

" REMNANTS "

a screenplay

by

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"REMNANTS"

NOTE: *The opening of this film is a SOUND COLLAGE of NEWS BULLETINS that describe a series of world events unfolding at a fast and confusing pace. The SCREEN IS BLACK (save for occasional flashes of image) and will run about 3 minutes in the finished film. Read the following fast and with deep Fear.*

FADE IN:

1 OVER BLACKNESS

1

A CAPTION: "**FIVE YEARS FROM NOW...**"

The screen REMAINS BLACK. We hear, but do not see, save for the OPENING CREDITS. Then: A NEWS BULLETIN SCREAMS OUT: "CNN, breaking news!"

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
(unaware he is on the air)
-- we used to say, "we interrupt this program to" -- uh.... what's -- ?

ANGRY VOICE (V.O.)
Go NOW!

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
Oh - uh...
(goes into "broadcast mode")
We have reports coming in from Israel that Prime Minister Netanyahu has been assassinated. These are preliminary --

SCREECH & CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR B (V.O.)
-- increasing hostilities reported along the Afghanistan / Pakistan border --

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
-- several thousand strong has breached the Pakistani border, pouring in from India --

NEWS ANCHOR B (V.O.)
-- we're covering both stories *LIVE* from the Fox News Desk!

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR C (V.O.)
-- are advancing upon greatly outnumbered American troops in Western Afghanistan.

NEWS ANCHOR B (V.O.)

-- mass of troops is said to be comprised of both Afghani *and* Pakistani soldiers, numbering in the tens of thousands. The Pentagon --

Conflicts are crossing with each other, deepening confusion. The NEWS ANCHORS speak quickly, voices fading in and out, a COLLAGE OF WORDS AND NOISE.

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)

-- are boxed in and fighting fiercely. Ron Dietrich is embedded with the 10th Mountain Division and is with us now via camera phone --

We hear REPEATING GUNFIRE and CHAOS as a NEWS REPORTER screams over the noise, trying to be heard.

REPORTER A (V.O.)

Casualties are mounting in a scene that was not supposed to happen --

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR C (V.O.)

-- reports of a possible military coup in Pakistan --

GUN SHOT TO:

A NEWS CONFERENCE - cameras SNAPPING, papers SHUFFLING, and the voice of the PENTAGON SPOKESPERSON.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(screaming out)

Al Jazeera has broadcast the alleged decapitation of the Prime Minister! Has the --

PENTAGON SPOKESPERSON (V.O.)

We cannot and *will not* confirm reports that Prime Minister Soomro has been executed --

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR B (V.O.)

-- amassing in the Kashmir region of --

NEWS ANCHOR F (V.O.)

-- exploding inside the Dome of the Rock --

NEWS ANCHOR D (V.O.)
 -- Beijing has confirmed a mobilization of
 forces to protect its Western border --

AND THEN: the SCREEN FLASHES UP IN A WHITE BURST, accompanied by a
 DEEP BASS THUMP, then FADING DOWN TO BLACK.

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
 (after a BEAT)
 We have received an unsubstantiated - and
 I repeat - an unsubstantiated broadcast
 from Al Jazeera TV, that reports --
 (PAUSE)
 I'm being told that we are going live to
 our Al Jazeera feed and will do our best
 to translate.

The FAST CHATTER of an ARABIC ANCHORMAN as the CNN TRANSLATOR
 attempts to keep up.

TRANSLATOR (V.O.)
 -- call for Jihad, for that... is what
 is... *just*. The - this transgression...
 against all of Allah --

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
 This is Cliff again, and I am being told
 that we are going back to the Pentagon!

Once again, we hear a NEWS CONFERENCE - cameras SNAPPING, papers
 SHUFFLING, and the voice of the Pentagon Spokesman.

PENTAGON SPOKESPERSON (V.O.)
 -- at 11:53 AM, American forces air-burst
 a tactical nuclear device over advancing
 terrorist troops in the province of --

The press corps responds with a ROAR of SHOUTED QUESTIONS and
 CAMERA FLASHES.

AT THIS POINT: news reports become increasingly faster and more
 chaotic. We hear METALLIC SHRIEKS, CHAOS.

AGAIN, the SCREEN FLASHES UP IN A WHITE BURST, accompanied by a
 DEEP BASS THUMP, then FADING DOWN TO BLACK.

NEWS ANCHOR E (V.O.)
 -- can confirm a nuclear explosion in the
 city of New Delhi, India --
 (noise and clutter)
 -- leaving what must be -
 (voice faltering)
 -- hundreds of thousands who must be dead -

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
 -- while the Japanese Prime Minister
 demands that Beijing --

SCIENCE CORRESPONDENT (V.O.)
 -- a ten megaton explosion in a densely populated mega-city like New Delhi would undoubtedly cause the almost-instantaneous death of --

Across the planet, confusion and Fear has taken hold.

SCREECH & CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR F (V.O.)
 -- are pouring into the Golan Heights from Lebanon, in response to the attack on Beirut where the assassination of the Israeli Prime Minister was believed to --

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR C (V.O.)
 -- have apparently retaliated with strikes upon Lahore and Karachi. The Pentagon has confirmed that three nuclear warheads have been detonated above Islamabad, and --

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
 -- repeated seismic shocks in New Delhi --

NEWS ANCHOR D (V.O.)
 -- Turkish troops pouring over the Northern border of the new Kurdistan --

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS PUNDIT A (V.O.)
 India and Pakistan are unloading their weapons in fear. Everything is happening so quickly that India must be unsure of what is happening and who to retaliate against!

NEWS ANCHOR E (V.O.)
 -- with a joint statement from Beijing and Moscow, demanding that America withdraw its submarines from the Yellow Sea --

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR E (V.O.)
 -- is reporting live via satellite phone from twenty miles outside of New Delhi --

The news cuts to a phone report. In the background, SIRENS and SCREAMS. The Reporter is WEEPING AND HYPERVENTILATING.

REPORTER B (V.O.)
 Oh my God, please Jesus... my arm! Can anyone - ? Please, my wife - please --

REPORTER C (V.O.)

-- the heat here is... ah, incredible!
 (grunts in pain)
 -- the cloud, maybe two miles at the base?

FLASH CUT TO:

STOCK IMAGE OF THE FLOOR OF THE U.N., DELEGATES SCURRYING

NEWS ANCHOR B (V.O.)

-- world leaders call for restraint as
 nuclear explosions riddle the Asian
 continent --

BACK TO BLACKNESS:

AGAIN: the SCREEN FLASHES UP IN A WHITE BURST, accompanied by a
 DEEP BASS THUMP, FADING DOWN TO BLACK. This REPEATS THREE TIMES
 in STEADY SUCCESSION.

NEWS ANCHOR F (V.O.)

-- repeated reports of likely nuclear --

NEWS PUNDIT B (V.O.)

-- that India, in their confusion or haste
 after the destruction of New Delhi, has
 launched upon both Pakistan and China -

NEWS ANCHOR C (V.O.)

In an attempt to "cover the spread," as it
 were.

NEWS PUNDIT B (V.O.)

Yes! Exactly! And --

NEWS ANCHOR B (V.O.)

-- we can now report at least three
 explosions in the metropolitan area of
 Tehran, Iran --

Violently, the SCREEN FLASHES UP IN A WHITE BURST, accompanied by
 a DEEP BASS THUMP, FADING DOWN TO BLACK - it continues to do so
 REPEATEDLY, GAINING INTENSITY AND SPEED.

SCREECH & CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)

-- reports of detonations in Japan and
 Taiwan --

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR C (V.O.)

(ominously)

Tel-Aviv is gone. Iranian missiles --

We hear AIR-RAID SIRENS.

NEWS ANCHOR D (V.O.)
 -- can now officially confirm that a mass
 evacuation has been ordered in New York
 and Washington. The Holland Tunnel has --

More and more countries are blindly retaliating as they are
 launched upon.

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR F (V.O.)
 Israel has *confirmed* that they have
 launched nuclear warheads against Saudi
 Arabia and Iran. In a statement: "Israel
 reserves the right to defend herself from
 those who seek to --"

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR B (V.O.)
 -- explosions can now be confirmed in the
 former Soviet state of the Ukraine, and
 the Chechnyan region of --

SCREECH & CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR F (V.O.)
 -- email reports from Moscow claim air-
 raid sirens have --

We are BOMBARDED with a loud ROARING SHRIEK. AGAIN: the SCREEN
 FLASHES UP IN A WHITE BURST, accompanied by a DEEP BASS THUMP,
 FADING DOWN TO BLACK - this happens 4 times in random succession.

A madness has taken over. Countries are unsure of who is
 attacking them and are retaliating against everyone.

We hear CHATTER and ANGRY SHOUTS in the background as broadcast
 staff scurry about, trying to keep control of information.

THROUGHOUT ALL OF THIS: the screen is BLACK, with only the sounds
 of OVERLAPPING NEWS REPORTS to guide us. People are SCREAMING,
 CRYING, DIVING FOR COVER.

THEN: the OPENING TONE OF THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM. ("*This
 is not a test. The emergency alert system...*")

NEWS PUNDIT A (V.O.)
 -- possibly Russia or China --

NEWS PUNDIT C (V.O.)
 North Korea has been suspected of this
 capability, Andrew! One could assume --

SCREECH & CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR G (V.O.)
 -- have lost communication with the West
 Coast of the United States.

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

We hear A SCUFFLE - a fight between a technician and a newscaster.

TECHNICIAN (V.O.)
 No! NO! Fuck you! Can't you see it?!
 We're fucked! We're dead!

NEWS ANCHOR A (V.O.)
 (choking sound)
 St-Stop!

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR E (V.O.)
 -- reports the President is in the air
 aboard Air Force One, and the terror alert
 level has been raised to level *RED* -
SEVERE!

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

We hear HORNS HONKING, a TRAFFIC JAM.

REPORTER D (V.O.)
 I'm here on I-70, west of St. Louis, the
 highway clogged with motorists evacuating
 the city. It's at a stand-still, with -

A GUN-SHOT RINGS OUT.

REPORTER D (V.O.)
 Someone - someone is *shooting!*

PEOPLE SCREAMING & SCURRYING.

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

A FLASH-CUT (stock footage) of citizens looting stores.

NEWS ANCHOR C (V.O.)
 -- reports that stores are being looted in
 cities across America.

BACK TO BLACKNESS:

NEWS ANCHOR C (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 -- huge fire raging in midtown Chicago.
 At last count, the world death toll is
 estimated in the *hundreds of millions*.

NEWS ANCHOR D (V.O.)
 -- can confirm that the CNN broadcast from
 Atlanta has gone down. We go now to --

CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

We see the QUICK FLASH of the Secretary of Defense, speaking
 behind the Pentagon podium.

BACK TO BLACKNESS:

SEC. OF DEFENSE (V.O.)
 -- we must show restraint! Please report
 to the Homeland Security website for --

SCREAMING VOICE (V.O.)
 (interrupting; had enough)
 Fuck you! Fuck YOU!

The sound of a SCUFFLE and SHOUTS OF ANGER from the press corps.

SCREAMING VOICE (V.O.)
 We're gonna die! Can't you see that?!

SCREECH & CHANNEL CHANGE TO:

NEWS ANCHOR E (V.O.)
 Why are we even fucking reporting?! Stay
 calm? It's easy for that son of a bitch
 to say stay calm! He's 30 miles under
 some mountain in Virginia!

AGAIN: the SCREEN FLASHES UP IN A WHITE BURST, accompanied by a
 DEEP BASS THUMP, then FADING DOWN TO BLACK - this REPEATS AGAIN
 AND AGAIN, SPEEDING UP, like a crazy techno song. The NOISE and
 CHAOS is BUILDING.

FINALLY, we

FADE UP:

2 EXT. A RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - SUNSET

2

After this period in the darkness being bombarded with audio
 madness, the sight of something real and stable is a huge relief.

The setting sun is beautiful, the sky a gorgeous wash of orange
 and purple. CRICKETS CHIRP in the twilight.

CAPTION: "SOMEWHERE IN NORTHEAST TEXAS"

A young man named HUNTER stands by the side of a gravel road, a
 backpack slung over his shoulder. He is wearing headphones,
 listening to a News Reporter SCREAMING about the chaos unfolding
 around the planet.

Hunter is in his early thirties. He scans the horizon. He is calm, but clearly aware something *bad* is about to happen. He looks to the South, then the North, waiting.

A TRUCK is approaching on the gravel road behind him. Hunter glances at it quickly, but continues to give most of his attention to the radio.

THEN: his radio GOES TO STATIC. Hunter shakes it, then scans for another channel. He finds an Evangelist SCREAMING.

EVANGELIST (V.O.; ON RADIO)
-- rode a pale horse - and Hell followed
with him.

The radio DIES - just a CLICK, then SILENCE. The engine of the approaching truck STALLS and it rolls to a halt ten feet behind Hunter.

A nuclear weapon has been detonated somewhere nearby, creating an Electromagnetic Pulse (EMP) - killing all electronic equipment within a 20-mile radius.

Hunter's eyes WIDEN - he knows what is about to happen. He LEAPS TO THE GROUND and covers his head.

THEN: A SOLEMN and HOLLOW sound RINGS OUT.

The horizon RIPS OPEN with an ENORMOUS NUCLEAR EXPLOSION. A FLASH OF LIGHT and an UNHOLY SCREECH. A MUSHROOM CLOUD fills the sky like the angry fist of God striking the Earth.

ANGLE ON - THE TRUCK

A Teen-Age Girl staggers out, dragging an 11-year-old Boy by the hand. His name is SACHEL, her name is JENNIFER.

Satchel screams as another EXPLOSION goes off to the South. He covers his face - he was looking straight at the detonation and is BLINDED by the blast.

Hunter leaps to his feet and rushes to Jennifer and Satchel. He throws them to the ground under the truck as we hear more EXPLOSIONS - FLASHES OF LIGHT, sounds like ANIMALS DYING, and an ANGRY ROAR.

HUNTER
(into Jennifer's ear)
Don't look at it.

We go to a LONG SHOT - The truck at the side of the road, the three figures huddled on the ground, and the horizon filled with three NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUDS. And the RUMBLE AND ROAR.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - MONTAGE**3**

Farmhouses, banks of trees, horses and cattle in fields.

The sun is setting, and we are at magic hour. BIRDS LEAP INTO THE AIR FROM TREES in unison, sensing that something very bad has just happened.

CUT TO:

4 INT. FARM EQUIPMENT SHED - NIGHT**4**

SILENCE and BLACKNESS. Then THE DARKNESS PARTS with a GRINDING ROAR. We are in an EQUIPMENT SHED, and the door has been thrown open by Hunter. In the dim light, we can make out various farm equipment, and an aged truck. Tools line the walls.

Hunter steps in, then turns back to Jennifer and Satchel.

HUNTER

Come on.

Hunter ILLUMINATES the shed with a flashlight, looking. Satchel stumbles behind him, blind from the nuclear flash. Hunter stops and steadies the boy. He takes off his shirt, rips off one of the sleeves, and wraps it around Satchel's eyes.

HUNTER

Don't try to look at things... it'll just hurt your eyes.

SATCHEL

What are we doing here?

HUNTER

We need to find a diesel truck. We have to get some things, and we can't do that on foot. We only have an hour before the radiation really starts coming in.

SATCHEL

What about our truck?

HUNTER

(tired of questions)

That's - I'm sorry, that's not diesel. When those things went off, it sent out an electromagnetic pulse that fried everything electrical. Your truck won't work anymore. Only diesel engines will.

Jennifer is by the door, weeping.

SATCHEL

It can do that?

HUNTER
Yeah, it can do that.

Hunter leans over, looking at the engine of a truck that looks to be forty years old.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
I hope there's gas in this.

Hunter throws open the door of the truck. He presses the flashlight into Satchel's hand and aims it for him.

HUNTER
Hold this steady.

SATCHEL
Okay.

Hunter slides onto the floor of the truck cab, under the wheel.

HUNTER
(trying to be nicer)
What's your name, kid.

SATCHEL
Satchel.

Hunter cuts and strips the ignition wires with a pocket knife.

HUNTER
Fuck... There's no key...

He SPARKS THEM TOGETHER, hot-wiring the ancient truck. The ENGINE turns and catches. He flips into the seat and leaps from the cab.

SATCHEL
What are you going to do?

HUNTER
Get your sister in the truck!

Hunter runs to the edge of the shed and throws two shovels into the bed of the truck. He jumps behind the wheel.

Hunter REVS THE ENGINE, making sure it does not die. The blind boy Satchel leads his weeping sister into the cab.

HUNTER
COME ON!

Satchel SLAMS the door shut, and Hunter PEELS OUT of the shed.

5 INT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - ROAD - TRUCK CAB - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY LATER 5

The truck is SCREAMING DOWN THE GRAVEL ROAD, Hunter with a steely grip on the wheel and his gaze on the road ahead.

Jennifer has calmed down a bit. Satchel is excited by the sounds he is hearing, the bandana still around his eyes.

JENNIFER
(weeping)
What - what happened?

Hunter ignores her. She asks again.

HUNTER
(PAUSE)
There was a war. Okay? Now the war is over. So we have to survive. Do you understand?

Jennifer nods, trying to hold it together. She takes her brother's hand.

JENNIFER
Okay...

HUNTER
We're going to survive. You just have to listen to me.

JENNIFER
Alright...

Hunter ACCELERATES THE TRUCK and they drive on in darkness.

A6 ANGLE ON - EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - THE ROAD AHEAD OF THEM **A6**

ILLUMINATED BY THE HEADLIGHTS: a YOUNG MAN at an approaching intersection, waving his arms above his head, flagging them down. He is standing at the entrance to a gas station parking lot.

5 BACK TO - INSIDE TRUCK CAB **5**

SATCHEL
(lifting blindfold, blinking)
I still can't see. Is that normal?

HUNTER
(watching the man on the road)
You'll be alright.

Hunter SLOWS THE TRUCK TO A STOP and leaps out.

6 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS **6**

The Young Man is bleeding from the mouth, HIS JAW BROKEN. He is the night clerk of a convenience store.

Like a doctor, Hunter examines his jaw.

NIGHT CLERK
 (in shock)
 Please - please --

HUNTER
 You work here?

NIGHT CLERK
 These three guys - they took the till, hit
 me with a tire iron!

HUNTER
 Go back into the store.

Hunter leaps into the truck and guides it into the parking lot.
 He puts the truck in neutral, leaps out, opens the passenger door,
 and pulls Jennifer out by her hand, dragging her into the store.

HUNTER
 (calmly to Jennifer)
 We need bottled water, tuna, peanut
 butter, beef jerky - anything high in
 protein. No junk food or empty calories.
 Just throw it into the back of the truck.
 (yelling after her)
 And any kind of batteries! And baby
 wipes! Get baby wipes!

Satchel tries to follow his sister.

