

REVOLUTION

by
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SECOND NETWORK DRAFT
January 31, 2012

Bad Robot

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REVOLUTION
"Pilot"

TEASER

EXT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

A CHYRON: "CHICAGO, ILLINOIS."

Then... "THE NIGHT OF THE BLACKOUT."

Over-- a lively MONTAGE. Scruffy, real. Documentary-style.

The downtown SKYSCRAPERS. Sears Tower. Trump Tower. John Hancock. Each its own universe of gleaming electric light.

A river of TAXIS surge down Michigan Ave. Shoulder-to-shoulder PEDESTRIANS flood the sidewalks. Many chatting on their smartphones. Precious few make eye contact.

Finally-- a warm Lincoln Park TOWNHOUSE.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

RACHEL MATHESON, 28, sits at the table. Idly plays "Words with Friends" on her iPad.

When from the hall-- she hears the FRONT DOOR. Then a THUMP!

RACHEL

Ben...?

No answer. Rachel stands, heads into the next room--

INT. TOWNHOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

--only to see a stack of BOXES. SOUP CANS. Over a hundred of Campbell's finest.

And an OPEN FRONT DOOR. Frowning, Rachel moves outside--

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

--to find husband BEN MATHESON, 30, at the rear of his SUV.

RACHEL

(dry)

Hey. Think you got enough soup?

She's closer. Now noticing-- the SUV is CRAMMED to the rafters. WATER BOTTLES. DRYGOODS.

RACHEL
--and everything? Jesus, Ben.

Ben pivots. And that's when Rachel knows something is very wrong. Because he's SCARED SHITLESS.

BEN
We need more water. Fill the sinks
and tubs, okay?

Alarmed, Rachel spots the PILE of SMALL BOXES in Ben's arms--

RACHEL
Those-- Ben, those are bullets--

But Ben is already hauling them into the house.

BEN
We don't have much time--

RACHEL
Just stop--

He halts. Turns.

RACHEL
It's happening, isn't it?

He steps to her. Ashen. Only says:

BEN
...I'm sorry...

And Rachel PALES. Whatever this awful secret is... they both know it. She succumbs to a beat of PANIC. Then... braces herself. There's just too much to do.

RACHEL
...I'll... fill the tubs...

EXT. ROUTE 21 - NIGHT

Six lanes of RACING VEHICLES. Everyone's in a hurry. We CLOSE IN on one particular car-- a 2012 DODGE CHALLENGER.

CHYRON: "PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA."

INT. DODGE CHALLENGER - MOVING - NIGHT

MILES MATHESON, 24, a Marine. Likable; his face is an open book. He rides shotgun. His best friend BASS, 26, drives. Their buddy OLIVER, 21, in the back. Long night at the bar.

Ollie chuckles at a text. Furiously texts back.

MILES

What?

OLIVER

Just talking to that waitress. The red head.

MILES

You ever consider just... you know? Calling her?

OLIVER

What do you think I'm doing?

MILES

I mean, with your voice-- like, "hello..."

Oliver shoots Miles a strange look. No. No, he hasn't.

OLIVER

What are you, my Nana?

BASS

You know, deep down, he kinda is.

When Miles' CELL RINGS.

MILES

Shut up.

Miles checks the I.D. He answers, casual-- he speaks to his brother fairly regularly--

MILES

Hey, Ben-- what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ben, cell to his ear, at his LAPTOP. As he speaks, he shoves a small, high-tech FLASH-DRIVE into the side of the computer.

BEN

Where have you been!?

MILES

What's wrong?

BEN

I've been calling--

MILES
Okay. You sound like Dad--

BEN
 Where are you?

CLOSE ON BEN'S LAPTOP. A PROGRESS BAR. "**DOWNLOADING FILES.**"
 But not nearly fast enough for Ben's comfort.

MILES
 Just had a few. We're heading back
 to base.

BEN
 You're on the road? You have to
get off the road!

Miles is bewildered by Ben's tone--

MILES
 Ben. Calm. Down. Now tell me
 what's going on--

BEN
 Listen to me, very carefully. It's
 all gonna turn off, Miles.
Everything. It'll turn off, and it
 won't ever turn back o--

SHHHHHHHHH. Static. The line just went dead.

MILES
 Ben? Hello?

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BEN
 Miles!

Ben hangs up. Anxious. Afraid. Back to his laptop.

ON THE SCREEN. That downloading PROGRESS BAR. Almost
 there... almost... it's finished! "**DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.**"

Just as the computer screen STROBES BRIGHTLY-- then FLICKERS
 OFF. As do all the lights.

Ben removes the FLASH-DRIVE. Folds the port back, as we
 realize-- it's disguised as an ELEGANT SILVER PENDANT. Real
 James Bond shit.

INT./EXT. DODGE CHARGER - MOVING - NIGHT

In the back seat. Oliver's PHONE shorts out.

OLIVER

Hey--!

BZZT. The car's GPS SCREEN FRITZES. SNAPS OFF. Then the DASH READ-OUTS FLARE. Then expire. Bass notices, gives them a firm knuckle rap.

BASS

Aw, come on...

MILES

(troubled)

...I think you should pull over.

Bass nods-- Miles is right. Bass crosses a lane. Pumps the anti-locks. But nothing is happening--

MILES

Bass. I said stop the car.

BASS

I'm trying--

MILES

What do you mean, you're trying?

BASS

Whattaya think I mean?! Goddam brakes are out!

OLIVER

What!?

Bass tries again. But the car only ROCKETS FORWARD-- FASTER--

MILES

Then-- pull the Emergency!

Bass YANKS the emergency brake. SCREEEEECH!

The Challenger SPINS OUT, right there in the middle of the highway! Spinning-- SPINNING! A nail-biting beat--

Before it finally comes to a rest. On the shoulder of a FREEWAY OVERPASS.

Miles. A deep sigh of relief. Christ.

But Bass isn't quite so relieved-- he glances out the windshield-- AS ALL AROUND THEM-- OTHER VEHICLES CAREEN and CRASH. Out of control.

BASS

We gotta get off the road--

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KIDS' ROOM - NIGHT

Next CAR we see is a battery powered TOY. Like the real ones, it's spinning in daft, pointless circles.

A CRIB. Inside-- DANNY, 2, is awake. Grips his railing. Watching, curious, as--

More toys suddenly come to life. All at once. Whirring Teddy Bears. Talking Dolls. Tinny police SIRENS.

A girl-- CHARLIE, 5, in an adjacent bed. Wakes. Takes in the uncanny sight. She's old enough to know to be frightened...

CHARLIE

Mommy...?!

Rachel RUSHES IN-- just as all the toys SUDDENLY and PERMANENTLY DIE. Rachel sits beside her daughter, lovingly brushes hair from her face--

RACHEL

(it's so not okay)
...it's okay, Charlie.

Ben enters. Locks eyes with his wife. They speak silent and scared volumes to each other. Then Ben steps to the window. Peers out at--

THE CHICAGO SKYLINE. As... building by building... it begins to FLICKER OFF. To BLACK.

CLOSE ON BEN. Watching in grim awe.

EXT. ROUTE 21 - NIGHT

Miles and Bass RUN like HOLY HELL. Oliver, a few paces behind. They're on a high overpass, so they can't just hop off the road. They aim for an EXIT RAMP ahead--

DODGING the CARS that TWIRL right past them! A deadly, ever-shifting OBSTACLE COURSE.

MILES

Ollie! Come on!

Oliver bears down. Speeds up.

Bass suddenly YANKS Miles BACK-- from an ONCOMING CAR, CRUNCHING into the guard rail. Saving his life.

And so it goes. The Marines SPRINT. Leaping out of the way of the two-ton BULLETS that fire at them, pell-mell--

Finally-- Miles and Bass reach the OFF RAMP. Pivoting to--
Oliver. Still lagging behind--

MILES
Would you hurry up?!

When Oliver reaches the EXIT. Takes a few steps down the
ramp. Can't help but exhale, now that he's safe--

OLIVER
Okay, okay. Get off my--

SMASH! A SEMI TRUCK, out of nowhere, POUNDS into Oliver!
OBLITERATES HIM. Before it PLUNGES off the exit ramp.

Off Miles and Bass. Watching in horror--

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Ben emerges from his house. Looking up. Hearing--

A TERRIBLE RUSH of WIND. That grows louder. DEAFENING--

DIRECTLY OVERHEAD. A JUMBO JET. Powerless. A plummeting
black whale. No ENGINE WHINE. Just a whoosh of AIR.

As it FREEFALLS. CRASHES. Only a few blocks away!

Reflected in Ben's stunned face-- a MASSIVE ORANGE FIREBALL
finally provides some illumination--

EXT. PLANET EARTH - NIGHT

The planet. As every GLINTING ELECTRIC LIGHT SNUFFS OUT. To
DARKNESS. A complete and utter worldwide--

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PLANET EARTH - NIGHT

A CHYRON: "15 YEARS AFTER THE BLACKOUT."

The planet. Just as shadowed. Just as mysterious. Apparently, the lights never came back on.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAWN

A CHYRON: "SYLVANIA, WISCONSIN."

The pacing calms. More measured. Elegaic.

A HAND patiently STRIKES a wedge of steel against flint. Then again. Then again. Finally, the spark ignites the kindling. The kindling ignites a fire. In a living room fireplace. The flames illuminate the face of--

Ben Matheson, now 45. He turns to a FADED, WATER-STAINED PHOTO of him and Rachel. Tacked to the wall. He lightly touches Rachel's face.

BEN

'Morning.

HALLWAY. Ben swings open a door to reveal-- a BEDROOM. And a messy, unmade bed. He frowns--

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

Ben steps out of his front door. Pads down the sidewalk. We catch a piece of his modest house-- single-story, ranch-style. And for all the world, this seems like every typical American street in every typical American neighborhood.

Until a NEIGHBOR-- CALEB, 50, stocky-- passes. Rifle slung over his back-- WHEELING a DEAD DEER on a MAKE-SHIFT WAGON-- and even weirder-- Ben reacts like it's perfectly NORMAL--

BEN

Hey, Caleb.

CALEB

'Morning, Ben.

Then we CRANE UP to REVEAL: NOTHING'S typical about THIS. It's the "Leave it to Beaver" cul-de-sac. RADICALLY TRANSFORMED-- into a bucolic FARMING VILLAGE.

No grass in the front yards-- that's wasted soil. Instead, SMALL PATCHES of CROPS-- corn, carrots, wheat.

A row of BULKY COMPUTER MONITORS-- screens replaced with WIRE MESH-- now used as CHICKEN COOPS.

A SHEPHERD leads his FLOCK of SHEEP across the suburban blacktop--

Ben passes a faded OLD BRICK SIGN that announces the neighborhood: **SYLVANIA ESTATES**. Then approaches--

MAGGIE, 39. British. Beautiful. No nonsense. The VILLAGE DOCTOR. She stands beside AARON, 37, lovably neurotic. He hates nature and nature hates him.

Maggie applies a thick balm to Aaron's RED, SPLOTCHY ARM--

BEN

What happened to you?

AARON

Fell into some poison oak.

MAGGIE

(bemused)

Tell him how.

Aaron is defensive--

AARON

I was startled. By a giant, rabid--
 (off Maggie)
 --raccoon, it was a raccoon, okay?
 I'm a huge pussy. You happy?

BEN

(warmly chuckles)
 Coulda happened to anyone.
 (to Maggie)
 You seen Charlie or Danny?

MAGGIE

They left early. Said they were going hunting--

Ben sighs. He has his doubts.

BEN

They better be.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A RUSTLE in the verdant TREELINE. Then-- emerging into a nice, tight HERO SHOT-- CHARLIE, now 20. She's naturally lovely. And LUMINESCENT with CURIOSITY--

CHARLIE
Check it out--

She moves-- towards a four-lane INTERSTATE. A TEN CAR PILE UP. Rusted Toyotas, Fords, Chevy's. Left where they died. CRUNCHED into each other. A sculpture of twisted metal. People clearly lost their lives here.

At one end-- an overturned MOTORHOME. ON ITS SIDE.

Charlie bee-lines for it. Behind her-- DANNY, 17. Her brother. Bright, capable. He eyes the RV, dubious.

DANNY
So, Charlie-- here's a thought.
How 'bout-- for once-- we actually
go hunting?

CHARLIE
No one's stopping you.

With remarkable agility-- Charlie CLAMBERS up the MOTORHOME. On the top-- the DOOR. Charlie STRAINS a bit against the rust-- but WRENCHES IT OPEN--

CHARLIE
Wait here.

And with that, she DROPS DOWN into the RV. Danny sighs. Follows his sister. He always follows his sister.

INT. MOTORHOME - DAY

It's dusty. Mildewed. Shadowed. Since the vehicle's on its side-- it's DISORIENTING, too. A SIDEWAYS FUNHOUSE-- where the ceiling is comprised of a sink, a microwave, a FRIDGE--

Charlie's FASCINATED. By the modern conveniences. The gadgets. She remembers them from when she was young, but still, it's EXOTIC. At heart-- SHE'S AN EXPLORER-- RESTLESS--

Behind her, Danny drops in. He isn't quite so entranced-- he sees the windshield-- shattered right where a head would hit--

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. As she looks straight up-- at the overhead REFRIGERATOR/FREEZER. Door lazing open. It REMINDS HER--

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Another fridge/freezer. Both doors wide open.

Charlie, 5. Sits, wide-eyed, before THREE TUBS of ICE CREAM. Rachel hands her a spoon. Ben watches. They all wear the same clothes from the Tease. THE NIGHT OF THE BLACKOUT.

CHARLIE

Really?

Her parents trade looks. Both on the verge of breakdown--

RACHEL

Yep. Freezer... doesn't work.
It's all gonna melt anyway.

Charlie digs in, can't believe her good luck. As Rachel lovingly brushes her hand through her daughter's hair. HUMS.

BEN

(choked up)
Whoa. Slow down, kiddo. I want
you to remember-- really remember--
what it tastes like.

Rachel still hums, and by now we might recognize the tune--
Cat Stevens' "Wild World." The pain and fear in Ben and
Rachel's faces-- it's tragic.

INT. MOTORHOME - DAY - PRESENT

CLOSE ON CHARLIE, 20. Reminiscing. Then... she reaches up--
CLICKS the fridge shut. And taped to the front-- a POSTCARD.
FROM NEW YORK CITY. The Empire State Building. A real
treasure. Charlie smiles. Pockets it.

Meanwhile-- Danny searches in the hall. Directly above his
head-- the BATHROOM DOOR-- he stretches up. Unclasps the
lock-- the DOOR FLINGS OPEN--

AND A MUMMIFIED CORPSE COLLAPSES ON TOP OF HIM! Neck broken
from the accident, never discovered in the aftermath. We
JOLT! But not as much as Danny-- he SHOUTS--

CHARLIE

Danny!

Charlie RUSHES OVER-- PULLS her brother to her feet-- he's
out of breath--

CHARLIE

You okay?

But now we notice-- Danny is much more than out-of-breath.
It grows into a LABORED WHEEZE. His THROAT CONSTRICTS--

CHARLIE

Danny?!

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - AFTERNOON

Six or seven VILLAGE KIDS sit, disinterested, in the grass. They've got TORN, DOG-EARED PHYSICS TEXTBOOKS. Aaron stands before them. Their teacher. He scratches at his itchy, bandaged arm. Then he holds up a POTATO.

AARON

Okay, gang, so this was an experiment when I was a kid.

He plugs two WIRES into the potato-- attached to a small digital clock--

AARON

A redox reaction-- chemical energy in the spud converts into electricity, powers the clock. Now watch very closely--

He holds up the potato clock. It doesn't work. One of the kids-- SPENCER, 13, pudgy, wet nose-- speaks up--

SPENCER

Nothing's happening.

AARON

Exactly. Jack squat is happening. Why? Anyone? Raise your hand--

SPENCER

Because of the Blackout.

AARON

This is my point. It wasn't just a Blackout. Wasn't just the wall socket. Things that should work stopped working. Batteries. Gas generators. Friggin' potatoes.

(off their boredom, Aaron levels with them)

Okay, look. I know learning isn't as cool-- or frankly useful-- as bowhunting or whatever. But still-- this should bother you. The world pretty much went insane-- overnight-- and no one knows why--

SPENCER

My Dad says it was because of God. Because He's angry at us.

AARON
 (long suffering sigh)
 Shut up, Spencer.

Suddenly-- Charlie and Danny CRASH through the bushes, next to this impromptu classroom. They're a HOT MESS. Charlie SHOULDERS Danny, who's in the midst of an ASTHMA ATTACK--

CHARLIE
 MAGGIE!

DOWN THE STREET. Maggie clips herbs. Her head shoots up-- immediately sees the ruckus down the street. She HAULS ASS--

Maggie is calm and assured as she reaches Danny--

MAGGIE
 Okay, Danny, just relax, you're gonna be alright--

OFF CHARLIE. Sick with worry--

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

By the hearth's firelight, Danny sips a black, viscous solution from a glass. He grimaces. It's awful.

MAGGIE
 You suck that back with a big, bloody smile. Indian Tobacco. It'll help with the asthma.

DANNY
 Okay, okay--

It's obvious that Maggie and Danny adore each other.

Charlie sits nearby. Reads a faded copy of the "N" volume of the WORLD BOOK. Watches the two of them. Rolls her eyes.

Just as Ben ENTERS. He places his hands on Maggie's shoulders-- which really raises Charlie's ire. To Danny--

BEN
 How you feeling, kiddo?

DANNY
 I'll live--

Beat. But Ben can't restrain himself-- pivots to Charlie--

BEN
 ...you were supposed to watch out for him--

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

BEN

You know that highway's not safe--
or maybe that corpse wasn't enough
of a clue--

CHARLIE

I know. I'm sorry. Really.
(then, quietly)
It's just--

Ben sighs. He knows what's coming--

BEN

Go ahead.

CHARLIE

Nothing's safe. Everything's off-
limits.

BEN

We're really gonna have this talk
again?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I think so.

BEN

I'm just trying to look out for
you.

CHARLIE

That's my point-- I don't need you
to, I can handle myself. I mean,
if you had your way-- we'd spend
our whole lives on this damn
street.

BEN

Okay. So then just head out into
the wild blue. And get your throat
slit by a gang of thieves. Or
lynched by the Militia. Any of
that sound good to you?

CHARLIE

Come on. It's not all like that--

MAGGIE

I don't know-- it can get pretty
rough-- trust me--

Charlie glares at Maggie. She's not welcome in this debate.

CHARLIE

But-- there's other towns, like ours, right? Other people. I just... I wanna see for myself.

BEN

Trust me. There's nothing worth seeing. Not anymore.

MAGGIE

I get it, Charlie, I was twenty once, too. But he's right. Things are different now--

Charlie lashes out at an easy target-- to her Dad--

CHARLIE

Why is she a part of this conversation?

BEN

Hey--

CHARLIE

It's not enough, I gotta listen to her orgasms through the wall? Or the awkward small talk at breakfast? Now her advice?

Maggie is embarrassed and Ben's FURIOUS--

BEN

We are done talking about this. Fact is, nothing's as good as what you have right here.

CHARLIE

So that's why Mom skipped out? Cause it's all so perfect?

DANNY

Charlie!

The second it escapes her lips, Charlie regrets it. And sure enough, it stops the argument cold. Ben takes it like a gut punch. Quiet, hurt, he pivots to the dying fire--

BEN

That's a good question. I'm... um. Fire's low, I should get some more wood. Excuse me.

Ben slumps out of the room. Maggie, flustered, upset, follows. Danny shoots daggers at Charlie--

DANNY

Good, Charlie, that was great.

OFF Charlie. She feels terrible.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NEXT MORNING

A rickety CARNIVAL FERRIS WHEEL. A TREE HAS GROWN UP and THROUGH the TOWERING LATTICE. It's haunting, picturesque.

This is where Charlie comes to think. She hikes up. Gazes at the wheel. Melancholy.

Then, from a nearby STONE WALL, she pries a large LOOSE ROCK. Hidden in the gap INSIDE-- a LOCKBOX.

She sits. Opens it. Revealing: the contents of her heart. Precious remnants from the old days. An IPOD. Some COINS. And... FADED POSTCARD after POSTCARD. Los Angeles. The Chicago Skyline.

She adds her latest prize-- the NEW YORK POSTCARD. She intently examines them all. Snapshots of a world she desperately wants to know. But never will...

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Through the FOLIAGE... a soft RUSTLE... as a graceful BUCK emerges. He's huge. Foraging. He doesn't see--

DANNY. VERY high up on a TOWERING tree branch. An accomplished climber.

Quiet, assured, Danny aims a CROSSBOW. Takes calm, perfect aim-- a beat--

Then a SUDDEN RUMBLE-- startled, the deer darts off--

Danny. What the hell is that? Then, from his high vantage point, he spots--

A WAGON. Winding down a FOREST ROAD. The wagon's partially shielded by the branches. But Danny can still make out two horses. Multiple men. And a distinctive SYMBOL-- an ENCIRCLED 'M'-- PAINTED on the side...

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

The wagon rounds the corner. And we finally get a good look. It's a DODGE RAM 3500 FLATBED TRUCK. Pulled by TWO HORSES.

The truck carries TEN SOLDIERS. All wearing olive green uniforms. That same ENCIRCLED 'M' on their shoulder patches.

And the residents react. With FEAR. And HATE. Parents hurry children inside. Hard looks from stalwart men.

MAGGIE. She steps forward. Eyes the Militia. Anxious. When she sees-- in an alley between two houses--

BEN AND AARON. It's STRANGE-- Ben is STRESSED, SPEAKING ARDENTLY to Aaron. Aaron is PALE, SHAKING HIS HEAD-- NO! But Ben is INSISTENT. CLASPING AARON'S HANDS.

CLOSE ON MAGGIE. What the hell is that about?

CLOSE ON AARON. As Ben steps over to the soldiers. Leaving Aaron behind. Aaron looks down at his hands-- Ben just gave him the SILVER PENDANT NECKLACE-- the FLASHDRIVE NECKLACE from the Tease! Why? What's this mean? What's Aaron know?

The wagon stops. Soldiers hop out. One holds a RIFLE. Others carry battle-tested SWORDS with casual menace-- and none of that Medieval Times bullshit. This is the real deal.

Their LEADER-- CAPTAIN TOM NEVILLE, 40, saunters up. Ben steps forward to meet him; clearly, Ben's some kind of community leader.

Neville speaks with a genteel Southern twang that, in any other context, you'd find charming.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

Just a glorious day, isn't it?

BEN

It is. Listen. This must be a mistake, we've already paid the Spring Tax.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

This isn't about your crops, we're not with the local garrison.

Camera CLOCKS: a TATTOO on NEVILLE'S EXPOSED FOREARM. Actually, more of a BRAND than a TATTOO. That SAME 'M.'

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

Do you know a Ben Matheson, by any chance?

BEN

(spine ices over)
...you're looking at him. What's this about?

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
Miles Matheson. He's your brother?

BEN
That's right.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
Any idea where he might be?

BEN
I haven't seen him in years-- I'm
sorry, what is this about?

The TOWN RESIDENTS stiffly watch this exchange. Maggie.
Aaron. Caleb-- the DEER HUNTER-- RIFLE strung over his back.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
I'm here under orders from General
Sebastian Monroe himself. He
specifically asked me to find two
men-- you. And your brother Miles.
And well-- one down, one to go.

BEN
Wait. Just hold on--

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
I have to ask you to come with us.
Under the authority of the Monroe
Republic.

BEN
I don't understand. Why?

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
Honestly, sir. Above my paygrade.
But if the General wants to see
you, must be pretty goddam heavy.

CLOSE ON AARON. Watching Ben closely.

Ben flicks his eyes to the SOLDIERS. Sizing them up.

One YOUNG PRIVATE loads his RIFLE. But the way they did in
the Civil War. Gun powder. A lead ball. A ramrod.

BEN
I don't want any trouble.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
Neither do I. Neither do your
neighbors, I'm sure. Which is why
you're gonna grin big and climb in
that truck.

Beat. Ben regards his friends. He knows what Neville could do. Ben gives a small, forlorn nod.

MAGGIE

No-- you can't go--

Ben pivots to her. They whisper, fast and harsh--

BEN

I'll be okay.

MAGGIE

You're lying. You won't come back--
they'll kill you--

BEN

Better me than all of you.

DANNY

(but then)

He's not going anywhere.

Suddenly-- DANNY'S THERE. CROSSBOW aimed directly at Neville's heart.

BEN

Danny! Stop!

The other SOLDIERS tense. That Young Private raises his rifle at Danny. But Captain Neville only seems amused.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

I suppose this is your boy?

DANNY

You can't take him--

BEN

Put it down, Danny. Goddammit,
now!

But Danny refuses. Then... Caleb RAISES HIS RIFLE, too.

CALEB

Kid's got a point, Ben. How 'bout
they put theirs down?

Soldiers MOVE to CALEB. VILLAGERS BLOCK their way. Gripping FARM TOOLS-- AXES. MACHETES.

VILLAGER

(to a soldier)

You just step your ass back.

And like that, we're in a MEXICAN STAND-OFF.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
 Why, lookee here. Isn't this
dramatic?

Ben is aghast. Quickly and completely losing control of the situation. He circles to the Young Private. Stands before that rifle. Hands up. Blocking the shot on Danny.

BEN
 (to his neighbors)
 Listen to me. You can't win. They
 will burn us down.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
 He's a smart man--

Ben FOCUSES IN on Danny when he says this--

BEN
You don't have a choice. You gotta
 let me go.

CLOSE-UPS. Neville. Ben. Maggie. Danny. Hands grip weapons, fingers quiver on triggers. A tense beat--

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - MORNING

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. **BANG!** She hears the SHOT, ECHOED in on the wind. Whips her head to the sound source.

Walks towards it. Then RUNS-- SCARED--

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

Ben stands. Confused. A frozen moment. Then...

BLOOD DRIBBLES from his mouth. He drops to his knees. As CRIMSON BLOSSOMS across his chest.

Danny. Stares, speechless, at the Young Private with the now-smoking rifle.

Maggie. HORRIFIED. Then her training kicks in. She crouches beside Ben. Immediately applies pressure.

Captain Neville WHIRLS on the Young Private--

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
You stupid sonofabitch--

YOUNG PRIVATE
 Sir, I'm sorry, I--

But he never finishes that sentence. Because--

Danny FIRES THAT CROSSBOW-- the ARROW TWIRLS through the air-- then EMBEDS in the Young Private's CHEST-- he SPURTS BLOOD-- then drops to the dirt--

And now everything happens at once--

Caleb SHOTS, DROPS a SOLDIER-- another SOLDIER SWORD-SLASHES a FARMER across the TORSO-- another FARMER BURIES his AXE in yet another SOLDIER'S GUT--

CAPTAIN NEVILLE. HOLY SHIT, this guy is SCARY with a blade. He HACKS, SLASHES-- with preternatural ability-- wiping out one ARMED FARMER after another-- he SLAUGHTERS CALEB without hesitation-- barely LOOKING at him--

Danny's about to reload-- but two SOLDIERS CLUTCH HIM-- he FIGHTS like HOLY HELL-- they're gonna slice him-- except--

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
Stop! I want him alive!

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Charlie. RACING. Back home. Desperate. Fast as her legs will carry--

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

Danny. Hands bound. Soldiers SHOVE him into the flatbed.

MAGGIE
No... no!

And Maggie CLAWS at the Soldiers like a lioness. Struggling to hold onto Danny. But a Soldier CLOCKS her in the face with the rifle butt-- she collapses into the dirt, out cold--

Aaron races to her, supports her neck--

Neville crouches before Ben. Who's alive, but bleeding out--

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
Sir, I am sorry. This is the last thing I wanted.
(then)
But if I can't have you-- I have to take your son...

Off Ben-- drowning-- in this NIGHTMARE--

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Charlie. Out of breath. Exhausted.

When she EXPLODES out of the woods-- and she freezes-- her eyes widen-- uncomprehending--

It's FUCKING CHAOS. Wagon's gone. But MULTIPLE CORPSES sprawl in the street-- a few dead soldiers, but MORE DEAD FARMERS. WIVES and CHILDREN WAIL over their fallen FATHERS-- a HUSBAND vainly performs CPR on his WIFE--

But then Charlie is JOLTED back to reality when she sees-- Ben. Crumpled on the ground. Maggie beside him.

CHARLIE

Dad!

She SLIDES in front of Ben. As Maggie tries to stem the bleeding with a filthy rag.

CHARLIE

Where's Danny, where is he??

BEN

...they took him... militia took him...

Charlie. Her worst fears realized.

CHARLIE

What-- what do we do?

BEN

...listen... my brother... he's in chicago...

CHARLIE

Your brother? Dad--

AARON. He's there, too. Watching. Thoughtful. Somber.

BEN

...there's a place called the drake... on walton, that's a street... miles is there... he can get danny... find miles...

CHARLIE

No. Dad. Chicago. It's too far.
(then)
We'll catch up to the soldiers.

BEN

...no...

CHARLIE

We can take Danny back--

BEN

...no... you'll just end up like me...

CHARLIE

(naked vulnerability)

I-- Dad. You come with me. Okay?
Don't go... don't leave me alone.

BEN

...you're strong like your mom...
just as stubborn, too...

They smile, heartbroken, at each other through the tears.

BEN

...you can do this, charlie... you
have to do this...

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. As she takes this in. Her Father's dying command. She nods, meaningful.

Ben nods back, relieved. Starts fading fast. Turns to Maggie. He can't even speak. Clutches her hand in his--

MAGGIE

Shhh. I know.

She leans over. Kisses him goodbye.

Charlie watches this exchange. A flood of mixed feelings.

Finally, Ben turns back to Charlie. He meets her eyes. Trying to convey something. Whatever it is... it's important. It's life or death. But... he can't do it... his eyes swim... his breath quickens... and then he dies...

MAGGIE. Openly sobs.

CHARLIE. Stoic. Or in shock.

AARON. Turned away from them. Tightly gripping the SILVER PENDANT NECKLACE...

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

CUE MUSIC. Something sad and sweet and evocative.

A wide field, a pretty view, where the locals bury their dead. SIX FRESH PLOTS today. Lined with mournful people. We're CLOSE ON Maggie and Aaron.

A FARMER leads the burial service. We can't hear his words--

And Charlie doesn't want to. She stands outside the circle. It's all meaningless. There's only one thing in the whole world that still has any meaning--

She pivots. Walks away.

Off Maggie. Watching her.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

JUMP CUTS. Charlie packs supplies. Fills old, empty DR. PEPPER SODA BOTTLES with pre-boiled water from the kettle. Lifts that faded PHOTO of her Mom and Dad. Places it in her LOCKBOX-- and she takes that, too.

She holds Danny's CROSSBOW. Hers now. She feels its weight--

MAGGIE (O.S.)

At least wait till morning. You
need to sleep--

Charlie looks up. Maggie's the last person she wants to see.

CHARLIE

I'm wasting time.

But still, Charlie's aware of their shared pain. And she's just LOST and BEWILDERED by this turn of events--

CHARLIE

Why'd they take Danny? Why'd they
want my Dad?

MAGGIE

...I don't know.

She nods to the BRUISE on Maggie's forehead--

CHARLIE

Well. I heard about that. I know
that you tried. Thanks.

MAGGIE

You can thank me when we find your
brother.

Charlie frowns. She knows what Maggie's saying--

CHARLIE
No. Wait a minute--

MAGGIE
I have hereby retired as town
doctor. James is taking over--

CHARLIE
But-- I don't need the help.

MAGGIE
You don't need the help-- or you
don't need my help?

Charlie shrugs. Both.

MAGGIE
Well, that's just tough shit.

CHARLIE
You don't get it. You're not
invited-- I don't want you to go--

MAGGIE
I'm not doing this for you.

Off the two of them-- dueling glares-- before Charlie drops
hers. Irritated. She knows there's no convincing Maggie--

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - DAY

Charlie. Maggie. Hefting large backpacks. Walking down the
empty street. When, suddenly, unexpectedly--

Aaron falls into pace beside them, self-conscious. Lugs his
own pack--

CHARLIE
Seriously? You, too?

AARON
(small)
Yeah. I think so. Yep.

CHARLIE
I mean, come on, you're afraid of
bees--

AARON
I am not afraid of bees-- I'm
allergic to bees-- there's a
difference--

(then)

(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

Look. I am well aware of my odds here. But Ben was my friend--

Maggie stops. Studies Aaron's face. He stops, too.

MAGGIE

What did he say to you?

AARON

Sorry?

MAGGIE

Before he died-- I saw you and Ben talking. Does this have anything to do with that?

AARON

(evasive beat)

...he... just said he had a bad feeling-- which turned out to be spot-on, by the way. But no--

(I so don't want to go)

I'm going cause... I wanna go...

But Aaron can't meet her gaze. She seriously doubts he's telling the truth-- but Maggie lets it go-- for now--

MAGGIE

Your funeral.

AARON

Probably. Yes.

This new band of PILGRIMS reach the end of their street.

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. She pauses. Takes one last look back--

Then heads into the woods. Into the world. Off this--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. THE DRAKE - SALOON - NIGHT

A CHYRON: "**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**"

A SALOON. TORCHES on the walls. A PIANO PLAYER pounds out "Hey Jude." Lots of warm wood, walls covered in photos-- this is the place you'd want to down your last drink--

CAMERA TRACKS past a DISTILLERY RIG. A series of BRASS POTS and TUBES that finally DRIP MOONSHINE into a BOTTLE.

A bottle held by none other than Miles Matheson himself. Now 39. Cynical, guarded, weary. His face is a closed book.

He ferries the bottle to wiry STEVIE, 30's, at the bar. But before he pours-- Miles tsk-tsks--

MILES

Hey. Nothing in life's free.

Stevie nods, tugs out a MASSIVE 4 KARAT DIAMOND RING. But Miles is decidedly unimpressed.

MILES

I could use a wrench--

STEVIE

You kidding? It's real--

MILES

A bullet. Now that'd be something.
But a ring?

STEVIE

Come on, man, be a sport.

Beat. Then Miles sighs. Pours Stevie a drink. Then tosses the ring to DEANNA, his cute, spunky waitress.

MILES

Hey, Dee. Your bonus.

She catches it. Frowns. Equally practical.

DEANNA

What the hell am I gonna do with
this?

When-- the BELL over the door JINGLES, someone enters. DEX, 40's. Asian-American. From the way he carries himself, we can tell he's dangerous. So can Miles.

Dex glides up to the bar. His gaze locked on Miles. Miles stares right back.

DEX
Don't suppose there's any Scotch?

MILES
(ironic)
Fresh out.
(pours)
Rotgut. On the house.

STEVIE
On the house?! Rick--

Dex raises an eyebrow at Miles' alias. Amused.

DEX
Hey, thanks-- Rick, was it?

MILES
Everybody. We're closing early.

A few GRUMBLES from the three or four PATRONS--

MILES
(genial enough)
C'mon, you reprobates. Out.

They stand. Shuffle to the exit. But Dex stays. Quietly sips his drink.

Only Deanna hesitates at the door. Glances back at Miles. Miles gives her a rogue's wink-- don't worry. She goes.

Leaving Miles and Dex alone. Miles pours him another--

MILES
Heya, Dex.

DEX
Miles. You're not an easy man to find.
(musing)
Remember the old days? Woulda just Facebooked you.

MILES
That was never my thing.
(then)
So you found me. Who's looking?

Dex gives him a 'you know' glance.

MILES

You're joking. Since when do you work for Sebastian Monroe?

DEX

(dismissive snort)
Got news for you. Anyone who appoints himself a General-- ain't a General. More like, full-blown psychopath.

MILES

Just a well paying one.

Dex nods. Can't deny it.

MILES

Dex. I'm out. I'm staying out.

DEX

Yeah, cause, being a bartender-- such a thrill--

MILES

(he adores it)
Just the opposite. Lot more booze. Lot less blood.

DEX

(pointed)
Yeah, well. Some of us have to work for a living.

MILES

Please. Just forget you saw me--

DEX

And if I don't?

Miles sighs. Hates that it's come to this--

MILES

I'll kill you with your own blade.
(haunted)
I mean it, Dex. I'm not going back. I've... seen enough.

But this doesn't shake Dex. If anything, he brightens--

DEX

You know. I always wondered how I'd stack up against you. Truth is, I'm kinda jumpy to find out--

MILES

Don't--

DEX

They said to bring you back alive.
They didn't say with how many
limbs.

Dex reaches into a SHEATH he's got strung across his back.
He draws a SWORD. Forged for combat.

DEX

I'll let you weapon up if you want.
I do owe you.

Miles approaches. Hands raised. Still clutching a dish RAG.

MILES

Not necessary.

DEX

Suit yourself.

The two warriors approach each other. Slow. Wary. Like
boxers in a ring. Waiting for someone to hit first--

When suddenly, fast as a STRIKING SNAKE, Miles GRIPS Dex's
blade (using the rag as protection). Flips the sword in the
air-- reaches up to CATCH IT and SLASHES it down, all in one
singular, smooth PITCH-- slicing it across Dex's CHEST--

Dex. Doesn't even know what hit him. He drops to the floor.

Off Miles. He takes no pleasure in this. But he's BAD ASS.

EXT. TRAVELING MONTAGE - VARIOUS - DAY

CHARLIE. MAGGIE. AARON. Trek through one sprawling wide
shot after another. Like out of a John Ford picture.

And throughout them all, Charlie STRIDES FAST-- RELENTLESS--
Maggie and Aaron struggle to catch up.

--Down a LAKE'S shore-- where a CHURCH STEEPLE and MAIN
STREET ROOFTOPS JUT UP from the placid water. Bizarre. This
town drowned when the hydro-electric dams failed.

--Through a STUNNING TECHNICOLOR field of WILDFLOWERS--

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DUSK

--Beside a GORGEOUS, SURGING RIVER. As usual, Charlie keeps
a rapid pace-- Maggie and Aaron bring up the rear--

AARON

So. I'm totally good to-- you know, keep going-- but-- I am starting to... chafe--

MAGGIE

Lovely.

(but she agrees)

Charlie. It's getting dark. We should make camp--

CHARLIE

No. A few more hours--

MAGGIE

We've got to rest--

CHARLIE

They're doing-- God knows what-- to Danny right now. And I'm just supposed to sit here?

MAGGIE

Yes. That is exactly what you're supposed to do. If you collapse, you're no good to Danny or anyone--

Off Charlie. She sighs. Sees the wisdom of this--

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CAMPSITE - THAT NIGHT

Maggie. Aaron. Sit beside a FLICKERING CAMPFIRE. Charlie is sprawled out. Her back to them. Apparently asleep. Aaron takes a long, quiet beat. Then--

AARON

You think we'll find the kid?

Maggie only stares into the fire. Not very optimistic.

ANGLE ON CHARLIE. Her back away from the others. As we reveal-- she's WIDE AWAKE. She hears them. She's SO FUCKING WORRIED-- and LONELY-- as we TRANSITION TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

We're back in that Chicago townhouse. THE NIGHT AFTER THE BLACKOUT. A little girl's bare feet. Padding down the steps. Charlie, 5, watches her parents below. ARGUING.

RACHEL

What are you saying? We load the kids in the stroller and just, what? Walk into the woods--

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 (Ben nods, exactly)
 This is crazy--

BEN
 Grocery stores run out of food in
 two days. Two. What then?

RACHEL
 There's... warehouses-- farms--

BEN
 A hundred miles away. And even if
 they could get it here-- there
 won't be enough. Not for everyone.
 (then)
 People are scared. When their
 shelves empty, they're gonna get
 hungry-- then desperate--
 (Ben breaks down)
 Two weeks, maybe three, it's gonna
 be-- bad-- more people are gonna
 die--

Rachel leans forward. Takes his hand.

RACHEL
 It's not your fault--

BEN
How is it not my fault?!

RACHEL
 (spots Charlie)
 Hey, baby. What are you doing up?

Ben stops. His bereft, red-rimmed eyes meet Charlie's. As Rachel moves for her daughter.

TIMECUT. Rachel carries Charlie down the hall, back to bed. Again, crooning "Wild World." WHISPERS the soothing lullaby--

RACHEL
*...seen a lot of what the world can
 do... and it's breaking my heart in
 two... but I never wanna see you
 sad, girl...*

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CAMPSITE - NIGHT - PRESENT

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. A moment of melancholy. Goddam, she misses her parents... and she's a long way from home...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - THE NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON DANNY. Riding in the back of Neville's FLATBED. His wrist, CUFFED to the TRUCK RAILING. Danny studies his feet-- avoiding all eye contact.

Captain Neville. Across from him. He displays a certain amount of sympathy-- of humanity-- here.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

Son. I am sorry it went the way it did. Seriously fubar. Hell, it's a good thing you shot that Private, or I'd have killed him myself.

DANNY

(long beat)

I'm not your son. And go to hell.

Neville gives Danny a look. Then BACKHANDS HIM! OUCH!
Neville can toggle from friendly to ferocious that quickly--

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

Let's not forget-- you raised your weapon first. That puts your Daddy's blood on your hands--

Danny locks eyes with Neville. A long beat. Then Danny drops his head. Returns to studying the floor. But--

DANNY'S POV. As we realize-- he's EXAMINING more than that-- where the RAILING meets the truck bed... a SCREW IS LOOSE. Just a bit. But maybe enough... for Danny to GET FREE--

EXT. RIVERSIDE - AWAY FROM CAMP - MORNING

CHARLIE. At the river's shore. She takes a drink. Splashes her face. When she looks-- sees something up through the trees-- sees SOMEONE, to be exact. She steps closer, cautious. Wary. Whoever they are, they could be dangerous--

Charlie takes cover behind a tree. Spies on-- A MAN. NATE WALKER, 24. Rough-around-the-edges handsome. Shirt unbuttoned. He's hung a SMALL MIRROR from a branch. Dry-shaves with a straight-edge.

Charlie. Just... watching. She hasn't had much interaction with guys her age-- especially ones as good looking as Nate.

Then, unexpectedly, without turning, Nate CALLS OUT--

NATE

You know, a time like this, most people just say "good morning."

Busted. Cheeks flushed, Charlie steps from hiding--

CHARLIE
I, um-- yeah. Good morning.

NATE
(charming grin)
'Morning. I'm Nate.

CHARLIE
Charlie.

NATE
Where you headed, Charlie?

CHARLIE
(volleys right back)
None of your damn business, Nate.

NATE
That is quite true.

Long beat. Silence. They just feel the electricity sparking in the air between them. Then--

MAGGIE (O.S.)
(calling out)
Charlie...?

CHARLIE
I gotta-- get back--

NATE
Okay. Nice meeting you.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CAMPSITE - DAY

Charlie returns to camp.

MAGGIE
Where were you?

CHARLIE
Just getting some water--

Charlie busies herself-- readying her pack. Off Maggie, wondering what Charlie was up to--

EXT. O'HARE - DUSK

Charlie, Maggie, and Aaron emerge from the treeline, only to find... A HIGH FENCE. A now-obsolete sign: **AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY**. And whatever Charlie sees off-camera, it SIMPLY BLOWS HER SHIT AWAY. Jaw open. Gobsmacked.

They all scale the fence. Hop over--

And as Charlie lands on the grass-sprouted asphalt, we CIRCLE around her, revealing in a WIDE SHOT--

They're on the TARMAC. Of CHICAGO O'HARE AIRPORT. JETS EVERYWHERE. Many of them COVERED with VINES. A graveyard of long dead TITANS. It's quietly epic. As nature takes back all that's rightfully hers. Only one problem--

A CREEPY POV. Watches them. From behind a fuel truck. Someone is here. And our heroes are oblivious...

Aaron. Notices a nearby 737. The door is open. A STAIRWAY WHEELED UP beside it.

AARON

Come on. They hide a Doctor's Kit up front. Good meds.

CHARLIE

How do you know?

AARON

Cause I, uh, owned one. A plane.

CHARLIE

You're joking--

AARON

You didn't know? I was, like, ninth man in at Google--

CHARLIE

That was a computer thing, right?

AARON

Yes-- and now it's nothing.
(mutters to himself)
Had eighty million in the bank--
and I'd trade it all right now for
a roll of Charmin--

INT. AIRPLANE - DUSK

Aaron scours the cockpit and the galley for anything useful. Shakes an orphan drop from a TINY LIQUOR BOTTLE.

IN THE BACK. Charlie and Maggie conduct their own search. For any stray supplies--

MAGGIE

So. You haven't really said much about-- you know.

CHARLIE

I'm fine.

MAGGIE

Yeah, but-- you're not sad, or screaming, or smashing the wall, you're just...

CHARLIE

I'm fine.

MAGGIE

Charlie--

CHARLIE

(clipped)

Let's just-- get to my uncle-- and find Danny. Okay?

MAGGIE

I'm only trying to help--

CHARLIE

(flares up)

For the last time-- I don't want it! Just cause you were fucking my Dad, doesn't make you my Mom--

MAGGIE

(sharp)

You're right. I didn't take off.

Charlie's jaw tightens at that. Maggie SIGHS--

MAGGIE

I'm sorry. That wasn't fair.

CHARLIE

Maggie-- we are not your family--
go get your own--

Maggie flinches. Pained. Beat. Then--

MAGGIE

I did.

CHARLIE

What?

MAGGIE

Had my own family. I take it, your Father never told you?

Charlie looks at Maggie. No. He never did.

MAGGIE

In London. But, night of the Blackout, I was in Portland. For a medical conference. Supposed to be a forty-eight hour trip-- though it's gone just a tiny bit longer.

(so fucking painful)

At first, I sat in that hotel for days. Just... waiting. For them to get the power back on-- so I could get back to my husband--

(then)

Then it was weeks-- as we ran out of food and fresh water. As the looters showed up. As the fear just... burned in people's eyes. Then, one day, I saw a man get his face blown off, over a bag of crisps. That's what did it. That's when I started to walk--

CHARLIE

Here? From Portland?

Charlie looks at her. Is she for real? But Maggie is dead serious. A tear skips down her cheek.

MAGGIE

Took me years. Making my way East. Hoping for a boat back home. But around Wisconsin, I just... gave up. God help me, I gave up.

Off Charlie. Perhaps seeing Maggie in a new light--

EXT. AIRPORT - DUSK

AGAIN-- that CREEPY POV. WATCHING Charlie and Maggie through the airplane window. STALKING CLOSER NOW...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - THAT NIGHT

Danny's MILITIA FLATBED. Parked beside a thick woods. Some Soldiers sleep around a CAMPFIRE. Others lean against the truck tires, lightly snoring.

DANNY. Cuffed to that railing. He's awake. Crouched. WORKING on that LOOSE SCREW.

His fingers are BLOODIED. It's excruciating work. But still. He focuses. Tenacious...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. Sleeping. Curled up in the luxurious leather of a first class seat. But then... a SLIGHT RUSTLE. Charlie wakes. Still foggy, she sees--

A STRANGE MAN sits next to her. TREVOR, 30's. A wide, creepy grin. Which makes a disturbing situation more so. Then, without warning, Trevor SMASHES HIS FIST into her face! Charlie recoils. Covers her nose in agony.

TREVOR
Wakey, wakey.

MAGGIE
Don't touch her!!

REVEAL: Maggie. Aaron. Both awake. TWO MORE BRUTAL MEN hold jagged knives to their throats. All in plain clothes. These are ROAD BANDITS--

TREVOR
You know. You folks should be more careful. I hear there's all sorts of bad men out on the road--

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

DANNY. As finally... with a mousy SQUEAK SQUEAK SQUEAK... he pries the screw! He's able to wrench the RAIL from its base. Just an inch. But enough.

He WINCES at the METALLIC SCRAPE, it's too loud, as he SLIDES his CUFF down... and off the rail! He's free! The cuffs dangle from one wrist.

Now he quietly SLINKS OFF the truck. But seeing-- he has to PICK his WAY PAST the Soldiers. Through them. As if a DEN of SLUMBERING LIONS.

Here goes. Danny carefully-- carefully-- steps over a man. Then another. One ROUSES. Danny freezes. Then the guy returns to sleep. Off Danny. Tense.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie's terrified. As this psycho Trevor RIFLES through their bags-- stealing whatever suits him--

AARON
(scared as hell)
Look, man-- just take whatever you want and go--

TREVOR
 You telling me what to do, you
 little fuck?

MAGGIE
 (trying to defuse)
 Hey, take it easy. Look. There.
 Second pocket.

Trevor digs. Finds a GLASS BOTTLE of WHISKEY. He gives
 another troubling plastic grin.

TREVOR
 Oh. You like to have a good time?
 We like to have a good time, too.

Trevor takes a healthy pull. Tosses the bottle to his
 comrades. They do the same.

Then Trevor discovers Charlie's LOCKBOX. Opens it. It's all
 trash to him. He CRUMPLES the photo of her parents. But
 then... he pulls out the IPOD. To Charlie--

TREVOR
 Haven't seen one of these in years.
 (then)
 I used to sell 'em by the dozen.
 You're gonna laugh-- but in the old
 days, I worked at Best Buy-- you
 ever hear of it?
 (Charlie hasn't)
 Well, I'll tell you. It's where
 you smile and eat shit-- yessir and
 thank you, ma'am-- from people who
 treat you like dirt--

He RUNS his finger, lasciviously, down the side of Charlie's
 face. She SHUDDERS--

TREVOR
 But that was a long time ago. And
 people don't treat me like that
 anymore.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

DANNY. Continues through the dozing troops. The suspense is
 terrible. Until... thank God... he's just about... MADE IT--

A HAND CLUTCHES HIS ANKLE! It's Captain Neville!

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
 HEY!!

Danny HORSE-KICKS Neville in the face. Neville GRUNTS, releases Danny-- who TEARS ASS into the forest!

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
GET UP! HE'S RUNNING!

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

And now Trevor clutches Charlie's throat. Brushes his lips against her ear. Whispers, soft and intimate. SO SQUICKY--

TREVOR
You know. It's okay if you wanna
fight a little.

Just then... the MOOK restraining MAGGIE-- COUGHS-- Trevor COUGHS, too. They meet eyes. Frowning--

Now the Mook stares at the WHISKEY BOTTLE in his hand-- and as he puts two and two together-- he VOMITS BLOOD--

Just as Trevor DOUBLES OVER-- KNIVES in his GUT--

TREVOR
What's in the whiskey, bitch??

MAGGIE
RUN!!

Aaron SHOVES OFF his guard, who's also puking gore-- and our three heroes TEAR out of the plane--

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

DANNY. Scrambles, blind, through the brush. Branches slash his torso. He trips over a root. But still, he races.

A beat later. Neville and his men chase. Carrying TORCHES.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Charlie, Maggie, and Aaron SCRAMBLE across the tarmac. Back the way they came. They reach the FENCE-- CLAMBER UP-- Maggie makes it up and over. Aaron, close behind.

Charlie reaches the top. When... SUDDENLY-- a MEATY HAND CLUTCHES HER ANKLE-- it's Trevor-- BLOOD stains the front of his shirt--

HE VIOLENTLY RIPS CHARLIE OFF-- she collapses back onto the pavement. OOF. That hurts.

MAGGIE
Charlie!

Maggie and Aaron start scuttling their way back over. FAST. But they'll never make it in time--

Trevor clenches Charlie's throat. Savage enough to crush her windpipe. She flails. Maybe Trevor's poisoned, maybe he's a goner, but he's taking Charlie with him. When--

THWACK! From out of nowhere, an ARROW PLUNGES into Trevor's NECK. A confused look. An arterial spray. Then he drops, a marionette with his strings cut.

As we reveal-- NATE WALKER-- the young guy from the woods. Steps out from the trees behind Maggie and Aaron. Bow in hand. A perfect bulls-eye-- and through the fence, too.

Charlie. On the pavement. Breathless. She locks eyes with Nate. Her savior.

CHARLIE
...thank you.

NATE
Don't mention it.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CAPTAIN NEVILLE. Reaches a clearing. His men behind him.

Danny's nowhere to be found. Into thin air. Captain Neville sharply whistles through his teeth. Incensed.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE
Split up. He couldn't've gone far.

HIGH ANGLE. Looking down, as Neville and the others separate, SCOURING the forest. Then CAMERA FINDS--

DANNY. Far above their heads, on a precarious tree branch (putting his climbing skills to very good use). He's PETRIFIED. Mopping sweat from his brow, hoping like HELL it doesn't drop on the soldiers below.

Off this, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. O'HARE - THE DARK BEFORE THE DAWN

Charlie. Maggie. Aaron. And now-- Nate. On the tarmac. Charlie does her best to replace her lockbox treasures. Carefully smooths out the crumpled photo of her parents.

Charlie looks to Nate. Nate smiles back. But Maggie is suspicious--

MAGGIE

So, Nate, was it? What were you doing way out here?

NATE

On my way to Chicago. Hoping to get on a fishing crew. You?

Maggie shoots Charlie a look. But Charlie brushes her off--

CHARLIE

We're going to Chicago--

MAGGIE

Charlie--

CHARLIE

Look. Since we're headed the same way... we got food... and I do kinda owe you...

MAGGIE

Give us a minute.

Maggie yanks Charlie away. Aaron joins them. They confer--

MAGGIE

So, those assholes last night-- you didn't learn anything?

CHARLIE

Yeah, sure-- we could use a guy who can take care of himself.

(then, to Aaron)

No offense.

AARON

Hey, it's, uh, I get it.

MAGGIE

Charlie--

CHARLIE

Look. I don't know what happened on that walk from Portland, or why you like to carry poison whiskey.

(glancing to Nate)

But-- he saved me. They can't all be monsters-- some people have to be alright-- don't they?

CLOSE ON MAGGIE. Haunted-- and guarded. She'd like to have Charlie's optimism. But she's seen too much.

EXT. WOODS' EDGE - MORNING

DANNY. Nervous. Glancing over his shoulder. Emerging from the forest. Heading into tall grass.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - MORNING - LATER

Danny now treads down a DIRT ROAD that winds between AMBER FIELDS of SHIMMERING WHEAT. Out of an Andrew Wyeth painting. The wind blows, BACKLIT DUST and POLLEN BILLOW.

Danny COUGHS. Throat irritated. As he passes a classic, faded, paint-peeling AMERICAN FARMHOUSE. With the wind and the dust and the farmhouse-- it's all seriously eerie.

Danny carries on. But then... he coughs HARDER. Then begins to WHEEZE. The dust and pollen are too much for him. He stops. Knows he's in trouble. A FULL BLOWN ASTHMA ATTACK.

Off Danny. Drops to his knees. SUFFOCATING-- this time, with no one to help--

EXT. KENNEDY EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Our heroes weave down the EXPRESSWAY. CHOKED with cars, bumper to bumper. Maggie frowns, displeased, up at-

Charlie and Nate. She's just told him her story. He reacts-- genuine and sympathetic--

NATE

...that is just-- I lost my parents, when I was fifteen. So I get it-- I'm sorry--

CHARLIE

Thanks.

NATE

And... don't worry... I'm sure your brother's okay...

CLOSE ON CHARLIE. She nods her gratitude. Then looks forward. Astounded. They've come around a bend, REVEALING--

THE CHICAGO SKYLINE. Sears Tower. Trump Tower. ONLY-- COLOSSAL. STILL. VACANT. Vines creep up the JOHN HANCOCK. It defies description. A mind-boggling sight.

EXT. THE DRAKE - NIGHT

Night's fallen, by the time our weary travelers finally reach their destination-- the DRAKE HOTEL. On Walton Place. Ten stories. A Grand Dame of Art Deco.

Charlie gazes up at it.

CHARLIE
He lives here?

AARON
It's a buyer's market.

TIMECUT. They peer through the glass doors-- that lead into the SALOON. Stacked chairs. Still-lit candles. Definitely signs of life. They try the door. But it's locked. They knock. But there's no answer--

So Maggie crouches. Quickly and efficiently PICKS IT. Then notices Charlie staring-- how's Maggie know how to do this?

MAGGIE
What? You'd rather wait 'till morning?

INT. THE DRAKE - SALOON - NIGHT

Maggie opens the door. Everybody enters. Quietly searching.

Aaron spots a stray bottle of moonshine. Looks around. Coast is clear. Takes a swig.

Charlie. Examines the photos on the wall. When--

A KNIFE is PRESSED against her neck! Bites into her skin. Charlie GASPS-- and MILES is granite-cool--

MILES
We're closed--

Maggie, Aaron, and Nate pivot to Miles-- he grips the blade.

MAGGIE
Take it easy--

CHARLIE
You're... Miles. Right?

Miles was tense before. Now he's downright HOMICIDAL--

MILES
Never heard of him--

CHARLIE
Please. I'm Charlie-- Charlotte.
Ben's daughter.

Miles pauses. This is the last thing he expected.

CHARLIE
He's dead. Murdered. By Militia.

Miles reacts to this. Emotional. A crack in the facade. He steps back. Lets Charlie go. She whirls around...

CHARLIE
You believe me.

MILES
You've got his eyes. I'm... sorry.
(takes in the others)
Who are they?

CHARLIE
Friends.

Miles blinks. Furious. So much for a low profile.

MILES
Oh, good. You brought... friends.

AARON
(goes for the shake)
I'm Aaron, it's nice to--
(Miles glares, Aaron
lowers his hand)
Okay. Awesome.

CHARLIE
We need to talk.

MILES
(beat)
Just you. In back.

MAGGIE
Forget it--

MILES
 (shut it)
 Sister, you'll be lucky if I let
 you walk out alive--

With that, Miles stomps into the back. Charlie gives the others a nod-- she'll be okay-- then follows--

INT. THE DRAKE - MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charlie enters the room, and promptly freezes--

Because Miles' apartment is a FUCKING PALACE. The former HOTEL LOBBY, to be exact. A GRAND STAIRCASE up to a BALCONY. A CHANDELIER. TORCHES line the MARBLE WALLS.

It's also a BACHELOR'S SHRINE to the old world. ROWS of INDUSTRIAL RACKS. Shelves sagging with LP's, odd little knick-knacks.

CHARLIE
 Wow.

MILES
 Alright, so. You came a helluva
 long way to talk. So talk.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON DANNY. He wakes. Alive. But strangely, he's beneath thick, patchwork quilts. In a farmhouse bedroom.

An African-American WOMAN, 50's, sits across. She's fiercely intelligent. And doesn't suffer fools. This is GRACE.

GRACE
 Well. If you have to have an
 asthma attack, least you had the
 good sense to have it near me.

DANNY
 I... what happened?

She hands him an ASTHMA INHALER. Rusty, but still amazingly high-tech to Danny. He's never seen anything like it.

GRACE
 Lucky you, I still have a few of
 these laying around.

DANNY
 What is it?

GRACE
 You breathe it in. Stops an attack
 before it starts.

DANNY
 ...thank you. You a doctor?

GRACE
 They're my son's.

She glances at a PHOTO of an ADORABLE, SMILING TEN-YEAR-OLD.

DANNY
 He doesn't need them?

GRACE
 He's been dead a long time.
 (off Danny)
 Now you want to explain this?

She TUGS on his HANDCUFF. Lifting his wrist with it.

DANNY
 I... I ran away. From some
 Soldiers.

GRACE
 Soldiers? Monroe's boys? That is
 just what I need, that is peachy.
 I swear, I should've let you die in
 the road.

DANNY
 Well. Thank you for not letting
 me... do that.

GRACE
 If they follow you here, I swear to
 God...

DANNY
 Look. I owe you already. And I
 don't want to put you to any more
 trouble. I'll just... I'll go.

Danny stands. But immediately sways, weak.

GRACE
 (cranky but warm)
 Oh, sit down, before you crack your
 skull open. You can stay the
 night. But you leave first thing,
 you understand?

DANNY

Yes, ma'am. Thank you.

She sighs a long suffering sigh. Like she's gonna regret this. Then exits. Off Danny. Can't help but smile at her--

INT. THE DRAKE - MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHARLIE

...and that's it. He said to find you. And then he... you know.

MILES

I'm sorry--

CHARLIE

Thanks. Me, too.

MILES

--but Charlie. I can't help you.

CHARLIE

Wait. What?

MILES

Been doing my best to stay away from Sebastian Monroe... not charge down his goddam throat.

CHARLIE

You're... not coming?

MILES

Why do you think they took your brother? He's bait. And if I go for it-- won't be good for anyone. Him or me.

CHARLIE

But my Dad said-- look, I'm begging you. Please--

MILES

(he's sorry but)
Monroe's got hundreds of men. Stockpiles of weapons. It's impossible.

CHARLIE

No... no. I've been through a lot just to get here-- a helluva lot-- and now we're gonna get Danny--

MILES
And why's that?

CHARLIE
Because you're family!

A beat of conflicted pain across Miles' face. We can tell he wants to help. But he quietly responds--

MILES
Haven't talked to your Dad in years. Haven't seen you since you were in diapers. Family? We're strangers.

Charlie. More than angry. HURT. When--

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Come on. Your Uncle's made himself perfectly clear.

Maggie stands in the entrance. Clipped.

MAGGIE
You know, Ben barely even mentioned you. Now I think I know why.

Charlie follows Maggie out.

Miles. Guilty. Calls after them--

MILES
Wait. At least stay till morning.
(hates this)
Your... friends, too.

CHARLIE
I don't think so.

MILES
There's wolf packs on the streets.
And they hunt at night. Now come on. Just till sun up.

Charlie looks at him. Still pissed. But relents.

INT. THE DRAKE - MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Charlie, Nate, and Maggie sit around a fire-- the smoke curling up through a BROKEN STAINED GLASS SKYLIGHT.

Aaron stands at the knick-knack shelves. Delighted, he inspects a LOUIEVILLE SLUGGER BASEBALL BAT. He sets it back on the shelf-- it CLATTERS to the floor. Much too loud.

Miles. Behind him. He might kill Aaron here and now.

AARON

(a forever beat)

Look. We're clearly off on the wrong foot, let's just start over. Hey. I'm Aaron.

Miles ignores him-- searching for an LP from a stack.

AARON

Okay. Good talk.

CHARLIE

Uncle Miles?

MILES

Just Miles.

CHARLIE

Why's Monroe want you? Why'd he want my Dad?

MILES

...it's complicated.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well. He died over it. So try me.

Miles winces at that--

MILES

Monroe thinks your Dad and I know something. Something important.

CHARLIE

And what's that?

MILES

Why the power went out. And maybe how to turn it back on.

(off her surprise)

Which would mean tanks, planes, guns, factories. Monroe would steamroll the continent, no one could stop him.

MAGGIE

But-- that's just-- Ben was a farmer-- before that, he taught math--

But then... Maggie sees Charlie's thoughtful expression--

MAGGIE

What?

CHARLIE

I don't know. There was a lot he wouldn't say. And sometimes he'd say some strange things--

PUSH IN ON AARON. Standing at the shelves, his face hidden from the group. He listens. INTENT. STRESSED. From his POCKET, he PULLS-- that SILVER PENDANT. STARES AT IT. Whatever he knows... he ain't talking--

CHARLIE

(to Miles)

Is any of it true?

Long beat. Whatever Miles knows, he ain't talking, either--

MILES

Of course not. Whole thing's insane. Monroe's insane--

Miles finds the LP he's been looking for. Sets it on a HAND-WOUND VICTROLA. Drops the needle. And of ALL THINGS--

It's Cat Stevens. "Wild World." Scratchy.

PUSH IN ON CHARLIE. To her... it's a miracle. And as she listens, we TRANSITION TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

A CORNER MARKET. As-- **SMASH!** SOMEONE throws a GARBAGE CAN through the window-- it SHATTERS!

FRIGHTENED PEOPLE storm inside-- gathering as many SOUP CANS and DRY GOODS as they can carry. In front of this CHAOS--

Ben Matheson. Eyes ahead. Wears a heavy backpack. Pushes a stroller-- Danny inside-- down the middle of the avenue.

Rachel Matheson. Backpack. Holds Charlie, 5, tight. Charlie whimpers at the surrounding violence. So, again, Rachel sings to her. Soft and gentle. Voice quivering--

RACHEL

...but if you wanna leave, take good care... I hope you make a lot of nice friends out there...

INT. THE DRAKE - MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

CLOSE ON CHARLIE, 20. Her bricks start to CRUMBLE--

CAT STEVENS

*...but just remember there's a lot
of bad and beware...*

Then... Charlie's wall comes crashing down. She SOBS--
Which makes Miles COMPLETELY UNCOMFORTABLE. Stiff as a
board. He's far from paternal. A lackluster back pat--

MILES

Whoa. Hey. Um. There, there.

MAGGIE

Nice. Thank you.

Then Maggie holds Charlie tight. Or tries to. Charlie
stiffens-- not ready for that kind of contact from Maggie.

CHARLIE

Sorry. I'm sorry.

MAGGIE

Don't you apologize. It's okay.

Nate. Watching. With genuine sympathy.

CHARLIE

...my Mom used to sing that song.

MILES

(beat)

...where is Rachel?

CHARLIE

She's not dead. Far as I know.
She left. Four years ago now.

(beat)

I think the village was too small
for her. I think she just...
wanted to see what was out there--

Miles studies Charlie. Sympathetic. So does Maggie.

MAGGIE

Reminds me of someone.

Nate. He reaches out. Touches Charlie's knee. Comforting.
His heart truly breaks for her.

NATE

I'm sorry.

CLOSE ON MILES. He sees Nate's hand. REACTS.

And LIGHTNING FAST, he SHOCKINGLY HAULS NATE to his FEET,
SWINGS him against a MARBLE PILLAR! CRACK!

CHARLIE

Hey!

NATE

The hell are you doing?!

Miles CLUTCHES Nate's wrist-- and we see-- a THICK SCAR on
his hand--

MILES

Where'd you get that?

NATE

(what the FUCK?)

From a sickle. Cutting wheat.

MILES

You're lying. That's from a combat
sword.

With that, Miles iron-grips Nate's arm. Forces his sleeve
down, to reveal-- THE 'M' TATTOO. Nate is MILITIA!

Beat. Miles and Nate LOCK EYES. This charade is over.
Then, from nowhere-- Nate SAVAGELY, EXPERTLY HEAD-BUTTS
Miles, then delivers a CRUSHING ROUNDHOUSE across Miles' jaw!

Nate RUNS for the door! Miles takes off after him--

Off Charlie, Maggie, and Aaron-- exchanging shock. What the
HELL just happened?

EXT. THE DRAKE - NIGHT

By the time Miles bursts from the saloon door--

POV OF STREET. Nate's gone. Vanished. He's a ghost--

Off Miles, screwed beyond repair--

BLACKOUT!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CHICAGO - DAWN

Sun rises over a desolate SEARS TOWER.

INT. THE DRAKE - SALOON - DAWN

Charlie. Maggie. Aaron. Watching. They're unsettled-- not because Miles is apoplectic. Just the opposite. He's calm. Too calm. He opens a cabinet--

CHARLIE

Uncle Miles. I'm sorry--

MILES

Please. Just Miles.

(beat)

He's probably from the same squad that took Danny. Been following you from the jump. Hoping you'd flush me out. Which you did.

Charlie's COMPLETELY FUCKING DISTRAUGHT. Maggie watches-- hates that Charlie has to learn this particular lesson.

CHARLIE

It's my fault. I shouldn't have trusted him...

AARON

(to Miles)

So what are you gonna do?

From the cabinet-- Miles removes a BOTTLE of SCOTCH--

MILES

This is, to the best of my knowledge, the last bottle of Scotch in Chicago.

(beat)

I am going to drink it.

And he proceeds to do so. Pours it into a glass.

CHARLIE

But... you can't stay here. It's not safe.

MILES

And who's fault is that?

(deep breath)

Your boyfriend'll bring the nearest unit, twenty men.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

I'd say you got two, three hours, tops. I'd make myself scarce, I were you.

MAGGIE

But-- I don't care who you are-- you can't handle twenty men. You'll never make it.

Miles shrugs, non-committal. And Charlie puts it together--

CHARLIE

Who says he wants to?

And we can see in Miles' face. It's true.

MILES

Maybe I got it coming.

CHARLIE

This is crazy. Come with us. Or don't-- go anywhere-- but don't just sit here and die-- please--

Miles finally bares his fangs--

MILES

I think you've done enough for me. Get the hell out of my bar.

(in her face)

I SAID GET OUT!! NOW!

Charlie doesn't back down. She just looks at him. With pity. And sadness. Before she turns away. Walks out.

Maggie and Aaron give Miles one last look. Then follow.

EXT. THE DRAKE - DAWN

Charlie strides forward. Maggie and Aaron beside her.

MAGGIE

He can go to hell.

CHARLIE

(quietly)

...he's going to.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Grace's rustic FARMHOUSE. Then... just as we're lulled into thinking it's a harmless establishing shot--

Neville's MILITIA WAGON ROLLS past.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - MORNING

Danny. Alone. He stands before a HALLWAY DOOR. And it's LOCKED. With FOUR DIFFERENT LOCKS. He brushes his hand over them. It's a little strange. When--

GRACE

Here you go. All I could find.

Danny spins. If he was curious about the door, he drops it. He doesn't want to be rude-- and she's been so helpful.

She hands him a HANDFUL of ASTHMA INHALERS. He pockets them.

DANNY

I don't know how to thank you.

GRACE

Just try not to get yourself killed out there--

She hands him the pack. Danny smiles. When-- POUND POUND POUND! The door. Their blood goes icy.

GRACE

Get upstairs.

Danny scrambles up the steps. Grace smooths out her blouse. Opens it. Revealing Captain Neville. And two Soldiers.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

(grins that grin)

Howdy, ma'am. Isn't it just a lovely day?

GRACE

'Morning.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

Hate to bother you. But we're looking for a young fugitive. A boy, really. Yay high, brown hair?

GRACE

You're the first soul I've seen in weeks.

CAPTAIN NEVILLE

I'm sure that's true. Only thing is, we've been following some tracks, we're gifted at that. And well, they pretty much lead straight to your door.

(then)

(MORE)

CAPTAIN NEVILLE (CONT'D)

So maybe, you think real hard,
you'll recollect seeing him after
all. Now what do you say?

Long beat. Captain Neville gives a toothy smile. Folksy charm wrapped around jagged iron.

Then... Grace sags. Opens the door wider. Steps back. Silently and pointedly looks upstairs. SURRENDERING Danny.

Captain Neville nods. Rushes in. Past a despondent Grace.

Neville takes the steps, two at a time. Reaches the bedroom door. THROWS IT OPEN to REVEAL--

The room's empty. And the WINDOW'S OPEN. And outside, Danny SPRINTS through the wheat!

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - MORNING

With Danny. Dashing. Wheat stalks whipping his face. He has no idea where he's going. He just runs. When--

NEVILLE EXPLODES from the wheat stalks! TACKLES Danny from the side. They both ROLL--

Neville, pro that he is, quickly gains the upper hand. Crouching on top of Danny. Knife to the boy's throat. Neville is ENRAGED-- and we think he just might kill the kid-- just to be RID of this FUCKING PAIN IN THE ASS--

But Neville only YANKS Danny to his feet.

Off Danny-- barren--

EXT. THE DRAKE - DAY

We're outside the locked saloon doors. As... Nate steps before them. Followed by the LOCAL SQUAD SERGEANT, 30's-- battle-tested, salty, cautious. He leads TWENTY MEN.

The Sergeant throws a hand signal. All in.

NATE

What are you doing?

From the Sergeant's wary attitude, we can tell-- Miles' reputation precedes him.

SERGEANT

Look, maybe he's long gone by now.
But if this is really Miles
Matheson, and he's still here...
I'm not taking any chances.

INT. THE DRAKE - SALOON - DAY

It's still. Silent.

We follow NATE. He's uneasy. As in the b.g., the group cautiously moves through the bar. An organized, military sweep. But no sign of Miles. Nate leads them into--

INT. THE DRAKE - MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

--where Nate stops. Because Miles didn't run-- didn't hide. He stands at the top of the stairs. SWORD in EACH HAND.

Nate steps forward. Tries to talk Miles off the ledge--

NATE

Look. Monroe wants you alive-- we don't wanna hurt you--

Miles eyes the soldiers. He's bone-tired.

MILES

I don't wanna hurt them. I don't wanna hurt anybody. So please, go--

NATE

You know we can't do that.

MILES

(a beat; a sigh)
I know.

The Sergeant nods to his men. Orders them forward. They hesitate. They've heard the stories, too.

SERGEANT

Now.

The Soldiers draw their weapons. Climb the steps. Towards Miles. Who waits. We INTERCUT: Soldiers... Miles.

At the top of the steps... the Soldiers pause.

A moment frozen in time.

The rumble before the thunder.

Then the first Soldier SWINGS. As does Miles. Their BLADES MEET-- CLANK!

Multiple Soldiers SURGE FORWARD. But Miles, sharp tactician that he is, has them BOTTLE-NECKED on the steps-- he SLASHES, again and again, slicing open MULTIPLE CHESTS.

A few beats of SWORDFIGHTING. But none of that polite European fencing shit. This is a new style. An AMERICAN style. Bare-knuckle. Brawling.

And Miles is a GODDAM VIRTUOSO.

But there's just too many of them-- they PUSH MILES BACK-- he HACKS away, desperately, but they start to OVERWHELM HIM-- he's wedged up against the balcony ledge--

So then Miles leaps off! Hop-scotches to a high STORAGE RACK. TIPS IT, rides it down to the main floor, *Parkour* meets classic SWASHBUCKLING--

The Soldiers scramble back down the steps--

ON THE GROUND FLOOR. Miles. Out in the open. Exposed.

The SERGEANT. Approaches. And this guy KNOWS his way around a blade. He's like the SWORDSMAN from "Raiders." He's INFURIATED. Miles has already killed a pile of his men. But Nate blocks his way--

NATE

We need him alive--

SERGEANT

Look at my men, go fuck yourself--

The Sergeant shoves Nate out of the way--

Miles braces for the attack. Only problem--

He's SURROUNDED. Soldiers advance from all sides. Warily closing in on Miles-- as if approaching a rattlesnake.

MILES. Spins, slow. Knows the score. A deep breath--

Then he ATTACKS! Takes on the Sergeant-- and multiple Soldiers. All at once! He's FORMIDABLE and TOUGH and WILY as HELL-- but there's just too many of them-- one SLASHES his RIBCAGE! Blood! Then another Soldier makes contact!

Miles FIGHTS-- but he's a BULL encircled by seven bullfighters. And we know how that'll end. That is, until--

CHARLIE

Hey!

One SOLDIER spins-- just as CHARLIE UNLOADS her CROSSBOW directly into his chest! He drops!

Miles. Shocked. And can't deny-- a little relieved-- THEN--

AARON

Over here!

Aaron. Unarmed. FUCKING TERRIFIED.

Two SOLDIERS CHASE Charlie-- into the MAZE of tall, heavy INDUSTRIAL RACKS-- another Soldier CHARGES AARON-- he RUNS into the saloon--

Leaving Miles with the Sergeant and THREE OTHERS-- a MANAGEABLE NUMBER for Miles-- he efficiently punches a few guys' TICKETS-- leaving just Miles. And the Sergeant. And the SHIT IS ON.

INT. SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The Soldier bursts into the saloon. Aaron just stands there.

AARON

I, um. Sorry.

As Maggie suddenly ATTACKS the Soldier from behind-- slitting his throat before he ever knew what hit him--

INT. THE DRAKE - MILES' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MILES. CLINKING-- CLANKING-- CLANGING SWORDS with the Sergeant! Both evenly matched. It's ASTOUNDING.

ANGLE ON: A SOLDIER. He's hunting Charlie. Through the tall racks. Beat. When he rounds a corner--

And she's right there! FIRES! Arrow THWACKS! Direct hit!

But then-- another Soldier-- TIPS a HEAVY RACK, right on top of her-- Charlie SCRAMBLES, but it catches her LEG! OUCH! She PINNED. Trapped--

This Soldier steps to her. Murder in his expression. Charlie is most definitely DEAD MEAT. When suddenly--

Nate is there! Gripping that BASEBALL BAT. Takes a Babe Ruth swing across the back of the Soldier's head! The Soldier crumples to the floor.

Nate. Charlie. A VERY LONG beat. They lock eyes. There's SO GODDAM MUCH he wants to tell her. But--

MAGGIE

Charlie!

Maggie and Aaron race up to Charlie. She looks to them. And when she turns back... NATE IS GONE.

MAGGIE

You okay?

Charlie. Bewildered. And conflicted. And let's be honest-- a little tingly. As Maggie and Aaron LIFT UP the rack--

MILES. Still battling the Sergeant. Desperately. To the death. Until-- after a few beats of the COOLEST FUCKING SWORDFIGHT CHOREOGRAPHY YOU'VE EVER SEEN-- Miles finally, climactically sees his opening--

PLUNGES his sword into the Sergeant's chest!

The Sergeant drools blood. Then drops. It's over.

Miles turns to Charlie, Maggie, and Aaron, just as they approach. He catches his breath-- takes in his surroundings--

The ROOM is TRASHED. OVERTURNED RACKS. SMASHED KNICK-KNACKS carpet the floor. Miles' whole life. Decimated.

He picks up a CRACKED vinyl LP. Forlorn.

MILES

Look at this mess.

Charlie. Eyes on the BODIES EVERYWHERE-- it's a mess, alright. Who the hell is her Uncle Miles? Off this, we--

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. THE DRAKE - MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Miles is shirtless. As Maggie sews his stitches. Is there a spark from their touch? If so, they're both too guarded to show it. Aaron and Charlie stand nearby.

MILES

You know... I didn't ask you to come back...

MAGGIE

Hey, don't look at me, I wanted to let you rot.

MILES

(to Charlie)
So then why did you?

Charlie steps forward-- simply and earnestly--

CHARLIE

We're not strangers. And it's what my Dad would've wanted.

Miles regards Charlie. A long beat. And just when we think he's going to say something kind, even touching--

MILES

Jesus. Who talks like that? For real?

CHARLIE

Thanks-- thank you.

MILES

(deep sigh)
But-- still. I'm in.

CHARLIE

Wait. You're coming?

MILES

Well, this place is trashed-- loverboy'll just send more troops-- and you saved my life, I owe you. So what goddam choice do I have?

Beat. Charlie sees the honorable soul buried beneath all that avuncular gruff. Even if Miles can't see it himself.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

MILES

(sincere)

You're welcome.

(allergic to sincere)

We're all gonna end up with our heads on a stick, but you're welcome.

AARON

Oh. That's... good news.

CHARLIE

So. Where to?

MILES

They'll be taking Danny east-- to Monroe himself. So. We move fast and light-- and we catch up--

CHARLIE

Sounds good.

MILES

Okay. Let's go get your brother--

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Charlie. Miles. Maggie. Aaron. Skyline at their back. Striding forward. With energy, with purpose. When Aaron whispers an aside to Maggie-- eyes on Miles--

AARON

Does make you wonder, though.

MAGGIE

What?

AARON

I mean, a guy like that-- chews iron and spits nails. So why's he scared of Monroe?

Maggie looks to Aaron. Great question--

MILES. Face cloudy with apprehension. As we TRANSITION TO:

EXT. ROUTE 21 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Miles, 24 again. Back with his best friend Bass; back in the Teaser. Watching in horror as--

SMASH! A SEMI TRUCK, out of nowhere, POUNDS into their friend Oliver! Utterly OBLITERATES HIM. Before it PLUNGES off the exit ramp.

Miles SCRAMBLES to the side of the ramp-- desperate to make his way down to Oliver--

BELOW. The truck is spewing gasoline. Small flames grow--

MILES
Ollie! OLLIE!

But Bass holds back a THRASHING MILES--

BASS
Stop-- Miles, STOP! He's dead--
that truck's gonna blow--

Finally, Miles looks at Bass-- returning to his senses--

BASS
We gotta get back to base-- you
hear me-- we gotta get back.

EXT. PARRIS ISLAND MARINE CORP RECRUIT DEPOT - NIGHT

Bass and a dazed Miles head down the dark street. They pause, absolutely bewildered, as they pass--

A DOWNED MILITARY HELICOPTER. On its side. Just burning. No hydrants or fire trucks to put it out.

They reach the GUARD GATE. Stop before the GUARD on duty--

BASS
We're reporting in.

GUARD
Names?

It takes a beat for Miles to focus. Then, he shows his I.D.

MILES
Lance Cpl. Miles Matheson.

CLOSE ON BASS. As he does the same.

BASS
Staff Sgt. Sebastian Monroe.

The revelation sinks in-- BASS is GENERAL MONROE! As the two friends race off to their barracks... we TRANSITION BACK TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

CUE SONG. Cat Stevens' "Wild World." We ride it to the end.

CLOSE ON MILES. And yes. He is scared.

WIDER. Charlie, Maggie, and Aaron. Beside Miles. As this new family ventures into this epic new America.

EVEN WIDER. Now revealing-- NATE. Enigmatic. He watches. Through binocs. At a safe distance. TRACKING THEM.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

DANNY. Re-cuffed. Captain Neville beside him. As the wagon rolls down the interstate. Through a now-abandoned, now-pointless TOLL GATE. On its way to Monroe...

INT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY

Finally-- GRACE. Holds that PHOTO of her SON. Guilt-ridden. Then-- she moves to that LOCKED HALLWAY DOOR. The one Danny noticed. She UNLOCKS the four different locks, with four different keys. Then enters--

INT. SECRET BACK ROOM - DAY

Small. Simple. Just a rough-hewn desk and chair. But it's what's ON the table-- a BARE BULB ELECTRIC LAMP. Which-- HOLY SHIT-- GRACE CLICKS ON!

And a HOMEMADE COMPUTER. Bulky. A spiderweb of wires. A green phosphorous monitor. And a BLINKING CURSOR. It's OPERATIONAL. We HEAR that old school MODEM WHINE.

As Grace sits before it, we notice for the first time-- she wears a silver pendant necklace around her neck. Just like Ben's. The FLASHDRIVE NECKLACE.

CLOSE ON MONITOR. She types: "**THE MILITIA WAS HERE.**"

Beat... then someone on the other end responds! Flickering green words on the screen: "**DID THEY FIND IT?**"

Grace types: "**NO.**"

Another beat. Then... from the other end:

"SO... WHAT NOW?"

CLOSE ON GRACE. She leans back in her chair. Troubled. Contemplating the question.

As do we. What does it all mean? Off Grace. Off this mystery. Off this IMPOSSIBLE piece of technology, we--

BLACKOUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...