

Reveal FIONA BORGIA VANDENHEUVEL GOODE, an elegant beauty. She has a look in her eye like she is deciding whether to fuck you or kill you. Or both.

FIONA

I'll have what she's having.

DR. ZHONG

And you will. Sooner than you'd think. We should be ready for human trials in two years time.

FIONA

No. This afternoon. Within the next half hour preferably, I have a dinner appointment.

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DR. ZHONG

I'm sorry, but that's impossible.

FIONA

I've heard you like to get sauced at biochemistry conventions and brag about how you're going to win the Nobel for the work you're doing here -- research that is entirely funded by my late husband's money. I've made you rich, soon to be famous, I want my medicine. I paid for it and I want it. Now.

She lights a cigarette.

*

DR. ZHONG

You can't smoke in here. Ms. Goode. You are a very beautiful woman. But if you're just looking for something cosmetic, I can recommend a plastic surgeon --

FIONA

Surgeons? Butchers. Face-lifts don't make you look younger, they don't even make you look better, they just make you look different. What I need is an infusion of vitality. Of youth. I want that drug, David.

DR. ZHONG

Fiona, even if I wanted to give it to you, I couldn't.

(MORE)

DR. ZHONG (CONT'D)

We'd have to harvest the stem cells
and it would take weeks for the
blastomeres to stabilize. What we
do here isn't magic. I'm sorry.

Off Fiona, darkening...

25 INT. SEATTLE HOTEL -- NIGHT 25

"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" PLAYS as Fiona, high on pills, moves
around her room. Quick cuts, odd angles. She wears a silk
CAFTAN. Stares at herself in the mirror. Pulls her skin back
on her face. She's going a bit mad. *

She notices the TV. A story about New Orleans. CLOSE -- ON
the TV screen, the images play with no sound. Picture of
MISTY DAY with a chyron over it -- "Missing for 28 Days."
Something about the girl makes Fiona stop. Like she knows
her. THEN -- a KNOCK at the door. Fiona opens it.

DR. ZHONG

You made me leave my daughters'
violin recital early.

FIONA

You've been shooting me up with
your shit for five days and nothing
has changed. I want to see those
syringes. How do I know you haven't
been filling them with sugar water
to protect your precious protocols?

DR. ZHONG

I have risked my career giving you
these drugs. They could kill you. I
could go to jail!

FIONA

Give me more. You're not giving me
enough. Double the dosage.

DR. ZHONG

Pull our funding. I don't care. I
quit. You're insane. You're a
beautiful woman. People get older.
We are organic matter. We are
animals. We rot, we die!

Fiona grabs her cigarettes. Calms herself.

DR. ZHONG (CONT'D)

I will tender my resignation in the
morning.

(CONTINUED)

He starts out. PUSH IN on Fiona, suddenly, oddly emotional. A tear streams down her cheek. And then...her eyes go DARK.

A WIND picks up outside and all of the doors in the suite SLAM SHUT. The LIGHTS FLARE OUT. Darkness. Silence. The room is illuminated as Fiona STRIKES a MATCH. Lights a cigarette.

DR. ZHONG (CONT'D)

(terrified)

What is this? How are you doing this?

*

Zhong runs to the french doors. Panicked. Tries to get out. None of them will open.

FIONA

Oh, stop being such a child. This won't hurt. Very much. Well, for very long...

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She begins to prowl towards him. Zhong is losing it. He grabs whatever he can find -- a FIREPLACE TOOL and charges at her. With a STERN LOOK she sends him FLYING BACKWARDS into the desk. He's hurt. She moves towards him. Stands over him.

DR. ZHONG

Please. My children.

She shakes her head. Frustrated. Suddenly a WIND PICKS UP in the room. The sheers billow. A beat as she leans down.

FIONA

Shhh...Shhh... Love me. Love me...

She touches between his eyes with her finger. Casting her spell. With her touch he CHANGES. He is relaxed. In love with her. In love with love.

He stands and she KISSES HIM. SPIN AROUND THEM as the wind SWIRLS. They are HUNGRY for each other. Something is happening to Dr. Zhong, though. The pleasure is mixing with PAIN. He tries to pull away but can't. His body SHAKES. He AGES in front of us. With each spin around them a year, ten years, fifty years, a HUNDRED. His face collapsing in on itself. He COLLAPSES on to the floor in a tortured spasm. A kind of death orgasm. We see him on the rug -- motionless. His teeth are rotted, he is fighting for breath, too weak to beg for help. He looks a hundred now.

She turns away and reaches for a cigarette, her face not quite in focus. David loses his battle with the Grim Reaper. She reaches down. Closes his eyes.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

She goes to the vanity. Looks in the mirror. Her youth has returned, her cheeks are plump and rosy. She breathes a tiny sigh of relief: it worked. She looks over...

David is dead. A desiccated corpse -- his mouth wide open in a hideous, frozen silent scream. *

She turns back to the mirror, pleased. Then, something is wrong. Her newfound youth fades as fast as it came. It's gone. A beat before the RAGE comes and she SMASHES THE MIRROR. Off Fiona -- studying her reflection in the broken glass...

Zoe, Madison, Nan and Queenie are seated in a formal dining room, table set with china, silver and cloth napkins. Spalding, the mute butler, serves steaming bowls of soup. Madison eyes hers with disgust.

MADISON

Hey Jeeves. Can I get some iceberg lettuce with a side of Blue Cheese?

QUEENIE

Girl, be nice to Spalding. Poor bastard has no tongue.

MADISON

Is that true, Jeeves? Did you use that tongue for something wicked? Or maybe you suck at going down.

Spalding glares at her and slams a bowl of soup in front of Zoe. As he heads for the kitchen, Madison can't resist.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Aw come on, Jeeves. Show me your stub! Maybe we can put it to use!

Spalding disappears into the kitchen and slams the door.

MADISON (CONT'D)

So New Girl, what are you in for?

NAN

Her boyfriend.