

# SHaCKLeS

created by  
Angelo Shrine

# PART EIGHT

## Anemoui Sickness

...

3x04..... Six Years of Static

3x05..... Faces of the Past

3x06..... **The Story That Won't Die**

3x07..... The Roar of the Gale

3x08..... A Nonspeaking Role

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**EXECUTIVE PRODUCER**

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## TEASER

**BLACK.**

BACKGROUND SONG: "Fine and Mellow" by Billie Holiday.

MATILDA (O.S.)  
But I am worried....

FADE IN:

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DOCK - DAY**

CLARISSA CARUS stands on the dock near the lake house.

MATILDA TRUANT stands next to her, holding her walking cane. She appears youthful and elegant, wearing all black.

CLARISSA  
I know.  
(sweetly)  
And that's why I love you.

Clarissa gives Matilda a longing kiss.

MATILDA  
Don't disappoint me, dear.  
(emotionally)  
You have no idea what's at stake.

Matilda turns to look out at the sparkling blue lake. She and Clarissa hold each other tightly, two women in love.

CLARISSA  
Jonathan's a good boy. He'll do  
whatever I tell him to.

MATILDA  
Good. Because if he doesn't, a lot  
of people are going to die.  
(enunciates)  
The Poisoned cannot be created.

Clarissa subtly touches her stomach, as she remembers what Epoch did to her -- something she's still keeping from Matilda based on the look on her face.

Then, she grabs Matilda's hand and holds it tightly. Stay on the moment, taking it in. Then --

FADE TO:

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - SUN ROOM - PRESENT NIGHT**

Back where we left off, in the sun room of the lake house. The darkness of the night comes in through the window.

Clarissa turns away from the window, staring at the Poisoned BASIL LOGUE next to her.

CLARISSA  
Get the plane ready.

BASIL  
(not following)  
What? Why?

CLARISSA  
Because before we destroy Los Angeles... I have to say goodbye.

Clarissa turns to the window again, as for the first time, we notice how many wrinkles Clarissa has on her aging face.

CUT TO:

**EXT. WHITE CEMETERY - DAY**

CLOSE ON: a gravestone, depicting --

**Matilda Jean Eloise Truant; 1926-2006**

It rests amongst all the other Truant gravestones.

WIDER. Clarissa stares down emotionally -- with puffy cheeks and damp eyes. She tries to put on a brave front.

CLARISSA  
You lose.

Behind her, Basil and another POISONED THUG are armed and acting as Clarissa's lookouts in the cemetery.

BASIL  
(quietly to Clarissa)  
Hey. We gotta go.

Clarissa continues staring at the gravestone.

BASIL (CONT'D)  
We shouldn't even be here in the first place, you know that.

Clarissa looks like she's going to give Basil a glare. Instead, she gives him a soft kiss.

Then, she pulls away, and raises her hand in the air.

CLARISSA  
Move out! Back to the lake house!

Clarissa starts trudging away from Matilda's resting place. Basil and the Poisoned thug raise their weapons as they leave, watching the surroundings.

FADE TO:

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DOCK - FLASHBACK**

Back on the dock, as Matilda and Clarissa hold each other, staring out at the serene lake.

**NOVEMBER 17, 2004**

Matilda brushes aside Clarissa's blonde hair from her eyes.

MATILDA  
It's beautiful here. Thank you for bringing me.

CLARISSA  
This was our summer home, Milgate and I.  
(adding)  
When we were married, of course.

Clarissa points to the water to the right of the dock.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
Jonathan learned to swim, right off the dock here.  
(reflecting)  
They grow up so fast.

MATILDA  
How old is he now?

CLARISSA  
Fifteen. He'll be sixteen next March. And then... the dreaded driver's license.

She gives a motherly chuckle, which Matilda returns.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
What about your son?

Matilda's smile fades. She looks off at the lake.

MATILDA  
I've told you about him.

CLARISSA  
I know, but I just....  
(caringly)  
How old was he when he passed away?

Matilda swallows. It's clearly hurting her to keep up the lie -- too embarrassed to explain that Duncan's in jail.

MATILDA  
(barely audible)  
Just a boy.

Clarissa sees Matilda's emotion, so she changes the subject.

CLARISSA  
I would do everything I could to  
keep Jonathan young forever.  
(reflecting)  
Just hold him in my arms... never  
let him go....

Matilda puts her hands on Clarissa's youthful cheeks.

MATILDA  
(intently)  
But you and I both know... that is  
not what's in the cards for him.

Matilda continues holding her cheeks, absolutely determined at making sure Clarissa agrees with her.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD (PHOENIX) - SAME TIME**

JONATHAN EPOCH (15) runs across the field, jumping as high as he can... then CATCHES a football in his arms.

He falls down into the end zone, and the entire stadium CHEERS as he scores a touchdown.

Jonathan stands up, as his fellow teammates (including J.J. and CHRIS) slap him on the back, congratulating him.

Through the football helmet, we see Jonathan's blonde bangs coming down over his sweaty forehead.

J.J.  
Woo-hoo! Nice catch!

CHRIS  
We're creaming 'em!

Jonathan smiles at his friends, then takes a look up at the scoreboard. It's 42 to 7.

JONATHAN  
Guys, you know as well as I do that  
it ain't over till it's over.  
(shouting happily)  
Now let's go win this!

Jonathan and the teammates all run out of the end zone, going to their positions, as the crowd continues CHEERING.

As Jonathan stands at attention, getting ready for the play, his eyes drift over to the far end of the bleachers, where a strange couple sits all alone near the top.

It's MILGATE EPOCH (appearing in his 90s) and KAETO. Epoch has a proud smile on his face as he watches his son.

Jonathan stares at his father for the longest time, eyes squinting. Clearly, he's not excited to see him.

TEAMMATE  
Let's go! Come on!

Hearing that, Jonathan looks over to see all the players running after the ball, which was just kicked down the field.

As Jonathan runs ahead, he purposefully avoids looking back at the bleachers.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER**

In the locker room, the Phoenix team is laughing and cheering, as they've just won the game.

But Jonathan's sitting alone on a bench, still in his uniform -- all of the other players are dressed normally.

CHRIS  
Hey, c'mon, Jonathan! We kicked  
their asses!

J.J.  
Yeah, man! What's wrong with you?!

Jonathan forces a smile at his teammates, who gather their things and then follow everyone else out of the locker room.

The lights go OFF, bathing Jonathan in darkness.

A few beats pass, and then we hear soft FOOTSTEPS on the ground. And the unmistakable clicking of a WALKER.

Jonathan doesn't even look up. He knows who's there.

JONATHAN

Twenty games.

(gruffly)

Twenty games, and this is the first one you've bothered to watch.

The walker is set aside, and Epoch sits next to Jonathan on the bench -- a grueling process that seems to cause him much pain.

EPOCH

It's... a long drive.... You know I would have liked to see more.

Jonathan continues looking down, not having met his father's gaze yet.

JONATHAN

Do I? Do I know that?

EPOCH

I hope so, my boy.

JONATHAN

(standing)

Listen. I, uh, I gotta go. There's a party at the coach's hou--

EPOCH

(interrupting)

I'm dying.

Jonathan stops. He finally looks over at his father.

EPOCH (CONT'D)

I likely only have a few months to live....

JONATHAN

(sadly)

That's your fault.

(beat)

Mom told me she tried to get you to stop. That she's been trying her whole life.

EPOCH  
 (huffing)  
 Your mother... helped me with some  
 of my heals, Jonathan. She only got  
 mad when I --  
 (stops himself)  
 -- when we fell out of love.

Jonathan gazes at the exit, looking like he wants nothing  
 more than to go through it.

