

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

EXT. ROLLING GRASS FOOTHILLS - EVENING

Abby, a caring but almost jaded woman of nineteen, stands halfway up a steep and tall but walkable foothill that towers over the plane on which it rests.

The knee-high wild grass that carpets the area parts in slow, deep ripples with each heave of the wind, giving it an ocean like quality.

From behind scattered clouds that run the gradient from menacing charcoal to fluffy linen, the afternoon sun makes its run for the horizon, bathing Abby and everything else a satisfying orange.

She turns to it instinctively, showing it the underside of her bare arms, lifting her chin to warm her neck. Abby pulls at the V-neck of her plain sun dress, letting it wash over as much of her chest as she'd dare show it.

Abby slowly begins to nod, drooling as she does.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - ABBY'S BEDROOM

In the murky darkness of her aged concrete bedroom, Abby sleeps on her back in the folds of a sleeping bag atop a one man cot, chin tucked into her collarbone, drooling on herself.

WENDY (O.C.)

(whined)

Abby, come on. You said you'd get up now.

Abby wakes with an instinctive sucking in, wiping the drool from her face with the back of her wrist.

ABBY

I'm good.

Abby flicks on an electric lamp by her cot, revealing WENDY, a naive girl of sixteen, standing nearby, two ping pong paddles and a ball in her hands.

ABBY

Did you try just folding the table in half?

WENDY

Very funny.

ABBY

When did you ask me to play?

WENDY
 (whiney)
 Three hours ago.

ABBY
 While I was sleeping?

WENDY
 You said if I wake you at six
 you'll play til nine.

Abby blinks away sleep.

ABBY
 That doesn't sound right.

WENDY
 (loud)
 Abby!

Abby rolls out of the cot.

ABBY
 Okay.

While Wendy waits at the door, Abby peels her pajama pants off, pulling on jeans, then a cardigan over her tank top.

Abby follows Grace through a concrete hallway, the sounds of new age chime music growing louder.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

In the open plan main section of the concrete BUNKER-- featuring a kitchenette, living room, and laundry with washer and dryer--Wendy and Abby encounter GRACE, a thrity-five year old lithe, powerful, confident and competent woman.

Grace performs a yoga routine, piping music through a small computer speaker on the kitchen counter.

They pass her silently, going to a ping pong table at the far corner of the living room. When they speak, it's an octave lower than in the bedroom, not quiet enough to avoid disturbing Grace but making the token effort.

WENDY
 You serve.

Abby serves the ball, rallying with Wendy for a few hits before looking over at Grace, missing the shot. She goes to retrieve the ball.

ABBY
(to Grace)
What time did Christian go out?

Grace continues her long breath, holding the pose, turned away from Abby.

GRACE
Thirty minutes ago.

Abby serves the ball again. It takes a few hits to send it past Wendy.

Abby turns back to Grace while Wendy chases the ball.

ABBY
Has he said anything lately, about the levels?

Grace still all but ignores her, sliding gracefully between yoga poses.

GRACE
Why would he?

ABBY
No reason. I just wondered how often he measures.

Grace is quiet for a time while she finishes the current pose, then stands erect, turning back to look at Abby.

GRACE
Every six months. Why do you ask?

Abby seems almost embarrassed to answer, returning her attention to the table.

ABBY
It's honestly nothing. Just a dream I keep having.

WENDY
About the surface?

Abby looks up at Wendy, then Grace.

ABBY
Every time, I see that it's all okay now. The planet healed itself. It's like Earth is telling me directly, in the dream. To pass it on, and tell other people.

Grace looks at Wendy, who frowns, shrugs it off, then serves the ball straight past Abby.

ABBY
 (to Grace)
 Do you think I should tell
 Christian?

Grace watches Abby's eyes for a moment.

GRACE
 Honestly?
 (beat)
 No. I think he has enough to think
 about, without that. He's up there
 seeing the dead animals and
 contaminated water sources.

ABBY
 I know, but--

GRACE
 It's ignorant to ask him for
 another day and a half of
 measuring, when the last survey
 came back as still ten thousand
 times higher.

