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# Warning Sign

By Hal Barwood

Dr. Earl, bacteriology  
has your culture ready.  
Dr. Earl, contact bacteriology.  
Here you are, doctor.  
Good afternoon, Louis.  
Dr. Blanchard,  
call histology, please.  
Animal management group, please  
call higgins on the seed.  
I can't see your faces  
Is it okay to unzip?  
Why not?  
We're packed up in here.  
Say cheese, everybody.  
Move in close, now.  
Softball leaguers, we need  
you for the game tonight.  
Rodeo riders-- No!  
Corn brain.  
Me bob. You dana.  
Me outta here.  
Biochem, you're clean.  
Tissue culture looks good.  
Good night, everybody.  
Roots and shoots.  
You left a light on, Patty.  
Sorry, honey. Uh, it's  
bowling night tonight.  
County one, go ahead.  
Hi, honey. It's me.  
It's quittin' time. Oh, yeah.  
Say, did you know that mexican  
divorces are illegal in utah?  
They don't even have  
quasi in rem jurisdiction.  
That's kellogg versus downing.  
It's going to be Morse versus Morse if  
you don't get over here and pick me up.  
So where are you anyway?  
Why aren't you out chasing  
speeders like a respectable Sheriff?  
You here that?  
Supper's on me tonight.  
Mmm. Smells like take-out.

I thought it was your turn to cook.  
Study night.  
Do you want me to wear  
this badge forever?  
Mr. Correspondence Course,  
you're a lot of fun.  
Well, we could do our  
cooking in bed.  
Cal, we're on the air.  
Everyone's listening.  
Uh, wait a minute.  
I've got a warning flag.  
I'll call you right back.  
Dr. Nielsen, where are you?  
My monitor shows  
a stat condition.  
Dr. Nielsen, can you hear me?  
Paging Dr. Nielsen.  
Hang on, everyone.  
Attention, all Biotek personnel.  
This is a biohazard alert.  
Until further notice, containment  
protocols are in effect.  
Please remain at  
your workstations  
and stand clear of the doors.  
Bob!  
Bob? Bobby!  
Bobby! Dana!  
Bob!  
Bobby!  
Dana!  
Damn it.  
Security, Tom Schmidt.  
Who is this?  
Okay, Joanie.  
What have you got?  
U.V. Spike? Where?  
P4, huh? But nothing  
in P3 or P2?  
Okay. What sensors are operating?  
Culture Harvest Aspiration.  
Sounds like an exhaust port is bleeding.  
I'll have a look. You guard the fort.

Dana, what's goin' on?  
Sheriff Morse, they locked  
the doors. Bob's inside.  
Why lock the doors?  
I don't know.  
Who else is in there? Just  
about everybody, I guess.  
Sorry. Sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Bob. Bob!  
Get us out of here, Tom.  
Do you know anything about the pumps?  
Sure do. All right. Let's go.  
Not running.  
I've complained to Nielsen  
for months about these things.  
The fluid builds up and bingo,  
we have an alarm.  
Excuse me.  
Joanie? Schmidt again.  
Good news. I found the problem  
and there is no biohazard.  
It was a false alarm. You can unlock  
the doors and let everyone go home.  
You wanna come in, Tom?  
I'd rather not open the door. We  
have a good seal and the rules--  
I don't wanna come in.  
I wanna get out.  
Joanie, put me through  
to Dr. Nielsen.  
I'm trying, but I don't  
get an answer from P4.  
I'll try an outside line.  
Won't work.  
Normal phone service was cut the  
second you pushed that button.  
It was? Why?  
I'll explain later.  
Meanwhile, rescind that alert.  
This is a non-event event.  
Gee, I don't know, Mr. Schmidt  
it's all over my screens.  
The procedures are pretty explicit.

You trained me yourself.  
Joanie, calm down. This is not your fault.  
You did the right thing.  
I want you to restore us to normal  
operations before people get scared.  
I don't wanna make a mistake.  
Will you take responsibility?  
Yes, of course.  
I take full responsibility.  
Attention, security!  
This is Dr. Nielsen in P4.  
Do you show  
a biohazard condition?  
Yes, sir, I do.  
Aerosol contamination.  
Seal the building. No one in or out.  
I've done it.  
This is not a drill.  
We've had an accident.  
Mr. Schmidt says  
this is a false alarm.  
I don't care what Schmidt said this is my shop.  
You do what I tell you.  
Open your safe and  
follow those instructions.  
You have reached  
a toxicological control facility.  
If action protocol one is now in effect,  
press right square bracket, return.  
Major Connolly.  
This is operator 7 at station 775.  
Um, this is to confirm  
a protocol one