JONATHAN  
 Whatever. Look, you know how I feel  
 about this --

EPOCH  
 (overlapping)  
 -- My boy, please --

JONATHAN  
 (overlapping)  
 -- I want to live a normal life! I  
 don't want to be a freak!

Epoch quiets down, noticeably hurt by his son's words.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
 Nice knowing you.  
 (gruffly)  
 I won't be calling you again.

With that, Jonathan exits the locker room -- the look on his  
 face revealing that Jonathan's quite serious here.

Epoch lowers his head into his hands... and begins to sob.

EPOCH (PRE-LAP)  
 Do it. Make the call....

CUT TO:

**INT. KAETO'S CAR - LATER**

It's nighttime now, as KAETO drives her car through a  
 torrential downpour, on the way back to Long Beach.

She takes her eyes off the road to look at Epoch, who's  
 sitting in the passenger seat, gazing out the window.

KAETO  
 Are -- Are you sure? I've been  
 trying to convince you to do this  
 for two months.  
 (MORE)

KAETO (CONT'D)  
 (delicately)  
 Why the change of heart?

ANGLE: outside the car, staring in at Epoch's emotionally-wrought expression as he watches the rain.

EPOCH  
 (to himself)  
 I won't be responsible....

KAETO  
 (straining to hear)  
 Milgate?

BACK IN THE CAR, Epoch clears his throat and turns to her.

EPOCH  
 (adamantly)  
 If my son doesn't want to be the  
 new Healer, then there has to be at  
 least one of Walter Swiddle's  
 millions of viewers... who does.

Kaeto gives a sly nod.

With nothing else to say, Epoch closes his eyes.

**EXT. KAETO'S CAR - SAME**

Camera stays in a fixed position on the roadway, as Kaeto's car speeds along the highway, getting smaller and smaller, before it finally disappears into the storm.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

GO TO MAIN TITLES.

**STARRING****JIM STURGESS****NOAH WYLE****MAR GOODING****TRACY MIDDENDORF****JAMES HONG****ZELDA RUBINSTEIN****with****KELLY ROWAN****and****YUNJIN KIM****ALSO STARRING****NICHELLE NICHOLS****GUEST STARRING****Donnelly Rhodes ..... WALTER SWIDDLE****Patrick Bauchau ..... LAMSON GREY****Fredric Lane ..... BASIL LOGUE****Dan Hildebrand ..... RUMMY****B.D. Wong ..... DETECTIVE LI SHENG****Larry Cedar ..... LUCAS PRULE****with Djimon Hounsou ..... TABARI UWABU****and Anjelica Huston ..... PARINA BOUSH****3x06 "The Story That Won't Die"****WRITTEN BY Angelo Shrine**

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**EXT. CLARISSA'S JET - SKIES OVER A FARMLAND - DAY**

Clarissa brings a glass of red wine up to her lips and takes a sip. She's staring out at the farmland flying by underneath the jet.

In the background, UNFOCUSED, we see Basil talking to Clarissa, using arm motions and everything, but she doesn't seem to be listening.

STAY ON Clarissa's face, as she's still deep in thought.

FADE TO:

**EXT. WHITE CEMETERY - SIX YEARS EARLIER**

FILMED IN SEPIA, we find ourselves in the middle of two funerals, with many spectators paying their respects.

Among them are BRETT TRUANT, KYLEE WILLARD (looking healthy after her recent healing), CONGRESSMEN in suits, LIEUTENANT FALT from the precinct, and TABARI UWABU -- the strong African man from #3x03.

A FEMALE PRIEST stands near two wooden CASKETS, giving a sermon from her Bible. Beside her, there are large portraits of Duncan and Matilda.

Brett notices DETECTIVE LI SHENG approaching on crutches. He pulls Sheng aside into a huddle.

BRETT

Well?

SHENG

I checked her in. I don't think she's very happy about it, but --

BRETT

(quickly)

It's done? My mother's being cared for?

Sheng gives a sad nod, which Brett returns.

BRETT (CONT'D)

I saw your speech on TV last week, when I was in London.

(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)  
 (shrugs)  
 I'd vote for you.

Sheng gives a proud look, as he contemplates his future.

Brett moves back to Kylee, who rubs his back warmly.

KYLEE  
 Are you gonna be okay?

Brett continues staring at the caskets, wiping his eyes as the emotions come to the surface.

BRETT  
 (honestly)  
 I don't know....

Our angle changes to a BINOCULARS P.O.V. as we see the funeral from someone else's perspective.

REVERSE ANGLE to see that Clarissa is watching the scene from a safe distance. She lowers the binoculars, and for a brief moment, it appears as though her chin quivers.

CLARISSA  
 (masking her emotions)  
 A stroke. How pathetic.

Clarissa eyes WALTER SWIDDLE beside her, as if to see whether he believed her words. But he just looks bored.

WALTER  
 And these were the people that were  
 supposed to take us down?  
 (shrugging)  
 I would have expected more.

Clarissa raises the binoculars to her face again.

AT THE FUNERAL, Brett breaks away from the crowd and walks next to Duncan's and Matilda's caskets.

FEMALE PRIEST  
 (stopping her sermon)  
 Sir? Do you need some assistance?

Brett ignores her. He eyes both of the caskets.

BRETT  
 (passionately)  
 I will avenge this....

Many of the mourners exchange worried looks.

VIEW FROM ABOVE: Brett walk away from the caskets, as the funerals continue back up again.

FADE TO:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - CONTROL ROOM - PRESENT DAY**

ON BRETT, who's standing at the front of the room with his hands behind his back, addressing the Annulus team.

JONATHAN EPOCH sits listening, as does Kylee, MISTER S, and THOMAS, a buff-looking agent sitting near the back.

BRETT

(dryly)

It's been four days since the broadcast. Every unit is on high alert, trying to determine which city -- and when -- Clarissa will attack.

(adding)

If we can trust that there even is such a thing as Anemoi Sickness.

KYLEE

If the past six years have taught us anything, we have to assume she's not bluffing.

Brett nods at his wife, then turns back to the group.

BRETT

In the meantime, I'm sending a team to her old stopping grounds -- Castle Moray. If we're lucky, The Poisoned left behind evidence indicating their next move.

Brett goes into "alert mode," nodding to each person as he mentions them, but still, his hands remain behind his back.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Kylee, you'll be taking point here at the The Annulus. Jonathan, you and Mister S will head the team in London. And --

THOMAS

(interrupting)

Uh, excuse me?

Brett stops. Everyone in the room turn back to Thomas, who has a slightly irritated look on his face.

BRETT  
 (shortly)  
 Something I can help you with?

THOMAS  
 Yeah.  
 (standing up)  
 What the hell are you doing out of  
 custody? I mean, am I crazy?  
 (looking to the others)  
 Last I checked, you were a traitor,  
 working with those monsters. You  
 think we care what you have to say?

A few of the other agents NOD in agreement.

Brett, meanwhile, just stares daggers at Thomas, looking like he could punch him at any moment.

BRETT  
 (gritting his teeth)  
 You through?

Thomas squints at him, not moving otherwise.

Brett turns around so that his back is to them. They all react at what they see -- Brett is wearing HANDCUFFS.

Letting it sink in, Brett finally turns back around.

BRETT (CONT'D)  
 This... could very well be the last  
 time I address all of you. Later  
 tonight, there's an inter-agency  
 hearing on my... activities.  
 (slightly emotional)  
 It's been an honor working with  
 each and every one of you. And I  
 want you all to know....  
 (enunciates)  
 It was never personal.

With that, Brett nods to Kylee, who stands (trying to hide her emotions) and proceeds to escort the handcuffed Brett through all of the gaping agents and out the door.

When they're gone, the agents all react, WHISPERING to each other, shocked at what they just witnessed.

Jonathan turns to Mister S, both men shaking their heads, being affected by this more than the others.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CASTLE MORAY - NIGHT**

Thunder claps in the sky, as lighting strikes, illuminating the London castle from behind.

TILT DOWN, to see several Humvees arriving at the castle.

CUT TO:

**INT. CASTLE MORAY - CORRIDOR - LATER**

Jonathan, Mister S, and a few other black-clad COMMANDOS are walking through the corridors of the abandoned castle. They're all heavily armed, weapons at the ready.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CASTLE MORAY - BALCONY - NIGHT**

Outside on the balcony, Jonathan is staring down at a TEACUP on the table. There's bright red lipstick on the rim.

He glares at the lipstick, his lip curling in anger.

MISTER S (O.S.)

You hate her. Don't you?

Jonathan turns his head slightly, seeing Mister S stepping out the sliding glass door onto the balcony.

MISTER S (CONT'D)

I mean, it makes sense. I've just... never heard you say it.

JONATHAN

You seem to know a lot about me.

(beat)

What about you? What's your story?

Mister S picks up the teacup, holding it in his palm.

MISTER S

Your mother... doesn't like me very much. She put a hit on my life. And so the folks at The Annulus were gracious enough to take me in. Sort of a... witness protection.

Jonathan eyes Mister S in a new light.

JONATHAN

So, what'd you do? To make her hate you?

Mister S takes a beat. Then, he tosses the teacup over the edge, watching as it CRASHES to the ground below.

CUT TO:

**INT. CASTLE MORAY - CLARISSA'S ROOM - LATER**

Jonathan, Mister S, and a few commandos are searching Clarissa's castle bedroom. Looking under the bed, pulling out every drawer, tearing the entire place apart.

Mister S pulls a BROKEN LAPTOP out of the bottom of the trash can. He studies the computer, which looks beyond repair.

Jonathan opens the doors to the wooden closet. His eyes light up in shock.

JONATHAN  
(weak voice)  
Hi, Dad.

CUT TO the closet, where we find the HEAD OF MILGATE EPOCH immersed in a vat of yellow liquid. A gruesome sight: long stringy white hair, earless, mouth open, teeth decaying.

Jonathan tilts his head, staring at the strange image with a look of disgust mixed with trepidation.

RACK FOCUS: Behind him, Mister S seems oddly fixated on the grotesque, yet well-preserved head.

FADE TO:

**EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Kaeto and Epoch exit Kaeto's car into the sunlight. Kaeto helps Epoch step onto the curb, then they both look up at the enormous studio in the heart of L.A.

KAETO  
You ready for this?

Epoch GRUMBLES. They turn to see a familiar face strutting toward them: Walter Swiddle, with slicked-back white hair and wearing a fancy suit.

Two SECURITY GUARDS flank him, giving the man a sort of entourage that he's obviously eating up.

WALTER  
Well, well, well. If it isn't the man himself.

Giving a cheeky smile, Walter extends a warm hand to Epoch. But Epoch only stares at it, not moving a muscle.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 (not being offended)  
 Ah. I see.  
 (moving to Kaeto)  
 And how about you? You look just splendid today in the sunlight.

Kaeto gushes happily and shakes his hand. Walter brings her hand up to his mouth and kisses it.

EPOCH  
 (annoyed)  
 Please, let's get on with this. The sooner the better.

WALTER  
 Of course. And Mr. Epoch, on behalf of my entire staff, I would like to offer you a personal apology here today for my rather persistent attitude these past few months.

Epoch just nods. He's clearly not liking this man.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 But as I'm sure you can respect, I'm a man who gets what he wants.

EPOCH  
 (rolling his eyes)  
 And what you want... is me.

Walter steps forward, closer to Epoch. He eyes every bit of the man's face -- wrinkles, slightly yellowing teeth, sunken glassy eyes, and wispy white hair.

WALTER  
 You're the story that won't die.

EPOCH  
 "Story"? I'm a man....

WALTER  
 You only are what history dictates of you, my friend.

Walter arrogantly puts his arms around Epoch and Kaeto, then begins escorting them toward the studio.

FADE TO:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - CELL ROOM - PRESENT DAY**

A WIDE SHOT finds Kaeto and Walter both standing in their own cells, glaring across the hallway at each other in silence. A staring match.

VERNA (O.S.)  
Oh, just get a room already.

They turn to VERNA DENDRON, who's got a childish grin on her face. She rocks back and forth on the balls of her feet.

VERNA (CONT'D)  
Oh, wait. You already did.

Kaeto SNARLS at the woman, not in the mood for her games.

BUZZZZT!

They all turn to the main door, which opens.

Hearing the click-clack of high heels, we eventually catch up to Kylee, walking quickly, a woman on a mission. And she stops right next to --

KYLEE  
Walter Swiddle. Your assistance is required.

Curious, Walter eyes her oddly.

WALTER  
Assistance?  
(scoffing)  
You gotta be kidding me. I'm a prisoner, not a turncoat.

KYLEE  
You coming... or not?

Kylee stares at the Poisoned prisoner, determination in her eyes. And off her look --

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY**

Establishing shot of the beautiful lake house.

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - BEDROOM**

Hearing the sounds of LOVE-MAKING, we PAN OVER to the bed. Clarissa and Basil are naked under the covers, kissing each other hungrily and being very rough with each other.

Finally, Clarissa pulls away from him, exhaling loudly.

CLARISSA  
(catching her breath)  
You're a great kisser.

Basil arrogantly puts his arms behind his head.

BASIL  
That's what they tell me.  
(then)  
Let's go again.

He waits for an answer, but Clarissa doesn't seem to hear him, as her mind is elsewhere....

FADE TO:

**INT. LAKE HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK**

We're in the same bedroom, only eight years earlier. The bed sheets are different, and the walls are a brighter color, but otherwise, everything's the same.

Under the covers, Clarissa and Matilda are holding each other, smiling warmly from being in each other's company.

MATILDA  
(chuckling)  
You may be the end of me, Clarissa  
Carus. You make me feel like I'm in  
my thirties again!

Clarissa laughs along with her, rubbing her arm caringly.

CLARISSA  
I think we both make each other  
feel younger.

MATILDA  
 (smiling at the cliché)  
 We've got the whole world in front  
 of us.  
 (laughing)  
 Oh, kill me now! What in the world  
 am I even saying?!

Matilda covers her head with the sheet, embarrassed. Clarissa laughs again, and tickles the older woman to try to get her to lower the sheet back down.

MATILDA (CONT'D)  
 No, stop it! Stop it!

The women laugh together, and then before they know it, they're engaged in a deep, loving kiss.

They pull away and stare up at the ceiling. A long beat follows, the women just enjoying the moment.

CLARISSA  
 You know... something I've been  
 wanting to ask you.

MATILDA  
 Hmm?

CLARISSA  
 Two years ago, in Kenya... what  
exactly did you see in the caves?

Matilda's eyes lower slightly -- the moment is over.

MATILDA  
 Why?

CLARISSA  
 Just... curious. You never told me.

MATILDA  
 (clearing her throat)  
 Well, as you know, I didn't go into  
 the caves myself.

CLARISSA  
 But your team did. Dewberry,  
 Nawar....  
 (rolling her eyes)  
 Amaan.

Clarissa rubs Matilda's cheek, waiting for an answer.

MATILDA

It was terrible. They -- They were  
monsters down there. Vicious....

Matilda's voice trails off as she recalls the horrors. Then,  
she realizes something, and she meets Clarissa's gaze.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

(cautiously)

You don't... know anyone... do you?

Clarissa gets out of bed, reaching down and grabbing a bra  
which she snaps over her skin.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

(eyeing her)

Any of his heals?

