

TV
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BVG
BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

(c) 2007

TEASER

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. ABANDONED BEACH SHORE - DAY

The salty waves rush to the shore, then retreat back into the ocean.

The waves come in again, and when they retreat this time, they leave behind a BLOODY SEAGULL on the sandy beach.

A small hand reaches down and grabs the dead bird. We stay in a fixed position on the sand, where we see a new wave rush the beach, enveloping this figure's small feet and legs.

PAN UP the figure, and we discover that we're in the presence of a 7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN BLACK.

The sounds of the ocean waves are so loud, we can't hear what Jordan says next, but we read her lips.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
(mouths)
What happened?

Jordan looks up to someone standing behind her. She holds out the bird to this person.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN (CONT'D)
(mouths)
The bird is dead.

A ROUGH HAND reaches out and grabs the bird from young Jordan's clutches. The person throws the bloody creature up into the air, where it escapes up out of the camera shot.

Jordan looks up, watching the bird, as another wave tickles her ankles in the sand.

Suddenly, the entire blue sky rapidly goes BLACK and CLOUDY. At first, it appears to be nothing more than a strange weather phenomenon, but then BLOODY SEAGULLS begin to drop from the sky.

There's literally hundreds of blood-red seagulls coming out of the sky. They SPLASH down into the water, THUMP onto the sand, and BOUNCE off of each other.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN (CONT'D)
(mouths)
Nooo! What did you do?!

Her words now masked by the sounds of the birds falling, Jordan covers her head and tries to run away.

But the ocean's waves had caused her feet to sink down beneath the sand.

Jordan struggles to get out -- birds still raining down around her -- but instead, she seems to SINK EVEN LOWER.

The ocean comes in again, and this time the wave is up to her knees. Clearly, Jordan's in trouble.

She looks up to the person behind her. She yells:

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN (CONT'D)
(mouths)
Help me! Please!

Bloody birds continue to rain down, as we HEAR the voice of this person that's been behind her the entire time.

ECHOING VOICE (O.S.)
Are you sure?

And now we finally HEAR Jordan's voice.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
Yes! Help me!

ECHOING VOICE (O.S.)
Very well.

The figure reaches out both hands, and we see that the person is wearing a dark blue jacket. The figure pulls Jordan up out of the sinking sand, then shields her as they run away from the shoreline.

Jordan and the figure run several yards away, then turn back to the beach. Where the sand was once tan-colored, it's now completely RED from the hundreds and hundreds of dead birds.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
You did this. It's your fault.

ECHOING VOICE (O.S.)
I saved you.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
You're a bad man. I want my
mommy!

Jordan escapes from the figure's clutches, then quickly runs away from the beach.

We stay on the figure and TRACK AROUND his distinctive head -- short hair along the sides, completely bald on top, a slight squint in his eyes. This is

PETER WATTS!

AERIAL VIEW

Peter looks up to the sky, as one final seagull falls down. He holds out his hand and catches the bird in his palm. Peter stares down intently at the bird in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Camera pulls up to 16 YEAR-OLD JORDAN BLACK, curled up in bed in the fetal position. She's slowly rocking back and forth, CRYING softly in her sleep.

CLOSE UP of Jordan's eyes, where several salty tears are trickling down her cheeks. Off this sad image we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"FLEW"

starring
Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by
Chris Carter

Also Starring
Brittany Tiplady

and
Terry O'Quinn

Guest Starring
Clancy Brown

Wayne Pygram

Nestor Serrano

Ravi Kapoor

Kay Panabaker

Theme by
Mark Snow

Art Director
JT Vaughn

Producer
Angelo Shrine

Producer
Brendan M. Leonard

Written by
Angelo Shrine

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"Fear not for the future,
weep not for the past."

-- Percy Bysshe Shelley

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

The sky is beautiful, a bright blue, almost radiating with color. A flock of grey GEESE fly across the sky, in the distinguished shape of a 'V'.

The birds fly across the screen, then disappear.

FADE THROUGH
BLACK TO:

INT. POULTRY PRODUCTION FACTORY - DAY

Rows and rows of conveyer belts. Hundreds and thousands of plucked chickens. Dozens of WORKERS wearing the appropriate protective clothing.

**DENIZLI,
TURKEY**

The DRONE from the conveyer belts is only drowned out by the constant yelling in Turkish from all of the workers. What could be a desolate job is actually made fun by all of the joking and LAUGHING.

We FOCUS ON one Turkish man in particular. Black hair, stubbly beard, late-40s. This is PERRAN BETIGAAS.

Perran laughs at a fellow worker, then goes back to sorting the chickens passing him by on the conveyer.

Perran starts COUGHING. Quietly at first, then louder. He covers his mouth with his arm and backs away from the conveyer belt.

TURKISH FRIEND

(subtitled)

Hey, Perran! Why are you choking?
You're not supposed to eat the
chickens, you know?

Some of the workers LAUGH at the joke as Perran coughs.
Finally, Perran pulls his arm away from his mouth, and gasps in shock when he sees BLOOD on his sleeve.

PERRAN
(subtitles)
My God in heaven....

Perran's friends begin circling around him, noticing the blood. They pat his back, trying to calm him.

TURKISH FRIENDS
(subtitled)
Are you all right? What's wrong?
Someone get Ferhan!

Perran looks up to the second floor balcony, where an out-of-place man is seen wearing black clothes, just staring down at the scene below. This is the CALM MAN.

Perran starts COUGHING again as his face begins to drip with sweat. He tries to inhale, but only coughs more.

Finally, he pushes his friends away and, still having trouble breathing, runs out of the production area.

ANGLE UP to the balcony. The Calm Man is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing shot. We're back in America.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

History class. A bald teacher with glasses and a huge nose, MR ROSTRUM, sits at his desk at the front of the classroom. He's conducting a slideshow up on the screen. He holds a remote, which he CLICKS, as a new slide comes up.

ROSTRUM
Seventy-five million people.
Seventy-five million.

He CLICKS the slide to an eerie picture of people in Europe in the 1300s, dead or dying from the infamous Black Plague.

ROSTRUM (CONT'D)
That's the entire country of
Turkey. That's twice the
population of Canada. That's one-
fourth of the entire population
of the United States.
(CLICKS)
(MORE)

ROSTRUM (CONT'D)

In took less than a decade, and in the end, the Black Plague left behind a country in peril. And of course, being human, the survivors soon placed blame for the plague on others. In particular, those of the Jewish faith.

GIRL #1

But the Jews didn't cause it.

ROSTRUM

Of course not. But the Jewish faith at that time demanded that they live a clean life. Jewish settlers didn't drink contaminated water, they stuck together, and as a result, they were spared from getting sick while those around them were dying by the thousands. So these religious zealots naturally took to blaming the Jews for creating the biggest pandemic of all time.

BOY #1

So all of those people died because of this virus carried by the rats?

ROSTRUM

By the fleas on the rats. Who knew that such an inconsequential creature... could have such an important impact on the human race.

Rostrum continues CLICKING his remote, clearly enjoying that his students are engaging in the conversation.

However, one person in the back of the room -- JORDAN BLACK -- isn't listening at all.

Jordan is looking out the window, staring intently at

A BLACKBIRD

outside the window. The bird stands quietly at the base of the flagpole. It's staring right back at Jordan.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Jordan is standing near the lockers next to BETHANY. Bethany's being chatty, while Jordan looks off in a daze.

BETHANY

Did you hear me? Jordan? Hello?

Jordan shakes herself awake.

JORDAN

Huh?

BETHANY

Michael Hoffstead's party this weekend. You in?

JORDAN

What kind of a party?

BETHANY

What does it matter? Everyone's going to be there.

(playfully)

Even Aaron.

JORDAN

Aaron? I haven't even talked to him since... I can't even remember.

BETHANY

Well then, this'll be your chance. Come on, it's going to be sweet.

JORDAN

I guess, yeah. If my dad says it's okay.

BETHANY

Your dad? Come on, you know he'll say no.

JORDAN

Well, I'm still going to ask. Is that a problem?

BETHANY

No. It's fine, gosh. Bite my head off. Listen, I've got to run to the other side before my next class. See you after school?

JORDAN

Yeah.

Bethany closes her locker then rushes away. Jordan watches her go, then turns and walks the other direction.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Frank's red jeep is parked in the visitor's parking.

INT. RED JEEP - CONTINUOUS

FRANK BLACK sits behind the wheel, staring out at all the high school kids leaving for the day. Bobby Darin 'Don't Rain on My Parade' plays quietly from his car radio.

Frank smiles as he watches the kids, enjoying their youth and innocence. Suddenly, the passenger door opens, jolting him from his thoughts.

He turns to look, and is genuinely shocked to see

PETER WATTS

sitting in his jeep beside him.

FRANK

Peter! What?

PETER

Frank, just listen. I don't have a lot of time to tell you --

FRANK

Tell me what?

PETER

(continuing)

-- before she steps out of that school and meets up with you.

FRANK

What.... Jordan?

Peter just stares.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Are you talking about Jordan?

Frank angrily hits the volume on the radio, silencing the happy music.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm listening.

PETER

Megan Eunlaith. Do you know her?

FRANK

No. Should I?

Peter reaches into his pockets, as Frank nervously looks out the window. He licks his lips, hoping Jordan takes her time today.

Peter pulls out a photo file of a young Megan Eunlaith. She's got blonde hair, blue eyes, and a big smile.

PETER

Sixteen years old. At least, she will be in two months.

FRANK

Who is she?

PETER

She's gone, Frank. Disappeared twelve days ago from Bellis High School. She went with some friends to eat lunch off campus, and was never seen again. But police did find a note at the scene.

FRANK

(recalling)

Bellis High School?

Peter takes a long beat.

PETER

In Seattle.

Frank grabs the paper from Peter's hand and skims the brief information on the young girl.

FRANK

What's going on, Peter?

PETER

Did Jordan know this girl? They were both in the same elementary class, before Jordan left Seattle in 1998.

FRANK

So? A lot of people knew her, I'm sure. Why don't you start with them?

Frank shoves the file back into Peter's hands. He looks back out the window again, just in time to see Jordan exit the front doors. She's talking with a few FRIENDS, and doesn't see Frank's Jeep right away.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She's here.

PETER

I have more questions.

FRANK

Your time's up. Get out.

Frank reaches over Peter's lap and opens the passenger door. Peter looks from Frank's determined face, then to Jordan outside the high school, then back to Frank.

Finally, Peter nods. He puts the paper back in his pocket and steps out of the car. He doesn't shut the door just yet, though.

PETER

Megan Eunlaith's father works for
a research company called
Emergen.

Jordan waves goodbye to her friends and starts walking toward the Jeep.

FRANK

Goodbye, Peter.

PETER

And he's called off every police
investigation into her
disappearance. Why?

Frank ignores him, instead watching Jordan approach the Jeep. He gives her a big smile, which she returns.

PETER (CONT'D)

And why did the note found at the
scene of Megan's disappearance in
Seattle have the name Jordan
Black written in black felt pen?

Frank WHOOSHES his head over to Peter, fear now in his eyes. Peter stares back blankly, knowing that it's of no use to question his friend any more.

Jordan finally arrives at the Jeep.

JORDAN

Hi Dad.

She looks Peter up and down.

FRANK

Peter's just leaving.

PETER

Yes. Yes I was. My, Jordan, how
you've grown. You're looking more
like your mother every day.

FRANK

Goodbye, Peter. I'll call you
later.

PETER

I had a feeling you would.

Peter gives a big smile to Jordan, his moustache tickling the tip of his nose. With that, he walks away.

Jordan jumps into the Jeep and closes the door.

FRANK

Did you have a good day today?
Learn anything cool?

JORDAN

Uh-huh....

Jordan's only half-listening to her father. She's too preoccupied watching Peter, the man from her dream, walking slowly away from the high school.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

BRAD LOCKE is hungrily shovelling forkful after forkful of dressing-drenched salad into his mouth.

PULL OUT. He's sitting at an outdoor table with Frank. Frank watches the younger man eat with a grimace on his face.

LOCKE

(finally)
What's the name?

FRANK

The father or the daughter?

Locke finishes eating the salad. He wipes his mouth.

LOCKE

Both.

FRANK

The father's name is Tyler
Eunlaith. He's worked at Emergen,
in the medical research
laboratory, for eight years,
where he's a viral analyst. It's
here in D.C.

LOCKE

Viral analyst? Sounds
interesting, to say the least.

FRANK

And the daughter, Megan, is back
in Seattle with her mother. She
went missing twelve days ago from
a local burger joint, five miles
from the high school.

LOCKE

No one saw anything?

FRANK

Her friends claim she went to the bathroom and never came back. He was probably waiting for her there.

Frank looks down at the last bits of salad in front of Locke.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A young girl (MEGAN) screaming!
- A dark solitary tree.
- Megan being shoved into a trunk!
- The tree suddenly coming alive, as hundreds of birds fly off from its branches!

Locke notices that Frank's just staring down at the table.

LOCKE

Frank?

FRANK

There's something else. I think this girl was friends with my daughter. Back when we lived in Seattle.

LOCKE

So... you're worried you're going to take this case personally.

FRANK

No. The exact opposite. Someone's trying to make it personal to me.

Locke nods. Frank takes a drink of his water. We see for the first time that Frank also has a salad in front of him. But it's untouched. Locke gestures to it.

LOCKE

Do you mind?

FRANK

No. Go ahead.

LOCKE

(chewing)

If you want, I can talk with the father's co-workers at Emergen?

Frank smiles and nods. Obviously, he's in.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMERGEN RESEARCH COMPANY - DAY

We get an establishing shot of the large two-story building.

**EMERGEN RESEARCH COMPANY
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA**

INT. EMERGEN - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

A group of Emergen MEDICAL WORKERS are sitting around the break room, having lunch. A TV in the background is reporting on the statistics of the Avian influenza, including a recent outbreak in Turkey.

One man, bald and wearing glasses, is wearing a "Tyler" name-tag on his chest. This is TYLER EUNLAITH.

Tyler's watching the news solemnly, while his co-workers are clearly involved in the report.

WORKER #1

And now an outbreak in Turkey.
Terrific.

WORKER #2

When will it end?

Tyler finally speaks up.

TYLER

It won't end.

WORKER #3

That's kind of gloomy, don't you think?

TYLER

Gloomy, yes. But the Avian flu's not going anywhere soon. Just look. Another outbreak. Before long, it'll take all of us.

WORKER #1

Okay. I think Tyler's had too much to drink.

WORKER #2

Or not enough.

WORKER #3

We will find a cure. The measures we've taken over the past year have shown exceptional promise. Trust me.

(MORE)

WORKER #3 (CONT'D)

This time next year, bird flu
will have gone the way of SARS.

WORKER #1

And what'll be the new disease?

TYLER

You're all not looking at the
long term. In the Middle Ages,
the black plague was carried by
fleas. So the contact zone was
relatively contained. This....
this is carried by birds. There's
no stopping the spread.

The workers stare at each other, then look back at Tyler.
To their surprise, a single tear wells up in Tyler's eye.

TYLER (CONT'D)

This is our apocalypse.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURKISH AIRPORT - NIGHT

We're back in Turkey. There's sand on either side of the
airport runway for miles and miles.

Men in Turkish attire stand on the runway, next to a
private CARGO PLANE that's about ready to take off. There's
a staircase leading up to the plane's side door.

Suddenly, we see the Calm Man from earlier walking toward
the plane. Behind him is the sick man, Perran, who's
wearing a full-body protective suit and being escorted by
two TURKISH GUARDS.

The Calm Man is clearly in control here, as this group of
men finally arrives at the airport.

CALM MAN

(subtitled)

Send him up! Go on!

The Calm Man has to yell in order to be heard over the
plane's propellers. The two guards nod and begin walking
Perran up the stairs against his will.

PERRAN

(subtitled)

Wait! Stop! What are you doing?
Where are you taking me? I have
children!

The guards bring him into the plane and escape from our
view.

The Calm Man takes out his cell phone and dials. He waits for someone to answer, and when they do, he speaks in English.

CALM MAN

I have him.

A VOICE on the other end speaks, but we can't hear it due to the plane.

CALM MAN (CONT'D)

Yes. We'll be there soon.

The Calm Man hangs up, then runs up the staircase to enter the plane. After he does, two airport officials run over and pull away the staircase.

The Cargo Plane begins its takeoff.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Alone amongst the familiar glass design motifs of the Millennium Group's corporate offices, TREPPOS hangs up the phone. He stares at his reflection in one of the glass panes, and frowns.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. EUNLAITH RESIDENCE - MORNING

Through a window, we see that the sun's coming up, revealing a beautiful pink-orange skyline.

Sitting on his couch, wearing nothing but a bathrobe and his glasses, is Tyler Eunlaith. A box of tissues sits on the coffee table, with several wadded-up tissues lying beside it.

Tyler SNIFFS loudly as he holds several photographs of his daughter, Megan. She's almost 16, with braided blonde hair and a huge happy smile. Definitely a different side of her than the photo we saw Peter give to Frank.

Tyler flips to another photo, a family photo with him, his wife, and Megan. Though the room is completely silent, it's almost like we're hearing Tyler's wails of agony.

Suddenly, a loud KNOCK on the door breaks Tyler's concentration. He quickly shoves all of the pictures under a couch cushion and tightens the robe around him.

Another KNOCK.

TYLER

Coming! Coming, hold on.

Tyler opens the door. He squints as he looks out at Frank Black, who stands alone.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You looking for something?

FRANK

Are you Tyler Eunlaith?

TYLER

Who's asking? You... you a cop?

FRANK

No. I'm a consultant with the Washington Police Department, but that's not why I'm here.

TYLER

Then what the hell do you want?

FRANK

Mr. Eunlaith, I'm trying to find your daughter.

Tyler winces at the mentioning of his daughter.

TYLER

Excuse me?

FRANK

Word is you've called off the police investigators. Is that true?

TYLER

I'm sorry, Mr. Whoever-You-Are, but this is a private family matter.

Tyler goes to shut the door, but Frank puts his foot into the doorway, blocking it.

FRANK

My name's Frank Black. I used to live in Seattle. I believe our daughters knew each other there.

Tyler suddenly stops. He opens the door again and looks out at Frank, a new appreciation in his eyes.

TYLER

Black?

FRANK

Yes.

TYLER

Is your daughter's name Jordan?

Frank winces at the mentioning of his daughter.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Why don't -- Why don't you come in?

Tyler stands out of the way to let Frank step into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Jordan walks by Mr. Rostrum's history class. She stops and looks into the room, where Rostrum's busy writing something at his desk. His room is otherwise empty.

Jordan politely taps on the door, as Rostrum looks over.

ROSTRUM

Miss Black. Something you need?

Jordan walks into:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ROSTRUM'S CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Jordan walks up to his desk, where he puts his pen down and smiles up at her. His big nose shines brightly from the fluorescent lights above.

JORDAN

What you said yesterday, about the Black Plague....

ROSTRUM

Yes?

JORDAN

Could it happen again?

ROSTRUM

The Black Plague? No. Absolutely not. Although there still are rare occurrences of the bubonic plague today, there hasn't been an outbreak since around the late sixteen hundreds.

JORDAN

I don't mean the Black Plague specifically. I mean, could there be a widespread plague in our lifetime?

ROSTRUM

I don't see that happening at all. We're smarter now. Our medicine is more viable, our vaccines more accessible to a worldwide population. You couldn't have picked a better time to have been born, Miss Black.

Suddenly, a loud FLUTTERING causes them to look over at the window. A tiny SPARROW is trapped inside the room, fluttering its wings at full speed as it presses up against the window, trying to escape.

JORDAN

There's a bird!

ROSTRUM

Oh my, help me open the windows!

Rostrum stands from his desk and he and Jordan make their way to the windows. The bird continues flying up and down, left and right, trying to get through the glass to freedom.

ROSTRUM (CONT'D)

Unlatch it right at the top!
Hurry!

Jordan quickly unlatches a window and opens it up. The bird continues flying against the window, even though there's an open one right next to it.

JORDAN
He's not going out!

Rostrum begins fanning his hands at the bird, trying to blow it over to the open window.

ROSTRUM
(still fanning)
Come on, little guy. Come on.

JORDAN
How did he get in? He's -- OH!

In all the excitement, the bird suddenly stops flapping its wings and falls roughly to the ground below.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Oh no!

Jordan bends down to the bird. Its beak is cracked in several places from contact with the glass. It's not moving.

ROSTRUM
Is it breathing?

Jordan examines it closer. She cradles the little bird in her hands. Then she shakes her head no.

JORDAN
The bird is dead.

As she says those words, Jordan suddenly has a brief memory from her dream:

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BEACH SHORE - DAY

Young Jordan holds the dead seagull out in her hands.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
(mouths)
The bird is dead.

FLASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - ROSTRUM'S CLASS

Jordan stares down at the sparrow, lost in a train of thought.

ROSTRUM

It's okay, Miss Black. Throw it out the window, then go wash your hands. Go on.

Jordan slowly stands. She smiles solemnly at the dead bird then tosses it out the window, into some thick shrubbery.

ROSTRUM (CONT'D)

And wash them good. Okay?

Jordan nods then walks out of the room, emotionless.

CUT TO:

INT. EUNLAITH RESIDENCE - UPSTAIRS

Tyler and Frank walk up the wide staircase to the second floor. Family photos adorn the walls on either side.

