

BERLIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SUPPORT SYSTEMS ROOM

A cramped mass of machinery RUMBLES IDLY.

Everything is out of date, RUSTED, PAST WARRANTY.

A single panel with ducts extending into the ceiling on the far wall is the exception: bright, shiny, POLISHED ALUMINUM.

A BUZZING sound slowly fades in, distant, untuned, as if playing via a SHORTWAVE RADIO.

The buzz plays for 1.2 seconds, pauses for 1.3 seconds, is followed by a digital beep then...A SHARP CRACKLE of static.

BACH'S "LITTLE FUGUE IN G MINOR" BEGINS TO PLAY...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(garbled by static)
Live. Station. 44-BDIB.
(beat)
Live. Station. 44-BDIB.
(beat)
92 1202 ALBERT 84 8 13 75 204.
(beat)
Vic John Steve Mary Henry Albert
Albert Albert.
(beat)
I am WHISKEY 97
(beat)
CHARLIE 84 I am WHISKEY 97, do you
copy, over?

SILENCE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Repeat, CHARLIE 84 I am WHISKEY 97,
receive command VER VED VAR VAD
SHIP 3. Do you copy, over?

INT. MESS HALL

PLASTIC FOLDING CHAIRS and PLASTIC TABLES line the walls.

CABINETS AND PANTRIES fill the wall space.

A large, round table in the center of the room with a DOZEN CHAIRS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Half eaten meals on styrofoam plates next to styrofoam cups of COLD COFFEE.

On the far side of the room hangs a framed PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAIT OF JIMMY CARTER.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I am CHARLIE 84, WHISKEY 97. Solid copy. Command VER VED VAR VAD ShIP 3 received. Solid copy, over.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I am WHISKEY 97, CHARLIE 84, notify 1: PROJECT GOLF ECHO SIERRA TANGO ALPHA LIMA TANGO is green. Repeat notify 1: GOLF ECHO SIERRA TANGO ALPHA LIMA TANGO is green. Do you copy, over?

INT. LAVATORY

CAVERNOUS.

Capacity for TWO DOZEN people.

Rows of TOILET STALLS, SHOWER CUBICLES, SHOWERS AND SINKS, water dripping steadily against cracked, moldy tile.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I am CHARLIE 84, WHISKEY 97. Solid copy. PROJECT GOLF ECHO SIERRA TANGO ALPHA LIMA TANGO is green. Repeat GOLF ECHO SIERRA TANGO ALPHA LIMA TANGO is green.

(beat)

Please acknowledge green. Over.

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

The corridor is dark, LOW LIGHT from the OVERHEAD LIGHTING.

Evening setting: AUTOMATIC LIGHTING SYSTEM...there is no DAY OR NIGHT.

ROWS AND ROWS OF DOORS, leading to bedrooms with two bunks per room. Some doors open, some closed.

Each door has TWO SERIAL NUMBERS placed, one over the other, on PLACARDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I am WHISKEY 97, CHARLIE 84. Green
acknowledged. Proceed ALPHA.
(beat)
Over and out...

Another CRACKLE OF STATIC and the SOUND FADES ALTOGETHER.

INT. GRATED STAIRWELL - MIDWAY

On the METAL GRATED LANDING of a stairwell lays, GRACE: 30, PRETTY, CURLY HAIR, DARK SKIN.

GRACE wears WHITE UNDERWEAR AND A WHITE T-SHIRT, partially spotted with blood.

She lays motionless as BLOOD TRICKLES from her nose.

Her eyes slowly open and stirs slightly, rubs her head in pain.

She stands, falters, catches herself on the stair railing, stands again.

Confusion fills her face.

There is no recognition.

GRACE staggers down a flight of stairs to a door.

She opens it and enters...

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

GRACE is overtaken by the nuclear winter of BRIGHT FLUORESCENT OVERHEADS.

She shields her eyes and takes a moment to adjust.

The corridor is WHITE, STERILE.

There are FIVE BODIES (Two men, three women) lining the wall of the corridor, each with blood trickling from their noses.

DEAD? ALIVE? SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN?

GRACE limps slowly past them, studying them as she goes.

They don't stir as GRACE walks past.

At the far end of the corridor is a door marked:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**CAUTION/WARNING - EXTREME DANGER
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY**

Beneath that label, stenciled, is the unmistakable, universal NUCLEAR ENERGY symbol.

Something drives GRACE toward the door, despite the OBVIOUS PAIN in her stride.

GRACE reaches the door, places her hand on the knob, turns it.

The door doesn't BUDGE.

GRACE stands back and notices a LARGE CRANK VALVE in the center of the door.

GRACE spins it, cautiously, clockwise.

After several revolutions GRACE is startled by the HISSING of hydraulic pistons retracting from within the door.

GRACE stumbles backward, falling to the floor.

The sounds from the door end with a HEAVY METALLIC CLANK and echo down the corridor.

GRACE struggles to stand and makes her way back to the door, turns the knob again and the door swings open.

INT. SILO

GRACE stands on a GRATED CATWALK, face-to-face with the WARHEAD OF A MISSILE.

GRACE glances down through the grated catwalk and sees nothing but DOWN.

She is at least TEN STORIES from the bottom of the silo.

GRACE shifts her gaze slowly upward, all along the shaft of the missile, to the WARHEAD.

She stares at the WARHEAD, a lethal, CURVED PYRAMID.

It is BEAUTIFUL.

The WARHEAD stares back at GRACE.

A low RUMBLE GROWS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE reaches out, gets on her tiptoes and attempts to touch the WARHEAD with the tip of her right index finger.

MUSIC SWELLS

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. LAVATORY

GRACE urinates in one of the stalls, struggling to keep her head up as she does.

She doesn't bother to wipe or flush, but stands and walks to a sink and mirror opposite the stall.

She turns the faucet and hears the water struggle through the pipes.

The water spurts at first, then turns into a trickle and finally a stream.

GRACE gathers water in her palms and washes the blood from her nose, splashes her face.

She studies herself in the mirror.

Pupils are pinned, eyes sunken, skin pale and sallow, gaunt, hollow.

GRACE touches her face and then the reflection of her face in the mirror in disbelief.

She reaches forward and touches her reflected face.

GRACE

This is me?

(beat)

Who am I?

(beat)

Where am I?

GRACE glances out of the door of the lavatory. She can see into the corridor, but can't see beyond, to the bodies.

BACK TO THE MIRROR.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Are the others dead?

(beat)

Are they going to die?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Am I going to die?

(beat)

Where am I?

MIRROR GRACE is still and silent.

RECOGNITION on GRACE's face.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Loose lips sink ships--

MIRROR GRACE looks concerned.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You have a job to do.

(beat)

What time is it?

(beat)

What time is it?

(long beat)

What. Time. Is It?!

GRACE struggles for solid footing in her own mind.

What time is it?

GRACE's eyes EXPLODE WITH REALIZATION AND SHE RUNS OUT OF THE LAVATORY AS FAST AS SHE CAN ON UNSTEADY FEET INTO...

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

...where she makes her way to the far end and the door to the...

INT. GRATED STAIRWELL

...she bursts through the door and takes the stairs two at a time, stumbling and regaining her balance several times until she reaches the top and throws open the door to...

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

...through the corridor in the opposite direction of the silo door and through another door marked: **MASTER CONTROL ROOM.**

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

GRACE bursts into the 1970's ERA CONTROL ROOM.

BUTTONS, INDICATORS, DIALS.

RED LIGHTS FLASH on indicators all over the CONSOLES AND CONTROL PANELS.

Harsh, deafening CLAXONS echo off the walls.

GRACE makes her way to the CENTER CONSOLE, sits and searches desperately for something recognizable.

On the console she sees a row of buttons and indicators under an etched label: **LAUNCH CONTROL AND MONITOR**

Blinking on that row is a single GREEN INDICATOR: **LAUNCH ENABLED.**

Above, resting in the middle of the top of the center console, is a PRIMITIVE DIGITAL CLOCK.

GRACE's attention is drawn to it because of the sequence of numbers flashing quickly, in red...

55...54...53...52...51...50...49...

Blinking in green on the console another light comes to life: **BATTERIES ACTIVATED.**

GRACE shifts her attention back to the LAUNCH CONTROL AND MONITOR ROW.

Something there...

48...47...46...45...44...43...42...41...

She continues to search as the CLAXONS in the background grow louder.

Blinking in green on the console another light comes to life: **GUIDANCE GO.**

GRACE's eyes dart all over the console.

More CLAXONS, deafening.

Blinking green and red lights everywhere.

She breathes heavily, desperately.

40...39...38...37...36...35...34...33...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACES takes a deep breath and refocuses on the row in the center.

Here attention keeps being drawn there.

32...31...30...

Suddenly, a single indicator light illuminates in orange.

It reads: **CONTROLLER OVERRIDE.**

GRACE reaches out, with a trembling finger and pushes it.

All at once the CLAXONS cease and all indicator lights on the various panels go blank, aside from one in the center of the row: **LAUNCH HALTED**

And beside that, a second later, another indicator blinks steadily in orange: **TTL RESET**

GRACE looks to the DIGITAL CLOCK atop the console.

It reads: 60.

GRACE sighs heavily, covered in sweat, nose bleeding steadily and lays her head on the console.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE UP: **BERLIN**

FADE IN:

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE sits on her bunk smoking a cigarette, now wearing clean underwear and shirt.

The room is sparse.

Old, WOOD PANEL furniture and TWO BUNKS.

GRACE studies the room.

No personal effects, no pictures, posters or other indications of who GRACE is.

She puts the cigarette out and stands, walks to the closet, opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside she finds several identical BLUE U.S. AIR FORCE STYLE JUMPSUITS.

GRACE lifts one of the jumpsuits off of the hanger and studies the front.

INT. LAVATORY - SHOWER STALL

GRACE showers, savors the water on her body, turns the handle all the way to the left.

Steam pours out of the shower stall and into the long, empty lavatory.

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE, hair still damp, zips up the jumpsuit and stretches her arms and legs.

It is clearly made for her.

GRACE exits her quarters into the...

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

GRACE stand in the center of the corridor looks back and forth, from one end to the other.

She begins to walk left, towards the barracks doors.

She narrows her eyes toward the end of the corridor, something like suspicion...or recognition on her face.

At the end of the corridor is another large door, not unlike the one GRACE met earlier leading to the SILO.

It is marked: **BLAST DOOR 12**

In the center, another crank valve handle.

GRACE places a hand on the crank, then removes it, steadies herself, closes her eyes, places her hand back on the valve and cranks it.

Again, the HISSING of HYDRAULIC PISTONS retracting from within the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE closes her eyes, perhaps says a silent prayer, places her hand on the knob, turns it and opens the door to come face to face with a SOLID BLOCK OF CONCRETE where an exit should probably be...

GRACE exhales, dejected as confusion fills her face.

She reaches out and places her palms on the concrete, leans into it.

GRACE
(soft)
No--

INT. MESS HALL

GRACE sits alone at the large center table, eating from a plastic MEAL READY TO EAT (M.R.E.) with a spoon, drinking water from a styrofoam cup, staring blankly into space.

LATER

GRACE finishes eating, stands and moves to the mess hall door which she opens and comes FACE TO FACE with a TALL, OLDER BLACK MAN staring at her.

GRACE screams and jumps back.

His eyes are pinned and blood trickles from his nose.

MAN
Help, me--

The MAN coughs blood violently and collapses at GRACE's feet.

Past the MAN, in the...

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

The other FOUR BODIES lined against the walls begin to stir.

They move the way GRACE did when we first met her.

Slow, unsteady, LIKE INFANTS, as they struggle to their feet.

INT. MESS HALL

GRACE, exerting an intense amount of effort, clumsily drags the last of the five bodies into the mess hall, surrounding the circular plastic table in the center of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans this one, a WOMAN a bit older than GRACE herself, against the last empty wall.

GRACE lets the woman's weight go and begins to turn.

QUICK AS A FLASH the woman grab's GRACE's wrist.

GRACE turns back, startled.

The WOMAN looks herself up and down, then back to GRACE.

WOMAN
Where is this?
(beat)
Is this now?

GRACE shares a long moment with the WOMAN, shakes her head sadly.

GRACE
I don't know.

GRACE walks back towards the table and spins, looking at the walls, each with a person leaning against, awake, but clearly EXTREMELY ILL.

They groan and struggle to keep their heads erect, all bleeding from their noses.

GRACE circles the table, looking at each of them:

BLACK MAN, RODGERS.....60s
WHITE WOMAN 1, LEVI.....40s
WHITE WOMAN 2, FALLON....30s
ASIAN WOMAN, LEE.....30s
WHITE MAN, PARKS.....20s

GRACE struggles for recognition.

NONE COMES.

As GRACE continues to ponder, her attention is drawn back down the corridor.

A LOW RUMBLE.

GRACE exits.

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

GRACE walks back to the SILO DOOR, spins the crank valve and waits for the hydraulic pistons to release.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns the knob and steps through the door.

INT. SILO

GRACE stares again at the WARHEAD atop the missile.

Again, it stares back at her.

The RUMBLE grows louder.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

At the master console the digital clock counts down once again.

CLAXONS sound.

55...54...53...52...51...50...49...

GRACE reaches out and pushes the **CONTROLLER OVERRIDE** indicator button.

She looks back to the clock.

It reads: 60.

GRACE places her elbows on the console and puts her head in her hands, breathes deeply.

RODGERS (O.S.)
(gruff)
Dead man's switch.

GRACE screams, leaps, turns and poses into a defensive position.

RODGERS, who startled GRACE in the MESS HALL earlier stands inside the open MASTER CONTROL doorway.

RODGERS leans against the jam, still unsteady, coughs.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
(gruff)
Every four hours it starts. We have to override and reset or launch commences.

They share a long moment of eye contact.

GRACE
How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS
(bewildered)
I...don't...know.

ANOTHER MOMENT.

GRACE
I am Grace.

RODGERS struggles to achieve a smile..

RODGERS
I am Rodgers.

...and can't, but slowly places a hand on his chest.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
This is me.

FADE TO:

INT. LAVATORY

RODGERS, LEE, PARKS, FALLON and LEVI shower, wipe the blood from their noses, dress in their BLUE JUMPSUITS, EACH WITH A DISTINCT SERIAL NUMBER and study themselves in the mirrors in disbelief.

FADE TO:

INT. MESS HALL

The GROUP sits around the central table.

Some smoke cigarettes, and COUGH VIOLENTLY for it.

Aside from GRACE, their heads bobble wildly and their eyes roll around their heads as they struggle to focus.

Their voices are WEAK, PAINED.

GRACE
We're sick.

RODGERS
Yes.

LEE
Are we dying?

LEE looks desperately towards GRACE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE
I don't know.

LEVI
What do you know?

GRACE
I woke up sick. I don't--

RODGERS
What?

GRACE
I want to say I don't remember
anything before that, but--

PARKS
--you remember what we're doing
here?

GRACE
Yes.
(beat)
Well, I can't--

PARKS
You don't remember everything.

GRACE
No. It's like a dream.

FALLON
A nightmare.

RODGERS
No, instinct.

LEE
Or, programming?

PARKS
Yes...maybe?

GRACE
A feeling. Inherent.
(beat)
What does everyone know?

FALLON
Warhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE
Dead man's switch.

LEVI
Crew.

RODGERS
Does anyone remember anything that
doesn't involve this place?

Around the table: they all shake their heads.

GRACE
(to RODGERS)
How can that be?

RODGERS
(struggling)
I don't know. I remember waking up
in the upper corridor, making my
way down to level 1 and seeing you
and I remember why I'm here.
(beat)
Nothing else.

LEE
This is military!
(beat)
Are we military?

RODGERS
Yes.

GRACE
How do you know?

RODGERS
I just do.

PARKS
Weapons installation.

GRACE
Missile silo.

LEVI
You're sure of that?

GRACE nods.

GRACE
I touched the warhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

This silences the room for a moment.

RODGERS
Nuclear.

PARKS
What is the equipment over there?

PARKS motions in the direction of the SILO.

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE
I can't. I--

RODGERS
If I try to remember that my head
begins to ache.

LEE
Mine too.

GRACE
Yeah.

LEVI and FALLON nod in agreement.

BEAT of SILENCE.

FALLON
Who's in command?

GRACE
What?

FALLON
If this is military someone must be
in command.
(beat)
Must be, yes?

GRACE glances down at her jumpsuit and serial number.

She places her hand over it.

GRACE
Major Grace.

Around the table, this stirs something in them.

FALLON
Private Fallon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LEE
Sergeant Lee.

LEVI
Lieutenant Levi.

RODGERS
Captain Rodgers.

They all look to PARKS.

He struggles, shakes his head.

PARKS
I know my name is Parks. I can't
remember my rank.

RODGERS
(to Grace)
Is that your first or last name?

GRACE
What?

RODGERS
Grace.

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE
I don't know.

RODGERS
Rodgers is my last name.
(to the table)
Anybody else?

LEVI
(frustrated)
What does that matter? She's in
charge!
(to Grace)
You must know something more!
(aggressive)
You have to! And you have to tell
us!

GRACE
(defensive)
I woke up sick. I know we're all
sick and there's a missile and a
automated launch sequence that
initiates every four hours.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GRACE (CONT'D)

We have sixty seconds from that point to override and reset or the missile launches.

LEVI

And that's it?

GRACE

(defiant)

That's it.

PARKS

If we die?

RODGERS

What?

PARKS

If we all die, the missile launches, yes?

PARKS looks to RODGERS, RODGERS looks to GRACE.

GRACE nods.

GRACE

Yes.

PARKS

So. What do we do?

FALLON

We leave, obviously!

GRACE sits with this.

RODGERS

(to Grace)

What?

GRACE

I don't think we can.

PARKS

(reciting, surprised)

We exit through the blast doors.
S.O.P. in emergency situations.
Egress to the surface through doors
12, 8 and 4.

GRACE shakes her head solemnly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GRACE
Sealed.

RODGERS
What?

GRACE
12.

LEVI
Yes! Final complex entry through
Blast Door 12. Leave the same way.

GRACE
It's walled off. Solid concrete.

The group struggles with this.

PARKS
Why?

GRACE shrugs.

GRACE
I can't say.

PARKS
You don't know?

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE
No. I don't know.

PARKS
What about the silo lid egress
ladder?

RODGERS
What about it?

PARKS shrugs.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
The silo lid only retracts when
launch is fully initiated. We can't
retract it manually.

PARKS
Right--

FALLON
Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

LEVI
Is one of us medical?

They look at each other around the table.

RODGERS
I'm not.

RODGERS looks to GRACE.

GRACE shakes her head.

A look of sudden realization washes over LEE's face.

She raises her hands in front of her face, studies her palms.

LEE
(soft)
I'm a...doctor.

PARKS
What?

LEE
A physician. I'm an internist. A
military physician. Sergeant Lee.
Medical.

BEAT.

FALLON
Is there an infirmary?

INT. INFIRMARY

A MERCURY THERMOMETER in a mouth.

After a moment LEE's hand retrieves the thermometer.

The mouth belongs to PARKS.

The tiny infirmary looks relatively pristine, hardly used.

One examination table, which is where PARKS is seated.

The others stand opposite, watching.

LEE examines the THERMOMETER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE
103.3.

PARKS
Not fatal?

LEE
No. High. Very high. Not fatal.

LEE turns to face the others.

LEE (CONT'D)
We've all got roughly the same
fever. We all woke up with blood
coming from our noses. There was
some period of unconsciousness,
followed by retrograde amnesia, and
now...partial recovery.

LEE turns back to PARKS and with gloved hands feels the lymph
nodes in his throat under his jaw.

GRACE
What is it?

LEE turns back. She removes her gloves and tosses them into a
nearby bin.

LEE
I don't know.

RODGERS
How long have we been sick?

LEE
I don't even know what it is.

GRACE
(softly)
Come on. Think! What is it?

LEE
It's not exactly like anything I've-
-

PARKS scoffs.

LEE turns to face him.

PARKS
All due respect, but you didn't
know your own name an hour ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE

Yes, but I know...somehow, that
I've never seen anything like this
before. I've...I've been a doctor
for a long time. Long enough to
know this isn't anything familiar.

RODGERS

Your best guess?

LEE

I just...I don't know.

The group looks disappointed.

LEE (CONT'D)

(best guess)

Maybe some sort of viral
hemorrhagic fever. Marburg? But--

FALLON

But?

LEE

That's impossible!

FALLON

Why?

LEE

Aside from its rarity?

(beat)

We're all infected and have gone
untreated for some length of time.
And now, we're all sick, but we're
standing here talking and seemingly
recovering.

FALLON

And?

LEE

You rarely recover from VHF without
treatment. Not spontaneously.

(to the group)

If this is VHF we should all be
dead by now...long ago--

FALLON

What else could it be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEE

It could be any viral hemorrhagic fever. I'm not sure.

PARKS

We're getting better regardless?

LEE

It appears so. I can't explain that.

GRACE

What was the virus you mentioned?

LEE

Marburg.

GRACE

What are the symptoms?

LEE shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What's the prognosis?

As LEE speaks we see the reactions on the faces of the group.

LEE

Incubation is between 2 and 21 days after exposure. Usually a week. Post incubation onset of clinical symptoms commence. High fever, severe headache, fatigue, fugue, nausea, vomiting, rash, abdominal pain, conjunctivitis, anterior epistaxis.

LEVI

What?

LEE

Epistaxis...bleeding from the nose.

RODGERS

What next?

LEE

That's all one to five days post incubation.

RODGERS

What next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LEE

Early organ phase. Symptoms include prostration, dyspnea, edema, viral exanthema, and CNS symptoms, including encephalitis, confusion, delirium, apathy, and aggression. Bloody stools, ecchymoses, blood leakage from venipuncture sites, mucosal & visceral hemorrhaging, and possibly hematemesis...

(beat)

Vomiting blood.

INT. SUPPORT SYSTEMS ROOM

The machinery rumbles.

GRACE (V.O.)

And then?

LEE (V.O.)

There are divergent paths.

FALLON (V.O.)

What are those?

LEE (V.O.)

Eventual recovery...or death.

INT. LAVATORY

Empty, water dripping.

LEE (V.O.)

Late organ phase. Two to three weeks after incubation. Symptoms split into two paths: survivors & fatal cases. Survivors enter a convalescence phase: myalgia, fibromyalgia and psychosis.

(beat)

Fatal cases further deteriorate, experiencing continued fever, obtundation, coma, convulsions, diffuse coagulopathy, metabolic disturbances, shock and finally--

GRACE (V.O.)

Death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE (V.O.)
Yes. Death.

INT. SILO

The WARHEAD stares at us, looming ominously.

GRACE (V.O.)
Fatality rate?

LEE (V.O.)
That's a difficult metric to--

LEVI (V.O.)
What is it, Lee?!

LEE
(hushed)
80-90 percent.

INT. INFIRMARY

The room is silent as the group stares into space.

PARKS nods.

PARKS
Even if we survive, we will end up
incapacitated or psychotic.

LEE
That's affirm.

LEVI
If we survive.

LEE
Look, listen: This is all
completely speculative. I don't
even know what we're actually
infected with.

RODGERS
Do you have here what you need to
test? Find out?

LEE shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

I'd need to be able to draw blood
and run an individual cell culture.
I don't have what I'd need here.

PARKS

Then the specifics are irrelevant.
We are infected and most likely
dying.

SILENCE.

After several moments GRACE steps forward.

Clears her throat.

GRACE

Ok. Alright. Yes. If I'm in charge
here...I'm responsible. Right. This
is my command. We need to know
what's going on beyond what we've
already established.

(to LEE)

Take an inventory of what you do
have here. Would antibiotics be
effective?

LEE shakes her head.

LEE

Probably not. I believe this is
viral. Not bacterial.

GRACE

Is there a danger in administering
antibiotics anyway?

LEE

(considers)

No.

(beat)

And I can also dose out
acetaminophen for the pain. I've
also got Vicodin. I'll give each of
us a small dose to make sure we
sleep. Also, we all need to drink
as much water as possible. More
than you think you need. At least
40 oz each a day. We're dehydrated.
If we rest, drink and eat,
hopefully the fevers will start to
break.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE

Copy. We all need food and sleep. We'll eat and then sack out until 0600. Lee, Put a full treatment plan together. We'll eat and then begin the course.

(to PARKS)

You check the silo. Maybe there's some method of escape there other than the lid egress ladder. Even the flame vents at the bottom? Be careful.

(to FALLON)

Inventory our food in the mess. If we can determine how much food we have left, perhaps we can determine how long we've been here and how much longer we're intended to be.

(to LEVI)

Take a look in main control. Documentation. Manuals, procedures and the like. Also see if there's any sort of communication device to the outside. Radio. Telex. Anything.

LEVI nods.

RODGERS

What about me?

ON GRACE

GRACE

(obvious)

Find the way out.

INT. MESS HALL

The group sits at the large circular table in the center of the room.

They eat from open plastic zip pouches of M.R.E.s with plastic forks.

They sip water from STYROFOAM CUPS.

Not a word is spoken, not a glance exchanged.

INT. PARKS' QUARTERS

PARKS lays down on his bunk.

He still looks extremely sick, gaunt and pale.

He coughs violently, reaches out towards a lamp on the table next to him and turns it off.

INT. LEE'S QUARTERS

LEE kneels, clasping her hands together, reciting a silent prayer, mouthing the words.

INT. RODGER'S QUARTERS

RODGERS appears to sleep soundly.

INT. LEVI'S QUARTERS

LEVI hugs herself in one corner of the room, rocking back and forth, crying quietly.

INT. FALLON'S QUARTERS

FALLON sits on her bed, touching her body at various points, confusion on her face.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SILO

The GROUP IS GATHERED ON THE CATWALK OPPOSITE THE MISSILE, staring up in awe at the WARHEAD, except RODGERS.

The WARHEAD stares back at them, rumbling slightly.

RODGERS enters suddenly, carrying a SMALL BOX WITH A CHORD ATTACHED TO IT: A GEIGER COUNTER.

AT THE END OF THE CHORD IS A METALLIC WAND WITH A LARGE CIRCULAR PROTRUSION AT THE END.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

(sharp)

Please be more prompt in future,
Captain!

RODGERS pauses at this.

SIGHS.

NODS.

RODGERS

It took me some time to remember
where they were stored...Major.

GRACE motions towards the warhead.

GRACE

(impatient)

Go on, then.

RODGERS steps forward, towards the WARHEAD, delicately, as
though he might awaken it.

He waves the wand close to the WARHEAD.

The GEIGER COUNTER in his right hand begins to POP AND
CRACKLE.

RODGERS waves the wand back and forth a few more times, then
looks down to the box at the ANALOGUE NUMERICAL READOUT.

FALLON

Well?

RODGERS backs up hurriedly.

RODGERS

Oh, yeah, she's alive!

GRACE rubs her eyes in frustration.

GRACE

And the room?

