THE DAY AFTER

Screenplay by
Edward Hume

SECOND DRAFT
Revised: May 7, 1982
"And when the Lamb opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven for about half an hour."

(Revelations 8:1)
FADE IN:

CLOSE PAN/OVERLAP SEQUENCE OF PAINTINGS

by Thomas Hart Benton, the great muralist of the
Middle West. Undulating prairies, reapers scything
summer hay, a butterfly chaser -- all the dark, rich,
rolling energy of a fertile land. SOUND OF WIND
STIRRING in the grass, SONG of a meadowlark, dis-
tant THUNDER.

EXT. MIDWEST PRAIRIE LAND - SEQUENCE - START SUNRISE

wine-red through Indian grass; a distant man-on-
horseback crossing a stream, a lark in the grass
fussing about its nest fat with eggs; wildflowers,
gentian and blazing-star. A hawk slowly circles
over a rabbit as it scampers, pauses, sniffs,
scampers, sensing some unseen threat. The hawk
dives. Several children (age 10 exiting a school-
bus on a farm road, run after, making faces at their
friends behind the windows...

EXT. FARMLAND - LOW-FLYING AERIAL - DAY

from prairie to farmland. We see summer corn and
wheat fields, some threshers working. The varied
geography of the heartland: giant green circles,
the brown-green-gold squares and rectangles of
family farms. Hay, soybean, pasture, livestock
grazing. White farmhouses, barns, silos, wind-
breaks... and INTERCUT two or three mysterious
"parking lots" among the cornfields, contour plow-
ing patterns. Surrounded by drainage ditch, cy-
cclone fence, the dirt rectangle, perhaps 75x150
yards, features a massive concrete block on a short
track, an adjacent maintenance building. This is
the lid of a Minuteman missile silo.

EXT. KANSAS & MISSOURI RIVERS - AERIAL - DAY

flies low along the wide river, moving from farmland
to industry. We are approaching Kansas City and the
conjunction of two great rivers. We see railroad
yards, huge barges, traffic zipping along the ex-
pressway, giant grain elevators, stockyards, oil
refineries, Royals Stadium... the buildings of
downtown KC catching the sharp morning sun. SMALL
BOTTOM SCREEN SUPER: "KANSAS CITY"
EXT. KANSAS CITY STOCKYARD - STEER - DAY

surging through a loading chute. DISTANT TV REPORTER'S VOICE anticipating next scene...

REPORTER'S VOICE
Since Soviet troops crushed the East German workers' strikes last June, the West has been unanimous in condemning the Soviet action and applying economic sanctions...

INT. MEAT PACING PLANT - BUTCHERS - DAY
dressing down sides of beef, wheeling the hooked halves from the ceiling, into cold storage. SLOW PAN "locates" small b.g. TV set on Foreman's table...

REPORTER'S VOICE
... which has not stopped their growing military presence along the West German frontier. NATO intelligence sources report a massive buildup of infantry and armored divisions...

INT. BOARD OF TRADE - CUTS AMONG FLOOR BROKERS

in shirtsleeves, three-piece suits, shouting bids on wheat from the trading pit, waving their arms, jotting frenzied notes on slips of paper. An arena of energy! Behind the shouting, we continue to HEAR:

REPORTER'S VOICE
... along the Elbe River and extending all the way south to the Czech border... which the United States fears could seriously jeopardize the current round of strategic arms reductions talks...

FAVOR TWO BROKERS

half-watching a small TV set on their desk among the computer screens, market prices, Wall Street Journals, sandwiches, cokes and Perrier. They don't take the news too seriously. On the TV screen, we now see a DIPLOMAT-type being interviewed as he exits a limousine.

(CONTINUED)
DIPLOMAT (ON TV)
The Soviet Ambassador told me the maneuvers were the usual Warsaw
Pact training exercises. I told him that explanation was unacceptable...

BROKER #1
Watch this. They'll start talking trade embargos.

BROKER #2
Don't count on it. We just sold the Russians four million metric tons of red winter wheat.

CLOSER FAVOR TV - RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR
jolly, bespectacled, "joking" with a reporter.

AMBASSADOR (ON TV)
'Provocative?' You call us provocative when you Americans have two hundred and sixty thousand soldiers and seven thousand nuclear weapons poised on the other side of the border...?

OMITTED
8 thru 15

EXT. HOSPITAL COMPLEX - START "FALLOUT SHELTER" - DAY
sign, the small black and yellow emblem few notice anymore on the side of... OPEN across hospital facade. SOUND OF HEARTBEAT, anticipating next scene...

INT. HOSPITAL (MATERNITY) - SLOW ZOOM - CLOSE - INFANT
writhing soundlessly in an incubator. SOUND OF HEARTBEAT LOUDER... anticipating next scene.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

OAKES' VOICE
A lot of kids are born with it.

INT. HOSPITAL X-RAY ROOM - DARK - START X-RAY SCAN

where we see the image of a human heart beating on an
electron scanning screen. SOUND OF HEARTBEAT recedes,
as...

OAKES' VOICE
But we can do something about it
these days...

FAVOR RUSSELL OAKES

doctor, 46, boyish face, sharp clear eyes patiently
viewing the action of the heart. Dr. JANET IVES, 26,
intern, Dr. SAM HACHIYA, 29. A teaching session.
White jackets. Oakes calmly indicates with a silver
pen:

OAKES
Here's the problem. The septa
don't meet properly. The aorta's
rising from the right ventricle
and the pulmonary from the left.
How about that, Dr. Ives?

IVES
Well, the oxygenated blood is
going back into the lungs, before
it gets to the heart.

Oakes nods, pleased, then looks at Hachiya:

OAKES
Dr. Hachiya? What do we do?

Sam Hachiya looks very Japanese, but speaks with an
American accent. (INTERCUT SCANNING SCREEN.)

HACHIYA
We go in and make a nice little
hole here between the two sides
of the heart to let the blood
leak across to carry enough
oxygen to the rest of the body.
and a nurse, as they approach JOE, an old black white-haired man in bed, apparently asleep.

OAKES
Can you schedule it Saturday, Sam?

HACHIYA
No way. I'm pulling thirty-six hours straight up at Hampton starting tomorrow...

OAKES
(hearty)
Hello, Joe. What's for lunch?

Oakes opens Joe's shirt, exams scars, pacemaker, applies stethoscope. Without moving, Joe's eyes open, luminous, "accusing."

JOE
I had turkey with yams, beans, cranberry sauce, two glasses of milk and rice pudding which I hate. Nurse said she's getting me some ice cream but she never come back!

OAKES
What's your favorite flavor?

JOE
Vanilla. Coffee, if they say they ain't got no vanilla.

OAKES
(to nurse)
You heard the man.

JOE
(to Hachiya)
What you staring at, Tojo?

HACHIYA
Your funny-looking belly button, Joe.

TIME CUT - WARD - DR. LANDOWSKA

70, bald, energetic, caustic... approaches, shakes hands with Oakes, effusive. Trace of an accent.

(CONTINUED)
LANDOWSKA
Russell. Are you going to Vienna
for Surgeon's Conference?

OAKES
Oh, I don't know, Iggy. It's
going to be awfully busy this
fall.

LANDOWSKA
Just as well. The Germans and
the Russians are getting ready
to blow each other up again, and
the Wienerwald with them, most
likely --
(cynical disgust)
Ostpolitik...!

OAKES
(thoughtfully)
You don't really believe that,
do you?

Landowska just grins, enigmatic, the pause indicating
that he does in fact half-believe it -- claps Oakes
heartily on the shoulder.

