

ASD-13

Written by

Alexa Weimer

Indiana

ACT 1

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

FLASHES

A MAN in a grey suit wobbling back and forth stumbles into the middle of a house lined street. He has his hands hovering over his shaven jaw. Moving them upward the skin of his face follows. It rips at his neck and peels up to his hairline revealing his facial bones.

BYSTANDERS scream at the sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GALLERY HALL - NATIONAL SCIENCE AWARDS - EVENING

ONE YEAR EARLIER

Bright spot lights reflect off sliver spoons lining long white table cloths. Crowds of people in elegant ensembles turn their attention towards a large stage.

DR. KIRBAR

Our last and most prestigious award tonight for outstanding experimental work, research and discovery. The Breakthrough Award goes to...

He punches in a code on a small screen, and a name appears on the monitors above.

DR. KIRBAR (CONT'D)

Fiah Desmoir, with the Center of Disease Control for her findings focused on the human immune system. She has been developing a symptom masking serum and mutation rate calculations.

A room full of people begin to clap as Fiah Desmoir, 34 with caramel skin glowing under a golden gown walks on the open stage. She's handed a large plaque as she proceeds to the microphone.

FIAH

Thank You! My biggest supporters are my parents. Je ne serais pas là sans toi. Also, my coworker and friend in this journey Delia were also there as I stayed cooped up in the lab and poured my heart and of course brain into these projects for the last eight years.

The audience engages in a light laughter.

FIAH (CONT'D)

In my travels, I watched many people suffer from incurable and violent illnesses. I knew I had to find a solution. With this recognition and sponsorship; I will fight viruses, bacteria, and diseases worldwide. Thank You.

The crowd applauds her speech as she walks off the stage. She pumps her award high over her head with pride and a big smile.

Dr. Kirbar steps across the stage after her and addresses the audience.

DR. KIRBAR

Thank you all for coming out to celebrate the top minds of the scientific community and supporting them through their efforts to change the world. Good night.

Red velvet curtains on each side of the stage click and begin to meet in the middle.

CUT TO:

INT. REPORTERS POOL, GALLERY HALL

A group of men and women stare towards the stage all holding small notebooks and wearing press badges around their necks.

Dean, 36 dressed in a clean suit and small freckles on his nose leans towards a man to his right.

DEAN

Her.

LIAM

Damn. I got the seventy-year-old with the anal probe. And you get the stunning scientist. Bullshit.

DEAN

Yea. Sucks to be you.

LIAM

Bet you're not missing Alaska now.

DEAN

What?

Liam snaps in Dean's face.

LIAM

Man, are you in there?

DEAN

I'm working dude.

Liam smirks as he shakes his head toward the ground.

LIAM

She's got you, bro. Got you good.

Dean's height gives him a perfect view of the stage through the crowd.

DEAN

Shut up. This is my professional face.

LIAM

Professional dating face.

Dean starts to walk away.

DEAN

Yea yea. Go get your old dude.

LIAM

Catch ya later.

Dean peers at the closing curtains with glistening blue eyes as he steals two glasses of champagne from a nearby waiter. He breaks through the crowd towards the exit of the stage.

Dr. Kirbar walks out first with the award winners following closely behind.

Dean moves his way into Fiah's path and hands her one of the glasses.

FIAH

I was just thinking about how I wanted this... You're a dream.

DEAN

Well, why thank you.

FIAH

I was talking to the champagne. But let me look.

She takes a small step back following his face to fingertips. Taking in his pale complexion and dark fur covering his face she smiles.

FIAH (CONT'D)

You're not a total nightmare.

With a smile, he reenacts her movements looking her up and down.

DEAN

You're not either.

Her cheeks glow bright pink.

FIAH

So apparently my speech was boring enough to make us both need a drink?

He throws his hand out initiating a handshake.

DEAN

Actually, the opposite. Names Dean McCain, US Science Today.

FIAH

Thank you for the glass Dean McCain, Do you usually bribe people for an interview with alcohol?

DEAN

Only the ones who say they haven't left the lab in eight years.

A smile fills her face.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What next steps will you take in your research and experiments due to this success?

FIAH

You move quickly, don't you?

DEAN

At least when I know what I want.

He flips open a small notebook ready to take notes.

FIAH

My next steps begin with conducting various tests with my serum and hopefully beginning different trials within the next few years. I also have a calculation I developed that will track the rate of change and mutations in different illnesses. I will spend about the next two years or more perfecting that algorithm.

DEAN

I can see how passionate you are with your work. I'm writing an article about the winner's breakthrough. I wasn't expecting someone this remarkable.

FIAH

I wasn't expecting to enjoy talking to a reporter.

They exchange a lustful glance and laugh.

DEAN

If you'd be interested, we could sit somewhere more private and discuss points further.

FIAH

I am honored to win this award, and the resources included. I first must make my way through the room. Run into me later?
(a bit flirty)

Fiah steps away from his path as he longs her direction watching her lips rise into a smile. She strolls slowly into the crowds of people passing them with quick handshakes.

FIAH (CONT'D)

Dr. Kirbar, Thank you for the introduction and your instruction these past few years.

DR. KIRBAR

Of course Fiah. You're an exceptional researcher, and I know your going to continue to impress me.

FIAH

Thank you, sir. That means a lot. I am honored to say you've turned from role model to mentor quickly.

Fiah walks away from the group and towards the bar.

NICK - BARTENDER

Congratulations on your success!
Wine or cocktail?

FIAH

Thanks, Nick! Let's do a Sidecar tonight. I'm celebrating.

Fiah smiles as a familiar voice comes from behind her.

DELIA

How much are we drinking tonight?

Fiah quickly eyes the bartender who winks her direction.

FIAH

Well, too much probably.

The bartender hands the ladies cocktails as they proceed into a toast between them.

DELIA

To the smartest women in my field
and my best friend.

Their glasses cling.

DELIA (CONT'D)

Who was the skinny guy you were talking to earlier?

FIAH

The reporter?

DELIA

He was handsome.

FIAH

A handsome stranger.

Fiah scans the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GALLERY - LATER THAT EVENING

Large snowflakes fill the night sky shining under the New York street light and headlights.

Fiah sways standing on the side of the street peaking down and around the traffic. Startled by a deep voice, she tags an icy patch and begins to twist off of the curb. A hand grabs her arm pulling her chest to chest with Dean.

DEAN

I think someone needs coffee?

FIAH

Certainly. One too many reporters wanting interviews.

Dean busts into a full laugh.

DEAN

Guess, I need a slyer trick?

Dean motions his hand at the top of Fiah's back and leads her away from the zooming cars.

FIAH

Guess so! One guy actually brought me a beer.

DEAN

That fool. A classy woman needs a classy drink.

She nails her dark curls behind both ears and hugs her coat.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I mean. I was going to bring you a Manhattan, but the waiter only had champagne.

Dean shoves his hands in his motorcycle jacket and whiffs the frosty air with delight.

FIAH

I would've fallen in love with you.

They make piercing eye contact.

Liam appears from behind Fiah making direct eye contact with Dean and motioning his hands quietly towards her.

LIAM
What's going on here?

DEAN
This is Fiah Desmoir. Breakthrough winner.

LIAM
Congratulations. I'm Liam I work with this fella. He's a good one.

FIAH
I know. He just saved me from breaking my entire body.

LIAM
That's Vivid.

DEAN
More like dramatic, I caught her from tripping off the curb.

They all three laugh

LIAM
I can't believe it so cold already. What happened to fall?

FIAH
It took a rain check for next year.

DEAN
I think it feels good. I love the cold.

LIAM
You're a funny one Fiah. And I knew you were going to say that Dean! Ya Weirdo.

Dean eyes Fiah.

DEAN
I lived in Alaska for about five years. Had a culture and science column over there.

FIAH
Really?

DEAN

Yea. You get used to the cold weather and start to embrace it.

A sleek black car pulls up to the curb. Dean leans towards Fiah bumping her shoulder.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I know a great restaurant right down the road with the best Espresso.

FIAH

Yes. Caffeine. Please.

Dean leans into the car window.

DRIVER

Here for Ms. Desmoir.

DEAN

Have a night off sir. She's got a ride.

He places his hand on her lower back and guides her away from the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. PEARL'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

An elegant cafe style set up with individuals scattered at different tables and chairs create a warming and comfortable atmosphere.

Tinted lights outline Fiah's perfect figure as she sips from a coffee mug and cocks her head. Dean pulls out his small white pad.

DEAN

Well, Thank you for agreeing to chat with me.

FIAH

It's not often I win the Breakthrough award.

DEAN

If it's not too forward, I am a big fan. I finished about a year of my degree in molecular biology in college before switching to journalism.

Dean smiles resting his posture into a red stitched chair.

FIAH

I love talking about my work. Also,
US Science was my bible growing up.
What made you switch?

DEAN

Words of course. They're beautiful,
especially specific jargon.

Smiles permanently plaster their faces.

Simultaneously they both set their mugs on the table next to
each other clinking the glass and touching knuckles. Dean
quickly readjusts flattening to a professional tone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You've touched upon a range of
issues in the world today. Truly
Impressive.

FIAH

Thank you. I strive daily to do
more than asked or expected of me.

DEAN

That's an amazing philosophy to
live by. I knew working for the man
would lead me the right path.
Writing this article and learning
more about your work is only a
bonus at this point. I have a
million questions.

FIAH

As we say in France, demander l'oin -
meaning ask away.

DEAN

Have you had setbacks regarding the
different variables?

