

TERROR WIND

screenplay by

Kerry Thomas

adapted from the novel
"Death Wind"
(originally titled "The Last Canadian")
by
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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Pajama-clad GENE ARNIPOR (50) is half asleep in his recliner, watching a late night movie on television. A SPECIAL BULLETIN logo interrupts the old movie.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. Now, from our FOX News studios in New York, Donna Fiducia.

Gene sits up in his recliner, to pay attention to the tv. A reporter appears on screen.

ON TELEVISION

DONNA FIDUCIA

This is a FOX News special report. I'm Donna Fiducia. At least fifty people have been found dead in a small mountain village west of Denver tonight by a Colorado State trooper investigating a 911 emergency call.

LIVING ROOM

Gene grabs the television remote and turns the sound up. He leans forward to pay closer attention to the report.

ON TELEVISION

DONNA FIDUCIA (CONT'D)

Officials in Denver tell FOX News that a garbled phone call, apparently begging for medical help, came from the village of Lyons, about 45 miles northwest of Denver.

The report displays a full screen map of the Denver area.

DONNA FIDUCIA (O.S.)(CONT'D)

A state trooper who was sent to investigate the call reported finding scores of men, women and children sprawled along Main Street, all apparently dead.

The television image comes back to the reporter.

DONNA FIDUCIA (CONT'D)

The trooper reported finding no signs of violence and no apparent cause of
(MORE)

DONNA FIDUCIA (CONT'D)
death. There has been no further
contact with the trooper.
Stay tuned as FOX News will bring
you more information as it breaks.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This has been a FOX News special
report.

LIVING ROOM

Gene cocks his head to one side, and raises his eyebrows.

GENE ARNIPOR

Hmm

Gene lays back in his recliner. The old movie he was watching
resumes playing on tv. Gene drifts off to sleep.

MORNING

The rising sun shines on Gene's face. The television is
still tuned to the same station, running morning ads (for
this movie's sponsors).

Gene wakes up. He blinks his eyes several times, then looks
at the television.

The network morning program is on. Gene finds the tv remote.

TV ANCHOR

And in further developments from
Colorad -

Gene turns it off. He gets up, and walks down the hallway.

GENE'S BEDROOM

Gene finds his wife JAN (42) still sound asleep in bed. He
bends over, giving her flesh a gentle squeeze, and a soft
kiss. She stirs slightly, but stays asleep.

BATHROOM

Gene takes a hot shower. When he's finished, he wraps a
large towel around his waist. He shaves, using an electric
razor.

HALLWAY

Gene, now fully dressed in slacks, shirt and tie, opens a
bedroom door.

GENE'S P.O.V.

Gwene's two SONS are sleeping in their twin beds.

KITCHEN

Gene walks to his refrigerator and opens it. He grabs a carton of milk and sets it on the counter. He reaches into his cupboards and takes out a bowl and a box of raisin bran.

Gene turns on a small radio.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

This is Anson Bryson of the Associated Press, reporting for the BBC. The situation in Colorado continues to develop.

Gene pours himself a bowl of cereal. He stands in the kitchen, eating his cereal.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

State police tell us that several towns in western Colorado are reporting a mysterious plague sweeping through the area. Several hundred people are now believed to be dead, although reports from the area are, as of now, unconfirmed.

(pause)

This has just been handed to me. The governor of Colorado has ordered all roads into Denver be blocked against traffic from the western part of the state. Meanwhile, doctors continue to be baffled by this mysterious disease. One doctor refuses to even call it a disease. We managed to interview Doctor L. R. Payne by telephone a short time ago.

DR. PAYNE (V.O.)

The manner of death in those so far affected does not correspond with any known disease.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

What about bubonic plague, Doctor?

DR. PAYNE (V.O.)

I have never personally witnessed a case of the plague, but everything I've read suggests a lingering death. These cases in Colorado seem to indicate death occurs within seconds, or minutes at most.

Gene turns off his radio. He puts his empty cereal bowl in the sink. He takes a glass from the cupboard, and fills it with tap water. Gene rinses his mouth, spitting the water into the sink.

Gene wipes his mouth and hands with a kitchen towel.

ENTRYWAY

Gene puts on a sports jacket, grabs a briefcase and his keys, and heads out the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- MORNING

Gene is driving his SUV along busy city streets, listening to the radio.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

The governor of Colorado has just issued a new statement.

COLORADO GOVERNOR (V.O.)

I hereby declare a state of emergency to exist. I have issued orders mobilizing the Colorado National Guard and ordering them into the affected area immediately. Until further notice, all travel into and out of the state of Colorado is hereby ordered to cease. Authorities are authorized to use deadly force to enforce this order.

GENE

What?

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Additionally, air traffic into and out of the state of Colorado has been suspended.

In Washington, the President was awakened at three a.m. and briefed on the situation.

EXT. LARGE CORPORATE OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Gene pulls into the large, nearly empty parking lot, and finds his reserved parking stall.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)(CONT'D)

A short time ago a White House spokesman told us that the President was fully aware of the situation in Colorado, and the White House was monitoring the situation.

Gene parks, and turns off his engine.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICES -- DAY

Gene walks through the elegantly furnished reception area. Gene is greeted by his RECEPTIONIST (24).

RECEPTIONIST VICKI
Good morning, Mr. Arnipor.

GENE
Good morning, Vicki. How's my schedule today?

RECEPTIONIST VICKI
You have a meeting with the investor's group at 9:30. And then the conference call at 10:45. Lunch with Kerry and Danny. Then -

GENE
Okay. So I'm free until 9:30. Thank you, Vicki.

RECEPTIONIST VICKI
You have a nice day, Mr. Arnipor.

GENE
Thanks, Vicki. You too.

Gene walks into his office, and closes the door.

INT. GENE'S OFFICE

Gene sets his briefcase down next to his ornate mahogany desk. He takes off his jacket and hangs it over the back of his leather office chair.

Gene walks to a large bookcase and turns on a radio.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)
The roads west are blocked by state police.

Gene takes a seat at his desk and begins to read his computer messages. His ear is tuned to the radio, which he glances at repeatedly.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A local sheriff's deputy, who would not give his name, said there were a lot of people dead in the foothills to the west. One local sheriff is telling reporters that the U.S. Army used to have a secret experimental facility in the area.

GENE

Damn pop ups.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)(CONT'D)

No one who has gone into the affected area has returned, nor have they been heard from since their initial police radio reports.

The people who live in the area are scared. Many are packing suitcases and leaving. While the main roads remain blocked, the police cannot possibly block all the back roads and pathways leading out of such a remote area.

Gene goes to a filing cabinet and searches for a file.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And this just in. Several sudden deaths have now been reported in the streets of Salt Lake City and Denver.

Gene stops and looks at the radio.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Denver police report a rash of traffic accidents, with the drivers of several vehicles found dead at the scene. From Salt Lake City we're receiving reports that several airlines are requesting emergency landing clearances for flights that took off from the Salt Lake airport within the last hour. They are reporting cases of serious illness and even deaths among their passengers.

GENE

It's spreading.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)(CONT'D)

The President has just issued the following statement.

PRESIDENT WILLIAMS (V.O.)

All citizens are urged to remain calm. Here at the White House we are aware of the events taking place in the western states, and we are bringing all resources to bear on this situation. There is nothing to fear.

GENE

Right.

PRESIDENT WILLIAMS (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I will have more to say about this later today.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

This has been a breaking news update. We will bring you any further developments as they happen. I'm Anson Bryson of the Associated Press, reporting for the BBC.

The radio switches to musical programming.

Gene picks up his phone and pages his receptionist.

GENE

Vicki. Cancel all my appointments for today. Yes, all of them. No, no explanation. Just cancel. I'll re-schedule tomorrow.

Gene hangs up, then dials another number.

GENE

Morning, Scotty. Gene Arnipor here. Oh, I'm fine, thanks. Say, Scotty. I'm heading out for about three days, and I'd like to use the Apache. Can you have it fueled and ready for me by noon? Terrific. Oh, and can you make me a flight plan for Val D'Or, Quebec? Yes, I have some urgent business up there. Great. Thanks, Scotty. See you around noon.

Gene hangs up, then makes one more call.

GENE

Jan .. yes, I heard the radio ...
Jan, I'm coming home. I want you to go to school and get the boys. No, Jan ... Jan, no! No arguments, not now. Just go to school and get the boys and bring them home. Jan, this is an emergency. I'll be right home.

Gene hangs up. He takes out a yellow legal pad and begins to write himself notes.

On his notes Gene writes a list, and checks some items:

- FOOD - flour, sugar, salt (check), yeast, coffee (check)
- SURVIVAL - axe (check), saw (check), fishing gear (check), guns (check), ammunition (check), warm clothes
- MEDICAL - fill prescriptions, first aid kit, aspirin

- MISC - radio, batteries, candles, matches

Gene finishes off his list. Then he adds one more item.

- MEDICAL - condoms

He gets up from his desk, and leaves his office, carrying the legal pad, but without his jacket or briefcase. He doesn't even bother to close his office door on the way out.

EXT. GENE'S SUV

Gene drives through the city, stopping at:

- PHARMACY
- HARDWARE STORE
- GROCERY STORE
- SPORTING GOODS STORE

At each store Gene goes inside, then comes out with an armful of supplies, and puts them in the back of his SUV.

While Gene drives around town, the radio announcer keeps him updated.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

The President will decide within hours whether to isolate or evacuate the western states affected by this mysterious epidemic, which has killed hundreds since yesterday. The feeling is that the area will be isolated, as an evacuation would only serve to spread the illness further. Observers at the White House are saying a decision will come shortly as the death toll continues to rise. When the decision is made, the President will address the nation. At that time, he is likely to declare a state of national emergency, which would enable the President to assume extraordinary executive powers.

Gene's last stop is at an ATM. When he walks away, he stuffs a large roll of cash into his pocket.

EXT. GENE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Gene pulls into his driveway. His wife, Jan, is in the yard, planting flowers.

Gene gets out of his SUV, and marches over to Jan.

GENE

Where are the boys?

JAN ARNIPOR

Gene, I tried to tell you -

Gene grabs Jan by her shoulders and brings her to her feet.

GENE

Jan, I told you to go get the boys
out of school.

Jan twists herself out of Gene's grasp.

JAN

And I tried to tell you, I have a
meeting this afternoon at the library,
and I can't leave the boys home alone.
When you hung up on me I -

GENE

You're not going to the library.
You are going to go to that school
and get the boys and bring them home.
Now!

JAN

But Gene I -

Gene slaps Jan across her cheek, hard and deliberate. Jan
is more shocked than hurt.

GENE

Jan, this is an emergency. I don't
have time to stand here and argue
with you. Something is killing
people, and if we don't act right
now, we might not be around to argue
about it in a few days.
Now go get the boys, and be quick
about it.

Stunned, speechless, Jan turns and stomps to her mini van.
She gets in, and squeals the tires as she backs out of the
driveway and drives away.

INT. GENE'S LIVING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Gene brings out several suitcases and sets them in the middle
of the living room floor.

KITCHEN

Gene searches through the kitchen cupboards. He grabs
prescription pill bottles. He gets out a bag and puts some
staples into it: oatmeal, sugar, salt, yeast.

He grabs a big jar of peanut butter and puts it in the bag, too.

EXT. JAN'S MINI VAN

Jan drives through the city streets, listening to the radio.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

And this just in. The President has declared a state of emergency in more western states. In addition to Colorado and Utah, a state of emergency has been declared now in Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Nevada.

JAN

Dear God.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)(CONT'D)

National Guard units are being mobilized, and an Army biological response team is being flown into the affected area.

INT. GENE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Gene is on one knee, with his yellow legal pad in hand, next to a pile of suitcases, bags, backpacks, and blankets, all piled together in the middle of the living room.

Jan's mini van pulls into the driveway outside. The van doors slam shut.

JAN (O.S.)

Boys, no. Get in the house, now.

Jan and their two sons, FRED (12) and JEFF (9), enter the house.

FRED

Hi, Dad.

JEFF

Yeah, hi Dad.

GENE

Hi Fred. Hi Jeff. Did Mom tell you boys what's going on?

Gene looks inquisitively at Jan. Jan, refusing to look at Gene, stares out the window.

JEFF

Yeah. We get the rest of the day out of school.

GENE

Yes, Jeff, that's right. You boys help your Mom put these things into my car, and then we're going on a trip.

Jan looks at Gene, surprised.

FRED

A trip? Where're we going, Dad?

GENE

A little place way up near James Bay. It's the company fishing camp I went to a couple times. Remember?

JAN

Gene ...

JEFF

Up where you almost got trampled by that moose?

FRED

Up where those bees attacked you while you were taking a dump?

GENE

Yes, boys. That's the place. Now help your Mother get these things packed.

Jan stares at Gene. Gene stares back at Jan, and nods his head in a deliberate manner.

JAN

Come on, boys.

Jan and the boys grab suitcases, blankets, etc from the pile in the living room, and carry them outside to Gene's SUV.

Jan comes back inside.

GENE

Jan, can I talk to you for a minute?

GENE'S BEDROOM

Gene and Jan sit on the edge of their bed.

GENE

Jan, I'm sorry. But things are really serious. There's an epidemic of some kind breaking out all across the west. I think it's only a matter of time before it comes east, and by then it might be too late.

JAN

You shouldn't have hit me.

GENE

I know. And I'm sorry.
Jan, in less than a day, whatever
this thing is, it's killed thousands
out west. And as it has spread,
those states have been isolated.
Only it's not working. People will
start to panic as this thing keeps
spreading. We've got to get away,
and fast.

JAN

But, where? How?

GENE

I've got a plane waiting. We're
going up to the company fishing camp,
up by Fort Rupert on James Bay. We
might be there for weeks, depending
on what happens. I've got supplies,
prescriptions, clothes, money, things
like that. It's a big camp, and
there'll be a lot of things we'll
need stored there already.

JAN

But it's so, so primitive.

GENE

Yes. And it's isolated. But if
we're going to get away, we have to
do it now, before others get the
same idea, before this, this, plague,
or whatever it is, spreads this far.
Okay?

JAN

But...

GENE

Say "Okay Gene."

Jan looks at him.

JAN

Okay Gene.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Gene and his family are in his loaded-to-the-roof SUV, driving
along a busy city highway.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

We continue to receive sporadic reports from Denver, although not so many as in previous hours. Many of the suburbs report snarled traffic and numerous accidents. Hospitals report being overwhelmed with concerned parents, and have asked all medical staff to report at once.

