

EXT. CHARLIE'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

On the corner sits a 1950's style diner. It's neon sign breaking the silence of the streets, *Open 24 Hours*. Charlie's is a run-down remnant from the old city. What would have been a gem, re-creating the 1950's style diner is now a run-down shell.

Mr. Darcy pauses.

MR. DARCY

Is it safe?

DILLON

Scared of a little food poisoning?

MR. DARCY

Um... well...

DILLON

I'm just playing wit'cha. It's safe. Charlie's is like my home away from home.

Pushing through the door, the tired waitress makes no mention of Dillon walking in with a stranger.

INT. CHARLIE'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Seats held together with duct-tape, cracked table tops. A juke box in the far corner and a cake refrigerator have swapped sweet treats for homemade first-aid supplies and medicines.

A couple of people mingle in seats here and there. A large, muscular man sits at the far end of the counter. His hands rest on a large semiautomatic machine gun. No one takes notice. Dillon nods to him, the man nods and smiles a slight smile back.

SUE is an aged woman who appears well beyond her years. Wrinkled, tired, worn. Yet, she is a strong survivor.

SUE

Hey, doll. Be w'cha in a minute. You want your usual?

DILLON

Sure Sue, that would be great.

Dillon and Mr. Darcy walk to the far corner booth. The worn vinyl and chipped Formica allow Dillon to relax slightly. Sue busies herself behind the counter.

SUE
Jack Cummings stopped by yesterday
looking for you.

DILLON
Oh?

SUE
He had an another apple pie for you.

DILLON
How many apple pies can one person
possible eat?

SUE
He is thankful. You saved his family.

MR. DARCY
Oh?

Sue turns to the table with two cups of coffee.

SUE
Dillon here is real good at finding
people that don't want to be found.

MR. DARCY
That's what I hear as well.

DILLON
Oh...

MR. DARCY
That's why I sought you out.

Mr. Darcy looks around the dilapidated diner. Clearly not comfortable with his surroundings. Mr. Darcy looks to his coffee cup, takes a sip and starts to turn green. He tries to swallow and then starts to cough.

SUE
Takes some getting used to, doesn't
it.

DILLON
I am guessing you are not used to
slumming it downtown.

Mr. Darcy pushes the coffee cup away.

MR. DARCY
On the contrary... I was thinking
how much my daughter would enjoy
this place.

DILLON

You have a kid?

MR. DARCY

Yes, ELIZABETH, she is six-years old.

DILLON

Pardon me, but you don't seem like you have a problem with money... so what the hell are you still doing in the city?

MR. DARCY

Good question. I was going to leave when the evacuations started, but a friend needed my help.

DILLON

Must be some good friend to stay behind.

MR. DARCY

You have no idea.

DILLON

What'd he do... save your life or something?

MR. DARCY

We grew up together. Fought together. Cried together. You know the type... he knows all of my dirty little secrets.

DILLON

So... what can I do for you?

MR. DARCY

I need your help, finding someone. Someone important.

(beat)

You come highly recommended.

DILLON

Really?

MR. DARCY

You sound shocked. You do have quite a reputation for being able to track down people, anyone really, especially if they as your friend put it... don't want to be found.

DILLON
Aren't we all off the grid nowadays?

MR. DARCY
Surely. We would be grateful for
your assistance.

DILLON
Who is 'we'?

MR. DARCY
I will tell you everything, if you
promise you will hear me through?

DILLON
I don't make promises I am not sure
I intend to keep.

MR. DARCY
Touche.
(beat)
I work for the W.H.O.

DILLON
The World Health Organization? I
didn't see that one coming. Who are
you looking for? What could I
possibly provide that your tactical
team don't cover?

Sue crosses to the table with two cheeseburger plates. The
meat has a green tint to it. Dillon immediately grabs the
ketchup bottle from the table and squeezes.

MR. DARCY
You want a little burger with your
ketchup?

DILLON
Trust me, Mr. Darcy, this meal
requires a little lubrication.

Mr. Darcy smiles slightly. Dillon taking a large bite of
burger with her mouth full continues.

DILLON (CONT'D)
You were saying.

MR. DARCY
His name is Dr. Hines. Duncan Hines.

DILLON
You are shitting me... the guys name
is Duncan Hines, what were his parents
thinking?

Mr. Darcy looks to the burger on the plate. He lifts the bun and pushes the plate away. Losing his appetite.

MR. DARCY

Yes, we often tease him about that ourselves.

DILLON

So.. who is this guy?

MR. DARCY

Dr. Hines is an invaluable asset to the W.H.O., the leading researcher in his field and so very close to actually finding a cure to end all of this.

Dillon scoffs at the idea of a cure.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)

Not a believer?

DILLON

I believe what I can see... what I can touch. Some ethereal cure? I'll believe it when it actually happens.

(beat)

But that's my own shit. Who would want Dr. Hines? Why?

MR. DARCY

It's more than what's in Duncans' brain...

DILLON

Then what?

MR. DARCY

...there have been rumors circulating for weeks now that a terrorist group has been searching for a way, anyway, to acquire the virus and the cure. If they have Duncan and the virus, and the cure?? Well, then...

DILLON

What?! Why would anyone want this monster that destroyed everything?

MR. DARCY

Power. Control.

DILLON

Anyone in particular?

MR. DARCY

There is one group that has been making headlines.

DILLON

Whose that?

MR. DARCY

They call themselves the Phoenix Group.

DILLON

What's their story?

MR. DARCY

The story of the great phoenix that will rise from ashes and save us all to start a new beginning.

DILLON

Sounds almost like you admire this group.

MR. DARCY

I wouldn't say admire.

DILLON

Wait a minute. So... why do you need me?

MR. DARCY

I think a more calculating and intelligent approach is required in this circumstance.

DILLON

Not sure if that is a complement or not?

(beat)

What's in it for me?

MR. DARCY

Answers.

DILLON

To what?

MR. DARCY

You don't have to hide anything from me Dillon. I know about you.

DILLON

What do you know?

MR. DARCY

I know you don't have any memory of your past. Who you were before the virus. I want to help you find those answers you seek.

DILLON

Well, you have done your research. How would you do that?

MR. DARCY

There are various tests we can do to help us discover who you are.

Dillon is speechless.

DILLON

When do we start?

MR. DARCY

I would like for you to accompany me back to W.H.O. Headquarters. There you will have access to Duncan's files and I will be able to introduce you to Tactical Team A who will be working with you.

DILLON

Me working with government mules? Well, this should be interesting.

MR. DARCY

So you will help us then?

DILLON

Like you said, you know me. Any chance I can find answers... it's worth the risk. Right?

MR. DARCY

I will have the car pulled around. If you will excuse me...

Mr. Darcy exits the booth and starts to walk toward the door of the diner. Waving to Sue as he passes. Sue half-heartedly returns the wave.

Sue motions to Dillon to stay behind for a moment.

DILLON

(To Mr. Darcy)

Go on outside. I'll be there in a minute.

Mr. Darcy stands outside of the door to the diner, placing a call on his phone.

SUE
Everything alright doll?

DILLON
Why? What's up?

SUE
You look troubled.

DILLON
You ever think a deal is too good to be true?

SUE
Oh honey, if you need to ask then I really haven't taught you anything.

DILLON
Right.

SUE
Take care of yourself.

DILLON
Check in on Baxter for me?

SUE
Will do.