Fiah straightens in her chair and clears her throat.

FIAH

Uh. I have found inconsistencies
over the past few months within my
data, but with the funds available
through this award, I believe my
team and I will see and find the
kinks.

DEAN

I admire your optimism. What stage are you at now in your various projects?

Her face lights up as her posture rises and passion fills her throat.

FIAH

(excited and playful)

I am so happy you asked that! I have recently entered stage two on both projects so far. Specifically, we have acquired over 200 rats with various tumors, bacteria, and other illnesses. At this stage, we can find out a lot more about how the drug works, dosage, tolerance, successes, and failures.

DEAN

This is incredibly exciting! Do you have doubts?

FIAH

Of course! Every day I worry about walking into the lab, and the numbers aren't right or the systems crash during a critical update... To be honest, I really enjoy the risks though as they always create new ideas or solutions.

Fiah crosses her legs, leans towards Dean, and playfully touches his arm.

FIAH (CONT'D)

Don't you have doubts? Even with your experience... weren't you somewhat worried or anxious about this interview going well? You took a risk.

Dean appears a little taken back from her question.

DEAN

Well, no ... Yes, I guess so.

He moves his attention from his notepad longing in Fiah's eyes.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm impressed by your ambition! Not only are you smart and successful, but you have a very straightforward attitude.

Fiah runs her fingers through her hair letting out a deep breath.

FIAH

I was raised to be independent and self-assured.

DEAN

So, your family is big supporters?

FIAH

My parents are my main supporters. They always let me pursue what I wanted and allowed me to travel the world very young. I wouldn't be where I am today without those experiences and realizations. I miss them and France very much, but I know my work is here.

DEAN

What about your husband?

Fiah grins his direction.

FIAH

Never married.

Dean's face calms as he puts his notebook in his pocket and throws two fingers towards the waiter and puts his pad in his pocket.

DEAN

I can save the rest of my questions for the next time.

FIAH

Oh no, you reek of confidence.

She smiles with her perfect teeth.

DEAN

Do you smell that?

FIAH

This fresh ground heaven?

Fiah whiffs her coffee mug as she closes her eyes.

DEAN

No, the dinner I'm going to buy
you. How's that for confidence?

Fiah folds in half in laughter before taking a sip of coffee.
She watches Deans mouth curve further upward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIAH'S KITCHEN - DAY - 3 WEEKS LATER

Fiah sets down her only coffee mug and morning read on the
empty counter to grab the pot. The top article's headline
reads: The Leading Breakthrough of the Decade... Written By:
Dean McCain.

She swipes it from the table as her lips smirk over the words
slowly. Exiting the kitchen a chime echoes through the silent
house.

Opening the front door, Dean stands with a single rose. On
the porch, she jumps into his arms smelling it.

FIAH

You're such a romantic.

DEAN

I try for you my dear.

He places his hand under her hair and kisses her.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I was surprised you finally invited
me to your place. It was starting
to get a bit strange.

FIAH

Well, clearly there's a reason.

DEAN

Yea?

FIAH

You'll see. Just come in.

DEAN

Should I be worried?

Dean steps into the plain house and takes a look around.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh. How long have you...

FIAH
About ten years.

He passes through the living room into the dining room and ending in the kitchen with the same decor no furniture, pictures, or adornments.

He walks up to her grabbing her hands.

DEAN
Yup, I think we should stop seeing each other.

Her face grows upside down.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I am just kidding. It's a bit odd for how long you've lived here, but you live at work. I know. It seems too soon to say, but I'm keeping you.

FIAH
Keeping me huh? I want to show you something.

Fiah grabs Dean by the hand.

DEAN
I hope it's your bedroom? Do you even have a bed?

FIAH
Yes.

DEAN
Yes, you're showing me your bed?

Fiah giggles as Dean places his hand on her lower back. They walk up to a large metal door and she steps up to a computer on the wall. She inserts a key, types in a code, and scans her fingerprint.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Sometimes I forget who you are.

FIAH
I shouldn't even take you down here, but the tracker is working better than I anticipated. I think I've invented a very powerful program.

INT. HALLWAY

They walk into a long hallway that resembles a hospital with blinding fluorescent lights. Red lines taped to the floor lead to numbered doors lining the path to the left and right. She slips on a long lab coat and gestures him to the end.

DEAN

Really? You figured out why the program kept glitching?

FIAH

Yes. I switched it's mode, and it has been operating at a higher level than I ever expected.

He continues to follow her with a smile on his face.

INT. FIAH'S LAB

They proceed through a locked door. The pale white room is covered with small and large monitors scattered across the room. A variety of data and graphs hang off the wall. There are various microscopes placed side by side glaring under the lights.

DEAN

Fiah, this place is incredible. Does everyone in your field get one of these built into their house?

She sits in a chair at a long corner desk with separate sets of computers.

FIAH

I built this all myself.

His eyes widen in shock turning his head in every direction and intrigued by every inch of the colorless, metal, cold lab.

DEAN

You continue to surprise and impress me since the night we met.

Dean removes his coat revealing his large biceps.

DEAN (CONT'D)

It's freezing down here Fi. I like it.

FIAH

Here, check this out.

She grins his direction before keying in a code. An extended graph appears showing various columns of data on the screen.

A hissing sound grabs her attention, and she turns around searching for Dean.

FIAH (CONT'D)
DEAN?

Fiah's eyes widen as she turns a corner and sees his reflection behind a glass door. She unlatches a small chamber in the wall and pulls out a gas mask. The door opens with a hiss. Fiah stands in the doorway.

FIAH (CONT'D)
Dean, please don't touch anything.

DEAN
Quit trying to freak me out.

FIAH
Just come out of there.

Large glass jars filled with colored liquids sit on a table with various notebooks.

DEAN
Are you experimenting?

FIAH
(says seriously)
Yes. It's a personal project.

DEAN
With what?

Dean moves over staring at Fiah and knocks into a portable table with burners. The jars shatter on the ground as it shifts hitting a nearby metal stand. Falling over it crashes into a glass box holding a metal cylinder object with a caution label.

The cylinder hits the ground and rolls right next to Dean's foot. It makes a popping noise as a thin white substance puff into the air.

Fiah quickly leaves the area shutting the sliding doors and hitting a large red button on the outside. The doors lock as a shower begins to spray on top of Dean.

FIAH
KICK THAT TO THE CORNER!

DEAN
What's going on?

FIAH
Dean, take off all your clothes. I
am so sorry. I should never have
brought you down here.

Dean's expression tightens as he scrubs the water head to
toe.

DEAN
Fiah?

FIAH
It's okay my love. Keep going until
I can run protocol.

Fiah flies to a bigger latch on a wall revealing a large
medical grade suit. She quickly slips into it clasping the
helmet tight.

FIAH (CONT'D)
(whispering to self)
Shit. Shit. This isn't happening.
Wake the hell up!

She paces over to her computer station and intensely inputs
information. Red lights blare throughout the lab.

She heads back to the locked sliding doors where Dean stands
naked under the yellow emergency shower. Slumped over with
goosebumps he locks eyes with Fiah's large watery gaze as she
mouths to him.

FIAH (CONT'D)
(silently)
I'm sorry.

Fiah closes her eyes taking in a deep breath.

FIAH (CONT'D)
(whispers to self)
Control yourself.

She opens her lids with a straightened back and calm face.

FIAH (CONT'D)
Dean, listen. This is important. I
am going to shut off the shower,
and there is a special towel under
the cabinet to your right. You must
scrub your skin as hard as you can.

She hits the red button again as he grabs the towel and starts to scrub. He rubs slower and slower before stopping.

FIAH (CONT'D)
You need to keep going!

DEAN
Fiah, I can't feel my legs.
(terrified)

Dean begins to wobble in place reaching towards her as he crashes to the ground and his eyes flicker shut.

CUT TO:

INT: QUARANTINE AREA 1, FIAH'S LAB

A massive plastic bubble sits between a multi-screen computer station and emergency exit. Dean lays inside on a small bed with an IV in his arm and legs propped.

His eyes open to bright fluorescent lights and beeping monitors. He shakes with chills and twitches at his discomfort.

DEAN
Fiah? Where are you? What is this?

FIAH
I'm here. You're contained inside an air vented system that traps all types of infections and viruses.

DEAN
Infections? Viruses?
(raises his voice)

FIAH
Don't strain your voice. I can explain to you what I know and what I don't.

Dean huffs as he grabs his right thigh.

DEAN
Is this paralysis temporary?

FIAH
I will be sure of it, mon amore.

DEAN
Tell me the truth about all this.

FIAH

I've been experimenting with different sequences that create a range of symptoms... I ended up developing a virus to better identify the patterns and structures involved.

DEAN

So, am I infected?

Fiah stands staring his direction for a moment.

FIAH

Yes. ASD-13 is ... Highly contagious, symptomatic, and...

DEAN

Deadly? Incurable?

FIAH

I will do whatever it takes to help you. How do you feel right now?

DEAN

Terrible. My legs just feel like dead weight. I have pains in my arm and my back itches like a bitch.

Dean swims his torso on the bed rubbing his back against the mattress and tensing at the aching pains.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What's the worst of the symptoms?

Fiah looks down pulling on the skin of her hand before looking up at him.

FIAH

Dean...

DEAN

Just tell me.

FIAH

Possibly organ failure. Try to rest if you can. This is going to be a scary process, but I'm here for you.

DEAN

I think you should call someone to help.

Fiah nods his direction walking towards a large white phone and quickly punches in a number.

