

RELIEF

Pilot

Written by
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A NOTE ON SPANISH, ENGLISH AND CLARITY:

Much of this story takes place in Mexico, with English- and Spanish-speakers switching frequently between languages.

A (parenthetical) will denote that the language has shifted from English to Spanish, or vice versa, rather than appearing in every line of dialogue.

Spanish dialogue will also be *italicized*, and should be subtitled unless otherwise noted.

ACT ONE

EXT. FARROW HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

All's quiet outside a low-slung California ranch house. Headlights glow through the garage windows, the rumble of a MINIVAN barely audible.

And then -- SLAM!

The side door swings open and a WOMAN spills out onto the concrete walk. GASPING, she's a fish out of water. She loses consciousness briefly, snaps back to, gulps for air. Gradually she regains her breath...

DR. CAMILLA FARROW (40), slight and intense, stares cock-eyed at the open door, the garage full of NOXIOUS EXHAUST. Then at her hands. Makes a fist. All seems to be working fine.

FARROW

Okay...

She gets to her feet and starts walking AWAY from the house and down the street.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The RECEPTIONIST is busy fielding calls as she gives Farrow half an iota of attention:

RECEPTIONIST

Help you, hun?

Farrow lets out a barely audible squeak.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

What's that?

FARROW

(focusing, louder)

I think I might have... carbon monoxide poisoning.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Farrow's in a hospital gown, sat up on butcher paper, responding to questions from a neurologist, DR. ADAMS (30s).

FARROW

Still the Biden administration, far as I know.

DR. ADAMS

Sure is. And what month is it?

FARROW
June.

DR. ADAMS
Day?

FARROW
Like of the week, or -- ?

DR. ADAMS
The date, I mean.

FARROW
Well, it's Monday the seventh.

DR. ADAMS
(checks his watch)
Couple more hours anyway. So, I
guess the most important question
is, do you *feel* alright?

FARROW
Yeah. A little dizzy at first, but
the walk woke me up, now I feel
fine.

DR. ADAMS
You walked here? From MacArthur
Park?

FARROW
I didn't think I should drive.
(off his look)
Doctor, I run marathons. And I keep
two cans of mace in my bag.

DR. ADAMS
...you're not carrying your bag.

She realizes that that's true. Hmmm.

DR. ADAMS (CONT'D)
Doctor Farrow, would you walk me
through what you remember?

FARROW
Um. I dropped my daughter off with
her father at four. Then an
interview with the *Times*. Drove
home. Spaced out in the garage, I
guess.

DR. ADAMS
An interview. What about?

FARROW
My work, not that it's material.

Dr. Adams gets it, doesn't press.

DR. ADAMS
Doctor Farrow, this type of trauma can sometimes have psychological consequences.

FARROW
"Trauma." You mean brain damage?

DR. ADAMS
Of a sort.

FARROW
What consequences?

DR. ADAMS
Cognitive. Emotional. Only in rare cases -- nevertheless, I recommend an fMRI scan so we can get out in front of any complications.
(sensing her unease)
It would be completely confidential of course.

FARROW
Right... Right, okay.

DR. ADAMS
Good. Just hang tight and I'll get everything ready.

The Doctor exits. Farrow shifts uncomfortably on the butcher paper.

EXT. FARROW HOUSE - NIGHT

Farrow approaches the house. The garage side door is now CLOSED. No headlights, no engine hum. *Shit.*

INT. FARROW HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Beepbeepbeep, the security system announces Farrow's presence as she enters. She punches in the code.

STAN (O.S.)
Jesus, Cami.

Farrow's estranged husband, STAN (45), sensitive (and not just about his bald spot), rounds the corner.

FARROW

What are you doing here, Stan?

She's brusque, as he wraps her up in a teary embrace.

STAN

Oh my god -- the car was running,
the door was wide open -- I thought
the worst for sure.

FARROW

I'm fine, Stan.

STAN

I... Marion forgot one of her
books. I tried to call ahead, but
you didn't answer and then...

He trails off, worked up. She stares at him, a little too long, a little too blankly. Finally:

FARROW

I'd just got home when I heard
someone hit a dog with their car. I
ran out, they drove off, but he was
still alive. So I wrapped him up,
and rode with rescue to the animal
hospital. He's going to be okay.

Stan marinates in that lie.

STAN

That is... so fundamentally you.
(embracing her again)
And thank God. If anything had
happened to you, it would ruin me.
The world without you is a
goddamned disaster.

As he spills another round of relieved tears, Farrow stares out into space. What the fuck just happened?

CUT TO TITLE CARD:

"RELIEF"

FADE IN:

EXT. UNDERWATER - LATE AFTERNOON

Violently rolling waves. The sheer force of the water is staggering. Sand, kelp and debris whip this way and that. Muffled VOICES call out to one another. Legs and arms kick frantically as we emerge onto --

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A sunny, late-summer day. Boys roughhouse in the surf. Girls watch and giggle, some getting dragged into the fun.

"PUERTO AZÚL, MEXICO"

"THREE MONTHS LATER"

A MAN (30s), white, his good looks fading like his University of Wisconsin tank top, watches a group of college kids between sips of his margarita.

He catches eyes with one of them, Aphrodite in a sarong, and raises a toast to her.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Get you something, mister?

A local boy, JOAQUÍN (16), approaches. A carton strapped to his chest bursts with odds and ends. His kid sister, LOUISA (13), looks on. Coupla street rats.

MAN

Whatcha got in there?

JOAQUÍN

Whatever you want. It's for a good cause.

MAN

Uh huh, what's that?

JOAQUÍN

Me and my sister gotta make a buck is what.

The Man shakes his head, indicating his drink. He's good.

JOAQUÍN (CONT'D)

Whatever. No glass on the beach, bro.

(moving on to the co-eds)

Hello, hello! You want nightlife?
I'm James Franco! Get you weed,
tequila, whatever you want. Spring
Break forever, bitches!

Joaquín trots across the beach with his carton of wares. Louisa follows, rolling her eyes.

EXT. VIÑEDA HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

A fine hacienda overlooking Puerto Azúl. Diesel MERCEDES SEDAN parked in the drive.

INT. VIÑEDA HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

A pair of callused feet step out of their shoes and onto cool tile. DR. EDUARDO VIÑEDA (45), proud and weary, eases across the well-appointed kitchen and pours a glass of sotól.

DR. VIÑEDA
(Spanish)
You started without me.

MAYA
Does that make me bad, Doctor?

He looks up at his angelic wife, MAYA, dressed in an evening gown. She saunters over, a little drunk.

MAYA (CONT'D)
The clock would barely move all afternoon.

DR. VIÑEDA
You knew I was cutting out early for the gala.

MAYA
But knowing made it go all the more slowly. I've been ready to go for hours.

DR. VIÑEDA
I bet you have.

She's not just referring to the dress and he knows it. Maya giggles as he sweeps her up and kisses her.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

THWACK! THWACK! A NAIL GUN fires over a MAN'S SCREAMS. The PROPRIETOR of this hardware store is rapidly losing daylight as a plywood board entombs him within the wall.

He beseeches the man with the nails, RAÚL (50s), reptilian.

PROPRIETOR
(Spanish)
God, please stop! I can't breathe!

RAÚL

*We'll pry you out once you've
learned your lesson. Be grateful
I'm on my brother's orders, he's a
lot more merciful than my nephew.*

He indicates MATÍAS (20s), a brutal playboy, who smirks.

The panicked Proprietor throws his weight against the board, causing Raúl to SHOOT A NAIL THROUGH HIS HAND! He HOWLS, grabbing at his wound as the Proprietor pounds and scream.

MATÍAS

Oh shut up already!

THWACK THWACK THWACK! Matías fires a series of nails into the CENTER OF THE BOARD. The screaming goes silent. *Muerto.*

Raúl shoots Matías a look.

MATÍAS (CONT'D)

*So? He'll be a lesson to the next
guy.*

He leaves his uncle to nurse his punctured hand, exiting onto the bustling street where...

EXT. PUERTO AZÚL - AERIAL - SUNSET

People all over are squeezing out the last drops of Summer.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - WESTWOOD - ESTABLISHING - SUNSET

Evening rush hour traffic pushes down the condominium canyon of Wilshire Blvd.

"LOS ANGELES"

Like a tumor on an otherwise idyllic campus, UCLA's Community Health Sciences building may be the ugliest you'll ever see.

INT. LECTURE HALL - UCLA CHS BUILDING - EVENING

ELSA REYES (29), Mexican-American, smart but soft around the edges, LECTURES as she flicks through illustrative SLIDES:

ELSA

When the rebels burned the U.N. airstrip, the refugees were forced to slaughter their livestock to survive. And without livestock, they became the rebels' dependents, just as planned: Join up or starve to death.

Dr. Farrow sits in the back row, TAKING NOTES.

And reading by her side is her daughter, MARION FARROW (10).
 We may wonder if she's adopted, as the blackness of her skin is a stark contrast to her mother's.

ELSA (CONT'D)

But as a last resort, some refugees
 ate their dogs. And in so doing,
 exposed themselves to *Echinococcus*
granulosus --

Elsa plays a VIDEO: a surgeon pulls a HUMAN LIVER through an
 abdominal incision. Gloved hands squeeze slimy, BASEBALL
 SIZED ORBS out of it into a dish.