HUNTER
 (ordering)
 Back in the truck, kid!

NIGHT CLERK
 (sobbing)
 Please, what happened? ... What were those
 things?

HUNTER
 Can you help us?

7 INT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY
 LATER 7

Hunter leads the Night Clerk into the store, illuminating the
 darkness with his flashlight.

NIGHT CLERK
 It looked like the sun exploded!

HUNTER
 What's your name?

NIGHT CLERK
 Russ.

Hunter maneuvers the Clerk back outside the store.

8 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 8

HUNTER

Russ, where do you live?

NIGHT CLERK

My girlfriend and I have a trailer in Ashton, about a mile from here.

HUNTER

Russ, you need to get back home to your girlfriend. Run back if you have to.

NIGHT CLERK

I don't want to die alone. That's what's happening, right? We're all going to die?

HUNTER

(BEAT)

You're not going to die. Just get home, okay? Your girlfriend is scared and she's waiting for you. If you can find a basement, stay there... you'll be safer underground. Do you understand?

Hunter waits for him to nod. Then he pushes, then KICKS the Night Clerk, yelling for him to go. The Clerk turns and sprints off across a field, heading Home.

9 INT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 9

Hunter rushes in and leaps over the counter, tossing anything even remotely medicinal into a plastic bag - Bandages, Advil, flashlights, rubbing alcohol, etc. He PAUSES, then grabs several CARTONS OF CIGARETTES.

Jennifer is filling a shopping basket with Hunter's wish-list of canned food and baby wipes.

Hunter leaps back over the counter and runs out to the truck, tossing the bag into the bed.

Hunter runs back in and takes a box of food and water from a weeping Jennifer. He rushes outside and deposits it in the truck.

Hunter runs back in and grabs Jennifer by the shoulders. He points to a display of bottled water, about ten levels high and 24 bottles in each level.

HUNTER

Keep taking those out to the truck, one at a time.

Hunter picks up a box of bottled water and hands it to her. She nods, then goes.

Free from overseeing her, Hunter takes a look around, then overturns a display and snatches up an empty box.

First, Hunter runs to the battery display and scoops in an armful, as well as about fifteen cheap flashlights.

Then he heads to canned goods, grabbing all the beans and tuna.

Then he grabs all of the peanut butter, some canned peaches, corn, then several cans of fruit jam.

The box is full, so he runs outside to the truck to deposit it. WE STAY INSIDE, and soon he is back, with a new empty box.

Hunter stops and thinks, then throws in five boxes of crackers, cans of sardines, chili, soups, and anything high-protein. He shakes his head in disgust, then throws in a shelf of Spam. He rushes back outside with the box.

10 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS **10**

He throws the heavy box into the back of the truck, then helps Jennifer lift a box of bottled water.

HUNTER

Get back into the truck.

Hunter rushes back into the store and quickly returns with two boxes of bottled water. He repeats this three more times.

11 INT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS **11**

While running back for the last of the water, Hunter HALTS, his eyes freezing on a row of CAR BATTERIES.

Hunter holds for a moment, then snatches up three of them. He rushes back outside as we

CUT TO:

12 INT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - COUNTRY ROAD - TRUCK CAB - LATER **12**

Hunter is booking the truck down the road. Jennifer shivers in fear. The highway is ghostly, devoid of cars.

HUNTER

(to Satchel; fed up)

Do something for her.

Satchel leans in and whispers to her.

SATCHEL
 (largely inaudible)
 -- come on, Jen -- Okay? -- we have to --

A12 ANGLE ON - A STALLED CAR ON THE HIGHWAY SHOULDER AHEAD **A12**

A WOMAN is flagging her hands above her head, urging them to stop. FLARES sit on the blacktop in front of her.

12 BACK TO INSIDE TRUCK CAB **12**

HUNTER MUTTERS, "SHIT," AND SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. HE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR BEFORE THE TRUCK COMES TO A STOP AND RUSHES OUT.

13 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS **13**

The woman's name is ELIZABETH - she is blonde and serious. She seems to understand what has happened.

HUNTER
 Where were you headed?

ELIZABETH
 Waco. My car won't start.

HUNTER
 (hesitant, but can't leave her here)
 You better get in. It's crowded, but you can put the boy on your lap.

ELIZABETH
 Okay.

They hurry back to the truck.

HUNTER
 How many did you see go off?

ELIZABETH
 There were two in the East, probably the Dyess Air base in Abilene. One to the North, farther away... I think Oklahoma City... a whole row of *big ones* to the South, by Dallas and Fort-Worth.

Hunter releases a long exhale of disappointment as Elizabeth tosses her travel bag into the bed of the truck.

ELIZABETH
 They finally did it, didn't they?

Hunter nods and lights a cigarette. They enter the truck.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - COUNTRY ROAD / HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

14

They are driving down a gravel road. Hunter sees an old COUNTRY HOUSE and pulls the truck to a stop in the driveway.

Hunter looks to Elizabeth, then steps out.

HUNTER

We have to find a basement.

THEN: the PUMP of a SHOTGUN and a VOICE rings out:

VOICE (O.S.)

STOP NOW, BOY!

Hunter puts his hands in the air.

HUNTER

Hey, hold on --

A GUN BLAST RINGS OUT, grazing Hunter's right shoulder, TEARING OFF the fabric of his shirt and SPLATTERING the screen.

Hunter REELS BACK, clutching his shoulder. He staggers back to the truck as the man who shot him cries out in Fear and regret.

Elizabeth leaps behind the wheel as Hunter throws himself into the truck-bed.

She PEELS THE TRUCK OUT of the gravel driveway in reverse. She shifts the truck into gear and takes off.

15 INT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - COUNTRY ROAD - TRUCK CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

15

Elizabeth is FLOORING IT. She pushes the truck as far as it will go, DRIVING. Jennifer is holding Satchel, frightened. Hunter is in the back, clutching his bleeding shoulder. He POUNDS on the glass behind her.

HUNTER

(from the bed)

Hey!

ELIZABETH

I know what you're looking for!

Hunter nods. He trusts her.

He slumps into the truck-bed as Elizabeth ACCELERATES the truck. He pulls off his t-shirt and wraps it around his wounded shoulder.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY / EXTERIOR - NIGHT

16

With an OMINOUS MUSIC QUE, the truck pulls into a gravel driveway and STOPS before an old FARMHOUSE. The engine HUMS for a moment before the driver's door opens. Elizabeth jumps out and runs to the bed to talk to Hunter.

They converse quietly, then she helps him from the truck.

Hunter, bare-chested with only the make-shift bandage around his shoulder, cautiously approaches the house.

ANGLE ON - FRONT DOOR

Hunter adjusts his wounded shoulder, then KNOCKS. No response.

He KNOCKS again and waits. No response.

Hunter motions for Elizabeth to move the truck as close to the house as she can, and she does.

Hunter KNOCKS a final time. No answer.

He opens the door to enter. THEN:

VOICE (O.S.; FROM INSIDE)
(tentative; young)

Yeah?

We see a tentative SILHOUETTE behind the rusty screen-door.

HUNTER

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.; FROM INSIDE)
(PAUSE)

Yeah?

STOMPING FEET APPROACH. THROUGH THE SCREEN-DOOR we see the SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE RUSHING FORWARD, pushing past the nervous Young Man in the doorway.

The door SLAMS OPEN, HITTING Hunter in the face and knocking him down. Elizabeth rushes forward.

ELIZABETH

Hey!

The FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY is holding a large gun.

FIGURE

Get out.

HUNTER

(on the ground; clutching his mouth)
I'm a goddamn doctor!

The Figure COCKS the gun. Hunter LEAPS UP, LUNGING at the Figure in the door.

Hunter wrestles him to ground, trying to wrench the gun from his hand. The GUN FIRES, SPLINTERING the top of the door-frame.

The Young Man steps back, shaking in fear.

The Man With the Gun is prone on the ground, Hunter above him, pinning his arms with his knees. Hunter PUNCHES him in the face. Then he PUNCHES him again. Then AGAIN.

HUNTER

I'm getting pretty fucking tired of being shot at.

FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE: a WOMAN SCREAMS. The Young Man rushes forward to break up the fight.

YOUNG MAN

He said he was a doctor!

HUNTER

(to Man With Gun)

We've got food. We've got our own food and a lot of water. We just need a place to stay. I'm a doctor and I can help you.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(SCREAMING; verge of tears)

Brad! Just let him in!

YOUNG MAN

Yeah, man! They've got food!

Hunter snatches the Man's gun, then lets him up.

BRAD

We've got water! There's a well outside!

HUNTER

You don't want to be drinking that. It'll be irradiated soon.

BRAD is a pig of a man, about 35. He has a goatee, and looks as if he would consider beating his wife to be his Christian duty.

The Young Man STEPS INTO THE LIGHT. Seeing him clearly for the first time, he's little more than a boy - a pimply-faced 17-year-old weighing about 110 pounds. He looks like he has spent his whole life cruising the internet and playing "World of Warcraft." His name is JONATHAN. He helps Brad to his feet.

JONATHAN

I don't know, man... he seems to know what he's talking about.

Hunter appraises them, then points to Jonathan.

HUNTER

We've got a sick kid in the truck. Take him and his sister downstairs. You have a cellar, right?

JONATHAN

That's been where we've been staying since the nukes went off.

HUNTER

Get them down there and make sure they stay.

Hunter runs to the side of the house to the storm entrance of the cellar - wooden swinging doors that lead down into the basement.

HUNTER

(catching his breath; to Elizabeth)
There are shovels in the truck. We have to cover this with dirt. Can you do that?

Elizabeth nods. Hunter runs back to the entrance of the house.

HUNTER

(pointing to Brad)
You! Start carrying everything in the back of the truck into the cellar.

Brad hesitates, then does what he's been told, although he clearly does not like it.

The Woman is now standing in the doorway. For the first time we see she is pregnant. About seven months, just starting to show.

HUNTER

(to the Woman)
What's your name?

ANGIE

Angie.

HUNTER

Angie, I need you to search the bathrooms and grab all of the towels and clothes and toilet paper you see, take them downstairs. Can you do that?

ANGIE

(nodding vigorously)
Yes, yes -- I understand... I'll grab everything!

Behind Hunter, Jonathan guides a blind Satchel into the house. Satchel clutches his weeping sister's hand.

Hunter adjusts his wounded shoulder. It is bleeding heavier now, the make-shift bandage now crimson red.

HUNTER
(yelling after Jonathan)
We need more shovels!

CUT TO:

17 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - NIGHT - LATER

17

Elizabeth, Hunter, Jonathan, and Brad are shoveling dirt out of wheel-barrows, burying the entrance to the storm cellar and the basement windows. Hunter is straining in pain, but soldiering on.

ELIZABETH
Whose house is this?

JONATHAN
It's my grandpa and grandma's.

ELIZABETH
Where are they?

JONATHAN
Grandpa has leukemia... he's in Dallas at the hospital... Grandma's with him. I guess they're dead now.

BRAD
They're definitely dead.

HUNTER
(plants his shovel in the ground)
Stop being a fucking asshole and dig.

Brad laughs, throws down his shovel, and walks into the house.

ELIZABETH
(to Jonathan)
So who's the moron?

JONATHAN
(shakes his head)
He's our neighbor. He's my gym teacher at school. They don't have a cellar. Not a lot of people around here do.

Hunter plunges his shovel into the ground.

HUNTER
Bury it a little more, bring the rest of the food from the truck, then come into the cellar.
(starts to walk away; turns)
And bring the shovels.

18 INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY LATER

18

Angie is digging through the cabinet under the sink. We HEAR HUNTER CLIMBING THE STAIRS, then he enters. He is nauseous.

HUNTER

Angie, right?

ANGIE

I got all the towels! I don't think there are anymore up here!

Angie looks at Hunter, holding her stomach. She doesn't want to appear afraid for her baby, but it is obvious she wants him to say something.

HUNTER

So how far along are you?

ANGIE

Si-Six months... a little more than 6 months... like eleven days more, so --

Hunter nods that he understands, trying to calm her. He grabs a garbage can, opens the medicine cabinet, and throws everything inside, occasionally looking at the labels.

CLOSE-UP - A BOTTLE OF PILLS IN HIS HAND

The label reads: "**AMOXICILLIN**"

HUNTER (O.S.)

Good.

CLOSE-UP - ANOTHER BOTTLE

The label reads: "**VICODIN**"

Hunter empties the cabinet, then hands the garbage can to Angie.

HUNTER

Give these to the blonde woman that came with me. The *calm* one.

She nods and departs.

Hunter makes sure she is gone, then drops his head and VOMITS INTO THE SINK. He catches his breath, then yells down the stairs:

HUNTER

Make sure everybody is downstairs!

Hunter dry-heaves, then clutches his head. He lifts himself up and unwraps the make-shift bandage around his shoulder.

CUT TO:

- 19** INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS **19**
- DARK, illuminated only by FLASHLIGHTS. Jonathan is looking up.
- JONATHAN
Is he okay?
- ELIZABETH
He's *fine*. Is that everything?
- BRAD
(impatient)
The truck is empty!
- Elizabeth looks at Brad. She does not like him.
- CUT TO:
- 20** INT. FARMHOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY LATER **20**
- We are ANGLED ON THE MIRRORED IMAGE OF HUNTER as he plucks buckshot from his shoulder with a razor-blade and tweezers. His breathing is erratic and his eyes are red.
- He grabs a bottle of alcohol and dumps it on his shoulder. He winces, gritting his teeth. He tears the lid from a tube of antibiotic ointment with his teeth and slathers it on the wound.
- CUT TO:
- 21** INT. FARMHOUSE - GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - SLIGHTLY LATER **21**
- Hunter walks in, shirtless with his shoulder freshly bandaged. This is Jonathan's grandparents's bedroom. The bed is immaculate, covered with a white afghan blanket. He strips the sheets from the bed for later use.
- Hunter stops at a picture on the nightstand of an elderly couple - Jonathan's grandparents - then THROWS THE CLOSET DOOR OPEN. He scans the closet, then grabs a worn and aged baseball jersey for a Minor League team named the Pflugerville Phantoms. He puts it on and continues to rummage.
- THEN: From the closet, a SHOTGUN falls to the ground. Hunter halts, staring at it.
- CLOSE-UP - CABINET DRAWER
- as it is PULLED OPEN. HUNTER'S HAND roots around inside, pushing away socks and underwear. It comes out with a loaded .22 PISTOL.
- Hunter pushes the gun into his back pocket, next to the pistol he took from Brad.
- He opens another drawer, and finds THREE BOXES OF SHOTGUN SHELLS.

HUNTER

Thank God we're in Texas.

He pulls out a drawer, empties the contents onto the floor, and throws in the shotgun shells.

Hunter opens another drawer and finds more bullets. Into the drawer they go.

Then he finds a LUGAR 9MM PISTOL. He stares at it for a moment, then continues to rummage through the room as we

CUT TO:

22 INT. FARMHOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY LATER

22

At the end of the kitchen there is a door to a small alcove room, where there is a second door leading down to the cellar. Hunter is carrying three shotguns and the bureau drawer full of ammo and pistols. He STOPS.

Hunter puts the bureau drawer on the counter, thinks, then opens the silverware drawer.

He places the Lugar inside and covers it with an oven-mit. He shuts the drawer.

Then he LOADS ONE OF THE SHOTGUNS WITH FIVE SHELLS. He perches it inside of the broom closet and covers it with a coat.

Hunter picks up the remaining shotguns and the drawer of ammo and crosses into the alcove. He shuts and locks the door to the kitchen, then opens the door to the cellar.

23 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

23

The cellar is dark, LIT BY SEVERAL CANDLES. It was obviously the domain of the man of the house, and by the looks of things, he was quite a pack-rat. It is full of tools and junk and boxes.

On one side of the cellar, there is a ping-pong table. At the other, an old workbench riddled with tools. Scattered throughout the cellar, there is a folded-up cot, two mouse-worn Easy Chairs, and the looted food and water from the general store.

Hunter descends the stairs. Brad is cleaning his fingernails with a screwdriver, and doesn't look happy to see him.

Hunter stops in his tracks. Sitting in a ragged La-Z-Boy recliner directly in front of him is a SMILING & GRIZZLED MAN OF 74. His name is WENDELL, and a cane sits beside his chair. Hunter stares at him. This is the last thing he wanted to see.

JONATHAN

(getting up to help Hunter)

Oh, that's my grand-uncle Wendell!

(MORE)

JONATHAN (cont'd)

We couldn't afford a home for him, after the VA cuts.

WENDELL

Pleased ta meet ya, Doc!

JONATHAN

(whispers to Hunter)

Listen, Doc... he's diabetic. He's got insulin, but --

HUNTER

(doesn't mean it)

Don't worry about it.

ELIZABETH

We got all the food and water down.

HUNTER

(to Jonathan)

I saw a lot of old kerosene lamps up there. We need to bring all of them downstairs, and any kerosene you have.

JONATHAN

Gramma's into that antique shit. We have to be careful not to damage them, tho.

Brad rolls his eyes. Angie seems fed up with her husband.

Hunter hands a shotgun to Elizabeth and keeps the other. Hunter places the bureau shelf on the cot next to Satchel, and whispers something into his ear. Satchel nods.

BRAD

Am I gonna get a gun? You still have my pistol, remember?

HUNTER

Don't worry, I've still got it.

BRAD

(laughs)

Do I get a fucking gun, or not?

HUNTER

(doesn't like Brad at all)

I'll tell you what... you go a week without *shooting at me again*, and I'll think about it.

CUT TO:

24 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

24

CLOSE-UP of a CAR BATTERY as jumper-cable clamps are attached. An ELECTRIC CRACKLE, and a FLICKER OF LIGHT.

The Survivors have rigged a primitive lighting network. It doesn't provide much light, but it's better than candles and kerosene lamps.

WENDELL

Well that's real nice. It's good to be able to see everybody's faces!

HUNTER

We only have three car batteries, so we have to conserve.

ANGIE

How long do we have to stay down here?

Jonathan descends the stairs with two kerosene lamps.

BRAD

(lying down; a rag over his eyes)
We're never coming out.

HUNTER

(PAUSES; wants to hit Brad)
At least a month.

Brad laughs. Jonathan and Angie don't like the answer. Elizabeth is trying to be constructive, tending to Satchel's eyes.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Depends on how widespread all of this is. The blast radiation isn't good, but the fall-out is a bigger problem.

SATCHEL

Fall-out?

HUNTER

When a nuclear bomb goes off, it sucks dirt and debris into the air. It comes back down like snow. It's really radioactive and it's a particulate... you breathe it in.

Angie looks afraid to breathe. She holds her pregnant stomach.

BRAD

So you're telling me we can't even fucking breathe?

ELIZABETH

Shut up.

JONATHAN

I was watching Fox News and talking to my best friend Barry over IM from Minnesota when all of this started, and it sounded like it was pretty widespread.