DELIA (O.S.)

Hello?

FIAH

Delia, Hello. I may need some help with a new project.

DELIA (O.S.)

You are brilliant Fi, but you need a vacation.

FIAH

I know. Have you ever dealt with a flesh-eating virus?

DELIA

Only in my dreams, why do you have some research?

FIAH

Yea. Uh. Sure. Research. What's the best course of action?

DELIA

Firstly, remove the infected skin.

Fiah longs at Dean as she places a hand to her forehead nodding her head left and right with a scrunched face.

FIAH

Let me call you back.

Fiah hangs up and starts to pace the lab.

FIAH (CONT'D)

I can't do that. Shit, I have to do that. No.

She walks back to the bubble holding Dean where he lays twitching in place. She climbs in protective gear and stands next to search for symptoms.

Checking his breathing and listening to his heart she notices rough red patches and swelling along his belly and all down his legs.

She begins to jot down each symptom she sees and hears on a nearby pad.

DEAN

My back is itching and stinging! I
can't take it.

Fiah flattens his bed and rolls him to one side. A tear hits the inside of her mask as she stares at the top of his back burning red and covered in large blisters.

Swabbing one of the sores it bursts open onto her protective mask and creates a wide hole in his skin.

FIAH

I will give you medication to help
and a sleep aid. I'll see you in
the morning. I have a lot of work
to do.

DEAN

I'm getting worse by the minute I
want to go to a hospital.

FIAH

I don't believe in that Dean. They
will treat you as an experiment and
put you in debt.

DEAN

That's insane. It's my choice.

FIAH

Tu me gonfles! DON'T.

Dean's jaw drops as he meets a different side of Fiah, an intense and forceful side.

She lets out a large breath.

FIAH (CONT'D)

I need to go see someone. I will
see you tomorrow, Mon Amore.

She walks out. Leaving the room silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DR. KIRBAR'S OFFICE - MORNING

A hum echoes through the silent office. A potted plant waves from the breeze escaping the floor vent.

RECEPTIONIST

Doctor. Ms. Desmoir is here to see
you.

Fiah stands tensely near the receptionist's paper filled desk fiddling with her keys and anxiously biting her lip.

DR. KIRBAR (O.S.)
Send her in.

RECEPTIONIST
You may see Dr. Kirbar now.

FIAH
Thanks.

Fiah enters the dark room with degrees and pictures filling the walls. She closes the big wooden door behind her locking the handle. DR. ASADI KIRBAR stands from his chair in delight.

DR. KIRBAR
This is a surprise. How are you Fiah?

FIAH
Izzan, we have a problem.

Fiah looks behind her to be sure nobody else hears her talk as she lowers her voice to a whisper.

FIAH (CONT'D)
Something happened.

DR. KIRBAR
Talk to me, my dear. I've never seen you like this. You look... frightened.

FIAH
Remember like a year ago we discussed scenarios about the strengths of viruses, symptoms, and approaches to a cure?

DR. KIRBAR
Yes. I recall. We were speaking hypothetical experiments. You were going to do the proposal research ... What's this about?

FIAH
Well, I did do the research and made it.

DR. KIRBAR
You did what?

FIAH
I made a virus.

The air in the room changes. Dr. Kirbar straightens his back and deepens his tone from casual to professional.

DR. KIRBAR
If you're saying... I can't hear this.

Fiah's posture falls.

FIAH
Uh...

DR. KIRBAR
You said... Fiah? What happened?

She takes a deep breath and makes direct eye contact with him.

FIAH
No. Uh, It's just the data. I will send it over to you. Have a good day.

She quickly races out the door.

DR. KIRBAR
Fiah... Wait!

Dr. Kirbar stands staring with suspicion as Fiah exits quickly. He punches in a number on his phone and a woman answers over an intercom.

DR. MARIE (O.S.)
Hello Dr. Kirbar. What's the update?

DR. KIRBAR
The seed is growing tremendously better than we had expected.

He sits swaying back and forth in his fancy chair smirking at the phone.

INT. FIAH'S LAB - AFTERNOON

FIAH
Good Afternoon Mon Amore! How are you feeling today?

Dean, wakes struggling to move his stiff neck to look in Fiah's direction. He gulps down the white cotton saliva flittering his mouth as he goes to speak.

DEAN

Fiah, please take me.

She bends down to stare at a screen with his vitals and proceeds to huff and puff with worry on her face.

FIAH

Don't. I've already told you my beliefs. Also, after researching more last night, I found the genome characterization of ASD-13 can affect other cellular processes. I must work quickly.

She glimpses in his direction discovering a flat facial expression.

FIAH (CONT'D)

I'll simplify. The sequence of this virus is too complex.

DEAN

Take me to a hospital!

His voice raises and angers cakes his face

FIAH

I'm the only one who can read this sequence.

DEAN

YOU'RE NOT EVEN A DOCTOR... OR THE ONLY SPECIALIST WHO CAN HELP ME!

His groans echo through the plastic bubble.

FIAH

(snippy)

Do you want to become the next sacrifice for medical purposes? I don't want that to happen to you. You should be grateful I know what I'm doing.

An expression falls on Fiah's high cheekbones showing her irritability.

FIAH (CONT'D)

They have plenty of rats in cages they don't need my Dean.

(MORE)

FIAH (CONT'D)

As morbid as it may be this type of infection on a human is a research dream to scientists in my field. You're not an experiment!

Dean's face tenses as he twists in discomfort. Frustration transpires, and he lets out a loud, ear-piercing scream.

DEAN

It's feeling that way! My back itches even more today. I know it's getting worse. TAKE ME YOU...

Fiah drops a petri dish from her hand at the volume of his blurt as her eyes widen.

FIAH

You what? Do you realize I'd be arrested and could never work in the lab again? I'd be blacklisted by the CDC!

DEAN

AND IM ... GOING TO ... DIE YOU... PSYCHO

(HIS VOICE CROAKS AND LOCKS)

FIAH

You're right that's the last thing I need to worry about. I am just tense babe. I won't stop until I find a solution and things will go back to normal.

Dean lets out a half laugh before freezing from the throbbing pain and itch on his back. Fiah unfastens a six-foot zipper down the center of one plastic wall. Entering inside shielded head to toe in protective gear her tone and demeanor soften.

FIAH (CONT'D)

I'm going to sit you up to examine the area. I need to take new swabs and apply clean bandages. I want to warn you it will hurt even with the Morphine.

Dean's weak arm jerks her direction gripping her wrist attempting to stop her.

Her eye line locks with his crystal irises dripping with defeated induced tears. With a last attempt, he coughs from the throat finding the energy to keep talking.

DEAN

Please Fiah, my love... We need ... I need help.

His fingers limply loosen pressure from her gloved hand as she begins to lift his immobile body into a sitting position. She unwraps the soiled dressings and blinks heavily at the sight beneath examining his deteriorating skin. She remains calm to hide the severity of the infection and how fast it's spreading.

He pleads out in anguish with a series of screams as she scrapes a cotton swab against his exposed spine. Applying the bandages, he continues with a hazy mumbled prayer.

DEAN (CONT'D)

God... please help... hospital...

FIAH

Juste un rat dans une cage, mon amore.

Dean exhales with loss and looks at her with agitation and then disgust as she translates.

FIAH (CONT'D)

Just a rat in a cage, my love.

Fiah turns up the morphine and medicine drip as Dean's eyes weaken to a close.

INT. FIAH'S LAB

FIAH

(talking to self)

Oh my... I can't.

Fiah transports the swabs and vials of blood into a placeholder held inside a large analysis machine. Pressing a green button the door locks and begins to spin on high speed.

She removes her gear and begins to pace in the lab back and forth. A loud sound ticks in the back as pages start to spit from the printer.

FIAH (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Finally.

She swipes up the documents and walks to her computer fiercely inserting data.

FIAH (CONT'D)
This can't be. No. NO.

She stops and peaks behind her to be sure she hasn't disturbed Dean. She then continues to type quickly on her keyboard. She grabs the report and samples heading to the larger microscope.

She removes samples from the machine and places them on a glass slide with a focused expression. At first view of Dean's blood, she takes a step back and drops her head.

FIAH (CONT'D)
Oh, Dean!

Ear piercing cries roll through the lab bringing a tear to Fiah's eyes.

FIAH (CONT'D)
Get it together.

Fiah lightly smacks her face.

INT. QUARANTINE 1, FIAH'S LAB

Deans panicking and screaming at the top of his lungs. He begins flinging his body around yanking out his IV and other monitoring devices.

DEAN
AHHHH, my skin is on fire! I'm on
fire HELP ME!

Fiah rushes into the quarantine area concerned.

FIAH
Dean, please take a breath you will
be okay. I have you.

DEAN
Help!

She grabs only a mask and gloves as she enters into the bubble with multiple damp towels. She proceeds to set them on top of him and squeezes his hand.

FIAH
Hey hey... I'm here baby. You're
okay.

She gently strokes his sweat-soaked black hair with her covered hand longing at his faded happiness.

DEAN

No. No, I'm not. Help me. My legs!
My back!

FIAH

Don't worry Amore; I can handle
this.

Dean continues to breathe heavier with uncontrollable tears strolling down his pale cheeks. He grips the sheets of the bed as he tenses his body and face in agony. Fiah retreats her hand slowly removing the covers.

FIAH (CONT'D)

What the...

The blanket peels from his legs with his skin attached. Fiah drops the blanket and exits the plastic area. He stares at her with wide eyes and a pale expression.