Abby returns to the game, deeper in thought.

WENDY
 Grace, do you have any more of
 those flowers?

GRACE
 No, but I asked Christian to bring
 some back, if he found any more
 growing.

WENDY
 (to Abby)
 Do you think it might be getting
 better?

Abby shrugs, missing another shot.

WENDY
 Maybe I'll ask Christian how many
 he saw. That must be a good sign,
 if they're growing in more places
 now.

She lays the paddle down, stepping away from the table,
 toward Grace.

ABBY

I want to go outside with him.

Grace stops mid-pose to give Abby a long, hard look.

ABBY

Just one time.

GRACE

(dry)

You know we don't have a second suit.

ABBY

I can fix your old one. Just let me into the room and I'll--

Grace SLAPS Abby.

GRACE

What are you *saying*, Abby? Don't. Go in. The room.

Wendy stares, mouthing a long 'shit'.

GRACE

What's the rule?

Abby rubs her face, softly glaring at Grace from under her fringe.

ABBY

Jeez, alright, I just thought you could go in even and get it.

Grace slaps her again on the other cheek, just as hard. Abby swipes reflexively at Grace's retreating hand, missing it.

ABBY

(shouts)

What the fuck!

GRACE

What's the rule, Abby? I want to hear you say it.

ABBY

(defiant)

Don't go in the room.

GRACE

Why not?

ABBY

Because Christian said so.

GRACE

Because we *all* say so.

Abby exits via the same concrete hallway, going back into her bedroom--the third of three doors at the end of the hall.

WENDY

Hey! That was *not* three hours.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - ABBY'S BEDROOM

Abby takes an old hard disk style iPod with a cracked screen from the top drawer of her simple wooden desk, pressing in earbuds while she lays down on the cot.

Soft electronica fills her perspective of the moss-stained concrete ceiling.

Abby takes out one of the earbuds, then rolls on her side, listening carefully. The low, echoed hum of machinery somewhere through the concrete walls becomes more evident against the musical backdrop, taking on a distinctive, repetitive, clanking whir.

Another sound stirs Abby from her half sleep--the swinging open of a metal door on rusted hinges, then its slamming closed.

Abby rolls to her feet, exiting the room quickly.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Back in the main room, Grace prepares food at the kitchenette, turned away from the room at the far wall.

Wendy hits the ping pong ball against the folded in half table.

CHRISTIAN, wearing a full hazmat suit minus the helmet, which he carries, along with a big duffel bag, enters via a door at the opposite side of the room to the hallway.

Abby smiles at him, cordial at best, while Wendy turns to see him enter also, running over to investigate the contents of the duffel bag before he's had the chance to unshoulder it. She drags it off him and onto the floor, unzipping it to begin removing dusty long life food and assorted items--chocolate bars, potato chips, canned veg, band-aids, and bottled water.

WENDY

Oh nice, any Tobelerones?

Christian begins to remove the hazmat outfit, revealing jeans and t-shirt underneath.

CHRISTIAN

Sorry, champ. Maybe next time.

He kneels beside her and reaches into one of the smaller side pockets.

CHRISTIAN

I did find something you might like, though.

Christian produces three small BLUE FLOWERS, handing one to Wendy.

WENDY

Oh, I love it! Where did you find *blue*?

CHRISTIAN

In a patch on the side of a hill, they must have been getting a sliver of sunlight every afternoon during magic hour.

WENDY

What's that?

Christian stands, offering Abby a distant but friendly smile as he hands her one of the flowers, then moves to Grace, who continues dividing canned foods into four bowls.

CHRISTIAN

Magic hour? That used to be when the sun would come down low on the horizon and make everything glow orange. It would last for a whole hour.

Christian puts his hands around Grace's hips, leaning in to kiss her on the cheek, before placing the flower in her hair.

CHRISTIAN

With the permanent cloud layer now it just lasts about five minutes. These flowers were lucky, to find the perfect place.