FRANK

She's beautiful.

TYLER

Absolutely. And not a day goes by that I don't miss being with her.

FRANK

You moved here to D.C. several years ago?

TYLER

Yes. After my wife and I divorced. There was a long custody battle, and she won. But Megan would still talk every day on the phone. Every single day. Hearing her voice... it was the best sound I'd ever heard.

(beat)

Until thirteen days ago.

FRANK

There was a note at the scene of her abduction. You're aware of what that note said?

They arrive at a closed door at the top of the landing.

TYLER

We're here.

Tyler pushes open the door and they step into:

INT. EUNLAITH RESIDENCE - MEGAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Megan's room is revealed to be something of an art show. Pictures, photos, and paintings line every part of every wall, filling up every space, some drawings even covering parts of others in order to fit on the walls.

And the theme of every photo -- BIRDS. Big birds, small birds, colorful birds, old birds... every bird imaginable.

Frank takes in the room, mouth slightly agape. He looks up to the ceiling, where there's even more paintings of birds.

TYLER

This is her room. It's where she stays when she visits.

FRANK

(taking it all in)
She likes birds.

TYLER

Ever since she was a kid. She'd always have dreams where she'd be flying, soaring high up in the air.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- Birds flying high in the air.
- Megan coughing up blood!
- The dark tree coming alive with hundreds of birds.

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

You know my daughter's name. How?

Tyler CLEARS HIS THROAT. He slowly walks across the room. He lifts up a rather large oil painting of a flock of seagulls, revealing a small PICTURE beneath it.

The picture is drawn in crayons and depicts a green-and-yellow PARAKEET. Frank slowly walks across the room, squinting at the familiar image.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This bird....

TYLER

Jordan drew that.

As Frank stares harder, we

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - SEATTLE - 1998

7-year-old Jordan is playing with her brand new parakeet, KENNY. She smiles and LAUGHS as the tiny animal hops around in the cage.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
Dad bought me a parakeet just
like I wanted!

FRANK
She asked for it. I thought
taking care of something that was
alive would help her feel better
about what she's going through.

FLASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. EUNLAITH RESIDENCE - MEGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Frank reaches out his hand and touches the colorful drawing of the parakeet.

FRANK
My daughter drew this?

TYLER
She did.

Frank pulls the picture from the wall. He flips it around and examines the back. In black crayon are the words:

JORDAN -- APRIL 8, 1998

Frank stares at the date.

FRANK
This is wrong.

TYLER
I'm sorry?

FRANK
This is a trick.

TYLER
I don't know what you're --

FRANK
April 8, 1998.

Frank throws the picture onto the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I bought her that parakeet after
my father died, to help her cope.
On May 8, 1998.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Who the hell are you?

TYLER

I'm not lying to you --

FRANK

Who the hell are you?!

Frank approaches Tyler, who backs up slightly, fear in his eyes.

TYLER

If the date's wrong, then the only person you can blame is Jordan. That picture she drew, I swear to you.

Frank considers his words. He slowly bends down and retrieves the drawing from the ground.

FRANK

Jordan...

CLOSE ON the photo of Kenny the parakeet.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMERGEN RESEARCH COMPANY - DAY

A brief establishing shot of the facility before we move

INT. EMERGEN - CORRIDOR - DAY

Brad Locke is walking down the long, echoing corridor of the research company. He's following the signs leading him to the "Information Desk".

As he passes by a side hall, he looks down it and is shocked to see Peter Watts standing alone, leaning against the wall.

Locke looks down his hall toward the information desk, then shakes his head and walks down this side hallway.

LOCKE

Hey.

Peter continues to look down.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I said hey!

Peter slowly looks over. He's a bit surprised to see Locke here.

PETER

Detective Locke? What are you doing here?

LOCKE

Thought I'd ask you the same question.

PETER

But I asked first.

Peter finally stands away from the wall, the two men now standing only inches from each other.

LOCKE

I can't imagine what Frank's going to say when he finds out that the Millennium Group is here.

PETER

Here. Here? Where is here? Do you even know what this facility is, Detective Locke?

LOCKE

It's a research company.

PETER

But research on what?

LOCKE

That's what I was hoping to find out.

PETER

I'm here just like you. To try to get answers on the disappearance of that young girl.

LOCKE

(disbelieving)

So that's why you're standing outside the --

Locke looks to the door across from them. A sign on the door reads "Containment Research".

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Containment facility?

PETER

I'm not here for the Millennium Group.

LOCKE

Right.

PETER

Detective, who do you think it was that tipped Frank onto this investigation in the first place, who told him about the girl and who told him about Emergen? Me. So before you prejudge what little you know about me, why not get your facts straight first, huh?

Locke's a bit taken about by Peter's demeanor. Just then, the Containment door opens and an Emergen Worker (Worker #3 from earlier) steps into the hall.

WORKER #3

Mr. Watts, you can come in now.

PETER

Thank you.

Peter turns to Locke one last time.

PETER (CONT'D)

Have a good day, Detective.

With that, Peter exits into the side room.

Locke kicks at the ground, ticked off for having been put in his place. He turns around and walks back toward the information desk.

INT. EMERGEN - CONTAINMENT FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Peter follows Worker #3 through a hallway, eventually coming to a very secure-feeling METAL ROOM.

They step into the metal room, where the other two Workers from earlier are busy at work, looking through microscopes and writing down their notes.

WORKER #3

As you can see, this is where our research is being conducted into the virus. But this isn't what you've come to see, is it.

Peter doesn't answer. He stares intently at the two workers and their microscopes.

PETER

May I?

WORKER #3

Go ahead.

Peter steps up to the microscope and Worker #1 steps aside. He looks

THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

A bright green VIRUS is seen wiggling around through the scope. The virus spreads and grows, slowly multiplying before our very eyes.

PETER

The virus is spreading.

WORKER #1

It is.

Peter looks to each of the men, then suddenly smiles.

PETER

Congratulations.

WORKER #2

Thank you, Mr. Watts.

The workers smile, happy that their achievement was noticed.

WORKER #3

Come on now, this way.

Peter follows the worker through the Metal Room. They come to a door marked

HOLDING ROOM. ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE.

Peter squints through a small 6-inch by 6-inch window built into the door. The worker flips a light switch outside the door and a tiny light inside the holding room comes on.

PETER

Continue to keep us notified.

As Worker #3 nods, Peter slowly walks away. We finally see into the holding room through the window.

Sitting against the wall, his face beating red and sweating terribly, is Perran Betigaas, the man from Turkey.

PERRAN

(in subtitles)

Help me. You cowards! Help me!

Perran COUGHS loudly, then leans over beside him and VOMITS loudly.

As if to respond, the worker slowly raises his hand up to the door... and turns off the light.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the picture of Kenny the parakeet.

PULL OUT to reveal Frank sitting on his couch in the living room. He's staring at the photo in complete silence, slowly sipping a glass of water.

Jordan quickly bounds down the stairs, wearing her pajamas. When Frank hears her, he quickly hides the photo behind his back.

JORDAN

Good night, Dad. I'm going to go to bed early tonight.

FRANK

Really? Something on your mind?

JORDAN

No. Just tired.

She sits down on the couch next to him and kisses his forehead.

FRANK

Listen, before you go, I have a question.

JORDAN

Good, 'cause I do too.

FRANK

You can go first.

JORDAN

Michael Hoffstead is having a party tomorrow night. Everyone's going to be there. I think it'd be fun, I mean, if it's okay with you?

Frank EXHALES loudly.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

What?

FRANK

Are his parents going to be there?

JORDAN

Yes.

FRANK

Are you sure?

JORDAN
(scolding)
Dad.

FRANK
Then I suppose you can go, yes.

JORDAN
Thank you!

Jordan hugs him again. As she does, she notices the old picture behind his back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
What's this?

FRANK
It's nothing, it's work --

She quickly pulls it out and stares at it. Frank watches his daughter's eyes studying the crayon drawing.

Slowly, Jordan looks up.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Jordan?

Jordan licks her lips. It's almost like the old drawing has put her in some kind of a trance.

JORDAN
(finally)
I made this.

FRANK
Yes. You drew this a month before I bought you the parakeet.

Jordan looks back down to the picture.

JORDAN
Dad? I need to -- I need to talk.

FRANK
Oh, sweetie, absolutely. You can talk to me anytime, you know that.

JORDAN
Not with you. I'm sorry.

FRANK
(taken aback)
Oh. Well, how about I ask Miranda to stop by? I know she'd love to see you again.

JORDAN

No.

FRANK

Then who, Jordan?

JORDAN

I'll only talk to Peter.

Frank opens his mouth slightly in shock.

FRANK

To... who?

JORDAN

I'll only talk to Peter Watts.

Off of Frank's completely bemused expression, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. PETER WATTS' RESIDENCE - DAY

At first all we hear are the sounds of someone TYPING.

Slowly TRACK AROUND a work desk until we finally see that the person typing is Peter.

Peter takes a minute to examine the computer screen up close. He squints and furrows his brow, reading an internet article on the Avian Flu and transmission of H5N1.

Peter's phone rings, challenging for his attention. He answers it without taking his eyes off the screen.

PETER

Watts.

FRANK (O.C.)

(filtered)

Peter.

PETER

Frank. How's the search going for the girl?

FRANK (O.C.)

(filtered)

That's not why I'm calling.

Peter looks down, concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - SOME TIME LATER

Frank walks to the front door, where someone's currently KNOCKING. Frank takes a deep breath and opens it. He EXHALES disappointedly when he finds himself staring at Brad Locke.

LOCKE

Expecting someone else?

FRANK

Come in, Brad.

Locke enters.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Did you find anything at Emergen?

LOCKE

No. They gave me a big run-around before sending me on my way, albeit with a handful of fliers on how to protect myself from global illnesses.

FRANK

I talked to the father. I don't think he knows anything about his daughter's disappearance.

LOCKE

There's something else. Your man Peter Watts was there.

FRANK

Really?

LOCKE

Claimed to be there of his own volition, and not as a representative of the Millennium Group.

FRANK

Makes sense. Peter was the one who brought me onto this case. He was probably getting the same answers as you.

PETER (O.S.)

Trying to get the same answers.

Frank and Locke quickly turn around and see Peter standing there in the doorway.

PETER (CONT'D)

I was given the runaround just like you, Detective.

Locke frowns at the unwelcome intruder. Frank walks over and shakes Peter's hand.

FRANK

Peter. Thanks for coming.

Peter matches Locke's icy stare.

PETER

Should I go back outside and knock?

FRANK

No.

(to Locke)

I invited Peter here. To talk about some aspects of the case.

LOCKE

Right.

FRANK

Brad, would you mind giving us a few minutes alone?

LOCKE

Sure. I'm due back at the precinct anyway.

(to Peter)

I'm working overtime this weekend. Trying to find a missing little girl.

PETER

Good luck on your investigation.

Locke scowls, then quickly exits the house. When they're alone, Peter and Frank share an extremely uncomfortable moment.

FRANK

Peter...

PETER

She asked for me specifically?

FRANK

I know how this sounds, but --

PETER

She's upstairs?

Peter looks at the staircase, clearly not as curious as Frank's demeanor would suggest.

FRANK

Yes.

PETER

Then I'll meet you back here in a few minutes.

Peter nods and then begins ascending the staircase. Frank stands alone in the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKE'S CAR - DAY

Locke drives down the road, clearly still thinking about his mistrust of Peter.

Locke suddenly stops driving. He taps on the wheel repetitively, looking over at the passenger seat where the open file of Megan Eunlaith sits.

LOCKE

You didn't get the runaround at all, did you...

Locke speeds ahead, determined now.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

We're back in one of the Millennium Group's modern office suites, overlooking a large glass desk. Trepkos finishes up a call from behind it.

TREPKOS

No, thank you. I appreciate the update.

He hangs up the phone and turns to the Calm Man, who's the only other person in the room. The Calm Man sits against the far wall, completely at ease in the large room.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

You did well. The results that are continuing to come in couldn't be more hopeful. For the future you're helping to create.

CALM MAN

I'm glad.

TREPKOS

Again, thank you for coming in.

Trepkos stands, so the Calm Man stands as well, a bit hesitant.

CALM MAN

And what about the girl?

TREPKOS

Leave that to us.

CALM MAN

I'd like for her father to --

TREPKOS

Leave that... to us.

Trepkos smiles, an intimidating smile that even causes the Calm Man himself to gulp.

CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jordan lies on her back on the bed, holding her history book above her body, reading it intently. Suddenly, there's a light TAP on her door.

JORDAN

Come in.

The door opens and Peter slowly steps inside.

PETER

Jordan.

JORDAN

Hi.

There's an obvious uncomfortable silence in the room. Jordan sits up in bed and sets her book down on her night stand.

PETER

What are you reading?

JORDAN

Just something for school.

Peter grabs the book and looks at the page she'd just been reading.

PETER

The Black Plague in Europe.

JORDAN

It's interesting.

PETER

It was devastating. One of the greatest calamities in the history of our planet. More people died by the bubonic plague in that forty year span than in any other outbreak we've seen.

Peter sets the book back down. He stands uncomfortably in the room. Jordan just stares at him, watching him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Jordan, your father said you wanted to --

JORDAN

Tell me about the birds.

Peter is definitely caught off guard.

PETER

I'm sorry?

JORDAN

I won't let you play games with me. I've seen what you've done to my father.

(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

At least, what you used to do,
back when we lived in Seattle.

Peter's notably taken aback by her honesty.

PETER

You think I'm a bad man?

As he asks those words, Jordan suddenly has a brief memory
flash from her dream:

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BEACH SHORE - DAY

Jordan and Peter are looking out at the hundreds of dead
birds lining the beach shore.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN

You did this. It's your fault.

ECHOING VOICE (O.S.)

I saved you.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN

You're a bad man. I want my
mommy!

FLASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan stares up at Peter.

JORDAN

I don't even know you.

PETER

Your father wouldn't want you to.

JORDAN

I'm not a little girl anymore.

PETER

(nodding)

Jordan. What do you want to know
about the birds?

Now it's Jordan's time to be surprised. Clearly, she didn't
think he'd be willing to give up any answers.

JORDAN

I had a dream. A few nights ago.
And it's stuck with me ever
since.

PETER
A dream about birds?

JORDAN
You were in it.

PETER
I was?

JORDAN
Dead seagulls were falling from
the sky. Hundreds of them.
Thousands. Covering the sand.

PETER
What caused them to fall?

JORDAN
I don't....

Jordan suddenly has another memory of her dream:

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BEACH SHORE - DAY

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
(mouths)
The bird is dead.

Peter grabs the bird from young Jordan's clutches and
throws the bloody creature up into the air, where it
escapes up out of the camera shot.

Suddenly, the entire blue sky rapidly goes BLACK and
CLOUDY. BLOODY SEAGULLS begin to drop from the sky.

FLASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jordan looks across at Peter.

JORDAN
It was because of you.

PETER
Me.

JORDAN
We were on the beach. A bird
watched up on shore covered in
blood. I grabbed it and tried to
care for it, but you took it from
me and threw it up into the air.
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

The bird must have -- I don't know -- come alive again, because it flew away. And then other birds started dropping down from the sky.

PETER

You were dreaming of a contagion.
(gestures to the book)
Obviously, your history teacher's classes got to your head.

JORDAN

But why were you there?

PETER

You've seen me coming and going talking to your father for many years now, back in Seattle all those years ago and now all of a sudden here again. But you and I have never really spoken. You probably always saw me as the strange man on the outside coming around to take your Dad away.

Jordan considers his words, which trigger another memory:

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - SEATTLE - 1997

A 7-year-old Jordan sits on the kitchen floor with her dog BENNY in her lap as Peter enters, passing through to get to Frank's basement, staring back across at Jordan as he goes.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - SEATTLE - 1998

A young Jordan is entering with Frank when something stops him:

PETER

It's Watts.

Frank switches on a light as Jordan edges behind him.

FRANK

Why don't you run upstairs,
sweetheart.

Jordan begins moving up while Frank shouts after her.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(angry)
It's okay. He's my friend.

FLASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. JORDAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER
Subconsciously, you probably
don't trust me, so it only makes
sense that you'd want to blame me
in your dream.

JORDAN
So there's nothing going on?

PETER
With birds? No.

He sees that she won't take no for an answer.

PETER (CONT'D)
Obviously, your father hasn't
told you. But you're old enough
to know. In Seattle, you went to
school with a girl named Megan
Eunlaith.

JORDAN
Megan Eunlaith? I haven't heard
that name in a long time.

PETER
She's missing. The Seattle police
believe that she was kidnapped.

JORDAN
That's terrible.

PETER
Your father's investigating her
disappearance, because your name
was found at the scene.

JORDAN
My name? What?

PETER
You tell me.

JORDAN
I can't. I have no idea.

PETER
That's what I thought. Which is
why I didn't come to you.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

(beat)

I won't mention any of this, if
you don't want me to.

JORDAN

Please. I wouldn't want to worry
him.

Peter nods and Jordan goes to pick up her book again, still
not quite comfortable around Peter.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Frank's standing in the kitchen, tapping his finger
repeatedly on the counter. He's looking at the floor,
fixated, his mind racing as he waits patiently.

Finally, Peter comes down the staircase.

FRANK

Peter. How is she?

PETER

She's fine. Just, she's seen me
around lately and she wanted to
know my intentions. Nothing more.

Frank eyes his old friend.

PETER (CONT'D)

And really, I must be going now,
Frank. I'm sorry.

Peter goes to the door. He opens it, but stands inside the
door frame. He finally turns back to Frank.

PETER (CONT'D)

She's got some of Catherine in
her, Frank. But mostly, she's got
you.

With that, he exits.

Frank looks up the staircase, a slight brightness in his
eyes as he thinks about his wife and daughter.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Peter exits Frank's house and walks to his car. As he does,
he pulls out his phone and dials. Seconds pass before the
person on the other end answers.

PETER

Someone knows about the birds.
Extricate research to the old
location immediately.

(beat)

I don't know how. Just do it!

Peter angrily closes his cell phone and he gets into his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMERGEN RESEARCH COMPANY - DAY

Locke pulls up to the parking lot of the Emergen company. He steps out of his car and begins walking to the front door, when he notices something out of the corner of his eye.

TWO WHITE VANS pulled up to the side of the building, with a handful of research workers working quickly to load the van with materials, cases of file folders, and laptop computers.

LOCKE
Must be moving day.

Locke creeps closer to the side of the building. He notices the Calm Man standing on a loading dock, directing the workers.

CALM MAN
Hurry, hurry, hurry! Let's move out!

The workers continue loading up the vans.

CALM MAN (CONT'D)
Where is he? Where is he?!

WORKER #1
He's here. Move out of the way!

The others move aside as Worker #1 escorts Perran, the sick Turkish man, who's wearing a bright yellow containment suit.

CALM MAN
Good.

Perran is loaded onto the van, and all the while he SCREAMS IN TURKISH.

Locke squints at the sight of the foreign man wearing the containment suit.

LOCKE
Who don't I speak Arabic?

VOICE (O.S.)
It wouldn't help. He's speaking Turkish.

Locke quickly spins around. He finds himself staring right into the steely eyes of Trepkos.

LOCKE

Who the hell are you?

TREPKOS

I'm just a security guard, but I might ask you the same question, boy.

Locke looks Trepkos up and down. The bigger man's wearing an expensive suit and silk tie, definitely not a security guard.

LOCKE

Security guard, huh?

TREPKOS

That's what I said. Now why don't you move on. These men are doing nothing more than partaking in a monthly fire drill.

Locke clearly doesn't buy any of this.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)

Move along.

Trepkos pushes Locke aside, then walks over to the white vans. The vans start their engines, then begin driving away, right past Locke who tries to stare inside the passenger side windows, but can't because they're heavily tinted.

When the vans are gone, Locke looks back to Trepkos and the Calm Man on the loading dock. The Millennium workers take one look at Locke, then close the loading bay doors.

Locke's shut out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

Trepkos, the Calm Man, and Peter Watts are standing against the window, looking out at the city lit up by thousands and thousands of lights.

There's a hollow tap on the glass door, and a Millennium Group DOCTOR slowly steps into the room.

DOCTOR
Excuse me? Sirs?

They all turn. But only Trepkos speaks.

TREPKOS
You're finished with your tests?

DOCTOR
Yes. Perran Betigaas shows symptoms that include everything from coughing, sore throat, muscle aches, a temperature of one-oh-four, conjunctivitis and, most severely, breathing problems possibly attributed to pneumonia.

TREPKOS
Spell it out for me so I can hear it myself.

DOCTOR
He has the H5N1 Avian flu virus.

Trepkos smiles, as Peter and the Calm Man look down.

TREPKOS
Thank you.

DOCTOR
Mr. Betigaas needs to be held in a much more contained facility than he is now.

TREPKOS
That will be all.

DOCTOR
Don't you understand? Human to human contact is --

TREPKOS
(sternly)
That will be all, Doctor.

The doctor HUFFS angrily, then steps out of the room. Peter and the Calm Man look around uncomfortably.

Trepkos motions out to the city lights.

TREPKOS (CONT'D)
See that, gentlemen? See all that?
(beat)
That's the future.

Smiling, Trepkos walks over to his desk, picks up some files, and then steps out of the office.

Alone now, Peter and the Calm Man exchange a look.

CALM MAN
That man really has the Avian
flu?

Peter's silent.

CALM MAN (CONT'D)
That's not what I was told would
happen. I was told --

PETER
You were told the truth.

CALM MAN
But that doctor just said --

PETER
The doctor could only come to a
medical explanation.

With that, Peter leaves as well. The Calm Man's left to himself and his own confusion as he looks out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL HOFFSTEAD'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The weekend's finally here, and Michael Hoffstead's backyard is currently filled with dozens of high school STUDENTS. Among them, Jordan and Bethany, MICHAEL and AARON.

Nobody's drinking -- it's not one of those kinds of parties -- but people are still having fun LAUGHING, barbecuing, playing catch, and having a good time.

Bethany and Jordan are sitting by the fire, roasting marshmallows. Bethany LAUGHS with another girl, gossiping about some people off in the corner making out.

Jordan's staring down at the fire in a daze, playing with the coals with a long stick. Michael and Aaron walk over.

MICHAEL
Hey, Jordan.

JORDAN
Hi, Michael. Thanks for inviting me.

MICHAEL
No prob. You having a good time?

JORDAN
Of course. S'mores are my favorite.

Jordan and Aaron make eye contact. Obviously, there's something there, but they're both too shy in that department.

MICHAEL
All right, I gotta go mingle. Thanks for coming. You too, Bethany.

BETHANY
Of course!

Bethany is about to resume gossiping. Aaron stays behind.

AARON
Hi, Jordan. I haven't really seen you in ages.

JORDAN
I've been busy. I study a lot.

AARON
I know. Me too. Hey, I was wondering if maybe some time you wanted to --

He's interrupted by Jordan's loud CELL PHONE RING.

JORDAN
(embarrassed)
Oh. Sorry. It's my dad. Do you mind?

AARON
Oh, sure. I'll be around.

Aaron quickly runs away. Jordan answers the phone.

JORDAN
Hi, Dad. Everything's fine. I'm
alive.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits on his couch watching TV. He's got the phone in
one hand and Jordan's picture of the bird in the other.

FRANK
(smiling)
Well that's great to know that
you're still alive.

JORDAN
Yeah. So what are you doing? It's
a Saturday night.

FRANK
Miranda's coming over later.

JORDAN
Really?

FRANK
Just to watch a movie.

JORDAN
(coyly)
Uh-huh. Have fun watching the
movie.

FRANK
All right, sweetie. Call me if
you need anything.

JORDAN
Bye.

She hangs up and looks around for Aaron, but doesn't see
him.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
(to Bethany)
Hey, did you see where Aaron
went?

Bethany's still chatting and doesn't even hear her.

Jordan stands up and walks a couple steps away from the
fire. She hugs herself in the cold night air, wading
through the people, all the while searching.

Finally, Jordan comes to the open gate at the back of the
yard. She sticks her head out the gate, seeing the road and
the neighboring houses.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Aaron? Hey, Aaron?

Jordan walks into the road, away from the party, and all of the happy noises slowly fade out.

AERIAL VIEW: Jordan's standing alone on the road.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey. Hey! Jordan!

Jordan quickly turns to the voice. She squints into the dark.

JORDAN

Aaron?

A tall figure suddenly steps up close to Jordan. His face is illuminated in the light, and Jordan opens her mouth in fright. Standing before her is Tyler Eunlaith.

TYLER

Ssh, ssh, ssh! Don't scream!

Jordan turns and starts heading back to the party.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(yelling after her)

My name is Tyler Eunlaith. I'm Megan's father.

Jordan stops running. She slowly turns back to him.

JORDAN

Megan?

TYLER

You went to school with her. Ten years ago. Please tell me you remember.

JORDAN

Yes, I remember. The drawing....

TYLER

Your father came to see me. He's trying to help find her.

JORDAN

What are you doing here?

TYLER

I followed you. I'm sorry. But I had to know.

JORDAN

Know what!

TYLER

Do you know where she is?

Jordan's shock turns to confusion.

JORDAN

No. I hardly remember her.

Jordan thinks back, remembering....

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. SEATTLE CLASSROOM - 1998

7 year-old Jordan sits at her school desk, next to a young MEGAN EUNLAITH. The girls are drawing pictures with crayons and LAUGHING.

Jordan finishes drawing her picture -- a curly-haired girl with her parents. Megan gives her a new piece of paper.

MEGAN

Have you ever drawn a bird before? Here. It's easy.

Megan holds Jordan's hand with the green crayon and the girls begin sketching a bird. Megan lets go and watches as Jordan draws it herself.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN

You always draw birds. How come?

MEGAN

Birds are pretty. They're always happy and always chirping. Do you have a bird?

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN

No.

MEGAN

You should ask for one. I have three birds.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN

All I have is a puppy. But he's not really a puppy anymore.

Jordan continues drawing, adding yellow on the wings.

MEGAN

When I grow up, I want to be a bird keeper. So I can take care of them. And teach them to talk. Did you know birds can talk just like us?

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
Only parrots.

MEGAN
No. Parakeets too. And some other
species.

Jordan looks down at the drawing.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
This will be a parakeet.

MEGAN
That's beautiful. You did a
really good job. Here. Sign it.
And I'll keep it forever.

Jordan signs her name in black crayon and dates it.

7 YEAR-OLD JORDAN
But I want to show my dad. You
really think it's good?

MEGAN
Oh, yes. I'll never forget it.
And I'll never forget who drew
it.

Jordan hands over the drawing and smiles.

FLASH CUT BACK
TO:

EXT. MICHAEL HOFFSTEAD'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jordan and Tyler remain standing.

TYLER
The police found her stuff at the
scene. Your name was written in
her binder, surrounded by
parakeets.

JORDAN
She said she would never forget
me.

TYLER
I'm the reason she's gone.

JORDAN
What? How?

TYLER
I work at Emergen, a research
company. For the past few months,
I've been assigned to research a
virus with some men.

JORDAN
The bird flu virus.

TYLER
(a bit shocked)
Yes. After a few days, I started
to descent away from the project,
and that was when Megan went
missing from Seattle.

JORDAN
I don't understand. Why would you
descent? Why wouldn't you want to
find a cure?

TYLER
Oh, Jordan. If only it was that.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

The two white vans speed down the road, to a new
destination.

TYLER (V.O.)
The work we were conducting at
Emergen -- the work we were
ordered to conduct -- was not on
a vaccine for the H5N1 Avian flu
virus, but instead was work on an
adult human brain.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL HOFFSTEAD'S ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Tyler continues his story.

TYLER
Working to change the wiring of a
brain, to make the person think
that they had become infected.

JORDAN
What?

TYLER
Men from a Group calling
themselves Millennium began
consulting with us soon after
widespread panic of bird flu hit
the airwaves.
(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

They claimed that in the 1990s, some of their Group scientists learned to "switch on" the psychological process of learning in adults, a process that usually is shut off soon after infancy.

JORDAN

So the Group used your company's research to make healthy people believe they were sick?

TYLER

Turns out the human brain can never truly shut off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Following close behind the white vans, we see for the first time, is Brad Locke. He's staying far enough behind so as not to get noticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL HOFFSTEAD'S ROAD - NIGHT

Tyler's got tears in his eyes now. Jordan is still not completely at ease around this man.

JORDAN

Why come to me?

TYLER

Because I.... Nothing.

JORDAN

Tell me right now or I'm calling my father, and then you'll be telling the police.

Tyler takes a deep breath.

TYLER

I had a dream. I saw my daughter. We were at the beach. Birds were falling down dead all around us. She said that I would find her again, and it would be because of Jordan Black.

Jordan stares up at the man with a new respect.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I never believed in dreams. In spirits. In something beyond this world.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

But when your father came to my door the very next day... I knew that I had to find you.

JORDAN

I don't know what to say.

TYLER

Where's my daughter?

JORDAN

I don't --

TYLER

Where's Megan!

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MILLENNIUM GROUP HQ - NIGHT

The Calm Man stands alone inside the elevator at the Millennium Group offices. His finger hovers over the "1" button. But then, he thinks twice and hits the "B" button.

INT. BASEMENT FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator arrives on the basement floor. The door opens and the Calm Man looks left and then right. No one's around.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

The Calm Man steps into a small morgue, surrounded by metal walls on all sides. He walks up to the wall where all of the dead bodies are kept in pull-out shelves.

He finds a shelf marked "Megan Eunlaith." He sticks out his hand to open it, when a deep voice frightens him from behind. He turns around quickly to see Trepkos.

TREPKOS

What are you doing here?

The Calm Man jumps in surprise.

CALM MAN

I was just --

TREPKOS

What did I tell you? When you asked about this girl earlier, what did I say?

CALM MAN

You said to leave her to you.

TREPKOS

That's what I said. So perhaps you can explain to me why I find you here now?

The Calm Man licks his lips.

CALM MAN

The father needs to know the truth. So he'll stop worrying. She didn't deserve this. You know that.

TREPKOS

She was a casualty of war.

CALM MAN

A casualty? You had her kidnapped. You had her held captive like she was some prisoner. And for what? To make her father experiment on some disease? So I could go to Turkey and infect some poor family man with the common cold? And then alert the media that it was Avian flu, and that a great pandemic was about to hit home?

TREPKOS

You know what we're doing. That the result of psychologically inducing illnesses will help us find cures.

CALM MAN

But the girl....

TREPKOS

As I said. She wasn't supposed to die.

CALM MAN

No. You killed her! All to make her father comply! You're a murderer!

The Calm Man rushes back to the shelf and quickly pulls it out. He's more shocked than anyone when he sees the container completely EMPTY.

CALM MAN (CONT'D)

What? Where is she?

(beat)

Where the hell is she?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

CLOSE ON: the beautiful, sweet face of 15 YEAR-OLD MEGAN EUNLAITH. Megan's sitting in the sand, staring out into the dark blue ocean.

A swarm of seagulls flies over her head, and she's throwing out pieces of bread to the seagulls on the ground. She's smiling, but she's obviously thinking about something else.

PULL OUT to reveal that several yards away sits a tiny shack.

EXT. BEACH SHACK - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the shack is a gravel road. Currently driving toward the shack are the two white vans from earlier. And far behind them, Brad Locke.

The white vans park outside the shack and immediately the same Workers from earlier jump out and begin unloading all of the files and work on the Avian flu.

EXT. LOCKE'S CAR - DAY

Locke pulls off to the side of the gravel road. He steps out of the car and watches the spectacle along the beach shore.

Locke looks behind him to make sure no one's following him, then he begins running toward the shack, being sure to stay low to the ground.

EXT. BEACH SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The workers continue unloading.

WORKER #3

Get Perran. We have water inside.
And a phone so he can call his
family.

WORKER #1

Sure thing.

Worker #1 goes into the back of the second van. Seconds pass, and he finally steps back out.

WORKER #3

What is it?

WORKER #1

Um, I think you should see this.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Worker #3 jumps into the back of the van. He crouches down next to Perran, still in the yellow containment suit.

WORKER #3

Hey, Perran. Mr. Betigaas? Can you hear me?

Perran's not moving. Worker #3 looks through the tiny window shield and sees that the Turkish man's eyes are open wide, with drops of dried blood coming from his nose.

He's dead.

WORKER #3 (CONT'D)

Goodbye. I'm so sorry.

EXT. BEACH SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Worker #3 jumps out of the van, looking as though he's about to be sick. Clearly, Perran's death is hurting him more than he'll let the others see.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Locke continues his surveillance of the shack. He runs out onto the beach to examine the shack from all angles.

It's there that he sees the girl. Megan Eunlaith. Feeding the seagulls and sitting peacefully in the sand.

LOCKE

Oh my God. Megan.

Megan looks over, feeling that she's being watched. Locke slowly approaches.

AERIAL VIEW: They stare at each other for the longest time, as the seagulls continue to fly above their heads.

CUT TO:

INT. EUNLAITH RESIDENCE - MEGAN'S ROOM - DAY

Megan sits in the center of her room. Taking in all of the bird drawings around her.

Outside in the hall, Tyler stares in at his daughter with a proud expression on his face. Tears well in his eyes, though he tries especially hard not to let them fall.

Locke and Frank stand next to him.

TYLER

I don't know what to say. I really don't. Thank you, Detective.

LOCKE

I wish I could say you're welcome. That I even knew what the hell I was doing.

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I never imagined in a million years that those researchers you worked with were leading me right to her.

FRANK

And again, Mr. Eunlaith. Don't let the Millennium Group fool you. They were doing experiments on human test subjects, which resulted in a man's death.

PETER (O.S.)

Not so.

The three men swing around to see Peter standing in the doorway.

PETER (CONT'D)

I kept a close eye on this one. That's what I was doing from the beginning, and keeping you out of it. The safety of the test subject was always paramount. Perran didn't die as a result of the experiment.

FRANK

Then what happened to him?

PETER

He was killed.

LOCKE

By who?

PETER

That I don't know.

TYLER

Well, I'm done. Trust me, I'm done. I quit Emergen, I quit D.C., I quit seeing my daughter only on weekends.

FRANK

What are you saying?

TYLER

I'm heading back to Seattle. Going to get a place near my ex. I can't go through life without seeing my daughter every single day. That's what's important. That's what matters.

Frank looks down the hall, where Jordan anxiously awaits.

FRANK

Yes it is.

(to Jordan)

Go ahead, sweetie. You can go in now.

Jordan smiles. She nods to Tyler as she passes, then slowly steps into Megan's room. Jordan's holding the drawing of the parakeet.

Jordan walks across the room and sits down on the ground next to Megan. She hands the drawing over to her, and she takes one look and instantly realizes what's going on.

MEGAN

Oh my God. Jordan?

JORDAN

Hi, Megan.

MEGAN

Wow. You look different.

JORDAN

I could say the same about you.

Megan pushes the drawing back over to Jordan.

MEGAN

You keep it.

JORDAN

Really?

MEGAN

It's yours. I don't need it anymore.

JORDAN

Thank you. I'll keep it forever. And I'll never forget who gave it back to me.

The girls smile.

AERIAL VIEW of the bedroom. The dozens of drawings of birds completely consume the screen, as we slowly

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer
James Jordan

Executive Producer
Anthony J. Black

TRIPLE FIVE
PRODUCTIONS