(pause)

And this just in. A United Airlines 767, en route from Denver, has reportedly crashed at Dallas Fort Worth International airport. The plane skidded on it's belly in an apparent attempt to land.

EXT. DFW AIRPORT RUNWAY -- DAY

A crashed and burning 767 lies on the runway in several pieces. Passengers stumble out of the wreckage, only to collapse on the nearby grass.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

Several passengers in Dallas survived the 767's crash, but collapsed on the grass almost immediately.

Emergency rescue crews arrive on the crash scene. They try in vain to aid the victims.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Firefighters and rescuers who rushed to the scene of the burning wreckage found the crash survivors dead by the time they arrived.

The rescue personnel begin to drop like flies.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Reports from the control tower say the rescuers collapsed soon thereafter. We'll bring you more on this story as it develops.

EXT. AIRPORT -- DAY

Gene's SUV arrives at the small airport, and parks near a private hanger. The hanger doors are open. A small twin engine Apache plane is parked outside.

Gene's family gets out. Gene heads toward the open hanger.

SCOTTY (30), the maintenance man, waves at Gene from inside the open hanger, as the two men spot one another.

Scotty comes out to greet Gene.

SCOTTY

Morning, Mr. Arnipor. Five minutes to noon. You're right on time.

GENE

Got'er all fueled and ready to go, Scotty?

SCOTTY

Yep. Flight plan to Val D'Or filed, just as you requested. I put your copy in the pilot seat.

GENE

Thanks, Scotty.

SCOTTY

Just be sure to have her back by Thursday. Brass has her reserved to go down to Augusta for some big golf to do this weekend.

GENE

We should be back in about three days. Thanks, Scotty.

Gene walks back to his SUV and helps his family load the plane.

JAN

Three days?

Gene just shrugs his shoulders, knowing he's been caught in a little whit lie.

GENE

Eh.

AIRPORT RUNWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Gene taxis the Apache out to the runway. It takes nearly the entire runway, but the plane lifts off and climbs skyward.

EXT. APACHE PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

A double exposure image shows the plane in flight superimposed over a map of Gene's route, traced on a map of the northern half of North America.

The plane flies roughly northward, first to Toronto, then to Val D'Or, Quebec. Then the plane heads toward the southeast corner of James Bay, near Fort Rupert.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

This just in.

EXT. CITIES

Flashes of major landmarks from the affected cities:

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Mass deaths are now being reported
at or near airports in Boston, New
York, Philadelphia, and Atlanta.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC -- DAY

A convoy of U.S. Army troops races through the deserted
streets of Washington, past it's famous landmarks.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)(CONT'D)

We're now getting reports that all
air and surface traffic has been
ordered halted into and out of
Washington DC. Army units are on
patrol, and have been ordered to
shoot-to-kill anyone trying to break
this blockade. No one is being
allowed into the downtown area, and
all surface roads are blocked and
guarded to a distance of some thirty
miles from downtown.

EXT. FISHING CAMP, LANDING STRIP -- DAY

Gene's plane touches down at it's isolated northern
destination.

EXT. FISHING CAMP -- DAY

The Arnipor family explores the remote fishing camp, along
the shore of James Bay. It's a good size camp, but very
rustic. All the buildings are made from rough hewn lumber
and logs, except for a metal airplane hanger.

There's a large main building, several smaller cabins, an
administration building, a workshop and storage building,
and the hanger next to the landing strip.

Gene's family explores their new surroundings. They get
curious looks from the neighborhood wildlife, the deer, the
squirrels, and angry calls from the blue jays in the trees.

INT. CAMP'S MAIN BUILDING -- DAY

Gene and his family enter the huge common room of the main building. The room is lined along two sides with rows of wooden tables and chairs, and has a huge stone fireplace centered against the far wall. Wildlife mounts and paintings adorn the walls. Closed doors around the room lead to other rooms.

JEFF

Wow, Dad. Do we get this whole place to ourselves?

FRED

Course we do, stupid. You didn't see anyone else with us on the plane, did you?

JAN

No one else is coming up this far, are they?

GENE

As far as I can tell, we should be alone here until we decide to go home. Now, let's see how we're fixed for grub. Anyone hungry?

FRED

Me!

JEFF

Me!

JAN

Where's the kitchen in this place?

GENE

I think it's back here.

KITCHEN

Gene opens the kitchen door and pokes his head inside.

GENE

Yep. Here it is.

The family enters the large kitchen. The boys mill around, unsure of what they should do. Jan looks through the cupboards. Gene turns on the sink's taps.

GENE

No water.

He turns the taps off.

FRED

Dad. There's a whole lake full of water outside.

JAN

Is there a bucket or something?

Gene finds a bucket in the corner.

GENE

Here's a bucket. Boys, take this down to the lake and bring us back some water.

Gene hands the bucket to Jeff. The two boys head outside through the kitchen's back door.

JAN

(calling to the boys)

Make sure you wash it out first.

GENE

I'd better go bring in some of the food we brought with -

JAN

Gene. Wait.

Do you think we're doing the right thing? I mean, I know there were no locks on the doors here, but shouldn't we have asked someone...

GENE

Jan, if this thing's going to get as bad as I think it will, I want to be as far away from it as possible. If I'm wrong, we can always explain it all later. But, if I'm right, I don't think anyone will object to our being up here.

Gene grabs Jan around her waist, and pulls her close.

GENE (CONT'D)

Besides, what's the point in being a vice-president if a guy can't enjoy a few perks now and then?

JAN

Perks, huh?

Gene's hands play frisky with Jan. Jan only puts up token resistance.

JAN

Gene. Stop it. The boys will be back in a minute.

GENE

That gives us a minute.

Right on cue, the boys return.

FRED (O.S.)
We're back.

Gene and Jan quickly make themselves respectable for their children.

Fred comes inside, carrying the bucket. He sets it on the kitchen counter. Gene grabs the bucket, surprised at how light it is.

GENE
Fred, the bucket's only half full.

FRED
Ask Jeff.

Jeff appears in the kitchen's back doorway, soaking wet from head to toe. Jeff just stands in the doorway, exasperated. Gene and Jan burst into laughter at the sight of him.

COMMON ROOM -- LATER

The Arnipor family sits at one of the wooden tables to enjoy a small meal together.

JAN
Fred, would you say grace, please?

FRED
Aw, Mom, it's Jeff's turn.

JAN
Fred, I asked you.

FRED
Okay.

They bow their heads, and wait several seconds for Fred to begin.

FRED (CONT'D)
Good food, good treats, good God,
let's eat.

Fred raises his head, finished with his prayer.

FRED (CONT'D)
Pass the potatoes, please.

JAN
Fred!

FRED
Oh yeah. Amen.

JEFF
Yeah, pass the potatoes.

GENE
Amen.

JAN
Jeff.

JEFF
That's the way Dad used to say grace.
When you were in the Air Force, right
Dad?

GENE
Yes.

JAN
You're not in the Air Force. From
now on, we will all take turns saying
grace, properly. Understand?

FRED
Yes, Mom.

JEFF
Yes, Mom.

Jan looks at Gene.

JAN
All of us. I think a few prayers
might do us some good.

GENE
Yes, Mom.

EXT. CAMP -- DAY

The family carries their supplies from the airplane to the
main building.

INT. CAMP'S MAIN BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Inside the main building, the supplies are piled in the middle
of the common room.

GENE
Okay. Has everyone figured out which
room they want?

JAN
I want the big bedroom, the one with
the big four posted bed.

FRED
Can we each have our own room up
here?

GENE

I don't see why not.

Fred heads for one of the closed doors along the wall.

FRED

Good. Then I want this one. And I won't have to share it with Jeff.

JEFF

You mean I can have a room all to myself, too? Yippee!

Jeff heads for a bedroom door, on the opposite side of the room from his brother.

Both boys disappear into their bedrooms. Gene saunters toward Jan, a mischievous grin on his face.

GENE

I guess that means I'm going to have to find someone who will share their bedroom with me.

JAN

Lucky for you the boys' rooms have bunk beds.

Jan slowly turns her back to Gene, and starts toward her bedroom. Gene makes a sudden dash after her. Jan is about half a step ahead of Gene, as the two playfully scamper into Jan's bedroom, closing the door behind them.

Jeff comes back out of his room.

JEFF

Dad? Mom? Fred!

Fred comes out of his room.

FRED

What?

The boys can hear playful laughter coming from their parents' bedroom. Fred just shakes his head.

FRED

They're at it again.

EXT. CAMP -- EVENING

The sun sets on the western horizon, across the waters of James Bay.

INT. JAN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The rat-tat-tat pounding of a woodpecker pecking the side of the building stirs the Arnipor's from their sleep. Gene kisses Jan.

JAN

Mmm, good morning, Mr. Arnipor.

GENE

Mmm, good morning, Mrs. Arnipor.

Jan runs her hand across Gene's chest. Gene curls his arm around Jan. Suddenly, Gene's body stiffens in pain.

GENE

Ouch! Ow, oh oh, cramp!

JAN

Should I rub it for you?

GENE

Ouch. Oh you! You just can't get enough, can you?

JAN

Kinda fun, isn't it?

COMMON ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Gene and Jan come out of their bedroom to find the boys already awake, staring out the window.

GENE

Morning, boys. Daylight in the swamp.

JEFF

Dad, we're not in a swamp.

GENE

I know, Jeff. That's an old expression they used to use to greet the morning back in the lumbering days. Come over here and sit down, boys.

Fred and Jeff sit down at a table with Jan and Gene.

GENE (CONT'D)

Boys, there's something you should know. We're not up here on a vacation. I brought you here for a reason. Back home, and across the continent, people are getting very sick.

(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

They're all catching something, and I didn't want you to catch it and get sick too. That's why we're all up here. And we might have to stay up here for a while.

FRED

What about school? I have a math test on Friday.

JAN

I'll give you a math test on Friday, if you like.

FRED

But I left my math book at home.

JAN

Okay. I'll teach you some math while we're here.

GENE

You boys can learn from what your mother and I will teach you while we're here. But for right now, we need to find out what we've got to work with around this place. I want you boys to help me count what we've got. Things like fishing poles, boats, motors, stored out in the workshop. And hunting equipment.

FRED

Will you show me how to hunt, Dad?

GENE

Yes, we'll all learn how to hunt. And how to properly handle a rifle, too.

JAN

Gene, I don't think the boys are old enough to be playing with guns.

GENE

No one should ever play with guns. I'm talking about the proper use of a firearm, for hunting. And survival. Jan, I know you don't like guns, but up here we all need to know how to handle them. Even you.

JEFF

Even me, too?

GENE

Yes, Jeff. Even you.
But first things first. Let's go
see what we've got around here.
Jan, can you make an inventory of
the food here? I know they keep
bins of flour, sugar, salt, stuff
like that in the pantry off the
kitchen.

JAN

Oh, sure. A woman's place is in the
kitchen. Men.

GENE

Cut it out, Jan. If you want, I'll
take inventory of the kitchen and
you can go see about the motors and
rifles and the generator. Remember
to check to see how much fuel there
is, too. We won't use the generator
much, but I want to know what we've
got available just in case we need
it. Oh, and since we won't have
running water without the generator,
you can dig a latrine for us, too.

JEFF

What's a latrine?

FRED

It's an outhouse. For going to the
bathroom.

GENE

Yes. And make sure it's close enough
to get to in the dark, but not too
close to the water supply.

JAN

I'll go see what's in the pantry.

Jan gets up and heads for the kitchen. Gene and the boys
get up and head for the front door.

EXT. CAMP -- DAY

Gene, Jeff and Fred make their way around the camp.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Inside the administration building they find a typical office
setup - circa 1940. There's a manual typewriter sitting on
the desk, a couple of metal filing cabinets, and a desk lamp.
There's also a modern hand-powered CCRadio.

Large maps of the local area and North America hang on the walls. Gene points out their location on both maps.

GENE

Here's where we are, boys. Over here's old Fort Rupert. Right on the southeast shore of James Bay. See how it goes up into Hudson Bay, and then all the way out to the Atlantic? And see? Here's Toronto and Val D'Or.

FRED

Where we gassed up the plane?

GENE

Yep. See how far north we are? And this local map shows you where all the lakes and streams are around here. Fred, you were concerned about your studies? Learn the local geography. You, too, Jeff. You don't want to get lost in the woods.

EXT. CAMP

The trio heads to the workshop.

INT. WORKSHOP/GARAGE

Inside the large workshop they find racks of tools, a workbench, and a dozen large barrels labeled GASOLINE.

In another section of the building they find several boats and canoes stored, along with cabinets full of fishing poles, lures, life vests, and a rack of outboard motors.

They also find several cabinets lined with rifles, shotguns, and handguns, with boxes of ammunition stored in drawers under the guns.

In the garage section they find an old tractor with a front end loader.

GENE

Well, well, that'll come in handy around here.

FRED

Can I drive it, Dad?

GENE

Let's see if it'll run, first.

Gene climbs aboard and tries to start the tractor. It turns over hard, but fails to start.

GENE

Guess we'll have to do some work to get 'er running.

INT. MAIN BUILDING, COMMON ROOM

Jan is sitting at a table, writing on a yellow legal pad. The rest of her family returns. Gene is carrying the CCRadio.

JAN

What did you find?

JEFF

Mom! We found a whole building full of tools and boats and motors and guns and fishing stuff.

FRED

And we found an old tractor. But it wouldn't start. Dad showed us where we are on a map, too. Mom, we're in the middle of nowhere.

Gene and the boys join Jan at the table.

GENE

We've got a dozen drums of gas. At fifty-five gallons a drum, that's more than 600 gallons. Should be enough to run the generator once in a while, plus a little for the tractor and other motors, if we need to. And we found this CCRadio, one of those with both a hand crank and a built-in solar panel for charging. It picks up short wave too, so I'll be able to listen to short wave and the BBC.

JAN

You boys and your toys. Well, here's what I've found for supplies. We have a dozen cases of canned tuna and salmon, a case each of canned peas, carrots, pears, peaches, and beans. I found two big wheels of cheese, a hundred twenty-five pounds of sugar, about two hundred pounds of flour, just about a hundred pounds of salt, and a cupboard half full of assorted spices, cake mixes, and powdered milk.

(MORE)

JAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and a half dozen jars of jam and jelly.

GENE

What? No peanut butter?

JAN

None that I could find.

GENE

I was kidding.

JAN

I wasn't. That stuff would be good for a quick energy snack if we needed it. Oh, and I found a drawer in the kitchen with some packs of seeds. Mostly vegetables, I think.

FRED

As long as it's not broccoli.

JEFF

Mom, are we going to have to eat your cooking all the time?

GENE

Jeff!

JEFF

What, Dad? Even you said Mom's cooking isn't the bestest.

GENE

It isn't the best.

JAN

Gene!

JEFF

That's what I said.

GENE

Jeff said bestest. I was just correcting him.

JEFF

I only said what you said.

GENE

We'll take turns with the cooking. And all the chores.

JEFF

Chores?

FRED

Oh, man, Dad. Not your cooking.
It's worse than Mom's!

Jan reaches out and slaps the back of Fred's head.

FRED

I mean, Dad's cooking isn't as good
as Mom's.

JAN

That's better.

GENE

Well, there's a garden area out back,
behind the kitchen. We better see
if we can get some seeds planted
right away, and get some vegetables
growing to help supplement what we
have.

JEFF

Dad. I'm getting cold.

GENE

I'll get a fire going in the fireplace
in a minute. Jeff, you and Fred go
outside and see if you can find some
small branches we can use for
kindling.

Fred and Jeff get up and head out the front door.

GENE (CONT'D)

(calling after them)

See if you can get some pine cones
or birch bark too.

JAN

You know how to build a fire?

GENE

Well, I've seen it in the movies
dozens of times. How hard can it
be?

MOMENTS LATER

Jan and the boys watch as Gene tries to build a fire in the
stone fireplace. Gene tries to light a match from a book of
matches.

GENE

Come on. Come on.

The first match lights, then goes out. Gene tries a second
match.

GENE (CONT'D)

Light already.

The second match goes out.

JEFF

Come on, Dad.

Gene finally gets the third match to stay lit. He tries to ignite a small pile of kindling. It begins to smolder.

GENE

Hey hey. Yes.

The smoke from the kindling starts to go up the chimney.

FRED

Dad. Um...

The smoke curls back down the closed chimney and begins to build in the room.

JAN

Gene?

GENE

Oh, crap. The flue's closed.

Gene reaches up inside the chimney, blindly searching for the flue handle. He has trouble locating it. Gene bends over, and looks up inside the chimney. He finds the flue handle, and opens the flue.

Gene gets a facefull of black soot.

Jan and the boys erupt in laughter at the sight. Gene stands there sputtering and spitting, his face covered with soot.

GENE

Very funny. Very funny.

JAN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jan is in bed. Gene is sitting on the edge of the bed, listening to the CCRadio, which sits on a wooden bedside dresser.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

This is Anson Bryson of the Associated Press, reporting for the BBC. The situation in the Americas has deteriorated precipitously in the last forty-eight hours.

(MORE)

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What began as a small outbreak in Colorado less than two days ago has spread as fast as panicked residents could flee the affected areas, carrying the deadly plague with them. This as yet unidentified plague appears to be airborne, and is lethal within minutes of contact.

Jan sits up and holds Gene.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The President has ordered all air traffic in the United States grounded, as has the Prime Minister of Canada and the President of Mexico. The U.S. Air Force has orders to shoot down all civilian aircraft, regardless of size or destination. In addition, all interstate traffic has been halted, and armed soldiers have been ordered to safeguard the highways against unauthorized travel. The total ban on travel within and into and out of Washington continues, with reports of several thousand people now dead in and around the Baltimore area.

Jan grips Gene's hand.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Despite these precautions, panicked residents continue to flee the cities and towns across America. The White House again issued an announcement that such panicked travel will only serve to spread this deadly disease, and urges all citizens to remain where they are until this pandemic can be brought under control. For the Associated Press and the BBC, I'm Anson Bryson.

Gene turns off the radio, and turns to a worried Jan.

JAN

Gene, is it really that bad? I mean, all those people?

GENE

It's that bad, Jan. And I think we might have to stay up here longer than we had planned.

JAN

But what about work? And school for the boys? And...

GENE

Honey, life as we've known it has come to an end. I think society has come to an end, at least here in the Americas. Forget about school, and work, and going shopping, and, well, everything we take for granted. This is now a matter of survival. For all of us.

JAN

Gene, you know how much I love shopping. But if it means losing you and the boys, I'd rather be here with you. Here in this, this, wilderness.

GENE

It won't be so bad.

Gene playfully reaches under the covers. Jan slaps at his hands and squirms away.

JAN

Cut that out, you.

Gene lays down and takes Jan in his arms.

GENE

We're going to survive this. Mark my words. We will survive.

INT. COMMON ROOM -- MORNING

The Arnipor family sits at the table.

GENE

Fred. Jeff. We might have to stay up here a little longer than we thought.

JEFF

That's okay with Fred and me. We were talking about it last night and we decided we want to stay here.

FRED

Yeah, Dad. This place is cool.

GENE

Well, we're going to have to do some hard work if we're going to stay up here.

FRED

Like what?

GENE

Like planting a garden so we have vegetables to eat.

JEFF

I could live without vegetables.

JAN

No you can't. We need vegetables to stay healthy.

GENE

Right. And, we're going to need firewood to stay warm, which means cutting and splitting wood. By hand.

FRED

Who's gonna do that?

Gene just smiles at Fred.

FRED

Oh, Dad!

JEFF

Can I help, too?

FRED

Yeah, let Jeff help.

GENE

You two can both learn how to cut and split firewood.

FRED

Aw, Dad!

JEFF

Yea!

GENE

You boys can start by just gathering up some dry wood from the woods. Meanwhile let's see if we can get that old tractor running.

INT. WORKSHOP/GARAGE -- DAY

Gene, Fred and Jeff are working on the old tractor. Gene is bent over the engine. Fred sits on the driver's seat. Jeff is supervising.

GENE

Try it now.

Fred tries to start the tractor. The tractor engine turns but doesn't start.

GENE (CONT'D)

Wait a second.

Gene makes an adjustment.

GENE (CONT'D)

Try 'er now.

Fred turns the ignition again. The tractor turns, coughs, sputters, and starts.

JEFF

Yea!

FRED

All right!

GENE

Whew. Okay, Fred, turn 'er off.
Let me up there.

Fred turns the tractor off and climbs out of the driver's seat. Gene climbs into the seat. Gene starts the tractor and puts it in gear. He drives the tractor outside.

EXT. WORKSHOP/GARAGE

Gene revs the tractor's engine. Gene shouts to the boys.

GENE

Let's go show your Mother.

Gene drives the tractor toward the main building. Fred and Jeff race ahead, shouting.

FRED

Mom! Mom!

JEFF

Mom! Mom!

EXT. MAIN BUILDING

Fred and Jeff get to the main building seconds ahead of Gene and the tractor. Jan comes out.

JEFF

Mom. We got it running.

JAN

Yes, you certainly did.

Gene stops the tractor and propositions his wife.

GENE

Care to go for a spin, Missy?

JAN

Ooo, a ride on your tractor. But
wherever would I sit, Mister?

Gene slaps his thigh.

GENE

Right here, Missy.

Jan climbs aboard. Gene revs the engine and they go for a
madcap ride around the camp.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Gene uses the tractor to plow a small garden.

Jan plants seeds in the garden.

Gene teaches Fred and Jeff to fish.

Gene shows Fred and Jeff how to shoot a rifle.

Gene splits firewood, while Fred and Jeff help Jan pile it.

Fred and Jeff catch fish.

Gene and Jan harvest their garden.

Fred and Jeff smoke bees out of a hive, then harvest the
honey inside the hive.

Gene and Fred are successful at hunting.

It begins to snow.

While the montage clips roll, the AP reporter let's the
Arnipor family know what's happening in the world they left
behind.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

This is Anson Bryson of the Associated
Press, reporting for the BBC.
Reports continue to come in from the
Americas, mostly from ham radio
operators. It's taken less than a
week for the mysterious plague to
sweep across all of North and South
America, killing millions. There
apparently are survivors. Estimates
are that five to ten thousand people
are still alive, scattered across
the Americas.

(MORE)

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

These people are feared to now be carriers of the mysterious plague, immune to it's virulent effects, but lethal to anyone not already infected. For this reason, world leaders have agreed that the Americas are to be placed under indefinite quarantine, until such time as a vaccine for this plague can be developed. Naval forces from America, Britain, Japan and Russia have begun to patrol off the coasts, with orders to sink any vessels launched from shore, and shoot to kill orders for survivors. Fighter aircraft also on patrol have similar shoot to kill orders. Early warning radar is on high alert, watching for any aircraft crossing coastal boundaries. For the Associated Press and the BBC, I'm Anson Bryson.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. MAIN BUILDING, COMMON ROOM -- NIGHT

A fire crackles in the fireplace. The Arnipor family sits down to a bountiful meal. Gene says grace.

GENE

Dear Lord. We thank you for your bounty. We thank you for providing us with this food, with this, our new home, and for each day we are still alive, here in the wilderness. We ask you to keep us safe from harm, and protect us for another day. Amen.

JAN

Amen.

FRED

Amen.

JEFF

Amen.

GENE

Pass the potatoes.

They dish up their plates.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Gene and Jan climb into bed.

GENE

I think we're as ready as we can be for winter. We've got a good supply of firewood, warm clothes and blankets. We should have enough vegetables to make it through. Plenty of fish and wild game around here. I think we're going to be just fine.

JAN

I love you, Eugene Arnipor.

GENE

I love you, Jeannine Cummings Arnipor.

They kiss. They hold one another.

JAN

Promise me you'll never leave.

GENE

I will be with you always. I'm not going anywhere.

TIME PASSES

EXT. CAMP

Winter snows pile up. The sun comes out and the snow melts. Spring arrives.

EXT. GARDEN -- DAY

Gene uses the tractor to plow the garden.

INT. MAIN BUILDING, KITCHEN -- DAY

Jan is chopping vegetables. Gene comes in.

GENE

Mmm, something smells good.

JAN

Vegetable soup.

Gene reaches around Jan's waist and pulls her close.

JAN

Gene, I'm trying to make lunch.

GENE

I just want a little taste.

JAN

I'll taste you one.

Jan manages to wiggle out of Gene's grasp and resumes chopping vegetables. Gene pours himself a glass of water from a container. He leans against a counter, watching Jan. Jan notices his gaze.

JAN

What?

GENE

Just admiring the view. Jan, you're positively glowing.

Jan blushes and turns away. She continues to chop vegetables. Gene has a realization.

GENE

Jan? You are glowing. What?

Jan turns to Gene, a pleasant smile on her face.

GENE (CONT'D)

No. You aren't? I mean...are you?

Jan nods. Gene takes her in his arms.

GENE (CONT'D)

This is wonderful. I can't believe it. But, how? When?

JAN

About two months, I think.

GENE

Have I told you how much I love you?

They kiss.

TIME PASSES

EXT. WORKSHOP/GARAGE -- DAY

Gene is working on the tractor. Suddenly, he stands straight up and staggers a few steps backward. He turns and staggers toward the main building.

GENE'S P.O.V.

Gene's vision begins to go in and out of focus. He staggers toward the main building. Fred and Jeff collapse near the woodpile. Jan come out of the main building, staggering, reaching for Gene. Jan collapses.

Gene reaches for Jan as he sinks to his knees. Gene looks at the bright sun in the sky.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. JAMES BAY -- DAY

A lone INDIAN slowly paddles a canoe across the bay. The Indian lands on shore near the camp.

EXT. CAMP

The Indian inspects the camp. He finds the collapsed bodies of Fred and Jeff. He checks for a pulse. He finds Jan's body, and checks her for a pulse. He stands, and sees Gene's body.

With a sad look, the Indian shakes his head. He walks back to the shore, gets in his canoe, and slowly paddles away.

LATER

Gene's body moves slightly. His chest begins to heave, as he takes a deep breath. Gene rolls over, staggers to his knees, and vomits.

Gene begins to recover. He looks around. He sees the bodies of Fred and Jeff. Then he spots Jan's body.

GENE

No.

Gene manages to get to his feet and takes several unsteady steps toward Jan's body.

GENE

Jan? Jan!

Gene staggers his way to Jan's body. He falls to his knees and reaches out to touch her body.

GENE

No. Jan. No. No!

Gene's anguished cry echoes through the woods. Sobbing, Gene collapses, covering Jan's body with his own.

LATER

One by one, Gene carries the blanket-covered bodies of his family to the top of a small hill overlooking the camp and the bay, to a large excavated grave.

He lays the bodies side by side on mattresses in the grave, then covers them with other mattresses. He stands over the grave, and tosses a handful of dirt into the grave.

GENE

Go with God.

Gene uses the tractor's front end loader to fill the grave with dirt. He places three large boulders and a smaller one on the grave.

INT. MAIN BUILDING, COMMON ROOM

Gene sits at a table, writing on a notepad.

INT. WORKSHOP/GARAGE

Gene takes a threaded two foot section of 2" pipe and inserts a rolled up sheet of paper. He dabs paint on the threads of the pipe, then screws two pipe caps to the ends of the pipe.

EXT. HILLTOP GRAVESITE -- DAY

Gene plants the pipe about a foot deep on the gravesite.

Gene slowly walks back to the main building.

INT. MAIN BUILDING, COMMON ROOM

Gene sits in silence for what seems like an eternity. He stares at a .45 automatic laying on the table in front of him. Gene reaches for the weapon.

GENE

I love you. I will always love you.

Gene stands up. He tucks the .45 into his waist, and walks outside.

EXT. CAMP LANDING STRIP -- DAY

Gene taxis the Apache airplane down the runway and takes to the air. He circles the camp, then flies low, passing directly over his family's grave. He wiggles the plane's wings as he flies over the grave.

EXT. APACHE PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

The plane flies south, leaving the camp behind.

EXT. AIRPORT, VAL D'OR, QUEBEC -- EVENING

The plane lands and taxis to a stop near a hanger. Gene gets out and walks toward the hanger. He sees a crumpled mass of clothing, bone, hair and boots just outside the hanger and gives it a wide berth.

INT. HANGER

Gene enters the hanger and flips a light switch. No lights. He searches and finds a long hand pump.

EXT. HANGER

Gene uses the hand pump to fuel his plane.

INT. HANGER

Gene finds a row of vending machines. He pats his pockets. No change. He smashes the glass of one machine to get a candy bar.

Gene finds a couch in the pilot's lounge. He eats his candy bar. He stretches out on the couch, and falls asleep.

MORNING

Gene opens his eyes - and stares directly into the face of a DOG licking Gene's face.

Gene jumps up, startled.

GENE

Wha!

The dog runs off.

Gene shakes his head, trying to wake up. He looks at his surroundings, puzzled for a moment.

GENE

It wasn't a dream.

Gene finds the vending machines again, and manages to get a can of Coke and a bag of chips, in the same manner he got the candy bar. He takes a seat at a table and has breakfast.

Gene surveys maps of North America. His finger points to Val D'Or, then to several major cities, tracing imaginary flight routes. He traces a flight route to Europe, spreading his fingers wide over the map of the North Atlantic.

GENE

Nope, too far.

Gene sits back and closes his eyes. He extends his arm, and begins to draw circles with his pointer finger in the air over the map. He finally touches his finger to the map, landing on Washington, DC.

GENE

Washington it is, then.

EXT. APACHE PLANE IN FLIGHT -- DAY

Gene flies southward, crossing the St. Lawrence seaway at Niagara Falls.

INSIDE THE APACHE PLANE

Gene allows himself a moment to view the falls. Suddenly, the plane begins to shudder.

GENE

Shit! Not good.

Gene quickly checks his instruments, then looks out at his starboard engine.

EXT. APACHE PLANE IN FLIGHT

Gene's starboard engine is spewing black smoke. Gene banks the plane, and searches for a place to land.

Gene spots a distant airport and heads for it. With the runway in sight, his remaining port side engine sputters and dies.

EXT. BUFFALO AIRPORT

Gene manages to land, his starboard engine now on fire. He comes to a stop in the grass past the end of a runway and scrambles from his plane. Gene runs away from the plane, as it explodes.

GENE

Not gonna get me that easy.

Gene turns and looks at his burning plane.

GENE

Great. Now what?

Gene walks toward a row of parked aircraft. Two crumpled masses of human remains can be seen near one plane. Gene surveys the selection, shaking his head.

GENE

I think I've had enough of flying
for a while.

Gene walks to the half-filled parking lot. After trying several locked vehicles, he finds an unlocked economy car and gets in.

EXT. ECONOMY CAR

Inside the car, Gene finds the keys in the visor. He turns the ignition. The engine barely turns over.

GENE

Come on, come on.

The engine catches and starts, as a thick cloud of exhaust spews from the tailpipe.

GENE (CONT'D)

Yes!

EXT. BUFFALO CITY STREETS -- DAY

Gene drives slowly through the abandoned streets littered with vehicles and debris. There are also many small clumps of clothes and bone, all that's left of the population.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP -- DAY

Gene pulls into the lot of a car dealership. He drives through the lot slowly, looking at the dust-coated vehicles. He stops when he finds what he likes, an SUV that looks just like his old one, only newer. Gene gets out of the economy car.

Gene tries the door of the SUV. Locked. He also notices the tires are nearly flat.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP

Gene finds several sets of keys on a rack in an office.

GENE

Gotta be one of these.

INT. MAINTENANCE GARAGE

Gene drives the SUV into the maintenance garage. He proceeds to give the SUV a good servicing: checking the fluids, inflating the tires with a hand pump, and cleaning the windshield with a spray bottle of washer fluid.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP -- DAY

Gene drives off the lot in his shiny new SUV.

EXT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Gene parks in front of a supermarket and goes inside through the wide open front doors. Gene comes out, carrying a case of cans. He puts the cans in the back of his SUV. Gene goes back inside the supermarket, then comes out with a case of beer and a bottle of rum.

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE -- DAY

Gene parks in front of a sporting goods store and goes inside. He comes back out carrying a large filled backpack, a rolled up sleeping bag and a hunting rifle with telescopic sights. Gene has a .45 automatic tucked into his waistband.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS -- DAY

Gene drives his SUV through the deserted suburban streets, avoiding abandoned vehicles that are scattered along the streets.

OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY

Gene crests the top of a hill, and stops his SUV.

Looking at the confluence of roads below the hill, hundreds of abandoned cars form a massive traffic jam. Cars, trucks, buses and semis jam the highway. Several vehicles are off the shoulders of the roads. The evidence of panicked chaos is everywhere.

Gene backtracks, and finds a passable road.

COUNTRY ROADS

Gene listens to satellite radio as he drives through the rural countryside.

XM RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(automated)

You're listening to XM satellite
radio news.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

This is Anson Bryson of the Associated
Press, reporting for the BBC.

(MORE)

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

With the death last month of American President Williams, acting President James Frisby announced today in London that all remaining armed forces of the United States are to be placed under the authority of British Prime Minister Harry Windsor. American air and naval commanders will remain on alert, and the patrols off the coasts of the Americas will continue indefinitely.

For the Associated Press and the BBC, I'm Anson Bryson.

Gene drives through the countryside, occasionally passing an abandoned vehicle. He passes abandoned farms, the fields overgrown with wild vegetation. Occasionally he drives over small saplings that have taken root and are growing in the road.

Gene comes to an intersection - and sees vehicle tracks in the dust covering the pavement. Gene pauses for a second, then follows the tracks.

The tracks eventually turn onto a dirt road. Gene continues to follow the tracks, more slowly now. Soon, the tracks lead Gene to a farm.

EXT. FARM -- DAY

This farm is obviously inhabited. The crops are well tended. There is a thin whisp of smoke rising from the chimney of the large two-story farmhouse. There is actually a front yard, with mowed grass. And there are people.

A WOMAN runs across the front yard, into the house. Two MEN walk quickly from the barn to the house.

Gene turns into the driveway and follows the tracks right up to the car that made them, parked in the driveway between the farmhouse and the barn.

Gene gets out of his SUV and takes a few steps toward the farmhouse.

GENE

Hello?

A MAN (58) steps out of the house and stands on the front porch.

GENE (CONT'D)

Hello.

MAN

Bon jour.

GENE

Bon jour. Parlez vous English?

MAN

(calling into the
house)

Marie!

A WOMAN (48) steps out of the house and joins the man on the front porch.

WOMAN

I'm Marie. This is my husband,
Herbert.

Gene takes a step toward the couple on the porch.

GENE

I'm Gene. I was just -

Gene stops. He notices a rifle barrel sticking out of an upstairs window, pointing directly at him.

GENE (CONT'D)

I don't mean to intrude. My name is Gene Arnipor. I've been living in northern Canada since the plague hit. Then a plague carrier wandered by and my family died. So I came back. I mean you no harm. I was just looking for other people. I will leave if you want me to go.

Marie quickly translates Gene's words (in French) to Herbert. Herbert nods, and motions for Gene to come into the house.

MARIE

Please come inside, Mr. Arnipor.
And welcome.

INT. FARMHOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Marie and Herbert show Gene to the kitchen. Herbert and Gene sit across from one another at the kitchen table. Marie brings a coffee pot and coffee cups to the table.

MARIE

Would you like a cup of coffee, Mr. Arnipor?

GENE

That coffee smells wonderful. Yes, please. And call me Gene.

Marie pours them all coffee, then sits at the table, next to Herbert.

ARMAND (22) comes into the kitchen and hangs a rifle on the gun rack on the wall.

MARIE

This is Armand.

ARMAND

Sorry about the gun.

MARIE

We are sorry to use a gun, but sometime those who come bring trouble.

GENE

I was just following your car tracks. Other than my family, you are the first people I've seen since the plague hit. I guess I was just lonely and wanted someone to talk to.

MADELINE (33) and NICOLE (38) enter the kitchen.

MARIE

Madeline. Nicole. This is Mr. Arnipor. I mean Gene.

MADELINE

Hello, Mr. Arnipor.

GENE

Please. Call me Gene.

Nicole reaches out to shake Gene's hand.

NICOLE

Hi Gene. I'm Nicole.

MARIE

It was Nicole's car tracks you followed to get here.

Gene nods to Nicole.

GENE

Well then I guess I have you to thank for that.

NICOLE

Just doing a little shopping in town. You can't really get make-up out here on the farm.

From another room an elderly woman calls out.

GRAMMERE (O.S.)

Herbert!

Herbert gets up and leaves the room.

MARIE

And that's Grammere, Herbert's mother.
This is their farm.

Marie rises.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Why don't we all go into the living
room.

FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM

GRAMMERE (80) is seated in a rocking chair, with Herbert in a chair next to her. The rest of the group enters and finds seats in the room.

GRAMMERE

(with a bit of a French
accent)

And who is this nice young man?

NICOLE

Grammere, this is Mr. Gene Arnipor,
from Canada did you say?

GENE

I just came down from Canada, but
I'm originally from Milwaukee.

GRAMMERE

Everyone's originally from somewhere.
Nice of you to join us, young man.

GENE

Thank you. Marie said this was your
farm. What did she mean?

MADELINE

I guess you could say we're a family
now, but not in the way we used to
think of a family, before the plague.

MARIE

Yes. You see, I call Herbert my
husband, but we were never formally
married. When the plague hit, I was
living in Toronto. Happily married
to an oil executive, living the life
of luxury.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

When I awoke, I found myself alone in a world of dead people, people I knew and loved. I was devastated and thought about how I could just end it all. Finally, I decided if I wanted to live, I had better learn how to survive in this brave new world. I headed south, and eventually found myself drawn here, to this farm. Madeline and Nicole were still nursing Herbert and his mother back to health. They managed to scrounge food and supplies from the nearby towns. When Herbert was well enough, he managed to get their farm back into production as best he could. I stayed, and, well, I guess, nature just sort of took it's course.

Marie smiles at Herbert. Herbert smiles back, and they hold hands.

ARMAND

I was the last one to show up. I was a graduate student at the Chautauqua Institution. Art and music are great cultural experiences, but they sure don't teach you much about surviving in a world gone mad with human devastation. Grammere and Herbert and the girls made me feel at home, and I offered to help with the farm chores.

Armand smiles and winks at Madeline.

MADELINE

And Armand has been quite a help around here. I grew up on a farm in Indiana, but I was living in Cleveland when the plague struck us. Afterward, I just sort of wandered my way east until I came here. Herbert and Grammere were both still really sick, so I tried to help them as best I could. Nicole showed up about a week after I did, and she was a nurse.

NICOLE

I could tell they were getting better, but not as fast as younger survivors did. My biggest fear was that pneumonia would set in, so I kept Herbert and Grammere up and moving as well as they could manage every day.

GRAMMERE

Nicole is good nurse.

MARIE

And now you've come to our little oasis, Gene.

NICOLE

You're welcome to stay for supper, if you like.

Gene looks around the room at everyone.

GENE

Thanks. I'll stay, for supper at least.

HERBERT

Bon.

EXT. FARM -- EVENING

Gene walks around the barn with Herbert and Armand.

HERBERT

Construire et savons autour generators?

ARMAND

He wants to know if you know anything about generators?

GENE

I was an engineer in Milwaukee. I might be able to help.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- EVENING

The women are sitting out on the front porch of the farmhouse. They hear a gasoline engine start up in the barn. The porch lights come on.

EXT. BARN

The men emerge from the barn, a bit dirty, smiling and laughing.

INT. FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM -- EVENING

The entire group is sitting around the dining table, enjoying a hearty dinner. Everyone is enjoying themselves.

LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Everyone is headed off to bed.

MARIE

Gene, you're welcome to stay in one of the upstairs bedrooms. We have two empty ones in the middle, top of the stairs. See you in the morning.

GENE

Thank you.

Gene follows Armand, Madeline and Nicole up the stairs, admiring the view.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Armand enters his room near the middle of the hallway. Madeline and Nicole head off to their separate bedrooms at opposite ends of the hallway. Gene finds an unoccupied room and goes inside.

GENE'S ROOM -- LATER

Gene's room is illuminated by the glow of the moon outside his window. Gene is awake, in bed. He hears muted squeals of female joy coming from down the hall. Gene gets out of bed and cracks open his bedroom door.

GENE'S P.O.V.

Down the hall Armand, wearing just his black bikini underwear, comes out of Nicole's room. Nicole, in a sheer slip, kisses Armand good night, and closes her door.

Armand makes his way down to the other end of the hallway. He knocks on Madeline's door. The door opens, and Armand enters.

GENE'S ROOM

Gene closes his bedroom door.

GENE

(Arte Johnson
impression)

Vely intelestink.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- MORNING

A crowing rooster greets the sunrise.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

Gene enters the kitchen to find Madeline and Nicole busily preparing breakfast on the gas stovetop.

NICOLE

Morning, Gene. We have bacon and eggs for your dining pleasure this morning. Care for some coffee?

GENE

Coffee. Yes. That smells wonderful.

Gene takes a seat at the kitchen table. Madeline pours a cup of coffee and serves it to him.

MADELINE

We blend the canned coffee with ground hazelnuts Herbert grows. Makes for great fresh coffee.

Nicole dishes up a plate of eggs and bacon for Gene and serves it to him.

GENE

Mmm, this is wonderful. You girls serve a mean breakfast. You should open a restaurant.

MADELINE

Sure, we'd make a fortune. All we'd need are customers.

GENE

I just meant, you are great cooks.

Armand comes in and takes a seat. Madeline brings him a cup of coffee.

NICOLE

Be ready in a minute.

ARMAND

Thanks. I'm famished.

Gene sits back and sips his coffee, keeping an inquisitive eye on the other three. Armand adds sugar to his coffee and stirs it. Madeline and Nicole playfully nudge each other in the side as they fix Armand's breakfast.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Gene sits on the front porch with Grammere. They watch Herbert drive a tractor in the fields. Armand follows close behind, on foot. Marie tends a smaller garden near the barn. Madeline and Nicole are feeding the chickens.

GRAMMERE

You are not going to stay with us?

GENE

No, Grammere. In fact, I was just thinking this would be as good a time as any for me to leave. There's no place here for me, really.

GRAMMERE

No. Neither Madeline nor Nicole would be what you are looking for.

GENE

(in a fake German
accent)

Ve grow too soon oldt, and too late schmaridt.

(pause)

The great tragedy of my life, Grammere, is that you and I were born a generation apart.

Grammere laughs delightedly. Then her mood shifts.

GRAMMERE

(sadly)

I suspect you won't tell the others?

GENE

No. And I will take my leave now. Would you say something nice to the others, that if I didn't leave now I fear I couldn't bring myself to leave later?

GRAMMERE

Oui Gene. You go and see what's happened to the rest of America.

