

SUCCESSION

"The Seventh Fucking Seal"

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EXT. BATTERY PARK - EARLY MORNING (D1)

The sun has just begun to rise behind Lady Liberty; the surface of the dark Hudson glitters. The air is crisp and cold.

The waterfront of Battery Park is nearly empty. TWO MEN jog, one a few paces behind the other.

CLOSE ON the man in front. It's KENDALL ROY, head to toe in elite black running gear, sunglasses on, bluetooth earbuds in, GANGSTA RAP blasting. He's in the zone, heart rate up, a killer shark.

The other runner, a BODYGUARD, enters Kendall's periphery. Kendall glances to the side, then increases his pace, to stay ahead of the bodyguard.

After a beat, the bodyguard appears in Kendall's periphery again, a half step behind him. Without losing his pace, Kendall puts his arm out, indicating that he needs distance. The bodyguard drops back a few steps.

After another beat, the bodyguard edges closer. Kendall stops, yanks an earbud out. The music stops.

KENDALL

Six feet, dude. Six feet.

BODYGUARD

Sorry about that, sir.

KENDALL

Yeah, well, yeah.

Kendall refocuses, then starts running again.

The bodyguard keeps his distance. Kendall glances back, seeing the bodyguard is now trailing him by fifteen feet.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Jesus, I said six feet not six miles. Do you want me to get fucking shot?

Kendall keeps running -- a shark must keep swimming.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - DAY (D1)

Elevator doors open, Kendall, showered and sharply dressed, steps out.

Half the desks on the floor are empty. A JUNIOR EXEC is packing a computer monitor into a box, but freezes when he sees Kendall, who breezes down the hall.

JESS, Kendall's assistant, catches up with him, tablet in hand.

JESS

Your eight thirty, eight fifty, and nine-ten have all canceled, and your nine-thirty is now a video chat.

KENDALL

A video chat? What am I, having cyber sex with my high school sweetheart?

JESS

They wanted to make it a video chat.

KENDALL

Is my roommate playing Starcraft behind me, or do I get the pleasure of jerking off alone?

JESS

We'll make it a call.

They walk into Kendall's office.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - KENDALL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D1)

Kendall moves to his desk.

KENDALL

We're talking about the analytics debrief, right? Why don't they just come upstairs?

JESS

That team is working from home.

KENDALL

That's where we're at now?

JESS

Just some departments. Execs are making the call for their own support staffs.

KENDALL
Right. Got it. Thanks.

Jess stands in the doorway, expectant. Kendall busies himself at his desk.

JESS
I'll be outside if you need me.

KENDALL
Thanks Jess.

Jess turns to go. Then Kendall looks up.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Well wait, hey, I want you to do what you're comfortable with.

JESS
Oh. You mean -- ?

KENDALL
I'll need constant communication, but if you need to --

JESS
IT's got a VPN system set up.

KENDALL
Constant interface.

SHIV walks in, coffee in hand.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
(to Jess)
I need you on the ball. Behind the cue.

JESS
It'll be --

KENDALL
You know, aiming for the eight.

JESS
It'll be just like I'm here.

KENDALL
Right. Obviously it would be better if you could be here. Like, here here.

(beat)
No, go, go home. But you're working.

(MORE)

KENDALL (CONT'D)

I've got eyes everywhere, no "Netflix and chilling" with that Brazilian bartender boyfriend of yours.

JESS

I'm not seeing anyone.

KENDALL

Right, but we're on the same page about this?

JESS

Yes. Thank you, Kendall.

She walks out of the office.

Shiv has taken a power position on the couch.

SHIV

She's fired, right?

KENDALL

They're doing a whole telecommuting thing.

Shiv raises her eyebrows.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

She doesn't want to, you know, contract the whatever.

SHIV

That girl goes to eight barre classes a week. Her lungs aren't collapsing any time soon.

KENDALL

Well, I can fend for myself, thanks.

SHIV

Suit yourself.

KENDALL

You talked to Dad, right?

SHIV

He'll be on video. One big swollen head, the geriatric Wizard of Oz.

Kendall's office phone starts ringing. He ignores it.

KENDALL

Good, last thing we need is him getting it.

SHIV

I'm not worried about him. He'd pay for a rhino blood transfusion and be good as new.

Shiv gets up.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Phone's ringing.

Shiv leaves.

KENDALL

Shit.

Kendall tries to answer it, presses the wrong button, it keeps ringing.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Jess!

He moves to the door.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

FADE TO:

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - TOM'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

TOM is pacing. GREG is standing by the door.

TOM

Close the door, Greg.

Greg looks at the door. It's closed. Greg clears his throat.

GREG

It's already, uh...well, sure.

Greg opens it and closes it.

TOM

What are people saying? What's in the rumor mill?

GREG

I'm not sure what you mean.

TOM

The grist, Greg. I want the grist from the mill.

GREG

It seems like thousands dead, maybe even millions, I don't know. On the other hand...China?

TOM

No, you dimwit, in the office. Are people talking about parks and cruises?

GREG

Oh. Well, I actually had a question about cruises. Those cruises that moored -- or would it be docked? -- I never know what a "dry dock" is. In San Francisco. Are those...our boats?

TOM

Anchored. And, no, Greg, none of them are our boats.

GREG

Okay good, because I have an aunt who's on a Waystar cruise right now and we can't get ahold of her.

TOM

Well, she's perfectly safe on our ships. Unless she's a paid entertainer, in which case it's her vagina she should worry about, not her lungs.

GREG

Okay...good.

TOM

But listen, Gregg, I don't want people pointing fingers at parks and cruises, so I need to make a good impression in this emergency all-hands. Why don't you go downstairs and buy a dozen donuts, huh? Purchase some saccharine good will as it were.

Greg grabs a post-it note and a sharpie.

GREG
Sure, any, uh, flavor or style preferences?

TOM
What do I look like, a pâtissier?

Greg nods, stuffs the post-its in his pocket, and exits.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - PARKS AND CRUISES FLOOR HALL - DAY (D1)

Greg power-walks down the hall. He coughs into his elbow. A YOUNG FEMALE WAYSTAR EMPLOYEE eyes this, and gives him a wide berth.

GREG
It's just a tickle. Get as close as you want.

The young employee gives him a look.

GREG (CONT'D)
You know, within professional --

Tom sticks his head out of his office, down the direction Greg came from.

TOM
Greg!

Greg looks back. Tom has his hands up, posing like a growling bear.

TOM (CONT'D)
(shout-whispers)
Bear claws!

Greg, failing to understand Tom, smiles and mimics the bear pose back to him.

GREG
Rawr!
(to the young employee)
Inside joke. Not to you. Sorry.

Greg shuffles off down the hall.

Off the young employee:

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - DAY (D1)

GERRI, KARL, and FRANK huddle outside the boardroom, speaking quietly.

FRANK

Well, my daughter's school is officially closed, so it looks like we'll be spending more time together, at least.

KARL

I always forget that you have a daughter.

GERRI

Slow down cowboy, she's twelve.

KARL

I wasn't saying, I wasn't --

Karolina joins the group.

KARL (CONT'D)

Hi Karolina.

(a beat)

Frank, I wasn't saying I wanted to sleep with your daughter.

Off Karolina:

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - DAY (D1)

Shiv and Tom walk down the hall together. Tom's flustered. Shiv's distracted, reading a text.

TOM

I'm just picturing this thing incubating inside a Tully the Toucan costume.

Shiv sends a text back.

SHIV

Sorry, what?

(catching up)

There's been no cases in the parks, Tom. You know that.

TOM

Even if there's no medical virus,
there could be a worse virus, a
virus of the mind: a lack of
confidence in Parks, and then
suddenly, you know, I'm patient
zero.

SHIV

You didn't do anything wrong.

TOM

Then I'm the AIDS monkey of getting
shitcanned.

SHIV

Just don't talk, and I'll handle
this.

TOM

No? Because I was going to do a
whole little speech.

Shiv sees someone in an office they pass by. She knocks on
the window, and waves. We cannot see who she's waving at.

Tom doubles back, looks in.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh!

Tom gives an enthusiastic smile and wave as well.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM - DAY (D1)

ROMAN paces by the window in the corner of the room, like a
trapped bird.

The conference table is full, with the Members of the Board,
Kendall, Shiv, Gerri, Karl, Karolina, Frank, CYD PEACH, etc.

GERRI

Per comparison to the general
trajectory of the market this week,
our stocks are trending towards
stability.

*ON A LARGE TV SCREEN IS LOGAN, videoconferencing in. He
bellows, his video and audio feed choppy.*

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

*War, famine, pestilence, death, all
good for the bottom line!*

FRANK

Well, actually, bad for the bottom line.

GERRI

Just the kind of bad that makes you take a pill, not jump overboard.

KARL

Bad phrasing, no?

GERRI

What he's saying is media is going to come out of this alright.

FRANK

Now that we've broached the subject of jumping overboard, though, we do need to talk about parks and cruises.

Greg enters the room, all smiles, with two boxes of donuts.

GREG

Knock knock. Little munchies before lunchies?

He sets one box down on the table.

GREG (CONT'D)

(to Tom)

I didn't know if you meant a baker's dozen or a standard dozen, so I got one of each.

Greg opens the second box of donuts, offers to Roman, who backs up against the wall, shaking his head no.

KENDALL

Rome, you wanna join us at the table?

ROMAN

I'm good.

FRANK

I don't know that sharing a communal plate of pastries is the most sanitary choice right now.

Karl is already halfway through a donut -- Bavarian cream squirts out the end as he bites.

TOM

Oh, lighten up Frank. These donuts are five dollars each, they're not gonna have Typhoid Mary down there mixing the glaze.

KAROLINA

I think Frank's right about this.

TOM

Right, well, I think Greg was just trying to lighten the mood, but obviously he's missed the mark on this one.

GERRI

Let's move back to the agenda.

TOM

Actually, no, they shouldn't even be on the table at all. That's disgusting, Greg.

Tom picks up the boxes of donuts, shoves them into Greg's arms.

TOM (CONT'D)

Get these out of here.

Greg leaves, boxes crumpling in his hands.

SHIV

I think we were about to talk about parks and cruises.

TOM

Yes, yes, yes.

SHIV

Obviously we're in a tough position here, just hemorrhaging capital, in the eye of the storm with this whole disease ballgame.

FRANK

(muttering to himself)
Masterful imagery.

SHIV

And they weren't doing so hot before either.

TOM

Well hold on now.

SHIV

I mean it would be one thing if we were a leader in the hospitality industry but we're obviously not. I think we're all in agreement that we shut it down until further notice. But really we should consider going further and offloading the division for parts. If it's not a market we can corner, I'm not sure it's a market we should be in at all.

KENDALL

Thanks for your input, Shiv. Always nice of you to drop by. But who's going to buy six theme parks and two dozen catamaran cruise ships?

SHIV

Well, the obvious? Sunshine.

Logan, on the screen, bursts into the conversation.

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

Absolutely not!

GERRI

They're not the easiest firm to work with.

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

Jesus freaks, won't allow a fucking bar in their park! Imagine having to deal with your children sober.

GERRI

Previous negotiation attempts have soured. You know, it's a complicated history between...

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

That Beckett bitch. I'd rather give myself a prostate exam with a--

Logan's audio cuts out, his image on screen freezing for a moment.

ROMAN

Fire poker. It's always "with a fire poker."

Karl points down the table, requesting a napkin from the stack. Cyd picks one up, and passes to Karolina, who passes it to Shiv.

KENDALL

I think the Sunshine idea's worth a look. We're going into a recession, we should be tightening the belt, focusing on our core verticals.

Shiv hands the napkin to Gerri, who hands it to Frank, who hands it to Kendall. Roman anxiously watches the napkin travel.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

(thrown by napkin in hand)

And, uh, the digital town square, you know, where you can't catch a cold.

Kendall hands the napkin to Karl. Logan unfreezes on the screen.

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

What did he say?

KENDALL

I said we need to tighten -- you know -- slim down -- focus on the, uh --

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

You don't sell in a time like this, you buy. Eat the fucking dead.

Karl uses the napkin to wipe Bavarian Cream off his face.

LOGAN (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

So we're pulling the trigger on CieloRosso.

Shiv cocks her head.

SHIV

The...Italian airline?

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

Airlines are folding left and right. Let's get ourselves a little fleet.

KENDALL

Dad, I, uh, that's not exactly a little fleet.

(MORE)

KENDALL (CONT'D)

An airline is a volatile asset.
Maybe we hunker down and --

LOGAN (ON SCREEN)

*I want the airline. You take point
on that, Ger.*

Gerri nods, then moves to end the meeting.

GERRI

Well then, unless there's any other
business to attend to --

Karl raises his finger.

KARL

One point of order.

Logan looks to him. Karl clears his throat.

KARL (CONT'D)

I think, for the overall safety of
the company, health, and, uh,
otherwise...it would be prudent of
those of us at an upper-management
level to not occupy our physical
office spaces and rather...work
from home?

Karl clears his throat again, waiting and looking for someone
to second the idea.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - DAY (D1)

The team filters out of the boardroom meeting. Tom catches up
with Shiv.

TOM

Hey, Shiv?

SHIV

Gotta huddle with Ken and Roman.

TOM

Little hard on Parks back there,
huh?

SHIV

Let's talk about this at home,
okay?

She smiles, pats him on the shoulder, then moves to Kendall
and Roman.

KENDALL

The airline's a non-fucking-starter.

SHIV

I don't know what he's thinking.

They look down the hall to the office Shiv and Tom passed earlier. An assistant is holding people back, creating a perimeter. Another assistant opens the office door, and LOGAN steps out.

KENDALL

That's where he was on video from?

SHIV

It was a compromise. I couldn't get him to stay home.

Logan sneers at the staff members waiting to pass down the hall.

LOGAN

What's everybody looking at? I'm not a caged animal, I'm just old.

Shiv and Kendall approach, keeping their distance. Roman hangs back.

KENDALL

Pop, come on, you need to self-quarantine. For real.

LOGAN

It's not the apocalypse, Ken.

KENDALL

I'm just looking out for you.

Logan rolls his eyes.

LOGAN

Sure you are. Always have my best interest at heart, do you?

Logan goes into the elevator.

SHIV

He's gonna be alright. This thing is just a bad flu, right?

ROMAN

Only if you watch ATN. Jesus. Old people are gonna die.

(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I mean not him, but you know,
mortal non-demonic old people.

KENDALL

I'll talk to Marcia, get him to
Vermont. Out in the boonies.

SHIV

One of us should go with.

ROMAN

Kendall.

KENDALL

What the fuck? I have kids.

SHIV

Well you don't really have them.
You had them. Or Rava did and you
watched.

KENDALL

I'm not going to that place all
alone with him. Why don't we all
go? We need to be a united force on
this, make him recognize it's
serious. And we can talk some sense
into him about the airline thing.

ROMAN

I don't have a problem with the
airline thing.

Shiv's distracted in her phone, reading a text.

SHIV

That works. Family bonding.

She peels off.

ROMAN

Yeah, sure. The three Roy kids.
Back in the fucking horse-seat-shit-
thing.

Roman shrugs.

INT. OHIO HOTEL SUITE - DAY (D1)

ON A HOTEL TV: ATN News plays, with MARK RAVENHEAD anchoring.

MARK RAVENHEAD (ON SCREEN)

The real story here isn't the virus. Diseases come and go. The story is the people politicizing the virus, trying to create fear and panic in the market.

CONNOR, the fourth Roy kid, sits on the couch, watching the TV, his cell phone to his ear.

CONNOR

(into phone)

Uh-huh.

MARK RAVENHEAD (ON SCREEN)

Should we be washing our hands? Sure, it can't hurt. We should be flossing too, I suppose. But we should also be out there shopping, patronizing restaurants, and enjoying the freedom guaranteed by our forefathers.

CONNOR

(into phone)

I know, Babe. I know.

MARK RAVENHEAD

I don't care what you do, you can go play frisbee golf for God's sake, as long as you're out of the house and keeping the wheels of our economy running.

Connor gets up, walks to window.

CONNOR

Willa, honey, nobody wanted your play to close. I wish it could've run a thousand years, really I do. But all the theaters are going dark. There's not really anything we can do.

Connor's campaign manager RALPH HUFFMAN (Bill Camp) and communications director TRISH COLE (Regina King) wait impatiently for Connor to get off the phone.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Well, sure, we can discuss a remount of it once that's allowed, but maybe by then you'll be more focused on writing a great...short story. Or a poem.

Connor gives her an apologetic smile.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

No, I know, babe. But that means you can come out and join me on the campaign trail! Isn't that exciting?

(listening beat)

Well I think you should. The bus is very hygienic. I'm gonna get you on a plane out here, okay? None of this fighting. I need you with me, babe.

(listens, then interrupts)

Hey listen, Trish and Ralph are waiting for me, I've got to go. Love you.

Connor hangs up.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(to Trish)

The old ball and chain.

TRISH

We need to talk about a concession speech.

CONNOR

That's not the positive attitude we discussed, now is it? We never expected to be in the lead already. I'm a dark horse!

RALPH

Respectfully, you're a dead horse. You're Elmer's Glue.

CONNOR

I've won delegates.

TRISH

In American Samoa!

CONNOR

Hey, let's not denigrate our nation's pacific islands and atolls.

TRISH

I'd eat a pig on a spit any day of the fucking week, but their six delegates aren't enough to wipe my ass with afterwards.

CONNOR

This primary's barely begun. Ohio is a bellwether!

RALPH

That's Iowa, Connor. Iowa is a bellwether.

CONNOR

Well then it's my last stand. My Little Big Horn. My Battle of Berlin. My Antietam.

RALPH

So, if you don't place in Ohio, you drop out?

CONNOR

You know, I'm Lee standing on Burnside's Bridge, and you're my Johnny Rebels, charging down that bloody lane towards what may come.

Trish's eyebrows raise.

RALPH

Right then, after Ohio, we do the honorable thing, and get off the field.

CONNOR

You know, in the Peloponnesian War, on the night before a daunting battle, a great commander would set an example for his men by castrating himself.

Off Ralph:

EXT. OHIO HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY (D1)

Connor gets out of a black SUV, followed by Trish and Ralph, and a few other STAFFERS.

He points to a crowd of a couple dozen people, holding "That's My Roy!" signs and other Connor Roy presidential campaign swag.

CONNOR

My people! My lovely people!

Trish steps ahead, addresses the crowd.

TRISH

Hi folks, thanks for coming out.
Mr. Roy won't be shaking any hands
today, following CDC
recommendations.

CONNOR

Oh come on! These people look
clean, right folks? Everybody
showered?

Connor laughs, playing to the crowd.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Who's the CDC to tell us what to
do? The CDC? The...Cronies of the
Democrat Cabal?

Connor aggressively starts shaking hands.

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - GERRI'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

Gerri is sitting at her desk, on her computer. Roman sticks
his head through the door.

ROMAN

Hey, didn't you hear, we're all
going home. Or is the nursing home
infected?

GERRI

You know, you were always a very
colic-y baby.

ROMAN

No, seriously, you should be home.
Cause you're old and infirm and
shit.

GERRI

You might want to stop by the store
on your way home before they run
out of pampers.

ROMAN

Oh, why, are you out?

Gerri stands up, grabs a suitcase from under her desk.

GERRI

Some of us have work to finish.

ROMAN
He's not sending you to fucking
Italy, is he?

GERRI
I'll be there less than twelve
hours.

Roman enters the office, but keeps a six foot distance.

ROMAN
It's Night of the Living Dead
there. *Il Noche del* fucking you
know what I mean.

GERRI
Logan wants this done quickly.

ROMAN
So I'll go. I've got lungs like a
puffer fish.

GERRI
This is a real acquisition, Roman.
This isn't going to Cannes to buy
yourself a lesbian porno.

ROMAN
I can do it. I'm on it. Now go
home.

Roman goes to door, then turns back.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
And by the way, *Polir Les Ciseaux*
was a big art house hit.

Roman exits.

EXT. ND APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (D1)

Shiv hits the buzzer, then after a moment, there's a static
crackle.

SHIV
It's me.

The door clicks unlocked.

INT. ND APARTMENT BUILDING - HALL - DAY (D1)

Shiv stands outside an apartment. The door opens, revealing her sometime-lover-sometime-coworker NATE, in sweats and unshaven, looking sheepish.

Shiv does air quotes.

SHIV

"Have to talk in person." What are you, pregnant?

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - DAY (D1)

Nate makes Shiv a cup of coffee from his Keurig, while she stands, looking around the messy apartment.

SHIV

You look like shit. No offense.

NATE

Yeah, well --

SHIV

Did Gil finally catch you playing online poker with the Super PAC money and fire you?

NATE

Shiv, listen, I need to tell you something. I got a bit of a cough a few weeks ago, and a...fever.

SHIV

What the fuck?

NATE

I don't know that it was...but I don't know that it wasn't.

SHIV

Why the fuck did you have me come into your apartment, Nate!?

NATE

No, no, listen. This started three weeks ago, and I've been totally better for a week. I'm not contagious now.

SHIV

Okay. Three weeks?

NATE

Yeah.

SHIV

When did we last -- ?

NATE

Super Tuesday. In the supply closet
at the Javits Center.

SHIV

Two weeks ago.

NATE

I just thought it was a cough then.
Pollen allergies. Black mold.

SHIV

You fucker.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA LOBBY - DAY (D1)

Shiv stands at the front desk, while a HOTEL STAFF MEMBER
checks her in.

Shiv makes a call on her phone.

SHIV

Hey, Tom, I'm gonna tell you
something and I need you to not
freak out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (D1)

Tom, wound tight with anxiety about his job, tries to put on
a calm voice.

TOM

Freak out?

SHIV

I may have been exposed.

The hotel staff member looks up from her computer, concerned
at what she heard.

TOM

To --

SHIV

But listen, it's all good. I just got the test, and while I wait for my results, I'm going to get a room at the Waldorf, just to be safe.

TOM

Should I be getting the test?

SHIV

No, I don't think so.

TOM

But if you got exposed, you could have exposed me.

SHIV

I don't think it works like that?

TOM

Maybe I should get the test, just to be safe?

SHIV

You'll be fine. Hey, I gotta go.

TOM

Just -- who exposed you?
(a beat)
Shiv -- you there?

SHIV

Do you want to know?

Off Tom:

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D1)

Tom barrels into the living room, where an elaborate work-from-home station is half built, with some monitors still in boxes on the ground.

Seeing Tom, Greg jumps up from where he was sitting on the floor.

GREG

I just needed to take a little break. But I was actually reading the setup instructions while taking the break so it wasn't really a break even at all.

TOM

Greg, where does one get tested?

GREG

Oh, at the...hospital or doctor...center? Wait, is this a question, or a riddle?

TOM

I want one.

GREG

Oh I don't think you can just get one if you're not sick? It's a sort of exclusive limited edition thing. Like certain shoes.

TOM

Shiv got the test.

GREG

Is she okay?

TOM

If she can get one, I can get one.

GREG

Definitely that makes sense.

Tom notices the work from home station.

TOM

But hey, this is great! Wow! My little command center. And you wiped all of this down?

Greg is lysoling an exercise ball.

GREG

Absolutely. By the way, what exactly will we be working on here, now that the department is, you know...?

TOM

We?

Greg indicates the exercise ball.

GREG

I thought I might just perch myself here?

TOM

Absolutely not, Greg. This is a time of social isolation, you need to crawl back to whatever Murray Hill hovel you call a home and await further instruction.

GREG

Well, see, the thing is, I didn't really "prep" for this, and I don't really know how to, like, cook, or, I guess, live?

TOM

Tough biscuits. Now that the remote war room is complete --

GREG

Not quite, I don't know how to get the internet out of...the wall.

TOM

I'm evacuating all non-essential personnel.

GREG

I just thought maybe we could be quarantine buddies?

TOM

There's some critical data locked in this brain. I can't have my system compromised by whatever you are.

Tom pulls a Lysol wipe to pick up Greg's jacket, and tosses it to him.

GREG

Do you have any supplies I could take with me? Perhaps...dried beans?

Off Greg:

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - KENDALL'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)

Kendall sits in front of an iPad on his desk, with FaceTime ringing. He looks behind him, and doesn't like the backdrop. He gets up, hits the button for the blinds on the window, blocking out the city view, and making the lighting more favorable. He sits down, fixes the part in his hair, then clicks to answer.

His estranged wife RAVA appears on the iPad screen.

KENDALL

Hey. Where are the kids?

RAVA (ON SCREEN)

Just in the other room.

KENDALL

They don't want to say hi?

RAVA (ON SCREEN)

They're annoying the hell out of my mom with some dancing app.

KENDALL

Did you tell them I was calling?

INT. RAVA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (D1)

Rava sits in a guest bedroom, with the door to the living room half-closed.

RAVA

Where are you going to quarantine?

KENDALL (ON SCREEN)

Doing a little family reunion at Rückzug.

RAVA

Will the Von Trapps be performing?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WAYSTAR HQ - KENDALL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (D1)

KENDALL

I think little Gretl's the only one still standing, and she's on a respirator now.

They laugh together, at the old inside joke.

RAVA

(cutting to the chase)
Hey Ken, I don't have much time, but I just wanted to make sure...you're good, right?

KENDALL

You mean besides the end of the
fucking world?

RAVA

Seriously.

KENDALL

No, yeah, I'm good, no, I'm clean.

RAVA

Ok good. I know you've fallen off
for lesser shit before, so...

KENDALL

Well, I'm gonna be locked in the
ski lodge, so unless Gretl's got
the hookup, I think --

RAVA

Ken, hold on, I have to go. But
good. Call later.

Rava hangs up. Jess has been standing in Kendall's doorway.

JESS

Hey. CieloRosso countered. Do you
want a printout of the term sheet?

KENDALL

They countered? Who made a fucking
offer?

JESS

I...I guess Logan? Do you want me
to find out?

KENDALL

We're not buying a fucking airline!
No -- I'll -- you're good.

JESS

Okay.

Jess pauses by Kendall's door, as he re-busies himself at his
computer.

JESS (CONT'D)

Kendall. This morning we talked
about work from home, but then --

KENDALL

I know, things shifted. You get how it goes. Thanks for sticking it out, playing ball.

JESS

It's just that the governor is saying all non-essential employees should --

KENDALL

Right, yes, let's talk about this, Jess. I don't want you to be worried at all. You won't be getting laid off. I've talked to HR, and I've had them designate you essential. You'll be holding down the fort here. You're not going anywhere.

JESS

I...okay. Anything else?

KENDALL

No. Thanks.

Jess turns to leave, silently fuming.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Oh.

Jess turns.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

This airline thing, someone's countering the counter?

JESS

I'm told Gerri's on a plane to Rome now.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LEONARDO DA VINCI-FIUMICINO AIRPORT, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

The Waystar Royco corporate jet sits on the tarmac. The doors open, and Roman, not Gerri, steps out.

He walks down the stairs, bag in hand. He wears an N-95 surgical mask.

On the ground, an ITALIAN VALET reaches for his bag.

Roman yanks it away.

ROMAN

Fuck. No touch. *Arrivederci.*

Roman and the valet, now safely distanced, head towards the terminal.

INT. LEONARDO DA VINCI-FIUMICINO AIRPORT, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

Roman and the valet walk through the airport. It is eerily empty, news stands are shuttered, trashcans overfilled, and the few travelers present look terrified.

Roman surveys the sad, desperate scene.

ROMAN

Jesus, what's Italian for "your country is fucked"?

Roman's phone buzzes.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Rome sure went to shit in a day.

Roman answers the phone.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Hey Gerri. All good here, everybody looks healthy, hot, fit, you know.

Roman gestures for show, pretending to ogle an Italian babe.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Ciao bella!

They pass a WEEPING MOTHER, screaming in Italian, begging a gate agent, trying to get her EIGHT YEAR OLD CHILD onto a flight.

WEEPING MOTHER

Immunocompromessi! Per favore!

ROMAN

Business as usual here.

The valet reacts.

INT./EXT. BLACK SUV/STREET, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

Roman sits in the back of the car, still on the phone with Gerri.

ROMAN

I got your email. I know the terms,
I know the numbers. We make the
deal, then I get on the plane and
get the fuck home.

(beat)

Okay, talk soon.

Roman hangs up.

OUTSIDE THE SUV, quarantined Italians stand on their balconies, singing together *Il Canto degli Italiani*, the Italian national anthem. Children bang pots and pans, young lovers cradle one another, grandmothers dance in the old style.

Roman, annoyed, rolls up his window. He leans forward to talk to his valet.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, do you have an aux cord? I
can't stand this shit.

Off Valet:

INT. OHIO HOTEL SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY (D1)

Connor sits on the couch, as Trish shows him polling figures on an iPad.

CONNOR

This is me?

TRISH

It's not a huge surge, but it's a
surge.

CONNOR

Sic semper tyrannis!

TRISH

I don't want to mislead you,
Connor. You're still in sixth place
in the polls, but --

CONNOR

But something's working! Hey, you
hear this Willa?

REVEAL: Willa, sitting on the bed, sulking. She looks up from her phone for just a second.

Connor grabs the remote, turns the TV on -- *ATN is playing.*

MARK RAVENHEAD (ON SCREEN)
 -- and say what you will about pay-
 to-play elitist Connor Roy, but
 it's refreshing to see someone
 engaging with the public this way.
 Roy has gained a cult following for
 his strong anti-pandemic-hysteria
 attitude on the campaign trail.

CONNOR
 We're in it now! Getting covered on
 ATN, for once.

MARK RAVENHEAD (ON SCREEN)
 That said, it's worth mentioning
 that there is still no clear path
 to victory for Roy. He remains a
 third-tier vanity candidate,
 siphoning votes away from the
 viable frontrunners.

Connor claps his hands and rubs them together.

CONNOR
 Third tier! That's the bronze tier,
 huh babe?

Willa forces a smile.

ON SCREEN, a clip of one of Connor's rallies plays. Its a
 little more crowded than the last one we saw.

Connor moves through the crowd, shaking hands.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 That's a good grip you got there
 cowboy. Healthy!

He shakes another hand.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 Cold and clammy. Cold is good. Cold
 means no fever!

He shakes another.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 Hey, I'd be sweating if I met me
 too!

A WOMAN grips onto his hand.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 Rosie the Riveter here --

The woman interrupts.

WOMAN

Mr. Roy, with all due respect, how do you justify your heartless support for fracking and --

She holds onto his hand, not letting him leave.

CONNOR

Okay now, let's release the hand.

Connor nervously looks into the camera lens.

Back in the hotel suite, Connor grins and goes up for a high five.

TRISH

Oh.

Trish reluctantly reciprocates the high five, making as little contact with his hand as possible.

CONNOR

Dad must be out of the office, he'd never let them say my name that many times.

Trish holds her hand away from her body.

INT. OHIO HOTEL HALL - LATE AFTERNOON (D1)

Trish walks out of the hotel room, meeting a waiting Ralph.

TRISH

Purell. Now.

Ralph pulls out a pocket Purell bottle.

TRISH (CONT'D)

He touched my fucking hand.

Ralph takes a big step back, as he's squirting the Purell in her hand.

RALPH

I'm never standing in a closed space with him again in my life. He's a walking lab culture.

Ralph and Trish walk down the hall.

TRISH

I gotta say though, Ralph. The whole virus-is-a-hoax thing...

RALPH

Is a fucking goldmine, I know. But are we really okay with helping to spread misinformation and put people's lives at risk?

TRISH

Every Friday, you're seven thousand dollars richer.

RALPH

Alright, yeah, I'm okay with it.

INT. BLACK SUV - LATE AFTERNOON (D1)

Kendall sits in the back of the car as it cruises down Fifth Avenue. He checks stock prices on his phone -- things continue to trend down.

STEWY's name and face appear on the screen, an incoming call.

KENDALL

(into phone)

Yo.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BEACH BAR, COLOMBIA - AFTERNOON (D1)

Stewy sits at an outdoor table, on a patio abutting a manicured beach, picking over a plate of curated sushi.

STEWY

You couldn't possibly still be in New York, could you?

KENDALL

Getting out.

STEWY

Leave it to the renter class to fight over the toilet rolls, right?

KENDALL

(impatient)

What's up, man?

Stewy picks up a fourteen dollar piece of tuna sashimi with his chopsticks.

STEWY

I've got a proposition for you.

KENDALL

We're not buying whatever you're selling.

Stewy sniffs the tuna, gives a look, then tosses it over the railing next to him.

STEWY

Not business. Friendship. An olive branch. Old times. Colombia. White sandy beaches. Colombia.

KENDALL

I'm going to the family place in Vermont.

STEWY

Aw, running home to daddy? Do you know what dimethylbenzyl ammonium saccharinate is?

KENDALL

Enlighten me.

STEWY

Fuck if I know. But eight weeks ago I got a tip off, and I bought a company down here that makes it. And that shit's in Lysol, brother.

KENDALL

That's great, man.

STEWY

You'd really rather sit in that little Swiss Chalet and play Scattergories than come down to Bogotá -- where they invented Cocaine -- and get high out of your mind with the most beautiful women in the world?

KENDALL

You know, unfortunately Stewy, running one of the largest media conglomerates in the world does come with a few responsibilities in times of utter-fucking-financial-crisis.

STEWY

Well then. Have fun holding your dad's dick and steadying the stream while he pisses in the faces of all the world's leading epidemiologists.

Off Kendall:

EXT. CHOPPER PAD - SUNSET (N1)

A Waystar helicopter sits on the pad.

Kendall waits inside, as another BLACK SUV pulls up outside the chopper. The driver opens the rear door, Logan gets out, and gets into the chopper with Kendall.

LOGAN

(to the pilot)

Let's go.

KENDALL

I think we're still waiting on a few.

LOGAN

We're ready. Marcia's there, getting the house in order.

KENDALL

Shiv and Roman, Dad.

LOGAN

(grunting)

Not coming.

KENDALL

What?

LOGAN

Your brother stepped up on the airline front, since you wouldn't have any part of it. And Shiv's being hysterical, locking herself away like a nun in a hazmat suit.

Logan puts his noise-canceling earmuffs on. The chopper starts whirring.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL SUITE - EVENING (N1)

Shiv enters the luxurious hotel room, drops her bag on an arm chair, then tosses her coat onto the sofa.

She picks up the phone on the end table, hits a number, then, as it rings, uses one hand to take an earring out.

SHIV
(into phone)
Hi. Is the spa open?

CUT TO:

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA SPA - MASSAGE ROOM - EVENING (N1)

Shiv's face is pressed through the hole in a massage table, as a HARDBODY MASSEUR places hot stones on her back, eucalyptus mist hangs in the air, and tranquil Eastern music plays.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA SPA - EVENING (N1)

Shiv, wrapped in a towel, walks towards the locker room.

The locker room door opens, and a SVELTE OLDER WOMAN, walks out. Shiv does a double take, recognizing her.

Curious, Shiv turns, and watches the woman walk into the steam room.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA SPA - STEAM ROOM - EVENING (N1)

The woman Shiv saw, BELINDA BECKETT (Mary Steenburgen), sits alone, partially obscured by a thick cloud of steam.

Shiv slides the door open, and slips into the room, quietly finding a spot for herself on the tiered benches.

The two women sit in silence for a moment, then Shiv offers an opening.

SHIV
You and I had the same idea.

Belinda smiles.

BELINDA

If I have to live through a pandemic, there are worse places to be than the Waldorf.

SHIV

Sure...The Carlyle, The Peninsula...

Belinda laughs.

BELINDA

I'm having my house deep cleaned before I ever set foot in there again.

SHIV

I hear you, it's scary stuff.

The women fall back into silence. Then:

BELINDA

I'm sorry, I can't tell if you've just got one of those faces, or do I know you?

SHIV

I...no, not really. But I think we met when I was very little -- you're Belinda Beckett, right?

Belinda nods.

SHIV (CONT'D)

I hate to spoil a nice time, but my father is Logan Roy.

BELINDA

You're Siobhan!

SHIV

I'm Siobhan.

BELINDA

Oh my God. You were so tiny.

SHIV

I remember a Labor Day party at a house...somebody's lake house?

BELINDA

We have one every year. Your family used to come all the time, before things -- well, I'm sure you know.

SHIV

I was really little when that all went down, but, yeah...broad strokes.

BELINDA

I know he's your family, but he can be a difficult man.

SHIV

No, Joseph Stalin was a difficult man, my dad's Godzilla

Belinda laughs.

SHIV (CONT'D)

(pivoting)

Jeez, no wonder you're looking to relax too. We're in the same boat when it comes to the fucking parks.

Belinda raises her eyebrows.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Sorry about the F-bomb, it's used loosely in my family.

BELINDA

Don't censor on my behalf. Sunshine Entertainment might be PG, but I'm not. And yeah, the parks are a real pain in my cunt right now.

Belinda and Shiv laugh together.

BELINDA (CONT'D)

I mean, you get it.

SHIV

Sure but I don't have to fly to Orlando every other week. The spa must be the only place you can unclench.

BELINDA

Saves me having to do kegels.

Shiv takes a beat, then goes in for the kill.

SHIV

Listen, I don't know if I should be telling you this, but the situation is dire in our parks department -- their parks department, Waystar's I mean. Logan's left them super vulnerable. I don't know where you left things, but the apple's certainly more ripe for picking now, in light of things.

BELINDA

Honestly, acquisitions are the furthest thing from my mind right now. This recession is going to hit us all where it hurts.

SHIV

I'm just saying, the apple's getting riper. Riper and sweeter. Thirty or forty grams of sugar sweeter.

BELINDA

We really aren't in a position to expand our parks footprint right now. I appreciate the thought though.

SHIV

Come on, it can't be that bad. You might catch gonorrhoea on your log flume, but nobody's getting whatever this shit is.

BELINDA

Well, I don't know about Waystar, but we're taking this very seriously.

SHIV

Hey, that was a joke.

BELINDA

Tell Logan I say hi when you send him the memo about this little meeting I didn't know I was having.

Belinda abruptly gets up and exits the steam room.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Greg walks into his apartment, carrying four paper grocery bags. He sets them on the floor, then goes back out into the hallway.

After a beat, he reenters with five 34-roll packages of toilet paper.

A MONTAGE:

-Greg unboxes an emergency, solar powered radio. He turns the crank, and music starts playing.

-Greg unpacks grocery bag: box after box after box of pasta.

-Greg slides down the hall in his sock feet, with an armful of canned goods, a couple of which he drops.

-Greg dances to the music on the radio, head-banging, which prompts a small coughing fit.

-Greg, toilet paper packages in hand, opens the door to a closet, which he sees is already full of toilet paper.

-Greg instead piles his toilet paper packages in a pyramid, next to the closet.

-Greg tries to turn on a flashlight, then looks at the package -- "Batteries Not Included"

-Greg stands on a chair, removes the batteries from his smoke alarm, and puts them in his flashlight. He turns the flashlight on.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Tom is digging through a bathroom drawer, while talking on the phone.

TOM

Well, it's not exactly a shortness.
More of a quickness. Like, faster
than normal -- more breaths per
minute. Breathing at a brisk clip.
If it's normally a trot, it's
somewhere near a canter now.

Not finding what he was looking for, Tom moves from the drawer to the medicine cabinet.

TOM (CONT'D)
 But what about the fatigue? It's
 just kind of a feeling of, "blah."
 (listening beat)
 I don't know if I can be any
 clearer. It's just a...

While searching through another mirrored cabinet, Tom lets out a long low moan.

TOM (CONT'D)
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAOOOOOOH sort of
 vibe. And anyone who knows me will
 tell you that I'm ordinarily very
 vivacious.

Tom finds a thermometer in the cabinet, and sticks it in his mouth.

TOM (CONT'D)
 (lightly garbled by
 thermometer)
 Well, what I'm asking is should I
 come down there? Better safe than
 sorry, no? I'll just spit or piss
 or shit in a cup and then if you're
 saying you don't have a test --
 which seems hard to believe by the
 way -- you just keep it on ice
 until one comes in.

Thermometer beeps. Tom takes it out. It reads 97.8. He throws it in the trash.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Okay, well I'm making a note,
 taking record of the facts of this
 call, and what you said.
 "Malpractice" is an ugly word but
 it is a word. And that word still
 does have meaning in a court of
 law, so pass that on.
 (listening beat)
 No, Ma'am, thank you. Good day.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. GREG'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg sits in his kitchen, cans of beans stacked all around him, his laptop open. A box of uncooked pasta sits next to him.

On his laptop screen, a Zoom window is open, but where a face should be is just dark blurriness.

GREG

So I can hear you but I can't see you. Check your camera settings?

His grandfather EWAN ROY's voice comes from Greg's laptop.

EWAN ROY (O.S.)

I don't do video chat.

GREG

I had a hard time with it too, but once you learn it's actually super easy and a really nice way to connect long distance. Do you see that strange little icon in the corner -- oh, I think it's a camera, that's fun -- hit the camera icon.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EWAN ROY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (N1)

EWAN ROY sits in front of his laptop. Behind the laptop are multiple computer towers, a printer, and an array of modems running.

EWAN ROY

I know how to work my computer, Greg.

On Ewan's screen, we see Greg, reading the instructions off his box of pasta.

EWAN ROY (CONT'D)

I don't want them using my likeness to teach some drone's facial recognition software how to target kids in Syria.

Greg sets the box of pasta aside, then stands, and fills a measuring cup with water.

GREG

I think you might be thinking of Facebook, Grandpa?

Greg sets an empty saucepan on the stove, turns the burner to high.

EWAN ROY

I covered my camera with tape and you should too.

Greg pours the box of pasta into the saucepan that he still hasn't poured water into.

GREG

Hey, so I just wanted to check in on you and make sure you're good with all this craziness going on, huh?

Greg picks up his laptop, walks over to the kitchen island. He sits on a barstool, facing away from the stove.

GREG (CONT'D)

I heard, um, that folks you're age -
- not that you're old, young at heart, I know -- but that something like one hundred percent of old people will die?

Behind Greg, the saucepan starts pouring out dark smoke.

EWAN ROY

I've been predicting and preparing for a systemic meltdown and market collapse for the last fifty years. I'm sure I'm far more readied for this than you are.

GREG

Not to toot one's own horn but I think I'm handling it pretty well.

The saucepan of dry pasta catches fire. Greg sees.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh shoot!

He grabs the saucepan, pours the burning pasta into the sink, then turns the sink on, creating a bigger burst of smoke and steam, that sends him into another coughing fit.

His phone starts ringing from his pocket. He controls his cough.

EWAN ROY

What the hell is going on there?

Greg pulls out his phone.

GREG
 Hang on, Grandpa. I'm getting a
 call from my boss.

Greg answers the cell phone.

GREG (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hey Tom! How fares it?

We hear Tom on speakerphone, but don't yet see him.

TOM (O.S.)
 I need that test.

GREG
 I'm actually Zooming Grandpa Ewan
 right now...

TOM (O.S.)
 Do they have the test in Canada
 yet?

GREG
 (to Tom)
 I can ask.
 (to Ewan)
 So, with universal healthcare, how
 many viral tests do you get per
 household? Any...extras?

EWAN ROY
 I don't have time for this. I need
 to inventory my ammunition.

Ewan's call ends.

GREG
 (into phone, to Tom)
 I've actually been reading up on
 this, and there's apparently a home
 test that works even better than
 what the doctors have. Here, uh,
 try this, hold your breath for ten
 seconds?

Greg, in his apartment, takes a big gasp of air, puffing his
 cheeks out

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Tom, on the phone, follows Greg's lead, also puffing his cheeks as he holds his breath.

They both stand silently holding their breath for a few seconds.

Greg lets out a tiny cough, covers his phone with his hand, then doubles over, coughing multiple hacking dry coughs.

He recovers, then brings the phone back to his ear, just as Tom exhales out a big clear breath.

TOM

Okay, I held it for ten seconds,
what does that mean?

GREG

I think that's...bad? You're not
supposed to be able to hold it that
long.

TOM

And I'm having hot flashes. Let's
get Greg MD on the case. Doogie
Hirsch. I need the real test, to
confirm this.

GREG

So I did just make dinner, so...

TOM

I'm going to text you a photo of my
insurance card, and anything else
you'd need. There are systems in
place for this kind of thing, Greg.
There's a medical infrastructure in
this country. This isn't hard.

Tom looks in his trash can, and sees the thermometer he threw out.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh, and Greg: Medical grade
thermometer. Get me one. And hey,
spring for one for yourself too, on
me.

Off Greg:

EXT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

Roman steps out of the idling black SUV, once again wearing his N-95 mask.

The valet opens the door to the restaurant for him.

VALET

They're at the table in the back,
sir.

INT. HIGH END RESTAURANT, ROME - CONTINUOUS (N1)

The chic restaurant is totally empty, except for one table, at the far end, where three ITALIAN BUSINESSMEN sit.

Roman sees that they're not wearing masks, so he pulls his off, and stuffs it in his pocket.

ROMAN

Gentlemen, *buona sera*.

The men stand, as Roman approaches the table.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

They told me this restaurant was popular, but look at all these empty tables!

The men look uneasy.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I'm kidding, I get it, yucky virus.

The most senior CieloRosso exec, a smiley-eyed older man, GIORGIO CHELLINI (Roberto Benigni), steps forward.

CHELLINI

Mr. Roy. Welcome home.

ROMAN

Home? Oh, right, fucking, Roman in Rome, too cute, huh?

Roman realizes this is the moment he should be shaking hands. He looks down at his, which he does not want touching anybody else's.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Bump elbows?

Roman goes to bump elbows with Chellini.

CHELLINI

We don't need to be that cautious,
Mr. Roy. We know you are clean, you
know we are clean.

Chellini sticks his hand out.

Roman, uncomfortable, but not wanting to ruffle feathers,
shakes his hand. As he does, Chellini leans in, and plants
KISSES on each of his cheeks.

Off Roman, horrified:

EXT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - NIGHT (N1)

ESTABLISHING AERIAL SHOT of RÜCKZUG, the Roy Family's grand
alpine-style lodge, in Vermont's snowy Green Mountain Range.

A small caravan of cargo vans pull into the loop-driveway.

Bundled HOUSE STAFF unload crates of fresh and preserved
food, home-goods, and other wholesale supplies, enough to
quarantine a small army.

INT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - NIGHT (N1)

The cavernous rustic dining room. Huge wooden beams cross the
ceiling.

Marcia and Logan are seated near each other, eating. Kendall
is conspicuously six feet down the long pinewood banquet
table.

Between wolfish bites, Logan grunts:

LOGAN

Butter.

Kendall keeps eating.

MARCIA

Kendall, your father is asking for
the butter.

KENDALL

Dad. I can't touch your food. You
can't touch mine. That's the whole
thing.

MARCIA

I'll get it.

Kendall gives her a stern look.

LOGAN

During the war, you'd give your left tit to find a pat of rancid butter. Blue mold spread on your morning toast.

Kendall goes quiet, realizing he's not going to win this battle. He returns to his food. The sounds of chewing, and silverware scraping plates.

After a few beats, Kendall takes a big sip of water, swallows, and clears his throat.

KENDALL

So, Dad, I thought we could, uh, you know, mind meld on this whole CieloRosso play.

LOGAN

Nothing really to discuss.

KENDALL

Sure. Right. I'd just be curious to hear the logic there.

LOGAN

You lost your chance to be on the inside on this thing when you started predicting the end of the world and running around like a headless chicken with its ass cut off.

KENDALL

I'm talking about taking precautions in the face of a, yeah, global financial clusterfuck.

LOGAN

It's done, Kendall. Enough. Romulus is there now, negotiating the final terms.

KENDALL

There? Where? Italy?

Logan nods.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Jesus. Dad. Have you watched the news?

LOGAN

Luckily the Italians share your pessimism, so they're going to sell for pennies on the dollar.

(off Kendall's look)

Oh for fuck's sake. He's young. He'll sleep it off then debrief here tomorrow.

KENDALL

Dad --

LOGAN

(waving him off)

If he's coughing up blood, I won't meet with him.

KENDALL

He might not have any symptoms.

LOGAN

We're talking about the future of my company. I'm not going to let a few sniffles get in the way of that.

Logan takes another big bite of food, chews, then:

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Besides, the only way you'd have the balls to make another grab at the big seat is with me on my death bed, right?

KENDALL

I am telling you this because I don't want you to die. Look around, does anyone else in this family do anything to help you?

A beat.

MARCIA

Kendall, I, also, do not want your father to die.

KENDALL

I meant the -- of the -- yeah, right, I know. Thank you, Marcia.

Logan and Marcia go back to their food.

Kendall doesn't eat. He takes a sip, and composes himself.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
 So, on the CieloRosso front -- not
 to belabor this, but I have been
 digging in on the numbers, and --

Logan slams his hand on the table.

LOGAN
 Roman has it under control!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT, ROME - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Roman vigorously scrubs his hands with hot soapy water.

ROMAN
 (singing under breath)
 Happy birthday to you. Happy
 birthday to you. Happy birthday you
 fucking shitbag. Happy birthday to
 you.

He splashes water on his face, then looks at his reflection
 in the mirror.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 You're not gonna let these leather
 loafer Mambo Italiano cucks get in
 your head. Okay? You hear that?
 Good.

He winks at himself in the mirror, spits in his hand, then
 rubs both hands together.

REVEAL: A BATHROOM ATTENDENT standing by the door, next to a
 stack of towels. The attendant politely averts his gaze.

Roman heads towards the door.

ATTENDENT
Signore. Towel?

Roman shakes his head.

ROMAN
 You folded all those towels, with
 your hands?

He turns back.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

But thanks for your service or whatever.

He drops a tip in the jar.

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

CLOSE ON an iPad, playing an Italian News video:

ON SCREEN, is Connor, being interviewed outside a polling station. The interview is subtitled in Italian.

CONNOR (ON SCREEN)

We're so excited to get out the vote in Ohio tomorrow -- I want my Con-heads out in droves, not just to cast their votes for me, but to buck the media narrative that we need to be staying home. This excitement for my campaign is the real Con-tagion.

Connor laughs at his rehearsed joke.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How do you address the criticism that by continuing to hold these events, you are be endangering the lives of every Ohioan?

Connor looks off camera.

CONNOR (ON SCREEN)

Sorry, I'm seeing a -- did you want a photo?

He waves over a woman with a baby.

CONNOR (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

That's a beautiful baby. What a specimen. That's how they look in the medical textbooks, huh?

Connor kisses the baby, then looks back to camera.

CONNOR (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Retail politics, folks, knocking on doors, shaking hands, and kissing babies. I might be the only candidate left who's not scared to plant a wet one on a little one.

(MORE)

CONNOR (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
*I'll be taking that attitude to
 Wisconsin, and to Nebraska, and to
 Delaware and Kansas and Georgia!*

PULL OUT FROM IPAD

Chellini and the other CieloRosso execs watch the video, as Roman approaches from the bathroom.

Roman slides into his seat.

CHELLINI
 Your brother is a bit of a
 blowhard, no?

ROMAN
 You're going to have to be more
 specific.

Chellini turns the iPad, to show him Connor.

CONNOR (ON SCREEN)
*I'm coming to your state, and, if
 you consent, I'm kissing your baby!
 I'm kissing babies all the way to
 Pennsylvania Avenue!*

ROMAN
 What can I say, the guy's got a
 real passion for touching kids.
 (pivoting)
 Speaking of, I'm sure you've all
 got *bambinos* and *bambinas* at home
 you'd like to be kissing goodnight,
 so what do you say we close this
 deal and take our spaghetti to go.

CHELLINI
 Our counter remains the same.

ROMAN
 Guys. Come on. Your country's in
 the shitter. Your planes are
 grounded.

CHELLINI
 Our assets have value. Your offer
 is insulting.

ROMAN
 Sure, but insulting in a sexy way.
 Like a one night stand leaving a
 ten dollar bill on your bedside
 table.

CHELLINI

We were expecting this to be a meeting with counsel, where we negotiate terms. Instead, Logan Roy sends one of his clown princes.

ROMAN

I have been deputized by counsel, whom I work closely with. I'm --

CHELLINI

I think this meeting is over.

Chellini stands. Roman does too.

ROMAN

Well fuck, okay, really?

Off Cellini's stone face, Roman gets the picture.

He looks down at his recently-spat-upon hand, then offers it to Cellini.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Buona fortuna.

Roman and Cellini shake hands.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (N1)

Shiv, in a robe, sits on her bed, on the phone.

SHIV

(into phone)

Well that's a big relief. Thank you for letting me know, and uh, keep fighting the good fight.

She ends the call.

Shiv looks around the clean, quiet hotel suite, and sighs, then picks up her phone again.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Tom stands in front of the bedroom mirror.

TOM

It was you, Logan, who once said...

Tom clears his throat.

TOM (CONT'D)
 I believe it was you, Logan, who
 said...Logan, I believe it was you
 who said...

Tom's phone buzzes. He dashes across the room to grab it,
 answering.

TOM (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Shiv. Honey. News? Did you pass?
 With flying colors?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (N1)

Shiv, sitting on the bed.

SHIV
 I just got off the phone with my
 dad's guy.

TOM
 Doctor Friedkin? I tried his
 office. They said he was on a three
 week trip to Guam?

There's a knock on Shiv's door. She gets off the bed.

SHIV
 Why were you calling my dad's
 doctor?

Shiv opens the door. There's a room service cart there, that
 she lets in.

TOM
 Well, I thought, if you got the
 test, figured I should too. Two
 heads, you know? Better than one --

SHIV
 I really don't think you need the
 test, Tom.

TOM
 -- If this thing's a hydra, start
 chopping?
 (catching up)
 Wait, why don't you think I need
 the test? Did your results come in?

The HOTEL STAFF takes the lid off the room service tray, revealing a carefully plated Waygu beef flank.

Shiv considers her answer, then:

SHIV

There was a delay on my results.
They said I should stay quarantined
to be safe.

Tom's look of excitement drops back into dread.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL SUITE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Shiv sits in bed, eating steak. She chews on a bite, then looks at the plate with the remainder of the large cut untouched.

She licks the juices off of her fork, then, after a beat of consideration, goes to her phone. She hits a number.

SHIV

(into phone)

Hey. Results came in, turns out my
pussy really is penicillin.

(listening beat)

Yeah, so...I'm spending the night
at the Waldorf and I've got a big
pile of Waygu beef here that's not
gonna eat itself.

INT. MIDTOWN CVS - NIGHT (N1)

Greg waits his turn at the pharmacy, hovering close behind an OLDER WOMAN who is at the counter. She turns and scowls at him.

Greg looks behind him to see if she is scowling at someone else. Seeing there is nobody else in line, he gives her a nervous smile and tips an imaginary cap.

The PHARMACIST snaps at Greg from behind the counter.

PHARMACIST

Sir. The lines are on the ground
for a reason. Stay behind that
tape.

GREG

Oh, no, I'm not sick, this is for
my boss.

PHARMACIST

Doesn't matter.

GREG

Well, really he's a mentor first,
boss second. And he's very ill.

(off their reactions)

But I can mosey on back, no
problemo.

The older woman finishes her business at the counter, and leaves, shooting Greg a final scowl on her way out.

PHARMACIST

Now you may approach the counter
sir. You see how this works?

Greg goes to the counter, holding his phone, reading aloud:

GREG

Hello, I am here at the bequest of
one Thomas Wambsgams.

She clicks a few keys on her keyboard.

GREG (CONT'D)

W-A-M-S-G -- wait, no -- M-B-S,
after the A, I mean. And
then...gams.

PHARMACIST

What?

GREG

Oh, gams, like legs, like..."that
dame has nice gams?"

Off the Pharmacist's look, he shows her his phone.

GREG (CONT'D)

Spelled like that. Wambsgams.

She types for a moment, then shakes her head.

PHARMACIST

I don't see him in our system at
all. What was he picking up?

Greg looks over his shoulder, then leans in, conspiratorial.

GREG

He wants the test.

PHARMACIST

A test?

GREG

You know, for the...

He mimes coughing, trying to be coy. His mimed coughing prompts a real hacking dry cough.

The pharmacist recoils.

PHARMACIST

Sir. We don't have that here. And you should tell "your boss" that if he has a cough like that, he needs to get to a hospital.

GREG

(still wheezy)

Oh, he doesn't have a cough, he's just feeling a little "blah"?

Off pharmacist:

EXT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - TERRACE - NIGHT (N1)

Snow falls lightly. Kendall smokes a cigarette on the ski lodge's lantern-lit terrace, overlooking rolling dark snowy hills, dotted with fir trees.

Kendall leans on the railing, then pulls his phone out, making a call.

KENDALL

(into phone)

You're in fucking Italy?

INT. BLACK SUV/CITY STREET, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

Roman sits in the back of the SUV, talking to Kendall.

ROMAN

I'm in fucking traffic.

He looks out the window. A stream of ambulances block the intersection.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

(to the driver)

Does nobody here know how traffic lights work?

KENDALL

I thought we were a united front on the Dad thing? Quarantine together. Solidarity. Show him he needs to take it serious.

ROMAN

Yeah, well...he wanted me on CieloRosso, he trusted me to execute, so --

KENDALL

Air travel is a black hole.

ROMAN

Uh huh. And you got a real nose for winners there?

KENDALL

Dad is blind on this one, Rome. I'm telling you. Cities are locking down all around the world. It's a whole new fucking paradigm.

ROMAN

I don't know what to tell you. I just walked out of a very fruitful meeting. I'm closing in on a deal. We're talking cheaper than a whore with a...something something blah blah.

KENDALL

Are you listening to me? You're not going to be able to just buy a ticket out of Italy. You're stuck.

ROMAN

Can't get stuck when Dad lends you the private jet.

Roman hangs up, satisfied he got the last word.

Off Kendall, frustrated:

INT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - A FEW MINUTES LATER (N1)

Kendall enters from outside, heading for his bedroom. He sees a member of the staff, SERGIO, exiting the kitchen, carrying a crate of wine bottles.

KENDALL

Hey man!

Sergio stops in his tracks.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Can I bum one of those?

Kendall pulls a bottle of red wine from the crate, looks at the label, nods approvingly.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Thanks. *Gracias*.

SERGIO
(Mexican accent)
You're welcome, of course, Mr. Roy.

Kendall heads back to towards his bedroom, then turns back.

KENDALL
What was your name?

SERGIO
Sergio.

KENDALL
Sergio, man, Kendall, hey.

Kendall looks over his shoulder, then:

KENDALL (CONT'D)
You don't know where I could find
some powder, do you?

Sergio gives him a quizzical look.

SERGIO
Powder?

KENDALL
Powder. Snow.

The cook looks outside, where heavy snow is falling. Looks back to Kendall.

KENDALL (CONT'D)
Jesus, fuck, we're not Abbott and
Costello. Cocaine. I'm looking for
cocaine.

Off Sergio:

INT. RESIDENZA NAPOLEONE HOTEL SUITE, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

Roman sits at his hotel suite desk with an outgoing video chat call ringing on his laptop.

After a beat, Gerri, in baggy pajamas, appears on his screen.

GERRI (O.S.)
Hello, Roman.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GERRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1)

Gerri sits in her darkened apartment, a glass of scotch next to her.

She eyes Roman on her laptop screen.

ROMAN
Wow, Gerri, working from home for one day and you've completely let yourself go.

GERRI
Sorry to disappoint.

ROMAN
Disappoint? I'm harder than I've ever been. I'm hot for thick flannel.

GERRI
Don't be disgusting.

Out of the laptop's field of view, Roman undoes the buckle of his belt.

ROMAN
You look like Christmas morning. Unshowered, half-drunk, and angry.

GERRI
What's the word at CieloRosso.

Roman, mood killed, pulls his pants back up.

ROMAN
Okay, so...they're holding out on me. But I'm confident I can make it happen if I take another run at them. I'm gonna set up another sit-down with Chellini in the AM.

GERRI

Another sit-down? Christ, you're not still in Italy are you?

ROMAN

Yeah, they wouldn't budge at the dinner...

GERRI

You were supposed to fly back hours ago. It's past midnight there.

ROMAN

I'm not coming home with their dirty panties in my mouth

GERRI

Roman. You child. Haven't you seen the news? They just shut down all travel from Europe, effective immediately.

ROMAN

But I mean I --

GERRI

That includes private jets.

Off Roman's "oh shit" look:

EXT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - NIGHT

Kendall stands by the dumpsters outside the kitchen, bundled up in a ski jacket and beanie.

SERGIO exits through the loading door with a MEXICAN TEENAGE BOY, a young-looking 17.

Sergio stands back, while the teenage boy approaches Kendall, and hands him a baggy of cocaine.

Kendall takes it. The boy waits for a moment, expectantly, before Kendall realizes that for once he needs to pay for his coke.

KENDALL

Oh, okay.

He digs in his pocket, pulls a hundred dollar bill from his wallet.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Here you go.

The boy wordlessly takes the cash, hiding a smile at the amount.

The boy turns to go.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't mean to be a prick but, uh, *lave sus manos*? Your connect, he's clean, right? No symptoms?

The boy nods.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

Excellent. Well, uh, I'd invite you guys up for a taste, but Sergio, man, you brought like a twelve-year-old kid to a coke deal, so I guess, just have a good night. Stay in school...or I guess stay out of school, then stay in school.

INT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - KENDALL'S ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Kendall's dragged a mahogany coffee table away from its place by a leather sofa, to in-front of a smoldering fireplace, where he sits on a horsehair rug. Nearby is four-post bed, the covers in disarray.

Kendall rails a line of coke off of the cover of an Ansel Adams photography book. He hits a number on his phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL SUITE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Shiv stands in the bathroom of her suite, in satin shorts and a t-shirt, brushing her teeth. She glances down at her phone buzzing on the counter. Spits, rinses, answers the call.

SHIV

Hey. How's the lodge? All work and no play make dad a real pain in the ass?

KENDALL

Thanks to you, his only priority is reminding me what a fuck-up I am.

SHIV

Thanks to me?

KENDALL

You're holed up at the Waldorf. And, let's see, it's three AM in Italy, so Roman's probably got his finger three knuckles up the butt of the least-bathed call girl this side of the Colosseum.

SHIV

I told Roman to leave it to the adults. He wouldn't listen.

KENDALL

So you did know.

SHIV

I'm as against the deal as you are, but I'm not involved.

KENDALL

No, sure, you're on the outside. Just not as outside as me.

SHIV

I'm just trying to keep everyone healthy and safe.

KENDALL

Everyone? Or yourself? Did you bring your husband to the Waldorf?

SHIV

We're self-isolating, separately.

KENDALL

Yeah, what does he have? Besides a bad case of being Tom.

Shiv rolls her eyes.

SHIV

Some time alone with Dad could be good for you.

KENDALL

What would be good for me would be just a modicum of fiduciary jurisprudence, or sanity, or if Dad could just stop pulling off-brand Fruity Pebbles off the shelf when the grocery cart's already full of junk.

Shiv cocks her head, listening to Kendall's heavy, frustrated exhale.

SHIV

You all right, bro? You sound a little wired.

KENDALL

I'm fine. Just trying to take some austerity measures, you know, avoid fucking insolvency, thanks for asking.

SHIV

Okay, okay, just take it easy up there, Shelley Duvall. Don't let him get to you, yeah?

KENDALL

Yeah, whatever. I'll talk to you later.

Kendall hangs up.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Shiv walks back into the bedroom, where we see Nate, nude under the bedsheets, in the middle of carefully arranging the pillows on his side.

NATE

Nothing like a plague to bring family closer together.

Shiv brushes her hair and walks towards the bed.

SHIV

Listen, you know some Labor people down in Florida, right?

NATE

Here it comes. Never just a fuck and a thank you from Shiv Roy.

SHIV

No, it's nothing. I just happened to run into Belinda Beckett downstairs earlier, and she acted, I don't know...

NATE

Sunrise? Well yeah, are you surprised?

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

She owns the world's biggest petri dish. A bunch of grannies splashing around, taking selfies with singing janitors who have no health insurance.

SHIV

But you haven't heard anything specific?

NATE

I didn't say that.

Nate leans back against the pillows, hands folded behind his head.

Shiv slides into bed and mock-pouts.

SHIV

You owe me.

NATE

You owe me. I practically inoculated you.

SHIV

Do any of the billionaires who were at Lil Yachty's pool party fundraiser last week know they shook hands with the Masque of the Red Death?

NATE

Extortion, really? Kind of gauche, no?

SHIV

Okay, then what about a simple exchange of goods and services: you don't get any more of this --

She gestures abstractly at her body.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Until you tell me more details. How bad, how many dead, et cetera.

NATE

See, there we go, I can respond to a reasonable negotiation.

He turns towards her, leaning on his elbow.

EXT. AVENTINE HILL, ROME - NIGHT (N1)

The black SUV idles outside the stucco outer wall of an Art Nouveau villa on a narrow, deserted cobblestone street.

Roman, looking sweaty and sleepless, steps out of the SUV. He presses the back of his hand on his forehead, gauging his temperature, before he approaches the buzzer to the gate.

He looks down his at his hands. Instead of using them, he attempts to press the buzzer with his elbow, but can't quite reach. Instead, he picks up a stick off the ground, and presses the button with it.

A beat. After a moment, an ITALIAN WOMAN'S voice crackles through the intercom.

ITALIAN WOMAN (O.S.)
Chi è là?

ROMAN
It's, uh, Roman.

A beat, then the muffled sound of the woman talking to a man. The sound of Chellini coming to the intercom.

CHELLINI (O.S.)
Non siamo interessati.

ROMAN
Uh, no hablo. Signore Chellini?
It's Roman Roy.

No response.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You remember, the clown prince?
From earlier?

Chellini sighs heavily into the receiver.

INT. CHELLINI'S VILLA - NIGHT (N1)

Chellini sits across from Roman in a high-backed chair, near the large picture window of the darkened villa. They are lit by moonlight.

ROMAN
Did I see an espresso machine on my way in?

CHELLINI

What is that American expression...? Eat shit.

ROMAN

Fair enough. I can be a bit of a prolapsed asshole, sorry for the whole swinging dick show. I think it's good that we touched base, made some progress on these negotiations -- if it was up to me, I'd buy, you know, but -- I gotta get this back to New York and pow-wow with the board.

CHELLINI

Go tell your father you failed, you mean?

ROMAN

Right, yeah, no, I'm a piece of shit, I'm really bad at this, but the problem is my jet is grounded...

Chellini gives him nothing.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

And I'd really like to be able to fly home as soon as possible...

(for Chellini's benefit)

...like the sniveling worm I am.

(cuts to the chase)

Look, you don't, like, have the hookup on any last flights out?

CHELLINI

There is just one flight leaving Roma, first thing in the morning. A special request from *Papa*.

ROMAN

I guess I'm not the only one answering to Daddy.

CHELLINI

I suppose we could find a seat, but...only for someone at an executive level at the airline. Which I suppose could be you, if...

Roman considers, then:

ROMAN

Okay, fuck it, we'll buy. I'll call our counsel now.

CHELLINI

Excellent, I'll have my people send our revised counter offer over right away.

ROMAN

Revised counter offer?

CHELLINI

It's a fast-changing market, Mr. Roy. And of course, we need to add the line-item of your twenty million dollar plane ticket.

Off Roman, defeated but ready to take the offer.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

MONDALE, Shiv and Tom's big dog, sits obediently in his fenced off section of the apartment, serving as a test audience for Tom, who stands, with a notepad in his hand, just outside the gate.

TOM

Parks and Cruises. What are they? Well, they're parks, and they're cruises. But what else are they? Well, they're also community. They are our playgrounds, our fantasies, and a fundamental lifeblood of the American experience. Fundamental. Let's break that word down. Fun is good for your mental.

Tom points at his head.

TOM (CONT'D)

The American economy is a beehive, headed into hibernation. But what does a bee want to do when the winter is over? It wants to fly. Suckle down some honey. Ride a rollercoaster?

Tom takes a beat, and looks Mondale straight in the eyes, practicing for the real thing.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Logan, I believe it was you who
 once said...

Tom's phone buzzes, breaking his concentration. He grabs it.

TOM (CONT'D)
 Damn it, Greg! I was going in for
 the kill. I had him in my sights.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE STREET - NIGHT (N1)

Greg holds his phone to his ear, as he moves through a
 deserted Times Square, carrying a CVS bag.

GREG
 Hey, so I, uh, I just need to tell
 you...I couldn't get the test. I
 tried really hard, but I was
 looking for another pharmacy --

TOM
 Did you have a chance to proof my
 little speech? I sent you a dozen
 drafts.

GREG
 Well actually my phone died, and
 while I was charging it, I guess I
 fell asleep on a bench, and --

TOM
 Why don't you just come back here?

GREG
 Oh, are you sure? I thought you
 were battoning down the hatches.

TOM
 I can just re-batton them after you
 come in. Anyway, since Shiv is
 doing the responsible thing and
 staying away, I could use a bit of
 a spousal surrogate.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (N1)

Tom pours vodka into shot glasses, as Greg, looking ill, hunches on the couch.

GREG

Does it being old make it better?

TOM

No, I don't think that's the way vodka works. It's not good because it's old, it's good because it's expensive. This one bottle costs more than a year of your health insurance.

GREG

I actually think I missed the enrollment window for that.

Tom hands him a shot glass.

TOM

Nasdrovia!

Tom throws back his shot.

GREG

I was thinking I might just sip.

TOM

Well, if you're going to be that way, you might as well just leave.

Greg grimaces, then takes the shot.

GREG

(choking back a cough)
Nasdrovia.

CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Greg lays on the couch. Tom sits on the floor, leaned against the couch. Both have rocks glasses of vodka.

GREG

So, at first they thought that China manufactured it, but now that it's in more countries, the scary thing is, now nobody knows who designed it. Italy? Iran? South Korea? North Korea?

TOM

Germany?

GREG

I...don't think so. Spain? South Africa? Or maybe it came from...within?

CUT TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Tom, inside Mondale's fenced off area, takes a swig from the vodka bottle, then passes it to Greg, who stands outside the perimeter.

TOM

Pet the dog.

GREG

I'm not supposed to, dude.

Greg takes a swig from the bottle.

GREG (CONT'D)

He could have the like canine-strain of it.

Greg passes the bottle bag to Tom.

TOM

You're scared of a little dog, Greg?

GREG

He's not so little, man. And I'm not scared of him, I'm scared of his sneezes.

Tom takes a swig of the bottle, then unlatches Mondale's gate.

TOM

Sic'em, Mondale! Go play with uncle Cousin Greg.

Mondale bounds towards Greg, who skitters backwards, then, trying to avoid the dog, he holds his hands up, and jumps onto the couch. His head hits the ceiling.

INT. LEONARDO DA VINCI-FIUMICINO AIRPORT, ROME - MORNING (D2)

Roman, sweaty and tired, carries his own bag towards the nearly empty airport security checkpoint.

A FLIGHT CREW is passing through security just as he arrives. Roman watches as they are subjected to a new security step: their temperatures are being taken by infrared digital thermometers.

Roman feels his own forehead again. Hot.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM, ROME - MORNING (D2)

Roman walks into the middle stall, locks the door behind him, and pulls a half empty bottle of DayQuil out of his jacket pocket. He chugs the rest.

Roman rolls the empty bottle up in toilet paper, then shoves it into the small trash can on the floor.

He notices, through the gap, that in the stall to his right, a heavy red robe is gathered at the feet of its wearer.

Roman reacts, then turns to the stall on his other side, where he sees a man's white slippers. After a beat, another heavy red robe falls around them.

INT. AIRPORT GATE, ROME - MORNING (D2)

Roman, having successfully kept his fever down, robo-trips his way through the terminal.

He passes by multiple empty gates, then sees the one occupied gate. He blearily checks the boarding pass on his phone, confirming this is his gate.

The waiting area around the gate is full of a sea of CATHOLIC CARDINALS, in red robes, sitting waiting to board.

Roman takes a long beat to realize the last flight out of Rome is a flight out of the Vatican. He finds a seat amongst the Cardinals, squeezing in.

He does the sign of the cross, accidentally doing it upside down.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N1)

It's still the middle of the night in New York. Tom, fully clothed, sits in the empty bathtub. Greg sits on the closed toilet.

GREG

I'm just picturing my own corpse in a coffin, rotting away over the years. The maggots crawling out of my eyes...the thing about death is that you're dead, you know. Forever. Just nothingness? Though I believe some traditions are claiming you come back as a large cow?

TOM

Don't fear death. You've lived more under my tutelage than most men do in a hundred lifetimes.

Greg mulls this idea.

GREG

And yet I still thirst for more.

TOM

Speaking of thirst: more spirits! Be a dear, Greg, grab us another bottle from the bar. Just the Glenlivet.

Greg gives him a blank look.

TOM (CONT'D)

(exasperated)
The tall brown one.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N1)

Greg digs in the bar looking for the Glenlivet.

GREG

Tall brown, tall brown.

He sees a bottle of Vermouth.

GREG (CONT'D)

Aha!

He grabs it, and heads back to the bathroom. On his way, he sees his CVS bag.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N1)

Greg reenters, with the vermouth, and with two infrared thermometers.

GREG

Look what I forgot I found at the store!

TOM

Medical grade thermometers! Give me that!

Greg hands him one. Tom, still in the tub, shoots it at Greg. A red-laser null readout appears on Greg's chest.

TOM (CONT'D)

Very cool! Men in Black.

Tom shoots Greg again.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tag! You're it!

Greg looks down at the null readout on his chest, grabs his own laser-gun and shoots it at Tom, then runs out of the room.

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (N1)

Greg dodges as Tom runs out of the room behind him, shooting his laser thermometer wildly.

They both slide on their sock feet, laughing, shooting at one another.

Tom, out of breath, collapses onto the sofa.

GREG

I won! I won!

TOM

You did, you won. Good work finding these, comrade.

Tom fiddles with his laser thermometer, aims it at his own forehead, tries to get a readout.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm not aiming it right. Do me.

Greg sits next to Tom, and aims his thermometer at him. After a beat, it reads out: 98.5

GREG
Cool customer. 98.5. Do me, do me.

Tom points his thermometer at Greg's forehead. They wait, and then it reads: 102.3

Tom stands up, gives the thermometer a shake, then, backing away, takes Greg's temperature again. It reads: 103.1

GREG (CONT'D)
(off Tom's reaction)
What?

Off Greg:

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA LOBBY - DAY (D2)

Sunlight streams in through the windows of the grand lobby. Shiv sits on a sofa, looking at her phone. Six missed calls from Tom. She swipes them away.

The elevator dings across the lobby. Shiv looks up.

Belinda Beckett exits the elevator, wheeling her suitcase behind her.

EXT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL - DAY (D2)

Belinda exits the building. Shiv follows her, a beat behind, then matches her pace, sidling up beside her as Belinda heads for a waiting town car.

Belinda notices that she has company.

BELINDA
I don't have time for any more Roy
family theatrics today, Siobhan.

Belinda gets into the car.

Shiv speaks to her through the open window.

SHIV

I just wanted to talk. Woman-to-woman.

BELINDA

What do you want?

SHIV

You're right. I wasn't being totally forthcoming last night. Here's what I know: two weeks ago, thirty four people were admitted to an ICU in Orlando, showing symptoms, all within a couple days of each other.

Shiv reads Belinda's reaction to this. Then:

SHIV (CONT'D)

None of the ambulances were called from inside Sunshineland. But, in a coincidence to end all coincidences, they were all picked up on the side of the highway, just outside Sunshine property limits. And, here's the kicker, Belinda: a half dozen of them were wearing Kangaroo Tale t-shirts. If one were a wild conspiracy theorist, one might see these facts and believe the virus has been running rampant in your park for the better half of a month, and not only did you not report it, you kept the parks open. Which would mean the blood on your hands is immeasurable. Not to mention the phlegm.

The weight of all that Shiv knows lands heavy on Belinda. Her swagger is drained.

BELINDA

So what...you're blackmailing me into buying your parks?

Shiv smiles.

SHIV

Not exactly.

Off Belinda:

EXT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - BALCONY - MORNING (D1)

Kendall, looking haggard, sits at a breakfast table on the large covered balcony outside his room.

He drinks from a glass of orange juice, then scoops some cocaine out of its baggy with his pinky, and does a bump.

He hears his father's voice coming from below the balcony.

LOGAN (O.S.)

I can walk my damn self, Marcia! Go back inside!

Kendall looks over the railing, and sees Logan walking away from the house, across the snowfield, down a smooth hill towards a marked path.

Logan lumbers slowly, carefully finding uneasy footing through the deep snow. Kendall watches his father, seeing him in the light of day as the feeble old man he is.

Still in Kendall's field of view, Logan gets a call, answering it.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What the hell, Gerri, what's this I hear about a twenty million dollar sweetener?

Logan misplaces a step, tries to catch his balance, then tumbles, and slides a few feet, falling hard on his behind.

KENDALL

Shit! Dad!

Kendall jumps up.

EXT. RUCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - MORNING (D2)

Kendall runs out on the terrace, then down onto the snowfield where Logan has fallen.

Marcia is already halfway out to Logan.

MARCIA

Logan!

Kendall runs past her, reaches his father, and kneels down next to him.

KENDALL
Are you alright? Where are you in
pain?

LOGAN
(out of breath)
Just a...little...whoopsie.

Marcia runs up behind Kendall.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I'm fine, I'm fine.

Kendall wraps his dad's arm around his shoulder.

KENDALL
Let's get you up, Pop.

Kendall helps Logan onto his feet.

INT. OHIO HOTEL SUITE - MORNING (D2)

Connor and Willa sit on top of their bed, watching TV, while eating a room service breakfast.

ON SCREEN is ATN. A female anchor, VICKY REED, speaks.

*VICKY REED (ON SCREEN)
I'm Vicky Reed, filling in for Mark
Ravenhead, who is unfortunately out
with a common flu. Feel better
Mark, we're all praying for you.*

Connor pops a blackberry into his mouth.

*VICKY REED (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
The final polls before today's Ohio
primary have just been released.*

Connor tries to stick a blackberry in Willa's mouth. She pushes his hand away.

WILLA
I told you, no!

Willa gets up, goes towards the bathroom.

CONNOR
Babe, you're gonna miss it!

WILLA
I want to wash my hands.

VICKY REED (ON SCREEN)

In a move no one would have predicted one week ago, by a very slim margin, Connor Roy has moved into the frontrunner position.

Connor applauds from the bed.

CONNOR

She said it!

Trish enters from the hall, holding her hand over a cell phone.

TRISH

Connor, do you have a minute?

He waves her away, but she stays in the room.

VICKY REED (ON SCREEN)

While it's difficult to say how much recent events played into constituents' choices today, a common sense read would suggest Mr. Roy benefited greatly from his strong pro-social-contact message.

Willa reenters from the bathroom.

WILLA

They actually like you?
(catches herself)
I mean...

VICKY REED (ON SCREEN)

Though ATN is required to advise an abundance of caution, I will say, it's nice to see the voters of Ohio taking a defiant stand in the spirit of hope.

TRISH

Connor, we need to talk.

CONNOR

Willa, babe, you need to be prepared to be the frontrunner's wife.

WILLA

Girlfriend.

Connor grins.

CONNOR

If I'm going to be president, I need to make an honest woman out of you.

(off her reaction)

And you an honest man out of me, of course.

He pulls a ringbox out of his pocket.

TRISH

I'm so sorry, but Connor, there's been a development.

WILLA

Please don't do this. Please.

ON SCREEN: *Vicky Reed holds her hand to her ear.*

VICKY REED (ON SCREEN)

Folks, uh, I'm getting breaking news...due to an overnight spike of new cases in Ohio, Governor Witherspoon has made the unprecedented decision to indefinitely postpone the Ohio Primary.

Connor's face falls.

TRISH

That...was the development.

Off Willa's relieved face:

INT. SHIV AND TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING (D2)

Shiv slips into the apartment.

Tom, half-asleep on the couch, sees her, and props himself up, twenty feet away from Shiv.

TOM

Wait, stay back. Don't come closer. Have you gotten your results?

SHIV

Nice to see you too. They just came in, don't worry, I'm clear.

TOM

Oh no. I mean, oh good. But oh no.
Every inch of this apartment may
now be coated in infected spittle.

SHIV

How? What?

TOM

It was Cousin Greg! Greg has the
plague! And now I might too.

SHIV

Roman's also got it. No surprise.

She looks at Tom, a puppy dog wanting her love.

SHIV (CONT'D)

Well shit, I was starting to miss
our bed.

TOM

No, back to the Waldorf for you!
I'm a silent killer. Be gone, my
healthy wife!

SHIV

Well, before I go...I do have some
good news for you.

TOM

Oh really?

SHIV

Oh really. I bought you
Sunshineland.

Tom's mouth goes agape.

TOM

You bought --

Shiv nods.

TOM (CONT'D)

So we're not going to sell --

Shiv shakes her head no, then bursts into a smile.

SHIV

The deal's still being ironed out
of course, but when I handed it off
to Dad...the pricetag was pretty
undeniable.

TOM

Sunshineland is mine now? I'm the king of Sunshineland!

Shiv laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)

I could kiss you! But I can't!
Don't kiss me! Don't you dare! The king of Sunshineland shall stay in his castle until all is well in the land.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING (D2)

Roman lays in a hospital bed, hooked up to a ventilator. He holds an iPhone, with Gerri on the other end of a FaceTime call.

She waves to him. Roman takes his ventilator mask off. He struggles to breathe as he talks.

ROMAN

I...messed up...I'm...sorry.

GERRI

Put that mask back on. You were scared and you wanted to get home.

ROMAN

But...at least...I took out...a whole plane...of pedophiles.

Roman puts his ventilator mask back on.

GERRI

Is there anyone else in the room with you?

Roman shakes his head.

Gerri subtly changes her tone.

GERRI (CONT'D)

Look at you, swaddled in that hospital bed.

(a beat)

You look pretty pathetic.

(a beat)

You can't even breathe on your own.

Roman reaches one hand below the covers, under his hospital gown.

GERRI (CONT'D)
 You let a sad little virus take
 over your body. Your immune system
 is shit.

There's a rhythmic shaking over the covers, as Roman
 pleasures himself.

GERRI (CONT'D)
 Your little body is just as weak as
 your puny little brain.

Roman uses his other hand to slide the ventilator mask off
 his mouth, his breath ragged, auto-erotically-asphyxiating
 his way to orgasm.

INT. RÜCKZUG SKI LODGE, VERMONT - BEDROOM - MORNING (D2)

Kendall eases Logan down onto the side of the bed, sitting
 next to him in the process.

Marcia approaches with a glass of water.

MARCIA
 Here, take this.

LOGAN
 Leave me be. Stop fussing damn you.

Kendall takes the glass of water from Marcia.

KENDALL
 Thanks Marcia.

LOGAN
 Just lost my footing, that's all.
 Just the wind...knocked out of me.

Logan leans forward, catching his breath. He eyes Kendall,
 then Marcia.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
 (to Marcia)
 Leave us.

KENDALL
 Dad...

MARCIA
 No, it's okay. Please, just make
 sure he lies down.

Marcia picks up her coat, lingers in the doorway.

MARCIA (CONT'D)
I'll go for a walk.

Logan watches her leave. Once she's gone:

LOGAN
I need you to go back to the city.
Your brother's made a pig's ear of
the CieloRosso deal.

KENDALL
No, Dad, you need someone here with
you.

LOGAN
You were right. The whole thing's a
Chinese pecker trap.

KENDALL
You were making the play you saw on
the field. You always said there's
no winning without risk.

LOGAN
I should be there, hands on this
myself.

KENDALL
We need you bunkered up. We need
you at least to last through this
whole thing.

LOGAN
Yeah, just look how it turned out
for Hitler.

Beat. Logan leans in conspiratorially.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
And you know this flu is just the
beginning. Maybe the third or
fourth seal, but this ain't end
times. This is just a little taste.
When the shit really hits the fan,
you want control.

KENDALL
(playing along)
A whole little fleet, right? So you
can just fly away from your
problems.

LOGAN

(serious)

So you can protect what's yours.
When they're lining up Senators in
front of the firing squad, you
start paying attention. Before its
the seventh fucking seal, you get
that wife of yours and those kids
and you find an island somewhere.

They sit in this moment for a beat.

KENDALL

So, Sunshineland, huh?

LOGAN

Huh? Oh, yeah. Pipe dream.

KENDALL

Really? Gerri made it sound like
gravy.

LOGAN

I mean, the numbers are great,
don't know how Shiv wetted that dry
well. Lord knows I've bent myself
backward trying to make nice with
that Beckett woman. Your sister did
good, but yeah...

He trails into a grunt, then:

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You just need your own hands around
the thing's throat: all this
delegation is weak.

(beat)

I don't have the teeth anymore to
sink into a Leviathan. A few little
airplanes, sure, but not an empire.
Not anymore.

Beat.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

And they really are difficult
people.

KENDALL

Yeah.

Kendall stands.

KENDALL (CONT'D)

You should do what Marcia says. Get some rest.

LOGAN

Yeah, I think I'll just take a little lie down.

Logan leans back on his pillows. Pulls the comforter half over his legs.

Kendall makes a small attempt to help him, but then lets him settle himself. He looks out the window at the falling snow, then looks back at his father, wheezing in bed.

Kendall walks to the head of the bed. He leans in, hesitates, then gives his father a kiss on the forehead, and walks out of the room.

END OF EPISODE