Many of the (mostly female) students recoil. Farrow doesn't
 blink, slurping a boba drink as she scribbles intently.

A STUDENT speaks up, addressing Farrow:

STUDENT

And did you remove those cysts
 yourself, Dr. Farrow?

FARROW

(not looking up)
 No, Ms. Rosenthal. I directed my
 questions to my T.A., whose
 performance is being evaluated.

Elsa grins appreciatively.

ELSA

As I was saying --

But a PHONE goes off: Carol King's "*I Feel The Earth Move.*"
 Farrow realizes it's hers, checks the number, frowns.

FARROW

Excuse me.
 (into phone)
 Hello, George?

She exits into the HALLWAY, the students' gaze following her
 curiously.

A beat as she listens...

INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Farrow bursts back into the lecture hall, calling down to
 Elsa:

FARROW

Elsa, there's been an earthquake on the Alarcón fault -- 8.4. A tsunami is expected to make landfall any minute. Grab your gear, we're on a plane to Mexico in half an hour.

The students look on expectantly. Elsa searches for something to say -- she was not prepared for this.

ELSA

I guess you're all dismissed.

EXT. PUERTO AZÚL - NIGHT

There's a buzz about the seaside resort. Vacationers revel near the beaches. Further inland, in a tough part of town, a RADIO plays through the window of a cinderblock hovel...

INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joaquín and Louisa help their ABUELA in the kitchen. The old woman leans on a CRUTCH, but is surprisingly spry. She FLICKS THE RADIO OFF as she ladles their dinner from a large pot.

ABUELA

(Spanish)

Okay, dinner's up. One of you help me with this and --

JOAQUÍN

I'll set the table!

Joaquín scoops up the silverware and exits.

LOUISA

He always does the easy part.

ABUELA

We girls have it a little harder.

Louisa huffs and carries the plates into...

INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE - NEXT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The table has been hastily set but Joaquín is nowhere to be seen.

LOUISA

Joaco?

The door swings softly shut. Joaquín has vanished into the night.

EXT./INT. MINIVAN - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (MOVING)

Farrow's minivan weaves through airport traffic. She's a maniac driver. Marion rocks side-to-side in back, engrossed in her book, as Elsa holds on for dear life.

Elsa and Farrow speak INTO THEIR PHONES -- Farrow quick and focused, Elsa anxious:

<p style="text-align: center;">FARROW</p> <p>...she'll be with Security. I'll text you the name of whatever guard I leave her with. (then) She's a big girl, she can take care of herself -- (to Marion) Isn't that right, baby. (then) I'm sorry Stan. If you're so worried, you'd better hurry to LAX. (finally) Yeah, I'll be careful.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ELSA</p> <p>...Ozzie might develop a UTI from the stress, just check for blood in his litter box every now and then -- (then) Look, would you rather my parents came down to do it? No I'm not saying I don't think you can handle it. (then) I honestly don't know how long it's going to be... (finally) Yeah, I love you too.</p>
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They both hang up. Then:

FARROW (CONT'D)
Whatever you don't have on you, you'll need to grab on the run. Leave your laptop, Stan will take it home with him.

They approach LAX Departures. Farrow checks the charge on her IPOD, pockets it and looks at Marion.

FARROW (CONT'D)
Sit tight, honey. Mommy'll be back home soon.
(then, to Elsa)
Let's hit the ground running.

EXT. L.A.X. - DEPARTURES CURB - CONTINUOUS

A surprised Elsa follows Farrow out of the still-running minivan. An AIRPORT POLICE OFFICER spots them heading inside.

AIRPORT POLICE OFFICER
Ma'am! You cannot park your vehicle there.

Without missing a beat, she flashes her GOVERNMENT ID.

FARROW

Camilla Farrow, Office of Foreign
Disaster Aid. I'm getting on a
plane in seven minutes. Get in my
way and you'll hear from the State
Department within the hour.

(then, striding past)

Keys are inside.

Off this, we're BACK TO --

EXT. PUERTO AZÚL - BEACH - NIGHT

Joaquín approaches a bonfire where those College Kids are
partying. A BEAUTIFUL GIRL offers a beer.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

You made it.

JOAQUÍN

Yeah.

Down at the waterline, further out than the tide ought to
allow, the guy in the Wisconsin tank top and Aphrodite are
making out in the sand.

With the music blaring, no one notices the sound of SIRENS
winding up in the distance.

JOAQUÍN (CONT'D)

What's their deal?

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

(shrugging)

Gettin' that Summer while it lasts.

(then)

So what's your name?

He smiles.

But before he can answer, a RUSHING WALL OF BLACKNESS rises
out of the ocean. It sweeps over Wisco and Aphrodite, Joaquín
and Beautiful and all the beachgoers. It extinguishes the
bonfire, the china lamps, the street lights, the sirens. The
furious churning darkness silences it all, as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. MEXICAN COASTLINE - PRE-DAWN (MOVING)**

Waves crash as the Mexican coast swims past. There are towns down there, but someone's TURNED OUT ALL THE LIGHTS.

With a deep THRUM, a low-flying HELICOPTER soars into view.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

Elsa is catching a precious hour of shut-eye. Farrow chatters into a SATELLITE PHONE as she scribbles notes.

FARROW

...just one hospital, but there are two urgent care facilities to beef up if we can find the staff...

As the sun peeks over the mountains, Farrow sees the city for the first time. A dawning frown.

FARROW (CONT'D)

Hey, hang on a second, something's not right --

(yelling to the pilot)

Hey! What's all that water?

The Pilot shakes his head, no idea. Farrow gets a better look out the window, unfolds a map.

FARROW (CONT'D)

Jesus, there's six or seven square miles still underwater.

(into phone)

No, I know it doesn't make sense.

Look, I'll call you back --

(signaling to the pilot)

We're gonna have to find another place to land.

Elsa creaks awake and peers out. Well, fuck.

EXT. PUERTO AZÚL - HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

They bank over the devastated city. Indeed, a large swath near the coastline is STILL UNDERWATER, reflected in the early sun.

The chopper TOUCHES DOWN ON A HILL where TENTS are being erected by American and Mexican VOLUNTEERS. Small handfuls of SURVIVORS have made it up here, with more trudging up the hill.

As Farrow and Elsa climb out, they're met by a waving American man, DARBY CLARKE (30s), who yells over the rotors.

DARBY
Hey! Fresh faces!

FARROW
(shaking his hand)
Farrow and Reyes, OFDA.

DARBY
Darby Clarke, Amerelief. We've actually met...

FARROW
Yes, hello Darby. What've you got?

DARBY
Uh, we got a couple tents, we're putting up a command post and triage --

FARROW
Move them.

DARBY
What?

FARROW
Up the hill. You're too close to that muck down there.

Darby stares. The rising noise of the helicopter underscores his displeasure as it takes off. Elsa interjects, as if the problem is clarity:

ELSA
The brackish water's a breeding ground for disease --

DARBY
(sharp, to Farrow)
I'm sorry, who gave you the authority to order us around?

But Farrow sees a face she recognizes...

FARROW
(to Elsa)
Make sure they handle it.

...and moves off, leaving Elsa standing awkwardly with the NGO veteran she's suddenly expected to boss around. Darby Clarke glares at her and walks away.

FARROW (CONT'D)

Carson.

CARSON TOLLER (38), sturdy, African American, looks up and greets her with a megawatt smile.

CARSON

Cam-with-the-Plan-Fucking-Farrow! I was hoping you were still on this beat.

They embrace. Old friends. Maybe more.

FARROW

What's the sitrep? All this water--

CARSON

Yeah, it's bizarre. Should be funneling out of a drainage channel. My guys and I were gonna scout it in the Zodiac.

FARROW

Hospital?

He points at a DERELICT BUILDING a mile away.

CARSON

First floor's underwater. There's a backup generator going. Gas for now, but that'll be a problem soon.

FARROW

Copy that. Mayor alive?

CARSON

No idea.

FARROW

Well if he or his staff turn up, let's make sure they talk to me first, yeah?

He nods. She surveys the city. It's hard to tell where the ocean ends and the debris begin.

Farrow spots Elsa, gesticulating meekly as she trails Darby.

FARROW (CONT'D)

Elsa! On me, we're going with search and rescue. Mr. Clarke, we're going to borrow your boat!

Off Darby Clarke, increasingly unhappy --

EXT./INT. MERCEDES - STREET - DAY (MOVING)

A diesel Mercedes speeds through a devastated street, passing shell-shocked locals and worse.

Dr. Viñeda drives manically, still in his evening finest.

DR. VIÑEDA
(Spanish)
*Hang on, baby, just keep that
pressure on.*

Between gear shifts, he presses his hand hard against his wife Maya's abdomen. It comes away COVERED IN BLOOD.

He swerves down an incline then slams on the brakes!

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

With a squeal and a SPLASH the Mercedes comes to a stop in waist-deep WATER. Viñeda tries to reverse but it's too late. The engine stalls and dies.

He exits. Ahead is the HOSPITAL, its first floor entirely flooded. There's no way Maya can swim across with him.

DR. VIÑEDA
Shit, shit, shit!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Up here!

He looks up. Standing on a hospital-adjacent rooftop is a plump woman, GABRIELLA (40s). This hospital administrator's indefatigable grin is the most welcome sight in the world.

