

O.R.I.O.N.
"Pilot"

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COMM-SCAPE

A sound vacuum. Just the voices of our trio for now:

JAKE
Did you hear?

TOSS
Jake, *sh*.

JAKE
Aw c'mon, this ain't open channel.
We're at different stations.

TOSS
I don't want to be disrespectful.

JAKE
Well same here, man, but I'm just
saying. Why's she on active service
today? It's just a mutagen bust,
not a city-wide emergency.

TOSS
How the captain uses bereavement
leave is her business.

JAKE
It's been *one. day*. She even went
back to work at the office after
Elsie's funeral, I saw her.

TOSS
If you saw her at the office, that
means you were there too...right?

JAKE
Elsie ain't *my* sister, Toss. It's
called bereavement *leave* as in, get
the fuck out of the office, the
field, and go spend it with your
family.

TOSS
A little work might be a good
distraction. We all grieve
different, Jake.

JAKE
Yea, sure we do.

SERENA
Are you two on comms still? You're
never this quiet.

JAKE
Hey, uh, yea, we here.

TOSS
Awaiting your orders.

INT. METRO STATION - ELEVATOR - DAY

We build the soundscape of the metro platform, a hive of commuter activity:

[SQUEALING rails]

[Baby WAILS]

[PHONE CALL AD-LIBS]

[CROWD CHATTER], voices bouncing off walls of a busy metro.

[walkie-talkie GARBLES]--O.R.I.O.N. Peacekeepers making rounds.

[INTERCOM CHIME]

PLATFORM INTERCOM
May I have your attention please:
proper filtration is required to
ride this train. If you do not have
a filtrating mask, please visit our
kiosk...

Focus on: [BOOTS CLACKING]-- Serena Moro (28), wading through the noise.

SERENA
I'm at the Amtrak. Mission update?

A.I
Status: we believe our suspect will
board at Lawrence stop, as has been
his preferred drop route these past
two weeks.

SERENA
So no changes...

Jake [GARBLES] through radio.

JAKE
They don't even try switching up
the routes?

TOSS [GARBLES] in too.

TOSS

The Mutagen game ain't changed past the tracks; why should they?

JAKE

Cause now they gettin' it on *our* tracks. 'N we bout to bust they shit.

A.I.

Please be advised: we are currently awaiting visual confirmation at Lawrence station.

Serena sighs.

SERENA

I'll get on the next train. We cycle on and off at Lawrence until we spot our suspect.

TOSS

Acknowledged.

JAKE

Yea. 'Aight.

A.I.

The next train will arrive in: **15 minutes.**

A beat of metro ambiance.

A.I. (CONT'D)

Additionally, Serena Moro, you have a new missed call from: **Dad**. You now have: **15** missed calls, from: **Dad**. Would you like to answer while we wait?

SERENA

(hissing)
Aurora.

TOSS

Huh?

JAKE

'Rena, call your Dad back.

SERENA

We're at work.
(a beat)
And mind yo own.

JAKE

Not my fault Aurora callin' you out
on the open channel n shit. Yo
Aurora, what's the deal?

Aurora says nothing.

TOSS

Jake. Be professional. We're
getting ready for a mutagen bust.

JAKE

Don't take brains to do a bust,
just finesse. We're O.R.I.O.N.
fitted, not street.

A.I.

Holo-call incoming: Dad.

JAKE

'Rena, call your pops. Ain't
nothin' happenin' till you get on
that train.

SERENA

(groaning)
Mute background.

The metro cacophony fades out. We're in a sound vacuum.

SERENA (CONT'D)

Aurora.

A.I.

My apologies Inspector Moro. Your
father's video messages are
beginning to take up my computing
space. To ensure all O.R.I.O.N.
operations perform smoothly, I must
insist--

Serena groans.

[DIAL TONE] -- Serena receiving the holo-call.

[Pickup].

DAD

Serena?

SERENA

Hey Dad.

A beat.

DAD
I'm surprised you called back.

SERENA
What's up? Everything ok?

DAD
Yea, yea, I just wanted to hear
your voice--you busy?

SERENA
I'm on my way to work.

DAD
Oh. It's awfully quiet for rush
hour, isn't it?

SERENA
It's on mute.

DAD
Gotcha. Gotcha.

An awkward beat.

SERENA
Is everything ok?

DAD
Yea, yea, It's just...your mother's
birthday today too...

Serena sighs for a beat.

SERENA
I know.

DAD
Just giving you a reminder.

SERENA
Yea. Thanks.

DAD
Are you planning to call her?

SERENA
I will, I will.

DAD
Before tomorrow?

SERENA
Yea.

DAD
Because I know you...

SERENA
Uh-huh?

DAD
When you get into your work, you
tend to forget about things.

SERENA
Mmm.

DAD
A lot. Like--your Mom's birthday,
or a couple days ago when--

SERENA
I won't forget.

DAD
Ok. You just, you know it would
mean so much to her, especially
now.

SERENA
Of course it would now.

DAD
What's that supposed mean?

Serena sighs.

DAD (CONT'D)
Is there something you need to say?

SERENA
No, no, forget it.

DAD
No, no, no, what is it? Please.
What's wrong?

SERENA
Nothing, Dad, I was just agreeing
with you.

DAD
Ok.

Serena says nothing.

DAD (CONT'D)
 Just--try and give her a call. Tell
 her happy birthday. If not for her,
 then for Elsie--

A.I.
 Train will be arriving in: 5
 minutes.

SERENA
 Uh, Dad, I've got to go now--

DAD
 --And maybe come by soon? I know
 you're busy in the big city, but I
 miss you.

SERENA
 I'll try to soon. Promise.

DAD
 Ok. Ok. Stay safe.

The call disconnects.

A.I.
 Call Ended.

SERENA
 Unmute.

[A.I. CHIME].

The metro havoc returns.

A train [ROARS] by. [SQUEALING wheels], [HUMMING]--from the
 mag rail.

[TRAIN CHIME]

SERENA (CONT'D)
 Boarding now.

JAKE
 How's pops?

SERENA
 Focus.

TOSS
 We're waiting at De Soto, inspector
 Moro. It's right after Lawrence.

SERENA
Thank you, Toss.

JAKE
Toss, how often you talk to your
folks?

SERENA
Jake. Standing order: radio silence
from you, unless there's a visual
on our suspect.

Bu-- JAKE Ah! SERENA (CONT'D)

TOSS
You can't see it, but he just
zipped his lips.

SERENA
Thank you.

Train doors slide open. An uproar of voices build as
footsteps push inside, including Serena's.

INT. METRO - DAY - LATER

Muffled sounds, peaceful even. Occasional mechanized
breathing from filtration masks.

SERENA
Aurora.

A.I.
Yes, Inspector Moro?

SERENA
15 messages?

A.I.
Affirmative. I can play them back
for you if you'd like--

SERENA
No, no, it's ok.

A beat.

A.I.
Analyzing vocal rhythm, pitch, and
background indicate he may be
lonely.

(MORE)

A.I. (CONT'D)
 (a beat)
 Yours suggests the same.

[INTERCOM CHIME]

INTERCOM
 Next stop: Lawrence. Doors at
 Lawrence: open: on the right.

Doors *hissss* open. Air filtered breathing escalates to a chorus. Footsteps fade out of the train. Footsteps coming in.

Getting crowded.

The SUSPECT passes Serena and bumps her in the shoulder.

SERENA
 Ow!

SUSPECT
 'Scuse me.

The Suspect passes her by without looking.

A.I.
 Target visual confirmed.

SERENA
 Where?

A.I.
 The rude gentleman.

SERENA
 The two of you get that?

JAKE
 Can I talk now?

TOSS
 We'll hop on the next stop. Routine
 Search and Seize?

SERENA
 Definitely. Just be careful. He's
 already acting paranoid.

[TRAIN CHIME]

Train doors slide closed. We hear it start running again.

[INTERCOM CHIME]

INTERCOM

This is to notify all passengers of an upending cloud burst at: **De Soto**. Category: 3. Turbulence is to be expected. Please be seated and wear seat buckles or hold onto rails.

TOSS

Storm might interfere with comms.

JAKE

All good. Don't need it to do a bust if its the three of us.

The Suspect mumbles--[ad-libing]--We hear his mumbling creep up behind us.

A few whispers from other passengers. The Suspect continues mumbling.

[INTERCOM CHIME]

INTERCOM

Next stop: **De Soto**. Doors at **De Soto**: open: on the right.

We hear a new whoosh--doors opening. Tornado-like gusts wail on the other side. Rain torrents slap the windows. Thunder in the distance.

We hear garbling talkies. Heavy boot steps. O.R.I.O.N. troops coming through--TOSS and JAKE.

[TRAIN CHIME]

Train doors slide closed. We hear it start running again.

The Suspect's mechanized breathing picks up tempo.

TOSS and JAKES bootsteps come closer.

The Suspect shifts.

Bootsteps next to them now. They stop at Serena and The Suspect. At us.

TOSS

Lets see some I.D.

Serena sighs.

SERENA

One second.

She reaches for her back wallet.

JAKE
(to the Suspect)
You too.

SUSPECT
What? Hell nah, why you pickin' me
out? You got this whole train of
people and you pickin' out me?

SERENA
C'mon, man just do it--

SUSPECT
(to Serena)
You can shut the hell up.

SERENA
What's your problem?

JAKE
Let's see it--

SUSPECT
For what?!

TOSS
It's the Baron's law--

SUSPECT (CONT'D)
Hell, nah.

JAKE
I.D. Now.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)
Man, fuck the Baro--

SLAM! Jake wrestles The Suspect against the train window.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)
Man what the hell?!

JAKE
For refusal to provide I.D., you're
potentially being charged for
trespassing on the Baron's land.
You can either produce chips to pay
the fine, or sit out at the
station.