Gene rises, and kisses Grammere on the cheek. Gene walks away. A tear rolls down Grammere's cheek.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- EVENING

Gene drives his SUV along a highway as the daylight fades. He soon pulls to the side of the road and parks. Inside his SUV, Gene curls up on a seat and goes to sleep.

MORNING

Gene awakens, stiff and sore.

GENE

Oh, ouch, ow.

Gene gets out of his SUV and stretches. He gets back in, starts the engine, and is on the road again.

Along the side of the highway, Gene sees a faded billboard with a picture of a luxury RV that says "GO RV-ING"

GENE

Of course!

EXT. RV DEALERSHIP -- DAY

Gene pulls onto the dealership lot and slowly drives among the RVs, until he finds what he's looking for.

GENE

That one will do nicely, thank you.

INT. RV

Gene climbs inside and inspects his new home on wheels. He nods in approval.

GENE

Just a few modifications and I'll be all set.

Gene turns the ignition key. Nothing.

GENE (CONT'D)

Better start with a new battery.

EXT. RV DEALERSHIP

Gene installs a new battery in the RV. He transfers his belongings from the SUV to the new RV.

Gene wheels a portable welding torch and tanks from the dealership's garage out to the RV.

Gene welds a frame and two auxiliary fuel tanks (50-gallon gasoline drums) to the back of the RV. He runs rubber fuel lines to connect the tanks to the RV's fuel system. He welds lead weights under the front of the RV.

Gene starts the engine on his new RV and drives it off the lot.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL PARKING LOT -- DAY

Gene drives the RV into the almost empty parking lot of a shopping mall.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

While no cure has been found, the researchers report that the virus appears to be genetically modified, suggesting, perhaps, a man-made cause. But, researchers say, without a living tissue or blood sample with which to work, future progress will be difficult. And obtaining such a living sample has the potential to kill the researchers before any cure can be found. If such a sample is brought to Europe, and is accidentally released, the rest of the world's human population could be decimated. For the Associated Press and the BBC, I'm Anson Bryson.

The late afternoon fades to evening, and the RV pulls off the road and parks for the night.

INT. RV -- NIGHT

Gene cracks ice from the ice trays and fixes himself a drink in a rocks glass. He sits down, sets his drink next to him, props his feet up, and begins to read "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens.

GENE

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC -- MORNING

Gene arrives in the dead city and drives to the Lincoln Memorial.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL

The grounds are overgrown with wild grasses and small saplings.

Gene reads the inscriptions on the Memorial. He takes a good long look across the calm green waters of the reflecting pool, toward the Washington Monument.

GENE

I'm practically the last man in America. Only one out of every hundred thousand Americans is still alive anywhere in the world. America is dead. Our military might is under foreign control.

(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

There is no more government, no more
President, no Congress, no
constituency. I've outlived my
people, my country... and my family.

Tears begin to dampen Gene's cheeks.

GENE (CONT'D)

What do I do now?

Gene looks at the face of President Lincoln. Gene's mood shifts abruptly, recounting an old joke about President Nixon's final days in the White House.

GENE (CONT'D)

(Richard Nixon
impersonation)

What do I do now, Mr. President?

PRESIDENT LINCOLN (V.O.)

Whatever you do, don't go to the
theater.

Gene drives to the White House.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE -- DAY

The grounds here are similarly overgrown. At the open gate, the remains of a dutiful guard lie in a crumpled heap.

Gene drives right up to the front portico entrance. He gets out of the RV and walks to the front door. Gene turns the doorknob and finds the door unlocked. He slowly pushes the door open.

INT. WHITE HOUSE

Gene puts his head inside.

GENE

Hello? Anybody home?

Gene's words echo through the empty corridors.

Gene enters the White House. He gives himself a quick tour of the historic rooms. Then he walks to the Oval Office. He knocks on the office door.

CRAZY PRESIDENT (O.S.)

Come in.

Gene almost jumps out of his own skin. Hesitating, he opens the door, and enters the Oval office.

OVAL OFFICE

The CRAZY PRESIDENT (60) is seated behind the President's desk.

CRAZY PRESIDENT

Who are you? How did you get past my secretary?

GENE

(warily)

Uh, my name is Gene Arnipor. There was no one at the desk -

CRAZY PRESIDENT

What can I do for you, Mr. Arnipor?

Gene carefully considers his response.

CRAZY PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I am a busy man, Mr. Arnipor.

GENE

Well, um, Mr. President. It's about my son. You see, sir, um, Senator Kohl promised my son an appointment letter to the academy.

CRAZY PRESIDENT

Shouldn't you bring this matter to the attention of Senator Kohl?

GENE

Well sir, yes, I tried. But I can't seem to locate the Senator. I was hoping, maybe, you could give my son a letter?

CRAZY PRESIDENT

Very well. See my secretary on your way out.

Gene slowly backs out of the Oval Office. The Crazy President speaks into a nonfunctional intercom.

CRAZY PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Rosemary. Would you come in here please.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE

Gene gets in his RV and drives away from the White House as fast as he can.

GENE

Nine hundred million people dead
and we still end up with a nut job
in the White House.

EXT. I-95 CORRIDOR -- AFTERNOON

Gene drives south along Interstate 95. He passes wrecked cars: in the median; against the concrete pillar of a bridge; dangling precariously from an overpass.

INSIDE GENE'S RV

Gene slows momentarily to gaze at the dangling car. A second overpass is about half a mile ahead.

Several bright blue pinpoint flashes come from the overpass ahead.

GENE

Shit!

EXT. FREEWAY

Gene swerves hard to the left shoulder of the road, as his windshield is shattered by bullets. Bullets impact down the passenger side of the RV. Gene skids to a stop in the gravel and bails out the driver's door.

Gene scrambles for cover, running into a grove of nearby trees, bullets ripping up the ground just inches behind him.

WOODS

Out of breath, Gene finds cover behind a large tree. He pulls out his .45, cocks it, and waits for a few seconds, catching his breath. Slowly, Gene peers around the tree.

FREEWAY

An unmarked military HUMM-V drives toward Gene's abandoned RV. The HUMM-V stops at a safe distance. Two SOLDIERS in beige unmarked uniforms get out, toting Ak-47 machine guns.

The soldiers approach the RV cautiously. They check around and under the RV, then check inside. They grab Gene's rifle and a bottle of booze each and stash them in their HUMM-V.

The soldiers survey the woods. They spray the woods with machine gun fire. They pause for a couple seconds, then look at one another.

The soldiers open up on Gene's RV, using it for target practice. Seconds later, the RV explodes in a ball of fire.

WOODS

GENE
Son of a bitch!

Gene takes aim at the soldiers, but does not fire. Gene watches his RV burn. The soldiers get into their HUMM-V and drive back the way they came.

FREEWAY

Gene emerges from the cover of the woods. He jogs along the edge of the woods, headed in the same direction the soldiers went.

The soldiers' vehicle turns off the freeway and drives up a wooded side road. Gene follows on foot.

WOODS

Gene makes his way slowly through the woods. He carefully pushes his way through the low hanging branches. Gene suddenly freezes in mid-step, his right foot hanging in mid air.

A tripwire is strung just below Gene's hanging foot.

Gene carefully steps over the tripwire. He advances slowly through the woods.

Gene comes to the edge of the woods, at the perimeter of an Air Force base. Gene surveys the base from the woods.

GENE
Vely intelestink.

EXT. POPE AIR FORCE BASE, NC -- EVENING

No visible movement. Gene spots the HUMM-V. The two soldiers lie slumped on the ground nearby.

Gene dodges from tree to tree, then advances, using the base's stacked wooden boxes and oil barrels for cover. He gets to the HUMM-V and finds the keys still in the ignition. Gene grabs his rifle from the HUMM-V.

Gene looks at the dead soldiers.

GENE
Shoot at me, will you.

Another SOLDIER staggers out from behind a building, clutching his throat, choking. Gene assumes a defensive stance, his rifle aimed at the soldier. The soldier falls to his knees and collapses on the ground.

Gene blows a taunting breath toward the fallen soldier.

Gene makes his way around the building from where the soldier staggered. He finds a dozen dead soldiers sprawled on the ground.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING

Gene enters the base's communications building and finds two more dead soldiers. A radio crackles to life.

MILITARY RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
(thick foreign accent)
Comrade! Comrade Colonel!

Radio static.

MILITARY RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
K-141 calling Novgorod base. Come
in, Novgorod base.

Gene surveys the wall maps, showing the base and it's surrounding North Carolina geography.

GENE
What in the world were you up to,
comrades?

MILITARY RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)
Was the vaccine effective against
the target?

GENE
What target?

Gene considers his own question. He has a sudden realization.

GENE (CONT'D)
Shit!

EXT. AIR FORCE BASE -- SECONDS LATER

Gene scrambles out of the communications building and jumps into the HUMM-V. The tires spit gravel as Gene guns the accelerator.

FREEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Gene drives the HUMM-V as fast as he can, speeding down the freeway.

INSIDE THE HUMM-V

Gene checks his watch. He checks the odometer.

GENE
How far? How far away?

Gene pushes the accelerator pedal to the floor.

GENE (CONT'D)
Come on come on! Move it!

FREEWAY -- EVENING

In the fading evening light, the HUMM-V speeds down the freeway. Overdriving his headlights, Gene barely avoids hitting a wrecked semi. He bounces over scattered cargo boxes.

INSIDE THE HUMM-V

Gene begins to relax slightly. He lets up on the accelerator.

GENE
Take it easy, Gene. Those soldiers
are all dead. They don't know you're
still alive.

Gene sees a brilliant FLASH of light in his rearview mirrors.

FREEWAY

In the distance, behind Gene and the HUMM-V, a NUCLEAR EXPLOSION obliterates a large part of the North Carolina countryside.

Approaching an exit ramp, Gene pulls to the side of the freeway and parks the HUMM-V on the sheltered side of the exit ramp.

INSIDE THE HUMM-V

Gene hunkers down, bracing himself. Within seconds, the shock waves and debris from the explosion rock and buffet the vehicle unmercifully.

EXT. I-95 CORRIDOR -- DAY

Gene cruises south along I-95 in the battered HUMM-V.

EXT. DAYTONA BEACH -- EVENING

Gene pulls into the parking lot of the Plaza resort hotel on Daytona Beach.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Gene enters a spacious hotel suite. He leans his rifle in a corner and lays his handgun on a bedside dresser. He opens the sliding glass door to the balcony, and surveys the empty beach below.

GENE

Nice little piece of property.

Gene flops on the king size bed.

GENE (CONT'D)

Couple days ago you were in the White House. Then somebody tries to nuke you. Now you're in a suite at the Plaza overlooking Daytona Beach. What do you suppose will happen to you tomorrow, Gene?

EXT. DAYTONA BEACH -- MORNING

The sun rises over the Atlantic Ocean.

Gene takes a lonely stroll down the beach. He stares out at the rolling ocean waves. He picks up a seashell.

FLASHBACK -- DAYTONA BEACH

Gene and Jan run and frolic on the beach. Gene chases Jan into the water. They splash one another. Gene chases Jan out of the water. He catches her and the two of them embrace. They drop to the sand, wrapped in each other's arms. A small wave from the incoming surf splashes over them.

JAN

I love you, Eugene Arnipor.

GENE

I love you, Mrs. Eugene Arnipor.

Jan picks up a seashell and hands it to Gene.

BACK TO PRESENT -- DAYTONA BEACH

Gene looks at the seashell in his hand. He looks out at the ocean. Gene throws the seashell back into the ocean waves.

EXT. I-4 CORRIDOR -- DAY

Gene drives his battered HUMM-V toward Orlando. He passes a large billboard that advertises "FREE DISNEY TICKETS."

GENE

Always did want to see Disney.

(pause)

I gotta stop talking to myself.
I'll end up like the settlers out
west. First they start talking to
the gophers. Then the gophers start
talking back. Then they start
listening to the gophers. Then men
in white coats come and take them
away.

(pause)

Guess I don't have to worry about
anyone in white coats coming to take
me away.

(pause)

I gotta stop talking to myself.

EXT. WALT DISNEY WORLD -- DAY

Gene drives past the geodesic globe of Epcot.

EXT. SUNSHINE SKYWAY -- AFTERNOON

Gene crosses the Sunshine Skyway, headed south. At the apex
of the bridge, Gene looks out over the Gulf of Mexico to his
right.

Gene skids to a stop. He grabs his rifle and looks through
it's telescopic sight.

GENE'S P.O.V.

Bobbing out in the Gulf, just below the horizon, Gene spots
a ship. From this distance, it's unclear how big it is or
if it's manned. But it's definitely a ship.

SUNSHINE SKYWAY

Gene guns the engine, spins a 180, and speeds back down the
Skyway.

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE -- AFTERNOON

Gene's HUMM-V screeches to a stop outside a large sporting
goods store. Gene tries the front door. Locked. He pounds
on the large glass storefront window.

Gene gets back into his HUMM-V, and uses it to smash the
storefront window.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Breathless, Gene enters a sixth-floor beachfront hotel room. He opens the sliding glass balcony doors and scans the Gulf with binoculars.

GENE'S P.O.V.

The ship is still there, closer now. It's a Navy destroyer, flying the American flag. And it's leaving a wake.

HOTEL ROOM

Gene sets up a powerful battery-operated spotlight on the balcony table and begins to flash the light at the ship.
Dot-dot-dot dash-dash-dash dot-dot-dot [SOS]

GENE

Hope they still use Morse code.

The ship begins to turn toward shore, and it's spotlight begins to flash Morse code messages.

GENE

Who...are...you?

Gene considers his response for a few seconds. He answers with his spotlight.

GENE

Gene Ar-ni-por...from...Mil-wau-
eke...maj-or...USAF...re-tired.

After a few seconds without a response, Gene adds

GENE

Just...wand-er-ing.

The destroyer's light signals again.

GENE

Are...you...alone?

Gene takes his time about responding.

GENE

Yes...took...family...Quebec...woods
...when...plague...hit...lived...
three...years...carrier...wandered
...by...wife...boys...died...just...
wandering...south.

The destroyer's signal responds.

GENE

Thank...you...sorry.

Gene waits for more, but the destroyer's light flashes nothing else. Gene asks the next question.

GENE
Why...you...here?

Gene gets his answer from the destroyer.

GENE
Looking...for...information...hoping
...to...resettle...when...vaccine...
is...found.

Gene flashes them information.

GENE
Settlement...impossible...thousands
...survivors...carriers...stay
...hours...wind...away...or...you...
die...like...soldiers...I...ran...into
...Carolina...survivors...must...be.
..killed...isolated...cured...before
...resettlement...possible...
(pause)
Dead...bodies...decomposed...supplies
...good...cows...dogs...cats...rats...
plentiful...most...roads...clear...
some...trees...wrecks...some...cities
...burned
(pause)
Tired...goodnight.

The destroyer flashes one more question.

GENE
Tomorrow...night...please?

Gene answers

GENE
Yes.

Gene comes in off the balcony and pulls the sheets back on the hotel bed. He begins to undress, then stops. Gene looks warily out at the Gulf, then gets dressed.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREETS -- NIGHT

Keeping his headlights off, Gene drives his HUMM-V inland a couple blocks. He finds another hotel for the night and parks.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG BEACH -- AFTERNOON

Gene lays out in the sunshine with a can of beer and an old copy of the St. Petersburg Times newspaper.

Gene nods off to sleep in the sun.

NIGHT

Gene awakes with a start. He lays there, staring up at the moon and stars in the clear night sky. Gene sees the spotlight flashing from the destroyer out in the Gulf.

Gene makes his way to the nearest tall beachfront hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Different hotel, similar hotel room, similar balcony. Gene answers the destroyer's signal with his spotlight.

GENE

Hi.

The destroyer responds.

GENE

Worried...you...okay?

Gene answers.

GENE

Yes.

The destroyer signals again.

GENE

Enemy...sub...two...frogmen..last
...night's...location...hide...wait.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ST. PETERSBURG -- NIGHT

Speeding through the city streets, with only the moonlight to guide him, Gene drives to a high office building. He gets out of his HUMM-V.

The WHUMP WHUMP sound of high explosives creates a large glowing fireball over the St. Petersburg beach.

INT. ST. PETERSBURG OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

Gene reaches the top floor of the office building. He looks out toward the Gulf. A hotel building burns along the beach. A spotlight signals in the Gulf.

GENE

Gene...reply...please.

Gene does not reply.

The destroyer's spotlight signals more information.

GENE

Frogmen...blew...up...hotel...
 enemy...sub...attacked...with...
 torpedoes...missed...we...depth...
 charged...sub...surfaced...collision
 ...ship...damaged...sub...sunk...
 frogmen...dead

Gene replies, signaling with his spotlight.

GENE

I'm...ok...casualties?

The destroyer responds.

GENE

Three...dead...seven...injured...
 must...leave...top...speed...five...
 knots...cannot...risk...wind...
 change...will...you...meet...ship...
 here...thirty...days?

Gene drops his head. He considers his options. He shakes his head, and signals the destroyer.

GENE

Yes...will...wait...sorry...for...
 your...trouble...good...luck.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG BEACH -- MORNING

Inside his HUMM-V, Gene surveys the smoldering pile of rubble that had been a hotel. He sees the two dead frogmen sprawled on the beach.

Gene guns the HUMM-V, leaving deep tire tracks in the sand.

EXT. I-75 CORRIDOR -- DAY

Gene drives north. At Atlanta, a large pileup blocks all lanes of the freeway. Gene finds an exit and heads into Atlanta.

EXT. ATLANTA

Gene drives slowly through the city streets.

INSIDE THE HUMM-V

Gene reaches an intersection and stops. A WOMAN (35) in a Mustang convertible approaches from the opposite direction.

Gene pulls his .45 from his waistband and rests it in his lap.

The vehicles inch toward one another, stopping when the drivers are directly across from each other.

GENE

Hi.

The woman's response is cold.

WOMAN

Hello.

GENE

I'm Gene.

From Gene's higher vantage point he can see the woman only has her left hand visible on her steering wheel. Her right hand is tucked in her lap.

GENE

Do you live around here.

WOMAN

No.

(long pause)

I'm running away.

GENE

You've got a big country to run away into.

WOMAN

It's not big enough.

The two sit there for several uncomfortable seconds.

GENE

Look, we're sparring. I have a pistol in my lap and I suspect you do too. I'm not dangerous, and I don't think you are either. What do you say we find a nice park or something and have a cool drink?

WOMAN

Okay. You follow me.

EXT. ATLANTA STREETS

The Mustang speeds off. Gene does his best to turn around quickly. He speeds through the streets of Atlanta, trying to keep up with the speeding Mustang.

GEORGIA COUNTY ROAD

The Mustang leads the HUMM-V out of the city, along a narrow tree-lined two-lane road. The Mustang pulls into the parking lot of a small isolated two-story lakeside motel.

LAKESIDE MOTEL

The Mustang bounces over the parking lot's curb, and drives through the unmowed grass, around to the lake side of the motel. The HUMM-V follows.

The woman and Gene park their vehicles and get out.

Gene produces two bottles of water.

WOMAN

Got anything stronger?

Gene reaches into the back of his HUMM-V and finds a bottle of Bacardi rum.

They walk to a spot along the lakeshore. Gene spreads a blanket and they sit down.

GENE

So, tell me about yourself.

WOMAN

I'm a reporter for the Indianapolis Star. Or, at least I was. My husband worked for GM. We both got sick when everyone else in Indy did. Somehow I survived. I just had to get out of that city. The stench of all those dead people was overwhelming. I've just been... running ever since.

TIME PASSES

Gene and the woman continue to sit on the blanket as the afternoon passes. Their unheard conversation is punctuated with appropriate arm and body gestures. Gene refills their glasses several times during the afternoon.

Finally, as the sun sinks low across the horizon

GENE

I'm getting hungry. Want something to eat?

WOMAN

Okay. Show me where you keep it and I'll make it.

The two of them walk toward their parked vehicles.

GENE

I just realized. I don't even know your name.

WOMAN

It's Leila.

GENE

Leila. Wasn't there a girl by that name who hijacked a plane in the Middle East?

LEILA

Yes. But it wasn't me.

SUNSET

Gene awakens from a nap and finds himself on a chaise lounge on the motel patio. Leila is staring at the lake.

GENE

I'm sorry. I fell asleep.

LEILA

I noticed.

Gene stretches and gets up. He looks at Leila, then at the motel.

GENE

Where would you like to sleep tonight?

LEILA

Are you asking me if I'll sleep with you?

GENE

No, no. I didn't mean -

LEILA

That's what you were thinking, wasn't it?

Gene chooses his words carefully.

GENE

Look Leila. You are a very attractive girl. If you're anxious to sleep with me, I suppose I might be able to accommodate you. But I'm not desperate about it. There's no reason why you should sleep with me just because we happened to be driving on the same road at the same time. I didn't mean to suggest anything. It's getting dark and it's hard to find your way around a place like this in the dark. You sometimes run into unpleasant things.

Leila looks at Gene stoically.

GENE (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, I think you jumped to conclusions which aren't warranted by anything I've said or done. Now I'm going inside to find a couple of clean rooms for us for the night. I'm tired, I have a headache, and I'm going to bed. Good night.

Gene walks to the motel. Leila sighs.

SHORT MONTAGE

Gene and Leila drive through the Georgia countryside. They watch the native wildlife. They run through the tall grass in a field.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. LAKESIDE MOTEL -- DAY

Gene and Leila sit on the motel patio.

LEILA

Gene. You're wondering what's bothering me.

GENE

You've got this hunted look that doesn't go away.

LEILA

That's because I am.

GENE

Am what?

LEILA

Hunted.

GENE

Come again?

LEILA

Last Fall I headed south for the winter. I met some people, Freddy and his three girlfriends. They seemed like nice decent people and we got along well. So I stayed with them for a few weeks. Then one day Freddy made his move. He tried to get me to sleep with him. I said no. That night, the girls came to my room and held me down while Freddy had his way with me. They locked me in my room for days and one by one they all took turns with me while the others held me down. I soon realized I didn't have the strength to fight them all, so I began to go along with their sick game. I convinced Freddy I liked his kinky perversions, and even picked a fight with Marsha for Freddy's attentions. They began to relax their guard over me. Two weeks ago I made my escape. I've been running and they've been hunting me ever since.

GENE

Leila, the United States is a big place. They'll never find you again. And if they do, I'll deal with Freddy.

LEILA

You don't know how vicious Freddy is. He comes across as this nice guy, all the while underneath he's this evil disgusting pervert. You can't imagine the things he made me do. And he killed a man to get one of his girls.

Gene gets up, takes Leila by the hand, and walks toward his HUMM-V.

GENE

Come with me. We're going to get ready for Freddy.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA -- DAY

Gene and Leila pull up in front of a sporting goods store.

GENE

This place should have everything we need.

INT. LAKESIDE MOTEL -- AFTERNOON

In a second story motel room, Gene lays out an arsenal of rifles, shotguns and handguns on the bed. Gene selects a rifle and positions himself in the window.

LEILA

He'll kill you, Gene.

GENE

Not if I kill him first.

Gene aims and fires a shot out the window.

LEILA

You mean you'd just shoot him in cold blood?

GENE

He's hunting you. He's hunting me. I've killed men before.

LEILA

Yes, but that was in war.

GENE

This is self defense. Come over here. It's your turn.

LEILA

No. I couldn't. I -

GENE

Leila, you might have to be the one who kills Freddy. You carry a gun. You need to learn how to use it. I might not be here to protect you.

Leila comes over to the window.

LEILA

Show me what I have to do.

EXT. LAKESIDE MOTEL

Several rifle shots shatter most of the glass in the outdoor motel sign.

EXT. ATLANTA -- AFTERNOON

Gene and Leila emerge from a supermarket, their arms full of supplies. They put the supplies in the back of Leila's Mustang, and drive out of the store's parking lot.

A dark sedan follows them at a distance.

Gene spots a flash of reflected sunshine in his rearview mirror.

GENE

We're being followed.

The Mustang speeds up.

EXT. LAKESIDE MOTEL -- AFTERNOON

The Mustang races into the motel parking lot and screeches to a stop. Gene and Leila run inside the motel.

INT. LAKESIDE MOTEL

Gene and Leila hurry into an upstairs motel room. They grab rifles and take up positions inside the window, overlooking the parking lot below. Gene uses his rifle's telescopic sight to scan the road until he spots the dark sedan.

GENE

Remember what I taught you.

They watch as the dark sedan stops about a quarter mile away. FREDDY (45) and MARSHA (35) get out, pistols drawn. Freddy and Marsha advance from tree to tree, staying behind cover as they approach the motel.

LEILA

That's Freddy. Marsha's with him.

GENE

Do you want to kill Freddy or Marsha?

LEILA

Oh no, Gene. I couldn't. Not in cold blood.

GENE

Maybe you'd prefer it if Marsha held you down while Freddy raped you again?

LEILA

No, Gene, no. Not in cold blood.

Freddy and Marsha split up. Marsha disappears around the side of the motel. Freddy takes cover behind a large tree.

GENE

Okay. You call out to Freddy. Tell him you have a gun and you'll use it if he doesn't leave.

Leila calls out to Freddy.

LEILA

Freddy? Freddy, it's Leila.

Freddy emerges from behind the tree, an evil grin on his face.

FREDDY

I've missed you, Leila.

LEILA

Freddy. Go away and leave me alone. I have a gun and I'll use it if you don't go away.

FREDDY

I've been looking all over for you, Leila. Come on back, baby. Come back so we can all be friends again.

GENE

He's stalling.

FREDDY

I forgive you, baby. Come here and give old Freddy a kiss.

GENE'S P.O.V.

Through his telescopic sight, Gene puts the cross hairs on Freddy's forehead. Gene fires, and a bright crimson dot on Freddy's forehead confirms a hit. Freddy slumps to the ground.

MOTEL ROOM

Gene looks at Leila.

GENE

Not a word.

Gene gets up.

GENE (CONT'D)

If Marsha shows up out front, shout to me.

INT. LAKESIDE MOTEL

Gene crosses the motel hallway.

ANOTHER MOTEL ROOM

This motel room overlooks the back of the motel. Gene calls out the window.

GENE

Marsha!

No response.

GENE (CONT'D)

Marsha! Freddy's dead! Come out and throw away your gun or I'll shoot you too!

Nothing.

GENE (CONT'D)

Five seconds, Marsha! Then we're coming after you!

Marsha emerges from hiding. She throws her gun aside and crumples into a ball on the ground.

GENE

Leila! Come here!

Leila comes into the room.

GENE (CONT'D)

Keep her covered until I get down there.

EXT. LAKESIDE MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

Gene approaches the crumpled Marsha.

GENE

Okay, Leila. Come down.

Gene keeps his rifle trained on Marsha. Seconds later, Leila jogs up behind Gene.

GENE (CONT'D)

Well, what should we do with her? Is she dangerous?

LEILA

Are you serious? She's no danger as long as Freddy's dead.

GENE

Freddy's dead.
(to Marsha)
You. Get up.

Marsha slowly gets to her feet. Gene motions with his rifle for them to go to the motel patio.

GENE (CONT'D)

After what you and your friends did to Leila, I should kill you right here and now. But she won't let me. So you're going to take a message back to those two pals of yours. If we ever see any of you again, I'll kill you on the spot. Do you understand me?

Silence.

Gene kicks Marsha in the butt.

GENE (CONT'D)

I said do you understand me?

MARSHA

Yes.

GENE

Now you will apologize to Leila for what you and your pals did to her.

Silence.

Gene takes a step toward Marsha.

GENE (CONT'D)

You will apologize or I'll beat you until you do.

MARSHA

I apologize.

GENE

Very good. Now, take off your clothes.

LEILA

Gene -

GENE

Be quiet.

(to Marsha)

I said take off your clothes, or I'll do it for you.

Marsha just stand there. Gene grabs her and begins to tear her clothes. Marsha puts up a good struggle.

LEILA

Gene! Stop it!

There is an audible CLUNK, as a small stiletto falls out of Marsha's bra, to the patio.

Marsha stops struggling. Gene releases her from his grip.

GENE

Now take off the rest of your clothes.

Marsha strips to her bra and panties.

GENE

All of it!

Marsha removes her bra and panties.

GENE

Raise your arms over your head.
Turn around. Now bend over and touch
the ground.

Marsha complies. Leila turns away, embarrassed.

GENE

Leila, get some rope and tie her
hands behind her back.

Marsha stands up. Gene gathers Marsha's clothes. Leila binds Marsha's hands.

GENE

Go grab whatever you want to keep
and pack it. We're leaving.

Leila goes into the motel.

GENE (CONT'D)

(to Marsha)

Move.

Marsha walks at gunpoint in front of Gene. They walk around to the front of the motel. They stop when Gene reaches the parked Mustang.

GENE

That's far enough.

Leila comes out carrying two suitcases. She puts them in her Mustang, then gets behind the wheel and starts the car.

Gene throws Marsha's clothes at her. He uses Marsha's stiletto to cut the rope binding her hands.

GENE

If it was up to me, I'd leave you
tied up. Remember, if we ever see
you or any of your pals again, I'll
kill you.

Gene gets in the Mustang. Leila guns the engine and they speed away.

EXT. FREEWAY -- DAY

Leila and Gene drive along the open road with the Mustang's top down.

They cross a bridge onto Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

EXT. HILTON HEAD ISLAND -- DAY

Leila and Gene drive slowly through a residential island neighborhood. They stop in front of one charming beach house.

LEILA
I like this one.

GENE
Then this one it is.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- EVENING

Leila sits on the porch overlooking the ocean. Gene comes out and takes a seat.

LEILA
Thank you.

GENE
You're welcome. For what?

LEILA
I truly am grateful, Gene.

GENE
I know you are. But know this. You are under no obligation to me, Leila. I like you. You're good company. I find our conversations stimulating, and I like doing things with you. If you want to stay with me, I'd like that very much. But you are under no obligation because I killed Freddy. None whatsoever. If you want, I'll fix up a good car for you and you can be on your way. If you want to stay, you can set the terms for that, too.

LEILA
Thank you, Gene.

Leila gets up and kisses Gene on the cheek.

LEILA (CONT'D)

Good night.

GENE

Good night, Leila.

Leila heads inside.

Gene stares out at the ocean.

INT. BEACH HOUSE -- NIGHT

In near darkness, Gene finds his bedroom. He takes off his clothes, and crawls into bed. A second later, he jumps back out again.

GENE

(half scared
exclamation of
surprise)

LEILA

You said I could set the terms.

EXT. HILTON HEAD ISLAND, BEACH -- DAY

Gene and Leila walk hand in hand along the beach.

Ahead, walking along the beach toward them, they spot a MAN (35). Gene and Leila stop. The man waves to Gene and Leila and keeps walking toward them. He gets close enough to see that he's a wiry slight man, with a thin moustache and goatee.

MAN

Hi.

All three stop at arm's distance.

MAN (CONT'D)

You folks new around here?

GENE

I'm Gene. This is Leila.

MAN

My name's Jerry. Jerry Forbes. I have the place on the point, about a mile up the beach.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE -- LATER

Gene, Leila and Jerry sit out on the porch, drinks in hand.

JERRY

Yeah, so after I did my tour through Berlin, Prague and Paris, I took a job at the U.N. Put my language skills to work as an interpreter. I even got to meet Yuri Brezhnev, after his father died.

GENE

You sound like you actually like the old Soviet system.

JERRY

Of course. Marx was a genius.

LATER

Jerry is leaving, headed toward the beach.

JERRY

Make sure you stop in and visit me. I'll show you my generator and short wave set, Gene. Um, Armstrong, was it?

GENE

Anderson. Thanks, Jerry. I'll stop by.

Jerry leaves.

LEILA

Why did you tell him your name was Anderson?

GENE

I don't like him. I don't trust him. I never mentioned my last name. Remember the soldiers I met in North Carolina? Remember the sub and the destroyer in St. Petersburg? They probably caught my signals with the ship, and know my name. If this sneaky little shit is having regular communications via short wave, he's sure to tell somebody all he knows. I don't want them to know I'm still alive.

LEILA

You make it sound like a James Bond movie or something.

GENE

Anderson. Gene Anderson.

LEILA

Ah, but can you mix a dry martini,
Mr. Anderson?

GENE

Just have to go into town and get
the proper ingredients.

Gene gets to his feet. He kisses Leila.

GENE (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

EXT. OCEAN -- EVENING

The dark silhouette of a submarine surfaces off shore.

EXT. HILTON HEAD ISLAND -- MOMENTS LATER

Gene drives the Mustang through their neighborhood. He is a few blocks away from the beach house.

Gene hears the sharp CRACK of naval ordinance. Seconds later the beach house erupts in a fireball, as explosive shells slam into it. Then the houses on each side of the beach house explode, showering the neighborhood with burning debris.

GENE

Leila! No!

The Mustang skids to a sudden stop, narrowly avoiding a shower of burning debris.

Gene just stares at the blazing inferno. His face turns from sadness and loss, to one of realization - and determination.

GENE

Jerry.

EXT. HILTON HEAD ISLAND -- NIGHT

Gene drives the Mustang to Jerry's house. It's the only house that has working electric lights.

Gene takes deliberate aim and slams the Mustang through the front door of Jerry's house.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE

Jerry cowers in a small office in the back of the house. The office has a short wave radio crackling on a desk. Gene kicks open the office door and storms in.

GENE

There you are, you slimy little
bastard.

JERRY

Gene. No. I -

Gene punches Jerry square in the face. Gene continues to pummel Jerry mercilessly. Jerry collapses, unconscious.

LATER

Jerry wakes up. His hands are tied tightly behind his back. A noose is around his neck. The rope of the noose runs taught to an overhead rafter. The end of the rope comes back down to Gene's hand. A coil of thinner nylon rope is in Gene's other hand.

GENE

Come on, you bastard. On your feet.

The constant tension on the rope around Jerry's neck isn't quite enough to pull him to his feet. Jerry struggles and manages to stand.

GENE

How do you feel?

Silence. Gene pulls the noose tighter.

GENE

I said, how do you feel?

Gene lashes Jerry with the small coil of nylon rope.

Jerry cries out in pain, sobbing.

JERRY

Please. No. I don't know. Terrible.

Gene lashes Jerry again.

GENE

Terrible what?

JERRY

I'm sorry. I don't know. Awful.

Gene lashes Jerry again.

GENE

That's not what you said the first time. How do you address your superiors?

JERRY

Sir. I feel awful, no, terrible.
Sir.

GENE

Good. You learn fast. You have many things to learn, you slimy little shit. Now, what did you tell your slimy bastard friends about me?

Silence. Gene lashes Jerry several times. Jerry screams in pain.

GENE

I'd take off your pants so you'd feel it, but tying your hands is as close to you as I want to get.

Gene's next swipe with the nylon rope makes Jerry scream in agony, as the end of the nylon rope curls around and whips his testicles.

JERRY

Please! Stop! I'll tell you everything! They wanted to know about everyone I met. Names. Where you were from. They promised me the vaccine. They've been working on it for five years. It's almost ready. They said they'd come and get me. They said they'd give me a house. A wife. Neighbors. I am so lonely. I just want to be with people again.

GENE

Five years? The plague only hit four years ago.

JERRY

That's what I meant. Four years.

Another swipe with the nylon rope.

GENE

Stop lying, you son-of-a-bitch! You know, you're lucky. I thought about shooting you, but I thought you deserved a more appropriate punishment. If you weren't already a carrier, I'd just breathe on you and let you die. That worked for your comrades in North Carolina. It'll work for the rest of your bastard friends, too. Just a short hop across the Bering Strait and it's das v'danya comrades.

(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

Then you won't have anyone to talk to. Now, you are going to do exactly as I say.

MOMENTS LATER

Jerry sits in front of the short wave radio, hands still tied behind his back. Gene props up a prepared script in front of him. Gene adjusts the radio and sets a microphone in front of Jerry.

JERRY

I am instructed to tell you that this conversation must be entirely in English. Do you speak English?

There are several seconds of radio static.

MILITARY RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)

(thick foreign accent)

I speak English.

JERRY

This is your agent in South Carolina, Jerry Forbes. I am the one who told you about the man named Gene Anderson, living with his wife in a beach house near me. You were correct. His real name is Gene Arnipor. He is the man you tried to kill three times already. Mr. Arnipor is alive and well and I am his prisoner. That is all I am allowed to say.

MILITARY RADIO OPERATOR (O.S.)

Is Mr. Arnipor there with you now?

Gene shoves Jerry off his chair, to the floor. Gene sits behind the radio microphone.

GENE

This is Gene Arnipor. I have your little spy all tied up. Is there anything you'd like to say to him?

Radio static.

GENE (CONT'D)

Guess not. That means I'll have to do the talking. I suspect this transmission is being monitored somewhere else in the world. It's time the rest of the world found out what you've been up to on this continent.

(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

It's an interesting story, actually. I'm one of maybe a couple thousand here in the Americas who caught your little plague and didn't die from it. I'm what you'd call a carrier. Jerry here tells me you've been working on a vaccine for five years. Odd thing is, the plague only struck here four years ago. Should we ponder that one? Hmm. Anyhow, when the plague first hit, I took my wife and kids to a remote fishing camp north of Quebec. We survived there for almost three years. Then a carrier wandered by, and I was the only one who survived. I buried my family, and wandered my way south.

Jerry sits upright on the floor.

GENE (CONT'D)

Met some interesting folks along the way. Your advance scouts in North Carolina didn't fare too well after I came by. I think your vaccine needs a little more work. You guys tried to nuke me, but missed. I made it as far as St. Petersburg, where your frogmen tried to blow me up again. Strike two. Then I met a lovely young woman who became my second wife. We were just starting our new life together when your little bastard spy Jerry told you all about me and you tried to kill me again. You missed me, but you killed my wife, Leila. I think the appropriate term here is retribution.

Jerry lunges toward the microphone.

JERRY

He's going to Russia to infect -

One well-placed punch from Gene to the back of Jerry's head silences Jerry. Jerry sinks to the floor, unconscious.

Gene speaks into the radio microphone.

GENE

I guess it's really useless telling you this, because you already know it.

(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

You have no integrity, no decency, nothing but your own selfish perverted ideology. You've even managed to twist that into your own self-serving totalitarianism. You're not content to live in the mess you made for yourselves. You want to make sure no one else is any better off either. You try to force your way of life on everyone else. If your people were half as smart as your literature says they are, they'd have thrown you out years ago. So I have to assume they're as stupid as you are.

Gene kicks Jerry.

GENE (CONT'D)

And Jerry here is typical of the stupid jackasses you attract. I think I'll leave him here, all tied up for you. If you want him, you can come and get him. I doubt you will. If you want to be merciful - that's a human trait I'm sure you've read about - you'll send that sub back to shell this house too. Doesn't matter to me. I'll be long gone by then.

Gene pauses and looks at the unconscious Jerry on the floor.

GENE (CONT'D)

Now listen carefully. Jerry was right. I'm on my way, comrades. I'm coming, and there's nothing you can do to stop me.

Gene sits back. He looks again at Jerry. Gene sighs, and cuts the ropes that bind Jerry's hands.

EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT -- DAY

Gene taxis a small Cessna down the runway and takes off.

EXT. CESSNA IN FLIGHT

The small Cessna flies across the Southern states, toward Oklahoma.

GENE (V.O.)

Have I gone mad?

(MORE)

GENE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A sane man might question the rationale of wiping out the human race. Ah, yes, but could a madman pose that question to himself?

A cacophony of voices haunts Gene's thoughts.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)	GRAMMERE (V.O.)
...doctors continue to be baffled by this mysterious disease...	...see what's happened to the rest of America...

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)	JAN (V.O.)
...the Americas are to be placed under indefinite quarantine...	...all those people...

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)	LEILA (V.O.)
...researchers report that the virus appears to be genetically modified, suggesting, perhaps, a man-made Cause...	...not in cold blood...

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)
...shoot to kill orders.

Gene lets the voices in his head fade away.

GENE

To hell with them. To hell with them all.

EXT. LAWTON OKLAHOMA AIRPORT -- EVENING

Gene walks away from the parked Cessna, into an open hangar.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR

Gene sniffs the air.

GENE

Mmm, that coffee smells good.

Gene stops, suddenly on high alert. He draws his .45 and advances slowly toward the hangar's office.

The hangar office door opens. A young MECHANIC (24) walks out carrying a steaming cup of coffee.

Gene and the Mechanic both jump back in surprise.

GENE
Freeze!

MECHANIC
Holy - Wait! Shit!

The Mechanic spills the coffee down the front of his clothes.

GENE
Who are you?

MECHANIC
Who are you?

The Mechanic attempts to wipe the spilled coffee off himself.

GENE
I asked first.

MECHANIC
I'm Al Molnar. I just spent fifteen
minutes brewing that cup of coffee.
(pause)
Where are my manners? Would you
like a cup of coffee? I'm going to
brew some more.

GENE
Sure.

AL
Sorry I can't offer you any cream or
sugar. I take it black. Um...

GENE
Gene.

AL
Welcome to Lawton, Gene.

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR, OFFICE -- LATER

Gene and Al compare their stories, over two cups of coffee.

AL
So after she started drinking, I
didn't need much of an excuse to
leave. I wandered around for a few
months. There's some real weirdos
in this country. Finally I wound up
right back here where I started,
workin' on my daddy's planes. Guess
anywhere you hang your hat is home.
I just miss that dog.

GENE
I've seen plenty of dogs running
around. I didn't think they were
affected by the plague.

AL

They weren't. She ran him over.
Best dog I ever had and she ran him
over.

EXT. LAWTON AIRPORT -- MORNING

Gene works under the Cessna's engine cowling, making a few
adjustments.

AL

So...where you headed, Gene?

GENE

West.

Al reaches under the engine cowling.

AL

Here. Let me get that for you.

GENE

Thanks.

AL

There. That should get'r done.

Gene and Al close the engine cowling.

AL

Cause...I was sort of wondering...

GENE

You want to come along.

AL

Sure. Thanks.

GENE

No no. I didn't mean -

AL

Just let me grab my stuff.

Al dashes into the hangar.

GENE

(to himself)

It wasn't an invitation.

Al hurries back out, carrying a small duffel bag.

AL

Ready when you are.

GENE

Look. Al. I don't think -

AL

I think you're just trying to keep me out of some sort of trouble. You explained to me how these guys tried to blow you up. I don't care where you're going or what you're planning. I just want to get away and do something. Anything.

Gene and Al look at one another, exchanging looks and gestures: Gene trying to protect Al from himself; Al trying to convince Gene to take him along.

GENE

All right. Have it your way.

The Cesna takes to the sky again.

EXT. CESNA IN FLIGHT

The Cesna flies west, flying at low altitude. Gene and Al talk to one another through headphones and microphones.

GENE (V.O.)

I'm driving, you navigate.

AL (V.O.)

West, right? Let's head for Colorado Springs. I always anted to go to the Air Force Academy.

LATER

The Cesna flies over the U.S. Air Force Academy. It appears to be abandoned.

GENE (V.O.)

Looks like they didn't fare any better than the rest of us.

The Cesna veers off.

GENE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Long as we're here let's check out NORAD.

MINUTES LATER

The Cesna flies low over NORAD's entrance at Cheyanne Mountain. The blast doors are wide open.

AL (V.O.)

I think somebody forgot to close the doors.

GENE (V.O.)

Might explain why they died just as fast as everyone else did in Colorado.

AL (V.O.)

Let's go down and check it out.

EXT. ENT AIR FORCE BASE, COLORADO

The Cesna makes an approach, preparing to land. On final approach, the Cesna suddenly goes to full power, and climbs back into the sky.

AL (V.O.)

What are you doing, Gene?

CESNA IN FLIGHT

GENE (V.O.)

I can't put my finger on it, but something's not right here. I'm not about to go walking into Cheyenne Mountain uninvited. Who knows what kind of sensors and devices they built into that place. It was designed as a fortress, to keep people out.

The Cesna heads into a pass through the Rockies.

GENE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What do you say we go see Pike's Peak instead.

The Cesna flies north and west. They circle Pike's Peak, then resume their course, flying through mountain passes, with the Park Range to the west and the Front Range to the east.

With the sun shining brightly in the southwestern sky, the eastern and southeastern skies suddenly become blindingly bright, as simultaneous NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS obliterate Denver and Colorado Springs.

GENE (V.O.)

They spotted us.

INSIDE THE CESNA

Gene and Al brace themselves. Shock waves from the nuclear explosions hit the plane, shaking it violently. The glass in the instrument panels shatters.

Al's face turns white with fear. Gene's fingers go white, clenching the plane's yoke as tightly as he can.

The shock waves pass. The plane keeps flying. Gene and Al relax a little.

The Cesna's engine begins to sputter.

GENE

Find us a place to land - now!

AL

Got it. A small landing strip, ten o'clock, about three miles.

EXT. GRASS LANDING STRIP

The Cesna lands, just as the engine sputters and dies.

Gene and Al get out and inspect the engine.

AL

Looks okay to me. I think we just ran out of fuel.

GENE

We've got two five-gallon cans in back. Gas her up and we'll see.

EXT. CESNA IN FLIGHT -- MOMENTS LATER

The Cesna is back in the air.

GENE (V.O.)

We'll make it to Casper with the fuel we have. That'll be as far as we can fly before it gets dark. Tomorrow we'll head toward Twin Falls, Moscow -

AL (V.O.)

Moscow? We can't fly to Moscow in this plane.

GENE (V.O.)

Moscow, Idaho. We refuel there, then head toward Vancouver and the Strait of George. They have a Canadian Force Base at Comox. We should be able to get a good boat there and head up the inland passage.

AL (V.O.)

Inland passage?

EXT. CANADIAN FORCE BASE COMOX -- EVENING

Gene and Al push the Cesna into an open hangar.

GENE

This'll keep the Cesna out of sight
of surveillance satellites.

AL

And why are we abandoning the plane
and looking for a boat?

GENE

You wanted to go somewhere, do
something. We're going to take a
slow boat to Alaska.

AL

I knew it! You're going to the gold
fields.

EXT. WATERFRONT -- DAY

Gene and Al provision a 28-foot inboard cabin cruiser. They
take turns carrying armloads of supplies on board. Gene
brings a case of liquors aboard. Al loads a case of beer.
They then each carry two five-gallon gas cans aboard.

AL

That's the last of it. How long do
you figure it'll take to get to
Alaska?

GENE

We can take the inland passage as
far as Juneau, maybe even Skagway.
Figure a week, ten days tops. Another
week and we'll be in Anchorage.

Gene eases the boat away from the dock and into the channel.

EXT. INLAND PASSAGE -- DAY

Gene fidgets nervously at the controls of the boat. Al is
on the bow.

AL

Hey, you want a beer?

GENE

(snaps)
No, I don't want a beer.

Al opens a beer. He turns on a radio.

XM RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(automated)
You're listening to XM satellite
radio news.

ANSON BRYSON (V.O.)

This is Anson Bryson of the Associated Press, reporting for the BBC. British authorities announced today that satellite reconnaissance photos show the explosions in the former United States were, indeed, nuclear, taking out most of the area between the cities of Denver and Colorado Springs. No one has claimed responsibility for the destruction. However, speculation is running rampant, as fingers are pointed at rogue states in the Geneva headquarters of the United Nations. Meanwhile, British scientists continue to report little progress in the search for a plague vaccine. They say that without a live tissue sample or blood culture, further progress is doubtful. For the Associated Press and the BBC, I'm Anson Bryson.

GENE

Turn that damn radio off. Keep a lookout ahead.

Al turns the radio off.

AL

Jeez, what crawled up your ass this morning? If you're gonna be this bitchy, I'll get off at Prince Rupert and find my own way back.

Gene fumes silently for a few moments.

GENE

Something's not right. I can feel it.

Gene steers the boat toward shore.

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Gene wades ashore, carrying a rifle and binoculars. Al stands on the bow of the anchored boat.

GENE

You wait here. I'm going to go scout ahead. If I'm not back in two hours, you can come look for me.

Al waves, and takes off his shirt. He lays on the bow, in the sunshine.

EXT. ROCKY COASTLINE

Gene carefully makes his way along the rocky shoreline. Suddenly he freezes. Ahead, in the middle of the wide channel, a submarine periscope sticks out of the water.

Gene ducks behind a large boulder. He uses the binoculars to get a better look at the periscope.

GENE'S P.O.V.

The periscope is slowly turning from side to side, scanning the waters.

ROCKY COASTLINE

Gene hurriedly makes his way back to the boat. The periscope follows.

BOAT

Gene climbs into the boat.

GENE

I was right. There's a sub up ahead, just waiting for us.

AL

So what do we do now?

GENE

We passed a harbor about five miles back. We'll duck in there.

Al starts the engine and pushes the boat's throttle forward. The boat surges.

INLAND PASSAGE

The boat leaves a good wake, as it nears the small harbor. A mile back, the periscope follows their wake.

EXT. HARBOR -- MINUTES LATER

Al guides the boat to a long pier. They hit the pier, hard.

GENE

Grab what you can. There's a railway line about a mile inland. We'll follow that north.

Gene and Al hurry up the long pier, to shore.

Explosive shells slam into the boat, causing an explosion. More explosive shells takes out the long pier.

GENE

Run!

Gene and Al make a mad dash inland. More explosive shells slam the shoreline.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS -- DAY

Gene and Al walk along a remote section of railroad tracks, Al in the lead, Gene about fifty feet back. Both exhibit several days growth of facial hair.

GENE

When's the last time you had a shower?
I can smell you way back here.

AL

You're not so fresh yourself. Why do you think I took the lead?

Without warning, Al is blown up by a landmine. Gene flattens to the ground. Debris from the explosion rains down around Gene.

Gene stands, and surveys the situation from where he is.

Al's body is motionless. Blood pools under him. His left leg is blown off, laying a few feet away from his body. Al's left arm is mangled, bloody.

GENE

Sorry kid.

Gene backtracks, being careful to only step on the wooden railroad ties.

EXT. REMOTE AIRPORT -- DAY

Gene inspects another small Cessna, this one outfitted with pontoon floats and wheels. He pushes the plane over to a metal-framed work area, resembling a small hangar minus the sheet metal siding and roof.

Gene fuels the plane from an elevated fuel tank.

A shower of paper falls from the sky. Curious, Gene picks up one of the sheets of paper and reads it.

GENE

To the attention of Mr. Eugene Arnipor. The President of the United States has re-established the government of the United States as a sovereign nation once again. British scientists are working on a culture of the plague virus at our Plum Island lab, and expect to be able to develop a vaccine within months.

PRESIDENT FRISBY (V.O.)

We have been appraised of the attempts against you by rogue terrorist elements. One of their scientists was responsible for developing the plague, and releasing it in a suicide attack into the United States. Their commanders have been captured, and await trial for committing crimes against humanity. This message is being dropped by leaflet and read on all frequencies, all channels. As your President, I ask you to abandon your quest to reach the Asian mainland. Your efforts threaten all of humanity. If you persist in your attempts to cross the Bering Strait and reach the Asian continent, all available resources will be brought to bear to prevent you from succeeding in your quest. As a fellow American, I beg of you, remain in the United States and await the development of the vaccine. Signed, President James Frisby, United States of America.

Gene crumples the paper in his hand.

INT. USS RONALD REAGAN -- DAY

Inside the command center of the aircraft carrier, a RADAR TECHNICIAN (22) mans his station. His radar screen displays the western Alaskan coast.

A blip appears on his screen, just inland from the Alaskan coast.

RADAR TECHNICIAN

Bogey.

The blip is headed west. CAPTAIN BATES (50) issues his orders.

CAPTAIN BATES

Get him.

EXT. USS RONALD REAGAN

In the middle of the grey overcast Bering Strait, the carrier's fighter jets are launched from the flight deck.

CAPTAIN BATES (V.O.)

Looks like he's headed for Uelen.
You are authorized to splash the bogey as soon as he crosses the coast.

EXT. CESNA IN FLIGHT

The Cesna crosses the Alaskan coastline, headed west. It drops low, flying just above the waters of the Bering Strait.

INT. USS RONALD REAGAN

The radar technician's screen shows the fighters closing on the bogey.

RADAR TECHNICIAN

They'll intercept him in sixty seconds, sir.

EXT. CESNA IN FLIGHT

Heat-seeking missiles barely miss the Cesna. The missiles dive into the water on either side of the Cesna, exploding the water just behind the Cesna.

The Cesna begins to take evasive action, as if in a low slow dogfight.

INSIDE THE CESNA

GENE

You dumb...I'm an American!

EXT. CESNA IN FLIGHT

More missiles streak past the plane, exploding in the water.

INT. USS RONALD REAGAN

The radar technician's screen shows the bogey closing on the ship.

RADAR TECHNICIAN

Um, Captain Bates, sir. If he keeps on this same heading, he'll intercept us in four minutes.

Captain Bates looks at the radar screen.

CAPTAIN BATES

Hard to starboard!

The ship begins to turn.

RADAR TECHNICIAN

Captain. I've lost our fighters.

CAPTAIN BATES

What do you mean, you've lost our fighters?

RADAR TECHNICIAN

Look for yourself, sir. They're not on my radar screen. They're...gone.

Captain Bates looks at the radar screen. They only blip is the bogey. The Captain exchanges worried looks with the technician.

CAPTAIN BATES

The plague's in his wake.

EXT. CESNA IN FLIGHT

With no more missile attacks, the Cesna resumes a straight level flight, two hundred feet above the waves.

INSIDE THE CESNA

Gene checks his watch. He checks his instruments.

The massive hulk of the USS Ronald Reagan appears directly ahead. Gene quickly pulls back hard on the plane's yoke, gaining altitude.

EXT. USS RONALD REAGAN

The small Cesna zooms low across the carrier's flight deck. Captain Bates emerges from the ship's command center.

CAPTAIN BATES

It's Arnipor.

Members of the ship's crew on the flight deck begin to choke, and fall.

INT. USS RONALD REAGAN

Inside the command center, Captain Bates issues a final order.

CAPTAIN BATES

Notify the President. "Arnipor has crossed the Strait, headed for Uelen. Plague on board the Reagan. Consider all hands casualties. Good luck and God speed." Make sure that message reaches the President.

EXT. USS RONALD REAGAN

The carrier cruises toward the Alaskan coast at top speed.

EXT. UELEN, RUSSIA -- DAY

The small Cesna crosses the coast.

EXT. USS RONALD REAGAN

The Reagan rams the Alaskan shore at full speed. The ship's fuel tanks rupture and explode in a massive fireball, engulfing the ship.

INSIDE THE CESNA

Gene continues to fly the plane low over the swampy marshlands of eastern Russia, a determined look on his face.

EXT. UELEN, RUSSIA

The Cesna circles the small village.

MILITARY RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Arnipor has reached Uelen. Recommend execution, Plan One. Repeat, Plan One.

Radio static.

PRESIDENT FRISBY (V.O.)

United States concurs. Repeat, concurs.

Radio static.

PRIME MINISTER WINDSOR (V.O.)

Britain concurs. Repeat, concurs.

Radio static.

CHINESE PREMIER (V.O.)
China concurs. Repeat, concurs.

Radio static.

The Cesna lands.

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Russia concurs. Execute Plan One.

INSIDE THE CESNA

Gene taxis the Cesna toward several buildings. He opens his window, and takes a deep breath. He exhales.

Gene sees people running, choking, falling to the ground.

GENE
I made it.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT

EXT. ANADYR BASIN, RUSSIA

Thousands of square miles of the Anadyr basin region of eastern Russia are obliterated by the simultaneous explosions of twenty hydrogen bombs. The boiling fireballs slowly mushroom high into the sky.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET -- DAY

British PRIME MINISTER WINDSOR (60) briefs the gathered LEADERS of the free world. A PowerPoint presentation displays maps of eastern Russia, the Bering Sea, Alaska and Western and Northern Canada, reaching all the way to the eastern shore of James Bay. A large portion of the area displayed is colored with yellow, orange and red overlays.

PRIME MINISTER WINDSOR
We project the radioactive fallout has or will contaminate these sectors. None of the native species or plant life is expected to survive, making these areas virtual wastelands, and making resettlement there impossible for perhaps the next thousand years or more.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET -- DAY

A handful of PROTESTERS are marching outside the gates, carrying protest signs.

PROTESTER #1
Save the seals.

PROTESTER #2
No nukes. No nukes.

PROTESTER #3
Save the whales.

PROTESTER #4
The end is neigh. The horsemen of
the apocalypse have been unleashed
upon the Earth.

INT. 10 DOWNING STREET

PRIME MINISTER WINDSOR (CONT'D)
Mankind is also an indigenous species
here on Earth. We have a right to
be here, and we, too, have a right
to survive. Mankind can hope again.

EXT. CANADIAN FISHING CAMP -- DAY

On top of a small hill overlooking the camp, between three
large boulders and a smaller boulder, where a foot of 2"
pipe protrudes from the ground, large raindrops impact the
soil. The single drops become a gentle rain.

FADE OUT: