

GREENLAND

Written by
Chris Sparling

01.25.17 Draft

United Talent Agency
Kaplan/Perrone Entertainment

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - PHILADELPHIA, PA - EVENING

Congested with after-work TRAFFIC escaping downtown.

The evening sun melts into the horizon. The fiery hues of autumn glint against glass high-rises.

INT. NISSAN MAXIMA - SAME

JOHN GARRITY, (38), handsome, inscrutable, sits in silence. His mind an uncanny distance away. Workplace casual in khakis and an Oxford shirt, unbuttoned at the top. White gold WEDDING RING. Nothing ostentatious.

Files peek from his leather work bag, on the passenger seat. Clients include: "DELTA", "AMERICAN AIRLINES", "CAPE AIR", etc.

His contemplative mein acquires a hint of curiosity when --

A military HUMVEE passes by in the eastbound lane.

A moment later -- two more MILITARY VEHICLES follow after.

Unusual, but nothing remarkable about it. John returns to his thoughts, unconcerned.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING

Difficult to differentiate from the other homes in this homogenous middle-class neighborhood.

A compact S.U.V. is parked in the open two-car GARAGE. John's car pulls into the driveway. He parks. Takes a moment.

SEE that there are several suitcases in his backseat.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - BASEMENT - EVENING

Designed and furnished commensurately with the home's well-crafted exterior.

ALLISON GARRITY, (36), world-weary, jogs on a treadmill. Sweating. Ear-buds in each ear. Pushing hard against emotional headwinds.

She lifts her feet from the runway when she sees someone descending the basement stairs. Pulls the ear-buds.

John stops a few steps before the bottom. Treading lightly, it seems.

Beat. Silence but for the steady whir of the treadmill.

ALLISON
You're early.

JOHN
I wanted be here for the bus.

An uncomfortable beat. Then --

JOHN (CONT'D)
(re: workout)
I'll let you finish--

ALLISON
--I'm done.

She powers down the treadmill. Swipes her water bottle and iPhone.

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Allison towels off her brow. Swigs from her water bottle. Dumps the excess water in a basil plant near the window.

Anything to keep her back to John.

JOHN
How long are you going to ignore me for?

ALLISON
I haven't decided yet.

JOHN
Then why did you agree to this?

She cleans a kitchen counter that doesn't need cleaning.

ALLISON
Because of him.

JOHN
What about us?

ALLISON
I haven't decided that yet, either.

Allison runs out of things to do. Finally faces John...

Sees he's holding a PURPLE STUFFED ANIMAL CHEETAH, softening her ever so slightly.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
He likes cheetahs.

JOHN
I know.

After a beat --

JOHN (CONT'D)
We can do this.

ALLISON
We can try -- which is what *this* is. Don't mistake it for anything more than that.

Allison busies herself again. This time drying already dry dishes.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I can't pretend everything's fine just because you're back. It's not fine.
(beat)
This is... this is going to take time.

JOHN
We have time.

As Allison considers this, a SCHOOL BUS pulls up outside.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - SAME

NATHAN GARRITY, (7), is among the small group of elementary school students who exit the bus.

He's mid-conversation with ELLIE FITZPATRICK, (9), his neighbor and friend --

NATHAN
...and the ball was like, "boosh," when it hit me.

Ellie laughs.

ELLIE FITZPATRICK
You're lucky. We only got to play Freeze Tag.

NATHAN
We played Freeze Tag last week--

His face assumes a timid expression when he sees John's car in the driveway. Ellie's slightly surprised as well.

ELLIE FITZPATRICK
Isn't that your dad's car?

NATHAN
(preoccupied)
Yeah.

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - EVENING

The front door is heard opening. Aware who's home, John and Allison both put on good faces.

NATHAN GARRITY, (7), enters the kitchen, his school backpack slung across his shoulders.

JOHN
Hi.

NATHAN
Hi.

ALLISON
How was school?

NATHAN
Good.

Nathan's discomfiture is painfully apparent.

JOHN
(re: stuffed animal)
Hey -- I got you this.

NATHAN
Thanks.

An uncomfortable beat. Allison wipes away a tear to hide it.

ALLISON
Why don't you go put your stuff
away, okay?

Nathan escapes upstairs to his room. John watches him go.

JOHN
How have his numbers been?

ALLISON

Terrible.

John slowly nods his regret.

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - NATHAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Nathan lies on his bed, drawing something with magic markers.

John taps at the open bedroom door.

JOHN

Can I come in?

NATHAN

Yeah.

John approaches with tact. Ganders at Nathan's drawing.

JOHN

I like all the colors.

SEE that Nathan draws a sun rising from behind a cloud-covered mountain, which Nathan has labeled: "MT. WASHINGTON."

John sits next to him on the bed. Looks at the picture. He points to the three STICK FIGURES standing on top of Mt. Washington: a man, a woman, and a boy.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Is that us?

Nathan nods. Continues coloring in Mt. Washington.

NATHAN

(re: Mt. Washington)

Do you think we can finally go there this year?

JOHN

I'd like that.

NATHAN

Can we go this weekend?

JOHN

Um... it's probably a little too snowy up there right now. Maybe in the spring.

Off Nathan's muted disappointment --

JOHN (CONT'D)

(joking)

We wouldn't want our car to slip
down the mountain.

NATHAN

Would we die?

JOHN

Well that got dark real fast.

NATHAN

My teacher said your life flashes
by your eyes right before you die.

JOHN

Kind of a weird thing for a teacher
to say, isn't it?

NATHAN

(shrugs)

She's kinda weird.

(beat)

But is it true?

JOHN

I don't know. Maybe.

NATHAN

It would be better if it flashed by
if you *live*. That way you could,
like, see all those good memories
and remember to be happy.

John searches Nathan's statement for subtext, but ultimately
accepts it at face value. Smiles a small smile.

JOHN

I like that version better, too.

He continues to watch Nathan color...

Until Nathan stops. The boy seems to want to say more.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What?

(off Nathan's hesitance)

What is it, buddy?

Beat.

NATHAN

Is Mom going to make you leave
again?

Unless that was the subtext. John sighs. Thinks carefully before answering.

JOHN

No.

Nathan nods a small nod, though it's clear he harbors doubt. He gets back to coloring.

Now it's John who seems to want to say more... but he replaces that urge by instead offering --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here, let me help you.

He takes another GRAY marker from Nathan's pencil case. Pops the cap -- but the marker tip snaps off, staining part of John's hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Damn it...

John looks for something to wipe his hand on. He ultimately decides on his own sock. As he's hunched over --

Nathan wraps his arms around him. Breaks down in quiet tears. John sits up and hugs him back. Rueful pangs of conscience.

EXT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - EVENING

John retrieves his suitcases and a few belongings from inside his car and trunk.

A car drives past. Its driver, ED PRUITT, (56), involuntarily slows upon seeing John. An unexpected sight, apparently.

John offers a short wave, which Ed returns as he then proceeds down the suburban street.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allison sleeps alone in a queen-size bed. The other half of the bed is neatly tucked, clearly unused for quite some time.

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - NATHAN'S BEDROOM - SAME

A solar system mobile hovers above Nathan's bed. Nathan sleeps beneath it as his SOUND MACHINE gently hisses WHITE NOISE.

The peaceful sound persists... until the sound machine unexpectedly falters. As if suddenly on the fritz. Seconds later, it returns to normal.

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - SAME

Unable to sleep, John sits alone at the table.

His absent gaze registers the gray MARKER SMUDGE on his hand. He shuffles over to the kitchen sink. Turns on the water, about to wash off the stain...

...but he's distracted by the distant sound of a BARKING DOG.

John turns off the sink to listen closer. There's something peculiar about it. A strange sense of urgency.

EXT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The front door yawns open. John peeks outside -- but sees nothing. He's about to go back inside when...

He hears more BARKING. This time more proximate.

He leaves his doorstep. Drifts to the middle of the otherwise silent, hazy street...

Streetlights spill individual pools of light, set against stretches of darkness in between. An unsettling etherealness.

Just then --

A large GERMAN SHEPHERD bursts from the shadows. Its claws clack against the pavement, its BROKEN CHAIN drags behind as it charges toward John.

JOHN

Roscoe...?

But this dog, ROSCOE, shows no sign of slowing down. It closes in, spittle flying from its grunting mouth.

Confusion gives way to fear as John backs up -- prepares to turn and run --

-- but Roscoe speeds right past him.

John spins, watches the dog disappear back into the darkness further down the street.

Silence returns. John shakes off his confusion. Turns to walk back to his house when --

ANOTHER DOG speeds past him... and then ANOTHER --

And then FOUR MORE. All with broken leashes or torn collars.

And then --

Over a DOZEN barking dogs race down the street, all fleeing past John like a migrating herd. Only, it's clear they're not running toward something.

They're running AWAY from something.

But what?

And then, just as suddenly as this all began... it ends.

John remains in the street, confounded.

FADE TO:

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Alison cooks eggs for Nathan, who has already started eating his toast.

ALLISON

Make sure you take a unit for that
(toast).

NATHAN

(over)
I did.

Allison levels a skeptical look...

Nathan groans, presses a few buttons on his INSULIN PUMP -- a pager-size medical device clipped to the waistband of his pants. A long, thin tube extends from it and attaches to his abdomen. He administers himself ONE UNIT of insulin.

A moment later, John enters, tired-eyed.

JOHN

Morning.

NATHAN

Hi.

John looks to Allison, as if hoping she might greet him. But alas, she busies herself at the stove.

JOHN
What time is it?

ALLISON
Quarter past nine.

JOHN
(to Nathan)
Why aren't you at school?

Nathan shrugs.

ALLISON
The bus never came, for some reason.

John's forehead creases when he sees Nathan's insulin pump. Allison is immediately frustrated by his lack of familiarity.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
It's an insulin pump.

JOHN
(to Nathan)
When did you stop using shots?

ALLISON
(pointedly)
Over a month ago.

NATHAN
I hate it.

ALLISON
You hated taking shots even more.

NATHAN
You try wearing it. See how you like it.

Allison's sympathy overrides her desire to address Nathan's disrespectful tone. She sighs, gets back to the eggs sizzling on the pan.

JOHN
Well... I can drive him to school.
(then to Nathan)
Or... to the movies?

Nathan smiles discreetly at what John is intimating.

ALLISON
He can't miss school.

JOHN
It's only one day, Allison.

ALLISON
He's already missed *ten* days for
endocrinologist appointments.
(beat)
But how would you know that?

JOHN
Don't purposely make this harder.

ALLISON
It's really hard not to. --

JOHN
-- It's not fair.

ALLISON
You're seriously telling *me* about
what's fair?

Allison takes a moment to collect herself. The sizzling pan crackles through the silence.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I told you... This is going to take
time.

A beat. Then John and Allison notice Nathan...

...standing at the DINING ROOM window, his back to them.
Looking to the street. Deeply perplexed by what he sees.

JOHN
Nathan...?

John joins him at the window. His own confusion rises in
equal measure.

SEE that several of their NEIGHBORS are outside their homes.

They all stare skyward.

EXT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - MORNING

John, Allison, and Nathan exit their home to investigate.

MILITARY HELICOPTERS whir by overhead, proceeding with
dispatch in the same direction.

KENNY FITZPATRICK, (40), amiability predictable on sight, is among the crowd of neighbors. Kenny's daughter, Ellie Fitzpatrick, tugs at his sleeve --

ELLIE FITZPATRICK
...He wasn't in the backyard,
either.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
I don't know, Ellie, we'll find
him.

JOHN
(calling over)
Kenny.

Kenny double-takes at John. Surprised to see him.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
John?

JOHN
What the hell's going on?

KENNY FITZPATRICK
Nobody knows.

John notices the judgemental squint that Kenny's wife, DEBRA FITZPATRICK, (39), levels at him.

KENNY FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)
Nobody's Internet's working.

ALLISON
Nobody in the neighborhood?

Another NERVOUS NEIGHBOR, (55), interjects --

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
Nobody anywhere.

More MILITARY HELICOPTERS buzz by overhead.

John steps away. Dials his cell phone, drawing an askance look from Allison.

ALLISON
Who are you calling?

JOHN
Work. Someone there might know what
this is about.

Allison's beetled brows bespeak her lingering suspicion.

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
Is there a military base around
here?

KENNY FITZPATRICK
Not that I know of.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK
(re: helicopters)
Then where are they going?

Nathan wanders closer to Ellie Fitzpatrick...

NATHAN
Why are you crying, Ellie?

ELLIE FITZPATRICK
Roscoe ran away.

His cell phone to his ear, waiting for his call to connect,
John looks over upon overhearing Ellie.

JOHN
I saw him.

ELLIE FITZPATRICK
When?

John is given pause.

JOHN
Last night...

His call connects, instantly bringing him back to ground
level.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Walter, it's John.
(listens)
Yeah, yeah-yeah, same here.
(listens)
What about our guy at Boeing--
Well, what did he say?

John is taken aback by the response he receives. He conveys
this new information to the group --

JOHN (CONT'D)
The government's grounded all non-
military aircraft.

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
Why?

John shakes his head, "I don't know."

JOHN
(back on phone)
Did you talk to anyone from--?

WOMP!!-WOMP!!-WOMP!! WOMP!!-WOMP!!-WOMP!!

Everyone's cell phone RINGS OUT a jarring ALARM as the phones' flashlights simultaneously FLASH.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Owww!

The alarm blares against John's ear, causes him to drop the phone. The screen CRACKS when it strikes the ground.

WOMP-WOMP-WOMP!! WOMP-WOMP-WOMP!!

He picks it up. Confounded by what he reads its splintered display --

JOHN (CONT'D)
The hell...?

*WOMP-WOMP-WOMP!! WOMP-WOMP-WOMP!!... (*NOTE: The alarm will continue throughout the remainder of the scene).*

Allison unearths her phone from her pocket.

ALLISON
(re: phone display)
What's a W.E.A. alert?

Everyone looks to their phones. An EMERGENCY MESSAGE has been delivered --

DEBRA FITZPATRICK
(reading her phone)
"By order of the President of the United States and U.S. Central Command, all citizens are ordered to tune in to A.M. radio 88.3 at 10:00 A.M. Eastern Time for an extremely important announcement from FEMA. This is not a test."

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
Mine says the same thing.

A middle-aged LESS NERVOUS NEIGHBOR tries to calm everyone --

LESS NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
 Let's all try to relax, okay? This
 could be anything.

Beat.

ED PRUITT (O.S.)
 We're under attack.

Heads whip around, finding more NEIGHBORS bustling onto the
 scene, including --

Ed Pruitt (the man who drove past John the day prior and
 sheepishly waved) and his wife, PEGGY PRUITT, (52).

ED PRUITT (CONT'D)
 The country's under attack. That's
 what everyone's saying.

JOHN
 Who?

ED PRUITT
 I don't know. North Korea, maybe.

JOHN
 No, who's saying that?

ED PRUITT
 That's what it said online.

LESS NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
 (dismissive)
 We're not under attack. For God's
 sake, Ed.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
 (to Ed Pruitt)
 Your Internet's working?

PEGGY PRUITT
 It was about two hours ago.

ED PRUITT
 Then it stopped completely.

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
 Same with us.

John shakes some glass loose from his cracked phone screen.

ALLISON
 It's almost ten o'clock now.

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
 (to her husband)
 We don't have a radio.

ED PRUITT
 Our car radios.
 (to his family)
 Come on.

Ed Pruitt turns, about to walk away.

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
 No, Ed, wait. Maybe we shouldn't
 split up.

LESS NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
 You're blowing this way out of
 proportion.

JOHN
 Yeah. I'm sure it's...

John second-guesses himself when two F-16 FIGHTER JETS scorch
 by overhead.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 ...nothing.

After a beat... the W.E.A. Alarm finally stops.

Ellie Fitzpatrick breaks the protracted silence --

ELLIE FITZPATRICK
 I've got a radio.

INT. FITZPATRICK RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Click.

The FLATSCREEN T.V. powers on. An EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM
 WARNING blares out. FEMA LOGO on screen.

Over twenty neighbors crowd the LIVING ROOM. Nervous murmurs.
 Varying degrees of concern.

Kenny Fitzpatrick lowers the T.V. volume. Clicks through
 several channels. All have been overtaken by this emergency
 broadcast.

John stands next to Nathan, a comforting hand on his
 shoulder. Allison finds herself standing alongside Debra
 Fitzpatrick, who leans in to speak quietly --

DEBRA FITZPATRICK
 (re: John)
 He moved back in?

ALLISON
 His stuff's back.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK
 It's a mistake, Allison.

Allison looks over at John. Regards his care for Nathan.

ALLISON
 Nathan misses him.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK
 Of course he does, he's seven. But
 you're thirty-six...
 (beat)
 And she's not.

Allison considers this. John looks over at her, weighing her regard.

Ellie Fitzpatrick hurries into the living room, carrying her TRANSISTOR RADIO. She hands it off to her father, Kenny, before settling in next to Nathan. The two children trade uneasy glances as --

Kenny places the radio on the coffee table. Turns it on...

Squeals, chirps, and hissing static as Kenny spins through A.M. stations -- soon finding a steady, eerie HUM...

KENNY FITZPATRICK
 Quiet, quiet...

Everyone huddles closer, surrounding the antiquated piece of technology in a hunching circle.

As the steady HUM persists --

ED PRUITT
 You have it on the right station?

KENNY FITZPATRICK
 Eighty-eight point three.

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR
 What's that humming?

KENNY FITZPATRICK
 I don't--

The hum abruptly ends, stopping Kenny mid-sentence. White noise comes through the radio's tinny speakers.

People exchange nervous looks. Swallow hard. Fear creeps in.

A short feedback SQUELCH proceeds the voice of the FEMA OFFICIAL who commands the microphone --

FEMA OFFICIAL (V.O.)

Approximately two years ago, NASA identified a massive object following a path directed at our planet. World leaders met to discuss this extremely urgent matter, and plans were immediately put in place to redirect or destroy the object.

(beat)

I regret to inform you that all deflection and destruction efforts - - the last of which was conducted forty-eight hours ago -- were unsuccessful.

(beat)

This object -- an asteroid approximately nine miles in length - - will strike earth in four days. The impact will register on the highest level of the Torino Scale and will destroy our planet. What little life remains after impact will perish under conditions unsuitable for sustaining life.

Everyone's breath catches in their throat. Incoherent, fearful murmurs.

FEMA OFFICIAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As a precautionary measure, construction of underground bunkers began shortly after the asteroid was first identified. These bunkers -- which recent models indicate could withstand the impact -- are ready for habitation for those selected for relocation.

ED PRUITT

Those selected...?

NERVOUS NEIGHBOR

Shhh!

FEMA OFFICIAL (V.O.)

A lottery system has been established and random selections have already been made. Those chosen for relocation will be notified, in person, within twenty-four hours.

(beat)

By order of the President of the United States, Marshall Law will be imposed as of 11:00 A.M. Eastern Standard Time today. This is not a test. This is not a drill. This... is happening.

(beat)

God bless us all.

A final squelch of microphone feedback. The message abruptly ends and turns to static.

Everyone is stunned into absolute silence.

CUT TO:

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - EVENING

John's fingers fly across a laptop keyboard as Allison speaks frantically on the LAND LINE phone.

ALLISON

*...I don't know, Dad, I don't know!
That's all he said.*

WE SEE that no matter what John types into the Internet search bar (i.e., Google, Twitter, CNN.com, etc.), everything gets redirected to the same FEMA website. It's quite spare.

Glimpses reveal:

"ENTER ZIP CODE TO FIND LOCAL PLACES OF WORSHIP"

"METHODS FOR COPING WITH FEAR AND GRIEF"

BACK TO SCENE

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(listens)

No, it's not. Because -- it's not, I'm telling you, Dad, it's not a hoax. If you had listened to it--

(listens)

He was from NASA.

JOHN
FEMA.

ALLISON
(to John)
What?

JOHN
He was from FEMA, not NASA.

ALLISON
(into phone)
He was from FEMA.
(listens, then)
Yeah. Yeah, he's... here.

Overhearing this, John looks at Allison. Her eyes flick over at him. But she's distracted when she notices Nathan...

He sits at the kitchen table, across from John. A thick, single tear crawls down his cheek.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I have to go-I'll call you back, I
have to go.

Allison hangs up. Hurries over to Nathan.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(to John, re: Nathan)
Didn't you notice him?

JOHN
I was looking at the computer.

John stands, prepared to comfort Nathan -- but Allison is there for him first.

ALLISON
Everything's okay. Don't worry.

NATHAN
Is Grandpa going to help us?

ALLISON
Of course he is.

NATHAN
How?

Allison pulls Nathan closer. Hides her fear from him.

ALLISON

You hungry? You must be hungry.
Right? Tell you what -- go upstairs
and wash your face. I'll make you
something, okay? Okay, go ahead.

Allison directs Nathan toward the stairs. She and John both wait until he's out of earshot.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

This is crazy, this is fucking
crazy...

John places a gentle hand on Allison's shoulder.

She accepts it for a moment -- but then stands up, purposely causing it to fall away.

She picks up her cell phone. Dials.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

We need to go there.

JOHN

No we don't. Your father--

ALLISON

I'm calling him back.

She's met by a VOICE MESSAGE from the cell provider:

VOICE MESSAGE (V.O.)

*We're sorry, all circuits are busy
at this time. Please hang up and
try--*

She kills the call with her thumb. Slaps her cell phone onto the counter, swipes the land line phone once again.

JOHN

It's not going to do anything.

ALLISON

Maybe it will.

JOHN

It's a God damn shipping container
he buried in the ground.

ALLISON

It's something.

JOHN

No it's not. Not for this.

ALLISON
It's more than you've done.

JOHN
What the hell could I have done?!

ALLISON
I don't know. I don't know!!

JOHN
We can't go all the way to Maine.

ALLISON
You just don't want to have to face him.

JOHN
That's not it --

ALLISON
Bullshit, it's not.

JOHN
We need to stay here until we figure out what the hell's going on.

ALLISON
We know what's going on!
(calms herself)
I'm scared. Do you understand? I want someone to make me feel safe.

JOHN
I'm right here, Allison.

Allison's lack of confidence in John is laid bare by her silence.

They both notice Nathan has returned. He listens from the stairs. How long has he been there? How much did he hear?

As these questions are quietly considered --

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!!

John walks to where he can get a view through the DINING ROOM window.

Allison joins him. Sees what has given rise to his concern --

Several MILITARY VEHICLES are parked outside their home.
Heavily-armed SOLDIERS stand guard, like Sentries, along the perimeter of their yard.

FRONT DOOR - SECONDS LATER

John opens the door. Finds two SOLDIERS in full battle-rattle. All business. One holds an empty RED DUFFEL BAG.

SOLDIER #1
John Garrity?

JOHN
Yeah...

Allison and Nathan have filed in behind John. Soldier #1 regards them --

SOLDIER #1
Allison and Nathan Garrity?

ALLISON
Yes. What is this?

John peers past the Soldiers on his doorstep. Sees that Kenny Fitzpatrick, Ed Pruitt, and several other neighbors approach his property. More than curious.

SOLDIER #1
Your family's been selected for relocation.

ALLISON
Oh my God.

Soldier #1 steals a quick glance back at the onlooking neighbors.

SOLDIER #1
I recommend you keep this to yourselves.

John nods a hurried nod. Still trying to process all of this.

JOHN
What do we need to do?

Soldier #1 gestures to Soldier #2, who hands over the empty Red Duffel Bag.

SOLDIER #1
(re: duffel bag)
Pack only what you can fit in here.
Nothing else. There's an
information booklet inside.
(then)
You're on Ship Three-Three-A.
(MORE)

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)
 It's a commercial cruise liner
 that's been commandeered, leaving
 from Boston Harbor tomorrow at
 eight o'clock A.M., sharp. It sails
 with our without you.

ALLISON
 To where?

SOLDIER #1
 Where not at liberty to say.

ANGLE ON

Kenny Fitzpatrick and the other neighbors, all of who watch
 John from the street. SENTRY #1 keeps the crowd back.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
 What are they doing over there?
 What's that bag for?
 (yelling over)
 Hey, John. John!

SENTRY #1
 Back up --

KENNY FITZPATRICK
 -- I wanna know what's--

SENTRY #1
 -- I said, back up!

BACK TO SCENE - FRONT DOOR

Moving briskly, Soldier #2 produces three hard-shell plastic
 cases, each tagged with its intended recipient's name, date
 of birth, and Social Security Number.

Using the pliers on his Leatherman, Soldier #2 snips the zip-
 ties securing the cases shut. Opens them, revealing --

SOLDIER #1
 Give me your wrists.

-- ELECTRONIC I.D. BRACELETS, similar in design to a Fit-Bit.

John extends his wrist. Soldier #2 wraps the I.D. bracelet
 around it. John regards Nathan's hesitation.

JOHN
 (to Nathan)
 It's okay.

Nathan extends his wrist. Has his I.D. bracelet fastened, as does Allison.

SOLDIER #2

Do not take them off for any reason. You won't be allowed to board without them.

SOLDIER #1

Look here --

Soldier #1 aims a TOUGH-CASE-covered iPad CAMERA at John.

Snap. A close-up of John's face is photographed. UPLOADED. All completed in a matter of seconds.

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)

Now you and you.

Snap. Allison's photo. *Snap.* Nathan's photo. UPLOADED.

SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)

Eight o'clock A.M. I'd start moving now.

(to Soldier #2)

Let's go.

JOHN

Wait...

The Soldiers turn but never discontinue their departure.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(re: neighbors)

What about them?

The Soldiers offer no reply. The Sentries fall in line behind them, take to their vehicles.

The hulking vehicles rumble away in a hurry.

Kenny Fitzpatrick, Ed Pruitt, and the other neighbors migrate across John's lawn. Approach his doorstep like an incoming tide.

KENNY FITZPATRICK

What was all that? John?

The neighbors draw closer. Their pace picks up. The mental pieces starting to come together.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK

What's on their wrists?

The picture fully takes form.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
Holy shit.

ALLISON
Shut the door.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
Hey --

ALLISON
John!

KENNY FITZPATRICK
Hey!

John shuts and locks the door.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The doorbell RINGS incessantly. HOLLERS and angry KNOCKS on the front door in the b.g.

Their jackets already on, John and Allison move at a frantic clip. John scans the INFORMATIONAL BOOKLET.

Allison stuffs an overabundance of Nathan's DIABETES SUPPLIES (primarily his INSULIN) into the red duffel bag.

JOHN
Are those all his supplies?

ALLISON
Years worth.

John calls upstairs --

JOHN
Nathan, we've gotta hurry!

NATHAN (O.S.)
I can't find Nubbs.

JOHN
What?

ALLISON
His blanket--
(yelling to Nathan)
We can't bring it. Come on!

Allison's cell phone RINGS. Allison takes a quick glance at the CALLER I.D. -- "FITZPATRICK, KENNY."

ALLISON (CONT'D)
It's Kenny.

JOHN
Shit. Don't answer it.

Nathan hurries downstairs, his blanket in tow.

ALLISON
(re: blanket)
We don't have room for it in the bag.

JOHN
Just carry it.
(then to Allison)
Do you have his glucose tabs?

ALLISON
In the bag.

The doorbell keeps ringing; the knocks on the door are getting louder. The land line and their cell phones ring off the hook.

JOHN
We've gotta go.

ALLISON
Where are my keys?

JOHN
I've got them. Come on!

John, Allison, and Nathan make for the attached garage. The red duffel bag in tow.

NATHAN
Wait...

ALLISON
No, Nathan --

Nathan hurries back around the corner, out of sight for a moment --

JOHN
Nathan, we've gotta go!

-- and then returns, holding the purple cheetah stuffed animal. This is not lost on John.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on.

They make a hasty exit through a door leading to the attached garage.

INT. GARRITY RESIDENCE - GARAGE/INT. ALLISON'S HONDA - NIGHT

The doors slam to Allison's Honda CRV compact S.U.V. John starts the ignition. The headlights flick on.

He stares over the driver's wheel, at the closed garage door, preparing for what might await them on the other side.

JOHN

Nathan... close your eyes. Cover your ears, too.

Nathan, seated in the backseat, does as he's told.

John and Allison exchange a look of trepidation... then John presses the garage door remote. The door grinds to life.

Dozens of legs become visible as the door slowly rises...

The Honda CRV is swarmed by neighbors as it slowly emerges from the garage. They BANG on the windows, YANK desperately at the locked doors.

Chaos. Dialogue bleeds together --

ED PRUITT

John! Hey!!

DEBRA FITZPATRICK

Please, take Ellie!

In the backseat, Nathan peeks outside, just long enough to see Ellie Fitzpatrick.

NATHAN

(re: Ellie)
No, wait!

ALLISON

Close your eyes, Nathan!

NATHAN

We have room for her!

JOHN

We can't!

ELLIE FITZPATRICK

Nathan!

NATHAN

We have room!

Nathan unlocks his door. Starts to open it.

JOHN

No-no-no, Nathan!

The door is barely open an inch before it's being pulled open wider by the neighbors.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shut the door! Shut the--

Allison heaves herself halfway into the backseat. Pulls Nathan's door. It's almost closed... Almost...

She gets hooked into Debra Fitzpatrick's pleading stare.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK

Take her! Please, Allison, take Ellie with you!!

NATHAN

Mom, let her in!

Allison is torn -- but ultimately looks away, wracked with guilt, and fully closes and locks the door.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK

No!!

The vehicle sways from side to side as neighbors slap against the glass and yank on the doors.

The back window SPLINTERS. Nathan SCREAMS.

John rounds out of the driveway. His headlights cut across Kenny Fitzpatrick, his dismay unambiguous.

John and his family speed out of their suburban neighborhood, their despairing neighbors left in their wake.

INT./EXT. ALLISON'S HONDA CRV - NIGHT

POLICE CARS speed past in the opposite direction.

Allison looks to her side mirror to see Nathan, who holds his tear-filled stare out his backseat window.

John disregards a RED LIGHT. Speeds right through it.

INT./EXT. ALLISON'S HONDA - NIGHT

The vehicle starts up a highway ON-RAMP. Encounters gridlock traffic halfway up its length.

JOHN
No... No-no-no.

Allison climbs out of the car --

JOHN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

-- and hurries further up the ramp, on foot.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Allison?!

Traffic is backed for as far as Allison can see.

ALLISON
Shit.

She hurries back to the vehicle. Jumps inside.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
It's backed up for miles.

John reacts with no delay. Throws the vehicle into REVERSE. Speeds backwards down the on-ramp.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Watch out!

He SWERVES hard to avoid a fast-approaching Jeep Wrangler. SCRAPES the side of their CRV against a jersey barrier.

They reach the bottom of the on-ramp. John shifts into DRIVE.

WIDE SHOT

of the white Honda CRV as it disappears down a long straightaway of empty road.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - SEAPORT - MORNING

Eight CRUISE SHIPS are anchored just offshore, flanked by NAVY GUNSHIPS. Smaller COAST GUARD and Navy crafts crisscross the harbor.

AT THE PORT

TENS OF THOUSANDS of DESPERATE PEOPLE crowd, all held back by military barricades and armed soldiers.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - CITY STREET - MORNING

Gridlock traffic. HORNS blare. People HOLLER. LOOTERS smash in and out from stores.

SEE Allison's white Honda CRV wedged in the unending line of vehicles.

INT. ALLISON'S HONDA CRV - SAME

The Seaport is visible far in the distance. John nervously taps his fingers against the steering wheel.

JOHN

Come on-come on...

Nathan sleeps in the backseat, clutching his stuffed animal.

John glances at the dashboard clock: 7:21 A.M.

He looks around, in search of a solution. He evidently lands on one. Angles past the cars in front of him --

ALLISON

What are you doing?

-- and pulls down an ALLEY. Stops abruptly. Parks. Pockets the keys.

JOHN

Nathan, wake up. Wake up.

Nathan rouses. Allison requires no explanation; she knows what the plan is.

ALLISON

(to Nathan)

Put your jacket on.

John grabs the red duffel bag. The Garritys hurry out of the CRV.

SEE that John has left his splintered-screen cell phone charging in the cup holder.

JOHN

Let's go.

They make their way on foot, abandoning their vehicle.

ALLISON
(to Nathan)
Give me your hand.

They round the alleyway. Immediately hit by the crush of chaos that fills the streets.

JOHN
Stay close.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - SEAPORT - MORNING

GANGWAYS stretch to three of the cruise ships. The other ships queue behind them.

The fortunate board the ships. The less fortunate clamor for survival, held behind a BLOCKADE. A painful portrait of humanity.

John leads Allison and Nathan, threading them through the unruly crowd. Buffeted by the wave of collected bodies.

Knocked off balance, John loses grip of the red duffel bag. It falls to the ground, instantly absorbed by trampling legs.

JOHN
Shit!

He pushes and shoves his way over to the bag. Lowers to the ground, catching a KNEE to the head as he stretches --

-- until his fingers finally make purchase. He rips the bag back into his possession.

With no time to waste, the Garritys forge ahead. Closer to their designated CHECKPOINT.

Armed GUARDS bark at them upon their arrival, fighting for audibility over the din --

GUARD #1
Bracelets.

Guard #1 scans their bracelets with a smart-phone-like device.

Their pictures (taken in their doorway the night prior) appear on the device screen. Two short beeps, a GREEN LIGHT appears.

Guard #1 addresses Guard #2, who mans the fence gate --

GUARD

Let them through.
 (to the Garritys)
 You're on Ship Three-Three-A.
 There. Go.

John ushers his family through the narrowly open gate. Guard #2 slams it shut immediately after them.

They RACE toward the docked cruise ships. Charcoal smoke spirals from their stacks. Departure is imminent.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - SEAPORT - GANGWAY - MORNING

Bedlam as hundreds of selectees file toward the cruise ship's main point of ingress. A first-world refugee crisis.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - MAIN LOBBY - MORNING

Teeming with scared people of all ages and from all walks of life. MILITARY PERSONNEL maintain some semblance of order.

THREE LINES split at the final CHECKPOINT, situated just inside the ship's main entryway. Like airport security, only moving very swiftly.

The Garritys close in on the start of LINE THREE.

An African-American STAFF SERGEANT enforces expedition --

STAFF SERGEANT

Have your bracelets ready. All you,
 no, this line over here. Go.

Reacting to the Staff Sergeant's orders, SEVERAL PEOPLE cut in between the Garritys, creating a divide between John and Allison and Nathan -- unbeknownst to John.

ALLISON

John! John!

John proceeds forward in LINE THREE, still assuming his family is right behind him. Unable to hear Allison over the chaos.

The Staff Sergeant directs Allison and Nathan toward the first of the three checkpoint lines.

STAFF SERGEANT

Line number one, Ma'am.

ALLISON
My husband's in *that* line.

STAFF SERGEANT
Line one, Ma'am.

ALLISON
But--

STAFF SERGEANT
Meet him once you're through. Go.
(to someone else)
Line two, sir. Bracelets ready.

Allison does not argue any further.

ALLISON
John!

She waves her arms over her head. John finally realizes they're not behind him -- sees Allison from afar.

Allison gestures that she and Nathan will be going through Line One. John notices a RED-HAIRED SOLDIER among those manning that line.

John signals to Allison that he'll meet her inside the Main Lobby. She nods back. Their unspoken, impromptu plan set.

ON JOHN

His bracelet is scanned at the checkpoint. He's patted-down by a YOUNG SOLDIER.

John cranes backwards during his pat-down, trying to keep tabs on Alison and Nathan -- but the sheer chaos makes it difficult.

YOUNG SOLDIER
Do you have any weapons on you, sir?

JOHN
(distracted)
What?

YOUNG SOLDIER
Do you have any (weapons)?

JOHN
(over)
No, no.

YOUNG SOLDIER
 (to Commander)
 He's good.
 (to John)
 Keep moving inside.

John proceeds through the checkpoint, into the ship's Main Lobby.

ON ALLISON AND NATHAN

Their bracelets are scanned at the Line One checkpoint by the Red-Haired Soldier.

They're then patted-down by an HISPANIC SOLDIER.

He's about to give the "*all clear*," when he happens upon Nathan's INSULIN PUMP, clipped to the boy's waistband.

HISPANIC SOLDIER
 What's this?

ALLISON
 His pump, his insulin pump.

HISPANIC SOLDIER
 (calling over)
 Lieutenant.

ON JOHN

He struggles to see Line One at the checkpoint. He's knocked asunder as nervous passengers bump past him.

A visibly DISTRESSED SOLDIER tries to unclog the bottleneck --

DISTRESSED SOLDIER
 Keep moving. Inside.

JOHN
 My wife and son are (over there).

DISTRESSED SOLDIER
 (over)
 Inside, sir. This area has to stay clear.

Soldiers steer the collected mass of people like cattle. John is swept away, craning back. Can't locate his wife or son.

JOHN
 Allison?!

ON ALLISON AND NATHAN

Allison pleads with the LIEUTENANT --

ALLISON
 (re: insulin pump)
 -- We can leave it. He has shots he
 can use instead.

LIEUTENANT
 That's not the issue, ma'am.

ALLISON
 We have bracelets! We have--

The Lieutenant speaks into his SHOULDER WALKIE --

LIEUTENANT
 (into walkie)
 Over at Line One.

ALLISON
 (re: Hispanic Soldier)
 He scanned them!

LIEUTENANT
 That's not the issue, either.
 (listens to walkie, then)
 Copy that.
 (to Allison and Nathan)
 Let's go.

ALLISON
 What?! Wait--

LIEUTENANT
 Follow me, please.

Allison's face forms a rictus of fear as the Lieutenant directs her and Nathan out from the line.

SEE that the Red-Haired Soldier wants to protest on their behalf... but ultimately resigns himself to his duty.

ON JOHN

Corralled along the perimeter of the Main Lobby -- but now without a clear view of the checkpoint.

DISTRESSED SOLDIER
 (to everyone)
 Keep filing in. Keep moving.

John breaks ranks. Hurries back toward the checkpoint.

DISTRESSED SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Hey!

John shoulders past passengers and Soldiers alike.

He's stopped by the stiff arm of a STOCKY SOLDIER --

STOCKY SOLDIER

Whoa-hey!

John peers past him, still unable to locate Nathan or Allison. Just an array of unfamiliar faces.

JOHN

I need to know if my wife and son boarded.

STOCKY SOLDIER

Please get back where you were.

JOHN

My son's seven. He had a blue jacket on. My wife has blonde hair; she's about five-six--

STOCKY SOLDIER

-- Sir --

JOHN

Did you see them come through?

STOCKY SOLDIER

I don't know. Please get back.

INT. BOSTON, MA - SEAPORT - FEMA TRAILER - MORNING

One of several makeshift COMMAND CENTERS located inside the fenced-in area. The noise of the unruly crowd just outside.

Allison and Nathan sit across the desk of MAJOR BREEN, (50), pleading their case. The Hispanic Soldier stands by.

ALLISON

(re: Nathan)

His father's onboard. Please.

MAJOR BREEN

You can board --

(re: Nathan)

-- but he can't.

NATHAN

No, Mom, no--

ALLISON
 (to Nathan)
 Nathan--
 (to Major Breen)
 I'm not leaving my son behind.

MAJOR BREEN
 There's nothing more I can do.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - MAIN LOBBY - SAME

John's appeal to the Stocky Soldier continues --

JOHN
 Where's the other guy-- the red-headed guy? The soldier. He was at the checkpoint when they were.

STOCKY SOLDIER
 I don't know who you're (talking about).

JOHN
 (over)
 I need to know if they made it through the checkpoint. I couldn't see (if they made it).

STOCKY SOLDIER
 (over)
 Did they have credentials?

JOHN
 What credentials?

STOCKY SOLDIER
 I.D. bracelets. Did they--

JOHN
 Yes, yes. We all (have them).

STOCKY SOLDIER
 (over)
 Then they're on board. Now back up.

John's worried, wandering gaze hooks onto a young boy wearing a blue jacket, who walks alone up a winding GRAND STAIRCASE.

JOHN
 Nathan!

John rushes across the Main Lobby, bumps past crisscrossing passengers.

He bounds the stairs two at a time. Rounds the staircase's curve, catches up with the boy. Only to discover --

-- it's not Nathan.

Gripped with panic, John descends several stairs, allowing him an elevated view of the hundreds and hundreds of people overcrowding the Main Lobby.

His eyes dart everywhere in desperate search for his family.

SEE that he still holds the red duffel bag full of Nathan's diabetes supplies.

A beat. Then he races up the stairs.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - FORECASTLE - MORNING

The outdoor corridors brim with worried passengers.

John marches past them, searching. He peers inside windows, opens doors. His eyes oscillate between passengers onboard and the mass of humanity gathered back at the seaport.

INT. BOSTON, MA - SEAPORT - FEMA TRAILER - SAME

Allison continues her desperate plea with Major Breen --

ALLISON

(re: Nathan)

He has a bracelet. He was selected to go!

MAJOR BREEN

He shouldn't have been. He has--

ALLISON

--Why?

MAJOR BREEN

-- He has type-one diabetes. I don't know how that went unnoticed when his medical records were pulled for pre-screening--

ALLISON

--So what? So what?!

MAJOR BREEN

It was outlined in the informational booklet.

(MORE)

MAJOR BREEN (CONT'D)
We can't accept anyone with a
chronic medical condition.

ALLISON
But he was almost onboard!

MAJOR BREEN
It was an oversight.

ALLISON
(re: Hispanic Soldier)
If he hadn't seen the pump, we'd be
on that ship right now.

The Hispanic Soldier averts his eyes.

MAJOR BREEN
I told you, there's nothing more I
can do.

ALLISON
Fuck you, fuck you! You can do
everything! He has a bracelet; just
pretend you never saw the fucking
pump!

MAJOR BREEN
We have a protocol--

ALLISON
Then--then change it. He's just a
kid! Change it! Do something!

MAJOR BREEN
No.

Major Breen stands from his desk. Turns to walk away. Allison
is stunned by his callousness.

ALLISON
What if it were you?! What if you
couldn't bring your family?

Major Breen stops. Looks at her, struck by her statement.
Suddenly betraying his humanity.

MAJOR BREEN
I can't.

A beat, then he walks away. Allison is dumbstruck.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - TOP DECK - SAME

Filled five times over capacity. Almost every square inch occupied. People even crowd in the emptied swimming pool.

John shoulders through the crowd.

JOHN

Allison!! ... Nathan!!

His shouts are all but consumed by the cacophony.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - SEAPORT - MORNING

Outside the FEMA blockade. Allison holds Nathan by the hand as they weave through the crowd, away from the seaport.

They soon escape the masses -- only to take in a wider view of the city at large. Turmoil spreads. Looting. Violence.

She notices Nathan's sudden disorientation.

ALLISON

You okay?

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You okay?

He nods a small nod. She clearly has her doubts.

Allison then sees that, nearby, a sprawling CONSTRUCTION WALL has been transformed into a collage of desperation. Covered with hand-written notes, photos, missing person flyers, etc.

She grabs a Styrofoam container from a garbage bin. Tears off its lid.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - INTERIOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Every cabin is triple-occupied. Many families encamp in the hallway. Sweat dripping, John pads down the carpeted straightaway.

Observing the faces he passes:

The disconsolate mother. The confused four-year-old. The shell-shocked family of four.

Everyday people, all. Failing to make sense of any of this.

WOOOOOOOOT!!

The ship HORN blares. John quickens his pace.

INT. CRUISE SHIP - MAIN LOBBY - MORNING

John descends the grand staircase. His increasing hopelessness and despair evident.

He stops at a LANDING. Observes the now slightly less crowded Main Lobby from this elevated view.

JOHN
(sotto)
No...

WE SEE what John observed: a Soldier closing the ship's main door.

John's paralyzed... until he sees -- the familiar Red-Haired Soldier. John hurries down the stairs. Crosses the crowded Main Lobby --

JOHN (CONT'D)
Wait. Wait!!

The Red-Haired Soldier stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You were at the checkpoint before.
Near the door.

RED-HAIRED SOLDIER
Yeah.

JOHN
My wife and my son -- I need to
know if they got on board. I can't
find them--

RED-HAIRED SOLDIER
A Location Center's been set up on
the Lido Deck. Check in with (them
and see if--)

JOHN
(over)
No-no, listen to me-listen to me! I
don't think they made it through
the checkpoint. My son had a blue
jacket on. His name's Nathan
Garrity. He was holding a stuffed
animal. A purple cheetah. He has
blonde hai--

Regret crosses Red-Haired soldier's face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (off his regret)
 What?

RED-HAIRED SOLDIER
 The kid -- your son -- he has a
 medical device of some (kind)?

JOHN
 (over)
 An insulin pump-- Where are they?!

RED-HAIRED SOLDIER
 They got pulled.

JOHN
 Wait-wait -- they're not on the
 boat?! They didn't...?

The Red-Haired Soldier solemnly shakes his head, "No."

RED-HAIRED SOLDIER
 I'm sorry.

John's mind swims. The Red-Haired Soldier walks on.

A beat. Then John's thousand-yard stare slowly takes focus
 on... the now closed main door.

He rushes over to it. Wrestles with its hefty components,
 struggling to turn the fly-wheel.

The African-American Staff Sergeant takes notice --

STAFF SERGEANT
 Hey!

He pulls his FIREARM as he stalks closer. But John refuses to
 stop.

STAFF SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Get away from the door.

JOHN
 I need to get off this ship.

STAFF SERGEANT
 Sir, let go of the door. Now!

John is seconds away from being shot. He finally lets go.
 Half-raises his hands.

JOHN

Listen to me -- please. My wife and son were taken off this ship. I need to get off.

STAFF SERGEANT

I... We're leaving any minute.

JOHN

Please.

(beat)

I can't leave them.

OFF THE Staff Sergeant's ambivalence --

EXT. BOSTON, MA - CITY STREET - MORNING

Fraught with danger. Abandoned vehicles. Police cars SPEED past. Fear and panic spread like a pox.

Allison and Nathan navigate through the anarchic environs.

A large BOX TRUCK jumps the curb --

ALLISON

Watch out!!

-- and COLLIDES with a parked car, PILE-DRIVING it forward, missing Nathan by inches.

Allison scoops her son into her arms. Forges ahead.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - ALLEY - MORNING

Allison and Nathan round a familiar corner, leading them to their Honda CRV. Allison's relieved to see it's still there.

They hurry to it, climb inside. But what little hope she clings to evaporates...

ALLISON

No...

The keys aren't in the ignition.

She slaps at her jacket pockets to no avail. Checks the visors -- no luck.

NATHAN

What's wrong?

Allison collapses back into the seat. Overwhelmed.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Mom?

She doesn't respond. Slowly shakes her head.

Bzzzzzz... Bzzzzzz... Bzzzzzz...

Allison's eyes track the sound to the cup holder, where John's cracked-screen cell phone vibrates.

Bzzzzz.... Bzzzzzz....

Looking at the display, she's given pause upon seeing it's an incoming call from:

"MEGAN FOSTER"

Allison considers answering. And then she does.

ALLISON

Hello?

(listens)

This is his wife.

(listens)

I know who you are.

OUTSIDE VEHICLE

Allison continues her conversation. And though we can no longer hear her, her discomposure is no less apparent.

After a moment, PRE-LAP: a FIRE TRUCK SIREN.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - CITY STREET - MORNING

A city FIRE TRUCK speeds down the street. Allison and Nathan allow it to pass before crossing.

NATHAN

(weakly)

Mom...

Allison doesn't hear him as she leads him to the other side of the street.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Mom.

The urgency in his voice stops her dead. His skin has fallen ashen, his eyes glassy.

ALLISON

Are you low?

She fishes through her jacket pocket. Retrieves several HARD CANDIES. A continuous stream of random people pass by.

NATHAN

I... I don't know...

ALLISON

Did you test your blood sugar?
Where's your meter?

NATHAN

In that bag.

She flusters in the face of this dilemma.

ALLISON

I can't -- I can't give you a bunch
of candy if your blood sugar's
already through the roof.

Allison scans her surroundings. Notices a C.V.S. two blocks away.

EXT. C.V.S. - MORNING

Shattered double-doors. Cubes of glass litter the concrete. People flood in and out carrying pilfered medicine, packaged food, bottled water, etc.

Allison and Nathan step back from the entrance as an ELDERLY MAN pushes his wheelchair-bound ELDERLY WIFE out of the store. The woman, clearly unwell, clutches medication.

As they pass, Allison sees that the Elderly Man is carrying a HANDGUN.

ELDERLY WIFE

Wait... My blood pressure meds.

INT. C.V.S. - MORNING

It's a mob scene inside. People raid the PHARMACY. Two MEN fight violently over a prescription.

Allison and Nathan move with caution down the aisle marked: "DIABETES SUPPLIES".

She locates her intended item: a BLOOD GLUCOSE METER and a box of TEST STRIPS.

Allison tears open the boxes. Rips through the plastic packaging with her teeth. Removes each item.

ALLISON

Give me--

Nathan needs no further explanation. Offers his finger.

Allison pricks it with the enclosed LANCET. Absorbs the droplet of blood with a TEST STRIP. The blood sugar meter reads:

"BG: 303 - HIGH"

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're three hundred.

Allison un-clips Nathan's insulin pump from his waistband. Presses a few buttons to deliver two units of insulin.

She's about to clip it back to his waistband when she notices...

...the pump's insulin reservoir is nearly empty.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Shit...

A beat, then she clips the pump back to Nathan's waistband. Looks across the store, at the PHARMACY.

INT. C.V.S. - PHARMACY - MORNING

People hop the counter. Ransack shelves, steal medication.

Allison and Nathan scour the bare shelves of a glass-door pharmacy refrigerator, in search of --

"INSULIN - 100 UNITS PER ML"

Only one vial remains. Just as Allison's about to grab it --

BANG!! BANG-BANG!!

GUNSHOTS pop inside the store. People reflexively drop low, scatter like ants.

Allison shields Nathan with her body. SHOUTING is heard.

BANG!!

An errant bullet SHATTERS the pharmacy refrigerator's glass door.

Allison and Nathan fast-crawl around the counter -- then down the COSMETICS AISLE. Chaos persists nearby.

Allison peers around the edge. The front door of the store is in sight.

BANG!!

An OVERWEIGHT MAN is SHOT in the chest. He stumbles over a display, fighting for survival before collapsing.

The familiar Elderly Man appears soon thereafter...

Tracking down his fallen prey. He steals a stolen bottle of HEART MEDICATION from the Overweight Man's moribund grasp.

Allison cranes toward the pharmacy, now far in the rear of the store... then up ahead to the exit, which is much closer.

After brief deliberation -- she seems to decide on a second go at the pharmacy.

Just as she's about to move in that direction --

LOUD VOICE (O.S.)
Get on the ground!!

Eight SOLDIERS storm the store, M-16s drawn. Seconds later --

LOUD SOLDIER
Put down the--!

BANG!! / RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!

Staccato bursts of MACHINE GUNFIRE. Gunsmoke hazes the air.

Allison and Nathan make for the exit.

Gunshots continue. Glass shatters. People scream.

EXT. C.V.S. - CONTINUOUS

A second National Guard HUMVEE screeches onto the scene just as Allison and Nathan make their narrow escape.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - SEAPORT - MORNING

The massive crowd's desperation and anger intensifies as the convoy of cruise ships departs alongside Navy warships.

The hostile masses push harder against the barriers and fence barricade. The military resists commensurately.

From out of the throng emerges a lone FIGURE endeavoring to move away from the barricades --

John. His pleas to exit the ship having evidently gone answered.

Once free from the tangled mass of humanity, he stops --

JOHN
Nathan!! Allison!!

It's then, from afar, he notices the CONSTRUCTION WALL covered with posted letters, etc.

WALL - MOMENTS LATER

John cursorily scans the wall. Just as he's about to move on, he notices...

...Nathan's stuffed animal cheetah. John reads the note to which it's attached, written on a Styrofoam container lid:

"JOHN GARRITY, I HAVE NATHAN. COULD NOT GET ON SHIP. GOING TO MY FATHER'S. - ALLISON"

As he absorbs this --

BOOOOOSH!!

A military vehicle is struck by a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. The rebellious act catalyzes the masses.

Thousands of people rush the military barricades at once. The military responds with GUNFIRE.

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING

A line of vehicles snakes around the corner. HORNS blare at line-jumpers. Threats are issued.

Allison and Nathan pace past the row of cars. She stops at every vehicle. Frantic. Receives mixed reactions.

ALLISON
Excuse me, are you heading north?
We need a ride--
(to next car)
Sir, sir --

This person doesn't lower their window. Allison slaps the window out of frustration.

She moves on to a KIA OPTIMA currently being filled with fuel. Approaches its owner, RALPH VENTO, (56). His wife, JUDY VENTO, (54), nervously waits in the passenger seat.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Are you going north?

RALPH VENTO
Everybody is.

Allison doesn't quite understand his response. Ralph, meanwhile, tries to will the gas tank to fill faster --

RALPH VENTO (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Come on, come on...

Allison leans in the window, addresses Judy Vento directly --

ALLISON
Ma'am, please. We need to get to
Maine.

JUDY VENTO
Um...

Judy Vento looks Allison and Nathan over, her resolve fading by inches.

ALLISON
Please.
(re: Nathan)
His grandfather -- he lives in
Brunswick.

RALPH VENTO
(surprised)
You're not going to Portland?

JUDY VENTO
Ralph...

Allison looks to Ralph, confused.

ALLISON
No, why?

RALPH VENTO
There are ships leaving out of
Portland, too.

Allison is struck by this unexpected revelation.

Beat. Judy acquiesces.

JUDY VENTO
Yeah, okay, get in.

ALLISON
Thank you. Thank you.

Allison and Nathan clamber into the backseat as Ralph screws on the gas cap.

EXT. BOSTON, MA - ALLEY - MORNING

John rounds the corner. Relieved to see Allison's Honda CRV.

INT. ALLISON'S HONDA CRV - MORNING

John climbs into the vehicle. Goes for his cell phone -- only to find it is no longer there. Only an empty charger remains.

He nevertheless produces the key from his pocket. Starts the engine. THROWS the CRV into gear.

He SPEEDS toward the other end of the alley and, without stopping, turns onto --

EXT. BOSTON, MA - CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

-- but then SLAMS on the brakes!!

SMASH!!!

The Honda CRV is T-BONED by a speeding Ford Taurus.

Glass flies. Metal twists. Airbags deploy. Both vehicles are destroyed.

The world loses most of its sharp edges as John fights to remain conscious. Blood spills from his nose.

He lumbers out of the passenger side. Staggered closer to the other vehicle...

JOHN
Hey... hey, are you alri--?

...and sees its college-age driver and passenger are bloodied and disfigured. John turns away, nauseated.

He limps a few strides to a newspaper box. Leans on it to prevent his collapse.

His chin slumps to his chest. His eyes close with defeat.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! Yo, hey! You okay?

John's grief-stricken gaze lifts. Sees a BLUE-COLLAR MAN calling from inside his company pickup truck...

"DOWNEAST HOME CONSTRUCTION" painted on its rust-freckled door. A truck CAP covering its cargo area.

John ekes out a small nod.

BLUE-COLLAR MAN
We've got room.

JOHN
Wha...?

BLUE-COLLAR MAN
We gotta go now, man!

Still addled, it takes John a moment to notice the truck's MAINE license plate.

JOHN
You're from Maine.

BLUE-COLLAR MAN
Yeah, man, we gotta get back there.
Come on!

John starts for the pickup truck -- but stops suddenly. He turns and hurries back toward his crashed CRV.

BLUE-COLLAR MAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

He reaches inside the CRV's shattered window. Retrieves the red duffel bag. He's about to hurry off, but stops once again at the sight of --

-- Nathan's stuffed animal. He leans back in for that as well.

Unable to wait any longer, the pickup truck starts to pull away.

JOHN
No, wait-wait-wait!

The pickup truck stops. John catches up and climbs into its --

BACK CARGO AREA

Covered by a CARGO CAP and overfilled with PASSENGERS. John squeezes in.

He rests his aching head against the cargo cap as the truck resumes its brisk departure.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RALPH VENTO'S CAR - DAY

The sedan traverses a scarcely occupied country road. Emotional exhaustion has ushered in a welcome quietude.

Allison and Nathan sit in respite in the backseat, watching the pastoral New England landscape roll by.

The car radio is set quietly to the A.M. dial. An earnest TALK RADIO HOST speaks to CALLERS --

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
...We'll get through this. Somehow, some way. Stay strong, my friend.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)
I'll try. Thanks. And thank you for staying on the air.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
Okay. Take care.
 (new caller)
Jennifer in Vermont. Go ahead.

CALLER JENNIFER (V.O.)
I'm scared. That's all. I don't know why I'm calling to say that.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
We all are, Jennifer.

CALLER JENNIFER (V.O.)
Why did they wait so long?

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
Who?

CALLER JENNIFER (V.O.)
The government. Why didn't they tell us months ago?

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
It seems they thought they could stop it somehow.

CALLER JENNIFER (V.O.)
I'm sure they're all going to those bunkers, with their families. Them and all the rich people -- I'm sure they all got selected.

(crying)
I have three kids. I don't know what to tell them.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
Tell them you love them.

CALLER JENNIFER (V.O.)
I will. I will.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
Next caller. From Louisiana. Go ahead, caller.

FEMALE CALLER (V.O.)
My land-line's all I've got working.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)
It's the cell towers -- a lot of them are overloaded.

FEMALE CALLER (V.O.)
My mother, she lives in Dallas, she's only got a cell phone. I can't reach her. I don't know if she listens to your program, but Mama, if you hear me, I love you. I love you so much, Mama.

Ralph Vento turns off the radio, ushering in silence. He peeks in the rearview mirror.

RALPH VENTO
 You two okay back there?

ALLISON
 Yeah. Thanks.

RALPH VENTO
 How about you, young man?

Nathan offers a small, unconvincing nod.

Silence follows. No one says a word. Something seems to be gnawing at Judy Vento. She finally breaks the silence --

JUDY VENTO
 (to Allison)
 I'm sorry.

ALLISON
 For what?

JUDY VENTO
 For not wanting to tell you about
 Portland.

ALLISON
 It's okay.

JUDY VENTO
 Thought it'd might better our
 chances of getting on board,
 somehow. It was wrong.

Silence. Ralph regards Nathan in his rearview mirror.

RALPH VENTO
 Where's his father?

ALLISON
 On the ship.

JUDY VENTO
 How did he get...?

Judy, for the first time, notices that Allison and Nathan both have I.D. bracelets.

RALPH VENTO
 (incredulous)
 He left you two behind?

ALLISON
 He... I don't know.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK CARGO AREA / EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

Under the cover of the cargo cap. Its narrow windows allow only a paucity of light.

John surveys the downhearted, disparate people wedged into this unsuitably small cargo area -- including the YOUNG MAN seated in the corner, resting his hoodie-covered head on his pulled-up knees.

Despair deepens.

INT. RALPH VENTO'S CAR / EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Allison holds John's cracked-screen cell phone. Privately pondering its display: "(1) RECENT CALL: MEGAN FOSTER".

The afternoon sun washes over Nathan. His eyelids flutter, his head slowly dips.

Allison notices. Speaks quietly to him --

ALLISON
Hey. You okay?

NATHAN
I'm tired.

ALLISON
You should check your blood sugar.

NATHAN
I'm just tired, I said.

Allison tries accepting this, but ultimately can't.

ALLISON
Where's that meter -- ?

NATHAN
Mom --

ALLISON
You need to check--

NATHAN
Fine.

ALLISON
Fine.

Nathan retrieves his blood-glucose meter from his pocket.

As he does, Ralph Vento takes notice in his rearview.

RALPH VENTO
What's he got, the sugar? At his age?

Allison's only partly tuned-in. Her focus is more on Nathan.

ALLISON
He's type-one, it's different. He was diagnosed last year.

RALPH VENTO
Will it ever go away?

Nathan pricks his fingertip with his Lancet. Squeezes a drop of blood from it onto a test strip.

ALLISON
No.

Judy seems to be putting pieces together in her mind.

JUDY VENTO
That's why he wasn't able to get on the ship.

ALLISON
(sighs)
Yeah.

Judy nods a slow nod. It takes a second, but something strikes Ralph --

RALPH VENTO
Wait... How did you get past the checkpoints?

JUDY VENTO
They have bracelets.

Ralph confirms this with a quick glance in the rearview mirror.

Nathan, meanwhile, inserts the test strip into his blood-glucose meter. The results appear seconds later:

"B.G.: 342 - HIGH BLOOD SUGAR".

ALLISON
Two and a half.

NATHAN
I know, I know...

Nathan presses a few buttons on his insulin pump... but then stops. Suddenly concerned.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Mom...?
(beat)
I don't have enough.

She takes Nathan's insulin pump for closer inspection. Sees that it only has one unit of insulin left in its reservoir.

ALLISON
 (sotto)
 Shit...
 (beat, then)
 Just, just use half a unit.

NATHAN
 Half of one? But I need--

ALLISON
 I know, I know -- but it has to
 last.
 (beat)
 We'll figure something out.

Nathan self-administers a half of a unit of insulin.

Allison leans back in her seat. The crisis not averted,
 merely postponed.

Silence returns...

But Judy waits for the right moment to break it.

JUDY VENTO
 So your father's in Brunswick?

ALLISON
 (nodding absently)
 It's where I grew up.

JUDY VENTO
 Beautiful up there.

ALLISON
 Yeah. It's... it was nice.

Silence.

RALPH VENTO
 He's gonna stay there through this?

ALLISON
 My father's not the running type.

Beat.

JUDY VENTO
 Maybe you should go to Brunswick
 after all. To be with him through
 this.

ALLISON
 He'd want me to go to Portland.

JUDY VENTO
(re: Nathan)
Even though he was turned away in
Boston?

ALLISON
Maybe... hopefully they'll let him
on this time.

Judy smiles. Something suspiciously artificial about it.

JUDY VENTO
How could you turn away a face like
that?

Allison smiles thinly.

JUDY VENTO (CONT'D)
I mean, how cruel can you be?
Nobody's that cruel.

Allison nods a small nod, slightly confused that Judy is
still carrying on.

JUDY VENTO (CONT'D)
Imagine if you were the soldier at
the gate, and a child like him
showed up -- with his family.
Maybe... his grandparents, say.

Judy and Ralph exchange a furtive glance.

JUDY VENTO (CONT'D)
I mean, even if only two out of
three of them had bracelets -- you
have to imagine that soldier would
take pity and let them all on
board.
(beat)
Right?

After a long beat...

Ralph slowly pulls the car over on the shoulder of the road.

Allison discreetly reaches for Nathan's hand. Her quiet
concern rising.

ALLISON
Why are we stopping?

Ralph and Judy both remain facing forward. Neither says a
word. The car thrums with tension.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 (quietly)
 Get out of the car, Nathan.

Judy and Ralph steal a side-eyed look at each other. Fighting against the tug of morality.

CLICK. The doors lock.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 Get out-get out-get out!

Allison pulls at the handle -- it's LOCKED -- Nathan's confused -- Allison unlocks her door -- swings it open --

-- but Ralph's already outside the car -- he GRABS Allison -- Judy reaches over the seat and PINS Nathan.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 Get-- No-- Nathan!

Ralph DRAGS Allison halfway out of the car. She fights with everything she has. Flails, KICKS.

NATHAN
 Mommy!!

Nathan struggles, reaches for his mother -- grabs her shirt -- but Judy YANKS his hand free.

Ralph clasps a thick handful of Allison's hair -- gets leverage with his foot against the door jam -- and PULLS!

Allison slides from the backseat -- and LANDS HARD onto the road. Her head BOUNCES against the concrete. She's stunned but unwilling to give up.

JUDY VENTO
 Come on-come on!

Ralph FORCIBLY REMOVES Allison's I.D. bracelet from her wrist. Its strap SNAPS, but he takes it anyway.

NATHAN
 Mommy!!

Ralph crosses past Allison --

RALPH VENTO
 I'm sorry.

JUDY VENTO
 Hurry!

RALPH VENTO
I'm sorry-I'm sorry...

-- and hurries back into the car. Slams the door shut. Throws the car into DRIVE.

ALLISON
No! Please!

The WHEELS grip the ground after a few spins.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Nathan!!

Allison futilely grabs at the car as it pulls away. PULLS at the locked doors. Her horrified eyes locked with Nathan's.

The car pulls away. Allison RUNS and RUNS...

And then he's gone.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
NO!!! NATHAN!!!

Allison watches, in horror, as the car speeds further from sight. Oblivious to the blood matting her mussed hair.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK CARGO AREA / EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

The sun begins its descent, bringing colder temperatures. The truck's cap does little to mitigate this.

John shivers. Blows into his hands for warmth. Dried blood stains his upper lip and chin.

The Young Man wearing a hoodie, who we will come to know as COLIN, regards John's weakening condition.

COLIN
Hey. You okay, man?

JOHN
Yeah.

Colin notices the red duffel bag John holds. The stuffed animal cheetah as well.

COLIN
You into stuffed animals?

JOHN
It's my son's.

COLIN
What is it, a leopard?

JOHN
Cheetah.

COLIN
Right on.

Beat.

Colin discreetly points to John's I.D. bracelet --

COLIN (CONT'D)
My family got selected, too.

JOHN
Why aren't you with them?

COLIN
I didn't even know. I only found
out 'cause my little sister called
to say goodbye.

JOHN
Your parents didn't tell you?

COLIN
They don't agree with... my
lifestyle. So, yeah, we don't talk.
(beat)
What about you? Your parents...?

JOHN
They both passed away. My mother
had cancer, my father had a heart
attack.

COLIN
That's crazy.

JOHN
Not really. Statistically, they're
the most common ways for people
over sixty to die.

COLIN
You sound like a really sentimental
dude.

A spare smirk touches John's face.

JOHN
I work in insurance. It's a habit.

COLIN
Car insurance?

JOHN
Aviation insurance.

COLIN
Good. I'm late on my paying Geico bill.

JOHN
I don't think that matters anymore.

COLIN
I know, man, I'm trying to be funny 'cause I'm scared as shit.

Colin wipes away his sudden tears. His lip quivers, hands tremble.

JOHN
I am, too.

After a long beat...

COLIN
Cancer. Heart attack. Car accident. Whatever. There's always something out there about to hit us. Only difference now is we know when.

JOHN
Yeah...

John regards the gray MARKER STAIN on his own hand, setting his mind adrift.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We always wanted to drive up Mount Washington to see the sunrise. My wife and I used to talk about it all the time when we were younger. We held off from going for a little while, though -- mostly because we weren't sure either of our cars would be able to make the drive. They probably would have, but I guess it was more convenient to think they wouldn't. Then, I got a new car; a company car from my first real job.

COLIN
Sweet.

JOHN

It was beige.

Colin reacts. *"Okay, maybe not."*

JOHN (CONT'D)

Anyway, we were so excited. Now we could finally go. But then something came up; a work thing, I don't remember what, exactly. So we pushed the trip off for a few weeks. Then a few more. But we were definitely going to go, so it was okay. Then, after our son, Nathan, was born, I remember money got tight for a little bit. It wouldn't have broken the bank to still go, but holding off seemed like the smart thing to do at the time. Then a few more months passed. Then a few years. And then a few more. There was always something. But it was still okay, because we knew we'd eventually get there; we had time. Maybe not in a week, maybe not in a month. But someday.

(beat)

Except someday never came. And now it never will.

(beat)

It's strange, really. We act like we have all the time in the world, even though we know that's not true.

COLIN

Where's your family now?

JOHN

I'm hoping, up in Brunswick.

COLIN

So you're the only one going?

JOHN

(confused)

Going where?

COLIN

On the ship.

JOHN

There are more ships?

COLIN

Yeah, man. That's why we're going to Portland. They're leaving in a few hours from there. I mean, it's a long shot we'll get on, but still. Worth trying.

(re: I.D. bracelet)

Especially you, since you got that.

After a long beat --

John wriggles off his I.D. bracelet. Offers it to Colin, who's confused at first.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What...?

JOHN

Maybe it will work, I don't know...

COLIN

You for real?

JOHN

Take it. I'm not going to Portland.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

Allison lumbers up the shoulder of the mostly empty road. A car eventually approaches. She tries to flag it down...

ALLISON

Hey. Hey!

...but it speeds past her.

She journeys on. Scraped, bruised. Crestfallen.

Her feet pad against the road... but slowly come to a stop when she hears lightly squealing brakes.

She turns to find a rusted-out and overfilled 1994 CHRYSLER MIN-VAN has pulled over. Its horn BEEPS, signaling her.

The side door slides open. She climbs inside --

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

-- and squeezes in amongst the MEXICAN FAMILY who occupies the vehicle.

ALLISON
Thank you. Thank you.

The DRIVER signals to his family to make room for Allison.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Portland? Are you going to--

DRIVER
Si, si, Portland.

The door closes. The journey continues.

INT. MINI-VAN - EVENING

Moments later. Allison sits in silence. Her emotional dam breaches. The full weight of her head falls into her hands.

The MATRIARCH of the family hands Allison a tissue.

Allison musters a thin *"thank you"* smile.

SEE that, unbeknownst to Allison, the "DOWNEAST CONSTRUCTION" pickup truck pulls up alongside the mini-van.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK CARGO AREA - SAME

John remains underneath the cargo cap, seated near one of its narrow windows.

If either he or Allison just looked, they might see each other.

But alas...

The pickup truck powers down the road, spreading more and more distance from the mini-van.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - SHIPYARD - EVENING

The first of three queued CRUISE SHIPS pulls away from port. PASSENGERS flood the gangway of the next ship in line.

Thousands of hostile ONLOOKERS watch from behind a military barricade. It's even more chaotic than Boston. Soldiers struggle to maintain order.

Time is running out.

Judy and Ralph Vento push their way through the crowd, dragging Nathan in tow. The boy appears disoriented. His skin has fallen pale.

As they get close to the first CHECKPOINT --

JUDY VENTO
 (to Ralph)
 I'll show my bracelet and his. Just walk past like you have one, too!

RALPH VENTO
 Alright, alright. Keep going!

Judy Vento approaches a DISTRACTED SOLDIER. Shows "her" I.D. bracelet. Points to Nathan's as well.

JUDY VENTO
 Which line?

DISTRACTED SOLDIER
 What-either-any of them --
 (to someone else)
 Get back!

Ralph, Judy, and Nathan push through the first checkpoint. But then --

DISTRACTED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 Wait -- where's his?

The Distracted Soldier is distracted no more.

JUDY VENTO
 What?

DISTRACTED SOLDIER
 (re: Ralph)
 Where's his I.D. bracelet?

JUDY VENTO
 Someone stole it from him.

RALPH VENTO
 I'm his grandfather. Please.

DISTRACTED SOLDIER
 You all need bracelets.
 (to OTHER SOLDIER)
 Scan hers.

JUDY VENTO
 We have to get on!

OTHER SOLDIER
Give me your wrist. Give me--

In grabbing Judy's wrist, the Other Soldier sees that its broken strap has been reconnected with DUCT TAPE.

A quick SCAN of the bracelet produces a photo of Allison on his iPad screen.

OTHER SOLDIER (CONT'D)
(to Distracted Soldier)
It's not hers.

The Distressed Soldier signals over to MILITARY POLICEMEN.

DISTRESSED SOLDIER
Put them in holding.

Two Military Policemen force Judy and Ralph out of the line. Judy clings to Nathan's shirt, dragging him with her.

JUDY VENTO
We have to get-- Please!

The Military Policeman tears free Judy's grip on Nathan.

Her arms are forced behind her and ZIP-TIED. Ralph is similarly restrained. They're moved through the shoulder-to-shoulder crowd, away from the checkpoint.

Judy cranes back. Sees Nathan left behind. Vulnerable.

JUDY VENTO (CONT'D)
Let the boy go. He has a bracelet!
It's his, he has...

Her words fade as she and Ralph vanish amidst the swarming crowd.

Nathan steps off to the side, away from the horde. Alone and scared.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - FRONT CAB / EXT. BACK ROAD - EVENING

The truck continues its urgent northbound journey.

The Blue-Collar Worker and his front seat PASSENGERS stare ahead at the open road, aware of their race against the clock.

Their anxious visages atomize as, one by one, they notice something up ahead --

Over a thousand CROWS. Spiraling inelegantly, moving pell-mell through the sky, as if unable to navigate.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK CARGO AREA - SAME

John is distracted by a passing ROAD SIGN: "BRUNSWICK - EXIT 52B - 1/2 MILE."

He angles his way to the truck's cab. Knocks on the small window. It slides open.

JOHN

I need to get off at the next exit.

BLUE-COLLAR MAN

What are you-- no, man, we gotta keep going.

John, now also able to see the flurry of birds in the sky, is moved to distraction.

But his return to more pertinent matters is swift --

JOHN

Please, just pull over.

BLUE-COLLAR MAN

I can't. We're running out of time!

JOHN

The exit's coming up. Please, I need to (get to Brunswick).

BLUE-COLLAR MAN

(over)

Damn it, okay-okay.

The pickup truck starts to slow -- but never fully stops -- along the side of the road, near the Brunswick exit.

BLUE-COLLAR MAN (CONT'D)

Go if you're gonna go!

JOHN

Shit...

John crawls across the cargo area --

COLIN

(to John)

Hey, man. Good luck.

JOHN

You too.

-- and to the rear of the truck. The red duffel bag in one hand, Nathan's stuffed animal cheetah in the other.

He opens the cargo area's up-folding window. Lifts his leg over the closed gate. Climbs out, onto the back bumper, preparing to jump, when --

ANGLE ON - FRONT CAB

SMASH!!!

A crow flies head-first into the truck's windshield, EXPLODING on impact and SPLINTERING the glass.

BLUE-COLLAR MAN

Shit!!

The Blue-Collar Man reflexively JERKS the wheel --

BACK TO SCENE

John loses purchase of the red duffel bag as he's FLUNG from the back of the truck. He lands with wind-stealing force on the grass median.

The pickup truck rights itself. Resumes its normal speed. Continues down the road, further and further from view.

John lumbers to his feet. And then he's struck with panic --

JOHN

No... no-no. WAIT!!

INSERT - PICKUP TRUCK CARGO AREA

The red duffel bag apparently fell back inside the truck. And there it remains, unnoticed by other passengers.

BACK TO SCENE

The pickup truck is already a quarter mile down the road.

JOHN (CONT'D)

FUCK!!!!

Beat.

John looks to the sky, where the crows continue their dizzying flight, before retrieving the stuffed animal cheetah from the ground.

He starts, on foot, for the exit to Brunswick.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - SHIPYARD - EVENING

Only one cruise ship remains in port. Chaos intensifies.

Nathan wanders further away from the collected masses, where hundreds of people take to smaller vessels lined along a DOCK. Fishing boats, small sailboats, etc.

He's scared. Sweaty. Glassing over.

He pricks his finger. Tests his blood sugar. Not good. It's climbed even higher: "B.G.: 402 - HIGH BLOOD SUGAR".

His tiny body sways as he fights for clarity.

A beat. Then he administers himself the last of his insulin.

SEE the reservoir of his insulin pump go dry.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - CITY STREET - EVENING

Congested with vehicles. Horns blare. Standstill traffic. The Shipyard observable in the distance.

The Chrysler mini-van pulls up. Immediately gets stuck in the logjam.

INT. MINI-VAN - SAME

The Mexican family speak nervously to one another, clamoring to come up with their best course of action.

Allison slides open the side door. Jumps out. RUNS toward the Shipyard.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - SHIPYARD - EVENING

Nathan cries thick, silent tears. People rush by him, concerned only for themselves.

An assemblage of small VESSELS depart from a private DOCK. All dangerously overfilled with passengers.

As a YOUNG WOMAN hurries by with her HUSBAND, she looks twice at Nathan when their eyes meet. His sorrow and fear manifest.

YOUNG WOMAN
 (to her Husband)
 Wait...
 (approaching Nathan)
 Are you okay? Where's your family?

NATHAN
 They're gone.

YOUNG WOMAN
 You're all alone?

Nathan nods. Breaks down in heartrending tears.

HUSBAND
 (calling over)
 Nadine!

The Young Woman gently takes Nathan by the shoulders.

YOUNG WOMAN
 We're getting on one of those
 boats. We're going to follow the
 cruise ships. You should come with
 us.

Nathan is unsure and confused... but eventually ekes out a
 small nod.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Come on.

She takes Nathan by the hand. Hurries to catch up with her
 Husband.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - SHIPYARD - EVENING

Allison rounds a corner, putting the sheer bedlam of the
 Shipyard in full view.

ALLISON
 Nathan!! ... Naaaaathaaan!!

Her heartfelt cries don't even register for people within
 earshot. Self-preservation supplants the needs of others.

Eyes darting fervently, Allison sees something that gives
 rise to tremendous concern --

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Oh God...

REVEAL

Nathan, a good distance away, being led aboard a dangerously overcrowded SAILBOAT.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Nathan!

She RACES headlong into the crowd, pushing her way through.

EXT. SAILBOAT - EVENING

Teeming with over twenty PEOPLE. The twenty-five-foot vessel inadequately built for this payload.

The Young Woman, her Husband, and Nathan hang on tightly, dangling port-side. The small outboard motor wobbles the vessel thirty feet from the dock.

A makeshift CONVOY of similarly undersized and overfilled boats clusters just away from shore. Panicked departures lead to a logjam.

The voice of a WORRIED PASSENGER aboard Nathan's boat --

WORRIED PASSENGER #1

Whoa-whoa-- Move up!

-- turns heads. Nathan and the others see that their severely listing ship is now taking on water.

Passengers scurry toward the bow to correct the weight imbalance -- but there are simply too many people on board.

Bodies crush closer. Seawater floods the stern.

The ship lists dramatically to one side. Capsizing. Screams. Panic. Bodies CRASH into each other. People FALL OVERBOARD.

The Young Woman holds Nathan.

WORRIED PASSENGER #2

Watch out!!

The Young Woman's Husband whips around. His eyes widen --

SMASH!

The sail's heavy BOOM swings free and STRIKES him directly in the face. He crumbles, falls overboard.

YOUNG WOMAN

Robert!!

Some passengers jump into the water. Others make desperate attempts to leap onto nearby vessels.

The Young Woman dives after her Husband. Nathan is left to fend for himself.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - SHIPYARD - DOCK - SAME

Allison races down the dock, her feet pounding against the sea-soaked timber.

She watches, with abject terror, as Nathan dangles off the side of the capsizing sailboat.

ALLISON

Nathan!!

EXT. SAILBOAT - SAME

The sail, now partially submerged, collects water. And, therefore, weight.

An audible GROAN as the mast's integrity is tested...

SNAP!

The massive SPIRE splits. CRASHES into the water, pulling the rest of its sail with it.

The thick carbon fiber sheet drapes over Nathan and other passengers. Drags them overboard.

UNDERWATER

Nathan SPLASHES beneath the surface.

Finds himself in a watery hell alongside a crush of other kicking-and-flailing passengers. They fight to reach the surface, pulling against one another like animals.

The sinking mast drapes its heavy sail over them, trapping them underneath like a pool cover.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - SHIPYARD - DOCK - SAME

Allison approaches the end. Without slowing even slightly, she LEAPS off the dock. PLUNGES into the frigid water.

She bursts to the surface. Swims with all her strength toward where she last saw Nathan.

ON NATHAN - UNDERWATER

As he pushes against the sail, only to become more entangled in it.

ON ALLISON - ABOVE WATER

Still swimming. Taking in mouthfuls of seawater.

ON NATHAN - UNDERWATER

Completely enveloped by the sail. And now being dragged down by it.

ON ALLISON - ABOVE WATER

Still with twenty feet to go, she dives underwater.

ON NATHAN - UNDERWATER

His small limbs flail. His big screams bubble.

Suddenly --

Allison's HAND thrusts through the sail, cutting her forearm against a torn segment of the mast. Blood escapes like a puff of red smoke.

She untangles and hauls him toward a patch of sunlight above.

ABOVE WATER - SECONDS LATER

Allison and Nathan break the surface. Both gasp for air.

ALLISON

Are you-- are you okay?

He nods. Cries. She squeezes him close while treading water.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Hold-- hold onto me.

Nathan clings to her. She tries to swim -- but her body has reached its physical limits.

HEAVYSET MAN (O.S.)

Hey! Grab on! Hey!

Allison sees that this Heavyset Man at the edge of the dock, holding the end of a ROPE he just threw her. The other end bobs on the surface of the water, about twenty feet away.

With Nathan clinging to her back, Allison inches closer to the rope... closer... until she finally reaches it.

The Heavysset Man reels her in.

EXT. PORTLAND, ME - SHIPYARD - DOCK - EVENING

The Heavysset Man helps Nathan and Allison onto the dock. He runs off, without a word, to help others in need.

ALLISON
(to Nathan)
I'm sorry.

She pulls Nathan into her warm embrace.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

WOOOOOT!!

Echoing from a distance. Allison sees the last of the cruise ships departing from the Seaport. Her eyes fall with defeat.

INT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - NIGHT

Furnished on workman's wages. Suited to sustain a basic life. A single light glowing over the outdated gas range is all that prevents total darkness.

The door opens. John enters.

JOHN
Allison?

No reply. Silence but for the sound of wind rustling through the trees.

Peeking into the LIVING ROOM, John sees that it, too, is empty.

He calls out toward the rooms at the end of the hall...

JOHN (CONT'D)
Dale?

...only to again be met with silence. But then, John's ear catches a faint WHIRRING sound.

He peers out the window. Sees a small, homemade WIND TURBINE in the yard, its small blades catching the passing breeze.

PRE-LAP: The sharp SQUEAL of a metal bulkhead door opening.

INT. EMERGENCY SHELTER - NIGHT

John descends a short set of wooden stairs, accessed through the bulkhead.

As he does, the sound of an embittered RIGHT-WING TALK RADIO HOST comes into greater relief --

RIGHT-WING TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)

*...this is all about control --
Bottom line. Why else would they
ground all the flights? "For our
safety", or whatever mamby-pamby.
B.S. reason they put on that FEMA
website? Please... This is just
another smokescreen. And mark my
words, about an hour before this
thing's supposed to hit, they'll
put on another press conference --
only this time they'll say it's
gonna miss us after all.*

The shelter, crudely fashioned from a reinforced SHIPPING CONTAINER, sources limited electrical power from the D.I.Y. wind turbine. A "DON'T TREAD ON ME" flag hangs from the wall. Stockpiled supplies and canned goods fill wire-rack shelves.

RIGHT-WING TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)

*But you think they'll roll back the
Humvees and the tanks from our
neighborhoods? Not a chance.*

DALE CLARK, (65), cantankerous, broad shouldered but potbellied, sits with his back facing John. Not yet ready to afford him the courtesy of his attention.

JOHN

Where's Allison?

Beat.

Dale slowly rises from his chair. Requires a cane to assist him over to the radio. Turns it off.

Finally regards John.

DALE

She called about an hour ago. She's on her way.

JOHN

Is Nathan with her?

Dale doesn't answer. Maintains an interminable stare.

JOHN (CONT'D)
God damnit, Dale, is my son with
her?!

DALE
Yeah.

John sighs his relief. But Dale is far from finished with
him.

DALE (CONT'D)
I been collecting this shit for
years. Building up, prepping,
getting ready for things to go
south. If there was ever a problem -
- hurricane, the economy, whatever -
- I'd be prepared. I'd be able to
stay right where I am. I wouldn't
forget about my obligations, go
find... shelter somewhere else. No,
I'd stay right here, where I
belong. With my family.
(beat)
That's what men do.

John looks away. Stung. But not capitulating.

JOHN
We were going to try to work it
out.

DALE
You act like you deserved that
chance.

JOHN
Maybe I did, maybe I didn't--

DALE
No, you didn't. There's no maybe
nothing.

JOHN
I don't think you're in any
position to judge.

DALE
What are you talking about?

JOHN
You know what I'm talking about. I
remember what you used to do to
Allison's mother.

DALE

Don't you dare talk about my wife.

JOHN

I'm not, I'm talking about you. Coming home drunk, knocking her around a little. You know, doing what men do.

Dale's face hardens.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's no storm coming, Dale. No government tyranny you and your militia buddies can fantasize about. And your tin can in the ground here isn't going to--

DALE

I know it ain't.

Beat.

JOHN

You spent your life preparing -- and you're not. I should've never done what I did -- but I did. If you know a way to go back and change either of those things, or anything else, I'll gladly let you.

Dale glares at John... but softens his resolve. Recognizing the futility in arguing.

In the b.g., approaching car tires are heard crunching over leaves and twigs.

EXT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME

Allison pulls up in a TOYOTA CAMRY, parks alongside Dale's CHEVY SILVERADO pickup truck. John appears in the Camry's headlights as he climbs from the shelter's bulkhead.

Allison turns off the car. Hurriedly climbs out, swings open the rear door.

JOHN

Where's--

John sees Nathan lying in the backseat, clearly unwell. He scoops Nathan's rag-doll frame into his arms.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Nathan? Nathan! What's wrong--?

ALLISON
Where's the bag?

JOHN
It's gone.

ALLISON
What?! It had (his insulin)!

JOHN
(over)
I know-I know. I'm sorry-I know.
(rousing Nathan)
Hey, buddy, wake up. Wake up,
buddy.

Nathan rouses, but remains quite foggy.

DALE (O.S.)
Bring him inside.

John and Allison see Dale has just emerged from the shelter. He canes toward his house. They follow behind him. Enter --

INT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Dale makes for the refrigerator. John catches the swaying storm door with his foot, slides inside with Nathan drooping in his arms.

Allison is just behind. She calls past John, to her father --

ALLISON
Dad, do you have your--

Dale opens the refrigerator.

DALE
I'm getting it now.

SEE that has three vials of INSULIN lined in the butter rack. The prescription labels: "CLARK, DALE"

John swipes everything off the table. Unfurls Nathan's body on top of it. Places a balled-up dish towel under his head.

Allison wets some paper towels. Pats them over Nathan's sweaty brow.

Dale opens a cabinet. Removes packages of SYRINGES. Tears one open. Hands it over to Allison.

DALE (CONT'D)

My diabetes ain't the same as his.

Allison draws-up the needle with insulin.

ALLISON

Insulin's insulin; we'll figure out the dosage.

She taps air bubbles from the syringe. Lifts the bottom of Nathan's shirt, injects the needle into his abdomen.

John stands behind Allison and Dale as they hover over Nathan, suddenly feeling like an uninvolved spectator.

Allison brushes Nathan's hair back from his face. Sighs her relief.

John digs into his jacket pocket. Removes the stuffed animal, places it next to Nathan.

Allison looks at John... but then her eyes slip from his.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - NIGHT

Stripped tree limbs rattle in the slight breeze. John sits on the front porch. Lost in cogitation under the dripping-black sky.

The screen door creaks open. Allison steps outside, dressed in dry clothes. Arms folded, huddled close for warmth.

JOHN

How is he?

ALLISON

Asleep.

John nods a small nod.

JOHN

I had it. The whole time.
(off her confusion)
The bag -- it fell...

ALLISON

It doesn't matter. My father has enough insulin to last him through this.

JOHN

Through this.

John shakes his head. It's all too much to take.

Allison sits down. Close to him, but not. John regards the Toyota Camry.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who's car is that?

ALLISON

(shrugs)
Someone left it.

She places John's cell phone on the front porch.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

And you left this.

John picks it up. Taps at the cracked screen.

JOHN

Is it working?

ALLISON

It was. But it was in my pocket when I jumped in the water.

JOHN

What water...?

Allison waves a "*never mind*" gesture. She's too tired to get into it.

After a long beat...

ALLISON

She called, you know.

John stops tinkering with his phone.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Earlier today. I spoke to her.

JOHN

What... what did you say?

ALLISON
That I hope she'll be okay.

JOHN
Really?

ALLISON
Yeah, really.

JOHN
Was, um... was she selected?

ALLISON
No.

John tries to conceal his disquiet.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
It's okay that you care. It would
be weird if you didn't.

Beat.

JOHN
Why did you answer?

ALLISON
I wanted to hear what she sounded
like. I wanted to know what made
her so special.

John sighs.

JOHN
It just all happened at once.
Nathan's diagnosis. Work. Getting
older...

Allison bristles at the implication.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I mean both of us. Everyone. Our
friends, my coworkers. I felt like
everywhere I looked, there was
something reminding me that time
was running out.
(beat)
She made it slow down.

ALLISON
Isn't she amazing.
(beat, then)
(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You know what, no, I shouldn't even say that, because the truth is, I can get past all that. Our marriage was far from perfect; I can't pretend it was. And some of that was my fault. Maybe a lot of it.

(beat)

But you... you let our son hate me, John.

JOHN

I didn't ask you to lie.

ALLISON

Should I have let him know the truth?

John looks away.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

No, no, no -- look at me. Should I have told him, "No, honey, I didn't kick Daddy out."

(pointedly)

"He left us."

John doesn't bother to protest. This is the truth.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

He worships you. It would have crushed him. And he would have hated you for it.

(beat)

So I let him hate me instead.

(beat)

And so did you.

John sags under his profound regret.

Allison shakes her head. Anger and disappointment again on the rise. She climbs to her feet, opens the door...

JOHN

We were supposed to have time.

ALLISON

For what?

JOHN

To try.

ALLISON

The end of the world didn't change that. You did.

She enters the house. Closes and locks the door behind her.

INT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Later that night. Peaceful. Allison sleeps alongside Nathan on the couch, her arm draped across him.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT

John sits in the driver's seat. Uses his jacket as a makeshift blanket, trying to sleep. He stirs, unable to find comfort.

All the while, the nighttime BUGS form a choir of white noise...

Until they suddenly stop.

Eerie, unnatural silence.

John's closed eyes unlace. His brow creases.

The silence persists.

He slowly sits upright. Concern rising.

Something's definitely off.....

BOOOOOOM!!!

John is HEAVED ACROSS the car, again and again, like a shoe in a dryer, as EARTHQUAKE-LIKE SHOCK WAVES toss the vehicle asunder.

The front end of the car SPINS -- CRASHES against a tree -- the AIRBAGS DEPLOY -- John CRACKS his head against the side windshield.

And then, just as suddenly as it started -- it stops.

The car comes to rest. Completely destroyed. ALARM sounding, echoing out in the vacuousness of the surrounding forest.

Injured and disoriented, John peels himself off the floor.

The car keys dangle from the ignition. It takes John's rattled mind a moment, but he finally thinks to press the alarm button, silencing it.

He rights himself, grimaces in pain. Clutches his ribs.

But his anguish evaporates from his face, replaced by a look of grave concern when he sees --

-- Dale's house is crushed beneath a fallen tree.

JOHN

No...

He hauls himself from the wreckage, disregarding his pain.

INT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - NIGHT

John kicks his way through the unhinged front door. The tree's thick limbs consume the majority of the small house.

JOHN

Allison!

ALLISON (O.S.)

In here!

John rushes toward her. Pushes through branches and splintered tree limbs, into --

INT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison holds Nathan close. They've both gone unscathed; the tree missed most of the living room.

John rushes over. Hastily examines Nathan for injuries.

ALLISON

(short of breath)

What was that?

JOHN

I don't know-are you okay?

She nods. They begin to calm down. But then --

ALLISON

Wait... Where's my father?

John has no answer. Allison is struck with worry.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Dad?!

She hurries out of the Living Room.

JOHN

No, wait...

ALLISON

Dad!!

JOHN

(to Nathan)

Stay here.

(then)

Allison!

John rushes to catch up with her.

INT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tree branches form a nearly impenetrable wall. The bedroom bears the brunt of the tree's impact.

ALLISON

Dad?!

Allison forces her way through. Clears a view of Dale's bed --

It's empty.

John catches up to her. Sees this as well.

EXT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - NIGHT

John, Allison, and Nathan exit. They see the destroyed Toyota Camry, steam hissing under its hood.

They round the side of the house, scanning the dark forest.

ALLISON

Dad!

NATHAN

Grandpa!

Their cries go unanswered. There's no sign of Dale anywhere.

Until a faint, familiar sound slowly captures John's attention...

He follows toward it, like a dog hunting a scent. Rounding the other side of the house, he sees its source...

The homemade wind turbine.

Damaged but still operable. But the emergency shelter to which it provides electricity has suffered partial collapse.

Crushed under a landslip, the shelter's reinforced walls are bent and twisted like aluminium foil.

Anguished moans are faintly heard from inside, as is the static HISS of a de-tuned radio.

JOHN

Oh God...

John slowly approaches the unencumbered bulkhead. Its doors are already open. The pained moans come into greater relief.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Dale?

Allison sees John crouching at the bulkhead...

ALLISON

Is he in there?

(arriving)

Dad?!

...and then sees the full extent of the shelter's damage.

DALE (O.S.)

(firm)

Stay up there, Allison!

ALLISON

Why? What's--

DALE (O.S.)

Just stay where you are. Don't come... [coughs] don't come down here.

John regards the twisted mess of metal and earth before him with quiet despair.

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

Is Nathan with you?

ALLISON

Yes.

DALE (O.S.)

Move.... [coughs] ...move him away.

ALLISON

Dad, what's happening--

DALE (O.S.)

Do it!

The exertion causes Dale pain in his voice.

ALLISON
Go over there, sweetie.

NATHAN
I want to make sure Grandpa's okay.

DALE (O.S.)
Grandpa's fine, partner. Like
always. Now go ahead.

Allison nods her affirmation to Nathan.

ALLISON
Go over by Grandpa's truck. It's
okay.

Scared, Nathan nevertheless does as he's told. Stands
alongside Dale's unmarred Chevy Silverado.

DALE (O.S.)
Allison...

ALLISON
Yeah. I'm here, Dad. I'm here--

DALE (O.S.)
Stay up there. Please. Please...

After a few slow, labored breaths...

DALE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
John?

JOHN
Yeah, I'm here. I'm with Allison.

DALE (O.S.)
Good. Good...
(beat)
You're gonna come down here.

INT. EMERGENCY SHELTER - NIGHT

John's foot lands slowly on the first of the wooden stairs...
followed cautiously by the next.

Ducking into the shelter... John takes in the claustrophobic
space.

Items are strewn, overturned. Nearly all of the back half of
the shelter is caved in, its metal walls crumbled.

The de-tuned radio, knocked to the floor, continues to hiss.

A collapsed section of the shelter partially blocks Dale from John's view -- though Dale's agony is clearer than ever.

Inching around the obstruction, John finally sees...

Dale splayed across his chair. A torn-away section of the metal shelter has IMPALED him through his stomach.

A crimson stain spreads across the belly of his flannel shirt. Coughed-up blood paints his teeth and chin.

John is paralyzed at the sight. Dale lifts his head, just enough to meet John's stunned eyes.

ABOVE THE SHELTER

Allison stands alone. Her cold, nervous breaths congeal in the nighttime cold.

ALLISON

John? What's happening?

INSIDE THE SHELTER

John does not register Allison at first. Still overcome.

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

John?!

He finally musters a response --

JOHN

He's... he's here. I see him.

DALE

(to Allison)

It's okay. Did you move Nathan away?

INTERCUT - ABOVE THE SHELTER / INSIDE THE SHELTER

ALLISON

He's over by your truck.

(then)

John, what's wrong? Is he hurt?!

John can't produce an adequate answer.

DALE

Your daddy's in a bad spot,
Sunflower.

ALLISON
I'm coming down--

DALE
No --

JOHN
No!

John's reflexive assertiveness finally awakens him from his shock.

Allison stops. Fearful tears filling her eyes.

INSERT - A small but steady stream of dirt flows like hourglass sand from above the crushed shelter, pooling on the torn section of metal.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN (CONT'D)
We need to get you to a hospital,
Dale.

Dale ignores this. Lifts a trembling, bloody finger... points at a toppled over FOOT LOCKER --

DALE
Open it.

A beat. John reluctantly opens the foot locker -- finds a GLOCK 9MM inside.

DALE (CONT'D)
Put the clip in.

JOHN
Dale...

DALE
Do it.

John hesitates.

DALE (CONT'D)
God damn it...

Dale's chin drops in defeat. Unable to bear the pain, he starts to sob.

ALLISON
Why's he crying?! Daddy?!

DALE
 (unconvincing)
 I'm okay. I'm alright...

ALLISON
 John, help him! Please...

This is all too much for Allison to take.

INSERT - The pool of spilling dirt weighs down the section of torn metal, causing it to bend under the increasing weight.

BACK TO SCENE

John swallows hard. Stuffs the MAGAZINE into the gun's CLIP.

Dale nods a small, weak nod. His face growing wan.

DALE
 Chamber it.

John's shaking hands fumble through the process, but ultimately complete the task.

SHUNK-SHUNK.

Allison's head uprights at the unmistakable sound. Her concern instantly redoubled.

ALLISON
 John...?

DALE
 It's okay. John's gonna do what he's gotta do. For once.

ALLISON
 What does that mean? John, what...

Allison knows what it means. Denial only lasts so long.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 No. No. We can get you to a hospital.

DALE
 It's too late for that, Sunflower. Time I met back up with your mother, anyhow. I've got some things to say sorry for.

A great sorrow drapes its boughs over Allison's shoulders.

DALE (CONT'D)
You should go join Nathan now.

ALLISON
I... I don't, I can't --

DALE
Please, honey. Please.

Tears cascade down Allison's face.

ALLISON
I love you so much, Dad.

DALE
I love you too. Now go ahead.

Allison is crushed with grief. Her final goodbye. She roams over to Nathan. Hugs him.

JOHN
I... I can't do this, Dale.

Dale firmly grabs onto John's hand, startling him.

DALE
You ain't gonna leave me suffering,
you son of a bitch.

Dale's grip gradually loosens... until it becomes a genuinely tender moment shared between these two men.

DALE (CONT'D)
Please.

After a long beat, John slowly lifts the gun. Takes aim at Dale's head. His trigger-finger shakes with uncertainty.

DALE (CONT'D)
Do it.

Beat.

INSERT - The torn-away metal finally gives under the weight of the pooling dirt. It collapses partially but abruptly.

BACK TO SCENE

Dale HOWLS in pain as the collapse drives deeper the metal spiking through him.

Overhearing his shriek, Allison reacts from a distance.

ALLISON

No...

Dale eventually acclimates to this new baseline of agony.

DALE

Do it. Please do it!

John's hand quivers. The barrel shakes.

The torn-away metal suffers yet another short but jarring collapse. Dale SCREAMS a blood-curdling scream.

ALLISON

Do it!!!

BANG!!! A flash of light burst from inside the dimly lit shelter.

SECONDS LATER

Stillness. Unsettling silence. Allison clutches Nathan tightly.

Slow footsteps are heard plodding up the wooden stairs. From a distance, Allison watches as...

...John slowly emerges. A blood-spattered rictus of shock.

His eyes find Allison's.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUNSWICK, ME - RURAL HOME - DAWN

The morning sun creeps above the horizon. Allison, Nathan, and John stand before a freshly mounded pile of dirt. Dale's place of rest.

Dried tears have cleansed narrow paths across Alison's begrimed cheeks. Nathan's emotionally exhausted visage bespeaks a similarly long night of sorrow.

Fearing rejection, even in this moment, John places a comforting hand on Allison's shoulder...

Her glazed eyes peer over at his hand. Considering it. Considering him.

After a beat...

Allison leans her cheek into his hand... then buries her face against his chest. John's eyes pearl with tears as Nathan joins them in deep embrace.

He finally has his family back.

Allison slowly lifts her head. Looks directly at John...

ALLISON
Let's go home.

John slowly nods. The beleaguered Garrity family resumes its heartbreaking embrace.

INT. DALE'S CHEVY SILVERADO - MORNING

Nathan sits between his parents in the truck's front cab. All three of them are silent, staring ahead.

The pickup truck traverses a pin-straight line of densely WOODED ROAD. No other vehicle in sight in either direction.

LATER

The sun has finally finished its rise. Pastel blue skies.

Nathan sleeps against his father's shoulder. Allison gazes out her window, dappled by sunlight.

John soon reaches an ON-RAMP for a southbound HIGHWAY.

MOMENTS LATER

The highway is congested with OVERTURNED and INOPERABLE vehicles. Others are simply boxed-in and since abandoned.

John drives along the one CLEAR LANE. The only vehicle doing so.

Across the GRASS MEDIAN -- SEE a seemingly never-ending, snaking line of REFUGEES trekking along the shoulder of the equally congested NORTHBOUND lanes:

- A woman pushing a BABY CARRIAGE...
- An ELDERLY MAN wearing what's clearly someone else's North Face jacket...
- A hijab-wearing ARAB WOMAN with her woebegone family.

Allison surveys all the wreckage. The overturned, damaged vehicles --

ALLISON

What do you think it was?
 (off John's confusion)
 The shaking last night.

JOHN

I'm not sure. Earthquake?

ALLISON

Maine doesn't get earthquakes.

JOHN

I don't know. Maybe it does.

The Chevy Silverado crosses past the final cluster of empty vehicles, opening to a lonely stretch of highway.

Allison still mentally chews on something...

She turns on the truck's radio. Cycles through the static-filled stations -- until finally tuning-in to a BBC AMERICA REPORTER.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

...reports continue to come in from North Africa, where the death toll is believed to be in the hundreds of thousands. The Chinese Space Agency was first to confirm the fragment's existence, and that it was known for two months to be on course with the African continent, contradicting statements made earlier today by both U.S. and U.K. officials.

ALLISON

What fragment? What's she...?

John shakes his head, "I don't know". His interest and concern piqued, he turns up the radio.

BBC REPORTER (V.O.)

Since then, NASA has released a statement claiming that efforts to detonate explosives on the asteroid caused a sizeable portion to break apart and drift ahead. Per officials, it was believed that this smaller fragment would burn up in our atmosphere, which is why no advance notice was given to the public.

(MORE)

BBC REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*The fragment, estimated to have
 been over a quarter-mile wide,
 struck Tunisia at 2:32 A.M. Eastern
 Standard Time. Rescue efforts have
 been slow, as many aid workers
 around the globe have stopped
 reporting for work to instead spend
 these final days with their loved
 ones...*

John's tight expression, focused intently on what he's listening to, suddenly falls slack... as his eyes peer high on the horizon.

He slows the pickup truck to a dead stop in the middle of the desolate highway.

ALLISON
 (confused)
 What are you doing...?

John's finger slowly raises. Points ahead. Allison leans forward and sees --

-- a COMMERCIAL AIRLINER flying at a high altitude, overhead.

John's bewilderment deepens. He climbs from the pickup truck. The sound of him closing the door awakens Nathan.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

After a few steps he likely doesn't recall even taking, John comes to a stop -- still staring skyward.

Allison and Nathan file next to him -- both bearing countenances of similar perplexity...

REVEAL

ANOTHER COMMERCIAL AIRLINER...

And then ANOTHER... and ANOTHER... and ANOTHER...

CLOSE TO ONE HUNDRED PASSENGER PLANES FILL THE SKY.

AMERICAN AIRLINES, SOUTHWEST, UNITED, DELTA, VIRGIN AMERICA, etc. All at different elevations and at different speeds, but all proceeding in the same NORTHBOUND direction.

ALLISON
 What's happening?

John shakes his head, still stupefied.

An increase in urgency on the part of the refugees hauls John from his bewilderment.

JOHN
Stay here.

He crosses the sizeable GRASS MEDIAN... onto the northbound lane. Approaches a random portion of the seemingly never-ending line of people.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What's happening? Hey...

Most people ignore him, concerned with their own well-being.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hey! What's--?

He stops, observes the crowd as it passes by.

A faraway MALE VOICE suddenly comes into greater relief --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
John? John!

John turns to find his neighbor, Kenny Fitzpatrick, with his wife and daughter, a good distance down the line.

JOHN
Holy shit, Kenny.

John rushes to them.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
What the hell are you doing here?

JOHN
We didn't make it on the ship.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK
That's a shame.

John's confused by Debra's acerbity.

KENNY FITZPATRICK
The ships didn't make it. Tidal wave sunk them after that fragment hit.

JOHN
What's... where's everyone going, then?

KENNY FITZPATRICK

The military reopened the airspace.
They're taking anybody now. No
lottery, no nothing. You just have
to get there.

JOHN

Get where?

KENNY FITZPATRICK

To a plane.

John processes this flood information as quickly as he can.

JOHN

Come with me.

DEBRA FITZPATRICK

(to Kenny)

No, we have to keep going.

JOHN

God damn it, come on! I have a car!

John regards other people in line near the Fitzpatricks.
Young people, old people, children. He frantically urges them
as well --

JOHN (CONT'D)

You too. All of you, come on!

MOMENTS LATER - BACK AT THE CHEVY SILVERADO

John and Allison hurriedly help load people into the truck's
cargo area.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Keep going, keep going...

Allison finds herself face to face with Debra Fitzpatrick. A
moment of judgement.

ALLISON

We've got to go, Debra.

Debra is unable to fully relinquish her anger, but recognizes
the urgency of the moment. She and Ellie climb into the
truck's cargo area, joining Kenny.

INT. CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY

The cargo area brims with PASSENGERS. John jumps into the
truck's cab.

THROWS the truck into DRIVE. The tires BURN then catch the road as the truck SPEEDS forward -- heading SOUTHBOUND?

ALLISON

What are you doing? Turn around!

Passengers in the cargo area, also aware they're heading in the wrong direction, bang against the cab's hood and back window. John ignores them.

JOHN

We're not going to Philadelphia.

ALLISON

What, why?! The airport's only twenty minutes away.

John peers skyward once again, through the windshield. More planes pass by overhead.

JOHN

That's an A340. So is that. That's a 777...

ALLISON

So what?

JOHN

Planes that big only fly out of P.H.L. around here.

Allison starts to piece it together.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There wouldn't be any planes left by the time we got there.

NATHAN

Are we going to be left behind?

John looks squarely at Nathan.

JOHN

No.

With that, John's foot STOMPS down on the accelerator.

EXT. WILMINGTON, DE - DELAWARE MEMORIAL BRIDGE - EVENING

The Chevy Silverado BLOWS PAST the unmanned TOLL BOOTHS.

MOMENTS LATER

The Chevy Silverado SWERVES in between other vehicles.
Ascending the apex of the suspension bridge.

Passengers in the truck's cargo area cling to the ladder rack, whipsawed by wind. The Fitzpatricks huddle close together, finding cover against the cab.

INT. CHEVY SILVERADO - SAME

John's knuckles whiten around the wheel. He's stolen from his concentration when, to the right of the bridge, he sees --

-- several COMMERCIAL AIRPLANES taking off, in fairly rapid succession, from a faraway airstrip.

JOHN
(sotto)
Shit.

Time is running out. He floors it.

EXT. WILMINGTON, DE - HIGHWAY - EVENING

Moments later. The suspension bridge now far in the b.g.

The Chevy Silverado SPEEDS underneath a highway sign: "WILMINGTON AIRPORT - EXIT 24B - 1/2 MILE".

John CUTS across two lanes toward the exit ramp.

EXT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - EVENING

Relatively small, servicing only a limited number of major carriers. The American flag waves next to the Delaware state flag.

A crush of PEOPLE. Strong MILITARY PRESENCE. Commercial airplanes take to the sky.

The Chevy Silverado ROUNDS a tight corner -- faces upcoming traffic on the DEPARTURES LANE -- SWERVES toward ARRIVALS.

ARRIVALS LANE - MOMENTS LATER

The pickup truck weaves between vehicles, some abandoned.

A relatively clear lane opens to TRAFFIC up ahead. Many other vehicles JUMP the curb and DRIVE across the expansive grass lawn.

JOHN

Hold on!

John does this as well. The race is on.

John SPEEDS closer to the AIRPORT ENTRANCE -- TEARS THROUGH a decorative row of bushes -- deftly avoids a STONE MONUMENT.

But this is as close to the entrance as he's going to get.

A jumbled assemblage of vehicles, both civilian and military, clusters around the entrance.

INT. CHEVY SILVERADO - SAME

John brings the truck to an abrupt stop. Everyone floods from the vehicle.

ALLISON

Hurry!

EXT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - EVENING

John, Allison, and Nathan RACE across the grass field, on foot, toward the airport entrance. The Fitzpatricks do the same, as do dozens of other desperate people.

SEE that airplanes continue to depart.

Observing Nathan's struggle to keep up, John scoops him into his arms. Carries him, never once breaking stride.

A distant view of the airstrip reveals that there are very few planes remaining.

JOHN

Keep going!

MOMENTS LATER

John, Allison, and Nathan hurry through the logjam of abandoned vehicles near the entrance.

As they do, John double-takes at a familiar sight --

The "DOWNEAST CONSTRUCTION" truck. Wedged amongst a sea of other abandoned vehicles, about a hundred feet away.

John's pace slows nearly to a stop. Considering the vehicle.

ALLISON

John!

John snaps back to ground level. He catches up with Allison, but flicks another quick look back at the truck.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - EVENING

No order whatsoever. Rules no longer apply. Dozens of people HURRY up the descending escalators.

John, still carrying Nathan, takes the stairs. Allison right beside them. The Fitzpatricks nearby as well.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - HALLWAY - EVENING

A long straightaway adorned with vacation posters.

John puts Nathan down. They run hand-in-hand.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATES - EVENING

Flooded with people. SOLDIERS enforce some semblance of order. The dying evening light floods through runway-facing windows.

John, Allison, and Nathan hurry onto the scene. Sweaty, flustered. Eyes darting in every direction.

ALLISON

Where do we go?

Unsure, John stops a PASSING SOLDIER --

JOHN

Hey-how do we get (on board)?

PASSING SOLDIER

(over)

There and there -- get in any of those lines.

ALLISON

How many planes are left?

PASSING SOLDIER

Not many.

The Passing Soldier regards the massive amount of people who continue to fill the area.

PASSING SOLDIER (CONT'D)

You better get in line.

John wastes little time.

JOHN
Let's go-come on.

They hurry in the direction of where two LINES are formed,
over at GATE 12.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - GATE 12 - EVENING

John, Allison, and Nathan stand in line, marching closer to
the departure gate door.

An ARMED SOLDIER paces the line, shouting out instructions --

ARMED SOLDIER
Do not get out of line; you will
not be allowed back and you will
forfeit your spot.

John looks at Nathan. Notices his glassiness.

JOHN
Nathan?
(to Allison)
I think he's low.

NATHAN
I'm... okay.

Allison removes the blood sugar meter from a plastic bag
she's brought with her. Tests Nathan's blood sugar:

"B.G.: 65 - LOW BLOOD SUGAR"

Not overly concerned by that number, Allison retrieves some
Skittles from the plastic bag.

ALLISON
Have these.

Nathan eats the Skittles. Allison puts the remainder of them
back in the plastic bag. As she does --

John notices the limited amount of insulin vials inside.

JOHN
How much insulin did you get from
your father?

ALLISON
He had about a month's supply.

JOHN
 (re: Nathan)
 What... what's he going to do after
 that?

ALLISON
 I don't know -- they'll, they must
 have medical supplies.

JOHN
 Enough for everybody?

Allison falls numb as a cold realization washes over her.

ALLISON
 Oh God, oh God. How did I not think
 about that --

JOHN
 -- It's okay --

ALLISON
 We should have stopped -- found a
 pharmacy before we got here --

JOHN
 Allison, listen, listen --

ALLISON
 -- Oh God --

JOHN
 Please, listen -- there's a truck,
 we passed it outside. It might have
 all his supplies in it.

ALLISON
 What truck? What are you (talking
 about)?

JOHN
 (over)
 Just trust me. Please.

John looks ahead. Sees that it won't be long until they're
 crossing through the gate's departure door.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 I have to go get it.

ALLISON
 No --

JOHN
Yes, Allison --

ALLISON
They won't let you back in line.

John tries to remain stoic, but the tears that pearl in the corners of his eyes reveal him.

The full weight of this falls heavy on Allison. She starts to cry.

JOHN
It's okay.

ALLISON
John...

JOHN
It's okay.

John starts to cry as well. Their foreheads kiss. He touches her face. Their last goodbye.

NATHAN
Dad, no...

John kneels down. Takes Nathan by the shoulders.

JOHN
Nathan, listen to me...

NATHAN
No!

JOHN
Please, buddy. Please -- I need you to be okay. I need your mom to be okay. Do you understand?

NATHAN
Why is she making you leave again?

John casts his eyes upon Allison, then back on Nathan --

JOHN
She's not. She never did. I left. It was my decision, not you mom's.

NATHAN
No --

JOHN

Yes. That's the truth. There is no excuse in the whole world for what I did, and I'm so, so, sorry.

(beat)

You need to be a good man. Better than... better than I was. Do you understand me? So much better than I was. I know you will be, Nathan. I know it.

(beat)

I'm gonna go get your insulin --

NATHAN

-- I don't want it.

JOHN

-- You need it. I can't change that. I wish I could.

The line, unable to proceed, backs up around John.

ARMED SOLDIER

Sir, you need to keep moving!

John nods quickly then returns his focus to Nathan.

JOHN

Please let your mom take care of you, and then, you need to take care of her.

Nathan nods a small, tear-filled nod. John wipes away the boy's tears with his thumb. Stares deep into the boy's eyes, and then loses it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I love you so much.

John hugs Nathan tightly. Like he never wants to let him go.

But he has to.

John sniffs away his tears. Rises to meet Allison.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I love you too. That never changed.

She takes his hand in hers.

ALLISON

It never changed for me, either.

Their pursed lips form sad smiles.

ARMED SOLDIER
Sir, keep moving!

John never breaks his eyes from Allison... until their hands slip apart as he hurries off.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - HALLWAY - EVENING

John backtracks the route he recently took. Races headlong in the opposite direction as everyone else, pushing and dodging his way through.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - EVENING

He descends the staircase with dispatch. Bumping past the oncoming, frantic masses.

EXT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - EVENING

He bursts from the entrance/exit. Pushes his way through the throng. Searches for the "Downeast Construction" truck.

JOHN
Shit! Where is it-where is--

His breath catches sharply when he finally spots it.

Wasting no time, he runs toward the cluster of abandoned vehicles, climbing over car hoods as necessary.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - GATE 12 - EVENING

The Armed Soldier signals to other Soldiers --

ARMED SOLDIER
That's it. No more.

Two SOLDIERS respond by closing off the line, while many more force back the mass of hostile people who will not be able to board.

The last of the passengers file by Allison and Nathan, who remain at the gate door, anxiously awaiting John's return.

ARMED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Ma'am, the door's closing.

ALLISON
My husband's getting my son's
(medication).

ARMED SOLDIER

(over)

You leave now or you don't.

Allison is torn.

EXT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - EVENING

John finally reaches the "Downeast Construction" truck.

He tears open the cargo cap door. Leans inside --

-- but the duffel bag isn't there.

Only a few random, left-behind items remain.

JOHN

No...

He frantically slaps aside these items, searching. Pulling back a left-behind jacket -- he uncovers the duffel bag.

A short sigh of relief. He swipes the bag by its straps.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATES - EVENING

The duffel bag in tow, John motors past gate after gate. Most of which are now completely empty.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - GATE 12 - EVENING

John arrives on gales of heavy breaths -- only to find the door to that gate closed.

Where are they?!!

He rounds to the large windows overlooking the TARMAC.

Outside, SOLDIERS efficiently marshal commercial airlines using hand signals and BEACON WANDS.

A line of PASSENGERS proceeds toward the ROLLING STAIRS of the last remaining plane -- a Southwest 737. It takes a moment, but John spots Allison and Nathan in this line.

John BANGS against the glass.

JOHN

Allison!!

EXT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - TARMAC - SAME

The jet's engines are deafening. Allison and Nathan huddle close as they march toward the aircraft.

Completely unaware that John is at the window behind them.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - GATE 12 - SAME

Unwilling to give up, John pushes his way over to the maze of retractable belts.

He grabs one of the metal POSTS. Stalks over to the window --

-- and SMASHES the weighted bottom of the post against it. Again. And again.

Soldiers rush over to subdue John.

SMASH!

The post punches a sizeable hole in the window. John yells through it --

JOHN

Allison!!!

But she still can't hear him.

John again picks up the metal post, rears it back --

-- but he's GRABBED by three Soldiers. He FIGHTS with all he has as they attempt to drag him away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let go--! He needs-- I need to get
him the bag!!

INT./EXT. AIRPLANE - SAME

One by one, passengers are hurried into the overfilled 737 as camo-wearing MILITARY PILOTS ready the cockpit.

Allison and Nathan climb the final steps of the rolling stairs.

Nathan boards. Allison is just about to board, but stops...

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - GATE 12 - SAME

The Soldiers PULL at John, but he resists. He GRABS onto the jagged rim of the hole in the glass. The sharp edges tear into his palm and fingers.

He sees that Allison has stopped atop the rolling stairs. He wills himself closer to the hole in the window --

JOHN

Allison!!

-- and then tries to stuff the duffel bag through it. The bag's almost through... Almost...

But then --

His blood-soaked fingers finally lose purchase on the glass. He's YANKED from the window and dragged away.

JOHN (CONT'D)

No!! No!!

The duffel bag falls to the floor.

EXT. AIRPLANE - SAME

Allison turns and looks back to the airport... but all she sees is an empty, broken window.

The FEMALE SOLDIER standing at the airplane's door --

FEMALE SOLDIER

Ma'am, you have to get on board!

INTERCUT - GATE 12 / AIRPLANE

As John is being dragged away, he can still see Allison. She's about to board the plane. Without the bag.

One last look... then she boards.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATES - EVENING

Moments later. Turmoil persists throughout the airport.

The Soldiers give John one final shove back, like a patron being tossed from a bar who no longer puts up any resistance.

The Soldiers leave him, address a situation elsewhere.

John's downcast gaze lifts. He looks to the once-crowded gate at which he formerly stood. It's now all but empty.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - GATE 12 - EVENING

John slowly approaches the broken window.

There he stands, the red duffel bag at his feet, blood dripping from his hand, and watches as --

EXT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - TARMAC - SAME

The airplane rolls away from the gate, awash in the glow of orange-yellow sunset.

INT. AIRPLANE - SAME

Every seat occupied, many with more passengers than intended. Other passengers crowd the aisle, seated on the floor.

Kenny Fitzpatrick holds his wife and daughter, Ellie, close. Ellie smiles a small smile at someone up ahead --

Nathan.

He peers down the aisle at her. Smiles a small smile back. Allison sits next to Nathan. Her mind manifestly unmoored.

SEE that Colin, the young man John met in the pickup truck, sits several seats back. He notices the purple stuffed animal cheetah Nathan clings to, bringing a spare smile to his face.

Everyone lurches back when the aircraft gains speed.

INT. WILMINGTON AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATES - SAME

John stands vigil at the broken window.

The aircraft takes to the sky, its phantom-like reflection gliding across the opposite side of the fractured glass.

John's eyes gently close as he's consumed by a complex mixture of emotions.

Beat.

A nearby escalation in commotion. In degrees, John registers this. He looks across the hall to the opposite GATE...

Dozens of people suddenly rush toward it.

CUT TO MONTAGE:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

The in-flight cabin lights turn on. Passengers rouse from their restless slumber.

MILITARY PERSONNEL request that everyone lock arms with the person next to them in preparation for landing. Allison and Nathan do as instructed.

EXT. MILITARY AIRSTRIP - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

The aircraft touches down on an isolated runway. Heavy winds buffet the craft, making for a difficult landing.

INT. AIRPLANE - SAME (MONTAGE)

Passengers are jostled but none suffer injury as the aircraft lands. The aircraft begins a rapid deceleration.

EXT. MILITARY AIRSTRIP - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Numerous aircraft continue to land on the airstrip.

Soldiers hurry Allison, Nathan, and other passengers across the TARMAC, to where they will board one of the many MILITARY BUSES prepared for departure.

A posted U.S. AIR FORCE sign indicates their location: "THULE AIR BASE - GREENLAND".

EXT. GREENLAND - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAWN (MONTAGE)

Blue light creeps over the inky-black horizon.

A convoy of MILITARY BUSES speed down a one-lane road carved through Greenland's icy, Mars-like topography.

INT. MILITARY BUS - SAME (MONTAGE)

Allison, Nathan, and over a hundred other passengers bounce and sway. Cold breaths escape in misty coils of vapor.

EXT. GREENLAND - MILITARY INSTALLATION - DAWN (MONTAGE)

The military buses approach a truly massive entrance to one of many UNDERGROUND BUNKERS, hewn into the earth itself.

The buses continue, unabated, swallowed whole by the bunker's sheer enormity.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAWN (MONTAGE)

Allison and Nathan are corralled into a cavernous room teeming with THOUSANDS OF DISPLACED PEOPLE.

A large DIGITAL CLOCK, affixed high on the wall, counts down to the time of impact:

"00:27:16... 00:27:15... 00:27:14..."

EXT. GREENLAND - MILITARY INSTALLATION - DAWN (MONTAGE)

The last of all buses, military personnel, and equipment are rushed inside the bunker.

A YOUNG CORPORAL looks to the sky. His jaw slackens... he sees it.

For the very first time, the ASTEROID appears. A streak of WHITE LIGHT slicing through the sky.

The Young Corporal hurries inside as the bunker's colossal STEEL DOOR closes and SEALS SHUT.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAWN (MONTAGE)

RED LIGHTS FLASH as the countdown reaches the ONE-MINUTE MARK. Allison and Nathan join everyone in a CRASH POSITION.

"00:00:59... 00:00:58... 00:00:57..."

Allison reaches for Nathan's hand.

EXT. GREENLAND - MILITARY INSTALLATION - DAWN (MONTAGE)

The asteroid grows in luminosity as it draws even closer to earth. Brilliant white light spreads across the sky.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAWN (MONTAGE)

"00:00:36... 00:00:35... 00:00:34..."

Their faces pressed against the ground, braced for impact, Allison and Nathan stare into each others' eyes.

Until Nathan's gaze slowly lifts. Astonished when he sees --

NATHAN

DAD!!!

John scours the huddled masses. He snaps toward the distant sound of Nathan's voice --

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Dad!!

-- and sees his son.

JOHN

Nathan!!

ALLISON

John!

John runs across the bunker, the red duffel bag in hand. Allison and Nathan leap to their feet. Race to meet him halfway.

"00:00:23... 00:00:22... 00:00:21..."

They connect into each others' tight embrace. Tears cascade down their cheeks. Joyful relief steals over Allison as she regards the duffel bag.

They all assume crash positions, huddled together as one.

"00:00:16... 00:00:15... 00:00:14..."

Eyes wet with tears, John and Allison stare deeply at each other. Their smiles broaden. Their fingers interlace.

And then they gently close their eyes...

FLASH TO --

- *Nathan's birth. John is handed his newborn son by the doctor.*

- *John and Allison in the recovery room, holding their swaddled newborn baby.*

FLASH TO --

- *John scoops up Nathan, who's about two years old, runs through a sprinkler. Allison does as well, fully dressed.*

FLASH TO --

- Nathan, about three years old, rides a carousel horse. John stands next to him, admiring his son.

BACK TO SCENE

Their interlaced fingers tighten. John holds Nathan closer.

"00:00:10... 00:00:09... 00:00:08..."

FLASH TO --

- Nathan runs across an empty beach, a kite rising into the sky behind him.

- John and Allison, both in their late twenties, trying wine at a fancy wine tasting. John makes a face, Allison snorts and nearly shoots wine out of her nose.

- John and Allison, early thirties. John kisses Allison on the cheek, from behind, as she brushes her teeth.

- Nathan draws a picture with crayons. He looks up, directly into camera.

- Nathan blows out the four candles on his birthday cake.

BACK TO SCENE

"00:00:06... 00:00:05..."

FLASH TO --

The images are faster now. Some barely lasting a half-second. The MUSIC SWELLS.

- Nathan and other kids with sparklers on the Fourth of July.

- Allison hangs an ornament on the Christmas tree.

- John pushes Nathan on a playground swing.

BACK TO SCENE

"00:00:04... 00:00:03..."

FLASH TO --

- Allison returns home from a work trip to a hug.

- Nathan riding wobbly his bike.

- John kissing Nathan good night.

Images appearing faster, faster. Music swelling.

- *Jumping.*
- *Singing.*
- *Playing.*
- *A look.*
- *A touch.*
- *A laugh.*
- *A smile.*

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END