



(PATIENT)zero

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PATIENT ZERO - TV PILOT

an original teleplay by

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ACT ONE

BLACKNESS - NIGHT

Terrified BREATHING of a MAN (SAM DEIGHTON) and a WOMAN.
Their voices are distant, not quite real.

SAM DEIGHTON'S VOICE (V.O.)
(hoarse whisper)
Do you see it?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(hoarse whisper)
I don't - I don't--

An inhuman SKITTERING noise - as if small, metal claws were
scrambling across a concrete floor.

SAM DEIGHTON'S VOICE (V.O.)
We have to go. Back outside. NOW!

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
SAM! SAAAAMMM!!!!

The woman SCREAMS in agony as A BONE SAW SNAPS TO LIFE AND
GRINDS THROUGH HER BODY.

INT. SAM'S MAKESHIFT BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

This makeshift bedroom is steeped in shadow, making most of
it indiscernible.

SAM DEIGHTON, African American, early 40s, very handsome,
wearing surgeon's scrubs, and with a terrible burn scar up
the left side of his neck, is caught in the thrall of a
dreadful nightmare.

He arches on his cot, straining to pull away from the horrors
that only he can see.

The mobile phone on Sam's beside table flashes and buzzes
similarly to the saw from his dream.

Sam jolts awake. For a moment he has no idea where he is.
Then all the tension and horror that came with the nightmare
seeps out of him, replaced by an expression of familiar sorrow
and hopelessness. This is a dream he's had before.

Phone continues to buzz.

SAM DEIGHTON
(answering)
Uh...? Yeah. Hello?

A WOMAN. Sniffling and crying. Muted dance music can be heard in the background.

TARA (V.O.)

Sam?

SAM DEIGHTON

Tara? Is everything all right?

TARA (V.O.)

I woke you up. I'm sorry. I can call back tomorrow.

SAM DEIGHTON

No. No, that's fine. What can I do for you?

TARA (V.O.)

I'm uh...

SAM DEIGHTON

Take a breath.

Pause.

TARA (V.O.)

Can you come meet me?

Sam glances at his mechanical wristwatch.

SAM DEIGHTON

Of course. Where are you?

TARA (V.O.)

I'm at the Electric.

Something about this choice of location gives him pause.

SAM DEIGHTON

Really.

TARA (V.O.)

It's at the corner of uh... Let me find the address.

SAM DEIGHTON

No. I know where it is. Give me twenty minutes.

INT. RUN-DOWN BATHROOM

Sam, now shirtless, stands at a sink and splashes cold water in his face. The burn scar covers most of the left side of his body and a large part of his upper left arm.

He leans on the sink and looks at himself in the mirror for a long moment.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - THE ELECTRIC - ESTABLISHING - LATER

A typical nightclub. A BOUNCER checks ID's at the door.

TARA (V.O.)

Thanks... for coming. I didn't know who else to talk to.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - THE ELECTRIC

The inside of the club is moderately crowded.

Sam, now relaxed and stylishly dressed, sits at a corner table with TARA, mid 20s, biracial, casually dressed, but still beautiful. She dabs at her red eyes with a napkin. She takes comfort in how unguarded he is being with her.

SAM DEIGHTON

I told you. Anytime you needed help... if you were feeling even a little overwhelmed...

The WAITER arrives with a couple of drinks. Tara hands him her credit card, but Sam gestures for the waiter to give it back to her. He pays with a \$20 and waves off the change.

Tara and Sam look at each other a moment.

SAM DEIGHTON (CONT'D)

Start at the beginning.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Tara, WEARING A BATHROBE, sits scrunched up on the couch SCRIBBLING IN HER JOURNAL.

She glances at the clock display on her cell phone - 7:34 pm - then blackens it with a sigh.

She sits a moment and can't resist checking the display again. - *Still 7:34 - Fuck!*

A sudden pulse of pain spikes through her head. She hisses and grabs her temples.

This is one of those headaches that if you don't derail it before it settles in, you're in for 3 days of hell.

She tries to calm herself while she shakily reaches for a bottle of large blue pills sitting on the coffee table. She pops one out and downs it with a glass of water.

As her pulse pounds in her head - come on... stop stop stop...

The pressure abates and she lets out a breath she didn't realize she was holding. Oh thank god.

She crosses the room and RETURNS HER JOURNAL TO THE BOOKSHELF.

A CAR PULLING UP OUTSIDE draws her attention.

Her heart flutters in excitement.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

On the street below, ALEX, 26, agile, fit, casually handsome, gathers his actor's headshots and some well-worn script pages from the floor and passenger seat of his open topped jeep.

He pauses as if sensing that he's being watched and turns towards Tara. She ducks out of the way, grabs her pills from the coffee table, and grins as she hurries towards the bedroom.

EXT. BY MAILBOX

Alex sees nothing in their apartment window.

PRETTY GIRL (O.S.)

Hey, Alex.

A PRETTY GIRL in a wet suit carrying a surfboard walks out of the apartment complex and waves hello. He waves back absently as he steps up to the complex's mailbox and withdraws some bills.

ALEX

Hey, Candi.
(re: amount on bills)
Jesus.

INT. BEDROOM

Tara is in the bedroom adjusting her bathrobe just so. Perfect. She grabs a couple of SLINKY DRESSES from the closet.

ALEX (O.S.)

Tara?

TARA

In here!

ALEX (O.S.)

Maybe we should stay in tonight.

Alex enters with the bills in hand as Tara turns to display the evening's choice of dresses, each in turn.

TARA
Red or black?
(off his hesitation)
What?

Pause - Alex considers the bills then tosses them onto the chest of drawers by the door.

ALEX
Red's beautiful.

Tara lays the dresses down on the bed and drops her bathrobe. Underneath she's wearing a very SEXY GARTER AND STOCKING COMBINATION.

Alex blinks. Wow.

TARA
(examining the dresses)
You don't like the black better?

Alex moves up behind her, places his hands on her hips, and kisses her gently on the neck.

TARA (CONT'D)
Hey now.

ALEX
There's a black one?

He breathes her in and she has a hard time maintaining focus.

TARA
(a little breathless)
We're going to be late.

He knows all the places to kiss her and she melts a little into him, shivering in pleasure.

TARA (CONT'D)
Stop.

But she doesn't pull away. Alex takes this as confirmation to continue.

Tara puts up a final token of resistance before her will crumbles. She turns and kisses him hungrily. They fall to the bed in passion.

Part way into the foreplay, Alex reaches into a bedside drawer and withdraws an EMPTY 3-PACK OF CONDOMS.

Tara watches him carefully.

Alex tosses the box aside, then grabs ANOTHER EMPTY BOX OF CONDOMS - Shit.

Alex's brow furrows - something about this isn't quite right - but he loses his train of thought when Tara 1/2 claws, 1/2 caresses him.

He turns around and shows her the empty box.

TARA (CONT'D)
That's not a good idea.

ALEX
I can be careful.

Tara teeters on the edge of saying yes.

Alex slides into her and she gasps. He waits a moment to gauge her reaction, then encouraged, begins to stroke into her.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'll be careful.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

ALEX
I am so sorry.

Tara gives him a dark look and heads for the bathroom.

TARA
Don't worry about it.

ALEX
Hey. It's not like you stopped me.

Tara looks at him incredulously.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Yeah. You're right. You're right
I'm sorry.
(beat)
There's got to be a 24-hour pharmacy
around here, right?

TARA
Let's just go out... enjoy
ourselves...
(off his look)
12 hours isn't going to make any
difference at this point.

Alex opens his mouth to argue.

TARA (CONT'D)

Alex. I'll go in the morning.

She enters the bathroom, leaving him to brood.

A thought occurs to Alex and he looks towards the bedside drawer that held the condom boxes. He digs inside of it, dislocating its contents.

INT. BATHROOM

Tara is fixing her hair.

TARA

Do you think we can still make the
reserva--...?

Alex barges in and digs through the garbage.

WTF is he doing?

He finds nothing.

TARA (CONT'D)

Okay? What?

ALEX

What's his name?

TARA

What? Who?

ALEX

There should be four more condoms in
that drawer. There's none. I'll
ask again. What's his name?

TARA

Wow.

ALEX

Tell me I'm wrong.

(beat)

Come on. Tell me I'm wrong. I'll
believe you.

TARA

You're wrong!

ALEX

I don't believe you.

TARA

Alex. You're giving me a headache.

ALEX

Well there's a surprise. You've been popping those migraine pills like they're candy.

Tara's blue pills are now beside the sink. Alex grabs her wrist when she reaches for them. She tries to pull away, but he holds tight.

TARA

You're hurting me.

Alex steers her in front of him so he can scan her eyes for deception. She shoves him, and he slips. His free hand swings wide and breaks the mirror, giving him small cuts on his knuckles.

Alex is still hanging on to Tara's wrist; he's still trying to search her eyes for deception as he rights himself.

This is too much for her to bear and she bursts into tears. She yanks her hand away and hits him repeatedly. Alex is so startled he backs away.