Wendy puts the flower in her own hair, then crosses the room to do the same for Abby.

Christian returns to the duffel bag, emptying it of the last items, then bundling the hazmat suit in there, zipping it up.

ABBY

Thanks.

Christian looks back at Abby as she begins to back away, returning to her room.

ABBY

For the flower. It's nice.

Christian seems to appreciate the sentiment, nodding to himself, picking up the duffel back.

In the dark hallway, Abby opens her bedroom door, then closes it again, remaining pressed against it, still there in the shadows of the hall.

While Wendy returns to her ping pong, Christian exits the main room via the door on the opposite side.

Abby stalks carefully out of the hallway, crossing the room silently, unnoticed by Grace or Wendy, both with their backs turns.

Abby throws them both a quick glance as she leans against the far side door to open it carefully, again silently, with both hands.

She pulls it open a crack and peers through.

Abby's POV shows us Christian entering another long hall with pipes and valves hanging from its ceiling, stopping at a door on its left side. Christian punches a code on the panel embedded in the wall beside the door, then enters.

Abby enters the second hallway quickly, pulling the door closed carefully behind her.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECOND HALLWAY

Abby pads silently to the door Christian just entered, pressing her ear to it. She can hear movement and rustling, footsteps, but not much else.

She retreats back to the shadows as the footsteps grow louder, pressing against the wall into shadow just as Christian emerges from the room, pulling it closed with a heavy click before he walks back to the main room door, leaving the hallway.

Abby steps out of the shadow, returning to the mystery room door. Beyond the mystery room, the hallway continues to a huge, bank vault looking steel door. She eyes it a moment before returning her focus to the keypad.

Abby crouches in front of it, using the vague lighting to shine at different angles on it by moving her head, closing one eye. At a certain angle, it's clear that only three buttons have finger smudges--three, six, and nine.

Abby punches 3, 6, 9, then the door buzzes. She tries the handle--no good.

Abby punches 6, 9, 3, getting the same result.

She takes a step back from the door, frowning. Abby looks around the hall, as if searching for a clue.

Abby walks toward the front door, glancing at small aspects of the locking mechanism, then paces back to the mystery door.

She takes another long look at the keypad, before entering, 3, 3, 6, 9. The door buzzes.

Abby enters 6, 3, 6, 9. The door clicks. Abby snatches the handle, almost stunned that it opens in her hand. She opens it warily, peeking in, feeling for a light switch.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MYSTERY ROOM

Light reveals a small storage room full of warehouse style shelving around the edges, and an unremarkable COMPUTER terminal at the far side, blocking another DOOR that seems sealed shut by years of accumulated dust and moisture.

Abby does a quick survey of the shelves, seeing an area with bladed and blunt weapons, another stacked with dusty electronic gadgets, more machinery, what looks like engine and electronic parts, and various substances in jars.

She walks to the computer, looking at the screen, then the keyboard and mouse. Picking up the mouse, she examines it, uncertain, flipping it over to touch the trackball.

The computer startles her as it whirs to life, the screen flicking on to reveal GOOGLE's homepage up in a browser.

Abby leans over it, staring closely at the letters onscreen, then the keyboard.

She types, slowly, 'hello'. Autosearch brings up a list of results as she finishes typing it--Hello! Celebrity gossip, the wikipedia entry for 'hello', and a video.

Abby stares at the screen for a long time, reading until she reaches the bottom.

Abby backs away from the computer, looking again quickly at the shelves, then going back to the door. She exits the room, flicking off the light.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECOND HALLWAY

Abby walks back to the main room, door throwing one last look back at the mystery door, then the big front door.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Abby slowly opens the door, seeing Christian, Wendy, and Grace all seated at the dining table, near the kitchenette. They all look up at her as she enters.

ABBY

Oh. There you all are.

Christian frowns.

CHRISTIAN

What are you doing?

ABBY

Looking for you.

Grace eyes Abby suspiciously as she crosses the room to join them at the table, smiling affably to Christian as she takes her bowl and begins to eat a mixture of spam, beans and rice.

Christian goes back to his meal, throwing a quick glance at Grace as he does.

After a few mouthfuls, Abby looks up at Christian.

ABBY

Do you remember computers?

Christian looks at her, frowning only slightly, looking at Wendy, then back at Abby.

CHRISTIAN

Of course.

ABBY

Would they still work? If we plugged one in here, with the generator?

CHRISTIAN

Not really. Power isn't the only issue. Everything we have here only works because it was underground when all the grids fried.

ABBY

If you find one up there, can you bring it back here? Just to see? I miss playing games.

CHRISTIAN

I'm surprised you even remember them.

ABBY

Only vaguely... oh! That reminds me, I had a dream earlier, that I was out on the surface.

CHRISTIAN

Oh yeah?

ABBY

It was like you said, with the sun under the clouds. Shining on my face.

Christian looks down at his food while he eats, sensing where it's going.

ABBY

I was hoping if I could repair the second suit--

Grace slams her steel mug down on the table, making a hard sound, cutting Abby off.

ABBY

Maybe you could take me out there some time?

GRACE

Abby.

Christian holds up a hand to Grace's shoulder gently.

CHRISTIAN

It's okay. You girls are becoming
curious about the world up there.
You have a right to.

Christian stands, taking his empty bowl to the sink while
Abby glares after him.

ABBY

That's it?

He turns back to her briefly.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry, Abby. As much as I'd
like to take you up there with me,
I won't. It's too dangerous.

ABBY

But the suit.

CHRISTIAN

There are other things to worry
about up there.

Abby frowns, looking at Grace.

ABBY

What do you mean?

Christian turns back to her again, his eyes drifting to
Wendy. Abby looks at Wendy too. Sensing the gap in
conversation, she looks up, then back at Christian.

WENDY

What else is there, Christian?

He goes back to washing up.

CHRISTIAN

Nothing, sport. Just sharp rocks
and sticks to trip on.

Abby stabs at her food with the fork, annoyed, but intuiting
that he won't say more around Wendy. Finally she stands,
walking back to the hallway.

ABBY

I'm so tired of this shit.

Abby enters her room again, slamming the door behind her.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - ABBY'S BEDROOM

Abby collapses into her cot again, resuming the playlist she listened to, placing the earbuds in carefully, already drifting off.

EXT. ROLLING GRASS FOOTHILLS - EVENING

Continuing on from the opening scene, as the sun begins to dip below the horizon, Abby, now seated, having trouble lifting her head at first, notices a lone, tall and dark FIGURE walking towards her from that direction.

The man takes his time ambling towards her, letting her begin to make out the details of his flowing leather cloak and dark robes beneath it, then the gas mask he wears on his face, with a similarly dark, dusty hood covering the head.

The gas masked man carries an urn by its hooped handle, reaching in occasionally to remove a yellow powder like sulphur, spreading it about the landscape like bird seed.

As he spreads the mustard coloured powder, the landscape behind him and at his feet begins to deteriorate, plants shrivelling up brown, birds dropping from the sky, tall trees losing their ability to stand after eons.

Yellow-tinged clouds begin to curl down from the sky, settling on the crumbling landscape to blanket it with a rolling yellow fog, lapping at the masked man's heels.

Abby scoots back up the hill onto her feet, squinting at the man as he reaches the foot of her hill, looking up at her with a quizzically tilted head.

MASKED MAN

Abby?

She's shocked by his grotesque voice, and of course the use of her name, but remains frozen in place, fight or flight coursing through her at the molecular level, ready to burst out any second.

MASKED MAN

I know you, Abby Howser.

Her terror fades momentarily to confusion, then ramps back up as he begins to walk up the hill to her, again reaching into his urn, spreading the contents all about.

She can see now a 'radiation' symbol, embossed into the stone urn.

Abby takes a step backward, then another. She tries to scream something at the man, but can't. She leans forward while stepping back again, her body trying to force the scream out at him.

The man continues toward her uphill.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - ABBY'S BEDROOM

Abby opens her eyes still laying on her back in the cot, mouth wide open, trying to scream. She lays there silently like that for a long moment, forcing out a shallow breath, inhaling sharply, then letting out another silent breathy scream, before finally beginning to sit up and take a long breath in.

Abby swings her feet over the side of the cot and leans forward on her knees, taking longer, deep breaths. She rips the earbuds out by the cord and stands, running fingers through her hair, calming down enough to open her eyes fully and look around the room.

She opens her bedroom door quietly and looks out into the slice of the main room that she can see.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Abby comes out of the hall into the now dimly-lit main room, finding it empty of the other three.

She crosses quickly to the other door, exiting quietly.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECOND HALLWAY

Abby walks directly to the mystery door, punches the code, and goes in.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MYSTERY ROOM

Abby turns on the light and walks to the computer again, sitting down on the small wooden stool in front of it.

She picks up the mouse and taps the trackball, waking the screen, still displaying her search results from earlier.

On the keyboard, she types, 'games', bringing up predictable search results. A huge grin spreads across her face, interrupted by a sudden, sharp metallic BANG, on the other side of the door behind the computer.

Abby stares at the door, wide eyed. Silence.

Abby stands, sliding the simple wooden desk on which the computer rests aside, looking more closely at the door now.

She places a hand tentatively on the handle, tries it, finding the door locked.

Abby looks over at the shelves, then goes to them, looking carefully at each item, stopping when she gets to a set of keys.

She returns to the door with the keys, trying each of the six in turn until the third one pivots with a rusty creak.

She carefully opens the door only a crack, seeing darkness behind it. Moving her head closer to the crack, Abby can feel a slight breeze on her hair, hearing no noise though.

Abby opens the door wider, peering through into complete darkness, cobwebs and moss the only visible features close to the opening on concrete walls, a slightly different shade than the mystery room's, as if more weathered.

She opens the door all the way, then stands at the opening for a long time, listening, still hearing nothing.

Aware of her fringe quivering, she holds up a hand to feel the vague breeze, eyes narrowing as she turns the hand back and forth slowly.

Abby goes back to the shelves again, picking up a battery powered lantern. She tries the switch, but it fails to turn on. A torch that lays beside it also doesn't work. She finds a heavy duty battery then, the right size for the lantern. After opening it up, replacing the battery, she's able to turn it on, casting a bright white light in the small, dim room.

Halfway back to the door, Abby stops, picking up a baseball bat from the shelf of weapons.

INT. MYSTERY TUNNEL

Abby walks slowly into the new tunnel, finding that it narrows quickly, continuing straight and flat for as far as the light will shine.

She picks up speed as it becomes evident that the tunnel is extremely long, sweeping the bat ahead of her like a protective cane.

The same metallic BANG from before, up ahead somewhere in the distance. She freezes.

Abby listens for a long time, hearing nothing. Finally she takes a few careful steps forward, returning to about half her normal pace.

Up ahead, the light begins to cast features on another small DOOR.

As she approaches it, Abby can see the word 'PARLEY', written sloppily in red, faded paint.

She looks back down the long, narrow tunnel, then at the door, approaching it.

When she reaches the door, Abby presses her ear to it, listening, her own heartbeat and breath filling her focus as she tries to discern something familiar.

Abby looks down at the handle. Her hand moves to it slowly, fingers snaking around it. As she very slowly, carefully begins to turn the handle, a MALE VOICE somewhere on the other side of it stops her.

She presses closer to it, heart beginning to drum in her ears.

A second MALE VOICE can be heard, distant, muddy, but loud enough that her hand leaps from the handle.

She takes a step back, staring at the door.

A third MALE VOICE, louder than the others. Abby spins on her heel and SPRINTS back down the tunnel, quietly on bare feet.

The metallic banging again from behind her, louder than before.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MYSTERY ROOM

Abby bursts back into the mystery room, flinging the door shut behind her, then latching it silently. She uses the same key to lock it again, then hastily puts the keys, lantern and bat back where she found them, resets the computer desk, and flicks the light off.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECOND HALLWAY

Abby half-runs back to the main door, quietly opening it.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Christian stands at the kitchenette sink, drinking a glass of water, noticing Abby as she re-enters.

CHRISTIAN

Abby. What are you doing?

She shuts the door behind her.

ABBY

Running.

CHRISTIAN

What do you mean?

ABBY

I jog in the second hallway when I can't sleep. It's the only place long enough. I read that people used to do it more than yoga even. It's good for you.

CHRISTIAN

Hm. Maybe I'll try it sometime.

ABBY

I'm sure you get plenty of exercise up there.

They both seem to remember the elephant in the room at once, Abby turning to go back to bed while Christian finishes his glass of water.

At the hallway door, Abby stops, turning back to Christian.

ABBY

You'd tell us, if anything changed up there right?

Christian seems surprised by the question, turning to her while washing his glass.

CHRISTIAN

Tell you what?

ABBY

If it became safer. You'd let us go back up there, right? You wouldn't want to just... keep us here.

CHRISTIAN

Of course I would.

ABBY

I just keep having this feeling, like... it's going to be okay up there again soon. I know what you've done for us here, how safe we are now. But I can't live in here forever. I need to know that there's somewhere else to go, even eventually.

CHRISTIAN

It's good to keep your hope alive.

ABBY

That's not hope, Christian. That's just realistic. What kind of life is this?

He seems somewhat hurt by that, turning back to the sink while Abby goes to bed.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - ABBY'S BEDROOM

Abby sits on the cot and listens a moment while Christian goes to bed, waiting for the distinctive creak of the bedroom door.

She springs to her feet again, pulling a backpack from beneath the cot, shoving her ipod into it, then a leather jacket.

Abby quietly opens her bedroom door then slips out.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Abby pads quietly into the kitchen, taking a spare canteen from beneath the sink, filling it slowly with the tap turned on only slightly.

She puts the full canteen in the backpack then shoulders it, slipping out quietly through the outer door.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECOND HALLWAY

Abby crosses to the mystery door, enters the code, and goes back in.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MYSTERY ROOM

Abby goes straight to the weapons shelf, putting a leather-sheathed hunting KNIFE straight into the pack, along with a small AXE.

Her hand hovers over a bow with arrows, leaned against the shelves, but drifts to the baseball bat she used earlier, taking it, and the lamp too, then the keys.

Shifting the computer aside, Abby unlocks the door.

INT. MYSTERY TUNNEL

Abby moves quickly through the mystery tunnel, slowing occasionally to crane her head and listen, before plunging ahead into the damp, dark, narrow thread.

Reaching the door again, Abby slows, approaching it cautiously, but fearless now, too determined to let the emotion overcome her.

She presses her ear to it, quiets her breathing, and listens.

After hearing nothing for a long time, Abby tries the handle again, opening it as slowly as her nerves will allow.

When it cracks open, it's with the same sort of aged crackling and shower of dust denoting the length of time since it was last opened.

Abby presses her face close to it to peer through into complete darkness, shielding her own lamp, opening it to shoulder width before swinging her lamp up to illuminate yet another concrete room.

INT. PARLEY ROOM

Stepping into it, Abby instantly can smell something not right. She shines the lamp around to reveal wet walls, dripping and running with water in some places. The room has the vague sound of slowly trickling water. Moss grows in every crevice and corner, and on the cobbled floor.

Although the room has no more doors, the wall opposite the door has three man-sized cinder blocks removed to reveal a rusted steel mesh wireframe, dented and warped in several places, pushed in from the other side. Nothing larger than a shoe box could be passed through the grate.

Abby walks toward the grate, illuminating it, trying to see what's on the other side.

Before she can really get a good look at the room there, a FACE appears. RAYMOND is bald, pale, bearded, and wild-eyed.

RAYMOND

Well, look who finally came
crawling--wait. Who's that?

Raymond shields his eyes from the lamp light, squinting at Abby.

Stunned, Abby takes a step back.

