“THE LOTTERY”

Pilot Episode

Written
by

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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. The Fertility Crisis has undermined our ambitions and devastated our most fundamental dreams. Our kindergartens, here and around the world, are now empty. And 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 future of this great country.

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

METRO VOICE
The doors will close is 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 <u>is</u> the disease...

CNN: TORI WHITMAN, 33, the White House Press Secretary, fields questions from Reporters.

REPORTER (O.S.)
Will the ongoing Crisis damage the President’s bid for re-election?

TORI
The President inherited this crisis. And he will continue to aggressively explore all viable options in the war on infertility.

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?
(MORE)

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)
(off their BOOS)
Liars.
(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.

PHILOSPHER (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.

PHILOSPHER (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: #101: 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
(amused)
Ha! You thought I could get you pregnant?

ALISON
Nobody said we should stop trying.

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL FARM STORE -- DAY

AGNES, 20, rides a bicycle laden with EGG CARTONS and DAIRY CARTONS. She exudes something rare, vivid and delicate, like a flower that lives for a day.

Card: #88: AGNES STRINGER, Bend, Oregon

EXT. LOCAL FARM STORE -- DAY

Agnes unloads her eggs and yogurt tubs on the rustic table. SHIRLEY, 37, the owner, dips her finger into the yogurt.

SHIRLEY
God, that's so delicious. What's your secret?

AGNES
I have happy goats.

Shirley barters some vegetables on the table.

SHIRLEY
Well, I've got some black kales that seem pretty happy, and I'll throw in some fancy gin for your father.
(hands her a BOTTLE)
It will definitely make him happy.

AGNES
Thank you, Ms. Jackson.

SHIRLEY
I wish you would call me Shirley.

Agnes begins gathering her bounty.

SHIRLEY
Tell me something, Agnes. How long do you think you'll stay in town?

AGNES
What do you mean?

SHIRLEY
All the girls your age are all gone to the city. Better possibilities and whatnot.

AGNES
This is paradise. I never want to leave.

Agnes is about to walk out, when --

SHIRLEY
I stopped having my period.
(off Agnes' look)
And it's not for the good reason.

AGNES
Oh.

SHIRLEY
Now, I prayed long and hard on this. Doug and I both have. And seeing how it's not possible anymore for me to have a baby, I would be willing...
(musters courage)
...to allow you to lay with my husband.

Shirley gestures to the adjacent field, where DOUG, 40, tills the land.

SHIRLEY
Now, Doug is not conventionally handsome, maybe not your type, but he is clean and respectful. And he is a... vigorous partner. I don't think you'd be disappointed.

Agnes listens intently without responding.

SHIRLEY
You're twenty years old, the peak of your fertility. There was that woman in the Philippines, the one they said might have had a baby, she was your age, and if it happened there, it could happen here. Agnes, you're the youngest woman in this town. Our last hope.

AGNES
I appreciate what you're saying, Ms. Jackson. But I can't. I'm already committed.

CUT TO:

A decent tattoo of Jesus tattooed on a man's arm. REVEAL:

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
We gotta leave in ten minutes.

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.

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. 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?

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 HAIRED DOCTOR, listening sympathetically.

RED HAIRED 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

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
Doctor Gadarian?

Darius keeps walking straight at Alison, his tight smile hard to read. She's not sure if he will kiss her or shoot her.

DARIUS
I'm Darius Hayes.
(extends his hand)
Congratulations.

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 have you fertilized?

ALISON
Fifty-three. 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.)
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 sperm from the national donor pool, and men who most recently fathered children.

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 monitor.

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

ALISON
Not yet. But I will find out.

DARIUS
I need the names of the women who donated these eggs.

ALISON
I'll put my assistant on it.

DARIUS
And there's something else we need to discuss.

TIME CUT:

INT. LAB - CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

Alison looks across a long table at Darius, who is now flanked by two men who look suspiciously like Lawyers. One of the Lawyers 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 that donor list, we need to find the women who produced viable eggs.

JAMES
The personal records are still at the Georgetown egg bank --

ALISON
I don't care if they fire me, I won't stop, I'm going to find out what made these eggs different.

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 toney 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
...you're the one who said I should get out once in a while...

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

TORI
...I'd love to, but it's not like you can mingle with mere mortals... I'll call you after.
(hangs up)
Sorry.

VANESSA
I'm just glad you're here.
(cheek kiss)
Hey, 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 hone 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 articulation of 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, I've only had this job a month... You're my guy, right? If you saw something, you... wouldn't ever say anything?

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
Isn't it snowing?

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.

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!

A voice mail message:

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
Don't be an asshole, just 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.

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 less 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 <u>smashes it into the wall</u>, then grabs Social Service #2 by his necktie.

KYLE
Where is my son?

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. GEORGETOWN CRYOGENIC EGG BANK -- 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:

<u>The same Ford Fusion is now parked out front</u>. 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 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.

ACT BREAK

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

A blizzard buffets a vaulted chalet in the mountains. Tori, in her new pink parka, is on the porch with Felix and other Secret Service agents. She is smoking a cigarette. Pink is not her color.

She watches Darius arrive. He is escorted into the home.

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. Finally:

PRESIDENT LIN
My sweet Lord.

Darius sits across from the President.

DARIUS
The next step, Mr. President, is to involve the military straightaway.

PRESIDENT LIN
You want to turn the implementation of human embryos over to the Army?

DARIUS
No other government entity is capable. This as a mission, and it must be carried out with precision. We can use military doctors.

PRESIDENT LIN
What about the mothers?

DARIUS
We'll recruit female soldiers to serve as surrogates. The entire operation will be self-contained and top secret.

President Lin considers his options.

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
(treading lightly)
We might open ourselves to charges of opportunism in an election season --

PRESIDENT LIN
Do you really think I'm trying to score political points?

DARIUS
No, I don't, which is why it makes sense to wait, just to be more certain --

PRESIDENT LIN
(cuts him off)
When people stop believing there's a future, all bets are 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.

INT/EXT. CRESTED BUTTE GONDOLA - MOVING -- AFTERNOON

Tori, still in her pink parka and now holding skis, is riding up the chilly gondola, some Secret Service in the b.g.

TORI
...people don't talk about it much anymore, but I think our narrative should be American Exceptionalism. Frame it like the first moon launch.
(MORE)

TORI (CONT'D)
It's not only a triumph of science, it's a triumph of the American character, it's a triumph of America. Everybody gets to feel like they're a part of something extraordinary, something that didn't even seem possible. One giant leap for mankind. That's where we should plant our flag.

Sitting across from her in the gondola... President Lin. She waits for his response.

TORI
At least, that's the approach I would suggest.

It's not clear that President Lin is even listening, absorbed by the eerily deserted slope passing beneath them.

PRESIDENT LIN
This is where my mother taught me to ski. By the time I was three, I could go from top to bottom. This mountain used to be filled with kids, zipping down. We were fearless. The world was a given.

EXT. TOP OF THE SKI SLOPE -- DAY

President Lin and Tori finish attaching their skis. They are orbited by ear-budded Secret Servicemen on skis, ever facing outwards, listening to voices only they can hear.

PRESIDENT LIN
So, Tori, tell me something. 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.

President Lin lowers his goggles, plants his poles, and launches himself down the slope. His gravity pulls all the Secret Servicemen along with him in a synchronized descent.

Tori is left behind. She lowers her goggles and journeys down the bitter mountain alone.

CUT TO:

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, 37, peers out warily.

ALISON
Are you Brooke Ashland?

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Brooke is a traveler, open and friendly, her wrists bangling with exotic bracelets, her apartment filled with artifacts from around the world.

BROOKE
...the clinic opened when I was a freshman, 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.

ALISON
What about the doctor?

BROOKE
I don't remember.

ALISON
What happened after the clinic harvested your eggs?

BROOKE
The check cleared, that was it.
(rues)
Those eggs meant nothing to me, there was no rush to have a family. Now, I think about these last few years...all the treatments... all the men...you have no idea how hard I've tried to get pregnant.

ALISON
I have some idea.

A look of commiseration between two women on the same boat.

BROOKE
Why are you asking me about my eggs?

ALISON
We were able to fertilize some eggs from the Georgetown clinic. We're not sure why it worked yet. But yours were among them.

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

BROOKE
I knew it.

ALISON
You knew it?

BROOKE
I've been having these vivid dreams, there's always this girl, she looks like me, she's got my hair. She says she's my daughter.
(off Alison's look)
You don't believe me.

ALISON
(she doesn't)
Uh huh...

BROOKE
It's true, children come to their mothers before they are born. I'll bet your mother had dreams about you.

ALISON
I wouldn't know, I was adopted.

BROOKE
So was I.

Alison looks at her, genuinely surprised.

ALISON
You were adopted?

BROOKE
That's why I always wanted children.
(MORE)

BROOKE (CONT'D)
My adoptive parents were really sweet, but 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.

ALISON
So you would want the chance to have a baby, and never give it up.

BROOKE
You will help me, won't you?

Alison weighs her request. And decides:

ALISON
Yes. I will.

BROOKE
So what's the next step? Do I have to go someplace?

ALISON
It's a little complicated. We're in uncharted territory here. You can't talk to anybody about this, lay low, don't open the door to anybody you don't know.
(writes it down)
This is my number, if there's anything strange, call me.

Alison prepares to leave.

BROOKE
Where are you going?

ALISON
To get your eggs back.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - BEND, OREGON -- LATE AFTERNOON

A Klimt-like composition: Agnes stands in a verdant field, her bare feet in the moist red soil and her face oriented toward the heavens swollen with luminous clouds in the final expression of day. She is praying the way a plant prays, caressed by the sensual elements, in vibrant tune with the frequency of the universe...

A VOICE
(from a distance)
Agnes... Agnes...

The voice from the "real" world interrupts her reverie. She turns her gaze to see her father approaching.

PHILLIP STRINGER, 55, a Yankee transplant, cashed in his stock winnings for a slice of paradise. Money can buy almost anything, but a daughter's docility is not one of them.

PHILLIP
(relieved to see Agnes)
I've been looking all over for you.

INT. PATH THROUGH MEADOW -- LATE AFTERNOON

Phillip and Agnes return through a path of flowers.

PHILLIP
One of your conversations, I take it?

AGNES
(still blissed)
Yes.

PHILLIP
These episodes where you wander off, sweetheart... it's all so disconcerting. God knows, you weren't raised religious.
(ventures)
What does this "voice" say to you?

AGNES
He wants me to put Him before all else. To see Him where ever I go.

PHILLIP
He sounds like a jealous boyfriend.
(then)
And you can't have these conversations inside a proper church?

AGNES
He won't talk to me in churches.

Phillip turns to his daughter and opens his heart.

PHILLIP
Sweetheart, this all started when we lost your mother. Wouldn't you consider talking to someone who might help you?

AGNES
Father, I wish you could understand, there is nothing wrong with me.

Off Phillip, wishing...

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 Bjursta.

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 right now, 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. D.C. OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

Tori is standing on a chair, disabling a smoke alarm with a pen. Felix pokes his head in the door.

FELIX
You are aware that it's a federal offense to disable smoke alarms?

TORI
I thought that was just on airplanes.
(wait a second)
How did you know?

FELIX
It set off an alarm.

TORI
Jesus, the alarms have alarms?

SNAP! Tori disables the alarm and climbs off the chair.

TORI
I'm under the gun, I've got to deliver this speech to the President at 8 a.m.

Tori shakes a cigarette from a pack.

FELIX
There's a smoking zone outside.

TORI
I know. But I'm not working outside.

But when Tori reaches for the lighter, Felix grabs it first.

TORI
Felix, you're supposed to be watching out for me. Making sure I get what I need.

FELIX
I'm the one who gets in trouble.

TORI
I'll make sure you get a pardon.

Felix relents, and lights Tori's cigarette.

FELIX
How's the speech coming?

TORI
It's getting there.

Felix leaves. Tori hunkers down with her cigarette in front of her computer. Thus far, she's written: "My Fellow Americans." And the rest of the document is blank.

Tori takes a drag and begins to write.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' HOUSE -- DAY

James pours Alison a cup of coffee.

ALISON
...I only got the first name from the list, Brooke Ashland. And she wants to be a mother.

JAMES
Al, she signed away her eggs, she's got no legal claim.

ALISON
She signed <u>before</u> the crisis. It was a different time, women were having abortions, adoptions, they were selling their eggs. They didn't know the world was going to change.

JAMES
What can I do about it?

ALISON
You still have access.

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
(laughs)
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 gloried 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 think I've got some honey.

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

He returns to the LIVING ROOM with the honey.

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

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 will be glued 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 long night of hopelessness without parallel in human history. The Fertility Crisis has undermined our ambitions and devastated our most fundamental dreams. Our playgrounds, here and around the world, have been silenced.

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 need 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-refrigeration unit, puts on protective gloves, taps in a code...

Whoosh! It opens...dry icy smoke billows around...

One hundred and one frozen embryos preserved in vials.

Alison searches for the egg donor info... going from vial to vial to vial... bingo. She plucks out the hero vial, puts it into a slot in her refrigeration unit, and seals it shut.

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:

EXT. BALTIMORE FERTILITY LAB -- NIGHT

Alison, carrying her mini-refrigeration unit, looks over her shoulder as she leaves, when --

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

Alison recovers and quickly moves past the Doctor, distancing herself from the lab. Approaching her car, she freezes 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)
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)
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 the 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. STRINGER HOME -- EVENING

A TV MONITOR: 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... and we hear whoops of excitement (o.s.) REVEAL:

INT. PHILLIP STRINGER'S HOME - BEND, OREGON -- EVENING

A dozen locals kibitz around the Monitor. It's mostly grayheads, but they are giddy as children, invigorated by the President's speech and Phillip's herb-infused cocktails.

PHILLIP
-- don't be silly, of course the women get to keep the children.

GUEST #1
Did he say that?

PHILLIP
He called them "mothers". You can't raise children with robots.

In the midst of this debate, Agnes has slipped inside, hoping to be unnoticed as she heads to her room, when --

PHILLIP
Agnes, sweetheart!

Phillip's intoxicated shout freezes Agnes on the spot.

PHILLIP
Hey everyone, I'd like to propose a toast!

It's still pretty boisterous, so Phillip has to stand on a chair to be heard.

PHILLIP
To my daughter Agnes! May the gods she loves so dearly grant her a golden ticket to the Lottery!

VOICES
To Agnes! To Agnes! To Agnes!

The drunken toast is well-meaning, but for Agnes, it's overwhelming, vertiginous, the happy faces distorting around her, the laughter like screaming, until --

Agnes faints, her head cracking against the stone hearth with a sickening thud.

CUT TO:

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

Arriving on the stolen bike to Brooke's apartment, Alison finds:

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

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 bangling with exotic bracelets.

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 with a backpack and the mini-refrigeration unit, trying to get out of there as fast as she can --

TORI (O.S.)
Dr. Gadarian?

Tori is approaching her house, an idling town car and two Secret Service men in the b.g. She 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 fingers the refrigeration unit, bracing for the worse.

TORI
You're the new Neil Armstrong.

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

ACT BREAK

CODA:

INT. OREGON CLINIC -- DAY

Agnes lies in bed soaking up the sun spilling through the window. Phillip, hungover and repentant, sits beside her.

PHILLIP
You gave us quite a scare back there, sweetheart. But the doctor says it's just a concussion, nothing too serious.

Agnes doesn't respond, looking serenely out the window.

PHILLIP
I'm sorry about that Lottery business. I was out of line. Nobody is going to make you do anything. Do you forgive me?

Agnes finally looks at her father. The injury has shifted something significantly.

AGNES
He wants me to have a son.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

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

TORI
...okay, I will grant you that there is some part of me that wants to be in the Lottery, but it's a very small part. It's the extreme fringe minority of my psyche.

Tori walks into

THE BEDROOM

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

TORI
You're enough for me. The only one I want to take care of is you.

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

GABRIELLE
You would be a surrogate. I'm the one who would mother the child.

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:

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:

"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:

NEWS ANNOUNCER
...the whole city is on alert tonight, as our youngest child has gone missing. Elvis Furlow, one of the so-called “Last Six”, was kidnapped from a local hospital just a few hours ago. The FBI suspect his father, Kyle Furlow.

Kyle sees his own face come full-screen.

NEWS ANNOUNCER
A reward for Elvis’ return has been established, and 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.

FADE TO BLACK.