LANDOWSKA
Of course not! Just looking for
my own excuse not to go.

OAKES
How about scrupling in with me
Saturday morning on the Anderson
child, say 7:30?

FAVOR WARD CORRIDOR - TRACKING - OAKES AND LANDOWSKA
toward the door to Oakes' office, as they approach a
YOUNG WOMAN (MARILYN) waiting there.

LANDOWSKA
Delighted. Give us time to discuss
this streptokinase enzyme for
dissolving clots. What's your
opinion, Russell? Have you read
Marcus' paper...?

CLOSER - FAVORS MARILYN
20, tall, spirited girl, candid glance, insolent mouth.
Big frame glasses, ribbon in her hair, Afghan earrings.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Student's briefcase. She tries catching her father's attention, speaks with a husky voice.

OAKES' VOICE
It could be a breakthrough technique, but we need to know much more about it, like why thirty percent of subjects develop new clots within...

Marilyn
Daddy?

Quick to Favor - Oakes
sees Marilyn, surprised, embarrassed, checks his watch...

Omitted
thru 30

Ext. Rockhill Park (K.S.) - High on Oakes - Day
and Marilyn, below, crossing toward the Nelson-Atkins Gallery, Kansas City skyline b.g. Oakes eats his sandwich, sips milk from a carton. Marilyn talks rapidly, animated, laughing through her anger, anxiety.

Marilyn
Wha -- do I have to make an appointment for open heart surgery or something to get an hour with you...?

Tracking Closer - Oakes and Marilyn
Oakes
What's eating you, fruitcake...?

Marilyn
(instant remorse)
I'm sorry, I'm just jumpy, real jumpy today. Don't say I sound like Mom, please.

(Continued)
OAKES
Come on. What is it -- East Germany?

Marilyn
(laughing)
Are you kidding? So what do I know from East Germany?
(taking his arm)
Come on. I'm taking you someplace you work right next to and I bet never been inside in fifteen years...

INT. NELSON GALLERY - SMOOTH WIDE DOLLY - OAKES AND MARILYN

as they walk slowly through the museum, cool and exotic, one of the world's great collections of oriental art. They pass a large golden Amida Buddha. inter-cut dolly: beneath a temple ceiling... past rich porcelains, silks, scrolls, a Chou dynasty bronze warrior and horse. Indicating a misty mountain landscape painting:

Marilyn
Sometimes it's hard to know how to experience a Chinese landscape because the artist doesn't tell you where you're watching from -- like in a Turner or a Corot or something. Know why? Because he wants you to be in the landscape, a part of it, not out here looking at it.

Oakes smiles, savoring her enthusiasm, just enjoying being in her company.

OAKES
You mean a God's eye point of view.

Marilyn
No. Well. Yes. If by God you mean everywhere-and-inside sort of thing, yeah.

They exchange a glance, grin, her eyes evasive.

OAKES
You've got that twitchy in-between look.

Marilyn
I do? In-between what?

OAKES
In between knowing whether you should tell me something or not.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

She looks angry, amused, smug, resigned, afraid:

MARILYN
Okay. Daddy, I'm moving to Boston.

CLOSER FAVORS OAKES

the new angle revealing his hurt and surprise. He tries to sound off-handed.

OAKES
Oh? How come?

CLOSER FAVORS MARILYN

studying her father's reaction, defensive:

MARILYN
See? That's why I didn't tell you right away. Because I have to deal with your hurt feelings and Mom's, not just...

OAKES
All I asked was why you chose Boston...

MARILYN
(bursts out)
Mainly because it's thirteen hundred and ninety-one miles away from here.

Oakes is taken aback. Marilyn sees the hurt in his face, immediately remorseful, touches his arm.

MARILYN
(continuing)
Oh, God, that sounds awful. I don't mean it to come out that way, like a lousy chorus of 'She's Leaving Home', but it's really time I did, Daddy.

TWO SHOT

against silk paintings as they stop, face each other.

OAKES
You haven't been living at home for two years.

(Continued)
MARILYN
An apartment twenty-six blocks away isn't exactly Independence, Missouri, you know. Especially when I still bring my sheets home for Mom to wash Thursdays.

Oakes grins (but still feels a sense of abandonment)...

MARILYN
(continuing)
See? I still call it home. That's the problem.

They resume walking, away from PANNING CAMERA...

OAKES
Of course choosing Boston has nothing to do with the fact that Gary Kazakian's starting Tufts Medical this fall.

MARILYN
No. Well. Maybe a little. But it's not like we're going to be living together or anything. At least not right away. Actually, I just got accepted by the Boston Museum School, half scholarship.

Oakes comes around in front of her, takes her arms...

CLOSE - MARILYN AND OAKES - INTERCUT

as some passerby glances at them.

OAKES
Marilyn, that's wonderful! Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?

MARILYN
Because that's not the first place!

OAKES
You mean it is Gary...

MARILYN
Why can't you believe that I just have to get away from home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MARILYN (CONT'D)

Before it changes. We're all changing, Daddy, don't you see? You're always flying off to some conference somewhere. Alan's brooding about girls and pass patterns. Mom cries in the bathroom a lot.

Oakes squints, shocked and confused...

MARILYN

(continuing)
I don't know. Growing up is -- growing apart. I guess it's a natural phenomenon, like the expanding universe.

She makes a sad little palms-apart gesture, then turns spontaneously gives her father a hug. A passerby glances.

OAKES

Have you told your mother?

MARILYN

I thought I'd start with you and work my way up to her.

OAKES

Oh. I'm easy.

Easier.

They both grin, resume walking.

OAKES

It's not so easy, you know.

MARILYN

What?

Oakes starts to say something, hesitates, awkward, then:

OAKES

It's hard saying goodbye.

Marilyn nods, big dipping nods, changes the subject --

MARILYN

So what's happening in Germany?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

OAKES
Basicly, I think East and West Germany want to get back together again, and that's one thing the Russians won't stand for.

MARILYN
So what? So what's that got to do with us?

OAKES
We're part of NATO.

Already Marilyn's attention has drifted to...

FAVOR THE "HELL SCROLL"

an 11th century Japanese (Kamakura) painting: red flames leaping skyward, demons chasing the screaming damned into the inferno. (OPTIONAL: Some other "apocalyptic" work of art.)

MARILYN
Wow. Look at this. We aren't the only ones who believe in heaven and hell. Eleventh century Japan.

FAVOR OAKES

carefully studying Marilyn's profile.

OAKES
What's this about Mom crying in the bathroom?

MARILYN
Just that sometimes I hear her. Not like she's angry or frustrated or anything. She just sounds lonely. You never heard her do that?

Oakes can't answer, ashamed that he hasn't heard. Marilyn smiles, feeling less a child now.

MARILYN
(continuing)
You know what they say about cardiologists. They know everything about the heart, except the heart.

(MORE)
MARILYN (CONT'D)
(hunches a little)
You're not angry I told you.

OAKES
No. I'm glad you did. We've never had a talk like this.

She just looks at him, the closeness a little too much. She pulls a pear from her briefcase. Offers it. He shakes his head, fondly, watches her bite into the pear.

INT. HELICOPTER - AERIAL ON FIELDS - SHADOW - DAY

of our helicopter ROARING over wheat, cornfields, farm-roads, combines... passing over another minuteman silo (as in #3). SUPER: "SWEETSAGE, MISSOURI."