She freezes slightly.

FIAH (CONT'D)

I must protect myself, or I will be
useless. You'll be okay. I'll be
right back.

DEAN

Uh...

FIAH

(whisper)

I need... we need more time.

She drops her head grabbing a protected vial of blood from the holder and exits the lab.

INT. HALLWAY, DOOR 1

Fiah follows the red line down the narrow empty hall and immediately into a door on the left side. A single cot with unmade sheets lay in the corner with garments hanging from a nearby hook.

She rips her clothes off and enters into an emergency shower in a panic. She roughly scrubs her skin with a worried face and shuts off the water.

She dresses in fresh sterile scrubs, a protective suit, and a serious face. She grabs the vial of blood from the counter and heads for the door.

INT. HALLWAY, DOOR 2

She walks through the door across the hall and steps inside. A large machine connected to a screen sits alone in the bland room. She pours the blood into a small opening and punches in a code. A white screen appears asking to analyze the sample. Pressing yes the screen flashes and the machine clicks and knocks. A large graph appears on the screen with a red flashing box.

The box reads "Danger; results show unknown cells - Necrotizing fasciitis."

Fiah looks to a computer screen next to the machine and pulls up a saved file reading "Reports and information." She begins to transfer data from the machine to the file writing "Dean - Subject 0 - Injecting with Symptom Masking Serum 03:15."

She punches in another code on the machine, and it starts to rumble and drip. A small window spits open holding two small glass jars. Fiah holds the serum in her hand and sighs.

FIAH

If this works... I'll have a whole other problem.

She heads out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. QUARANTINE 1, FIAH'S LAB

FIAH

(whisper)

I can't do this. But it's my only option.

She fiddles with the jars in her coat pocket slogging from left to right.

FIAH (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Untested... he may not... we may not...

Groans muffle in the background as Fiah stands frozen staring at the plastic walls with an emotionless face.

DEAN

(screaming)

Why are you just standing the...

He begins to twitch with intense cold chills and scratches at his left hand. He tears to the bone with each stroke and hollers in pain. He jolts to the left with his skin detaching and flinging onto the interior of the bubble.

Fiah jumps and falls backward unknowingly tearing her suit. She enters the bubble pulling out a syringe from her pocket and setting it on the tray.

FIAH
Please relax. I am going to fix
this.

She increases his medicine drip and flattens his bed.

FIAH (CONT'D)
I need you to lay still and trust
me.

DEAN
(incoherently)
I don't.

Her face saddens with understanding as she removes the blood-soaked blanket and peeling skin. His red swollen and exposed shins pus and pool onto the bed.

FIAH
(whisper)
I never wanted you to get hurt.

He jerks away from the cold towels and screams into the air. She takes a black spray bottle from the tray and mists his legs.

FIAH (CONT'D)
This spray will numb you and
disinfect the area.

His voice cracks as he speaks.

DEAN
(sobbing)
Screw you.

FIAH
I'm going to bandage your wounds
lightly. I then will inject this...

She holds up the glass bottle nervously.

DEAN
What is that?

FIAH

It will mask the symptoms... I will explain everything once you're better.

Dean shakes his head from left to right.

DEAN

I want to know now.

FIAH

Shh. Shh. Take a breath because this is going to hurt my dear.

Fiah pulls the long thick needle out of the glass bottle and steps up to the side of the bed. She presses it into his foreman forcing his skin to loosen away from the injection site and exposing his vein. Dean grunts and moans in her direction with bloody teeth pressing forcefully into his cracked bottom lip.

FIAH (CONT'D)

I developed a temporary method to attack the symptomatic molecules of the virus.

Blood strolls down his chin and drips onto his chest as she continues to speak.

FIAH (CONT'D)

You will get better, but... we'll... Er... You'll still be...

She chokes on her words pushing the rest of the blueish liquid into his enlarged and fragile vein. His eyes roll into the back of his head as he passes out from the pain. His body calms to the mattress, and Fiah slowly removes the needle.

FIAH (CONT'D)

Dean?

Fiah ensures he's stable for leaving the area and taking off her suit. Her eyes widen as she begins to feel weak seeing the large tear exposing her leg.

CUT TO:

INT. DOOR 1

Standing naked in front of a mirror tears fall down her makeup-less cheeks. She runs her fingers over the red patches on her stomach feeling the roughness of her skin.

INT. BEDROOM, FIAH'S HOUSE

Fiah carries her lab coat upstairs as tears stroll down her face. A red blinking light from the phone blinds her as her legs start to buckle. She wobbles towards the untouched bed and stares down into her hands squeezing the white nylon fabric. She places her hand into the side pocket and pulls out another blue bottle and syringe.

FIAH

I'm ruined... and contagious.

Her face tenses as she jams the needle into her arm.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

INT. FIAH'S LAB - MORNING

The cold steel sits silently in the empty, pristine lab. The white tiles sparkle in the fluorescent lights.

The lights flicker in a flash. (small montage)

Flashes of Fiah operating on Dean. Then he's wrapped head to toe in medical cloths sitting in a chair forcefully jerking side to side. Fiah's hand grabs a loose strand and unravels his monstrous appearance.

FADE TO BLACK.

3 MONTHS LATER -

INT. PROFESSIONAL CONFERENCE - NIGHT

A large open space with a large chandelier hangs over a crowd of well-dressed people. They mingle around tall tables sipping on alcohol and eating gourmet appetizers.

Dr. Kirbar talks with a tall blonde in a blue gown. Fiah watches from a distance. Her eyes are bloodshot squinting along with a sour face.

DELIA

Hey lady!

Fiah twists in her heels slamming her glass on the table. Catching her balance her expression softens.

FIAH

Oh. Thought I broke my ankle there for a second.

DELIA

You're so clumsy... I'm next. See you after.

Fiah stands alone in a silky white gown gripping a glass of champagne. She watches Delia enter backstage with a smile. A man in an expensive suit slides to the microphone.

SUIT

I am pleased to announce this is the 98th anniversary...

The speaker fades in with the rustles of the crowd. Waiters are hustling. Glasses are clinking. Speakers are blaring. Guests are clapping. A hand glides on to Fiah's lower back.

DR. KIRBAR
I knew you'd be here.

FIAH
(whisper)
How dare you?

Fiah calmly removes his hand from her body.

FIAH (CONT'D)
You went too far.

DR. KIRBAR
You asked for my help.

FIAH
Yea help. Not for you to betray me.

DR. KIRBAR
You can overact all you want, but
you seemed to have your hands full.

Fiah's eyes die at that moment.

FIAH
This never should have
happened...Where are the rest?

DR. KIRBAR
I'll send you the address. Why
don't you bring him?

He walks away as Delia walks across the stage. Fiah fakes a smile and gives a small I got you wave.

INT. FIAH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fiah drags across her unused pristinely clean house kicking off her stilettos. Her eyes melt down her face with tears streaming onto her plump red lips.

She grabs the red wine on the counter and pulls the cork. Before taking a drink, she drops to her elbows in a sob. She opens the cabinet revealing a row of brand new wine glasses. She screams grabbing and throwing glass after glass at her marble backdrop.

A crash from a distance stops her in mid-action glass in hand. Her eyes widen, and she heads to the lab.

INT. FIAH'S LAB/QUARANTINED - NIGHT

Dean with his face hidden panics clawing at the bubble that is his prison.

FIAH
You're awake, mi amour.

Delirious he looks up revealing his deformities from skin transplants. He sways back and forth mumbling under his breath.

DEAN
What... is...

FIAH
You went into a coma, from the pain. I had to operate.

Fiah stands on the other side as Dean tries to touch his face, but he's not strong enough to lift his arms. His eyes roll back, and he crashes to the floor.

FIAH (CONT'D)
You need rest. And food.

Dean's body lays heavily in his small bubble. She climbs inside sitting on the floor. Resting his head in her lap she slowly strokes his facial scars.

INT. FIAH'S LAB/QUARANTINED - MORNING

Dean stuffs his face with a large amount of fruit oatmeal and sips a variety of medicated juices.

FIAH
I am so glad your eating.

The sound in her voice is sincere and excited matching her smile.

DEAN
(struggling to speak)
When are you letting me go?

Fiah's silence says more than words could. She turns her back and begins writing on a clipboard.

DEAN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
I'm not your prisoner bitch.

Fiah's heels click on the stone floor. Dean breathes deeper taking his last bite of oatmeal. His head jerks in annoyance listening to her clacking loudly.

FIAH
Do you feel up to some exercise?

DEAN
You're going to let me out?

FIAH
Just to run some tests. Be patient my Dean.

DEAN
(sad)
I want to see my family and friends.

Fiah's posture straightens, and her voice raises as she snaps.

FIAH
I AM MORE THAN ENOUGH...

Fiah takes a deep breath and starts to unzip the bubble.

Ringling in the back breaks their eye contact, and she steps away leaving the zipper open. It's just big enough Dean inches his finger through and slowly unzips it the rest of the way.

FIAH (CONT'D)
Hello.

DELIA (O.S.)
Hey, what happened to you last night? I thought you were meeting us for drinks?

Dean tiptoes in the background eyes locked on the back of Fiah's luscious locks.

FIAH
(faking positive mood)
Sorry. I ran home and got caught up. Congratulations! Your speech was great!

Dean's bare feet slide against the tile with a squeak. Fiah's head starts to turn towards Dean but stops.

DELIA
HEY!

FIAH

Who are you yelling at?