Tara shoves him aside and storms into -

INT. BEDROOM

- Where she quickly throws on some clothes and heads for the front door.

ALEX

(following)

Oh, that's just great! You really think leaving is the way to handle this?

(beat)

Don't you do this again!

INT. FRONT DOOR

Tara grabs her purse and phone and leaves without a word.

ALEX

You walk out that door, don't you come back!

EXT. BUILDING STAIRWELL

Tara quickly descends the stairs as Alex shouts after her.

ALEX

Tara! TARA!

She hears the door SLAM behind her as she heads to the street, tears flowing.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Sam looks at her compassionately.

SAM DEIGHTON

Why don't you just tell him the truth?

A wellspring of sadness surfaces in Tara again, and tears spill down her cheeks.

Sam waves to the waiter - BRING US A LOT OF DRINKS.

SAM DEIGHTON (CONT'D)

(to Tara)

Tequila solves all.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - LATER

Sam and Tara exit the back of the Nightclub laughing. Sam staggers a little, much to Tara's amusement.

TARA

Promise me you're not going to drive.

SAM DEIGHTON

Wha-- I'm fine.

TARA

Yeah. I can see that.

SAM DEIGHTON

You have a place to stay tonight?

Catching his meaning.

TARA

I think I'd better go home.

SAM DEIGHTON

You sure?

TARA

Yeah.

SAM DEIGHTON

(wave of nausea)

Oh... Oh no... hang on.

Sam takes a couple steadying breaths.

TARA

Seriously?

Sam can't quite manage a response. Tara laughs and retrieves his keys from his pocket. She then helps him up, throwing his arm over her shoulder so she can better support his weight.

TARA (CONT'D)

If you puke on me, I'm dropping you.
Which one's yours?

SAM DEIGHTON

(gestures thataway)
Same as before...
(beat)
Can I ask you a question?

TARA

Sure.

EXT. BY SAM'S CARGO VAN

Sam's van is parked beside a LIGHT POLE WITH A BROKEN LIGHT.

A SMALL POSTER is taped to the light pole, but whatever is on it is currently not visible.

SAM DEIGHTON

Why don't you get your girlfriends
to talk to him?

TARA

Wait there.

She leaves Sam, eyes partially closed, propped against the light pole and moves around the back of the van.

SAM DEIGHTON

A little peer pressure goes a long
way.

TARA (O.S.)

Yeah... I haven't told anyone I've
been seeing you.

Sam's eyes snap open, clear of all inebriation.

EXT. BACK OF VAN

TARA

Be careful. There's some broken
glass back here.

She opens the back of the van and sees a cot with a lot of harnesses on it. Beside it is a bag full of evil looking surgical instruments - the surgical tools of torture tables.

WTF?

Before Tara has a chance to react to what she's seeing, she hears the sound of CRUNCHING GLASS and then Sam is upon her.

He claps his hand over her mouth, and tries to plunge a hypodermic needle into her, but she throws her weight into him making him miss.

Their struggle is chaotic. Violent. Tara tries to fend Sam off with her purse but only manages to scatter some of its contents through the air as he plunges the needle into her.

Her struggles quickly cease and she slumps to the ground, dead weight that Sam can't quite hold onto. He's left gasping for breath, wired with adrenaline.

EXT. BACK OF VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Tara is unconscious and securely strapped into the cot. Sam throws her purse in after her, slams the doors and moves to the driver's side of the van where he catches his breath.

He looks up and sees the poster on the broken lamp pole near the driver's door. It's a missing poster of a girl: CHELSEA SUMMERS.

His face adopts the same expression as when he looked at himself in the mirror. He stares at the missing poster a moment then rips it down and gets behind the wheel.

The torn poster, still partially attached to the pole, flutters as Sam drives off into the night.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

It's a beautiful day.

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Alex wakes up on the couch feeling like shit. He pries his eyes open - Ugh. Lights are still on... TV's glowing blue...

It takes a moment, but when he runs through his behavior the night before he cringes inwardly - god, I'm an asshole.

He snags his phone from the coffee table, knocking over empty beer bottles, the remnants of a night of determinedly not thinking about the argument.

No messages.

ALEX
Tara? You here?

He hits fast dial on his phone.

INT. KITCHEN

The fridge is covered in pictures and post-it notes. He runs his fingers absently over the post-its. No new messages.

And no Tara.

TARA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
This is Tara. Leave a message.

INT. BEDROOM

ALEX
(into the phone;
apologetic)
Look, Tara, about last night. I'm...

He sees that she's hasn't been here since their fight. He pauses, trying not to let the irritation take over.

ALEX (CONT'D)
You didn't even come ho--
(beat)
What am I-- What am I supposed to
think?

He notices Tara's pill bottle lying on the floor of the bathroom and feels his first twinge of concern. There's no way she would have left it behind.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I'm going to call you at the office.

INT. BATHROOM

He picks the pills and hits quick dial while he regards them.

Tara's friend, a professional sounding young receptionist named JAN answers the call.

JAN (V.O.)
Latham, Katz & Burke.

ALEX
Jan. It's Alex--

JAN (V.O.)
(cold)
Oh. One moment.

ALEX
No no wait.

But Jan is gone.

INT. BEDROOM

Alex flops down at the computer desk near their bed while muzak plays over the phone.

He pokes idly at the post-its that Tara has stuck all around the monitor. No new notes from Tara here either.

With nothing else to do, he looks more closely at the pill bottle. Unlike a normal prescription, it only has two words on the label.

ON LABEL: ETHINYLESTRADIOL, DESOGESTREL

Ethi-what?

He taps the words into Google.

Up pops "BIRTH CONTROL" with accompanying picture of the standard circular dispenser complete with small pills - pills completely different than the bottle of large blue ones that Alex is holding in his hand.

JAN (V.O.)
She's not in yet.

ALEX
Can we not--
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

(beat)

Jan, just tell her to pick up the phone.

INTERCUT - INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT / INT. LAW FIRM RECEPTION AREA

Annoyed beat.

JAN

I can take a message.

ALEX

Well, when she "gets in", tell her she forgot her pills here. Guess it's gonna be a long, rough day of migra--

JAN

Please hold.

She snaps Alex onto hold again and waves over a passing LAWYER.

JAN (CONT'D)

Derek. Have you seen Tara?

LAWYER

No. And she better hurry up. She's got a deposition in an hour.

A sense of disquiet fills Jan, and she returns to Alex.

JAN

Alex, she really isn't here.

Alex hears the change in Jan's tone.

ALEX

She didn't stay with you last night?

JAN

No. What's going on?

ALEX

I don't know.

Beat. He considers the pills.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Would you ever use birth control for a headache?

JAN
What? No. Who told you that?

ALEX
Doesn't matter.

Alex grabs his keys and heads for the door.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Get her to call me, okay?

INT. LATHAM, KATZ & BURKE RECEPTION

Jan slowly puts down the phone.

She regards the clock on the wall for a moment before returning to work.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Alex is driving his jeep along the highway listening to his phone...

TARA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
...Tara. Leave a message.

He throws his phone onto the passenger seat in disgust.

He exits the highway and pulls into the parking lot of...

EXT. SAMSON CHEMICALS

Alex gets out of his car and jogs up the steps of SAMSON CHEMICALS.

IRATE CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Smell that and tell me if you think that's normal.

GARY (O.S.)
Ma'am, I do not want to smell it.

INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS

GARY, a senior lab technician, is 27, balding, and slightly out of shape. He is leaning away from an IRATE CUSTOMER who is trying to shove a plastic bag with a dark brown lump in the bottom of it under his nose.

IRATE CUSTOMER
It's not even the proper color.
(beat)
I'm telling you, someone's poisoning my dog.

GARY

(sotto)
Can't imagine why.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Excuse me?

GARY

Ma'am. One more time. I will run whatever tests you need-- No. Hang on. But what I need-- Ma'am, I can't do anything until you fill in these forms.

(pleasantly surprised)
Alex! What are you doing here?

IRATE CUSTOMER

Excuse me. We're not done.

Gary emphatically taps the forms in front of the woman then returns his attention to Alex.

ALEX

I need a favor.

INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS - BACK ROOM

In the background, a group of LAB TECHS and INTERNS are working on various machines and lab equipment.

GARY

Do I need to ask how much of a dick you were?

ALEX

No.

GARY

Let's be honest. This isn't the first time she's stayed out all night.
(off Alex's look)

Fine.

(examining the bottle)
They're definitely not birth control.

ALEX

Then what are they?

GARY

How often is she taking them?

Alex shrugs.

GARY (CONT'D)

Mmmm... no imprint on the pills...
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)
 (handing Alex the
 bottle)
 No way to know without a full chem
 analysis.

ALEX
 (handing it back)
 Okay.

Pause.

GARY
 What? Is your Dad talking to you
 again? 'Cause unless you've come
 into a whole heap of money--
 (realizing)
 No no no no no. No. I could get
 fired.

ALEX
 Who's going to know?

Gary looks around the room. Apart from a couple female
 interns who are stealing glances at Alex, no one is really
 paying any attention.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 You owe me.

GARY
 (laughs)
 What? No I don't. You owe me. You
always owe me.

ALEX
 Look, a few months ago Tara got really
 down. I mean dark.

GARY
 You never told me that.

ALEX
 What was I going to say? It's not
 like she told me what was going on.
 Then... Boom! Out of nowhere, she's
 crazy happy. And horny. *All* the
 time.

GARY
 This is when she started taking the
 pills?

ALEX
Then the headaches, maybe a couple weeks later...

GARY
I've heard anti-depressants--

ALEX
Then why label them birth control? She takes one of these and...
(snaps fingers)
...Five seconds later...

GARY
Five.

ALEX
You know what I mean. Two minutes. Whatever.

GARY
I don't know, man. Maybe she--

ALEX
Gary.

GARY
Ah, fuck. Okay. Grab me that container.

Alex passes a small, aluminum container to Gary who taps in a couple pills. He hands the bottle back to Alex.

GARY (CONT'D)
You can put the rest back.

ALEX
Can you get this done today?

GARY
Dude!

ALEX
That's why I love ya!

Alex smiles and heads for the door.

GARY
(calling after him)
No. That's fine. Take off. It's not like I've got anything else to do! I'll just get right to this!
(to himself)
Pfft, whatever.

Gary watches Alex leave - how does he always get me to agree to this stuff?

FEMALE INTERN
Your friend's really cute.

Beat.

GARY
Guess who just volunteered for a special assignment.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Alex parks his jeep, and jogs for the stairs.

EXT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT

Alex places his key to the lock of his apartment door and it swings open - the SPLINTERED FRAME shows that someone has recently kicked it open and pushed it shut again.

WTF?

Alex is barely inside his RANSACKED apartment when the door smashes into him with jarring force.

Alex staggers as an INDISTINCT FIGURE leaps from the shadows behind the door and yanks him fully into the apartment. Alex trips and is winded as he lands heavily, his face thrust painfully into the floor.

Gasping, he tries to rise but a silenced pistol held by a GLOVED HAND clubs him on the side of the face and forces him to keep his eyes downward. The figure's free hand pats Alex down, retrieves his wallet, snaps out the cash then tosses the wallet aside.

Another quick pat and the figure stumbles across the bottle of pills in one of Alex's pockets. The figure considers it for a moment, then slams Alex on the skull with the gun again.

The figure grabs a 1/2 filled satchel lying nearby and steps gingerly away from Alex's prostrated form.

When Alex doesn't stir, the figure turns and bolts out of the shattered front door.

Alex lies unmoving on the floor.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM / BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Alex is sitting on a chair while a PARAMEDIC is testing him for a concussion.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT, mid 30s, is standing nearby JOTTING ALEX'S STATEMENT INTO A NOTEBOOK.

DETECTIVE YOSHIRO TAKAHASHI, mid 50s, is wandering around the apartment, taking everything in.

Takahashi moves into the bathroom... the room is a disaster. The drawers, cupboard and medicine cabinet have been ransacked. Detritus is scattered across the floor...

He closes the mirror and leans in to examine where it was cracked from a single impact.

PARAMEDIC

Okay. Look over here. Now here.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

I'm still a little fuzzy about what you were doing prior to the attack.

ALEX

(a trifle embarrassed)

I was at Samson Chemicals getting some pills tested.

Takahashi returns to the bedroom, looks at Alex and sees that his hand is scabbed at the knuckles.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT

Did you notice anything else missing?

ALEX

A bunch of stuff from the bathroom, my money, all my games, my DVDs...

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Detective Takahashi moves to the edge of the living room and surveys it. His eyes linger on the empty beer bottles then move methodically over other parts of the room.

Clicks and Flashes from the CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER'S camera emanate through the living room.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT (O.S.)

How about electronics?

ALEX (O.S.)
No. Computer's still here.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
(returning to the
bedroom)
Can you think of anyone who might
want to break into your apartment?

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

ALEX
No.

PARAMEDIC
(off Takahashi's glance)
He's fine.
(to Alex)
But try to take it easy.

The Paramedic packs up and leaves.

Takahashi notices the bills on the chest of drawers near the
bedroom door. He slides them out of the way - Alex's
headshots are underneath.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
What does your girlfriend do?

ALEX
Entertainment law.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
That's got to be good for your career.

ALEX
I guess.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
That's where I know you from! The
uh...

ALEX
Underwear ads.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
Right! Yeah. You look good. No
bigger roles yet?

ALEX
No.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
Better than doing porn though, huh?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Well, Mr. Grant. We've got your statement. From what I can see, your attacker got what he came for. There are a couple cruisers patrolling the neighborhood, but if we haven't caught him by now--

Alex's phone rings. He fishes it out and is visibly relieved when he sees "Latham, Katz & Burke" on the call display.

ALEX

It's my girlfriend. I've got to take this.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

You have my number.

ALEX (O.S.)

Tara, you were really starting to freak me out. Where have you been?

(beat)

Jan...

EXT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - FRONT BALCONY WALKWAY

Takahashi steps outside and glances left to right at the various other apartments on this floor.

Schmidt hands Takahashi the notebook, who pockets it without looking at it.

SCHMIDT

Your notebook.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

If you were going to do a B&E, would you start with this apartment?

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT

Sure. Why not?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

It's not exactly hidden from view is it?

EXT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRS / STREET

Schmidt escorts Takahashi to his car, who gets behind the wheel.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT

What about drugs?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
Doesn't seem the type. Our first
responders were here pretty quickly.
Maybe we got lucky and spooked our
perp. Have some unis check the
dumpsters. See what they turn up.

Just as Takahashi is about to pull away, Alex hurries over
carrying something small in his hand.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)
Mr. Grant?

Alex holds out a picture of him and Tara laughing together.

ALEX
This is Tara. I want to file a
Missing Persons report.

INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS

Gary, arms full of papers and samples, hurries along
overwhelmed by work. He's stressed and only thinking about
how the hell he's going to be able to get everything done by
the end of the day.

He passes the young intern who is staring at her workstation
monitor utterly flummoxed. On it is a detailed analysis of
complex chemical compounds. She catches Gary out of the
corner of her eye and makes a grab for him.

INTERN
Gary!

GARY
Not right now.

INTERN
No. You need to see this.

With a sigh, Gary approaches her.

GARY
I'm really--

INTERN
This is the drug your buddy left.

Gary glances at the intern's monitor. What the fuck?

GARY
No, see... You need... Look, I don't
know what you did, but that's not
right. You need to do it again.

Thinking the matter resolved, Gary turns to leave but the intern grabs the sleeve of his coat. Startled, he pauses to look at her.

INTERN

I did. Five times.

GARY

(looking more carefully)
What the fff... I don't recognize
any of these compounds.

The intern nods - that's what I'm talking about.

GARY (CONT'D)

You got this result each time?

She nods.

Gary shoos her out of the way and sits down at her station. He hands her the files and samples he was carrying.

GARY (CONT'D)

Find someone to do these.
(worried)
Oh, Tara. What the hell have you
been taking?

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Alex, clearly agitated and trying not to let his worry take over, is crouching down, thrusting empty beer bottles and trash into a loose garbage bag with more energy than is strictly necessary.

The destruction of the break-in has been almost entirely cleaned up. Only a handful of things are left to be tidied.

Pause.

The waiting becomes too much. Alex snatches up his keys and heads for the door, but thinks better of it, calms himself and returns to the living room.

She's fine. She's fine. ...

She's fine.

He rights an overturned side table and its lamp, lifts the few remaining DVDs from the floor and places them on the barren DVD shelf.

Directly beside the DVDs is the bookshelf where Tara keeps her eclectic collection of personal journals. Alex notices a single empty space where one of the journals is missing.

He touches the area lightly and thinks.

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

He leans into the bedroom and scans the spots where her journal might be. He doesn't see it.

It's not under the bills he tossed on the chest of drawers earlier.

Nor is it under the bed.

And not in her desk or bedside drawer.

Alex runs through his memory of where he saw it last.

INT. POLICE STATION - ROBBERY-HOMICIDE DIVISION - TAKAHASHI'S DESK

Detective Takahashi is sitting at his desk totally focused on one of his other cases. He's reading reports, comparing notes, examining some photographic evidence.

Detective Schmidt is at an adjacent cubicle, tilted backwards in his chair, feet on his desk, tossing a ball up and down. He too seems lost in thought until he grins mischievously and lobs the ball directly at Takahashi.

The ball crashes into Takahashi's pens, scattering them everywhere.

Takahashi levels a disapproving gaze at Schmidt whose smile deepens.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT

We should break into evidence and steal a key of coke.

Without saying a word Takahashi returns to his papers.

The PHONE ON TAKAHASHI'S DESK RINGS.

Schmidt reaches for Takahashi's phone then hesitates when he sees Alex's name on the call display - Jesus Christ. Again?

A moment of indecision, then he snags the phone and forces a professional tone.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Detective Takahashi's desk.

(beat)

Mr. Grant. What a surprise. What can I do for you this time?