FAVOR AIRMAN 2ND CLASS LEONARD McCoy

24, sitting on the floor, heaving a huge 'wakeup yawn, soft cap, leather service jacket, toolbox. Also, USAF A/3rd ART COOPER, Tech Sergeant VINNIE CONRAD (reading the Kansas City Star, "President Warns Soviets..."). Sitting up front with the helmeted pilot, two young captains, BOYLE and STARR, wind-breaker service caps. One smokes thoughtfully, the other also reads a newspaper. All wear picture ID tags. McCoy speaks with a thick Cajun accent:

McCoy
Anyone hear talk about an alert coming up?

COOPER
Alert? Not this weekend, buddy. I'm going fishing.

CONRAD
(to Starr)
Coop goes fishin', he generally comes back engaged.

COOPER
When you fall in love you fall in love.
CONRAD
Every weekend you fall in love.
What's the matter with you,
Coop? Haven't you got no self-
control?

CLOSE - COOPER
reconsidering, to himself.

COOPER
Come to think of it, I could
use a nice quiet weekend.

CLOSE - McCoy AND HIS POV - INTERCUT
as he looks wistfully across the passing fields.
Passing yet another missile silo. But McCoy's
thoughts are elsewhere.

McCoy
Weekend, hell. I got thirty days
paid. Me n'Janice is takin' Skip
to N'yorlins.

ANGLE TOWARD STARR
in cockpit, as he glances back from his newspaper.

STARR
I wouldn't go making any big
tavel plans for awhile, Lenny.

CONRAD
(mocking)
Is that an order, sir?

STARR
Nope. Just a feeling in me bones.

EXT. CORNFIELDS - LOW SHARP TILT - HELICOPTER - DAY
as it CLATTERS overhead, whipping the tall stalks,
heavy with ripening corn...

EXT. LAUNCH CENTER - LOW ON HELICOPTER - DAY
descending TOWARD CAMERA. TILT DOWN as chopper set-
tles to swirling dust...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RADIO VOICES
Sparrow four-five request entry
Tango Control... Tango control:
have ID's ready, please.

Boyle, Starr (with duffels), Conrad, McCoy, Cooper
emerge from the copter. The clearing is surrounded by
wheatfields as far as the eye can see. PAN as theive pass toward green "ranchhouse" structure.

INT. LAUNCH CENTER (UPPER) - STARR & BOYLE - DAY

enter past Guard #1, white helmet, carbine, toss sal-
utes, speak to GUARD #2 (black) through wire grid door.

STARR
Captain Starr, Captain Boyle request
entry please.

Guard #2 opens door. CAMERA FOLLOWS Starr and Boyle
into a small office. The usual formalities:

GUARD #2
May I see your identification, please, sir?

Starr and Boyle show their ID's.

GUARD #2
(continuing)
Thank you, sir. Flight status
normal today, no site checks due
except for maintenance team on
Tango Five, first shift.

STARR
Very good.

Boyle speaks into small wall phone:

BOYLE
Captain Boyle to authenticate:
Roger, Alpha, Foxtrot, Victor...

FAVOR "REC" ROOM AREA - McCoy

shooting pool near food vending machines with Guard #1,
as Conrad confers with Cooper over an electronics
schematic diagram...

TIME CUT:
now in white jumpsuits, red hardhats, combat boots, strapping on sidearm holsters, gather briefcase and a thick manila envelope, check watches, step into a loading elevator, close accordion gate...

INT. SILO ELEVATOR - STARR & BOYLE

slowly descend. They are stoic, unhurried, confident -- the nerve buttons of a vast C-cube circuitry (command-control-communications). They don't even look at each other. HOLD for a few seconds, indicating the long ride down. Elevator stops.

HANDHELD CAMERA (WIDE) "WALKS" WITH STARR & BOYLE

into small 10x10 cement room at bottom of shaft, facing a massive steel door...

INTERCOM VOICE

Stand clear!

The door slowly opens. We see another Missile Combat Officer, same uniform, as they enter the control room capsule. Changing of the guard: cheerful, bland, professional...

VOICES

Morning... It's morning? How's the weather topside...? Beautiful day.

INT. LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM - STARR & BOYLE

enter room resembling the cockpit of a spaceship, two large tracked bucket chairs before twin computer-like consoles, two red telephones. Boyle is already strapping himself into the "easy" chair, as OFFICER #2 points out information on a checklist notebook.

OFFICER #2
All flight plans normal, all facilities clean and green.

BOYLE
Beautiful.
SEVERAL CLOSE CUTS ON EQUIPMENT
toggle switches, storage cabinets, padlocked metal boxes, code panels, a print-out map of "TANGO" launch center and its ten satellite missile silos.

VOICES
Send out for Chinese when you get hungry. I left the takeout number by the phone.
(some laughter)
Write if you get work.

FAVOR STARR
as the two other Officers exit. Starr closes the steel door, sealing them in.

EXT. LAUNCH CENTER - McCoy, Conrad, Cooper - DAY
carry toolboxes to USAF maintenance truck... as two (relieved) officers climb aboard helicopter, rotors spinning. PAN truck as it starts through cyclone fence gate, down farm road...

QUICK CLOSE - WHITE HORSE
grazing nearby pasture, lifts its head, alert.

EXT. HENDRY FARM - TRACTOR DRIVING - Dennis Hendry - DAY
30, hardworking young farmer, driving a tractor (combine?), Stetson, checkered shirt, drinking water out of a plastic bottle...

EXT. SAME - LONG HIGH CRANE SHOT - FARMHOUSE COMPLEX
as Dennis' tractor is seen working a nearby field (FAR EDGE of FRAME). This is the classic 160-acre, multi-crop family farm. Clapboard house, outbuildings. In the barnyard we see a woman and two children, a BARKING dog. PAN to contiguous missile silo area, the fenced-in "parking lot" (seen above, TITLES), as McCoy's truck comes barrelassing down the farm road, spewing a dust-wake, pulls a half-circle up to the giant concrete lid. Routine maintenance check.
selecting tools, boxes, clipboards from the truck, approach a small hatch to the side of the silo lid. McCoy walks up into CAMERA CLOSE, stares thoughtfully through the fence toward...

INTERCUT - HIS POV - HENDRY FARM

where the farmer works in direct proximity to his home and family. McCoy looks wistful, yearning...

CLOSE - ELLEN HENDRY

30, short thick blonde hair, skyblue eyes, housedress, having just hung out sheets on the line, a breeze gently rolling the wet white. SOUND OF O.S. TRACTOR, TELEVISION COMMERCIALS in the house. She picks up a mug of coffee from the back porch steps. SARAH, 7, and KENNY, 4, fight over a cookie sheet. Ellen sees...

INTERCUT - CLOSE - McCoy

watching her, sees her clearly look back. He offers a hesitant little half-salute and wave. Passengers on passing planets.

BACK TO ELLEN

studying these soldiers in the middle of nowhere, waves back at McCoy. Sips.

CHILDREN'S VOICES
Mommy can I make cookies?...
No I wanna make cookies...
You can't make cookies. You're only four... You can show me...
Oh Mom...

ELLEN
Sure, kids. Go ahead. But clean up.

INT. SILO HATCH - HANDHELD - McCoy, Cooper, Conrad - DAY

descending a steel ladder, handing down equipment... passing through a tube tunnel toward main silo shaft.  

(CONTINUED)
McCoy
If I go rebooking that plane
ticket I lose my supersaver.

Conrad
Don't know why you flying down
to N'yorlins for anyway. Y'ought
to drive down...

INT. MINUTEMAN MISSILE SILO - LOW TILT - THREE

emerge into main shaft. We see the massive weapon
suspended like a giant white candle, black-tipped,
rivet marks, vent holes, a large stencilled "LOADED"
on its side. The men go about their tasks, fussing
with wires, checking schematics, handling a little
black metal box...