**as of 5:**

I see the board. Are you locked  
good and down tight? Yes.  
Anybody clock out?  
Uh, I counted three people.  
Have your local authorities find them.  
I want them detained.  
How serious is this?  
Holy shit.  
Full symptomatic manifestation

in under an hour.  
Okay, everybody. Line up here.  
Quietly and calmly.  
One by one.  
Wait a minute, please. You propose  
to shoot this stuff into my arm?  
Fairchild's magic elixir.  
I don't see any other way, Ramesh.  
But that's a completely  
unproven antitoxin.  
You have no right  
to go experimenting.  
One. This is no experiment.  
We're in protocol.  
Do you wanna go to protocol two?  
You want me to unzip. I am  
not coming out of this suit.  
You already unzipped  
for the photo, remember?  
Yes, but... I feel fine.  
What are you talking about?  
We're already infected.  
Lactobacillus Luminensis.  
It's reached your sweat glands.  
Now me.  
Hey, open up in there!  
Western Union.  
I can't put 'em in jail, hon they're  
not criminals. They made a mistake.  
We could sue 'em. You wanna?  
Civil law? Make a case for  
corporate negligence.  
You know, unsafe workplace.  
Cold chicken.  
Something happened  
in the P4 lab, Cal.  
Look, remember Dan Fairchild?  
Yeah, sure I do, I guess.  
He used to work here. I liked him.  
You should talk to him.  
Honey, Fairchild's  
not reliable. He's a drunk.  
I heard he got fired.  
Forget him.

Uh-oh. Somebody's got a popgun.  
I'll call you right back.  
Yeah!  
One more ought to do it!  
All right!  
Watch it.  
Hey. Want me to go get my torch?  
Nobody's gettin' anything.  
Vic, you ought to know better.  
Hand it over.  
Well, well. It's our  
duly elected boy scout.  
I'm talking about the gun.  
Let's have it.  
You dippy shit,  
my son's in there.  
Drop it or I'll break your arm!  
Oh!  
It's getting late out here, Sheriff. Just  
what the hell are you doing about all this?  
The local ally is right over there!  
Sheriff Morse,  
I'm Major Connolly.  
Where are my three sorties?  
Uh, my deputy's bringing  
in warren and main right now.  
Dana is right over there.  
Who are you guys? The army?  
Close enough.  
I'm glad to see you've got  
everything under control.  
Well, folks here would like  
an explanation. So would I.  
It says here in the report that you were  
raised in the True Redeemer Baptist Church.  
I understand that  
your wife is inside.  
You might wanna  
say a prayer too.  
I'm not a religious man, Major.  
I see.  
Miss Evans, let me assure you  
there is no cause for alarm.  
this is standard containment procedure

to be used in instances of this kind.  
Would you put your  
foot here, please?  
Thank you.  
Hey, what are you doing?  
Hey, what did I do?  
All right. If you'll come this way now.  
That's fine.  
Friends, I am from the  
U.S. Accident Containment Team.  
Let me begin by first  
apologizing to you,  
Miss Evans, and  
everyone else, uh,  
not only for the  
lateness of the hour,  
but for the inconvenience and the worry  
that you've all been put through.  
As you know,  
Biotek is leading a revolution  
in agriculture.  
We've all heard the magic word  
"Genetic Engineering."  
Well, in a few short years, we may have  
ourselves a whole new kind of farm.  
Corn that doesn't need fertilizer,  
cattle that fatten themselves.  
On the other hand,  
with any new technology,  
there are certain risks.  
And earlier today, someone spilled  
a batch of experimental yeast.  
Now no one got hurt.  
But if we open those  
doors prematurely,  
before proper cleanup  
can be done,  
then we endanger the herds and  
crops that you already have.  
And that would mean an  
economic catastrophe. Hey.  
What's with the men from glad?  
I presume that you're referring  
to our mobile quarantine package.

It's a temporary measure  
for her protection and yours.

Sorry it took so long,  
but we had to talk a blue streak  
And they're still hoppin' mad.

Jesse.

These are the people  
who got out early, huh?  
Say, quite a party going on here.  
Sheriff, would you mind lending  
me some of your deputies?

A little local presence  
wouldn't hurt.

Take'em.

Congratulations, Grazio.

You're a fed.

That was quite a speech you made.

Oh, the yeast story?

The whole scenario's  
part of the same protocol  
Your wife instituted when  
she pushed that button.

- Scenario?

- Honey, are you there?

Cal, are you there?

Yes. Where are you?

I took a walk down the hall. I decided  
to lock my door. What's the matter?

Is that your wife?

May I speak to her?

Mrs. Morse, I'm Major Connolly.

I'm right outside the building.

Would you put me through  
to Dr. Nielsen?

I'm sorry, sir. I haven't  
heard a thing from P4 for hours.

We have a picture.

Uh, sit tight, Mrs. Morse.

Well, uh, she sounds okay.

Uh, that's a good sign.

We're all set, but don't  
really have troop superiority.

Just a squad to show the uniform.

