

Fade In:

INT. VAULT 111 ENTRANCE

GRANT, MARSHA, and their young son AUSTIN, along with three other families, watch as the door to Vault 111 opens. A man in a suit, Benjamin, steps forward, retrieving a piece of paper from his pocket. He coughs before speaking.

BENJAMIN

Hello everyone, and welcome to Vault 111. As you probably already know, the world you once knew is gone, consumed in the fires of radiation. Vault-Tec will provide shelter, food, water, and safety. The only thing we ask is compliance.

Grant speaks up.

GRANT

Can you please let us in? We're hungry, my son is terrified.

BENJAMIN

Of course, friend. The paperwork is on its way.

Two guards with large stacks of paperwork approach the families.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

It shouldn't take more than thirty minutes to complete. After that, we will let you in.

Grant approaches Benjamin menacingly.

GRANT

Listen, buddy. I'm not going to let my son stand--

Grant is struck in the abdomen by one of the men. Benjamin kneels to speak with Grant.

BENJAMIN

The only thing way ask...

Benjamin approaches Austin, placing his hands on his shoulders.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

....is compliance.

Grant looks at Austin, who appears terrified.

INT. VAULT 111 HALLWAY

Austin and Marsha walk down a hallway toward their room. Austin notices a door on their way. It reads OVERSEER'S OFFICE.

AUSTIN
What does Overseer mean?

MARSHA
He's the person in charge of the vault. He keeps us safe.

AUSTIN
Why did they hit dad?

MARSHA
They just want to make sure everything goes smoothly.

AUSTIN
By hitting?

Grant finds them.

GRANT
Okay, I have everything set up. We're in room 65. Do we have everything?

Austin begins slowly wheezing.

MARSHA
Yes, I brought everything we need.

Austin's wheezing intensifies.

GRANT
Austin, are you okay? Marsha, where's his inhaler?

Marsha digs through her bag, frantically.

MARSHA
I know I put it in here. I grabbed it on the way out.

Grant grabs the bag, tossing everything out.

GRANT
Where is the doctor?

Austin's wheezing continues to get worse. Grant notices the

Overseer's office. He sprints toward it, and starts banging on the door.

GRANT (YELLING)
We need help out here. My son has
asthma. We need a doctor.

The door opens. The man who struck Grant earlier grabs him, then pulls him in, shutting the door behind him.

MARSHA
Grant!

She rushes toward the door. Meanwhile, Austin notices his inhaler on the ground near the bag. He picks it up and uses it.

INT. OVERSEER'S OFFICE

The guard throws Grant to the ground. Benjamin approaches him.

BENJAMIN
Mr. Waterman, I believe your
welcome in Vault 111 has worn
itself out.

Benjamin turns to the guard.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Get rid of him and his family.

A voice from The Overseer's desk is heard. The Overseer sits in a spinning chair, facing away from the other three men.

OVERSEER
Do no such thing.

The Overseer spins around. He is an old man, wearing a New England Patriots jersey, donning number 12.

GRANT
Oh my God. Tom Brady.

Brady smiles.

TOM BRADY
How long do you think it took me
to convince the city of Boston to
give me my own vault?

The old quarterback exits his chair and approaches Grant.

TOM BRADY (CONT'D)

We've been planning work on this fault for sometime. What do you think?

GRANT

My son has asthma and needs an inhaler.

Brady walks toward a surveillance monitor. It shows Marsha and Austin just outside the office door. Austin's inhaler is clearly shown.

TOM BRADY

They're fine. Everyone is fine in Vault 112. For now.

GRANT

For now?

Brady sighs.

TOM BRADY

As you probably already know, most of us will die down here, surrounded by this gray concrete and steel.

GRANT

Better than being out there.

TOM BRADY

I'm sure. But listen, I was wondering if you could help me out with something.

Brady hits a couple keys on his keyboard. A CRYO-UNIT descends from the ceiling.

TOM BRADY (CONT'D)

This is what I'm going to use to stay alive for two-hundred years. It's a personal cryo-unit. Whenever the user is strapped in and begins the freezing process, the machine will lock, and be placed in an impenetrable safe for two-hundred years exactly.

GRANT

What do you want me to do?

TOM BRADY

There are similar machines in this vault. I want you to convince the
(MORE)

TOM BRADY (CONT'D)
people you arrived with to use
them. Don't tell your family,
though.

GRANT
What are you talking about?

The Overseer breathes deeply.

TOM BRADY
Without proper nourishment, I will
die inside the cryo-unit. I am
old, and weak.

GRANT
Proper nourishment?

TOM BRADY
The other machines will kill their
users. Quickly, painlessly. My
associates will use their organs
to keep me alive when I thaw. And
you and your family, Mr. Waterson,
will not have to compete for food
in this vault. You'll live good,
safe lives.

GRANT
You're insane. Why choose me?

TOM BRADY
Because you spoke up against
Benjamin. You took a hit for your
family. The other families will
trust you.

Grant thinks about it for a moment.

TOM BRADY (CONT'D)
Don't ponder too much, Grant. The
other option is that I just kill
you and your family right now.

GRANT
You fucking asshole. Let me see
family. I need to talk to them.

Brady pushes a button that opens the Overseer's door. Austin
and Marsha rush to hug Grant.

AUSTIN
Is that Tom Brady?

GRANT

Austin, I need to talk to you, in private.

Grant leads Austin away from everyone else, near the cryo-unit.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Okay, son. Now I want you to listen very carefully.

Grant quickly picks up his son and places him in the cryo-unit, strapping him in. The guard rushes to grab Grant, but he dodges him. Grant hits the start button to begin the cryo-process. The door locks, with Austin inside. The cryo-unit ascends into the ceiling.

AUSTIN (TRAPPED IN THE MACHINE)

Dad! Dad!

Gunshots are heard. The unit begins to freeze. A Mr. Gutsy's voice is heard from the machine.

MR. GUTSY

Hello sir. Are you ready to begin?
Hmmm, you appear to be a bit smaller than who I was expecting.
Initiating hormonal treatment.

INT. OVERSEER'S OFFICE

Everyone is dead. Blood soaks the office. The camera moves to Tom Brady's hand, bearing rings on all fingers. On his pip-boy, a timer has begun.

CUT TO BLACK