FINT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)BRIE, LOST IN THOUGHT, AND SAMMY ENTER.

SAMMY

Look at me. Out on the town... with my brand new "gal pal"... trying out the trendy local hot spot!

HOSTESS

Welcome to T.G.I. Fridays.

SAMMY SMILES NERVOUSLY.

SAMMY

(SOTTO) Brie, um, being here's kind of big for me, and it's spiking my anxiety. So would you mind taking the lead here?

HOSTESS

Table for two?

BRIE DOESN'T ANSWER, STILL LOST IN THOUGHT. SAMMY JUST STANDS THERE, LOOKING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THE HOSTESS AND A SILENT BRIE. FINALLY:

SAMMY

Brie!

BRIE

(SNAPS OUT OF IT, TO HOSTESS) Yes.

AS BRIE AND SAMMY FOLLOW THE HOSTESS TO THEIR TABLE:

SAMMY

(TO BRIE, IMPRESSED) Like a boss.

BRIE

Sorry. I was thinking about work.
But this is your night, Sammy, and I'm
here for you.

SAMMY

Awww. (RE: WATER GLASS) Ooh, crunchy
ice! (THEN) This is so much fun! I
wish the rest of the gang were here.

BRIE

Shoot, we should've invited them.

SAMMY

Oh, I did. But no one could make it.
Let's see... (LOOKING AT PHONE)
Glenn's working on his inventions,
Rudnick texted me the flag of Estonia
-- I don't know what that means -- and
Eden's message failed to send. I
forgot she blocked me.

BRIE

Well, that sucks. I'm sorry, Sammy.

SAMMY

It's okay. I'm kind of glad it's just
me and you. Come on, I want to know
more about Brie Weatherly.

BRIE

Alright, let's see. I grew up in
Atlanta...

SAMMY

Awesome.

BRIE

My dad's a renowned scientist who lectures all over the world...

SAMMY

Sweet.

BRIE

My mom died when I was four...

SAMMY

So freakin' cool. (OFF BRIE'S LOOK; MORTIFIED) I mean that you're telling me all this, not that your mom died. Oh my god, I made light of your tragedy! Now I want to die. (FRANTIC) Oh god, I did it again!

BRIE

Sammy, relax. How about we talk about you? I want to know more about Sammy O'Grady.

SAMMY

Really? Okay... Well, I grew up in total chaos. I'm the second child of my father's fourth wife and the first child of my mother's second husband. (TO HERSELF) Wait, is that right?

(MORE)

SAMMY (CONT'D)

(BEAT) Well, either way, they're both wanted for check fraud.

BRIE

Wow. Are they on the run?

SAMMY

They're both morbidly obese, so it's more like "on the waddle." (THEN) Anyway, I always loved science growing up, because it was the only place where things made sense. There was order, there were rules... In fact, I loved it so much I named my dog Al-bark Einstein.

BRIE

(LAUGHS) No way! I named my cat Stephen Paw-king!

SAMMY

Get out! We're both a couple of geeks, huh?

BRIE

Are you kidding? In high school, even the Mathletes called me a nerd.

SAMMY

Everyone called me a nerd, too! But it was worse because I was homeschooled. (THEN) Parents can be mean.

AS BRIE AND SAMMY CONTINUE TALKING, WE...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - LATER

BRIE AND SAMMY ARE FINISHING THEIR MEAL, STILL CHATTING AWAY.

BRIE

So, tell me more about this crush you
have on Salazar.

SAMMY

I don't know... You think he could
ever be into me?

BRIE

How can he be if you always hide when
he's around? Have you ever talked to
him?

SAMMY

That's the problem! Whenever I talk
to a good-looking guy I get all
panicky.

BRIE

Alright. I'm going help you beat
this. You've just got to dive right
in. (SEES WAITER APPROACHING) Our
waiter's kind of cute. I want you to
make small talk before you order a
dessert.

SAMMY

(NODS, DETERMINED) Okay. And my therapist gave me some coping mechanisms, so if things go wrong, I'll just try one of them.

BRIE

There you go.

THEIR CUTE WAITER ARRIVES WITH DESSERT MENUS.

WAITER

Ready for dessert?

SAMMY LOOKS UP AT THE WAITER AND FREEZES. AFTER A BEAT:

BRIE

Sammy? Is there anything you want to say?

SAMMY STARTS BREATHING HEAVILY, BEGINNING TO PANIC. SHE QUICKLY GRABS HER PHONE, PRESSES THE SCREEN AND HOLDS IT UP TO THE WAITER.

SAMMY (O.S., FROM CELL PHONE VIDEO)

(RELAXED) Hello! I'm Sammy. If you're watching this, it means that real-life Sammy is on the verge of a panic attack. But hold tight. She's doing some calming breathing exercises, and will be interacting with you shortly.

THE WAITER LOOKS AT SAMMY WHO, SURE ENOUGH, IS DOING DEEP-BREATHING EXERCISES.

WAITER

(WEIRDED-OUT) I'll give you more time
to decide.

AS THE WAITER WALKS OFF:

BRIE

(WOW) Okay, so talking's out. (THEN)
But there are plenty of other ways you
could break the ice. Like, maybe buy
Salazar a little gift when his
birthday comes around. What's he
into?

SAMMY

He's really into golf. Ooh! I could
get him one of those golf berets with
a fuzz ball on top. Like Goofy wears
when he plays golf.

BRIE

(BEAT) Okay, so gifts are out...

AS THEY BOTH LAUGH AND CONTINUE ENJOYING EACH OTHER'S
COMPANY, WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE GINT. BASEMENT LAB - MORNING (DAY 2)

IT'S THE NEXT DAY. GLENN, EDEN AND RUDNICK ARE WORKING AT DIFFERENT STATIONS. THE ELEVATOR OPENS AND SAMMY CHEERFULLY ENTERS.

SAMMY

Good morning!

EDEN

You might say that. (RE: TEST TUBE) My new vaccine stops the growth of fourteen different stomach pathogens. Gastroenteritis? More like gastroenter-bye-tis.

RUDNICK

Nice.

GLENN

(TO SAMMY) Why are you in such a good mood?

SAMMY

I had so much fun with Brie last night. And this weekend we're going to the mall together to shop for jeans. Because that's what girlfriends do!

RUDNICK

I need jeans.

SAMMY

What size?

RUDNICK

Doesn't matter.

GLENN

"Girlfriends"? Sammy, you've known Brie for one day.

SAMMY

I'm just excited, okay? We really connected. And it's great to finally have a friend other than my friends who live in my building and are in their eighties and need help with their groceries which is why they're my friend.

THE ELEVATOR OPENS AND AN UPBEAT BRIE WALKS OUT.

BRIE

Morning!

GLENN

We know, we know,... You and Sammy had fun last night.

BRIE

Sure did. (TO SAMMY) Chompy-chomp-chomp?

SAMMY

Chompy-chomp-chomp-chomp! (TO OTHERS)
Girlfriends also have inside jokes.

BRIE

Plus, I just found out some really great news... I got Cancer!

SAMMY

(CRESTFALLEN) What? You're leaving?

BRIE

Yep. Just met with Salazar who said I can transfer right away.

GLENN

Whoa. How'd you swing that?

BEFORE BRIE CAN ANSWER, THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS AND SALAZAR STEPS OUT. SAMMY HAS NO TIME TO HIDE.

SALAZAR

(SEES BRIE) There she is! (HANDS HER BADGE) Just dropping off your new Cancer badge, before I hit the links at Peachtree Country Club.

SAMMY

(BLURTS) But you belong to Cobblestone. (REALIZING; SOTTO, TO BRIE) I talked to him!

BRIE

(SOTTO, TO SAMMY) I heard!

SALAZAR

Only because I've been on the waiting list at Peachtree for the last five years.

(MORE)

SALAZAR (CONT'D)

But thanks to Brie using her family connections and pulling a few strings, you are now looking at Peachtree's newest member.

SAMMY

(SHOCKED, TO BRIE) Wait, you gave him a gift?

SALAZAR

You wouldn't believe who some of the other members are: bankers, CEO's, ... I think they even have an arms dealer!

RUDNICK

You know, I play golf. Maybe one time you and I could hit the links.

SALAZAR

(NO WAY IN HELL) That is definitely something that could happen!

SALAZAR EXITS. SAMMY'S STILL STARING AT BRIE, HURT.

SAMMY

I can't believe you. Taking me out so you could learn more about Salazar and bribe him?

BRIE

What? No! Sammy, I took you out to celebrate you getting published.

SAMMY

And ask me what kind of stuff he
likes.

BRIE

Because I was trying to help you!

SAMMY

You were trying to help yourself, so
you pretended to be my friend.

EDEN

(TO BRIE) Wow. You're like a
bacterium that attaches to another
cell to promote its own survival. E.
Coli? More like Brie Coli.

RUDNICK

She's on fire.

BRIE

Sammy, we can still be friends. All
that's going to change is what floor
I'm working on. Okay, yes, I used
something you said to help me transfer
to Cancer. But only because that's my
strong suit, and I want to make the
world a better place.

A WOUNDED SAMMY TURNS AWAY FROM BRIE.

GLENN

(RE: SAMMY) Well, it seems like you're
doing the opposite. You know what?

(MORE)

GLENN (CONT'D)

You belong upstairs. You're just as elitist and self-centered as the rest of--

BRIE

Would you stop? I just met the Cancer team and they were all super nice. You know, maybe if you guys quit hiding in your cave and actually went upstairs once in awhile, you'd see that for yourselves.

SILENCE.

BRIE (CONT'D)

I've got to pack my stuff.

BRIE CROSSES TOWARD HER WORKSTATION.

EDEN

What stuff? You worked here one day.

BRIE ARRIVES AT HER WORKSTATION AND REALIZES SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY STUFF TO PACK UP.

BRIE

Well... I'm taking my pen!

BRIE PICKS UP A CRAPPY-LOOKING PEN.

GLENN

That's our pen. (THEN) But please, keep it as a souvenir. Because, speaking for the entire Pathology team, you're no longer welcome here.

BRIE LOOKS AT GLENN, STUNG.

RUDNICK

Unless you're dropping off some doo-
doo.

BRIE

(CROSSES TO ELEVATOR, SCOFFING) Yeah,
you're some "team." From what I've
seen, you guys barely talk to each
other... (PUSHES ELEVATOR BUTTON) You
don't hang out with each other...

(PUSHES ELEVATOR BUTTON) And based on
last night, you sure as hell don't
show up for each other.

THE GANG REACTS. SEVERAL AWKWARD BEATS PASS, AS BRIE
CONTINUES TO WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR. BRIE HITS THE BUTTON A
FEW MORE TIMES IN FRUSTRATION, THEN:

RUDNICK

Want me to show you where the stairs
are?

BRIE

Yes, please!

AS RUDNICK LEADS BRIE OFF, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREESCENE HINT. CANCER LAB - LATE AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

AS WE SAW IN THE COLD OPEN, THE CANCER LAB HAS A SIMILAR LAYOUT TO THE BASEMENT PATHOLOGY LAB, EXCEPT EVERYTHING IS SHINIER, GLOSSIER AND MORE HIGH-TECH. AND THE STAFF IS GOOD-LOOKING AND MORE PUT-TOGETHER.

DR. MIKE WILLIS, BRIE'S NEW SUPERVISOR, APPROACHES BRIE WITH THE REST OF THE CANCER DEPARTMENT STAFF, HOLDING A BASEBALL CAP THAT READS "CDC-CANCER."

DR. WILLIS

Here you go, Brie. In honor of your first full day.

BRIE

Thank you, Dr. Willis. And I just want to say how lucky I feel to be here.

DR. WILLIS

Well, we work hard in the Cancer Department, and there's a ton of pressure, but I'm sure the daughter of Dr. Angus Weatherly can handle it.

BRIE

Oh I can, sir.

EVERYONE LAUGHS AND CHEERFULLY RETURNS TO WORK. SUDDENLY, THE ELEVATOR DINGS AND OUT STEPS GLENN (HOLDING A MAGAZINE), WITH SAMMY, RUDNICK AND EDEN. THE GANG IS AWED BY THEIR POSH SURROUNDINGS.

EDEN

Whoa. It's like a spa with microscopes.

BRIE

(TOUCHED) You guys are here? I feel bad about what happened, too. Did you come to make up?

GLENN

(WALKS RIGHT PAST HER) Nope.

GLENN LEADS THE GANG OVER TO DR. WILLIS.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Hey!

DR. WILLIS

Hey there... To what do we owe the pleasure, Dr. (LEANS IN TO READ GLENN'S BADGE) Forester.

GLENN

Well, I'll tell you, Dr. (LEANS IN TO READ DR. WILLIS' BADGE) Jackass. (HOLDS UP MAGAZINE) Why the hell did you--

GLENN IS DISTRACTED BY A NEARBY RESEARCHER GETTING A NECK MASSAGE WHILE HE LOOKS INTO A MICROSCOPE.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Is that guy getting a massage?

DR. WILLIS

(NODS) From our in-house masseuse. We haven't had a case of "research neck" in over a decade.

EDEN

It is a spa with microscopes.

GLENN

(TO DR. WILLIS) Yeah? (RE: MAGAZINE)
Well, research this: It's the latest
New England Journal, and for some
mysterious reason, Samantha O'Grady's
name is missing from the Rotavirus
study.

BRIE

What?! Sammy, that's terrible.

SAMMY

Yeah, it's been a great week.

GLENN

(TO DR. WILLIS) The whole study was
based on Sammy's research. And we'd
all like to know what the hell
happened.

DR. WILLIS

(SHRUGS) We had a lot of contributors,
and sometimes a name falls through the
cracks.

GLENN

And it's always one of our names.
Just once it'd be nice if you guys
gave us some respect. Sammy's one of
the best scientists in the building,
right guys?

RUDNICK

Best I've ever worked with.

EDEN HESITATES. GLENN NUDGES HER.

EDEN

(TRYING) Well... Edison did say genius is ninety-nine percent perspiration. And Sammy sweats more than anyone I know.

SAMMY

Aww. Thanks, guys.

DR. WILLIS

It was a clerical error. What can I tell you, it happens.

GLENN SIGHS AND TURNS TO THE GANG, RESIGNED.

GLENN

Well, I think that's the closest thing we're going to get to an apology.

DR. WILLIS

(EYE ROLL) Fine. We're sorry. Believe me, the last thing we'd want to do is offend the Poop Patrol.

THE OTHER CANCER WORKERS SNICKER, AS GLENN HANGS HIS HEAD. HE LEADS THE GANG BACK TOWARDS THE ELEVATOR, DEFEATED.

BRIE

(SNAPPING) Okay, you know what? The cliques, the name-calling, the not giving credit to a brilliant, hard-working scientist... that's got to stop!

OUR GANG STOPS AND TURNS AROUND, SURPRISED THAT BRIE HAS SPRUNG TO THEIR DEFENSE.

BRIE (CONT'D)

The CDC is supposed to be about fighting disease, but it's somehow been infected with this weird, toxic elitism -- that has no place at an institution where collaboration is so important. And, as cancer scientists, what do we do when a toxic agent threatens to disrupt an otherwise healthy system? Simple! We cut it out! So how about we do that right here at the CDC? Let's just cut it out. What do you say?

DR. WILLIS AND THE OTHER CANCER SCIENTISTS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, CONSIDERING BRIE'S WORDS...

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE IINT. BASEMENT LAB - A LITTLE LATER (DAY 2)BRIE SITS AT HER OLD WORKSTATION, IN A STATE OF SHOCK, WHILE THE REST OF THE GANG LOOKS ON.

BRIE

I can't believe they cut me out.

SAMMY

Well, after standing up for us like that, you'll always be welcome here. Right, Glenn?

GLENN HESITATES.

GLENN

Look, Brie... I appreciate what you did and all, but I still don't know if you're a good fit here.

SAMMY

(INCREDULOUS) Glenn!

BRIE

No, Sammy, I get it. He's just trying to protect you guys. I mean, what I did to you was wrong. That Salazar conversation was supposed to be about helping you, and I used it to help myself. And I know exactly how I made you feel, because my dad always put his career over people too... namely me.

(MORE)

BRIE (CONT'D)

Whether it was not making my birthday party because he was leading a study, or missing me getting second place at my eighth grade science fair because he was at some conference...

EDEN

That is so sad. (THEN) Second place?

BRIE

(GETTING EMOTIONAL) In fact, it hurt so much, I've spent my whole life just trying to get his attention, even though no matter what I do, he never seems to care. But does that stop me? Noooooo. I just keep trying to impress him. Even dyed my hair brown because I thought he'd take me more seriously. But he didn't! When I surprised him at work, you know what he said? "What's up, Connie?" He thought I was someone named Connie. Who the hell is Connie, Dad?! WHO. THE HELL. IS CONNIE??!!!

A BEAT, THEN:

RUDNICK

Wow, you're more messed up than we are.

GLENN

Yeah, maybe you do belong down here.

SAMMY

Really? Does that mean she can stay?

GLENN

Yeah. I'll go call Salazar.

SAMMY

Yayyyyyy!

SAMMY HUGS BRIE AS GLENN WALKS OFF INTO HIS OFFICE.

RUDNICK

Welcome back, Brie.

HE GIVES BRIE A HUG TOO.

BRIE

Thanks, Rudnick. By the way, what's
your first name?

RUDNICK

That is my first name.

AFTER A BEAT, BRIE, SAMMY AND RUDNICK SLOWLY TURN AND LOOK AT
EDEN, EXPECTANTLY.

EDEN

Fine. (PERFUNCTORY) I'm glad you're
back too.

BRIE SMILES AND HOLDS UP HER HAND FOR A HIGH-FIVE.

BRIE

Thanks, girlfriend.

EDEN

And now I'm not.

AS EDEN WALKS OFF, WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE JINT. GLENN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)GLENN IS AT HIS DESK, HANGING UP THE PHONE. BRIE ENTERS.

GLENN

Hey. Just spoke to Salazar. He
wasn't too happy.

BRIE

Really?

GLENN

Yeah, he shot a one thirty-eight.
(THEN) But he's fine with you staying
here.

BRIE

Great. And I just want to say how
much I appreciate you taking me back.

GLENN

Well, you pretty much burned your
bridge with Cancer.

BRIE

Can I let you in on a little secret?
(LOOKS BOTH WAYS) I don't even like
cancer. I actually hate it.

GLENN

Most people hate cancer, Brie.

BRIE

Well, either way, this is all for the
best. I need to be my own person.

(MORE)

BRIE (CONT'D)

Figure out my own path instead of trying to live up to my dad.

(REALIZING) Wow. For the first time in my life, I don't have a "game plan." It's kind of scary. (SMILES) But also kind of cool... Anyway, thanks for calling for me out like you did.

GLENN

Well, thanks for calling us out. You were right. We should act more like a team around here. In fact, you kind of inspired us all to go up to the Cancer Lab to fight for Sammy.

BRIE

(SMILES) Maybe we can be good for each other.

AN AWKWARD BEAT GOES BY. GLENN STARTS PACKING HIS THINGS TO GO HOME FOR THE DAY.

GLENN

(CLEARS THROAT) Yeah, I mean... we're a little rough around the edges here, and you've got pretty good people skills, so maybe you can help us with that.

BRIE

I'd love to.

AS GLENN HEADS FOR THE DOOR:

GLENN

Of course, when I say "us" I mean
them. I don't need help, because I'm
totally normal.

GLENN EXITS. AFTER A BEAT, HE POPS HIS HEAD BACK IN THE DOOR
AND WHISTLES. THE UMBRELLA DRONE FLIES OFF THE DESK AND
HOVERS OVER HIS HEAD.

GLENN (CONT'D)

(EXPLAINING) Heard it's going to rain.

GLENN AND THE DRONE EXIT, LEAVING BRIE ALL ALONE.

BRIE

Yep. Totally normal.

AS SHE WATCHES THEM GO, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW