

# RESURRECTION

## ALLISON

18.

MARGARET

Don't apologize.

PETER

I know, I just feel bad--

MARGARET

You did nothing wrong. If you apologize, it makes me feel like you think I don't understand the rules. I like our situation. Wouldn't have it any other way.

PETER

Right, right. I guess I'm just disappointed. Was looking forward it.

MARGARET

Aw. Look who's being sweet.

Margaret pats Peter's butt. He's deflated by her patronizing tone, but he hides it.

31      INT. MARRIOTT HOTEL / LARGE CONFERENCE HALL - DAY      31

Margaret sits at a folding table covered with a white cloth. One of many lined up in rows throughout the large, breathtakingly bland space. The lights are dim.

60 or so other CONFERENCE ATTENDEES sit at the various tables, lanyards around their necks, watching a PRESENTATION.

At the far end of the room is a temporary STAGE, along with a lectern and a large monitor displaying the words 'THE ROLE OF PROCESS DEVELOPMENT IN NEXT GENERATION BIOLOGICS MANUFACTURING'.

At the lectern, ALLISON (40s, lacking charisma) speaks.

ALLISON

**START**

...were largely with replacement therapies, growth factors of various sorts. We also have benefitted then from the rather ubiquitous monoclonal antibody platforms...

Margaret, bored, glances at the conference PROGRAM, then furtively at her phone. She clearly wants this over with.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

...regardless of the modality, though, whether it's a live modality like a CAR-T cell or an attenuated virus...

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## ALLISON

19.

Margaret surveys the crowd: mostly white and middle-aged, all dressed innocuously. Slouching, weary, and imperfect.

She focuses on a few faces: a woman in a coral blazer COUGHS discreetly. A husky man rapidly takes notes on a Dell laptop. A woman with large hoop earrings nods frequently, as if the speaker is communicating to her and her alone.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

...so, one of the things we've done in the last couple of years in process development is to refocus our business on product attributes...

Margaret again checks her phone. Nothing doing. She SIGHS and leans back, stretching her back. She GLANCES to her left--

*And STOPS BREATHING...*

Her heart POUNDS in her ears...

Her body begins to TREMBLE; her jaw CLENCHES...

Her dilated pupils LOCK on a MAN (late 50s/early 60s) in a suit, seated at a table across the room...

ALLISON (CONT'D)

...s going to work with our commercialization teams to understand the target product profile...

Although the light is low and the angle obstructed, we see that The Man is large and powerfully built, yet carries a bulging BELLY.

At first glance, his appearance would suggest a dignified professional, possibly a professor. But a closer look would reveal that his haircut is inept and self-inflicted, and his second-hand suit is worn and ill-fitting.

The Man attentively watches Allison intone, seemingly unaware of Margaret staring, motionless. A quivering statue.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

...so when we're thinking about this therapeutic diversity, there are a few potential outcomes...

A hot current of panic suddenly ANIMATES Margaret.

Her chair GRINDS across the floor as she SPRINGS to her feet, drawing startled and judgmental glances. She CLAMBERS toward the aisle, knocking into chairs, bodies. Desperate to escape.

# RESURRECTION

## ALLISON

20.

She reaches the aisle and STAGGERS headlong toward the EXIT sign, keeping her head low as to obscure her face, her legs nearly buckling beneath her. MURMURING from the audience.

**STOP**

The commotion causes Allison to falter. She squints, catching sight of Margaret BARRELING through the doors.

32 EXT. MARRIOTT HOTEL / STREET - CONTINUOUS

32

Margaret GASPS as she pitches through the exit and into the early evening sun, drawing rapid PANIC BREATHS.

Sweating and hunched, as if about to be sick, she turns her head and looks back. Through the closing doors, she catches one last glimpse of The Man. He does not turn. The doors shut.

She careens forward, into the loading zone and through the lot toward the street, increasing her pace. Not looking back.

She breaks into a RUN, sprinting alongside traffic, heart POUNDING LIKE A JACKHAMMER...

33 INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

33

Margaret SHOVES the door open, enters. SLAMS it; LOCKS it.

MARGARET  
Abbie!!! Abbie!!!

She runs down the hall and throws Abbie's bedroom door open.

34 INT. ABBIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

Abbie sits at her computer, headphones over her ears. She looks at her mother: sweaty, blanched, wild-eyed.

ABBIE  
What the fuck..?

Abbie pulls off her headphones.

MARGARET  
(breathless)  
It's fine. It's fine. Are you okay?

ABBIE  
Yeah. Are you okay?