CLARISSA

(a little too quickly)

No. As I've told you again and  
again, Milgate kept that part of  
his life away from me.

(fake smile)

I don't know any more than you do.

Matilda watches Clarissa escape into the bathroom... then she  
nods in agreement. Matilda believed every word.

MATILDA

So, what is your ex-husband up to  
these days anyway?

CUT TO:

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME**

Inside the building, it looks like your everyday television  
studio. Cameras, wires, lighting... the whole works.

TRACK WITH Epoch, Walter, and Kaeto as Walter finishes giving  
them his brief tour of the studio's backstage.

WALTER

(proud smile)

As you know, I started in local  
news for Long Beach 12, and then in  
the mid-90s, this network made me  
their official News Hour anchor.

Epoch rolls his eyes and whispers to Kaeto.

EPOCH  
We supposed to care?

Kaeto shushes him as they continue walking, then she gives a big smile up to Walter again.

KAETO  
This is all just so exciting. Tell me, how early can you do the interview?

Epoch's eyes go down to the floor, which Walter notices.

WALTER  
Soon as this boy's ready to let the world in on his little secret.

Epoch brings his hand to his chest, holding it tightly. His face strains -- does he feel something?

KAETO  
(caringly)  
What's wrong, Milgate?

EPOCH  
It's... nothing.  
(looking up)  
I don't know if I can go along with this after all.

At that, Walter's trusty smile fades. He steps closer to the older man, staring right at him, intimidating him.

WALTER  
Play time's over. I know you have this power. I know you can heal.

Several CREW MEMBERS walk by, eyeing the scene before them strangely. Noticing them, Walter steps even closer to Epoch.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Only thing I can't figure out: why haven't you shared it with the world? I mean....  
(looking all around him)  
You just don't care about helping people? Is that it?

Epoch grabs his chest even tighter, as sweat starts to appear on his forehead. Kaeto watches from the side, worried.

KAETO  
Maybe we should take a break for --

WALTER  
 (interrupting)  
 No. I've waited long enough. I'm  
 retiring in two weeks. This is my  
 final story.

Epoch takes a deep breath, then finally speaks.

EPOCH  
 (weakly)  
 If I can ask... one question.

Walter waits.

EPOCH (CONT'D)  
 What makes you so sure I can heal?

And a tiny smirk comes to Walter's lips.

WALTER  
 Follow me....

With that, Walter begins walking down the hall of the studio,  
 leaving Epoch and Kaeto to stand back, wondering.

FADE TO:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - BRETT'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY**

Poisoned Walter (hands cuffed in front of him) steps into the  
 empty office, followed by Kylee and two Annulus GUARDS. Kylee  
 motions to Brett's empty chair.

KYLEE  
 Sit.

WALTER  
 Only if you're going under the  
 table --

KYLEE  
 (through gritted teeth)  
Sit.

The Guards push Walter down into the chair. He doesn't fight  
 back, just continues grinning at Kylee.

Kylee points to the computer on Brett's desk, where there's a  
 VIDEO FEED to London, showing a grainy Jonathan and Mister S  
 outside Castle Moray.

KYLEE (CONT'D)  
 (to the computer)  
 All right, he's here.

JONATHAN  
 (filtered)  
 We see.

MISTER S  
 (filtered)  
 Mr. Swiddle, do you recognize this?

Over the feed, Mister S holds up the broken-down laptop he found in Clarissa's bedroom.

Walter doesn't say anything, just stares at the screen.

MISTER S (CONT'D)  
 (filtered)  
 It's a laptop computer we found at the bottom of a garbage bin.  
 (tries to open it)  
 As you see, it's broken beyond repair --

JONATHAN  
 (interrupting)  
 Point is, can you fix it?

Walter looks up from the computer and SCOFFS at Kylee.

WALTER  
 You gotta be kidding me.

KYLEE  
 Can you?

On the screen, Jonathan continues glaring at Walter.

JONATHAN  
 (filtered)  
 It's Clarissa's, isn't it? It has her plans on it? Information?

WALTER  
 I'm not telling you anything.

JONATHAN  
 (filtered)  
 Oh, I think you will.

Walter's face turns deadly serious.

WALTER

Do you?

JONATHAN

(filtered)

If you can recover what's on this,  
we'll give you your freedom.

Walter is noticeably surprised. He never expected that.

WALTER

And... if I don't?

Walter looks back and forth, from Kylee's intense, dark look,  
to the computer screen. He gets his answer.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Right. Of course.

JONATHAN

(filtered)

You have until we get back to The  
Annulus to make your decision.

The video screen goes black. Walter SIGHS to himself.

WALTER

And here I thought I retired....

CUT TO:

**EXT. CASTLE MORAY - SAME**

Jonathan puts the camera into the last remaining Humvee, as  
all of the others drive away from Castle Moray, back to the  
airport. Mister S holds up the broken laptop.

MISTER S

Why are you so convinced this has  
something on it?

JONATHAN

(intently)

It has to.

MISTER S

Could just have solitaire.

JONATHAN

(same intonation)

I hate that game.

Mister S smiles.

Then, they turn behind them, as they hear the sounds of a WOMAN screaming.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

What was that?

Jonathan grabs his gun and starts running away from the castle, down the grassy hill. Mister S keeps a quick pace behind him.

DOWN THE HILL, they witness a strange sight: a raggedy-dressed WOMAN being dragged by a man in woodsman clothing, toward the castle.

WOMAN

Stop! Please!

The man, RUMMY, continues dragging her. He ignores all of her pleas and her flailing fists.

Jonathan raises his weapon right at Rummy's head.

JONATHAN

Hey!

Rummy instantly stops. He stares up at Jonathan open-mouthed, as the woman begins shouting anew.

WOMAN

Help me! Oh, please! Help!

JONATHAN

What the hell's going on?!

In all the commotion, Rummy loses his grip on the woman's wrists, and she runs away as fast as she can, disappearing into the thick woods surrounding the castle.

Rummy gulps, looking back and forth between the castle, the woods, and Jonathan.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Uh-uh. You take one step in any direction, you're as good as dead.

Behind Jonathan, Mister S nods.

MISTER S

I'd listen to the boy.

JONATHAN

One more time. Who the hell are you?

ON RUMMY, as his chin quivers.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CASTLE MORAY - STORM HATCH - LATER**

Rummy, Jonathan, and Mister S stand at the base of the castle, with Rummy removing several tree branches from the ground, revealing the storm hatch beneath.

RUMMY  
 (British working class  
 accent)  
 Please... you have to believe me.  
 Whatever you see... I merely....

MISTER S  
 What?

RUMMY  
 I've worked these grounds my entire  
 life. I've always cared for the  
 trees. And she -- she offered me  
 protection. Me and my family.

Jonathan and Mister S exchange an odd look.

RUMMY (CONT'D)  
 I have three children! And a wife,  
 pregnant with our fourth!  
 (rubbing his sweaty head)  
 She said if I helped her, she would  
 make sure we were protected. OW! --

He shouts in surprise as Mister S pricks him with a needle. Mister S injects him with a fluid, and waits calmly.

MISTER S  
 (satisfied)  
 He's clean.

JONATHAN  
 Good.  
 (glares at Rummy)  
 After you, tree-man.

Rummy hesitates, then opens the hatch door with a loud SQUEAK. They all step inside:

**INT. UNDERNEATH CASTLE MORAY - CONTINUOUS**

The three men step into the dark underground cellar. Rummy leads the way into the depths of the castle.

RUMMY

Watch your heads.

They all duck due to the low ceiling, and as they get closer, Jonathan and Mister S cover their mouths.

JONATHAN

Something die in here?

RUMMY

(ashamed)

It's, uh, it's just up ahead.

