

PATIENT ZERO

Episode 1

"With a Whimper, With a Bang"

Written by

Graham Moore

DRAFT:
1.4.15

PART ONE

BLACK.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)
"This is the way the world ends."

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY - BRISTOL, UK

A SERIES OF ABSTRACT IMAGES: Bees. Swarming. Churning.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)
"This is the way the world ends."

Buzzing all around one another, coming together, coming apart, undulating like waves.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)
"This is the way the world ends."

And then they die. The bees start to drop from their swarm, first one, then another. Their corpses shriveling, decomposing.

The wind brushes away their tiny dead wings, black specks in the breeze.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)
"Not with a bang..."

The brittle shards of insect parts float above the wide mouth of the Avon River...

... And then scatter gently into the blue expanse of the water.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)
"... but with a whimper."

CUT TO:

EXT. KHARTOUM INTL AIRPORT - DAWN - KHARTOUM, SUDAN

[Day 1. 4:05am EAT]

The Khartoum International Airport rests just outside the capital city of the Sudan.

A dirt road delivers ten-year-old Ford trucks and the occasional armored SUV to the single terminal, which serves an odd mix of tiny white UN aircraft, massive Delta 757s from Brussels, and the smattering of chartered jets bearing grey-market Lebanese businessmen/smugglers.

But we move inside to find:

INT. KHARTOUM INTL AIRPORT - MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Inside a cramped Men's Room stall, a MAN - 50s, white, khaki suit that he's been wearing for at least a week straight - shuts the door behind him.

The Man opens his BRIEFCASE, and from it he removes...

... A VIAL OF BLOOD.

The Man stares at the vial. Takes a deep breath.

And then gingerly places the vial inside his jacket pocket. Pats it. Gotta be very... very... careful...

Our Man shuts his briefcase, and exits towards:

INT. KHARTOUM INTL AIRPORT - SECURITY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Our Man walks up to the SECURITY LINE when he is suddenly -
- BUMPED by another PEDESTRIAN.

There's a look of pure, unbridled terror on our Man's face.

As the Pedestrian mumbles a casual apology and walks away, our Man reaches into his jacket pocket -

- He feels for the vial -

- And we see the relief on his face: It didn't break.

He places his briefcase on the conveyer belt, and watches it slide under the X-RAY MACHINE.

Then he steps towards the METAL DETECTOR -

- Passes under it as -

- BEEP BEEP.

The metal detector GOES OFF. Our Man sighs. Takes a CELL PHONE out of his pocket, and makes an "I'm such an idiot" face.

He sets the phone on the conveyor belt, and passes through the metal detector again without a hitch.

He collects his briefcase on the other side, and walks to his gate.

He's gotten through with the vial of blood in his pocket.

Our Man arrives at the gate, getting in a long line of passengers to board his plane.

We finally see, on the sign above the gate, where this Man is headed:

REVEAL: His plane is bound for WASHINGTON, DC.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER (OVER PA)
Ladies and gentlemen, Flight #423
is being held by Washington air
traffic control. No aircraft are
being permitted to land at the
moment, due to the on-going
situation in the United States...

As the message repeats in Arabic ("Sayyidati wa-sadati..."), our Man makes a concerned face.

ON THE MAN: What's going on in Washington?

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREETS - NIGHT - WASHINGTON, DC

[9:12pm EST]

FBI SPECIAL AGENT SAM CULP – 40s, college football star who's reclaiming the adrenaline-soaked glory of the good ol' days from behind a badge and a Glock-9 – RUNS as fast as he can through the narrow streets of Georgetown.

And since Sam was a Division A wide-receiver once upon a time, he's running pretty fucking fast.

But he's a little older now, so he can feel the strain in his legs, his tightening lungs. He's got a gun in his expertly pumping right hand.

But there's something weird happening here, and it's not just this guy in a suit running through the DC streets with a weapon drawn:

SAM IS THE ONLY ONE ON THE STREET.

It's eerily empty. There are LIGHTS on behind every single apartment window, but there isn't a soul outside. And from the windows above, FACES peer out from slim, nervous parts in the curtains.

Everyone is inside. Civilians have locked themselves in their homes, staying safe from whatever is going on out here.

We hear SIRENS in the distance. LOTS of them. The squall is buttressed by HELICOPTER CHURN.

Something very, very bad is going down.

As Sam runs, we hear a voice via his EARPIECE:

TACTICAL COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)
The apartment is clear. Repeat.
Apartment is clear. We do not have
a 20 on the suspect.

Sam keeps running when he sees something –

– It's a PERSON, hopping over the SMALL BRIDGE that stretches over the Chesapeake Canals.

The Person DISAPPEARS below, down into the canals.

Sam sees this, and pushes his body even faster towards the bridge.

He gets onto the bridge and looks down:

Nothing but water. Where did the Person go?

But that's when Sam sees something on the railing: It's BLOOD.

The Person is hurt. Bleeding pretty badly. This gives Sam an edge.

But just as Sam is about to pull himself over the railing –

– A HELICOPTER SPOTLIGHT SLICES THROUGH THE AIR.

The spotlight trains itself right at Sam.

He looks up:

There's a SWAT HELICOPTER directly above him, and hanging out the window is a POLICE SNIPER.

HELICOPTER PILOT (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)
FREEZE! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Sam tries to WAVE his hands in the air – he's a cop! – but the guys in the helicopter only see someone waving a gun in their direction.

HELICOPTER PILOT (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)
(CONT'D)

DROP YOUR WEAPON! NOW! OR WE WILL
FIRE!

Shit. Sam reaches into his coat pocket, removing his FBI badge, trying to show them –

– But the guys in the helicopter don't like the look of this guy on the street reaching into his pocket –

– And they FIRE.

SLAM. Bullets tear holes in the wooden bridge right at Sam's feet.

ON SAM'S FACE: What's he going to do?

Instantly, Sam HURLS HIMSELF over the railing –

– Falling the twenty feet to the Canal –

– And CRASHING hard into the shallow water.

More GUNSHOTS from above. But they can't see him down here.

SAM CULP

(into his radio)

Tactical, this is Sam Culp, I'm on the Chesapeake Bridge. Tell SWAT to halt their fire. In pursuit of suspect. He's headed into the canals.

TACTICAL COMMANDER

Negative, Agent Culp. Wait for SWAT.

From above, another RIFLE SHOT smacks into the bridge. They're still shooting at him.

SAM CULP

No. Tell them to stand down before they shoot me. In pursuit.

TACTICAL COMMANDER

I said negative, Agent Culp, negative –

- But Sam doesn't listen: He RUNS along the edge of the canal-
- Through 18-inches of water -
- Until he hears SPLASHING ahead -
- It's his suspect. Not far away.

SAM CULP

Mohammed, can you hear me?
 Mohammed, my name is Samuel Culp,
 I'm with the FBI. Mohammed, I need
 you to stop, and I need you to turn
 around and lie down on your belly.

Sam can't see anything up ahead, it's too dark.

He stops and listens: It's quiet, save the distant squall of sirens.

SAM CULP (CONT'D)

Mohammed, I need your help, okay,
 buddy? You gotta give me a hand.
 You're hurt. Let's go to the
 hospital. Mohammed, you can tell me
 all about what happened then, you
 can help me figure this whole mess
 out. But I need you to lie down,
 okay? Please. Mohammed.

Nothing but silence. The slow ripples of the midnight canals.

SAM CULP (CONT'D)

Mohammed?

Sam tries to gingerly step forward through the water -

MOHAMMED (O.S.)

- Why do you keep saying my name?

SAM CULP

What?

MOHAMMED (O.S.)

My name. Mohammed. You keep saying
 it. Every sentence. Why?

ON SAM: He was not expecting this.

SAM CULP

... They teach it to you in
 training. Establishes a rapport.

(MORE)

SAM CULP (CONT'D)
 With the suspect. That's what it
 says.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 It? There is a manual?

SAM CULP
 Yeah.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 You read a manual about how to do
 this?

SAM CULP
 It was a few years back, but yeah.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 ... You know? I don't think it
 works. With the name.