Her voice falls into the background as he exits the room into the hallway. He stumbles down the red tape lining the floor as he hears Fiah behind him.

FIAH (CONT'D)

You can't get out.

She hurries down the brightly lit area with a loaded syringe of tranquilizer behind her back. Dean catches it in the corner of his eye as she approaches. He's ready.

FIAH (CONT'D)

I'm trying to help you recover.

DEAN

I'm sure.

She jams the needle into his thigh, but he grabs her arm knocking it away before injecting the liquid. He yanks it out and immediately sticks her in the neck. She collapses into his arms.

He picks her up and carries her like a baby towards the large metal door. Placing her limp hand onto a scanner the door unlocks and he drops her unconscious body on the ground.

EXT. WALKER WAY - CONTINUOUS

He trips across Fiah's front yard with the bright sunlight blinding his view. He quickly stumbles down the hill and towards the main street.

He walks sign after sign. He's looking around, people staring and gasping at his appearance. Sweat pours from his forehead as his butt waves to people passing through the hospital gown.

Panting heavily the street signs begin to blur and delirious he walks. His feet lose momentum dragging his left foot down the street. He passes a homeless man.

MAN

Are you okay, fella?

Dean doesn't stop or look his direction. Dean walks to the end of the street and stops.

EXT. KING BOLUVARD - NIGHT

Dean races with a limp across multiple yards hiding behind objects leading to a poorly lit street. Parked cars line the road with houses flipping off their porch lights. He stops to catch his breath staring at his odd reflection in a car window. A tear rolls down his cheek.

He's startled by hollering in the street. A group of teenagers strolls down the alley. Dean hides behind the car.

BOY

Let's get into trouble

GIRL

Don't be reckless tonight. We almost got arrested last weekend.

BOY

Hey! Do you guys see that?

GIRL

What?

BOY

Looks like a guy or an animal is hunched over there.

Dean panics searching for a place to hide from the approaching teenagers in motorcycle jackets, chains hanging from their belts, and spikes on their shoes. With no luck, he stands.

BOY (CONT'D)

What the...

The girl's screams echo through the road bouncing off each house. Dean begins to run, and the boy pretends to chase after him.

BOY (CONT'D)

You better run...FREAK.

He face plants onto the concrete with three teenage boys surrounding him. Still in his hospital gown his butt peaks out. The girls come closer.

GIRL

OH MY GOD! HIS BUTT!

GIRL #2

EWWWWWW.

BOY

PERV!

Dean stands with a wobble and blood dripping from his nose. The boys push him back to the ground. One of them places his foot on Dean's chest laughing at his appearance.

BOY (CONT'D)

Why do you look like that?

BOY #2

You're fucked up man.

Dean starts to speak but then smiles. He grabs the young man's ankle and twists. He jumps up in a pretend rage. He shakes dramatically pounding his chest like a gorilla.

GIRL

He's crazy!

GIRL #2

Go. Go.

The girls with they're blue hair run down the street. Dean continues the act as the boys begin to back up. One of them stops and goes in for a punch. Dean ducks tackling the young teen with a monstrous look.

DEAN

NOW I EAT YOU.

Rolling around on the concrete the boy makes it to his feet, and they all run in terror. Dean sits with the cool breeze on his face and laughs with a whine into the night. He grabs his head as he stands.

Dean limps increasing in speed block after block. His vision begins to blur, and his head pounds harder with each step. Holding his head, he trips right in front of his destination unable to move. Delirious his mind spins in circles.

A dark figure appears in front of him. It slowly turns into a white light shaped like a woman. Blood starts gushing as if it was poured over the woman.

Stunned Dean stares a moment before closing his eyes. He's blinded by headlights opening his eyes as his cheek is firm against the cement sidewalk.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(talking to self)

Keep going.

Slowly he crawls up a dark driveway and closes his eyes.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

A simple kitchen with bright sunflowers sit next to a plate of cookies. Liam paces back and forth holding his cellphone to his ear.

LIAM
I'm on hold again.

MISSY
I've hooked him up to an IV, but he needs a hospital.

LIAM
I know, but clearly somethings not right. I want to get in contact with a friend of mine.

INT. LIAM'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MISSY, a 26-year-old nurse, and Liam's girlfriend pats a cold towelette on Dean's forehead. His eyes begin to flick open. In Liam's homey living room he looks at the abstract images on the walls. Their shaggy dog, SADIE licks his finger tip.

DEAN
(scared)
Hello?

Dean's body starts to shake on the plush couch.

MISSY
You're safe. You're at Liam's. You made it.

Liam walks over to the couch and grabs Dean's hand.

MISSY (CONT'D)
Did you get ahold of your friend?

LIAM
Yea, he's going to meet us at the hospital.

DEAN
No. No hospital.

Liam and Missy look into each other's eyes with concern.

LIAM
That bitch did this to you?

DEAN
What's the date?

MISSY
I'll give you guys some time to talk. But we have to go to the hospital.

DEAN
I don't want to talk to the police. Date?

LIAM
(crying)
You've been missing for close to a year. We all thought you were dead.

Liam cries into his shoulder as Missy gently rubs his back. Dean grabs his hand.

INT. MEMORIAL WEST HOSPITAL/ROOM A70- AFTERNOON

Dean lays in small cluttered hospital room hooked to different machines as a plastics specialist discusses with a team of surgeons.

Liam and Missy sleep in a small chair next to Dean's bed. His groans wake them up.

DEAN
What's going on?

MISSY
You're going to be okay!

LIAM
Missy is a nurse here and has gotten you the best team of doctors.

DR. SEAR, a seasoned practitioner and DR. IRWIN, a talented plastics expert wave Liam into the doorway.

LIAM (CONT'D)
What's the plan?

DR. SEAR
He's going to have a long road ahead of him, but he'll be fine.

DETECTIVE BENNET, a handsome black man, 34 in an expensive suit walks up to the three of them discussing Dean's medical plans.

DETECTIVE BENNET

Hello, I am Detective Bennet. I'm here to speak with Dean Anderson.

DR. IRWIN

It will have to wait; he needs rest. He will be taken into surgery in the morning

LIAM

Thanks for coming. I couldn't believe it was him in my driveway.

DETECTIVE BENNET

You did the right thing calling me. We will find out what happened to him.

Liam catches Dr. Irwin staring at the Detective's notepad. He gives her suspicious look.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIAH'S CAR/HOSPITAL PARKING LOT- CONTINUOUS

Fiah sits slouched in her organized car with her hand to her head and tears down her face. She watches the detective come out of the building and drive away in his black Lexus.

The emergency drive up is brightly lit and empty. She hides her fancy car in the middle of a parking lot of vacant vehicles.

She types onto a computer in her passenger seat that presents a range of data.

FIAH

Damnit. Damnit. What have I done?

She dials onto her phone.

DR. KIRBAR (O.S.)

Hello.

FIAH

Alright, I'm listening.

DR. KIRBAR (O.S.)

Come to my office.

Fiah's face tightens as she grabs her stomach feeling uneasy.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE BENNET'S LEXUS - CONTINUOUS

Detective Bennet slams his briefcase onto his passenger seat. He huffs flipping through his notes monitoring suspicious behaviors.

He pops open his case pulling out various files. He flips through the first two and on to the third. He stares at a picture of Fiah Desmoir and a list of her credentials. He dials on his phone.

LIAM (O.S.)

Hello.

DETECTIVE BENNET

How are you, Liam? It's Bennet. I was looking at a few files and had some ideas; I'd like to cross with you.

LIAM

Great. What are you thinking?

DETECTIVE BENNET

Well, I appreciate you telling me about Fiah.

LIAM

I knew something was off about her.

DETECTIVE BENNET

Let's meet.

He hangs up as his eyes widen reading over the details attached about her winning research and breakthrough award.

INT. DR. KIRBAR'S OFFICE - EVENING

A classic styled office with leather chairs and a name plate on a desk reads "Dr. Asadi Kirbar."

FIAH

YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO HELP THESE PEOPLE AND ME.

DR. KIRBAR

Lower your voice. If someone hears you.

Dr. Kirbar grips Fiah's shoulder. She jerks away.

FIAH

LET GO OF ME.

DR. KIRBAR

SIT.

Fiah sits in a plump leather chair and taps her foot.

DR. KIRBAR (CONT'D)

You gave him the serum?

FIAH

He needs another dose. He's still contagious. Just has no symptoms.

DR. KIRBAR

We have to get him out of that hospital.

FIAH

It's too late. How are your OUR subjects?

DR. KIRBAR

Follow.

They walk through a secret door behind an old vintage bookcase. It leads them to a different part of Kirbar's clinic that Fiah has never seen.

FIAH

You have them here? Are you insane?

They proceed into a hospital-style corridor and into a large room. Twenty curtains hang from the ceiling. Dr. Kirbar opens two of them revealing two bodies completely wrapped in white padding.

FIAH (CONT'D)

If we give them the serum, the same thing will happen. They will regain their strength and mental capabilities.

DR. KIRBAR

Three have already died. If I lose more this data will be pointless.

He tosses a clipboard into Fiah's hand. Her eyes widen with a small smile as her lips move over the words.

FIAH

Is this all from this round?

DR. KIRBAR

Yes, here's the full results.

They both stare over a pile of papers and a computer screen. Fiah walks to "patient one - Roger Simmons" labeled on the end of the bed and checks his vitals.

DR. KIRBAR (CONT'D)
I don't know why you wouldn't bring Dean here. I've made it incredibly comfortable for them.

Fiah's eyes close with a deep breath.

