

"THE LOTTERY"

Pilot Episode

Written
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Warner Horizon
Grady Girl Productions

Revised Network Draft
July 31, 2013

CARD: 2023

FADE IN ON:

KENNETH LIN, the 47th PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. His ethnicity contains many ingredients, but the dominant flavor is Asian. He conveys competence and compassion as he addresses the nation from the oval office.

PRESIDENT LIN

My fellow Americans, we have endured a period of hopelessness without parallel in human history. First came great fires of 2017, and then came the floods. But none of the natural disasters prepared us for the global Fertility Crisis, which has devastated our most fundamental dreams. Our maternity wards, here and around the world, are now empty. We've spent over five years living with the possibility of human extinction. Our efforts to solve this mystery have been relentless and comprehensive ... and unsuccessful.
(pauses for effect)
Until today.

EXT. BALTIMORE STREET -- NIGHT

ALISON, 35, walks quickly down a deserted city street with a heavy backpack, looking over her shoulder nervously. She's a research scientist and loner by nature, but this is one occasion where she could use a few friends.

She looks back: a car rounds the corner, the distinctive headlights of a FORD FUSION bearing down. They're after her.

Alison picks up her pace, considering her options. Abruptly, she cuts across the street...

...climbing over a median that prevents the Fusion from following. Then she jogs into:

EXT/INT. BALTIMORE METRO STATION -- SAME

Alison waves her phone over the FARE PAD, and the turnstile opens. She jogs down the stairs, her footsteps echoing in as she's swallowed into the blackness of the station.

Alison reaches the platform just as a train arrives.

INT. BALTIMORE METRO CAR -- SAME

Alison hops into the car, out of breath, looking behind her: nobody is following. Relieved, she recedes into the car. All the other passengers are clustered around the ubiquitous monitors, transfixed by the President's address.

PRESIDENT LIN (MONITOR)
 ...this is the first step on our
 journey to restore the our future,
 the future of all humanity.

Alison checks her backpack: she's carrying a sleek, mini-cryogenic unit, like something Steve Jobs might have created to chill his Stella. The readout: "-62 degrees."

She feels eyes on her... it's DOG IN A STROLLER -- treating pets like babies is the new normal.

METRO VOICE
 The doors will close in ten
 seconds.

Then she hears FOOTSTEPS. Her view is blocked, but somebody is racing to get on the Metro before the doors close...

METRO VOICE
 The doors are now closing --

The footsteps getting closer... then --

Whoosh! The Metro car doors seal closed, and the train smooths into motion.

Alison moves warily toward the next car, where the footsteps were heading, peering through the separating door:

In the next car, the passengers are gathered around the monitors, watching the President's speech.

PRESIDENT LIN (MONITOR)
 ...there are still many hurdles
 ahead, but let us stop and
 appreciate this moment...

She fixes on a man in a knit cap, who wouldn't call much attention, except he's the only one not watching the speech. And his knit cap doesn't quite cover... his EARBUD. At that moment, the man looks over and clocks Alison.

Alison retreats in the opposite direction, pushing past the passengers, trapped on a train with no way off.

PRESIDENT LIN
 ...let this be a night we will
 never forget.

As the train funnels down a dark tunnel...

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDIT SEQUENCE -- A MONTAGE of images and news stories,
 fragments that narrate the evolution of a global crisis.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ...five years and counting, and
 still it remains a tragic mystery --
 why have women stopped having
 babies?

NEWS REPORT: A Scientist testifies before a Senate committee.

SCIENTIST
 ...radiation, air-borne viruses,
 contamination from chemical weapons
 all may be contributing factors,
 but we cannot conclusively pinpoint
 a single cause...

FOOTAGE: Rural Chinese women shout angrily in demonstration.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ...with no reported births in
 either China or India, the so-
 called Fertility Crisis has crossed
 all borders...

A POSTER: Uncle Sam is now a hot babe pointing her patriotic
 finger: "SAM WANTS YOU -- DONATE AT YOUR LOCAL SPERM CLINIC".

EXPERT (V.O.)
 ...maybe infertility isn't caused
 by a disease, maybe infertility is
 the disease...

FOOTAGE: A somber American religious procession.

PENITENTS
 Punish us, Lord, for our sins...

TV SHOW: A stand-up bit from a COMEDIAN.

COMEDIAN
 ...so how many people, secretly,
 don't miss babies at all?
 (off their BOOS)
 Liars.

(MORE)

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

(LAUGHTER)

Less people means lower gas prices,
more food, and it's cheaper, and we
already fixed crappy winters with
global warming. We created
Paradise on Earth, and we don't
have to share it with anybody.

A NATURE SHOW: Showing images of the fiery birth of planet
Earth, volcanic explosions spewing molten lava.

PHILOSOPHER (V.O.)

The odds of microbes crawling from
the volcanic stew and evolving into
human beings were astronomical in
the first place.

IMAGE: A maternity ward filled with empty bassinets.

PHILOSOPHER (V.O.)

How long did we think our luck
would last?

Over this image, the series title burns full:

"THE LOTTERY"

SMASH TO WHITE.

Card: 3 WEEKS EARLIER

EXT/INT. BALTIMORE HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

The same Alison enters a typical hotel bar, dressed to kill.

Card: #100: ALISON GADARIAN, Baltimore, Maryland

Alison beelines past the few stragglers pairing up at the end
of the night. There's a thick sexual charge to these final
arrangements between couples -- it's not "if" but "when". As
she sits at the bar, a horny BARFLY immediately buzzes in.

BARFLY

Buy you a drink?

ALISON

No, thanks.

BARFLY

(undeterred)

The bar bed is open. They've got a
good one.

ALISON
I don't do bar beds.

BARFLY
I fathered a daughter nine years ago. I've got her picture.

ALISON
I'm sorry, it's a pass.

The Barfly moves onto a NEW WOMAN who has just taken a seat down the bar. Alison signals the BARTENDER, a casually rugged Brad Pitt type that drives women to distraction.

ALISON
I'd like a dirty martini.

BARTENDER
It's last call.

ALISON
Then you better hurry.

The Bartender sets about making Alison's drink. She's the best looking woman in the bar, a fact not lost on him.

BARTENDER
How's your night?

ALISON
I don't know yet. It just started.

BARTENDER
Everything's closing.

Alison locks on the Bartender, making obvious her intentions.

ALISON
Sometimes you just want to skip to the end of a movie and get to the good part.

Suddenly, the Barfly grabs the BED KEY from the bar.

BARFLY
(to Bartender)
Put it on my tab.

The Barfly escorts the New Woman through the thick red drapes at the edge of the room marked "Le Chambre". The Bartender returns with Alison's martini.

BARTENDER
You said you liked it dirty.

ALISON

I was very clear about that.

Alison is doing everything but engraving an invitation, and the feeling is mutual.

BARTENDER

My name's Bryan.

ALISON

(confused)

Bryan? I thought your name was Gregor.

The Bartender gestures to the other bartender carrying supplies from the back room.

BARTENDER (BRYAN)

That's Gregor.

GREGOR, 25, is a balding, decent-looking, but he pales in comparison to Bryan. Alison registers disappointment. Nevertheless --

SLAM TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Alison in bed with Gregor, riding him for all he's worth. She enjoys herself up to a point, maintaining a certain awareness and control. She senses when he slows his rhythm.

ALISON

What are you waiting for?

GREGOR

I'm waiting for you.

ALISON

Don't worry about me.

Released from the burden of reciprocity, Gregor shudders with an explosive orgasm. After the sound of one hand clapping subsides, Alison gives him a kiss that is not sexual.

ALISON

Thank you, Gregor.

Ping! A text arrives. Alison dismounts Gregor to retrieve her phone. Gregor stares at this very attractive woman, a bit dumbfounded by his good luck.

GREGOR
I'm really surprised how this
turned out.

ALISON
Yeah, me too.

Alison reads a text from JAMES: "COME TO OFFICE - URGENT".
She quickly begins to get dressed.

GREGOR
I don't usually get picked up by
women.

ALISON
Women look for the wrong things. I
happen to like your premature hair
loss, it indicates high levels of
testosterone. And your features
show Somalian blood. Somalia used
to have the highest fertility rate
in the world.

GREGOR
Wait. How did you know I had
Somalian blood?

ALISON
Lucky guess.

GREGOR
(creeped)
No, you knew. How did you know?

Alison gives Gregor an inscrutable smile on her way out.

ALISON
The room's paid for, enjoy it.

As she walks out the door...

ARMY SERGEANT (PRELAP)
We're pulling out, everybody out,
now!

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPORARY U.S. MILITARY OUTPOST -- DAY

An American flag is being lowered. U.S. Soldiers carry boxes
and equipment toward a TRANSPORT HELICOPTER preparing for
takeoff the b.g. An ARMY SERGEANT oversees this hectic
evacuation, pushing everyone along.

ARMY SERGEANT
Let's get out of here!

Other soldiers hold back a cluster of bedraggled refugees.

U.S. SOLDIER
(in bad Italian)
Stand back, please stand back.

In the midst of the chaos, we find CASEY WILDER, 26, a female U.S. Soldier, comforting an Italian girl, LUCIA, 10. The girl is crying, holding Casey's hand, not letting go.

CASEY
...I'm sorry, Lucia, I tried, but
there's nothing I can do.

Lucia doesn't speak much English, but gets the gist.

LUCIA
(pleading in Italian)
Please, don't leave me.

CASEY
Listen, you're going to be okay, do
you understand? Your country will
take care of you.

Two shell-shocked Venetian POLICEMEN in ragged uniforms arrive to take Lucia, but she won't let go.

LUCIA
You promised me, you promised.

CASEY
I'm sorry, Lucia, I tried, I really
tried, but they won't allow it.

ARMY SERGEANT (O.S.)
Wilder, let's go, now!

Casey tries to pry her hand free, but Lucia won't let go.

LUCIA
No, take me with you, take me.

CASEY
I'm sorry, Lucia. I'm so sorry.

The Policemen they finally extract the Girl from Casey, dragging her away kicking and screaming.

ARMY SERGEANT (PRELAP)
You were stupid to get attached.

EXT/INT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER -- A MOMENT LATER

Angle on: Casey and the Army Sergeant at the open door, both somber, watching yet another country disappear. Casey is a born fighter, but these are battles that cannot be won.

Card: #59: CASEY WILDER, Austin, Texas

ARMY SERGEANT

No country is ever letting their
children leave, even one as screwed
up as Italy.

Casey doesn't respond, staring at the lake receding under them. This isn't a normal lake... church spires poke out of the water...there's a city underneath the water...and those refugee boats are GONDOLAS...

SOLDIER (O.S.)

(boisterous)
Caio, Venice!

CUT TO:

INT. VAN NUYS APARTMENT -- DAY

KYLE FURLOW, 30, prepares a school lunch. His wild past is inked all over his body, but single fatherhood set him straight. Knocking up a woman he barely knew turned out to be the best thing he's ever done.

KYLE

Elvis, we gotta go.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

A needle pricks a boy's finger. GWEN, 32, a pragmatic and cheerful uniformed nurse, draws the blood.

GWEN

Almost there.

ELVIS, 6, is used to needles. He dreams of being normal, but being diabetic, and one of the youngest kids on the planet, it's a dream that will never come true.

ELVIS

Why do you come every week?

GWEN

You're a very important young man.
Everyone wants to make sure your
health is tip top.

ELVIS
My dad does that.

GWEN
Yes, he does.
(another way to explain)
Have you been to the circus?

ELVIS
My dad took me.

GWEN
You know how they have those nets
under the trapeze artists, just in
case they fall?
(he nods)
Well, I'm your safety net. I don't
expect you'll fall, because you
take such good care of yourself,
but if something did happen, I
would catch you.

Kyle silently witnesses their interaction from the doorway.

KYLE
Go brush your teeth, little man.
(after Elvis leaves)
Everything okay?

Gwen gathers her implements back into a medical bag.

GWEN
He's fine, his blood sugar is a
smidge low.

KYLE
No worries, I got some grapes.

Kyle and Gwen pause at the door, awkward, something
unresolved between them.

KYLE
Look, Gwen, about last week...

Gwen looks at him expectantly.

KYLE
It's just...you're his state
appointed nurse. If it came out,
it could put me in a bad light.

GWEN

All I do is monitor your son's health. What you and I do is our own business.

KYLE

I already feel like I'm under the microscope, you know? I'm afraid they'll take Elvis away.

GWEN

Why?

KYLE

I don't know, maybe put him in a more protected environment. He's the last kid born in the city.

GWEN

Come on, it hasn't gotten that bad yet.

Gwen tenderly touches Kyle's hand.

GWEN

You're a wonderful father, Kyle. And a very attentive caregiver. You have nothing to worry about.

KYLE

I just want to focus on my son. I don't want there to be any confusion.

Gwen withdraws her fingers from his hand.

GWEN

None whatsoever.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - DRIVING -- DAY

Kyle drives, Elvis riding in back. Kyle is teaching Elvis a distinct whistle cadence -- the "Elvis whistle."

KYLE

(demonstrates)

Put your fingers on your lip, not your tongue.

Elvis tries to mimic -- no success.

KYLE

Like this.

ELVIS
I can't see.

Kyle swivels his head to demonstrate.

ELVIS
Can't I just sit in front?

KYLE
No. Why do you always ask me?

ELVIS
Because all the other kids in my
class get to sit in the front seat.

KYLE
Because they're all three years
older than you are.

Elvis slumps. Kyle didn't mean to rub it in.

KYLE
(what the hell)
Come on.

ELVIS
Yes!

Elvis eagerly unbuckles and clambers up to the front seat.

KYLE
Buckle up.

Elvis loves it up front. Kyle demonstrates again, putting his fingers to his lips and blowing his "Elvis whistle."

KYLE
Forget the fingers. Just make the
sound.

Elvis purses his lips and whistles a decent "Elvis whistle."

KYLE
There you go.

EXT. GREATER LOS ANGELES ELEMENTARY -- DAY

Elvis gets out of the car slowly, proud to show off that he got to ride in the front seat.

MOTHER #1 (O.S.)
Good morning, Elvis!

Elvis waves a wary hand to the hyper-maternal MOTHER #1.

KYLE
Is that her?

ELVIS
Yeah.

Ring! Kyle hustles Elvis across the playground. They draw furtive stares from other parents at the drop off -- Elvis looks at least three grades younger than the other kids.

KYLE
Don't forget, you're in aftercare.

ELVIS
(annoyed)
Why?

KYLE
It's Thursday, you know I work in Malibu on Thursdays.
(a bribe)
I'll take you for a burger when I pick you up.

ELVIS
Tommy's?

KYLE
Tommy's it is.

Elvis races inside as the school doors close behind him and the final bell sounds. Kyle turns and approaches Mother #1, who is conversing with a group of mothers.

KYLE
You're Jaden's mom?

MOTHER #1
Yes, I am. It's Kyle, right?

KYLE
Yeah. Elvis says you comb his hair.

MOTHER #1
Elvis is such a lovely boy.

KYLE
He doesn't like to get his hair combed.

MOTHER #1
Oh. He never said anything.

KYLE
That's because he's six years old.

MOTHER #1
(chastised)
I'm sorry.

The other Mothers draw ranks.

MOTHER #2
Mr. Furlow, nobody means any harm.
We know his mother is gone, and
that can't be easy.

MOTHER #3
We're happy to help in any way with
Elvis.

KYLE
Look, he's not a doll, or a pet.
He's a kid, he just wants to be
normal. Leave him alone.

Kyle leaves. Hold on the Mothers in silent judgement.

EXT. MALIBU HILLS -- DAY

Kyle drives a winding road into the stark hills that rise
along the Pacific Ocean.

EXT. MALIBU HOME -- DAY

Kyle rings the doorbell of a stunning modern home. While he
waits, he turns off his phone. A Wealthy Woman answers the
door in a bikini. She kisses Kyle, and leads him inside.

GABRIELLE (PRELAP)
We always thought of ourselves as
the good people.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

GABRIELLE, 40, sits on an examining table in a dressing gown.
Smart, attractive and wealthy, she's used to having things go
her way, but she's just received some bad news.

GABRIELLE
Our lives were charmed, we could
afford to be magnanimous because
things always went our way. And
then when they didn't, we didn't
know how to react.

(MORE)

GABRIELLE (CONT'D)

Privilege gave us no biological advantage. And then we showed our true colors.

(confesses)

You remember that "A4" vaccine, the one that was supposed to cure infertility? How there were so few doses, and they were supposed to be distributed democratically?

RED HAIRE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Yes.

GABRIELLE

I got one. Democracy be damned. I used my husband's influence, and I got one. For me.

(still can't get over it)

It's the sort of garden variety of corruption I always found so despicable. So obvious. Of course, it was all for naught, the vaccine failed just like everything else, all the treatments, all the Dixie cups my husband jacked off into...

(a beat)

I should have gone to law school after all.

Reveal a RED HAIRE DOCTOR, listening sympathetically.

RED HAIRE DOCTOR

You're not alone. It's been five years since any woman has given birth to a child.

GABRIELLE

It wasn't just a child. I wanted an heir.

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- DAY

Alison, in a lab coat, marches down the hall with JAMES, 30, her assistant. Running shoes replaced pocket protectors as quintessential geek gear, and James sports loud green Nikes.

ALISON

...and the hormone assessments?

JAMES

Zero degradation.

ALISON
What about the antral follicle
counts?

JAMES
Normal levels. No indication of
the typical disease patterns.

Alison enters the MAIN LAB -

...where two Assistants flank the microscope like a oracle in
the electric awareness of history in the making...

ALISON
(to RACHAEL, an Assistant)
Rachael, you might want to record
this.

Rachael uses her phone to record Alison looking into the
microscope...the room suffocated with anxious silence...
until Alison looks up and utters her verdict.

ALISON
Holy shit.

CUT TO:

We see what Alison saw under the microscope:

A healthy fertilized human embryo.

ALISON (O.S.)
We did it.

ACT BREAK

ACT II

EXT. BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- DAY

A caravan of SUVs pulls up in front, doors quickly open, black leather shoes hit the ground.

INT. LAB - LOBBY -- SAME

Alison arrives to find a dozen suited Secret Service types pushing into the building.

ALISON
Hey, stop, hold on, this is a
sterile lab --

The Security Detail parts, allowing a man in a suit to pass:

DARIUS HAYES, 50. The Director of the Fertility Commission sees the world in black & white, yet he is gray, his careful appearance scrubbed of distinction, like a fingerprint wiped off a crime scene.

DARIUS
Dr. Gadarian?

Darius keeps walking at Alison, his tight smile hard to read.

ALISON
(off guard)
Mr. Hayes, we didn't know you were
coming.

DARIUS
(extends his hand)
I came to see a miracle.

INT. INNER LAB -- LATER

TIGHT ON: A VIAL, containing a fertilized embryo.

ALISON (O.S.)
Each vial contains one fertilized
human embryo.

A latex gloved hand points to the LABEL on the vial.

ALISON (O.S.)
Egg donor, and sperm donor.

Reveal Alison in the lab, holding the vial as she debriefs Darius. Both are in full sterile robes.

DARIUS
How many eggs have you fertilized?

ALISON
Fifty-three. By the time we finish, we expect one hundred viable embryos.

DARIUS
(blown away)
Remarkable. Doctor, it's been six years. Every other lab in the world has failed. How did you do it?

ALISON
Golden eggs.

TIME CUT:

ON - A HUMAN EGG in high magnification, a perfect round cell of possibility, as we witness fertilization in TIME LAPSE.

ALISON (O.S.)
We got one hundred leftovers from a cryogenic egg bank in Georgetown.

DARIUS (O.S.)
"Leftovers?"

ALISON (O.S.)
Eggs that were harvested before the crisis began.

Suddenly, a black tide of SPERM swarm the egg like a plague of locusts...

DARIUS (O.S.)
And who are the lucky fathers?

One single sperm penetrates the membrane of the egg, which seals tightly around it, shutting out the other 499,999 sperm, which retreat and dissipate in defeat.

ALISON (O.S.)
We used specimens from the national donor pool with the highest sperm concentrations, along with samples from men who most recently fathered children. Cream of the crop sperm. But it only worked on these particular eggs.

The sperm fertilizes the egg, creating a two cell embryo, new life scratching into tenuous being...dissolving into four cells... then eight cells.

REVEAL: Alison and Darius watching a monitor.

DARIUS

But you don't know why only these one hundred eggs are viable?

ALISON

Not yet.

(ventures)

Sir, I wonder if we should contact the women who donated these eggs.

DARIUS

(a beat)

I assumed we already had their consent.

ALISON

We do. Of course we do.

DARIUS

Then what's your concern?

ALISON

These women signed away their eggs before the crisis. It was a different time, women were having abortions, adoptions, they were giving away their eggs. They didn't know the world was going to change.

DARIUS

Would you advocate notifying the sperm donors as well?

ALISON

We definitely want to analyze them. But the men donated their sperm after the crisis, they knew the situation, they sold their consent for ten bucks a shot.

DARIUS

So you feel it would be unfair to enforce the consent agreements with the women?

ALISON

Personally, if it was my egg that was fertilized, I would move heaven and earth to get it back.

Darius takes this in.

DARIUS

Dr. Gadarian, I really appreciate your honesty.

TIME CUT:

INT. LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

Alison looks across a long table at Darius, who is now flanked by two men who look an awful lot like the Lawyers they are. One of them hands Alison some papers.

DARIUS

Do you recall the provisions of your confidentially agreement?

ALISON

Um... what goes on in the lab stays in the lab. Pretty standard.

DARIUS

Except for the penalties for breaching this agreement. They aren't standard at all. They are quite extraordinary. I recommend you re-read it.

(then)

Now, I will need your access key to the lab and computer passwords.

ALISON

(jolted)

Sir?

DARIUS

The transition team will help you move any personal belongings. We will need you to clear the premises within the hour.

ALISON

But we're not even finished, there's still another fifty eggs to fertilize --

DARIUS

As you may be consulted in the future, you will continue to receive your full salary.

ALISON

You can't do this, it's my lab --

DARIUS

This is a government lab, and you are an employee. And the decision has been made.

(finished)

Dr. Gadarian, again, on behalf of the country, I want to thank you for your service.

CUT TO:

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE -- A LITTLE LATER

Swoosh! Alison uses her arm to sweep everything off her desk into a cardboard box. She tosses in her JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL DEGREE. Rifling angrily through her drawers, she comes across a photo that stops her short...

It's Alison as a teenager, holding the winner's trophy in a go-cart race. The robust man with mischievous eyes hugging her, we presume, is her father.

JAMES (O.S.)

Alison.

James's appearance breaks Alison's reverie. Focused and piss-off again, she pulls him into her office and closes the door.

ALISON

Listen, we need to find the women who produced viable eggs.

JAMES

Listen, Al --

ALISON

I tried to download the donor list from the Georgetown egg bank, but they've already cut my access, they are controlling this whole thing.

JAMES

Al, we should talk --

ALISON

There's no time, we've got twenty minutes before they throw us out.

JAMES

(a beat)

They asked me to stay on.

Alison is blindsided.

ALISON

And... what did you say?

JAMES

Al, this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. I dedicated my career to this too, and want to follow it through to the end.

ALISON

And you think they'll let you? Do you really trust these bureaucrats?

JAMES

If you want, I'll talk to Darius --

ALISON

Look at you, already on a first name basis with the Director of the Fertility Commission.

JAMES

It sucks that they fired you, but I'm not gonna fall on my sword --

ALISON

It's my sword, James. My sword.

This hangs there.

JAMES

That's why you got exiled to the boonies in the first place, Al. You don't play well with others.

ALISON

(withering)

A scientist is supposed to think for himself, not play well with others. That's your speciality. And by the way, it's a turn-off.

JAMES

You know what's a turn-off? My boss using confidential sperm donor lists to find sexual partners.

(relents)

And no, I didn't tell them.

Alison grabs her box.

ALISON

Don't break your arm patting yourself on the back.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. VANESSA'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Tori arrives at a Georgetown townhouse, cellphone to ear. She is still getting used to her powerful job, still dressing like the artist she once dreamed of being.

TORI

...I don't like going out by myself, but you're not exactly available... it's not as if you can mingle with mere mortals...I'll call you after.

VANESSA, 32, cocktail chic, opens the door. The sound of a dinner party in the b.g.

VANESSA

Tori!

TORI

Sorry I'm late.

VANESSA

I'm just glad you made it.

(cheek kiss)

By the way, where were you last night?

TORI

Yeah, I forgot to call you, I went to Jinx's.

VANESSA

No, you didn't. I was at Jinx's.

TORI

(covers it up)

I left early.

Vanessa smells her friend is up to something.

VANESSA
Are you leading a double life?

TORI
I don't even have enough time for
my single life.

Vanessa holds out a basket filled with smart phones.

VANESSA
I will need your phone.

TORI
My phone?

VANESSA
I'm confiscating all phones. For
the good of this party.

TORI
You're serious?

VANESSA
Two hours of disconnection. Who
knows what might happen.

Tori drops her cell phone in the basket.

VANESSA
And your other one.

TORI
I could get in trouble.

VANESSA
That's the point.

Busted, Tori pulls a second phone from her purse like a concealed weapon and adds it to the basket.

INT. VANESSA'S DINING ROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

The young power elites chatting around a table doing adult things like having dinner parties. Tori tears into a juicy steak as she converses with REX, 30, Ivy League confident, drop dead handsome.

REX
...really? I'm a writer too.

TORI
Wait, let me guess...you're single.

REX

Is it that obvious?

TORI

Vanessa has been trying to fix me up for years.

Vanessa is tracking their progress from across the table.

VANESSA

Rex is as stubborn as your are. I just read his diatribe against marriage.

TORI

You're against marriage?

REX

Marriage isn't relevant anymore. It came into existence as an economic contract, and it evolved to keep a couple together for the good of their children. And nobody is having children anymore, why on earth would you want to get married?

The new reality momentarily silences the table.

TORI

That's not why people get married.

REX

No?

TORI

Humans are wired to make connection, and marriage is the story of connection. It's a promise we make to someone else to be our better selves, to rise above our animal selfishness.

(takes Rex to task)

Your rap about children is a cop-out. You always hear stories about people getting married with no hope of children, even prisoners on Death Row, their last wish is to get married.

REX

And they all lived happily ever after... until a man behind the curtain flipped the switch.

Rex isn't daunted by the groaning laughs from around the table, he loves an argument.

REX
 (to Tori)
 So if you're such a big believer,
 then how come you're still single?

Tori looks Rex straight in the eye.

TORI
 I don't know. It seems like all
 the guys I meet are assholes.

Suddenly, through the curtains, police car lights FLASH from outside. There's an authoritative KNOCKING at the door. The table quiets as Vanessa answers the door.

FELIX (O.S.)
 Is Tori Whitman here?

Tori smiles sheepishly as she stands to leave.

TORI
 It was a lovely evening.

INT. TOWN CAR - DRIVING -- NIGHT

Tori rides in back with FELIX, 40, wearing the suit, earbud and cool demeanor of a Secret Service agent.

TORI
 Let me guess. You tracked my
 phone?

FELIX
 (reminds her)
 I am never going to not find you.

TORI
 You should know, that just sounds
 creepy.
 (then)
 Felix, just so I'm clear, since I'm
 new on the job... You are my guy,
 right? I mean, if you would ever
 see something that might be
 considered... improper... I could
 count on you to be discreet?

FELIX
 I protect people. I don't judge
 them.

TORI
 You might be the first saint I've
 ever met.
 (disoriented)
 Where are we going?

FELIX
 Crested Butte. He wants to see you
 in person.

TORI
 He never interrupts his vacation.
 Wait, isn't it snowing there?

FELIX
 I got you a parka.

Tori peeks into the Bloomingdale's bag beside her.

TORI
 Pink?

FELIX
 It's the last one they had.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA MOUNTAINS -- DAY

Kyle's car climbs an empty road that curves to the summit,
 passing charred trees from recent fires and skeletons of
 burnt homes that were never rebuilt.

SIRI (O.S.)
 You have six new voice messages.

(Siri is now an unflappable Englishman who finally knows what
 the hell he's talking about.)

INT. KYLE'S CAR -- SAME

Kyle drinks in the majestic view, the mountain shearing down
 to the Pacific Ocean below, Los Angeles glimmering in the
 distance like Oz. The voice messages start to roll:

ELVIS (O.S. - VOICE MESSAGE)
 Hey, Dad. I'm kinda sick. I'm in
 the office. Can you come get me?

SIRI
 Message sent at 10:06 a.m.

A shadow of concern falls over Kyle. Checks the time: 3:11.

KYLE

Shit.

Kyle jams down the accelerator.

A SERIES OF SHOTS - KYLE DRIVING BACK INTO L.A.

Descending down the curvy mountain road...

ADMINISTRATOR (O.S.)

Mr. Furlow, this is Greater
Elementary, Elvis is sick and I'm
afraid you'll have to pick him up.

Kyle merges onto the PCH, a tiny drop in the long river of traffic.

ELVIS (O.S.)

Hey, Dad? Where are you?

Kyle is driving as fast as the conditions allow, but the lanes are beginning to clog.

KYLE

(activates voice command)
Call Greater Elementary.
(leans on his horn)
Come on!

He passes a risqué BILLBOARD featuring Playboy-like girls with mouse ears advertising Las Vegas style pleasures:
"DISNEYLAND - IT'S NOT FOR KIDS ANYMORE."

ADMINISTRATOR (O.S.)

You've reached the Greater
Elementary School of Los Angeles.
Please leave your message --

Kyle navigates through a sea of vehicles on the highway, getting more and more frustrated.

KYLE

This is Kyle Furlow, Elvis's
father, I just got your message, I
am on my way...

"ACCIDENT AHEAD". Kyle cuts across lanes of jammed traffic toward an exit, a desperate maneuver that is resisted with outraged HONKING.

KYLE

Asshole, let me through!

Kyle speeds down a residential street.

ADMINISTRATOR (O.S.)
You've reached Greater Elementary --

KYLE
Pick up the damn phone!

EXT. GREATER LOS ANGELES ELEMENTARY -- DAY

Kyle pulls up at exactly 5:01, jumps out of his car and runs toward the school. The playground is mostly deserted, the last parents leaving with their children.

KYLE
Elvis!

Kyle arrives at the school doors and finds them locked. The whole place seems ominously quiet. He puts his fingers to his lips and blows his distinct "Elvis Whistle."

MOTHER #1 (O.S.)
They lock the doors at 5.

He sees Mother #1, the compulsive comber of his son's hair.

KYLE
I can see that.
(knocks; shouting inside)
Hey, can somebody let me in?

MOTHER #1
Please don't blame me. I just want
what's right for Elvis.

Her defensive demeanor unnerves Kyle. He pounds harder.

KYLE
Elvis!

SOCIAL SERVICE #1 (O.S.)
Are you Mr. Furlow?

He turns to find two grim bureaucrats.

SOCIAL SERVICE # 1
We're from Social Services.

Off Kyle -- he's got a bad feeling.

ACT BREAK

ACT III

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE -- DAY

The Social Service bureaucrats stare across a table at Kyle, who looks about as comfortable as a Replicant being interviewed by Blade Runners.

KYLE

...look, it's never happened before, I had a job in Malibu, there's no reception.

SOCIAL SERVICE #2

Noted.

Social Service #2 taps the information on a sleek tablet.

KYLE

Now can I see him?

SOCIAL SERVICE #1

We need to update the file before your son can be released.

KYLE

Released? Is Elvis okay?

SOCIAL SERVICE #2

A mild stomach virus. Vomiting, headache, that sort of thing.

KYLE

You mean... he's got the flu?

SOCIAL SERVICE #2

Seems so. It's going around.

Kyle exhales, relieved.

KYLE

You guys scared the crap out of me.

SOCIAL SERVICE #1

When they couldn't reach you, they called us. Now that we're here, we want to take this opportunity to update your file.

KYLE

(wary)
All right...

KYLE
You're still a computer technician?

KYLE
Yes.

SOCIAL SERVICE #1
And you're raising him without his mother.

KYLE
His mother's not in the picture.
She left five years ago.

SOCIAL SERVICE #2
Any communication with her?

KYLE
She's a drug addict. I don't even know if she's still alive.

Tap, tap, tap...

SOCIAL SERVICE #1
When is the last time you had a drink?

KYLE
(a beat)
How do you know this?

SOCIAL SERVICE #2
When the state collected your sperm for research, they took a blood sample. There was evidence of alcohol abuse. It's in the file.

KYLE
I've been sober for four years.

SOCIAL SERVICE #1
In a program?

KYLE
No.

Tap, tap, tap.

KYLE
So where is Elvis?

SOCIAL SERVICE #1
He's fine. He's being evaluated.

KYLE

Look, I know you're trying to do your jobs, but you don't know Elvis. He has these episodes where he feels alone, he gets really scared, and I'm the one who can get him through that.

SOCIAL SERVICE #1

So you're saying he's depressed?

KYLE

No. I'm saying he needs to be with his father. Not with a bunch of people he doesn't know evaluating him.

Tap, tap, tap.

SOCIAL SERVICE #2

Mr. Furlow, there are fewer than a dozen six-year-olds in the entire country. I'm sure you can appreciate the State's compelling interest in Elvis's health and well being.

KYLE

I take good care of my son.

SOCIAL SERVICE #1

Are you aware of the child safety belt laws?

Silence.

KYLE

You gotta be kidding me.

SOCIAL SERVICE #2

A child must be eight years old and over sixty pounds to ride in the front passenger seat.

SOCIAL SERVICE #1

Were you aware of the law?

Kyle knows he has stepped right in it.

KYLE

I'm done answering questions.

SOCIAL SERVICE #2
Mr. Furlow, we need to update the
file --

Kyle grabs the tablet and smashes it into the wall, then
grabs Social Service #2 by his necktie.

KYLE
Where is my son?

CUT TO:

EXT. AUSTIN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

A plane touches down on the runway.

INT. AUSTIN AIRPORT TERMINAL -- DAY

Casey, in army fatigues with a duffle slung over her
shoulder, comes out the gate, finally home. Whatever she's
seen over there makes everything here look different now.

Her husband, MATT WILDER, 32, is waiting with an oversized
bouquet of roses. He's a steady sort with the solid frame of
a carpenter.

MATT
Welcome home, baby.

Matt and Casey come together and hold each other.

INT. MATT'S CAR - DRIVING -- DAY

Matt and Casey travel along a long stretch of Texas highway.

CASEY
...her name was Lucia, she was just
a wonderful little girl, she was
around our camp all the time, we
became her second family. She
didn't have anybody else, her
parents, her friends, her house,
everything she knew, it was gone,
the flood washed it all away.

MATT
And you thought they would just let
you take her back to Austin?

Casey is still processing her experience.

CASEY

My whole deployment, I was hoping to do one thing, just one thing, that would make a difference. All we did was pass out band-aids.

MATT

Well, there's lots to look after here. In fact, your timing is perfect.

EXT. CABIN - TEXAS HILL COUNTRY -- DAY

Casey stands blindfolded, waiting with anticipation. Matt removes her blindfold. Casey blinks with astonishment.

CASEY

You've got to be kidding.

She's staring at a newly built cabin perched on the bluffs of the Guadalupe River.

MATT

I bought the land the day after you left.

INT. CABIN -- SAME

Casey steps into the main room, which features a kitchen and killer view of the river below.

CASEY

(thrilled)

Oh, my God, Matt... you built this?

MATT

Two years of weekends. I worked from the sketch you drew.

Matt leads Casey to the only picture hanging on the wall: it's a framed pen rendering of this cabin.

MATT

Architect couldn't draw it any better.

Casey basks in his appreciation -- he turned her dream into a reality.

CASEY

You're amazing.

Casey opens up the lone door off the main room.

MATT

It's got pretty much everything we
always talked about.

Casey turns around, something clearly bothering her.

MATT

What is it, baby?

CASEY

There's no bedroom for kids.

The reality of the new normal hangs there. Matt has accepted it, but Casey is not the sort to quit fighting.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. ALISON'S CAR - DRIVING -- DAY

Alison is alone behind the wheel.

ALISON

Georgetown Cryogenics on Clark St.

NAV VOICE

Calculating the route.

Alison notices in the rear-view mirror: a car following behind her (the same Ford Fusion from the beginning).

NAV VOICE

At the next light, take a left.

Alison takes a left. So does the Fusion. Maybe following?

NAV VOICE

At the next intersection, take a
right.

Instead of a right, Alison takes a left...and, behind her, the Fusion does the same.

Just to see what's what, Alison suddenly pulls to the side of the street and parks. The Fusion continues on past. It seems it was just her imagination.

NAV VOICE

Shall I recalculate your route?

INT. CRYOGENIC EGG BANK (GEORGETOWN) -- DAY

Alison enters a warehouse storage facility humming with liquid nitrogen refrigeration units. She approaches the CLERK at a desk, absorbed in his tablet.

ALISON
I'm Alison Gadarian, I work for the
Fertility Commission.

The Clerk glances up from his tablet, hoping this visitor
won't require too much effort.

ALISON
Your facility sent one hundred and
eight eggs to the Baltimore lab.

CRYOGENIC CLERK
We've sent thousands of eggs in the
last few years.

ALISON
You sent them on March 16th. I
need that donor list.

CRYOGENIC CLERK
I need an access code.

ALISON
If you make me go back to my office
to create an official request, I
will request every single donor
profile of every egg that has ever
been stored here.

The Clerk sighs. She's making him work after all.

TIME CUT:

On -- A PRINTER, which begins to spew out a page: "ASHLAND,
BROOK, DONOR #ZB-786" ... suddenly, the printer seizes, and a
problem light begins to flash.

Alison, who is anxiously watching the printer, shoots a look
at the Cryogenic Clerk.

ALISON
What happened?

CRYOGENIC CLERK
This thing always jams.

Alison looks out the window, seeing something that makes her
heart catch in her throat:

The same Ford Fusion is now parked out front. And there's
nobody inside.

ALISON
I need you to hurry.

The Cryogenic Clerk doesn't have a "hurry" switch. He's monkeying with a ream of paper.

ALISON
What are you doing?

CRYOGENIC CLERK
Adding paper.

Alison grabs the paper and loads it quickly.

ALISON
Print.

In the Hallway, she hears the echo of a DOOR OPENING in the building. FOOTSTEPS approach.

ALISON
Do it!

The Clerk activates the printer, which begins to print out donor profiles alphabetically, starting with "ASHLAND, BROOKE"...

Alison waiting for the printer to spew it out...

...the FOOTSTEPS echoing...

...the "Ashland" donor profile is halfway printed...

...the FOOTSTEPS getting closer...

...the "Ashland" donor profile is not quite finished, but Alison can't wait, she tears it out --

CRYOGENIC CLERK
What about the other egg donors--?

The back exit slams, and Alison is gone.

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND CRYOGENIC EGG BANK -- SAME

Still rattled, Alison quickly distances herself from the Egg Bank. She reaches into her purse, takes out her cell phone... and throws it into a dumpster.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRESIDENT'S VACATION HOME - CRESTED BUTTE -- DAY

A blizzard buffets "White House West", a vaulted mountain chalet thick with security nestled in dramatic mountains. The compound is on high alert as CABINET MEMBERS arrive.

Darius chats with GENERAL REED LARIMER, 60, head of the Joint Chiefs, uniformed and impervious to the cold.

Tori, in her new pink parka, watches from the porch with Felix and other Secret Service agents. She is smoking a cigarette. Pink is not her color.

JORDAN (O.S.)

He wants you in the room.

JORDAN GREENBERG, 45, the combative Chief of Staff, plucks the cigarette from Tori's hand and tosses it into the snow.

JORDAN

Now, you're there to watch the game, got it? You don't say anything unless the President specifically asks you a question.

(offers a stick of GUM)

Brush your teeth.

INT. DEN - PRESIDENT'S VACATION HOME -- SAME

President Lin, in ski clothes, sits in a thick leather chair around the fireplace, trying to process the astounding information he just received. Charged silence from the half dozen cabinet members. Finally:

PRESIDENT LIN

We're sure about this.

DARIUS

It's been verified by our best scientists. One hundred viable embryos.

PRESIDENT LIN

My sweet Lord.

DARIUS

The next step, Mr. President, is to involve the military straightaway. Gen. Larimer has prepared a plan--

JORDAN

(dander up)

You've taken this to the Joint Chiefs? By whose directive?

DARIUS

We're in a crisis. The President needs to gauge his options as quickly as possible.

PRESIDENT LIN

Go on.

GEN. LARIMER

Mr. President, the Army is prepared to oversee the implantation of these embryos.

PRESIDENT LIN

Not exactly in the Army's wheelhouse.

GEN. LARIMER

It's basically a mission, an unusual mission, but we can adapt to handle it. We can convert existing facilities and use military doctors. And we can execute the entire operation with impeccable security.

PRESIDENT LIN

What about the mothers?

GEN. LARIMER

We'll recruit female soldiers to serve as surrogates. The entire operation will be off the radar.

JORDAN

And what are the other options?

DARIUS

This is the option we recommend.

President Lin considers the proposal.

PRESIDENT LIN

I'm wondering if we might consider just the opposite.

DARIUS

Sir?

PRESIDENT LIN

Make it public. Shout our success from the rooftops, start a celebration. Let the country invest in the process and participate.

DARIUS

I think it's premature to announce "Mission Accomplished." We are still very much in a Fertility Crisis.

PRESIDENT LIN

This isn't a fertility crisis, Darius. This is a crisis of hope.

DARIUS

Mr. President, I think it would be dangerous.

JORDAN

You want dangerous? Look at the recent polls --

DARIUS

The polls, are you serious -- ?

JORDAN

The lowest level of confidence in history --

DARIUS

There hasn't been a human birth in six years, and all you care about is the next election!

(to the President)

Sir, we can't be guided by polls. The stakes are too high.

A beat.

PRESIDENT LIN

You know, Darius, when people stop believing there's a future, all bets are off. Look what happened in Germany.

DARIUS

Germany had other problems --

PRESIDENT LIN

(cuts him off)

If we don't restore confidence, this country won't be governable in a year. We need a game changing event, and we need it now.

(then)

How would we frame this, Tori?

Tori's look: she just got put in the game. She discreetly extracts her chewing gum.

TORI

Well...it's like first moon launch.

PRESIDENT LIN

Go on.

TORI

We've got this triumph of science, but it's also a triumph of the American character, it's a triumph of America. Everybody gets to feel like they're a part of something amazing, something that didn't even seem possible. One giant leap for mankind. That's where we should plant our flag.

Darius glares at Tori -- this is not over.

EXT. BALCONY -- DAY

Tori's hands are shaking as she takes a cigarette from her pack, when suddenly --

The doors open, and the President steps onto the balcony. Security remains in the background, allowing them to have a private moment.

PRESIDENT LIN

(re: cigarette)

Don't let my wife catch you. She's a real stickler.

TORI

I'll keep that in mind, sir.

PRESIDENT LIN

You did good, Tori. Not that I'm surprised.

TORI

Thank you.

Tori is flushed by his compliment.

PRESIDENT LIN

There's just one thing. If this is our moon launch, who is our Neil Armstrong?

TORI
 (stumped)
 I'm not sure.

PRESIDENT LIN
 Then I guess you better find one.

EXT. CRESTED BUTTE AIRPORT TARMAC -- DAY

Darius marches across the frigid tarmac toward a waiting
 MILITARY TRANSPORT HELICOPTER.

TORI (O.S.)
 Mr. Hayes, can I have a moment?

Tori jogs to catch Darius, who doesn't bother turning around.

TORI
 I've been doing some checking,
 there was the scientist in
 Baltimore who actually fertilized
 the eggs, Alison Gadarian, you know
 who I'm talking about?

Darius keeps walking.

TORI
 I'm just curious, why did you fire
 her? Is there something I'm
 missing?

Darius keeps walking.

TORI
 Because why would the government
 fire the hero of this story?

DARIUS
 You keep working your story. I am
 going to deal with real life.

Darius leaves Tori behind, climbing onto the military
 helicopter, the doors closing.

WHOOSH! The helicopter elevates, blowing off Tori with
 bitter snowy debris.

TORI
 Asshole.

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT HELICOPTER -- SAME

Darius and Gen. Larimer are fastened side-by-side as they
 rise above the snowy hills.

GEN. LARIMER

I assume we stand down until
further notice.

DARIUS

No, General. We continue our plan
as discussed.

GEN. LARIMER

(concerned)

Darius, I was in the meeting. The
President is not on board.

DARIUS

I've no doubt the President will
come around on this. But until he
does, it's our duty to secure the
future of this country.

ACT BREAK

ACT IV

EXT. FLEETA STREET APARTMENT (D.C.) -- DAY

Alison, holding the torn EGG DONOR PRINTOUT, rings the bell at a run-down apartment building. The door opens. BROOKE, 35, peers out warily.

ALISON

Are you Brooke Ashland?

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Brooke is a traveler, open and friendly, her wrists banging with exotic bracelets, her apartment filled with artifacts from around the world. She cradles "COCONUT" on her lap, a miniature dog that she treats like a baby.

BROOKE

...the clinic opened when I was a sophomore, they put up notices in the women's dorms. Being desperate for cash, I considered stripping, I had the body for it, but I found out I could get a lot more for my eggs than my tits.

ALISON

Did you undergo any special treatments? Any special vitamins or drugs?

BROOKE

Not that I know of. I showed up, they did the procedure, which hurt like hell, and they gave me a receipt.

Alison takes a wary peek out the window as she listens.

BROOKE

Why are you here?

ALISON

We were able to fertilize some eggs from the Georgetown clinic. We're not sure why it worked.

BROOKE

You... fertilized human eggs?

ALISON

Yes. Yours was one of them.

BROOKE
Wait -- my eggs were fertilized?

ALISON
One of them was.

BROOKE
(stunned)
Oh, my god. My god. You're
serious?

ALISON
Yes.

It's as if a long dormant pilot light has been activated
within Brooke.

BROOKE
That's... the most incredible news.
I don't know what to say.

Brooke takes Coconut off her lap and puts him on the floor.

BROOKE
I knew it, I knew something was
happening.

ALISON
What do you mean?

BROOKE
I've been having dreams, these
really vivid dreams, there's always
this girl, she looks like me, she's
got my hair. She says she's my
daughter.

ALISON
(doesn't believe her)
Uh huh...

BROOKE
I know it sounds whacky, but it's
true, children really do visit
their mothers before they're born.
I'll bet your mother dreamed about
you.

ALISON
I wouldn't know, I was adopted.

BROOKE
So was I.

Coconut tries to hop back up, but Brooke won't let him.

ALISON
(genuinely surprised)
You were adopted?

BROOKE
That's why I always wanted
children. Something was always
missing, I wanted to connect with
my own blood. You know how it is.

ALISON
(she does)
The loneliness.

BROOKE
Yeah. The loneliness.

Coconut hops back up and successfully reclaims Brooke's lap.

BROOKE
So how do I get my egg back? Do I
need a lawyer, do I have to sign
something?

ALISON
You actually signed away your
rights.

BROOKE
I know, but there must be some way,
right? You're the one who did
this, aren't you here to help me?

ALISON
(at a loss)
Brooke, honestly, it's complicated.

BROOKE
The egg came from me. The child
would be my child. If you had a
chance to be a mother, what would
you do?

For better or worse, Alison can only answer the question one way.

ALISON
You're right. Look, from here on,
we're in some really uncharted
territory.

(MORE)

ALISON (CONT'D)

You can't talk to anybody about this, you have to lay low, don't open the door to anybody you don't know.

(writes it down)

I just got this phone, this is my new number, if there's anything strange, call me.

Alison prepares to leave.

BROOKE

Where are you going?

ALISON

To get your embryo back.

Off Brooke, unsettled, trying to process a dream come true.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

There's a million two-storey apartment blocks in L.A., and Gwen lives in one of them. She answers the knock at her door, surprised to see Kyle, looking sleepless and desperate.

KYLE

They took Elvis.

A LITTLE LATER

Gwen lives alone, and no amount of Ikea can alleviate it. She and Kyle sit around her Bjuursta.

GWEN

...you hit the man from Social Services?

KYLE

I broke his tablet and I broke his nose. I need you, Gwen.

GWEN

What you need is a lawyer.

KYLE

It would take too long. Elvis is alone, he gets scared when he's alone, you know how he gets those nightmares.

GWEN

I told you, I don't know where he
is --

KYLE

You could find out.

GWEN

You're putting me in a very awkward
position.

KYLE

I just want to see him, so he knows
he's not alone. Cause that's the
nightmare he keeps having, that
he's the last one left, that
everybody else in the world is
gone.

Off Gwen, wavering...

CUT TO:

INT. TRENDY BAR (D.C.) -- DAY

Tori and Jordan share drinks at a trendy joint catering to
Beltway players.

TORI

...she's a scientist, Alison
Gadarian, it was her tests that
produced the fertilizations.

JORDAN

You checked her background?

TORI

Clean as a whistle. And he still
fired her.

JORDAN

Darius has control issues. Most
megalomaniacs do.

TORI

Jordan, if I could get her
reinstated, she would be the
perfect face for this story.
(the ask)
But somebody would have to go over
Darius' head.

JORDAN
 (plays it off)
 Know something funny, Tori? This building used to be my preschool.

TORI
 I thought the bathroom sinks seemed a little low.

JORDAN
 (drifting to reminiscence)
 "Green Beginnings." The cubbies were there. The play yard was out where the patio is. Used to be lousy with kids.

Jordan takes a long swallow of his drink.

TORI
 (reins him back)
 Jordan, will you back me on getting her reinstated?

JORDAN
 I don't trust Darius. He needs to be reined in. When do you want this to happen?

TORI
 As soon as I find her.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE -- DAY

Alison comes out of her car, looking around, satisfied that she hasn't been followed.

JAMES (PRELAP)
 ...everybody's looking for you.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE -- SAME

Alison finishes her story as James fills a cup of coffee.

JAMES
 Somebody from the White House called you about six times.

ALISON
 I lost my phone.
 (cuts to the chase)
 I met with one of the egg donors.

JAMES

(wary)
Okay...

ALISON

Her name is Brooke Ashland. And she wants to be a mother.

(presses)
James, you and I have known each other a long time. I know you would want to do what's right.

JAMES

What is it you think I can do?

ALISON

You still have access to the lab. I have a mini-cryogenic unit, it can preserve an embryo for six months --

JAMES

Wait, wait -- you want me to steal her fertilized egg? Which happens to be one of the most valuable things on the planet?

ALISON

It's hers.

JAMES

(amused)
You're really not a stickler for other people's rules, are you?

ALISON

Will you do it?

JAMES

No. I can't. The whole lab is locked down, they've already got a big plan in motion. At this point, I'm just a glorified lab assistant.

(contrite)
This is the part where you get to say I told you so.

Alison notices: James' WALLET and personal belongings on a table in the foyer.

ALISON

(suddenly)
Do you have sugar?

JAMES

Since when do you take sugar in
your coffee?

ALISON

Since I got fired.

JAMES

I've got some agave.

ALISON

That'll work.

When James goes to the kitchen...Alison slips into the foyer.

IN THE KITCHEN

James roots around a cabinet.

ALISON (O.S.)

Are you going back to the lab?

JAMES

They sent everybody home early. To
watch the President's speech.

(finds the AGAVE)

Hey, why don't you stay? I'll
order food, we can watch it here.

He returns to the LIVING ROOM with the agave.

JAMES

We did make a little history, even
if we're the only ones who know it.

Alison is now standing by the door.

ALISON

I have to take a raincheck.

JAMES

Where are you going?

ALISON

I just saw the time, I've got to be
someplace.

Alison has her hand on the doorknob, when --

JAMES

Wait a second.

Alison freezes.

JAMES

I just feel bad how it all went
down. How can I make it up to you?

ALISON

I'll think of something.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE -- SAME

Alison is walking away, we see what she swiped:

James' FERTILITY LAB ACCESS BADGE.

ACT BREAK

ACT V

EXT. BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- NIGHT

POV - Alison is watching the lab from her car. Two plain suited Security Men stand by the door.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
 ...the White House is being
 incredibly tight lipped about the
 address, but sources say they
 expect an announcement about a
 break in the fertility crisis.

The doors open, and Security Guards are summoned inside. It seems that everybody is glued to the President's address.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
 The President has just entered the
 Oval Office.

Alison gets out of the car and approaches the lab.

INTERCUT:

INT. FRONT DESK - CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

A TV MONITOR: The President addresses the nation. (The same speech that began the show.)

PRESIDENT LIN
 My fellow Americans, we have
 endured a period of hopelessness
 without parallel in human history.
 First came great fires of 2017, and
 then came the floods. But none of
 the natural disasters prepared us
 for the global Fertility Crisis,
 which has devastated our most
 fundamental dreams. Our maternity
 wards, here and around the world,
 are now empty. We've spent over
 five years living with the
 possibility of human extinction.
 Our efforts to solve this mystery
 have been relentless and
 comprehensive... and unsuccessful.
 Until today.

PAN from the Monitor to find... Kyle and Gwen at the front desk speaking to the NIGHT NURSE.

NIGHT NURSE
 ...tell me your name again?

GWEN

Gwen Peterson. I'm his state-appointed nurse.

Tap, tap, tap... the Night Nurse checks the patient database.

NIGHT NURSE

I'm showing restricted access.

KYLE

So he is here?

GWEN

Here's my credential, and I have the paperwork.

The Night Nurse looks it over.

NIGHT NURSE

I can see that, but your name is not on the visitor list.

(then)

Where is your friend?

Gwen looks -- Kyle is gone.

INTERCUT:

INT. BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- NIGHT

Alison swipes James' access card... the door unlocks.

INT. BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- SAME

ON A MONITOR: The President's address continues.

PRESIDENT LIN

Through the diligent efforts of American scientists, one hundred viable human embryos have been successfully fertilized. One hundred potential children. Who will require one hundred women to mother them to maturity as the vanguard of the next generation.

The entire Security Detail is watching the address. Not seeing, far down the hallway...

Alison slips past.

INTERCUT:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - 2ND FLOOR -- DAY

Bing! Kyle steps off the elevator, poking into room after room down a long corridor. The search of such a large hospital is daunting. So...

He WHISTLES. It's the "Elvis Whistle" he taught his son earlier. He listens for a response. Nothing. Then --

BURLY ORDERLY (O.S.)
Whoa, did you hear that?

Kyle is buttonholed by a BURLY ORDERLY watching a MONITOR:

PRESIDENT LIN
...therefore, by executive decree, I have declared a National Lottery to determine the surrogate mothers to carry these embryos. Why a lottery? Because this country was founded on principals of equal representation. All women who meet the qualifications will have an opportunity to mother the next generation.

BURLY ORDERLY
It's a baby lottery!

KYLE
Crazy.

PRESIDENT LIN (MONITOR)
The candidates must be women between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine. They must demonstrate good mental and physical health. Additionally, the selection must reflect the diversity of the American population.

BURLY ORDERLY
(laughs)
My old lady is gonna be first in line.

The Burly Orderly again looks to Kyle to commiserate... but Kyle is already down the corridor, ducking into a stairwell. The Burly Orderly knows something is not right.

INTERCUT:

INT. HALLWAY - BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- NIGHT

Alison swipes James' access key and enters

THE INNER LAB

She beelines to the large liquid nitrogen cryogenic unit. She opens her own mini-cryogenic unit, puts on protective gloves, taps in a code...

It doesn't open.

She taps the code again... the sealed cryogenic unit still doesn't open. Then suddenly --

She hears MUFFLED VOICES. She desperately taps the code on the cryogenic unit one more time... no go.

ALISON

Bastards.

Alison aborts the mission, grabs her empty mini-cryogenic unit, and bails out of the inner lab.

INTERCUT:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - 3RD FLOOR -- NIGHT

ON A MONITOR - the President's address continues.

PRESIDENT LIN

...the selection will be fair and transparent. And while few will be chosen, every single American can feel that they are participating in the process.

Pan to find Kyle, coming out of the stairwell into a long hall, continuing his increasingly desperate search. He tries another "Elvis Whistle." And then he hears it...

...the response to the whistle. It's muted and weak, but unmistakable, and it's coming from a room in this hall.

Kyle whistles again. And again comes the response, now a little louder as Kyle gets closer... and closer... he's just about to enter a room, when --

BURLY ORDERLY (O.S.)

You know you're not allowed to be up here.

The Burly Orderly approaches.

KYLE
I'm sorry, did you need to see my
badge?

Kyle makes like he's reaching into his pocket --

BAM. He punches the Burly Orderly square in the jaw, a sudden and very effective blow. He drags the Burly Orderly into a BROOM CLOSET. He is bleeding and scared shitless.

KYLE
It's okay, you're in a hospital.

Kyle locks the door from the outside. Then he hears a voice from down the hall --

ELVIS (O.S.)
Dad?

INT. ELVIS'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Kyle steps into a room and finds Elvis in bed, surrounded by a ridiculous amount of stuffed animals and balloons.

KYLE
Hey, little man.

Kyle and Elvis embrace.

ELVIS
Where were you?

KYLE
Tell you later. We don't have much
time. How do you feel?

ELVIS
I want to go home.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- NIGHT

Alison, carrying her mini-cryogenic unit, beelines to the exit, looks over her shoulder as she leaves when --

BUMP! She runs right into a man with a shock of red hair... it's Gabrielle's RED HAired DOCTOR.

RED HAired DOCTOR
Why are you here?

Alison recovers and just keeps going, pushing through the exit door...

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BALTIMORE LAB -- SAME

Alison quickly distances herself from the lab, heading to her car, freezing when she sees:

The same Fusion is parked across the street.

Alison backs away, ducking into a doorway, looking behind her... nobody seems to have seen her.

Ping! Alison reads a text from BROOKE: "I THINK SOMEBODY IS WATCHING MY HOUSE. CAN U COME?"

INTERCUT:

EXT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Kyle rushes to the car with Elvis riding on his back.

ELVIS

Can I sit in the front seat?

KYLE

No.

(opens back door)

Back seat, booster chair, no arguments.

The hospital doors open, someone running toward them.

GWEN

Kyle!

KYLE

Buckle up. Hurry.

Kyle hustles Elvis into the backseat.

GWEN

Kyle, stop!

Kyle goes to his door, but Gwen arrives and blocks his path.

GWEN

This wasn't the plan.

KYLE

Sometimes you gotta improvise.

GWEN

There's other people involved.

KYLE

You can blame the whole thing on
me, tell them I forced you into it.

GWEN

I mean Elvis. He still needs care.

Elvis pops up in the window, happy to see his nurse.

ELVIS

Hi, Gwen!

GWEN

Hi, Elvis.

KYLE

I told you to buckle up!
(to Gwen)
I need you to move out of my way.

GWEN

I'm going with you.

KYLE

I don't need you.

GWEN

Maybe you don't. But he does.

Kyle relents, there's no time to argue.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. BALTIMORE METRO STATION -- NIGHT

Alison waves her phone over the FARE PAD, and the turnstile opens. She jogs down the stairs, her footsteps echoing in as she's swallowed into the blackness of the station. (Closing the FLASHBACK that began the story.)

PRESIDENT LIN (O.S.)

Let this be a night we shall never
forget.

INT. BALTIMORE METRO CAR -- NIGHT

Alison peers nervously through the door separating the cars:

She fixes on a man in a knit cap, who wouldn't call much attention, except he's the only one not watching the speech. And his knit cap doesn't quite cover... his EARBUD. At that moment, the man looks over and clocks Alison.

Alison retreats in the opposite direction, pushing past the passengers. She looks behind her:

The Knit Cap Man has come through the door separating the cars, methodically bearing down on her.

METRO VOICE

The next stop is Camden Yards.

Alison flees to the end of the car and opens the door to...

THE NEXT CAR

...pushing through more passengers. It's a little thicker in this car, a little harder to squeeze through.

Behind her, the Knit Cap Man keeps coming.

PRESIDENT LIN (MONITOR)

Just as we were united by crisis,
so shall we be united by hope...

Alison arrives at the end of the car, and there's nowhere to go. It's the last car.

PRESIDENT LIN

...carrying the torch of promise
into a brighter future.

The Knit Cap Man bears down from the other end of the train.

METRO VOICE

The next stop is Camden Yards.

There's sporadic whoops and cheers as the passengers watch the President's speech.

Alison is trapped, but the Knit Cap Man is suddenly impeded by passengers clogging the aisle, celebrating like fans of a losing team that has suddenly staged a comeback.

Alison sees: a COLLAPSIBLE BICYCLE, at the feet of a passenger who is paying no attention.

METRO VOICE

Camden Yards Station.

The doors open, and everyone spills out en masse.

INT. CAMDEN YARDS METRO STATION -- SAME

The Knit Cap Man fights through the bottleneck at the door, coming onto the platform, scanning the station...

Bike in hand, Alison camouflages herself among a thicket of commuters going up the ESCALATOR. It looks like she's going to get away unnoticed, until --

PASSENGER

Hey! She stole my bike!

The Knit Cap Man clocks Alison, now halfway up the escalator.

Alison struggles to un-collapse the bicycle. (Ten years in the future, they're still a pain in the ass.) Knit Cap Man races up the adjacent stairs two at a time, gaining ground...

Alison makes it to the top of the escalator and takes off.

EXT. CAMDEN YARDS METRO STATION -- NIGHT

The Knit Cap Man arrives at station exit, too late:

Alison rides the bike away from the Metro, distancing herself down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAS CABIN -- EVENING

ON A TABLET: The President finishes his speech.

PRESIDENT LIN

...the one hundred women selected in the Lottery will represent each and every one of us. They will mother the new generation and carry the torch of promise into a brighter future. Today we are truly one family. Thank you, and may God bless the United States of America.

In a final emotional flourish, President Lin extends his hand to bring out the First Lady from the wings...

...it's Gabrielle (who lamented her infertility verdict earlier in the episode). Her prior vulnerability is dissipated by a public persona that radiates poise. The President kisses Gabrielle...

CASEY (O.S.)

Oh, my God. I can't believe it.

REVEAL: Casey and Matt, half naked in their christened bed, watching the President's address. Casey is not one to cry, but her eyes are welling. She kisses Matt deeply.

CASEY
(suddenly decides)
We need to get back to Austin.

MATT
For what?

CASEY
To apply for this lottery.

Casey climbs out of bed and pulls on her shirt.

MATT
Baby, it's nighttime.

CASEY
I bet there's already lines.
(searching)
You see my pants?

MATT
Don't you think we ought to talk
about this?

CASEY
We can talk in the car.
(finds her pants.)
It's a chance to have a child,
Matt. What's there to talk about?

Matt remains in bed.

CASEY
You don't seem excited.

MATT
I just don't think it's realistic.

CASEY
I know it's a long shot. But I'm
the right age, I'm in perfect
health, who knows?

MATT
That's not what I mean.

CASEY
(concerned)
What is it?

MATT
I've made my peace with not having
children.

This lands hard.

MATT

Casey, you've been out in the world, you seen for yourself, it ain't pretty. It's getting just as bad here, only we don't even notice. A tornado wipes a town off the map, and it barely makes the news. The Shanghai flu took out twenty two thousand people, and all we're supposed to do is wash our hands with fancier soap. We keep thinking it's gonna get better. But this shit is Biblical.

CASEY

Since when did you start believing in the Bible?

MATT

I believe what I see. This is not a world fit for children anymore.

CASEY

So what's your idea? Hole up here and live off the land?

MATT

We could if we had to.

CASEY

I'm not ready to give up, Matt.

MATT

Neither am I. We've got each other, and I will fight for you no matter what. Can't you be satisfied with that?

Off Casey, mystified, not sure how to answer...

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - FLEETA STREET -- NIGHT

A POLICE CRUISER and an AMBULANCE parked in front, their lights silently slashing the night.

Alison arrives on the stolen bike. Some of the neighbors, a few in their robes, have come out to see what the commotion is about. Alison sidles behind them.

The Paramedics come through the front door, carrying a body on a stretcher.

NEIGHBOR VOICE (O.S.)

I heard it was suicide.

The body is completely covered with a sheet, but the stretcher is jostled slightly as it passes, exposing...

A wrist banging with exotic bracelets. Then Coconut comes tearing out the door, barking a woeful lament at the corpse.

Alison swallows her fright. And then she begins to retreat, looking all around to see if she's been spotted as she keeps backing away and backing away...

And then she hops on the bike and escapes into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. KYLE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Kyle comes down the stairs like a guilty Santa with a lumpy pillowcase over his back. Gwen is waiting outside his car.

GWEN

Did you get the insulin packages?

KYLE

I got everything.

Kyle tosses the pillowcase into the trunk.

KYLE

(one last chance)

Gwen, just so you're clear, if you get in this car, there's no going back.

GWEN

I'm not leaving much behind anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Alison rushes out of her house with a small suitcase, trying to get out of there as fast as she can --

TORI (O.S.)

Dr. Gadarian?

Tori catches her. There's an idling town car and two Secret Service men in the b.g. Alison has no way to escape.

ALISON
What do you want?

TORI
I'm Tori Whitman. I work at the
White House. We all know what
you've done.

Alison braces for the worse.

TORI
You're the new Neil Armstrong.

Alison exhales. The two women exchange a look, recognizing
that their destinies have intertwined.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BALTIMORE LAB -- DAY

Alison marches down the hall, wearing the lab jacket of her
restored position. Colleagues emerge to greet her warmly,
including the Lab Assistant who speaks for all of them.

RACHAEL
Welcome back, Dr. Gadarian.

INT. ALISON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Alison is on the telephone, agitated.

ALISON
What do you mean it's not there?...
I know you have that list, I was at
your facility, I saw it... I want
to talk to the clerk who helped me
last week... He quit?... You will
be hearing from me.

Alison hangs up. James enters with a cup of coffee.

JAMES
Back to no sugar, I presume?

ALISON
The egg bank has no record of our
egg donors. They don't even have a
record of having a record. It's
all been deleted.

JAMES
Maybe it's better. After what
happened to Brooke.

Alison takes that in.

JAMES
I did find this.
(gives her a FLASH DRIVE)
The sperm donor that fertilized
Brooke's egg.

Alison inserts the flash drive into her computer, and the information comes up on her screen:

"Vial #100"

"Sperm Donor - JMO 124/94"

...the database spits out the donor medical profile,
accompanied by a photo...

It's Kyle Furlow.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE GAS STATION -- NIGHT

Kyle fills gas into his car at a remote gas station. A
MONITOR at the pump blares the latest news:

LOCAL NEWS ANNOUNCER
...we're just getting word of an
kidnapping. It seems Elvis Furlow,
one of the so-called "Last Six",
was taken from a local hospital
just a few hours ago. Police
suspect his father, Kyle Furlow.

Kyle sees his own face come full-screen.

NEWS ANNOUNCER
If anyone has any information --

Kyle replaces the gas nozzle and gets into the car.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - DRIVING -- SAME

Kyle cruises onto the lonely Mojave Desert highway. Gwen by
his side, Elvis in back, all of them wide awake.

ELVIS
Where are we going?

Kyle doesn't answer, heading down a very dark road toward a
very uncertain future.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Tori combs her hair after a shower, conversing with her lover in the next room.

TORI

...okay, even if I were eligible, which is unlikely since I work for the government, it's still a one in a million shot to get into the Lottery.

Tori walks into

THE BEDROOM

...sidling alongside her lover in bed...

TORI

Unless you're asking me to go about it in a different way.

Tori's lover rolls over...it's Gabrielle, the First Lady.

GABRIELLE

You did help reinstate the woman who will be overseeing the Lottery. I'd say she owes you a favor.

TORI

And when people find out?

GABRIELLE

(touches her)

I've always admired your lovely thick skin.

TORI

It's not thick enough to keep from getting nailed to a cross. And they will crucify us.

GABRIELLE

For what?

TORI

For naked self interest.

GABRIELLE

I don't think so. Not anymore.

TORI

The polls show a majority of Americans still believe in God.

GABRIELLE

If it comes down to God or Darwin,
I think Darwin will carry the day.
Self interest isn't immoral. It's
survival of the fittest. Self
interest is the only way our
species will continue to exist.

Tori kisses Gabrielle tenderly.

TORI

I love you. And I promise, I will
help you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEDERAL CLINIC - AUSTIN -- DAY

Crack! Thunder sounds in the distance. Ominous storm clouds
brewing in the sky above:

A long line snakes down two city blocks. Moving across the
individual faces in the queue... all women... all races...
all in their 20's...

...find Casey near the front of the line, alone, her eyes on
the prize, the banner draped on the Federal Clinic:

"NATIONAL SURROGATE LOTTERY".

CUT TO:

INT. INNER LAB - BALTIMORE LAB -- NIGHT

On -- VIAL #100. Reveal:

Alison is holding the vial containing Brooke's embryo with
protective gloves. She carefully inserts it into her mini-
cryogenic unit and seals it shut.

Looking around, making sure she is not being watched, she
turns her attention to the large liquid nitrogen cryogenic
unit...

...the lid open and dry ice billowing around...

Ninety-nine frozen embryos preserved in vials.

Alison pauses, staring at the genetic matter, the elemental
source, the potential lives that will prolong the species.

Then she taps a code, and the giant lid slowly seals shut.

FADE OUT.