THE HUNDRED

written by
Jason Rothenberg

Based on the novel
by Kass Morgan

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TEASER

A YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE begins our tale. We sense even now that CLARKE is struggling with things beyond her nearly 18 years. Things that will either kill her or make her a hero.

CLARKE (V.O.)
By the time the last war was over, so were man's days on Earth.

FADE UP: SPACE. Near Earth orbit. Countless mushroom clouds erupt all across the surface of the planet below.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Not that it mattered really. The bombs just sped things up. We'd been slowly killing the planet for two hundred years. Poisoning it. Depleting it. Taking whatever we could get our hands on. What we now call "the Big Death" was just the grand finale.

Suddenly, a gleaming, multi-ringed space station drifts into view, the outer ring emblazoned with the Stars and Stripes.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Fortunately, there were survivors.

As the American space station orbits away, a second, Mir-style, modular station rises over the distant horizon.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Twelve nations had operational space stations. All told, three hundred and eighteen souls were in the right place at the wrong time.

BLACKNESS.

CLARKE (V.O.)
The wrong time has lasted for ninety-seven years.

FADE UP: SPACE. Near Earth orbit. The mushroom clouds are gone. The daylight half of the planet appears unchanged. The night half is pitch black. No people means no lights.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Three generations have been born in space. None of the four thousand and nine of us who now live has ever stepped foot on the ground.
(MORE)

CLARKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We've never felt the sun on our faces. Never breathed real air.

Again, we spot A DISTANT SPACE STATION on the horizon. As WE SOAR TOWARD IT, details will begin to emerge.

CLARKE (V.O.)
For us, there is only the Ark. One station forged from the many.

CLOSER NOW and we realize that what we thought was another space station is actually a conglomeration of all twelve. Essentially a massive, orbiting Rube Goldberg machine.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Our scientists estimate that Earth needs another hundred years to become survivable again. Another hundred years to wash away the radiation. Four more space-locked generations and man can go home.

CLOSER STILL and we're struck by the Ark's ramshackle state. Every part on this station is over a hundred years old and it shows. The exterior is pockmarked and covered in grime.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Everything we do, every decision, every allocation of resources, <u>everything</u> is about staying alive long enough for the human race to make it back to the ground...

The outermost module of the Ark rises into view. A grid of filthy portholes. One is suddenly right in front of us.

CLARKE (V.O.)
The ground. That's the dream...

INT. THE ARK - PUSHING THROUGH THE PORTHOLE

...we find ourselves in A DARKENED ROOM where a young woman is drawing by the dim Earthlight thrown from the porthole.

CLARKE (V.O.)
This is reality...

CLOSER NOW and we see the image on her pad: an impressively rendered landscape. A forest. Majestic.

CLARKE (17, smarter than she is pretty, but not by much) is lost in the drawing. For this moment, she is not space-locked. She is in a forest. And she's at peace.

Then the morning ALARM blasts over the PA. Two short bursts. With it, the lights come on and we're struck by how fair she is. Hers is indeed skin that's never seen the sun.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Reality sucks.

As she's jerked back into the cramped reality of what we now realize is A PRISON CELL, deep sadness washes over her.

CLARKE (V.O.)
When the survival of a species is your goal, a single member of that species means nothing. That's why, on the Ark, every crime, no matter how small, is punishable by death... Unless you're under 18.

Reverie shattered, she stands, burying the sadness, hardening before our eyes. What we see on the walls is revealing:

Every inch of space is covered by drawings of Earth. Mostly scenes of nature, but there are human structures, too. We already knew she was talented. Now we know she's obsessed.

CLARKE (V.O.)
Juvenile offenders get put here. Lock up. We call it "the sky box."

She reaches for a shelf, takes an eyedropper from a small vial marked H2O, squeezes a few drops onto her tongue.

As she stands there, savoring it, we see a lone photograph on the shelf:

5-YEAR-OLD CLARKE and her young PARENTS beneath a willow tree in an atrium on the Ark. Happier times. We know it's on the Ark because the Earth is visible through windows behind them.

CLARKE (V.O.)
At 18, all cases are reviewed. Most prisoners get released back into the population. The rest of us, prisoners like me, so-called traitors to our people, get released, too... Through an airlock, floated into space. There's no oxygen, it's 450 degrees below zero and the pressure differential of the vacuum bursts your organs... but, hey, at least you've got a nice view.

Just then comes the sound of A KEY IN THE DOOR.

It shoots her through with fear. There's barely time to turn before TWO ARMED GUARDS storm the cell.

GUARD #1
Prisoner 3-1-9, face the wall!

Clarke's eyes go to the open door for a moment, but, as the guards converge, she obeys, turning to face the wall.

CLARKE
... What is this?

GUARD #1
Quiet! Hold out your right arm!

He grabs her arm, but she resists, starting to panic now, assuming they're here for her execution...

CLARKE
... Wait. It's not my time. I don't turn 18 for another month.

Guard #2 draws a shock baton, fires it up. The deep THRUM alone is enough to bring compliance. As Clarke holds out her right arm, we see that she wears a man's wristwatch.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
... Just check my file. Please. You're early. You'll see that.

The guards ignore her. They have work to do here. Guard #1 removes A WIDE METALLIC CUFF from a storage case lined with them, opens the device and moves it toward Clarke's wrist.

She has no idea what it is, but the dozens of barbed probes that line the inside are clearly going to hurt.

GUARD #1
Take off her watch.

CLARKE
... No. It was my father's.

The guards don't care. If they could see her face, they'd know what we know: No way she's letting them take her watch.

Guard #2 is reaching for her wrist when an elbow EXPLODES into his solar-plexus. As he buckles, Clarke spins, shoving him hard into Guard #1 and making a break for the door.

There's fear in her face. She knows this can't end well. Doesn't care. Behind her, the guards recover fast, but not before Clarke is out the door, SLAMMING it closed.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Her mind races, trying not to panic, straining for next moves, when what she finds in the corridor stops her cold:

All along the cell block, on floors above and below, JUVENILE PRISONERS are being led out of their cells. Each of them is badly shaken and in some pain from the IDENTICAL WRISTBANDS now biting into their wrists.

Before Clarke can even begin to make sense of all the activity, POUNDING from inside her cell gets attention.

ABBY (O.S.)
Clarke, stop! They'll hurt you!

Emotion crashes like a wave as Clarke turns to see a WOMAN in a white lab coat rushing toward her along the rail.

CLARKE
... Mom?

Despite twelve years and infinite sadness, we recognize Clarke's mother from the photograph. ABBY is 40 now with an air of seriousness that comes from authority.

More GUARDS are converging, but Abby's presence gives them pause as she wraps her daughter in her arms...

CLARKE (CONT'D)
... Mom, what is this?
What's going on?

Abby can't speak. Holding her child for both the first time in almost a year and, quite possibly, the last time ever scrambles her thoughts.

Clarke pulls back, looking from the pain in her mother's eyes to the rows of young inmates as a terrifying thought strikes.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
They're killing us all, aren't they? Reducing population to make more time for the rest of you.

ABBY
(guiding her aside)
No. Quiet. That secret's already done enough damage to this family.

CLARKE
Wrong, keeping it has. People have a right to know the Ark is dying.

Both of them hate the fact that they can't get past this, hate the fact that it divides them even now, but the sight of A GUARD RECEIVING ORDERS in an earpiece changes the subject.

ABBY
Clarke, please, just listen. This is not what you think. You're not being executed. You're being sent to the ground. All one hundred of you.

Clarke blinks. The meaning of that is so incomprehensible that it's as if she doesn't understand the words...

CLARKE
... What? But it's not safe. No. We get reviewed at 18.

ABBY
The rules have changed. There are no prisoner reviews anymore. This gives you a chance to live.

Abby sees the guard lining up a shot with a tranq gun. She knows that this is goodbye, touches her daughter's face...

ABBY (CONT'D)
Your instinct will be to take care of everyone else first, just like your father, but be careful. I can't lose you, too.

Tears stream from her eyes. She sees how frightened Clarke is, but there's nothing more she can say.

And no time to say it.

THE DART STRIKES, the drug hits, and Clarke collapses back into her mother's arms as EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

ABBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Earth, Clarke. You get to go to Earth.

MAIN TITLES: THE HUNDRED

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. THE DROPSHIP - DAY

FADE UP: We're still in CLARKE'S POV as consciousness returns. Her eyes travel around the stark compartment, before a smiling FACE TAKES SHAPE FROM OUT OF THE BLUR.

WELLS JAHA (17, handsome and well-bred compared to the young criminals all around them) is relieved that Clarke is okay.

WELLS
Welcome back.

NORMAL VIEW RETURNS as the sight of Wells fills Clarke with rage. She lunges at him...

CLARKE
... You sonofabitch!

A safety harness holds her back. FORTY OTHER PRISONERS are strapped in just like her. Despite delinquent bravado, all are terrified. Clarke's bearings flood back. She remembers:

CLARKE (CONT'D)
... Earth.

Pain shoots through her right arm. She looks to see the wristband now locked in place there. She finds her father's watch on her other wrist. Her mother must have moved it.

WELLS
Look, I know we broke up, but --

CLARKE
Wells, why the hell are you here?!

The vitriol in her eyes cuts Wells, but he understands it...

WELLS
When I found out they were sending the prisoners to the ground, I got myself arrested... I came for you.

Clarke glares at him, multiple levels of disbelief in her eyes, but before she can respond...