Conrad
... visit all those pretty nice
old plantations down around
Natchez, take one of them steam
boat rides.

McCoy
Geez, can you just see me, changing
Skipper's diapers all the way down
the Mississippi...

INT. HENDRY FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

where STATIONARY CAMERA SHOOTS TOWARD hallway, into the
kitchen. In MIDDLEGROUND SCREEN LEFT, the family
television console is ON. Ellen has been watching
while ironing, now moves about the house, putting
laundry away in the linen closet, carrying clothes.
upstairs. In the kitchen, Kenny and Sarah are
fighting over who cleans the dirty bowls, when the
cookies will be ready to come out of the oven. On
the unwatched TV ("Good Morning, America"?) a Daniel
Moynihan-type DIPLOMAT gives his views on the current
crisis in Europe. The emphasis is more on the domes-
tic routine than on the TV.

DIPLOMAT #2 (ON TV)
... our very delicate position in
NATO, since our insistence on
positioning medium-range Pershing
2's and cruise missiles in Europe
prompted Great Britain to reconsider
its own nuclear commitment, scrub
it altogether if the Labour Party
has its way.

(continued)
TV HOST
Where does that leave the West Germans?

DIPLOMAT
Well. They don't want their country to be a battleground for the superpowers anymore than the British do, but they're opting for nuclear independence like the French, rather than withdrawing as the English are considering. That is why Bonn has just given its three-month notice of withdrawal from the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. They want their own weapons.

TV HOST
But the West Germans already have access to our weapons through NATO.

Ellen passes through living room with laundry.

DIPLOMAT
Conditionally, yes. With the blessing of the Supreme Allied Commander in NATO who is, of course, an American. And that's their great fear: that when the chips are down, and the red lights are blinking, the United States won't really be willing to sacrifice Chicago for Hamburg, as the saying goes...

In the kitchen, Kenny and Sarah are quarreling over the hot cookie sheet. It flips over, hurling hot cookies all over the floor. Kenny starts crying loudly. Ellen rushes in to make peace, starts picking up the cookies. Sarah shoos the dog away...

DIPLOMAT
(continuing)
So the Germans feel they have no alternative but to build their own, something the Soviets have dreaded since the end of the Second World War...

EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - QUICK LONG ESTABLISHING - DAY
farmyard of a well-kept dairy. Farmhouse, barns and silo, white fencing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Two young people -- BRUCE GALLATIN, 21, darkhaired, football jersey, jeans, and DENISE DAHLBERG, 19, black jersey top, wrap-around skirt -- rush urgently out of the back screendoor, Bruce hopping, tugging on his boot, Denise frantically brushing out her long straight hair. They hop on Bruce's Honda, peel out...

QUICK CLOSE BARNYARD ANIMALS

dog BARKING, geese HONKING, waddling away... as the big bike skids a circle in the yard, ROARS o.s....

EXT. MOTORCYCLE RIDING - CLOSE BRUCE AND DENISE - DAY

as they hit two-lane blacktop between pastureland, gun up to 60, 70, past fences, silos, windmills, oil wells. She holds tight, skirt flapping in the wind, shouts:

DENISE
My hair's going to be a mess!

BRUCE
Put your helmet on!

DENISE
We forgot the helmets!

BRUCE
WAAAAAhoooooo....

INTERCUT - THEIR POV - AHEAD

as they shoot past a few cars coming the other way, accelerate around a truck...

BRUCE'S VOICE
WAAAAAhoooooo....

INTERCUT - THEIR POV - AHEAD (TOWN)

as "we" decelerate past sign: "ENTERING BANNOCK HILL, MO." (Not a hill in sight), the outskirts of a neat, well-groomed Missouri farm town... big clapboard houses, green lawns... Civil War monument... a few irate older folks turn to watch us speed by... down a commercial stretch, town hall... joyride in and out of a drive-in restaurant where a few young people laugh and hoot, waving at "us"...

VOICES
Hey, BruCEEE...!
as we growl in and out of a gas station, slow down passing a town police cruiser... around a corner, into a giant grain and feed storage yard, familiar faces, smiling... out across the high school athletic field, around the oval track, a Coach barking, blowing his whistle for us to stop... past band practice.

QUICK CLOSE - BRUCE AND DENISE

DENISE
Come on, Bruce, we're keeping everybody waiting...!

BRUCE
It's just a rehearsal.

EXT. TOWN LUTHERAN CHURCH - HIGH (CRANE?) - DAY

small cluster of people, cars, pickups. We hear a children's CHOIR SINGING inside...

FAVOR JIM DAHLBERG

(Denise's father) 45, husky, sunburned, wearing his "town" clothes, corduroy jacket, chambray shirt, straw hat, well-shined boots. Successful dairy farmer. He is doing a slow burn. His wife EVE, permed hair, pink dress, nervous smile, fussing over daughter, JOLENE, 12, braces, and son DANNY, 11, getting fat, wearing a suit which he hates. Eight young men and women, 18-20, cluster to the side, quietly joking. REV. RAY WALKER, 40, short beard, turtleneck, approaches from church.

JIM
I'm sorry, Ray. Don't know what could've happened to them.

EVE
If I know Bruce, he's probably going to make a grand entrance.

Rev. Walker checks his watch, moves O.S.

JIM
We should have told her she was coming with us.
CONTINUED:

EVE
They probably just wanted a little privacy.

CLOSE - FAVORS JIM

Looks at Eve, vulnerable (and somehow threatened).
Squints:

JIM
Privacy?

JOLENE
You know, Dad: privacy.

FAVOR JOLENE (& INTERCUT)

as she wraps her arms around herself, wriggling, purses her lips and smooshes the air! Danny rolls his eyes.

DANNY
Uh, Jolene, that's disgusting...

SOUND OF APPROACHING MOTORCYCLE. Eve looks O.S.

EVE
What'd I tell you.

MOTORCYCLE POV - SAME - APPROACHING CHURCH

and waiting crowd. Young people wave. Jim stares.

BRUCE'S VOICE
Does your father look ticked or what?

FAVOR MOTORCYCLE

braking. Denise climbs off, apologetic. Eve starts brushing out her hair. Jolene stares at Bruce, a big crush.

EVE
Where have you two been?

BRUCE
Sorry, Mrs. Dahlberg, we...

JOLENE
(coy)
Hi, Bruce.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JIM
(to Bruce)
Let's you and me take a walk.

REV. WALKER
(merry irritation)
Well. Shall we all get started.

HANDHELD - JIM, BRUCE, DANNY
running to catch up as they head toward the church.
Bruce hands Danny the ringbox.

BRUCE
Here you go, Danny. You keep this in your pocket till I ask you for it -- got that?

JIM
(confidential)
I know it's only a rehearsal, and it's probably none of my business, but where the hell do you get off keepin' fifty, sixty people waitin' on you.

BRUCE
I was going to tell you I busted my watch, which is true, and I had to go back for the ringbox. But the truth is, sir, we were joyridin'.

Jim is nonplussed, looks Bruce up and down.

JIM
Couldn't you at least've worn a clean shirt?
Bruce looks at himself. He doesn't think he looks so bad.

BRUCE
Sorry, sir.

Jim tries to give Bruce a stern look, but can't conceal a grin. He likes Bruce, his spirit, his humor...

JIM
Pretty tacky judgment all around if you ask me...

EXT. KANSAS CITY - DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY
thick with late-day traffic, the 30-story City Center square... SOUND of a JET PLANE TAKING OFF overhead...
among twenty children, black and white, ages 8-10, playing "Red Light, Green Light." MATCH SOUND of JET PLANE CLOSER, LOUDER. White BOY stands with his back to the approaching horde, spins and shouts "Red Light!" All freeze in place, except for two whom the Boy retires to the side. As he turns back, and the overhead JET BUILDS to a DEAFENING ROAR, several children rush up behind him, grab him, hooting...!

KANSAS CITY - SWIFT MONTAGE - DAY

of several city landmarks, typical neighborhoods. JET ROAR FADES. CLOSEUP's on people going about their average day, waiting for a bus, confiding jokes on a park bench, pleading with a meter maid...

EXT. CROWN CENTER - THE MALL - SAME - TELEPHOTO - MARILYN

and her mother, HELEN OAKES, 45, short, full-figured, hair prematurely grey, deepset eyes. They walk swiftly among shoppers, bags and boxes. Marilyn, as usual, is doing the talking, gesticulating theatrically with her hands and shoulders. Now, Helen stops short at something Marilyn tells her, listens keenly, as pedestrians pass...

INT. LUNCH RESTAURANT (HYATT?) - HELEN AND MARILYN - DAY

as they are being served Bloody Marys. As scene progresses, TWO MEN at adjoining O.S. table begin arguing "quietly," their dialogue intruding periodically on ours, Marilyn catching the drift out of the corner of her ear, glancing their way, uneasy. Helen only hears Marilyn.

HELEN
When are you leaving?

MARILYN
Tuesday...

HELEN
Next Tuesday. That's only four...

MARILYN
Registration's next Thursday. Joannie's already lined up a new roommate.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HELEN
(looking for obstacles)
What about all your... plants?

MARILYN
I'm taking them with me.

HELEN
You're driving?

MARILYN
Well, not alone. I'm going with Gary. We'll split gas and driving
time and so forth...

CLOSER INTERCUTS - HELEN AND MARILYN

HELEN
Oh. I didn't realize the two of you were...

Marilyn suppresses a little grin, letting her mother stew in her own innuendo. Helen nibbles celery, sips her drink. Marilyn glances O.S.

MARILYN
Boy, you don't seem real crazy about the idea.

HELEN
Have you told your father?

MARILYN
We sort of had lunch.

(CONTINUED)
HELEN
And he was wise and funny and loving and supportive, wasn't he?

Helen hides behind kleenex, blows her nose. Marilyn half listens to the dialogue behind her, then leans forward to comfort her mother. Joking:

MARILYN
He didn't get weepy in public if that's what you mean.

HELEN
Oh, Marilyn...

MARILYN
Come on, Mom. You'll survive.

HELEN
No I won't. I... Of course I will. Why -- you're old enough to vote, old enough to...

She starts giggling. Marilyn grins at her.

EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - LONG ON FOUR RIDERS - LATE DAY

on horseback scampering around in a pasture, playing tag. Through the HAZE of the late sun, we see Denise riding toward us, old straw hat, jeans, ragged football jersey. She is a good horsewoman. Her father, Jim, pursues on horseback.
INTERCUT HIS POV - DENISE
from behind, her fine figure full and confident. Jim studies her with a certain poignancy, then charges...

QUICK CUTS - DENISE
her smile radiant, as Jim snatches the red bandana from her rear pocket, riding by...

DENISE
Daddy...!

FAVOR JOLENE
riding up to her father, bandana now in his pocket, but he playfully eludes her... and Danny, who reaches out too far, goes sliding clean off his saddle, whining like a cat, hits the mud. Jolene helps him up.

LONGER ON DENISE
riding hard after Jim, breaking into a straightaway gallop along a farm road...

CLOSE (DRIVING?) CUTS ON DENISE
closing the gap on f.g. Jim. Without too much resistance, she swipes the bandana from his pocket, rides off waving the red flag, Jolene and Danny circling...

CLOSE - JIM
at ease, watching wistfully...

HIS POV - DENISE
maneuvering her mare in a circle, outflanking Jolene and Danny, holding out the bandana, just beyond their reach, seductive, enticing...

BACK TO VERY LONG ON FOUR HORSES
cantering together along the top of the pasture. Distant CHURCH BELL...
EXT. SUBURBAN STREET (WESTWOOD?) - LONG - EVENING
down tree-shrouded street, where Oakes drives his
Volvo TOWARD CAMERA. PAN as he turns into f.g. drive-
way, up before brick house with portico.

RADIO VOICE (IN CAR)
... three Soviet tank divisions
poised along the Fulda Gap. The
Soviet Foreign ministers, in
Brussels...

INT. VOLVO - SAME - OAKES
parked, listening to the radio, face vulnerable, hand
on the switch, looking toward...

RADIO VOICE
(continues)
... for trade talks with the
Common Market, told (ABC News)
that the United States had the
cart before the horse, that it
was the coordinated movement of
Pershing-2 tactical missile
launchers that provoked...

INTERCUT - CLOSER - OAKES POV TOWARD HOUSE - HELEN
can be seen through the kitchen window, working at
the sink, unaware that "we" are watching her. Oakes
abruptly switches off the radio, but...

INTERCUT - CLOSER - OAKES
continues to sit in the car a moment in silence, study-
ing the house, observing Helen with an expression of
love and dread. HOLD as he exits car toward house
with French bread and a daisy bouquet.

INT. OAKES KITCHEN - OAKES AND HELEN - NIGHT
working together in a big, old-fashioned kitchen. He
skewers beef. She is breaking lettuce, chopping mush-
rooms. Small 9" TV set on the counter, soundless
variety show. Daisies in a glass. Black cat watching.

OAKES
Where's Alan?

(CONTINUED)
HELEN
Over at Jackson's for supper. They've got a varsity scrimmage at seven.

OAKES
He doesn't seem to spend much time around here, does he.

HELEN
Who does?

They exchange a glance. She offers a little smile.

HELEN
(continuing)
Just me and Felix the Cat.

QUICK - FAVOR BLACK CAT
watching "us."

BACK TO SLIGHTLY CLOSER - TWO

OAKES
Looks like I'm here.

HELEN
Yeah, that's nice. I thought you taught hematology at Hampton tonight.

OAKES
Sam's taking the class for me. I'm going out tomorrow afternoon.

They exchange another glance, both smiling, pleased.

OAKES
(continuing)
Want to go to the movies? We could park up at Fern Hill Drive-in and neck.

HELEN
Hmm. What if we just stayed in and cozied it?

OAKES
Suits me fine. We could light a few candles and put on some raunchy music.
She cocks her head, regards him with a curious smile.

HELEN
What's gotten into you?

OAKES
What -- you don't like my ideas?

HELEN
Oh, I think they're terrific, just -- has Marilyn been talking to you?

OAKES
(all innocence)
She told me about the scholarship and Boston...

HELEN
(depressed)
Yes, I know about that. She said you took it very well.

as Oakes detects her anxiety on the subject. Helen gets clumsy with the vegetables.

OAKES
Yeah. I think I handled it pretty well.

(beat)
It's good to see her so excited about the move...

HELEN
Is that what matters -- how excited she is? She'd follow Gary in that old rattletrap to Nome or New Mexico. She only applied to Boston because...

OAKES
So what?

HELEN
'So what?' So what if it's a big mistake. I think...

OAKES
(interrupting)
Helen, turn that up.
FAVOR SMALL TV SET

as cat darts across scene at their sudden approach.
(FRAME TV screen as only a portion of the picture, flanked by canisters, sink, kitchen witch...)

HELEN'S VOICE
Oh please no, Russell, I've been hearing those creepy things all day. 'We interrupt this program' this and that, I really can't take...

REPORTER (ON TV)
... the swift blockade of West Berlin. This action follows reports earlier this evening of widespread rebellion among several divisions of the East German Army. To repeat:

HELEN AND OAKES - LOW WIDE TV POV

as they stare numbly INTO CAMERA. She hugs her arms.

(CONTINUED)
REPORTER
... East Germany tonight sealed off the borders to West Berlin, closing the four principal West German access corridors at Lauenburg, Helmstadt, Herleshausen and Rudolphstein. Stay tuned to this channel throughout the evening for further reports on the crisis in Germany. We return you now to our regularly scheduled programming.

QUICK - TELEVISION
as three singing "Grouchos" soft-shoe across the screen.

FAVOR HELEN AND OAKES

instinctively move to touch each other. His eyes still glued to the screen, he flips the channel selector...

HELEN
I don't believe this is happening.

OAKES
Do you want to watch this in the living room?

HELEN
No. I want to go upstairs and get into bed with you.

INT. OAKES BEDROOM - HELEN AND OAKES - NIGHT
under the covers, looking toward another TV at the foot of the bed (BEYOND CAMERA). They eat food with their fingers from the same plate. Urgently:

OAKES
Maybe there's something on another channel.

HELEN
How bad can it be if a half an hour...

(CONTINUED)
OAKES
Everything's happening too fast. There's got to be some statement by now from the White House or the State Department.

HELEN
You're not going to miss it, Russell...

OAKES
What do you think he's going to do? Threaten to break the blockade by force?

HELEN
I don't know...

CAMERA SLOWLY BEGINS TIGHTENING on Oakes and Helen.

OAKES
Both sides have tactical nuclear weapons which they both say they won't use first, but who's going to back down?

HELEN
I don't know. I don't know. All I know is I only felt scared like this once before. My God, nineteen sixty-two, the Cuban missile crisis. Remember Kennedy on television looking so grim and determined, telling Nikita Khruschev to turn his boats around?

OAKES
I remember. 'Full retaliatory response.' He said it without blinking an eye.

HELEN
And we were in bed like this in New York -- remember -- a Hundred and Eighteenth Street, meatball sandwiches from Sharkey's, your last year in medical school. I swear we made Marilyn that night.

OAKES
Then we got up and looked out the window, half expecting the sky to light up with bombs.

(CONTINUED)
HELEN

But it didn't.
(beat)
And it's not going to now.

They embrace in the ghostly TV light, finding womblike comfort in each other's arms. Oakes looks toward...

FAVOR WINDOW

where a tree is outlined against the night sky.

OAKES' VOICE

People are crazy. But not that crazy.

HELEN

Do you want to hear crazy? The Donnellys left today for Guadalajara.

BACK TO OAKES AND HELEN

as he leans on an elbow, looks at her, amused.

OAKES

Guadalajara...?

HELEN

I swear. I spoke to Herb as they were pulling out. He said they were dovetailing their vacation with the 'rising international tensions' and wanted to get out before the stampede begins.

OAKES

Oh, cut it out, Helen...

HELEN

I'm not kidding you. They even took their Vietnamese maid and that nasty little barking dog with the pushed-in nose.

OAKES

And his little combination tractor-lawn mower-golf cart with the silver hubcaps?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HELEN
(laughing)

Probably...

INT. BROOD-SOW BARN - START CLOSE ON LITTER OF PIGS - NIGHT

pink and hairless, SQUEALING, squirming for a teat on their prone 200-pound mother. (OPTIONAL: actual birth of a pig.) B.g. SOUND: Kansas City Royals baseball game on a transistor radio somewhere in the barn, OVER...

JIM DAHLBERG, JOLENE, DANNY

ministering to the piglets in a haystall. Jolene leans close, studies with intense interest the little ones suckling their mother. Jim lifts one piglet by a hind leg. Danny, holding an injection bottle, fills a syringe, hands it to his father. (Royals game b.g. radio.)

DANNY

Doesn't that hurt him, holding him like that?

JIM

No, not if you grip the whole leg like this... He's squealing 'cause now he's got to work for a living.

Jim injects the piglet, gives Danny a stoic stare, until they both grin. Lowers piglet back to its mother.

JIM (continuing)

Jolene, honey, let's go.

Jolene tenderly lifts the next piglet for its shot...

TIME CUT - TRACKING HOG PENS

where scores of month-old pigs crowd around the feeding troughs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PAN AHEAD to Danny, activating a lever, which releases grain into boxes which supply the troughs...

QUIK CUT - JOLENE

still fondling a baby pig.

EXT. FARMYARD - SLOW PAN - NIGHT

horizon, white fencing, b.g. barn -- where Jim, Danny, Jolene are seen exiting -- past nearby white frame farmhouse, lights warm in the dark, through f.g. pine tree windbreak. Nearby VOICES speak quietly, earnestly:

DENISE'S VOICE
We shouldn't even be seeing each other tonight.

BRUCE'S VOICE
That's the night before, Denise -- tomorrow night we're not supposed to see each other. And I got to go up to Hampton in the morning anyway for registration, and Audie's got some stag party planned anyhow...

(gently kissing)
So tonight's the last night
I'll see you till Sunday...

DENISE'S VOICE
Ma's still fitting my gown...

BRUCE'S VOICE
... and no one's home at Arthur's right now, they're in town at the game.

CAMERA HOLDS TIGHT on...
leaning against a John Deere by starlight. He wears a collegiate V-neck sweater and shirt. She wears shorts and T-shirt, blonde hair in big curlers. He is kissing her face.

DENISE... and it's not like we haven't ever made love, Brucie...

BRUCE Not without... you getting sick on the pill... or rolling off the haystack... or worrying whether my damn balloon's gonna break...

She starts laughing, covers her mouth, looks impishly toward her father, brother, sister. Bruce starts snorting laughter. She covers his mouth too.

DENISE Shhhh, they're right over there.

He snakes his arms around her from behind, tickling. She pins his arms, but holds them around her. Whispers:

DENISE (continuing) Can't you wait two more days?

BRUCE No.

She can't resist his big adoring grin. Tempted:

DENISE You're crazy. You know that?

BRUCE And you just got it today. Can I see it?

DENISE I don't exactly carry it around with me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRUCE
Where is it?

DENISE
Upstairs. In my room. In my
dressing table drawer.

BRUCE
A lot of good it's doing
there.

(as they
giggle)
Go on. Go and get it.

Her face ripples with amusement, excitement, as she
studies his big eyes, decides to...

INT. DAHLBERG HOUSE - START ON TV - NIGHT

Royals baseball game (continuity from radio, above).

QUICK TO JIM

just settling onto couch, daintily holding a full
glass of beer, eyes on TV in the dark room. Danny
plays his clarinet somewhere O.S. Jim winces as
Danny SCREECHES a note. We see Denise peek in liv-
ing room from b.g. hallway, then dart across, not
wanting to be seen.

QUICK - DANNY

practicing clarinet, eyes closed, before a music
stand, huffing and puffing... "Camptown Races."

QUICK - EVE DAHLBERG

cutting up apples in the kitchen to fill ten pastry-
lined pie tins, sees Denise pass hallway, headed
upstairs, keeps working. B.g. clarinet and ball-
game...
123 INT. DENISE'S ROOM - CLOSE HANDHELD - DENISE - NIGHT

pulling curlers out of her hair, moves to dressing table, opens drawer, takes out blue plastic diaphragm box, snaps it open -- empty!

124 QUICK - VERY CLOSE - DENISE

astounded. QUICK REFOCUS to Jolene, poised mischievously in the doorway, gingerly holding something behind her. Outraged:

DENISE

Jolene! Give that to me!

Jolene darts giggling O.S. Denise, curlers dangling, runs out after her...

125 INT. LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT JIM AND TV - SAME TIME

baseball game. SOUND of Denise chasing, yelling at Jolene directly overhead... adding to the cacophony of Danny's clarinet, BARKING DOG, baseball crowd cheering an extra base hit. Jim is about to erupt to his feet when he hears:

TV VOICE

We interrupt this program to bring you a special report. East Germany tonight tightened its stranglehold on West Berlin by halting all air traffic in and out of Tegel and Tempelhof airports, severing the city's lifeline to the West...

126 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - HANDHELD "RUNNING" - SAME

with Denise as she chases Jolene in and out of her parents' bedroom, down the hall...

DENISE

You have no right to touch my things... you're a thief!

Jolene runs into the bathroom, slams and locks the door. Denise beats on the door.

DENISE

(continuing)

You open this door this instant, Jolene or I'll never speak to you again!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Denise spins back into CAMERA CLOSE, ready to "tell" Mommy or Daddy, realizes she can't, desperate...

BACK TO JIM IN LIVING ROOM - SEQUENCE OF CLOSE MOVING CUTS

as he stares numbly at the TV screen.

TV VOICE

... Condemned by NATO foreign ministers as a blatant, unconscionable violation of international law, warning East Germany and the Warsaw Pact command that failure to re-open the routes to West Berlin by noon tomorrow Berlin time -- that's six ayem Eastern Standard Time -- would be regarded as an act of war... After an emergency meeting with his Cabinet and Congressional leaders of both parties, the President tonight declared all United States military personnel on worldwide stage-two alert...

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - EVE - SAME TIME

now confronting both Denise and Jolene (hands behind back) by the open bathroom door. Dammy wanders into SCENE holding his clarinet.

EVE

Would you girls be kind enough to tell me what the dickens is going on up here?

BACK TO SLOW DOLLY CLOSER - JIM

TV VOICE

... summoned Soviet Ambassador Nikolai Schidrin to the White House three quarters of an hour ago. Press Secretary David Townes reports that both sides are engaged in frank and earnest talks aimed at finding ways to defuse the heightening Berlin crisis.

INT. DENISE'S BEDROOM - DENISE AND JOLENE - MOMENTS LATER

opposite sides of the room, as Eve speaks from the door.

(CONTINUED)
... don't have to tell me what it is. But I expect the two of you to settle it among yourselves -- or I'll see that your father settles it for you. Jolene, I could sure use some help with the casseroles when you're through.

As soon as Eve moves O.S., Jolene grins. scales the diaphragm across the room at Denise, darts out. Denise controls herself, hurries into the bathroom, slams the door. SOUND OF WATER RUNNING....

with clarinet, looks into living room, sees baseball game on television, no one there. Perplexed, wanders out...

standing outside in the dark, deeply worried, kicks at the dirt. He isn't sure how to digest what's going on, nor with whom to discuss it. He hears a MEOW, bends and pets a cat rubbing against his leg, looks toward...

heads bobbing into view, working together in the kitchen. Again, the (awful) SOUND of Danny's clarinet, low register.

looks overhead into the vast night sky, full of stars. It is all so peaceful and wondrous. Screen door CREAK. He looks, sees...

quietly sneaking out, tying a yellow scarf around her head. PAN as she hurries past the windbreak.

as he walks up into CAMERA CLOSE, angry, wondering whether to call out or not, face alive with emotion.
as SOUND OF MOTORCYCLE gently starting. Red reflector light slowly moves out from behind windbreak, revs. off down the road...

stony, finally realizing that his oldest daughter now belongs to another man.

identifying main entrance and the words "Strategic Air Command," etc. SOUND OF TRUCKS moving in and out.

Air Force fatigues, packing a duffel on his bed, as wife, MAUREEN, long hair, robe, watches, frantic. Military housing, bright curtains, "God Bless This Mess" sampler. Hillbilly moonshine jug lamp base, baby toys on the floor... Rapid dialogue:

MAUREEN
You promised me nothing like this was ever going to happen...

McCoy
It's just one of these alerts, Maureen... running around checking circuits twice instead of once...

MAUREEN
What am I going to tell my mother? ... She's got the house all set, a room for Skip...

McCoy
Maybe you ought to go on down...
(see her skepticism)
No, I mean it, honey. You go ahead with Skip and I'll join you whenever this thing is over.

MAUREEN
Oh, that's just great.

He looks up, forlorn. She feels ashamed, leans close...

MAUREEN
(continuing)
Oh Lenny, I'm sorry.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MAUREEN (CONT'D)
I know I'm not makin' it any
easier for you. I love you --
know that?

McCoy
(solemly)
I love you too.

He takes more things from the closet -- boots, over-
coats, equipment belt...

McCoy
(continuing)
Just five and a half months I'll
be outa the service, working
forty hours a week, seventeen-
fifty per.

She is watching, appalled, as he virtually cleans
out his side of the closet.

Maureen
What are you doing?... You're
taking everything you got.

McCoy
Dammit, Maureen, it's an alert.
Four sets of everything, strictly
by the book.

Maureen
(fearing separation)
Oh, Lenny... I'm scared is what.

He hugs her.

McCoy
Don't worry, honey. I'll be
right on base the whole time,
right next door. Call each
other every night. Okay?

INT. BABY'S ROOM - McCoy - NIGHT

silhouetted against b.g. door, light from hall, as
he bends into f.g. crib, kisses Skipper. The baby
shifts, begins to cry:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MAUREEN
There, there, sugar pie. Just
Daddy come in sayin' bye-bye.

McCoy retreats awkwardly toward the hall, picks up
his duffel...

EXT. DAHLBERG HOUSE - LONG SHOT - NIGHT
few lights in windows. Figure looks out upper window.

INT. JIM & EVE'S BEDROOM - START CLOSE - JIM - NIGHT
in pajamas, looking out the window, turns to...

CLOSE - FAVOR CLOTHES - DUMMY
draped with a wedding dress... PAN TO Eve, sitting on
the far side of the bed, quarter-profile, robed, hair
in a thick braid, sewing on Denise's wedding veil...

INTERCUT - CLOSE - JIM
watching her from across the room...

HIS POV - CLOSE - EVE
as she pauses, puts down the needle, thoughtfully
studies her hands, an older woman's hands. She turns,
expecting she will find Jim watching her.

EVE
Worried about Denise?

Jim hesitates, embarrassed, looks back out the window.

JIM
Worried about the news. Might
be fighting in Europe over this
Berlin thing.

Eve knows better, rises, places the veil back on the
dummy, judges it approvingly.

EVE
Well. That's a long way away.
And I could sure use some
worrying about me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jim looks back, vulnerable (can she read my mind?), mellows, fondly:

JIM
I don't need to worry about you, Eve.

Smiling to herself, she turns back to bedcovers.

EXT. DAHLBERG HOUSE - SAME AS ABOVE - NIGHT

as Jim lowers the shade, turns out the light.

INT. HENDRY HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

CRICKETS outside. CLOCK TICKING. Now, the silence is broken as Kenny's VOICE writhes in a nightmare, GROANS, then BUILDS to a sustained SCREAM! Light goes on under door at end of hall. Foot shadows. Door flies open. Ellen and Dennis come running out...

INT. DARK BEDROOM - CLOSE - KENNY - NIGHT

backed against the wall in bed, screaming. Light snaps on. Ellen buoys INTO SCENE, still startled, now soothing, hugging Kenny...