(MOPES)

JONATHAN (cont'd)

I knew about that magno-pulse thing, so I put my MP3 player in the safe so I'd at least have music.

ELIZABETH

(semi-sarcastic)

That's thinking ahead.

JONATHAN

(a little defensive)

I brought food down here, too...

HUNTER

I know these things went off all over Asia and North America. A lot in Europe too. But I don't know how widespread the radiation is.

ELIZABETH

I saw at least five of them go off.

HUNTER

But there's no way of knowing how many megatons the bombs were, the wind-direction at the time of blast --

JONATHAN

I think there's a shortwave down here... Maybe we could find out some of these things on it? It might be broken, tho.

HUNTER

Alright.

Hunter lights a cigarette and starts to examine some of the various junk and debris lining the shelves of the cellar. He stops on a row of WW2-era Army ammunition boxes.

JONATHAN

Grandpa is a pretty big military collector. I'm not sure what he has in there... he wouldn't ever let me mess with the stuff...

WENDELL

You'll find some damn good stuff in there! My brother is smart! He's a war hero, fought in the Deuce - *and* Korea!

HUNTER

(exasperated sigh)

First thing fucking first. Make sure you have all of the kerosene lamps -- candles, whatever the Christ you think we might be able to use, OK? And bring down as many books as you can. And more clothes.

(MORE)

HUNTER (cont'd)
 (PAUSE; adding)
 And take Brad with you.

25 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

25

CLOSE-UP of Hunter's hands as he struggles to open a WW2-era ammunition box. He doesn't understand the mechanics of it.

Hunter is finally able to pry it open. Inside are spent rifle casings. Completely worthless. Hunter is visibly annoyed. DOZENS OF SIMILAR AMMUNITION BOXES line shelves on the walls.

WENDELL
 Them's empty M-1 *carbeen* shells. My
 brother's gonna re-fill 'em!

Behind Hunter, Jonathan descends the stairs with another kerosene lamp, an electric lamp, and a gallon jug of kerosene. Brad follows him with more kerosene and a large garbage pail.

JONATHAN
 He was in the war. He has tons of that
 WW2 shit. He's a bit of a gun nut.

Hunter nods. He saw the arsenal upstairs. He opens another ammo box and FREEZES, staring inside. It contains a yellow rectangular device and various other separate components.

HUNTER
 Start nailing the cellar doors shut. And
 if you have any tape, seal up the cracks.

26 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

26

Brad and Jonathan are boarding shut the cellar door. Hunter has almost finished assembling the device in the ammo box. The back is open, and he is loading it with C-batteries from the stash they looted at the convenience store.

He finishes, closes the back, and turns it on.

The cellar fills with the FAST CLICKS OF A GEIGER COUNTER. Jennifer is immediately frightened by the sound. Wendell seems to recognize the sound, and actually rises to his feet.

ELIZABETH
 (after a listening moment)
 What is that?

HUNTER
 It's a Geiger counter. It measures
 radiation. Jonathan's grandpa must have
 had one from his days in Korea.

JENNIFER
 (absolute certainty)
 God put it here for us.

Everyone does their best to ignore Jennifer. Brad descends the stairs with a hammer.

BRAD
It's boarded tight.

Hunter SHUSHES him. Brad scoffs in annoyance, then rejoins his wife. Hunter fiddles with the Geiger Counter's dials.

ANGIE
I have to pee!

HUNTER
(raises hand for silence)
Hold on...

Long PAUSE. The GEIGER COUNTER CLICKS are SPEEDING UP.

HUNTER
The fallout.

Everyone slowly LOOKS UP as the Geiger Counter clicks GROW IN INTENSITY. The radiation level is INCREASING.

CUT TO:

27 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

27

CLOSE-UP of Hunter's hands pouring kerosene into a 20-gallon rubber garbage can.

Jonathan is hanging a shower curtain in the corner of the basement, in front of Hunter.

Angie has to take a leak. She is hopping up and down.

HUNTER
(to Angie)
Go in, go in...

Angie rushes into the makeshift bathroom. Jonathan pulls the curtain shut. Soon, we hear her urinating into the can.

BRAD
What the *fuck* are you thinking?! Making my wife piss in a garbage can!

JONATHAN
Come on, Mr. Franklins... we can't go upstairs.

HUNTER
In case you haven't noticed, Professor Hawkins, we don't have a toilet. This is the best we can do. Kerosene is less dense than water or urine or shit, so it's always going to stay at the top.

ELIZABETH

It'll be like a protective layer.

WENDELL

I've crapped in worse.

HUNTER

It isn't pretty, but it's only thing I can think of that's even halfway sanitary.

BRAD

I'm not shitting in that thing!

SATCHEL

What else are you going to do, then? Poop in the corner?

HUNTER

Fine. Hold it, then.

(to Angie)

Make sure you put the lid back on when you're done.

ANGIE (O.S.; BEHIND THE CURTAIN)

Of course!

CUT TO:

28 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

28

Everyone has settled in for the long wait. Jonathan is fiddling with his old Game Boy. It has been fried by the EMP, but he is under the delusion he can fix it. He has removed the back and is examining the wires and microchips.

HUNTER

That's a lost cause, Jonathan.

Angie is asleep, leaning against her husband as he reads a copy of a pirate-themed romance novel. He is trying to ignore everyone.

Elizabeth is re-bandaging Satchel's eyes, with clean white bandages.

HUNTER

If you want to fix something, maybe you should try to fix that ham radio of your granddad's you were telling me about. It's built with vacuum tubes, so it should have survived the EMP.

JONATHAN

Okay.

Elizabeth sits down next to Hunter.

ELIZABETH

(whispering)

Is he going to be okay? I mean, is his vision ever going to come back?

Hunter casts his gaze over to Satchel. He is sitting across the cellar, attempting to snooze against his sister, who is reading The Bible with rapt attention.

HUNTER

(whispering)

I doubt it. His retinas are too badly burned. He was looking right at it.

ELIZABETH

Do you think we should tell him? He was asking.

Hunter has no answers, and walks over to check on Angie. Elizabeth stares off into space.

WENDELL

(from out of the blue)

I see you've noticed my rodeo trophies!

ELIZABETH

Hmm? Oh... yes... there very nice.

WENDELL

Twelve years on the Texas and National Circuit! Helluva a lot of fun, but it sure put a lot of wear and tear on the ol' hip and joints!

Elizabeth smiles politely. It's clear that Wendell was probably nearing death before the bombs, but he is also succumbing to radiation sickness and dementia faster than the other Survivors.

WENDELL

Aw, I can't complain. Life'll kill ya.

ANGLE ON - THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CELLAR

BRAD

(sarcastically; not looking up from book)

So Doc! What brings you around these parts? Awful young for an M.D., ain't ya?

HUNTER

I was finishing my residency at New York University Medical Center.

BRAD

New York, huh? What brings you down to Texas? I see the backpack, you on walkabout, or something?

HUNTER
 Something like that.

FROM OUTSIDE, we hear an ANIMAL CRYING OUT. Everyone FREEZES.

SATCHEL
 What was that?

29 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

29

Elizabeth and Angie are lighting candles and lamps. Hunter UN-CLAMPS the car battery and the lighting array GOES DARK. The cellar is cast in an EERIE GLOW of multiple flickering flames.

HUNTER
 We should each drink a bottle of water,
 and then get some sleep. Cover yourself
 as much as you can.

Brad opens his mouth, but before he can say anything:

ANGIE
 Brad, *please*... can we just go to sleep?
 I don't feel very well.

Brad looks at Angie like he wants to take her down a peg or two. He grabs his book and pouts in the corner. His wife covers her head and attempts to sleep.

Satchel and Jennifer huddle together under a blanket. Hunter and Elizabeth join Jonathan at the end of the cellar where he is at the workbench, operating on the short-wave radio with a soldering iron.

HUNTER
 Wow, man. Looks like you're good with
 this sort of thing.

JONATHAN
 (smiles for the first time)
 Thanks... you know... I like electronic
 things...

HUNTER
 You should get to sleep and finish it
 tomorrow.

JONATHAN
 Everything but the little speaker works,
 but you can use my earphones. And I still
 haven't found the microphone.

HUNTER
 That's fine, I'm just going to listen
 tonight. Come on, man... go to bed, and
 work on all that tomorrow.

Jonathan gets up. Hunter stops him. Angie is tearing the bedsheets into strips for future use as bandages.

HUNTER

(whispering; gestures to Brad and Angie)
Should I be worried about those two?

JONATHAN

I don't know. They've been having a lot of problems. She'll come over here to talk to grandma, and she'll be crying.

Jonathan crosses to Wendell. Elizabeth is tucking him in for the night in his La-Z-Boy, cocooning him in afghan quilts.

WENDELL

Thank ya, honey.

JONATHAN

You gonna be okay, Gran' Unc?

WENDELL

(as if he didn't hear him; closing his eyes)
I sure hope my brother's okay out there.
Aw, he'll be fine! He's a war hero!

Jonathan chokes up. He knows his grandparents are dead.

WENDELL (CONT'D)

You shoulda seen yer Granpa, Jonathan.
He's the reason I volunteered for...
Korea... that was a different war...
(having trouble speaking)
... not that I'm... one of them... John
Kerry types...

Jonathan departs to his sleeping bag, holding back tears.

ELIZABETH

Brad's going to be a problem.

Hunter notices that the glass window above the workbench isn't completely covered with dirt. There is a 2-inch sliver at the very top where you can see into the outside world.

HUNTER

(largely to himself)
Shit. We didn't get this window completely buried. I'm going to go up there and --

ELIZABETH

If you go out there, I'm coming with you.

Hunter sighs, understanding her point. He plugs the earbuds into the shortwave and starts to fiddle with the dials, finding only STATIC. Elizabeth sits down on the floor next to him.

Without looking at her, he hands one of the earbuds to Elizabeth. They listen in the dark.

Just STATIC as he flips through the channels. Finally, they hear a disjointed ENGLISH VOICE, like an electronic phantom.

ENGLISH VOICE (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
*-- we are the hollow men, we are the
 stuffed men, leaning together, headpiece
 filled with straw --*

Hunter and Elizabeth exchange a look of trepidation, and then the signal DISAPPEARS. Hunter CLICKS AROUND and finds it again.

ENGLISH VOICE (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
*-- rats' feet over broken glass, in our
 dry cellar, shape without form, shade
 without --*

Hunter is suitably creeped out and CLICKS TO ANOTHER CHANNEL. We hear the voice of a TIRED SOUTHERN MAN.

SOUTHERN VOICE (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 -- Shenandoah, Oklahoma. Is anyone out
 there?
 (SILENCE, STATIC and CLICKS)
 This is Shenandoah, Oklahoma... is anyone
 out there?

We PULL BACK as Hunter and Elizabeth continue to listen by candlelight. The others sleep, and the Man on the Radio continues to REPEAT HIS QUESTION.

CUT TO:

30 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

30

Hunter is hunched over the desk, asleep in front of the short-wave. Jonathan sits at the woodworking bench across from him, keeping an eye on Hunter, almost waiting for him to wake up.

Hunter stirs awake. He rises and adjusts his stiff neck. He seems surprised, as if something is different. He rubs his hands together, as if there is a chill in the air, as he looks outside through the little open slit in the window above the workbench. Outside, it is GRAY AND ASHEN.

Elizabeth is asleep on the floor beside the desk. Jonathan has crossed over to Hunter, glad to have him back with them. Wendell is still in the armchair, an afghan blanket tight around his chest, and his face motionless.

Satchel and Jennifer are attempting to tidy up the cellar. Jennifer has calmed down a bit, but is still in a largely mute state. Satchel is still blind as a bat, feeling his way around and stumbling in the darkness.

Brad is washing his face with a baby-wipe. He cleans under his shirt, scrubbing away at his armpit, and then cleans his crotch. Angie is sipping water beside him, staring off into space.

Hunter furrows his brow and checks his watch.

HUNTER

Can you turn the overhead on, Jonathan?

Jonathan re-attaches the car battery to the lighting array, and its queer artificial light and FLUORESCENT HUM fills the room.

HUNTER

Does anybody have the time?

JONATHAN

(checks his watch)

It's a little after 11 AM.

HUNTER

Shit. That's what I have, too.

BRAD

What do you mean, "shit?"

HUNTER

It's almost completely dark outside.

Brad jumps up.

BRAD

What are you talking about? It's almost noon!

HUNTER

Look for yourself.

Hunter gestures to the window. Brad cranes his neck, staring out through the slit.

BRAD

That can't be right.

JENNIFER

It's the end of the world.

BRAD

You shut the fuck up! I've got a pregnant wife here, and she doesn't need to hear that Left Behind shit!

SATCHEL
(to Brad)
Don't talk to her that way!

HUNTER
ENOUGH! We're not going to get anywhere
if we start the day like this!

Hunter shoots Brad a look and crosses to Wendell.

WENDELL
Hey, doc.

HUNTER
How you doing, Wendell? You doing
alright?

He looks pale, and very tired.

WENDELL
Naw, I'm fine! A little tired from all of
this excitement, but I can't complain.

Hunter nods. It's clear that in some ways, Hunter views Wendell as the canary in the coal mine. How long he lasts will give him his first indication of how bad the radiation is.

Hunter joins Jonathan, who is sitting on the floor in front of an old iron safe. The safe is open, and Jonathan is sorting through a batch of electronic items that were inside.

HUNTER
Hey. Did you put the lights on?

JONATHAN
Yeah, is that okay? I wanted to organize
some stuff.

HUNTER
No, that's okay... Just try to pace it
out... I don't know how long those
batteries will last.

JONATHAN
Okay, I'm sorry.

HUNTER
No, I don't mean...

Hunter examines Jonathan. The boy looks somewhat defeated, and there is a slight tremor in his hands. He is not in the state that Jennifer is in, but he still doesn't look good.

HUNTER
What do you got there?

JONATHAN

When all of this started, I was talking to my best friend Barry over IM from Minnesota, and he told me about that magnetic pulse thing. He said I might be able to save some of my stuff if I shielded it in a metal safe, or something.

HUNTER

I don't know, Jonathan... maybe if it was lead.

JONATHAN

Well this radio still works...

Jonathan holds up a portable radio that looks to be 30 years old. He TURNS IT ON and gives Hunter a taste of STATIC. Hunter is pleased, but before he can thank him, Jonathan prepares to show him something else, grinning with embarrassed pride.

JONATHAN

Here's the best part! I filled a coffee can with a bunch of grandpa's lead .38 rounds, and buried this in it!

Jonathan holds up an MP3 player and turns it on to demonstrate it still works.

HUNTER

Well, that will... probably help you pass the time...

Hunter takes the portable radio, more impressed with that.

ANGLE ON - OTHER SIDE OF THE CELLAR

where Brad, Angie, Satchel, and Jennifer are talking.

BRAD

We don't even know what's going on! Why is it dark in the middle of the day? This part of Texas, and it's 55 degrees?

SATCHEL

Hunter knows what he's doing, I --

BRAD

I'm telling you, the government has probably got something set up! This is stupid, cooping ourselves up down here!

ELIZABETH

(joining them)

There isn't a government anymore!

Angie is running her hands through her hair. Silent, but inside she is a legion of worry. She is sweating slightly, looking like a menopausal woman during a hot-flash. She hopes no one notices.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

So many of those things have gone off that you can't even see the sun, Brad!

BRAD

There's *always* a government! And what about the war? I don't know about you, but I want to know *who won!* Somebody did this to us, and I want to know what we're doing about 'em!

ELIZABETH

I don't even care. Hunter and I were on the shortwave last night, and all we heard were people in the exact same situation as us. Nobody knows what's going on.

BRAD

I want to know what the President has to say about this! I want to find out if we hit back at those fucks that did this to us!

There is a LOUD SCREECH OF RADIO STATIC. Hunter is at the other end of the cellar, tired of this debate. He is holding the radio, and has turned up the volume to get everyone's attention.

HUNTER

We're not going to find anything out by yelling at each other.

SATCHEL

Is that a radio? Do we have a radio?

BRAD

How come you didn't tell us you had a radio?!

Hunter rolls his eyes and runs through the dial, looking for something more than static. Finally, he finds one lone signal. A WOMAN'S VOICE repeating the same message:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(from the RADIO)

-- *indoors until further instructions. This is the Emergency Alert System. Local and national civil defense authorities will provide information as it becomes available. Please remain indoors and preferably underground until further instructions. This is the Emergency --*

The MESSAGE REPEATS.

CUT TO:

31 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON - LATER

31

Brad has found an old Louisville Slugger, and is carving words into the handle with a pocketknife. So far, he has "PEAC," and is now working on an "E."

JONATHAN

(manic)

Hunter! The short-wave is done! I mean, you can talk on it now, too! And the speaker works!

Jonathan strides swiftly away from the workbench, to the other end of the cellar. Like a camper, he is heating up a couple of cans of Campbell's chili over a flaming can of camper's oil, STIRRING FURIOUSLY before rushing off again.

JENNIFER

(to Brad; referring to baseball bat)

What is that?

BRAD

(holding up baseball bat)

This is the *peace-maker!*

(sneezes)

That fucker won't give me a gun, I'm taking it into my own hands.

ANGLE ON - WENDELL

Jonathan is giving Wendell a shot of insulin. A look of relief spreads across the old man's face.

JONATHAN

You okay, gran' unc?

Wendell strokes Jonathan's hand.

WENDELL

I'm doing great.

(short of breath; smiles)

Do you remember those Astros games against the Mets I took ya to last year? New York *bastards!*

JONATHAN

Yeah...

WENDELL

Those were fun, those were --
(difficulty breathing)

Hunter is taking Wendell's pulse.

HUNTER
 (to Jonathan)
 He's okay.
 (to Wendell)
 So you're an Astros fan, huh, Wendell? My
 team is the Royals.

Wendell winces at Hunter's admission, then laughs. Jonathan runs off.

HUNTER
 Yeah, I know. But the good thing about
 rooting for the worst team in baseball is
 that the only direction you can go is up.

WENDELL
 (laughs)
 You're pretty right there, Doc.

HUNTER
 Jonathan is cooking some chili for us.
 You hold on tight here, and we'll be
 chowin' down soon.

Wendell nods, smiling but vacant.

ANGLE ON - JONATHAN

as he vigorously stirs the chili, smiling broadly to himself.

JONATHAN
 All *right!* I maybe used too much pepper,
 but this is going to be *good!*

He douses the burning can of Sterno and starts scooping the chili into ironstone bowls. Elizabeth helps Wendell from his chair. It is obvious he is in great pain as he makes the short stroll to the table, particularly in his hip. He does it best to hide it.

WENDELL
Mmmm! Them's good eatin'!

ANGLE ON - HUNTER AT THE SHORT-WAVE RADIO

as he tunes in a channel.

HUNTER
 I want to find those fellas in Shenandoah.

ELIZABETH
 Hunter, come on. It's okay.

Hunter looks at everyone. They are eager to eat, waiting for him. He recognizes this as maybe their first moment to exist as some kind of a family. He nods to Elizabeth, turns off the short-wave, and sits.

Jonathan is CLICKING THROUGH SONGS on his MP3 player.

JONATHAN

I've been wanting - looking forward to, uh
- wanting to play this song.

MUSIC starts to play from the little speaker network that Jonathan has constructed for his rescued MP3 player. The music is FEY AND FOLKY, not something you would initially expect Jonathan to be a fan of.

BRAD

What the fuck are we wasting the battery
on music for?

JENNIFER

(sucked in by the music)

Shut up.

PAUSE, as they listen.

HUNTER

(smiling)

This isn't the kind of music I expected
you would like, Jonathan.

SATCHEL

It's pretty.

ELIZABETH

(BEAT)

I think I've heard this on the Austin
college station. It's beautiful.

Jonathan gives an embarrassed laugh and steals a look at Elizabeth.

WENDELL

Wow, we even got crackers?!
(looks around)
Would anyone mind if I say Grace?

Hunter gives a smiling chuckle. He likes this old man.

HUNTER

No, Wendell, we'd like that.

WENDELL

(smiles)

I don't have my Bible here, but I think I
can remember it.

Everyone bows their heads, as Wendell struggles to remember.

WENDELL

*"Rejoice oh young man, in thy youth, and
let - "*

Wendell COUGHS VIOLENTLY. Elizabeth steadies him. Brad is already eating.

WENDELL

Sorry, guys. Confused... I know it's from Ecclesiastes, what I want to say...

(struggling to remember)

Right!

(nodding to Satchel)

I know what I want to say!

(back to saying Grace)

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die. A time to plant -

(struggling with words; out of breath)

- and a time to... pick up? -- pluck up, that which was planted. A time to - "

Wendell stops, wheezing for air.

THEN: BLOOD TRICKLES DOWN FROM HIS NOSE IN A HEAVY STREAM.

Elizabeth rises and puts a napkin to his nose, trying to keep him from noticing that he is bleeding. Angie twirls a napkin in her hands, mumbling, exploding on the inside.

ELIZABETH

That was beautiful, Wendell...

Wendell fixes himself onto Elizabeth's face, then nods to her. He smiles, embarrassed.

HUNTER

Elizabeth. Try to get him to eat something.

Everyone in the cellar starts to eat, as if Hunter was speaking to them. Jonathan is crying.

CUT TO:

32 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

32

Hunter stands by the short-wave radio, smoking a cigarette. Elizabeth sits by the workbench, reading "Watership Down." Everyone else is trying to sleep.

ANGIE

(peeking out from her sleeping bag)

Can I have one?

ELIZABETH

I'd like one, too.

Hunter gives them cigarettes. Brad grabs a smoke from the pack, as well, without asking.

SERIES OF CLOSE-UP SHOTS

Hunter, Elizabeth, Brad, Jennifer, Satchel, Wendell, and Angie - smiling and excited as they listen to their new friends.

CUT TO:

33 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

33

Hunter is tending to his shoulder. He has removed the bloody bandage, and is cleaning the wound with hydrogen peroxide. He lifts a small flap of dead skin and carefully clips it off with a pair of cuticle scissors. The wound does not look good, as if infection has started to set in.

Jennifer stares at him as he does all of this. Satchel is bored and silent. He can't even read because of his blindness.

Jonathan and Elizabeth are busy hanging a few strings of blue Christmas lights to provide a low-energy ambient light-source for the times they cannot run the florescent array. Wendell is in his recliner, covered in blankets. It is clear he is dying.

Brad & Angie are focused on the government broadcast on the radio. It broadcasts only SILENCE, with an occasional CHIRP, followed by:

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.)

(from the RADIO)

This is the Emergency Alert System. Local authorities are coordinating with Federal agencies, and will provide the most updated medical information and evacuation instructions at the top of the hour. Citizens are advised to remain underground until that time.

JONATHAN

Do you think it's even worth listening? They've been promising an update in an hour for the past day.

BRAD

We're gonna hear from them, they're probably just trying to figure out how to move people to the evacuation bunkers.
(phlegmy cough)

ON THE RADIO: A CHIRP, then the MESSAGE REPEATS.

HUNTER

Jonathan, just a little longer on the light, and then we need to conserve the juice. We're already on our second battery. Only one more left after this.

Elizabeth is looking out the small opening in the window above the workbench.

It is no longer completely dark outside, but rather an ashen gray haze, with the occasional shadow flicker from the swaying tree branches.

ELIZABETH

There's more light today. That's good, right?

BRAD

Yeah, it's all back to normal. Let's go outside in our bathing suits and play in the sprinkler.

ANGIE

(barely audible)

Brad, not now...

Hunter has finished bandaging his shoulder. He winces in pain, trying to mask it. He digs around in his backpack, pulls out a bottle of antibiotics, and takes one.

Elizabeth is fuming at Brad, her mouth quivering and ready to unload a torrent of obscenities. Hunter is looking at her in an odd mix of genuine sympathy and fondness.

HUNTER

Turn off the radio, Jonathan.

Brad grunts in disagreement, but Jonathan turns it off. Brad shakes his head and picks up a stack of old issues of "Weekly World News." He commences to read one, putting on a macho pouting act.

Hunter rises, trying to catch his breath. He is shirt-less, the white bandage cutting through the fluorescent flicker. He pulls the plug from the car battery, KILLING THE LIGHTS. We go to

BLACKNESS

SATCHEL (IN THE DARKNESS)

(after a brief SILENCE)

Now you guys are just like me.

(laughs)

Then from upstairs, a KNOCK.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM UPSTAIRS)

Hello?

In the darkness: we hear STAMPEDING FEET & the STRIKE OF A MATCH.

ANGLE ON - JONATHAN'S FACE

illuminated by the match as he lights a candle.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM UPSTAIRS)

Hello? Is anyone here?

Someone tries to open the cellar door.

Hunter rises and gestures, "SHHHH," to Jonathan. He produces a pistol, and starts up the stairs.

THUMP! THUMP! Someone is trying to force their way into the cellar.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM UPSTAIRS)
Aw! Holy Jesus! Mother - mother of...

THUMP! **THUMP!** **THUMP!**

BRAD
(whispering up to Hunter)
Give me a gun!

Hunter gestures, "Quiet!" He presses the barrel of the gun against the door. Brad grips his baseball bat firmly, standing in protection in front of Angie, who is trying to take his hand.

SUDDENLY there is a LOUD POUNDING ON THE DOOR. Someone is working on it with an ax. Jennifer SCREAMS and leaps up IN FEAR.

HUNTER
(yelling through the door)
Hey! We've got a gun in here!

Jonathan flies into a rage, near hysterical tears. The AX ASSAULT ON THE DOOR continues. It's close to giving way.

JONATHAN
Motherfucker! This is my GRANDPARENTS'
HOUSE! MOTHERFUCKER!

HUNTER
(to Jonathan)
SHUT UP!

The edge of an ax BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR, making Hunter crane his head back about 4 feet at high speed.

Hunter COCKS THE PISTOL and FIRES THROUGH THE DOOR.

From BEHIND THE DOOR: a GRUNT, and a BODY FALLING TO THE GROUND.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM UPSTAIRS)
Oh shit... I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

Jennifer is holding Satchel for dear life.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM UPSTAIRS) (CONT'D)
-- I'm sorry, Jonathan... I didn't mean to
be a --

Hunter shoots Jonathan a look.

HUNTER
 (yelling through the door)
 Hold on!

Hunter STOMPS down the stairs.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 (to Jonathan)
 Who is he?! He said your name? Who is
 he?!

JONATHAN
 I - I - dunno! I think - !

Hunter drags Jonathan up the stairs.

JONATHAN
 (tentatively through the door)
 Hello? -- Rob?

PAUSE.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM UPSTAIRS)
 Jonathan! I'm sorry! I didn't know you
 were --

HUNTER
 Christ.
 (YELLS downstairs)
 Brad! Get a couple of hammers up here!

We hear Brad SHUFFLING FOR THE TOOLS, then he ascends the stairs.

JONATHAN
 I'm sorry, Hunter... I didn't know that --

HUNTER
 Just help me get the door un-boarded!

Brad and Hunter start prying the boards from the door.

34 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - LATER

34

TIGHT ON a shivering man - he is 30-something and African-American, and his name is ROB. His hair is balding in random splotches, and his shoulders and arms are covered in bruises and lesions. Hunter is holding Rob's left wrist. It is bleeding from a bullet wound.

JONATHAN
 (shaking; verge of tears)
 I'm sorry, Rob, I'm sorry!

HUNTER
 Just get back and let me deal with him!

BRAD
Who is this guy?!

ROB
I'm sorry I scared you - I'm sor -

HUNTER
Everybody STOP APOLOGIZING! You're in shock, Rob. Elizabeth! Get some blankets over here!

Brad PUTS A FLASHLIGHT ONTO ROB'S FACE.

BRAD
(screaming into Jonathan's face)
Who is this guy?!

Elizabeth throws some blankets over Rob. Hunter is trying to clean the wound.

JONATHAN
He's the - he's --

Brad SLAPS him.

JENNIFER
(jumping up)
Hey! No! You don't hit! You don't --

Brad pushes Jennifer to the ground. Angie is pacing, holding her stomach.

BRAD
(grabbing Jonathan by the collar)
WHO IS HE?!

JONATHAN
He's my FRIEND! He runs the comic book shop on Renford!

HUNTER
(suddenly SCREAMS LOUDLY)
Everybody SHUT THE FUCK UP!
(pushes Brad against the wall)
Just SHUT THE FUCK UP!
(turns back to Rob)
Are you listening to me, Rob? The bullet went through your wrist, okay?

Rob nods, "OK."

HUNTER (CONT'D)
That's good. I won't have to take it out. We're going to clean the wound and dress it, okay Rob?

ROB
 (shaking and struggling violently)
 They're shooting -- they're shooting
 people in - they're shooting --

HUNTER
 (SCREAMING to Jonathan)
 Hold him down, Jonathan!

Jonathan holds Rob down by the shoulders. Rob SCREAMS as we

CUT TO:

35 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - LATER

35

Rob is unconscious and his wound has been bandaged. Hunter's hands are bloody and shaking and he is trying to wash them with a baby-wipe. Elizabeth tries to steady him.

ELIZABETH
 Hunter -

HUNTER
 (whispering to her)
 We didn't - we didn't make him wash off
 before he came in - he's got fall-out on
 him, he's covered in it --

For the first time, Hunter looks genuinely scared.

THEN: The CRACKLE OF THE SHORT-WAVE. A shaking Jennifer has just turned it on.

JENNIFER
 Maybe we could talk to Shenandoah... maybe
 he could --

FROM THE SHORT-WAVE: a RECORD SCRATCH SOUND. Then STATIC.

Jennifer punches through the channels and finds the PHANTOM CHANNEL with the STRANGE ENGLISH VOICE.

ENGLISH VOICE (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 -- *the world ends - This is the way the
 world ends - This is the way the world
 ends --*
 (BEAT)
Not with a bang, but a whimper.

Looks of dread all around.

HUNTER
 Turn it off.

Hunter lights a cigarette as we

CUT TO:

36 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - LATER

36

The cellar is illuminated by candles and kerosene lamps. Elizabeth carefully carries a mug of steaming chicken broth to Rob, who is now upright and alert. Hunter is examining the lesions on his arms.

ELIZABETH

Here, Rob... drink this slowly.

Rob nods thank you. Jonathan is sitting next to him, a grave look on his face.

BRAD

So what's going on in town? Do they have an evacuation center set up?

ROB

They tried to use the old fall-out shelter under the library, but it couldn't fit everybody... there was a lot of fighting.

BRAD

Has the Guard been by?

ELIZABETH

(scoffing laugh)

The *National* Guard? They're all overseas!

ROB

It isn't good out there. It started with a lot of looting, then the bubbas started to take over, because they had the guns.

ANGIE

(just can't believe it)

What?

ROB

On the second night there was a string of rapes, and they're not letting the old people have any food. A lot of the people are in bad shape, all burnt up... A lot of people are getting really drunk, others are going crazy, looking for booze or meth 'cause they ran out.

HUNTER

When did these bruises first appear, Rob?

BRAD

That's bullshit... they wouldn't --

ROB

(crying)

They shot all the migrants! That's when I left. They just lined them up and shot them all, even the women and children. Everybody's going crazy. That's why I came here.

JONATHAN

I was worried about you. With grandma and grandpa and Barry dead, I don't have any friends that like me, anymore.

ROB

The really sick ones are straggling out of town, looking for food and water. Please, you have to let me stay here... I've got a couple of bottles of water and some peanut butter in my backpack upstairs... I won't use your food, I promise...

No one knows what to say. Finally:

ELIZABETH

This is Jonathan's home. He says you can stay.

Jennifer SNAPS and starts to LAUGH. It is eerie and not sane. Her face is full of glee, and her eyes are full of tears.

JENNIFER

There are wars and rumors of wars! So be not troubled, for all these things must pass!

(laughing; hands shaking)

HUNTER

Satchel, shut her up.

Satchel tries to steady her. She is becoming more hysterical.

Elizabeth covers Jennifer's mouth with her hand. Jennifer starts to struggle, then breaks down into tears.

ELIZABETH

(stroking her hair)

Shhhhh! It's okay... it's okay...

WENDELL

Maybe we should calm down and have a cigarette.

Hunter puts antibiotic ointment on Rob's arm.

37 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

37

The cellar is full of the sound of COUGHING. Jonathan is playing MUSIC, and attempting to fix a computer that has been rendered useless by the EMP.

Angie is leaning over a bucket, about to throw up. Brad is rubbing her back, but looks a little annoyed, as if he thinks she is displaying weakness.

Wendell is reclined in the easy chair, a low sustained moan escaping his lips. He looks delirious. Jennifer and Satchel are playing Go Fish, which is odd, considering Jennifer has to tell him what each hand is. Sores have started to appear at the corners of Satchel's mouth.

Hunter is examining Elizabeth's fingers. Bruises have appeared below the nails, making several of them purple.

From across the cellar, Angie WRETCHES.

HUNTER

Brad? Is she okay?

BRAD

It's just a little morning sickness.

Hunter nods. He knows it isn't morning sickness. Angie VOMITS into the bucket. Hunter rushes to her.

HUNTER

Have you been able to eat?

ANGIE

Not much. Mainly just water.

BRAD

She's gonna be fine. She's eating for two, so she just has to try harder.

Angie VOMITS AGAIN. Jonathan stands to get a look. He nervously runs his hand through his hair. A clump of hair comes out with it. Alarmed, he sits, hoping no one notices.

ON THE STEREO: the song ends, and a NEW SONG STARTS TO PLAY, something saccharine and lively that does not fit the mood - "Monsieur Dupont" by Sandie Shaw, or something of a similar feel. Its volume is clearly TOO LOUD.

HUNTER

(going into Emergency Room mode)

Jonathan! Can you turn that down?!

Jonathan doesn't seem to hear him. He keeps fiddling with the clump of hair in his hand. Angie DRY-HEAVES, even more violently. Jennifer stands, becoming agitated and pacey, and Hunter is starting to get concerned about another meltdown from her.

BRAD

Angie! You're hurting the baby!

Brad holds her face in his hands firmly, shaking her a bit. She is starting to become panicked. When Brad pulls his hands away, there are LARGE RED BRUISES on her cheeks.

ELIZABETH

(reacting to Angie's bruises)

Oh Jesus.

Jennifer SCREAMS and backs away. Her feet hit the bottom of the stairs, and she TRIPS. She staggers to her feet, and starts to back up the stairs.

ANGLE ON - THE CELLAR DOOR

The door has not been re-boarded, and is barely standing from Rob's earlier ax attack.

HUNTER (O.S.)

Everybody calm down and give her some air!
She's having a panic attack!

BEHIND HER - through the hole in the door - we see the SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE tentatively walk by. This happens again, the Figure crossing in the opposite direction.

THEN: a CHARRED AND SCAB-RIDDEN TREMBLING HAND peeks through the hole, feeling its way around inside.

HUNTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jonathan, do you have a paper bag down here?

Then we hear someone PUSHING AGAINST THE CELLAR DOOR, and a PAINED HIGH SHRIEK. Before anyone can react, a TEEN-AGE BOY BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR, breaking it down. This Refugee's skin is red and peeling, with severe flash burns. His mouth and eyes are bleeding. He is sick and delirious, on the verge of death.

Jennifer SCREAMS as the Boy BARRELS DOWN THE STAIRS, FLAILING HIS ARMS in a frenzy, SHRIEKING and casting blood everywhere. He grabs Jennifer and they FALL DOWN THE STAIRS to the cellar floor. "Monsieur Dupont" is still playing, providing a macabre contrast to the insanity.

Jennifer is SCREAMING AND CRYING as the Boy throttles her, dripping blood on her. Hunter leaps up and KICKS THE BOY in the face, away from Jennifer. The Boy quickly recovers.

DYING BOY

I want - want - want! want! want! I! I! I!
Gimme! I! I! *IIIIIIIIII!*

Jonathan tries to pull the Boy off of Hunter. The Boy BITES JONATHAN'S HAND in the webbing between the thumb and forefinger. JONATHAN SCREAMS LOUDLY and falls back.

The Boy is SCREAMING AND CRYING as Hunter grabs him by the neck and struggles to push his head up. The dying Boy's strength is almost animalistic.

Jennifer SCREAMS AGAIN. SUDDENLY: The back of the Boy's head is RIPPED OFF BY A GUNSHOT, and his body COLLAPSES ONTO HUNTER.

Hunter scurries to his feet in panic, SLIPPING ON THE BLOOD. We see Brad holding a SMOKING PISTOL. Hunter stares down at the dead Boy, trying to catch his breath. Jennifer is in the corner, covering her ears and babbling incoherently to herself. Everyone seems deafened by the loud gunshot.

Elizabeth grabs Hunter's arm to steady him. Wendell is staring, catatonic, his mouth slowly opening and closing. Blind Satchel is feeling his way in the dark, looking for his sister.

HUNTER

Can someone please turn that music off!

Jonathan is holding his bleeding hand, his teeth gritted in pain. He staggers to the MP3 player and unplugs it, KILLING THE MUSIC.

Hunter staggers to a chair and sits. He nods to Brad in thanks.

BRAD

I'm keeping the fucking gun.

CUT TO:

38 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

38

Hunter is bandaging a shaking Jonathan's hand.

JONATHAN

Am I gonna die? Am I gonna die because he bit me?

HUNTER

He was just some scared kid dying of blast burns and radiation sickness. He was just a refugee of this war. He wasn't a movie zombie.

BRAD

You coulda fooled me.

ELIZABETH

What are we going to do with *him*?
(points to the corpse)

HUNTER

Brad and I will drag him up to the top floor. I want to let the radiation go down a little before we take him outside.

Jennifer shivers in the corner, reading the Bible and chirping to herself. Satchel is asleep beside her in a fetal position.

HUNTER

(whispering; referring to Jennifer)
Somebody's got to take that Bible away from her. It's making her crazy.

BRAD

She's already crazy as a shit-house rat. We should just shoot her now and get it over with. Put her out of her misery - and ours!

Hunter and Elizabeth exchange a look.

CUT TO:

39 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

39

The cellar is ILLUMINATED ONLY BY CANDLES. No one is sleeping, but everyone seems to be settled in and relaxed. Elizabeth is reading to everyone from "Watership Down," which is being met with surprising attention.

ELIZABETH

(reading)

"There is a rabbit saying, 'In the warren, more stories than passages'; and a rabbit can no more refuse to tell a story than an Irishman can refuse to fight. Hazel and his friends conferred. -- "

Hunter rises and crosses to the workbench, stopping to spit in a garbage can. He plops down in front of the short-wave.

Elizabeth's voice has trailed off. The eyes of everyone in the cellar have followed Hunter.

JENNIFER

Shenandoah?

HUNTER

Yeah. Sorry everyone. At 9PM, we talk to Shenandoah. We promised them.

Everyone huddles around in excitement. Hunter holds down the talk button, trying to catch his breath. Even he is starting to feel the toll of the radiation.

HUNTER
 (into the microphone)
 This is Cameron, Texas... Shenandoah, come
 in.

No answer. Hunter RUBS HIS NOSE against his sleeve.

HUNTER
 (into the microphone)
 This is Cameron, Texas... Shenandoah,
 please come in.

PAUSE. Then STATIC. Then from the radio: HEAVY BREATHING.

VOICE FROM SHENANDOAH (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 Cameron?
 (coughing, then heavy breathing)
 Doc? Please, Doc?

HUNTER
 I'm here, Shane.

VOICE FROM SHENANDOAH (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 There's something *upstairs*. People moving
 around. They can *hear us*.

HUNTER
 Come again, Shenandoah?

VOICE FROM SHENANDOAH (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 A man in an Army uniform came yesterday --
 (he is weeping)
 -- he said it was for the sake of the
 nation --
 (almost wailing)
 -- he took my *sweet daughter!* I... I
 don't think he was really from the Army!

HUNTER
 (BEAT)
 Shenandoah? ... Shane?

VOICE FROM SHENANDOAH (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 My wife doesn't recognize me - She needs a
 doctor!

HUNTER
 Shane, this is just radiation sickness --

VOICE FROM SHENANDOAH (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 They're outside now. *Christ*, they're
 outside now...

(MURDER)

VOICE FROM SHENANDOAH (O.S.) (cont'd)
 some crazy guy tried to take our food... I
 had to... I had to kill him... oh Jesus...
 he was, just - he was just a boy!

HUNTER

Shane?!

VOICE FROM SHENANDOAH (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
 Five of us are dead now... And they're
 outside. We can hear them *planning*.

FROM THE SHORT-WAVE: A loud BOOM, then PEOPLE SCREAMING and
 SCURRYING. Then a CHAINSAW, then GUN-SHOTS - CHAOS AND CONFUSION.

We hear POUNDING, and PEOPLE SCREAMING IN FEAR.

Elizabeth covers her mouth. VOICES FROM THE SHORT-WAVE SCREAM:
 "No! NO!" Wendell stares, completely still. A catatonic Jennifer
 grips her brother.

Hunter's right hand is in his hair, twisting in circles. He wants
 to leap up and save them, but he cannot. Brad stares out the slit
 in the window, gripping the gun. Angie is holding her stomach.

Everyone listens in abject horror as they hear their counterparts
 in Oklahoma BEING KILLED over the short-wave.

CUT TO BLACK.

UNDER BLACKNESS

NOTHING BUT SILENCE FOR A BRIEF MOMENT. And then -

CUT TO:

40 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

40

The cellar is SILENT, and the LIGHT IS DIM, lit only by candles
 and kerosene lamps.

ANGLE ON - THE CELLAR DOOR

which is so damaged and dilapidated, it offers no security. The
 door in the alcove leading to the kitchen has been boarded and re-
 boarded. It looks incredibly make-shift, but tight as a drum.

A CAPTION: "**FOUR DAYS LATER**"

ANGLE ON - THE TOILET BUCKET

ANGLE ON - THE SUPPLY OF BOTTLED WATER

which has dwindled down to just one box.

CLOSE UP - WENDELL

as he lies on his deathbed. He has lost all of his hair, his lips are white and cracked, and he is covered in lesions and liver spots. His mouth is opening and closing, and a HIGH-PITCHED WHEEZE issues from his mouth. His eyes are vacant.

We PULL BACK, and everyone is standing above him, silently in witness. Hunter listens to his breathing with a stethoscope, and Jonathan is weeping. Elizabeth is trying to comfort him.

The Survivors have been through pronounced physical changes over the past four days, succumbing more and more to radiation sickness. Satchel, Brad, and Angie have lost much of their hair. Angie's face and arms are covered with bruises and lesions, and she is extremely lethargic, barely able to stand.

Jennifer looks extremely gaunt, and she seems to have withdrawn into some place of madness deep within her brain.

Rob's wrist has swollen to the size of a softball, and he is continuously bleeding from his nose.

Hunter and Elizabeth have fared better than the rest. Their hair loss has been minimal. They are thinner, but bruising and lesions are less than the others. Hunter's shoulder is bothering him, affecting how he moves.

HUNTER

(taking the stethoscope from his ears; to Jonathan)

It shouldn't be much longer now.

ANGLE ON - JENNIFER

Under her madness, we see some semblance of recognition and emotion to the death she is witnessing.

Elizabeth takes Wendell's hand as he struggles to breathe. With her other hand, she takes Jonathan's.

JONATHAN

(to Wendell)

Just - it's okay... Just go, gran' unc...

Wendell looks at Jonathan. One last moment of recognition, and he DIES. His mouth is open, his eyes are glassy and still and vacant, as if in his final moment he saw something horrible.

Hunter pulls the stethoscope from his neck and throws it to the ground. He walks away and lights a cigarette, coughing at the first drag. Everyone else stares down at Wendell's body. We HOLD ON THIS BRIEFLY, before we

CUT TO:

41 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - LATER

41

Hunter is eating peanut butter straight from the jar with a spoon, a far off look on his face. Rob is next to him, silently appraising. Rob has a calm, intellectual demeanor that we did not see in his panic-ridden introduction.

ROB

You keep trying to be the savior, Doc, and all that guilt is gonna eat your soul.

Hunter does not respond.

ROB

You kept the man as comfortable as you could. You'd better accept what's going to happen to all of us. You keep swinging for the rafters like that, you're liable to dirty up your spirit for when you meet your maker.

HUNTER

I'll keep that in mind.

Elizabeth sits between them.

ELIZABETH

(whispering)

Jonathan's pretty insistent about burying Wendell...

HUNTER

(shaking head)

Not a chance. The radiation's gone down a bit, but it's still off the charts.

ROB

That's what I'm talking about, Doc. That boy just wants to do right by his kin. He's gonna be joining him soon enough, it'd be best if you let him do it.

Hunter does not respond.

Across the cellar, Angie is leaning against the wall, cradling her stomach in pain. Hunter and Elizabeth watch her, knowing she's probably next.

ROB

Well, if you'll excuse me, I feel a little light in the head. I'm gonna take a little nap, and then I'm gonna help that boy bury his grand-uncle.

Rob reclines and pulls his fishing hat over his face. He is snoring within seconds.

Elizabeth examines the back of her hands - liver-spotted like an old woman's. She looks up, and Hunter is lost in thought, looking down at a picture in his wallet. He looks angry.

CLOSE-UP - THE PICTURE

Hunter and a young woman are smiling and holding hands. They are dressed in ER scrubs.

Elizabeth rises and crosses to a weeping Jonathan.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY / EXTERIOR - DUSK

42

The outside world is gray and ashen and dead, looking vaguely like the surface of the moon. The door to the house opens, and Hunter, Rob, Jonathan, Brad, and Elizabeth emerge.

Hunter, Rob, and Brad carry Wendell's corpse, wrapped in a white sheet. Elizabeth and Jonathan are carrying shotguns. They have make-shift cloth masks around their faces to help block fall-out.

They place Wendell's body on the ground at the side of the house, near the water pump, and Hunter and Brad run back inside. They quickly return with four shovels. With every step, they are kicking up radioactive ash.

HUNTER

We have to be quick. We don't know if those people we heard rooting around in the kitchen last night will be back.

BRAD

This is fucking stupid. We should just put him in the attic.

ELIZABETH

Brad --

BRAD

They're gonna hear us!

Hunter starts to dig. Rob and Jonathan quickly follow.

BRAD

(crossing to the water pump)
Hey... we're running out of water... we could --

HUNTER

That water might be the most contaminated thing around. It might be the safest. Depends on how deep the well is. Want to play Russian roulette, drink some of it.

Brad reconsiders. He starts to dig.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - LATER, NOW NIGHT

43

It is dark, and the grave is finished. Hunter and Rob push Wendell's corpse inside and start shoveling in dirt. Elizabeth is holding a flashlight.

HUNTER

I'm sorry, Jonathan... we have to be quick. If you want to say something...

JONATHAN

No... I don't have anything to say.

They are shoveling furiously. From far-off, we hear MOANS OF PAIN and PEOPLE APPROACHING. Elizabeth searches in the darkness with the flashlight.

ROB

Oh boy, oh boy --

HUNTER

Shit.

FAR OFF VOICE (O.S.)

There!

HUNTER

Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I see them.

THREE FIGURES ARE APPROACHING, staggering forward. In the DARKNESS, we can barely make out their features, but it is obvious they are suffering from extreme radiation sickness, bleeding from their orifices and covered in burns.

HUNTER

Get the fuck back! We're armed!

REFUGEE #1

We need some food!

REFUGEE #2

You got an underground! Please!

REFUGEE #1

... so thirsty, please, just a li'l wa'er...

ROB

Come on, fellas... we're almost out of water ourselves!

REFUGEE #3

NO! We want your alcohol then!

ELIZABETH

(raising rifle)

Please, we don't want to hurt you!

BRAD

Speak for yourself.

Refugee #3 grabs Hunter by the arm. Hunter pushes him back to the ground, but he leaps back up with a knife, lunging for Hunter's throat.

Elizabeth FIRES, hitting Refugee #1 in the chest. He falls.

Refugee #2 falls to her knees, WAILING. She lunges at Brad's feet, trying to bite his ankle. Brad KICKS HER IN THE FACE and she scampers away on all fours. Brad takes aim to shoot her, but Hunter stops him.

HUNTER

No! It's almost as if they want us to kill them.

Refugee #3 speed-staggers toward them, SPITTING AND SCREAMING THREATS. Brad SHOOTS him.

From OUT OF NOWHERE, TWO MORE APPEAR, GROWLING and SCREECHING. In the darkness, amid the SHAKING BEAM FROM THE FLASHLIGHT, all we can make out is that they are ghastly and furious.

Hunter fends one off with a blow to the head from his shovel.

HUNTER

That's enough! Back inside!

JONATHAN

But we haven't filled the grave completely!

HUNTER

Now!

One of them grabs Brad by the eye socket and tears into his face. Brad SCREAMS and FIRES point-blank into his attacker's chest.

ELIZABETH

Leave us alone! We don't have anything you want!

Hunter pushes Elizabeth toward the house as we hear more of them gathering. Rob grabs Jonathan and drags him inside.

ROB

That's enough, Jon! You're not doing anything to help Wendell here!

Brad is SHOOTING randomly. A FEMALE REFUGEE runs up, flailing her arms like the mad woman of the marsh, blood streaming from her mouth.

FEMALE REFUGEE

It was you It was you It was you!!!

Hunter PUNCHES HER SQUARE IN THE FACE. Brad is ranting and screaming and bleeding from his eye. Hunter SQUEEZES OFF one last round and then drags Brad inside and SLAMS THE DOOR.

44 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

44

Hunter BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR, dragging Brad by the neck as he BARRELS DOWN THE STAIRS. Rob SLAMS THE ALCOVE DOOR, and he and Elizabeth start NAILING IT SHUT. Soon, we hear REFUGEES POUNDING ON THE DOOR, screaming threats of death.

Brad is SCREAMING, clutching his bleeding face as Hunter tries to calm him.

There is a small hole in the door, right at knee level. Elizabeth pushes her pistol through and FIRES. From the other side, we hear a Refugee SCREAM AND COLLAPSE.

CUT TO:

45 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

45

Upstairs, the Refugees are STILL POUNDING ON THE ALCOVE DOOR. Hunter is bandaging Brad's face, almost completely covering the right side. Brad's voice is different now - pained and wheezy.

BRAD

You think that door can hold those things forever, *Dr. Ross*? We should go up there and kill them all.

HUNTER

(sighs; he's heard this before)
Those people are paper tigers. Radiation sickness fucks up your strength as much as it does your brain.

ELIZABETH

You're right... they're not pounding with much strength anymore.

HUNTER

And they're not "things"... they're people who are sick and fucked up and who don't know who blew up their world.

BRAD

Well they just don't have you around to explain everything for them, do they -- *Dr. Ross*?

(MORE)

BRAD (cont'd)

Do you like my new nickname for you, that guy Brad Pitt played on that "ER" show?

HUNTER

Yeah, I caught that, Brad...

BRAD

Fuck you! I may only be a gym coach, and not some fancy pants East Coast doctor --

Hunter twists the bandage around Brad's head and pulls him close.

HUNTER

You better be careful, Brad. That radiation is starting to fuck up *your* brain now.

BRAD

(laughs)

You think maybe it's fucking with yours?

(laughs again, LOUDER)

ROB (O.S.)

Doc! You better get over here!

Hunter jumps up and runs to the other end of the cellar, where Rob is standing beside Angie.

Angie leans against the wall, her pants and underwear around her ankles. Her long night-shirt covers her privates, but not the LONG STREAM OF BLOOD RUNNING DOWN HER THIGHS. She mutters deliriously to herself, her head swaying back and forth.

HUNTER

She's miscarried.

JONATHAN

(covering ears)

Shut her up!

Jennifer holds a confused Satchel with a death-grip.

JENNIFER

No baby! No more baby!

Elizabeth and Hunter lay Angie on the ping-pong table. Elizabeth puts a pencil in her mouth, and guides Jonathan to hold her head steady. Brad watches in crazed horror.

BRAD

My son... my - !

Rob and Elizabeth hold Angie down, spreading her legs as Hunter examines her.

BRAD

You save my baby!

Hunter's hand comes out COVERED WITH BLOOD ALMOST TO THE ELBOW.
Angie PASSES OUT.

ROB

Oh Jesus!

HUNTER

She's losing too much blood!

BRAD

You save my wife and baby!

HUNTER

There's NOTHING I CAN DO! She needs a
transfusion!

Brad raises his gun and COCKS IT, aiming at Hunter's head.

BRAD

You save my wife and baby or I'll shoot
you.

Hunter rises and looks Brad square in the face.

HUNTER

I'm sorry, but your baby is dead, and I
can't save your wife... So you'll just
have to shoot me.

Brad GRABS SACHEL, puts him in a head-lock, and puts the gun to
his head. Jennifer SCREAMS LIKE A BANSHEE.

BRAD

No. I think I want to shoot *him*. Now you
OPERATE ON HER!

HUNTER

ALL - ALL RIGHT! STOP! I'll do it! Just
stop!

Hunter & Elizabeth exchange a look of, "What the fuck are we gonna
do?"

CUT TO:

46 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY LATER

46

Brad holds the gun to the head of an almost catatonic Satchel.
Angie lies on the ping-pong table, her legs spread and her feet
tied to the corners. She is barely conscious, her head swaying
back and forth.

Hunter and Elizabeth are preparing for some bizarre surgery, with
towels and a Swiss Army knife. Hunter's hands are shaking, trying
to figure out what to do.

HUNTER
You don't have to do this, Brad...

BRAD
You SAVE HER! DO IT!

HUNTER
(waving his hands)
Alright alright! Okay!

His shaking hands pick up the knife.

ROB
Brad, please... this is your wife here...
you've got to --

BRAD
Shut the fuck up, boy!

HUNTER
(to Elizabeth; sotto voice)
Shit, fuck, what are -- ?

Brad COCKS the gun against Satchel's head. Jennifer SCREAMS.
Brad SCREAMS LOUDER.

BRAD
I'M TIRED OF FUCKIN' AROUND HERE!!!

ELIZABETH
ALL RIGHT!

Hunter moves the knife towards Angie's stomach. SUDDENLY: Angie STARTS TO CONVULSE, her body LURCHING UP AND DOWN as BLOOD SPURTS from her mouth. Her eyes are like saucers.

ANGIE
(GASPING SHRIEKS)
Brad! -- where -- BRAD!

Brad releases Satchel and jumps forward toward his wife. She is struggling against her restraints, reaching for Brad's hand.

BRAD
Angie! No, honey!

CLANG! Brad is BASHED ACROSS THE HEAD and drops to the ground, his gun DISCHARGING into the air.

We PULL BACK to see a shaking Jonathan standing above him with a death-grip on a shovel.

JONATHAN
It was his funeral today, you jock-fucker!
His FUCKING FUNERAL!

Before Jonathan can deliver a death blow, Rob pulls him to the ground. Elizabeth scoops up Brad's gun as Jennifer cradles a crying Satchel.

Hunter is holding Angie down as she convulses, unable to do anything else.

HUNTER

Come on - don't don't don't -

Then she GOES STILL - DEAD.

Rob is cradling a weeping Jonathan, shushing him like a baby.

JONATHAN

... grandpa... granma... this is *their* house... their --

ROB

I know, Jon, I know... I know...

CUT TO:

47 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY LATER

47

We are TIGHT ON a semi-conscious Brad, hog-tied in the corner of the cellar. The Survivors stand above him.

HUNTER

We've got to get Angie's body out of here before he wakes up... Take her to the attic, I'm not dealing with those people out there... Then we'll decide what to do about him.

ROB

We can't kill him, and I'm not hearing anymore of it. He started off as one of us, he'll end that way.

ELIZABETH

This isn't right.

ROB

What ain't right is the way you folks think you can stand in the way of God's judgment. I'm not spilling anymore blood. I'm not putting that on my soul.

Hunter reluctantly nods.

HUNTER

I need -- ah --

Hunter steadies himself against a wall. He sways ominously, then unexpectedly BURPS, an odd expression of relief on his face.

There is a strange PAUSE, then Satchel lets out a boyish LAUGH. Jennifer soon follows. Rob, Elizabeth, and Hunter exchange a look. How long since they've heard someone laugh like this?

CUT TO:

48 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - THE NEXT NIGHT

48

It is NIGHT, and SILENT. The Survivors sit in a circle, lethargic from radiation sickness and largely unmoving, huddled in blankets.

Hunter is holding Rob's hand and lancing his swollen wrist with a leather punch, draining puss and excess blood into a mason jar.

HUNTER

Your wrist isn't as bad as it looks,
Rob...

The SHORT-WAVE is on, tuned to the strange Phantom Channel, broadcasting a SCRATCHY RECORDING of an APPALACHIAN EVANGELIST.

APPALACHIAN EVANGELIST (O.S.)

(from the SHORT-WAVE)

-- *The Kings of the Earth - the Princes,
the Commanding Officers, the Rich, the
Strong, and every slave and free person -
they will hide themselves in the caves and
in the mountains. They will tell the
mountains and the rocks, "Fall on us, and
hide us from the face of Him who sits on
the throne, and from the wrath of -- "*

ROB

That's from Revelations.

ELIZABETH

What... what do you figure this guy's
problem is? Why is he broadcasting this
crazy morbid shit.

JONATHAN

Maybe he's trying to be funny?

SATCHEL

Funny? All these people getting hurt?

ROB

He just wants to get his word in. That's
how we ended up here... too many people
wanted to get their word in.

Jonathan is still trying to fix his computer. He misses his creature comforts.

ELIZABETH

Why did all of this have to happen?

HUNTER
 (AFTER A BEAT)
 I don't know.

Hunter bandages Rob's wrist. Elizabeth is on the verge of tears.

ROB
 Talking things out isn't much in style anymore... too many people thought that was weak. This almost happened when my ma was in high school... my Aunt Danielle said she was scared to her *bones*... but President Kennedy and that Russian man knew well enough not to act like a couple of 12-year-olds in a pissing contest. For the last decade or so, all anyone wants to do is throw their dicks on the table and get out the ruler.

Brad SCREAMS IN FURY from the corner, struggling furiously against his bounds.

BRAD
 TRAITOR! TRAITOR!

Hunter THROWS AN EMPTY TIN CAN at Brad, BEAMING HIM IN THE HEAD.

CUT TO:

49 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - THE NEXT DAY, DUSK

49

They awake in the same positions from the night before. The SHORT-WAVE RADIO is still on, and the Phantom Channel is broadcasting a laundry list of strange statistics.

PHANTOM SHORT-WAVE CHANNEL (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
Symptoms start two hours after irradiation exposure. After that, there is a seven day anastasis, after which we see uncontrollable bleeding in the mouth, under the skin, and in the kidneys.

ELIZABETH
 What is -- ?

Elizabeth tries to stand, but FALLS. Hunter leaps up to steady her. He is also dizzy.

PHANTOM SHORT-WAVE CHANNEL (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
After powerful fatigue and immediate nausea caused by direct activation of chemical receptors in the brain by the radioactive exposure, there is a short period of comparable well-being, called the "walking ghost phase."

HUNTER
 (to himself)
 -- walking ghost phase --

PHANTOM SHORT-WAVE CHANNEL (O.S.)
 (from the SHORT-WAVE)
*After that, cell death in the gastric and
 intestinal tissue, causing massive
 diarrhea, intestinal bleeding and loss of
 water, leads to water-electrolyte
 imbalance. Death sets in with delirium
 and coma due to breakdown of --*

Rob is cleaning the back of his neck with a baby-wipe, urging Jonathan to do the same. Hunter is attempting to rouse Jennifer and Satchel, hoping they open their eyes. They do.

HUNTER
 Jonathan, turn this fucked-up shit off!

Jonathan, who has been up all night trying to fix his computer, rises and TURNS OFF THE SHORT-WAVE. Almost on remote control, he plugs in his MP3 player and plays a song - "Walk Away Renee" by the Left Banke. Hunter gives Jonathan an approving thumbs up.

SATCHEL
 My arm hurts...

Everyone is moaning in pain. Hunter digs around in his bag for the bottle of Vicodin. He passes one to everyone, making sure to give Satchel only a half of one. He takes the extra half himself.

HUNTER
 Take this.

A water bottle is passed, and everyone swallows their pill. Elizabeth helps a groaning and barely conscious Brad (still hog-tied in the corner) take his. Hunter is the last to take the pain-killer.

Everyone sits again and huddles under blankets. Satchel and Jennifer hold each other. Rob is holding Jonathan.

ROB
 (to Jonathan)
 Did you read that last Green Lantern?

JONATHAN
 (weak laugh)
 Yeah... that was... cool... but Hal
 Jordan's no... Alan Scott...

Hunter and Elizabeth are huddled under the same blanket. He holds her as she shivers.

ON THE SOUNDTRACK: the Left Banke song CONTINUES. They are drawn into rapt attention - even Brad - by the beauty of the vocal and melody.

The camera SLOWLY PANS ACROSS their STILL FACES. Collectively, they long for the beauty of everything that life holds - everything they have lost, and may soon no longer know.

We PULL BACK to the full group, huddled in the dark. We HOLD ON THEM for a brief moment before we

CUT TO:

50 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - DUSK

50

A gathering of Refugees near the gravel road, sitting around a CAMPFIRE. The tail end of the LEFT BANKE SONG ECHOES OUT from the house. The Refugees moan sadly, wanting to hear the music more clearly. There are five of them, staring at the house. They want what the Survivors have.

TWO REFUGEES are fighting over a can of sardines, rolling around in the gravel, spitting out invective. They're so sick and delirious that they're not able to muster more than simple broken sentences.

Two more Refugees are walking up the road in the darkness, both carrying rifles: a TALL AND FAT REFUGEE IN A COWBOY HAT, and a retarded 14-YEAR-OLD BOY - the man in the Cowboy Hat's son.

Cowboy Hat SHOOTs one of the Refugees quarreling over the sardines. Cowboy Hat's Son cheers, like a child at the Special Olympics. The other Refugees SCAMPER AWAY.

Cowboy Hat snatches up the tin of sardines and hands it to his laughing son.

CUT TO:

51 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

51

Rob and Jonathan are playing Dungeons and Dragons, oblivious to all else. Jonathan is bopping his head to the MELODIC BRITISH MUSIC playing on his MP3 player.

At the other side of the cellar, Jennifer holds a quiet and sickly Satchel. Her near child-like state seems to aid her in comforting her brother. She coos and giggles to him, telling him jokes and stories.

Brad is hog-tied in the corner, moaning and cursing to himself, delirious.

Elizabeth is changing the bandage around Hunter's shoulder. The GEIGER COUNTER is CLICKING AWAY. Hunter TURNS IT OFF.

HUNTER

It's only gone down about 20%...

ELIZABETH

My God... how many did they set off?

HUNTER

It sounded like everyone that had them shot their whole wad...

ELIZABETH

Us, Russia, Iran, China...?

HUNTER

Israel, France, North Korea, India, England, Pakistan... I bet Saudi Arabia had some...

ELIZABETH

(PAUSE)

Hunter... you're a doctor... will anything survive?

HUNTER

Maybe we'll survive. I live in expectation.

She just looks at him.

HUNTER

You're speaking of probability. I don't think probability means anything anymore. Science isn't likely to mean much for another hundred years. The people who survive this won't be likely to care about science. We'll be lucky if they can even remember "Star Wars."

She doesn't like the answer. Hunter sighs, then reaches into his bag. His hand comes out with a pint of Jim Beam and some Dixie Cups. He gestures, "shhhh" to her and pours them each a shot.

ELIZABETH

Hunter!

HUNTER

(gestures, "shhh" again; WHISPERING)

A little known medical fact... the caramel coloring in bourbon acts as a muscle relaxant. It's true. Moderate use is good for the constitution.

ELIZABETH

Particularly in our state. Doctor's orders!

They down their shots, and Hunter pours another. They recline back, sipping their bourbon and savoring the artificial sense of well-being.

HUNTER
(to himself; savoring her name)
Elizabeth... Elizabeth... Eeee-*liz-a-beth*.

ELIZABETH
(laughs)
Hun-*ter*!

HUNTER
It just struck me. I never asked what your last name is.

ELIZABETH
(laughs)
It's Reinhardt.

HUNTER
(surprised)
Reinhardt. How very... German.

Elizabeth gives him a smiling stare. His turn.

HUNTER
Ah... it's Hoyt.

ELIZABETH
Hunter *Hoyt*?

HUNTER
Yeah yeah, I know... my middle name is Anderson, too... my initials are, "HAH!"

ELIZABETH
What's your medical specialty?

HUNTER
Pediatrician.

ELIZABETH
I guessed that.

Hunter lights a cigarette.

HUNTER
Okay, where'd you grow up?

ELIZABETH
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

HUNTER
Yikes! This Texas heat must shake your genes!

Elizabeth takes a cigarette and lights up.

ELIZABETH

It's taken some adjustment.

(BEAT)

Well... where are you from?

HUNTER

Me? Ah... heh heh... oh... born and raised in Riverside, Iowa.

Elizabeth gives a reaction of, "Should I know it?"

HUNTER

(slightly embarrassed)

You've seen "Star Trek," right? They said on the show that Riverside is the hometown of, you know... the Captain Kirk character.

ELIZABETH

(chuckles)

Oh *yeah*, right!

(doing her best Captain Kirk)

"Bones! Set a course at Warp 3 for the planet of the mini-skirted stewardesses!"

HUNTER

(laughs)

Yeah... So, they've got this monument outside of town for the tourists... of the Starship Enterprise, the "future birthplace" of Captain James *Tiberias* Kirk.

Elizabeth full on LAUGHS.

HUNTER

But *please* don't tell Jonathan or Rob... I'd never hear the end...

ELIZABETH

Why *not*? They'd think it was *so cool*!

Hunter gives an embarrassed laugh and shakes his head. His smile disappears and his mind goes far off.

Elizabeth looks for something to say. Finally:

ELIZABETH

So... have you ever tried to quit smoking?

HUNTER

(thinking)

I... actually quit two months before all of this happened. My fiancée made me... she said a doctor had no business smoking.

ELIZABETH

I'm... oh, I'm so sorry, I --

HUNTER

No. We're all carrying things like this. I'm just... God help me, but I'm glad she was in New York. She wouldn't have been able to handle all of this.

ELIZABETH

(doesn't know what to say)

Oh.

HUNTER

Hey. You never told me what you do?

ELIZABETH

(mischievous laugh)

Well... actually.

(wide smile)

I'm a nurse.

HUNTER

(huge grin)

I guessed.

He pours them each another shot, proud of himself.

Before either Hunter or Elizabeth can say anything else, they are interrupted by Jonathan leaping to his feet at the other end of the cellar. Jonathan has just scored victory against Rob in their game of Dungeons and Dragons.

JONATHAN

(smiling, pointing down to Rob)

YES! You are owned! Troll power never loses!

Jonathan does a limping melodramatic victory lap around the cellar as ROB APPLAUDS. Soon Hunter and Elizabeth join in, WHISTLING in congratulations. Even Jennifer and Satchel figure out the moment, and add to the applause.

52 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

52

Hunter is ASLEEP on the floor. Elizabeth is under the stairs, carefully feeding tuna and water to a delirious and hog-tied Brad.

Jonathan silently sketches a cute and rather humorous drawing of two raccoons having a tea-party in the woods.

The SHORT-WAVE RADIO is on, broadcasting a low-frequency HUM. Then it broadcasts a POP, and:

VOICE (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

-- tica , does anyone copy? Over.

Hunter LEAPS FROM HIS SLEEP and is running to the short-wave before he has fully awakened.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)
This is McMurdo Station, Antarctica, does anyone copy? Over.

HUNTER
(into mic; groggy)
Yes - yes, uh... I read - uh, copy you!
Over.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)
What is your location? Over.

Hunter looks around. The others are starting to stir.

HUNTER
Cameron, Texas. Over.

PAUSE.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)
We read you, Cameron... You're our first civilian contact in 9 hours... Over.

HUNTER
I'm sorry to hear that. Do you have an update on our situation? We're -- I've got to tell you... we haven't heard much here. Over.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)
I'm not surprised, Cameron. We've only been getting news from the coded Pentagon channel. Over.

BRAD
(screaming from under the stairs)
Ask him about the Army!

HUNTER
McMurdo Station, can you tell us how pervasive this was? Was all of America hit? Over.

VOICE (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)
(BEAT; faint sound of BONG HIT)
McMurdo...? Oh, *riight!* Call me Roy, man! As far as we know, they got everything. We know Cleveland wasn't hit, but so many of the surrounding cities were that they probably wish they had. Over.

ELIZABETH

So this is all over the world?

(PAUSE)

Umm... over...

ROY (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

Every continent except for Australia, and of course us... I guess no one considered the penguins to be a threat. Over.

HUNTER

I'm surprised. Over.

ROY (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

North Africa took a lot of hits, and someone hit the Venezuelan oil fields, probably us. Israel and the Middle East took so many hits I'd be surprised if it's even still there. Over.

HUNTER

When do you think the radiation levels will be manageable? Over.

ROY (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

(BEAT)

Cameron, we're at the bottom of the world, and we're getting sick. Too many of those things went off. New York City alone sustained at least 15 blasts. A lot of the detonations caused flash fires. Northern California, Oregon, Washington - it's all basically one big forest fire. The carbon levels we're measuring here are through the roof! Christ, it even looks like a lot of the bombs were *salted*.

HUNTER

Salted?

ROY (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

Meaning some of the warheads had a second jacket of fissile material to maximize radioactive output. It's kind of like a radiation land-mine to insure the area remains unusable and essentially a death-zone. That shit's drifting down here! It's like friggin' "On the Beach!" Hell! We're detecting radiation signatures of Zinc-65, some Tantalum-181, even *Colbalt-60!*

Hunter is speechless.

ELIZABETH

Are you saying we can't expect any help?

ROY (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

A lot of the government survived. We're told this included the President, and that they're in Mt. Weather in Virginia. From what we gather, they still think we're at war. I'm just a dude from goddamn Indiana who thought it would be a good idea to study glacial history! Now I feel like I've been fuckin' drafted! We're housing twelve or so jarheads here -- real smart, but real follower-types, ya know? But that don't keep 'em from smoking my shit and stealing my Whatchamacallits when I'm out of my pod to use the head!

Despite the dire news he's delivering, Hunter finds himself feeling more at ease from talking to Roy. He is even smirking to himself, exchanging smiling glances with Elizabeth. They are familiar with and fond of his sort.

ROY (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

They keep talking about rumors of Chinese nuke subs on the Pacific Coast. They come out of the High Security radio room, looking all ashen and nut-punched, ya know. I still can't get the wieners to take off their side-arms and lock 'em in the weapons locker. It's hard to relax, ya know? Over.

HUNTER

(doesn't know what to say)

They... what, think we're still at war?

ROY (O.S.; FROM SHORT-WAVE)

(BEAT, waits for "OVER" - finally)

Awww... That's correct, Cameron. World War 3 is over, and they're getting ready for World War 4...

(laughs)

...directing around troops and missiles that probably aren't even there, man --

ELIZABETH

(incredulous)

Still at war?!

ROB

This world needs a father. Everyone's gone mad.

53 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - NIGHT

53

The Refugees are huddled around a campfire, and have grown in number. They are grotesque, almost animalistic, snapping at each other and shivering. Most are covered with blast burns and radiation lesions, and are bleeding from their orifices.

The eyes of the Refugees are locked on the farmhouse, attracted to the life inside, as if they believe it to be a sanctuary. One has a small hand-cranked radio, tuned to the Civil Defense channel.

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.)
 (from the RADIO)
-- and national Civil Defense authorities will provide information as it becomes available. Please remain indoors and underground until --

The broadcast is interrupted by a HIGH TONE, followed by another voice - no longer a recording, but a LIVE PERSON - a young man who sounds about 24. A smiling Refugee TURNS UP THE VOLUME, glad to hear from the Government.

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.)
 (from the RADIO)
 Hello, this is new Press Secretary T.J. Boone. I served under Press Secretary Collins, who perished in the attack on Washington. The following is a message that the President of the United States has written and requested I deliver to all Citizens of America. *'Good Morning. My fellow Americans. The past week has been one of challenge & tragedy --*

There is a CATATONIC ADOLESCENT GIRL on Cowboy Hat's arm - clearly not his daughter. A HYPERACTIVE MALE REFUGEE sits beside her, stealing glances, drawn to this girl.

Overcome by his basic instincts, the Hyperactive Refugee grabs the inside of her thigh. She does not react.

SUDDENLY: Cowboy Hat DRIVES AN 8-INCH HUNTING BLADE into the Hyperactive Refugee's knee. He SCREAMS.

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (from the RADIO)
'-- But like in all great moments in our nation's history, we have risen to the challenge. My friends, I promise you that I will lead us home.'

54 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

54

The SCREAM ECHOES INTO THE CELLAR from outside, leaving the Survivors wide-eyed and fearful. The TRANSISTOR RADIO is on, and they are also listening to the government broadcast.

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.)
 (from the RADIO)
'Now I assure you that casualties have been high, and our prayers are with those who grieve.

(MORE)

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.) (cont'd)
*But rest assured our enemies' casualties
 have been **higher**, and we will defeat those
 who despise our freedom.'*

HUNTER
 You've got to be fucking shittin' me.

BRAD
 (still tied up)
 What about evacuation --- what about
 evacuation?!

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (from the RADIO)
*'There will be further losses, but in the
 end, we will prevail. I ask all Americans
 to remain strong and vigilant, for God is
 with us.'*

ELIZABETH
 Nothing. He's saying nothing...

HUNTER
 He doesn't even have the fuckin' guts to
 tell us *himself*. Just having some flunky
 read this bullshit statement...

Brad is weeping and muttering to himself. His faith in everything
 has been destroyed.

CIVIL DEFENSE BROADCAST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (from the RADIO)
*'Our military is still partially
 functional, and will triumph over those
 who would destroy us. I am honored to be
 your President, and I thank you for your
 prayers. Thank you all, and God bless
 America.'*

There is another HIGH TONE, and the broadcast goes dead.

BRAD
 That's it?! THAT'S IT?!! That
sonuvabitch! What about us?! That PIG-
 FUCKER!

Brad is weeping uncontrollably. Rob TURNS OFF the radio.

ROB
 Fuck him. He thinks he's a national hero,
 and we're all dying here.

HUNTER
 That's a pretty lousy thing for a
 Presidential legacy... presiding over the
 end of the world.

BRAD
 (tearful ranting)
 I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

CUT TO:

55 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - SLIGHTLY LATER

55

Hunter has just finished cutting Brad free. Brad is sobbing, rubbing his rope-burned wrists.

BRAD
 I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

ROB
 It's okay... you were sick. Just remember we're your friends.

BRAD
 Oh God, Angie... oh Jesus... my wife...

Brad collapses in the corner for a mournful crying jag.

ELIZABETH
 (to Hunter)
 I hope we're not making a mistake.

Hunter stares out through the slit in the cellar window, watching the Refugees outside.

56 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

56

The cellar is lit only by candles and lanterns. Elizabeth is reading to everyone from "Watership Down" again, attempting funny voices for the dialogue of the rabbits. Everyone has lost more hair.

Hunter is holding his shoulder, trying to mask the pain it is causing him. He pops a Vicodin. Brad stares at the floor, alone in the world.

Jennifer is holding Satchel. He is having difficulty breathing, his lungs filled with fluid.

ELIZABETH
 (reading)
"Afterward, they all remembered how Bigwig had taken his orders. No one could say he did not practice what he preached. He hesitated a few moments and then looked squarely at Hazel.

Satchel's breathing is becoming more labored. Hunter sits next to him and places his ear next to his chest.

SATCHEL

(wheezing)

I'm okay.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

"It's sudden," he said. 'I wasn't expecting it tonight. But that's all to the good - I hated waiting. See you later.' He touched his nose to Hazel's, turned and hopped away into the undergrowth.

Satchel rises and staggers to the cot, Hunter steadying him. Jennifer doesn't seem to know what's going on, but follows in her catatonic haze.

SATCHEL

I'll be okay.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

"A few minutes later, guided by Kehaar, he was running up the open pasture north of the river, straight for the brick arch in the overgrown railway embankment and the fields that lay beyond."

Elizabeth closes the book. Everyone's eyes are on Satchel, wheezing like an asthmatic as Hunter covers him with blankets. Jennifer crawls in next to him and holds him like a teddy bear.

As if suddenly aware of their voyeurism, everyone else prepares for bed, crawling into their various bunks and sleeping bags.

Hunter sits at the other end of the cellar, his eyes locked on Satchel as he tries to sleep. Elizabeth whispers to him.

ELIZABETH

What is it?

HUNTER

(quietly)

He has pneumonia.

Elizabeth's eyes go from Satchel to Hunter. She crawls into her sleeping bag and tries to sleep, Hunter's eyes still locked on a sleeping Satchel.

CUT TO:

57 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

57

SILENCE. Everyone is asleep. A small battery powered electronic clock beside Hunter's sleeping bag reads: "11:21."

WITH A SUDDEN GASP, Hunter bursts awake, lurching up. His eyes lock onto Satchel, sleeping soundly across the cellar.

Hunter grabs a strip of beef-jerky and silently chews on it, his eyes contemplating a sleeping Satchel.

Then he stands and slowly creeps toward Satchel.

Satchel's back is to Hunter. Hunter stares down at Satchel like a parent checking his infant's breathing, hoping to see his chest rise and fall.

Tentatively, Hunter reaches out and touches Satchel's shoulder, giving him a little shake. He pulls Satchel over. Satchel's face is bluish-purple, and he is not breathing.

Hunter opens Satchel's mouth, trying to clear an air-way. With a shaking hand, he removes Satchel's blindfold. His eyes are dead and open. This is the first time we have seen them, and they are milky white, with no visible pupil.

Jennifer stirs awake and looks to her brother. Like a baby, her face goes from calm to tears in a second.

She starts to shake him.

HUNTER

Jennifer! No!

JENNIFER

Satchel! *Satchel!*

HUNTER

ROB! GET OVER HERE! ROB!

JENNIFER

Come out! Come OUT, Satchel!

Jennifer is violently shaking Satchel's corpse. Hunter is trying to pull her away.

HUNTER

ELIZABETH!

Rob and Elizabeth rush over. Rob covers his eyes at the sight of Satchel's face.

JENNIFER

WAKE UP!!!

Elizabeth pulls Jennifer away. She struggles, flailing her arms and CRYING LOUDLY. Her wailing tears are like that of a three-year-old. Elizabeth pulls her down and cradles her tightly.

Rob and Brad watch in shock. Hunter sits next to Satchel, his hand in his hair. He does not move. Jennifer WAILS AND CRIES.

CUT TO:

58 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

58

Satchel's body has been wrapped in a white sheet. Hunter sits beside it, smoking a cigarette.

Brad and Jonathan are in the corner. Jonathan is bleeding from the ears and eyes, and Brad is attempting to clean him up.

Jennifer sits on the bed, wrapped in blankets. She looks doped up, her head nodding slowly, and her eyes opening and closing.

ELIZABETH

(joining Hunter)

She should be out for a while. I keep some Xanax in my purse for emergencies. I gave her the three I had left.

Hunter nods.

ELIZABETH

Jonathan is bleeding again. And we have to get Satchel's body out of here before Jennifer wakes up. We're not going to be able to keep her calm if we don't.

HUNTER

He... only started to get sick yesterday. I've never seen someone's lungs fill with fluid so quickly.

(PAUSE; on the verge of tears)

He... didn't even complain. He kept saying he was... okay.

ELIZABETH

It's... all around us, and it's killing us. It's going right through our skin and bones and it's killing us.

HUNTER

If we would have had more antibiotics... I used most of them on my shoulder and to keep Rob's blast burns from --

ELIZABETH

This isn't *your fault*, okay? We'd all be dead right not if you weren't here. You heard what happened in Shenandoah.

HUNTER

How are we going to get his body out of here? There are more and more of those people out there.

ELIZABETH

We'll put him in the attic with Angie. We can't take him outside of the house.

HUNTER

Right, right... best just to do it. I'll finish this cigarette, and then I'll just do it.

Rob seems to appear out of nowhere.

ROB

No. No, I'll take him up.

HUNTER

Rob, I don't... think you have the strength to carry him.

ROB

Doc, I owe you. I owe all of you, and if someone is going to risk themselves, it's going to be me.

Elizabeth looks to Hunter, hoping he will agree. Hunter shakes his head.

ROB

You've always kept us sensible. This is the sensible thing. Look at me. I'm not gonna last much longer, so it should be me.

Hunter finally nods. He gives Elizabeth his pistol.

HUNTER

Start un-boarding the door, *quietly*. If anyone tries to get in, shoot them.

Elizabeth and Rob quietly ascend the stairs.

Hunter crosses to Jonathan and Brad. He removes the cotton from Jonathan's ears and examines them.

Hunter unwraps the blanket from Jonathan's chest. He is wearing a white t-shirt, and there are blood stains at his nipples.

BRAD

Fuck...

JONATHAN

Are - Are my *nipples bleeding?!?*

Hunter says nothing. He grabs some bandages and tends to him.

CUT TO:

59 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT ALCOVE - NIGHT - LATER

59

Rob is at the top of the stairs, in the alcove, Satchel's body over his shoulder, barely able to hold its weight, but trying not to let on. The door is un-boarded, and he is preparing to leave.

Hunter stands beside him, holding a shotgun.

HUNTER
(whispering)
If there's someone up there, just put down
the body and get back here.

ROB
(whispering)
Okay...

HUNTER
(hands him a pistol)
Take this.

ROB
(won't take it)
No. You need it down here more.

Hunter doesn't approve, but isn't about to argue with him.

HUNTER
Good luck, Rob.

They exchange a manly nod and Hunter slowly opens the door, covering them with the shotgun. He peers out, checking both sides, then he motions Rob through.

With a grunt, Rob departs from the cellar with Satchel's body. Hunter thinks about following him, but instead shuts the door. He checks his watch, listens, then waits.

CUT TO:

60 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - LATER

60

The Survivors are waiting for Rob to return. Hunter is still by the cellar door, Elizabeth now beside him. He checks his watch - over thirty minutes have passed.

ELIZABETH
You promised him you wouldn't go after him
if he didn't come back... and you promised
me.

HUNTER
(hating to say it)
All right, let's board it back up.

They do so.

CUT TO:

61 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - SLIGHTLY LATER

61

Hunter and Elizabeth descend the stairs, lighting cigarettes.

ELIZABETH

You're smoking a lot more now.

HUNTER

People in wars always smoke a lot.

JONATHAN

(sitting at the bottom of the stairs)

He's right... Private Ryan... Platoon...
that fighting C-B's movie with Bogie...
they were all smokin'... all of 'em...

(his head sways)

Even Hunter and Elizabeth have succumbed to lethargy. Brad is now completely bald, and is continuously playing with one of his back teeth. It is loose, close to coming out.

BRAD

So that's it? He isn't coming back? Did one of those things get him?

HUNTER

I'm sorry, Jonathan. I know you were close.

Jonathan just nods. His head is bandaged.

BRAD

Does that mean they're in the house?

Hunter does not respond. On the SHORT-WAVE, the Phantom Channel begins to broadcast again - a soft, morbid song. No one makes a move to turn it off.

ELIZABETH

Why do you think this person keeps broadcasting that stuff. Why won't he just talk to us?

BRAD

He's playing with us. Taunting us.

JONATHAN

Maybe he's just always accepted what has happened.

JENNIFER

(barely awake; still drugged out)

In those days men will seek death, and will in no way find it.

ELIZABETH

Why are we doing this? Why haven't we given up?

BRAD

No way am I killing myself.

Brad PULLS OUT THE TOOTH that has been bothering him - a molar. He seems oddly proud of himself.

HUNTER

That's just... what people do. We try to survive.

JENNIFER

Like the bunnies in Elizabeth's book.

HUNTER

Yes. Like the bunnies in Elizabeth's book.

Hunter offers cigarettes to everyone, and they smoke.

CUT TO:

62 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

62

Elizabeth, Jennifer, and Jonathan are asleep. Hunter sits Indian style on the floor, holding a shotgun. FROM UPSTAIRS, we hear people moving around. Brad sits down next to Hunter.

BRAD

I can't sleep, either.

Hunter does not respond.

BRAD

You can hear them too, can't you?

HUNTER

Yes.

BRAD

They'll be trying to get in soon.

HUNTER

Yes.

BRAD

Why do you think they've waited?

(BEAT; no answer)

How is your shoulder?

HUNTER

The arm should probably come off. And I'm starting to get weak.

BRAD

You're still in better shape than anyone else. Are you ready for this?

HUNTER

Yes. Let them sleep as long as they can.

CUT TO:

63 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER

63

Hunter and Brad are still sitting on the floor with shotguns. Brad leans against his, dozing off.

SUDDENLY: We hear FEET RUNNING ABOVE, followed by a WHOOSH! WHOOSH! SOUND from outside. Hunter pivots his head back and forth like a rugby player, trying to zero in on the conflicting sounds. He shakes Brad awake.

HUNTER

They're coming.

BRAD

What - what - now --

Brad grips the shotgun tightly. Elizabeth, Jennifer and Jonathan stir awake. Hunter STARES UP THE STAIRS TO THE CELLAR DOOR. The WHOOSH! WHOOSH! SOUND from outside GROWS LOUDER.

HUNTER

Get ready, people!

Elizabeth pushes Jennifer behind a bookcase.

ELIZABETH

Stay here!

(to Jonathan)

Stay with her!

The WHOOSHING grows louder. Elizabeth grabs a pistol. Hunter is aiming his shotgun directly at the RATTLING CELLAR DOOR.

BRAD

Elizabeth!

Brad tosses her the shotgun. She tosses him the pistol and takes aim behind them. They hold themselves, ready to open fire at anyone who comes down.

WHOOSH! CLUNK!

SUDDENLY: DAYLIGHT POURS IN FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS. They turn, just in time to see a SHOVEL SHATTER THROUGH THE GLASS.

HUNTER

They're digging up the windows!

Hunter leaps up. A WILD-EYED REFUGEE is crawling through the window, cutting his face on broken glass. Hunter SHOTS HIM.

THEN: The ALCOVE DOOR BURSTS OPEN and FOUR REFUGEES RUSH DOWN THE STAIRS, howling madly. Brad shoots one in the chest, BLASTING HIM BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.

Elizabeth FIRES, and the shotgun blast nearly tears off the arm of another Refugee. He TURNS AND RETREATS from the cellar, WHIMPERING LIKE A DOG.

One of the remaining two has a .22 rifle, and he FIRES. The round TEARS INTO BRAD'S THIGH. He drops with a roar, but not before getting off a SHOT to the shooter. The remaining Refugee instinctively leaps for the dropped .22. Hunter SHOOTS him.

Hunter RUSHES UP THE STAIRS to shut the door, just as TWO MORE REFUGEES rush down, wedging themselves between the door and the frame.

Hunter HEAD-BUTTS one of them, knocking him out. The DOOR, having been through too much abuse, SPLINTERS OFF THE FRAME.

The remaining Refugee has Hunter by the throat, strangling him with one hand, pushing down the shotgun with the other.

It's like an arm-wrestling match. Hunter strains, SCREAMING. His opponent is bleeding from his eyes, nose, and mouth. Hunter edges the shotgun up. BLAM!

CLOSE-UP - HUNTER'S FACE

as it is SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD. From OFF-SCREEN, a body falls to the ground with a THUD. Hunter's face is SHIVERING.

Hunter BARRELS DOWN THE STAIRS, almost tripping as he CRIES OUT IN REVULSION. He rips off his blood stained shirt.

ELIZABETH

Brad's hurt!

BRAD

(pained grunt)

I'm fine!

HUNTER

Jonathan!

(BEAT)

JONATHAN!

JONATHAN

I'm - I'm here!

HUNTER

Get ready to move Jennifer upstairs. The door's gone! We're cornered in here!

ANOTHER REFUGEE runs down into the cellar. Elizabeth SHOOTS her.

The WHOOSH! WHOOSH! of the DIGGING BUILDS, and DAYLIGHT POURS IN from ANOTHER CLEARED WINDOW.

Hunter throws Brad's arm over his shoulder, lifting him up.

HUNTER

READY?

No one says no. Elizabeth throws the backpack of ammo over her shoulder.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

NOW!

Hunter CHARGES UP THE STAIRS, dragging Brad with him. Elizabeth, then Jonathan and Jennifer are behind them.

Jonathan snatches the Louisville Slugger as they enter the stairwell. TWO MORE REFUGEES rush down. Brad and Hunter FIRE, dispensing them.

They climb the stairs, STEPPING OVER BODIES, SLIPPING on them.

64 INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

64

The Survivors ASCEND FROM THE CELLAR as ANOTHER REFUGEE rushes forward. Jonathan CLOCKS HIM IN THE FACE WITH THE BASEBALL BAT.

TWO OTHER REFUGEES RETREAT IN FEAR. Hunter eases Brad to the ground and SLAMS THE KITCHEN DOOR. He UP-ENDS THE KITCHEN TABLE and BRACES THE DOOR SHUT.

HUNTER

(yells outside)

Anybody tries to come in, they get their
FUCKING HEADS BLOWN OFF!

(to Elizabeth)

Check the other rooms!

Elizabeth runs into the living room.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

It's clear!

Hunter and Brad PUSH THE REFRIGERATOR in front of the cellar door. Everyone is COUGHING from the dust and fall-out. Elizabeth re-enters.

Hunter rushes up the stairs to check the top floor.

FROM OFF-SCREEN: We hear a SLOW WHEEZING BREATH. In the corner is a DYING MAN, wrapped in a checkered plastic table cloth. He is in the final stages of radiation sickness. His eyes plead for Elizabeth to kill him.

She exhales with a choking throat, and raises the shotgun. Brad stops her.

BRAD

No. Let me... I knew him.

Brad raises the pistol. On the GUNSHOT, we

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

to the sound of JENNIFER WHIMPERING

65 INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

65

Jennifer is huddled in the corner, Jonathan standing watch over her with the baseball bat. The Survivors have found the time to fortify the kitchen door and windows.

Brad sits in a chair, his leg propped up, a kitchen towel around his thigh. He TIGHTENS IT and YELPS IN PAIN. He tries to stand, holding his weight on the other leg.

ELIZABETH

What are they doing? They've been regrouping out there for two hours... Are they waiting for more to arrive?

CUT TO:

A65 INT/EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - RIGHT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

A65

Hunter and Elizabeth are looking out the window at the GATHERING OF REFUGEES. There are a little less than a dozen of them, standing around a campfire.

An EAGER REFUGEE lights a torch from the fire.

EAGER REFUGEE (OUTSIDE)

Burn them out!

Cowboy Hat PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.

COWBOY HAT (OUTSIDE)

(gravelly voice)

No. We want the house.

Cowboy Hat's Son claps with his palsied hands, laughing.

COWBOY HAT'S SON

Yeah, yeah daddy! Go!

CUT TO:

65 BACK INSIDE THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

65

HUNTER
(to Brad)
How much ammo do we have?

Brad rustles through the bag, taking a quick count.

BRAD
Nine shells, and twelve .38 rounds.

Hunter casts a quick look to the closet and the silverware drawer where he previously hid loaded weapons.

HUNTER
Load up the weapons and divide the
remaining ammo.

Brad LOADS Hunter and Elizabeth's shotguns, and gives them each three extra shells. He loads the .38, then places the remaining rounds in his front pocket.

HUNTER
(to Jonathan)
Whatever you do, stay with her... don't
let them get her.

Jonathan nods, clutching the baseball bat and bracing his meager frame in front of Jennifer.

BRAD
They're in worse shape than us! Where are
they getting this strength from?

ELIZABETH
Where are we getting it?

Hunter laughs to himself and shakes his head.

HUNTER
Walking ghost phase.

Elizabeth and Hunter exchange a look.

JONATHAN
Doesn't that mean we're... about to die?

HUNTER
We're not dead yet.

CUT TO:

B65 INT/EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - RIGHT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT - **B65**
CONTINUOUS

as the Refugees start to mobilize.

CUT TO:

65 BACK INSIDE THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **65**

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I told you - I live in expectation.

Hunter PUMPS THE SHOTGUN and FIRES OUT THE WINDOW.

CUT TO:

C65 INT/EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - RIGHT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT - **C65**
CONTINUOUS

A SILHOUETTED REFUGEE GOES DOWN.

65 BACK INSIDE THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS **65**

HUNTER

(SCREAMS outside)

This is your last chance to GET THE FUCK
OUT OF HERE! This isn't your house! Now
LEAVE!

JONATHAN

Just let us die in peace!

COWBOY HAT (FROM OUTSIDE)

(silhouetted)

We got guns, too. We want food and *the*
house!

ELIZABETH

Goddamnit! We're not any safer in here
than you are, you *cow-fucking HILLBILLY!*

In a rare comedic moment, Hunter WINCES at her insult, flagging
his hand for her to be quiet.

SILENCE. The Refugees are waiting for their leader's answer.

HUNTER

(whispers to them)

Remember... if they don't leave...

COWBOY HAT (O.S; FROM OUTSIDE)

We're comin' *in*, BOYS!

HUNTER

GO!

Before the Refugees have a chance to move, Hunter RUSHES OUTSIDE.

66 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS **66**

Hunter runs from the house SHOOTING, Elizabeth close behind him. He FIRES TWICE, hitting his mark both times.

CUT TO:

A RAPID COLLAGE OF CHAOTIC IMAGES

A66 * Elizabeth FIRES, taking off a Refugee's hand. **A66**

B66 * Hunter HITS a Refugee with the butt of his shotgun. **B66**

C66 * Brad hobbles from the house and starts to PICK REFUGEES OFF with his pistol. **C66**

D66 * IN THE HOUSE: Jennifer SCREAMS, Jonathan protecting her with the baseball bat. **D66**

E66 * Hunter is TACKLED and DRIVEN TO THE GROUND. **E66**

F66 * Elizabeth SCREAMS. Sound of a SCUFFLE and numerous GUNSHOTS. **F66**

G66 * Hunter is on the ground above a Refugee, PUNCHING him. **G66**

H66 * Brad FIRES. **H66**

CUT TO:

THE SILHOUETTED FIGURE OF A BOY FALLING

Then SILENCE. Finally:

COWBOY HAT (O.S.)

No --

Hunter pulls himself from the ground, stopping momentarily to VOMIT.

COWBOY HAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My boy!

Hunter scrambles back to the house, RUNNING IN THE DARKNESS.

BRAD (O.S.)

HUNTER!

We hear Hunter GASPING DESPERATELY FOR AIR.

COWBOY HAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You killed my boy!

Hunter is BREATHING HEAVILY as he SPRINTS toward the house. We RUN WITH HIM, capturing the Fear and exhilaration of sprinting in the dark.

Hunter runs into Brad's arms, knocking him down. Brad grips his leg in pain.

Everyone is SUDDENLY ILLUMINATED by Jonathan's flashlight.

HUNTER

I'm sorry!

Brad SCREAMS IN PAIN, CLUTCHING HIS THIGH. We hear PANICKED ATTEMPTS TO BREATHE.

Jonathan HANDS THE FLASHLIGHT to Brad and reaches down.

BRAD

Elizabeth's hurt...

Jonathan DRAGS A PRONE FIGURE INSIDE THE HOUSE as Hunter helps Brad inside.

67 INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

67

Jonathan props the kitchen table against the doorknob.

COWBOY HAT (O.S.; FROM OUTSIDE)

You killed MY BOY!

HUNTER

Put the flashlight on her!

The FLASHLIGHT SHIFTS THROUGH HANDS, BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS, finally coming to rest on Elizabeth's PRONE AND GASPING BODY.

Hunter RIPS HER SHIRT OPEN (she is in a bra underneath). There is a LARGE BRUISE in the lower right side of her chest.

HUNTER

Her ribs are broken...

Hunter presses his ear to her chest, listening. Elizabeth lets out a HOLLOW WHEEZE, grasping for Hunter's hand.

HUNTER

Her right lung's punctured... It's collapsed...

BRAD

What do you need, Hunter... what do you need?!

Hunter's breath is growing FASTER. Outside, the SUN IS BEGINNING TO RISE, a new day beginning.

HUNTER

No no no no no --

Elizabeth is GASPING DESPERATELY, drowning from lack of air.

JONATHAN

What can we do?!

HUNTER

Her chest cavity is filling with air -- it'll collapse her heart and the other lung... do you have a -- ?! Bring me every fucking pen you can find!

JONATHAN

ok ok ok!

HUNTER

GO!

We hear Jonathan SCRAMBLING THROWING DRAWERS. He returns a fistful of a dozen pens - every style and quality imaginable. Hunter sizes them up in a microsecond, then SNATCHES the one nice ballpoint cartridge pen.

JONATHAN

Will it work?

HUNTER

Okay okay okay --

Hunter CLICKS open the pen, and measures out a length of it with his hand, his fist an inch and a half above the point. He marks out an area between two of Elizabeth's ribs with his hand, and --

He RAISES the pen. Jennifer SCREAMS. Jonathan covers his eyes. Hunter DRIVES IT DOWN, PIERCING ELIZABETH'S CHEST.

Hunter's fingers DANCE over the top half of the pen-casing, unscrewing it swiftly & tossing it aside. A BRIEF BEAT, and Hunter's precise doctor's hand LIFTS the plastic ink tubing from the bottom half of the pen, creating an artificial tube protruding grossly from her chest.

Elizabeth INHALES with a LOUD-STRAINED WHEEZE, as a HIGH-SQUEAL OF AIR COMES FROM HER CHEST, like air being let out of a tire, removing the pressure from her heart and working lung. Her chest rises and falls with her relieved gasps of air, the pen-tube wobbling queerly.

HUNTER

Okay okay - you're going to be okay!

Elizabeth BREATHES IN DEEPLY, staring at Hunter. She almost seems to smile at him, her eyes fluttering from a lack of oxygen.

She coughs, FLUID RATTLING IN HER WORKING LUNG. She coughs again, spurting blood.

HUNTER

Her other lung is filling with blood.
(to Jonathan)

(MORF)

HUNTER (cont'd)
 Okay okay okay! I need a... rubber
 tubing, anything! Quick!

Jonathan RUNS OFF to look.

CLOSE-UP - ELIZABETH'S HAND

as it CLASPS HUNTER'S. Their hands are covered in blood,
 intertwined, as she squeezes his desperately.

ELIZABETH
 I --
 (pained WHEEZE)
 -- know what you're trying to do --
 (pained WHEEZE)

HUNTER
 No, Elizabeth --

ELIZABETH
 Hunter! Let me go...
 (pained WHEEZE)

Hunter shakes his head. He will not do it.

ELIZABETH
 (SCREAMS)
 HUNTER!
 (pained WHEEZE)
 Let... me...

Jonathan returns with a length of yellowed rubber tubing.

Elizabeth GASPS FOR AIR, her eyes welling up and pleading Hunter.

Finally, Hunter nods. He removes the pen-tube from her chest and
 STARTS TO CRY.

COWBOY HAT (O.S.; YELLING FROM OUTSIDE)
WE'RE GONNA COME IN THERE AND KILL YA ALL!

HUNTER
 Everybody go back downstairs. NOW!

JONATHAN
 But --

BRAD
 Jonathan! GO!

Brad moves the refrigerator from the door, and Jonathan heads
 downstairs. Jennifer and Brad limp, arm-in-arm, down into the
 cellar, leaving Hunter cradling Elizabeth's WHEEZING BODY.

Hunter strokes Elizabeth's hair, whispering into her ear.

Cowboy Hat is SCREAMING garbled threats from outside.

HOLD ON A LONG SHOT of Hunter & Elizabeth as she prepares to die.

CUT TO:

68 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - SLIGHTLY LATER

68

Hunter STOMPS down the stairs in a state of controlled fury. Brad, Jonathan, and Jennifer are waiting for him.

HUNTER
(to Jennifer)
Stay down here.

JONATHAN
(to Hunter)
Is she dead?

Hunter does not respond. He grabs the baseball bat and STOMPS BACK UP THE STAIRS.

BRAD
He's leading us! Follow him!

Brad hobbles up the stairs behind Hunter. Then Jonathan follows.

69 INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

69

A SOBBING REFUGEE roots through the refrigerator, sniffing the rotting and irradiated food. He devours a rancid cantaloupe.

THEN: Hunter BURSTS into the kitchen. He REELS BACK with the baseball bat and CRACKS the Sobbing Refugee IN THE FACE with a force that instantly kills him.

SEVERAL MORE REFUGEES rush in. Brad SHOTS one. Another GRABS JONATHAN, putting a deep gash into his neck.

Brad PULLS THE REFUGEE FROM JONATHAN and FIRES HIS GUN. His shot MISSES, so he pulls the trigger again. CLICK!

BRAD
(to Hunter)
I'm out!

The Refugee leaps on top of a screaming Brad. Hunter reels around and HITS THE REFUGEE ACROSS THE BACK with the baseball bat.

The remaining Refugee - a seriously disfigured fellow whose body is CHARRED AND HAIRLESS on the entire left side of his body, with patches of t-shirt and jeans burnt into the flesh - TACKLES HUNTER, sending him CRASHING AGAINST THE WALL. He grabs Hunter's wounded shoulder and SQUEEZES. Hunter SCREAMS as blood hemorrhages from the bandage.

Hunter SCRATCHES the Refugees's face, tearing scabby cauterized skin from his disfigured cheek.

The Refugee doesn't seem to feel it. He is just laughing and crying. He wraps both hands around Hunter's throat and starts to strangle him.

Hunter's left arm is flailing against the wall, SEARCHING. He reaches into the now open broom closet where he previously hid the shotgun. With the last of his strength, he pulls away from the Refugee and FALLS BACK INTO THE CLOSET and OUT OF OUR SIGHT.

The Refugee recovers his footing and RUSHES TOWARD HUNTER. BLAM! A SHOT-GUN BLAST from the dark alcove sends the Refugee flying back. He's dead before he hits the ground.

Hunter RISES FROM THE CLOSET like a Golem. He is shirt-less and covered in blood, his face filled with animalistic rage. He has become an animal.

Jonathan is in the corner, VOMITING LOUDLY.

HUNTER
(pointing to Jonathan)
Stay here.

Brad vigorously pats Hunter on the back like the football coach he is. He looks crazy and near-death.

BRAD
Yeah, man! Yeah! They'll never get us!

Hunter doesn't even notice Brad. He turns and marches to the door. Brad snatches up the baseball bat and hobbles after Hunter.

70 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS **70**

Hunter strides out and kills a Refugee with a quick SHOTGUN BLAST.

Brad has gone wild, letting out screams and YEE-HAWs, punching and kicking at anything that moves.

There is a LOUD DEEP GUTTURAL CRY, and Hunter turns. Cowboy Hat is stomping angrily toward him.

Hunter FIRES but only grazes Cowboy Hat's ample belly. He pulls the trigger again, but he is out of shells. CLICK!

Cowboy Hat is upon Hunter like a stampeding bull, sending him to the ground. Hunter is on his back, taking PUNCHES TO THE FACE.

CUT TO:

71 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS **71**

Jennifer shivers in the darkness, her eyes locked onto a dying Refugee lodged in a cellar window. His upper body is hanging above the short-wave desk, his lower body still outside.

His eyes are wide and terrified, his mouth slowly opening and closing. This seems to be all he has the strength to do.

The SHORT-WAVE RADIO IS ON, broadcasting the Phantom Channel - a British Voice speaking of Doom and Apocalypse.

Jennifer stares at the dying Refugee's face, both terrified and defiant. The SOUND OF THE FIGHTING can be heard FROM OUTSIDE.

PHANTOM SHORT-WAVE CHANNEL

"Things fall apart; the center cannot hold; Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world. The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere the Ceremony of innocence is drowned; The best lack all convictions, while the worst Are full of passionate intensity. Surely some Revelation is at hand; Surely the Second Coming is at hand."

CUT TO:

72 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 72

Cowboy Hat has the barrel of the shotgun pressed against Hunter's throat, TRYING TO SNAP HIS NECK. Hunter's face is turning red. He has run out of strength.

SUDDENLY: A baseball bat CRACKS against Cowboy Hat's back. Cowboy Hat ROARS and REELS UP. Brad stands above him, screaming to Hunter with a bleeding mouth:

BRAD

Hunter! Get up!

THEN: in one swift move, Cowboy Hat grabs his hunting knife from his belt and DRIVES IT INTO THE SIDE OF BRAD'S THROAT.

Brad lets out a GURGLE, drops to his knees, then collapses in death.

Hunter retrieves the baseball bat and HITS COWBOY HAT IN THE FACE.

Cowboy Hat just turns and advances upon Hunter like a bear.

The remaining Refugees CHEER ON THEIR LEADER, bleeding ghastly from their orifices and swaying in a drunken manner from radiation sickness.

Hunter SMACKS the knife out of Cowboy Hat's hand, but Cowboy Hat is able to grab the end of the bat. There is a brief tug of war, but Cowboy Hat prevails. He LANCES HUNTER IN THE BELLY, sending him to the ground.

Hunter falls into a foot-deep pit, COUGHING UP BLOOD as he hits the ground. Cowboy Hat LAUGHS, his nose bleeding heavily.

CUT TO:

73 INT. FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

73

Jennifer is still staring at the Refugee lodged in the window. By now, he has died, a distorted look of Fear on his face.

Jennifer quivers as she silently weeps, tears rolling down her cheeks.

FROM THE RADIO: the HIGH-PITCHED TONE OF THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM.

RADIO BROADCAST (O.S.)

"This is the Emergency Alert System. All residents of Austin and outlying areas are advised to seek --"

CUT TO:

74 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

74

Hunter is on the ground, facing Cowboy Hat. He towers above Hunter with the baseball bat. The SOUNDTRACK IS SILENT, save for a DISTURBING LOW-FREQUENCY HUM.

CUT TO:

SLOW-MOTION SHOT OF HUNTER

on the ground, his mouth open in a silent scream. His bloody hands are in front of his face in a defensive position.

CUT TO:

SLOW-MOTION SHOT OF COWBOY HAT

with the baseball bat raised above his head, preparing to deliver the death blow to Hunter's face.

CUT TO:

SLOW-MOTION MEDIUM-SHOT FROM BEHIND COWBOY HAT

as he starts to BRING DOWN THE BAT.

THEN: A SOLEMN and HOLLOW sound RINGS OUT, followed by a FLASH OF LIGHT and an UNHOLY SCREECH. The horizon RIPS OPEN with an ENORMOUS NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

Cowboy Hat is directly facing the blast, Hunter's back to it. Cowboy Hat IS THROWN BACK BY THE SHOCK-WAVE.

Slowly, Hunter staggers to his feet, never stopping to look back at the nuclear explosion behind him. He is bleeding at back of the head and neck where he has sustained burns from the explosion.

Hunter picks up the baseball bat and immediately turns to the remaining Refugees. They are scared and confused, some burned by the blast.

Like a female mongoose protecting her young, Hunter BEATS THE REFUGEES TO DEATH ONE-BY-ONE, the ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION in the background. We are FIXED ON HIS CRAZED & FERAL FACE - the word "**PEACEMAKER**" that Brad had earlier carved into the bat glistening in the nuclear glow.

Hunter turns to the last remaining Refugee - Russ, the Night Clerk from the convenience store. Physically, the days since have not been kind to him - he's a quivering mess.

HUNTER

Go on. Get out of here. You all had no right to do this to us.

The Night Clerk SPRINTS AWAY.

Hunter turns and limps toward the house. As he approaches, we hear a PAINED GURGLING SOUND.

Hunter is like a wounded animal, quickly running out of strength.

Hunter looks down, and Cowboy Hat lies on the ground before him. His face is burned almost entirely off, and the front of his shirt is fused to his charred skin.

He looks up at Hunter, GURGLING OUT HATE, spitting and bleeding. Hunter adjusts his shoulder and looks down with contempt and pity. His face seems to be trying to understand where all of this evil in the world came from.

CLOSE-UP - HUNTER'S FACE

as he raises the baseball bat and BRINGS IT DOWN onto Cowboy Hat. Then AGAIN.

CUT TO:

75 INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - SLIGHTLY LATER

75

Hunter staggers inside, barely able to stand. He collapses against the cabinet and opens the silverware drawer. He roots around inside.

But the pistol he hid inside earlier is not there. He FREEZES, almost psychically knowing where it is. He TURNS to:

JONATHAN SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE

staring at the Lugar pistol in his hands. His eyes vacant, oblivious to Hunter.

HUNTER

NO!

Jonathan shoves the gun into his mouth and FIRES - lurching back in the chair and spraying the wall with blood.

Hunter is frozen, his hands shaking as he stares at what remains of Jonathan. He rubs his face, and then rubs his hands together, disgusted by the amount of blood on them.

A WHIMPERING SOB - Hunter turns to see Jennifer standing in the cellar doorway. She is covering her mouth and weeping.

HUNTER

Jennifer...

He staggers over and embraces her, holding her while she shivers. She holds him. He is weeping.

JENNIFER

Why is -- why --

HUNTER

Thank God... Thank God...

CUT TO:

76 INT. FARMHOUSE - GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY - SLIGHTLY LATER

76

Hunter and Jennifer stagger into the room, supporting each other.

Hunter guides them to Jonathan's grandparents' bed.

HUNTER

We'll sleep here tonight.

He pushes aside the blankets, and they collapse onto the bed.

HUNTER

Just... close your eyes...

They close their eyes.

Soon, they are asleep from exhaustion.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS

SLOW FADE UP:

77 INT. FARMHOUSE - GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - MORNING - 24 HOURS LATER 77

It is SILENT. Hunter stirs awake. His radiation sickness symptoms are so markedly accelerated that at least a day must have passed. Most of his hair is now gone, and his skin is gaunt. He is covered with bruises and lesions.

Hunter slowly rises from the bed, grunting in discomfort. Shivering, he wraps an afghan blanket around himself and looks for Jennifer.

HUNTER
(weak and raspy)
Jennifer?

His breathing is labored, and he sways as if drunk. He staggers out of the room and down the stairs.

HUNTER (O.S.; FROM STAIRWELL)
Jennifer?

78 INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 78

Hunter steps in, his eyes fluttering. It is SILENT, save for the tranquil sound of RUNNING WATER.

HUNTER
Jennifer?

Hunter heads toward the direction of the RUNNING WATER, exiting the house.

79 EXT. RURAL COUNTRYSIDE - FARMHOUSE EXTERIOR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 79

Hunter steps out and the sunlight hits his face, forcing him to squint and cover his eyes. The sound of RUNNING WATER is LOUDER.

CORPSES and other debris from the previous chaos riddles the front yard.

Hunter STOPS.

On the ground before him, huddled against the house, is the CORPSE OF ROB. His body is stiff from rigor mortis, and there is a look of calm on his face. His dead hands clutch a rosary.

Hunter looks down at him with an odd mix of sorrow and a gladness to see him again.

Hunter reaches down and gingerly takes the rosary from Rob's dead hands. He wraps it around his wrist, and silently says goodbye.

Then Hunter turns and walks toward the sound of RUNNING WATER, almost tripping in his state of weakness.

Jennifer is ON HER KNEES BEFORE THE WATER PUMP, wrapped in a quilt. She has lost all of her hair, and the left side of her face is completely bruised.

Jennifer's eyes are vacant, virtually nothing left behind them. Her hands are cupped underneath the flowing water, and she is drinking eagerly, like a thirsty animal.

Hunter is barely able to make it to her. He drops to his knees beside her, his head swaying back and forth. He puts his arm around Jennifer, and smiles wanly with cracked lips.

Jennifer squints and brings her face closer to his. She smiles, almost like a dog recognizing a playmate at the dog run, then turns back to the water.

Hunter watches her drink, then he cups his hands under the water. He drinks deeply and eagerly.

We HOLD ON THEM, hunched beside the water pump, as they drink. We hear NO SOUND, save for the soothing TRICKLE OF WATER.

CUT TO BLACK.

UNDER BLACKNESS

the TRANQUIL TRICKLE OF WATER CONTINUES as the TITLE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN:

REMNANTS

FINAL FADE-OUT AS END CREDITS ROLL.

THE END