RODGERS nods, waves the wand away from the WARHEAD towards
the silo wall, looks back at the readout.

RODGERS

One hundred twenty three thousand
microSieverts per hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PARKS
(amazement)
My God--

LEVI
How bad?

FALLON
We should all leave, immediately,
that's how bad.

LEE
So much for it being a dud.

GRACE
Alright, alright, alright. So, now
we know exactly what we're dealing
with.

LEVI
I don't know that I'd phrase it
just so, Major.

GRACE tosses PARKS a warning glance.

GRACE
Ok, let's get out of here. Parks,
you assist Fallon in operations. We
shouldn't be in here. Let's get
back at it.

FALLON
This is fucking insane!

GRACE cocks her head and narrows her eyes at FALLON.

GRACE
Enough.

FALLON
It is. This is insanity!

LEVI
Major, with a due respect! She's
right.

GRACE
Enough! We all have jobs to do.
We're going to do them. That will
be all!

GRACE motions to the BLAST DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They begin to exit, all except for PARKS, who stares up at the WARHEAD, seemingly mesmerized, as though it's speaking to him.

GRACE is on her way out when she notices this.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Parks.

He doesn't move a muscle.

GRACE (CONT'D)

PARKS!

PARKS suddenly snaps out of it, turns his head.

PARKS

Major.

GRACE gestures out the blast door.

GRACE

Out!

PARKS takes one parting look at the WARHEAD, nods and exits as GRACE follows behind.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE again sits on her bed, smoking a cigarette, one hand stroking her hair.

She is deep in thought.

Suddenly a P.A. on the wall crackles to life with a SQUEAL OF FEEDBACK.

GRACE jumps.

RODGERS (V.O.)

(over intercom)

Major. Grace! There's an intercom system. Look for a grey box with a speaker and a button array on the wall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Press the Open Channel button, the
Support System button and then the
Talkback button.

She glances around the room, finds it, walks to it.

GRACE presses both buttons and the TalkBack.

GRACE
Rodgers, I'm here.

RODGERS (V.O.)
(over intercom)
Come to the generator room, lower
level.

GRACE considers this with hope.

GRACE
Did you find a way out?

RODGERS (V.O.)
(over intercom)
I found something you should see.

Pushes the TalkBack button.

GRACE
(incredulous)
What?

RODGERS (V.O.)
(over intercom)
It's something you need to see.

GRACE considers this and goes to push the button, hesitates.

She pushes the button.

GRACE
I'm on my way.

INT. MESS HALL

FALLON has a sheet of paper and a clipboard. She opens and marks numbers of rations she finds in the cabinets and cupboards.

INT. SILO

PARKS studies the WARHEAD from the catwalk cautiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks down, gets dizzy and looks up again, steadies himself.

To his right PARKS notices a grated stairwell descending in a spiral along the body of the missile.

He CAUTIOUSLY makes his way down curving along the missile, descending into the bowels of the silo.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

LEVI opens and retrieves binders from filing cabinets. There is a small desk and chair in the rear of the control room, opposite the MAIN CONSOLE. She stacks the binders neatly, reading the covers as she goes.

INT. SUPPORT SYSTEMS ROOM

GRACE enters cautiously.

She finds RODGERS standing next to a piece of machinery against a wall.

It is made of polished aluminum.

GRACE
What is it, Captain?

RODGERS
I think I'm the engineer here. Or
the mechanic. Something like that.

GRACE
Oh?

RODGERS motions around the room.

RODGERS
I know what all of this does. The
machinery in this room. I can see
it in my head, like a schematic.
It's there, almost where everything
else should be. My past, what
happened before I woke up. I could
take all of this apart and put it
back together blindfolded.

GRACE eyes him: *the point?*

RODGERS points at various pieces of machinery around the room as he speaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS (CONT'D)
Generator. Water reclaiming.
Battery array. CPU. Memory storage.
(beat)
But two really interesting things.

GRACE
Yes?

RODGERS
No communications system.
(beat)
None.

GRACE
Maybe they're in another...

RODGERS
No. The actual communications
terminal might be elsewhere, master
control, but the components would
be here, centralized with the rest
of the support systems. There is no
external communication in this
facility.

GRACE considers this, paces.

GRACE
So we're here, posted, and whatever
the tour length there was never any
expectation that we'd need to
contact the outside?

RODGERS
It would appear so.

BEAT.

GRACE
Or...that's intentional.

RODGERS
How do you mean?

GRACE
For the purpose of our mission here
perhaps it was important that we be
unable to contact topside.

RODGERS
It works both ways. Topside can't
contact us, should anything change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They share a moment of silence, considering this.

INT. MESS HALL

FALLON completes her inventory.

She looks disconcerted and places her hands on her hips, surveys the room.

FALLON
Not enough.

FALLON spins again, dissatisfied.

As FALLON surveys the room she notices a bookcase on one wall, out of the way.

FALLON cocks her head to study it.

OUT OF PLACE.

At the bottom of the bookcase STEAM OR MIST of some sort escapes.

FALLON approaches cautiously, places her hands on the shelves of the case and leans.

It rocks slightly.

FALLON stands back.

INT. SUPPORT SYSTEMS ROOM

GRACE
What else?

RODGERS
What?

GRACE
You said there were two interesting things.

RODGERS
Ah, right.

RODGERS walks back to the polished aluminum structure he was standing by earlier. He places a hand on it and looks up.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
This.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

Yes?

RODGERS

Closed loop air filtration. All of the O2 in the facility is cycled. We exhale, it's scrubbed and then recycled back.

GRACE analyzes the statement in her head, looking for the punch.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

Look, we don't know exactly what happened before we woke up, but we didn't arrive here recently. We've all been here long enough to know what the place is and what our jobs are, roughly, yes?

GRACE

(and?)

It would seem so.

RODGERS

How does a viral infection suddenly become introduced into a closed loop air system?

They consider this for a moment.

INT. MESS HALL

FALLON puts her weight against the bookshelf.

It is HEAVY WOOD, but slides along the floor relatively easily.

She continues pushing until it is completely out of the way to reveal a massive insulated door to a WALK-IN FREEZER.

She smiles and exhales, satisfied.

FALLON

Yes!

FALLON reaches towards the hasped handle and opens the door to the walk in.

It swings slowly outward, steam streaming out, weak FLUORESCENT light from inside illuminating her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She waves the steam away from her face and peers inside.

Her eyes go wide.

INT. SUPPORT SYSTEMS ROOM

RODGERS and GRACE continue to consider the situation.

They come to the SAME CONCLUSION at the SAME MOMENT.

GRACE
(unison)
Sabotage.

RODGERS
(unison)
Sabotage.

OFFSCREEN: a BLOOD-CHILLING SCREAM echoes along the corridors and catwalks of the complex.

GRACE and RODGERS both turn quickly towards the scream.

INT. MESS HALL

The entire group stands before the open WALK-IN FREEZER DOOR, blocking the view.

GRACE steps forward and kneels at the threshold.

Inside, in front of the metal shelves filled with frozen foods in plastic bags, stacked neatly side-by-side, are 18 BODIES, FROZEN STIFF.

They all have BLOODY NOSES AND EYES, RASHES, AND YELLOW PALLOR LOOKING SKIN, even through the blue of the freeze.

GRACE studies them carefully.

PARKS
What in the fuck is this?

GRACE
(solemn)
The rest of us.

LEE approaches as well.

Kneels next to GRACE.

GRACE gestures towards the bodies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE (CONT'D)
Is this Marburg?

LEE nods solemnly.

LEE
It appears to be. At the very
least, this looks like end-stage
V.H.F.

CLOSE ON the bodies.

GRACE
Can you tell how long they've been
dead?

LEE shakes her head, gestures towards the walk-in.

LEE
Impossible.

GRACE
Because?

LEE
This freezer is sub-zero. Aside
from deep cold tissue damage they
would be nearly perfectly
preserved. Could be days. Weeks.
(beat)
Months.

LEVI weeps quietly.

LEVI
We must have put them in there, no?

LEVI looks around the room.

LEVI (CONT'D)
No one remembers that?

PARKS
No.

RODGERS
Nothing.

GRACE
I've never seen any of them before.
Strangers, just like all of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE

My God. How long have we been here?

FALLON chokes back emotion and scans her clipboard.

FALLON

Uh, I had to redo my math after I saw.. this...but considering what's left and the empty space where what's now gone had been--

(beat)

There were rations for 24 people for 525 days.

PARKS

So how long have we been here?!

FALLON

I don't know how--

FALLON motions towards the walk in freezer.

GRACE

Give me your estimate please, Fallon.

FALLON

If there were still 24 of us we'd have rations left for 93 days.

RODGERS

Ok. Well, theres only 6 of us now, so we have rations for--

PARKS

272 days.

RODGERS eyes PARKS.

PARKS (CONT'D)

Mathematics and Physics, apparently.

(beat)

Without knowing when exactly they all died, if they died all at once, et cetera, we've been here a minimum of 432 days.

LEE

14 months.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEVI

Jesus. Oh, Jesus Christ!

(to GRACE)

What is this?!

(beat)

What do you know? You're in
command. You would know more than
anyone. What aren't you telling us?

GRACE looks at each member individually.

All thinking the same thing.

GRACE

We all know everything I know.

PARKS

Bullshit! We're the only ones left,
which means we stacked 18 bodies in
this freezer before we got sick.
And none of us remember it?!

(beat)

You have to know more.

GRACE

I don't--

PARKS

That's a lie!

GRACE

It is not.

PARKS

I'm coming around. I remember what
I do here...more or less.
Mathematics and Physics. Guidance.
And I remember my rank. I'm a
Captain as well. And I remember
compartmentalization and need-to-
know. If you're the commanding
officer, you need to know.

FALLON gestures towards the walk-in.

FALLON

What about them!?

RODGERS

What about them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FALLON

What is happening here? I understand we're military and we're sick, but now we're standing here in front of 18 frozen bodies and we're not going to address it beyond who did the stacking?

GRACE

(cold)

What would be the point?

Off FALLON's look.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. We're alive. They're dead. There's nothing to be done about that. We're soldiers, yes? We can only worry about what we can control.

PARKS

From where I'm standing it doesn't look like we can control anything!

(to GRACE)

Major. Please. What else is there?

GRACE looks away.

RODGERS

(soft)

Grace!

(beat)

Major. Please...

GRACE

I need to think. I'll be in my quarters. As you were.

GRACE exits.

SLOW DISSOLVES: The rest of the group exits the Mess Hall as well, leaving FALLON alone, staring at the bodies in the walk-in freezer.

She slowly closes the door, leans her head against it, sighs.

INT. SILO

The WARHEAD rumbles ominously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the base of the missile liquid fuel exhaust slowly streams out and upward.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

The CENTER CONSOLE is mostly docile.

No CLAXONS in the room.

Sporadic indicators blink green.

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE paces.

AGITATED.

After several moments she stops.

GRACE
(quiet)
Loose lips sink ships--

INT. INFIRMARY

LEE sits at the table at the far wall, writing, sorting pills, organizing.

PARKS enters, sheepishly, sits on a stool behind her.

PARKS
How are things?

LEE, startled, yelps, then laughs slightly.

LEE
I...sorry, Captain.

PARKS waves this away.

PARKS
Didn't mean to startle you.

LEE
Yes, right--

PARKS
So. How are things?

BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE
Meaning?

PARKS
Are we going to survive?

LEE
I honestly don't know.

PARKS nods, sits with this.

PARKS
You're a physician.

LEE
Yes.

LEE goes back to her work at the table.

PARKS is edging towards something, but holding back.

PARKS
A military physician.

LEE
(curt)
Yes, those are true things. And I'm
Asian. And I must be a Christian,
because I spent the whole night
praying to Jesus.

PARKS
A Christian military physician
stationed in a nuclear missile
silo.

LEE
Can I help you with something,
Captain?

PARKS
Physics is my purview. I could --
if you wanted -- draw you a diagram
of the rainbow the missile would
draw in the sky after launch from
here, all the way to there.

PARKS draws an arc in the air with his finger.

PARKS (CONT'D)
And then I could show you the
equation that accounts for the arc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE
Maybe I would like to see that if
the time permits.

PARKS
(loud)
Boom!
(beat)
The big show.

LEE turns back to PARKS, exasperated.

LEE
Yes, the big show.

PARKS
And you're a physician--

LEE
Yes.

PARKS
You know what that thing does.

PARKS motions toward where the SILO must be.

LEE
Yes.

PARKS
What it will do.

LEE
I do.

PARKS
So do I. And I've been sitting with
that here, since I woke up and
started coming around. I know.
Knew. I must have known, just like
you and Grace and Rodgers and the
rest what we were signing up for.
(beat, thought)
We signed up here with the full
understanding that our actions
or...no action at all, well--
(beat)
--We must have been fully prepared
to destroy an entire civilization.
Maybe all civilization. We're the
first species to be able to do
that, you know? Capable of that.
Wiping ourselves out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PARKS (CONT'D)

Off the planet. All the way. The sixth mass extinction. For the dinosaurs it came from the heavens, out of space, just like this will, but it didn't originate on terra firma. Not like this could. We are the destroyers of worlds, no?

LEE

And?

BEAT.

LEE (CONT'D)

You're wondering how I square that with my oath? "First do no harm"?

(beat)

Well, Captain, most people don't know it, but that phrase doesn't appear in the Hippocratic Oath. It does, however, prohibit abortions, surgery and most medicines.

LEE turns back to her workstation.

LEE (CONT'D)

(terse)

--and your point is what, Captain? If I took an oath to "do no harm" how is it that I have no moral objection or emotional reaction to the prospect of destroying an entire civilization?

BEAT.

PARKS shakes his head.

PARKS

No.

(beat, sheepish)

You're a doctor, so I was hoping you could help me figure out why I don't.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

LEVI sits at the desk behind the MAIN CONSOLE sorting through the binders.

The titles appear PURPOSEFULLY OBTUSE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

F SMS OSTF-2/576-G - STATION 44-BDIB
GD/A MISSILE DISPOSITION - STATION 44-BDIB
F OPERATORS BASE ACTIVATION MANUAL - STATION 44-BDIB
F OPERATIONAL TECHNICAL ORDER DASH-1 - STATION 44-BDIB

Tired, sick and frustrated, LEVI leans back in her chair and rubs her eyes.

LEVI
(self)
Goddamnit!

LEVI leans forward to grab her cup of stale coffee and knocks a stack of binders onto the floor.

LEVI (CONT'D)
(groan)
FUCK--

LEVI begins to lean to retrieve them from the floor and the remaining binder on the table catches her eye:

PLAN OF ACTION FOR PHASE OUT DASH-1 - STATION 44-BDIB - TS
- EYES ONLY

LEVI opens the binder and begins to study the contents, flipping pages quickly and reads.

REALIZATION ON HER FACE.

INT. SILO

PARKS wanders down the catwalk along the side of the MISSILE.

He reaches out and strokes the side with his hand, looks upward towards the WARHEAD, then downward towards the plumes of exhaust simmering at the bottom.

He leans over the catwalk, lets a glob of saliva form in his mouth and then spits, watching it fall to the bottom.

PARKS places his hand on the missile again, smiles.

Slowly, blood TRICKLES FROM HIS NOSE.

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

RODGERS walks towards GRACE's quarters with purpose.

He lingers outside the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leans around and knocks on the DOOR JAM.

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE, pacing steadily back and forth, turns to find RODGERS standing at the threshold.

GRACE
Captain?

RODGERS pauses at this, then nods.

RODGERS
Major.
(beat)
Permission to speak.

GRACE nods and continues to pace.

GRACE
Granted.

RODGERS
We never finished our conversation.

GRACE
Yes?

RODGERS
(whisper)
Sabotage.

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE
That's not possible.

RODGERS steps inside the room, closer than GRACE expected.

RODGERS
How do you know that?

GRACE
I just do.

RODGERS
Then what is your explanation,
Major?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

I don't have one.

(beat)

Nor do I owe you one.

RODGERS

All due respect, what is the
purpose of a dead man's switch?
Let's start there.

LEVI (O.S.)

Yes, there...

They turn to see LEVI lurking outside the room.

RODGERS

What is it, Lieutenant?

LEVI

The dead man's switch.

(beat)

I don't know how, but I know that's
not the norm. No missile complex
has a dead man's switch. There
would be no purpose in it. We all
know what that is at the end of the
corridor. That's a nuclear warhead.
We all know the procedures and
protocols for nuclear launch. The
dead man's switch violates the two-
man rule. Once a launch order is
received from the President and
passed to the command by the Joint
Chiefs, two operators must agree
that it is valid by comparing the
authorization code in the order
against a Sealed Authenticator.

RODGERS

(reciting)

These Sealed Authenticators are
stored in a safe which has two
separate locks. Each operator has
the key to only one lock, so
neither can open the safe alone.
Also, each operator has one of two
launch keys; once the order is
verified, they must insert the keys
in slots on the control panel and
turn them simultaneously. A total
of four keys are thus required to
initiate a launch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

For additional protection, the missile crew in another launch control center must do the same for the missiles to be launched.

GRACE nods.

GRACE

(reciting)

As a further precaution, the slots for the two launch keys are positioned far enough apart to make it impossible for one operator to reach both of them at once.

(beat)

Yes, I'm aware of the protocols.

RODGERS

Yes, and this is in direct violation of those.

LEVI

We must have known.

RODGERS

Yes. Right.

LEVI

We were given this tour with the understanding that our orders violated the chain of command and the two-man rule. We don't need orders or codes or keys for launch to commence.

BEAT.

They absorb this.

LEVI (CONT'D)

We just have to die--

They sit with this for a moment.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Come to control. I want to show you something.

FADE TO:

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

All six of them are gathered around the MAIN CONSOLE.

LEVI has the binder marked: **PLAN OF ACTION FOR PHASE OUT DASH-1 - STATION 44-BDIB - TS - EYES ONLY** laid out in front of her.

She reads from it.

LEVI
Introduction of incentive and
culmination by any means
necessary...

It doesn't register.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Any. Means. Necessary.

GRACE
What are you saying, Levi?

LEVI
They did this.

FALLON
Who?

LEVI looks toward the ceiling.

LEVI
Them.

RODGERS
For what purpose?

Reading again.

LEVI
Necessary to ensure maximum
deniability. Recommend false-flag
procedure initiative...

GRACE
That's not correct.

PARKS
I don't understand.

GRACE
She's trying to say--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVI
(interrupts)
I am saying--

GRACE
(interrupts)
--She's trying to say that we were
placed down here with a launch
sequence on a dead man's switch
with the expressed purposes of
dying so that the missile could
launch.

LEVI
What other explanation is there?

GRACE
No.

LEVI
What?

GRACE
What would be the point?

LEVI gestures towards the manual.

LEVI
It's all in here.

GRACE
That is TS horse-shit. A proposal.
Not directive. It's right there on
the cover.
(beat)
Show me in those pages where it
lays out a plan wherein the crew of
this installation would be murdered
via introduction of a lethal virus
just to allow a nuclear missile to
launch.

LEVI looks away.

RODGERS
What if she's right?

GRACE
I'm hearing nothing but *what ifs*.
We've found ourselves in a
situation where nothing but what
ifs are possible. I'm only
interested in definitives!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FALLON

What definitives do you think are possible at this point, Major?

GRACE throws FALLON a warning glance.

LEVI

One more...

(beat)

What if we're still slowly dying?
What if this recovery is temporary?

GRACE

That's enough--

LEVI

Even if it's not fatal, we all go insane. One-by-one we fall. What if the amnesia returns? We won't remember why we're here, or the dead man's switch.

PARKS

Even the last one standing--

GRACE

I said, enough!

FALLON

We go insane, we don't stop the launch. Millions die. Simple as that.

GRACE listens as they talk, stubborn resolve on her face.

RODGERS

Hundreds of millions.

LEVI

(realization)

Retaliatory strikes.

FALLON

Our missile launches. Strategic Air Command immediately issues a communiqué to Moscow alerting them to a fatal systems failure in one of our installations and asking them to evacuate the targeted area.

RODGERS

All for show.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEVI

There won't be time.

RODGERS

No.

LEVI

And then--

PARKS

Moscow perhaps pauses for a moment or two to consider the course of action before ordering full strike launches against all of our known installations.

RODGERS

We, in turn, launch all of our birds at every Soviet target.

LEE

We die either way.

LEVI

And the world dies with us--

SILENCE.

The group turns to GRACE.

She looks at each of them, in turn.

GRACE

I refuse to accept that.

(beat)

This conversation is now over.

FALLON

(frantic)

What is your explanation, then? For all of this?!

GRACE

(erupting)

For the final fucking time, Private, I do not have one. Nor do I owe you one! Yes?

(beat)

Regardless, whatever the intention was for this tour, something has gone very wrong. The mission is now, officially aborted. I think that's clear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GRACE (CONT'D)

It seems we are all recovering from the virus, by virtue of Dr. Lee's treatment or otherwise, so this is all beside the point.

(beat)

We have food. We have water. We have air. We reset this fucking thing every four hours and for the three hours and 59 minutes in between we find the way out of this place. Is that understood?

SILENCE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(firm)

I asked if that was understood?

UNISON

Yes, ma'am.

GRACE

Good. Fan out. I want you to check every room, every corner, every door, every case, every cabinet. We got in here somehow. We go out the same fucking way. Get it done!

GRACE exits.

The group exchanges CONCERNED GLANCES.

GRACE passes PARKS as she goes.

He covers his nose to obscure the STEADY TRICKLE OF BLOOD.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. INFIRMARY

LEE works around the infirmary, opening cabinets, prepping paper cups, getting organized...

As LEE shuffles stacks of cases around on the cabinets she uncovers a PORTABLE CASSETTE TAPE DECK.

The tape bay is open.

LEE leans and studies the cassette inside the deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It has NO LABEL.

LEE closes the tape bay and cautiously presses play, hears only silence from the onboard speakers.

She opens the bay again, sees that the tape loop is at the end, closes the bay again and presses rewind.

INT. SILO

PARKS, more blood trickling from his nose begins to make his way down the catwalk, pauses, looks back up at the WARHEAD and past it to the silo lid.

He cocks his head, wipes blood from his nose.

INT. INFIRMARY

The tape finishes rewinding.

LEE again presses play.

FLEETWOOD MAC'S "SISTERS OF THE MOON" begins to play.

LEE smiles, some vague recognition apparent on her face, and picks up the tape deck and moves to the corner of the room where the intercom panel is on the wall.

She studies the buttons on the panel and finds one labeled:
OPEN BROADCAST

Beneath that is another button labeled: **ALL CHANNELS**

LEE presses both buttons and sets the tape deck underneath the intercom as "Sisters of the Moon" continues to play.

INT. SUPPORT SYSTEMS ROOM

RODGERS wedges himself into the back of the room, past all of the machinery, behind and beneath.

"SISTERS OF THE MOON" begins to waft through the intercom into the room.

RODGERS acknowledges this with a smile, then goes back to work.

He looks for any sign of a hatch or a door, banging on the concrete walls.

INT. LAVATORY

FALLON makes her way from stall to stall, pushing open the doors, studying the wall behind.

"SISTERS OF THE MOON" also begins to play over the intercom in the lavatory.

This distracts FALLON for a moment, but she doesn't seem to recognize the song.

It is JUST NOISE.

She continues her investigation.

On the wall, above one of the toilet tanks, she sees an AIR VENT, cocks her head and studies it.

Slowly, cautiously, FALLON stands on the toilet tank and peers inside the vent grate, hope on her face.

From the reverse it is clear the air vent is no more than one foot by one foot in width.

FALLON steps off of the toilet tank, dejected.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

LEVI replaces all of the binders in their respective cabinets, shuts them, places her hands on her hips and looks around the room.

"SISTERS OF THE MOON" flows from the intercom into the master control room.

LEVI perks up at this as she scans the room.

Something catches her eye.

INT. SILO

There is no intercom in here and therefore, no music, just the constant RUMBLE of the warhead.

PARKS removes his clothing, folds it, lays it neatly on the catwalk.

He kneels and presses his palms together.

He prays to the WARHEAD.

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE sits at a small desk in her quarters, smoking and writing on a yellow legal pad as "Sisters of the Moon" plays over the intercom and slowly fades out over a few moments.

GRACE wipes away tears from her eyes.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

LEVI moves to the far wall, in a corner behind another console.

At the edge of the console, just peeking out from the corner, appears to be a seam in the wall.

She kneels and runs her finger along it.

LEVI smiles.

LEVI

Okay--

She stands and puts her weight against the console, shoves.

It doesn't move.

LATER

RODGERS, GRACE, LEVI and FALLON arrange themselves around the console and try to move it.

They all GRUNT AND GROAN.

The console barely moves, then settles into its original position.

RODGERS

God damnit!

They all relax.

GRACE

We try again.

FALLON

What about Lee and Parks?

GRACE

They have their jobs. This is ours right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS
We don't even know if the goddamn
thing will move with a bulldozer!

GRACE
Do we have a bulldozer?!

RODGERS acknowledges: no.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(deep eye contact)
We try. Again!

They retake their positions.

CLAXONS begin sounding in the room and lights start flashing
on the MAIN CONSOLE.

GRACE sighs, exasperated.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(to RODGERS)
Please.

RODGERS nods, steps to the console, depresses the OVERRIDE
BUTTON and walks back to the side console where the rest
stand.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Ready?
(beat)
PUSH!

They go at it again, some pushing, some pulling, all giving
it everything they have.

After several moments of effort the console shifts away from
the wall a little less than an inch.

They relax.

FALLON
Well...that's something.

GRACE
Again!

The retake their positions and begin to PUSH AND PULL.

LEVI snuffles as blood begins to trickle from her nose.

INT. INFIRMARY

LEE sits at the only table in the infirmary, organizing pills into paper cups. She marks them as she goes: times and dates.

As she works she SIGHS AND YAWNS.

Sweat beads on LEE's brow and forehead.

She scratches the back of her neck.

As she does, she pulls down the back collar of her uniform to reveal and ANGRY LOOKING RED RASH.

She shakes off the thought...

INT. SILO

PARKS, still naked, STANDS AND REACHES OUT TO TOUCH THE MISSILE.

He whispers...too quiet to make out.

Slowly, he begins speaking more loudly.

PARKS

(fast)

Loving living nectar of bees of
pollen and butterflies run amok...
Children bikes cars
sliding...Typing while sleeping and
running while cat over the hills,
cloud blue a shelf lay
fuschia...Labels and rash, files
are landing...Wall speaks windy hot
mess...Brightness foresees the rug
Dirty slime amidst antiquated
hoopla...Religious coma machine
idea hate door.

(beat)

Religious coma machine idea hate
door.

(realization, slow)

Religious coma machine idea hate.
Door!

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

The four brace themselves against the console and give it one more push/pull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The console comes away from the wall another six inches.

They all collapse on the console, breathing heavily.

After a moment, they recover.

LEVI peers behind the console, smiles.

LEVI
It's a hatch.

RODGERS
Can you fit?

LEVI
Yeah.

LEVI squeezes, kneeling, behind the console and crawls towards a small square hatch in the wall.

It is roughly 4 X 4 feet with a simple metal slide-bolt.

LEVI places her hand on the slide bolt and unlocks it.

GRACE
Does it open?

LEVI
Easy.

LEVI slowly opens the hatch and leans inside, half of her body inside the hatch, the lower half in the room.

FALLON
What is it?

LEVI
Dark.
(beat)
I need a light.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

LEVI turns on a large flashlight, illuminating eight vertical feet above her with a rusted metal ladder clinging to one side of the oval shaped shaft.

LEVI
(shouting, echoing)
There's a ladder!

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

The others gathered look around at each other, hopeful.

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

LEVI stands, aims the flashlight higher along the ladder as it goes up until it meets another sealed steel hatch with a key lock secured through a metal hasp.

By the light of the flashlight LEVI's dejected look is apparent.

LEVI
(under her breath)
Fuck...

LEVI kneels and backs out of the shaft and through the hatch.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

LEVI stands up behind the console pushed away from the wall.

RODGERS, GRACE and FALLON look to her hopefully.

GRACE
Well?

LEVI doesn't speak...seems to look past them.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Lieutenant?

LEVI's eyes widen.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Levi?

Finally, the others turn to whatever LEVI is preoccupied with.

At the door to the room stand PARKS, still nude, nose gushing blood, skin red and pocked with rash, holding a crow-bar, smiling blandly.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Parks?

GRACE looks to the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS steps forward.

RODGERS
Hey, Parks. You okay?

PARKS
(quiet)
Loving living nectar of bees of
pollen and butterflies run
amok...Religious coma machine idea
hate door.

The group's collective mouth hangs open.

GRACE
(to FALLON)
Where's Lee?

FALLON
Infirmary.

GRACE looks to the wall beside FALLON, sees the intercom system, gestures with her eyes.

FALLON begins to inch towards the intercom.

PARKS
Religious coma machine idea hate
door.

RODGERS
Gotcha, pal. Gotcha. You're ok.

PARKS coughs violently, stumbles, blood erupts from his mouth.

The others lurch forward, but PARKS steadies himself, wipes the blood from his mouth.

FALLON presses the speak button on the intercom.

FALLON
(into intercom)
Lee to Master Control. ASAP.
(beat)
ASAFP!

GRACE
Captain Parks. You are sick. We
want to help you. Please put down
the crowbar.
(beat)
Let us help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS

Come on, man.

(beat)

It's ok Parks. It's ok, man--

GRACE begins to approach PARKS as he trembles, still clutching the crowbar.

PARKS

(screams)

Religious coma machine idea hate
door!

PARKS lunges for the main control console, raising the crowbar over his head.

He is about to bring it down on the console indicator paneling when RODGERS grabs him and wrestles him away and to the ground.

PARKS thrashes violently, screaming.

RODGERS

Help me!

The others present dive into action, each trying to restrain one of PARKS' extremities as he continues to thrash and strike out with the crowbar that RODGERS desperately tries to wrestle away.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Get his legs!

GRACE

The legs!

FALLON and LEVI jump on PARKS' legs as RODGERS and GRACE struggle for the crowbar, which lashes wildly back and forth.

LEE enters suddenly and enters the fray.

PARKS

(screams)

Religious coma machine idea hate
door!

With this, PARKS connect the crowbar with FALLON's forehead, sending blood spraying against a nearby wall and FALLON falls to the ground, still.

RODGERS punches PARKS in the face with all the force he can muster, knocking out several teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PARKS falls still.

GRACE
(hyperventilating)
Jesus!
(to LEE)
Check Parks!
(to LEVI)
Fallon.

LEE kneels next to PARKS, touches his forehead, winces and quickly withdraws her hand.

LEE
He's burning up. He needs to get to
the infirmary, now. We need ice to
bring his temp down.

GRACE, RODGERS and LEE lift PARKS and carry him out of the room.

LEVI kneels over FALLON.

FALLON is out-could, but breathing.

LEVI studies FALLON's face, and steadily rising chest, biting her lip in terror.

LEVI puts one hand on FALLON's head where blood is pouring out to stop the bleeding, puts the other hand over her own face and begins to weep.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. INFIRMARY

PARKS lays on the examination table, unconscious, blood coming from his nose, red rash covers most of his visible body, now covered with a sheet.

Tie downs have been crudely fashioned out of canvas lift straps and fastened around his legs and torso, around the arms.

Around PARKS' body are haphazardly filled baggies of ice.

On the floor beneath PARKS lays FALLON.

Bedding has been placed on the floor to support her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FALLON's head is bandaged, but blood is still flowing into the wrapping.

LEE stands over PARKS, removes a thermometer from his mouth, studies it.

GRACE (O.S.)
How is he?

LEE jumps and turns to find GRACE in the room.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(sheepish)
Sorry--

LEE
Oh, I--
(beat)
Yes?

GRACE
Parks?

LEE turns back to PARKS.

LEE
His fever is spiking. Nearly 106.
He's showing signs of obtundation,
coma, diffuse coagulopathy, shock--

GRACE
And?

LEE turns back.

LEE
(curt)
He's dying.
(beat)
I'm going to do what I can to make
him comfortable.

GRACE paces the room. Wants to talk, but hesitates.

GRACE
He was talking, before, it was--

LEE
Rodgers told me. It's called word
salad.

GRACE
Word...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE

It's a--it's a relatively common presentation in psychosis. A confused or unintelligible mixture of random words and phrases.

GRACE

"Religious coma machine idea hate door."

LEE

What?

GRACE

He was repeating that.

(beat)

He said other things, but that was what he repeated, right before he went to smash the console.

LEE

Doesn't mean anything to me.

(beat)

Major?

GRACE

(absent)

No. Nothing.

GRACE continues to pace.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Does he need to be quarantined?

LEE shakes her head.

LEE

No. We're already infected. If we're improving and are staying improved it means we've developed antibodies. We can't be reinfected.

GRACE nods and begins to exit the room.

LEE turns and faces PARKS again.

GRACE pauses.

GRACE

And Fallon?

LEE stares blankly at PARKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRACE (CONT'D)
Sergeant!

LEE
Minor head injury. I'll see to her
as well.

GRACE nods.

RODGERS enters the threshold of the infirmary.

RODGERS
Major! I've got something!

GRACE
What is it?

RODGERS
Come with me. Levi is already in
master control.

They exit, leaving LEE standing over PARKS and FALLON.

LEE smiles as blood begins to trickle again from her nose.

She wipes it away and sniffs hard through her nostrils.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

RODGERS and GRACE enter, joining LEVI at the far side of the room where the console has been dragged back from the wall.

LEVI stands next to an ACETYLENE TORCH AND TANK UNIT.

RODGERS walks to the tank and places his hand on it.

He smiles at GRACE.

GRACE
Are you sure?

RODGERS
This'll eat through anything. I
looked at the plate at the top of
the shaft. It's steel, but not
reinforced.

GRACE
What about the lock?

LEVI
There's no keyhole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
(bewildered)
What?

LEVI
The lock in the hasp doesn't have a
keyhole.

GRACE considers asking what the point of that is...decides
against it.

RODGERS
Regardless, the plate is welded
shut. I should be able to melt the
join with this, drop the plate and
then we can fully ascend.

GRACE
How do you know the ladder goes to
the top?

RODGERS
I just do.

GRACE nods.

GRACE
(in spite of herself)
Yeah, so do I--

RODGERS
Permission to proceed, Major?

GRACE
Let's get out of here.

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

It is DARK.

RODGERS can barely be seen moving into place and ascending a
few rungs on the ladder, the torch and connected hose slung
over his shoulder.

RODGERS
(shouts)
ON!

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

LEVI turns the valve on the tank attached to the torch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVI
(shouts)
GAS ON!

GRACE and LEVI exchange hopeful looks.

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

RODGERS ignites the torch.

It roars to life, a bright red/orange.

RODGERS wears a heavy smoke, protective gloves and a welder's mask.

He methodically touches the torch flame to one corner of the steel plate above him.

Liquid steel begins dripping past him to the bottom of the shaft and sparks fly in all directions.

NOTE TO READER: *At this point start listening to Pink Floyd's "Echoes". Listen with headphones. Play it fucking loud.*

INT. CORRIDOR

All is quiet.

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

All is quiet.

INT. RODGER'S QUARTERS

All is quiet

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

RODGERS continues to torch the steel plate.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

GRACE and LEVI from the rear, standing near the pushed back console and watching sparks fly and molten steel drip to the bottom of the shaft through the small hatch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's as though someone is quietly watching the proceedings with interest.

INT. SILO

The WARHEAD rumbles ominously.

PARKS' clothes still lay folded neatly on the catwalk.

At the base of the missile liquid fuel exhaust slowly streams out and upward.

INT. LAVATORY

All is silent aside from the steady drip of water from some leaking tap.

INT. LEVI'S QUARTERS

All is quiet.

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

RODGERS continues to torch the steel plate.

He has nearly completed the "L" shape in the square panel.

One more section to go...

He leans into it, steadies himself.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

GRACE and LEVI watch intently, no indication on progress, aside from the light and sound erupting from inside the shaft and visible through the hatch.

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

All is quiet.

ABRUPTLY, a FIGURE exits the lavatory wearing FULL SURGICAL SCRUBS, makes their way down the corridor toward the infirmary.

They LUMBER, but move briskly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Something is OFF about their footfalls.

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

RODGERS completes the final stroke with the torch.

The steel plate gives way, falls past him, clanks loudly to the bottom of the shaft.

RODGERS extinguishes the torch and hurries down the ladder.

He crouches at the bottom of the shaft, careful to avoid any hot steel as he makes his way out of the hatch and into the...

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

...where he stands and removes the welder's mask. He takes several deep breaths, then coughs up some blood.

GRACE and LEVI jump back.

RODGERS continues to catch his breath...and finally does.

RODGERS
I'm fine. I'm fine.
(beat)
Toxic.
(coughs)
Let it clear.

GRACE
Do we have a path?

RODGERS begins to answer, but has another coughing fit.

GRACE approaches him, tenderly places her hand on his back.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Rodgers. Rodgers. It's ok. It's ok.
Breathe.
(beat)
Breathe.
(beat)
Breathe.

Alarms start sounding in the room and lights start flashing on the MAIN CONSOLE.

GRACE glances at LEVI who steps to the MAIN CONSOLE and depresses the **CONTROLLER OVERRIDE** indicator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sequence ends.

RODGERS stops coughing.

RODGERS
(staggered speech)
Couldn't see up. Had to get out of
there. But the plate came clean,
fell. Four by four space. Enough to
climb through. Just need to let the
fumes clear.

GRACE
Ok.
(calming)
Ok. Excellent work, Captain.
(beat)
Excellent work!

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

GRACE enters at the base of the shaft on her knees.

She stands and stretches.

She looks up into the face of the shaft, looks back at her
feet.

GRACE holds a flashlight in her right hand.

She turns the flashlight on, illuminating the shaft.

GRACE turns her head upwards, but closes her eyes before she
sees.

She turns back to her feet.

GRACE
Come on! Come on! Come on! Please!
Please! Please!

GRACE shines the flashlight straight up, then follows the
beam...it doesn't appear to end at any solid point.

She smiles.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(shouting out)
It goes up! Checking it out!

GRACE places the flashlight on her belt to keep both hands
free, shrouding her upper half in darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She begins to climb the ladder.

She climbs and climbs and climbs, a barely perceptible smile growing on her face all the time.

She ascends 2-3 stories worth of ladder.

GRACE begins to laugh audibly and then...her head connects hard and loud with something.

She loses her balance and begins to tumble off of the ladder.

GRACE retains her grasp, but loses her footing, struggling to swing her feet back and find rungs.

After a moment, she finds a rung with her left foot, then places her right.

She leans against the ladder, grasping it like a frightened toddler grasping its mother.

She breathes loud and heavy.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Ok, ok, ok--

Once GRACE is satisfied that she is secure and steady GRACE releases the ladder with her right hand, retrieves the flashlight from her belt, points it up at the obstruction above her.

The look on GRACE's face as she registers what she sees is absolute horror.

In front of GRACE is a block of SOLID CONCRETE with steel rebar placed inside every two inches in equidistant rows completely blocking the shaft.

GRACE's mouth hangs agape.

GRACE rocks back and forth on the ladder, banging her forehead into the rung in front of her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Fuck you...fuck you...fuck you...

Dejected, GRACE begins to descend the ladder.

GRACE's hands begin to shake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE (V.O.)
(echoing)
Loose lips...sink ships.

GRACE drops the flashlight down the shaft.

IT TUMBLES THROUGH THE DARKNESS, ILLUMINATING WALL AND LADDER
AT REGULAR INTERVALS.

GRACE releases her grip on the ladder and falls backward,
down the shaft, keeping pace with the flashlight.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. ESCAPE HATCH EGRESS SHAFT

GRACE and the bottom of the shaft meet with a DEAFENING,
VIOLENT CRASH.

All the breath is knocked from her body.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

An UNFOCUSED BROWN EYE WITH A PINNED PUPIL.

It is still.

Everything is quiet.

GRACE's face.

Suddenly, she breathes in, desperately, as if she'd never
taken a breath.

Kneeling next to her are RODGERS and LEVI.

RODGERS
Hey! Hey! Come on back! You ok?

GRACE
(struggling)
I'm sorry!

LEVI
(desperate)
What was it?
(beat)
Is there a way out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE manages to focus her gaze on LEVI, then turns to RODGERS.

GRACE embraces him and begins to sob loudly.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

RODGERS and LEVI carry GRACE down the corridor, DRUNKEN SAILOR POSE, an arm over each of their shoulders.

GRACE is shaken.

Sobs

RODGERS
Shhhhh. It's alright.

LEVI
We all knew. Must have--

GRACE
I'm sorry. I don't--

RODGERS
There's going to be another way.

They enter the door to the stairwell...

INT. GRATED STAIRWELL

...and begin to walk up the stairs.

GRACE
There isn't.

LEVI
(resolved)
There is. We'll find it.

RODGERS
We have food. We have water.

GRACE
We're going to die--

They reach the top of the stairs and enter...

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

RODGERS

We have food and we have water and
we have air and we have each other.

GRACE

We're all going to die down here!

Suddenly, RODGERS and LEVI stop.

GRACE is the last to notice: a voice down the corridor,
coming from the open door to the infirmary.

VOICE

(inside infirmary,
distant, echoing)

Some time later God tested Abraham.
He said to him, "Abraham!"
"Here I am," he replied.
Then God said, "Take your son, your
only son, whom you love—Isaac—and
go to the region of Moriah.
Sacrifice him there as a burnt
offering on a mountain I will show
you."

RODGERS and LEVI hurry down the corridor with GRACE and make
it to the open infirmary doorway to see...

INT. INFIRMARY

LEE, dressed in full surgical scrubs is finishing dousing the
room in rubbing alcohol.

BOTH FALLON and PARK lay where they had been, but they are
now vivisected, various organs laying beside them.

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

RODGERS, LEVI and GRACE stand outside the infirmary, horror
on their faces as LEE throws the bottle of rubbing alcohol
away.

INT. INFIRMARY

LEE retrieves a ZIPPO lighter from her pocket and holds it
aloft, like an offering to above.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE

Early the next morning Abraham got up and loaded his donkey. He took with him two of his servants and his son Isaac. When he had cut enough wood for the burnt offering, he set out for the place God had told him about. On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place in the distance. He said to his servants, "Stay here with the donkey while I and the boy go over there. We will worship and then we will come back to you."

RODGERS

Lee! Lee! What are you doing?!

LEVI

Oh, God! Oh, Jesus Christ!

LEE

Yes! Yes, precisely! Someone understands. We are set here upon this path. We are come to be tested.

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

GRACE, beginning to retain her faculties, attempts to step forward.

GRACE

Sergeant. As commanding officer of this installation I order you--

GRACE coughs violently.

Blood begins to stream from GRACE's nose.

LEVI

Lee, put the fucking lighter down!

RODGERS

(soft)

Lee. Please! We can help you.

LEE laughs.

It is not MANIACAL, but KNOWING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE
Soldier! I am ordering you to stand
down. Stand down now!
(beat)
Sergeant! Stand down!
(shrieking)
Stand down now!

INT. INFIRMARY

LEE opens the ZIPPO top and strikes the flint.

A small blue/orange flame appears at the tip and FLICKERS
DELICATELY.

LEE
Abraham took the wood for the burnt
offering and placed it on his son
Isaac, and he himself carried the
fire and the knife. As the two of
them went on together, Isaac spoke
up and said to his father Abraham,
"Father?"
"Yes, my son?" Abraham replied.
"The fire and wood are here," Isaac
said, "but where is the lamb for
the burnt offering?"

RODGERS
LEE! PLEASE!

LEVI
NO! NO!

GRACE
STAND THE FUCK DOWN!

LEE looks at the three of them standing in the doorway and
removes her surgical mask.

LEE is no more.

Her nose gushes blood, her eyes are BLOODSHOT AND CRAZED, a
severe rash all over her face.

As she speaks, THICK, BLACK BLOOD cascades over her lips.

LEE
Abraham answered, "God himself will
provide the lamb for the burnt
offering, my son."
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEE (CONT'D)
And the two of them went on
together.

LEE releases the ZIPPO.

It touches the alcohol covered floor and the entire room goes
up IN AN INSTANT.

INT. PERSONNEL CORRIDOR

RODGERS, LEVI and GRACE dive away from the open door as wild
flames lick around the jam, jetting out into the corridor.

It is quickly an HELLISH INFERNO.

INT. INFIRMARY

An overhead HALON extinguisher system activates.

White gas fills the room and slowly the flames are smothered,
leaving three CHARRED, UNRECOGNIZABLE BODIES laying on the
floor.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. SILO

The WARHEAD waits patiently...

INT. MESS HALL

QUICK FADES:

RODGERS, LEVI and GRACE each drag a charred body wrapped in
sheets into the walk-in freezer.

GRACE slowly closes the door to the walk-in.

INT. LAVATORY

RODGERS, LEVI and GRACE stand next to each other at separate
sinks, washing their hands, splashing their faces with water.

They study themselves in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVI
(to no one in particular)
What now?

GRACE
I don't know that there is a what
now.

BEAT.

SILENCE

LEVI turns on GRACE.

LEVI
This was you!

GRACE
What?

LEVI
This was you!

GRACE
What exactly are you insinuating?

LEVI squares off with GRACE, RODGERS stands to the side.

LEVI
I think you know exactly what I'm
insinuating!

RODGERS
Hey!

GRACE
I don't think I care for your tone,
Lieutenant.

LEVI
I don't think I care about what you
care about, Major!

RODGERS
Levi!

LEVI
Enough, Rodgers! Enough! Are you
fucking blind? This is all her!

LEVI gestures to GRACE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODGERS
It can't be.

LEVI
She knows more than she's saying!

GRACE turns away, sheepish.

GRACE
(soft)
That's enough--

RODGERS
Levi, please, this is bad--

LEVI steps closer to GRACE. Less than two inches between their faces.

LEVI
How do we know she's one of us?

RODGERS
What?

LEVI
We don't know anything! We wake up with amnesia, dying in this fucking dungeon, the five of us in the corridor and her in the stairwell!
(to GRACE)
Why weren't you with us in the corridor?!

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE
I...I don't know.

LEVI
What were you doing in the stairwell? Were you on the way up or on the way down?!

GRACE
(firm)
I. Don't. Know.

RODGERS
Lieutenant, that is enough!

LEVI
She knows more!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODGERS
(forceful)
That's enough!

LEVI
She's not one of us! You are not
one of us!
(beat)
You're one of them.
(to RODGERS)
She's KGB!

GRACE
That's absurd!

LEVI
Is it?! Is it more absurd than
anything we've experience down here
so far? None of this makes sense.

RODGERS
And your explanation is--

LEVI
My explanation--

GRACE
Your explanation is what? I'm a
spy? I somehow found out about this
experimental new silo installation
set on a dead man's switch,
infiltrated it, infected and killed
the crew with a virus that I was
also infected with, purposefully or
otherwise, so that I could be
trapped down here and die with you
all so the missile launches at my
own homeland?

LEVI
I--

GRACE
How much sense does that make?

LEVI struggles through the logic.

LEVI
I--

GRACE steps even closer to LEVI.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GRACE

You are off-base and out of line,
Lieutenant!

(to RODGERS)

I'm not sure we shouldn't isolate
her. This might be how her
psychosis is presenting.

(to LEVI, smug)

Paranoid delusions.

LEVI

Fuck you!

LEVI shoves GRACE, who shoves her violently back.

THEY are quickly on the ground, PUNCHING EACH OTHER, ROLLING
AROUND.

RODGERS struggles to tear them apart.

He is as aggressive and agitated as he's ever been.

RODGERS

Enough! Enough! Enough!

RODGERS finally succeeds in separating LEVI and GRACE, each
retreats to a side of the room, each with bruises on their
faces, each out of breath.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

That's enough!

(shouting)

What difference does it makes now?!

(to LEVI)

Let's say you're right, Levi. Grace
is KGB and she infiltrated this
installation. She infected us.
She's determined to let the missile
launch. How does that put us in a
different position than the one
we're in now? And even if it did,
what is your suggestion? We isolate
her? Kill her? And then? We're
still in the exact same position
we're in now, but a live body
shorter. One more for the freezer.

(beat)

So, I ask again, what difference
does it make now?

SILENCE HANGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GRACE

(out of breath, nursing
her jaw)

I'm not a spy. I'm not KGB. I've
told you all I know. I'm here with
you. Have been the whole time. I am
Grace, Major, Serial Number
QVB9763, commanding officer of
Station 44-BDIB. We're probably
dying of a viral hemorrhagic fever
and there's a nuclear missile
poised to kill a lot of people if
and when we're gone. Those are the
things I know.

(beat, to LEVI)

Can you accept that?

SILENCE HANGS.

LEVI

What choice do I have?

LEVI looks from GRACE to RODGERS and back, then storms out of
the room.

RODGERS and GRACE look to each other.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE sits on her bunk, stares blankly into the middle
distance, smoking a cigarette.

She struggles back her emotions, bites her lip, hard, and
notices the large, white, analogue clock hung on the wall
opposite her.

GRACE stares at it for a long moment, narrows her eyes,
winces in pain.

CLOSE on, the LONG HAND, INCHING TOWARDS THE NUMBER 9.

GRACE suddenly PLACES BOTH HANDS OVER HER EARS AND SCREAMS
SILENTLY IN PAIN.

HARSH STATIC SOUNDS.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - BEFORE

AN ANALOGUE CLOCK ON A WHITE WALL.

CLOSE ON THE NUMBER 9.

THE LONG HAND POINTS TO IT.

Beneath the clock we find and stay on:

GRACE'S face.

She looks HEALTHY, BRIGHT, ALIVE.

GRACE stares ahead, firmly at seated attention.

The sound of a METAL CHAIR BEING DRAGGED OUT, SAT IN, SLID BACK.

GRACE nods at the person who must now be seated across from her.

A MALE VOICE clears its throat, perhaps the MALE VOICE heard over the SHORT WAVE RADIO when our journey began?

The MALE VOICE begins speaking...in RUSSIAN.

MALE VOICE

Vy ponimayete vsyu ser'yeznost'
etogo zadaniya, verno li eto,
mayor? (**You do understand the full
gravity of this assignment, is that
correct, Major?**)

GRACE absorbs this for a long moment.

Her face HINTS that she may not comprehend.

GRACE then brightens and nods.

GRACE

(perfect Russian)
YA delayu. (**I do.**)

MALE VOICE

U vas yest' kakiye-libo voprosy ko
mne? (**Do you have any questions?**)

GRACE

YA ne. (**I do not.**)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE

I vy vidite znacheniye v etom
uprazhnenii? (**And you see the value
in this exercise? You understand
what we aim to accomplish?**)

GRACE

Razreshit' govorit' svobodno, ser?
(**Permission to speak freely, sir?**)

MALE VOICE

Da. (**Yes.**)

GRACE

Na angliyskom? (**In English?**)

LONG BEAT.

MALE VOICE

(perfect American accent)
That will be fine.

GRACE

I am ready to proceed, sir. The
high-level details don't interest
or concern me.

MALE VOICE

That's troublesome.

GRACE

Sir?

MALE VOICE

The high level details are the
point, Major. Our friends have
locked arms with us in this. There
is no geopolitical solution to
this...current situation. We have
to demonstrate the danger and
absurdity of all of this. It's the
only way forward.

GRACE

That's not my concern, sir.

MALE VOICE

It should be. This will resolve
this cold, nonsensical game of
brinksmanship that we've been
locked into for far too long. It
cannot be broken by diplomacy,
strength or force of will.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

We must shatter the perceptions on all sides. We must show the futility. How delicate it all really is.

GRACE

I don't understand, sir. How is that to be accomplished with this dummy exercise scenario?

MALE VOICE

That, too, will become clear, Major.

GRACE appears frustrated.

GRACE

I thought the point of this meeting was for me to understand, sir.

MALE VOICE

The big picture, Major. To understand the big picture. The macro. The micro will become apparent in due time.

GRACE

I understand, sir.

MALE VOICE

Good.

GRACE

How are preparations proceeding, sir?

INCH CLOSER TO GRACE'S FACE THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING:

MALE VOICE

Very well. Our friends East of the wall have been apprised. Crew assembly is nearly completed. The warhead has been replaced with a safe, deactivated dummy cap.

GRACE

Is there a contingency for emergency egress? Since the blast doors will be walled off?

MALE VOICE

There will be a hatch and ladder from within Master Control.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Standard layout, but it will be hidden behind the far west console. You can be topside with the crew in two minutes if necessary. We're also scrubbing the facility, top to bottom. It's been in disrepair for some time. It won't be bright, shiny and new. But it will be clean and safe.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

MALE VOICE

And you understand that once the exercise commences, there will be no external communications, yes?

GRACE

I do, sir.

MALE VOICE

So if there's an emergency, you evacuate topside immediately.

GRACE

Understood, sir.

MALE VOICE

And, finally, you understand that you are not to share any of the information I've given you today with your crew, yes?

(beat)

Strictly need-to-know.

GRACE

I do, sir.

MALE VOICE

Do you?

GRACE

Yes, sir.

MALE VOICE

Good. Very good, Major. After all, loose lips sink ships, no?

GRACE nods.

GRACE

Loose lips sink ships.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MALE VOICE

Major--

GRACE

Sir.

MALE VOICE

This is important, Major.

GRACE

Yes, sir.

MALE VOICE

You're going to help us end all of this. You're going to help us leave the world better than we found it.

(beat)

Eto priyemlemo dlya vas, mayor? (**Is that acceptable to you, Major?**)

GRACE'S EYES FILL THE FRAME.

DARK BROWN AND DETERMINED.

GRACE

Eto tak, ser. (**It is, sir.**)

CUT TO:

INT. SILO - FLASHBACK

A HAZY RECOLLECTION, OUT OF FOCUS:

RODGERS waves the wand back and forth a few more times, then looks down to the box at the ANALOGUE NUMERICAL READOUT.

FALLON

Well?

RODGERS backs up hurriedly.

RODGERS

Oh, yeah, she's alive!

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S QUARTERS

GRACE'S EYES FILL THE FRAME.

DARK BROWN, BLOODSHOT AND FILLED WITH SORROW, GUILT AND RAGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHE GASPS, COMING BACK INTO THE ROOM AS IF AWAKENING FROM A NIGHTMARE.

RODGERS (O.S.)
Are you ok?

GRACE startles at the voice, turns.

GRACE
What?

INT. MESS HALL

RODGERS, LEVI and GRACE sit at the large round table in the center of the room, each of them eyeing the door to the walk-in freezer and, yet, desperately trying not to.

Each of them bleed from the nose, light hints of rash spread on their necks and they sweat profusely.

They cough violently throughout.

LEVI and GRACE are bruised from their fight.

DEJECTED SILENCE hangs heavy for several long moments.

The conversation is EXTREMELY LOW ENERGY.

RODGERS
You were off somewhere, Major. You
ok?

GRACE nods slowly.

GRACE
Fine.

RODGERS and LEVI exchange concerned glances.

RODGERS
You're sure?

GRACE
(sharp)
I'm fine!
(beat)
How long until the next launch
sequence initiation?

RODGERS looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODGERS
Twenty-two minutes.

RODGERS and GRACE give exchange a knowing glance.

LEVI notices.

LEVI
(off glance)
What?

RODGERS
We let it happen.

LEVI
You can't be serious!
(to GRACE, desperate)
Major!

GRACE sighs.

GRACE
(cold)
We're following orders.

LEVI
You don't know that for sure!

GRACE
I do. We're soldiers, Levi. We are
following orders...as soldiers do.

LEVI
No we are not! We are violating
every standing order we have.

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE
We took this tour to die here and
to let the missile launch.
(beat)
We're dying. The mission will
succeed. There is no more.
(beat)
The missile will launch.

INT. SILO

The WARHEAD rumbles ominously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the base of the missile liquid fuel exhaust slowly streams out and upward.

The MISSILE is eager, its hour come 'round at last--

LEVI (V.O.)
Disabling the system power?

INT. MESS HALL

GRACE laughs desperately, cynically.

GRACE
Do you honestly think that's
possible at this point?

LEVI
It's worth it to try! No?

GRACE looks to RODGERS.

RODGERS shakes his head.

RODGERS
Redundant power supplies.
Batteries. Internal electric
sufficient for liftoff and
guidance.

LEVI leans forward, prepared to argue...leans back, nods.

LEVI
Counter measures.

GRACE nods.

GRACE
We're essentially foreign agents
inside this installation.

LEVI
Sabotage.

GRACE
Every system has been planned and
installed specifically to prevent
what we're thinking about right
now. It's perfect.

LEVI
Evil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE

No.

(beat)

It's what we signed up for.

LEVI

You think that.

GRACE

(fatalistic)

That's the only explanation.

LEVI

It's an explanation.

RODGERS

(soft)

She's right. It's the only explanation.

GRACE

It's also irrelevant.

LEVI laughs, a sick, desperate laugh.

LEVI

How can you say that...Major?!

With two fingers on her right hand GRACE wipes blood from her nose and holds it up to LEVI.

GRACE

Because we'll be dead soon.
I don't know why we're still
discussing this. The mission goal
is clear.

GRACE points towards the ceiling.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The missile goes.

LEVI shrugs.

LEVI

The world goes with it and you're
ok with that?

GRACE nods.

GRACE

I don't have the luxury of being ok
with anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRACE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Neither do you, Levi. Neither does
Rodgers. This is the way things
are.

RODGERS

(sudden)

Do either of you remember anything
from before?

GRACE is taken aback by this.

GRACE

What?

RODGERS

I'm sitting here, trying to
remember something from my life
that didn't involve this place. Did
I have family? A son? I have a
picture in my head of chasing a
little boy around a backyard, but--

LEVI

It's like a dream.

RODGERS nods.

RODGERS

I don't trust that it's a memory.

LEVI

(at GRACE)

I see no reason to trust anything.

RODGERS

But, it's right there. Right on the
tip of my brain. I keep feeling
like if I could just get a little
closer to the edge I could grab it,
but then--

LEVI

--you're afraid you'll fall off.

BEAT.

GRACE

(casual)

Did you know that memories aren't
actually memories?

RODGERS and LEVI are quizzical.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRACE (CONT'D)

What I mean is, when you remember something, you're not actually remembering that thing. You're remembering the last time you remembered that thing...and that time is overwritten by the new retrieval. There are no memories. It's all just echoes of firing synapses. We never really remember anything. Even our own histories are imagined. All make believe. Stories we tell ourselves. Lullabies we sing silently. Monsters in the darkness.

GRACE is lost in this for a moment.

SILENCE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(flippant)

Upside...there won't be any need to remember this soon. We won't be able to.

RODGERS

Do you even feel like you remember anything from before? A dream?

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE

Nothing--

But something in her eyes contradicts this.

RODGERS studies her, before he is distracted by:

LEVI

I think I remember a bath by candlelight. Someone is trying to come into the bathroom.

LEVI closes her eyes.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I'm in the bath. They knock at the door. But--this doesn't feel like a dream. It feels like a nightmare.

(beat)

They're going to come through the door.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LEVI (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm afraid of the door, but I don't
know why. I can't remember why--

(trembling)

I hate the door.

RODGER's face.

A REALIZATION.

PARKS (V.O.)

(echoing)

Religious coma machine idea hate
door!

RODGERS

(soft)

It was an idea.

GRACE

What?

RODGERS

Parks was trying to tell us
something.

LEVI

At the end? The way he ended up? He
was psychotic. Insane.

RODGERS

"Religious coma machine idea hate
door."

LEVI

Gibberish.

GRACE

Yes. Meaningless.

RODGERS

No. Jumbled, but not meaningless.

RODGERS and LEVI exchange a glance: *what is she driving at?*

GRACE

Rodgers, I think you--

RODGERS

Yes, I know.

(sharp)

Just listen! Machine. Idea. Hate.
Door. It's jumbled.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RODGERS (CONT'D)

It's all he was capable of.

(beat)

Hate Machine. This missile. Door idea. The lid.

(to RODGERS)

Ok, so the launch sequence initiates, once it achieves the final step in the onboard system sequence the silo lid retracts for launch, yes?

GRACE

Correct.

RODGERS

And there's an egress ladder that allows for crew escape through the silo lid in case of emergency.

GRACE

Yes, but we already thought about that. There's no way to retract the silo lid until launch initiates and there won't be enough time between the silo lid opening and launch for us to get out. We'd be incinerated.

RODGERS

What if we don't have to time it that closely?

GRACE

You mean--

LEVI

You're suggesting we disarm the warhead?

RODGERS nods.

GRACE

Launch completes, missile fires, no warhead.

LEVI

No one else will know.

GRACE

Retaliatory strikes will commence regardless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RODGERS

Unless we're quick enough. There might be some communication array topside. We can contact S.A.C. And tell them what happened and they can communicate with Moscow.

GRACE

Assuming that's all possible, what if Moscow doesn't believe S.A.C. Or, more likely, if this was the mission intention in the first place, S.A.C. won't communicate that. They'll let the Russians think the missile is armed. Same result.

RODGERS

IF S.A.C.'s intention is nuclear conflict, it doesn't work if it starts with a dud. They'll do whatever they can to abort.

(beat)

Regardless, we won't be culpable.

LEVI

We will! We're here by choice. It was always going to end the same way.

(beat)

You said it yourself. We die here.

GRACE thinks.

GRACE

It's a vote then.

RODGERS

No it isn't, Major. This is your command.

GRACE sits uncomfortably with this.

SIGHS.

GRACE

We vote. We either try...try to disarm the warhead and escape post-launch or we let launch complete as is and we die down here...as I think it was intended.

RODGERS raises her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

RODGERS
I vote we try.

Long moments pass.

GRACE and LEVI raise their hands as well.

GRACE nods.

GRACE
Very well. Let's get on it.

RODGERS
Yes, Ma'am.

LEVI
(mild enthusiasm)
Ma'am.

RODGERS and LEVI hurry out of the room.

GRACE lingers, staring into the distance, wipes blood from her nose, studies it on the tips of her fingers.

After a moment she sighs, stands and exits the room.

INT. SILO

GRACE and RODGERS enter, both momentarily mesmerized by the WARHEAD atop the missile.

RODGERS
There!

RODGERS finds and points to an ACCESS POINT between the upper catwalk and the warhead.

GRACE
Can you do this, Rodgers?

RODGERS
We'll find out together.

GRACE places a hand firmly on RODGERS' shoulder.

GRACE
Can you do this, Captain?!

RODGERS
Yes, Major.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

LEVI rips apart the filing cabinets, reading the covers of binders as she goes.

Moments pass. LEVI's in a frenzy.

Suddenly, she coughs and blood sprays from her mouth over all the binders set before her.

She wipes the blood from her mouth, keeps looking.

LEVI she finds a binder labeled:

WARHEAD NEUTRALIZATION PROCEDURES DASH-1 - STATION 44-BDIB

She runs out of the room carrying the binder and into the corridor.

INT. SILO

RODGERS stand atop the missile, feet secured to notches at the base of the warhead with cables clipped at his belt-line, firmly securing him.

He carefully removes a side panel to reveal a mass of wires, switches and electronics.

RODGERS

Christ--

GRACE stands below on the catwalk, looking up.

LEVI enters with the binder, out of breath. Hands it to GRACE.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

You have it?

GRACE

Got it.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Loose lips sink ships...

GRACE shudders, shakes off the feeling, begins to flip quickly through the pages.

LEVI leans against the catwalk railing, desperately trying to catch her breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It appears that a deep, red rash is spreading on the back of her neck moment-to-moment.

LEVI coughs and blood erupts from her mouth, falls the length of the missile and splatters at the base of the silo.

GRACE is distracted by this.

RODGERS

GRACE!

GRACE snaps back to the binder, coughs blood violently.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

GRACE! Come on!

GRACE

I'm with you.

(from the manual)

Open the pedestal left access door
and disconnect the spring on the
ignition-switch cable from the
forward frame of the pedestal.

RODGERS

Affirm.

GRACE

Disconnect the firing cable lead
from the binding posts on the
firing box assembly and short the
lead wires.

RODGERS

WILCO!

RODGERS continues working as GRACE turns pages in the binder.

LEVI leans on the catwalk railing, coughing violent.

GRACE

Levi, time?

LEVI struggles to lift her wrist, looks at her watch.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Levi!

(beat)

LIEUTENANT, TIME TO LAUNCH
INITIATION?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEVI

(weak)

Time minus 7 minutes, 14.

RODGERS

(shouts)

Next step!

GRACE

Insert the arming handle into the igniter. Depress the arming handle and rotate it 60 degrees in a counter clockwise direction, aligning the green segments of the base of the igniter.

RODGERS

WILCO!

GRACE lurches as she coughs again, violently.

Blood sprays out of her mouth.

She is DRENCHED IN SWEAT and stumbles backward, leaning against the wall of the silo.

She nearly drops the binder, but continues to clasp it, desperately.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Major!

(beat)

Grace!

GRACE

(garbled)

Disconnect the igniter cable from the receptacle labeled J8 on the battery support assembly and install the attached shorting plug on plug P1.

RODGERS

WILCO!

GRACE slumps down, sits on the catwalk as her head begins to tilt lazily to one side.

RODGERS works furiously.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

(shouts)

Time?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RODGERS turns and sees GRACE slumped over.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
(screams)
Time to launch, Major!?

GRACE comes to sharply, looks at her wrist watch.

GRACE
5 minutes 26.

RODGERS
Next step!
(loud)
NEXT STEP!

GRACE coughs up more blood.

Her eyes are now bloodshot.

GRACE
Ensure that the igniter cable is
disconnected and the shorting plug
is in place. Repeat for secondary
igniter cable, to the left of
primary, white cable--

RODGERS
WILCO!

RODGERS works quickly, sweating, fumbling. After a few
moments--

RODGERS (CONT'D)
Affirm. NEXT!

GRACE
Unlock the four turn-lock fasteners
and remove the ignition switch from
the nozzle fairing. Stow the switch
and the cable in the pedestal.

RODGERS
Affirm!

GRACE
Install a quick release pin in each
launching shoe.

RODGERS
WILCO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

As RODGERS works, GRACE looks to LEVI, leaning against the railing.

GRACE takes step towards LEVI, who suddenly tumbles forward over the railing and CAREENS DOWN THE SILO SHAFT, MAKING CONTACT AT THE BASE AND EXPLODING on impact.

GRACE gasps.

GRACE
(shouts)
Levi's gone!

RODGERS
No time!

GRACE's eyes begin to grow heavy as RODGERS works.

RODGERS struggles to maintain focus, eyes bloodshot as well, bleeding trickling from his nose.

GRACE
Rodgers?

RODGERS
Next step!

GRACE
(fading)
Disconnect igniter cable from the receptacle J8 on the battery support assembly, and connect plug P8 to P8 SHORT on battery support assembly.

RODGERS
WILCO!

GRACE
(soft)
Insert the arming handle into--

RODGERS
(screams)
LOUDER!

GRACE
(attempts shout)
Insert the arming handle into the igniter. Depress the arming handle and rotate it 60 degrees in a counterclockwise direction.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GRACE (CONT'D)

The word SAFE should now be visible
on a green background.

RODGERS

WICLO!

GRACE

(fading)

The word SAFE should now be
visible.

(beat)

The word SAFE.

(beat)

SAFE--

RODGERS completes this final step and EXHALES SHARPLY.

He looks into the guts of the warhead at the panel indicator
and sees only one visible word...in red: ARMED.

RODGERS

It's still live!

GRACE

What?!

RODGERS

It's still armed, Major! It didn't
work.

GRACE, A LOOK OF ABJECT DEFEAT ON HER FACE, STRUGGLES, BUT
MANAGES TO STAND, WALKS TO THE RAILING, LEANS ON IT, STILL
CLASPING THE BINDER.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

Time?

(beat)

MAJOR! TIME?!

(beat)

GRACE!

GRACE looks to her watch, shakes her head.

GRACE

(impotent)

Time minus three minutes twenty.

RODGERS

Let's go through the steps again.
Start from the top. We missed
something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GRACE looks down the length of the SILO, back up to RODGERS, down again.

She shakes her head and slowly drops the BINDER OVER THE RAILING.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

GRACE
It's over.

THE BINDER TUMBLES TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE SILO.

RODGERS
Grace, you need to go reset launch initiation. NOW!

GRACE
(calm)
No.

RODGERS
What?!

GRACE
No.
(beat)
It's done.

RODGERS
What are you talking about?!

GRACE
They lied to me.
(beat)
To all of us. It's been a great lie for 35 years. Now it's come to an end. This is the truth. This is how it is.

RODGERS
MAJOR! GRACE. LOOK AT ME!

EYE CONTACT.

RODGERS face: HORROR.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

GRACE

This is what they wanted from the beginning. There is no way out of this.

RODGERS

Grace, please!

GRACE

No. This is how the world ends. This is all that's left. Our purpose here is nothing more than to bear witness...and then to die.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

RODGERS begins to frantically unhook himself from the warhead maintenance panel above this missile.

RODGERS

I don't know what you're talking about! If you won't stop the launch, I will.

GRACE sighs.

GRACE

I'm sorry, Rodgers. No...you won't.

GRACE turns and begins to exit the silo.

RODGERS

No! NO! Major! GRACE! Stop!

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

The CLAXONS sounding from the end of the corridor in the MAIN CONTROL ROOM are so loud that GRACE winces in pain and covers her ears.

GRACE then begins pushing the SILO DOOR back into it's closed position.

The door almost comes into contact with the large metal jam, and stops dead.

Confused, GRACE backs up and puts her body weight into it.

The door doesn't budge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE is about to try again, when the door EXPLODES towards her, SMASHING HER IN THE FACE, FORCING BLOOD FLYING FROM HER NOSE AND SENDING HER TO THE GROUND.

RODGERS charges through the door, steps over grace and begins walking towards the end of the corridor.

RODGERS
Stand down Major!

GRACE lurches forward and grabs RODGERS by the ankle, stopping his progress.

GRACE
(desperate)
No, Rodgers! No! It's inevitable.
Just let it go.

RODGERS
No!

RODGERS TWISTS AND KICKS GRACE'S LEG AWAY, BEGINS MAKING PROGRESS DOWN THE HALL AGAIN, BUT BEGINS TO COUGH VIOLENTLY, FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

HE LURCHES FORWARD, COUGHS AGAIN AND BLOOD STREAMS FROM HIS MOUTH.

GRACE rises to her feet, quick as she can, and begins stumbling towards the BLARING ALARMS and BLINKING LIGHTS at the end of the corridor inside Main Control.

Every step a PAINFUL STRUGGLE.

She pauses to VIOLENTLY COUGH BLOOD onto her shoes, then resumes walking.

RODGERS remains on the floor, violently exhaling blood.

GRACE pushes and pushes and PUSHES to make it to the...

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

...where GRACE stumbles toward the MAIN CONSOLE.

It is lit up all RED AND GREEN like a Christmas tree.

The CLAXONS are DEAFENING.

GRACE's desperate breathing and violent coughs are inaudible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE looks up at the digital clock above the console, counting down.

55...54...53...52...51...50...49...

GRACE shifts her attention back to the **LAUNCH CONTROL AND MONITOR ROW**, then back to the clock...

48...47...46...45...44...43...42...41...

BACK.

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

RODGERS stops coughing, wipes blood from his mouth.

He looks to his left and sees a LARGE METAL WRENCH laying haphazardly on the floor grating next to him.

He place his hand on it and grasps it tightly.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM

GRACE shifts her attention back to the **LAUNCH CONTROL AND MONITOR ROW**, then back to the clock...

40...39...38...37...36...35...34...33...

BACK.

32...31...30...29...28...27...26...25...24...23...22...21...20...

BACK.

GRACE'S EYES.

RODGERS (O.S.)
(scream)
GRACE!

GRACE SHIFTS HER GAZE TO SEE RODGERS STRUGGLING TOWARDS HER, CARRYING THE WRENCH.

RODGERS (CONT'D)
(pleading)
PRESS IT! PRESS THE GODDAMN BUTTON!
IT'S NOT TOO LATE.

GRACE
IT IS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAOS, NOISE, BLINKING LIGHTS EVERYWHERE.

RODGERS STUMBLES TOWARDS GRACE.

GRACE LEANS HER HEAD BACK AND EXHALES A MIST OF BLOOD TURNS TO FACE RODGERS.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(echoing)
The big picture, Major. To
understand the big picture. The
macro. The micro will become
apparent in due time.

RODGERS
IT'S GOING TO LAUNCH, MAJOR!
OVERRIDE LAUNCH! NOW! PRESS IT OR
STEP ASIDE!

GRACE
NO!

GRACE COCKS HER HEAD AS RODGERS FINALLY MAKES IT TO HER.

THEIR EYES LOCK, JUST A FEW FEET APART.

RODGERS IS ABOUT TO SPEAK, BUT HIS FACE FILLS WITH
UNDERSTANDING AND DEFEAT OFF OF GRACE'S LOOK.

RODGERS
(impotent)
Please, Grace. Please...

19...18...17...16...15...14...13...12...11...10...9...

IN A FLASH GRACE DRAWS HER RIGHT ARM, PALM FLAT, ACROSS HER
CHEST, LUNGES FORWARD SEVERAL STEPS AND BRINGS THE BLADE OF
HER PALM UP AND OUT, ATTEMPTING TO STRIKE RODGERS IN THE
THROAT.

RODGERS DODGES AND BRINGS THE WRENCH DOWN ON THE SIDE OF
GRACE'S HEAD, HARD.

GRACE FALLS LIMPLY TO THE FLOOR, LIKE A RAG DOLL.

RODGERS STRUGGLES TOWARD THE MAIN CONSOLE, FIVE FEET AWAY,
RIGHT HAND OUTSTRETCHED, STRUGGLING TOWARDS THE **CONTROLLER**
OVERRIDE BUTTON.

MORE RED INDICATORS SPRING TO LIFE ON THE CONSOLE AND BLINK:

MAIN ENGINE START
FIRE DIESEL AREA

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ORANGE INDICATORS ON THE CONSOLE BLINK:

FIRE ENGINE
FIRE OXI PUMP ROOM
FIRE LAUNCH DUCT

THE CLOCK:

8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1...

RODGERS LUNGES TOWARDS THE BUTTON, PRESSES IT, CLOSES HIS EYES TIGHT.

THE CLAXONS CEASE.

A BRIEF MOMENT OF SILENCE.

RODGERS OPENS HIS EYES AND LOOKS TO THE CLOCK.

IT READS: 0.

HORROR FILLS RODGERS FACE AS HE SCANS THE RED AND ORANGE STAR-FIELD OF FLASHING LIGHTS UNTIL HE FOCUSES ON ONE.

ON THE MAIN CONSOLE A NEW INDICATOR LIGHT SPRINGS TO LIFE IN HARSH RED:

MISSILE AWAY
MISSILE AWAY
MISSILE AWAY

AN INCREDIBLE ROAR COMMENCES AND THE ENTIRE COMPLEX SHAKES VIOLENTLY, KNOCKING RODGERS OFF HIS FEET.

HIS HEAD COLLIDES VIOLENTLY WITH THE EDGE OF THE CONSOLE AND HE FALLS TO THE GROUND, FACE DOWN.

AFTER SEVERAL MOMENTS OF INTENSE, EARTHQUAKE LEVEL RUMBLING AND GYRATING, THE ROAR SUBSIDES AND THE SHAKING CEASES.

RODGERS AND GRACE LAY SEVERAL FEET APART ON THE GROUND OF THE CONTROL ROOM, UNCONSCIOUS.

FADE TO BLACK:

A BUZZING SOUND SLOWLY FADES IN, DISTANT AND UNTUNED, AS IF PLAYING VIA A SHORTWAVE RADIO.

THE BUZZ PLAYS FOR 1.2 SECONDS, PAUSES FOR 1.3 SECONDS, FOLLOWED BY A DIGITAL BEEP, THEN...

...A SHARP CRACKLE of static.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BACH'S "LITTLE FUGUE IN G MINOR" BEGINS TO PLAY...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (garbled by static)
 Live. Station. 44-BDIB.
 (beat)
 Live. Station. 44-BDIB.
 (beat)
 98 1102 VICTORIA 93 7 12 55 103.
 (beat)
 Gene Frank Albert John Alice
 Victoria Victoria Victoria.
 (beat)
 I am WHISKEY 97
 (beat)
 CHARLIE 84 I am WHISKEY 97, do you
 copy, over?

SILENCE.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 Repeat, CHARLIE 84 I am WHISKEY 97,
 receive command BED BEZ ZOE VPK
 SHIP 5. I repeat BED BEZ ZOE VPK
 SHIP 5 do you copy, over?

FADE IN:

INT. SUPPORT SYSTEMS ROOM

A cramped mass of machinery RUMBLES IDLY.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (static, almost
 unintelligible.)
 I am CHARLIE 84, WHISKEY 97. I read
 you. Solid copy. Command BED BEZ
 ZOE VPK SHIP 5. Solid copy, over.
 Awaiting confirm.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 I am WHISKEY 97, CHARLIE 84.
 Unintel... Do you copy? Over.

INT. MESS HALL

On the far side of the room hangs a framed PRESIDENTIAL
 PORTRAIT OF JIMMY CARTER, which is now tilted at harsh angle,
 held in place only by a single nail, SWINGING GENTLY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I am CHARLIE 84. Solid copy, over.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I am WHISKEY 97. CHARLIE 84, be
advised PROJECT GOLF ECHO SIERRA
TANGO ALPHA LIMA TANGO is purple.
Repeat GOLF ECHO SIERRA TANGO ALPHA
LIMA TANGO is purple. Do you copy,
over?

INT. LAVATORY

Long, CAVERNOUS.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(hint of emotion)
I am CHARLIE 84. Solid copy.
PROJECT GOLF ECHO SIERRA TANGO
ALPHA LIMA TANGO is purple. Good
luck, WHISKY 97. Over.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I am WHISKEY 97. Copy. God speed.
(beat)
Over, and out.

A SHARP CRACKLE OF STATIC AND THE SOUND FADES...

INT. MASTER CONTROL

GRACE LAYS MOTIONLESS, AS HER NOSE BLEEDS PROFUSELY, HER FACE
IS NOW COVERED IN A VICIOUS RED RASH.

MOMENTS PASS UNTIL HER EYES SLOWLY OPEN.

SHE STRUGGLES TO HER FEET AND LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, SEES A
BLACK MAN LYING ON THE FLOOR, HIS HEAD GUSHING BLOOD, EYES
OPEN AND FROZEN IN TERROR.

THE CONSOLE: BLINKING INDICATOR LIGHTS.

THE DIGITAL CLOCK READS: 0

INT. CONTROL AND SUPPORT SYSTEMS CORRIDOR

GRACE TRUDGES ALONG THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE DOOR AT THE FAR
END.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRACE REACHES THE DOOR, PLACES HER HAND ON THE KNOB, TURNS IT, THE DOOR DOESN'T BUDGE.

SHE STANDS BACK AND NOTICES A LARGE CRANK VALVE IN THE CENTER OF THE DOOR.

GRACE SPINS IT, CAUTIOUSLY, CLOCKWISE.

IT OPENS.

GRACE STEPS INTO--

INT. SILO

GRACE STANDS ON THE GRATED CATWALK FACE-TO-FACE WITH: AN EMPTY SILO WALL OPPOSITE.

MUSIC SWELLS: THE FLAMING LIPS "WATCHING THE PLANETS" AND PLAYS OVER:

RESIDUAL GREY-BLUE SMOKE BILLOWS UPWARD FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SILO.

GRACE SHIFTS HER GAZE SLOWLY UPWARD, ALONG THE SHAFT OF THE SILO, TO THE OPEN SILO LID.

SUNLIGHT.

BLUE SKY.

NO CLOUDS.

IT IS BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT AND IN THE DISTANCE, JUST THE FAINTEST HINT OF A MISSILE SOARING INTO THE SKY QUICKLY LEAVES GRACE'S FIELD OF VIEW, HEADING TOWARDS THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE BRIGHT BLUE SKY STARES BACK AT GRACE AND SHE REACHES OUT, GETS ON HER TOES AND ATTEMPTS TO TOUCH IT WITH THE TIP OF HER RIGHT INDEX FINGER.

A FLOCK OF GEESE, IN A NEARLY PERFECT "V" FORMATION, MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE SKY JUST AS GRACE'S FINGER REACHES ITS APEX.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END