Mister S and Jonathan share a strange look, and they both grab their guns as they walk deeper into the darkness.

Soon, they begin hearing strange sounds: whimpering, moaning, and cries of agony.

JONATHAN

What the hell is this place?

Rummy reaches for a light on the ceiling and pulls the chain. The tiny enclosure is lit up by the dim light, and Jonathan and Mister S stare out in shock:

There are dozens of CITIZENS beneath the castle, all looking sickly and close to death. In fact, many of them likely are dead -- with the others having to step over them.

It's a dreary sight, matched only by the intense smell, which Jonathan and Mister S nearly gag on.

MISTER S

Dear God....

Many of the citizens reach out their hands to the guests, but they're too weak to hold them out for very long.

None of them say a word, likely too drained of energy.

Jonathan's had enough. He grabs Rummy by the throat and SHOVES him against the side of the cavern.

JONATHAN

What the hell's going on?! What are you doing to these people?!

He chokes Rummy, tighter and tighter, so that he can't even speak for himself.

Mister S calmly touches Jonathan's arms. Jonathan lowers them -- just slightly -- and KICKS Rummy in the shin.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
Start talking now, or you get a  
bullet in your head.

RUMMY  
(desperately)  
I'm just following her orders!  
Please! My family!

MISTER S  
(quietly)  
What orders? Why is Clarissa  
kidnapping these civilians?

RUMMY  
(gasping for breath)  
She... needs them....

JONATHAN  
They're no good dead!

Jonathan looks out at many of the dead bodies, with the weak  
citizens sitting on top of them due to lack of space.

RUMMY  
Dead, alive, it doesn't matter in  
the end.  
(sadly)  
When she gets her hands on the  
African girl, Clarissa will make  
them all just like her....

That hits Jonathan like a ton of bricks. He finally loses his  
grasp on Rummy's throat, and walks in a tight circle, the  
ramifications of what he just heard visible on his face.

WIDE SHOT: an emotional Jonathan stares out at the sick  
people, with Mister S and Rummy too sad to say anything.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

**INT. TRUANT HOME - DAY**

Establishing shot of the simple two-story white house, with children's toys in the green-turned-brown lawn.

**INT. TRUANT HOME - STUDY**

CLOSE ON: the smiling face of the Truant toddler, DUNCAN. He's playing with his toys, drooling a little, as off-camera we hear the sounds of TYPING on keyboard.

Brett sits at his desk, typing frantically on his home computer. He's no longer wearing handcuffs, but instead an electronic bracelet on his wrist.

Duncan GURGLES happily, and Brett momentarily looks over at his boy.

BRETT

Don't you worry about me. Daddy's gonna be fine.

(typing again)

I'm gonna find something before the hearing. They'll have no choice but to let me stay at my post.

On-screen, a GRAINY PICTURE begins loading from the top-down, revealing a blue sky, trees, and then the heads of Clarissa, Basil, and the Poisoned Thug from the cemetery.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Clarissa.

(confused)

Where is this?

The image continues to load, and just as the location is about to be revealed to Brett --

**Beep!**

The screen turns BLACK.

Confused, Brett hits several keys on the keyboard, but nothing happens. He even starts POUNDING on the keys.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Come on!

On-screen, the words "CONNECTION TERMINATED" appear. Brett reads the words to himself, his lip curling in anger.

He reaches for his cell phone.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIMOUSINE - LATER**

In the back of the limo, a dark-suited Tabari Uwabu is holding the car phone to his ear.

UWABU  
Of course, Brett.

BRETT (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Why!

UWABU  
(sotto)  
You no longer have access to The Annulus' database because we feel we can no longer trust you.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. TRUANT HOME - STUDY**

Brett paces back and forth in the study, with baby Duncan looking up at him oddly.

BRETT  
Oh, be realistic! I have resources all over the world!

UWABU  
(simply)  
So do we.

Brett closes his eyes, rubbing them intently.

UWABU (CONT'D)  
I've just arrived in Los Angeles for your hearing. The others are already here. As you know, they need two votes, Brett. Two votes to send you to the curb. Parina will be one of them -- she's not very fond of you. And so Lamson is the wild card.

BRETT  
But I have your back... right?

UWABU  
Of course.

BRETT  
(sighing)  
Two's better than three.

In the limo, Uwabu motions to the driver.

UWABU  
I must go.  
(beat)  
Good luck tonight.

Brett listens as the connection is terminated. He stares back at the computer, still with its black screen.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

The Control Room is currently busy, with several agents at work on computers or watching the monitors.

Kylee steps into frame, her hair slightly frazzled, speaking into her cell phone.

KYLEE  
I'm sorry, say that again?

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. CASTLE MORAY - NIGHT**

Jonathan stands near the base of the castle, on his phone. In the background, Mister S and several medical teams are helping the injured people out of the storm hatch.

JONATHAN  
I'm going to Kenya. Now.

KYLEE  
No. Absolutely not. Walter Swiddle has agreed to examine the laptop. We need to find Clarissa --

JONATHAN  
(emotionally)  
These people, Kylee!

KYLEE

I know....

(forceful beat)

But I'm in charge now. And I'm ordering you back here. This is where you're needed.

Jonathan momentarily lowers the phone, watching as Mister S helps a weak woman onto a gurney.

JONATHAN

(chin quivering)

I'll send the laptop. But I won't be on that plane.

KYLEE

Jonathan, no.

JONATHAN

I need to go to Kenya.

KYLEE

Jonathan!

JONATHAN

(squinting)

You search for my mother. And when you find her, you chop her damn head off.

(deep breath)

But I need to go. I'm gonna find Xera... and protect that girl with my life.

Kylee spins around quickly, rubbing her unkempt hair.

KYLEE

Jonathan, we've been down that road! We don't know where she is!

JONATHAN

(intently)

Her father does.

KYLEE

(not following)

Zahur? But your report claimed that he refused to tell. You've already tried that angle.

JONATHAN

I merely asked him where she was. I didn't try....

KYLEE  
 (upset)  
 Dammit, Jonathan!

Kylee hangs up the phone, then dials another number. A couple rings go by, and then --

MISTER S (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Hello?

ON MISTER S, who steps away from the medical personnel at the castle to answer his cell phone.

KYLEE  
 You need to stop Jonathan.

MISTER S  
 Stop him? Why?

KYLEE  
 Because he's about to do something  
 crazy.  
 (emotionally)  
 Dammit! We're supposed to help the  
 human race, not torture them!

Mister S scours the area, looking for Jonathan.

CUT TO Jonathan, who jumps into the Humvee and turns the ignition key. He's about to peel away, when --

TAP, TAP, TAP

Jonathan lowers the window, where Mister S is stood outside.

MISTER S  
 Jonathan, wait.

JONATHAN  
 I got work to do.

Mister S grabs Jonathan's arm.

MISTER S  
 Whatever you think you're doing,  
 it's not as important as stopping  
 your mother.

JONATHAN  
 It is!  
 (motioning to the bodies)  
 I'm gonna find that little girl.

Mister S reaches into the car and shuts off the engine. He pulls the keys out through the window.

MISTER S

No. You need to follow orders.

Jonathan stares at Mister S, shocked by his answer.

Mister S stares back, determination on his face.

A long staring match ensues, with both men believing they're absolutely right.

Then, Jonathan goes to punch Mister S --

-- but the older man beats him to it! He SMACKS Jonathan in the nose!

Blood drips from Jonathan's nose.

Jonathan opens the door forcefully, the impact causing Mister S to fall backward, dropping the keys to the ground.

Mister S MOANS as hits the ground. But then he jumps up onto his feet in one fluid motion, and jabs his fingers right into Jonathan's chest.

Jonathan takes a step backward, shocked at the older man's speed. He clenches his hand into a fist, then punches at Mister S -- but Mister S ducks just in time.

Mister S spins around and kicks Jonathan in the back of the legs, causing him to lose balance and fall down.

Right next to the keys.

Jonathan grabs the car keys, then rolls over and jumps back up. Both men stare at each other, breathing roughly.

MISTER S (CONT'D)

(out of breath)

We're going to L.A.

JONATHAN

No....

Jonathan pulls out his weapon, and aims it right at the older man's chest. He cocks the gun.

Mister S's mouth opens in shock.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)  
(emotionally)  
I gotta do this....

Mister S glares at him, and says something in CHINESE, possibly a curse by the sound of his intonation.

Then, Mister S calmly turns around, and walks away, rubbing his elbows from when he fell to the ground.

Jonathan walks back to the Humvee, and inserts the keys into the ignition. The vehicle comes alive, and he drives away from the castle at high-speed.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**INT. MILGATE EPOCH'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK**

ANGLE ON Epoch's telephone, which is RINGING again and again. The Epoch Book can be seen in the drawer of the night stand.

WIDER: the apartment is dark. No one's home.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY**

A familiar black limousine drives down the road.

**INT. LIMOUSINE**

Matilda, annoyed, hangs up the corded telephone, not being able to reach Epoch. She taps her finger repetitively on her lap, then pushes an intercom button beside her.

MATILDA

Find me the address.

No response from the front seat. And the partition is raised, so that the driver can't be seen.

MATILDA (CONT'D)

We'll do this my way....

CUT TO:

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - PRODUCTION CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Walter, Kaeto, and Epoch step into the production control room, where all of the studio's cameras are feeding into. It's a dark room, with only a few monitors.

Other than a COMPUTER TECHIE, the room is otherwise empty. The Techie looks up at the new guests, eating a sandwich.

WALTER

(to the Techie)

Give us a few moments, huh?

The Techie stops chewing, his mouth still full.

TECHIE

I can't. I'm on post.

Walter gets down into the younger man's face.

WALTER  
(snarling)  
I pay your damn checks. Now get the  
hell out of here.

The Techie fumbles for the rest of his sandwich and a bag of chips, then scurries out.

EPOCH  
You treat all your employees that  
way?

Walter ignores him. He pulls a key out of his pocket, then bends down to a LOCKBOX under the table. He unlocks it.

EPOCH (CONT'D)  
(warily)  
You said you had proof?

Walter opens the box and retrieves a blank VHS tape. He gives a wide smile as he taps the tape into his waiting palm.

WALTER  
I have sources throughout the  
entire city, Mr. Epoch. Sources  
who'd do anything just to say to  
their friends that they were able  
to help Walter Swiddle.

Epoch rolls his eyes at the man's arrogance, but Kaeto seems absolutely enthralled by it.

KAETO  
What's on the tape?

Walter inserts the tape into a VCR. They wait for the tape to load, and then turn to one of the monitors where they see the silent, grainy footage.

On-screen, the footage is from a security camera at a local gym. In the foreground, Epoch is sitting at a weight machine, lifting very light weights. Behind him, there's a climbing wall. A timestamp at the bottom declares "12/02/2003."

WALTER  
(turning to Epoch)  
Gotta keep those old muscles  
working, huh?

Epoch watches the footage, a blank expression on his face.

EPOCH  
 (without emotion)  
 I'm not as old as you think.

Kaeto steps forward, squinting curiously at the monitor.

On-screen, a man climbing the wall loses his grip and falls backward onto the floor. He hits his head roughly on the linoleum, and blood appears at the base of his neck.

We recognize him as the Poisoned LUCAS PRULE from #3x01.

WALTER  
 Watch this....

On-screen, Epoch rushes over to Lucas. He looks around the room, making sure he's alone. Then, Epoch leans over the fallen man and breathes life into his lungs.

EPOCH  
 (to himself)  
 Lucas Prule, eighty-three.

Kaeto, Walter, and Epoch watch as Lucas sits up, unharmed, and rubs the back of his head.

Walter pauses the tape on that image. He turns to Epoch.

WALTER  
 (arrogantly)  
 Does five O'clock work for you?

Walter gives his trademark smirk, and watches as Epoch gives Kaeto a worried expression.

FADE TO:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - CELL ROOM - PRESENT DAY**

Walter sits in his cell, examining his bullet wound. He looks up, seeing Mister S and Thomas walking briskly toward him, holding the broken laptop.

WALTER  
 Aha. The cavalry arrives....

TIMECUT TO:

**INT. WALTER'S CELL - LATER**

Mister S and Thomas stand around Walter in the cell, as Walter finishes signing his name on a document.

WALTER  
You'll abide by this, right?

Mister S takes the document, examines it, then nods.

In her cell, Kaeto watches the scene curiously.

KAETO  
Their word is good.

Satisfied, Walter grabs the laptop and forcefully opens it. Just like the outside, the inside of the laptop is completely damaged, with the glass shattered.

THOMAS  
You can't fix that.  
(raising an eyebrow)  
Can you?

Walter looks over the laptop, then calmly eyes Mister S.

WALTER  
I'll need a knife.

Mister S stares back, considering the request.

CUT TO:

**INT. TRIBUNAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

The hallway of this tribunal building is dark, and completely decorated in wood, giving the impression that this isn't a normal courthouse.

Brett sits on a bench, wearing a crisp suit and dabbing at his sweaty forehead. He's on his cell phone.

BRETT  
Yeah. It's about to start.  
(beat)  
No, don't worry about me.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - BRETT'S OFFICE**

Kylee sits at his desk, covering her eyes, talking into the speaker-phone on the desk.

KYLEE  
I know you'll do fine, Brett.

BRETT

Listen. Before my clearance was revoked, I was downloading a picture sent to me from one of my contacts.

KYLEE

Yeah?

BRETT

I wasn't able to ascertain a location, but Kylee, the picture was taken today. Of Clarissa.

KYLEE

(shocked)

What?

BRETT

And for her to be seen now, so close to making that broadcast, it can only mean one thing.

KYLEE

(realizing)

She was putting her plans in motion....

Brett nods. He looks up, seeing a GUARD who's motioning him over to the double-doors.

BRETT

Kylee, I have to go. But find out where she was. This is going down sooner than we thought.

Brett hangs up, and walks after the guard.

ON KYLEE, who hears the dial tone, but speaks anyway.

KYLEE

Love you....

CUT TO:

**INT. TRIBUNAL BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - DAY**

It's a very large, open room. There's low lighting, bathing it in near darkness. But we're still able to make out a few objects: a single chair in the middle of the room, and in front of the chair, a raised judge's desk with four seats.

Brett is escorted over to the lonely chair by the Guard. As he's sat down, Brett looks up to judge's table, where three people are stepping into the room.

PARINA BOUSH (from #3x02), LAMSON GREY (60s; British), and Tabari Uwabu all walk to their designated seats. There's a staunch air of professionalism about each of them. And they all seem to be disheartened to be here.

As they sit down, PAN ACROSS the nameplates on the table:

**PARINA BOUSH - The Triquetra**

**LAMSON GREY - The Lemniscate**

**TABARI UWABU - The Gibbous**

And there's yet another nameplate on the judge's table, though the seat is empty. It reads:

**BRETT TRUANT - The Annulus**

ON BRETT, sitting in the seat in the middle of the floor, definitely not a judge today. He looks up at all of the unit leaders, clearly feeling uncomfortable.

PARINA  
(popping a pill)  
Well then. Let's get this thing  
rollin', shall we?

Brett GULPS uncomfortably.