Schmidt glances at Takahashi who shakes his head.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
 No. I'm sorry. He's still out.
 (listening)
 We don't give out employee cell
 numbers. Come again?

INTERCUT - ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT / POLICE STATION

ALEX
 Her personal journal. The guy who
 broke in stole it.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
 Okay?

ALEX
 Why would you take a journal unless
 there's something... well, i don't
 know. Maybe she saw something.
 Maybe it's a client or someone she
 met.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
 Whoa. Whoa. Whoa. Slow down.

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT

ALEX
 (listens then
 interrupts)
 I have checked the house. I just
 cleaned this place top to bottom.
 It's not here.
 (beat)
 No. She never takes them outside.

INTERCUT - POLICE STATION / ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
 Mr. Grant, we've already explained
 to you that in regards to your
 girlfriend--

ALEX
 (listens then
 interrupts)
 I HAVE talked to Missing Persons.
 They're not helping me. You're
 Robbery-Homicide. Well, I've been
 robbed. NOW DO YOUR FUCKING JOB!

A silent beat.

ALEX (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry.

Detective Schmidt understands Alex's growing anxiety, but is at a loss for what he can do.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
Don't worry about it. Have you called
all the hospitals?

ALEX
And all her friends. Her Facebook.
Her Twitter. No one's seen her.

INT. POLICE STATION - ROBBERY-HOMICIDE DIVISION

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT
All right. Tell me about this
journal.
(listening & taking
notes)
Yeah. Uh-huh. Okay.
(beat)
Yeah. No, I got it. I'll run it
down now.
(beat)
I promise. They're not ignoring
you. Just do your best to stay calm,
okay?

Schmidt hangs up the phone and lets out a heavy breath. He tosses the paper towards Takahashi.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
That guy's a piece of work.

Takahashi picks up Detective Schmidt's notes on Tara's journal and reads it carefully.

INT. ALEX & TARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Alex droops helplessly...

In a sudden flood, all his frustration, all his worry comes bursting out of him. He kicks the bookshelf to splinters and throws it to the floor.

He tries to shake it off, but he can't get the images of what might be happening to Tara out of his head.

Okay... this isn't helping... he takes some deep breaths and tries to calm down... think... Think!

An idea suddenly occurs to him.

BEDROOM

Alex enters the bedroom and rifles through the various bills still sitting on the chest of drawers by the door. He finds the one he's looking for, rips it open, and moves hastily to the computer desk.

He runs his finger over the bill, finds the phone number he's wants, and dials.

He doesn't wait to hear if someone answers, but instead rummages through the desk drawers and the bedside drawer with both hands. Whatever he's looking for isn't there.

He lifts the phone back to his ear.

RECORDED VOICE

--Is very important to us. There is
(different voice)

--One--

(resume original voice)

--Person ahead of you in line. Your
call will be--

JACKSON (V.O.)

(interrupting)

Hi. My name is Jackson. Can I have
your account number please?

The tone of Alex's voice doesn't remotely hint at the stress he's feeling. He checks the account number on the bill.

ALEX

Uh, yeah. N2113t400.

Alex runs his fingers over the post-it notes surrounding the computer monitor.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Great. And your password.

ALEX

(buying time)

I just gave it to you.

Alex yanks open books, flips through pages, dumps them haphazardly on the floor, looks under pads of paper...

JACKSON (V.O.)

No. That was your account number.
You were asked for a password when
you first registered.

ALEX

Yeah... I wrote it down here
somewhere.

JACKSON (V.O.)

You know you can't call in for someone
else's account.

ALEX

No. It's mine.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Really.

Alex can't find the password. He slumps back in his chair, his eyes naturally looking upwards. Stuck under a shelf is an old piece of tape with a ripped corner of paper still underneath.

In a flash of insight, he gropes under the desk. Nothing there. He does the same under the desk drawer and touches a piece of paper taped there. He rips it free. On the piece of paper are several passwords.

ALEX

I got it. I got it. 81b2243g

JACKSON (V.O.)

Yup. Perfect. Sorry about that.
You've got kind of unusual name.

ALEX

I get that a lot.

JACKSON (V.O.)

So, what can I do for you, Tara?

ALEX

I was out last night and I uh... I
lost my phone.

JACKSON (V.O.)

Happens all the time. Let me see if
you've got the GPS option. Here we
go. An email has been sent to your
account.

ALEX

Thanks.

Alex hangs up the phone... on Tara's email is a map of her location.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

He prints the map, snatches it up, and rushes for the door.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hang on, baby. I'm coming.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - AFTERNOON

Alex speeds down the road in his jeep. Although his car's GPS is directing him, he's still craning his neck, visually keeping track of the street names.

ONBOARD GPS VOICE
Continue for 300 yards.

He slows behind some traffic, becomes impatient, and swerves around.

He calls Tara again, but gets her voice mail once more.

TARA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
This is Tara. Leave a message.

ONBOARD GPS VOICE
Turn left ahead.

EXT. ALLEY / VACANT LOT

Alex corners sharply down an alley into a vacant lot surrounded by warehouses and the backs of commercial buildings.

On one side of the lot a large truck is being unloaded by SOME WORKERS.

ONBOARD GPS VOICE
You have arrived at your destination.

Alex grinds to a halt and jumps out. There's so many buildings, too many windows...

ALEX
Tara!

He dials her phone again.

ALEX (CONT'D)
TARA!

A light buzzing sound emanates from behind Alex and his heart stops. Reluctantly, he turns. Face down on the ground nearby, lying amongst a scattering of other personal items from a woman's purse, is a vibrating cell phone.

He crunches across some broken glass near a light pole and turns the phone over. His name is flashing on the call display.

On his own phone he hears Tara's voicemail kick in.

TARA'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

This is Tara. Leave a message.

In a daze he hangs up. What do I do?

It is only now that we recognize this as the nightclub's parking lot from the night before.

Alex makes another call on his phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - ROBBERY-HOMICIDE DIVISION

The phone on Takahashi's desk is ringing.

Detective Schmidt is in the process of leaving.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT

Do I even need to ask?

Detective Takahashi sees Alex's name on the call display and shakes his head.

DETECTIVE SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

Takahashi returns to his work.

EXT. PARKING LOT

LAPD RECORDING (V.O.)

You have reached the voicemail of
the Los Angeles Robbery-Hom--

Alex hangs up.

He spins, trying to think where Tara could possibly be. His eyes land on the workers - BAR STAFF unloading kegs of beer and cases of alcohol.

ALEX

Hey! Hey! Were any of you guys
working last night?

INT. NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Alex is standing anxiously near the waiter who was serving drinks to Tara and Sam the night before. The waiter puts aside his knife and limes (prepping the bar for later) and examines a picture of Tara.

WAITER

Yeah. She was here with that guy
who comes in sometimes.

ALEX

What guy?

INT. POLICE STATION - ROBBERY HOMICIDE DIVISION

Detective Takahashi is concentrating at his desk, trying to ignore the ringing phone.

It stops briefly, then immediately starts again. He prods the button that sends the caller to voicemail.

After the briefest of pauses the phone begins to ring again.

Irritated, he picks up the phone

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Yes... Mr. Grant...

(listens)

Wait... slow down... stop stop...

how did you know where to look?

(listens; that's not cool)

You were tracking your girlfriend with a GPS.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT

ALEX

No. No. I used her phone's GPS tracker.

INT. POLICE STATION - ROBBERY HOMICIDE DIVISION

On Takahashi - clever.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Okay... start again.

Detective Takahashi opens his notebook and makes affirmative noises - uh huh, yes, uh huh - as he jots down all the evidence that Alex gives him.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

Uh huh... yes, uh huh...

(beat)

A burn scar?

(beat)

Okay. Uh huh... Mr. Grant, I need to go to Missing Persons. I want you to stay there and wait for me. I'll be there as soon as I can.

INT. POLICE STATION - MISSING PERSONS DIVISION

This office is a little understaffed. A HANDFUL OF OFFICERS work at desks and discuss cases in the background. On the walls are VARIOUS MISSING PERSON POSTERS.

Takahashi is sitting at a desk looking at a computer. DETECTIVE ANDERSON leaning over him showing him how the Missing Persons computer system works.

On the screen is TARA'S MISSING PERSON FILE.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON
This is your missing girl's file
here.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
How do I cross reference--

The detective opens a 2nd window for Takahashi. Up pops a large list of victim, crime, witness, and suspect details. Beside each of the details is a box that can be ticked off.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON
Put your search parameters in here.
Similar age, build, race, affluence
and so forth... Perp details go
over here... Anything older than 15
years and you're going to have to
start digging through papers.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
Thank you.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON
Take as many of my cases as you want.
We can barely keep up as it is.

Takahashi clicks off a group of boxes while Detective Anderson is talking then does some more while referring to his notebook. The number of missing women that comes back is in the thousands. Even Takahashi is surprised by how many there are. He shares a look with detective whose expression says it all:

Welcome to my world.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Want a coffee?

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Alex is loitering near the back door of the nightclub, fidgeting, growing increasingly impatient as Takahashi continues to remain absent.

He sees the waiter through the open back door and waves to catch his attention.

ALEX
Any cops around the front?

WAITER
Still not here, huh?

The waiter returns to his work and Alex snarls in frustration.

ALEX
Come on.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - FRONT ENTRANCE

Alex jogs around the front of the building. No cops.

He presses quick dial on his phone.

LAPD RECORDING (V.O.)
You have reached the voicemail of
the Los--

He hangs up.

Fuck this.

Alex spies a YOUNG MAN walking down the sidewalk and hurries over.

ALEX
Excuse me. Do you live around here?

YOUNG MAN
Yeah?

ALEX
(showing Tara's picture)
Have you seen this woman?
(off his head shake)
Could have been last night... this
morning...

YOUNG MAN
Sorry.

Alex intercepts A COUPLE passing by.

ALEX
Have you seen this woman?

They both shake their heads and walk on. Alex's eyes scan everywhere, willing some sign of Tara to reveal itself.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Come on, baby. Where are you?

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - CONTINUOUS

Old and sprawling, the site looms, a disturbing eyesore comprised of rusted towers, treadmills, chutes, and squat buildings.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - EMPTY ROOMS

Dirty and decrepit, the inside is no better than out. The building is poorly lit and clearly in disrepair.

Somewhere unseen nearby, Tara's panicked and muffled SQUEALING can be heard as she tries to cry out through some sort of gag.

We move through some translucent hanging plastic strips like those seen in meat packing plants...

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - KILL ROOM

...Past a small metal surgical table upon which is a silenced pistol, Tara's pills, and her missing journal.

Further in, arms and feet strapped to a surgical table, wearing nothing but a hospital gown, is Tara desperately trying to pull away from Sam as he leans over her.

His upper body obscures her's from view as a small power tool snaps on and grinds through meat and bone. Tara's feet patter an agonized drumbeat on the table, as her squeals turn to screams.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Detective Takahashi, careful not to touch anything, crouches by the broken glass in the parking lot where Tara was taken. He looks up at the broken light.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Did Mr. Grant say anything before he left?

WAITER

Nothing you'd want to hear.

Takahashi eyes the torn Missing Poster still hanging limply from the light pole... The tear is fresh.

The waiter follows Takahashi's gaze and reaches for the poster, but Takahashi waves him off.

Takahashi examines the freshness of the tear. He then lifts the poster with a pointer and absorbs the missing girl's face.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Is that the girl from last night?

A beat as Takahashi regards him.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

No.

Takahashi lets the poster drop again, scans the area, and focuses on the back of the nightclub.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

(re: security camera
over the back door)

Does that camera work?

INT. BACK OFFICE

MANAGER (O.S.)

We had an incident a few years back
so now we record everything.

The MANAGER, mid 30s, overweight, enters the back office with Detective Takahashi and the waiter close behind.

He flicks on the light revealing a cramped, dusty room with a small table, a COMPUTER and TWO MONITORS.

He gives the computer mouse a shake, bringing the machine and monitors out of sleep mode.

None of the following cameras are designed to record sound:

In regular intervals, the FIRST MONITOR transitions its view between the FIVE SECURITY CAMERAS one after the other.

The SECOND MONITOR is divided into 5 squares, one for each camera. The LAST OF THE SQUARES shows nothing but a BLACK SCREEN.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

What the hell?
(fiddles with it)
It's still recording.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Wind it back.

The manager does so. Everyone shown in the various cameras speeds backwards. The nightclub empties of afternoon staff and delivery men. Day changes to morning, morning changes to night. The nightclub fills up.

Suddenly the blackened monitor flickers back to life.

The manager stops rewinding. All the recordings from the previous night begin to move forward once more.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

(re: rear exit camera)
Show me this camera.

The manager clicks a button and the display on the first monitor expands to --

EXT. PARKING LOT - THROUGH REAR EXIT CAMERA - NIGHT

Although the parking lot is moderately well lit, the angle from the rear exit camera mostly focuses downwards on the area near the door.

There is no one to be seen, no movement at all until what light there is in the parking lot EXTINGUISHES WITH A FLASH.

The view from the camera becomes much dimmer, but remains somewhat visible.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Let it play.

For a long moment nothing happens.

Then a shadowy arm - its ethnicity obscured by a long sleeve and glove - reaches in from off screen. It brandishes a spray can and paints the lens of the camera black.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

The man last night. Was he wearing
long sleeves?

The waiter gestures helplessly - he hasn't got a clue.

Takahashi leans over the monitor displaying the other four
functioning cameras and takes the mouse out of the Manager's
hand.

He compares the picture of Tara that he's carrying to the
various screens, pauses, then clicks a button, changing the
first monitor's display to --

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NEAR DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Of the VARIOUS PARTY-GOERS enjoying their night out Tara is
evident by the fact that she's not drinking and that she's
sitting unhappily by herself at a table for two. She has a
clear view of the front door.

Somewhere off camera behind her towards the back door, someone
obviously calls to her because she turns and smiles in relief.
She gestures at the empty seat, listens a moment.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

(softly)

No no no. Stay in your seat.

She collects her things and moves off camera towards the
back of the night club where there is no security coverage.

Takahashi stands, and retrieves his phone from one of his
pockets.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)

(to Manager)

Your bar is closed until further
notice.

MANAGER

What?!

S.I.D. DISPATCH (V.O.)

S.I.D. dispatch.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

(into phone)

This is Detective Takahashi 4king42.
I need a forensics team at my
location.

S.I.D. DISPATCH (V.O.)

Copy.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 (to the manager)
 I'm going to need all your recordings
 from the past couple of weeks.

MANAGER
 They're all on the same hard drive.
 (beat)
 You can't take my whole machine.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Detective Takahashi opens the trunk of his car.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 Put it there.

The manager, bitching under his breath, deposits his computer into the trunk.

Takahashi doesn't pay him any notice. Instead he retrieves the notebook from his pocket and flips it open to the section on Alex. He slides his finger past the notes Detective Schmidt took earlier, finds Alex's number and types it into his phone.

EXT. GAS STATION - KIOSK - LATE AFTERNOON

Alex is at a gas station standing outside the kiosk. He is showing Tara's picture to ATTENDANT who is shaking his head.

ALEX
 She might have been with a black
 guy. Good looking. Burn scar on
 his neck.

Attendant - nope.

A CUSTOMER who was returning to her car overhears Alex. She's young. Fit. Around Tara's age.

CUSTOMER (YOUNG WOMAN)
 I met a guy like that.

Off Alex's look:

FLASHBACK - QUIET COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A quiet road outside the city... nothing much around.

Deighton's van is pulled over in front of a small car. The young woman from the gas station watches as Deighton busies himself changing a flat tire for her.

YOUNG WOMAN

This is amazingly nice of you.

SAM DEIGHTON

No. It's my pleasure.

YOUNG WOMAN

Anything I can do to help?

As Deighton strains, his shirt slips a little revealing the extent of the scar on the left side of his neck - it continues down under his shirt.

He glances at her, sees where she's looking and touches his neck a little self-consciously. Even so, he smiles at her disarmingly.

Her heart skips a beat at the imagined romance/chemistry sparkling between them.

SAM DEIGHTON

Water would be great.

She gestures for him to wait, leans into her car, and begins to rummage around for water.

Deighton quickly checks the road in both directions - no witnesses - and stealthily withdraws a syringe. The young woman steps back out with a bottle of water and an asthma inhaler.

She takes a deep breath on the inhaler, smiles, and hands him the bottle.

Deighton focuses on the inhaler then slips the syringe back into his pocket.

SAM DEIGHTON (CONT'D)

That should about do it.

He quickly packs up and gives her hand a kiss.

SAM DEIGHTON (CONT'D)

Be careful now.

She's a little thrown by the sudden change in his demeanor, and watches sadly as he climbs into his van and drives off.

Behind her, evident for the first time, is the ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE.

She stands, a lonely figure at the side of the road, unconsciously gripping her inhaler to her chest with both hands.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

YOUNG WOMAN
I should have asked for his num--
(sees Alex's expression)
What?

ALEX
Where was this?

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm not sure. I was really lost.

Alex's phone rings. He sees YOSHIRO TAKAHASHI on the display and suddenly finds himself afraid to answer the phone.

ALEX
I have to answer this. Don't go
away.

INTERCUT - GAS STATION / NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT

ALEX
(steels himself; into
phone)
You know you left me in that parking
lot for over an hour.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
I'm sorry about that. Would you be
able to meet me at the station?

ALEX
(oh god)
What's happened?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
No no. Don't jump to conclusions.
There's just some things I need you
to clarify.

ALEX
You believe me?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
I do.

Alex nearly bursts into tears at the unexpected support.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)
Mr. Grant?

ALEX
I'm sorry... I was...
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 (to the woman)
 Can you go to the police station?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 Who are you talking to?

ALEX
 I found a woman who's seen our guy.

Say what?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 Explain this to me.

ALEX
 I was asking around--

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 And you found another witness?
 (whatever)
 That's fine. Bring her with you.

As Alex starts to protest --

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)
 Alex. I know you're trying to help.
 There is nothing more important to
 me than bringing Tara back alive. I
 will find her. I promise.

Alex, moved by the sincerity of Takahashi's words, starts to
 relent until --

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)
 But your involvement in this case is
 starting to worry me.

Takahashi realizes he said the wrong thing the moment it
 left his mouth.

ALEX
 What does that mean?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 I misspoke.

ALEX
 You wouldn't even know Tara was
 missing if I hadn't pushed you.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 Regardless of how this began, now
 you're interfering with my crime
 (MORE)

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)
 scenes. You're leaving fingerprints,
 you're walking away with evidence,
 you're tainting witnesses... Whoever
 this woman is. I cannot use her in
 court. Now, come in to the station--

ALEX
 So we can clarify things. I got
 that. And while we're 'clarifying',
 who's looking for Tara? Not me.
 Obviously not you.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
 Alex--

ALEX
 Fuck. You.

Click.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB PARKING LOT

Takahashi grinds his teeth in frustration. He looks up to
 see the nightclub manager smiling at him, enjoying a moment
 of schadenfreude.

Takahashi gives the manager a dark look.

EXT. GAS STATION

Alex and the young woman sit facing opposite directions in
 their respective cars. As he leans out his window and hands
 her Takahashi's business card, his phone rings again. It's
 Gary.

ALEX
 Sorry. Sorry. I've got to take
 this again. Call the detective on
 that card. Tell him everything you
 told me.

YOUNG WOMAN
 Okay. Sure.

INTERCUT - ALEX'S JEEP / INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS

Alex drives off, leaving the somewhat bemused young woman
 behind.

ALEX
 Gary.

GARY
 Does Tara have a disease or something?

ALEX

No. Why? What has she been taking?

INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS - GARY'S WORKSTATION - EARLIER

Gary is at his workstation. He's made very little progress on the nature of the chemicals in the pill.

The young intern arrives with a cage with a mouse in it. He gestures for her to put it down.

GARY

Perfect. Right there. Thank you.

On the table, Gary still has one undamaged pill, part of one crushed to powder, and some of it now in liquid form. He dips a syringe needle into the liquid and draws a small amount into the syringe. He lifts the mouse in one hand.

INTERN

Isn't that a bit much?

Gary injects it anyway and places the mouse in a tray. There is a momentary pause, the mouse twitches, then starts to SCREAM.

It twists and rolls, spasms and claws at the air.

Both Gary and the intern recoil then stand frozen in shock as the mouse contorts.

Gary snaps out of his stupor, grabs a Bunsen burner and smashes it onto the mouse, which continues to SCREAM. He has to smash it several more times before it lies still.

INTERCUT - ALEX'S JEEP / INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS - LATE AFTERNOON

Gary leans over to examine the remains of the mouse with distaste - its paws are splayed into claws, its face is twisted in a rictus of agony.

GARY

I don't know what this shit is, but it's not birth control and it's not medicine. You have to get Tara to stop taking it.

ALEX

Gary. She's been kidnapped. Police think I might have done it.

A beat.

GARY

I don't even-- Okay. Look. The one part I did manage to identify is an immunosuppressant. But really advanced. I mean years beyond anything else out there. I pulled some strings at the FDA and traced the registry back to private company here in town. But dude, you can't just walk in there.

ALEX

Why? What kind of business is it?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

ALEX

What the hell?

Alex is sitting in his jeep watching a HAPPY PREGNANT WOMAN across the street being helped down the steps of --

EXT. LOVING HANDS FERTILITY CLINIC

Everything about the building across the street says entitlement. It clearly caters to people with money.

On the sign: LOVING HANDS FERTILITY CLINIC

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. PARKING LOT ACROSS STREET FROM FERTILITY CLINIC - LATE AFTERNOON

Alex sits in his car texting Gary.

ALEX
(text message)
I'm going in.

GARY
(text message)
I said the immunosuppressant is registered there. I don't know where the other chemicals are from.

ALEX
(text message)
I know what the pills look like. If they're here, I'll find them.

Alex checks his appearance in the mirror - I can do this - then crosses the street.

INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS - GARY'S WORKSTATION

Gary worries at his desk as the other lab technicians leave for the night.

INTERN
You want me to stay?

He glances up at the intern.

GARY
Yeah. It's going to be a late night.

She shrugs and settles back in.

ALEX
(text message)
Gotta turn off my phone so the cops can't trace me.

GARY
Jesus, Alex.

EXT. LOVING HANDS FERTILITY CLINIC

GARY
(text message)
Be careful!

Alex powers off his phone and puts it in his pocket. He adopts an air of sadness; all his nervous tension gone.

INT. LOVING HANDS FERTILITY CLINIC - RECEPTION

A LARGE SECURITY GUARD in an expensive suit opens the door for Alex.

The reception and waiting area of the clinic is tasteful, but definitely expensive.

A young RECEPTIONIST looks at him curiously.

ALEX

Hi. My wife and I are ready to have a baby.

INT. POLICE STATION - TAKAHASHI'S DESK - LATE AFTERNOON

Detective Takahashi has got a couple extra monitors on his desk and is in the process of plugging in the nightclub manager's security computer.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER approaches.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Surveillance team's set up at the apartment. The second this Alex guy shows up--

The officer hands Takahashi a police walkie-talkie.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

No one approaches him but me.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Understood.

Takahashi turns on the walkie-talkie. It begins to broadcast the chatter of the police scanner.

INT. DR. LAURA MALCOLM'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

As Alex enters, he takes note of the DRUG CABINET in the back of the room. The glass on the cabinet's doors is translucent, but the shapes of various pill bottles are still discernable.

DR. LAURA MALCOLM, 40s, slender, and professional stands up from her desk and shakes Alex's hand before sitting again. Alex takes the chair opposite her desk.

On the monitor of her computer is the fake identity that Alex has given them for this consultation: DAVID WALTERS.

LAURA MALCOLM
Mr. Walters. I'm Dr. Malcolm.

ALEX
Call me David.

LAURA MALCOLM
I understand you and your wife are having trouble conceiving.

ALEX
It's been two years and I can't convince her to come in and get tested. I want to know if it's me or uh... her... uh... It's on the tip of my tongue.

LAURA MALCOLM
Trying to get pregnant can be very stressful for both parents. Take your time.

ALEX
The disease where the immune system keeps attacking the fetus.

LAURA MALCOLM
Lupus?

Alex gestures - that's the one.

LAURA MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Well, we deal with all causes of infertility. Autoimmune diseases being one of our specializations.

ALEX
I don't want to get her hopes up.

LAURA MALCOLM
Would you like me to speak with her?

ALEX
Would you?

LAURA MALCOLM
Of course.

Dr. Malcolm gestures at her phone. Alex picks up the receiver, but pauses part way through dialing.

ALEX
Listen. She doesn't know I'm here yet.

LAURA MALCOLM
 (standing & locking
 computer)
 I understand. Call me when you're
 ready.

Dr. Malcolm leaves the room as Alex finishes dialing.

ALEX'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
 Hey, you've got Alex--

Alex confirms that she's gone, puts the receiver on her desk, and tries to open the cabinet. It's locked and he's unable to pry it open with his fingers.

He quickly searches the drawers of the desk for a key, but comes up empty.

He snatches a letter opener from Dr. Malcolm's desk, looks again to see if she's still away, and moves back to the cabinet.

He forces in the letter opener and breaks the doors open with a LOUD CRACK.

Alex pauses. Still no response from outside.

He riffles through the various pill bottles as quickly as he can, but the blue ones that Tara was taking are nowhere to be found.

From O.S. a large, meaty hand clamps down on Alex's shoulder.

INT. LOVING HANDS FERTILITY CLINIC - RECEPTION - DUSK

Laura leads the way as the large security guard is wrestling Alex towards the door.

LAURA MALCOLM
 (to receptionist)
 Call the police.

ALEX
 No! Don't do that! My girlfriend's
 been kidnapped. She was taking pills
 that had your immunosuppressant in
 them.

With a gesture from Dr. Malcolm, the receptionist stops dialing and security guard ceases his struggles - but keeps a firm hold on Alex's arm.

LAURA MALCOLM
 How do you know that?

When Alex doesn't answer her, she gestures and the security guard starts to drag him away again. Alex begins to talk and she signs for the security guard to wait once more.

ALEX

I had her pills tested. The immunosuppressant was registered to this clinic. Please. I just need to know if she was here. Type Tara Daniels into your computer.

LAURA MALCOLM

The only thing I know for sure is that you were breaking into my drug cabinet. I'm not about to give you client information. Get him out.

ALEX

No! Please! I have to find her!

Alex is dragged out and thrown unceremoniously onto the sidewalk.

RECEPTIONSIT

Do you think he's telling the truth?

LAURA MALCOLM

If he is, I want to know. Call the FDA and see if anyone's been prying. I'll be in my office.

INT. LAURA'S OFFICE - DUSK

Laura sits at her desk, unlocks her computer, and types TARA DANIELS into the search directory.

Nothing.

She thinks, opens the trash folder, and finds nothing in there either.

Relieved, she's about to get up, but picks up her phone instead. She hits the button for IT.

IT GUY

Dr. Malcolm?

LAURA MALCOLM

How do I get access to our archived patient records? Client lists that might have been deleted.

IT GUY

We have regular backups. How far back do you need?

LAURA MALCOLM
A couple of years.

IT GUY
Give me a sec...
(beat)
You should have access now.

Laura types in Tara's name again and after a longer pause, she gets a hit.

She opens the deleted document - an initial consultation file on Tara. RECEIVING DOCTOR: DOCTOR SAMUEL DEIGHTON.

Dr. Malcolm swears under her breath.

She picks up her phone and punches in a few numbers. A man with a FRENCH ACCENT (RENE) answers.

RENE (MALE V.O.)
Oui?

LAURA MALCOLM
When was the last time you saw Doctor Deighton?

RENE (V.O.)
Not for months.

LAURA MALCOLM
I think we have a serious problem.

RENE (V.O.)
On my way.

She hangs up. The weight of the world pressing down on her shoulders.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - IMPROVISED RECOVERY ROOM - EVENING

Tara wakes up with a gasp. Instantly alert. Unable to move. A bloody bandage wrapped around her skull.

She's lying on a bed in a dirty room that has been converted into a recovery room of sorts. A child's night light glows dimly from one of the room's plugs.

She glances down at her body and sees her wrists and ankles harnessed to the bed. Two separate IV bags stand to one side: one attached to her inner thigh, the other to a slender tube that disappears under a bloody bandage wrapped around her otherwise naked chest.

Tara pulls at the harnesses, but they hold her tightly in place.

She tries again. Nothing.

Straining with all her might, dizziness washes over her and THE ROOM SEEMS TO DISTORT a little.

With a rip, one of the harnesses tears just enough that she can reach her other hand and free herself from the bed and IV tubes.

Wearing nothing but her underwear and the bloody bandages, she pads to the door and catches sight of her reflection in a dusty mirror. Horrified, she touches the bandage on her skull, but draws her hand back with a hiss of pain.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - HALLWAY

Tara creeps into the hallway. No sign of anyone. As she searches for a way out she hears Deighton's FOOTSTEPS.

She quickly takes refuge in a side room.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - MORGUE

Tara backs up without looking and barely avoids screaming when she bumps into a couple of stored dead bodies.

Panicked, she backs away again, then turns and moves into --

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL WARD

Tara stops short. Inside the room are more than a DOZEN MUTILATED YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN on life support, barely alive, all of whom have been operated on even more invasively than she has.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

EXT. LOVING HANDS FERTILITY CLINIC - NIGHT

Dr. Malcolm is supervising the security guard and SOME MEN loading crates into a cube van.

A 1980s 4-door sedan pulls up beside her.

RENE, (40s, slender, wearing glasses, and smoking) the Frenchman from Dr. Malcolm's last phone call, steps out and HANDS HER A MOBILE PHONE and the keys to the car.

LAURA MALCOLM

Did you bring it?

RENE

(gestures at the trunk
of the sedan)

Oui. But I don't think you should do this. You're going to make things worse.

LAURA MALCOLM

I'm not letting Sam pull me into his bullshit. If he's been doing *anything* illegal out of the clinic... find it and get rid of it.

(off his look)

Now, Rene.

Rene nods and with a snap of his fingers immediately begins to boss the men around.

EXT. PARKING LOT ACROSS STREET FROM FERTILITY CLINIC

A moment after Dr. Malcolm drives off, Alex sits up in the driver's seat of his jeep and follows.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Tara spots an open door on the far side of the room.

She slides past the medical drip bags, the life support equipment, and Sam Deighton's other victims.

A hand snaps out and snags Tara by the wrist - again she experiences the strange dizzying/distorting effect as terror washes through her.

Stifling a scream she looks down and sees the MISSING POSTER GIRL - CHELSEA SUMMERS (21) on the bed, barely alive.

CHELSEA

Help... me...

Behind Tara, Sam's FOOTSTEPS can be heard approaching.

Tara tries to pry Chelsea's hand free as he gets closer, but the girl won't let go.

Chelsea starts to make NOISE and Tara hushes her. The sound of approaching FOOTSTEPS stops, then starts again coming more quickly towards the room.

Tara snatches her hand away and hides as Sam appears in the doorway attached to the morgue.

He listens and zeroes in on Chelsea's whimpering.

She sees him coming and starts to CRY - No no no. Please.

Sam leans over her and she begins to MEWL as he pokes, prods and adjusts.

While Sam is otherwise occupied, Tara sneaks out of the far side of the room

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - STAIRWELL

Out the far end of the room Tara finds another hallway with an adjoining stairwell. Above the stairwell a broken exit sign hangs loosely.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY

After descending, Tara exits the stairwell. At the far end of the hallway are the double exit doors. The center of each door is made of glass interwoven with wire mesh.

Unable to contain herself, she runs down the hallway. She BANGS into the doors only to discover that they're chained closed.

She can open them only a crack, just enough to be able to see the outside and no more. There's no way out. In her fear and disappointment, she THUMPS against the doors making more NOISE than she should.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dr. Malcolm speeds down the highway. Alex follows at a respectable distance so as not to be seen.

When she takes the exit that winds towards Samson Chemicals, he's utterly taken aback.

He lifts his bum off the driver's seat and swerves as he fishes his phone out of his pocket and turns it on.

EXT. ROAD NEAR SAMSON CHEMICALS

Dr. Malcolm glances in her rear view mirror as the lights of the car behind her swerve.

She turns and looks over her shoulder. She's definitely seen Alex's car now.

She rounds a corner, breaking line of sight with Alex. She pulls out the phone Rene gave her and dials.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Emergency 911.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Takahashi is concentrating on the video surveillance of the nightclub where Tara was taken when the squawk of the police walkie-talkie draws his attention.

DISPATCH
All Units, 459 in progress at Samson
Chemicals 1500 City Parkway. Suspect
is described as a Caucasian male--

He scrambles for the radio. As he's speaking, he flips open his notebook. Beside Alex's name and number are the words SAMSON CHEMICALS.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
Dispatch 4king42. Go again with the
name of that company.

EXT. ROAD NEAR SAMSON CHEMICALS - CONTINUOUS

Alex looks up from his phone as it powers up and sees the road ahead of him is empty. He pulls into the Samson Chemicals parking lot, but Dr. Malcolm's car is nowhere to be seen.

He calls Gary.

INT. SAMSON CHEMICALS

Gary is working diligently at his workstation, the intern nearby, both unaware that Gary's phone is silently flashing "ALEX" on his desk behind him.

EXT. SAMSON CHEMICALS PARKING LOT

Alex parks his car near the front door beside Gary's car, the only other vehicle left in the lot.

ALEX

(into phone)

Gary. I don't know how she found you, but the doctor from the fertility clinic... she's at your lab. Please tell me you took a cab home.

The front door's locked. He presses the buzzer and peers through the glass, but sees no one.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I'm out front. If you're still here, don't let anyone in but me, okay?

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tara listens for sounds coming from upstairs, but hears nothing... the silence is oppressive.

She looks around and sees a fire extinguisher hanging in its socket. She grabs it and moves back to the door. With a mighty swing, she SMASHES the extinguisher into the glass. It cracks, but with all the wiring, it only dimples outwards by an inch or so.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - MAKESHIFT HOSPITAL WARD

Sam stops what he's doing as he thinks he hears a BANG. He hears it again and tries to place the noise.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - IMPROVISED RECOVERY ROOM

Sam moves through the morgue, crosses the hallway, and glances into Tara's recovery room only to discover her missing.

He hears the BANG again.

With great alarm, he races back towards the exit stairwell.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY

The glass is badly broken now, but nowhere near enough for Tara to get outside.

Sam's footsteps pound down the stairwell behind her.

Through the now familiar dizzying effect she SMASHES the extinguisher again and again with all her might.

Sam makes it down the stairs and sees her. The hole still looks small, but she tries to squeeze through anyway.

Sam sprints towards her as she is partially through. He makes a grab for her legs trying to get a hold, but she kicks at him frantically and slips outside.

The hole is definitely too small for Sam to follow. He glowers at her through the glass and then vanishes back inside.

Tara climbs painfully to her feet and limps off into the darkness...

EXT. SAMSON CHEMICALS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Detective Takahashi pulls into the lot. Apart from the two cars by the front door, he sees nothing.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
(into radio)
4king42. I'm code 6. No sign of
the suspect.

Movement in the bushes under a side window catches his eye. He snaps on his halogen spotlight illuminating the side of the building like daytime.

He opens his door and takes cover behind it.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)
Police! Step out where I can see
you!

Alex comes out covering his eyes from the glare.

Although still wary, Takahashi relaxes and stands - just who I thought.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI (CONT'D)
Mr. Grant. You want to tell me what
you're doing here?

ALEX
Detective?

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
Why don't you step over to me.

Still blinded, Alex crosses over to Takahashi.

ALEX
This isn't what it looks like. My
friend--

BWOOOOM!

Both men are thrown to the ground as Samson Chemicals
EXPLODES.

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

EXT. SAMSON CHEMICALS PARKING LOT

Alex and the Detective stagger under the blast wave from the detonating chemical lab.

Alex's first thought is of his friend. He spins back towards the inferno. Both his and Gary's car are burning as well.

ALEX

GARY!

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

(has his gun out now)

Don't you move!

ALEX

What are you doing! My friend might be in there!

Alex sees Dr. Malcolm's car driving away from across the street.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Look! There she is! You have to stop her!

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

(not buying it)

You have the right to remain silent--

Takahashi SLAMS Alex into side of his cop car.

Instinctively Alex shoves back against the detective and the two men crash to the ground.

The detective falls heavily with Alex on top of him and is winded.

Alex scrambles up and grabs the Takahashi's gun.

ALEX

I didn't do this! Cuff yourself to the pole.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Alex--

ALEX

Do not fuck with me!

Takahashi complies and cuffs himself to a nearby light pole.

Alex grabs Takahashi's phone and radio. Throws them away.
He also grabs Takahashi's extra handcuffs.

DISPATCH (from radio)
4king42. Confirm your status.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI
Alex, if you do this. The police
will shoot you.

Alex climbs behind the wheel of Takahashi's cop car and speeds off.

Takahashi is left alone in the parking lot.

EXT. LOS ANGELES BACK ROADS - NIGHT

Dr. Malcolm is driving away. Evidence of the explosion and raging fire is growing dimmer behind her.

She glances in the rear view mirror as a pair of headlights crest a hill behind her and come barreling towards her.

She is suddenly blinded by a halogen spotlight that washes over her car.

SLAM!

The stolen police car smashes into the back of her car and she wrestles to maintain control. The cop car briefly falls back and then roars forward smashing into her again. With a SCREAM she loses control and spins out at the side of the road.

Alex screeches to a stop in front of her and leaps out with his stolen pistol drawn. He yanks the driver's door of Dr. Malcolm's car open.

ALEX
WHERE IS TARA!

LAURA MALCOLM
I don't know, I swear--

Infuriated, Alex cocks the gun and presses it into her thigh with the full intention of shooting her.

LAURA MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Wait wait wait. I might know. I
might.

Alex throws the extra cuffs at her.

ALEX
Door.

She moves to the passenger seat and cuffs herself to the door handle as Alex climbs behind the wheel of Dr. Malcolm's car.

LAURA MALCOLM

But I don't know for sure. I haven't seen Sam in months.

Alex maneuvers around Takahashi's car and speeds off.

Over the police radio in Takahashi's abandoned car, the detective's lack of response is causing great concern.

DISPATCH (from radio)

All units. Report of an explosion from Detective Takahashi's last known location. Units to respond code 3.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - NIGHT

Tara is utterly lost. She has no idea where she is or how to escape from the industrial site that is surrounded by barb wire fencing.

She sees a beam of a flashlight behind her and she freezes. She spins on the spot and takes refuge in the first place she can.

Sam, now armed with a pistol and a flashlight, passes uncomfortably close to where she's hiding.

He doesn't see her and moves out of sight past an obstruction ahead.

She crawls away in the opposite direction.

EXT. SAMSON CHEMICALS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The inferno rages.

FIRE TRUCKS and POLICE CARS with SIRENS blaring come careening into the parking lot.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Somebody let me out of these things!

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - NIGHT

Tara is trembling as she half lurches and half crawls away.

A beam of light shines over her and she cringes...

ALEX (O.S.)

Tara!

TARA

Alex?

And he's there beside her.

ALEX

Oh my god, Baby. What have they
done to you?

She SOBS in relief, and he scoops her up in his arms and runs back to the car with her.

Tara sees Dr. Malcolm in the passenger seat and flinches.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Shh. It's okay. I've got you.

He gently deposits Tara in the back, then jumps into the driver's seat.

TARA

It's him.

Alex looks forward and sees Sam Deighton standing some 80 feet away.

Sam's arm snaps up and FIRES his gun. The bullet pierces the car's hood.

Alex slams the car in reverse and ducks as Sam FIRES again.

He swings the car around 180 degrees and speeds off.

Behind them, Sam runs perpendicular to the escaping car, trying to cut them off before they can get away.

EXT. UNDER THE OVERPASS

Alex and Tara speed under an overpass.

EXT. ON THE OVERPASS

Deighton jumps a fence and leaps to the edge of the overpass where he leans dangerously out over open space. He FIRES repeatedly at the retreating car.

The back tire is shot out and Alex loses control. The car tumbles and rolls before coming to a sliding stop on its roof.

INT. DR. MALCOLM'S CAR

Alex is bleeding from a bad cut on his head.

Dr. Malcolm bleeds from a cut across the bridge of her nose.

Tara lies on the upturned roof, still in the back of the car.

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE OVERPASS

Tara is the first out of the wreckage and does her best to pull Alex out as well.

Tara sees Deighton scrambling down from the overpass.

TARA

Alex. He's coming. Get up.

But Alex can barely stand no matter how much urging she gives him.

ALEX

Run, Tara.

With little choice, she limps away.

Inside the car, Dr. Malcolm yanks at her now broken door handle trying to pull herself free.

Alex tries to follow Tara, but he falls to the ground.

Sam runs past.

EXT. DESERTED DINER

Nearby is a deserted diner as decrepit as the abandoned industrial site.

Tara has lost sight of Sam and quietly tries to open the diner doors, but they're locked.

She turns and SCREAMS as she sees Sam standing nearby, his gun pointing directly at her.

Things seem to distort around Tara again and she backs up.

Sam gingerly closes on her.

SAM DEIGHTON

Tara. I know you're frightened.

TARA

Why are you doing this?

SAM DEIGHTON

I can explain everything. Please.

Tara cries, begging for her life. She doesn't understand.

Deighton hesitates. The hand holding his pistol begins to tremble. It dips slightly, no longer pointing directly at her.

Alex crashes into Sam from O.S. All his anguish, fear and fury unleashed against the man who took Tara from him, but with Alex's head wound he's no match. After a short, chaotic exchange, Sam knocks Alex to the ground.

He points his pistol at Alex, pulls back the hammer and as he starts to squeeze the trigger something else begins to happen:

It's as if time slows down. Everything in the area starts to shake as if caught in a small earthquake.

The hair on Deighton's arm stands on end, and in slow motion he looks towards Tara who seems to be sparking with small flashes of electricity.

TARA

NO!

A translucent distortion forms in the air around her, and when she thrusts her hand towards Sam, the distortion surges outwards as if she were exploding.

Everything in close proximity to Tara is thrust violently away.

Sam is thrown 10 feet through the air and his shot goes wild. Time speeds up and he crashes to the ground.

Tara stands panting, then something rips loose in her head and blood floods out of her nose. Her eyes roll and she collapses to the ground.

Tara crawls pathetically towards Alex trying to touch him... She reaches for his hand, but never quite makes it.

DR. MALCOLM (O.S.)

Oh my god, Sam. It worked! You actually did it!

Dr. Malcolm arrives still wearing her handcuffs. Her face and wrists covered in blood.

Sam looks far more horrified than elated. He stumbles towards Tara and falls to his knees beside her. Sam puts his forehead against Tara and begins to weep.

SAM DEIGHTON

Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Oh, please. I'm sorry.

Dr. Malcolm tries to help Sam up.

LAURA MALCOLM

Come on. We can't stay here. The police are going to be everywhere tonight.

EXT. LOS ANGELES BACK ROADS - NIGHT

Having been rescued, Detective Takahashi and SEVERAL POLICE CARS arrive at the location where his stolen car was abandoned.

Takahashi jumps out of the squad car. He scans the ground then the horizon looking for some clue regarding where Alex may have gone, but they've lost him.

DETECTIVE TAKAHASHI

Damn it!

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - O.R. - NIGHT

The room is dark, fuzzy, indiscernible...

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)

All units. Please be on the lookout for 26-year-old Caucasian male. Name - Alex Grant. 5 foot 10 inches--

Alex comes to in the room covered by hanging plastic sheets. It is now clear that this is not a kill room, but an operating room.

Like Tara before him, Alex is gagged and strapped down. Even his head, which has been tended to and bandaged, has been strapped in place and has limited movement.

ALEX

(gagged)

Tara? TARA!

Instead of Tara, however, Sam Deighton, prepped for surgery, brushes past the plastic and moves towards him.

After a moment, Dr. Malcolm with two bruised and blackened eyes, also prepped for surgery, enters.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(gagged)

No. NO! TARA! Wait. Wait... stop stopstop. STOP!

Deighton hunches over Alex and a small power tool snaps on. As it grinds through meat and bone, Alex SCREAMS.

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL SITE - VARIOUS

The camera pans through the empty hallways. Alex's SCREAMS echo and grow more distant.

Heavy metal doors slam shut dropping us to black.

These words appear: PATIENT ZERO

The letters start to spark like Tara did, then they spread outwards, flashing in various little patterns of genetic code until there is nothing but darkness.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW