

WINTER BUNKERLAND

FADE IN:

OVER THE FLAT EARTH'S CRUST

A roaring storm constantly presses dark particles along.

Only the silhouette of a narrow chimney contrasts with this drab chaos. Its construction leads upwards, two miles high, where it reaches calmer climatic conditions.

ENTERING THROUGH THE TOP OPENING OF THE CHIMNEY,
IT'S A WILD RIDE THROUGH THE DARKNESS, DOWNWARD,
... until a faint light appears which belongs to

INT. BUNKER - MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Fluorescent tubes flicker, illuminate the bottom opening of the chimney and the humming generator beside.

On the metallic rear wall, a control panel with circular displays shows oxygen level, air pressure, temperature.

From the other side of the confined room, pickax strokes echo out of a tunnel mouth. A middle-aged MINER, blackened with soot, pulls a coal dram out of the darkness.

He shovels lumps of coal into the furnace by the generator.

Across the ceiling run cables and pipes for fresh and exhaust air, connected to the chimney - A complete ventilation and energy unit.

INT. BUNKER - CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

Darkness. Fluorescent tubes turn on, throw light onto the beds of sleeping JOSEF (9) and SOPHIA (8).

From the nightstand between them, a Santa Clause alarm clock clicks on and loudly plays WINTER WONDERLAND.

Josef and Sophia jolt up.

JOSEF & SOPHIA
It's Christmas!!!

SOPHIA
Come. Let's move to the source.

They dart across the bare room, tear open the steel door.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - DAY

Sophia and Josef hasten along the narrow way.

From behind an adjacent door, ADULT VOICES resonate. Quickly the kids open it --

INT. BUNKER - HEADQUARTER OFFICE - DAY

MIRANDA SMALL (47), in a worn out presidential uniform decorated with badges, glances up from her solid wood desk.

JOSEF (O.S.)
It's Christmas, mom.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Merry Christmas, mommy.

Miranda flashes a warm smile toward her kids who peek through the door crack.

MIRANDA
You too, sweethearts. Just give me a minute with the General and go wash yourself first. We'll soon see what presents Santa left for you.

JOSEF
Okay, ma.

Miranda sighs as the door slams shut.

From the side, GENERAL ERICA FALLING (35) steps to the desk.

ERICA
Wow, they're really fine this morning?

MIRANDA
They're children. Innocent children. To them, this is Winter Bunkerland today.

On the wall behind Miranda, there's a map of the whole facility: machine room, bedrooms, office, supply room...

ERICA
Perhaps, it's going to be a good year to open the locks and send somebody up for-

MIRANDA
- For what? Die in the wasteland?

ERICA
Mrs. President--

MIRANDA
Don't call me that. This position
became useless a long time ago. You
need to realize that it's all over.

ERICA
But--

Miranda gets up, leans over the table.

MIRANDA
-- No buts. We're walking down a
one-way street.

She makes a grab for some technical papers on the wall,
charts and data -- rips them all off.

MIRANDA
Eventually, all choices we had to
secure humankind from perishing are
gone. The only choice left now is,
to choose how to disappear.

Erica sinks into the chair, taps her own forehead.

MIRANDA
Don't worry. We make it as easy as
possible.

INT. BUNKER - SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Canned goods, medicine, household items, tools, oil, paint,
are stacked up to the ceiling.

An old couple, HELLEN and WALT, squats in a corner; next to
them the SOURCE: A tiny stream of water that trickles
through a crack in the wall, runs down a short wooden
gutter, from where it falls into a drain.

HELLEN
Hey, kids.

Sophia and Josef approach them. Sophia gives Hellen a hug.

SOPHIA
It's Christmas, grandma.

HELLEN
Have you heard that, Walt? It's
Christmas.

Walt casts a delusional gaze toward Hellen.

WALT
Christmas, haha.

Walt gets up, strokes Josef's hair. He mumbles some indefinable words, lurches behind a nearby shower curtain that hides a toilet bowl.

The kids kneel down to wash their faces.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - DAY

Above an adjacent door hangs a sign, "Santa Clause's Present Room".

From behind the door, A CONSTANT HISSING, like escaping gas, can be heard. Until it stops -

and the door opens.

A man in a respirator mask, DANIEL (44), comes out.

INT. BUNKER - HEADQUARTER OFFICE - DAY

Daniel walks in.

MIRANDA
Ready?

He removes the mask.

DANIEL
Yes, honey. Everything is prepared.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - DAY

The entire "bunker-community" has gathered in front of Santa Clause's Present Room: The two miners, Hellen and Walt, General Erica Falling; Miranda and Daniel, arm in arm.

They all glance down the hallway when Sophia and Josef come out of their bedroom. With their excited big eyes, in floral dress and black suit, the kids run ahead.

They hug Miranda and Daniel.

MIRANDA
I guess it's time now.

Daniel opens the door - The room is pitch-dark.

DANIEL

Come on. Go inside and look what
Santa has left for you.

Sophia and Josef step inside. Daniel shuts the door behind them.

INT. SANTA CLAUSE'S PRESENT ROOM - DAY

Complete darkness.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - DAY

Daniel puts his finger on a switch close to the door.

MIRANDA

Just do it.

He presses the switch.

INT. BUNKER - SANTA CLAUSE'S PRESENT ROOM - DAY

BLACK -- A fluorescent tube blinks on and off. Its flickering eventually settles, reveals Josef and Sophia in the middle of the room.

With wide eyes open and mouth agape, they stare ahead.

They are surrounded by an amazing graffiti painting of:

WILD ANIMALS, WOODS, BLUE SKY, TRAINS, PYRAMIDS,
SKYSCRAPERS, THE OCEAN, A CHRISTMAS TREE...

Whatever the humans once had, Sophia and Josef are overwhelmed seeing it for the first time.

They get on their knees, touch the painting of a tiger -

To them, it's like a cave painting of bygone times.

The whole bunker community enters the room. Daniel shakes an aerosol can. With a HISS from the nozzle of the can, he sprays a final dot on the wall.

They all relax for a second. The children's smiles might be worth to persevere, at least for a further year, in Bunkerland.

FADE OUT.