

THE SHELTER

by

Jean-Louis Strangis  
&  
Richard Kaylor

18 Sunset Avenue #2  
Venice, CA 90291  
(310)450-6549  
e-mail: zenveg@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - HISTORICAL FOOTAGE (STOCK)

Powerful images take us back to the madness of the nuclear age:

A) Several atomic blasts turn into nightmarish mushroom clouds as their power of destruction devastates everything in sight;

B) Disfigured Hiroshima survivors are dying from radiation sickness and blistering 3rd degree burns covering 90% of their bodies;

C) Innocent school children practice the foolish "Duck and Cover" drill under the supervision of misguided teachers;

D) Adults happily build a home-made bomb shelter as a TV reporter enthusiastically comments on its merits;

TV REPORTER

Citizens everywhere are getting into the American spirit, providing protection for their families and friends...

E) A mother and her kids play checkers while dad cleans his rifle in a family shelter;

F) Keith S. McHugh, Chairman of the Committee on Fallout Protection, makes a speech behind a podium;

KEITH MCHUGH

It is unthinkable that we should continue in our present state of almost complete civilian unreadiness against nuclear attack. We can construct a shield that will save many millions of our people, assure our survival as a Nation...

G) The shock wave and fire storm from a massive nuclear detonation obliterates everything in its path. Forests, farms, buildings, houses, schools and vehicles are all vaporized instantly, proving that nothing is safe from the power and force of a nuclear explosion;

KEITH MCHUGH

(continuing)  
...and preserve our American institutions and way of life.

PHOTOGRAPHIC LAB - BEFORE CRISIS (STOCK)

A newsreel gives a brief summary of growing tension between the U.S. and the Soviet Union over nuclear missiles in Cuba.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

On October 14th, a recon plane returns with the first hard photographic evidence indicating the presence of Soviet offensive missiles in Cuba.

RECON PLANES - BEFORE CRISIS (STOCK)

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Soon after, American photo-reconnaissance planes flying over the island, supply evidence of a series of rocket sites armed with Soviet weapons, capable of subjecting the very heartland of the United States to close range attack.

MONTAGE - CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS (STOCK)

Quantanimo Navel Base, Troops, Ships and Planes.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In the depths of this deep crisis, President Kennedy discloses that Cuba is being turned into a Soviet Nuclear base, and in a momentous decision, orders an arms blockade of Cuba. KENNEDY TELEVISION speech (STOCK)

President Kennedy addresses the nation.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY

This government, as promised, has maintained the closest surveillance of the Soviet military build-up on the island of Cuba. Within the past week, unmistakable evidence has established the fact...

U2 SPY PLANE FOOTAGE (STOCK)

Aerial VIEW of missile launch sites in Cuba.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 ...that a series of offensive missile sites is now in preparation on that imprisoned island.

INTERCUT CUBAN MISSILE BUILD-UP FOOTAGE (STOCK)

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 The purpose of these bases can be none other than to provide a nuclear strike capability against the Western hemisphere. This urgent transformation of Cuba into an important strategic base, by the presence of these large, long-range, and clearly offensive weapons of sudden mass destruction, constitutes an explicit threat to the peace and security of all the Americas.

KENNEDY TELEVISION SPEECH (STOCK)

The President continues with conviction...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
 I call upon Chairman Khrushchev to halt and eliminate this clandestine, reckless, and provocative threat to world peace. Let no one doubt that this is a difficult and dangerous effort on which we have set out. No one can foresee precisely what course it will take, or what course or casualties will be incurred. The cost of freedom is always high, but Americans have always paid it, and one path that we will never chose, and that is the path of surrender or submission.

*(Title Sequence ends)*

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

On a desolate stretch of desert highway, an eastbound Greyhound bus races by. Its destination placard reads: "PHOENIX, AZ."

SUBTITLE: "October 23, 1962"

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DESERT HIGHWAY (MOVING)- DAY

Despite the fact that the United States is on the verge of nuclear war, thirty or so MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN, somberly endure a cross-country trek for reasons unknown.

Over the monotonous rumble of the bus, "*YOU BELONG TO ME*" by The Duprees plays softly from the transistor radio of LARRY GOLDMAN, a clean-cut young man in his mid 20's, seated in the middle of the bus.

All around him, the anxieties of the passengers are fueled further by the newspapers they read -- their headlines confirming "NUCLEAR STAND-OFF IN CUBA," and "KENNEDY TO SEND SHIPS TO CUBA AS BLOCKADE."

Several rows behind and across the aisle, DONALD WEINTRAUB, an anal, disgruntled, accountant in his mid 40's, reacts with concern as he meticulously folds his newspaper to read further.

Behind him, MICHAEL CLARK, a handsome, rebellious beatnik artist in his mid 20's, having hair longer than most his age, lights up a cigarette and takes a drag as he sketches in a pad.

In the back of the bus, CLARENCE JAMES, a heavy-set black man in his early 60's, sits with his eyes closed in prayer as he clutches his Bible. When a waft of cigarette smoke rudely interrupts his thoughts, he leans forward and addresses the young man responsible.

CLARENCE

Sir, would you mind opening your window?

MICHAEL

(glancing back)

Sorry.

Michael quickly obliges, cracking his window. His attention is drawn to MARIA ESPINOZA, a pretty Hispanic Sociology student in her early 20's, who seems to be staring at him from across the way. She shoots him a bashful smile, to which he responds in kindly. He then flips to a blank page in his pad, making her the subject of his next sketch.

Coming out of the lavatory, KATHERINE MACARTHUR, a high school teacher in her late 30's, moves awkwardly up the rolling aisle, stopping to squeeze past Maria to the window seat.

KATHERINE

Excuse me.

Goldman, lost in his own thoughts, continues to enjoy the song on the radio when it is suddenly interrupted by an emergency broadcast message.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

We interrupt our regular program to bring you this important news broadcast.

Goldman turns the VOLUME UP as everyone on the bus becomes quiet to listen.

RADIO BROADCAST

(continuing)

Soviet Chairman Khrushchev has ignored President Kennedy's ultimatum to remove the nuclear missiles from the island of Cuba.

GOLDMAN

Jesus...

A MUMMER grows from the passengers.

RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

(continuing)

The United States government is now ordering all military and national guard personnel to report for active duty. All civilian personnel are asked to prepare for evacuation to your nearest fallout shelter. This is not a drill. I repeat, this is not a drill.

Frightened looks across the passenger's faces as Michael reacts incredulously.

MICHAEL

They've gotta be kidding.

DONALD

Quiet, for God's sake! Let's listen to the radio!

## RADIO BROADCAST (V.O.)

(continuing)

You are urged to remain calm. Normal broadcasting has been discontinued until after this emergency has passed. Please standby as this message will repeat.

The noise level in the bus quickly increases as everybody becomes fearful and worried.

## MARIA

(to Katherine)

What is he saying? We're on a bus in the middle of nowhere. What are we suppose to do?!

## KATHERINE

(reassuring)

Take it easy, we'll be alright.

Passengers take notice of a new 1962 convertible, driven by a panic-stricken YOUNG COUPLE, that recklessly passes the bus on the left... followed closely by several other fleeing VEHICLES.

The ominous RADIO BROADCAST REPEATS over the following action:

A YOUNG WOMAN sitting near Clarence can't take it any more and rises to her feet.

## YOUNG WOMAN

(frantic)

We have to turn around. We have to go back to Los Angeles. My kids are in Los Angeles! We have to turn the bus around!

Clarence tries to settle her down.

## CLARENCE

Ma'am, please. Try to be calm. It's probably just a false alert.

## YOUNG WOMAN

(pulling away)

It's not. You heard the radio, this is real! We need to turn this bus around, now!

Goldman, who sees the panic beginning to build all around him, hands the transistor radio to a fellow passenger, then moves up behind the BUS DRIVER, a large man in his mid 50's.

GOLDMAN

Driver, how much further to the nearest town?

BUS DRIVER

At least 75 miles.

This news creates a wave of pandemonium. Passengers begin to rise up out of their seats and move into the aisle, shouting (AD LIB) at the bus driver to "turn the bus around."

The bus driver sees this in the rear-view mirror and shouts back at the passengers, momentarily taking his eyes off the road.

BUS DRIVER

People please... I can't turn this bus around! I got a schedule to keep!

YOUNG WOMAN

(standing up)

We don't care about your damn schedule! Turn around!

BUS DRIVER

(more intensely)

Will everyone please get back to their seats!

When the Driver looks back to the road, his eyes widen with surprise as he quickly applies the brakes, forcing passengers to lose their balance as they scramble for their seats.

BUS DRIVER

What the hell...

DRIVER'S POV THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD

All traffic, including the convertible that passed US, is being stopped by ARMY VEHICLES that are blocking the road. CIVILIAN vehicles, from both directions, are being detoured by ARMED SOLDIERS onto an intersecting gravel road that goes off to OUR right.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MILITARY BLOCKADE - DAY

The Greyhound bus slows to a stop behind the last car in line as VARIOUS SOLDIERS walk up to each vehicle, briefing the DRIVERS.

LIEUTENANT JENNINGS, a young officer in his early 20's, with walkie-talkie in hand and a pistol holstered at his hip, heads over to meet the bus, signaling the bus driver to open the door.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - MILITARY BLOCKADE - DAY

Lt. Jennings climbs inside and WHISPERS something to the driver who nods in response, then turns to address the passengers.

JENNINGS

Listen up folks. I'm Lieutenant Jennings of the United States Army. Because of our current state of emergency, we have orders to help evacuate as many civilians as we can to the fallout shelters on a nearby military base. If everyone will please remain calm, we can get you folks to safety as quickly as possible. Thank you for your cooperation.

There's a big sigh of relief from the Passengers as they WHISPER among themselves, craning to see the activities outside.

MARIA

Thank God.

Jennings turns back to the Driver, pointing out the windshield.

JENNINGS

If you will just follow those vehicles.

The Bus Driver nods in understanding.

BUS DRIVER

Thank you.

Jennings nods back, then exits the bus.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MILITARY BLOCKADE - DAY

The bus lurches forward, following the caravan of other civilian vehicles off the main highway onto the intersecting gravel road.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Two Jeeps lead the caravan of civilian vehicles for several miles down the desert road, followed closely by the Troop Carriers filled with Armed Soldiers.

An Army Helicopter strafes by overhead, as the convoy passes through a perimeter fence, where a posted sign reads:

"WARNING: MILITARY INSTALLATION.

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY BEYOND THIS POINT!"

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

TWO ARMED GUARDS at the entry Kiosk signal the convoy to proceed onto the military base which is on full alert. ARMY PERSONNEL are running all over the place.

The chopper touches down, dropping off COLONEL FRANK WILLIAMS, a weathered and tough looking "lifer" in his late 50's. He's dressed sharply in a Class "A" uniform. He glances around at the activities before being ushered quickly toward a building.

Coming out to greet him is CAPTAIN JONATHAN HAWKES, a distinguished looking officer in his early 40's, dressed in battle fatigues. They exchange salutes, a few words which WE cannot hear, then shake hands vigorously.

Williams goes inside the building while Hawkes turns to watch the passengers file out of the bus, forming lines behind TWO PRIVATES with clipboards. CORPORAL SANDERSON, mid 20's, comes quickly to his side and salutes.

CORP.SANDERSON  
Civilians have arrived, sir.

Hawkes returns the salute.

HAWKES  
All right, Corporal. Have your men get names and addresses and let's get everybody inside a.s.a.p.

CORP.SANDERSON

Yes, sir.

Sanderson salutes and rushes toward the bus.

Michael, carrying his ruck-sack, skirts around the crowd, lights up a cigarette, and takes a good look around. He sees Captain Hawkes and moves toward him.

MICHAEL

Excuse me, General, but I'm gonna chill out around here, if you don't mind... Bomb shelters are kind of against my principle.

HAWKES

Sorry buddy, but leaving a civilian at risk on my base is against my principle. So we're all going in, period.

MICHAEL

Too bad that revealing the formula to the atom bomb wasn't against Oppenheimer's principle, right General?

HAWKES

Right...

They lock eyes for a moment, sizing each other up. Suddenly, a deafening AIR RAID SIREN goes off. Hawkes glances up at the sky, then to his watch.

HAWKES

Damn it!  
 (yelling to Corp.  
 Sanderson over the  
 siren)  
 Corporal! Get everyone into the shelters, now! Let's go, let's go!

A booming voice comes over the LOUD SPEAKERS, further fueling the fires of panic.

LOUD SPEAKER (V.O.)

Attention. Attention. Missile launch has been detected. A massive nuclear strike against the U.S. has been confirmed to be on its way.

(MORE)

LOUD SPEAKER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Everyone, please proceed to the  
fallout shelters at once. This is  
not a drill. Repeat. This is not a  
drill.

Panic ensues and the civilians stampede, trampling one another  
in their haste. It is all the Army Personnel can do to keep  
them heading in the right direction -- towards a ramp that  
descends beneath a windowless concrete building.

INT. ARMY BASE / CORRIDORS - DAY

The soldiers and civilians scurry down a ramp and into an  
underground corridor.

CORP.SANDERSON  
This way people! Hurry!

They reach an adjoining corridor where several large metal  
doors open to a cluster of fallout shelters.

Sanderson and his men quickly usher the people at random  
into the rooms, closing the doors behind them.

As he is about to close the last door, Sanderson steps briefly  
inside.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 1) - DAY

There, Sanderson finds Donald, Clarence, Michael, Katherine,  
and Maria - five strangers that fate has put together - and  
gives them last minute instructions.

CORP.SANDERSON  
(hurriedly)  
This shelter is equipped with  
everything you need to survive. If  
you want to live, keep this door  
closed until given further  
instructions... And, may God be with  
us all.

Sanderson heaves the heavy vault-like door closed, sealing  
the five civilians inside.

MARIA  
(beginning to cry)  
I can't believe this is happening.

Katherine puts an arm around Maria, trying to comfort her as everyone apprehensively glances around their confines -- a concrete rectangular bunker, measuring 20X34 feet.

Perpendicular to the left wall are six cots lined up in parallel, pristine olive green blankets. Next to the farthest bunk from the door is a counter top housing a short-wave radio. At the center of the far end is a kitchen area, with shelves stocking an assortment of unlabeled army-green canned goods and cooking utensils. A door to the left of the kitchen leads to the small bathroom, another to the right to a storage room. At center floor is a table and six chairs, around which are more shelves and a cabinet.

Donald scans the place nervously heading toward the cots.

DONALD

Come on, let's all get under the beds, we'll be safer there.

They all rush to the floor, sliding under the cots, except for Michael who prefers to sit on one of the cots, leaning against the wall. He lights up another cigarette as Maria reaches her hand over.

MARIA

Come here with us, don't be stupid!

MICHAEL

Don't worry, I'm fine... just enjoying the last seconds of civilization as we know it...

He looks up at the ceiling and smiles while inhaling his cigarette.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

...the most precious seconds of our human History...

He takes another puff, this time exhaling a SMOKE RING.

Then, from out of the eerie quiet, a RUMBLING begins, growing in intensity like an earthquake. Everyone's eyes turn and stay transfixed on the door. They hang on for their lives as the shelter is hit by an enormous and sudden, post-nuclear explosion.