ABBY

Who are you?

RAYMOND

Is that--Abby?

ABBY

How do you know me? *Where* would you--
-wait. You know Christian?

Raymond begins to laugh, then stops, taking on an air of seriousness.

RAYMOND

We know you and we know Christian.
We know Grace, and we know Wendy.

Abby's heart pounds in her ears.

ABBY

How?

RAYMOND

You used to live with us, in the
community.

ABBY

When I was young?

RAYMOND

Yes. Do you remember why you left?

ABBY

Why I left?

Raymond nods.

ABBY

It wasn't safe. He said... there
was a cloud coming.

RAYMOND
But it wasn't true, was it?

Abby shakes her head slowly.

ABBY
What do you mean?

RAYMOND
Christian lied to all of you,
because you were vulnerable.

ABBY
Vulnerable?

RAYMOND
You were ours, and he wanted you
down here with him. To keep him
company, and propogate his genetic
line.

Abby steps closer to the grate, looking harder at Raymond.

ABBY
What did Christian lie about?

Raymond points up.

RAYMOND
The whole, you know, situation.

Abby edges closer again.

ABBY
I'm afraid I *don't* know.

RAYMOND
Oh. Right. I suppose you wouldn't.

Raymond looks down at his hands, doing something she can't see.

RAYMOND
Do you know what we used to call
this room?

ABBY
Parley?

RAYMOND
That's right. Do you know what it
means?

ABBY

Negotiation. Usually in the context of pirate times.

RAYMOND

You're well read, Abby. For us, several years ago, it meant the exchange of goods and information.

ABBY

What do you mean?

RAYMOND

Christian would look things up on the computer for us, help the community with agriculture and medical knowledge. We brought him food from the surface, and broken gadgets.

ABBY

Why did you stop?

RAYMOND

We didn't. Christian tricked us too. He had us bring him pipes, pumps and chemicals. We didn't realize he could grow years of crops with what he had. He stopped showing up for barely maybe six months after that.

Abby frowns, deep in thought, startled when Raymond's arm snakes through the grate to snatch the blue flower from behind her ear.

RAYMOND

That's a pretty flower. What kind is that?

Abby shuffles backward out of arm's reach while Raymond sniffs it.

ABBY

(nervous)

I don't know. Just something Christian found outside.

Raymond pockets the flower.

RAYMOND

Can I keep this, Abby?

Abby eyes the door behind her.

ABBY
 (nervous)
 Of course.

RAYMOND
 Does he let you go up there with
 him?

Raymond has her attention again.

ABBY
 Up there?

He nods.

ABBY
 No. He says it's too dangerous.

Raymond seems surprised.

RAYMOND
 Up there? Hm. I don't know why.
 There's--

ABBY
 The radiation?

RAYMOND
 Well, not really. Only in small
 pockets, here and there. The winds
 dispersed it all years ago.

The hair on Abby's neck and arms stands on end as the long-sought truth washes over her, resonating with everything she believes.

ABBY
 It's okay up there? No more...
 toxic clouds?

RAYMOND
 Hardly. It's nice. Sun. Rain.
 Birds, deer. Fresh water to swim in
 and drink. I can't imagine what he
 has you bathing in down here.

Abby runs fingers through her hair, pacing back toward the door, letting it sink in.

RAYMOND
 Abby.

She stops halfway back across the room, turning to him

RAYMOND

Do you know where he keeps the computer that he stole from us?

ABBY

The computer? I've seen it.

Raymond smiles warmly.

RAYMOND

If you can bring it here to me... parley... I can get you out. Bring you back to the community.

Abby thinks about it.

ABBY

How many people do you have there? In the--

RAYMOND

About five hundred.

Abby slowly nods.

ABBY

I'll see what I can do. Will you be here?

Raymond nods too.

RAYMOND

I have nowhere else to be.

Abby leaves the parley room, closing the door behind her.

INT. MYSTERY TUNNEL

Abby storms back through the mystery tunnel, growing angrier.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MYSTERY ROOM

Abby resets the computer, in front of the tunnel door. She's just opening the backpack when she hears footsteps outside, freezing.

The second hallway door buzzes, then opens, Abby rolling in behind it just in time to get behind the shelves, unseen by Christian when he enters.

Christian goes to shelves on the other side, taking his duffel bag, and a PAINT CAN from the very top shelf.

Abby watches Christian put on the biohazard suit from the darkest corner of the room.

Christian puts the paint can inside the duffel bag, then leaves, shutting the door behind him.

Abby waits by the door until she hears the main bunker door open and close, then exits also.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECOND HALLWAY

Abby goes to the main bunker door and unlocks the three mechanisms that let it open, heaving on the last.

The big door swings outward with a hiss, letting in moonlight, and the sound of crickets chirping.

Holding her backpack tight for reassurance, still wielding the bat, Abby steps out into the night.

EXT. ROLLING GRASS FOOTHILLS - NIGHT

Abby steps out of the doorway into foothills not unlike those in her dream, on a clear night, well lit by the nearly full moon.

She tracks the scenery in a big arc, taking it all in, her awed silence interrupted only by the biozard suited figure of Christian, trudging awkwardly down the hill.

Abby crouches, using the terrain as cover, watching him reach the basin below.

Abby reaches out for a nearby fern, feeling its fronds, smiling, then frowning, inspecting the healthy-looking leaves carefully. She sneers at the distant figure of Christian.

In the natural basin, Christian crouches over the duffel bag, coming back with the paint can. Abby watches, unsure what he plans to do. Curious.

Christian reaches into the can, producing a handful of something that he proceeds to scatter about the landscape.

Abby doesn't understand. She creeps downhill, trying to get a better angle.

From behind a thicket of bushes she can see him reach in for another handful of yellow, mustard-coloured POWDER, tossing it on the ground in a wide arc, creating a line.

Christian pulls a GEIGER COUNTER from the duffel bag, putting the lid back on the paint can before waving it at the line of powder, sending its needle instantly into the red.

Abby gets it all at once. A long, slow gasp as she backs up, scurrying uphill, sending birds flying as she collides with small trees and bushes.

Christian turns, slow and awkward in the suit, spotting Abby, already halfway back to the bunker. His face turns a shade of white before he lunges into an uphill sprint, fast as the hazmat suit will allow.

Abby turns to see him in pursuit, letting out a small scream, seeing already that he's much faster than her, and closing the distance rapidly.

As Christian lunges for Abby she turns to kick him, landing a second, harder one that she uses to push off him, gaining a few clumsy steps before righting her sprint. Christian launches again, this time grasping her in a two-armed bear hug, pulling her off her feet and back down hill.

ABBY

(scream)

Wendy! Grace! He's lying to you!

Don't believe Christian, he--!

CHRISTIAN

Shut up, girl! What have you done?

Christian carries her diagonally down the hill, opposite to the way he went before, coming to a DAM as they round the crest of it.

Abby, still struggling in his tight grip, manages to land a couple of hard punches and kicks, but Christian is unphased, only hauling her in harder every time she gains some leverage.

Stomping down the bank of the dam with Abby now screaming, clawing, biting and kicking, Christian barrel rolls with her, piledriving Abby into the water.

Underwater, Abby still screams, writhing, trying to push away from his big, gloved hand.

Christian holds her under, beginning to run the gloves fingers through her hair, squeezing it in big clumps.

Underwater, beginning to run out of struggle, Abby doesn't know what to make of his sudden turn.

Christian rubs the other big glove against each of her cheeks in turn, her jaw, nose and lips.

Abby takes a long, grateful gasp as Christian pulls her up out of the water, instantly pushing away from him, taking a couple of instinctive steps toward the centre of the dam before spinning back to him.

ABBY

Are you *crazy*?! What are you doing?

CHRISTIAN

Decontaminating you.

ABBY

What? Wait--why?

Christian offers her his hand.

CHRISTIAN

I need to show you something.

Abby stares at the big hazmat glove for a long moment, still processing.