DR. VIÑEDA
Gabi, thank God.

GABRIELLA
Around this way.

Viñeda pulls Maya out of the car, follows Gabi to a stairwell and maneuvers Maya up to the debris-strewn ROOF.

DR. VIÑEDA
*Maya's ribs are broken. Internal
bleeding, compound fractures...
(showing the grisly wound)
Is there a way across?*

Gabi indicates a MAKESHIFT PLANK BRIDGE. Thirty feet to the hospital's front awning. Viñeda toes it, uncertain. The soggy wood creaks.

DR. VIÑEDA (CONT'D)
...here, her shoes.

Together, they slip off Maya's stilettos.

Viñeda steers Maya onto the plank, steps in line behind her. He slips one hand onto her abdomen for pressure, taking her other hand to guide her.

DR. VIÑEDA (CONT'D)
Okay. Just like we never stopped dancing.

They start across the creaky bridge, his toes to her heels. An agonizing salsa of splintery half-steps. They nearly topple off, the bridge nearly buckles...

But finally they make it. Viñeda heaves a sigh of relief and gives Gabi a thumbs up.

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Viñeda helps Maya into an upstairs window, where an ORDERLY notices their arrival --

ORDERLY
Dr. Viñeda! Are you --

DR. VIÑEDA
I'm fine. I need a bed.

ORDERLY
 (seeing his wife)
Of course. Just -- sir, what should we do?

DR. VIÑEDA
What do you mean? Help them.

ORDERLY
*Well there's...
 (looking around)
 It's just Drs. Aguilera, Fonseca and you.*

Dr. Viñeda looks at the chaos. At least a hundred WOUNDED PEOPLE, shouting and moaning, in this hallway alone. Shit.

Finally, he leans in confidentially:

DR. VIÑEDA
I need to tend to my wife. Do you understand?

GABRIELLA (O.S.)
Is that really a good idea?

Gabriella has just climbed in behind them. Nods at Maya.

DR. VIÑEDA
 (to the Orderly)
...you're sure there's no one else?

The Orderly is stricken. Shakes his head.

DR. VIÑEDA (CONT'D)
 (to Gabriella)
There's no one else.

Off Gabi and the Orderly as Viñeda carts her away --

EXT./INT. ABUELA'S HOUSE (DESTROYED) - DAY

A thin figure crab-walks across creaking wood and crumbling cinderblocks -- the neighborhood is reduced to rubble.

It's Joaquín!

The street kid's face is bloated purple, nose and eye sockets all broken. He can scarcely bring himself to peel back the roof of the house, exposing the dark interior.

JOAQUÍN
 (Spanish, weakly)
Grandma! Louisa! It's Joaco. Are you in there? I'm sorry I left. I should have stayed.

He lowers himself in, splashing into knee-deep water. No sign of life. He JUMPS when something brushes his leg, face contorting in anguish when he sees:

His grandmother's CRUTCH, floating in the wreckage.

JOAQUÍN (CONT'D)
 (choking back tears)
Grandma...?

ABUELA (O.S.)
Joaco...

It's the frailest croak, but Joaquín leaps for joy, splashing over to his injured Abuela. With the crutch, he helps her delicately to her feet and onto the roof of the collapsed structure.

JOAQUÍN
Are you hurt? Where's Louisa?

ABUELA
 (not all there)
I... she's... a nun.

JOAQUÍN
What? What are you saying?

ABUELA
A nun. Took her.

Joaquín wants to ask more when a NOISE approaches from a distance... An outboard MOTOR! A ZODIAC RAFT powers through the flooded neighborhood. Joaquín waves and hollers:

JOAQUÍN
*Here! Over here!! ... Help! Help,
 please!*
 (and finally)
Stop, you bastards! We're here!
STOP!!!

But it's no use. The Zodiac passes them by...

EXT. ZODIAC - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

Elsa sits between Farrow, Carson and a handful of Carson's men. Farrow's busily annotating a street map.

Elsa sees the waving, beckoning Survivors:

ELSA
 Dr. Farrow.

FARROW
 Mmm.

ELSA
 Dr. Farrow. Those people.

FARROW
 See 'em, thanks.

She makes a pencil mark on the map, then turns to the driver:

FARROW (CONT'D)
 Veer left up here along *La Fachada* --

ELSA
 Aren't we going to help them?

Farrow stops, looks up. Carson gives Elsa a sidelong glance.

FARROW
 What do you think we're doing?

Elsa doesn't answer.

FARROW (CONT'D)

We're making our survey. If we stop to help every stranded family, we won't have situational awareness.

ELSA

But --

FARROW

(steamrolling)

And without *awareness*, how can I even begin to conduct this operation? We've got thousands of people trapped because the waters haven't receded. Our first priority is to drain these neighborhoods, or Carson's search and rescue never gets off the ground.

(then, pointed)

Now can I count on you to keep your head on straight, or do I need to send you home?

Elsa watches Joaquín recede behind them, overcome by pangs of guilt. But before she can answer...

DRIVER (O.S.)

Ho-ly shit.

Elsa and the others look up. What they see knocks the wind out of them.

CARSON

Well, looks like we've found our blockage.

FARROW

Mmm...

Farrow takes in the obstacle facing them: A HUGE BARGE cast ashore by the tsunami, debris piled up all around, creating a MASSIVE DAM. "Blockage" doesn't even begin to describe it.

This isn't going to be easy.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT./INT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - OFDA TENT - DAY**

Back atop the hill, Farrow approaches the unfurnished tent that will serve as her command center. Elsa trails.

FARROW

I'm putting you in charge of the camp layout. Can you handle that?

Elsa nods; Farrow nods back, good girl. She and Carson wave thanks to the Volunteers, zip themselves inside, and huddle as Farrow dials her satellite phone...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. OFDA HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Establish the RONALD REAGAN BUILDING, a limestone office two blocks from the White House.

INT. OFDA HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - GEORGE'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

GEORGE PENROSE (60) -- genteel, even-keeled, as helpful a bureaucrat as you'll ever find -- answers:

GEORGE

Penrose.

FARROW

George, it's Farrow. I'm on with Carson Toller, Amerelief search and rescue.

GEORGE

Good to hear you two've re-connected. Darby Clarke there too? Not that the OFDA badge carries much weight, Carson, but we'd appreciate your help establishing chain of command.

CARSON

I'll do what I can with Darby. But we've got a more immediate concern, George: the city's flooded. We need excavation equipment. Or better yet, high explosives and someone trained to use them, or my search and rescue team's gonna have a hell of a slog.

GEORGE

Mmm. Tough ask. The Mexican national guard is stretched thin; this thing hit a thousand miles of coastline.

FARROW

What about U.S. troops?

GEORGE

That is a non-starter, Mexico wants nothing to do with our boots on their soil. If they got tangled up with the cartels, they're concerned it'd turn into an occupation.

FARROW

And the Navy?

GEORGE

Three medical frigates steaming your way... but it's not like we can bombard the coast.

FARROW

Well then we'll have to think of some way to bring down a hundred ton barge ourselves --

GEORGE

Camilla, I'm doing everything I can.

CARSON

Or mop it all up with our shirts.

GEORGE

Both of you. Aid shipments will start arriving soon. Explosives will be tricky, but dammit I'm going to try.

FARROW

...thanks George. Do try.

GEORGE

Also, per State: I need you to assess the status of American expats and tourists. We're compiling a list.

FARROW

Copy that.

LOSE INTERCUT as she hangs up.

CARSON
What're you thinking?

A beat as she thinks. Then she tears open the door:

FARROW
Elsa!

Elsa comes running, peeks her head inside.

FARROW (CONT'D)
Leave the tents to Darby. You find me able-bodied refugees, tools and if possible, explosives. We can't count on outside help, so let's start chipping away at that dam.

ELSA
Explosives...?
(then, asserting)
Yes, ma'am. I won't let you down.

As she exits, off Farrow, considering what's next --

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. APARTMENT - DAY

CLICK CLACK CLICK CLACK.

A hip D.C. loft. Sunlight and the piercing noise of stiletto on hardwood awaken FAISAL (30). He's the type that inks tokens of his travels all over his body.

Faisal checks his PHONE -- dead, the cord not fully engaged. He clicks it into place and it glows to life: 0% charged.

FAISAL
What time is it?

A YOUNG WOMAN, work hard/play hard type with a hung over scowl, enters in a pencil skirt and heels.

YOUNG WOMAN
Time for me to go. Seen my blouse?

FAISAL
Ah come on.

YOUNG WOMAN
(re: the blouse)
No?

She's uninterested in his hands beckoning her to bed. Faisal makes a half-assed show of rummaging through his comforter and piles of gossip rag copy.

FAISAL

Uh-uh.

YOUNG WOMAN

Then I'm taking this sweatshirt.
(pulls on a Columbia
hoodie)

Consider us even for your five
vodka sodas and the whiskeydick
rubdown.

She SLAMS the door.

A beat.

BUZZ-BUZZ. His phone (now 2% battery) leaps to life. "28
Messages." What the hell?

INT./EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - METRO STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Faisal crosses towards a Metro stop, a TRAVEL BAG and CAMERA
CASE strapped to his body. He flips through the news on a
tablet as he chatters with his EDITOR on the phone:

EDITOR (V.O.)

*...no one subscribes for a human
interest story, Fai.*

FAISAL

I'm not talking about a human
interest story, Jeanne. I'm talking
about carrion birds descending on
the bloated, rotting carcass of a
human interest story.

EDITOR (V.O.)

*So, the corruption and vice angle.
What makes you think you'll find
any?*

FAISAL

Have you been to Mexico the last
couple years?

EDITOR (V.O.)

Well ain't that some bigoted shit.

FAISAL

What'd you have, PC Puffs for
breakfast? I've been there.

EDITOR (V.O.)

*You'll hafta do better than that if
you want me to pay your way.*

As Faisal jockeys his way down into the busy station:

FAISAL
 I'm gonna lose you. If I don't have
 a lead by end of day, I'll buy my
 own damned flight.
 (hanging up)
 "...human interest..."

He scoffs to himself as he catches the train.

EXT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - ACCESS ROAD - DAY

A LIFTGATE flies open, as Farrow, Darby Clarke and a Driver peer into the back of a CUBE TRUCK.

Darby examines a cardboard crate full of PILL PACKETS.

DARBY
 "Sopritol." From PharmaWest.
 (to the driver, Spanish)
What the hell is this?

The Driver shrugs.

FARROW
 (English)
 Antipsychotics.
 (to Volunteers)
 Start unloading these boxes and
 don't let any of them walk away.

DARBY
 Antipsych-- Dr. Farrow, I have to
 object!

But Farrow's already calling out to a nearby FAMILY OF SURVIVORS.

FARROW
 (Spanish)
*You five. You're together? You have
 family within driving distance?*

The Patriarch nods.

FARROW (CONT'D)
 (to the Driver)
*You're going to take them wherever
 they need to go. Bill PharmaWest
 for your fuel and time.*
 (MORE)

FARROW (CONT'D)

Tell them if they want to make a tax deductible donation, we aren't accepting their trial phase cast-offs.

DARBY

(English, wary)

But what do we do with it all?

FARROW

Burn it, Darby. Don't want a drug trade breaking out on day one, do we?

Darby nods, "Oh right." As the family crams into the emptying truck, he sees their RELIEVED FACES, has to hand it to her:

DARBY

You're just a natural caretaker, aren't you.

FARROW

That's what people tell me.

A beat as she watches the family go, lost in thought...

INT./EXT. PEARL'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

It's several months ago. Stan waits in the minivan as Farrow drops Marion with her mother, PEARL (late 60s), a little too made up for the occasion. Pearl scratches Marion's head affectionately, directing her into the kitchen.

PEARL

Hun, why don't you pre-heat the oven to 375?

(to Farrow)

Wounded Warrior bake sale.

FARROW

Thanks Mom. I'll pick her up tomorrow, lunchtime.

Farrow gives her a peck, is halfway gone already when:

PEARL

Why don't you leave her the whole weekend?

FARROW

No that's fine --

PEARL

Or heck, how about the week?

Farrow stops, catching the edge in her mother's voice.

FARROW

Mom, if it's a burden...

PEARL

Of course you'd assume that. I'd have Marion here every day if I could. But you chuck her out the door without so much as a "have a good time."

FARROW

Jesus, I'm sorry. So I forgot to lay on the goodbyes this one time.

PEARL

Come on, Camilla. It's every time.

FARROW

Okay, you wanna tell me where this is coming from? 'Cause I haven't done one thing to my daughter --

PEARL

Or for her. Or *with* her.

Farrow just sucks her teeth, guard up. Pearl's voice is stern and concerned.

PEARL (CONT'D)

You know, you didn't come along at the best time in *my* life. I had postpartum depression for six months but it seems like you've had it for *ten years*. And I don't --

She stops. This is hard to say. She peeks into the kitchen to be sure Marion's not listening, then WHISPERS:

PEARL (CONT'D)

I don't understand, if you were going to be this way, why'd you have her at all?

A beat. Farrow's voice cuts like a razor.

FARROW

It's not like I had a choice in the matter.

PEARL

But that's not *true*, Camilla.
 However she was conceived, and it
 hurts me as a Christian to say so,
 but it was your choice to carry her
 to term, and to keep her.

(then)

God help me, I don't mean to make
 you relive that whole episode...

Farrow glares balefully. Pearl takes a beat, softens, trying
 a different tack.

PEARL (CONT'D)

I know you think of your father as
 a hero, sticking his neck out for
 those... foreigners. Well he never
 made it home to me, or to you. And
 I just wish, when you think about
 heroes, you'd start looking at your
 husband. He's been fighting for you
 and Marion for ten years, and he
 always makes it home with a smile.

Off Farrow, looking out at Stan who catches her eyes through
 the window. Gives her a smile. So heroic.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY (PRESENT)

Back to the present. Joaquín enters the hospital, practically
 dragging his ailing grandmother. Gabriella, the hospital
 administrator, spots them.

GABRIELLA

(Spanish)

Oh no. Where is she hurt?

(to an Orderly)

Find me a gurney.

JOAQUÍN

*I think she hit her head. She's not
 herself...*

GABRIELLA

Is it just you two?

Joaquín grimaces, not sure how to answer. He's reluctant to
 let go of his Abuela. Gabriella gives Joaquín's hand a
 reassuring squeeze before gently removing it.

They cart her away, leaving Joaquín alone.

He spots a Catholic PRIEST (late 20s, too young for all
 this), reading the dying their rites.

JOAQUÍN

Father? I'm looking for a nun. I think my sister is with her.

He produces a waterlogged PHOTO of Louisa.

PRIEST

A nun? There's no convent in Puerto Azúl.

JOAQUÍN

Or maybe a... I don't know. She's with someone.

PRIEST

Many people were hiking out, on the highway, before the tents went up and anyone knew where to go. You could try to find her on the road?

Joaquín looks out at a narrow road winding into the hills, torn, as the Orderly steers his Abuela away.

INT. HOSPITAL - MAYA'S AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Viñeda is hunched over Maya, blood spatter all over him. He's been at this a long time. Gabriella approaches, startles him with her touch:

GABRIELLA

Eduardo. She's...?

DR. VIÑEDA

Got a day, two maybe.

GABRIELLA

What do you need?

DR. VIÑEDA

AB-negative blood. The power was out too long, the refrigerators... It's spoiled. Unless we get more, or I can get her inland, there's nothing I can do.

GABRIELLA

*(after a tough beat)
Then I must insist. There are other patients who you can help.*

He looks out at the gathered masses, at Joaquín's ailing Abuela. She's right. He nods, turning to Maya:

DR. VIÑEDA

*If you can hear me, darling, hold
on with all your might.*

He affixes a RED TAG around Maya's wrist, kisses her gently, and finally goes.

INT. OFDA HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - RECEPTION - DAY

A throng of REPORTERS crowds outside George Penrose's office in the Reagan Building. Inside, George yells into a phone. His SECRETARY fends off one of the reporters.

SECRETARY

Absolutely not, you'll have to wait
till we put out a release...

Faisal the reporter scopes the situation, then ducks out of sight.

INT. OFDA HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Faisal fires off a long TEXT MESSAGE and then makes a call:

FAISAL

Jeanne, you get my text just now?

(then)

Do me a solid. Call George
Penrose's office at OFDA and read
that off.

(then)

Yeah, time to put those acting
classes to use.

INT. OFDA HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Faisal strides purposefully past the other Reporters just as the Secretary's PHONE RINGS. She answers:

SECRETARY

George Penrose's office...

(then)

From the Red Cross?

(seeing Faisal)

Oh! Yes, I think he's here
actually. Thanks so much.

She hangs up and greets Faisal with an exhausted smile.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Are you Oren?

He nods an affirmative lie.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

That was your boss on the phone.
Sorry you had to run all the way
over here, terrible day for your
server to go down.

FAISAL

It's this damned sequester.

SECRETARY

I know, it's shameful. But I'll try
to help. You're looking for...?

FAISAL

Names. Whoever you're sending to
Mexico to handle this fucking
tragedy -- pardon the language.

SECRETARY

Not at all.

She begins printing several spreadsheets COVERED WITH NAMES.
She indicates the crowd of Reporters.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Just please don't share it.

FAISAL

(fakes "getting it")

Wait, are they all Press? On a day
like today? Why don't they just let
us do our jobs?

He tuts, sharing a bullshit moment of solidarity.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Faisal exits the Reagan Building with the bundle of papers in
hand. He hails a cab as he gabs into his phone:

FAISAL

I got a name, someone I go way back
with. She's going to give me access
on the ground in... Puerto Azúl.

EDITOR (V.O.)

"Go back with" how?

FAISAL

We sort of had a thing in college.
Or she did, anyway, for me. Her
name is Elsa Reyes.

As he slams the cab door and rides off...

INT. RAUL'S TENT - SUNSET

Elsa peeks into a tent with ONLY TWO OCCUPANTS: Matías and Raúl -- the duo from the hardware store nailgun incident.

ELSA
 (Spanish, surprised)
It's just the two of you in here?

RAÚL
We offered to share.

MATÍAS
...fucking peasants, man...

RAÚL
*Well, I offered to share, but all I got was polite refusals.
 (extending his hand)
 Raúl Nantes, and this is my nephew Matías, the "Scourge of Sinaloa."*

Elsa notices the other hand has been crudely bandaged.

ELSA
You're hurt?

MATÍAS
 (finding it funny)
He's got the stigmata.

RAÚL
Something like that. I'm fine.

Elsa takes a closer look, starts to peel the bandage, sees a glimmer of metal and raw red skin.

ELSA
*This is a terrible infection.
 (to Matías)
 You think this is funny?*

Matías stares at her -- the kind of mean, unnerving look that dares you to back down.

RAÚL
My apologies. The boy hasn't been socialized. He isn't used to being addressed directly.

ELSA
Maybe he got hit on the head.

RAÚL

*No, he completely escaped injury.
By the will of a God with a cruel
sense of humor.*

ELSA

(to Matías)

*Well if you're able-bodied, I'm
looking for volunteers.*

MATÍAS

What, to pitch tents?

ELSA

*We're trying to clear a dam.
(off Matías's sneer)
It's important.*

She's fuming. Raúl takes a subtle protective posture between Elsa and the coiled young man.

RAÚL

*Young lady, where are you from?
You're clearly intelligent, strong,
but you're not Mexican.*

She begins to protest but --

RAÚL (CONT'D)

*Your Spanish is good; your accent,
no. And if you were Mexican, you'd
have heard my nephew's name and
run. His father, my brother, is the
most powerful man in the western
states; if Matías acts out, the
only one facing the consequences
will be you.*

(then)

*Now this "dam" sounds like a tall
order, for poor civilians who just
lost everything. But the boy's
father has resources, and given the
situation, I think he'd be willing
to lend a hand...*

Off Elsa, not sure she wants to know what he has in mind --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

An access door bursts open and Carson's team spills out. They find dozens of TOURISTS and HOTEL STAFF, mostly white, huddled on the rooftop of a once-ritzy hotel.

A familiar Man approaches -- Wisconsin tank top stained with blood, no sign of Aphrodite. Let's call him DALE:

DALE

Thank God. You're finally getting us out of here.

CARSON

(counting to himself)
...twelve... fourteen... How many are you?

DALE

Uh. What're we... sixty-seven, last I counted.

CARSON

(to his men)
Start getting names.
(then, to Dale)
You in charge?

Dale's surprised by the question. He looks back at the crowd with an air of responsibility.

DALE

I suppose I am.

CARSON

Good. Take the hotel staff and inventory the supplies in the pantries. But don't open the fridges, we want them to keep cold.
(handing him a walkie)
I assume you know how to use that. Hopefully there's enough food down there for a couple weeks.

DALE

A couple weeks?

TEAM MEMBER (O.S.)

Carson!

A TEAM MEMBER waves Carson over to a tall boxy STRUCTURE on the roof. Dale trails him.

DALE
What do you mean, weeks?

CARSON
(ignoring, to Team Member)
That what I think it is?

The Team Member TAPS THE METALLIC SURFACE with his fist. Carson puts his ear against it. Hearing a satisfying SLOSH, he picks up his walkie:

CARSON (CONT'D)
Toller to Farrow.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - OFDA TENT - SAME

Farrow answers the call:

FARROW
Go ahead, Carson.

CARSON
I'm on top of the Meridian Hotel.
We just found our drinking water.

Dale stands back, looking at the structure -- a huge water tank. He had no idea.

FARROW
Thank God.

DALE
Waitwaitwait, what do you mean
"your water?"

CARSON
(to Farrow)
Hang on.
(to Dale)
This is the first store of potable
water we've found. There's fifty
thousand very thirsty people in
this city.

DALE
Well, you can't take it.

A beat. Carson sizes Dale up. He's got a couple inches on him, but Dale looks like he can handle his own.

CARSON
You hearing this, Dr. Farrow?

FARROW
Yuh. Sounds like a Wisconsinite
with a hero complex.

DALE
Who the hell is that supposed to
be?

CARSON
That is the woman in charge.
(to Farrow)
Whatchu thinking, Farrow?

FARROW
I think, if he causes you any
problems, you have my permission to
throw him off the roof.

Carson grins, holding the walkie out to be sure Dale can
hear. The blood rushes out of Dale's face.

CARSON
Copy that.
(then)
I forgot how good it was working
with you, Cam.

FARROW
Back atcha. Farrow out.

As Dale's puffed out chest deflates --

INT. FARROW HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We're back to that night. A party at the Farrow residence.
Camilla, Stan and George all stand around Elsa, who's
grinning ear-to-ear.

ELSA
Thank you all. You can't imagine
how excited I am to be a part of
the team.

GEORGE
Have you already deleted SPSS from
your computer?

FARROW
Oh, she's not getting away from
stats analysis.

GEORGE
Well in any case, congratulations.
(raising a toast)
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

To... still plenty of SPSS, but now with occasional bouts of excitement and comped travel.

The rest murmur congrats, clink glasses.

From the foyer, Darby Clarke approaches with Carson in tow, looking exceptionally sharp.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh! Everyone, while I'm in town, I wanted to introduce Darby Clarke of Amerelief. And good God, has he got Carson Toller with him?

Darby nods hello as George wraps Carson in an affectionate, drunken embrace. But Carson's eyes are on Farrow.

CARSON

(to George)

Miss you too, you old fag.

GEORGE

And you of course know Camilla Farrow and her husband Stan.

CARSON

Stan and I actually haven't had the pleasure.

Carson shakes Stan's hand. Stan can't stop himself looking Carson up and down. He seems surprised.

STAN

No, this is our first...

GEORGE

What, how's that possible?

FARROW

It's been *years*. How are you, Carson?

GEORGE

Oh of course, since your uh --
(tip-toeing)
Since the Sudan.

CARSON

We've seen each other once or twice since, but yes. A long time.

(to Farrow)

I'm with Darby's outfit now, S&R.

DARBY

I believe you knew Carson in his private security days. Those skills translate pretty well.

George leans in to Elsa, tries to be subtle, but he's a few martinis deep so:

GEORGE

(not sotto)

He saved her life, you know.

FARROW

George can we not? That's --

CARSON

It's a million years behind us.

Carson sees her discomfort, touches her shoulder. She forces a smile, then:

FARROW

(sotto)

Stan, you mind if Carson and I go get caught up?

STAN

Of course not, why would I?

She squeezes Stan's hand, leading Carson to the patio. Stan watches through the window as they talk and laugh -- Carson throws his arm around her shoulder, mussing her hair.

Stan shifts uneasily...

EXT. WATERLOGGED BUILDING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Farrow descends a muddy hill towards a high school gymnasium.

INT. WATERLOGGED BUILDING - NIGHT

A bunch of shitty folding chairs are spaced in a circle on the gym floor. Farrow sits with Elsa, Dr. Viñeda, Darby Clarke, and FATHER ESPARZA, the Priest from the hospital.

The Satellite Phone sits upright in the middle:

GEORGE (V.O.)

Any word from the Mayor or his people?

DARBY

Not yet.

FARROW

Well, that's why we've gathered you all...

(indicating Dr. Viñeda & Father Esparza)

You two, that is. To start a dialogue with the community. Elsa Reyes will be our liaison; we'd appreciate your help in determining what people need.

Dr. Viñeda nods along. But Father Esparza looks blank.

FATHER ESPARZA

My English is -- not so --

Elsa TRANSLATES what Farrow just said for the Priest. Darby Clarke takes the opportunity to step in --

DARBY

Now hold on. From the moment you arrived, my people have been ordered around and cut out of the loop. Are we just here for manual labor or what?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Believe me, I'm hearing you, Darby. But it's up to us to present a unified front.

FARROW

(sotto)

Yeah, make it a pissing contest why don't you...

GEORGE (V.O.)

Dr. Farrow's our brain trust. In 20 years, I've learned the best field decisions are the ones left to her discretion. But if it'll help matters, why don't you and Ms. Reyes share liaison duties? Your experience and her cultural fluency could be a potent combination.

(then)

Agreed?

A beat. Farrow doesn't like it, but finally puts up her hands in concession.

DARBY

Agreed.

FARROW

Elsa?

ELSA

(not expecting to have a
say)

What? Yes, of course.

FARROW

Fine. Good. Moving on, any word on
a Medevac?

Dr. Viñeda sits forward, listening intently to this bit.

GEORGE (V.O.)

*Finally some good news, there.
According to the state-level
coordinator you should be getting a
chopper within the next twelve
hours.*

FARROW

A chopper?

GEORGE (V.O.)

*It's a start, Dr. Farrow. Please
hold tight, everyone.*

INT. WATERLOGGED BUILDING - A LITTLE LATER

Darby and Father Esparza are gone. Elsa waits by the door as
Dr. Viñeda pulls Farrow aside.

FARROW

Dr. Viñeda. You must be exhausted.
Anything you need, I'm yours.

She indicates her walkie-talkie. He fiddles with the one he's
been issued. When he speaks, he makes a point to use English,
although it's an unsteady accent.

DR. VIÑEDA

Dr. Farrow, my wife is red-tagged.
And I --
(shuffling, uncomfortable)
No. Never mind. I can't ask this.

FARROW

(getting it)
The Medevac...

DR. VIÑEDA

I can't concentrate. Everywhere I
turn, I see her bleeding out.

FARROW

It's not an unreasonable ask,
Doctor.

DR. VIÑEDA

It is! It's an abuse of my station.

FARROW

Doctor. It's your station that
makes it reasonable.

(bringing him close)

I promise, your wife will be the
first person on that helicopter.

His eyes water, he wants to thank her.

DR. VIÑEDA

I need to get back to my patients.

After he exits, Elsa approaches. She's overheard.

ELSA

Is that a promise you can make?

FARROW

...if there's one person I need on
my side, it's that man right there.

(then)

Now show me where we are.

She claps Elsa on the shoulder. Back to it.

EXT. THE BLOCKAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Farrow stands by the Zodiac as A DOZEN VOLUNTEERS toil in the dark to manually disassemble the barge dam. Elsa is up top, chattering with one of the Volunteers while Farrow eyes the structure. As Elsa returns:

FARROW

Well?

ELSA

The word I want to use is
"hopeless."

FARROW

Well don't.

(then)

What happens if they remove the
wrong piece and it all comes
crashing down?

Elsa eyes the precarious construct.

ELSA
I hadn't thought of that.

FARROW
God dammit.

ELSA
Dr. Farrow. I have... well, there's someone who may be able to help us. Who says he can, anyway. I think maybe it's time to hear him out.

FARROW
And why are you just coming to me with this now...?

Elsa averts her eyes, not wanting to say...

EXT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - RAUL'S TENT - NIGHT

Farrow and Elsa pass growing masses of sad, muddy, tired and bored Survivors as they huddle together just outside --

INT. RAUL'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

They enter to find Raúl and Matías reading salvaged BOOKS by flashlight, reclining comfortably on pushed-together cots.

RAÚL
(Spanish, to Elsa)
I thought I'd see you again. Sorry for the mess.

ELSA
Maybe you'd let someone else read those when you're done?

Elsa indicates a pile of discarded books. Matías matter-of-factly RIPS his book in half and grabs another.

FARROW
(English)
Listen up -- Raúl, is it?

RAÚL
(fluent)
That's right, Dr. Farrow. I'm surprised to see such a lovely woman in a position of such power. Not that I'm complaining.
(re: Elsa)
The young lady has explained your problem. I have my own. And we have the resources to help each other.

FARROW

My associate overstepped her bounds. There's no arrangement to be struck between us.

RAÚL

You haven't even heard my proposal.

FARROW

It took me two seconds, seeing *them* out there and *you* in here, to know what you are. I ought to call the *federales* and have you removed.

RAÚL

"The *federales*..." For someone so perceptive, you sure are naive; how do you expect to help anyone when you're sloshing around inside a plastic drum? Now, listen. Matías is my responsibility. If the boy is on the first helicopter to his father in Culiacán, I give you my family's guarantee: thirty seconds on your satellite phone and we'll have that dam down in no time.

(leaning in)

But if the boy *isn't* on that helicopter, you might learn where he inherited that temper...

A beat. Farrow doesn't show her fear. She glances at Matías, then leans in closer to Raúl, whispering:

FARROW

And what's the real reason you want to get rid of him so badly?

Raúl hides his surprise. He gets right into her ear:

RAÚL

Are you a parent, Dr. Farrow? Matías is as close as I ever got to a son. But that responsibility turned into a burden long ago. I have bigger plans for my life that don't include the boy.

(backing off)

Not that I'd expect you to understand.

Off Farrow, with a tough decision to make...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - OFDA TENT - MORNING**

Elsa trails as Farrow enters, barking at the Volunteers:

FARROW
Out! Everyone out!

They clear the tent. Carson catches Farrow's eye, "Me too?" She grimaces. He nods, giving them space. When they're alone:

FARROW (CONT'D)
Listen to me very carefully. I understood, with your inexperience, that I'd have to hold your hand on some very basic shit. But I did not think you were so goddamned *thick* that you'd consider involving us in something like that. Do you know what the repercussions would be, putting ourselves in the debt of a cartel lieutenant?

ELSA
Of course I do, but --

FARROW
"But?" Butbutbutbut *what!*

ELSA
You said yourself, we can't mount a rescue, people are dying out there. What choice do we have?!

At that moment, as if by a miracle, a VOLUNTEER tears open the door. A MEXICAN MAN stands behind, peering in.

VOLUNTEER
Dr. Farrow. Sorry, I -- this guy says he can help us get our hands on some dynamite.

Farrow turns to Elsa. "You were saying?"

INT. STAN FARROW'S APARTMENT - LOS ANGELES - MORNING

Little Marion Farrow builds a Lego city as Stan reads the paper over a cup of tea. The phone RINGS:

STAN
This is Stan.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME

It's the neurologist, Dr. Adams, from the Teaser.

DR. ADAMS
Sorry, maybe I misdialed...

STAN
You looking for Dr. Farrow? She's forwarding her calls.

DR. ADAMS
Oh. Yes, is she reachable?

STAN
Sorry, who is this?

DR. ADAMS
Dr. Sherman Adams, over at Kaiser.
I've actually been trying her every week for the past month.

STAN
Wait. What's this about?

CRASH. On the living room floor, Marion has obliterated her Lego city with the swipe of her arm. A living disaster.

DR. ADAMS
I'm not at liberty to discuss. She has my information, so please --

STAN
Did she tell you what her occupation is, Doctor? She's in Mexico working the relief effort. Best case, she's back in six weeks, could be a lot longer. If it's urgent, I really need to know.

Off Doctor Adams, unsure how to proceed...

EXT. FLOODED CONSTRUCTION SITE - PUERTO AZÚL - DAY

The Zodiac reaches a concrete piling, carrying Farrow, Elsa, Carson's team, and RICARDO, the Mexican Man from the tent.

The FOUNDATIONS OF AN UNFINISHED BUILDING sit beneath the boat, flooded and judging by the darkness, very deep. Ricardo peers over the side of the boat.

RICARDO
(Spanish)
I haven't been back here since...

ELSA
It's okay, Ricardo. Where is it?

FARROW
 (English)
It's way down there, isn't it?

Ricardo looks upset that he hadn't thought of this.

RICARDO
 It should be in a, how do you say --
 (gesturing, then in
 Spanish)
 A box.

FARROW
Watertight?

He wants to say yes, but can't.

FARROW (CONT'D)
 (English, to Carson)
 Think you can find it?

He's already stripping, produces a flashlight and small oxygen mask.

CARSON
 They paint these things bright orange. How hard could it be?
 (then)
 Don't wait up.

And with that he's OVERBOARD.

EXT. FLOODED CONSTRUCTION SITE - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Carson's flashlight carves a weak beam through the darkness as he dives deeper and deeper...

INT. OFDA HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

George's phone rings and he answers it distractedly.

GEORGE
 Penrose.

STAN (V.O.)
George. Stan Farrow.

GEORGE
 Stan?
 (covering, to Secretary)
 How did Stan Farrow get my direct?
 (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 (back to Stan)
 This really isn't the best time.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STAN FARROW'S APARTMENT - SAME

Stan paces, freaked.

STAN
 Of course. You know I wouldn't call
 if it wasn't important.
 (then)
 I need to get ahold of Camilla.

GEORGE
 I'm afraid that's nearly impossible
 at this stage... What's wrong?

Off George, Stan's worry infectious...

EXT. FLOODED CONSTRUCTION SITE - UNDERWATER - SAME

Carson searches the bottom of the pit. The floor is a thick grid of REBAR. He reaches a small SUPPLY SHACK, pushes the door open.

INSIDE, it's all inky blackness, but his flashlight lands on a bright ORANGE CRATE. He swims through the doorway and --

He collides with a bloated WOMAN'S FACE!

He scrambles, freaked. But when he gathers himself, he sees the floating, half-naked BODIES of a Man and Woman, caught in indecent repose. Carson can't suppress a morbid grin.

He moves past the dead lovers, towards the explosives crate. He takes hold, starts to lift it -- but getting it out causes the shed to shift and COLLAPSE.

Carson can't get clear and winds up PINNED, a piece of wreckage tearing away his mask. It drops through the rebar mesh, just out of reach!

EXT. FLOODED CONSTRUCTION SITE - SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

All around the Zodiac, the WATER BEGINS TO ROIL, disturbed by the collapse.

FARROW
Carson!!

Farrow, Ricardo and Carson's team splash over the side.

ELSA
 Dr. Farrow! Wait, you shouldn't...
 (too late)
 ...go down there.

EXT. FLOODED CONSTRUCTION SITE - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The half-dozen team members kick furiously, propelling themselves towards the fallen shed.

In Farrow's pocket, a faint BLUE GLOW begins to emanate. Her Satellite Phone.

INT. STAN FARROW'S APARTMENT/GEORGE'S OFFICE - SAME

George listens to the ringing. Finally, he's greeted by a default voicemail prompt.

He hits a key, bringing Stan off of hold.

GEORGE
 I'm sorry, Stan. Can't reach her.
 I'm sure she's fine.

EXT. FLOODED CONSTRUCTION SITE - UNDERWATER - SAME

Farrow and the team find Carson trapped in the wreckage of the tool shed. Farrow tries for the rapidly leaking oxygen mask but it's just inches too far!

Bubbles filter fast out of her nose as she uses all her exertion to try and pry Carson free.

They lock eyes as Farrow and the team make one last push --

EXT. FLOODED CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Bubbles breach the surface near the Zodiac. Elsa clutches her hands over her face, alone and frightened of what's happening below.

A long, terrible beat...

A BRIGHT ORANGE CRATE bobs to the surface: "*Explosivos.*" It's followed by Ricardo, Carson's team and -- mercifully -- Carson and Farrow.

ELSA
 Yes! Yes, oh thank God.

Carson and Farrow cling to the side of the boat, face-to-face, her arms around him. Water dribbles out of Carson's mouth as he gets his bearings.

CARSON
 (dazed but victorious)
 Back.

Off them, sharing an electric moment --

INT. STAN FARROW'S APARTMENT/GEORGE'S OFFICE - SAME

A beat of silence on the line, which George finally breaks:

GEORGE
 These first few days are especially
 tough. Maybe there's a message I
 can pass along?

STAN
 Yeah. Would you tell her I'm sorry?
 She'll know what for...

He hangs up.

EXT. ZODIAC - A LITTLE LATER (MOVING)

The team rides towards the blockage that's causing them all
 this trouble. The crate of explosives lies open, Ricardo and
 the team members making an effort to DRY THEM OUT.

Farrow sits astern with Carson. He places his hand atop hers,
 a silent thank you.

INT. FARROW HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Back to that night. A mess of glassware in the sink. Stan
 unscrews a bottle of whiskey and FILLS his wine glass.

Farrow enters with cleared party wares.

FARROW
 Not quite partied out, huh?

He grunts, takes a long draught.

FARROW (CONT'D)
 You want to help me out with these?

STAN
 I forgot Carson was in Africa with
 you. Glad to finally meet the guy.

FARROW
 Oh yeah. He's a good guy. We
 haven't kept in touch like I'd
 like.

STAN

So is Marion his or what?

At first that doesn't register. After a long beat:

FARROW

What did you just ask me?

STAN

I couldn't help but notice a resemblance.

FARROW

Holy shit, Stan...

She covers her mouth, crosses herself in a defensive posture. Is this guilt or fury?

STAN

It never occurred to me to question it before. 'Cause who'd lie about something like that? So I stood by you, I'd be a monster not to.

(then)

But the thing I never could quite wrap my head around -- what I'm always trying to justify to your mom, your boss, to *my* parents -- is why you'd keep her. Why stay in the Sudan with this abortable embryo growing inside you? Lord knows I asked you then, and for ten years I haven't gotten a straight answer.

A beat as Stan finishes his whiskey. Committing -- he's actually saying this.

STAN (CONT'D)

Now suddenly, a little perspective and it all makes sense: She belongs to Carson, you're in love with him but you can't be with him, and that's why you're a resentful, absentee mother to our little girl.

(wrapping up)

I think they call that Occam's Razor. The simplest story that fits.

A long, awful beat. One in which we might remember all those little moments between Farrow and Carson and think, "Oh god, Stan is right..."

FARROW

Well, Stan. Your intuition isn't totally wrong.

Brief vindication for Stan. But it doesn't last long, as Farrow continues:

FARROW (CONT'D)

Carson *was* present at Marion's conception. He shot her father, the man who was raping me, in the back of the fucking head.

(laying in)

It wasn't defense. It was an execution. He shot him, for me, and I didn't stop him.

(then)

You want to know why I kept her? If I'd never been there -- if I'd never presumed to come be some fucking white savior -- none of this would have happened and that man would still be alive. I had enough blood on my hands, Stan. I didn't need any more.

ON STAN as it lands on him just how wrong he was. This is what it looks like when a marriage explodes.

EXT. THE BLOCKAGE - DAY (PRESENT)

A bundle of dynamite being wedged into a rusty crevice.

Pull back to REVEAL: Carson's crew running wires to explosives at key points on the barge and the tangle of debris.

Farrow and Elsa stand a safe distance back, watching with the refugees.

ELSA

Cross your fingers?

FARROW

(thinking)

No. Raise 'em.

She turns, lifts two MIDDLE FINGERS in the direction of the camp. In the direction of Raúl. Elsa grins and joins in.

Carson and Ricardo arrive, detonator in hand.

CARSON

She's rigged to blow.

She nods over to Ricardo:

FARROW

Let him do it. Who knows when he'll
get the chance again.

Carson hands the device to Ricardo to the latter's surprise. He looks to them, to the huge obstruction, and to his refugee peers -- finally smiling.

ELSA

(Spanish)

Whenever you're ready.

Ricardo arms the device with a little dramatic pause... then
TURNS THE KEY.

And for a moment, nothing happens. He tries again --

CRACKOW!

A bundle of dynamite blows! And a second!

Out of sync they go, one after the other, and some not at all. More fizzle than bang. The huge barge GROANS AND SHUDDERS. Then shifts with a crunching of debris.

But it's hardly budged. Ricardo, mortified, turns the key again and again, but every stick of dynamite that's going to blow has blown. A maddening TRICKLE OF WATER seeps through, but no more. Farrow's face says it all:

Fuck.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**INT. HOSPITAL - UPPER FLOOR - DAY**

Farrow and Elsa stand over a gurney, fastening a RED TAG onto a limp wrist.

FARROW
(Spanish)
*All I need from you is your
absolute silence.*

MATÍAS
No problem.

Matías reclines comfortably, shit-eating grin on his face. She SLAMS her palm into the bridge of his nose.

MATÍAS (CONT'D)
Ahhhh! Fuck!

FARROW
To complete the look.

He clutches at his face, blood spilling between his fingers. Elsa gives him some gauze as Farrow pulls up her walkie:

FARROW (CONT'D)
*How're you doing down there,
Doctor?*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - LOWER FLOOR - SAME

Doctor Viñeda prepares Maya's own gurney. She's practically unconscious but clutches his hand.

DR. VIÑEDA
Good to go.

FARROW
*Great. Start making your way up.
The Sikorsky they're sending only
has two litters.*

DR. VIÑEDA
(hearing Matías cursing)
Is that yours I hear?

FARROW
It is.

DR. VIÑEDA

Who is he?

FARROW

...he's important.

Viñeda doesn't press. Just then, Farrow looks up, thinks she hears -- no, she *definitely* hears a sound. A distant *thudthudthud*.

FARROW (CONT'D)

(English, to herself)

Oh shit...

EXT. PUERTO AZÚL - SAME (MOVING)

Cresting the hill above Puerto Azúl, a MEDEVAC HELICOPTER makes its way towards the Hospital!

INT. HOSPITAL - UPPER FLOOR/LOWER FLOOR - INTERCUT

The color drains from Farrow's face.

FARROW

They're early.

(to Viñeda, Spanish)

Doctor, get up here now. The helicopter is arriving!

Farrow rushes Matías out onto the Rooftop.

FARROW (CONT'D)

(English)

Elsa, absolutely no one can board that chopper until the kid and Viñeda's wife are aboard.

Downstairs, Viñeda's freaked. He begins to move Maya, trying not to raise anyone's attention...

But soon, others notice the sound the approaching chopper. Some stand, looking out the windows. Others begin moving for the stairs.

Dr. Viñeda discards the bed and lifts Maya into a carry --

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - INTERCUT

And as soon as he's in the stairwell, he's running with her. The sign indicates SIX FLOORS.

DR. VIÑEDA

Dr. Farrow! Can you hold them?

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - DAY

His entreaties are lost under the thundering rotors. Farrow waves her arms as the chopper touches down.

A HELICOPTER MEDIC jumps out and loads Matías aboard. Farrow peers into the cramped interior, at the single remaining litter.

Farrow looks back nervously. No Viñeda.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPPOSITE STAIRWELL - SAME

Elsa stands guard at the top of the stairs when Gabriella arrives, Joaquín's Abuela in her arms and Joaco trailing.

Elsa tries to stand in their way.

ELSA
(Spanish)
Ma'am, I...

She can't take her eyes off the fading old woman.

ELSA (CONT'D)
I...

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOFTOP - SAME

Finally, Dr. Viñeda arrives on the roof with Maya. Farrow waves at him to hurry --

But on the opposite side of the chopper, Gabriella is already loading Joaquín's Abuela into the only remaining seat! Elsa watches from the stairwell as Farrow runs around and YELLS:

FARROW
I can't let you take her if there's
no room for one more.

HELICOPTER MEDIC
Sorry ma'am, can't take any more
weight. We already had to dump
fuel, and I'm staying behind.

FARROW
Then I need you to stop. By order
of the OFDA.

Gabriella sneers, *she can't be serious*, putting herself between Farrow and Abuela. But then she spots Dr. Viñeda, Maya dying in his arms. Gabi freezes, doesn't know what to do...

Viñeda sees what's happening. He doesn't know this elderly woman but --

DR. VIÑEDA
(Spanish)
Let her on.

His body language says it all: This is a bridge too far.

The Helicopter Medic jostles a stunned Farrow out of the way. And like that, the doors are being closed -- only one of her two vital passengers aboard. The chopper lifts off.

Farrow looks to Viñeda:

FARROW
There was nothing I could do.

But his attention is suddenly grabbed by something over Farrow's shoulder.

Matías is sitting fully upright, a picture of health, his face warped by that motherfucker smile. He raises a MIDDLE FINGER at Farrow with a Red Tag dangling from it.

And then the chopper's gone.

When Farrow turns back to Dr. Viñeda, there's no language in the world to express the fury coursing through his body.

INT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - OFDA TENT - LATER THAT EVENING

Farrow paces as Elsa stares ahead, unable to look at her. Carson's there to witness the fireworks this time. It's awkward.

FARROW
You had one job; stall for thirty fucking seconds!

ELSA
I'm sorry, I just couldn't --

FARROW
Not that I should be surprised.

She reaches into her gear, produces a NOTEBOOK.

FARROW (CONT'D)
From your eval: "Half-decent lecturer, but clearly doesn't have the stomach for serious field duty. Time to look for a new aide."

That hits Elsa right in the gut.

ELSA
I'd rather not have the stomach for
it than not have a heart.

Elsa storms out.

A long beat. Carson comes over.

CARSON
...you okay?

FARROW
Yeah.
(off Carson)
I am. It was the right call. It's
on Elsa that it didn't work.

CARSON
And you don't feel --

FARROW
Much of anything, Carson. Don't
feel much of anything at all.

She buries her face in her hands a moment.

VOLUNTEER (O.S.)
Ma'am?

A VOLUNTEER has poked a head inside, holds a folded PRINTOUT
for Farrow.

VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)
This came by fax to the Novalato
health department this morning;
just arrived by truck, I was told
to get it to you asap.

Farrow takes it as the Volunteer goes, flips it open and
reads for a moment -- then closes her eyes.

FARROW
Goddammit.

CARSON
What? What is that?

A long moment as she considers saying something. Fuck it.

FARROW
Carson, I tried to commit suicide
three months ago.

CARSON
What are you talking about?

As she explains herself, we FLASH BACK to moments from the TEASER:

INT. FARROW HOUSE - GARAGE - MINIVAN (FLASHBACK)

Farrow sits in the driver's seat, MASCARA running down her cheeks.

FARROW (V.O.)
*I'd had it with Stan. With my Mom.
With being told that I'm selfish.*

She puts her hands on the keys -- then pauses. She retracts her hands. The ENGINE STILL RUNNING, she sinks back and closes her eyes...

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Farrow's standing before an E.R. Receptionist.

FARROW (V.O.)
*To stop being a shitty wife and
mother.*

RECEPTIONIST
Help you, hun?

But what was at first a barely audible squeak, we now hear as:

FARROW
I think I might have just tried to
kill myself.

INT. HOSPITAL - M.R.I. SCAN ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Farrow's on her back as the mechanical gurney slides her into a humming MRI MACHINE.

FARROW (V.O.)
*To just get over what happened to
me.*

INT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - OFDA TENT - RESUME

LOSE FLASHBACKS and stay with Farrow and Carson.

FARROW
My neurologist warned me what might
happen: loss of affect, emotional
distance. *Onset sociopathy.*

Carson is now looking at the printout, puzzled.

CARSON

But I don't understand. This is...

FARROW

It's a clean bill of health. I know.

(off Carson)

I thought, maybe this would be my excuse. A minute of oxygen deprivation and I'd be exactly the right monster for this job.

(then)

Truth is, I always have been.

This lands heavy on Carson. He looks her in the eye.

CARSON

I don't believe the person I'm looking at is a monster, whatever Elsa Reyes thinks.

FARROW

Thanks, Carson. You'll get there.

He squeezes her hand, doesn't know what to say. So:

CARSON

Hey, how long have you been awake?

FARROW

I dunno. Sixty hours?

CARSON

You should rest.

FARROW

Too much to do.

He stops her.

CARSON

Please. Best we can do right now is wait, hope your guy pulls through. We need you at your best.

She hates to admit he's right. But finally, she opens her tiny bag of personal items and finds her iPod.

FARROW

Okay. But you have to make sure our chief surgeon doesn't cut my throat in the night.

CARSON

Yes ma'am.

They take a seat on the narrow cot. She slips headphones in, setting her alarm for one hour. Head resting on Carson's shoulder, Farrow closes her eyes and drifts away...

MUSIC UP: "Mexico Lindo y Querido" plays over a SERIES OF SCENES:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dr. Viñeda grips Maya's hand as tightly as he can.

DR. VIÑEDA

(Spanish)

I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry. I was deceived...

MAYA

Eduardo. Is that important now?

He looks at her, pragmatic and forgiving even as she's giving up the ghost.

DR. VIÑEDA

No.

MAYA

Be here with me. Not with her.

DR. VIÑEDA

Okay. I'm here. Maya, I'm here.

MAYA

Good. You're a good man. I got seven years of luck to have you. Don't make the eighth year a year of hate.

And with that she's gone. Out the window, a short caravan of HEADLIGHTS crests the nearby hill...

EXT. PUERTO AZÚL - ACCESS ROAD - NIGHT

A handful of armored JEEPS crawls over the hills, descending to the flooded city, loaded with MUNITIONS and CARTEL TOUGHS.

They pass Joaquín, who's limping down the road, PHOTO OF LOUISA taped to his chest, along with the words: "*¿Has visto a Louisa?*"

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - SAME

It's Louisa! She's hunkered in the brush, as a group of other Survivors march past.

Beside her is a large woman, BASILIA -- clad in a thick black coat that looks like a nun's habit.

LOUISA

(Spanish)

Why don't we go with the others?

BASILIA

There's safety in a big group of strangers -- but danger in a small one. Don't you worry, my son is nearly here.

LOUISA

How do you know where to wait?

But Basilia puts her hand up, gasping slightly as a pair of headlights greets them over a rise in the road.

BASILIA

Okay, pretty girl. You're going to do great. Do what he says, whatever you do.

LOUISA

Wait, what do you mean --

BASILIA

You're not a virgin are you? When he asks, tell him you've been with boys. Hundreds of them. You're a vile little slut, it hurts when you pee; don't let them think any differently. You're good for work and that's all.

Louisa is freaked out. She wants to flee, but Basilia has her arm, leads her out into the road as the truck arrives.

BASILIA'S SON (30) slinks out of the passenger's seat.

BASILIA'S SON

Mother. What have you got for me?

BASILIA

A tough little worker bee.

BASILIA'S SON

Very good.

Basilia's Son sizes Louisa up. Suddenly he SNATCHES her up, throws her over his shoulder. She screams and pounds and kicks to no avail. As her world turns upside down, Basilia calls after her:

BASILIA
Don't forget, little girl!

The world goes dark as Louisa lands in the back of the truck and the tailgate SLAMS SHUT --

EXT. THE BLOCKAGE - NIGHT

Volunteers watch -- some with apprehension, others with applause -- as the Cartel Toughs wire the barge with military grade PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES.

They get clear... and BOOM! The barge buckles. The water pressure forces the wreckage to collapse and begin its slow drift out to sea.

And just like that, the water level in flooded Puerto Azúl starts to descend.

EXT. DISPLACEMENT CAMP - SAME

Survivors sit in a circle singing "Mexico Lindo y Querido," the bittersweet patriotic anthem, plinked out on a soggy guitar. Elsa sits at the edge, tear-stained. She mumbles along, the only person who doesn't know the words.

FAISAL (O.S.)
Elsa?

She turns around at the voice, stunned to see that it belongs to Faisal, the D.C. reporter.

ELSA
...Fai? Holy shit. What are you doing here?

FAISAL
I know, it's been a long time.
(then, with a grin)
I'm looking for a story.

Elsa looks out over the darkened city, as the BOOM OF THE DAM EXPLOSION thunders around them. She wipes her eyes and can't help but laugh.

She's got a story alright.

END MUSIC AND DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILL OVERLOOK - FIRST LIGHT OF MORNING

Farrow stands, Satellite Phone to her ear, watching the water recede.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Penrose.

FARROW

George. We cleared the dam. Water's receding as we speak.

GEORGE (V.O.)

What, you're serious? How?

FARROW

It'll be in my report. Short version: we enlisted some local support.

GEORGE (V.O.)

I knew I could count on your industriousness.

FARROW

Don't forget my people skills.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Yes. Speaking of your single greatest asset -- we've located the Mayor. Turns out he and his family were in Cambodia, seeing Angkor Wat. He'll arrive in Mexico City in fifteen hours and be with you shortly thereafter.

FARROW

Good.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Before you go -- Stan asked me to forward some medical information. I want you to know I didn't read it.

FARROW

Yes, I got it. Thank you.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Is everything alright? He seemed very worried but --

FARROW

But that's Stan.

GEORGE

But that's Stan.

(then)

*You'd tell me if you weren't
feeling like yourself, wouldn't
you?*

A beat. She could unload right now. But:

FARROW

George, this is the only place I
feel like myself.

INT. WATERLOGGED BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Farrow approaches the circle of the "Council." There's Darby Clarke, who distrusts her; a too-young priest in Father Esparza; Elsa, who can't meet her eye; and Dr. Viñeda, who hates her to his core...

And now Raúl who sidles up next to her:

RAÚL

You look as though you didn't think
I'd come through.

(no response)

Hoped, maybe?

She casts him a sidelong glance and takes her seat.

RAÚL (CONT'D)

I look forward to working together.

Raúl practically purrs as he TAKES A SEAT. Two Cartel Toughs take posts, not inconspicuously, at the door.

She takes a moment to assess them all. Then:

FARROW

Alright. Time to get to work.

As her jaw stretches into something like a smile, the chaos and uncertainty the very things keeping her going, we --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE