

Project Requiem
Pilot

written by

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BLACK:

The sound of a heartbeat ascending.

ABBY (V.O.)
The brain is an anomaly. We've
barely scratched the surface of its
capabilities.

Flashes of hospital equipment, a heartbeat monitor, dripping
IV. A blurred patient lying in bed. A child.

ABBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The way it develops, adapts, and
protects its host.

We're in the nervous system of the human body. Waves
illuminating the brain. Nerves flashing, transmitting neurons
throughout the spinal cord.

ABBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hers was different. Incredibly
smart. So enlightened. She had such
a strong and promising young mind.

A beautiful young girl playing outside. Laughing. Full of
life.

ABBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Which is why it still kills me that
it couldn't save her.

The heartbeat stops.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

We're in a therapy session.

DR. ABIGAIL PIERCE (40), sits staring at the floor
devastated, but carrying herself upright. She's pretty, the
young girl we saw is a spitting image of her.

Her THERAPIST, sits opposite.

THERAPIST
Abby, you're still blaming
yourself.

ABBY
How can I not? It was brain cancer
and I'm a Neuro.

THERAPIST

Yes but you weren't her doctor.

ABBY

I know.

THERAPIST

You're not in healthcare. You're not a neurologist. There's nothing more you could have done.

ABBY

Wrong. I'm a scientist. There's always more work to be done.

EXT. STANFORD NEUROSCIENCE HEALTH CENTER - DAY

CHYRON: Stanford University

A luxurious sedan parks in front of an impressive glass building.

Spot reserved for Dr. Pierce.

Abby steps out looking chic as ever. The woman from the previous scene has been replaced by a complete diva.

She approaches the building, heels clacking loudly against the pavement.

People turn in her direction as she brushes past. A few colleagues greet her by name.

She flashes some friendly smiles and enters the building.

INT. STANFORD NEUROSCIENCE HEALTH CENTER - LAB - LATER

Abby, now sporting a lab coat, stands at her work station clacking away on her computer. Graphs of test trials and CT scans glare back at her from her monitors.

Her PhD is displayed proudly on the wall, underneath an award presented for her book "*Cerebral Matters*". The award flashes a US Seal of Approval in the bottom corner.

Clearly, Abby is somewhat of a celebrity in her field.

A colleague approaches. WYATT, an older man with a matching lab coat.

WYATT

Abigail.

ABBY

Hi Wyatt. Happy Friday.

WYATT

To you as well. Say, give my best to Walter will you?

ABBY

We're not together anymore, remember?

WYATT

Yes, that's right. I'm sorry. Gosh, I give lectures on Human Neuroanatomy but this old man still has trouble with memory.

ABBY

It's okay, it's still kind of fresh.

He smiles sadly at her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

How's everything in your corner?

WYATT

Only seven weeks until retirement and I'm counting down the days if you couldn't tell.

ABBY

Aw we'll miss you. You've been an amazing mentor to me.

WYATT

Oh stop. You did the work. You've always done what the rest of us can't. Speaking of which, who's that CT scan on your monitor there?

ABBY

(embarrassed)

Oh, yeah it's...

Wyatt leans in. It's a scan of her daughter's brain.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I know. Not my research. I've just been so caught up in this lately. I can't focus on anything else.

WYATT

It's okay. You don't have to answer to anyone. Your work is your life. Do what you need to do. But Abby, don't let it lead you astray.

She nods. Wyatt starts to turn.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Oh, and if you need a distraction, there's a package for you in the mail room. It's got that stamp so it must be fancy.

He points to the US Seal of Approval on her award.

INT. LAB - MAIL ROOM - NIGHT

Abby enters the mail room at the end of the day. On the table sits a big black box with the US Seal.

Addressed to Dr. Abigail Pierce.

She opens it and digs through. Inside is a calculator.

Abby studies it, confused. On the side there's a tab sticking out that says "PULL."

ABBY

Okay?

She pulls the tab and the screen comes to life.

Text scrolls up the screen.

// DR. ABIGAIL RUBY PIERCE // PLEASE CONFIRM BIRTHDATE: //

Abby raises an eyebrow then punches in an 8 digit code.

The screen is replaced by:

// ACCEPTED // PLEASE CONFIRM LAST 4 DIGITS OF SSN: //

ABBY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

She glances at the box wearing the US Seal and hesitantly punches in four numbers.

// CONFIRMED // DR. ABIGAIL RUBY PIERCE IDENTIFIED // STANDBY FOR MESSAGE //

A recording plays from the device. A grunt and raspy voice.

RECORDING

Please remove yourself from others
and find a quiet isolated area.
When you have done so, press one.

She does.

RECORDING (CONT'D)

This is a private message. Share
with no one. You have been
selected to participate in Project
Requiem, a government funded non-
profit specializing in research on
abnormalities in brain development.
We're a branch of the American
Special Intelligence and
Investigation Agency, dedicated to
combatting terrorism and additional
global threats to humanization. Our
testing facility has been
conducting neuro trials using
state-of-the-art DNA splicing
technology and we require your
assistance to conduct human trials.
We're on track for a breakthrough
in human genome telecommunications.
Our goal is to fully understand the
brain's maximum functions. To
schedule a meeting with us and
learn more about your role in this
once-in-a-generation opportunity,
please press one.

Abby stares dumbfounded. Is she being scammed?

She considers the keypad for a second, then tucks the device
away in her lab coat and exits.

INT. ABBY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Abby's place is spacious and cozy. A fire blazes. Soft jazz
dances around the space.

It's luxurious, but lonely.

She sits on the couch with her laptop, researching "Project
Requiem." There's not a trace of their existence.

The messaging device sits on the coffee table, untouched. The
previous message still displayed on screen.

There's a knock at the door.

Abby stares at the door for a second before getting up.

She opens the door to a man and woman dressed in suits.
Textbook secret agent.

SAVANNAH ADAMS (35) has dark skin and silky black hair dropping below her shoulders. She's intimidating.

OTIS HAMILL (31) wears sunglasses that hug the sides of his plump boyish face. He's not.

SAVANNAH

Hello, I'm Agent Savannah Adams and this is Agent Otis Hamill. We're with Project Requiem. We'd like to talk to you about a pivotal opportunity. May we come in?

ABBY

What's this about exactly? Why couldn't you have called? Scamming my office is one thing but this is where I live. It's unprofessional.

SAVANNAH

I'm sorry Dr. Pierce. We didn't want to have to come to your personal residence but this is rather urgent. May we come in?

Abby considers this odd pair on her doorstep. Her curiosity gets the best of her.

INT. ABBY'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Abby sits the agents down in the living room.

ABBY

Well I'd offer you something but I wasn't expecting company.

OTIS

Apologies for the late night surprise.

His eyes fall to the device on the table.

OTIS (CONT'D)

But you have yet to accept our invitation.

ABBY

You people have a funny way of communicating. What am I being invited to? The message wasn't entirely clear on that.

SAVANNAH

To join the best and brightest minds humanity has to offer. We use our collective knowledge to solve public safety issues.

ABBY

I'm not following.

OTIS

We fight terrorists.

Savannah shoots him a stern look. Abby laughs.

ABBY

I'm sorry. It's just
(to Savannah)
You I could believe.
(to Otis)
But *him*?

Otis starts to object but Savannah silences him with her hand.

SAVANNAH

I'll just cut to the chase.

ABBY

Please.

SAVANNAH

We're not a conventional security agency. Other bureaus like the FBI, CIA, NSA, they don't operate like we do. Hamill and I are the only two field agents. For now. There's an ongoing global crises being shielded to the public by the government. To keep it that way we need to move fast and put a stop to these disturbances.

ABBY

What kind of disturbances?

OTIS

That's classified.

SAVANNAH
Unless you were to join the team.

ABBY
Why do you need my help?

SAVANNAH
Your unique expertise in neuroscience. Let me ask you something: what happens to the brain after you die?

Abby is caught off guard.

ABBY
I- sorry?

SAVANNAH
The human brain. When you die, does it just power off?

ABBY
Well, some evidence suggests rhythmic neural oscillations occur right after death and can tend to
(beat)
Linger. For a while.

SAVANNAH
Like a dream, or a state of paralysis, right?

ABBY
That's right.

SAVANNAH
So, essentially if you were to tap into the brain of someone who recently died, you could get a reading? Perhaps even communicate to them?

ABBY
Theoretically, sure. This is all just hypothetical though. They've done studies on the deceased but nobody's actually successfully made contact to someone who's died. In my professional opinion, I can tell you it's not possible--

SAVANNAH
It is possible.

ABBY

Excuse me?

SAVANNAH

That's what Project Requiem is. We create a link between the living and the dead using genetically modified DNA spliced with a combination of our genetic codes. We create a neural link to transfer our consciousness to the dead. And then, we can wake them.

Abby stares at Savannah, saying nothing.

OTIS

I know this is a lot. So please ask us any questions you may have.

ABBY

You want my help resurrecting dead people?

OTIS

And preserving the neuron link while we're in there.

ABBY

When you say *in there*...

OTIS

Our minds, their brains. And bodies. Essentially, yes, we possess the dead.

SAVANNAH

It's not an exact science. Sometimes it works and sometimes not. We're still perfecting the algorithm. We started test trials on lab rats and they made the connection. But now we've started human trials. If we pull this off it would provide virtually zero possibility for casualty in the field. By living through the dead, our resources are infinite.

ABBY

This... this is *wrong*. This is preternatural. I want no part of it.

SAVANNAH

Hang on, let's talk this through first. I'm sure you have many questions.

ABBY

How do I even know you're telling me the truth?

OTIS

Want to see a demo?

He reveals a small rectangular cryochamber pod. Inside is a dead rat.

OTIS (CONT'D)

This is DeltaC-5. She's been dead for three days. We've managed to keep her here in that state of paralysis using cryotherapy. Let's wake her up.

He places the cryo-pod in a miniature MRI machine. He pulls up the scan on his tablet.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Notice the oscillations. Steady. Rhythmic. Like humans.

Otis places a finger on his ear piece.

OTIS (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Hamill to base. Go for demo. Over.

He removes the cryo-pod from the MRI. It's faintly glowing.

SAVANNAH

One of our team members is projecting the consciousness of another live rat into DeltaC-5.

OTIS

And with a small amount of defibrillation...

A blast resembling a dwarf supernova hits the dead rat from within the cryo-pod.

OTIS (CONT'D)

We become masters of death.

Abby squints hard at the rat. For a second nothing happens.

Suddenly it feverishly twitches awake. The eyes roll backwards and its mouth hangs open, letting out a low ear-shattering screech.

It quickly simmers down. The monstrosity transforms back into a normal looking rat.

Now calm, the rat just sits there. Sniffing the air. Slow shallow breathing. Staring straight ahead. *Like it's awaiting orders.*

Otis looks at Abby like he's waiting for her to start kissing his shoes.

ABBY

What the hell was that?

Otis hits a kill switch and the rat flops over. Dead again.

OTIS

That was one of the greatest breakthroughs in the history of science.

SAVANNAH

Look, it may not seem like much right now but we are onto something that will save humanity for years to come. What we're fighting is bigger than this entire project. We need your help. Come with us and we'll show you just what it is we're up against.

ABBY

No. I'm out. Sorry.

The agents give each other a look.

SAVANNAH

I really think you should reconsider.

ABBY

And I think you should leave. Good luck. But do not contact me again.

She leads them to the door. As they exit, Savannah turns around one last time.

SAVANNAH

You know, if you ever wanted a chance to reach your daughter again, this could be that chance.

That makes Abby's blood run cold.

ABBY

You brought a dead rat in my living room. Goodbye.

She slams the door on them.

She returns to the couch. Her eyes fall to the device on her coffee table once again.

EXT. ABBY'S CONDO - LATER

Abby tosses the device in the dumpster.

EXT. SECRET FACILITY - NIGHT

Chyron: Somewhere in the Santa Clara Valley

We soar over the valley to find an ominous facility surrounded by layers of chain link fences and guard towers.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - NIGHT

We're deep underground. No windows.

Only the sting of aging fluorescent lights flood the hallways.

A scrawny WORKER with a clipboard strides along the hall towards big double doors. A plaque above the door reads DIRECTOR: LINCOLN GRAY.

The worker lets out a deep sigh and uses all his strength to pull open the heavy doors.

INT. LINCOLN GRAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's dark.

LINCOLN GRAY (60), a balding mammoth of a man sits at his desk, taking up twice the size of his chair.

His eyes are glued to his monitor, reflecting sporadic colors against his face.

We don't see what he's watching.

The Worker steps into the room making himself known.

A familiar deep raspy voice shakes the room.

LINCOLN
(without looking up)
Well?

WORKER
Sir? They weren't able to convince
her sir.

LINCOLN
That's disappointing. I thought I
was perfectly clear how dire Dr.
Pierce's collaboration is to this
administration.

WORKER
Crystal sir. I'm just reporting
from agent Adams.

LINCOLN
I understand. I hate to do this but
we're left to no other option. Tell
Adams it's time to switch course.
We start tomorrow. Tell her I want
it done by any means of force
necessary.

WORKER
Yes sir.

The worker slips out.

Lincoln rubs his eyelids. When he opens them it's revealed
what he's been watching.

It's one of the "disturbances" Savannah mentioned.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. UNKNOWN COAST - EVENING

ON SCREEN:

A swirling mass of translucent energy is floating above the
water several hundred yards from the coast.

The event is being monitored by dozens of military servicemen
with heavy artillery ready to go. They're broadcasting live
to Lincoln.

One figure moves erratically towards the water. Their back
toward us. A silhouette in the evening sun.

The military personnel anxiously watch the figure as it passes.

It's moving directly toward the water, aimed at the energy source in the distance.

As it reaches the water it doesn't stop. It's focused. The retracting waves invite them in.

Slowly they sink further into the water, like descending a staircase.

INT. LINCOLN GRAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln leans forward in his chair, eager for a closer look.

For a split second, we get a glimpse of the strange energy force reacting to the approaching figure. Extending outward. *Like they're reaching for each other.*

We're close on Lincoln's eyes, completely engrossed by the screen. He looks determined. But there's a hint of fear.

INT. ABBY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abby lies in bed awake, distraught by the day's events.

Her phone glows. She checks it.

3:14 AM. Her lock screen is a photo of her daughter.

Abby gives up on sleep. She gets up and heads to the kitchen.

INT. ABBY'S CONDO - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She pours herself a glass of water. Drinks deep and slow.

She sets the glass down to lean against the counter. She closes her eyes, basking in the silence.

ABBY

Breathe Abbs. Just chill out.

Her breathing slows. It's quiet.

So quiet that Abby hears the low hissing noise coming from the living room.

Her eyes pop open. Something's off.

She follows the noise to the living room and pushes a chair out of the way, revealing a vent.

She puts her ear to the ground and listens. There's a deep hissing coming from underneath the house. In the pipes.

She inhales through her nose and immediately stumbles backwards.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Halothane!

All systems on alert now, she grabs her keys and jacket by the door and hurls herself outside.

She instantly runs into someone standing at her doorstep. Before she can identify them, a bag is thrown over her head.

Lights out.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - SLEEPING DEN - NIGHT

Abby awakes in bed fully clothed.

The room is bare except for a small twin bed, toilet, sink, and mirror.

No larger than a jail cell.

The door opens and in steps Lincoln. A worker follows with Lincoln's office chair, which he places in the center before slipping out.

Lincoln sits.

LINCOLN

Dr. Pierce. I'm Lincoln Gray, the director of this facility.

Abby instantly recognizes his voice from the recording.

ABBY

You guys freaking kidnapped me?!

LINCOLN

Not at all how I wanted this introduction to go. Believe me. I like to make a good first impression. But I gave you opportunities to avoid this.

ABBY

Screw you. I don't want to be a part of your project.

LINCOLN

I'm not asking.

ABBY

You're just going to keep me here against my will? You're not government, are you?

LINCOLN

(smiles)

No, we're obviously not. But everything else we've told you is true. We are here to help combat global threats and we do need your help. Desperately. But I think once you settle into your role here you won't want to leave.

ABBY

Sooner or later someone is going to wonder where the hell I am.

LINCOLN

We've taken care of that. You've been offered a leave of absence at the lab for your mental wellness retreat, so you won't miss a beat on your research. You'll be compensated for your time here too. And your ex-husband has been notified of your 'retreat' as well. Nobody will suspect a thing.

ABBY

(starting to panic)

Where's my stuff? I need my phone right now.

(then)

What did you do to me when I was asleep?

LINCOLN

Your stuff will be returned soon. And don't worry we haven't done anything to you. Take a walk with me.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - HALLWAY - LATER

Abby strolls behind Lincoln, passing workers and agents in various lab attire.

The facility appears to stretch for miles in every direction.

The walls are decorated with windows peering into various testing rooms and labs.

Abby receives several smiles and waves. Everyone seems to know who she is and has been eager for her arrival.

LINCOLN

(motioning to a few rooms)

A couple of your team member's sleeping dens are here.

ABBY

My team?

LINCOLN

Well yes, you didn't think you'd be doing this all yourself did you?

ABBY

I didn't think I'd be doing this at all.

LINCOLN

(ignoring her)

And over here is the Cryo-Morgue.

Abby gives him a repulsed look.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Yes it's exactly what it sounds like. We have to keep the bodies fresh and ready. Their oscillations are being monitored constantly to ensure they're maintained in the right state until they're needed.

ABBY

Exactly who are all these people?

LINCOLN

(shameful)

Well technically they're organ donors. It's not exactly what they signed up for. But they did sign up for it.

ABBY

You mean you didn't tell them what they were signing.

LINCOLN

Once you see the work you'll be doing all the doubts you have will fade. I guarantee it. Let's go see your work station.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - REQUIEM LAB - LATER

Lincoln leads Abby into her lab. And it's...

INCREDIBLE.

It's even nicer than the lab at Stanford. The sleekest looking equipment at every virtuous work station.

Everything polished and shiny.

Abby forgets where she is for a second and melts into the room.

She dances among the machinery, touching and admiring everything.

Lincoln smiles from afar. He's reeling her in.

LINCOLN

And over here is your station.

Abby walks over to her desk complete with several monitors, an oscilloscope, centrifuges, and tons of glassware. A neuroscientist's wet dream.

And hanging over her chair, a lustrous new lab coat with her name sown into the pocket.

She holds it up feeling quite gratified.

Then she notices the picture on her desk. A framed photograph of her daughter plopped between herself and her ex-husband. All three grinning as wide as can be. A happy family.

Abby's smile disappears. She turns to face Lincoln.

ABBY

What the hell is this? You can't just win me over with nice gifts and pictures of my dead kid.

LINCOLN

I just want you to feel at home here. And to remember what it is you're doing this for. You've had to make many sacrifices in your life and they haven't gone unnoticed. I admire you a lot, Abigail. We all do.

ABBY

I'm still not convinced.

LINCOLN

Perhaps the others can help with that. Here they come.

The door opens and in walks a diverse group in matching lab coats. Their names all embroidered into the pockets as well. Savannah and Otis are among the group.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Everyone, please meet the notorious Abby Pierce. I'll let you all get acquainted before we start tomorrow.

Lincoln leaves the group with Abby.

EZEKIEL AMOS (27) a young man with bouffant curly hair and a neck tattoo steps forward eagerly.

EZEKIEL

No way! You're like famous!

ABBY

Oh, no I'm really not.

EZEKIEL

I'm Ezekiel. The tech genius. Any automation issues you run into, come to me I got you.

ABBY

Thanks. Nice to meet you.

Ezekiel pops in his ear buds and heads over to his workstation to power up his many monitors. His station is a tornado of wires and screens.

BEAU BECKETT (36) a textbook tall-and-handsome man extends his hand toward Abby.

BEAU

Beau Beckett. Team medic.

ABBY

Pleasure.

BEAU

We're really glad you're here.
You're going to be a huge help.

Abby can't help but slip the smallest of smiles.

OTIS

Well, you've met Savannah and I.
Sorry about everything by the way.
Not how we wanted it to go down.

ABBY

You're the one that put a bag over
my head?

OTIS

Lincoln's idea. Trust me I didn't
enjoy it.

ABBY

That's nice.

SAVANNAH

What my partner means to say is we
know this isn't an easy transition.
We're here to help in any way we
can.

ABBY

Were you all brought here against
your will too?

NORA

Actually, no. Just you.

NORA HOPE (52) a woman with an English accent and the style
to go with it steps forward.

NORA (CONT'D)

Nora Hope. Neurogenetics.

ABBY

I know who you are. I admire your
work.

NORA

And I yours. I look forward to
working together.

ABBY

I'm not so sure I'll be staying.

OTIS

Abby--

ABBY

Don't. You're telling me you all agreed to be here?

EZEKIEL

(without looking up from his screen)

I was skeptical at first. I decided to see it for myself. Once they brought me here and I saw the damn thing firsthand, I knew this whole thing was bigger than myself.

ABBY

Nora, none of this seems wrong to you?

NORA

Nothing about this is right. But if I can help the world grow I have to do it. That's my job as a scientist.

ABBY

I don't believe this.

SAVANNAH

Before you jump to any conclusions, how about another demo?

INT. SECRET FACILITY - LAB - LATER

The lab is prepped for a demonstration.

A large open window connects the lab to the operation room with two MRI machines.

Otis lies naked under a tarp in one of the MRI's. He wears a helmet with wires protruding toward hunks of machinery.

He's asleep from anesthesia.

Beau stands beside him in a surgical mask and cap.

The other MRI contains a body encased in a cryo-pod.

In the lab, the rest of the team gets ready.

Ezekiel at the keyboard. Nora on her oscilloscope. Savannah has an oscilloscope of her own.

NORA

Abby, Savannah is monitoring the link that you'll be taking over. It's the oscillations from the deceased subject.

Abby watches from over their shoulders.

EZEKIEL

Beau you're green on my end.

BEAU

Copy. Awaiting transmission.

EZEKIEL

Vivus transmission?

NORA

Success.

EZEKIEL

Mortus transmission?

SAVANNAH

Success.

EZEKIEL

Copy. Go for launch in three... two... one!

Ezekiel and Beau both flip a switch at the same time.

Instantly the oscillations on both monitors begin to synchronize and blend together.

The MRI containing the dead body begins to glow from within.

Once again, we're in the nervous system. There are quick flashes of electric energy flowing through the body's veins.

NORA

Subject is looking steady.

BEAU

Preparing defibrillation.

The cryo-pod blasts the body with a blinding shockwave.

Beau waits a second before sliding the smoking cryo-pod out of the MRI machine and onto an operating table.

The cryo-pod opens to reveal the body, still motionless. A male, mid-forties, and completely naked.

NORA
I have activity.

INSERT: a glaring wave swipes across the brain.

Suddenly, the body jerks upward and slips off the table.

He lands on his feet, stumbles for a second and finds his balance.

He turns to look at the group in the lab. His eyes move with his head only. The pupils stay dead center. He doesn't blink.

His mouth hangs open anomalously as if in mid sentence.

SAVANNAH
Otis, are you there?

Slowly, the man lifts his arm to give her a small wave.

Abby looks horrified.

EZEKIEL
You get used to it after a while.

ABBY
He can't talk?

SAVANNAH
In there, no he can't talk. He can't breathe either, but he doesn't need to. All he needs to do is be dead. Because when you're dead, you *can't die*.

ABBY
What's trying to kill him?

SAVANNAH
Not him. Us.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - HALLWAY

The team follows the Dead Man down the hall. He walks slowly with purpose. Each step barely inching forward.

ABBY
Where is he going?

NORA
You'll see.

They reach a window peering into an empty room. The Dead Man goes inside. Abby starts to follow when--

BEAU
(grabbing her arm)
No. You don't go in there.

He pulls her aside with the rest of the team to watch.

Inside, a fluid translucent energy ripples through the air. The Dead Man stands before it.

SAVANNAH
This is what we're fighting.

The energy stretches toward the Dead Man and begins to devour him.

ABBY
What is that?

NORA
We're not entirely sure what it is.
They're appearing all over the
globe. But look at the
oscillations. This is a live
reading of the room.

She holds up her oscilloscope to show Abby.

ABBY
They're exactly the same.

The energy begins to dissolve into the Dead Man until it completely vanishes.

SAVANNAH
We believe these disturbances may
be leftover aura from the deceased.
Lingering. They respond hostile to
anyone alive. But dead, these
things actually cooperate. They can
be conquered. Put to rest for good.

Abby's brain is going a million miles a second.

ABBY
Leftover aura...

BEAU
It sounds crazy at first.

ABBY

What's crazy is using dead people
to combat more dead people.

NORA

We're not just fighting fire with
fire. Watch.

Inside the room the Dead Man begins to convulse violently.
The translucent energy is incapacitating him.

ABBY

What's happening now?

NORA

Look at the oscillations again.

Abby looks. There are three waves on the screen. Two of them
are coiling around the third, surrounding it like lions
circling prey.

NORA (CONT'D)

That's Otis.

SAVANNAH

Beau, get ready to pull him out of
there.

Beau sprints down the hall towards the Requiem Lab.

The Dead Man drops to the floor writhing and contorting
vigorously. It's quite disturbing.

Abby averts her eyes back to oscillation monitor. When she
raises her head, the Dead Man is right at the window.

He pounds on the glass, *trying to get out*.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

(calling out)

BEAU KILL IT!

The body drops to the floor. Dead. For good this time.

INT. REQUIEM LAB

The team stumbles back into the lab to check on Otis.

He's recovering on a testing table clutching his head.

SAVANNAH

How do you feel?

OTIS
Tired. Thirsty. But alive.

Beau hooks him up to an IV to give him fluids.

NORA
Abby, take a look.

Otis' brain waves are back to normal but there are small remnants of the oscillation cluster from before.

ABBY
It's still lingering.

NORA
And *that's* what we need your help with. Stabilizing the link. Keeping us in control and not them.

Abby ponders this.

OTIS
I have memories.

SAVANNAH
What's that?

Otis struggles to speak. Still recovering.

OTIS
I have memories that aren't mine. A dog, Zeus. He was my dog. Although he wasn't mine. But it feels like he was. I remember running in the park with him. I remember him as a puppy.

Otis' eyes well with tears.

Abby is moved by this.

She pulls Savannah aside while the rest of the gang tends to Otis.

ABBY
When you came to my home, what did you mean about reconnecting with my daughter?

SAVANNAH
You're here to help us find that out.

Abby looks back to Otis.

ABBY
I'm not sure if I want to.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - SLEEPING DEN - LATER

Abby sits at the edge of her bed. Soaking in her thoughts.
The door slides open and Lincoln enters.
He hands Abby her phone.

LINCOLN
As promised. I'll send someone to
collect anything else you need from
home. I want you to feel
comfortable.

ABBY
Thanks.

LINCOLN
I should probably also tell you
everything you send and receive
will be monitored heavily.

ABBY
Well at least you're honest.

Lincoln takes a seat next to her on the bed. The mattress
sinks under his weight causing Abby to slide a bit.

She softly shuffles away.

ABBY (CONT'D)
So, I really don't have a choice
here. Do I?

Lincoln sorrowfully shakes his head.

LINCOLN
We're not monsters Abby, we
exterminate monsters.

ABBY
Let me ask you something. Was this
project launched to study these
disturbances? Or are these
disturbances happening because of
this project?

Off Lincoln's blank stare.

INT. SECRET FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln exits Abby's room and strides down the hall.

His cool and calm demeanor is gone.

INT. CRYO-MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln enters. A blast of cold air stings his eyes.

Another WORKER is here. Lincoln closes the blinds, shielding themselves from the hallway.

WORKER

This is the one from today sir.

The Worker gestures to the Dead Body Otis possessed. It levitates in its cryo-chamber, lifted by the translucent aura that has morphed into him.

The body barely looks human anymore.

The Worker hands Lincoln an unusual syringe. Lincoln plunges it into a section of the cryo-chamber and begins extracting the aura from the Dead Body.

He brings the syringe close to his face for a good look.

The aura swirls and shimmers delicately.

LINCOLN

This one was a distant relative of Agent Hamill?

The Worker nods.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

And you're sure he doesn't know?

WORKER

Positive.

Lincoln hands the syringe to him.

LINCOLN

Mark this one, I want to spend more time with it.

WORKER

And the body?

LINCOLN
Dump it. It's of no use to us
anymore.

He's halfway out the door when he turns around.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
We're getting closer. I can feel
it.

He exits.

The Worker rolls the cryo-pod over to a conveyor belt.

We stay on the Dead Body's face as the moving platform takes
him wherever these poor souls end up.

The lights reflecting off the glass get dimmer until they
fade completely and the Body is encased in darkness.

INT. REQUIEM LAB - MORNING

The team, now including Abby, eat breakfast together in the
corner of the lab.

A small feast has been prepared for them. Eggs, waffles,
toast, and oatmeal go around the table, family style.

It's actually kind of nice.

Abby picks at her food without really eating.

BEAU
Don't worry. It gets better. The
food is actually good here too.

Abby smiles.

As the team finishes eating, Lincoln barges in.

LINCOLN
Morning, everyone.

EZEKIEL
Hey, Linc.

LINCOLN
Enjoying breakfast? Abby, you get
enough to eat?

ABBY
I'm not really hungry today.

LINCOLN

Well, you'll need your energy
because today I'm starting you all
on a new assignment.

OTIS

A new assignment? But we haven't
trained Abby yet.

LINCOLN

Recent developments have forced me
to adjust course. Instead of random
subjects we're going to be
carefully selecting them. There's
someone we're going to wake today.
Savannah, you'll be in the field.

ABBY

Who are we waking?

LINCOLN

The disturbances have responded
better to certain neural links.
Ones that have been tethered with
similar DNA.

Abby's blood turns to ice. Nora clocks this and catches on.

NORA

Lincoln, who are you having us wake
up?

LINCOLN

Your relatives.

Everyone's eyes go wide.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

BLACK:

A heartbeat descends, slower and slower until it's gone.

END OF EPISODE