THE SHOCK WAVE catapults Michael off the cot, throwing him to the ground.

The lights briefly flicker before the sanctuary is plunged into total darkness.

MOANS and SCREAMS, both male and female, join the symphony of chaos and DESTRUCTION.

As the shock wave dissipates, all we HEAR is heavy BREATHING in the obscurity, until, finally...

Low-level emergency lights kick on, REVEALING the air filled with a dusty haze. Donald, Maria, Clarence and Katherine cautiously crawl out from under the beds under the dim light.

Michael emerges from the mess in the middle of the room, somewhat groggy but in one piece.

Shortly after, the emergency power comes on, lighting the shelter back to normal. The survivors help one another to their feet, and look themselves over before glancing around at the damage caused by the seismic concussion.

CLARENCE

Is everybody okay?

KATHERINE

Yeah, I think so.

DONALD

Unbelievable... They bombed us.  
Those God damn Russians had the balls  
to BOMB US!!

Donald slams his fist on the main table. Katherine walks up to a shaky Maria who's still in shock, speaking to herself.

MARIA

I... I've got to get out of here.

KATHERINE

(to Maria)  
Are you okay?

The young Hispanic woman mumbles away without paying attention. Katherine wants to take her in her arms but Maria breaks away from her and rushes to the door.

DONALD

(to Maria)  
Hey! What the hell are you doing?

Donald wants to stop her, but too late. Maria grabs hold of one of the door's release handles only to instantly recoil back in a scream of pain... shaking off her hands.

CLARENCE

What happened?

MARIA

(stunned)

I got burned.

MICHAEL

Looks like the radiation is already knocking at our door.

Donald approaches the door, passing the palms of his hand several inches over its surface.

DONALD

It's the fire storm following a nuclear explosion that's causing this... Now as far as the radiation goes, we better find a Geiger counter in here or we'll never know for sure.

Katherine moves to help Maria, turning to Clarence:

KATHERINE

Sir, could you...

CLARENCE

(interrupting)

You can call me Clarence Ma'am.

KATHERINE

I'm Katherine.

(turning to Maria)

How about you sweetie, what is your name?

MARIA

Maria.

KATHERINE

Maria... Don't worry, we're gonna take care of you.

(to Clarence)

Clarence, see if you can find me a first-aid kit.

CLARENCE

No problem.

Clarence glances around, then heads toward the far end of the shelter, disappearing into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM / SHELTER - DAY

Small and compact. A chemical toilet to the right. A stall shower in the back corner. To the left, a storage cabinet which Clarence opens, discovering a rather impressive assortment of medical supplies.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Donald moves away from the door, looking around. Michael sees the cigarette he was smoking before the explosion laying on the floor. He grabs it and lights it up again. Katherine addresses the two men.

KATHERINE

Do you guys have a name?

DONALD

Donald Weintraub.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael.

Donald notices what looks like the door to a storage room. He heads there, turning to Michael on his way.

DONALD

You come with me, we're gonna check out that room.

MICHAEL

I'm not going anywhere.

Donald stops and walks back right up to Michael's face.

DONALD

I just want to get one thing straight. I've never taken crap from guys like you and I'm not about to... So just remember that.

Katherine watches with concern, ready to intervene.

MICHAEL

Listen Daddy, I didn't ask to be here in the first place. So why don't you go do your thing and I'll catch up with you at dinner time, how's that?

Donald cracks an unnatural smile, taps Michael's cheeks and goes back toward the storage room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Donald leans into the 6x8 foot room. The floor is covered in a bounty of canned and dry goods which were once neatly stored on the shelves that cover each wall.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Michael throws himself on one of the cots using his back pack as a pillow. Clarence exits the bathroom carrying some medical supplies and rushes to Katherine and Maria.

CLARENCE

They've got some pretty good supplies  
back there, here...

He hands some burn ointment and bandages to Katherine.

CLARENCE

Let me take a look, I was a medic in  
the Corps.

KATHERINE

Oh... Go ahead.

Clarence gently takes Maria's hands in his, examining the burns.

DONALD

(to Clarence)  
Army?

CLARENCE

Yeah.

DONALD

Me too, I was a radioman.

CLARENCE

(to Maria)  
We're gonna run some cold water over  
them, it will keep the blistering  
down.

Donald watches as they usher Maria over to the sink in the kitchen area.

DONALD

Hey, take it easy with the water,  
we've got to recycle all we can.

CLARENCE

I know, I know...

He fills up a pot half-way for Maria to soak her hands in.

Donald resumes his search, noticing the short-wave radio on the counter near the end bunk. Nearby stands a locker-sized closet. He opens it, finding protective uniforms, hoods, gloves, boots and a collection of other items that include a Geiger counter.

DONALD

Bingo.

He immediately grabs the radiation measuring unit and moves to the main door where he sweeps it back and forth. Everyone freezes when they hear the STATIC CRACKLE of the Geiger counter fading in and out.

DONALD

Alright, everybody listen up. I can read a fair amount of radioactivity around here... That means nobody and I mean NOBODY comes close to this door unless I check first, is that clear?

He goes back to the closet and picks up a few dosimeters out of a box. He slips one into his shirt pocket and spreads the others over the main table.

DONALD

I want everyone to take one of these and wear it at all times, okay.

Katherine looks suspiciously at these pencil-shaped devices.

KATHERINE

What are they for?

MICHAEL

They let you know when your hair's gonna start falling.

MARIA

(sobbing)  
Oh God...

DONALD

Okay, let's see if we can get anything on the radio.

Donald goes to the short-wave receiver, checks it and turns it on.

He slowly rotates the large frequency knob, passing waves of STATIC and NOISE.

Everyone is quietly listening, but Maria is getting increasingly restless as no signs of life are being heard.

MARIA

They're all dead... There is nobody left...

KATHERINE

Don't say that Maria, you know it's not true.

CLARENCE

Maybe we can try to reach the people in the other shelters.

DONALD

Sure Clarence, why don't you go out and knock on their door.

CLARENCE

All I meant to say was...

DONALD

(interrupting)

HOLD IT!

He quickly reverses the knob back to a frequency where a FAINT VOICE can be heard. Katherine, Maria and Clarence gather around. Donald turns the volume up on what sounds like an EMERGENCY RADIO BROADCAST.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... it is estimated that 10 to 20 megaton air bursts hit several of our key cities and military installations, resulting in degree "A" and "B" damage up to a radius of eight miles... I repeat...

MARIA

"A" and "B", what are they talking about?

DONALD

It's a classification of damage.  
"A" is total destruction. "D" is  
light damage.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The hardest hit areas are New York  
City, Washington D.C., Chicago,  
Detroit, Los Angeles and most of the  
military installations across the  
Nation...

The speculation is over. The five survivors have to face the terrible facts they're hearing. Clarence closes his eyes, praying, while Katherine wipes out a tear. Even Michael seems to be deeply affected by the news.

WE PULL BACK as the group continues listening to the broadcast.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The same ANGLE of the civilians in the shelter has turned into a BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE on a video monitor. We continue to PULL BACK revealing a bank of other monitors, broadcasting different angles of view in the shelter. WE now realize that the whole nuclear attack scenario was nothing but a hoax.

Reading from a script, the RADIO ANNOUNCER, who is actually LT. DAVID FISKE, late 20's, dressed in military fatigues, speaks into a microphone as he continues the broadcast.

FISKE

Survivors in these areas should expect greater amounts of fallout, resulting in more severe exposure, and longer half-life. Please remain in your shelters until the proper authorities in your area give you the "all clear."

Captain Hawkes and Colonel Williams are standing behind Fiske, watching the monitors.

The Lieutenant finishes up the broadcast:

FISKE  
Tune to this station in four hours  
for more information. This is the  
CONALRAD Emergency Broadcast System,  
signing off.

Hawkes studies the subjects in the monitors for a moment.

WILLIAMS  
Looks to me like they bought it,  
don't you think?

HAWKES  
Yep... We're in business.

The Colonel pats him on the shoulder and heads over to the door.

WILLIAMS  
When your subjects have settled for  
the night come and see me.

HAWKES  
I will.

Williams exits. Hawkes looks somewhat satisfied, as everything is going according to plan.

DR. AMANDA CLAIRE, an M.D. in her mid-thirties sneaks up behind the Captain.

DR. CLAIRE  
(smiling)  
Congratulations sir.

The captain turns around, returning the smile.

HAWKES  
Thank you Amanda.

DR. CLAIRE  
You finally did it.

Hawkes stares back at the screens, more thoughtful this time.

HAWKES  
Yeah... I did it.

INT. BASE / EXIT RAMP - NIGHT

The large steel doors open as the remainder of the civilians are released from their fallout shelters.

EXT. ARMY BASE - NIGHT

The various vehicles including the Greyhound bus are parked in front of the ramp, where a group of soldiers are standing by. Among them is Lt. Larry Goldman, the same man who posed as the civilian with the radio on the bus. He addresses the crowd of people as they come out.

GOLDMAN

Everybody please, collect your luggage and get back into your vehicles... On behalf of the United States Army I would like to thank you all for your cooperation to this Civil Defense exercise. We apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

The young woman, who was frantic about her children during the original bus ride, walks up to Goldman.

YOUNG WOMAN

You... You were on the bus... The man with the radio.

GOLDMAN

That's correct Ma'am.

YOUNG WOMAN

This was all a trick, right?

GOLDMAN

No Ma'am, it was an exercise.

She crisply SLAPS Goldman across the face. Her outrage can be clearly seen in her eyes, red from crying.

YOUNG WOMAN

How dare you!

He wipes the sting off his face without saying a word. The woman storms off as he stares after her.

The last people grab their belongings from the ground, leaving five suitcases unaccounted for.

INT. CORRIDOR / SHELTER AREA - NIGHT

TWO MEN IN RADIATION suits are working outside the shelter's entrance. A small metallic rod causes a Geiger counter to CRACKLE before they insert the bar into the door.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Donald is on the other side of the door, wearing a gas mask and gloves. He carefully studies the reading on his Geiger counter, as it reacts to the uranium rod.

In his wildest dreams, he would never imagine that outside this door, a team of scientists have spared no expense in creating the illusion that a nuclear bomb has gone off.

Donald takes his mask and gloves off while returning to the main table. He glances at his dosimeter and makes a few notes into his journal.

Michael is still laying on his cot while Clarence is plunged into his bible, holding tight to a pocket size cross. Katherine is going through her personal belongings inside her purse when she suddenly freezes, looking quite perplexed for an instant.

Maria's traumatized condition hasn't improved much, as the shaking and sobbing continues. Trying to help, Katherine moves over to cheer her up.

KATHERINE

Maria, you have to try and get a hold of yourself, please.

MARIA

My family, my friends... They're all dead and you want me to get a hold of myself.

KATHERINE

Who said they were dead? They're probably in a shelter just like we are and...

MARIA

(interrupting)

We don't have NO SHELTERS where I live!

Maria draws the attention of the three men as the tone of her voice intensifies.

KATHERINE

Maria, Please...

MARIA

Please WHAT? I mean what's wrong with you people, it's like nobody cares...

KATHERINE

That's not true.

MARIA

Don't you realize it's the end of the World! Open your eyes, we're all going to die in here, one way or another...

CLARENCE

Don't talk like that.

MARIA

Come on, let's all take a good look at each other and accept the facts! We're doomed and there is nothing we can do about it... Nothing.

MICHAEL

Amen.

There is a moment of silence as they all reflect on Maria's words.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Hawkes and Claire have been watching the monitors, meticulously taking notes on some paperwork labeled as: "Project Fallout - Day 1". Claire pauses for a moment, staring blank at the screens.

HAWKES

Are you okay, Amanda?

DR. CLAIRE

I'm okay... I'm just worried about... what's her name again?

HAWKES

(checking his notes)  
Maria... Look, she's obviously overwhelmed right now, but she'll adapt. They will all adapt, it's human nature.

DR. CLAIRE

There are always exceptions.

HAWKES

Yes, but you have to remember that it's only four weeks, and as long as they have enough food and water, they'll be fine.

DR. CLAIRE

I don't know Jon. What we're dealing with here is as complex as it gets and it's too soon to make any kind of predictions, way too soon.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Katherine and Maria bring some dinner to the table, where Michael and Clarence are already sitting.

MICHAEL

(to Donald)  
Come on pops, dinner is ready.

CLARENCE

This smells good, Katherine, thank you.

DONALD

(to Michael's face)  
I'm not your pop punk, so knock it off.

Donald joins the others at the table as Katherine pours with a large ladle what looks like a thick grainy soup into everyone's plate. Maria addresses the rest of the group.

MARIA

I... I just would like to apologize for before. I didn't mean to upset anyone.

KATHERINE

It's okay Maria, we understand.

As the group is about to begin their meal, Clarence bows his head and crosses his hands in prayer. Donald rolls his eyes like he would rather just eat.

CLARENCE

Dear Lord, please forgive them for they know not what they do.

(MORE)

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

I ask you Lord, to shelter us from the storm, to put your hand up in the face of this evil and to protect our loving families from any harm. This food that you so kindly have given to us, is a blessing and it will be appreciated as such. We thank you for another day on Earth but also look forward to the day when we are with you, in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Clarence slowly lifts his head up and opens his eyes.

CLARENCE

Amen.

Katherine and Maria return the "Amen", while Donald has already begun eating.

DONALD

(speaking with his  
mouth full)

No offense Clarence, but that whole God thanking "Spiel", I don't get it. I don't get it because I don't think there is anything to thank God about, after half of the Earth has been wiped out.

CLARENCE

He didn't do it, man did.

DONALD

Well in this case, he's not a very good FATHER, letting his CHILDREN blow themselves up to pieces!

CLARENCE

Jesus has always reached out to those who were ready to love him and follow his words. These are his children and only they, will be allowed to enter his kingdom.

DONALD

Yeah, yeah, The words of Jesus... You know, you Negroes really crack me up sometimes.

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

The white man has treated you like shit for centuries, but still, you worship Jesus... a white man... a Jew, no less.

KATHERINE

Donald, please...

They all look somewhat shocked by Donald's racist remark.

Clarence remains calm.

MICHAEL

What makes you so sure he was white?

DONALD

What kind of a question is that, Mister smarty pants?

MICHAEL

The fact is, because both Joseph and Mary were originally from Palestine, he most likely wasn't white after all. Take a look at many ancient artifacts, they show him pretty damn black looking.

MARIA

Who cares what color he was.

DONALD

Alright, we better drop this subject right now, or I'm really gonna start saying something blasphemous.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Lieutenant Goldman enters the room, going over to his station.

GOLDMAN

All the civilians are gone Captain.

HAWKES

How did it go?

GOLDMAN

(pointing at the TV's)  
All I know is that I ain't facing these five fellows when they come out.

HAWKES

That'll be a tough one, I agree...  
 Anyway, Amanda, you have the watch.  
 I'll be in Williams' office if you  
 need me.

DR. CLAIRE

You got it.

The Captain stands up and exits.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Hawkes walks down a long corridor when he meets up with  
 PRIVATE PHILLIPS, who's heading in the same direction.

HAWKES

So how's that new baby doing,  
 Phillips?

PVT. PHILLIPS

Oh, he's doing just fine, thank you  
 Sir.

HAWKES

Did I get any mail today, by any  
 chance?

PVT. PHILLIPS

No Sir, not that I know of.

Hawkes smiles and salutes Phillips as he takes a turn onto a  
 different hallway. Phillips returns the salute, continuing  
 straight ahead.

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Hawkes knocks on the door and enters the room, warmly lit  
 with a floor-to-ceiling track-lighting pole. Williams stands  
 by a small counter, next to a small fish bowl containing two  
 lonely Angel fishes. He pours a glass of whiskey that he  
 hands to Hawkes.

WILLIAMS

Good timing Jon. Here you go.

Hawkes grabs the glass as Williams pours another one for  
 himself and raises it to toast.

WILLIAMS

To a successful experiment.

HAWKES

To the five civilians for the hell  
we're putting them through.

WILLIAMS

Speaking of hell, depending on how  
bad things get with Cuba, we'll be  
joining them in that shelter, I tell  
you that.

They drink as they head toward the main desk and sit.

WILLIAMS

The last news I heard are that the  
O.A.S. has unanimously backed  
Kennedy's blockade. The U.N. are in  
full session as we speak, so we'll  
know more in a couple of hours.

HAWKES

How does it look to you?

WILLIAMS

Not good. The first thing Khrushchev  
did was accuse us of violating  
International Trade laws, so at this  
point I don't see why he won't try  
breaking through.

HAWKES

And if they do?

WILLIAMS

...We're at war my friend.

HAWKES

What about the experiment?

WILLIAMS

We're sticking to the four week plan  
for now. And in case of a conflict,  
well... these people will have the  
best seats in the house, so I wouldn't  
worry about them.

They finish their drinks in silence.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

The HUMMING of the dimmed lights and the sound of DRIPPING  
WATER resonate inside the otherwise silent shelter.

A makeshift wall of blankets stands across the row of cots, separating the women from the men. Everybody is sleeping except for Donald, who's tossing around suffering from insomnia, and Katherine. She's sitting on the edge of her bunk, on one of the far ends, quietly crying while contemplating a small photograph of a young boy.

Maria wakes up and sits next to Katherine, who tries to regain some composure.

MARIA

Is that your son?

Katherine nods, forcing a smile.

KATHERINE

I was supposed to take him swimming tomorrow... He loves swimming... and he's good you know, really good.

MARIA

He's got your eyes.

KATHERINE

I know.

Maria takes her into her arms.

MARIA

Don't worry, I'm sure he's safe.

KATHERINE

(after a pause)

Maria... What do you think happens after we die?

MARIA

I... I don't know. But your soul goes to a better place than this earth, that I'm pretty sure.

KATHERINE

What if that wasn't the case. What if it all ends there, it all goes to black... forever.

MARIA

I've asked myself the same question... But then I reach back inside to connect with God, and I know I'll be okay. We will all be okay as long as we keep our faith.

KATHERINE  
I'm trying, believe me, I'm trying.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

Goldman is listening to the news on the radio as he eats breakfast at his station. A daily calendar standing on the table reads: October 24th.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
...The official blockade has gone into effect today. The fleet is made up of 16 destroyers, 3 cruisers, 1 carrier and 150 other vessels. The manpower is estimated to be in the tens of thousands...

GOLDMAN  
Now that's what I call taking the matter seriously.

Claire is on the other end of the room watching the monitors. Hawkes enters the room, taking a seat next to her.

DR. CLAIRE  
Any news?

HAWKES  
The latest word from Washington is that Khrushchev is not backing down.

DR. CLAIRE  
This is completely insane. They should know Kennedy's never gonna let them get away with this.

The news sinks in while the report on the radio carries on.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
... On the mainland, Army defense battalions equipped with surface to air missiles are being moved to Florida from all across the United States...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS (STOCK)

Strategic Air Command, Planes, Missiles, Ships and Troops.

The News Anchor's voice progressively turns to STATIC NOISE, while the images slowly fade into a CONCRETE WALL.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHELTER (DAY 2) - DAY

WE PAN OUT of one the shelter's walls, into Donald who's sitting by the short-wave radio. The static continues as he scans the various frequencies. He writes down some comments on a note pad, already full of thorough observations.

Maria is emptying her back pack. She grabs a harmonica among the items and briefly plays a few notes. Clarence is braiding two pieces of string while Michael is half-way laying on the table, reading "Naked Lunch" by William S. Burroughs. Katherine seems to be the only one without a specific occupation, impatiently sitting on her bed.

KATHERINE

Why don't they broadcast anything?  
If they could do it yesterday, they  
sure could do it today, don't you  
think Donald?

DONALD

I guess we'll find out, won't we.

KATHERINE

When you were in the Army, was there  
any kind of procedure, you know, in  
case of war or...

Donald interrupts her while continuing his writing.

DONALD

When I was in the Army, the Atom  
Bomb didn't even exist, so why don't  
you take a deep breath and make  
yourself comfortable, because we're  
all going to stay here for a while.

KATHERINE

How long is "a while"?

Donald drops his pen and turns to Katherine.

DONALD

Ma'am, do you understand what's  
happened out there?

KATHERINE

I UNDERSTAND. I just need to have an estimate, that's all.

DONALD

One week, one month, one year. You choose, because in the end it doesn't matter. Our problem is that damn radiation outside that door and the fact that it ain't going anywhere for the next five hundred years. That's our problem.

MICHAEL

Shit Donald, given your optimism we may as well hold hands and commit collective suicide on the spot, what do you think?

DONALD

You'd love that, wouldn't you?

KATHERINE

Both of you, stop with that nonsense!

MARIA

The nonsense is that we can't stay here forever, it's crazy. There's got to be some kind of other solution.

CLARENCE

What about these special suits we have, they should protect us out there.

Donald gets up and walks over to the kitchen area, where he pours himself a glass of water.

DONALD

By the time we make it out of the rubble, we'll run out of air. And if we still have some left, we'll end up in the middle of the desert with nowhere to go...

(he drinks)

The only thing we can do is hope that within a few weeks the level of contamination goes down enough so it won't kill us all in a matter of days.

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

If so, we'll be able to travel to a safer area. That's it, that's our only chance.

He wipes off the counter, where a few drops have leaked out of the water container.

The rest of the group ponders on these new thoughts, in particular Katherine, who seems deeply affected.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hawkes is at his observation station taking some notes. Claire is next to him, staring at the monitors in a puzzled way.

HAWKES

What's wrong?

DR. CLAIRE

Nothing... I'm just fascinated and horrified at the same time, with all this.

HAWKES

Unfortunately, that's one paradox we're stuck with on this job.

DR. CLAIRE

When you think about it, we've completely altered these people's sense of reality in less than two days. Now to be honest with you, and based on what I've seen, I have no clue what the extent of the mental damage could be with twenty-six more days to go.

HAWKES

I still believe they will adapt. I can already show you signs of that in the five of them.

DR. CLAIRE

They will adapt, yes. But under which conditions? First of all we don't know anything about these people.

(MORE)

DR. CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Some could have a preexisting mental disorder or potential dangerous impulses that could resurface as their brain progressively dismisses the codes of civility. I mean, we're really playing with fire here. I could give you a hundred examples of what could go wrong.

HAWKES

Of course there is a risk, and I'm not comfortable about it. But you and I knew that from the first day we planned this whole thing... Look, I care about their safety as much as you do, that's part of our job. So relax. If anything serious was to happen, I'd stop the experiment in a heartbeat, trust me.

DR. CLAIRE

That's what I wanted to hear.

We MOVE IN on the monitors as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHELTER (DAY 3) - NIGHT / MONTAGE

Michael sketches the image of a statuesque woman on his pad.

Maria stares into the void, quietly playing her harmonica.

Clarence is reading a passage of the Book of Matthew in his Bible.

Katherine is in the bathroom, pouring some water on her face, before looking intently at her own reflection in the mirror.

Donald uses his pocket knife to engrave the third day mark on the wall next to his bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS (STOCK)

B-52 Bombers, Maps, and Ships.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Strategic Air Command B-52 bombers,  
 already out on massive worldwide  
 airborne alert, are now flying 24  
 hour missions. Meanwhile the hours  
 are ticking away to a showdown, as  
 25 Soviet ships are steaming toward  
 the armada of The U.S. Navy force,  
 picketing Castro's island.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hawkes and his team are trying to concentrate on their work,  
 but Williams' loud voice makes it difficult. The colonel is  
 shouting on the phone while pacing back and forth.

WILLIAMS

(on phone)

...There are no "if's" about it!  
 We've got a situation here Chuck,  
 just like you, but I need these damn  
 reports by tomorrow morning, period!

He slams down the phone screaming out a "roar" of frustration.

WILLIAMS

These guys are driving me bananas!

HAWKES

What's the scoop?

WILLIAMS

The scoop is that this little game  
 those commies are playing, is giving  
 ME and the whole Pentagon a dose of  
 stress that we don't need right now.

Hawkes pulls out a chair for his colonel.

HAWKES

Here, why don't you take a seat and  
 relax for a few minutes. We've got  
 this great post-nuclear survival  
 show on TV. It's so good I even  
 thinks it beats "The Twilight Zone".

WILLIAMS

(as he seats)

The Twilight Zone... That's exactly  
 where we're all going to end up if  
 (MORE)

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
the Russians don't turn their ships  
around.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 3) - DAY

Life goes on in the shelter. Maria is sitting on her cot, practicing on her harmonica, while Clarence and Donald are playing cards at the table. Donald doesn't seem very thrilled with the way the game is going and keeps turning toward Maria, probably annoyed by her music. He deals his cards and turns to her again, this time opening his mouth.

DONALD  
Hey Maria, can you please cut it  
out. I'm trying to concentrate here,  
and your musical arrangements are  
not helping, believe me!

She stops, shaking her head while throwing him a mean look.

Katherine comes out of the bathroom and goes over to her bed.

MARIA  
Are you feeling better?

KATHERINE  
Much better, thank you. It must be  
all this survival food. I guess my  
body has to get used to it.

Katherine leaves her purse on the cot and walks over behind Michael's shoulder, who's finishing up the sketch of the statuesque woman.

KATHERINE  
Wow, this looks really nice... who  
is she?

MICHAEL  
I have no idea. All I know is that  
she shows up in my dreams once in a  
while.

KATHERINE  
An angel maybe?

MICHAEL  
I don't believe in angels.

Katherine reflects for a second on that comment. She's obviously still in doubt about her own beliefs. She refers to another drawing sticking out from under the current one, eager to change the subject.

KATHERINE

What about this other sketch underneath?

Michael brings up the drawing, showing it to her.

KATHERINE

Wait... This is Maria, isn't it?  
(to Maria)  
Maria, take a look at this, it's beautiful.

MARIA

Let me see.

Maria walks over, slightly excited. She takes the pad out of Michael's hands to take a closer look. She's impressed.

MARIA

When did you do that?

MICHAEL

Oh, I squeezed it out during my spare time.

Maria smiles. Clarence looks over from the table, trying to catch a glimpse of the drawing, but Donald brings him back into the game.

DONALD

Come on Clarence, your turn.

Katherine puts her hand on Maria's shoulder, contemplating the drawing.

KATHERINE

(to Maria)  
You'll want to keep that. And one day, when you...  
(a pulse of dizziness)  
...when you...

Katherine is suddenly thrown to the ground as if a huge hand came and slapped her down.

She quickly goes into violent convulsions, wreathing and contorting on the floor.

MARIA  
 (screams)  
 Katherine!

MICHAEL  
 Holy Shit!

DONALD  
 What the hell.

Clarence and Michael rush to her side. Donald follows.  
 Clarence tries to hold her down.

CLARENCE  
 She's having a seizure.

MARIA  
 My God!

CLARENCE  
 (to Maria)  
 Check her purse for medication.  
 (to Michael)  
 Get me some tongue depressors and  
 gauze out of the first aid cabinet.

MICHAEL  
 You got it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Claire quickly zooms in on the action.

DR. CLAIRE  
 Guys, we've got a problem.

We MOVE IN on Hawkes' face, his eyes staring at the monitors.

HAWKES  
 Oh no...

Williams stands up and walks up behind Hawkes, to take a  
 better look at the screens.

WILLIAMS  
 What's wrong with her?

INT. SHELTER (DAY 3) - DAY

Both Maria and Michael quickly do as instructed. She rifles  
 through Katherine's purse. He returns the requested items.

CLARENCE

Wrap the gauze around the tongue depressor. We've gotta stick it in her mouth before she bites her tongue off.

Michael quickly wraps the tongue depressor.

CLARENCE

Where's that medication, girl?!

Maria hands him two bottles. He reads the label on each.

CLARENCE

"Phenobarbital" and "Dilantin." My God, she's an epileptic!

He opens the bottles and flips them upside down, but nothing comes out. They're empty.

CLARENCE

I don't believe this!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hawkes panics, turning sharply to Fiske.

HAWKES

Fiske, find her luggage and search it for medication, NOW!

FISKE

Yes, sir.

The lieutenant sprints out of the room. Hawkes slaps on the intercom and yells into the microphone.

HAWKES

This is Captain Hawkes. I need a Med Team to meet me outside the Gamma sector right away!

WILLIAMS

Jon, what the hell are you doing?

HAWKES

I'm stopping the experiment.

WILLIAMS

Are you fucking crazy?

HAWKES  
This woman is dying Frank!

WILLIAMS  
Bullshit!

DR. CLAIRE  
Sir, if she doesn't get her medication  
within minutes, she will die.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Clarence, Michael and Donald use all their strength to hold Katherine down, but it is to no avail. Her eyes turn white as they roll back in her head.

She is undergoing a horrific GRAND MAL SEIZURE... the most violent of its kind.

In a succession of powerful hits, Katherine slams her head against the concrete floor.

Clarence tries desperately to shield her skull, using his hand as a cushion. But he winces in pain each time it hits, until, finally, the skull splits open.

Her tortured body suddenly goes limp, and a pool of blood spills across the floor. Katherine is dead. Maria lets out a scream.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hawkes and Williams pursue their argument without even looking at the monitors. Claire covers her mouth, shocked by these last gruesome images.

WILLIAMS  
You're not stopping this experiment...

HAWKES  
(interrupting)  
This is my project and I can stop it  
if want to!

WILLIAMS  
I AM YOUR SUPERIOR, therefore you do  
as I say GOD DAMN IT! We're on the  
verge of World War Three and this  
experiment is all we've got in case  
it happens! So get real for Christ's  
sake!

DR. CLAIRE  
Stop Arguing Please! It's too late  
anyway, she's dead.

The two men stop, both turning toward the monitors in silence.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 3) - DAY

Clarence withdraws his shaking, blood-covered hands from Katherine.

CLARENCE  
Dear God in heaven.

He checks her pulse, before closing her wide open eyes forever. Silence follows, as the four civilians stare in shock at the body.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Williams taps Hawkes on the shoulder.

WILLIAMS  
Look...I'm sorry about the lady.

He heads for the door, when he turns around.

WILLIAMS  
Let me know what they do with the  
body?

He exits. But the captain is not even paying attention. He's still glaring at the screens, reflecting on the terrible tragedy that has just happened.

Claire is in the same state of disarray, reasoning over the causes of the incident.

DR. CLAIRE  
What were we thinking?... And I knew  
it too. The second we decided to go  
with strangers, I knew we were asking  
for trouble and...

HAWKES  
(interrupting)  
That's enough Amanda, words are not  
gonna bring her back... We rolled  
the dice, we lost and now we have to  
move on... That's all there is to  
it.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 3) - DAY

Katherine's body is on the floor and is tightly wrapped in a sheet and blanket. Michael tries to comfort the crying Maria as they stand beside the body. Clarence, with Bible in one hand, his cross in the other, closes his eyes in prayer.

CLARENCE

Dear Lord, it is with great pain and anguish that we give to you a fellow human being named Katherine. We did not know her long, but we knew her well.

Donald is standing next to the body with the others, even though his expression reads more boredom than compassion.

CLARENCE

It's people like her who make you smile when darkness falls around you. A person that could heal your soul, when you would rather just let go. Katherine was caught in something I don't think any of us will ever understand.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hawkes and Amanda, feeling mournful, watch the funeral service on the monitor.

CLARENCE (O.S.)

We only know that she will be remembered as a kind and caring woman. Please watch over her Lord, as she is with you now, in the Kingdom of Heaven. Amen.

MARIA (O.S.)

Amen.

Amanda is moved by the words.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 3) - DAY

Donald steps forward as Clarence finishes the service, passing his cross over Katherine.

DONALD

Well, God may take care of her soul, but we've got to deal with her body, and that ain't gonna be any fun, let me tell you.

CLARENCE

I've thought about it too and my best solution is to put her in the storage room. We'll take the food out and seal her inside. It should take care of most of the smell in the coming days.

DONALD

SOME of the smell Clarence. I once puked from the stench of a Nazi stiff that was half-a-mile away from where I was. So believe me, with Katherine next door in a room with no refrigeration, you can wrap her all you want, it won't matter. We will smell her, that I guarantee you.

Maria doesn't say anything, but this whole conversation is obviously sickening her.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Katherine's enshrouded body lays of the floor of the otherwise empty storage room which goes dark when the door is closed tight.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 3) - DAY

Michael, Donald and Clarence use duct-tape to seal around the frame of the door.

We MOVE AWAY from the three men at work and find Maria down to her knees, wiping up the last of Katherine's blood from the floor.

INT. HAWKES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hawkes is alone, sitting at his desk on top of which Katherine's suitcase lays open. He finds a smaller bag among her clothes. Inside, two bottles with the extra epilepsy medication and some other items, including a few photographs. He picks one of the pictures, showing Katherine as a school teacher, posing with her class.

Tears are shaping up in his eyes as he contemplates the belongings of this brave woman, whose death will haunt him for the rest of his life.

A brief knock is heard on the door.

HAWKES

Come in.

Private Phillips enters holding a letter in his hands.

PVT. PHILLIPS

Sir, here is a letter for you.

HAWKES

Thank you Phillips.

Hawkes grabs the envelope as the private exits. He opens it, instantly cracking a sweet smile. Inside, a few words from a child's writing ending with: I LOVE YOU DADDY!...JUDY.

The captain's eyes are automatically drawn to the only photograph hung to the push pin board above his desk: a little five year old girl with a radiant smile. He takes it in his hands and passes his fingers over its surface. His smile gently fades away as tears roll down his cheeks.

INT. CORRIDORS - DAY

Soldiers and other Army personnel are quickly navigating through the hallways, under red flashing lights and siren sounds. The base is in full alert.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The situation is tense. Fiske is on the phone talking to his family, while both Hawkes and Goldman are by the radio. The calendar next to them reads: October 27th.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

President Kennedy has been confiding with administrator Chiefs and congressional leaders for the last twelve hours, and the Capital is alive with conjecture that he is ready to make a dramatic move in the face of the Soviet's intensified military buildup of Castro's Cuba - a move to end this threat to world peace.

FISKE  
 (on the phone)  
 Honey, don't think about it... I  
 know... let them watch if they  
 want...no, I don't know...

Doctor Claire walks into the room holding a cup of coffee.  
 She looks quite worried.

DR. CLAIRE  
 Jon, what's going on?

HAWKES  
 I'm not sure, but the whole base is  
 on DEF CON 2 alert, not a good sign.

Fiske hangs up. Hawkes rushes over to place his own call.

HAWKES  
 (into the phone)  
 Pam it's me Jon... Look, I don't  
 care if you don't feel like talking  
 to me right now, it's very important.  
 I want you and Judy to be ready at  
 any moment, LET ME FINISH, in case  
 you hear emergency sirens, go  
 immediately to the bomb shelters  
 under the City Hall, you hear me?...  
 I don't know, but if it happens,  
 it's going to be soon. Tell Judy I  
 love her.

Williams enters the room, angry and hyper.

WILLIAMS  
 Are you folks ready for war, because  
 we're just about to have one.

HAWKES  
 What happened?

WILLIAMS  
 One of our U2 planes has just been  
 shot down over Cuba.

GOLDMAN  
 Jesus!

WILLIAMS

And another one barely got away after it drifted into Soviet airspace over Siberia... Anyway, the word is that if Khrushchev doesn't blink within the next 24 hours, it's very likely that we'll invade Cuba. All we need is a "go" from Washington and our troops are gonna beat the shit out of Castro like you wouldn't believe.

HAWKES

(to Williams)

This is crazy... If we attack you know damn well he's gonna send us his full load of missiles. We'll respond and so will Moscow and that's it, World War Three will have been over in less than an hour. Nobody wins, millions die, and nothing is resolved because Kennedy, Khrushchev and Castro will still be cursing at each other from their bunker.

WILLIAMS

Yes indeed captain, it is absurd, but whatever happens is out of our hands. All I'm asking from you folks, is to expect the worst.

The colonel heads for the door.

WILLIAMS

I'll brief you on any update.

He exits, leaving Hawkes and his team in a state of inevitable distress. The captain walks up to the monitors in silence.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 5) - DAY

Post-nuclear life goes on for the four subjects. Michael is asleep on his cot. Maria is next to him, going through the various sketches he's done. Some are picturesque nature scenes flowered in hope and enchantment, while others are darker and more disturbing, evoking a desolate nuclear holocaust with morbid images of death and destruction.

Once she's finished, she turns to Michael with a gentle smile and watches him sleep.

Donald is at work, wiping down the eating area. Clarence takes a break from his Bible reading, concerned with Donald's obsession.

CLARENCE

(to Donald)

For God sakes, man, how many times  
are you gonna clean that table?

Donald is really going after it, with lots of elbow grease.

DONALD

Just because we're in a bomb shelter  
doesn't mean we have to live like  
slobs.

CLARENCE

What are you talking about, slobs?  
I think we're pretty damn clean if  
you ask me.

DONALD

There's clean, and then there's clean.  
I happen to know the difference.

CLARENCE

Is that right.

DONALD

(still cleaning)

Absolutely.

Clarence watches, bemused, while scratching the five day old stubble on his face.

CLARENCE

How clean is clean?

DONALD

Cleaner than this.

Donald is now working on the sides of the table.

CLARENCE

Make sure you get the sidewalls.  
And while you're at it, throw an  
extra coat of wax on it for me. Put  
it on my bill.

Clarence finds himself amusing.

DONALD

(working)

I'm glad you think it's funny. But cleanliness is next to godliness, you should know that, Reverend.

CLARENCE

Cleanliness of the soul, that's what the Bible means.

DONALD

Yeah well why don't you use your clean soul and heavenly connections to get us the hell out of here.

CLARENCE

I'm afraid it's not that simple.

Donald gives a cynical laugh as he cleans.

DONALD

Isn't that typical? Just when we need a miracle, we find out "it's not that simple."

CLARENCE

Oh, ye, of little faith.

DONALD

A lot of good it's done you.

CLARENCE

It saved my life.

DONALD

And how about all the other Christians out there who didn't make it to a shelter. They got fried so fast that they didn't even have time to say "Jesus". So tell me, why would God save you and not them? What makes you more special than they are? Let's see what you've got to say to that?

CLARENCE

What matters is not when or why you die, it's where your soul ends up. And when that moment comes, God will always have a place in his kingdom for the beings that stood by him.

DONALD

One thing I've got to admit is you people always have an answer for everything.

CLARENCE

The Lord is the one with all the answers, not me.

Donald goes back to the kitchen sink, where he rinses his sponge. Maria has been quietly watching. We MOVE IN on her as she plays a few sporadic notes with her harmonica.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARMY BASE / VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT / MONTAGE

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

A clock displays 3 AM in an otherwise empty hallway.

A silhouetted soldier on guard duty smokes a cigarette.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The brightness of the TV monitors illuminates the room, as most other lights have been dimmed down. Goldman is at the observation post, half asleep. He kills time by making a nickel spin on the surface of the counter.

INT. HAWKES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hawkes turns his bathroom light on and takes a few pills from his cabinet. He swallows them and leans against the wall, getting down on his knees. He wipes his sweaty forehead, unable to stop thinking about this potentially imminent nuclear holocaust.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHELTER (DAY 6) - DAY

The four Guinea pigs are sitting at the main table, eating their meal in silence.

Michael leaves his plate half full, grabs a cigarette and lights it up, contemplating the last two fags remaining inside the pack.

Donald on the other hand, has emptied his plate, carefully wiping away the few crumbs of bread that fell on the table.

Maria has barely touched her food, feeling quite nauseous. She suddenly rushes to the kitchen sink where she vomits. She then wipes her face while addressing the others.

MARIA

We've got to do something about this smell, it's killing me.

DONALD

Get used to it girl, it's only going to get worse.

MICHAEL

Don't worry Maria, You and me we're getting out of this shit hole really soon.

DONALD

You're not. I just checked the radioactivity level this morning and it's barely dropped from the first day we got here.

MICHAEL

Look man, you can wait all you want for those Geiger numbers to make your day, I won't.

CLARENCE

Michael come on, be realistic, it's too dangerous to open that door now.

MICHAEL

Clarence, let me ask you. Given our current situation, how long do you expect to live?... being realistic of course.

CLARENCE

I... I don't know.

MICHAEL

You don't know, or you don't want to know.

(Clarence freezes)

Come on, it's not that hard to figure out when you think about it. You take the water, food and power supply and see how much longer it's gonna last us.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I say three weeks, but I'm sure our expert Donald has an exact figure to give us...

(to Donald)

...Right boss?

DONALD

Thirty-one days worth of food and water. Power, I'm not sure.

MICHAEL

Alright, one month to live. So with that in mind, I guess it all comes down to a matter of taste, doesn't it? We can either sit here and smell rotting flesh, or take our chances outside while watching the sunset. You know my choice, now you make yours.

No one has any comments to add, knowing damn well that they're screwed either way.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS (stock) Recon Planes, Russian Ships, White House.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

It has been confirmed now that this morning, the White House received a formal notification from Chairman Khrushchev that he will remove the missiles from Cuba. This puts an end to the six day blockade implemented by President Kennedy, in what perhaps will be remembered as the most frightening week the world has ever known...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDORS - DAY

About two dozen of the base personnel are standing by listening to Colonel Williams' voice over a loudspeaker.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

... Folks, I just got the word.

(MORE)

WILLIAMS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The Russians are turning their ships  
around. God bless us all, it's over.

Everybody cheers, hugging, clapping and shaking hands.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A cork pops out of a bottle of champagne, prompting Goldman  
to quickly pour the overflowing foam into a few glasses.

GOLDMAN  
I bet that at least half the planet  
is getting drunk right now.

Fiske is on the phone with his wife, while Claire grabs two  
cups, bringing one to Hawkes who's sitting by the monitors.

DR. CLAIRE  
Here you go.

The captain takes the cup and drinks it all in one drag,  
surprising Claire who was about to propose a toast.

DR. CLAIRE  
(raising her glass)  
Cheers...

Hawkes returns the gesture anyhow, lifting his empty glass  
to meet hers. He smiles, but Claire notices that Hawkes is  
not in his right frame of mind.

DR. CLAIRE  
Jon, what's the problem?

He stares at her with no response, when the door flies open.

Williams walks in with a proud demeanor.

WILLIAMS  
Good morning everybody.

Goldman momentarily flips out, trying to put away his glass.  
The colonel notices.

WILLIAMS  
Don't worry about it lieutenant, I  
just had two of those myself.

GOLDMAN  
(smiling)  
Yes sir.

The colonel walks up to the observation post where Hawkes and Claire are sitting.

WILLIAMS  
(tipping his hat)  
Doctor, captain.

HAWKES  
Have a seat.

Williams grabs a chair and sits in between the two scientists.

WILLIAMS  
I don't have much time right now, so just give me a quick update on the current status. I'll read the full report tonight.

DR. CLAIRE  
Sure, let's start with Michael and Maria... I'd say a pretty strong bond is starting to develop between them, you'll see, I wrote quite a bit on that in the report. Clarence doesn't do much except learning his Bible by heart, which at least helps him keep a positive attitude. Donald on the other hand, is definitely turning out as the most interesting case...

HAWKES  
(interrupting)  
... and the most dangerous too.

WILLIAMS  
Why is that?

DR. CLAIRE  
He's got a kind of obsessive compulsive disorder, which at the moment is very obvious through this chronic cleaning he has developed. We've noticed other signs of mental instability and we're pretty sure more symptoms are brooding underneath the surface. We don't know what yet, but we don't exclude the possibility of aggression toward the others.

We SEE Donald on one of the monitors, laying on his bed and writing inside his journal.

WILLIAMS

How about the body, any smell yet?

HAWKES

Oh yeah... I'd say it's one of the main factors behind their overall psychological deterioration. I give it a week maximum, before they go for the door.

WILLIAMS

Why we didn't think about a cold room and body bags, I don't know. But it won't happen again, let me tell you. Make sure to highlight this problem in our final report.

DR. CLAIRE

Of course.

The colonel stands up.

WILLIAMS

I'll send someone for your notes, doctor.

DR. CLAIRE

No problem.

WILLIAMS

I know it's not an easy job, but you should be proud...

(turning to Fiske and Goldman)

... all of you. I just want you folks to know that.

Hawkes throws a cynical look, as Williams turns around and heads for the door. Fiske and Goldman salute him as he exits.

Claire looks into Hawkes' eyes, trying to figure out what he has in mind.

DR. CLAIRE

You want to stop this whole thing, don't you?

HAWKES

I don't know Amanda... I don't know  
what I want to do.

They both turn back toward the monitors in silence.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

A lab technician passes through an empty hallway, pushing a cage with a monkey inside. Above him, a large wall clock has its hands SPINNING in FAST MOTION.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 11) - DAY

We PULL BACK from Donald's indented marks on the wall, which add up to eleven days.

The harshness of shelter life is showing its signs on the four subjects. They have lost weight, look grubbier and the men are unshaven.

The main lights have also lost some of their brightness and tend to flicker occasionally. On the other hand, bags of trash keep increasing and are being piled up in one of the corners.

Clarence and Donald are playing checkers, while the other two are on the cots.

Maria is laying her head in Michael's lap, tying a Mexican friendship bracelet to his wrist. She sits up, takes a piece of string and ties a knot with the ends. She then threads the whole thing between her hands and makes elaborate designs by moving one finger under another.

MARIA

What do you see?

MICHAEL

I don't know... It's a secret map  
out of here.

MARIA

No, it's a widow's web.

MICHAEL

Same difference...

They both smile.

MARIA  
You always have an answer for  
everything.

MICHAEL  
I just say what's on my mind, that's  
all.

She twists her hands into a new configuration, then holds it  
in front of him. He grabs a piece of string and pulls it,  
creating a new complex form.

MICHAEL  
(continuing)  
Here... what do you see?

MARIA  
(thinking)  
A man and a woman... they're a couple.

MICHAEL  
What are they doing?

MARIA  
(gaining confidence)  
They're about to make love.

MICHAEL  
Is it her first time?

MARIA  
She's been waiting for the right  
moment.

MICHAEL  
How does she know it's the right  
moment?

MARIA  
I know it is.

She leans over to him and he kisses her on her forehead.  
Driven by a tremendous need for affection, she hugs Michael  
as hard as she can.

MARIA  
(continuing)  
Michael, I'm afraid... I'm so afraid.

Donald watches the young couple, while Clarence makes his  
move on the checker board.

CLARENCE

Your turn.

Donald looks up at Clarence, then back to the board. He hesitates for a moment, before going ahead with his next move.

CLARENCE

Hello... and goodbye.

Clarence triple jumps Donald, who lets the information sink in, when... He suddenly explodes, lifting up the checker board and ripping it in half. Checkers fly everywhere.

CLARENCE

Have you lost your mind?

DONALD

I don't play with cheaters.

CLARENCE

For Heaven's sake, man, I didn't cheat nobody.

DONALD

You think I didn't see? You think I'm blind?

CLARENCE

I think you're a damn fool, is what I think.

DONALD

Why don't you go screw yourself!

CLARENCE

You take that back, sir.

DONALD

I'll take nothing back, boy.

Clarence's intense look digs into Donald, who gives it right back.

Michael steps in.

MICHAEL

Can I help with anything guys?

The young beatnik eyes Donald.

DONALD

Yeah, why don't you and your "senorita" take your little affection ritual somewhere away from my view. Have a little consideration for the rest of us.

MICHAEL

Don't worry Donald, I never planned on giving you the privilege to watch.

Michael puckers his lips, mimicking a kiss.

DONALD

You watch your back, fellow.

Donald turns and walks to his bunk, where he starts scribbling frantically into his journal. Clarence shakes his head and bends down to pick up the checkers.

MARIA

Let me help you.

Maria walks over and assists Clarence.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The clock displays 2:34 AM. Lieutenant Fiske is playing with a pencil while watching the monitors. Goldman kills his own time, reading the newspaper. They're both bored as everyone in the shelter is sleeping.

When he suddenly seems to notice something unusual, Fiske drops the pencil and reaches out to one of the monitors' brightness control switch, checking the spectrum from one extreme to another.

FISKE

Maybe it's me, but it looks like we're losing some light in there.

Goldman shifts his attention to the monitor.

GOLDMAN

That's impossible.

FISKE

(pointing at the monitor)

See that dark area right here, well that's where the radio is supposed

(MORE)

FISKE (CONT'D)  
to be, and up until last night I  
swear I could still see it.

The lieutenant slides over to the playback station, where he loads up a reel. A similar angle of the shelter shows up on a different monitor, except that on this one, we can perceive the shape of the radio receiver. Fiske is right.

GOLDMAN  
Uh oh, I don't know if I like this.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

We EXPLORE a few hallways across the underground base. The lighting and the overall atmosphere is more surreal than usual, and even though nobody seems to be around, we can HEAR the echo of FOOTSTEPS in the distance.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a LITTLE GIRL comes running down one of the corridors. We can quickly recognize her from the photograph in Hawkes' quarter: it's his daughter JUDY. She is lost and confused, as a multitude of SOUNDS and VOICES emerging from everywhere, seem to penetrate her brain.

When a female voice stands out from the brouhaha and calls out her name, Judy notices a silhouetted figure waiting at the end of the hallway.

The little girl runs up to the lady and climbs into the her arms. The woman is wearing dark sunglasses, but we can tell who it is: Katherine! She removes her shades, revealing a frightening pair of eyes. They have no iris and are completely BLACK! She smiles, when a SCREAM fades in, SHATTERING Katherine's image to pieces.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HAWKES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hawkes jumps out of his bed, breathing heavily. He switches the light on and feels his heart with his hand.

HAWKES  
Shit...

He wipes his sweaty forehead and swallows two pills from a bottle laying by the side of his cot. He then walks up to the door and steps outside.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Hawkes is standing in the distance of the otherwise empty corridor. He looks around, and after a few seconds goes back into his room, shutting his door.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

The night goes on in the shelter as well , where all except one are sleeping in their cots.

INT. BATHROOM / SHELTER - NIGHT

Michael is washing up his face, when he suddenly stops to stare at his reflection in the mirror. A moment passes and he lowers his head back into the small bucket of water, when he HEARS something. He looks into the mirror again and sees Maria, standing by the door. He turns around and watches her, naked, intensely looking into his eyes.

Maria slowly walks up to Michael, who takes her into his arms. He strokes her hair and gently brings his face toward hers. They kiss, softly at first, then harder, as hands begin to move upon each other. He pursues the kiss down to her neck and her breast... She needs it and she wants it. Michael picks her up and sits her on the sink counter.

They begin to make passionate love. Maria smiles, letting a tear roll down her cheek, as she enters womanhood for the first time.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 15) - DAY

A tea pot WHISTLES. Donald removes it from the stove and puts it on the main table, next to a mass of papers containing his recent observations. These penciled remarks however, come as quite a contrast with his early, neatly ruled out logs. They're covered with feverishly written notes and are punctuated with oversized exclamation marks.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hawkes and Goldman are at the observation post, going through several open files and technical manuals.

HAWKES

Are you sure about that?

GOLDMAN

Positive.

(MORE)

GOLDMAN (CONT'D)

I compared tapes from the last three days, checking specifically for changes in luminosity, and in each case it would get progressively weaker.

HAWKES

So what you're telling me is that we blew up the main power feed during our little shockwave demonstration and that there is no way to fix it, right?

GOLDMAN

That's right.

HAWKES

And how long is that auxiliary system supposed to last?

GOLDMAN

(checking a manual)  
Between three and four weeks.

HAWKES

So basically, it's just gonna get darker and darker in there, and before we know it we're not gonna see shit with our cameras, right?

GOLDMAN

That's right.

HAWKES

Great... This is absolutely fucking great!

He sweeps his arm across the counter, sending half of the documents fly up in the air.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 15) - DAY

The lights are flickering more often now, another sign that the auxiliary power is definitely losing steam.

Clarence lies sleeping, Michael is in the bathroom, and Maria is on her cot, holding a gas mask up to her face. Donald is still at the table with his tea, watching her. He gets up, grabs his chair and sits next to her.

DONALD

You know, these air capsules are very valuable... and I don't think I'm gonna let you use them like that.

MARIA

(withdrawing the mask)

Why don't you get lost, Donald.

DONALD

Oooooh... "Sweet Maria" is getting tough.

CLARENCE

She's just adapting to jerks like you.

DONALD

Well... That's too bad, you know. She used to be so pure, so... virginal.

Maria gives a look as Donald rises and moves towards her. He glances around, to make sure the way is clear.

DONALD

I'd hate to think this place has turned her into some lowlife street whore.

MARIA

Get away from me.

Donald is being driven by his hormones, and right now, they're dictating him to move closer.

DONALD

Ah Maria, you don't know how hard it is to find a good woman around here... At least one that's breathing.

MARIA

You're a sick pig, you know that.

Donald puts his hand in her hair. She responds instantly and hits him in the head with the gas mask. Donald strikes back and slaps her in the face, making her swing and fall flat on the bed.

Not even two seconds have passed, that a vicious hand hits the side of Donald's head. It's Michael, draped in a towel.

Donald is dazed and can't defend himself, as the young man lifts him up and throws him against the wall.

MICHAEL

What the fuck is wrong with you!

Donald has regained his senses and is ready to rock. But Clarence intervenes, and gets in between the two men.

CLARENCE

Alright guys, that's enough. That's enough I said!

MICHAEL

(to Donald)

You touch her again, I'll kill you.

DONALD

Try it from the front next time, punk!

MARIA

(loudly)

Stop it, all of you! I'm sick of this shit!

They stop, and spend the next few seconds observing each other.

MICHAEL

I guess it was meant to be...

(to Maria)

Pack your stuff, we're getting the hell out of here.

DONALD

Wait a...

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

Fuck the radiation! Maria and I are taking off, period. And I strongly suggest you two do the same... You'll live longer.

CLARENCE

(a pause, to Donald)

The kid is right, the way things are getting in here, we have a better chance outside.

They all look at Donald.

DONALD  
 Fine... You guys pack the food, I'll  
 get the suits ready.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Hawkes and Goldman are still by the main bay, their eyes  
 glued to the monitors.

GOLDMAN  
 (on the phone)  
 ... That's right, tell the colonel  
 to come here a.s.a.p, thanks.

Claire enters the room, holding a sandwich and a cup of  
 coffee.

DR. CLAIRE  
 Good morning.

HAWKES  
 Wrong day to be late Amanda.

DR. CLAIRE  
 What, what's happening.

She quickly takes her seat next to the captain.

HAWKES  
 They had a fight in there five minutes  
 ago, and now they're all going for  
 the door.

DR. CLAIRE  
 Shit.

HAWKES  
 (to Goldman)  
 Lieutenant, call Fiske and have him  
 get his ass over here. I want him  
 to see this.

ON THE MONITORS:  
 Michael, Maria and Clarence are  
 finishing up putting their anti-  
 radiation suits on, while Clarence  
 wraps up the last bag of supplies.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 15)- DAY

The four civilians head for the door, dressed up in their  
 protective outfits.

Donald and Michael grab the wheel designed to unlock the door and begin the procedure. They both pull hard on the device, but it won't budge. Donald swears through his gas mask.

DONALD

God damn it...Something's stuck.

They try again... nothing.

CLARENCE

Let me give it shot.

Clarence joins them and they all give it another shot, using all the force they've got. But once again, nothing moves. Michael kicks the door and takes his mask off.

MICHAEL

It's not happening.

The other three take their mask off as well.

DONALD

Looks like the door mechanism is jammed.

MARIA

So how are we going to get out now?

All four stare at the door, realizing their passageway to freedom has been cut off.

CLARENCE

There must be another way.

MICHAEL

Maybe. I say either through the air ducts, or from underneath the door, if we can dig a passage. We'll use any tool we can find.

DONALD

What tools are you talking about? The sharpest thing I've seen in here is a table spoon.

MICHAEL

Well that's a start Donald, isn't it?

CLARENCE

Come on let's look around, see what we find.

INT. SHELTER / SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

A) Michael opens a drawer in the kitchen and turns it over. Forks, knives, spoons and other cutlery spread on the counter.

B) Donald grabs a fire extinguisher that's attached to a wall.

C) Clarence opens the supplies closet and finds a toolbox. He grabs a hammer, screwdrivers and a pair of pliers.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Williams enters in his rushed and grouchy mode.

WILLIAMS

It better be good Captain, what is it?

HAWKES

Just take a look at the monitors, because this is what you get after two weeks of shelter life.

The colonel comes up closer to the monitors.

WILLIAMS

What the hell...

DR. CLAIRE

(to Williams)

They went for the door, and it didn't open of course, so now they're trying to find another way out.

HAWKES

(to Williams)

Didn't I tell you this would happen.

INT. SHELTER / SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Of the subjects, simultaneously trying to work their way through the potential exits:

A) Clarence walks up to the shelter door and begins hammering the floor, underneath it.

B) Michael unloads the food shelves, checking for any weak areas in the wall joints.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Williams shakes his head as he watches the escape attempt.

WILLIAMS

This is not gonna look good on the report, shit.

Fiske enters, still buttoning his shirt.

FISKE

Colonel, captain.

Williams nods as the lieutenant takes a spot behind him.

DR. CLAIRE

When you think about it, this is causing quite a contradiction on the whole concept of post-nuclear life... Look at them, they're consciously willing to expose themselves to deadly radiation, rather than staying another minute in the environment that's meant to protect them.

COL. WILLIAMS

I don't want to jump to any conclusions right now, doctor.

GOLDMAN

Uh oh, he's going for the air vents.

ON THE MONITORS:

Michael's face shows up in a close-up, as he stands right behind one of the grills where a camera is hidden on the other side.

INT. SHELTER / SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

C) Michael quickly inspects the various vent grills, feeling and pulling on them, to see what he'll need to get them open.

D) Donald digs behind one of the kitchen area cabinets... It's all concrete.

E) Maria joins Clarence in his effort to dig a hole under the heavy door.

F) Michael returns with a knife to one of the grills, and tries to disjoin it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Williams, Hawkes and his team are all drawing their attention to Michael, whose face is only inches away from the camera.

WILLIAMS

God damn it!

(to Michael's image)

Step away from there son...

Hawkes looks over at Williams, who's losing his temper again.

HAWKES

What happens if he gets it open?

WILLIAMS

He won't!

HAWKES

What if he does?

ON THE MONITOR:

The vent grill hiding the camera suddenly shakes as Michael pries one corner away from the wall. Maria jumps up, shouting in joy, while a smile crosses Clarence's face.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 15) - DAY

Michael keeps prying and pulling hard, hoping that the grill will pop off.

MICHAEL

Come on, you son of a bitch.

Clarence walks over, and helps him pull on the metallic grid.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The tension rises. Claire starts chewing her nails.

HAWKES

(to Williams)

You better think of something fast.

WILLIAMS

Let's see what he does first.

HAWKES

We'd have to end the project, you know that.

ON THE MONITOR:

Michael's knife suddenly breaks in half.

Claire shakes her head in disappointment.

INT. SHELTER - CLOSE ON VENT

We see that Michael has only peeled away a metal sliver from the wall, and that the vent appears to be molded into the concrete. It's impossible to get it off.

After vain efforts, they've all finally reached a point of exhaustion, anger, and desperation. They give up.

Maria leans against a wall and covers her face with her hands.

MARIA

I don't want to die in here... I  
DON'T WANT TO DIE IN THIS SHIT HOLE!

They all drop their tools, looking at each other in silence.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The captain and his team watch the TV screens with frustration.

HAWKES

(after a pause)  
Colonel, we need to talk.

WILLIAMS

Later, in my office.

The colonel leaves the room.

ON THE MONITORS:

Clarence addresses the divine powers,  
pleading for help.

CLARENCE

Lord, if you're listening, please  
find us a way out of here. Show us  
the light, I beg of you...

He closes his eyes in tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

A detachment of Soldiers runs by as Hawkes arrives at Williams' office. He knocks and opens the door slowly.

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The captain enters cautiously. Williams is sitting behind his desk, facing away from the door.

WILLIAMS

Come in.

Hawkes takes a seat as Williams turns around, glass of whiskey in hand. The colonel slides a bottle of liquor that's on his desk, toward his colleague.

WILLIAMS

Help yourself.

HAWKES

No thanks.

Williams empties his glass in one drag and stares back at Hawkes, looking surprisingly peaceful.

WILLIAMS

You want to stop the experiment,  
don't you?

HAWKES

We have to... This whole thing has  
just gone too far.

WILLIAMS

Look Jon, I know how you feel about  
what we're doing to these people,  
and believe me, I feel the same. I  
just don't show it.

He pours himself some more whiskey.

WILLIAMS

It's tough. And there is no doubt  
that this has been the most morally  
ambiguous project of all the ones  
we've done together, no doubt.

(MORE)

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

But, it's also the most rewarding, I want you to remember that.

HAWKES

Has it been worth Katherine's death? That's what you have ask yourself.

WILLIAMS

Unfortunately, the salvation of the world has always been in man's suffering.

HAWKES

And the destruction of the world has always been in man's folly. That's why this experiment is failing, Frank. It's failing, because there is no cure to the consequences of madness.

WILLIAMS

I love it when you get philosophical like this.

The colonel takes a sip.

HAWKES

(after a pause)

You want to go all the way to the end of the four weeks, don't you?

WILLIAMS

(after a pause)

I'm afraid we have to... Look, I know their psychological makeup is not accurate anymore since the door incident and all that, but still... there is so much more we can learn from them in terms of the survival process alone, that we can't pass it up... I know you understand.

HAWKES

It's amazing how you stick to your principles. All these years, all these experiments and you've always pushed it to the end... Rats, chimps, Marines, civilians, it doesn't matter, you've got to push it to the end, right Frank?

WILLIAMS

It's our duty, my friend.

HAWKES

Right...

The captain turns around and heads for the door. As he exits, WE MOVE into Williams' fishbowl, where his two Angel fishes are fighting over a piece of food.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

The hardship of survival life is becoming increasingly more visible on the four civilians. Their unwashed clothes hang on their bodies like wilted lettuce, the men have sprouted untidy beards, and Maria's dirty hair has become a greasy helmet tied back with a piece of string.

Donald glances at one of the flickering lights, while eating his dinner on his bunk. Michael and Maria are on their own cots finishing up their meal, leaving Clarence alone at the table with his food.

Donald shifts his attention to the food shelves, now half empty, and then to Clarence, observing him as he gobbles down some refried beans. He stands up and joins the large man at the table, sitting right in front of him.

DONALD

Are you enjoying your meal, Clarence?

CLARENCE

What do you want?

DONALD

Nothing, I'm just asking if you're enjoying your meal.

CLARENCE

What do you care if I'm enjoying it or not?

DONALD

I just hope you are, because it's the last treat you're getting from us.

CLARENCE

What are you talking about?

DONALD

Come on Clarence, you know exactly what I'm talking about.

(he pulls out his journal)

I've been keeping track of what, when and how much you eat, and guess what, it's too much.

CLARENCE

I eat for a man my size, so why don't you get off my case.

DONALD

Because you're cutting into everybody's share, that's why.

CLARENCE

Nonsense.

DONALD

(pointing at the journal)

It's all here in black and white, if you want to take a look at it.

CLARENCE

I don't want to look at nothin'.

DONALD

Well, it doesn't matter anyway, we're splitting up whatever's left of the food. We all get our equal share, and it's everyone for himself after that... At least that way, we're less likely to end up killing each other over the last cans.

Michael and Maria look at each other. Clarence remains silent, not finding any words to argue over Donald's statement.

DONALD

You can think it over all you want, I'm taking my rations...

(to Michael, Maria)

... and I suggest you two do the same.

Donald heads toward the kitchen, leaving Clarence forced to face reality. The oldest man of the group begins to cry.

Maria walks over to him and pats him on the shoulder, when he shoves her hand away.

CLARENCE

Leave me alone, all of you... I just want to be left alone.

He gets up and takes refuge into the bathroom.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Hawkes is sitting by the monitors, leaning on the counter, his head into his arms. He's passed out.

Goldman taps him on the shoulder, which instantly wakes him up.

GOLDMAN

Sorry captain, but I really think you should go to bed.

Hawkes checks his watch, that reads 1:15. He then scans through the various monitors.

FISKE

Don't worry, if anything happens, you'll be the first one to know.

HAWKES

Alright... Good night guys.

The captain stands up and slowly makes his way to the door. He doesn't look too good, and we can tell he hasn't shaved in a few days.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Hawkes makes his last steps through the deserted corridor, before arriving at his quarter. He leans his head against the door for a few seconds, and then enters.

INT. HAWKES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

The captain is definitely not the same sharp eyed observer that began this experiment. His room is a mess, the bed is undone and a lot of papers and personal belongings are laying everywhere.

He sits on his bunk and looks down at the floor, staring at an upside down photograph. He picks it up and turns it over. It's himself, a few years younger, holding a monkey in his arms. Next to him stands Williams and both men are smiling.

He contemplates the picture for a moment before sending it flying across the room.

He rolls back on the bed and lays without taking his shoes off. He's exhausted and quickly goes back to sleep, without bothering to turn the lights off.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 21) - DAY

Donald is a wreck, looking like he hasn't slept in days. His eyes are sunken with dark circles beneath and has trouble focusing as he engraves a new mark, next to the other twenty.

Michael has started to paint on a wall, using broken chalk mixed up in water. Maria is asleep, and Clarence seems quite involved with his Bible.

The job done, Donald goes to the kitchen to wash the knife he used on the wall. But as soon as he gets to the sink, he notices a dirty plate, laying on the counter. He picks it up, making it visible to the rest of the group.

DONALD

Who's plate is this?

Nobody pays attention.

DONALD

(loudly)

Are you people deaf? I said whose God damn plate is this?

MICHAEL

(turning around)

Why don't you shut the fuck up.

DONALD

Oh no, I'm not gonna shut up, not until whoever messed up this plate, cleans it.

MICHAEL

Alright, that's it.

Michael walks over to Donald. He grabs the plate from his hands and tilts it over. Crumbs slide off on to the floor. Donald notices.

MICHAEL

Here you go, all over your nice, clean fucking floor. Do you feel better now?

Donald stares at the crumbs on the floor.

DONALD  
Clean that up.

MICHAEL  
It's too late Donald. See, a new  
set of rules have just replaced  
yours...

He smashes the plate on the counter, shattering it to pieces.  
Maria wakes up, while Donald freezes in shock.

MICHAEL  
... From obsessive cleaning rituals,  
we're switching to the worship of  
litter.

Michael grabs the trash can and empties it all over the  
kitchen.

DONALD  
I want you to stop this nonsense  
RIGHT NOW!

Maria starts laughing. Clarence on the other hand seems  
more concerned.

CLARENCE  
For God's sake Michael, have you  
lost your mind?

Michael is unloading days of frustration, breaking or throwing  
away whatever is on his path.

MICHAEL  
Come on everybody, let's all celebrate  
"Underground Day", where filthiness  
and madness can meet in harmony...

Maria is having fun. She blows into her harmonica, producing  
incoherent and dissonant sounds.

DONALD  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!

He screams from the top of his lungs. Clarence feels quickly  
overwhelmed by the chaos.

CLARENCE  
Jesus, what is happening?

Michael opens some older trash bags and spreads them around the table area. Donald is mumbling to himself now.

DONALD  
Okay, fine, no problem... who cares right. You want to fuck everything up, go right ahead...

Donald chuckles, as Maria plays her harmonica as loud as she can. Clarence closes his eyes and prays.

DONALD  
... no problemo, you want to mess things up, fine, why not, let's mess it up, BUT LET'S MESS IT UP GOOD...

He suddenly explodes ravaging everything on his way. He goes over to the cots and flips them around.

MICHAEL  
GOOD Donald, GOOD! That's the spirit.

The anarchy continues until it all comes to a natural stop.

Both Michael and Donald look at each other, exhausted. Silence invades the room as they all gaze upon the jumble they've turned the shelter into.

One of the ceiling light bulbs pops, adding up to the progressive loss of luminosity.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

WE navigate across the wall of monitors. We are so close to the images that we can actually see the pixels on the TV sets. All the various views of the shelter are now being perceived as a grainy mix of black and white configurations.

An eclectic and unsettling combination of SOUNDS are juxtaposed over these visuals. Distorted voices from the shelter's subjects can be heard, mixed up with the sobbing voice of a little girl.

Hawkes is in front of the monitors, and from the look on his face, we can tell he's completely spacing out. Claire is next to him, carefully laying her hand on his shoulder.

DR. CLAIRE  
Jon, listen... I think you should let me check you out.

The captain snaps out of his state of daydreaming.

HAWKES  
I'm perfectly fine.

DR. CLAIRE  
No you're not. I mean come on, you think I'm stupid? You've barely gotten any sleep in the last week, you're acting strange, you look like shit and...

HAWKES  
(interrupting)  
Amanda, I'm responsible for these people, okay! And believe me, right now I'm the only protection they've got... So why don't you get off my case and let me do my job, alright?

There is a pause, while Claire absorbs her partner's aggressiveness.

DR. CLAIRE  
(softly)  
Listen... I don't know what you have in mind. But whatever it is, just remember that we are in this thing together... That's all I'm asking.

The captain looks at her for moment, then back at the screens.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

We slowly MOVE IN on one of the corridors' clock. The closer we get, the louder we HEAR the clock's mechanism.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 23) - NIGHT

All seems quiet, except for the faucet still dripping and the constant buzzing noise from the power generator.

The food shelves are empty and none of the mess has been cleaned up, making the shelter look like an abandoned junkyard with no signs of life.

The cots have been rearranged in different sections of the shelter, so the subjects could be as far apart from each other as possible.

The young couple is under the covers, having sex. Maria lets out a moan as Michael enters her from behind.

They start going at it, but we can tell the passion is not there anymore. All they're doing is respond to some basic human needs.

We shift over to Donald's bunk, where he's also relieving himself, jerking off under his blanket, while watching Michael and Maria.

The latest mark on the wall brings the total of days to twenty-three.

INT. HAWKES' QUARTERS - NIGHT

Hawkes is in his underwear, sitting by the side of his bed. He's unkempt and gaunt, which ironically makes him appear in almost worse physical shape than the shelter dwellers.

He opens up a small cabinet and takes out a gun, an Army standard 45 Colt. He examines it and removes the bullet magazine. He then closes his eyes for a moment, while rubbing the weapon over his face.

The captain is once again forcing himself to confront the heavy thoughts that have turned his life into a living nightmare.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

WE're now so close to the wall clock, that we can only catch a portion of it. As the seconds hand passes by, we notice that it's moving in SLOW MOTION.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Everyone is sleeping for good now, except Clarence. He picks up one of his few remaining cans from under his bed, and heads for the kitchen.

He's almost there, when he steps on a piece of broken glass, that goes right through the skin of his foot. He barely screams, but drops the can on the floor, as the acute pain sends a shock wave throughout his body. And to make matters worse, the can goes rolling right under Donald's cot.

Clarence grimaces as he pulls the glass out. He then goes one step at a time towards Donald's area, with the hope that he won't wake up. Unfortunately, he does. Donald Grabs Clarence's wrist, just as he was about to reach under the bed.

DONALD

What the hell you think you're doing?

CLARENCE

I was just...

DONALD

(interrupting)

Stealing? Yes, I can see that.

CLARENCE

I'm not stealing anything. I just dropped one of my cans and it rolled under your...

DONALD

BULLSHIT Clarence! You're stealing and that's all there is to it.

CLARENCE

I need my can back.

DONALD

You're not getting anything back.

CLARENCE

This is no game Donald! It's one of my last cans we're talking about and I ain't going anywhere until you give it back.

DONALD

You better watch your tone, Reverend.

CLARENCE

And you listen to me Mister! You let me have my food RIGHT NOW, or you'll regret it for the rest of your life, I swear.

DONALD

Fuck you... Nigger.

CLARENCE

Son of a bitch...

A PRIMAL SCREAM from Clarence follows, as he literally pulls Donald off his bed and throws him across the room. Donald attempts to get up, but Clarence is already there. He lifts him up by the neck and slams him into the wall, holding him there.

Maria gets up, turns on the lights and stands there, watching the action without saying a word.

She doesn't seem to be bothered at all by the fact that Clarence is strangling Donald... on the contrary.

Michael sit up on his bed half-groggy, and watches the scene for a few seconds.

MICHAEL

Shit...

Maria is quickly getting into it, sending words of encouragement to Clarence.

MARIA

Come on Clarence, finish him.

MICHAEL

Maria, what the hell?  
(to Clarence, loud)  
Clarence, let him go.

But Clarence is so full of rage, that no words are about to dissuade him. He keeps squeezing Donald's throat, whose face is turning all red. Michael stands up.

MICHAEL

Did you hear me, let the man go.

He finally heads toward the two men, when Maria intercepts him and tries to hold him back.

MARIA

Michael, let him do it. That bastard deserves to die.

MICHAEL

For Christ's sake Maria, you can't just get rid of someone because he's an asshole!

MARIA

Yes we can. Michael, please...

MICHAEL

Get away from me.

He pushes her away and walks up to the scene.

MICHAEL

Alright Clarence, that's enough.

He wraps his arm around Clarence's neck and squeezes it tight.

MICHAEL

What you're doing is wrong and you know it! Come on man... let go.

Clarence loosens his grip some and stares into his victim's eyes, before removing his hand completely. Donald collapses to the ground, nearly asphyxiated. Maria watches him cough, while rubbing her hand across her neck, disappointed. Michael goes back to his bunk, and Clarence breaks up in tears.

CLARENCE

I'm... I'm sorry my Lord. I didn't mean to hurt nobody... Please, I'm begging you for forgiveness...

Donald is recuperating and chuckles, as he lays his eyes on Clarence.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Hawkes storms into the room, half-way dressed.

HAWKES

What happened?

Lieutenants Goldman and Fiske are at the observation post. Fiske takes the initiative to brief the captain.

FISKE

We called you right away sir, but it all happened so quick. Clarence and Donald had a dispute over a can of food, the Negro went crazy and he attacked Donald.

GOLDMAN

And if it hadn't been for Michael, we'd have one more casualty in there, guaranteed.

Fiske plays back the action in the shelter. We instantly see various angles of Clarence strangling Donald. Hawkes moves closer to the monitors.

GOLDMAN

(to Hawkes)

Pay attention to Maria, it's pretty scary.

We see and hear Maria on the monitors, stimulating Clarence to go for the kill.

HAWKES

Jesus.

FISKE

It's amazing how fast they're all turning into animals.

HAWKES

Alright... It's time to put an end to this freak show.

He grabs his gun from behind his pants, cocks its breech, and heads for the exit. Right at that moment Claire enters the room in her bathrobe, confused.

DR. CLAIRE

What's going on?... Jon? Where are you going?

HAWKES

You stay here Amanda, I'll be right back.

He exits, leaving the doctor twice as confused. She turns to the lieutenants.

DR. CLAIRE

Where is he going?

GOLDMAN

He's... he's stopping the experiment, doctor.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Hawkes is walking at a fast pace, through the empty hallways that lead to the shelter. He looks completely determined.

INT. CORRIDORS / BETA SECTOR - NIGHT

The captain makes a turn into a new corridor, at the end of which two guards are blocking the way. Hawkes recognizes them as he gets closer: private Phillips and corporal Sanderson.

Sanderson steps forward, signaling the captain to stop.

CORP.SANDERSON

Sorry captain, we've got orders from the colonel to secure this area. We can't let you go through.

HAWKES

Oh believe me, at this point I don't  
give a shit about the colonel's  
orders...

He pulls out his 45 Colt and points it straight at the two  
soldiers.

HAWKES

Drop your weapons and get down to  
the floor NOW!

Taken by surprise, the two men do as they're told, and within  
seconds Hawkes disappears into the next hallway.

INT. CORRIDORS / GAMMA SECTOR - NIGHT

Reddish emergency lights kick in, along with the sound of  
SIRENS. Hawkes sprints by, knowing that his time is limited  
before he gets caught.

Two metal-barred gates come out of each side of the next  
corridor, which leads into the shelter area. Once they meet,  
the way will be blocked.

Hawkes can see that and he runs as fast as he can.

He's almost there now and runs even faster. He MUST make it  
through, and gives it all he's got...

But it's not enough. The sound of CLASHING METAL resonates  
just as he gets there. He crashes against the barrier,  
letting out a scream of frustration. He goes on, grabbing  
one bar in each hand, and shakes the hell out of the  
structure.

HAWKES

(yelling)  
Open the gate... Open this God damn  
gate!

He continues until reaching the point of exhaustion, and  
collapses to his knees, leaning against the bars.

We HEAR footsteps approaching, but Hawkes doesn't even care  
at this point. He just sits there, loosely holding the gun  
in his hand.

Williams, followed by Sanderson and Phillips arrive at the  
site. They stop a few feet away from the captain, who doesn't  
react.

WILLIAMS

What the hell is the matter with you?

HAWKES

(casually)

Nothing, I was just trying to save a few people's lives. How about you Frank?

WILLIAMS

Give me your gun, Jon.

The two soldiers point their rifles at Hawkes.

HAWKES

You know, one of these days you'll have to teach me how you turn off your compassion valve, because...

WILLIAMS

(interrupting)

Cut the crap and give me this gun!

The captain throws the gun across the corridor.

HAWKES

Take the damn gun!!

There is a short pause, after which Williams walks up to Hawkes and paces around him.

WILLIAMS

You know, all these years, I was always afraid in the back of my mind that something like this would happen between us... Well, here we are.

HAWKES

You never planned on letting these people out alive, did you?

The colonel gets down on his knees, speaking softly right into Hawkes' face.

WILLIAMS

No, what I never planned on, was to learn so much about the human condition.

(MORE)

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

This is a scientific breakthrough we've got in our hands Jon, without a doubt. It's ugly, yes, but I can't just stop in the middle of it... There is so much more to learn.

HAWKES

This isn't science anymore, Frank. It's sadism.

Williams stands up.

WILLIAMS

I'll get you out when it's all over.  
(to Sanderson)  
Corporal, Captain Hawkes has been relieved of duty. I want him to be put under arrest at once, until further notice. Understood?

CORP.SANDERSON

Yes sir.

The colonel walks away, leaving Sanderson and Phillips at odds with their captain.

CORP.SANDERSON

Captain, please come with us.

Hawkes does as he's told and walks away with the two guards.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Claire and the two lieutenants are on standby, waiting to hear from Hawkes' rescue attempt. But when Williams enters the room, they know something went wrong.

WILLIAMS

Doctor Claire, captain Hawkes has been put under arrest. You're the one in charge now.

DR. CLAIRE

Sir... I refuse.

WILLIAMS

This is not an option I'm giving you, doctor. You either obey my orders, or you'll be held in contempt of conspiracy against National Security.

DR. CLAIRE  
You're a sick man, you know that?

WILLIAMS  
I'm just doing my job, and so will  
you doctor.  
(he heads for the  
door)  
By the way, I'm posting guards outside  
this room, which means that from now  
on you'll need to be escorted wherever  
you go within this base... Keep up  
the good work.

He exits.

DR. CLAIRE  
Son of a bitch.

She closes her eyes, trying to hold back a desire to cry.  
Goldman walks up to her and takes her into his arms.

INT. DETENTION CELL - NIGHT

Hawkes enters a tiny but clean cell that comprises a cot,  
sink and toilet. He takes a seat on the bunk as the door  
closes behind him.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 24) - DAY

Donald is laying on his back, tossing his sweaty head around,  
when he suddenly wakes up. He sits up and looks over at the  
three other subjects, who are still asleep.

He chuckles again as he scratches his rough chin. He then  
reaches under his bed and picks up a large can of candied  
yams, mumbling to himself.

DONALD  
Corporal D. to you, sir, thanks, no,  
my pleasure, really... his family,  
can-can, supper time, Ha! Boom,  
boom, in your room...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Claire enters, dressed up in her regular outfit, cup of coffee  
in hand. The only other person present in the room is Fiske.

DR. CLAIRE  
Good morning.

FISKE  
 Good morning doctor.

She notices the monitors being all very dark.

DR. CLAIRE  
 They still have their night lights  
 on?

FISKE  
 Yep, they're on their thirteenth  
 straight hour. All quiet, except  
 maybe for Donald who just started  
 mumbling a few minutes ago.

DR. CLAIRE  
 (scanning through the  
 monitors)  
 God, I can't believe how fast we're  
 losing light in there.

FISKE  
 Another bulb blew up a few hours  
 ago, so that didn't help.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Donald slips out of bed with a mad look in his eyes. He stands by his cot, watching Clarence as he passes the can back and forth between his hands, football like.

DONALD  
 Sixty-two, fifty, four-thirteen,  
 boom!  
 (mocking black accent)  
 I swears, boss, da lord done gonna  
 care for you, child... can I have an  
 amen?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Claire and Fiske are trying to follow Donald's actions, based on what he's saying.

FISKE  
 What is he saying?

DR. CLAIRE  
 I don't know, but I don't like it...

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Donald walks over in Clarence's direction with the can still shifting back and forth in his hands. He's mad, rambling a twisted nursery rhyme and moving his feet to a silent tune.

DONALD

Mickey and Maria, sitting in a tree,  
Katherine is dead... poor little me.  
Clarence and his Jesus, ain't that  
sweet. So you want to meet him?  
Well it's up to me...

He raises the can higher and higher as he gets closer to Clarence's cot.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The two scientists take a close look at each monitor, just in case they could catch a glimpse of what is Donald up to.

DR. CLAIRE

He's completely delusional, which  
makes him capable of anything right  
now... Shit.

She chews her nails nervously.

FISKE

Clarence, you better wake up.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Donald raises the can above Clarence's head, as he squats down to whisper right into his ear.

DONALD

(black accent)  
You'z gots to have faith, dat's all...  
Jus' a lil' ol'...

He quickly slams the can down and STOPS just above the man's face...

DONALD

FATE...

He giggles.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

BLAM! Claire slams her fist on the table.

DR. CLAIRE  
DAMN IT! Come on, somebody wake up  
in there!

She resumes chewing her nails vigorously.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Donald stares at Clarence the same way a wolf would at its prey, while rubbing the can around his face and his neck.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Claire is nervously pacing around now.

DR. CLAIRE  
This is crazy... We've got another  
tragedy just waiting to happen and  
I'm just standing here, doing  
absolutely nothing about it.

She suddenly rushes to the door. But as soon as she opens it, TWO PRIVATES appear, blocking her way.

DR. CLAIRE  
I need to see the colonel right now!

PVT. KOWALSKI  
He's not here today.

DR. CLAIRE  
You don't understand, this is a matter  
of life or death and I have to speak  
to him RIGHT NOW!

She tries to push her way in between the two soldiers. They shove her right back into the room.

PVT. FLETCHER  
Step back ma'am. There is nothing  
we can do for you until the colonel  
comes back.

They shut the door. Claire angrily kicks a small garbage can across the room.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Donald raises his can again, this time with a determined look as his face darkens into a maniacal trance. And...

BAM! Donald crashes the back of Clarence's skull.

One blow would do it, but Donald hits him again.

Clarence twitches. Raising the bloody can, he hits him one final time.

Maria awakens from the THUD. She looks out into the darkened shelter. Seeing nothing, she moves towards the bathroom, passing a crazed Donald whose eyes flicker with madness. He sniffs her scent as she walks by, licking the air like a serpent.

INT. BATHROOM / SHELTER - DAY

She's closing the bathroom door, when Donald storms in, grabbing her from behind and covering her mouth.

DONALD  
(whispering)  
Finally baby, it's just you and me.

With his free hand, he tears off her shirt.

DONALD  
Oh yeaaaah, now we're talking.

Donald kicks the bathroom door behind him. Maria is doing all she can to fight him off, but he's too strong. She screams, but it's muffled. Donald slams her naked to the floor, and jumps on her in a completely demented fashion.

DONALD  
(in a guttural whisper)  
My sweet little bitch, I'm gonna  
fuck you so hard, you're gonna beg  
me to do it over and over and over  
again!

Maria manages to bite his hand hard enough, that he can't help but scream.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Michael's eyes open, looking over to Maria's bunk. She is gone. He pulls the blanket partition back, and glances around into the dimly-lit shelter.

MICHAEL  
Maria?

He sees that Donald's bunk is empty and moves to take a closer look. As he passes Clarence's bunk, he sees Clarence laying there in a pool of blood with his head crushed open.

MICHAEL

Fuck...  
(screaming)  
MARIA!

He quickly rushes to the bathroom and slams his shoulder against the door, forcing it to open.

INT. BATHROOM / SHELTER - DAY

There, he finds the deranged Donald pinning the defenseless Maria to the floor and raping her.

MICHAEL  
YOU SON OF A BITCH!

In a surge of screaming wrath, Michael grabs Donald by the head and literally drags him out into the other room.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Michael drop-kicks Donald in the face, sending him tumbling across the floor.

The madman mutters incoherently as Michael slams his head against the wall several times with his hand on Donald's neck. Michael's eyes are wide open... He too, looks insane.

While he goes to retrieve the battered Maria, the bloodied Donald manages to pull himself off the floor and stumbles into the kitchen area where he retrieves a large knife.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Claire and Fiske are still unable to distinguish the visuals in the shelter very clearly, but they can hear everything, and that's more than enough to get the picture.

The doctor is in a total state of shock, covering her mouth with her eyes wide open.

FISKE  
Jesus Christ...

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Michael leads the catatonic Maria out of the bathroom, when she SCREAMS in horror at the sight of Clarence's mangled head.

Suddenly, from out of the shadows, Donald lunges at Michael with the knife, slicing his arm.

Michael pushes Maria out of harms way, grabs a chair and brandishes it as a shield, as he goes after Donald.

But Maria is so pumped up with rage and adrenaline, that she joins the fight, hoping to give Michael the advantage.

She jumps on Donald's back and bites his neck.

MARIA  
DIE, you bastard... DIE!

Donald SPINS around in a fury and STABS her in the side. He slings her to the ground like a sack of potatoes. Michael screams.

MICHAEL  
Noooooooo!!

And in a fit of rage, he picks up the short-wave radio that's right next to him and clobbers Donald on the head, knocking him unconscious.

MICHAEL  
(out of breath)  
Damn you! God, damn you!

Michael moves quickly to Maria's who is laying in pain, bleeding from the stab wound.

MICHAEL  
Stay still. I'll get some bandages.

He hurries off to the bathroom and comes back with the medical supplies. He begins to make a dressing for the wound.

MARIA  
Is he dead?... Tell me that bastard  
is dead.

MICHAEL  
I don't know... I don't think he is,  
but don't you worry, we're gonna  
make him pay for this... We're gonna  
make him pay.

He puts the bandage on her wound. Blood is coming out.

MICHAEL  
Hold this to your stomach. You're  
gonna be okay.

He gives her a kiss.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Claire is alone, holding her head with her hand, as she leans over the counter. She stares into the void, biting her nails.

INT. SHELTER - DAY - CLOSE ON

Clarence's face as Maria kisses him on the forehead before covering his full body with a blanket. Michael lies the cross on his friend's chest.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Michael enters the room, his face covered against the stench. He drags Clarence in, who's wrapped up in bed sheets, just like Katherine. His considerable weight makes it difficult, but he manages to lay him next to the woman's body.

He exits and shuts the door, plunging the room back into total darkness.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Donald's eyes flutter, as he regains consciousness. We PULL BACK, revealing an adhesive band-aid around his mouth, and as we continue to PULL OUT, we see him sitting on the floor, tied up to one of the cots.

Michael and Maria are eating at the table, ignoring the struggling Donald who's unable to free himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHELTER (DAY 25) - DAY

We PAN across a wall where Michael is continuing his painting. It is getting larger and we can see that numerous dreamlike images are starting to take shape.

Maria paces around slowly, holding her wound with her hand. She then goes to the kitchen, picks up a knife and limps over to Donald. He twists around uncomfortably as he sees her approaching.

MARIA

(showing the knife)

Yes Donald, I know, it's the same  
knife you used on me.

She kneels over his leg. He gets nervous, mumbling some words away.

MARIA

Don't worry, I'm not gonna stab you too deep... I still want you to live for a few days.

He freaks out as she lifts his shirt, feeling his abdominal area.

MARIA

I need you to keep still for a minute.

But he doesn't. On the contrary, he jolts around even more.

MARIA

I said stop moving like that.

He won't stop.

MARIA

I said STOP MOVING you asshole, you hear me?

He persists, yelling muffled sounds into his bandage. She responds, screaming right into his face.

MARIA

Do you hear what I'm saying? Stay still!

Michael is painting intensely, and Maria's loud voice is breaking his concentration.

MICHAEL

Shut up Maria.

But Michael's words are flying right over her head, as she STABS Donald in the stomach. He jerks violently.

MARIA

I want you to STOP MO-VING!!

She inflicts a new stab on each stress of her last words.

MICHAEL

(closing his eyes)  
I said SHUT UP!

Donald is still moving. She stabs him hysterically, tearing apart his flesh and guts. Blood splashes everywhere.

MARIA  
YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH, WHEN I SAY STOP,  
YOU STOP!!

Michael finally turns around, pissed off, when he sees what is happening.

MICHAEL  
What the fuck...

He runs up to Maria and kicks the knife right off her hands, sending it fly across the room.

MICHAEL  
(enraged)  
What is wrong with you?

MARIA  
(calming down)  
He got what he deserved.

MICHAEL  
So what if he deserved it, what you  
did is... not right.

He looks down at Donald who's stopped moving, as a river of blood pours out of his belly.

MICHAEL  
It's FUCKED... UP!

He walks away in anger.

Maria is not showing any emotion. She just sits there with her bloody hands and starts coughing. She grimaces feeling her own wound and withdraws in pain.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 26) - DAY

Michael takes a break from painting, to attend Maria who's laying on the bed. Her skin tone has gotten quite pale and she looks weaker. He takes off her bloodied bandage and notices right away that she's still bleeding, the wound refusing to close.

MARIA  
It doesn't look too good, does it?

MICHAEL  
Don't worry baby... you're gonna be  
just fine.

MARIA

I love you.

He smiles, taking a clean bandage in his hands and applying it over the wound.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The calendar on the table shows November 21st. Claire and Goldman are both standing, watching the monitors.

GOLDMAN

How much longer you think she can hold?

DR. CLAIRE

She's lost a lot of blood already. I give her two days max.

She notices his expression, full of concern.

DR. CLAIRE

What's on your mind?

GOLDMAN

Same thing as yours, doc, we've got two days to get them out of there.

DR. CLAIRE

How about Fiske, where do you think he stands on all this?

GOLDMAN

He cares, but he's a chicken. He won't do anything that'd compromise his career.

DR. CLAIRE

What are our chances?

GOLDMAN

No idea... All I know is that we're gonna have to run fast, really fast.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The various hallways are once again vacant, as the wall clock shows 2:17 AM.

INT. DETENTION CELL - NIGHT

Hawkes is plunged into deep sleep when, some kind of banging sound resonates inside his brain, making him shake his head back and forth.

All of a sudden, a white lab MOUSE appears crawling up the side of his head! A second mouse shows up shortly after, sniffing around, followed by another one and then another. In no time, his entire face becomes covered with mice, which triggers a rude awakening.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. SHELTER - HAWKES' DREAM

Hawkes wakes up screaming in a cold sweat, lying on a cot. It doesn't take him long to realize that he's in the shelter, even though it looks quite different. A yellow beam of sunlight warms the room.

Everything is impeccably clean and nicely arraigned, although void of any other occupants except for Michael. He looks fresh, dressed up in street clothes as he works on one of the wall paintings.

The captain gets up and walks over to him, confused but mesmerized. He notices one of the lab mice still hanging on his shoulder and gently shoves it off. In the background, we can hear low distant BANGING sounds coming from the shelter door. But it doesn't bother Michael, who's working on the painting of a statuesque figure and neither does Hawkes, when he approaches him.

MICHAEL

Hey Doc! What's the word?

CAPT. HAWKES

Michael? How... how are you feeling?

MICHAEL

Pretty good. I wouldn't mind a little fresh air though, but I've got to finish this first.

CAPT. HAWKES

What is it?

MICHAEL

I don't remember.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That's what happens when you work on something for too long... You forget what it's all about.

CAPT. HAWKES

She's beautiful.

MICHAEL

(handing out his brush)

Here, why don't you give it a try?

CAPT. HAWKES

I can't do that. It's your painting.

MICHAEL

It's as much yours as it is mine...  
Come on, go for it.

Hawkes smiles, grabs the brush and reaches out to the painting. But as soon as the brush touches the wall... BAM! A HUMAN FACE wrapped inside the painting stretches and pops right at Hawkes, who steps back terrified. At the same time...

The whole setting turns into a cold apocalyptic atmosphere with WIND and LIGHTENING FLASHES.

The captain keeps backing up, when CLARENCE, with his head cracked open, grabs him, lifting him up off the ground. Hawkes yells, when...KATHERINE raises right in front of him. She looks just like in his previous dream: peaceful, but her eyes have no iris and are completely black. She holds a syringe in her hands containing a fluorescent substance...

The walls behind Hawkes are now filled with IMAGES of his life, intercutting with others showing nuclear tests and horrors of war...

He wants to, but can't free himself and watches with terror as Katherine injects the contents of the syringe into his arm. He screams out his lungs as the background images flip from one to another at a frenetic pace.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. DETENTION CELL - NIGHT

Another sudden awakening makes Hawkes fall off his cot. He checks his watch and leans his head back on the wall, looking up at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHELTER (DAY 27) - DAY

Michael's fresco has gained more detail. We can now perceive a series of psychedelic portrayals: bodies hanging upside down from trees, several female shapes, though abstract, and an occasional violent slash across an almost perfect image.

The lighting output is really weak now. Maria's laying on her bed, as wet as a fish, looking up at the ceiling while whispering a song from childhood in Spanish.

Michael's sitting at the table, eating soup without envy. His beard is getting thicker and shaggier. His clothes, dirty and torn.

Donald has been dead for almost a day now, but he's still on the floor, outstretched in his blood.

Lacking appetite, Michael just gazes away, day dreaming, when a spurt of incomprehensible muttering comes out of Maria's mouth.

Having reached boiling temperature, her body begins to shake, as she experiences a series of hallucinations. Michael stops for a moment, forced to switch his attention to Maria's delirium. He drops his head on the table out of despair. There is no more hope.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASE / VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT - MONTAGE

Several views of empty and sterile hallways give the base a real morgue-like feeling.

Phillips, on guard duty, is leaning against the wall of a deserted corridor, daydreaming.

Fiske is asleep on his cot. Goldman is on the bunk above him, awake and preoccupied.

Claire is in the control room, alone. She's biting on a nail, while pondering on her thoughts.

Williams is in his office, at his desk, sipping on a glass of whiskey. His two angel fishes are still inside the bowl, hopelessly circling around.

Hawkes is laying in the detention cell, facing the ceiling, his eyes wide open.

INT. SHELTER (DAY 28) - DAY

Maria has calmed down a bit, but she's also very weak and her perception of reality has deteriorated considerably.

MARIA

Please, Michael... Don't tell mommy...  
Don't tell I didn't get to school  
today... I... I wanted to be with...  
my friends... Don't tell... please.

Michael walks by Maria's bed, throwing her an impassive look. His emotions and civil conduct are obviously drifting away, while his inner imaginary world is rapidly gaining ground, imposing itself as THE reality. He continues on, dragging his feet until he reaches one of the walls. There he pulls a piece of chalk and aggressively begins to sketch a large hand.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Goldman is sitting, his face buried in his hands. Claire walks up to him.

DR. CLAIRE

She's dying on us... Come on, it's  
now or never.

He removes his hands, nodding. Fiske is also in the room, looking more nervous than anyone else.

FISKE

I'm telling you guys, this is  
completely crazy... You don't have a  
chance.

GOLDMAN

Why don't you shut up.

He gets up and joins Claire who's going up to the door, a hairspray can in her hands.

DR. CLAIRE

Okay...

She opens the door, coming face to face with Fletcher and Kowalski. And before they can even open their mouths, she sprays the hell out of her can in their faces, blinding them instantly. They scream.

Goldman grabs them both and pulls them inside. He takes Kowalski and smashes his forehead against the wall. He takes his rifle and quickly sweeps it across Fletcher's face. Both men fall to the floor, knocked out. Fiske freaks out.

FISKE

Jesus, you are not leaving these two guys in here, you hear me, you...

GOLDMAN

(interrupting)

Alright David, I'm gonna make it very easy for you.

Goldman walks up to his fellow officer and punches him good in the face, knocking him unconscious.

DR. CLAIRE

Come on, let's go.

They both take the soldiers' weapons and exit.

INT. CORRIDORS - DAY

Claire and Goldman rush through the hallways, which are more crowded now, due to the daytime activities. The various personnel stop and turn their heads, as the two fugitives run by.

INT. DETENTION CELL AREA / DETENTION CELL - DAY

The two storm into the prison sector, catching the attendant, a YOUNG PRIVATE, completely off guard. Goldman threatens him with the gun.

GOLDMAN

Take me to captain Hawkes, right now!

The soldier grabs a key chain and awkwardly steps into the detention cells chamber. He fumbles through all his keys, unable to locate the right one.

GOLDMAN

I don't have time for this, COME ON!

PRIVATE

Okay, okay, okay...

He finds the key and unlocks one of the doors.

Hawkes jumps out of his bed, as Claire comes into his cell.

HAWKES

Amanda, what in the hell...

DR. CLAIRE

We've got to hurry Jon, let's go.

She passes him her rifle as they all head back out of the prison sector.

HAWKES

Talk to me, what's the situation?

DR. CLAIRE

Clarence, Donald, dead. Maria's badly wounded and I don't know if she's gonna make it.

HAWKES

God...

INT. CORRIDORS - DAY

The colonel appears from around a corner. He's walking fast, speaking into a walkie-talkie. Sanderson and Phillips follow him closely behind.

WILLIAMS

Don't worry about me, I'm coming from the other way. Just secure the gamma sector right now!

He sees two armed privates standing by and waves at them.

WILLIAMS

You two, follow me.

The two men obey and quickly catch up with Sanderson and Phillips.

INT. CORRIDOR / GAMMA SECTOR - DAY

The ALARM sound goes off as Hawkes and his team enter the corridor at the end of which, the same gate that stopped him once, starts closing in again.

HAWKES

Not again... That sucker is not gonna stop me again.

He picks up speed like a madman, leaving Claire and Goldman behind.

He gives it all he's got, but the security system is unforgiving and is closing on itself really fast.

Hawkes screams as it appears that he's no longer going to make it, and out of desperation, he throws his rifle.

But somehow, the weapon hits the floor and glides down just in between the two ends of the closing gate, preventing the mechanism from locking up.

The three rescuers force themselves between the gap and as the captain removes the rifle, the gate locks in behind.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Maria is faintly singing a lullaby, while Michael puts the last touch on an eye that he's drawn over the palm of the large hand's painting. He takes a step back and stares intensely at his latest creation. Then, all of a sudden, he...

SMASHES his forehead right into the wall, aiming at the center of the "eye". He backs up and throws himself forward again, hitting his forehead in the same spot.

Michael has definitely reached a total state of trance, not even feeling the blood that's dripping down his face.

He hits his head two more times and pauses for a few seconds. Then, gathering every bit of strength left, he propels himself towards the wall, letting out a loud SCREAM that instantly buries Maria's voice in the background.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR / SHELTER AREA - DAY

Hawkes and his team have almost reached the shelter, when Williams and his men appear on the other end of the hallway.

The two parties rush toward one another, both trying to get to the shelter first. Williams gets there just before Hawkes and doesn't waste a second before confronting him.

WILLIAMS

Stay right there, the three of you!

But they keep advancing. Both sides draw their guns.

WILLIAMS

I said stay where you are, it's an order God damn it!

Hawkes refuses. He and his team are determined.

HAWKES

It's over Frank. Come on, let's just all put our guns down and open this door, okay?

WILLIAMS

You get near that door Jon and I'll shoot you, I swear.

Goldman points his gun at Williams.

GOLDMAN

You do that and the next bullet is for you, sir.

Hawkes and his team are prepared to die and the colonel can see that as he points his pistol at his long time partner. The tension rises.

WILLIAMS

I'm not bullshitting. You touch that door and you're a dead man.

HAWKES

What's another dead body, right Frank?

WILLIAMS

I don't want to do this.

Sanderson, Phillips and the other two privates seem very uncomfortable.

HAWKES

I know you don't, and neither do your men... Look at them. They're so confused, I bet they don't even have a clue why they're pointing their guns at us.

(to Phillips)

Phillips, do you have any idea what's been going on behind that door.

PVT. PHILLIPS  
(glancing at the  
shelter door)  
Huh... Not really, sir.

HAWKES  
How about you Sanderson?

WILLIAMS  
Enough of this.

HAWKES  
Answer my question corporal!

CORP.SANDERSON  
None of us knows captain, it's  
classified.

HAWKES  
Of course it is. Well let me shed  
some light on our little experiment,  
I think everyone here has a right to  
know.

WILLIAMS  
You shut your mouth captain.

Hawkes is on a roll and Williams' words are not going to  
stop him.

HAWKES  
There were five civilians behind  
that door, that never got out with  
the others, four weeks ago. They  
were tricked to believe that a nuclear  
attack had taken place...

WILLIAMS  
Don't listen to him, he's a...

CORP.SANDERSON  
(interrupting)  
Let him speak, sir!

Williams throws an evil look at Sanderson.

WILLIAMS  
Don't you ever yell at me like that  
again!

HAWKES

(continuing)

Out of the five subjects, three have died in barbaric conditions and a fourth one, a young twenty year old girl, is dying as we speak.

Phillips shakes his head in disbelief.

WILLIAMS

Your career is over, Jon.

HAWKES

The colonel has prevented me and my team to stop this project ever since the beginning, and if I'm here today, it's because we still have a chance to save one, maybe two innocent lives... But we have to act now. Every second counts.

CORP.SANDERSON

(to Williams)

Is this all true, sir?

WILLIAMS

Of course not, it's all pure nonsense.

HAWKES

If it was, I wouldn't be here risking my life, believe me... Come on guys, all I'm asking from you is to act as decent human beings and do what's right, just like I'm trying to... We've got to do what's right.

Phillips lowers his gun.

PVT. PHILLIPS

I'm with you, captain.

CORP.SANDERSON

So am I.

WILLIAMS

God damn it, I will not tolerate any mutiny on my base.

The corporal is heading over to the captain's side, when Williams grabs him by the neck.

WILLIAMS

You traitor, where do you think you're going, huh?

But Phillips and the other two privates quickly restrain their colonel, taking his pistol away.

HAWKES

Colonel, I'm relieving you of your command.

WILLIAMS

You're all gonna end up in court-martial for this, I swear.

HAWKES

Speak for yourself, Frank.  
(to the privates)  
You guys keep him right here. I want him to see what he's done with his own eyes.

Hawkes turns around and goes for the door.

HAWKES

(to Pvt. Phillips)  
Phillips, we need a couple of medics right away.

PVT. PHILLIPS

Yes sir.

The private takes off.

Hawkes rotates various levers that unlock the door, and then pulls hard on a handle.

The large metallic door slowly opens with a HISS, releasing an instant stench so strong, that everyone in the hall reels back covering their mouths from the smell of decaying human flesh. One of the privates can't take it and he kneels over to vomit.

INT. SHELTER - DAY

Like a God, Hawkes enters with a brilliant halo of light silhouetting him from behind. Claire follows, and the two make their first steps into the hot bunker, protecting their nose the best they can from an unbearable odor.

Temporarily blinded, Maria lays like a deer caught in the headlights of a car.

Mislead by her feverish perception, she quickly feels overwhelmed, as if the two scientists were divine figures descending from the sky.

MARIA  
Angels... Michael, I see angels.

Claire attends Maria, inspecting her wound.

MARIA  
Michael, where are you Michael?

DR. CLAIRE  
It's okay Maria, Michael is right here with us. Just try to stay calm, okay?

Claire takes Maria's hand into hers and gives her a warm smile.

Hawkes slowly walks up to Michael, who's squatting against a cot, his face covered with blood. The young man hasn't noticed anyone yet, shaking quite a bit and staring at the floor, while mumbling to himself.

MICHAEL  
Angels, angels, angels...

He opens his eyes and looks up, finding Hawkes right in front of him. And in a surprising calm tone of voice, he addresses him, thinking that it's just another hallucinatory vision.

MICHAEL  
Do you believe in them?

HAWKES  
I... I don't know.

MICHAEL  
Who the hell are you anyway?

HAWKES  
A friend.

MICHAEL  
I don't have any friends.

HAWKES  
You do now.

The captain offers his hand. Michael hesitates a bit, but he gives his and the two men shake hands.

Michael looks like he's going to laugh, but he breaks down in tears, instead. Hawkes takes him into his arms and hugs him tight, as he starts crying himself.

Goldman, Sanderson and two medics with a stretcher, enter the room.

INT. CORRIDOR / SHELTER AREA - DAY

A crowd of Army personnel has gathered outside the shelter.

Claire comes out first, followed by the medics carrying Maria out on the stretcher. Fiske arrives at the scene, out of breath, joining the dozen of bystanders, who are all confused by what they're seeing.

The real shock however, comes when Hawkes and Goldman emerge with the frail Michael in between them. Everyone freezes at the sight of this young man who looks as if he had been resuscitated from the Neanderthal era. Williams is watching, and the captain turns to him, exchanging a brief but intense look as he walks away.

Everybody stands there in silence, making room for the scientists who disappear down the hallway, taking Michael and Maria to freedom.

FADE OUT.