A GIRL ACROSS FROM THEM
Aww, the royal couple's fighting.

LAUGHTER is cut short when the ship is suddenly JOLTED. A collective GASP. Clarke and Wells grip their seats.

CLARKE
... What was that?

WELLS
That... was the atmosphere.

She looks over again, awe temporarily swamping hatred, before another, even bigger JOLT wipes it away.

As if triggered by the bumps, VIDEO MONITORS around the cabin suddenly flash to life with a pre-recorded message:

A man in a suit appears. CHANCELLOR JAHA, 47, is handsome, almost regal, deadly serious...

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS)
Prisoners of the Ark, hear me now.
You've been given a second chance.

Despite this group's almost universal resentment of authority, in this moment of terror, the appearance of the ultimate authority figure provides some with relief.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS) (CONT'D)
As your Chancellor, it is my hope
that you see this as not just a
chance for you, but for all of us.
Indeed, for mankind itself...

Wells reacts differently. His eyes FILL. Clarke looks over, but he refuses to meet her stare as she WHISPERS:

CLARKE (OVERLAPPING)
Sending his own son to die on the
ground. Now that's leadership.

VOICE IN THE CROWD (OVERLAPPING)
Your dad's a dick, Wells.

EXT. THE DROPSHIP - REENTRY - SAME TIME

The dropship, like the Ark, has been cobbled together. Three levels stacked from largest to smallest. Pyramidal.

Right now, it's in free-fall, sparks becoming flames as the heat shield meets the thickening atmosphere.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (V.O.)
You have just begun the descent
into Earth's atmosphere. I won't
lie. We have no idea what waits
for you down there...

INT. THE DROPSHIP - SAME TIME

The violence of reentry will build through all of the following. So will the heat... and the fear.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS)
If the odds of survival were better, we would have sent others. Frankly, we're sending you because your crimes have made you... expendable. If, however, you do survive, then those crimes will be forgiven. Your records wiped clean. No execution upon your eighteenth birthday. No review. No probation. A second chance.

The CAMERA IS ON THE MOVE throughout the speech.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS) (CONT'D)
This is not, however, a waiver against future crimes. While unsupervised, you will adhere to the laws of the Ark, or you will be punished under them. You have one job, ladies and gentlemen, one responsibility... Stay alive. Two months. That's how long it will take to be certain that it's safe for the rest of us to follow...

Just then, a severe jolt opens a storage compartment. A few rolled maps spill out, floating weightlessly overhead.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS) (CONT'D)
In the meantime, some of you may be tempted to strike out on your own. Don't. Your drop site has been chosen carefully.

A face in the crowd gets our attention: FINN, 17 and ruggedly handsome, lights up when he sees the floating maps...

FINN (OVERLAPPING)
Oh, hell yes.

With that, he draws a shiv from his boot and cuts the straps of his harness, floating out of his chair, loving it.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS)
Before the Last War, Mount Weather was a military base built within a mountain in order to shelter the government of the United States...

Finn launches himself, soaring exuberantly through the air to the delight of the crowd.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD (OVERLAPPING)
Spacewalk Bandit strikes again!

A CHEER goes up. It seems Finn is a bit of a folk hero. TWO MORE BOYS follow his lead, cutting loose, then flying.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS)
...No one ever made it there. According to the archive, it was to be stocked with enough non-perishables to sustain three hundred people for up to two years. Because we could spare you no food, water, or medicine, you must immediately locate those supplies.

Finn drifts over to Wells, hovering above him...

FINN (OVERLAPPING)
Check it out. Your dad floated me after all.

LAUGHTER, but not from Wells. From Clarke, a slight smile...

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS)
I cannot stress this strongly enough... Mount Weather is life.

CLARKE (OVERLAPPING)
You should come down before the parachute deploys. All of you.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS)
It is from there, God willing, that the next age of man will begin... with you.

Finn turns his attention to Clarke. Because he ignores her warning, so do the other two now-somersaulting floaters.

FINN (OVERLAPPING)
You’re the traitor who’s been in solitary for a year.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITORS)
Finally, I’m sure you’re wondering about those wristbands...

CLARKE (OVERLAPPING)
You’re the idiot who wasted a month of oxygen on an illegal spacewalk.

Finn lowers almost to her lap, floating on his back...

FINN (OVERLAPPING)
Yeah, but it was fun. I'm Finn.

Clarke can't believe he's flirting with her now. As much as we like this guy, Wells doesn't.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (ON MONITOR)
They are not punishment. They are a lifeline. They are how we will --

That's when THE PARACHUTE DEPLOYS. Sudden rapid deceleration ends the fun in an instant.

The awful sound of TEARING METAL comes from all around. The video monitors go black, never to be heard from again. The floaters SLAM to the floor with bone-crushing force.

The two who followed Finn are killed instantly. It's only because Finn was near the floor already that he survives.

Clarke sees that the other two aren't moving. She wants to help them, fights to get out of her harness, can't.

WELLS
Clarke, stop! The harnesses won't release until we're on the ground!

CLARKE
Finn! Are you okay?!

He nods, shaken but unharmed. She points to the others...

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Check on them!

Finn is making his way across the unstable floor when an EXPLOSION comes from below. Another HUGE jolt. Another collective SCREAM. Fortunately, Wells did his homework...

WELLS
It's okay! Just the heat shield popping off! Retro-rockets are next! Three seconds, two, one.

Nothing happens. Wells is suddenly terrified...

WELLS (CONT'D)
... They should've fired by now.

As he listens, it dawns on him that they're all about to die.

WELLS (CONT'D)
... Clarke, there's something I have to tell you.
(suddenly solemn)
I'm sorry. All I did was ask my father a question. To this day, I have no idea how or why that got you and your father arrested.

She holds his stare, can't believe he's doing this now.

WELLS (CONT'D)
Please. I love you. I can't die knowing that you hate me.

A beat. She knows he needs absolution. Too fucking bad.

CLARKE
They didn't arrest my father, Wells. They executed him...
I do hate you.

Quiet, devastating truth. Wells is still searching for a response when THE ROCKETS FINALLY FIRE. A volcanic ROAR.

Again, bodies react to the sudden deceleration. Flight begins to stabilize. Of course, as soon as they start to believe they might actually make it, THE WORST OF IT BEGINS.

SHAKING unlike any that's come before. This isn't turbulence, it's something else. HUNDREDS OF INDIVIDUAL COLLISIONS. Not yet on the ground. Possibly trees.

A few more terrifying seconds and... SILENCE. Gradually, it becomes clear that they're actually on the ground.

GIRL A FEW SEATS OVER
... Listen. No machine hum.

Clarke and Wells are struck by it, too. It's the first time in any of their lives that they've experienced real silence.

Finally, and all at once, the harnesses RELEASE.

Clarke starts instantly for the boys lying on the floor as, all around her, people are slowly rising.

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)
The outer door's below! Let's go!

Nearly to the motionless boys, Clarke hears that and whirls.

CLARKE
No!! We can't just open the door!!

INT. LOWER LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

Clarke climbs down. The SIXTY PASSENGERS here are already gathering at the outer door where A YOUNG MAN in a guard's uniform is about to pull the release lever.

CLARKE
STOP!!!

Everything stops. The young man turns. At 23, BELLAMY is five years older than even the oldest of the prisoners. His shirt and pants are splattered with blood.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
The air could be toxic!

Bellamy watches her force her way through the crowd. She sees the blood as she arrives, reaches to examine him...

CLARKE (CONT'D)
You're hurt.

He turns back to the door to avoid her hand...

BELLAMY
If the air's toxic, we're all dead anyway.

He grabs the lever again. Clarke knows he's right, but out of an abundance of caution is about to stop him anyway when a VOICE from behind does it for her:

OCTAVIA (O.S.)
Bellamy?

Bellamy turns to see OCTAVIA, 16, strikingly beautiful, frozen on the ladder. His face softens at the sight of her. Seeing that it's him, she jumps down and rushes toward him.

BELLAMY
(suddenly emotional)
... My God, look how big you are.

OCTAVIA
(leaping into his arms)
What are you doing here?

BELLAMY
Someone had to keep an eye on you.

It's a nice moment. Clarke watches with dawning suspicion, finally noticing that Bellamy isn't wearing a wristband...

CLARKE
Where’s your wristband?

OCTAVIA
(openly hostile)
You mind? I haven’t seen my brother in three years.

The word “brother” causes a stir. We’ll gather from VARIOUS VOICES IN THE CROWD that on the Ark...

VARIOUS VOICES
No one has a brother... Why do you think they locked her up?... That’s Octavia Black, the girl they found hidden in the floor.

Octavia’s infamy, unlike Finn’s, induces pity not admiration. She hates that. Enraged, she recklessly lunges at the last person to speak. Bellamy holds her back...

BELLAMY
Octavia, no. Let’s give ‘em something else to remember you by.

OCTAVIA
Like what?!

BELLAMY
Like being the first person on the ground in a hundred years.

With that, he finally throws the lever.

Clarke braces for anything, but as the door swings open, she is utterly unprepared for what she sees:

Daylight streams in. The sight of trees. A breeze.

It’s the same in all of their faces. For a moment, no one can move. They just stand there gazing out in awe at...

CLARKE
... A forest.

The crowd surges, but Bellamy stands his ground, blocking the door as he gestures for his sister to lead the way.

Octavia hesitates, but just for a moment, before seizing her chance to make history.

EXT. THE DROPSHIP - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE DOOR as Octavia steps out, looking around in wide-eyed amazement. Behind her, the others are waiting, mainly because Bellamy won't let anyone follow.

As Octavia descends the short staircase, WE WIDEN OUT:

The ship has come to rest in the middle of A PRIMORDIAL FOREST. Fallen trees are everywhere, many still smoldering.

Taking in everything, Octavia milks her "one small step for man" moment for several long seconds, before finally thrusting out her arms and BELLOWING:

OCTAVIA
WE'RE BACK, BITCHES!!

Neil Armstrong had nothing on Octavia.

It incites a mad rush from the ship.

The STAMPEDE forces Clarke aside as they just keep coming, reveling in the warmth of the sun on their skin. The scent of real air in their lungs. The sight of so much green.

Already we sense something primal happening here. A century of pent-up instinct being released at once. Soon reality will crash down, but, for these few moments the fact that they are young, alive, and on solid ground is combustible.

Let the wild rumpus start.

Clarke descends the stairs slowly, pausing on the bottom step to nod at the occasion, before finally, at long last, setting foot on the ground. Something dreamt of all her life passes without fanfare. There will be time for that later.

For now, she can't shake the feeling that something is wrong.

Determined to figure it out, she heads for the nearest tree.

Passing a BOY using a rolled up map as a sword, she snatches it from him, puts it between her teeth, and starts to climb.

WE CLIMB WITH HER, rising above the celebration, LAUGHTER and SHOUTS OF JOY receding as she pulls herself higher, finally stopping as the leaves thin and the view steals her breath:

DENSELY FORESTED, MIST-SHROUDED MOUNTAINS as far as the eye can see. The stuff of fairy tales and nightmares.

Finding a perch, she unrolls the map and holds it out, trying to orient it to the various surrounding peaks when she hears:

FINN (O.S.)
Why so serious, Princess?

Surprised she's not alone, she looks over, sees Finn already perched in a neighboring tree.

FINN (CONT'D)
It's not like we died in a fiery explosion.

She looks back out, back to the map...

CLARKE
Tell that to the two boys who followed you out of their seats.

It strikes Finn hard, making the point: don't call her princess. She points to a distant mountain top...

CLARKE (CONT'D)
You see that peak over there?

FINN
Yeah.

CLARKE
Mount Weather. There's a radiation soaked forest between us and our next meal.

Having gotten what she came for, she re-rolls the map.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
They dropped us on the wrong goddamn mountain.

Finn looks back out. Shit. A good view spoiled by the realization that they are well and truly fucked.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The beautiful mess that is the Ark drifts in pure silence two hundred and fifty-seven miles above the Earth.

INT. THE ARK - THE GOVERNMENT AND SCIENCE STATION - DAY

An agitated CROWD has gathered in the atrium that connects GO-SCI to the rest of the Ark through a system of tubes.

A good sample of the populace, they are hard-working and hard-edged. Life in space is not easy and it shows on every face.

A GUARD UNIT backs up the Ark's Chief Communications Officer, CALLIE CARTWIG, 42; everyone calls her "Cece." This is the part of her job that she hates. The lying part.

CECE
Folks, as I said, at this time, we can't confirm or deny anything.

VARIOUS VOICES
I saw a ship launch...Not more than 20 minutes ago...Who was on it?... Was it the prisoners?...They going to Earth?...Has something changed?

The guards are clearly about to move in when a WOMAN in the crowd WHISTLES loudly, bringing instant quiet.

Like many here, she's come from work, in her case as a mechanic. Unlike most, RAVEN, 35, is in total control...

RAVEN
Cool it. Our elected leaders would never send our kids to die without telling us. Isn't that right, ma'am?

Cece holds her stare, offering her best bullshit smile.

INT. EARTH MONITORING STATION - MINUTES LATER

Cece strides into a jury-rigged control room. Wires are showing everywhere. The mood here is dark, verging on panic.

As she heads for the HIGH-LEVEL GROUP at the center of the technological swirl, her eyes take ours to THE BIG BOARD:

A monitor wall split into a grid of a hundred separate feeds, one for each wristband. Vital signs and MUG SHOTS are there.

Cece stops beside the man who is clearly in charge:

KANE, 42, is handsome, but there's a coldness about him even at first glance. He'd call it professionalism. At the moment, he's being briefed by a TECH as to why there was a...

COMMUNICATIONS TECH
Total system failure! That's what we're looking at here. We know they were off course when we lost contact... There's no way they landed at Mount Weather.

That hits hard, darkening every expression.

COMMUNICATIONS TECH (CONT'D)
Other than telemetry from the wristbands, we got nothing. No audio. No video. No computer link. Right now, we have to assume they can't access the system from the ground either. That means everything we programmed in to help them is gone. Other than a few old maps, they're on their own.

Kane is about to respond when he sees Cece at his side...

KANE
Cece, we're a little busy.

CECE
Rumors are spreading... sir. Most of them true. We have to at least tell the families something.

KANE
Fine. Take this down... We regret to inform you that your delinquent sons and daughters who will no longer be consuming resources they don't deserve may or may not be dying in a radioactive haze on the ground. How's that?

CECE
Can't confirm or deny, it is.

With that, she heads for the board where we now see Abby monitoring wristband signals with her TEAM OF APPRENTICES. It's clear at once that Cece and Abby are dear friends...

CECE (CONT'D)
Hey, darlin'... How's Clarke doing?

ABBY
Third row, second square down. Vital signs are strong. Blood sugar is low. She hasn't eaten.

We see Clarke's defiant mug shot. Emotion threatens, but as Kane strides up to address the medical team, she buries it.

KANE
Okay. Here it is: Communication is down. Everything. Unless one of the prisoners can put it back together on their end, it's gonna stay that way. Which means, unfortunately, we're still blind to conditions on the ground. But... thanks to Abby's wristbands, at least we'll know how those conditions affect the human body. That's more than we've had for a hundred years. So nice work... Now what are they telling us?

His lack of emotion bothers Abby, but she stays focused.

ABBY
Two dead kids. The dark tiles.

Kane sees now that, indeed, two of the tiles on the big board are dark. We recognize the mug shots of the dead floaters.

KANE
At least it's not Clarke or Wells.

CECE
Where is the Chancellor anyway?

ABBY
He'll be here... Dr. Jackson, please share your theory with Councillor Kane.

JACKSON, 27, Abby's chief apprentice, assumes the floor...

JACKSON
Of course. Granted, they've only been on the ground seven minutes, but as of now, we believe that the fatalities are due to the landing, not to radiation levels.

ABBY
Both boys died at the same time we lost contact with the dropship.

KANE
Rough landing? That's your theory?

ABBY
The dots connect.

KANE
Would you agree that if it <u>was</u> radiation, we'd see the number of fatalities climb fairly quickly now? Because I'm noticing quite a lot of red on your board, Doctor.

We notice it now, too: Many of the tiles are lined in red.

ABBY
Spiking vital signs. Two possibilities. One... injuries sustained during landing.

KANE
And the other?

ABBY
They're excited to be there.

Kane is concerned about wishful thinking, but before he can say so, a phone TRILLS on the console. Abby answers...

ABBY (CONT'D)
This is Doctor Walters.
(instantly deadly serious)
On my way.
(hanging up; then)
Jackson, put the word out. We need blood. A-neg. A lot of it. Then get your ass to the OR.

CECE
Abby? What is it?

ABBY
The Chancellor's been shot.

EXT. EARTH - THE LANDING SITE - DAY

The Hundred have spread out amid the trees all around the incongruously located ship.

For the most part, girls and boys are separate. Athletes tend to hang together. Delinquents, too. The more things change... and all that.

But there's a more subtle segregation (that we'll explore in series), based on which of the Ark's stations a person comes from. Station rivalries will make cooperation difficult, friendships rare, and romances potentially dangerous.

For now, the ongoing revelry blurs these fault-lines. It's clear at once that bad news has yet to arrive.

Then Wells strides from the ship. He spots Clarke kneeling over the map beside the stairs and drops down beside her...

WELLS
We got problems.

She doesn't look at him, still can't believe he's here.

WELLS (CONT'D)
The communication system is dead. I went to the roof. A dozen panels are missing. Heat fried the wires.

CLARKE
(pushing past it)
Right now all that matters is getting to Mount Weather.

Using the peaks she observed earlier in the tree above, she draws lines, tapping the spot where they intersect.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
This is us.
(tapping Mount Weather)
This is where we need to be if we wanna survive.

WELLS
Where'd you learn to do that?

She looks over heavily. He knows the answer. Guilt returns.

WELLS (CONT'D)
Your father.

CLARKE
(getting in his face)
Let's get something straight, okay? What I said on the way down, I meant. But you're here--God knows why--so we're gonna have to work together. That does not mean --

WELLS
I chopped down the Last Tree.

It stops her cold. She's dumbfounded...

CLARKE
The willow? I loved that tree.

WELLS
Me, too. We had our first kiss under it... But I needed to do something that would get me on the dropship.

CLARKE
Good for you, Wells. Now I hate you and think you're a dick.

Just then, a skinny 16-year-old boy steps up beside Clarke. JASPER is utterly nonthreatening and a total charmer...

JASPER
Cool, a map. They got a bar in this town? I'll buy yah a beer.

Clarke smiles. Wells spins Jasper around, pushing him away.

WELLS
You mind?

ANOTHER BOY sees this and strides up. This one is threatening. So is the posse of DELINQUENTS behind him.

BOY
Hey! Hands off! He's with us!