We hear magnetized cuffs lock around The Suspect.

SUSPECT
Man, you get these cuffs off me and
I gotchu! I got I.D.! Let me go and
I gotchu!

TOSS
Check his pockets and his bag.

Patdown.

SUSPECT
Oh, you was just tryna feel me up,
huh? You got a fetish for violating
rights and personal space?

JAKE
Quiet.

Patting continues. Stops.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Got something.

A glass syringe is pulled from The Suspect's pocket.

TOSS
What is that?

JAKE
A vial of--something. What kind of
Mutagens in this?

SUSPECT
Man, I don't know what that is!
Y'all must've planted that or some
shit!

TOSS
Check the backpack.

We hear The Suspect's clothes rustle--he's resisting.

JAKE
Hey! Ugh. Keep. Still.

We hear them shove The Suspect against the glass. A crack.

SERENA
HEY! Easy, easy.

Backpack zipper unzipping.

[CHINK] [CHINK] multiple vials.

JAKE
There's tons in here.

TOSS
Caught our dealer.

THE SUSPECT

NO! Man, get off me! Get the fuck
off me!

TOSS

Restrain him!

JAKE

Man, stop fighting the cuffs,
you're embarrassing yourself.

(a beat)

O.R.I.O.N. business, everyone!
Please stay seated!

The suspect and the troopers wrestle with each other.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Stay down, man! C'mo--

A [PUNCH]. Multiple vials fall onto the floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck! My nose!

The Suspect wrestles a vial from the floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Put the vial down!

JAKE and TOSS cock their guns.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Kid, I ain't playin with you no mo!

We hear an injection sound. The suspect drops a now empty
vial.

SERENA

No! Get back!

The Suspect grunts, then growls, then snarls--an monstrous
roar.

Passengers scream and stampede to opposite ends of the train.

JAKE

What the hell's going on with his
legs?!

TOSS

There's no clean shot! Too many
civis!

SERENA
Hold your fire!

JAKE
He doesn't care about that!

The Suspect releases an otherworldly [ROAR].

JAKE (CONT'D)
Jesus! What kind of Mutagen does
that?!

SERENA
Toss! Cover the civilians! Get them
to the next cabin!

Toss panting--hesitating.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Toss!

The Suspect's growling turns to us. It's close.

SERENA (CONT'D)
Toss!

[Battle Roar]. Heavy hoof stomps.

Gunshots.

Jake screams.

Radio cuts.

INT. O.R.I.O.N. COMMAND - LATER

DISPATCH
Aurora. What's going on with Amtrak
125?

Radio muffling in the periphery. Voices of people on phones
and comms.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
Aurora?

Static. Aurora's voice slowly fills in.

A.I.
Apologies deputy commander. The
category 3 storm is interfering
with communications broadcasts.

DISPATCH

You're getting through now. What's the status? Inspector Moro's team hasn't checked in.

A.I.

Mission update: the suspect has injected himself with the trafficked mutagen...

DISPATCH

Jesus...

A.I.

I am also no longer receiving vitals reports from two O.R.I.O.N. troopers.

We hear the dispatch rise from his chair. He catches his breath.

DISPATCH

Send word out, I want troops mobilized to intercept that train.

A.I.

Affirmative.

DISPATCH

And get me patched in with whoever's still alive on that train! I want visual, audio, whatever you can get me! We need to know what's going on.

A.I.

I will get to work on the patch.
(a beat)

Update: I have established a connection. Patching in now with Inspector Moro's feed:

BACK TO:

INT. METRO - DAY - LATER

Serena's quick rapid breaths--she's fending off panic.

DISPATCH

Inspector Moro?

We hear the cries and murmurs of passengers.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
Inspector Moro?

We hear the [LOW GROWLS] of The Suspect at a distance.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
Serena!

Serena skips a breath--she's coming to.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
This is deputy commander Lance
Fields--I've got an update of
fatalities and a mutant on that
train. Can you speak? One tap on
the earpiece for yes. Two for no.

Serena taps her earpiece twice.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
Understood. We're escalating this
to a hostage situation.

The [SNARLING] rises for a moment--can he hear the mic?

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
We're mounting a response team at
each stop, with a blockade at the
final one. Can the mutant be
reasoned with? Are they coherent?

The [SNARLS] come closer--The Suspect approaches with heavy
hoof stomps.

Serena doesn't tap.

FINAL BEATS:

-Serena attempts to negotiate with The Suspect.

-The Suspect attempts to harm Serena, before which she
"prays" to Elsie.

-The Suspect stops their attack--they know the name. He
inquires asking: "Elsie Moro?"

-Serena says it's her sister's name. The Suspect reveals that
Elsie gave him the mission to traffic the mutagen across the
tracks.

-Before the Suspect can reveal more, the train reaches the
end of its tracks, and O.R.I.O.N. troops kill The Suspect.