I haven't got P4,

but here's the cafeteria.  
Real forces in Colorado,  
48 hours away.  
Let's hope  
we don't need anybody.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
No unauthorized entry.  
You can't be that dumb, Grazio  
or I never would've hired you.  
Do your head count later.  
Show me the corridor outside P2.  
P2. P2. Here it goes.  
Can you pan?  
Not this camera.  
Damn it. Where's Schmidt?  
P4's coming through.  
I don't get it.  
Where is everyone?  
Maybe they got out before the alarm.  
Hey, they left their helmets.  
There they are,  
asleep on the floor.  
Tilt down.  
Zoom in.  
God Almighty, that's Nielsen.  
Who else? That's Kapoor  
there by the airlock.  
What happened, Major?  
How'd you get in here?  
I walked in. Sheriff, can we have  
our little chats outside, please?  
Just a minute. I'm the civil  
authority in this county.  
I know. This is  
government property.  
Kill the screens!  
You've got fatalities there, Major.  
Don't tell me about yeast.  
You're jumping to conclusions.  
I saw it! You saw it.  
Who are you trying to protect?  
Everybody.  
You, me, your wife, the public.  
And you didn't see a thing,

you understand?  
Major Connolly, it's Schmidt.  
He found a phone in stairwell five.  
That you, Connolly?  
You brought in the whole shooting match.  
You never bothered to speak to me.  
We had a pump malfunction. I fixed it hours ago.  
This quarantine is a crock.  
Slow down, schmidt.  
We're in for the long haul.  
Protocol one has been validated.  
Validated?  
How many dead?  
Five, six, seven, eight.  
It looks like everybody,  
but I can't control  
the cameras in P4.  
I can't see everything.  
What do you think?  
Any movement?  
You wanna know are  
they dead? Yes. No!  
I can't tell. This guy,  
Fairchild, where can I find him?  
I understand he and his wife rented  
that property up in the basin,  
north of Heaterville. Right.  
Thanks. I'll look him up.  
Maybe they're just really sick  
or in a coma or something.  
Okay, listen.  
Now turn that picture off.  
Nobody's sick. There's been an  
industrial accident, that's all.  
What kind of accident, Cal?  
That was the Blue Harvest group.  
What were they doing in there?  
Look, honey, I don't know.  
Advance plant research. I mean,  
what if they spliced  
the wrong gene?  
You mean the corn that ate Chicago?  
Do I sound panicky?  
I'm sorry.

I'm scared.  
Let's go, pal. Rise and shine.  
What the hell are you doing here?  
Cal Morse. Remember me?  
Yeah.  
Look, I don't need a ride  
home Sheriff. I'm already here.  
Did somebody spill something?  
That's what they're saying.  
Experimental yeast. Yeast?  
Who's talking about yeast?  
Is there a guy named ed Connolly there?  
That's right.  
And a whole team of army men.  
That's typical.  
Well, I hope he brought his lysol.  
Here. No way, Sheriff.  
I'm not going down.  
I saved you from a lot  
of drunk driving charges.  
Don't you think you owe me one?  
I don't drink anymore.  
And you know why? 'Cause I  
got worried about my health,  
which is also why  
I left Biotek.  
I don't have any plans  
to go back.  
Want some Zucchini pancakes?  
I'm a terrific cook.  
I bet.  
Come on, guys.  
You gotta feed millions.  
Where's your wife?  
Oh, she moved on.  
She didn't enjoy Hydroponics.  
Look at this.  
I'm growing bacteria to beef up  
the vegetable protein.  
I think I'll skip  
breakfast, thanks.  
What's the matter, Sheriff?  
Scared of bugs?  
No. Lost my appetite.

I started thinking about  
friends and neighbors  
who don't have any idea who  
it is they've been working for.  
Oh, the department of defense  
isn't so bad.  
They run a good plant station.  
I kind of miss it sometimes.  
Up. All that fancy greenhouse  
crap's just your lousy cover-  
you never touched a leaf  
while you were there.  
Nope.  
But I got inspired.  
You have some coffee.  
I grew the chicory myself.  
Blue Harvest Project?  
We hear you're trying to grow corn in  
salt water. But that's not it, is it?  
You son of a bitch.  
It's germ warfare.  
Biological warfare research was  
outlawed by international treaty  
in 1972.  
Soviet union signed it,  
and so did we.  
You're not saying  
Uncle Sam doesn't live up to his  
international obligations, are you?  
Listen, my friend. There are 85 people  
trapped down there. Trapped in your mess.  
You're going to  
help me get them out.  
Not me.  
Nielsen did the human tissue  
work. I gave him a cure.  
You just make sure Connolly  
inoculates everyone.  
You don't understand.  
My wife's in there.  
Bob? Find me a scanner, please.  
Here's one, Mr. Schmidt.  
Good. Let's take a look.  
You first.

Two, four, six, eight.  
I don't wanna radiate.  
All right. Now you, Tippett.  
Come on, Schmidt. You gonna do everybody?  
We're all fine. Let's go.  
Don't be an ass.  
We have to be sure.  
We can't troop out trailing bugs. Give me your hands.  
I thought you were hot to trot.  
What do you wanna do? Go down to P4  
and ask'em to hand over the antitoxin?  
No. Now me. Bob,  
you do the honors.  
What do I look for?  
Check around my eyes,  
nose, mouth, fingernails.  
Anything that glows  
is an infection.  
Now use your best judgment, but  
find and administer the antitoxin.  
Remember, the bug is virulent.  
Eighty percent mortality rate.  
Get to P4. You may  
encounter hostiles.  
You want me to shoot? If they endanger  
the mission, yes. Stay in contact.  
I don't want you coming out with the wrong test tube.  
Hello, Major. Having fun?  
- Did you bring him down here?  
- Yes, sir, I did.  
He's a doctor.  
I wanted a second opinion.  
Please keep your opinions  
to yourself.  
Think I'd be violating national  
security if I told you.  
You're tunneling through  
the wrong wall? Save it.  
I'm going in there to keep the wind at  
my back. You'll run into a lot of people  
I know a safer way to get to Nielsen.  
Nielsen is dead.  
Okay, Walston, take them in.  
How'd you come to pick our

little town for this kind of work?  
These people would kill you if they knew  
how'd you been risking their lives.  
There was 38% unemployment here. I  
think they'd be proud as hell.  
Sheriff, why are you limping?  
I had polio.  
I knew you had a thing about germs.  
No, I don't.  
I just don't think we got any  
business fighting wars with them!  
It's called deterrence in kind.  
What, you want us to start a nuclear  
holocaust if the soviets infect us?  
We need the proper reply.  
Mount up, guys. It's time for the  
cavalry to rescue the wagon train.  
Joanie?  
Joanie?  
Joanie? Yes?  
It's me, tom. Um, there's a group  
of us here and more in the cafeteria.  
We've just done a U.V. scan  
and there's no problem.  
Oh, thank God. Amen.  
Now, the point is, there's a lot  
of healthy people being kept in here  
by bureaucratic rules written  
long ago and far away.  
Mr. Schmidt, you're not gonna  
ask me to open up the building?  
Not P4. I understand it's--  
it's a wipeout in there.  
I can't do it. You'll have  
to speak to Major Connolly.  
To hell with Connolly!  
Joanie, look, you don't  
wanna push the button. Fine.  
Just tell me the code. You can  
testify against me at my trial.  
I'm sorry, sir. I'm not gonna  
give you the gate sequence  
until I have outside  
authorization.

Let me in, Joanie.  
You can say I-I-I overpowered you  
because that is exactly  
what's going to happen!  
Get back out of here!  
I don't wanna shoot anyone.  
Joanie, Joanie, Joanie,  
listen to me, listen to me.  
You don't have to say a word.  
Just show me your daybook.  
Here it is. You stupid cow!  
You burned the page, but you  
remember the numbers, don't you?  
I'm not telling you anything!  
Joanie, we don't have time to be nice.  
She'll talk.  
Wait a minute. Wait a minute!  
This is getting out of hand!  
No! No!  
I know you're frightened,  
but we all want to get going.  
Jesus Christ, Tippett!  
It's just my way  
of saying "please."  
Now, look, you're killing us.  
Don't you understand? No!  
G44, 8 over 5.  
Esac calling Marilyn  
on channel 2490.  
Note, we've launched  
D-Con party.  
Torch.  
Security, this is Sheriff Morse.  
Do you read me?  
Come in, Joanie.  
Where are you, Joanie?  
Here you go, Bob.  
Here you go. Drink this.  
Some case of bad breath, huh?  
Just give me a minute.  
Give me a couple tylenols,  
I'm as good as new.  
Will you quit playing doctor? He's got it,  
Schmidt. Any fool can see that.

Jesus!  
Hey, everybody, they're here! They're  
cutting through the admin door.  
Hold it, hold it, hold it! If Bob  
is sick, we can't take a chance.  
Rates of infection can vary.  
We could all have it right now.  
What's the matter, Schmidt? I feel fine!  
Get out of the way!  
Come on, follow me!  
Hurry up, get through there!  
Three abreast, stay  
together, no talking.  
Hold it! Do not  
let them through!  
Hold'em!  
Out of the way, boy!  
Marilyn, this is Esac. We  
have a casualty. Tippett.  
Maybe you heard  
what happened in there.  
You said you might  
be able to help.  
Sure.  
You, come with us.  
Let's move it! Keep moving.  
You are all under arrest.  
I want everyone seated  
and remain seated  
until further notified.  
It looks like D-Con team  
is back in security.  
Uh, probe to base.  
Where the hell am I?  
I've got four corridors  
leading out of here.  
You're in security.  
When you leave there, bear left.  
And stay out of zone "U".  
It's likely to be crowded.  
I'm gonna take you down the service conduit.  
No one ever goes in there.  
If you say so.  
I, uh-- I don't like

the looks of this.

Y'all keep in contact, ya hear?

You sure you wanna

put'em through there?

Are you gonna

second guess me already?

No, but that's a tight spot.

Not much room for maneuvering.

Mr. Schmidt.

Joanie.

Joanie, did they hurt you?

Oh, Joanie, it was my fault.

You were right. Protocol one.

We're all dying, Joanie,

except you.

What happened, Mr. Schmidt?

What went wrong?

Major Connolly, you

wanna come over here?

Yes, what is it? I've got

P4 he re on the sweep.

We've been checking

it every 30 minutes.

So you have. It looks quiet.

It ought to. They're all

supposed to be dead, right?

Yeah. So where are they?

There were stiffs all over the floor.

Damn it. They've been moved.

Tilt up to the door.

That's the end of that seal. The

whole building's been contaminated.

Somebody's been in there and

pulled out a dozen bodies.

I don't know. That door looks

like it was broken from the inside.

- What was that?

- Zoom in.

Would you look at that guy's hand.

Oh, no.

It's awfully bright in here,

Ramesh. It hurts my eyes.

That's easily overcome, sir.

Made image in ten seconds.

Walston, can you hear me?  
Yeah, I hear ya. What the hell happened in here?  
It's dark as a coal mine.  
Somebody pulled the mains.  
Uh-huh. Why don't I come back out there and we'll talk about it.  
No. Use your suit lights.  
You still got a long way to go.  
All right, that's better.  
Here come the backups. Let's go.  
Going to red.  
Look ahead now. The next door you come to should be the P4 complex.  
I don't see any door, but here goes.  
Hold it.  
Hello! Glad to see you!  
Get on down here.  
Who the hell is that?  
Be careful, Walston. I thought we weren't supposed to meet anyone here.  
You there, identify yourself, please.  
It's me, Dr. Nielsen.  
give me the logbook.  
Got a good picture. That looks like Nielsen, alive.  
Fantastic!  
I knew it would take more than a germ to punch his ticket.  
Looks like your medicine works.  
Listen to me, Walston.  
Back up... Nice and slow.  
Don't talk to him and don't run.  
What about the antitoxin?  
Isn't he supposed to be our man?  
We'll discuss it later.  
Now move.  
Oh, Jesus. You'll be all right. Take it easy.  
You're gonna be okay.  
Ow!  
Get off me!  
Oh, my God.

Walston, can you hear me?  
Connolly calling Walston.  
Is anyone there?  
D-Con team, answer me, someone!  
Marilyn, this is Esac.  
We have lost the D-Con mission.  
Eight casualties.  
Yes, sir. Presumed dead.  
Fairchild, you stupid son of a bitch.  
You led them into an ambush.  
We have an I.D.  
on one Dr. Kapoor  
Who was known to be  
in the P4 contaminant area.  
Joanie?  
Joanie, where are you?  
I'm right here.  
We're not safe in here.  
Get that door open.  
Safe from what?  
Where can we go?  
P4 lab.  
There's an antitoxin in there.  
No!  
Come on, Mr. Schmidt.  
We can do it.  
I have an announcement.  
The decontamination teams  
have confirmed cases..  
of low-level human infection.  
Have any of us been exposed  
to some kind of disease?  
Absolutely not.  
The, uh, quarantine  
has been 100% effective.  
Seen the headlines? Let me point out  
that emergency food and water supplies  
have been located  
throughout the building.  
Fake the lie, and the media  
is falling right into step.  
The truth will come out...  
When the survivors do.  
Nobody's coming out. Listen to the man.

This is a dark hour.  
But there is something  
that you can do.  
Ask the creator for his divine  
assistance and pray for your loved ones.  
It's protocol two. That's his  
way of making the announcement.  
Seal the building and let  
the disease run its course.  
Why don't you quit with the double-talk.  
I want my boy back out of there!  
There will be no further  
comments at this time.  
Wait a minute.  
Be seeing you, Sheriff.  
You don't need me anymore.  
Connolly, is that you?  
What the hell is going on?  
We've been in here for hours.  
Where's that rescue team  
I heard about?  
Come on! Get in here while  
you can still do some good!  
It's not fair, you bastards.  
God!  
Joanie!  
Doctor, let us in.  
Open the door.  
I can't do that. You know the protocols.  
I'm not sick!  
You look pretty good,  
but I don't know about Tom.  
I have to say no. There's  
a lot of people in here.  
Please! Please!  
No. Good luck to you, Joanie.  
What did she say?  
What are they gonna do?  
Does everyone feel okay? Any  
headaches, sore throats or fever?  
Shh, shh. Mr. Schmidt, look.  
What's that?  
I can't see.  
I don't think we should go down there.

Why not, Joanie?  
Dr. Nielsen! Very much alive,  
despite what they told you.  
You're sick.  
I was, for a moment.  
But not anymore. Hello, Tom.  
Don't worry. You'll recover,  
just like the rest of us.  
Here, let me give you a hand.  
Kapoor is right down this way.  
No! Don't take me, Joanie!  
Don't let them!  
Dr. Nielsen, it's okay.  
We're not alone anymore.  
Look at my clothes! Blood all over them.  
Do you think this will wash out?  
What's the blood from?  
I don't want outsiders coming in here.  
They mustn't see what happened.  
It's very shocking.  
Who mustn't see?  
Ask ramesh.  
I feel rage, Joanie!  
Beautiful rage!  
Joanie. Joanie.  
Help me, Joanie.  
Okay, okay.  
Okay, okay.  
Cal?  
Cal?  
Where are you, cal?  
How would you have  
told these folks, Sheriff,  
that your fathers and brothers  
are infectious psychotics,  
it's all over and in less than  
12 hours they'll be dead?  
Major,  
I'm going in there.  
I'll find the antitoxin.  
I'll administer it.  
You can lock me in.  
The antitoxin doesn't work!  
I know you're a husband. I know exactly

what's going through your mind.  
But you're also a law enforcement  
official, and this a major civic disaster,  
like a flood or an air crash.  
You gotta set your emotions aside  
and act like a professional!  
Hey!  
Get back. Get back out of my way.  
Oh, no.  
Stay away. Get out  
of the car, asshole.  
Get this man  
away from the building.  
Cal, where are you? What is it?  
Joanie, can you hear me?  
You all right?  
Yes.  
I mean, no.  
They smashed everything.  
What about you?  
I think they're after me  
because they know I'm not sick.  
I'm sorry, Sheriff.  
There's nothing I can do.  
Hey! Do you think you can  
just walk away from this?  
I want you to talk to my wife.  
She's not sick!  
Has she been exposed?  
Yes, and she's healthy.  
It's not a disease  
this is a weapon of war.  
it's designed  
to produce casualties,  
but it's also designed to promote  
maximum tactical confusion.  
What are you saying? It drives  
people crazy, that's what I'm saying!  
Soldiers turn on their comrades.  
Civilian victims  
murder their doctors.  
And then they die.  
And that's what's going on  
in that building right now.

I don't believe it.  
This is deliberate?  
You saw Nielsen  
and you saw what he's done.  
He's a victim of his own bug.  
A regular Dr. Frankenstein.  
You worked on this! Hell no.  
I designed the cure.  
You knew about it!  
Well, I knew that  
they were trying,  
but I didn't think  
that they could do it.  
I guess I should have had more faith  
in the ingenuity of my fellow man.  
Turns out it's a big success.  
You think I need this?  
Well, I don't.  
You're right.  
I am a technocrat.  
I allowed myself to be used  
and I am as guilty  
as all the rest of them.  
Joanie, this is dan Fairchild. I want you to  
tell me what's going through your mind now?  
I mean, do you feel like hurting people?  
You bet I do.  
Nielsen, Kapoor, the rest of them.  
I'd like to kill them.  
Don't worry.  
It's a perfectly healthy urge.  
I'm not infected.  
I already checked.  
And even if I was,  
it wouldn't make me a mad woman.  
Okay.  
We need to know  
exactly where you are.  
P4, Nielsen's lab.  
I'm in the stockroom.  
Do you see a refrigerator there?  
It's full of bottles. The one's  
with the orange flag are the antitoxin.  
Are you safe? Can you stay put?

I think so. Where's Cal?  
Okay, you wait right there.  
Don't move, not for anything.  
You were right.  
She's not sick.  
She might be the key.  
I have been an employee  
in the feed and seed  
department for two years.  
I met Bob-- he's the one  
who's trapped in there--  
We met on the job and we're  
saving up to get married.  
How long will you have  
to remain in quarantine?  
Well, I'm fine, but  
the officer said 48 hours.  
That's two whole days  
in saran wrap.  
How do you feel about Biotek now?  
It's a real good company.  
The pay is good, benefits are good.  
And guess what.  
I'm on overtime.  
Hey.  
What's new, huh, Sheriff?  
Hey. You're not talking?  
You still on their side?  
Hey.  
Now break it up!  
What's the matter with you?  
Hey.  
White sugar, white dust.  
That's a body bag.  
Sorry.  
I'm looking for suits.  
You look like a 40 to me.  
Are you gonna be okay?  
How reliable is this suit?  
100%.  
What about the air? Am I gonna have  
to hold my breath for two hours?  
Hey. You're gonna be surrounded  
by germs and sick people.

You sure that you can handle this?  
Yeah, sure.  
You bet.  
Wait. I'll show you  
how the pros do it.  
This corn's been eating its wheaties.  
What'd you expect? We've got the  
best feed grain group in the country.  
This is an air shaft.  
Are you gonna open that up?  
What's gonna come out? Nothing.  
Look. It's an intake.  
Excuse me, Major.  
We've got an external seal break.  
Where?  
The greenhouse.  
The air intake.  
You're shitting me.  
Watch yourself.  
Slippery going here.  
Slippery going. Right.  
All right, soldiers,  
fall in. Follow me.  
The first person to enter  
P4 without a security clearance.  
Hey, where are you?  
I can't do it.  
But you've got the suit on.  
Get on down here!  
Let's go!  
It's different for you.  
- Germs are your job.  
- Hold it!  
You! Stay where you are!  
Some protocol we got here.  
Caps on the bottle, sir.  
You ever hear of Borna?  
You mean like "born again"?  
No. It's a small  
town in East Germany.  
There were some horses there  
-- this was before the war--  
who were attacking each other and  
everything around them until they dropped.

It was worse than rabies.  
Well, it turns out they had  
caught a hither to unknown virus,  
that was infecting the  
rage center of the brain,  
The Rhine Encephalon.  
You hear that?  
It's getting louder.  
You know the Borna Virus is hard to catch.  
It's no good as a weapon.  
And what Nielsen did was to take the  
deadly part of the viral genome,  
and move it into a nice,  
highly infectious bacterial vector.  
You mean a germ? Exactly.  
I think we should put him up for  
the nobel prize. Don't laugh.  
He's the best kimeric  
gene splicer on the planet.  
Careful.  
Now you watch where  
you point that thing.  
Okay, let's do it.  
It's Bob Nickerson.  
He was. He's dead.  
It's interesting, isn't it?  
Wish we could do an autopsy.  
There's an idea.  
I'm dying. You  
are not going to die.  
I've got the stuff. I just  
-- I need a syringe.  
It's going to be terrible.  
You've got to leave.  
There's nowhere left to go.  
She's there.  
This way. I saw her.  
Oh, my god. Oh, my god.  
I just saw them and they saw me.  
So, let's just pray that  
this stuff does some good.  
Mr. Schmidt.  
I warned you!  
The toxin is in here!

Right there! Up the stairs!  
Joanie!  
Cal!  
Thank god. I wanna  
get out of here.  
The antitoxin! We got it.  
Get him!  
It's them. Let's go.  
Get the toxin!  
No. No, no.  
Get him. Get him!  
Don't let him get away.  
This way.  
It won't work! I jammed it.  
Look at this!  
I've been wondering how the bud  
got out of this lab.  
Even after the primary infection,  
it should have stayed in here.  
But I guess every epidemic has its typhoid  
mary, and I think I've just found ours.  
Sure, he took a shower, he changed his  
clothes, he took all the precautions.  
But the bastard was wearing  
contact lenses.  
And he left here and toured  
the entire building.  
The busy administrator  
on his rounds.  
Don't worry, Sheriff.  
He won't bite ya.  
Well, Jesus Christ!  
Would you look at that!  
Goddamn protection.  
No one's supposed to survive a direct  
attack from Nielsen's best weapon.  
Let's see if we can find out  
what makes you so special.  
Are you on any medication?  
Uh, no. I take vitamins.  
Are you allergic to anything?  
Cheese, yogurt, other milk products?  
No allergies.  
And what about childhood diseases?

I had them all.  
We'll take a look at your blood serum.  
The answer's in there somewhere.  
Oh, god. You're getting sick.  
Yes, I know.  
But I can still work.  
It's happening.  
Just like schmidt.  
You're gonna try to kill us.  
That'll flick their bic.  
We need some rope or some  
tape and your handcuffs.  
Who says? Dr. Fairchild.  
I can't see a thing. I'd have to  
take the suit off. Don't you dare.  
I'm studying the law, not biology.  
Wait.  
That's better. Hell,  
they don't look so dangerous.  
You look these little guys straight in the  
eye, they're not so bad. Kind of cute.  
We'll make a scientist of you yet.  
Now change the slide,  
and keep trying until you find  
one where nothing's moving.  
Hey, here it is! Ha!  
They're not even twitching.  
Okay. Slide number?  
A3. A3.  
Now find the sample  
that goes with it,  
and insert it into  
the chromatography analyzer.  
I don't get it.  
Look at those spikes.  
They're all over the place.  
It doesn't make sense.  
What are they hiding?  
There! There!  
No. Not there!  
Come on, Doc.  
Tell me what to do now.  
What a minute. I'm an idiot.  
- I know why she's not sick.

- They're coming!  
I hear them.  
You've got to do a radioimmunoassay  
on that blood sample.  
We're out of time.  
No time. No time.  
- Joanie, you're late, aren't you?  
- What?  
Your period, you missed.  
Yes, a few weeks.  
What are you getting at?  
Estrogen, progesterone.  
Your blood is full of proteins and steroids.  
That's why you're immune.  
You're pregnant.  
Congratulations.  
Stay back! My god.  
You. You. You. You.  
Dan.  
Is he dead?  
Nope. He's breathing.  
What's this?  
I'll tell you what it looks like.  
It looks like a recipe.  
Well, sure. The man has spent  
his life cooking up cures.  
That's what this is. It's a  
recipe for a new antitoxin.  
I don't understand.  
What's Thorazine?  
That's a heavy-duty  
tranquilizer.  
The use it on animals  
and in mental hospitals.  
What's he need Thorazine for?  
It knocks him out so the  
other drugs can go to work.  
One.  
Preg factor.  
Two.  
Antitoxin.  
Half.  
Thorazine.  
Now what do we do? We wait.

Get out!  
Okay, let's have'em.  
Have what?  
The keys, asshole. We're going  
in there and get our people out.  
There are no keys. Lucky you.  
Anybody goes in, they get sick and die.  
Understand?  
I hope that holds him.  
Sometimes people get excited...  
And no army can't keep'em down.  
He's gonna pull through.  
He's gonna wake up  
and be just fine.  
What makes you so sure of that?  
He has to.  
If he turns into one of them,  
you'll turn into one of them.  
A couple extra shells.  
If I get sick,  
don't let me go crazy.  
Cal, don't ask me.  
We're all crazy now.  
The whole world.  
How can anyone allow this to happen?  
He was part of it, Cal, so was I.  
But he knew about it,  
and you didn't.  
I guess some people, they see a problem  
and they just got to solve it.  
Hold it.  
He's coming to.  
That's what I'm afraid of.  
What do you think I am, a lab animal, I'm  
gonna foam at the mouth? Get over here!  
Do you know where you are?  
Do you know what's happened?  
I'm a big hero. I beat those bugs  
with both hands tied behind my back.  
Now cut me free.  
We got some work to do.  
Damn. Hey, Vic.  
Hmm? Get me another  
settling bottle.

Well, Sheriff, now  
you can shoot some germs.  
This is your new sidearm.  
This baby delivers 30 rounds  
of antitoxin two cc jets.  
with a muzzle pressure  
of 1,800 p.s.i.  
You'll be proud to know I'm using  
a formula just as you brewed it up.  
I'll fine-tune it some other day.  
Now, lower trigger loads it.  
And the upper one...  
Fires.  
Huh.  
You take care of it,  
and it'll take care of you.  
You've got the glows.  
So, I guess you're first.  
You want me to bend over?  
They're back! All right.  
Here's your supply of our magic  
disinfectant. Be ready to pour.  
I thought so.  
Main pump reservoir? Right.  
Stick close.  
We'll get you there.  
Joanie!  
Hey.  
My niece would love one of these.  
Hey! I've found our patients.  
They're in here!  
Cylinder. Get the cylinder!  
Come on!  
Ram it! Ram it!  
Please, God, don't let  
them break the seal.  
Look out!  
Ram it!  
Germs! They're killing  
us for the germs!  
You! I got you!  
I need that.  
You assemble my staff.  
Announcement.

Morse, where are ya?  
Watch it, dan.  
Dan, where have you been?  
We did it, Dan. Wonderful!  
It's a real breakthrough, Nate  
it's a feather in your cap.  
Easy, Nate. Easy.  
We were always the best, Dan.  
You were the only--only one  
who could keep it from me.  
I think you've uncovered  
a steroid antitoxin.  
How 'bout we tackle that?  
It's over, Nate.  
Over.  
No.  
Oh, look-- look how  
much we've learned.  
So, how's it look? Are we clean?  
Yes.  
All zones?  
Uh-huh.  
Well, there is one thing we forgot.  
What's that?  
You.  
George! How was it, George?  
This is no longer necessary, Miss Evans.  
Thank you.  
Have you seen Bob?  
Were you with Bob?  
Hey, who's in there?  
Sorry, I don't know.  
Sorry.  
No! No.  
Bob!  
Hi, honey.  
Did you have a nice dream?  
So how's the throat?  
You got any swollen glands?  
What is this, doctor's  
make house calls? Sure.  
That's it. We swept the plant  
from top to bottom.  
There is no bug left.

Congratulations, Doc.  
Whatever you cooked up did the job.  
Cal, what are you doing?  
Upholding the law.  
Think that'll do any good?  
I don't know.  
It'll keep the kids out anyhow.  
Little Miss Blue Blood here sure  
put a stop to this operation.  
For a while, I guess.  
Worry about it tomorrow, Doc.  
We won our battle, didn't we?  
Yeah, we did.  
So, who's hungry?  
I am. I'm starving.  
That's right. You're eating for two  
now, aren't you, Mrs. Morse?  
Why don't we all go  
on up to my place  
and I will cook you the best  
breakfast you ever ate.  
Zucchini pancakes and genetically  
enhanced corn on the cob.  
Relax. I'm a scientist.  
I know what I'm doing.  
Let's go home.