WELLS
Relax. We're just trying to figure out where we are.

Bellamy and Octavia wander up on the other side...

BELLAMY
We're on the ground. That's not good enough for you?

WELLS
We need to find Mount Weather.
(to the gathering crowd)
You heard my father's message. That has to be our first priority.

Gasoline meet fire.

OCTAVIA
Screw your father! You think you're in charge here? You and your little princess?

WELLS
Don't call her princess.

Of course, that prompts calls of PRINCESS from all around. Clarke shakes her head slightly, then...

CLARKE
You think we care who's in charge? We need to find Mount Weather. Not because the Chancellor said so, but because the longer we wait, the hungrier we'll get, the harder it'll be. How long do you think we'll last out here without those supplies?

It cuts through. Some people are just natural-born leaders.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
We're looking at a 20 mile trek. If we wanna make it before dark, we need to leave... now.

BELLAMY
I got a better idea... You two go. Find it for us. Let the privileged do the hard work for a change.

A CHEER goes up. Bellamy is surprised by it, likes the feeling. Clarke regards him warily. Wells plows ahead...

WELLS
You're not listening. We all need to go.

Just then, a particularly rough boy, JOHN, 17, steps up, shoving Wells in the back.

JOHN
Look, everybody. It's the Chancellor of Earth.

LAUGHTER from the crowd. Wells rounds...

WELLS
You think that's funny?

Without blinking, John executes a vicious leg sweep, throwing Wells to the ground.

JOHN
No... but that is.

Wells gets back to his feet, badly favoring one leg, but ready to fight.

The crowd circles, relishing the chance to watch the Chancellor's son get the shit beat out of him.

Clarke wants to step in, but before she can, Finn drops from the trees above, riding a bending branch to the ground, touching down right between the two combatants.

His presence has an instant effect. The crowd is star-struck, wowed by the acrobatic entrance...

JOHN (CONT'D)
Whoa. Sweet.

FINN
Thanks. Hold this.

He hands the branch to John. The moment the smaller boy has a hold, Finn lets go. The recoil sends John flying.

The crowd ROARS with delight. John's friends break his fall.

And, just like that, the tension is gone.

Clarke is impressed, shooting Finn an appreciative glance, as Octavia steps between them...

OCTAVIA
Hey, Spacewalker... Rescue me next?

Finn smiles, but says nothing as a GROUP OF FRIENDS from his home station surround to greet him warmly.

WE HOLD ON OCTAVIA AND BELLAMY as she clocks her brother's obvious disapproval...

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)
What? He's cute.

BELLAMY
He's a criminal.

OCTAVIA
They're all criminals.

Bellamy takes her arm, guides her aside, lowers his voice...

BELLAMY
I came down here to protect you.

OCTAVIA
I don't need protecting! I've been locked up, one way or another, all my life. I am done following orders. I need to have fun, Bell. I need to do something crazy just because I can. And no one, including you, is gonna stop me.

Bellamy understands, but, at the moment, he has bigger problems than his sister's need for excitement...

BELLAMY
I can't stay with them, O.

OCTAVIA
Now what are you talking about?

BELLAMY
I did something, okay? To get on the dropship. Something they'll kill me for when they come down.
(before she can ask)
I can't tell you what it is yet, but you have to trust me. You do still trust me, don't you?

She hesitates, but nods. He smiles slightly, then...

BELLAMY (CONT'D)
Good. Then let's go. You can help me convince the guys from our station to come with us.

Thinking it's settled, he walks off. Octavia knows she should follow, but looks back to Finn instead.

ON FINN -- stepping to Clarke as she finishes examining Wells' ankle, her medical training in evidence...

FINN
When do we leave?

Wells was about to thank him, doesn't. Takes Clarke a moment to realize he's volunteering for the trek to Mount Weather...

CLARKE
Right now.

She stands. Wells looks at her, his expression darkening.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
We'll be back tomorrow with food. Once the others know the supplies are still there, they'll follow.

WELLS
How are two of you gonna carry enough food for a hundred?

Without a word, Finn collars Jasper and ANOTHER BOY from the crowd. We'll introduce them properly in the next act. For now, just know they're thrilled to get Finn's attention.

FINN
Four of us. Can we go now?

That's when Octavia sashays toward them...

OCTAVIA
Sounds like a party. Make it five.

Bellamy hurries behind her, catching her arm...

BELLAMY
What the hell are you doing?!

OCTAVIA
Going for a walk!

She tears her arm away. Before Bellamy can figure out how to avoid a scene, Clarke makes one of her own, grabbing Finn's wristband, turning it to reveal what appear to be saw marks.

CLARKE
Were you trying to take this off?

FINN
Yeah. So?

CLARKE
So this wristband transmits your vital signs to the Ark. Take it off and they'll think you're dead.

FINN
Should I care?

CLARKE
I don't know. You want the people you love to think you're dead?

It stops Finn. Clearly, he doesn't.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
You want them to follow you down here in two months? Because they won't if they think we're dying.

Bellamy's reaction to this warrants A CLOSE UP: It's the look of someone being struck by a powerful idea.

Finn nods, understanding. Clarke drops his arm...

CLARKE (CONT'D)
Okay. Then move out.

Finn walks off. His two recruits follow. Octavia wants to, but looks first to Bellamy. He whispers conspiratorially...

BELLAMY
If they think we're dying, they won't follow us down.

Octavia doesn't understand, cares even less. He has no choice but to let her...

BELLAMY (CONT'D)
Go. I've got work to do.

A kiss on his cheek and she hurries after the others.

Finally, Clarke looks back to Wells...

CLARKE
Find a walking stick and look for water. If they think they need you, maybe they'll let you live.

With that, she walks off, too. WE GO WITH HER as Octavia slows to let her catch up, looking over threateningly...

OCTAVIA
Before you get any ideas... Finn's mine.

Clarke is taken aback by her hostility, but recovers fast...

CLARKE
Before you get any ideas... I don't care.

As they walk out of frame, we HOLD ON BELLAMY AND WELLS, each watching people they love get swallowed by the forest.

Bellamy looks away first, turning his attention to the wristbands all around him, a sly smile telling us a plan is taking shape, as Wells watches him with deepening suspicion.

INT. THE ARK - COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

Kane sits at the head of a huge table, Earth visible through a window behind him. The NAMEPLATE tells us he's trying the Chancellor's chair on for size, liking the way it feels when he hears A DOOR OPEN, quickly stands and turns to the window.

If the uniformed COMMANDER OF THE GUARD knows what Kane was doing, he doesn't let on. His devotion to Kane is clear...

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
Excuse me, sir, you asked to be interrupted if there was news.

Kane doesn't turn. In his face, we see that he thinks this is the moment he becomes Chancellor. Then he hears:

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD (CONT'D)
The Chancellor is still in surgery, but we've ID'd the shooter.

Takes Kane a moment to push back disappointment. By the time he turns, the Commander has summoned up an image on the huge touch screen monitor that doubles as the council table:

BELLAMY'S FACE ON A SANITATION CREW ID CARD.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD (CONT'D)
Bellamy Black is the only person on the Ark unaccounted for.

KANE
Who is he?

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
He's no one. A janitor. We're still working up a profile, but his motive for going to Earth is clear.

He brings up the MUG SHOTS of the prisoners alongside Bellamy, selecting OCTAVIA'S. So young. So afraid. Nothing like the vivacious girl we're getting to know on the ground.

KANE
Sister. I remember them. Their mother kept her hidden for almost thirteen years. Nearly a record.

Something in the Commander's expression stops Kane...

KANE (CONT'D)
What is it, Commander Shumway?

The Commander hesitates.

KANE (CONT'D)
Spit it out.

COMMANDER SHUMWAY
We could start now. As Chancellor Pro Tempore, you can give the order to begin reducing the population.

It hangs there. Kane is clearly tempted. Then...

KANE
Not yet. The Chancellor's Hail Mary mission to Earth is failing. Once it's clear the ground still isn't an option, the council will get in line.
(looking back down to Bellamy's picture)
In the meantime, I'd like to know who helped this janitor get on that dropship. Because he sure as hell didn't do it by himself.

The Commander says nothing, but clearly agrees.

KANE (CONT'D)
It seems we have a traitor in our midst, Commander...
(looking to the mug shots)
And the Hundred have an assassin in theirs.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. EARTH - THE ENDLESS WOODS - DAY

Several hours into the trek. The group has fanned out amid the trees. Sunlight dapples. Wildflowers are everywhere.

Clarke has assumed the lead and is setting a fast pace, appreciating none of it.

Behind her, Octavia, Finn, and his two recruits all wish that she would slow down to let them enjoy the scenery.

JASPER and MONTY, both 15, are, on the surface, the furthest thing from delinquents. They are clearly very intelligent and, it must be said, incredibly uncool. The fact that they're studying Finn to remedy this will become clear.

As we arrive, Finn stops to pick a flower and slip it into Octavia's hair. She'd jump him here and now if he'd let her.

Jasper and Monty see this and exchange a glance...

JASPER
That, my friend, is game.

MONTY
That, my friend, is poison sumac.

OCTAVIA
(swatting away the flower)
Jesus, Finn! Thank you.

MONTY
Don't worry. The flowers aren't poisonous. They're medicinal. Calming actually.

He pops one in his mouth. Finn and Octavia are curious.

JASPER
His family grows all the pharmaceuticals.

CLARKE
(abruptly turning around)
Hey! Try to keep up.

FINN
Come on, Clarke, look around you. How do you block all this out?

Clarke scratches an X into a tree to mark their path, then...

CLARKE
It's simple. I wonder: why haven't we seen any animals? Hm. Maybe it's because there are none. Maybe we've already been exposed to enough radiation to kill us... Sure is pretty, though.

With that, she strides onward. The others follow, their buzz sufficiently killed.

OCTAVIA
Someone should slip her some poison sumac.

Jasper LAUGHS a bit too loudly. Monty smacks him.

FINN
I gotta know what you two did to get busted.

MONTY
(after a beat)
Sumac's not the only herb in the garden, if you know what I mean.

JASPER
(meaning Monty)
Someone forgot to replace what we took.

MONTY
Someone's apologized like a thousand times.

JASPER
How 'bout you Octavia? What'd they get you for?

Looks for a moment like she isn't going to respond, then...

OCTAVIA
Being born.

With that, she speeds up to catch Clarke.

MONTY
That is so not game.

Before Jasper can respond, they notice that Clarke has stopped and is holding out a hand for them to do the same.

Octavia sees what Clarke sees and gestures the boys excitedly closer. They creep up slowly. Clarke points.

WE SEE IT AS THEY DO: A grazing deer. Partially obscured by brush, it's the first sign of life other than insects and plants they've seen and it has a profound effect on them all.

FINN
You were saying?

MONTY
Can we eat it?

They all look at him in disgust.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Kidding.

Finn wants a better view, gestures for silence, pads closer.

One step and the animal looks up, revealing, to their horror, that IT HAS TWO HEADS. One is hideously deformed.

A collective GASP and the mutant deer bolts.

EXT. THE LANDING SITE - DAY

Leaning on a walking stick, Wells limps into camp, a pile of kindling under one arm. The mood here has dimmed a bit. People are hungry, thirsty. Still they play, flirt, fight.

TWO KIDS, covered in mud, approach Wells...

ONE OF THE KIDS
We finished burying the bodies.
You find any water yet?

Wells drops the sticks in a growing pile, then...

WELLS
Not yet. I'm going out again if you wanna join.

They nod. Wells is about to lead them back out when he sees a message scratched in the dirt. His helpers see it, too:

FIRST SON/FIRST TO DYE

It's unsettling to say the least, but Wells swallows it and looks around to see who did it. Doesn't take long.

The boy who already assaulted him watches from nearby with another dangerous-looking lad, conveniently also named JOHN.

Wells limps toward them, knows not to show fear...

WELLS (CONT'D)
You spelled die wrong.

JOHN #1
You sure you wanna do this?
I don't see Finn or your daddy
in any of these trees.

WELLS
Actually, I'm sure I don't wanna do
this. What I wanna do is find
water and make a fire because I'm
thirsty and it's gonna be dark
soon... We could use some help.

The Johns feel the eyes of the group. John #1 draws a shiv and steps to Wells with unmistakable menace.

Wells stands his ground, but is clearly afraid. This is not a situation he's faced before. Not just schoolyard bullies.

JOHN #1
(a menacing whisper)
My dad begged for mercy in the
airlock when your dad floated him.

Wells goes pale.

BELLAMY (O.S.)
What's the problem here?

They see him approaching. The uniform prompts an instinctive backing down. The Johns melt into the crowd. Wells is still suspicious of Bellamy, but appreciative nonetheless...

WELLS
Thanks.

He holds out a hand, but Bellamy doesn't take it...

BELLAMY
I meant what's <u>your</u> problem?

The Johns drift back. Wells summons courage...

WELLS
My problem's the same as yours.
(looking to the group)
The same as all of ours. The more
of us who look for water, the more
likely we are to find it.

He starts to walk off, but Bellamy snatches his walking stick. Gritting his teeth against the pain, he keeps going.

The effort draws a few more people to his side.

ON BELLAMY -- Watching Wells go as the Johns return...

JOHN #1
You're not really a member of the Guard, are you?

BELLAMY
No. But the real Guard will be here soon... unless we stop it.

It gets their attention.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)
You don't actually believe they're gonna forgive your crimes?

They did believe it.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)
Even if they do. Then what? Guys like you, you gonna be model citizens now? Get jobs? If you're lucky, maybe pick up their trash.

JOHN #2
You got a point?

BELLAMY
No... I got a question. They locked you up. Dumped you down here like lab rats to die. So why are you helping them?

JOHN #1
The hell we are.

BELLAMY
You're wearing those bracelets, aren't you? Right now, those things are telling them whether or not it's safe to follow us down.

JOHN #2
You said we could stop it. How?

Bellamy pauses, realizes he's not recruiting rocket scientists here, manages a smile...

BELLAMY
Take 'em off. The Ark will think you're dead. That it's not safe to follow... You follow?

It takes a moment, but they nod.

JOHN #1
And if we do? What's in it for us?

BELLAMY
Someone's gotta help me run things.

Two Johns. Two smiles.

INT. THE ARK - GO-SCI STATION - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Abby has been operating on the Chancellor for hours. Jackson, her chief apprentice, assists. Two NURSES.

Medical supplies, we are about to realize, like everything on the Ark, are severely rationed.

Moments after we arrive, the patient starts to wake up mid-surgery. He jerks from the pain of it. Vital signs dive.

ABBY
Increase anesthesia.

The nurse whose job it is hesitates. Abby looks over...

ABBY (CONT'D)
Your Chancellor is going into shock. Now do it!

JACKSON
Abby, we're way over the line. According to the law, we have to --

ABBY
I'll do it myself. Let 'em come after me.

Jackson turns into her path, stopping her, whispering...

JACKSON
Boss, come on. You really gonna risk your life to save the man who ordered your husband's execution?

Without hesitating, she turns the knob, releasing the gas. The Chancellor calms instantly. Vitals stabilize.

INT. GO-SCI STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Just out of surgery, Abby strides heatedly down a long connector tube. Cece rushes to catch up...

CECE
Ab, slow down. How is he?

ABBY
Ask me again if he makes it through the night.

Before Cece can respond, a MAINTENANCE WORKER on a ladder suddenly drops down into their path.

It's Raven, Finn's mother as it turns out, and it's clear at once that Cece, not work, is the real reason she's here...

RAVEN
Where the hell's my son?

Despite Raven's strong facade, the wounded mother in Abby senses a kindred spirit. Cece checks her ID badge, then...

CECE
Let's see your work order, Raven.

Clearly, she doesn't have one. Cece starts for a nearby intercom to report it, but Abby stops her...

ABBY
It's okay.

The kindness gets Raven's attention. She looks at Abby for the first time, recognizing her at once...

RAVEN
Your kid's locked up, too.

Abby's taken aback. Raven plows right through...

RAVEN (CONT'D)
My son, Finn Hawthorne, missed message day today for the first time in two years. Same day folks saw a ship leave. One with seating for a hundred. I got friends who worked on it. A hundred. Same as the number of cells in the Sky Box. You see where I'm going with this?

CECE
Come on, Abby. We have to go.

But before she can lead Abby past, Raven grabs Abby's arm...

RAVEN
... Wait.

Her facade cracks. Her desperation shows. She hates that.

RAVEN (CONT'D)
I may not be important, but my son means as much to me as your daughter does to you. Please... tell me where my child is.

Abby holds her stare, trying to decide what to do.

INT. EARTH MONITORING STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Abby leads Raven into the monitoring station. Less chaotic than before. They have entered watch and wait mode.

It's clear from the shock in Raven's face that Abby brought her up to speed on the walk over.

The moment they enter, Abby's eyes go to the big board, where TWO MORE DARK SQUARES can now be seen. Two more dead kids. She tries to hide concern from Raven, but it's clear.

ABBY
Nothing leaves this room. Excuse me for one --

RAVEN
You said two dead. I count four.

ABBY
Who else did we lose?

An apprentice punches buttons, isolating the wristband feeds and accompanying mug shots of THE TWO JOHNS.

APPRENTICE
Murphy and Mbege. Both named John.

Raven is relieved. She turns to the board, wanders closer, searching for Finn's face as Abby joins her team.

APPRENTICE (CONT'D)
Neither was injured during landing.

JACKSON
I concur. Something else killed these two. One second they were fine, the next... bang.

ABBY
It wasn't radiation.

JACKSON
How can you be sure?

ABBY
Because one-second-fine, the-next-bang is not how exposure to radiation presents. You know that.

JACKSON
It could if there was enough of it.

ABBY
If there was enough of it, they would all be dead!

It echoes. She wishes she could take it back.

Raven looks over, meeting her stare from across the room. No one else here knows how it feels.

ON RAVEN -- as she turns back to the board and we see that she's found Finn, HIS FACE now right in front of her. Guy can't even take a bad mug shot. In it, he is without fear.

Something primal stirs within her. This is not the look of a woman who will stop at knowing the truth about her son. It's the look of a mother who will stop at nothing to save him.

EXT. EARTH - THE ENDLESS WOODS - DUSK

ON FINN -- at the back of the pack now. Daylight is fading.

Octavia has the lead, the sway of her body keeping Jasper and Monty's minds off hunger, thirst, and exhaustion. Finn, the one person she wants to notice, doesn't...

FINN
You know what I'd like to know? Why send us down today, after ninety-seven years? What changed?

OCTAVIA
Who cares? I'm just glad they did. I woke up rotting in a cell. Now I'm spinning in a forest.

She spins around a tree. Jasper beams, but her eyes are on Finn, who, beginning to piss her off, still doesn't notice.

MONTY
Maybe they found something on a satellite. You know, like an old weather satellite or --

CLARKE
It wasn't a satellite.

The way she said it gets attention. She keeps her secret for another moment, then...

CLARKE (CONT'D)
The Ark is dying.

Although it lands hard, no one grasps the magnitude yet. Because Clarke keeps walking, they all do.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
At the current population level there's roughly three months left of life support, maybe four now that we're gone.

FINN
That's the secret they locked you up to keep? Why they kept you in solitary? Floated your old man?

Emotion threatens, but she keeps it down, nods...

CLARKE
My father was the engineer who discovered the flaw. He thought the people deserved to know. The council disagreed... My mother disagreed. They were worried it would cause a panic. My dad and I decided to go public anyway.

JASPER
They found out before you could?

Another nod. Back in control...

CLARKE
Anyway, that's why today. That's why it was worth the risk. Even if we all die, at least they bought themselves more time.

MONTY
(as it hits him)
They're gonna kill more people, aren't they? If Earth still isn't safe, they have to.

Clarke nods soberly. Finn, Jasper, and Monty are gutted by what this means for their loved ones. Octavia doesn't care.

OCTAVIA
Good. After what they did to me, I say let 'em all die.

JASPER
You don't mean that.

Octavia doesn't respond, her eyes suddenly on something in front of them. The others don't notice yet.

FINN
We have to warn them.

Clarke looks over, deeply affected by that.

CLARKE
That's what my father said.

The fact that he reminds her of her father, who she loved more than anyone in the world, untethers her.

Because of that, she runs smack into Jasper, who has stopped dead to watch OCTAVIA SUDDENLY PEEL OFF HER CLOTHES...

JASPER
Damn, I love Earth.

ON OCTAVIA -- She knows they're watching. Loves that attention is back on her where it belongs.

The others are IN THE SHOT behind her. Finn's expression is more controlled than the other two boys, but only just.

CLARKE
Octavia, what the hell are you --

That's when Octavia, down to just her underwear, takes a step forward and SUDDENLY PLUNGES OUT OF VIEW.

A moment of confusion for the others ends with a SPLASH! Fair to say it's the most amazing sound they've ever heard.

Instantly, they rush forward, stopping on the rim of A NARROW GORGE cut through the woods by A RIVER fifteen feet below.

They get there in time to see Octavia rise up, enraptured as she breaks the surface. When you've survived on drops of water a day your entire life, swimming is transcendent.

MONTY
Octavia, can you swim?!

OCTAVIA
No... but I can stand.

With that, she rises like a sea goddess from the chest-high water. In seconds, the boys are stripping down to join her. Only Clarke hesitates.

FINN
Clarke, take your damn clothes off.

She ignores him, moving to the edge, pulling out the map...

CLARKE
There's no river on the map.
We're going the wrong way.

Finn steps up behind her, pointing across the river...

FINN
No, we're not.

We see it as Clarke does: A man-made structure, the wreckage of one anyway, above the trees on the horizon. Still too far away to be sure, but possibly an old guard tower.

CLARKE
... Mount Weather.

She spins excitedly, her smile melting at the sight of Finn's rather amazing physique. She peels off her shirt, too.

At that moment, Jasper, about to jump, suddenly freezes, gripped by fear...

JASPER
... Octavia, get outta the water!!

All eyes shoot to the river where A LONG DARK SHADOW is rocketing toward Octavia.

We won't get a good look here. Could be a croc. Or a giant snake. Of course, it's possible that a hundred years marinating in radiation has created something else entirely.

Whatever it is, it's fast, it's aggressive, and it's hungry.

Before Octavia can react, the creature strikes, violently taking her under and dragging her away.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. THE RIVER - DUSK

Just where we left them.

The UNSEEN beast drags Octavia away. Fighting wildly, she breaks the surface SCREAMING, before being sucked back down.

Clarke, Finn, Monty, and Jasper race along the river's edge, 15 feet above, desperate to keep her in sight.

MONTY
... What the hell is it?!

Before anyone can venture a guess, Finn makes a decision. He's going in after her. Clarke grabs his arm...

CLARKE
Finn, no! What are you gonna do?!

FINN
Try not to get eaten.

With that, he jumps. The moment he SPLASHES down, the shadow releases Octavia and whips around to check out the threat.

JASPER
Octavia, now!! Get to the edge!!

CLARKE
Finn, it's coming! Get out!!

Finn hears this and rushes back through the water, pulling himself up onto A LOWER BANK just in time.

The shadow darts instantly back to its meal, carrying Octavia away even faster now. In seconds, she'll be gone.

UP ABOVE, Clarke has an idea. She drops down behind a boulder poised at the edge of the cliff and starts to push. The boys don't understand, but drop down to help anyway.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
It thought Finn was a threat!
It'll let her go again!

The boulder rolls. Clarke and Monty watch it go. Not Jasper. He's already moving again, racing along the edge.

The boulder SPLASHES down. Sure enough, as Clarke predicted, the shadow whips around again. As it does, Jasper launches himself, plunging in right beside Octavia, pulling her back.

Here comes the still-unseen beast. It'll be close.

Jasper shoves Octavia onto the lower bank, scrambling out beside her just as the malevolent shadow rockets past.

Octavia collapses into Jasper's very thin arms. Although the fact that he's holding a nearly naked girl does register, we see it more so on the face of his friend up above.

MONTY
Note to self: next time,
save the girl.

Clarke looks back to Finn, who is equally impressed...

FINN
One good thing about outer space...
no giant, mutant river snakes.

Everyone LAUGHS. Even Octavia, though just barely. Then she sees the TEETH MARKS RUNNING RED on her thigh and goes still.

UP ABOVE, Clarke sees it, too, looks to Monty...

CLARKE
Help Jasper get her up here.

Her eyes go across the river. THE WRECKAGE OF THE TOWER is now a silhouette amid the trees against the setting sun.

It kills her to stop with the goal in sight, but the light is nearly gone, one of her people is wounded, and a man-eating snake is blocking their path. She SIGHS heavily, then...

CLARKE (CONT'D)
We'll cross at first light.

INT. THE DROPSHIP - LOWER LEVEL - SAME TIME

It's dark. The only light comes from a fire outside.

We find Wells sitting at a console, trying in vain to coax a signal out of a dead communication system, clearly wallowing in self-pity, when MUSIC wafts in through the open door.

It starts as a lament, GIRL'S VOICE, haunting and beautiful. Fits Wells' mood perfectly, then ANOTHER VOICE takes it up. Spoken word poetry. Very much like rap today. CHEERS go up.

EXT. THE LANDING SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Wells limps from the ship into the full light of a bonfire.

The scene playing out around it is almost tribal, fire and MUSIC temporarily pushing hunger and thirst out of mind.

It draws Wells in, too, but just as he's about to give in to the primal forces, he sees what's taking place at the center:

Bellamy supervises as the two Johns, wristbands already gone, help a rough-looking GIRL take off hers.

For the record, the process is painful: A rod is jammed in, then violently pried up, cracking the band, which is then ripped off. Let's just say it leaves a mark.

The band gets tossed into the fire beside TEN OTHERS, then...

BELLAMY
Who's next?!

WELLS
What the hell are you doing?!

Bellamy turns. The two Johns converge, but Bellamy holds out a hand, stopping them as a HUSH falls over the crowd.

BELLAMY
Liberating ourselves, what's it look like?

WELLS
It looks like you're trying to get us all killed.
(then; to the group)
Our communication system is fried. These wristbands are all we've got. Take them off and the Ark will think we're dying. That it's not safe for them to follow.

BELLAMY
That's the point, Chancellor. We can take care of ourselves.
(then; to the crowd)
Can't we?

It draws CHEERS. Bellamy clearly gets off on the feeling of power.

WELLS
You think this is a game?!

It quiets again. Wells looks to the crowd, jabbing a finger skyward to indicate the Ark...

WELLS (CONT'D)
Those aren't just our parents and our friends. They're our farmers. Our doctors. Our engineers. I don't care what he tells you, we won't survive here on our own.
(looking back to Bellamy)
Besides, if it really is safe, how could you not want the rest of our people to come down?

BELLAMY
My people already are down.
(pointing at the sky)
Those people locked my people up. Those people killed my mother for the crime of having a second child. Your father did that.

WELLS
My father didn't write the laws.

BELLAMY
No, he enforced them. But not anymore. Not here. Here, there are no laws. Here, we do whatever-the-hell we want, whenever-the-hell we want.

The crowd is poised to erupt. Bellamy feels it. Loves it.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)
You don't have to like it, Wells. You can even try to stop it, change it, kill me. You know why? Whatever-the-hell we want.

John #1 suddenly pumps his fist in the air...

JOHN #1
Whatever-the-hell we want!

John #2 picks up the CHANT. Then TWO MORE. In seconds, "WHATEVER-THE-HELL WE WANT" is booming through the trees.

THE GROUP
Whatever-the-hell we want!
Whatever-the-hell we want!

The intensity of it disturbs Wells. Even some of those who had been helping him earlier are getting swept up in it. He wants to stop them, but knows that he's powerless to.

Then something happens that stops it for him: IT RAINS.

Gently, at first, but hard enough to freeze everyone. All eyes go to the sky. All faces fill with awe.

Then the sky opens and it starts to pour, igniting a rapturous frenzy on the forest floor.

Arms flung wide. Mouths open. Drinking. Bathing.

At the center of it all stand Wells and Bellamy. Eyes meet. Bellamy shrugs as if to say “looks like we’ve got water.”

WELLS
We need to collect this!

BELLAMY
Whatever-the-hell you want.

We stay here as Wells rushes away, no longer feeling pain, gathering A SMALL, BUT NOT INSIGNIFICANT GROUP to help him.

As Bellamy watches him go, the thinking behind his eyes is clear: Wells is gonna be a problem.

INT. THE ARK - EARTH MONITORING STATION - SAME TIME

Abby and her team are standing before the big board, reacting to the flatlining of another ten of their children.

ANOTHER TEN BLACK TILES on the board.

Although darkness is threatening, we sense that Abby, at least, is still pushing against the worst case scenario...

ABBY
Ten more. One after the next.

Jackson notices something else: Vital signs in the majority of wristband feeds moving in the same direction. Heart rates rising. Body temps falling. PLASMA OSMOLARITY ticking up.

JACKSON
Abby, look at plasma osmolarity.
It’s going up across the board.

ABBY
... They found water.

It’s the first hopeful sign they’ve had since the landing and all of them gather to take it in.

Unfortunately, before hope can take root, the door bursts open and a GUARD UNIT, led by Shumway, storms the room.

COMMANDER SHUMWAY
Councillor Abigail Walters, you are under arrest for violating supply chain order number twenty-four.

The guards surround, securing Abby's hands behind her back as Kane strides in behind them...

KANE
I'm sorry this has to be public, but the policy on these matters is clear. No special treatment.

Abby holds his stare. Even now, she won't give him an inch.

KANE (CONT'D)
How much blood did you use, Abby?

JACKSON
Don't answer that.

ABBY
I used whatever it took.

Jackson's face falls. She's admitting it.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Breaking the law to keep you from becoming Chancellor was the easiest decision I ever made.

KANE
In that case... given your confession, in my role as Chancellor Pro Tempore, I have no choice but to find you guilty.

ABBY
We always have a choice, Kane. You chose to press charges against my husband, your friend, even though you knew he'd get floated for it. You chose to include my daughter in those charges. And now you're choosing this. Hiding behind the law absolves you of nothing.

KANE
(after a beat)
Be that as it may, in accordance with Penal Code One, because all crimes committed by those above the age of majority are capital crimes, I hereby sentence you to death.

Abby's team is terrified. Cracks show in her calm facade.

KANE (CONT'D)
Execution is set for the morning.
(then; back to Abby)
I choose, at every turn and at any cost, to make sure that the human race stays alive.

ABBY
There's the difference between us, Kane. I choose to make sure that we deserve to stay alive.

Kane holds her stare for another moment, before nodding to Commander Shumway.

COMMANDER SHUMWAY
Put her in her daughter's cell.

The guards lead Abby away. Jackson falls in stride.

ABBY
Watch after the kids. Connect the dots. You can do this.

With that, she's gone. Jackson looks sharply back to Kane...

JACKSON
This is madness.

KANE
This is the law, Dr. Jackson.

JACKSON
Then pardon her. It's in your power to do that... under the law.

Kane holds Jackson's pleading stare. It may be in his power, but it's not in his heart...

KANE
Judging from the number of black squares on the board behind you, I think it's now safe to say that a return to Earth is still not an option. I'll need your suggested parameters for population reduction on my desk as soon as possible.

Jackson pales. Kane strides out. Door SLAMS. No one moves.

INT. CLARKE'S CELL - MINUTES LATER

Abby is led into her daughter's old cell. The drawings still on the walls strike her at once, but she shows nothing.

Handcuffs are removed. Guards leave. Door SLAMS.

Only now, alone, does she let the full weight of everything show in her face. Tears stream from her eyes.

ABBY'S POV -- A DRAWING OF THE WOODS AT NIGHT

EXT. EARTH - THE ENDLESS WOODS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CLARKE, asleep on the ground near the others when her eyes suddenly snap open and fill with wonder.

As she slowly sits up, WE WIDEN TO REVEAL HER SURROUNDINGS:

Incredibly, the trees and flowers and ground are streaked with iridescent light. Veins of luminescence. Multiple colors. The effect is surreal and spectacular.

A forest that glows in the dark.

Appropriately agog, Clarke stands and moves amid the trees. The sound of the RUNNING RIVER adds to the splendor.

Finally, her guard is down and we see the wide-eyed, inquisitive, passionate girl beneath the emotional armor.

For the first time, she lets herself feel the wonder of being on Earth. Only it's unlike the Earth she spent so much time dreaming about. Indeed, it's practically another planet.

Her eyes wander to the stars, her mind to the Ark (or heaven) and her mother (or father), when she hears a low voice:

FINN (O.S.)
Pretty cool, huh?

Startled, she whirls, reverie replaced by embarrassment as she sees him returning through the psychedelic trees.

Takes her a moment to react to the fact that he's carrying a cone fastened out of large leaves and filled with water.

CLARKE
You went to the river?

FINN
Figured it was worth losing a finger or two. Here.

He moves the cone to her lips. She takes a tentative sip.

FINN (CONT'D)
You call that a sip?

She smiles. Old habits. She drinks again, deeply this time, letting it run down her face and neck.

When she's done, she has to look away, vibrating from all of it, forcing herself to refocus on the glowing trees...

FINN (CONT'D)
You think it means we're all gonna grow two heads?

Clarke LAUGHS slightly.

FINN (CONT'D)
What do you know? She <u>can</u> laugh.

She gives him a look, then picks a neon leaf. Incredibly, it dims as if being unplugged.

CLARKE
Oh, now that's cool.

There's that bright-eyed girl again. Finn clearly likes this side of her.

CLARKE (CONT'D)
I'll have to run some tests, but, right now, my operating theory is that bioluminescence is an adaptation. Sort of a twist on photosynthesis. That's --

FINN
Plants using sunlight to turn bad air into good air.

She's impressed. He shrugs...

FINN (CONT'D)
Woke up that day in science class. Come here. You have to see this.

With that, he strides back through the trees. She follows, trying to shake her hormonal response to this guy.

He stops in a particularly surreal spot, squatting to point out something on the ground. WE SEE THEM AS SHE DOES:

Strange tracks in the dirt. Hard to tell, but they could be simian. A widely separated big toe is clear in some of them.

She kneels, curious. He points...

FINN (CONT'D)
That's a toe. Plus, near as I can tell, whatever it is, it's walking on two feet. My guess... monkeys.

Clarke LAUGHS at him. He gives her a look.

CLARKE
Sorry. It's just... According to everything I've read, there were no bipedal animals anywhere near here, certainly not monkeys.

FINN
Really? You read anything about glow-in-the-dark forests or man-eating snakes?

She meets his stare, sees his point: anything is possible.

We sense that a kiss is imminent, or at least if he tried, that she'd let him. He doesn't try.

Instead, he reaches back down, fitting his hand into one of the tracks. He does this to prove his point, but all Clarke sees are the FRESH HACK MARKS on his wristband.

CLARKE
Were you trying to take that off again?

FINN
What? No... I was thinking about the Ark. There may be a way to turn one of these things into a two-way communication device.

She looks at him, once again reminded of her father.

FINN (CONT'D)
'Course, I'll have to run some tests, but --

She SMACKS him playfully, LAUGHING again beneath the magical trees. New world. New possibilities.

INT. THE ARK - PART SUPPLY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Raven follows the hard-as-nails JUNK MAN through a shadow-filled maze of satellite and space station parts.

JUNK MAN
They set a time for Finn's review?

Raven nods slightly. Hates lying, but she'll do it.

JUNK MAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry. If I got through it, he will. No way they'll float someone with skills like his. Only person better with a wrench than him is his mother.

RAVEN
I don't remember you being such a talker, Red.

Red smiles, comes to a stop in front of something covered by a tarp, pulls it off to reveal a dilapidated ESCAPE POD.

One look and we understand: Raven is going after her son.

JUNK MAN
Russian. They found it when they reeled in Mir in '16.

RAVEN
Does it have a working radio?

JUNK MAN
Yeah. Why do you need a radio?

EXT. EARTH - THE LANDING SITE - PRE-DAWN

The group is asleep on the ground all around the smoldering campfire. The trees here do not glow.

INT. THE DROPSHIP - PRE-DAWN

Wells sleeps alone in the darkened cabin.

Suddenly, THERE'S A HAND OVER HIS MOUTH.

It's Bellamy. Wells struggles. Bellamy holds up a gun.

No more struggle.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. THE WOODS - PRE-DAWN

Wells walks ahead of Bellamy through the trees. Far enough now from the dropship that it's no longer in sight. The gun in Bellamy's hand is not aimed, but Wells senses it just the same. He rarely turns. Just keeps walking.

BELLAMY
You're a smart kid, Wells. I see what you're doing. The way you gathered the wood. Collected the rain. You're a natural leader. Probably made your old man proud.

The past tense of that gives Wells pause. He naturally assumes it means he's about to become past tense.

WELLS
Is that why you brought me out here? Eliminate your competition?

Bellamy just keeps walking. The silence unnerves Wells...

WELLS (CONT'D)
'Cause I'm not your competition. Clarke. She's the one they'll follow, not me. Certainly not you.

BELLAMY
That's far enough.

They stop near two freshly filled graves. Clearly, the boys who died on the dropship were buried here. Wells swallows his fear of being the third, then turns to face Bellamy.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)
I guess we got more in common than meets the eye, huh? We both came down here to protect someone we love... and neither one of them appreciates it.

Bellamy LAUGHS. Wells can't find the humor in it. Could be the gun. Bellamy tracks his eyes to it, calmly holds it up.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)
I don't wanna shoot you, Wells. Hell, I like you.
(pointing to the sky)
But I do need them to think you're dead.

WELLS
Why? Why are you doing this? For real. Not some crap about getting to do what you want to do.

BELLAMY
(after a beat)
I have my reasons. I also have the gun. Which means I ask the questions, and the question is... why aren't you helping me? Your father banished you, Wells. Yet here you are still doing his bidding. Following the rules. Aren't you tired of always doing what's expected of you? Stand up to him. Take off your wristband. You'll be amazed how good it feels.

Wells stares. Bellamy thinks he's considering it. He's not.

WELLS
No. Never. Not gonna happen. Is that clear enough for you?

Bellamy smiles slightly. The kid's got balls.

BELLAMY
Yes, it is. I'm sorry it had to be this way.

With that, he does something unexpected: tucks the gun away behind his back.

Before Wells can make sense of it, BOYS APPEAR FROM BEHIND TREES ON ALL FOUR SIDES, the two Johns at Wells' back.

Wells knows they mean to take off his wristband. He tries to make a run for it, but the Johns catch him. He struggles wildly, but the other two boys jump on and overpower him.

Bellamy stands apart from the violence, somewhat concerned by the intensity of what he's unleashed. Not concerned enough to stop it.

The last thing we see is John #2 moving the rod to Wells' wristband and jamming it in as Wells GROWLS in pain and rage.

EXT. SPACE - THE ARK - PRISON STATION - DAY

PUSHING IN ON A HANGAR BAY DOOR, a Chinese flag barely visible beneath the grime.

INT. PRISON STATION - HANGAR BAY - DAY

Abby is being ceremonially led across the same hangar bay where her husband was executed. An armed COLOR GUARD marches ten feet behind. Jackson and Cece walk on either side.

Abby is not crying, not showing fear. Even as she's led to her death, her mind is on the kids...

ABBY
How many more overnight?

JACKSON
Abby --

ABBY
Goddamn it, Jackson, answer me.

JACKSON
Just one.

She looks at him. Showing fear for the first time. The way he said it could only mean Clarke. Then she hears:

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Wells.

A moment of relief followed instantly by crushing sadness. She looks to Cece who clearly already knew.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Just over an hour ago. Vital signs spiked, then flatlined.

Abby knows this is bad. Wells isn't some delinquent who would take off his wristband and he wasn't injured during landing. For the first time, outwardly anyway, she acknowledges her deepest fear: she sent her daughter to die.

Cece takes her hand. Takes Abby a moment to push past the fact that her world is crashing down, but she manages it...

ABBY
Jackson, listen to me. Kane will wait until after he's sworn in to begin reducing the population.

CECE
Come on, Ab, the Chancellor could still make it.

ABBY
Even if he does, I won't be here to argue against Kane.
(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)
(back to Jackson)
That has to be you now.

JACKSON
He already asked for recommendations.

ABBY
Good. No, that's good. First thing you'll do is make the case for a lottery. If council members' families can be taken, they'll be less likely to rubber-stamp Kane's agenda. You understand?

Jackson nods, amazed by her strength as they reach the symbol of the Ark on the floor directly below the hangar bay door. This is where they leave her. Still, Abby's not done...

ABBY (CONT'D)
Listen to me. While the council drags its feet, you do everything you can to reestablish contact with the kids.

Jackson gets pulled away by a guard. Before the same can happen to Cece, she lunges forward, hugging her friend.

ABBY (CONT'D)
(fighting back tears)
... Watch over Clarke for me?

Cece nods, WEEPING as she's dragged away and Abby is left there all alone. Terror seeps in, but, remarkably, she buries it, calling after them...

ABBY (CONT'D)
Jackson! Use the wristbands! There may be a way to reverse engineer them for communication. Talk to Sinclair in engineering. Nod if you understand!

Jackson nods as he and Cece are ushered through a door into an observation room. Door SLAMS. Abby is now utterly alone.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The witnesses to the execution stand before a wide window. Abby stands alone in a pillar of light across the bay. Prayers are MUTTERED. Tears on every face, save Kane's.

Another beat and he nods to the executioner. The man lifts his hand, about to bring it down on the button when the door behind them bursts open.

Everyone turns to see Chancellor Jaha in a wheelchair being pushed by a very out of breath ORDERLY. There are tubes and wires coming out of him and he is visibly frail, but anger gives him the strength to stand.

He rises in front of an already shaken Kane, then...

CHANCELLOR JAHA
Dr. Walters is pardoned.

Relief soars. Kane holds his stare.

CHANCELLOR JAHA (CONT'D)
I'll deal with you later.

Kane glances once more to Abby, who is already striding toward them, before walking off.

A guard opens the door and Abby strides in, looking past all of the relieved faces, her eyes landing on the Chancellor...

ABBY
I spent twelve hours putting your intestines back together.
(to the orderly)
Get him back into bed. Now.

The orderly tries to lower the Chancellor back to the chair, but he holds out a hand, stopping him.

His eyes lock onto Abby's. We won't be surprised to learn in series that he's in love with her...

CHANCELLOR JAHA
I'm sorry that I couldn't do this for your husband.

She says nothing, simply strides past him, out the door. The Chancellor knows he's unforgiven, looks to the others...

CHANCELLOR JAHA (CONT'D)
Someone tell me about the Hundred. Did they make it?

INT. KANE'S QUARTERS - LATER

Kane stands in his spartan, meticulously neat quarters, downing a glass of moonshine, letting it warm him when the door opens and Cece strides in. He says nothing. She does:

CECE
You can't try to kill everyone who disagrees with you, Kane.

He takes another deep drink, then...

KANE
You all think I'm the bad guy, but I'm the only one willing to do what it takes to save us.

Before she can respond, he pulls her in roughly, pressing his mouth to hers. She SLAPS him across the face, holding his wide-eyed stare for a moment, before kissing him back.

Raw, angry passion. Clearly, these two have secretly been fucking. This time, before it can get past a kiss, Cece's conscience wins out and she abruptly pushes away from him...

CECE
... She's my best friend!

KANE
What do you want me to say, I'm sorry? I'm not.

Cece stands there for another moment, wondering what the hell she's doing here, disgusted with herself as much as Kane, before finally turning without a word and striding back out.

Kane simply pours himself another drink.

EXT. EARTH - THE RIVER - DAY

Clarke stands with Octavia and Monty on the lip of the gorge. Finn and Jasper are above them in the branches of a tree.

We see at once that they have gathered several of the vines that are everywhere weeping toward the water and have woven them together to form a rope.

At the moment, Finn is testing its strength. It passes. He looks to Jasper...

FINN
You're an evil genius, you know that?

CLARKE
You wanted to go first. Now stop stalling.

JASPER
Just hold on until the apogee and you'll be fine.

FINN
Apogee? You mean the Indians?

JASPER
Apogee not Apache.

CLARKE
He knows. Today, Finn.

FINN
Aye aye, Captain.
(then; to Jasper)
See yah on the other side.

With that, he launches, swinging down, then out over the river, letting go at the apogee, flying untethered the last twenty feet, before sticking the landing on the far bank.

For a moment, no one moves, then Finn spins to face them, thrusting his hands in the air like a conquering warrior...

FINN (CONT'D)
WE... ARE... APOGEE!!

As the others release their amazement in a collective joyous WHOOP, we begin the subtle use of an UNKNOWN POV. Could be someone or something is watching them. Maybe not.

In A SERIES OF SHOTS, we'll now track the others as they make the same jump. Next up is Clarke.

Her flight is good and her landing is solid, but the ground beneath her crumbles, threatening to pull her into the water.

Finn pulls her back just in time. Holds on a moment longer than necessary. She doesn't mind.

Octavia SCREAMS like a child on a roller-coaster, offering a special "fuck you" glance down to the river below, before landing gingerly on her bandaged leg.

Although she doesn't need it, Jasper's there to catch her, prompting huge smiles from all.

Within minutes, all are standing on the far bank, a clear sense of pride on each of their faces.

Clearly, the journey has changed them, bonded them. They are no longer prisoners. No longer separated by which station they come from. They are friends. More. A team.

CLARKE
Let's go find those supplies.

As they turn for the ruins of Mount Weather, Octavia is the first to notice that there's something hanging from the trees all around them. She reaches up and pulls down an apple.

The realization that they're standing in an overgrown orchard fills them each with wonder.

Octavia takes the first bite of fruit in a hundred years. The sweetness of it overwhelms her.

Needing to share the experience, she looks to the others.

The fact that she offers it to Jasper over Finn surprises her as much as Jasper. Eating from her hand, he bites into it with abandon, nothing tentative for this kid. Not anymore.

JASPER
You guys gotta try this.

The pure joy in his face prompts the others to reach for apples, too, when something happens that changes everything:

A SPEAR EXPLODES INTO JASPER'S CHEST, killing him instantly, pinning him to the tree at his back, leaving him upright.

So sudden that, for a moment, it's as if none of the others understands what they're looking at.

Then Octavia starts to SCREAM.

Wide, terror-filled eyes shoot back across the river as they take cover behind an outcropping of rocks. No one is there.

But someone was. Someone who didn't come down on a dropship. Someone who grew up here, learned to throw a spear, to kill.

Finally, the words drip like poison from Clarke's lips...

CLARKE
... We're not alone.

BLACKNESS.

THE END