FIAH
Even I know, you're mad.
Complètement fou. I never meant to hurt him... But, I'll admit you're on to something.

DR. KIRBAR
Perhaps, but now we have a new problem... We'll need blood samples you know.

FIAH
I've already written up a plan.
It's out there... So here.

Fiah removes a bottle of the serum from her pocket.

FIAH (CONT'D)
For you.

He pulls out a needle and injects the serum into his arm.

CUT TO:

INT. MEMORIAL WEST HOSPITAL - SUNRISE

DEREK, A tall young man with unwashed hair and a close resemblance to Dean's old face strolls up to the receptionist.

DEREK
(exhausted)
I got a call that my brother was found... Dean Anderson

NURSE JEAN, a middle-aged woman with a mom-like appearance, stands behind the station and flashes a sad smile.

NURSE JEAN
Derek. Yes. Um. Hello. Down the hall and to the right. Room A70.

(MORE)

NURSE JEAN (CONT'D)
But... (voice fades) There's
something you should...

She exhales loudly watching Derek dart down the hall.

Derek follows the directions to the last room in the hall. Beams of sunlight shine into the dim room blinding Derek as he enters.

INT. ROOM A470 - EARLY MORNING

Derek quietly walks towards Dean with a suspicious look he notices all the mirrors covered.

DEREK
(whisper)
Where have you been lil bro?...
Holy shit.

He focuses on his brother's deformities and looks side to side before running into the vacant hallway. He paces back into the room hitting the nurse call button on the side of the bed. Footsteps louden towards the door as Derek rushes out closing it behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He jumps out into the room lined hallway. A janitor with headphones mops left to right. Wheelchairs, gurneys, and computer stations sit to the side.

DEREK
(voice echo)
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? HOW DO I EVEN
KNOW THATS MY BROTHER?

NURSE JEAN
Derek. Take a deep breath.

With a friendly tone, Nurse Jean softens her stance resting her hand on his back. She leads him to a couple of chairs nearby. Locking eyes with Derek, they take a deep breath together.

NURSE JEAN (CONT'D)
Your brother suffered severe wounds
to 90% of the skin on his body. It
is unknown how this happened to
him, but we are aware that someone
performed multiple surgeries with
perfection.

(MORE)

NURSE JEAN (CONT'D)
He is alive, safe, and will
survive, that is what matters
today.

DEREK
I don't understand. Who performed
what on him?

NURSE JEAN
We are not sure who, but an
investigator was here, and Liam
mentioned you were coming. He'll be
here around Eight.

DEREK
You've been a big help. Thank you.
I just can't understand what
happened. Did someone do this to
him?

NURSE JEAN
You hopefully will get those
answers. It's great you are here
for him now though.

DEREK
I got here as soon as I could. I
have a traveling food truck. Just
drove 72 hours straight.

Nurse Jean's eyebrows raise. She quietly leads Derek to a
locker room.

INT. HOSPITAL LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Many showers sit side by side with red privacy curtains. She
pushes a towel into Derek's hands and a clean white tee-
shirt.

NURSE JEAN
You take a shower; I'll set a
pillow and blanket by his bedside.

Derek gives a light smile walking towards the row of showers.
Removing his coat reveals a dark green tee shirt that reads
"STREETMEAT," "Slow roasted, baked perfection, gourmet street
bus."

CUT TO:

INT. FIAH'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Fiah's face is tense as her eyes search back and forth. Bumper to bumper she scans the cars surrounding her. Stuck in traffic, she hollers.

FIAH
C'est tellement frustrant!

She looks at her passenger seat with worry. Glancing back at the road and then to a cooler next to her. She sets her small laptop on the cooler and opens a file titled "Dean's Data."

As her car moves inch by inch, she punches in a series of numbers.

FIAH (CONT'D)
(talking to self)
Two weeks. You have two weeks to save him.

Finally, traffic starts to move as a video chat blares over her screen.

DR. IRWIN (O.S.)
Hello. Fiah... Are you driving?

FIAH
Yes. Do you have updates, Lee?

DR. IRWIN (O.S.)
I have two surgeries scheduled for Dean in the morning. Also, there's an investigator here. What should I say?

FIAH
Wonderful. I know you will fix his beautiful face.

DR. IRWIN (O.S.)
Fiah...

FIAH
What?

DR. IRWIN (O.S.)
The investigator?

FIAH
Say nothing. You know nothing.

DR. IRWIN (O.S.)
 He seems suspicious. Everyone does.
 We can't explain this.

FIAH
 I know. Send them on the wrong
 path. I hate you have to do this.

DR. IRWIN (O.S.)
 I got it.

Dr. Irwin hangs up. Fiah's face falls with sadness and guilt.

FIAH
 I'm sorry...

With traffic in flow, she speeds down the highway and peeks
 in the cooler showing rows and rows of serum.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURTLE PARK - DAY

A bright blue sky covers children laughing and splashing in a
 shallow lakeshore. A strong breeze whips through the towels
 and papers littering the sand.

A loud yelling drowns out the pleasant chimes of the day. A
 pale teen girl runs past with an uneasy pant. A boy chases
 closely behind her hollering.

TEEN BOY
 STOP. THIS IS SO UNCOOL.

TEEN GIRL
 YOU'RE UNCOOL...

The boy catches closely behind reaching for her shoulder. He
 grips her long waving blonde ponytail. He feels them both
 begin to slow down as her face slips off her skull like a
 mask. Lifeless she collapses to the concrete. A symphony of
 screams blares into the calm sky.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM A70 - DAY

Dean's eyes open with a terrified wheeze. His face covered in
 white cloths collects drips of sweat from his hairline.

DEREK
 Dean, it's okay. It's okay. You've
 finished all your surgeries. You're
 done.

Derek strokes Dean's soaked hair and squeezes his clammy palm. Liam walks into the room and gives a small wave to Derek. Missy gives Derek a quick hug on his way over to Dean.

INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY- DAY

Derek and Liam stand outside the door with Dr. Sean and Dr. Irwin with updates.

DR. SEAN

Dean is stable, and all surgeries were successful.

DR. IRWIN

I spent extra time on his facial work to ensure he maintains his self-identity. Thank you for the picture.

Dr. Irwin hands Derek a photograph of the boys standing side by side by a campfire.

DR. SEAN

You could be twins.

LIAM

Everyone says that!

Tears fall down Derek's cheek as he stuffs the picture in his pocket.

DEREK

Thank you, doctors, for everything. He will be grateful. We all are.

Derek hangs his head in gratitude as Dr. Sean rests his hand on Derek's shoulder. Liam bows his head in respect. Liam and Derek follow Dr. Sean into the room to check his vitals.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Irwin checks her watch and speed walks past the elevator glancing around before darting through the door to the staircase.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

She hops down step after step, floor after floor to the basement.

Unable to see in the darkness she turns on the flashlight on her phone. She uses her keycard to enter storage room A.

INT. HOSPITAL - STORAGE ROOM A - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Lee Irwin stands at a tower of boxes moving them one by one revealing a latched door to outside. She pops it open where Fiah stands in the dark doorway.

FIAH
Took you long enough.

Carrying two bags, a briefcase, and the cooler from her car Fiah's tiny frame pants heavily.

DR. IRWIN
As you can see, nobody comes down here. Follow me.

Irwin leads Fiah with her arms full down a badly lit hall.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hall appears vacant and unused with discarded gurneys and medical equipment lining the paint chipped walls.

DR. IRWIN
This was the old basement of the trauma wing.

FIAH
What happened?

Wheelchairs left in the hallway; aged papers trail across masks and gloves on the marble flooring.

DR. IRWIN
Well, it's not entirely known. There was some disaster decades ago where everyone had to evacuate.

FIAH
And they just left it like this... all this time.

DR. IRWIN
There's been talk of renovations, but the owner always pulls out.

They turn down another hallway littered with more abandoned equipment and personal belongings.

Fiah's eye catches a glimpse at a wallet laying on the ground and showing the ID card of ROGER SIMMONS, a 35-year-old organ donor.

FIAH
Simmons?

DR. IRWIN
Huh?

FIAH
Nothing. What did you say this place was?

DR. IRWIN
Down here was mostly storage, research, and well... the morgue.

FIAH
Resear...

They walk through a pair of swinging doors into the morgue.

INT. HOSPITAL/OLD MORGUE- CONTINUOUS

Dustless spots of steel tables and door handles on the wall glisten.

DR. IRWIN
It's only a week or two. You have plenty of space and lighting here. There's also...

Dr. Irwin unlocks and opens a large square block on the wall. Popping open with a hiss reveals a crisp, cold, and blue chill from a hidden refrigeration system.

FIAH
It's perfect.

Fiah drops her bag and quickly stocks the fridge with the serum vials from her cooler. Finishing up she looks at Dr. Irwin.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM A70 - MORNING

Dean with a wrapped face sits up chewing slowly on a spoonful of purple Jell-O. He sips on a straw from a large jug of water.

DEREK
How are you feeling today?

DEAN
(quietly)
Better.

DEREK
Any more dreams.

Dean freezes briefly making eye contact with his brother before staring at the wall.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Are you okay bro?... Dean?

Dean's posture relaxes as he lets out a worried sigh.

DEAN
I don't think they're dreams man.

DEREK
I'm here when you're ready to talk.

DEAN
No one will believe me.

DEREK
Try me.

DEAN
I'm crazy.

DEREK
Stop. Talk to me...

Chatting in the hall loudens. Dean and Derek watch from a patient window. Liam stands with Dean's two doctors Dr. Sean and Dr. Irwin. Detective Bennet walks up to them.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Shit.

Dean raises his eyebrows at Derek with a subtle gesture.

DEREK (CONT'D)
There's a detective on your case.
I'm pretty sure he's a friend of
Liam's.

DEAN
I don't want to deal with this. I
just want to live my life.

DEREK
Will you tell me what happened to
you?

Dean sits quietly and takes another bite of Jell-O.

DEAN
(mouth full)
One day.

A light knocking on the door opens with Liam. Derek leans
into Dean's ear.

DEREK
(whisper)
I can get you out of here. Just say
when.

LIAM
Dean. Buddy. You look great.

DEAN
(sarcastic)
Don't push it.

LIAM
This is Detective Bennet. She's
here to help us.

DEAN
I don't need your help.

DETECTIVE BENNET
I can understand your frustration.
Did someone do this to you?

DEAN
(chokey)
I DON'T...think you do understand,
Detective.

Dean takes another drink and clears his throat. Detective
Bennet softens her eyes.

DETECTIVE BENNET
I am on your side Dean. Will you
answer a few questions?

DEAN
NO. If you're on my side, then
understand I don't want to
remember. I don't want to relive
those moments or feel the pain of
my skin melting from my bones.

Liam and Derek's faces tense with straight spines.

DETECTIVE BENNET

That is awful. We need to find who was involved... where have you been?

DEAN

You're not listening. I don't want to fight this. I want to live my life... I want to move on.

Dean's eyes gloss over as he stares out the window.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I don't ever want to see her again.

DETECTIVE BENNET

Her?

DEAN

Get out! I'm tired! My body and face hurt.

Detective Bennet gives him a odd look and then looks towards Liam. Liam shrugs his shoulders closing his eyes with a head shake.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL/OLD MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Fiah paces back and forth between the examination tables. She shakes her head at her computer station. A knocking on the swinging doors shows Dr. Irwin approaching.

DR. IRWIN

Fiah.

FIAH

Yes. I know. This is bad. Also, Kirbar is awol.

DR. IRWIN

Soon this becomes public. People are going to be reaching out to you.

Fiah looks down silently reaching into the cooler.

FIAH

Here. You know what to do.

Fiah hands Dr. Irwin two vials of the serum. Fiah stares at Irwin with locked eyes.

FIAH (CONT'D)
I love him, Lee.

DR. IRWIN
I know, Fi.

Dr. Irwin places her hand on Fiah's back.

FIAH
I want to thank you, Lee. I don't know how I'd do this without you.

DR. IRWIN
We've been friends since college. I know you Fi. I'm always here.

FIAH
I never wanted to drag you into this.

Dr. Irwin sighs staring at the vials.

FIAH (CONT'D)
You know you've been exposed, right?

DR. IRWIN
Yes. I assume one of these is for me.

FIAH
Correct. I will need a blood sample.

Dr. Irwin rolls up her sleeve. Fiah wraps a tunicate and quickly takes two samples of Lee's blood. Fiah places a band-aid and gives Lee a look.

DR. IRWIN
I should go.

FIAH
He must get that before tomorrow.

Fiah watches Dr. Irwin place the vials in her side pocket and nod her head. She proceeds through the swinging doors.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM A70 - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Irwin stands over Dean's sleeping body secretly plunging the serum into his IV. Dr. Sear walks in.

DR. SEAR
What's going on?

Dr. Irwin casually slips the serum into her pocket.

DR. IRWIN
Just checking the progress. Looks good.

DR. SEAR
You've got hands of angels.

Irwin smirks fiddling with the empty bottle and syringe in her pocket.

DEAN
What's the update docs?

DR. IRWIN
Looking great Mr. Anderson.

DEAN
I said call me Dean.

DR. SEAR
Well, Dean, we believe you're recovering nicely.

DEAN
When can I leave?

DR. SEAR
Few more weeks.

DEAN
(shocked)
Weeks?

Dean relaxes in his bed.

DR. SEAR
It'll fly by, and you'll feel brand new.

Derek and Liam walk into the room.

DEREK
How's it going baby bro.

Dean smiles through his bandages.

DEAN

Pretty good today old man.

The men laugh towards each other sending the doctors out the door.

LIAM

Hey. So. I think you should talk to the detective.

DEAN

Where's Missy? Derek are you still seeing um... What's her name?

DEREK

May? No. She left me.

Dean gives him a face.

DEREK (CONT'D)

(playing along)

Yea. Uh. Well. She didn't understand I started my business to travel the road and play music.

DEAN

That sounds nice.

LIAM

Dean, did you hear me?

DEAN

Yes. I just don't want to do this shit. I want that.

DEREK

Come with me man. I'll admit I'm aching to hit the road. We have a whole new look and menu since... well...

DEAN

I went missing.

LIAM

Which is exactly why we need to take that bitch down!

DEREK

What is he talking about...

Derek throws his hands in the air as Dean ignores him. Liam shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Irwin listens from outside Dean's door talking to Liam and Derek.

DEAN (O.S.)
Liam, STOP... I just want to enjoy
my life.

LIAM (O.S.)
We deserve justice.

DEAN (O.S.)
You don't get it; I ALMOST DIED
BRO.

DEREK (O.S.)
Who's the bitch?

DEAN (O.S.)
Her name is Fiah... You can't say
anything. She's a god damn psycho,
but smart as shit... The sad part
is that I really loved her.

Irwin's jaw drops listening to the conversations about Fiah.

DEREK (O.S.)
Whoa.

DEAN (O.S.)
When do we leave?

DEREK (O.S.)
(excited)
Really? Hell yea! Um, when can you
get outta here?

She begins watching throw the room window.

DEAN
Right now.

LIAM
You can't take him anywhere!

DEREK
He's a grown ass man.

DEAN

Liam, I appreciate everything, but I'm free. Don't put me in another bubble.

LIAM

(angry)

What the hell are you talking about?

From the window, Irwin notices Derek and Dean exchange a look.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I'll go find one of the doctors to find out when you can be discharged.

Irwin jumps back as Liam storms out the door. She grabs a clipboard pretending to read it on the opposite wall.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Dr. Irwin?

DR. IRWIN

Yes?

Detective Bennet walks towards the two of them.

LIAM

Uh. One second. Sorry.

Liam runs to the Detective unknowingly keeping him from the view of Dean's window. Irwin watches him gesture that way and then to her.

DR. IRWIN

Great.

She turns around heading towards the nurse's station.

LIAM

Doctor...

Continuing to walk she pretends not to hear him.

DETECTIVE BENNET

Excuse us, Doctor Irwin?

She stops in her tracks and turns around with a smile.

DR. IRWIN

Yes?

DETECTIVE BENNET
I would like to ask you a few
questions.

DR. IRWIN
I have some work to do; you'll have
to walk with me.

DETECTIVE BENNET
Let's schedule a time then.

The detective hands her his card. Then turns to Liam.

DETECTIVE BENNET (CONT'D)
I'm going to speak with Dean.

He heads back towards the room.

LIAM
Not sure... If that's... a great
idea.

Liam jogs to catch up with the detective. They enter the
doorway of Dean's room. It's empty. The detective hollers
down the hall.

DETECTIVE BENNET
Where's your patient?

Irwin spins around racing towards them with a frantic look.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean's doctors and friends crowd next to the Detective
shouting questions all at once. Missy claps her hands to
control the noise. Everyone goes silent.

MISSY
Look. It's simple. He's with Derek,
on the food truck.

LIAM
Yes. Find the truck; we find Dean.

DETECTIVE BENNET
Does he have a usual route in town?

Liam and missy look at each other.

LIAM
We don't know him that well.

Dr. Sean wobbles in the circle of people gasping for a breath.

DR. IRWIN
Oh. Dr. Sean!

MISSY
What happened?

Dr. Sean starts coughing and grabs his throat. He hunches over with a gag. He coughs again uncontrollably towards Missy projecting blood over her face and clothes. Missy screams as Liam and Irwin's jaw drops.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM A70 - NIGHT

Fiah quickly stuffs papers and computer cords into a duffle bag.

FIAH
This is a disaster.

DR. IRWIN
What's the plan Fi?

FIAH
I got... I got to... I don't know.
Step one. Follow him.

DR. IRWIN
Here.

Irwin hands Fiah a binder of information. Fiah begins to flip through it.

FIAH
Thank you. Thank you. This has everything.

DR. IRWIN
Yes. I figured this would be easier if we knew more about Derek and his food truck.

FIAH
Street Meat huh? Do you realize... that Dean cannot work on that truck. I got to go.

Fiah and Irwin pack the last few items.

DR. IRWIN

We can keep the serum down here.
Nobody should come this way.

FIAH

Okay. But you need to keep an eye
on it. If anyone finds these...
We're in danger.

Fiah rushes out the swinging doors. Irwin opens the fridge
staring at the rows of vials.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Fiah jumps in her sleek silver Mercedes eyeing the lot. She
catches a glare from the chrome finishing heading towards the
main road. She tails a few car lengths behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - EARLY MORNING

A blue, green, and gold bus-like truck sit on a curb. The
sunrise glares on the logo reading "STREETMEAT." Fiah stares
from her car window. She types on her keyboard before hearing
a light bang. Half of the bus's side opens for business
outlining Derek's face.

FIAH

Dean? Wait that can't...

From a distance, she sees a man with his face is covered in
white cloths walk beside Derek in the truck window. She looks
into her side mirror.

FIAH (CONT'D)

(talking to self; panicky)
We have to stop this.

Her phone sits in a stand on her dash. She hits Dr. Kirbar's
contact, and the ringing blares through her car stereo.

CUT TO:

INT. STREETMEAT BUS - MORNING

Dean hands Derek different bags of fries, chicken, onion
rings, and more. He proceeds to unload condiments on to the
steel countertops.

Derek stands with a bag on his shoulder.

DEREK

This is going to be a great season.
So glad your here man.

DEAN

Me too. Thanks for this. I need to
get out of this town. Find myself.

DEREK

Speaking of... When can you take
the bandages off? You look like a
mummy bro. It's gonna freak people
out.

DEAN

It's probably better than what's
underneath.

DEREK

Only one way to find out. Want me
to take a look. See if they can
come off yet.

DEAN

Sure.

DEREK

I don't really know what to look
for, but...

Dean bends towards Derek with his eyes closed. Derek tries to
peek through the cloths, but there are a few layers. He grabs
an end piece and slowly starts to unravel his brother.

DEAN

Wait.

Derek stops.

DEREK

Hey. It's okay.

DEAN

Maybe we'll try later.

Dean wraps the cloth back around his head and turns around.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'll cook today. You serve. I think
I remember how to...

Dean throws a couple of bison burgers on the grill and cracks four eggs in a line next to them like a pro. He throws onion rings in the sizzling fryer.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Ready for some breakfast.

DEREK
Always.

Dean flips the burgers and Derek heads outside the truck.

INT. THE WHOLE WALL DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Rows of liquor bottles line the wall with glasses hanging above. Bodies pile near the bar staring towards the ceiling and taping the counter for another beer bottle.

BYSTANDER
Turn it up.

A television screen flashes with an emergency broadcast.

TELEVISION
*Alert! This is not a test. Repeat not a test. There have been multiple reports of a virus with extreme side effects and symptoms spreading across the city. Do not panic. Stay in your households for further updates and instructions.

A woman's long brown hair curls down her back. She sips on a large cup of brew frantically dialing on her phone. A ringing loudens over the panicking crowd.

FIAH (O.S)
This is Fiah Desmoir, Viral Outbreak Research Specialist, CDC. Leave a message with your name and call back number. Thanks.

DELIA
Fiah. Have you seen the news? What do you think is happening? We better get to work. Call me as soon as you get this. I'm going to the office.

Delia grabs her items from the bar throwing cash on the counter. Running for the door, she's herded into a large crowd. She trips out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Delia falls to her knees outside the dive bar. Her folders and purse spill over the concrete. People push through stepping over her papers and knocking her over. A ringing blares through the footsteps.

She reaches out grabbing the phone flashing "Dr. Kirbar" on the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRBAR'S LAB - EVENING

Rows of patients line a wall many of them in body bags. Those alive holler at their pain scratching at their tearing skin.

Dr. Kirbar hangs up his phone as he strolls down the hallway of dying flesh with a mask and an army behind him. Dozens of people in doctor coats, scrubs, and cleaning suits huddle together attentively.

DR. KIRBAR

We need this all cleaned up. We are on Instance Level 10 everyone. We all know the protocols. Everything must be burned!

A tall man in a suit stands close to Dr. Kirbar holding a large metal briefcase. A young doctor with a perky posture and long blonde hair blurts out.

YOUNG DOCTOR

What about the patients that are still alive?

He makes eye contact with her and drops his nice guy appeal.

DR. KIRBAR

Burn them.

Looking away her posture falls, and she looks around at the suffering individuals.

DR. KIRBAR (CONT'D)

There can be no evidence, or we all go down. We might not have been the creator of the virus, but we took part in something worse. Now everyone line up!

He turns to the man in the suit standing beside him. He opens the briefcase revealing rows of symptom serum.

He begins one by one injecting the line of doctors and nurses. Kirbar leans into the suit's ear.

DR. KIRBAR (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 Speaking of our little mother
 creator. Get Dr. Fiah Desmoir on
 the phone.

He hands him a cell phone.

SUIT
 She left a voicemail, Sir.

Dr. Kirbar walks away as his team gets temporarily protected from the devastating virus symptoms. He presses a few buttons then holds the phone to his ear.

FIAH (VOICEMAIL)
 Kirbar! Where the hell are you? I
 can't believe this is happening?
 What are we going to do? Shit. I
 never wanted to get mixed up in
 your shady business scheme. You
 better call me back! You're helping
 me out of this.

Dr. Kirbar smirks at the panic in Fiah's voice. He walks into his office and shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Parked in a perfect area with benches, trashcans, and wide space for tables and chairs. Beautiful tree branches give the patch a cool shade.

Derek unloads a few tables and stacks of chairs from a side compartment on the truck. Fiah stands on the other side hidden from view. Peaking around the side of the truck she gets a closer look at Dean's covered face and gloved hands.

She pulls a black box from her pocket. Opening it is a small transparent sticker with a little red flashing light. She puts it on the end of her finger and crawls under the bus. She places it on the underside of the body frame. Fiah starts to crawl out from the truck when she can hear Dean's voice perfectly.

DEAN (O.S.)
 (singing, laughing)
 Cookin' up these eggs and meat.
 (MORE)

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Gonna eat, eat, eat. Eggs and meat.
StreetMeat.

He pops his head out the window.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I just made up your theme song.

DEREK
Oh, yea?

She stops and listens to the playful tone of his voice with a huge smile stretching across her face. Tears roll down her cheeks. She makes her way out from under the bus pulling out a small device. A map appears on the screen with a flashing dot on Main Street. She scurries to her car.

Two people walk past the bus staring at Dean's covered face.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Want a picture with Mr. Mummy? Five
hundred bucks. Going once.

They walk quicker as Derek follows behind.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Going twice...

He stops.

DEREK (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Cheap ass
bastards.

Derek walks up to the bus counter as Dean drops a plate in front of him.

DEAN
Foods ready... You didn't have to
do that.

DEREK
Look... Dean. People are ignorant.
Sometimes they just need to be put
in their place.

They both laugh scarfing down the meat and egg combo.

DEREK (CONT'D)
This is good. You're hired.

They continue to clean their plates as customers begin to crowd around. They give each other a look, and Derek claps his hands as a "let's get to work."

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dean joins Derek outside. Derek throws his arm around him with a light hug. A few hundred feet behind them Fiah stares from her car window. She taps her fingers on her steering wheel impatiently. She clicks over her keyboard opening a program titled *Tracker*. It shows graphs, numbers, and names.

FIAH
(talking to self)
I need to get Derek's blood.

She rolls up her window as the two guys serve a few people. Her eyes water at the thought of those on the street getting infected.

EXT. STREETMEAT BUS - AFTERNOON

Dean's gloved hands line the flat stovetop with burgers, chicken, and salmon patties. He flips them on the grill before lining buns in baskets on a separate counter.

He empties the fries and onion rings from their baskets onto a heater and covers them in various seasonings. He stacks the patties one by one. The ventilators and fans blow hot air around the heated machinery.

He breathes heavily with his face covered in layers of cloth. He braces through clipping off the top of the wrap opening up his hairline. He wipes the sweat in relief and hums to the tunes blasting out of the speakers. He begins prepping each sandwich with a variety of toppings.

He re-gloves grabbing tomatoes, cheeses, peppers, bacon, and other ingredients quickly throwing them in a specific order.

DEAN
I think I got the hang of this man... Shit smells good.

DEREK
This is awesome. I just don't know where everyone's at... is it me or are the streets deader than usual?

Dean turns with sweat dripping over the baskets he loads with the food he's prepared.

CLOSE UP. A drop of his sweat soaks into the patty with microorganisms of the virus.

He passes the plates to Derek who places his thumb directly in a drip of Dean's infected sweat.

CLOSE UP. The organisms embed in Derek's skin. He tightly grips the basket walking towards the first table. A young lady in her teens smiles taking the sandwich. Derek walks away. She takes a big bite. Microorganisms are present on the girl's tongue as she chews the salmon patty.

EXT. FIAH'S CAR/MAIN STREET - EVENING

Fiah's eyes flick open from a banging echoing outside. She watches the doors on Derek's truck shut closing for the night.

She takes a long deep breath turning the knob on her radio. The broadcast repeats on all stations.

RADIO

A violent outbreak of unknown illness spreading in the city. Remain in your houses. Wait for updates.

Fiah begins to cry.

INT. STREETMEAT BUS - NIGHT

The simple bus has a professional design kitchen with top quality appliances and ingredients.

Dean stares at a small mirror in front of the sink. He slowly begins peeling the cloth around his head. Pieces drop in the sink as he cuts layers with scissors.

The sink is filled with the dingy cloths. He bends into the sink splashing water with a light pat. Pulls a towel from his bag patting his face.

DEREK

Well...

He moves the towel with hesitation. His face appears smooth and resembling Derek's.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Whoa. That surgeon is amazing. You're handsome bro. The scars are badass.

Dean traces the two scars leading from his ear to chin and the other on the side of his nose to his cheek. He smiles.

DEAN

I... I... thought.

DEREK

It was gonna be scary. Yea, me too.

They hug in excitement. Derek touches the raised scars and pats Dean on the back.

EXT. WILD WEST HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

A long deserted stretch of highway lined by forest. Leaves and branches wave quietly in the wind. The brightly colored StreetMeat food truck rolls down the highway at high speeds. Fiah's small car follows behind. They all pass the state line highway sign.

ACT THREE