WIDE SHOT: the three judges are in place, Brett sits before them, and the Guard stands at attention. Otherwise, the enormous room is completely empty.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE**

FADE IN:

**EXT. SKIES OVER KENYA - DAY**

A stealth black helicopter flies over the Kenyan jungle we've seen so many times before.

**INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER**

Jonathan is the pilot. He's the only passenger in the military helicopter, and he scours the bright green trees below him with a sense of familiarity in his eyes.

He knows where he's going.

FADE TO:

**EXT. PHOENIX STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK**

WIDE SHOT of the residential street. An ice cream truck drives down the road next to two girls on pink bicycles.

DING-DONG -- a doorbell sounds out.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PORCH - DAY**

The white-painted door opens up, and 15-year-old Jonathan stands at attention, staring out at the visitor.

JONATHAN  
(confused)  
Can I... help you?

REVERSE ANGLE to see Matilda Truant standing on the porch. She's sweating heavily from the Phoenix sun.

MATILDA  
Jonathan Epoch.

JONATHAN  
Who's asking?

Matilda looks him up and down, meeting the young lad for the first time. Then, she speaks with authority.

MATILDA  
You don't know me, but I want to enunciate something to you, Jonathan.  
(MORE)

MATILDA (CONT'D)

(enunciates)

Take what your father has to offer  
you.

JONATHAN

(shocked)

What? Who the hell are you?

MATILDA

(taking a step forward)

I know firsthand what will happen  
if you don't. And trust me when I  
say... that you will never be able  
to forgive yourself.

A look of confused disgust comes to Jonathan's face as he  
examines the strange old woman on his porch.

JONATHAN

You got the wrong house.

He goes to shut the door, but Matilda shoves her walking cane  
into the door frame.

MATILDA

One day you'll change your mind.  
And hopefully it won't be too late.  
(sighing)

There's a diner just down the road  
from your father's, The Beachfront.  
Let him buy you a cup of coffee.  
Let him tell you about... how  
important you can be.

(slight smile)

My granddaughter works there. A  
wonderful girl.

JONATHAN

(slightly frightened)

Sorry.

MATILDA

Gather your bearings. Do what's  
right.

With that, Matilda removes her cane from the door. Jonathan  
SLAMS it, and we hear him LOCK the door on the inside.

Matilda walks down the porch, toward the black limousine.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIMOUSINE - MOMENTS LATER**

Matilda gets in the backseat and pulls out a long, slender cigarette. She lights it, and speaks to the separating partition, which is raised, blocking the front seat.

MATILDA

We've done all we can. I truly believe he'll make the right decision.

The voice of her driver comes in over the intercom.

DRIVER'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Arabic accent)

Now it's in God's hands....

Matilda exhales a puff of smoke. She stares out the window, noticing Jonathan peeking out at her from behind the blinds of his house.

CUT TO:

**INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - STAGE - SAME TIME**

WIDE SHOT of the main stage. Two cushy chairs are set up with a table between them, and two glasses of water. Walter Swiddle sits in one chair, his legs crossed, and Epoch sits in the other, looking extremely nervous.

There are three cameras set up in the studio, aiming at the duo on-stage. Kaeto stands behind the cameras, biting her nails. But other than her, there aren't any crew members present in the stage area.

WALTER

Let's say we start, huh?

Epoch tugs at his shirt collar. He's sweating more than usual, his heart pounding in his chest.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Oh, come on. Everything's ready. All I need to do is tell the crew to come on in and start filming.

Epoch looks to Kaeto for help. She nods her head excitedly, urging him on.

KAETO

(whispering)

Come on, come on....

Watching Kaeto's desperation, something suddenly occurs to Epoch. He eyes her oddly, then looks back to Walter.

WALTER

What is it now, Mr. Epoch?

EPOCH

It's just....

(looking between them)

She appeared at my door....

Walter's terribly confused, not following him.

WALTER

Excuse me?

EPOCH

Kaeto. The last time I saw her --

(to Kaeto)

-- saw you --

(back to Walter)

-- was 1996. And eight years is a long, long time for a visit.

As Kaeto watches him, she lowers her eyes to the ground.

KAETO

I was... away.

(looking up)

As I said, I -- I missed you.

EPOCH

Yeah. I believe that. But....

(eyeing Walter)

She sure was adamant about getting me to do this interview.

Walter grunts uncomfortably. He brushes Kaeto off with an arm motion.

WALTER

Look, none of this crap matters. If you and her want to have a talk after the show, that's fine.

(shouting)

But we're doing this interview!

A long moment passes. Then, Epoch stands out of the chair. He pulls the microphone off of his shirt collar, and stares glassy-eyed at Kaeto.

EPOCH

How much did he pay you?

Kaeto covers her face with a shaky hand.

EPOCH (CONT'D)

(blankly)

You're the source, aren't you?  
You're the one who gave him that  
tape from my gym.

KAETO

(weakly)

Milgate....

EPOCH

Just tell me!

Kaeto takes a few steps closer to him.

KAETO

You....

(swallows)

You hurt me.

Epoch shakes his head at hearing the confession.

KAETO (CONT'D)

I don't know what happened when you  
healed me -- what made me different  
from all the others -- but I truly  
believed that those two moments...  
bonded us. That you and I shared  
more than just a friendship.

(smiling)

You were the love of my life. And  
no matter what you say, part of  
you, Milgate, is now part of me,  
for always....

Epoch steps closer to the emotional Kaeto.

EPOCH

I am sorry, Kaeto, that you and I  
didn't work out.

(sighing)

But to betray me like this?  
Convince me to do something you  
know I didn't want to, all for a  
few bucks?

KAETO

A million.

Epoch eyes her strangely.

KAETO (CONT'D)  
 Not just a few. A million dollars.  
 That's what he promised me.

Epoch and Kaeto both look at Walter, who chuckles.

WALTER  
 You really bought that? One million  
 dollars? You really thought I was  
 gonna pay you all that?!

Kaeto's eyes bug out in shock.

KAETO  
 What?

WALTER  
 Oh, the hell with it!

Walter angrily rips off the microphone. He glares at Kaeto.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 I knew you had an attraction to me.  
 Men with power -- that's your  
 thing, huh?  
 (snarling)  
 I was gonna use that to my  
 advantage. See, I got charm, lady.  
 And by the end of our final screw,  
 you'd have forgotten to ask for a  
 damn nickle!

Kaeto is clearly humiliated -- her face turning red.

KAETO  
 You....

Then, her embarrassment turns to anger, and she starts  
 charging right toward him!

KAETO (CONT'D)  
 You son of a bitch!

Before Walter can stand, Kaeto rushes him and puts her hands  
 around his thick neck. She squeezes as tightly as she can,  
 eventually causing the plush chair to fall backward!

WALTER  
 (choking)  
 Hey -- Let -- Go --

Kaeto SCREECHES loudly as she's overcome with adrenaline. She continues straddling his body, choking the life right out of him, her eyes filling with tears.

KAETO  
How could you?! Damn you!

Off to the side, Epoch watches in shock. Then, he rushes over and tries to pull Kaeto off Walter.

EPOCH  
(struggling)  
Kaeto, that's enough!

KAETO  
No!

EPOCH  
Kaeto -- come -- on!

Finally, the aged Epoch is able to pull Kaeto away. She rolls off the chair and plops onto the floor below the stage.

Epoch examines Walter's face, which is beat red. His eyes are closed, and he's completely silent.

EPOCH (CONT'D)  
Oh, you've got to be kidding me!  
(slapping his cheeks)  
Walter? Come on, Walter....

Epoch continues trying to rouse Walter, but it's of no use. Kaeto's finger impressions are visible on the guy's neck -- she was really going at it.

Epoch opens the man's mouth to listen for Walter's breath. Hearing nothing, Epoch gives a big SIGH to himself, then leans over Walter's mouth.

ON KAETO, who watches Epoch heal Walter. Her eyes go as wide as saucers, and she licks her lips.

KAETO  
(quietly)  
There it is....

As Epoch continues healing Walter, Kaeto gives a look of pure awe in Epoch's direction. She reaches out a hand toward him, being so close to the power she loves....

FADE TO:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - CELL ROOM - PRESENT DAY**

From her cell, Kaeto watches Walter intently, deep in thought over her many memories.

Walter holds in his hand a tiny POCKET KNIFE, which Mister S and Thomas have just given to him.

He touches the point of the knife, feeling its sharpness.

MISTER S  
We're waiting....

Walter lifts up his shirt, and positions the knife over the bullet hole. Without a thought to the contrary, he pokes at the hole with the blade. Dark blood oozes out of the hole.

Walter is completely nonchalant over what he just did, but the agents are confused.

MISTER S (CONT'D)  
Mr. Swiddle?

WALTER  
You gonna stand there all day? Or  
you gonna hand me the laptop?

Mister S nods to Thomas, who hands over the laptop.

Walter holds the computer against his stomach. They all watch as the dark blood drips from the open wound and falls onto the computer.

After a beat, the broken computer SPARKS loudly. Then, it begins WHIRRING, as it comes to life!

MISTER S  
My God....

Verna chimes in from her cell.

VERNA  
If that's what you call it.

Satisfied that his work is done, Walter lowers his shirt, and rudely shoves the computer into Mister S's hand.

WALTER  
Now. Where's my cab?

CUT TO:

**INT. THE ANNULUS - CONTROL ROOM - LATER**

Some time has passed. Kylee, Mister S, and Thomas are sitting around the table, looking over the laptop. The computer still appears to be broken, but Walter's blood seems to have made it operational again.

THOMAS  
(typing)  
Ahh, here we go.

KYLEE  
What is it, Thomas?

THOMAS  
A list of cities. About twenty in all. And look....

He shows them the words at the top of the list:

**POSSIBLE TARGETS**

Kylee and Mister S exchange a look.

MISTER S  
So it's one of those.  
(jumping to attention)  
I'll start notifying the proper authorities in each city. We should start thinking about a probable evacuation --

KYLEE  
(interrupting)  
No.

Mister S and Thomas stare oddly at Kylee. She points at the broken computer screen, right at "Los Angeles" on the list.

MISTER S  
L.A.? Why do you think that?

KYLEE  
(swallowing)  
I only needed confirmation.  
(explaining)  
Clarissa was spotted today -- in Los Angeles, it turns out -- by one of Brett's contacts. We believe she was here attending to the final preparations of Anemoi.

Thomas HUFFS in annoyance.

THOMAS

One of Brett's "contacts"? Are you forgetting that he willingly worked for The Poisoned? For Clarissa --

Kylee PUNCHES him in the jaw!

Thomas moans in pain, but Kylee doesn't care. She turns to Mister S, with absolute certainty in her eyes.

KYLEE

She's going to attack here. Here.  
(gulping)  
And we're running out of time.

Mister S and Kylee exchange a terrified look.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DOCK - SUNSET**

As the sun sets in the background, Clarissa stands once again on the dock. She raises her cell phone to her ear.

BASIL (O.S.)

(filtered)  
This is Basil. We're in position.

CLARISSA

Good.  
(beat)  
Release the Sickness.

With that, Clarissa hangs up the phone. She extends her hand down and to the side, in the same position she'd be in if she was holding somebody's hand.

But it's only Clarissa on the dock.

CUT TO:

**INT. TRIBUNAL BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - NIGHT**

Night comes in through the windows of the large room. Brett is still in the hot seat, speaking to his three judges -- Parina, Lamson, and Uwabu.

From Brett's posture and attitude, it looks like they've been at this for hours.

BRETT

(withdrawn)  
Yes.  
(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)

But you have to know that I'm a better asset to these units as the leader. My resources extend to every part of the globe, virtually every country.

Lamson Grey taps his finger on the table.

BRETT (CONT'D)

I've made mistakes in the past. But I'm beyond that now. I can still be of help.

LAMSON

(smooth Belgian accent)  
"Help" to which side?

BRETT

(gritting his teeth)  
Lamson....

Uwabu gives Brett a look, shaking his head slightly. So Brett instead turns his attention to Parina.

BRETT (CONT'D)

(desperately)  
Parina. You've worked with me. You know where my heart lies -- with the removal of The Poisoned.

PARINA

(bubbly)  
Yes, yes, yes, so these words keep coming out of your mouth.  
(leaning forward)  
But as I remember, you received a phone call last you were in Seattle. And when I inquired, you wouldn't tell me who it was.

Parina turns to the leaders to her left.

PARINA (CONT'D)

I mean --  
(scoffing)  
-- How do I know that wasn't Clarissa? Giving him orders to behead me while I slept?!

She CACKLES oddly to herself, as though she just made a joke. Then, she pops another pill and CRUNCHES it loudly.

BRETT

Look.

(long sigh)

Tabari said something important to me earlier today.

(gaining confidence)

He said that the three of you felt you could no longer trust me.

LAMSON

(rudely)

The first smart thing you've said all day.

Brett stands out of the chair, causing the Guard beside him to come to attention.

Brett looks at each of their faces: Uwabu's honor, Lamson's disbelief, and Parina's awkward smile.

BRETT

I wouldn't believe me either, knowing what I now know about myself. But what I would do... is look beyond the person sitting here on trial. And instead, focus on what it is that made you not trust me in the first place.

UWABU

(confused)

Brett?

BRETT

I helped Clarissa. I was found out. Sucks to be me, right?

(reading their faces)

Or....

Brett steps toward their table.

BRETT (CONT'D)

We can use the relationship I've formed with Clarissa Carus... against her.

Brett gives a confident smile, which Uwabu matches in his chair. Parina and Lamson, meanwhile, exchange a look.

LAMSON

What are you suggesting?

UWABU

(nodding)

It's obvious. Clarissa has no idea  
he was discovered....

BRETT

(passionately)

Remove these shackles from me, and  
let's use that to our advantage!

PARINA

(long beat)

Mr. Truant --

BRETT

(interrupting)

Strip me of my title if you have  
to. But don't let this opportunity  
get away from us. Right now,  
Clarissa is planning on releasing a  
disease, for which we have no cure.

(quick beat)

Maybe I can still stop Anemoi  
Sickness from being released!

As if right on cue, the entire building suddenly SHAKES.

PARINA

What was that?

The three judges, Brett, and the Guard all look around them,  
at the walls of the old building.

After a beat, the building SHAKES again -- this time much  
longer. The roof even seems to CREAK under its own weight.

PARINA (CONT'D)

Earthquake!

As Parina ducks under the desk, Brett looks up to the  
ceiling, feeling the odd movements of the building.

BRETT

No....

He doesn't get to finish, because the entire roof is suddenly  
BLOWN OFF THE BUILDING!

They all look up in shock, as the roof is ceaselessly tossed  
aside. And then, they all feel the torrential WIND!

ANGLE: up into the sky. All kinds of objects fly through the air above the building -- wheelbarrows, mailboxes, dogs... even HUMANS!

It's a surreal sight, as the dark sky above them churns like a swirling tornado, only it's not a twister causing this.

BRETT (CONT'D)  
Everyone, duck!

As Brett rushes to take cover, the east-side wall suddenly breaks away from the building!

The entire wall flies up into the sky, joining with all of the other various debris, and disappears from view!

Off the sounds of people giving horrified SCREAMS, and the wind picking up even more power --

**CUT AWAY TO:**

**SHACKLES**