

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Chad Oakes

Michael Frislev

Shelley Eriksen

Dennis Heaton

THE IMPERFECTS

EPISODE 101

Written by

Shelley Eriksen & Dennis Heaton

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780 BEATTY STREET
FLOOR L1
VANCOUVER BC CANADA
V6B 2M1



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EPISODE 101

1 **INT. LAKE HOUSE - BURKE'S LAB - DAY**

GARY, a wall of meat masquerading as a dead man, lies on a stainless steel autopsy table. His throat has been savaged by some kind of beast. Flesh is missing. *

A scalpel-wielding hand enters frame and cuts the chest open. The traditional "Y" incision of an autopsy. *

Three people watch: **ABBI SINGH**, **TILDA WEBER** and **JUAN RUIZ**. All three are roughed up. Abbi and Tilda are spackled with blood. Juan looks like he soaked in it.

Abbi and Tilda stand off to the side, trying to keep some distance between themselves and Juan. Their expressions range from disgust to extreme disgust, with a hint of queasiness. They're definitely not medical staff.

Conducting the autopsy is **DR SYDNEY BURKE**. She's a geek sandwich in an always-unpeeling "clinical efficiency" wrapper. *

She's startled by what she sees inside the chest cavity. She WHISTLES, impressed. *

BURKE
You don't see that every day. *

Tilda leans back. Repulsed. *

TILDA
I don't want to see it any day.

Abbi's curiosity wins. She leans in. *

ABBI
He's got four lungs.

Burke's lost in the moment. This is fascinating. *

BURKE
His descending aorta is huge. *

Juan can't take his eyes off the corpse. Revulsion doesn't even play into it for him. He's wrestling with his guilt. *

JUAN
Yeah, that's awesome. Too bad we had to kill him to find out all this cool stuff. *

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

TILDA
What do you mean, "we?" This is all
on you.

With one word, Tilda morphs Juan's guilt into horror.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

THE IMPERFECTS

FADE TO BLACK.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

ONE WEEK EARLIER

ABBI (V.O.)
It's always been about the science.

2 **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (MONTAGE)**

This Abbi - a week younger - is a LOT happier. She sits with **PAUL, JULES** and three other **FRIENDS**. They're studying, laughing, sharing photos on their phones. This is a tight group.

ABBI (V.O.)
I inherited my passion from my
parents. My dad was a Kalaripayattu
champion. For my mom, it was baking.
Best baguette in Seattle, twelve
years running, according to the
Stranger. All my parents cared about
is that I loved what I do. And I
love science. Because science propels
human advancement.

3 **INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY (TIME CUT)**

REVEAL: Abbi is reading this opening monologue off her laptop to her friends. She ends with...

ABBI
It's scientists who stare into the
abyss and demand to know "What can I
learn from you?" It's a question I
could ask for the rest of my life.

Abbi looks to her friends for their opinion.

JULES
It's a little... earnest.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Jules has to hate emotion, she's a
film student. I think it's a great
cover letter. *

ABBI
Yeah, but is it good enough for a
post-doc scholarship at Oxford? *

PAUL
Totally. *

JULES
There's always your grades. *

Abbi's email PINGS. She looks at her phone. Blanches. *

JULES (CONT'D)
What is it? *

ABBI
Oxford. *

JULES
Wouldn't they call you if it was
good news? *

PAUL
Shut up Jules.
(to Abbi)
Open it. *

Abbi opens it. Scans it quickly... *

ABBI
Abbi Singh... pleased to inform you...
I have an interview. I have an
interview! *

PAUL
Told you. *

JULES
Told you. *

Abbi looks uneasy. Like she might gag. *

PAUL
Abbi? *

ABBI
I feel a little nauseous. *

PAUL
It's only nerves. You've got this. *

He hands her a glass of water. Abbi sips, realizes... *

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

ABBI

It's not nerves. I forgot to take my
meds.

JULES

Good meds?

Paul shoves Jules. As she shoves him back, Abbi pulls a blue
pill bottle out of her bag. As she pops the lid...

4 **INT. REHEARSAL SPACE/LOFT - DAY (MONTAGE)**

An industrial loft apartment that doubles as a rehearsal
area and clubhouse for the Itchy Nipples. Their name is spray-
painted on the wall.

This is the studio portion of the space where the band,
characterized as "punk with a folk soul," rehearse. Think
Sharon Van Etten.

On the mic, Tilda purrs and growls her way through the song.
This band is committed. Their performance is tight.

TILDA (V.O.)

Music is everything to me. Every big
moment in my life, there's a
soundtrack. I revisit it, I share
it, I celebrate with it, I build on
it. Music is eternal. It's the blanket
I wrap around myself when times are
tough, it's the flag I wave when I'm
tearing down the barricades.

5 **INT. REHEARSAL SPACE/LOFT - DAY (TIME CUT)**

REVEAL: Tilda, on the phone, paces around in the loft area.
Tilda gives a big wink to boyfriend PJ as she continues. The
other band members aren't there.

TILDA (on phone)

Music is how I know God exists.
Because it lifts me out of myself.

Tilda goes to the kitchen counter as she talks. She grabs a
blue prescription container and pops it open. She shakes out
the pills. She's down to her last three. She drops two back
in, takes the third. Continues.

TILDA (on phone) (CONT'D)

It lets me touch the Divine... And
in order for me and my band to share
that experience with your audience,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

TILDA (on phone) (CONT'D)
we're going to need imported beer in
our green room.

Tilda listens to the counter-proposal. PJ waits with her.

TILDA (CONT'D)
We look forward to touring with you.

She disconnects. Looks at PJ in triumph. PJ approaches, then
bows low. *

PJ
My queen.

TILDA
It's no Kanye rider...

PJ
I'll take imported lager over a Coke
and Hennessy slushie machine any
day.

PJ pulls her into his arms.

TILDA
When we're headlining -- and we will
be headlining -- I'll get us that
slushie machine.

PJ
I know you will.

PJ goes to kiss her. Stops short.

PJ (CONT'D)
Babe? You're freezing.

TILDA
(shivers)
It's nothing.

PJ
You're cold. Like, hit the walk-in
clinic cold.

TILDA
I'm an ice queen when I negotiate.
So warm me up.

He lifts her up and carries her to the bed. Tilda laughs
with delight.

6 INT. COMIC SHOP - DAY (MONTAGE) *

TIGHT ON: comic pages featuring a hero with a sugar skull for a head. The poses are dynamic. The action images are gripping. The romantic images are stirring. *
*
*

JUAN (O.S.) *

It's my big brother's fault. He was a huge comics fan. But for him, it had to be Mexican. So I grew up devouring El Puerto, Sonambulo, Weapon Tex-Mex, The Jaguar. Alternative realities, time travel, weird science, monsters, I loved it all. But then I decided I want to expand my horizons. *
*
*
*
*

7 INT. COMIC SHOP - DAY (TIME CUT) *

REVEAL: Juan flips through the comic as he talks with a **TEEN CUSTOMER**. His leather jacket feels oddly out of style with the rest of his look. *
*
*

JUAN

He didn't see it that way. What could Marvel, or DC, or manga tell me about who I am? I told him I was a universal citizen. He said I was a universal idiot. So of course I kept reading them... But then... life happens... *
*
*
*
*
*

Juan's remembering something sad and personal. He's not going to share now. Maybe later. He quickly brightens. *
*

JUAN (CONT'D)

Turns out I'm more like him than I thought. I want to feel connected to my roots. So I created Sugar Skull for my brother. He's a kick-ass private detective slash wrestler... *
*
*
*
*

TEEN CUSTOMER *

Whose head has been turned into a sugar skull? *

JUAN *

(nods) *

My brother would have loved it. *

Juan hands the teen the comic. On the cover: Sugar Skull uses a flaming torch to protect a Damsel from marauding Ant-Men. *
*
*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

TEEN CUSTOMER
You write and draw?

JUAN
Write, draw, ink, color, letter...

As the kid flips through the pages. Juan feels a bout of dizziness. He holds tight to the display unit.

TEEN CUSTOMER
Dig the art, man. Sign it for me?
(sees Juan isn't well)
Hey, you okay?

Juan forces himself to recover.

JUAN
I'm great. And, yeah, I'll sign it.
But you gotta buy it first. I'm not making that mistake again.

As the Teen Customer heads to the cashier to pay, Juan pulls out his blue prescription container, shakes it. It's empty.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Shit.

Juan pockets the empty bottle and produces a pen, as the Teen Customer returns with the comic.

8 **INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY**

Abbi, dressed in her finest "serious interview" outfit, peers into her mailbox. Empty. She closes it, concerned. MRS. SKORZEWSKA, the building super, cleans nearby. Her gravestone will read: "She lived. She died."

Abbi turns to her, puts on her friendliest smile.

ABBI
Mrs. Skorzevska...?

MRS SKORZEWSKA
(in a resigned tone)
It's not my job, Abbi.

ABBI
I'm expecting a package. It's never late. You didn't happen to sign for anything recently?

Indignant, Mrs. Skorzevska rolls her cart to the elevator. Presses the button.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

MRS SKORZEWSKA
It's not my job. *

ABBI
Maybe you got it by mistake? I'm
only asking because it's important. *
It's medication. And it's never late. *

The doors open. Mrs. Skorzevska rolls her cart inside. *

MRS SKORZEWSKA
I guess it is now. *

ABBI
Okay, well... If you do happen to
see a package for me... *

The elevator doors shut as Mrs Skorzevska once again says: *

MRS SKORZEWSKA
Not my job. *

ABBI
Okay... thanks!
(to herself)
Thanks? Ugh. Abbi Singh, stand up
for yourself. *

She marches out the door. *

9 **INT. SHARED STUDIO SPACE - DAY**

WE FIND Juan in his workspace, roughing up a page for Sugar
Skull. He looks sweaty, and he constantly interrupts his
drawing to give a scratch here, a scratch there. *

JUAN
Can you have an allergic reaction if
you don't take your medication? *

His girlfriend **DARCY** - Nina Hagen punk aesthetic, fine art
trying to make it in comics - pins a drawing on the wall.
(The group who shares the space is preparing for a show.) *

DARCY
You still don't have your pills?
Call the clinic. *

JUAN
I will. *

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

DARCY

You're taking immunosuppressants.
You shouldn't miss a dose.

*
*
*

The third artist in the collective, **GRAHAM** - he'll work for Todd McFarlane one day - glances over.

GRAHAM

Immunosuppressants? Then your allergy
is totally caused by cellular memory.

*
*

JUAN

Cellular what?

*

Graham shakes his head. Oh, the ill-informed...

GRAHAM

It happens to transplant patients
all the time. You never have
allergies. You get a new kidney from
someone with allergies -- BOOM! Now
you have their allergies.

*
*
*
*

JUAN

Except I didn't get a new kidney. It
was some kind of somatic gene therapy.

*
*

GRAHAM

Still... cellular memory.

*
*

Graham goes back to work. Juan starts to pack up.

*

JUAN

I'm going home, see if the meds
arrived.

*
*

DARCY

I'd come over and tuck you in, but
some of us have to prep the space.

*
*
*

JUAN

Oh, right, the gallery show. Damn.
How about I take care of the food?

*
*
*

GRAHAM

Deal.

*
*

Juan heads for the door, Darcy calls after him.

*

DARCY

Call the clinic!

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

JUAN (O.S.)

I will!

PRE-LAP:

Four voices LAUGHING.

10 **INT. HOTEL MEETING ROOM - DAY**

In a small room that's exploring new shades of beige, Abbi has just told a joke to her two Oxford interlocutors - **GARETH** and **BEATRIX**. (both have UK accents)

The joke killed. (Or did it? Stay tuned...)

GARETH

...Because the diploid...

BEATRIX

...Was outnumbered...

GARETH AND BEATRIX

...By the polyploid!

Abbi is a little surprised by their positive reaction, because in all honesty, she knows:

ABBI

It's kind of a lame joke.

GARETH

Not at all. The biogenetics faculty needs a little levity. Ms Singh, you're a breath of fresh air.

ABBI

Oh... thank you. Maybe we should move on to discussing my thesis proposal?

Beatrix gets serious. Leans in, all confidential.

BEATRIX

About that... let me be the first to say--

GARETH

--I would love to be your thesis advisor. I said it first.

BEATRIX

Gareth, please.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

BEATRIX (CONT'D)

The question is who does Abbi want?
And I think she wants a female mentor.
Someone who is well aware of the
struggles that only a woman in STEM
can face.

*
*
*
*

Beatrix smiles. Abbi smiles back, a little hesitant. This is going well... maybe too well?

ABBI

Honestly, it would be an honor to
work with either of you--

*

Beatrix stands up and places her hands on Abbi's shoulders.

BEATRIX

That's very politic of you, Abbi.
But unnecessary.

She whispers in Abbi's ear. Intimate, seductive:

*

BEATRIX (CONT'D)

He'd never understand you the way I
would.

*
*

Things are tipping from weird to creepy. Abbi twists out of the chair and away from Beatrix.

*
*

ABBI

Is this some kind of hazing ritual?

Gareth moves around to intercept Abbi.

GARETH

Not at all. We're all having a fun
time, aren't we?

(reaches out, leering)
I'd like to have fun with you.

*
*

Beatrix shoves Gareth away from Abbi. Abbi's surprised by the burst of physical violence.

*

BEATRIX

Back off!

*

Gareth shoves Beatrix back, knocking her off balance. He turns to Abbi as he straightens his clothes.

*
*

GARETH

Now, where were we?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

Abbi, truly frightened now, backs towards the door as Gareth approaches. *

ABBI *

I'll just... I have to go to the washroom. *

GARETH *

I'll come with you. *

He pulls her towards him. Abbi PUSHES back and he collides with Beatrix. As they shove one another, Abbi escapes. *

GARETH (CONT'D) *

She's mine! *

With Abbi gone, they suddenly run out of steam. They look at each other. What just happened? *

11 **INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY**

Abbi rushes in, heading straight for the elevator. She presses the button, looking around nervously. The elevator arrives, delivering Mrs Skorzevska and her cart. *

MRS SKORZEWSKA *

Still no package. *

Abbi steps aside so Mrs Skorzevska can roll past. *

ABBI *

What? Oh, right. Still no package. *

Abbi has a thought. She grabs her phone. Finds a number. Dials it. *

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.) *

You've reached the office of Dr. Sydney Burke. If this is a medical emergency, hang up and call 9-1-1. Otherwise, leave a message after the beep and we will return your call. *

As Mrs Skorzevska rolls past Abbi, her demeanor changes. She looks at Abbi with loving eyes. Abbi doesn't notice, because she's leaving a message. *

ABBI *

This is Abbi Singh from the Wellness Program. I haven't received my medication, and I think I'm experiencing some kind of withdrawal reaction... *

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

MRS SKORZEWSKA
So beautiful...

Mrs Skorzevska, overcome with passion, grabs Abbi from behind.

ABBI
Oh, God...

Abbi struggles to get free, but Mrs Skorzevska has a serious grip on her. Abbi sees a can of Febreze on the cart. She grabs it, sprays it over her shoulder at Skorzevska's face.

The mist stops Mrs. Skorzevska in her tracks. She steps back, coughing from the air freshener, confused by her actions. And by Abbi's.

MRS SKORZEWSKA
Give me back my spray!

Abbi brandishes the Febreze like bear spray as she hammers on the elevator button. The doors re-open. She jumps on and presses her floor button, clutching the Febreze like a life preserver. Right now, it is.

12 **INT. REHEARSAL SPACE/LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A thrift-shop bedroom with fabric hanging everywhere to cover up the shitty condition of the walls. A threadbare sari covers the bedroom window.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You sure this is the place?

MALE VOICE TWO (O.S.)
Yeah I'm sure.

Tilda wakes up, sudden as a heart attack. She nudges PJ awake. Their conversation is whispered.

TILDA
Somebody's in the loft.

PJ sits up, instantly alert. After a BEAT, he admits:

PJ
I don't hear anything.

Tilda gestures at him to be quiet.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
This place is a dump.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

TILDA
You don't hear that?

PJ
Hear what?

MALE VOICE TWO (O.S.)
We're talking at least ten grand in
equipment. Probably more. *

What we don't know yet is that she hears these whispered
voices like shouts. *

TILDA
They're talking about taking our
equipment. *

PJ
I'll go see. *

TILDA
Shh!

Why is he still talking so loud? Tilda leans over the edge
of the bed and pulls out a baseball bat.

TILDA (CONT'D)
Nobody takes our fucking equipment. *

PJ stops her. Takes the bat.

PJ
The last thing you need is another
assault charge. *

TILDA
The landlord is supposed to give
twenty-four hours notice before he
enters... *

PJ
Stay.

PJ puts his game face on. He creeps out of the bedroom...

INTERCUT WITH:

13 **INT. REHEARSAL SPACE/LOFT--> KITCHEN - NIGHT**

WE GO into **TILDA VISION** for the first time: EXTREME CLOSE-
UPS illustrate what Tilda hears with her hyperacusis:

- PJ's FOOTSTEPS down the hall land like earthquakes.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

- PJ's HEART pounds like a jackhammer.

Tilda is confused and scared. She WINCES, covers her ears with her hands.

PJ stands in the rehearsal space. As he flicks on the lights downstairs so he can look around...

TILDA VISION: AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the light switch making a loud electrical arc.

There's no one here. As he goes and checks the front door lock:

TILDA VISION: A THUNDEROUS SOUND as the tumblers turn and the lock disengages and re-engages.

PJ passes back through the "kitchen" area on his way to the bedroom. He hears the quiet drip of the tap.

But in **TILDA VISION:** it sounds like crashing waves.

He tightens the tap without a second thought, heads back to the bedroom.

14 **INT. REHEARSAL SPACE/LOFT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tilda still sits upright in bed, ears covered.

In **TILDA VISION:** PJ's earthquake-footsteps get louder. *

Tilda drops her hands from her ears, and PJ enters:

PJ

Nobody.

He sets the bat beside the door.

TILDA

(whispering)

I can still hear them.

Thoughtful sweetheart that he is, PJ goes to the window, drawing the curtain aside. The streets outside are empty.

PJ

Maybe somebody passed by..?

PJ sees no one. Tilda is getting self-conscious about this.

TILDA

It was probably those assholes in three-oh-two.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

PJ gets back into bed and pulls Tilda towards him.

PJ
Uckkkk. Steely Dan after midnight?

TILDA
They're monsters.

PJ's already falling back to sleep.

PJ
Love you...

He's out. Tilda flips onto her side, looking out the window. Eyes wide, confused, scared...

... Because she can still hear those voices.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You really want to do this?

MALE VOICE TWO (O.S.)
If we don't, someone else will. *

The CAMERA PASSES OVER Tilda's terrified face and out the bedroom window and-- *

15 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

--Out onto the street and around the corner, where it FINDS the VOICES Tilda heard: TWO MEN peering in at a commercial storefront with a For Lease sign in the window. There's a lot of restaurant equipment inside. *

MALE VOICE
Let's make the call. *

16 **EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Morning, and the sun's light pierces through the canopy of trees and shines directly onto Juan's face.

He slowly squints awake, and is surprised to find himself lying on his back in forest.

He half-sits up, and discovers the next surprise: his shirt is crusty with what is definitely blood.

JUAN
Mierda...

Surprise number three... a bloody animal a few feet away from him.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

Juan gets to his feet, draws closer to the corpse.

It's a big RACCOON, definitely dead. And half-eaten.

Juan feels his gorge rise. Backs away from the raccoon...

Which is when he notes the blood on his hands.

Juan hears LAUGHTER. Kids' voices, getting closer. He starts running, away from the approaching voices. *

17 **INT. SHARED STUDIO SPACE - DAY** *

A cleaned-up Juan looks around nervously as he enters. There's more art on the wall, a couple other ARTISTS prep the space. Darcy "casually" sidles up to him. *

DARCY *

What happened to you last night? *

JUAN *

Me? I told you. I went home. *

DARCY *

I came by with some dinner for you. You weren't there. *

JUAN *

Yeah. I got restless, so I went out. For a wander. And grabbed a bite to eat. I must have lost track of time. *

DARCY *

If you wanted to do something without me... *

JUAN *

Darcy... There's nothing going on. *

DARCY *

(shakes it off) *

I know. I'm sorry. I'm just... you know how I am about that kind of stuff. *

JUAN *

I know. *

DARCY *

Sorry. *

JUAN *

You don't have to apologize. *

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

Graham barges in, carrying his phone. *

GRAHAM *

You have got to see this. It's so
cool! *

Graham shows Juan and Darcy a video queued up on his phone:
TERROR OF TACOMA: REAL MONSTER SIGHTING. *

ON SCREEN: grainy NIGHT TIME CCTV footage of someone's front
step. A LARGE RACCOON saunters into the shot. The raccoon
stands up on its hind legs. *

Then something - we'll come to know it as a CHUPACABRA -
rushes INTO FRAME, wearing the shirt and torn jeans that
Juan woke up in. The Chupacabra GRABS the raccoon by the
throat and disappears out of frame. *

(NOTE: we never get a good look at the creature here. That's
for later).

Juan stares at the screen, dumbstruck.

JUAN *

How is that cool?!

GRAHAM *

It's wearing one of my shirts!

JUAN *

It probably killed that raccoon!

Graham and Darcy stare at Juan, confused. *

DARCY *

It probably isn't real. *

Juan might not be as busted as he thought.

JUAN *

Sure. Right. *

GRAHAM *

Are you sure those meds of yours
aren't antipsychotics? *

JUAN *

My meds... *

Juan pulls out his phone as he steps away from the others. *

INTERCUT WITH:

18 **INT. BURKE'S CLINIC - BURKE'S OFFICE - DAY**

At her desk, Dr. Sydney Burke reviews lines of DNA code from a file for "B. King." She's happily deep into it as her landline rings. She picks it up, half-giddy, half-distracted.

BURKE
Mr King, it's not homozygous FH!

JUAN
That's great?

BURKE
I know!
(realizing)
Who is this?

JUAN
I'm looking for Dr. Alex Sarkov?

BURKE
Dr. Sarkov and I are no longer engaged... in any projects together.
This is Dr Sydney Burke.

As Burke cringes over her pathetic cover-up, Juan hears this news and sags.

JUAN
This is Juan Ruiz, I was in the Wellness program seven years ago?

BURKE
Ah. And you haven't received your medication.

JUAN
You got my message.

BURKE
You're not the only one who's called.
Come by today at two PM.

Burke hangs up the clinic phone and picks up her mobile. Goes to a contact for "ALEX." She looks at it for a moment. Is she going to make this call?

BURKE (CONT'D)
Something must be wrong.

She makes the call. Listens to the phone ringing, as:

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

BURKE (CONT'D)

I'm calling because something must
be wrong. "Nothing personal, Alex,
just checking. Is something wrong?"

The phone keeps ringing.

19 **INT. PAUL'S CAR - DRIVING/EXT. BURKE'S CLINIC - DAY**

Abbi sits in the back of Paul's car. There's a plastic sheet
between them that's been taped up.

ABBI

It's that building on the right. Try
and get as close to the entrance as
possible.

Paul pulls up so that Abbi can walk straight into the
building. Rock star parking.

PAUL

Abbi, what's going on? You're starting
to scare me.

ABBI

I just have to go in there and get
my meds straightened out. It's gonna
be fine.

PAUL

So you didn't nail the interview.
It's not the end of the world.

ABBI

Just do me a favor and don't be nice
to me right now, okay?

PAUL

So I shouldn't tape up my back seat
like there's a pandemic and give you
a ride across town?

ABBI

I'll call you later, I promise.

Abbi takes a deep breath, shakes the bottle, then throws the
door open. She sprays the air in front of her as she runs
through pedestrians to get inside.

20 **INT. BURKE'S CLINIC - WAITING AREA - DAY**

Abbi enters a sleek, expensive-looking waiting room to find
Tilda and Juan, already waiting.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

She stays at the entrance, hesitating to put herself any closer. *

TILDA *

In or out. *

Abbi steps in. Presses her back to the door. *

Abbi registers Tilda's unique choice in headgear: a set of corded earplugs, a Hadlock style hat, and a pair of furry ear-muffs over the hat's ear-flaps. *

ABBI *

Tilda, right? *

Tilda checks Abbi out. Recognizes her. *

TILDA *

Jill...? *

ABBI *

Abbi. *

TILDA *

No... *

(remembering nickname) *

Jill Nye the Science Guy! *

JUAN *

You were always asking questions. *

ABBI *

Yeah, that was such a great nickname. *

(points to Tilda) *

You were Meneire's, right. *

TILDA *

Good memory. *

ABBI *

(to Juan) *

And you were delayed puberty guy. *

TILDA *

That's right, you were! *

JUAN *

Didn't bother you at the time. *

TILDA *

No... Did we? *

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

JUAN *
Second base. *

ABBI *
Where? *

TILDA *
(duh) *
Over the bra, under the shirt. *

ABBI *
No, I meant, where? Here? *
(scandalized) *
In the clinic? *

TILDA *
What else was there to do on a clinic *
day? *

JUAN *
All those tests... *

TILDA *
You're telling us you never went to *
the stairwell with anyone? *

ABBI *
I've never wanted to "go to the *
stairwell." I'm Ace. *

TILDA *
Oh. Cool. *

ABBI *
(tests the waters) *
So I'm guessing no one's prescriptions *
showed up? *

TILDA *
Pretty much. *

ABBI *
That's it? Nothing else? *

JUAN *
Why? Did something happen to you? *

ABBI *
Did something happen to you? *

Tilda reacts to something only she hears. *

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

TILDA
Somebody's coming.

ABBI
I don't hear anybody.

Suddenly, the door bumps open into Abbi's back. Abbi jumps out of the way as Burke enters her foyer and looks at her three patients. Gives them a big smile.

BURKE
I feel like I'm at my high school reunion. Come on!

Burke leads. As Juan and Tilda follow...

TILDA
Why do teachers go to high school reunions?

Abbi waits until they're out of sight, then sprays herself down with a can of Febreze.

21 **INT. BURKE'S CLINIC - BURKE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Juan and Tilda sit opposite. Abbi hovers in the entrance.

JUAN
So what you're saying is that you don't have our medication.

TILDA
What she's saying is, we're fucked.

BURKE
Your prescriptions were tailored to your individual treatments. Alex compounded your medications. And he kept the formulations a secret.

JUAN
And you were okay with that?

BURKE
They were his formulas. And I trusted him.
(correction)
Trust him. But tell me how you're doing? What's going on?

The trio glance at one another. They're not comfortable getting into this with strangers.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

ABBI

Ever since I've been forced off my
meds, I've felt sort of... off-base.

JUAN

That's one way to put it.

TILDA

All I know is that I was fine before
the meds dried up. Now I have a big
opportunity ahead of me, and I could
lose it because of this.

JUAN

Could you call him for us?

BURKE

I've tried that. No answer. Look,
I'm very sorry you're going through
this--

ABBI

--"I'm sorry" isn't enough. You've
got to find him. Or the formulations.
Because I can't-- whatever's happening
to me is messing with my--

Tilda, closest to Abbi, turns to her with what seems to be
genuine concern.

TILDA

You sound like you're having such a
hard time, Abbi.

ABBI

(tenses)
I'm good.

TILDA

Why don't you sit down. Here.

Tilda rises to give Abbi her seat.

ABBI

You can stay there. Keep sitting.

TILDA

Oh, sweet girl. This has thrown you
for a loop, hasn't it? I know what
can make you feel better...

To everyone's surprise, Abbi pulls the Febreze from her bag
and sprays the air in front of Tilda. Tilda gets a snootful.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

She coughs and flails at the air.

TILDA (CONT'D)
What the serious fuck?!

Burke is stunned. Abbi, at her wit's end, turns on Burke. *

ABBI
You were part of this when Sarkov
was around. You're all we have left,
and you swore a Hippocratic oath. So
fix us or find him. *

Abbi storms out. *

TILDA
I'm with Jill Nye. *

Tilda marches out, leaving Juan standing there, awkwardly. *

JUAN
It was nice to reconnect. *

BURKE
I'm sorry!-- *

She's alone. Burke hesitates, then unlocks a desk drawer.
Finds an envelope with an address written on the front. *

She rips the envelope open. Empties it into her hand. A set
of house keys. *

22 **INT. SHARED STUDIO SPACE - DAY** *

Juan returns to find most of the show already hung. Darcy,
Graham and the other Artists move the last pieces of furniture
out of the way. *

JUAN
Sorry. Sorry. Doctor's appointment. *

Juan helps Darcy move a table into a new position against
the wall. *

DARCY
You get your meds? *

JUAN
Not yet. There's a problem. *

DARCY
Dude, that's not cool. *

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

JUAN

I know. I know.
 (pulls Darcy aside)
 Look, I may have to blow this off
 tonight...

DARCY

Seriously?

JUAN

I think I'm going into withdrawal or
 something.

DARCY

Maybe we should take you to the
 hospital.

JUAN

I feel fine... now. But I might not
 feel fine... later.

DARCY

Then go home, later.

JUAN

Look, I just think it's better...

DARCY

You're already blown off most of the
 prep and now you're bailing on the
 one thing you promised to do?

Juan looks at Darcy blankly.

DARCY (CONT'D)

The food table?

Oh, shit. Right. Darcy notices Juan's "panic face."

DARCY (CONT'D)

You forgot.

JUAN

I totally forgot.

DARCY

Then get out of here before Graham
 finds out. Go to Trader Joe's, they
 have everything.

JUAN

What should I get?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

DARCY
How have you lived by yourself all
these years?

*
*
*

JUAN
I order food and it comes to my door.
Look, I really think this is a bad
idea...

*
*
*
*

DARCY
And I'm starting to wonder why you
want to blow this off so hard.

*
*
*

JUAN
I'm going. I'm going.

*
*

Juan's anxiety ramps up as he goes out the door.

*

23 **INT. REHEARSAL SPACE/LOFT - NIGHT**

As the Itchy Nipples begin their rehearsal, we're treated to
several TILDA VISION ECUs:

-Drummer **SIMON** tightens a drum skin.

-Lead guitarist **ROSE** tunes her strings.

-Bassist PJ explores some feedback.

And now WE FIND Tilda, in front of the mic, wearing industrial-
grade EAR PROTECTORS. Despite this precaution, she's hearing
everything dialed to eleven. Plus a hundred.

She pops the lid on some headache medication, pours three
into her hand and dry-swallows them.

*
*

PJ
OK?

Everyone nods.

PJ (CONT'D)
"Agony of Silence."

SIMON
(Ramones-level energy)
1-2-3-4!

The band starts to play. And Tilda starts to sing. Or tries
to. She's out of pitch. It sounds terrible.

The band chugs to a halt. Quick glances of "WTF" between
Rose and Simon, as PJ steps closer to Tilda.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

PJ
You gonna keep those on?

Tilda ignores PJ's question. *

TILDA
From the top.

No one plays. She turns to them, annoyed.

TILDA (CONT'D)
From the top.

SIMON
1-2-3-4!

They resume playing. Tilda is in pain.

TILDA VISION: the foot-pedal SLAMS into the bass drum. The speakers in the amp vibrate the air around them. The guitar strings slice through the air like machete blades. *

Distortion, feedback, jackhammer-level head-drilling agony. *

As a result, Tilda misses her cue.

PJ nods at the band, keep going.

Tilda misses the second cue. She places her hands on top of the ear protectors, pressing them against her ears. *

The band sees this, the song stutters to a stop. *

PJ
Tilds? *

Tilda pushes away the microphone stand and runs for the door.

INTERCUT WITH: *

24 **EXT. REHEARSAL SPACE/LOFT - NIGHT**

Light pours out of the window of the rehearsal space. WE FIND Tilda, alone. The look on her face is pure concentration.

Inside, in **TILDA-VISION**, we see CLOSE UPS of Rose, Simon and PJ's mouths. *

PJ
She'll be fine as soon as she gets her meds.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

ROSE

And what if that doesn't help? Then what?

PJ

Why don't we get the meds first and see what happens?

SIMON

We can't bow out of this tour. It's too big an opportunity.

PJ

Nobody's talking about bowing out.

ROSE

Then we need to figure this out. If she can't sing, what are we going to do?

SIMON

Oh, God. We're going to have to audition people. I hate auditioning people.

PJ

Don't be so melodramatic. I'll be right back.

Tilda realizes that PJ's coming for her. She takes off.

When PJ emerges from the building, all he sees is empty parking lot.

25 **INT. ABBI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a phone stopwatch, at 2 minutes and 30 seconds.
..31... 32...

Paul sits in a sturdy chair with arm-rests. Zap straps tie his hands to the arm rests and his feet to the legs.

Abbi sits opposite Paul, watching the timer app. A can of Febreze sits nearby.

PAUL

And I thought the car was weird.
(to Abbi)
Are you going to tell me what the timer's for, or not?

Abbi hesitates. But this is Paul.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

ABBI
I'm measuring how long it takes for
you to react to my pheromones.

PAUL
That's easy. Never.

ABBI
That's what I'm hoping for.

PAUL
(fondly)
Idiot.

TIME CUT TO:

CLOSE ON the timer: 7:40.

PAUL (CONT'D)
My wrists are starting to hurt.

ABBI
Just a few more minutes.

TIME CUT TO:

CLOSE ON the timer: 9:57. 9:58. 9:59. 10:00. It chirps.

ABBI (CONT'D)
How do I look to you?

PAUL
You know how I feel about that shirt.

ABBI
(makes another note)
Okay, so you seem to be impervious.
(hmmm)
It's weird, Tilda reacted but Juan
was actually closer to me. Maybe
he's resistant as well...

PAUL
Juan who?

Paul's voice is forced-casual. Abbi doesn't register it.

ABBI
Just this guy I know.

PAUL
From where?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

ABBI

A clinic we went to when we were kids.

*
*

Abbi gets up and grabs scissors. She clips the first zap-strap off... and Paul GRABS her by the wrist. There's torment in his voice. Jealousy.

*
*

PAUL

So you're taking up with your first crush? Just stringing me along?!

ABBI

Paul, no... let go of me--

PAUL

--I love you, Abbi. I always have. I'd do anything for you! And all you do is treat me like dog shit on the bottom of your shoe...

*
*
*

ABBI

Don't!!

Abbi breaks free. She lunges for the Febreze and aims it at Paul. The nozzle pops off before she can spray. FUCK!

*

PAUL

You... Fucking... tease...

*

Paul twists at his restraint. It breaks the skin around his wrist. Blood seeps out underneath the zap-strap.

ABBI

Paul, stop... Please...

Abbi picks up the nozzle from the floor and fumbles to fix it, as Paul fights against the zap-straps. His face is red from effort. The veins BULGE out of his neck.

PAUL

I'll teach you what real love is!

*

The zap-straps start to fail. Ping. Ping. Ping.

Rabid with lust, Paul LUNGES out of the chair at Abbi. Abbi replaces the nozzle, and sprays Febreze into Paul's face.

He SCREAMS and backs up, tripping over the chair he was sitting in. His head hits the floor, and he's knocked unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

Abbi, stunned, stares at her friend, laying in a lump on the floor. She begins to shake.

26 **EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Burke approaches the door, determined. Keys in hand. *

BURKE

I swear to God, Alex, you better be
dead. *

Before she unlocks the door and enters... *

BURKE (CONT'D)

But please don't be dead. *

She enters, flicking on the light switches at the doors. *

27 **INT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Burke stops at the entrance. The place has been tossed:
Crooked pictures, torn cushions, slashed furniture. Everything
upside down, broken, torn apart. *

Burke walks around, scared.

BURKE

Alex?

She's hoping for an answer, but not expecting one. *

She picks up a picture on the floor. The glass is cracked
but we can see clearly that it's a picture of herself and
ALEX SARKOV. He's handsome, in a Jeff Goldblum kind of way.

Burke pulls out her phone. Dials. *

OPERATOR (O.S.)

9-1-1. What's your emergency? *

BURKE

I think something may have happened
to a friend of mine. *

28 **INT. SHARED STUDIO SPACE - NIGHT** *

TIGHT ON Juan's face. So tight, we don't know where he is.
He's asleep. His face is dirty. *

Blood drips onto the side of his face. Drip. Drip. Drip. It
doesn't wake him up. *

The gentle sound of Darcy's voice begins to wake him up. *

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

DARCY
 Juan...? Juan...?
 (loudly)
 Juan?!

Juan startles awake. He looks around with that shock of surprise one has when they fell asleep unexpectedly.

JUAN
 Hey... I must have fallen asleep.

DARCY
 What the fuck is this...?

Juan reacts to the horror in Darcy's voice. Then he feels another drop of blood on his face.

He wipes the blood off, sees the red on his hand. He finally turns and sees what Darcy staring at. He's equally horrified.

Off his face, the CAMERA rises to reveal--

--A massacred deer on the food table.

GRAHAM
 Dude... Everyone agreed. No performance pieces.

Graham wanders off, pissed.

DARCY
 You are going to tell me what the hell is going on with you.

As Darcy glares at Juan, waiting for an answer...

CUT TO:

29 **INT. DIVE BAR - DAY**

Mid-afternoon. A sleepy bar with a couple patrons.

JUAN
 I think I'm a chupacabra.

WE FIND Juan, Abbi and Tilda sitting at a table in the corner. Abbi has placed a new can of Febreze in front of her, along with her phone, which displays a timer app counting up the minutes. Tilda wears her ear protectors.

TILDA
 That's why you called us here? To make jokes?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

JUAN
No joke. I'm...
(oh God)
The "Terror of Tacoma."

ABBI
"Terror of Tacoma?"

TILDA
It's some weird, scaly thing killing
trash pandas. And it's a total hoax.

JUAN
No, it's not! It's the thing I turn
into. I woke up in the forest the
other morning. Covered in blood. I'd
killed some poor raccoon.

Tilda and Abbi are horrified by this confession.

ABBI
Why are you telling us this?

Juan doesn't stop to answer Abbi's question. He's on a roll.

JUAN
And then last night, I dragged a
dead deer back to my studio, which I
don't remember doing.

TILDA
You can stop sharing at any time.

JUAN
I told my girlfriend that it was
performance art and then I dragged
the carcass around all night, like
some cheap Jana Sterbak knock-off.
Which means I'm lying to her, and I
hate that.

Tilda and Abbi are impressed with Juan's relationship skills.

TILDA AND ABBI
Aw.

JUAN
And I'm telling you the truth because
at least you two have an idea of
what I'm going through.

ABBI
Why do you think that?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

JUAN

Seriously?

Juan shakes Abbi's can of Febreze and gestures to Tilda's ear protectors.

JUAN (CONT'D)

It's obvious you two are off-base as well.

Abbi snatches back her Febreze and clutches it like a security blanket. She and Tilda exchange a look. Time to share.

TILDA

Off-base is one word for it. "Completely fucked" is another. I can hear stuff, like, a block away.

ABBI

You have hyperacucis.

TILDA

No, I have super-hearing.

ABBI

Same thing.

JUAN

That's kind of cool.

Tilda unloads on Juan.

TILDA

No, it's not cool. It hurts. And because of it, I can't sing anymore.

JUAN

Would you rather be killing defenseless animals?

TILDA

I'd rather be going on tour.

ABBI

Meniere's is a genetic disorder that affects the inner ear. If Sarkov's treatment targeted your inner ear -- maybe your medication was designed to keep the original treatment from over-correcting the issue.

(turning to Juan)

And you had delayed puberty, which equals hormonal imbalances, which equals... whatever...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

JUAN
I'm a Chupacabra.

TILDA
Fine. Don't tell us.
(to Abbi)
What about you?

ABBI
I had steatocystoma multiplex. Benign
cysts on my sebaceous glands. It's
caused by a mutation in the KRT17
gene. There's a lot of theories that
our sebaceous glands generate
pheromones, which I think I can now
prove because it seems my pheromones
are in some kind of hyperdrive. People
can't help but get aroused by me.

TILDA
That was a long way across the stage
to tell us you smell sexy.

ABBI
It's more complicated than that. You
see...

Before Abbi can go off on another lecture, Tilda leans in
and sniffs.

TILDA
You don't smell sexy.

ABBI
You shouldn't--

Tilda takes in a big whiff, essentially "infecting" herself
with Abbi's pheromones.

TILDA
But your haircut really complements
the shape of your face.

Abbi sprays Febreze between her and Tilda. The pheromones
are neutralized. Temporarily.

TILDA (CONT'D)
Wow. I really wanted to make out
with you for a hot second.

ABBI
Hadn't noticed.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

ABBI (CONT'D)
 (aims at Juan)
 What do you think of my hair?

JUAN
 It's okay, I guess.

ABBI
 You're really not attracted to me?

JUAN
 I'm a one woman guy. And you're not
 that woman.

ABBI
 So, that's one human I can count on
 not to attack me.

JUAN
 Technically, not true.

Tilda SNEEZES.

TILDA
 I want my life back.

ABBI
 Then let's go get it.

30 **EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Somebody made some serious coin earlier in her career. Burke
 opens her front door to find Abbi, Juan and Tilda. She's
 surprised -- and not particularly happy -- to see them.

BURKE
 Wow. Here you are. At my home.

ABBI
 "Alex has the formula" isn't good
 enough.

JUAN
 You need to tell us what's going on.

TILDA
 And how to fix it.

Burke considers her options, then steps to the side and ushers
 them in.

31 INT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY *

A gorgeous architecture-tour-worthy home. The kitchen could be a set for a cooking show. The kitchen flows into the dining room - which looks like a filing cabinet exploded in it. *

The dining room table is covered with several old banker's boxes and thirteen very thick medical files. Burke has been doing some research. *

On the table is a box labeled "SERUM "A" TEST SUBJECTS." The lid is off. There are thirteen patient files spread out on the table. *

Attached to each file is a Polaroid of the teenager who participated in the study, including Juan, Tilda and Abbi. *

BURKE *

Genetic disorders in children have risen exponentially since 2010. Based on computer projections, Alex predicted that human DNA would be damaged beyond repair within twenty-five years. We began developing a single therapy that would fix all genetic disorders. Your group - the Serum "A" group - didn't respond to the synthetic stem cells as strongly as we'd hoped. *

This statement gives all three of them pause. *

ABBI *

Synthetic. Stem. Cell? You told us you were harvesting our own stem cells. *

BURKE *

We did that...
(rushes through it)
And then we excised your genome and inserted a synthetic version we'd created. *

JUAN *

You experimented on us? Without our consent? *

TILDA *

How could you do that?! *

BURKE *

Your parents signed release forms. *

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

ABBI

That doesn't give you the right to
use us as human guinea pigs.

BURKE

In the State of Washington, it does.

Off their looks of disgust...

BURKE (CONT'D)

Everything we did with you was
completely above board.

(admits)

It was the later experiments that I
took issue with. Which is when we
parted ways.

TILDA

And where's good old Alex now?

Burke tries to look like everything's not horrible.

BURKE

The official stance of the Seattle
Police Department is that Alex is
"on the run."

ABBI/JUAN/TILDA

What?!

BURKE

He left his cell phone at home along
with his wallet. His townhouse was
tossed. And I don't mean like a salad.

ABBI

So somebody's after him?

JUAN

Do the cops know who?

Burke shakes her head.

BURKE

They even questioned me.

Burke looks at the three as if to say: can you believe it?

TILDA

Were you going to tell us if we hadn't
shown up?

Burke gestures at the files.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

BURKE
I wanted to check your files first.
See if Alex left your formulations
in there.

TILDA
I'm guessing he didn't.

BURKE
He did not.

ABBI
(incredulous)
I can't believe my parents signed
that consent form.

BURKE
I want to help you. And not because
of my Hippocratic oath. But I can't
help if I don't know what's wrong.

Abbi looks to the other two. They nod approval.

ABBI
(points to Tilda)
Super-hearing.
(herself)
Super-pheromones.
(Juan)
Super... weird.

JUAN
I think I'm a Chupacabra.

TILDA
Can you fix us?

BURKE
(of course I can)
I have the Edward Novitski Prize.

Crickets.

ABBI
It's kind of a big deal? From the
Genetics Society of America.

JUAN
I don't care who fixes me: you,
Sarkov, this Novitski guy... but I
need to get fixed. This thing inside
me is dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

TILDA
Yes, yes. You're so threatening.

JUAN
I am!

TILDA
Transform. Let's see it.

Tilda pokes at him.

JUAN
Stop it.

ABBI
Can we focus, please?

Tilda and Juan stop. Tilda makes a face.

ABBI (CONT'D)
Nobody just disappears. We need to
find Sarkov.

TILDA
If the police don't know where he
is, how do we find him?

ABBI
He's a scientist. He'll need a lab.
And labs have certain needs.

32 **INT. MEDICAL WASTE DISPOSAL OFFICE - DAY**

The RECEPTIONIST sits at her desk. Playing solitaire on her computer. Earbuds in. Abbi enters. Approaches the desk. Leans against it. Smiles. The Receptionist doesn't even look up.

RECEPTIONIST
If you have an appointment, take a
seat.

Abbi grabs a pamphlet from the display stand on the Receptionist's desk and fans herself with it.

ABBI
Man, it is hot in here. You need air
conditioning.

As Abbi fans herself, WE SEE: a stylized representation of her pheromones wafting toward the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
If you're just going to stand there--
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
(attitude shifts)
--Can I at least get you a coffee?

ABBI
I'm looking for a possible client of yours: Dr. Alex Sarkov. I've been to every other medical waste disposal company in the city and I haven't had any luck.

RECEPTIONIST
Maybe I can change your luck.

ABBI
I sure hope so. *

The Receptionist turns to her computer and gets to work. *
Abbi reaches into her bag for a can of Febreze. *

33 **EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - LOADING BAY - DAY** *

An anonymous industrial park. All the buildings look the same. Abbi checks the print-out as she leads Tilda, Juan and Burke to a loading bay.

ABBI
Pick up is every Tuesday. Two containers of medical waste. *

Juan looks around. *

JUAN
He could be in any one of these buildings and just using this as a pick-up site. He might even truck the stuff in from another place.

ABBI
Then we wait until the next pick-up.

TILDA
Hey, everyone... Shut up.

Everyone is taken aback, but they obey as Tilda removes her ear protectors and listens:

TILDA (CONT'D) *
Would a lab have a machine that goes--
(impersonates machinery)
Whrr. Fzz. Whirp Whirp Fzz?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

BURKE

That actually sounds like a centrifuge.

TILDA

Then I think there's a centrifuge somewhere in this building. *

Abbi tries the main level entrance.

ABBI

Locked.

JUAN

Can I try? Maybe I have chupacabra strength, even in human form. *

He goes to the door, grasps the knob, plants his foot on the wall and pulls. Nothing.

TILDA

Or maybe you don't. *

ABBI

Or chupacabras aren't strong. *

TILDA

Or you're not strong. *

Juan notices a temporary garbage chute for construction debris. It leads to an opening on the second floor. *

JUAN

I don't need to be strong, I'm observant. *

Abbi, Tilda and Burke watch Juan disappear up the chute. After he's gone... *

Burke pulls Alex's keys from her bag and goes to the door. She tries them. One works. They enter. *

34 **INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY** *

Juan and Tilda are in the lead. Abbi and Burke walk behind them. The lighting is moody. Like the exterior building, there are no signs or numbers. *

Juan bats dust off his clothes, as Tilda pauses at each door, listening through her ear protectors. *

JUAN

You could have told me you had keys. *

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

TILDA

Shh.

She stops at the third door. Listens. Turns to the others.

TILDA (CONT'D)

Whrr. Fzz. Whirp Whirp Fzz. In here.

Abbi tries this door.

ABBI

Locked.

BURKE

Step aside.

She pulls Alex's keys from her purse. Starts trying them. To her surprise, one of them works.

She slowly opens the door--

35 **INT. SARKOV'S SECRET LAB - DAY**

--Revealing the 21st century equivalent of Frankenstein's ad hoc lab. There's almost a "test kitchen" quality to the space, with equipment ringed around a large work table.

As they enter, Tilda closes the door, but doesn't lock it.

Several whiteboards fill the room. All of them covered with formulas and rough sketches of DNA strands.

Abbi finds the centrifuge that Tilda heard. It's still running. She turns it off.

ABBI

Guess he left in a hurry.

BURKE

Search the place. Maybe there's some indication of what he was doing... where he went.

TILDA

Or maybe we'll find our meds.

JUAN

I vote for meds.

Everyone fans out to search.

Juan runs his finger across one of the pieces of equipment. Notes the streaks in the dust.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

JUAN (CONT'D) *

He hasn't been here in a while. *

Abbi, searching methodically, finds some notebooks hidden behind some other books. She flips through one. *

ABBI *

Was Dr Sarkov totally analog? *

Burke perks up. Walks over to Abbi and the notebooks: *

BURKE *

He always said "You can't hack a notebook." *

Burke begins piling the notebooks into her bag as Abbi flips through the one she found. *

Tilda reacts to a sound only she hears: *

TILDA *

Someone's coming. *

Everyone tenses. Go quiet. All eyes turn to the front door. *

The doorknob slowly turns. *

BURKE *

It's locked, right? *

The door opens-- *

TILDA *

Oops. *

--And in walks GARY. Alive, he's even more imposing (and bad-buy hot). Not a word is spoken as Gary assesses Burke, Abbi, Juan and Tilda. Juan breaks the silence with: *

JUAN *

Hey. Looking for Dr. Sarkov? *

Gary ignores Juan, focuses on the notebook in Abbi's hand. *

GARY *

That's not yours. *

He side-arms Burke on his way to Abbi. His strength is incredible, and Burke is thrown back into some equipment, putting her out of commission. *

Gary GRABS Abbi roughly. *

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

GARY (CONT'D)
Give me the notebook!

ABBI
Tilda!

Abbi throws the notebook to Tilda. She catches it as--

--Gary pivots and launches himself over the table at Tilda. Gary surprises everyone with his agility, and speed (not superhuman levels, but definitely enhanced).

GARY
I'm not fooling around. Hand it over--

TILDA
--Juan!

Tilda throws the book at Juan. As he catches it, Gary changes course for him, taking him out with a heavy tackle. They crash through a door into the next room.

Abbi and Tilda charge after them.

36 **INT. SARKOV'S SECRET LAB - OFFICE - DAY**

Maybe "provisional hideout" is a better word than office. There's a cot in one corner. A few shirts hang on a couple nails. Empty food containers fill a small trash bag.

Gary has landed on top of Juan. He rises up, ready to grab the note-book--

--Only to see that Juan has transformed into the Chupacabra.

The Chupacabra SNARLS at Gary, then SPRING UP and sinks his fangs into Gary's neck as--

--Abbi and Tilda arrive at the door.

TILDA
Holy shit!

This is our first good look at Juan's beast form. It's hideous. It's also hungry. His teeth remain clamped around Gary's neck as Gary struggles to wrestle the monster off.

The Chupacabra clamps its claws into Gary's back and rips at his neck until Gary stops moving. The Chupacabra rips out a section of neck meat, splattering Abbi and Tilda with blood.

Abbi and Tilda watch the monster, horrified.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

TILDA (CONT'D)

(whispers)
What the fuck do we do?

ABBI

(whispers)
Get the fuck out of here.

They back up slowly. Trying to be as quiet as possible.

The Chupacabra ignores them as it snacks on its victim.

Just as Abbi and Tilda are about to step out, Burke appears at the door. Sees the Chupacabra. She can't help herself:

BURKE

Holy shit!

The Chupacabra pivots, snarling. It glowers at the women. Starts to stalk them.

ABBI

Hey, Juan. Good boy. That's a good boy.

The Chupacabra lunges.

Burke grabs a fire extinguisher stationed by the door and hammers the Chupacabra in the face with the butt end.

The Chupacabra collapses to the floor--

--But it's Juan who rises back up, rubbing his jaw. He sees the extinguisher in Burke's hand.

JUAN

Ow. Did you hit me with that?

BURKE

You ran into it.

Juan sees the blood on his hands. Feels it on his face.

JUAN

Oh, God... are you guys okay?

TILDA

We're fine. But that guy...

Juan follows Tilda's eye-line back to Gary. His face falls when he see his dead assailant on the floor. He rushes over and tries to administer first aid to the neck wound.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

JUAN
Somebody call 911.

ABBI
Juan, it's too late for an ambulance.

TILDA
Then call the police.

Burke goes over and grabs the notebook from the ground.
Luckily, it hasn't been bled on.

BURKE
And tell them what? We need to get
out of here before we're caught.

ABBI
(to Juan)
Dr. Burke's right. We have to go.

Abbi and Tilda help Juan up. As they lead him to the door...

BURKE
(heading for the door)
And bring the body.

The other three stop in their tracks.

37 **INT. LAKE HOUSE - BURKE'S LAB - DAY**

RESUME scene from the Teaser, right after Tilda's last line
in the tease. Juan can't take his eyes off the corpse.

JUAN
Oh, great. So I'm a killer now. I'll
never be Juan Ruiz, award-winning
graphic novelist. I'm Juan Ruiz,
murderer.

TILDA
That guy could have killed us. You
saved our lives.
(beat, then admits)
And then you tried to kill us. So...

JUAN
Murderer. And attempted murderer.

TILDA
Kind of like "crime and misdemeanor."

Burke and Abbi continue to inspect Gary's internal organs.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

ABBI

With this kind of lung capacity, he could stay under water for at least forty-five minutes.

(to Burke)

Have you ever seen anything like this before?

*
*

BURKE

(poking around viscera)

Never. Extra lungs. Enlarged heart, liver...

(points at something)

I don't even know what that is.

(incredulous)

God, Alex, did you finally figure it out?

*
*

ABBI

Figure what out? Is this Sarkov's work?

(realizing)

Is this one of the "later experiments" you had issues with?

*
*
*
*
*

BURKE

Our experiments with you focused on treating specific disorders. But repairing DNA wasn't enough for Alex. He wanted to improve it.

*
*
*

TILDA

Wait a minute... you were going to do this--

(points at corpse)

--To us?

*
*
*
*

BURKE

No.

(then)

Probably not.

*
*
*

TILDA

Probably?

*
*

BURKE

That's the irony of genetics. It isn't an exact science.

*
*
*

TILDA

It should be!

*
*

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

ABBI

So wait - if Sarkov's new process
did this... do you think it could
cure us?

BURKE

Possibly.

TILDA

You seriously want to turn into that?

ABBI

It's better than what I've got to
look forward to now.

BURKE

This is why he's on the run. Science
like this is a game changer. And if
the wrong people want it from him...
it's imperative we find him first.

TILDA

We're not here to save your boyfriend.
We're here to save ourselves.

JUAN

Maybe we can do both.

ABBI

Juan's right. We all want the same
thing. Find Alex Sarkov.

Tilda hears something.

TILDA

Does anybody else hear a weird
whooshing sound? Like, running water?

No one else hears it, but Juan sees something.

JUAN

Qué carajo...

The other three pivot to look at the corpse.

Blood moves through the veins and arteries, into the heart.

TILDA

It's his blood! He's...

Before Tilda can say "alive," Gary sits upright. Grabs Tilda
by the throat. Hate and determination in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

He's going to kill her.

END OF EPISODE ONE