SAM CULP
 You sure? Try it with me.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 Try?

SAM CULP
 I'm Sam. Call me Sam.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 Why?

SAM CULP
 So I'll trust you.

From above, the SIRENS are growing louder. More HELICOPTER
 CHURN. Sam doesn't have much time.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 ... Sam, where is my brother?

SAM CULP
 I don't know.

- Sam starts walking closer -

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 They shot him.

SAM CULP
 Sam.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 Sam, did you kill my brother?

SAM CULP
 Mohammed, I'll tell you a secret:
 I've never killed anyone in my
 life.

- Sam is moving through the water, quiet as he can -

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 Don't come any closer! I have a
 gun. I will shoot you.

- Sam keeps walking -

SAM CULP
 - Mohammed, please -

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
 - I said don't -

SAM CULP
 - I do not want to hurt you -

- As Sam steps forward Mohammed emerges from the dark -

- There is a GLINT OF BRIGHT REFLECTION from Mohammed's right
 hand -

- Instinctively, Sam raises his weapon -

MOHAMMED
 - No no -

SAM CULP
 - DROP YOUR -

- And as Mohammed moves forward Sam PULLS THE TRIGGER TWICE.

BANG BANG. Two gunshots, lightning fast, ring out down the
 wet canals.

As SWAT team members flood down around him...

... Sam looks down at the dead body of MOHAMMED KASSAR -

- He's 18 years old. And the glinting object in his hand?

It's a CELL PHONE.

ON SAM'S FACE: The kid was lying about the gun. And Sam has
 just killed an unarmed 18-year-old.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - NEW YORK, NY

[10:20pm EST]

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN: Characters in a VIDEO GAME. A KNIGHT rides a horse across a medieval landscape, doing BATTLE with various TROLLS and OGRES.

REENA DESCAL (O.S.)

On September 13th, 2005, a teenager named Brian Rummel woke up early to play a newly released level in his favorite online video game: World of Warcraft.

REVEAL: The voice we're hearing is that of REENA DASCAL – 30s, spends her days studying algorithmic models of viral outbreaks, which is great for her since she doesn't have to make social conversation with algorithmic models.

Reena is in a hotel room, practicing her delivery of a POWER POINT presentation on her computer screen.

Her audience consists solely of her longtime boyfriend JIM MERSON, 30s, a science journalist.

JIM MERSON

That's good. You're just talking a little fast. You can slow down.

REENA DESCAL

I'm not talking too fast.

JIM MERSON

Keep going.

Reena sighs, pushes a button on her computer.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN: A picture of a NERDY TEENAGE BOY.

REENA DESCAL

Only what Brian didn't know is that this new level contained a programming error – a bug, which attacked Brian's avatar, almost killing it. But Brian survived, and then went back to his virtual home, to his virtual pet guinea pig.

ON THE SCREEN: The Knight returns to a peaceful village, where he plays with his GUINEA PIG.

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)

This is a thing in Warcraft, characters have pets. I don't know. So. Something curious happened next: Brian's avatar passed this dangerous programming bug on to his guinea pig... Who then went outside, and passed the bug on to their neighbor. Who then passed the bug around to HIS neighbor. Just like...?

Jim RAISES HIS HAND.

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)

Yes?

JIM MERSON

Just like a virus.

REENA DESCAL

Very good. Just like a virus. Soon enough, people started dying. The programmers didn't know how to fix the code, no one could stop this virtual virus from spreading. But the two million odd World of Warcraft players take the game very seriously. They responded as if it was a real outbreak, in the real world. And I'd like to suggest that this event - which my computer science colleagues call the "Corrupted Blood Incident" - is the best model we have of how modern human society responds to a massive viral outbreak.

JIM MERSON

And how did society respond?

ON THE SCREEN: Scenes of mass death, destruction. The virtual plague kills millions.

REENA DESCAL

The game was radically disrupted. Players were told to quarantine themselves, but not enough followed the rules and did so. Some used the chaos and pandemonium for personal gain, financial reward. Instead of banding together, most players retreated away from each other.

(MORE)

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)

They isolated themselves in rural areas, waiting for the terror to end. The urban areas were left desolate, the city streets white with bones. Some traumatized players, once infected, purposefully entered uninfected populations, killing thousands in suicidal attacks. The social fabric was torn; the social contract nullified. And from this model, we see what the real danger is from viral outbreaks: Most people didn't die from the disease. They died from each other.

ON JIM: That's really grim.

JIM MERSON

... That's pretty pessimistic, isn't it?

REENA DESCAL

How do you mean?

JIM MERSON

About human nature. That an outbreak brings out the very worst in people. What about the best? Didn't anyone do great things? Acts of altruism, heroism?

REENA DESCAL

A few. Some players who had healing powers volunteered to help others. Lives were saved. But it was too little, too late. Fear does not motivate altruism. Fear motivates slaughter.

ON JIM: Thinking. He nods.

JIM MERSON

... Okay maybe don't end on that line, but generally that's so good. The conference is going to love it.

REENA DESCAL

Ugh. I hate conferences. All the people.

JIM MERSON

It's good for your career.

Reena shrugs. Whatever.

She lies down next to Jim on the hotel bed, spent.

JIM MERSON (CONT'D)
 ... Oh, you never said. How did it
 end? The virtual epidemic?

REENA DESCAL
 They had to reset the game.

Jim turns to look at her: Jesus.

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)
 Reboot the servers. End everything,
 everyone. And then start the whole
 thing again. From scratch.

ON REENA: Knowing what this implies in the real world.

The two curl in bed together, the glittering skyline of New York City behind them.

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)
 And it all started with a single
 person. Brian. Patient Zero.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEN HOUSEHOLD - MORNING - BRISTOL, UK

[6:10am GMT]

EVE ALLEN - 40s, educated and dissatisfied, wordy and bored, she gave up a PhD program in English when she got pregnant and never quite got the chance to return - is in her family KITCHEN, heating water and getting her son's breakfast ready.

Eve is looking at a BOOK of her son's, reading it absentmindedly as she heats the kettle.

We see the page she's reading:

"This is the way the world ends /
 This is the way the world ends /
 This is the way the world ends /
 Not with a bang but with a whimper."

ON EVE'S FACE: She hasn't read this poem in ages. Remembers it well.

She closes the book and we see the cover: It's the Collected Poems of TS Eliot.

Eve is holding the book, about to put it back in her son's backpack when suddenly –

– She feels a SHARP STING on her arm –

EVE ALLEN

Owww!

– Eve turns to see a BEE FLYING AWAY –

– She SETS THE BOOK DOWN BEHIND A CEREAL BOX as she holds her stung arm, and then looks around the kitchen for the bee...

... Seeing it by the refrigerator...

... Eve grabs a PAPER TOWEL...

... Gets very close to the bee...

... And quickly SMACKS IT WITH THE TOWEL.

The bee falls to the ground. Dead.

Eve stares at it: Huh. How often do bees get in the house?

She seems strangely transfixed by it, the image of this dead bee, when –

LEE ALLEN (O.S.)

(calling from upstairs)

MUM! HAVE YOU SEEN MY BOOK!

Eve looks up, startled.

EVE ALLEN

(calling upstairs)

WHICH BOOK, HONEY?

LEE ALLEN (O.S.)

TS ELIOT! FOR ENGLISH!

ANGLE: The book sits behind the cereal box, out of view.

ON EVE: She genuinely does not remember having set it there 20 seconds ago.

EVE ALLEN

I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS!

Eve turns to see her husband JAMES ALLEN – 40s, the deep gentleness and the deep self-centeredness that only a Uni professor can muster at once – entering the kitchen.

JAMES ALLEN
 (calling upstairs)
 NO YELLING!
 (to Eve)
 So. You nervous?

EVE ALLEN
 Yes.

JAMES ALLEN
 You'll be wonderful.

EVE ALLEN
 How long has it been since I've had
 a job interview?

JAMES ALLEN
 You'll be wonderful.

LEE ALLEN (O.S.)
 I CAN'T FIND MY BOOK!!!

JAMES ALLEN
 (calling upstairs)
 STOP YELLING!

EVE ALLEN
 (to James)
 Not since Lee was born.

JAMES ALLEN
 You know you don't have to do this,
 if you don't want. There's no
 pressure.

EVE ALLEN
 I *want* to go back to work. Very
 much. So I think there's a good
 amount of pressure.

Suddenly her son LEE ALLEN - 14, a growing obsessive-
 compulsiveness that's becoming alarming - STORMS IN.

LEE ALLEN
 I CAN'T FIND IT!

EVE ALLEN
 Your backpack is right there, have
 you looked inside?

Lee moves to the backpack on the table, starts looking in it.

JAMES ALLEN

Which book are you looking for, my boy?

LEE ALLEN

TS Eliot. Mr. Wheeler docks us when we don't bring our books to class.
(doesn't find it)
It's not here.

EVE ALLEN

Let's find it together.

Eve begins to help Lee search around for the book.

JAMES ALLEN

Eliot, is it? *The Waste Land*. "This is the way the world ends." Such a spooky line.

EVE ALLEN

That's not from *The Waste Land*.

JAMES ALLEN

It's a very famous line.

EVE ALLEN

It's probably the most famous line of the twentieth century. But it's from *The Hollow Men*, not *The Waste Land*.

LEE ALLEN

Where *is* it?!?

JAMES ALLEN

Hey now. Relax. We'll find it.

EVE ALLEN

(trying to calm Lee down)
Honey, did you know that it's a reference to Julius Caesar? Brutus sighs as he digs the knife into his best friend's back, and the empire falls. Eliot is suggesting that all it takes is a single whisper to collapse the kingdom. That the world around us – which seems so sturdy and stable – is revealed, with only the force of a breath, to be ever so fragile. I actually wrote my dissertation on Eliot, when I was –

LEE ALLEN
 (not listening to her at
 all)
 - WHERE IS IT?!? WHERE IS IT?!?!

Lee begins to have a PANIC ATTACK -

- Breathing quickly, eyes tearing up -

- Huffing and puffing -

LEE ALLEN (CONT'D)
 WHERE IS IT?!? WHERE IS IT?!?!

EVE ALLEN
 Honey!

Eve gently holds Lee's shoulders, looking him in the eye.

EVE ALLEN (CONT'D)
 It's okay. It's okay. Take a deep
 breath with me, okay? One really
 big one.

She TAKES A DEEP BREATH -

- And Lee struggles to take one too.

EVE ALLEN (CONT'D)
 There you go. That's great. One
 more.

She takes another DEEP BREATH -

- And Lee does a little better this time.

James moves closer to the two of them, and as he moves he
 SEES THE BOOK BEHIND THE CEREAL BOXES.

JAMES ALLEN
 Now here we go!

James hands the book to Lee, who looks at it, confused.

LEE ALLEN
 ... I didn't put it there.

JAMES ALLEN
 I'm sure you just forgot.

Lee CRADLES the book in his hands like it's a stuffed
 animal... Then, calming down, stuffs it in his bag and WALKS
 OUT.

Eve and James are left standing in the quiet aftermath.

JAMES ALLEN (CONT'D)

... Why is he so worked up about the book?

EVE ALLEN

He's getting more... obsessive, about things. Focused on objects, ordering them. Counting a lot.

ON JAMES: Doesn't know what to make of this.

JAMES ALLEN

... Good luck today.

EVE ALLEN

Thank you.

JAMES ALLEN

But with all of this, you know, if it doesn't feel like the right time, you don't have to take a job.

EVE ALLEN

Thank you. But I have been in this house for fourteen years now, and I would like to explore a life outside of it.

ON JAMES: Nods politely. This is clearly a sore spot between the two of them, but both are being exceedingly polite about it.

James leans in to kiss her goodbye –

– But she barely responds, so he ends up KISSING her implacable cheek. He sighs, pulls back.

JAMES ALLEN

... Have you seen the news?

EVE ALLEN

No.

JAMES ALLEN

Turn on the telly. A terrorist attack, in America. Only four dead, they're saying, but it's a fright.

James heads upstairs to get dressed and Eve is LEFT ALONE.

She glances down at the floor, seeing the dead bee.

She makes a curious face, as if she's seeing it for the first time. Doesn't remember being stung.

ON EVE: What a strange little dead thing in her kitchen.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

INT. 1ST CLASS CABIN — DELTA #423 — DAY — OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN

[6:45am GMT]

Safely nestled in the first class cabin of his airplane, our Man returns from the bathroom to find a MINI BOTTLE OF TANQUERAY GIN and a MINI BOTTLE OF TONIC on his tray table.

He sits down. Looks at the gin, then looks up for the stewardess, who isn't around.

As he looks, he's addressed by the MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER in the adjacent seat.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
Is there a problem?

MAN
(re: gin)
I asked for Bombay.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
You can taste the difference?

MAN
I'll tell you in a second.

Our Man pours the Tanqueray gin and the tonic together, swirls the ice around, takes a sip.

He GRIMACES.

MAN (CONT'D)
... Yes. That's terrible.

The Middle-Eastern Passenger LAUGHS.

Holds up his own cup of Scotch.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
Cheers.

They do.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER (CONT'D)
... Finally, yes?

MAN
Sorry?

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
We're in the air. I had given up
hope.

MAN
Mmm.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
You had not?

MAN
No.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
You are much more trusting of these
airlines than me.

MAN
It's the thing about hope... You
only need a little bit.
(re: the plane)
And here we are.

The Passenger smiles.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
I am sitting next to a philosopher.

MAN
I can promise you, you're not.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
I am Amir.

MAN
... Michael.

So that's our Man's name: Michael.

As Michael and the Passenger shake hands we

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM -NIGHT - WASHINGTON, DC

[1:50am EST]

Sam Culp - exhausted - sits in a conference room. A SMALL
VIDEO RECORDER is pointed at his face. The Recorder is manned
by a MEDIA TRAINER.

SAM CULP

... I'm Special Agent Sam Culp, and I've been with the Bureau for 15 years.

MEDIA TRAINER

That's good. But you're still blinking.

SAM CULP

Blinking?

MEDIA TRAINER

On camera, blinking makes you come off untrustworthy.

SAM CULP

You want me not to blink for the whole interview?

MEDIA TRAINER

You blink while the question is being asked. While the other guy is talking. Then, when the audience focuses on you, you look straight into the camera, no blinks.

SAM CULP

Okay.

MEDIA TRAINER

Try it again.

SAM CULP

... I am Special Agent Samuel Culp, I've been with the Bureau for fifteen years.

MEDIA TRAINER

You blinked.

SAM CULP

No I didn't.

(He did.)

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN (O.S.)

You did.

Sam turns to see his boss, AD CALLAHAN, 50s, observing the interview prep.

SAM CULP

You came to watch this?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

You think I have something more important on my desk right now?

MEDIA TRAINER

All right, so, not a big deal, but this is exactly the kind of head motion you shouldn't make. On TV, even the smallest movements appear 10 times bigger.

SAM CULP

Bill. What are we doing here?

AD Callahan stares at Sam, then turns to the Media Trainer.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

Emily, will you give us a quick minute?

The Media Trainer turns off the camera and LEAVES.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

(to Sam, after she's gone)

... People out there, they need calming. They need somebody to go on their TVs and tell them this is over. That person is going to be you.

SAM CULP

The President should give a speech.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

The President did give a speech. Tomorrow the President is going to give another one. But right now, it's your turn. You shot Mohammad Kassar, the man who perpetrated this horrible attack. So it's your face on TV, telling everyone to go back to work in the morning. Go on with their lives. This is over.

ON SAM: Uncertainty.

SAM CULP

... That kid was 18 years old.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

I know. Monsters.

SAM CULP

I just... I talked to him. He was a scared 18-year-old kid. Wasn't even armed.

ON CALLAHAN: Doesn't like what he's hearing.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

... Sam. You killed somebody. And that's hard, okay? Counselling, you want to talk to somebody, great. We're gonna do that. But right now, I need you on TV. And I don't need any doubt in your mind that what you did was right. You did good. And you are a national fucking hero, okay?

ON SAM: A wary nod.

CUT TO:

I/E. EVE'S CAR - STREETS - MORNING - BRISTOL, UK

[7:25am GMT]

Eve drives through the streets of Bristol, dropping her son Lee off at school.

They pull up outside the front steps, and Lee hops out.

EVE ALLEN

Have a good day. I hope you enjoy English - the poetry.

He doesn't say anything as he exits the car, and she watches him head up the steps of the school.

Eve turns away, and DRIVES ON, back home.

As Eve drives through the unhurried streets, she turns on the radio.

ON THE CAR RADIO: The BBC World Service reporting on the terrorist attack in Washington. We hear little phrases: "Airlines have resumed normal schedules to Washington, and local transportation is back up and running..." etc.

Eve half-listens, distracted.

She pulls onto a ROUNDABOUT -

- Winding clockwise with the traffic -

- Continues turning -
 - And then something strange happens -
 - She KEEPS TURNING -
 - The BBC Newscaster drones on as Eve TURNS and TURNS -
 - It's as if she's forgotten where she is in the loop. Where she's supposed to turn off.
- And on her face: Total calm. She's not agitated, not scared. She keeps looking for her turn-off, but keeps not seeing it.
- Suddenly, her CELL PHONE RINGS -
- Shocking Eve back to her senses -
 - She sees her EXIT, TAKES IT, and then grabs her phone:

EVE ALLEN (CONT'D)
 (answering)
 Hello? ... Yes, my interview was
 scheduled for 3 o'clock... Of
 course I can come in early...
 1pm... Wonderful, I'll see you
 then.

Eve continues driving home, unaware that anything spooky has just occurred.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAWN - WASHINGTON, DC

[5:30am EST]

Sam Culp sits alone in a SMALL DARK ROOM.

There is a LIGHT from above that illuminates Sam's face, but everything else is blackness, save for...

... A tiny RED DOT in front of him.

The dot is on the face of a CAMERA. Sam moves in his seat, steeling himself up as he faces the shiny glass.

Sam is sitting in a REMOTE SATELLITE INTERVIEW ROOM, a cramped box in which people tape live "talking-head" bits for cable news shows.

Via an earpiece, Sam can hear the audio of the talk-show on which he's about to appear. He stares dead at the camera, ready and unblinking as we -

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

CABLE NEWS HOST

... And we return, folks, with the man of the hour. We are very pleased to have with us FBI Special Agent Samuel Culp.

SAM CULP

Thank you, pleasure to be here.

CABLE NEWS HOST

Mr. Culp, are you a hero?

SAM CULP

I... Well... My dad always said that's one of those words that's best to let others say about you; not one you say about yourself.

CABLE NEWS HOST

Ha! Modesty runs in the family, then. But let me put it to you another way: Are Mohammed and Kalifah Kassar evil?

SAM CULP

I hate to disappoint, but I'm afraid I'll have to let St Peter answer that one for you.

CABLE NEWS HOST

Let me show you something.

FOOTAGE ON THE TV: MASS PANIC at Washington's Union Station. You've seen scenes like this before on TV - after the Boston marathon bombing, after the London bus bombings - and the chaos of this is all too familiar and real.

CABLE NEWS HOST (CONT'D)

The Kassar brothers released a bag of Anthrax powder in the ventilation system of Union Station. Twelve hundred people were hospitalized; by the grace of God, only four died.

FOOTAGE: Hundreds of people flood out of the station; police cars surround the area; ambulances attempt to treat the trampled and the violently ill.

CABLE NEWS HOST (CONT'D)

A chain of evidence led you from
Union Station to the apartment
these brothers shared.

FOOTAGE: The images of disaster are replaced by two photos –
One of Mohammad Kassar, who we saw earlier, and one of his
older brother KALEFAH KASSAR. They look like normal, American
college kids.

SAM CULP

That's correct. We have video of
the Kassar brothers at the train
station. We have video of them
holding the bag that would later be
found in the vents.

CABLE NEWS HOST

When you moved on that apartment,
Kalefah Kassar was shot in a
firefight. Reports say that he is
in a coma, following intensive
surgery. Will you be speaking to
him when he wakes up?

SAM CULP

If he wakes up. And I can't comment
on interrogation procedures.

CABLE NEWS HOST

You shot and killed Kalefah
Kassar's younger brother, Mohammed.

SAM CULP

That's correct.

CABLE NEWS HOST

Mohammad Kassar was a student at
Georgetown, with no history of
terrorist sympathies.

SAM CULP

That we know of, just yet.

CABLE NEWS HOST

How does someone like that get
converted to radical Islam?

ON SAM: The briefest of hesitations.

Blinking.

SAM CULP

... Our investigation is far from over, and the Bureau hopes that in the coming days and weeks we'll be able to release a lot more information. For now, I think I can speak for the entire Bureau when I say that we're grateful for the public's help in bringing these killers to justice.

CABLE NEWS HOST

Special Agent Samuel Culp, thanks for taking the time to talk to us this afternoon.

SAM CULP

My pleasure.

As the Cable News Host drones on – ("And after the commercial break...") – the red light on the camera in Sam's dark room goes black.

Sam takes a deep breath. That went fine.

And then, after just a moment, the red light POPS ON AGAIN, and we start to –

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

SECOND CABLE NEWS HOST

Good afternoon! We are joined today by FBI Special Agent Sam Culp.

SAM CULP

Pleasure to be here, Patricia.

And Sam begins the ROTE PERFORMANCE of his role, answering the same questions, giving identical answers, on and on and on...

CUT TO:

INT. 1ST CLASS CABIN - DELTA #423 - DAY - OVER ATLANTIC OCEAN

[6:10am EST]

Michael is in his seat, headphones on, watching CNN.

ON THE TV SCREEN: It's a replay of one of Sam's interviews.

Michael takes off his headphones for a moment and the Middle-Eastern Passenger leans in:

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
(re: the tv)
Do you believe those boys did it?
What they're saying?

MICHAEL
Certainly looks like they did it.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
I don't know.

MICHAEL
They've got the tape of the
brothers at the train station.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
Yes. Two boys went to a train
station. Along with ten thousand
other people. So what?

MICHAEL
They're holding a red Yankees bag.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
Alright.

MICHAEL
The guy on TV just said that the
anthrax vial in the airvent was
found inside a red Yankees bag.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
But there is none of this footage
that shows these boys leave the bag
up there.

MICHAEL
It's a hell of a coincidence.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
This FBI man, he finds two Arab
boys. University students. No
record of any monkey business, no
al-Qaeda posters in their dorm
rooms. They have a red Yankees bag,
so he shoots them.

MICHAEL
They'd be pretty awful terrorists
if they put up al-Qaeda posters in
their dorm room.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
You are trying to make a joke of
this.

MICHAEL
You're the one who suggested
somebody has an Osama bin Laden pin-
up calendar on his wall.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
Americans. You are all very funny.

MICHAEL
Not all of us.

They both SMILE. Michael motions for the STEWARDESS to bring
them two more drinks.

The Stewardess sets down a BOMBAY GIN and TONIC in front of
Michael, and a SCOTCH in front of his fellow Passenger.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
... I think the US government tells
lies.

MICHAEL
I agree with you.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
You do? Why?

MICHAEL
Because I work for the US
government.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - MARYLAND, US

[7:00am EST]

A CELL PHONE RINGS, waking Sam up in his suburban Maryland
two-story.

He groggily grabs the phone, checks the caller ID, and
ANSWERS.

SAM CULP
(into phone, voice high,
talking to a child)
... Hi, Bug... No, no, I was at
work very late last night and I
came back home for a little nap...
(MORE)

SAM CULP (CONT'D)

You saw me on the TV! I bet you did. Was it fun to see your Dad on the TV? ... Oh no, there's nothing to be scared about. Daddy is just fine. ... I promise, okay? You know what it means when I promise... Pass the phone over, okay? Can you do that? ...

(his voice changes pitch,
now talking to an adult)

Hi. Yeah. Fine. She got scared? ... When she gets scared you have to give her the blanket with the frogs on it... I know. Yes I know you know that. I wasn't trying to tell you what to do... No, I am NOT - this is not a conversation about "us"... Just give her the blanket with the frogs, okay? And tell her I love her.

And with that Sam HANGS up.

He looks across his quiet bedroom. Takes in the empty other side of the bed.

ON SAM: Feeling suddenly very alone.

Sam gets up and we move to

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Sam makes coffee in his kitchen.

The house is weirdly barren - like there used to be a hundred personal touches that have been removed. Spaces on the walls where pictures used to be; household appliances that aren't there; furniture that Sam would never in a million years have bought, and of which there isn't quite enough.

Sam dumps out yesterday's COFFEE GROUNDS in the GARBAGE DISPOSAL.

He PUSHES THE BUTTON -

- But the disposal responds with a HARSH GROWL.

Sam TURNS IT OFF.

Tries again -

- But is met with the SAME GROWLING NOISE.

ON SAM: Something is wrong with the disposal.

He reaches his hand into it...

... Scrounging around for whatever is clogging up the disposal...

... Not finding it...

... And with his hand still down there, his eyes turn to the disposal's ON button.

ON SAM: The most inexplicable of thoughts: If he pushed the button, it'd slice his hand right off.

Sam reaches his free hand to the button...

... Caresses it EVER SO GENTLY...

... He can feel the metal button on his finger tip...

... It would take only the slightest push to mutilate himself...

ON SAM: Feeling the slight sting of his hand against the disposal blades. Pressing his finger into the sharp steel. Just enough to draw blood...

... And suddenly he PRESSES THE ON BUTTON -

- WHILE AT THE EXACT SAME INSTANT YANKING HIS OTHER HAND UP AND AWAY FROM THE DISPOSAL -

- The motor WHIRRING to life as Sam steps back -

- A SINGLE DROP of blood on his finger.

ON SAM'S FACE: The self-destructive exhilaration of pushing himself right up against the edge of disaster.

And then it's as if Sam COMES TO, shaking off this strange moment. Why did he just do that?

He turns off the disposal.

What was he even thinking?

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE**INT. BRISTOL UNIVERSITY ARTS LIBRARY - AFTERNOON - BRISTOL, UK**

[12:55pm GMT]

Eve walks through the long corridors of the Bristol University Arts Library, looking for a particular room.

She keeps checking the paper on which she's written the room number as she glances up at the doors - no, still hasn't found it.

She sees an UNDERGRADUATE LIBRARY ASSISTANT ahead:

EVE ALLEN
(to the Undergraduate)
Hello! So sorry, could you point me
to room C-202?

UNDERGRADUATE ASSISTANT
Just down that hall, to the left.

EVE ALLEN
Thank you so much.

Eve heads down the hall, following directions, finally finding the door and entering:

INT. UNIVERSITY ARTS LIBRARY - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eve enters to see TWO LIBRARIANS looking through FOLDERS OF JOB APPLICATIONS on a table. The Librarians smile at her when she enters.

EVE ALLEN
Hello. I'm Eve Allen, I'm here to
interview for the librarian
position.

LIBRARIAN #1
Of course, Miss Allen. Thank you
for coming in early.

As Eve takes a seat we -

CUT TO:

INT. NYU LECTURE HALL - DAY - NEW YORK, NY

[9:00am EST]

Reena Descal exits a LECTURE HALL on the NYU campus, having just delivered her presentation at the conference. Various ACADEMICS, GRADUATE STUDENTS, and even CORPORATE SCIENTISTS mill around, chatting each other up about various job opportunities.

As Reena leaves, she's interrupted by:

EVAN CHARLES (O.S.)
That was grim.

Reena turns to meet DR EVAN CHARLES – 50s, one of the highest paid infectious disease experts in the world, he runs a massive project for the Fortune 500 pharma company Albina.

REENA DESCAL
I disagree.

EVAN CHARLES
Must be a downer. Spending every day preparing for the end of the world.

REENA DESCAL
It's not the end of the world. It's just the end of everyone in it.

EVAN CHARLES
Something tells me you're a delight at parties.

REENA DESCAL
Who are you?

EVAN CHARLES
Evan Charles. Albina
Pharmaceuticals.

REENA DESCAL
Not interested. I like my job and I have no interest in leaving the CDC.

EVAN CHARLES
You'll change your mind.

REENA DESCAL
How do you know?

EVAN CHARLES
Because I did.

Reena stares at him: You were CDC?

EVAN CHARLES (CONT'D)

And I never looked back. This project you presented – studying the infectious behavior in online games. How much did the CDC give you to conduct it?

REENA DESCAL

\$1.2 million.

EVAN CHARLES

That's quite a bit.

REENA DESCAL

It is.

EVAN CHARLES

Albina earns that in revenue every 10 minutes. The largest, most exciting project you could possibly dream up? It's loose change. I could lose your entire budget in the cushions of my sofa and our stockholders would never even notice. Here.

He hands her a FOLDER.

EVAN CHARLES (CONT'D)

Look over our offer. Give it some thought.

REENA DESCAL

... You have a thousand infectious disease experts on your payroll. Why me?

EVAN CHARLES

Because you have a very particular expertise which my company thinks might just prove to be very valuable.

REENA DESCAL

And what's that?

EVAN CHARLES

The end of the world.

She cautiously takes the folder from him, and with a smile he walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY ARTS LIBRARY - MEETING ROOM - DAY - BRISTOL, UK

[1:35pm GMT]

Eve sits across from the two Librarians, well into her job interview. Things are not going well.

LIBRARIAN #1

... Thanks so much for your time,
Miss Allen. We'll be in touch.

ON EVE: What went wrong?

EVE ALLEN

Thank you.

Eve gets up to go...

... Upset, a little confused, she's pretty sure they're not giving her the job but she doesn't know why...

... And so she makes a DECISION. Turns back to the Librarians.

EVE ALLEN (CONT'D)

You're not offering me the
position, are you?

ON THE LIBRARIANS: Rather embarrassed.

LIBRARIAN #2

Well we have a number of great
candidates, like yourself, and
we'll be in touch after we've
reviewed all of the -

EVE ALLEN

- I cannot possibly imagine you
have another candidate for this
position who's as qualified as I
am. I'm well aware that it's been
some time since I've worked, but I
completed three years of graduate
work in English poetry before I
left the program to have my son.
Yes, there's a lengthy gap on my
CV, but that's only because my CV
is longer than anyone else you'd be
seeing for this position.

LIBRARIAN #1

We know.

ON EVE: So then?

LIBRARIAN #2

Our concern is not that you're underqualified. It's that you're overqualified.

EVE ALLEN

That's ridiculous.

LIBRARIAN #1

By your own admission, you have a lot more experience than anyone else we're interviewing. It only seems likely that you'd be bored here. You'd leave the job soon, and we'd be right back here on the hunt, and what good would that do any of us?

EVE ALLEN

... You're right. I am overqualified for this. But this is something I can do. And I would do it for you, very well.

ON THE LIBRARIANS: They're sympathetic to her position... But they can't do anything about it.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - WASHINGTON, DC

[10:00am EST]

Sam gently opens the door to a large and crowded conference room.

The meeting inside is already well underway. DOZENS OF FBI AGENTS on either side of the conference table, binders open before them, flanked by a PHALANX OF LOWER-RANKING AGENTS in chairs against the walls.

Sam quietly enters and shuts the door behind him.

MEDICAL AGENT

... And so what they're saying is it's not even a dozen laboratories. It's three. It's maybe just three.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

That's what CDC is saying?

MEDICAL AGENT

Yes.

Sam attempts to surreptitiously take a seat in the corner -

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
Why are we listening to CDC on
this? It's not a disease, right -

- But AD Callahan spots him.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
- Sam.

SAM CULP
Didn't mean to interrupt.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
We don't need you here for this.

SAM CULP
I know, I know. I'm just listening.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
Len's office can send you the
report when we're done.

SAM CULP
Just listening.

AD Callahan stares at Sam: Get the fuck out of here.

Sam stares back: You know you can't make me.

SAM CULP (CONT'D)
... Please. Go on.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
(so pissed)
... You were saying, Bob?

MEDICAL AGENT
Yeah. So, CDC says that there are,
tops, three labs in the continental
United States that could make an
Anthrax powder like this.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
How do they know that?

MEDICAL AGENT
You want to hear the science?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
Yesterday our guys said the Anthrax
was diluted, right? That was the
word they used. We put it in the
release. "Diluted."

MEDICAL AGENT

Yes.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

So how is it both "diluted" and "so deadly that only three labs, tops, could have made it"?

MEDICAL AGENT

Again, I can give you the science -

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

- Please don't. What I'm asking is, is this our guys versus the CDC's guys?

MEDICAL AGENT

I don't understand.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

Is CDC contradicting our guys? And if they are, why do we give a shit what CDC says?

MEDICAL AGENT

Well, first, they're not, and second, it's the CDC, they -

SAM CULP

- Is the Center for Disease Control telling us, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, for certain, 100 percent, that those kids couldn't have released the anthrax?

All eyes turn to Sam.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN

... We really don't need you here for this.

SAM CULP

That's what you're getting at here. So stop giving Bob a hard time and just ask him. Bob: What's more likely - that two Georgetown undergrads, with no chemical engineering background, somehow got their hands on a vial of a chemical agent that is only made in three maximum security laboratories in the country? Or... That those kids were set up?

Silence all around.

MEDICAL AGENT
... I can't answer that.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
It's not Bob's job to answer that.
Everybody, take ten. Sam, come
outside with me so I can chew you
out while they pretend they can't
hear us.

Callahan leads Sam out to:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - HALLWAY - WASHINGTON, DC - CONTINUOUS

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
... This isn't your investigation.
The interagency task force -

SAM CULP
- The interagency task force didn't
kill anybody yesterday.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
Which is exactly why they are
handling this now.

SAM CULP
What if I killed the wrong guy?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
Do you have any idea - ANY IDEA -
what you are - You know what? I
will put you on medical leave.

SAM CULP
Dear readers of the Washington
Post: The American hero who shot
and killed the perpetrators of the
largest terrorist attack on US soil
since 9/11 has been placed on
psychiatric leave... Etcetera.

ON AD CALLAHAN: God damn it.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CALLAHAN
... What is it that you would have
me do right now?

SAM CULP

Take me back into that meeting. And
then we'll all figure out where
that Anthrax came from.

The two men stare at each other. It's a stalemate.

SAM CULP (CONT'D)

... I'm a national fucking hero,
remember?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - AFTERNOON - BRISTOL, UK

[3:06pm GMT]

Eve slowly strolls the campus of Bristol University.

She takes in the very familiar sights when she –

– LOOKS AT HER WATCH:

It's 3:06pm.

ON EVE: Oh no! She's late for the interview! She quickly
heads to –

INT. BRISTOL UNIVERSITY ARTS LIBRARY - MINUTES LATER

Eve dashes through the library corridors, trying to find the
meeting room.

SHE HAS NO MEMORY AT ALL THAT SHE DID THIS ONCE ALREADY.

Eve again sees the Undergraduate Assistant ahead:

EVE ALLEN

Hello! So sorry, could you point me
to room C-202?

ON THE UNDERGRADUATE ASSISTANT: So confused. She was just
here...

UNDERGRADUATE ASSISTANT

... Ummm... Down that hall? To the
left?

EVE ALLEN

Thank you so much.

Eve heads down the hall and once again enters:

INT. UNIVERSITY ARTS LIBRARY - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eve sees the two Librarians in the middle of an interview with another APPLICANT.

EVE ALLEN

I'm so sorry I'm late! Not sure
what happened there. I'm Eve Allen,
I'm here for my interview.

ON THE LIBRARIANS: What in the world is wrong with Eve?

ON EVE: She sees their confusion. Mounting unease.

CUT TO:

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY - WASHINGTON, DC

[1:09pm EST]

A SEQUENCE as Michael disembarks from his plane at Dulles airport:

He exits the gate; passes through customs; walks quickly down the escalators and through subterranean passageways; the garish fluorescent lights flicker against Michael's three-day stubble.

We follow him as he exits past the sliding doors...

... OUTSIDE, into the cool afternoon air.

The springtime sun washes DC in a golden glow.

Michael breathes it all in - pats the vial in his pocket.

He made it.

He collects his car from long-term parking, and begins to DRIVE.

The rush hour traffic hasn't fully kicked in yet. Michael has the highway to himself.

He drives south on I-395, past the barren woods and empty suburban housing tracts.

Finally, he arrives at his destination:

EXT. OFFICE PARK - DAY - RURAL VIRGINIA

A NONDESCRIPT CORPORATE OFFICE PARK. It could be any one of the dozens of identical office parks that litter the roadsides around here. It could be the headquarters of an accounting company, a small telecom affiliate...

... But it's not. As Michael gets closer, we start to notice a few things:

The WINDOWS are all tinted pitch-black; the fencing around the perimeter is electrified; there are top-of-the-line security cameras everywhere; and there are two GUARDS at the front of the lot.

Michael pulls up to GUARDS - we notice that they have FULLY AUTOMATIC WEAPONS tucked just below the window.

Michael gives them his ID, and they raise the gate to let him in.

INT. OFFICE PARK - CONTINUOUS

As he enters the lobby, he places his thumb on a FINGERPRINT scanner along the wall -

- It blinks GREEN -

- And he enters into a hallway, passing by a large INSIGNIA on the wall.

THE INSIGNIA: It's for the CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL.

Michael works for the CDC.

Michael walks down the hall and opens a door to find:

REENA DESCAL, who we last saw at her NYU presentation.

ON MICHAEL: Surprised at her business-y outfit.

MICHAEL

... You look really nice.

ON REENA: Awkwardly looks down at her clothes.

REENA DESCAL

Umm. Thank you. The presentation at NYU.

MICHAEL

How'd it go?

ON REENA: Should she tell him about the job offer?

REENA DESCAL
... Fine. Did you find the village?
What was it?

Michael pulls the vial of blood from his jacket.

MICHAEL
I was hoping you could tell me.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - AFTERNOON - WASHINGTON, DC

[3:42pm EST]

A man we haven't met before – DR CHARLIE TAUB, 50s, a nervous scientist – walks up the steps of the FBI building.

But before he can enter the front door he's interrupted by:

SAM CULP (O.S.)
Dr. Taub.

Dr. Taub turns to find Sam behind him.

DR TAUB
Excuse me?

Sam flashes his badge.

SAM CULP
Special Agent Culp.

DR TAUB
I saw you on tv.

SAM CULP
You did.

DR TAUB
Are you going into the meeting?

SAM CULP
No. But I was hoping you could give me a preview.

DR TAUB
I don't understand.

SAM CULP
You're the CDC's anthrax guy.

DR TAUB
I wouldn't say that.

SAM CULP
Is there anyone at the CDC who
knows more about anthrax than you?

DR TAUB
No.

SAM CULP
So we're gonna say you're the CDC's
anthrax guy. If anyone knows where
the anthrax came from, it'd be you.

DR TAUB
I don't know where the anthrax came
from.

ON SAM: Raises an eyebrow. Are you sure?

DR TAUB (CONT'D)
... Not for certain.

SAM CULP
Where do you *think* the anthrax came
from?

DR TAUB
That's what the meeting is about.

SAM CULP
Let's say it would make things a
lot easier for me if I wasn't in
that meeting. And instead you just
told me, right now, what you're
about to tell them.

ON DR TAUB: Deciding to trust him.

DR TAUB
... You're going to want to speak
with a man named Michael Simpson.
He's a friend. And he runs an
infectious disease laboratory in
Virginia.

SAM CULP
Why do I want to talk to him?

DR TAUB
 Because the analysis I've done
 indicates that the Kassar brothers'
 anthrax came from Michael's
 laboratory.

ON SAM: Bingo.

He turns to leave.

DR TAUB (CONT'D)
 ... And, Agent Culp?

SAM CULP
 Yes?

DR TAUB
 It's his laboratory.

SAM CULP
 So?

DR TAUB
 Only he and his deputy have access
 to the samples.

ON SAM: Holy fuck... Is Michael the source of the anthrax?

DR TAUB (CONT'D)
 I'm telling you this because
 Michael really is a friend. I trust
 him. And there's no way he's a part
 of what's happened. Okay?

ON SAM: He'll be the judge of that.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEN HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT - BRISTOL, UK

[9:09pm GMT]

Eve is on her third glass of wine at the kitchen table.

She's looking through a box of old things, and we notice that
 she's reading a PAPER...

... ON THE PAPER: "American Burials, English Spring: National
 Language in Eliot's The Waste Land. By Eve Allen."

ON EVE: Lost in the memories of when she wrote this essay, 15
 years ago. Another lifetime. Another her.

She looks up as James ENTERS.

JAMES ALLEN
... How'd it go?

ON EVE'S FACE: Not bloody well.

JAMES ALLEN (CONT'D)
What happened?

EVE ALLEN
To be honest, I'm not even sure. I
think something is wrong with me.

James sits down near her. His attempt at comfort is about to
come off as condescension:

JAMES ALLEN
Perhaps this is just a bad time. We
can think about it again next year.

EVE ALLEN
How is it that it's never a good
time for my work? But,
conveniently, it's always a good
time for yours? I was the one who
left the program when I got
pregnant. I was the one -

JAMES ALLEN
- Now you *offerred* to -

EVE ALLEN
- And every year since, it's never
been a "good time." There was
always something in the way, some
reason. Your grant. Your position.
Your semester in London.

JAMES ALLEN
I will not be punished for
something that you didn't do.

EVE ALLEN
Oh. So long as you're only punished
for something that you did?

ON JAMES: He was not expecting her to bring that up.

JAMES ALLEN
... So that's what this is about.
Going back to work. Punishing me
for a mistake I made.

EVE ALLEN

Yes of course. Because I have no wishes or desires of my own, only to reward or punish you. Everything, as always, orbits your sun.

JAMES ALLEN

I am genuinely sorry that you could not work out a way to get yourself out of this house more often. If only because you are such a damned delight for me to come home to.

ON EVE: Deeply stung by the insult.

ON JAMES: Instantly regretting it.

She quickly stands up and WALKS AWAY.

He doesn't move to stop her.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE PARK - LABORATORY - VIRGINIA

Michael and Reena both look at data on her computer.

MICHAEL

... Inconclusive?

REENA DESCAL

I'm not done yet.

MICHAEL

But it's not ebola.

REENA DESCAL

It's inconclusive.

ON MICHAEL: Damn it.

Michael walks over to a set of GLASS WINDOWS, peering through them as he thinks.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS: An adjacent room, sterile and temperature controlled, protected by a SECURITY DOOR. This is the most secret and hard-to-reach room in the whole building. Because inside it are rows of SEALED CANNISTERS. All labelled. And the labels have names like "SARS" and "MENINGITIS"...

... "INFLUENZA" and "POLIO"...

... And "ANTHRAX."

Michael stares through the windows at the samples of viruses. Any one of these, released into the world, could potentially kill millions.

MICHAEL

Another one for the collection?

REENA DESCAL

How many patients did you see?

MICHAEL

Not enough. The bodies had deteriorated too much by the time I was there.

REENA DESCAL

You were there yesterday, that's only two days after.

MICHAEL

No, they weren't decomposed. They were liquefied. The internal organs turned to liquid, bled out.

REENA DESCAL

Anus?

MICHAEL

And vagina. Ears. Nose. Mouth. Eyes.

REENA DESCAL

As in, ebola family.

MICHAEL

Or not.

REENA DESCAL

Or not.

Michael stares off at their collection of sealed and well-guarded horrors.

MICHAEL

Let's report it to Europe. Something new.

Reena NODS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

"What has been will be again. What has been done will be done again.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And there is nothing new under the sun." My dad used to say that to me when I'd have a problem. Some childhood crisis.

REENA DESCAL

Your dad sounds weird.

MICHAEL

He meant it as comfort.

REENA DESCAL

That doesn't sound comforting.

MICHAEL

There aren't any new problems, that's the relief. Only the same problems over and over again. Death and disease. Poverty and war. We just keep coming up with newer solutions. Better ones. And maybe, I like to think, that the word we use to refer to those solutions is "science."

ON REENA: Michael is being strangely reflective.

REENA DESCAL

... I don't understand why we are having this conversation.

Michael smiles. This is a very Reena-like comment to make.

MICHAEL

... You should take the job at Albina.

ON REENA: Surprise.

REENA DESCAL

I'm not going to.

MICHAEL

I figured you'd say that. Which is why I'm saying: Take it.

REENA DESCAL

You knew they approached me?

MICHAEL

Evan Charles called me two months ago. Asked for a reference, wanted to talk about your project.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He used to work for me, did you know that? He used to have your job.

REENA DESCAL

What did you tell him?

MICHAEL

I told him you were the best molecular biologist I'd ever worked with. Including him.

REENA DESCAL

... Thank you.

MICHAEL

And that you were much more comfortable modeling epidemic patterns in a laboratory than watching people bleed to death in the field. Which is why you should go work for them.

ON REENA: Should she do it?

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEN HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - NIGHT - BRISTOL, UK

[2:08am GMT]

It's the middle of the night, but James is still awake, watching TV in the living room.

There are four empty beer bottles in front of him. It's been one of those nights.

He hears FOOTSTEPS, and looks up to see...

... Eve, wearing her nightgown, walking slowly towards him.

EVE ALLEN

Hi.

JAMES ALLEN

Did the TV wake you?

EVE ALLEN

I feel as if I haven't seen you in ages.

ON EVE: She SMILES at him.

ON JAMES: Not sure what to make of this. What's she doing?

JAMES ALLEN

I was going to sleep on the sofa.

EVE ALLEN

You don't want to come to bed?

ON JAMES: Is she being almost... Seductive?

JAMES ALLEN

(very confused)

Sure...

EVE ALLEN

Or we can stay right here if you'd prefer.

She comes over and SITS ON HIS LAP.

ON JAMES: When was the last time his wife seduced him like this?

But she reaches up to grasp his shirtcollar, the back of his neck, grazing his ears, and she TUGS his face towards hers.

They KISS.

A lot.

James doesn't know what to make of what's happening – they haven't had sex in months – but as she presses her body against his, he quickly decides not to look a gift-horse in the mouth, so to speak.

JAMES ALLEN

I love you, do you know that? After everything. I love you so much.

Eve doesn't say anything, a faraway look in her eye –

– As they begin to HAVE SEX, and it's passionate, energetic, enlivening.

Eve even giggles at a fumbling attempt to pull pants away from ankles; an intimate laugh, as if the tensions of these past months have never happened.

They're enjoying themselves, having fun...

... An aggressive abandon on James' part...

... When we notice something odd:

EVE'S FINGERS ARE TWITCHING ON JAMES' BACK.

But he's moving too much to notice.

ON EVE'S FACE: A twitching in her lip and cheeks.

James is inside her and if he can feel any of the twitching that's slowly consuming her body, he doesn't experience it as anything more than excitement.

ON EVE: A manic and otherworldly blinking.

SHE'S LOSING ALL CONTROL OF HER BODY.

But James continues on.

Her SHAKING only turning him on more.

Until for a quick second he OPENS HIS EYES -

JAMES ALLEN (CONT'D)
... My God you're so -

- And sees her manic blinking, shaking, twitching beneath him-

JAMES ALLEN (CONT'D)
- Eve?

But she doesn't say anything. Doesn't respond at all. Just keeps twitching, turning.

ON JAMES: Scared.

JAMES ALLEN (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Still twitching -

- He tries to hold her down as he pulls out -

- And now he's standing beside the sofa, naked, vulnerable and terrified as he stares down at his shaking wife.

JAMES ALLEN (CONT'D)
What's going on? Can you hear me?
What's happening?

James grabs a telephone, dialling for an ambulance...

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR**EXT. CDC LABORATORY - NIGHT - VIRGINIA**

[9:33pm EST]

Sam pulls up to the SECURITY STAND outside the building, shows his badge, and after the gate goes up he parks his car.

INT. CDC LABORATORY - REENA'S LAB - SAME

Reena and Michael are both in the laboratory, comparing results from the new Sudanese sample to other viruses.

But just then, a PHONE RINGS.

Reena answers. Makes an odd face. Says a quick goodbye and hangs up.

REENA DESCAL

... There's somebody downstairs.
From the FBI.

MICHAEL

The FBI?

Reena shrugs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This has to be about the Anthrax attack. Jesus. Who gave them this location?

REENA DESCAL

How would I know that?

MICHAEL

This is how people get hurt. By publicizing this location. To some cop. Get rid of him, tell him I'm at a conference, and we'll have a real meeting at the central office if he really wants to talk.

INT. CDC LABORATORY - LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Sam waits in the lobby as Reena appears from behind a locked door.

SAM CULP

Hi I'm -

REENA DESCAL
— Dr. Simpson is away. Come back
later.

ON SAM: Who is this person?

SAM CULP
I'm Special Agent Samuel Culp.

He extends a hand.

She just kind of stares at it.

REENA DESCAL
Okay.

SAM CULP
I'm looking for Michael Simpson.

REENA DESCAL
Okay.

SAM CULP
Do you know where he is?

ON REENA: Staring at him like he's an idiot.

REENA DESCAL
No. He isn't available.

SAM CULP
You don't know where he is, or he
isn't available?

REENA DESCAL
Why are we talking right now?

ON SAM: What is wrong with this person?

SAM CULP
... I think someone broke into this
laboratory and stole a sample of
anthrax powder.

ON REENA: Completely incredulous.

REENA DESCAL
That didn't happen.

SAM CULP
You've seen the news?

REENA DESCAL
Yes.

SAM CULP
The attack in Washington Station.

REENA DESCAL
No one stole a sample from my
laboratory.

SAM CULP
Can you show me the laboratory?

REENA DESCAL
No.

SAM CULP
Why?

REENA DESCAL
Because if anyone was allowed into
it, they might steal a sample.

SAM CULP
So it IS possible to steal a
sample?

ON REENA: This is literally the most annoying person she has
ever met in her life.

SAM CULP (CONT'D)
Let's say someone wanted to steal a
sample of one of your most
dangerous viruses. How would they
do it?

REENA DESCAL
I told you. There's no way.

She stares at him, implacable.

SAM CULP
... Dr. Descal. You have a PhD?

REENA DESCAL
Yes.

SAM CULP
From?

REENA DESCAL
NYU.

SAM CULP
In chemistry?

REENA DESCAL
Biochemical engineering.

SAM CULP
And I'm guessing it's pretty hard
to get one of those.

REENA DESCAL
It's not hard. It's only six years,
plus another four of post-doc
research.

SAM CULP
I had a GPA of 2.3 at Texas A&M,
which I would have flunked out of
if Julia Jeffers hadn't written all
of my papers for me. My point:
You're the smartest person in this
conversation. So if one of us can
think of a way to get past security
and into whatever laboratory is
upstairs, it's you.

ON REENA: Thinking.

REENA DESCAL
... You think that if you flatter
me and make jokes I will help you.

SAM CULP
I think that I'm an armed federal
agent and I don't need jokes to
make you help me.

REENA DESCAL
Let me show you how this works.

Reena leads Michael through the FIRST SECURITY DOOR,
unlocking it with her badge -

INT. CDC LABORATORY - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

- Up the elevator, onto the second floor -

- Through a SECOND SECURITY DOOR, which she unlocks with a
KEYCODE -

INT. CDC LABORATORY - REENA'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

And through her lab to the door of the SAMPLE ROOM.

REENA DESCAL

There are only two people with
unrestricted access to this room.
Myself and Dr. Simpson.

She places her THUMB on a sensor -

- And a light on the door BLINKS GREEN.

The lock CLICKS open.

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)

See? There is no way for another
person to get inside this room.

Sam smiles...

... And OPENS THE DOOR that she just unlocked.

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)

You're not allowed in there -

But Sam ENTERS anyway -

INT. CDC LABORATORY - SAMPLE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- Shivering as he walks into the cold sample room.

SAM CULP

So it is possible for someone else
to get in here.

REENA DESCAL

Because I unlocked it for you.

SAM CULP

(re: samples)
What are all these?

REENA DESCAL

I can't talk to you about that.

Sam looks at one of the cannisters.

ON THE LABEL: "BLACK PLAGUE."

ON SAM: Jesus fucking Christ.

REENA DESCAL (CONT'D)

Do not touch those! I am calling
security and they are going to get
you out of here.

Sam walks down the aisles of cannisters when he sees something odd on the floor, behind a row...

... He gets closer...

... And STOPS:

MICHAEL IS LYING ON THE FLOOR OF THE SAMPLE ROOM.

HIS BODY IS CONVULSING. FROTH DRIPPING FROM HIS MOUTH.

HE'S ABOUT TO DIE.

ON SAM: Staring at the dead body, which Reena hasn't seen yet.

Then turning to Reena, the only other person with access to this room...

... Sam's best lead is about to die, and his most likely suspect - Reena - is right next to him...

CUT TO:

BEGIN SEQUENCE, INTERCUTTING BETWEEN:

INT. ALLEN HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT - SEQUENCE - BRISTOL, UK

An AMBULANCE arrives at the Allen house.

Lee wakes up as two PARAMEDICS rush to his parents' bedroom.

He stares at them as they tend to his mother, wrapping her naked body in a blanket as they carry her down the stairs.

And bring her outside, into their ambulance.

On the front steps, Lee and James can only watch as Eve is driven away in the ambulance.

EXT. CDC LABORATORY - NIGHT - SEQUENCE - VIRGINIA, USA

A SMALL ARMY of POLICE OFFICERS surround the secret CDC laboratory.

Riot gear, automatic weapons - this is not a drill, and this is a lockdown of unprecedented importance.

The cops don't even know what this place is, but they know that whatever is happening inside is very, very dangerous.

Fresh barricades around the perimeter. The psychedelic red-blue-red-blue of flashing police lights.

INT. CDC LABORATORY - NIGHT - SEQUENCE

Inside, a set of CRASH PROCEDURES go into affect:

All electronic doors lock automatically.

All elevators freeze in position.

Even the air conditioning system shuts off.

No one is going anywhere.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)

"This is the way the world began."

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - MORNING - OUTSIDE LONDON, UK

[Day 2. 6:00am GMT.]

The Middle-Eastern Passenger who sat next to Michael on the flight from the Sudan to DC DISEMBARKS a flight in Heathrow.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)

"This is the way the world began."

He moves through the airport calmly, coolly...

... Like any other French-collared businessman gliding through the airport...

... As he passes easily through CUSTOMS, then skips BAGGAGE CLAIM on the way out:

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The Middle-Eastern Passenger carries no luggage as he's picked up by a PRIVATE CAR.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)

"This is the way the world began."

He enters the car and they drive off -

I/E. CAR - SMALL ROAD OFF THE M4 - MINUTES LATER

The Private Car drives down a small road, far off the M4.

The DRIVER speaks to the Middle-Eastern Passenger:

DRIVER
How'd it go?

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
Do you see what this is?

The Passenger reaches into his jacket pocket and produces a
MINI BOTTLE OF BOMBAY SAPPHIRE GIN.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER (CONT'D)
This is Bombay. This is what the
airline serves. Not Tanqueray.

DRIVER
Shit.

MIDDLE-EASTERN PASSENGER
Do you know who makes mistakes like
this? Other people.

ON THE DRIVER: He fucked up badly, and he knows it.

DRIVER
... It won't happen again.

ON THE PASSENGER: He says nothing as the car drives on
through the fields.

EXT. CAR - SMALL ROADS THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

A cold dawn is just beginning to break over the brown soil.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)
"Not with a whimper..."

And England is about to wake to a world that's unlike anyone
has ever seen in the course of human history.

EVE ALLEN (V.O.)
"... But with a —"

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PART FOUR

*