QUICK CLOSE - SARAH

across the room, sitting up straight in her bed, wide-eyed, terrified by her brother's screams.

BACK TO KENNY

as Ellen and Dennis comfort him, his eyes darting about the room, still full of palpable fear.

ELLEN AND DENNIS

What was it, Kenny?... Oh it was just a bad dream... Terrible dream... poor thing. See? We're all right now. Want some chocolate milk?... Just a bad dream. Bad dream. Naughty dream.

QUICK CUT TO:
INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - SHARP CUTS - NIGHT

McCoy, Cooper, Conrad, Boyle, Starr, pilots. While it is the middle of the night, they are all keenly alert. Yet no one talks. McCoy glances about, hoping to catch someone's eye, hoping to break the silence. But he sees they are all stoic, deep in their own thoughts. McCoy feels alone. ENGINES ROARING...!

SCREEN POP TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. DAHLBERG DAIRY BARN - HIGH WIDE PAN - JIM - DAWN

already at work, shoveling grain in front of empty cow stalls. F.g. portable transistor plays COUNTRY MUSIC. RADIO ROOSTER CROWS...

RADIO VOICE
Good mornin', Mizzou! It's five-thirty, clear skies and sixty-one degrees in St. Clair County, a little rain moving this way tonight a-a-and... this is the WWIZ farm report for September the sixteenth...!

Crop yields, grain prices, etc.

Jim looks up this way toward the radio, comforted by the sameness, goes to open the door...

FAVOR BARN DOOR

opening. Thirty Holstein black-and-white cows come lumbering in, Danny (baseball cap, checkered jacket) bringing up the rear with two ranch dogs.

CUTS ON JIM AND DANNY

washing out stainless steel containers, milking equipment... washing cows' udders, attaching soft rubber cups. HUM of the MILKING MACHINES... (Back to COUNTRY MUSIC on the RADIO.)
FAVOR CATS

lolling on the rafters, looking down. One hops down, as... Jim splashing fresh milk in a big pan. Cats converge, delicately lapping...

QUICK FAVOR - JIM

watching Danny work. Glances, lingers. When Danny looks...

JIM

Let's you and me get some breakfast.

EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - VERY LONG SHOT - SUNRISE

composed almost entirely of sky, as the first sun strikes the silos, barn tops. We see the tiny figures of Jim and Danny re-enter the house. Now, Bruce's motorcycle cruises quietly up behind the windbreak. Denise climbs off, wearing Bruce's checkered jacket. They embrace, clutching, feeling. Dog BARKING. She heads for the side door. Bruce discreetly puts off. (Same RADIO morning-MUSIC OVER...)

CLOSE - SLOW ZOOM - JIM

looking back through the scrim of the screen door, watching Denise head for the side door. Withdraws quickly O.S.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LOW ANGLE PAST JIM - SAME TIME

standing, as Denise passes across b.g. hallway (as in Sc. #154). Quietly:

JIM

Denise.

She pauses, startled, instinctively holds closed the flaps of the checkered jacket.

CLOSE INTERCUTS - JIM & DENISE

reveal Jim's effort to control his powerful and confused emotions.

JIM

Where in hell have you been?

Denise slowly cocks her head, views her father as a stranger, summons enough outrage to walk on by.
as Jim starts after, confronting her over the banister at the bottom of the stairs. (Careful not to touch.)

JIM
Don't you just walk on by when you hear me asking you a question.

Still, she manages to look offended (but scared!).

JIM (continuing)
What are you doing sneaking in here...?

DENISE
I'm not sneaking. I never sneak.

JIM
Then why couldn't you come straight in the back door?

DENISE (feebly)
I didn't even know it was unlocked, Daddy. I've been out with Bruce riding around.

JIM
And that's all you've been doing all night? Riding around?

DENISE (angry)
Frankly, Daddy, that's none of your business.

She doesn't flinch. They confront each other in heavy silence. We see Jim's emotions swing from insult to mortification to... grievous regret.

JIM
As long as you live under...

DENISE
Oh no, please don't say that, Daddy. Because I'm getting married tomorrow and... and I can't believe you...

She suddenly looks up O.S.

DENISE (continuing)
Jolene!
peeking around the corner from the kitchen.

DENISE'S VOICE
You get back in there and stop eavesdropping!

JOLENE
I'm not eavesdropping. I'm just waiting for you to finish up so I can get by to the bathroom.

JIM
Use the one off the porch.

JOLENE
The water's freezing out there.

as Denise rolls her eyes, waves Jolene by, irritated.

DENISE
Well, hurry it, for pete sake...

Jolene walks by, pointedly looking back and forth between her father and her sister. Denise practically turns all the way around in a staring contest, exasperated by Jolene's intentional footdragging, finally springs around as if to chase her.

DENISE
(continuing)
Can't you see we're talking?

JOLENE'S VOICE
Oh, the whole world's just holding its breath to hear what you're talking about!

Bathroom door SLAMS! upstairs...

awkward silence, Jim studies the floor like a hound dog.

JIM
Honey. Let's just forget what I said. You're no sneak.
Relief and affection floods her face. She fesses up:

DENISE
What I said about thinking the
door was locked -- well, I didn't
want to come waltzing in past
the whole family eating...

EVE'S VOICE
(from above)
What's all the commotion out here?

They both look up, then exchange a glance.

JIM
It's nothin', Evie.

Grateful, Denise suddenly places her hand over her
father's hand on the banister. He is surprised and
touched.

QUICK CLOSE - DENISE'S HAND
young, soft, a girl's hand, lying across her father's
powerful and weathered paw, then quickly vanishes as
she darts O.S.

EXT. OAKES HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING

INT. OAKES KITCHEN - QUICK - OAKES - DAY
up early, shirt and tie, sipping coffee standing,
staring down at newspaper on counter, upside down
to CAMERA (headlines: "BERLIN BLOCKADE... NATO
ULTIMATUM... PRESIDENT... SOVIETS...")

INT. OAKES BEDROOM - HELEN - DARK
sleeping. Oakes leans in, kisses her. She stirs
without waking, embraces a pillow...

INT. OAKES VOLVO - DRIVING - OAKES - DAY
driving slowly through heavy traffic. No sound. He
looks around at surrounding cars.
HIS POV - CUTS ON OTHER CARS
racked and roped with boxes, suitcases. Pickups with mattresses, duffels, bikes. Most cars contain children, several people, whole families. Pressed in glass, remote, haunted expressions.

BACK TO OAKES
fearful, musters the nerve to turn on the car radio.

RADIO VOICE
... that NATO armored units have broken through the Helmstedt checkpoint into East Germany, and after heavy fighting...

BACK TO HIS POV ON SURROUNDING CARS
as radio voice resounds, overlapping:

RADIO VOICE
(continues)
... advancing under P81 air support two miles along the E8 Bundestrasse corridor past Marienborn toward Berlin... French News Agency has received conflicting reports...

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - CLOSE - LANDOWSKA
behind green surgical mask, looks across patient to:

RADIO VOICE
(continues)
... of East German resistance and heavy casualties... but ground observers have confirmed that...

INTERCUT - OAKES
working carefully upon 0.S. patient. Ives, Nurses assist. Radio voice continues, but begins to FADE replaced by SOUNDS of HEART MONITORING machine. Oakes and Landowska exchange a glance...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RADIO VOICE
(continues)
...two Soviet-built MIG 18's
invaded West German air space
firing several surface-to-ground
missiles at a NATO munitions
storage facility, and also
hitting a school and a hospital
outside of Wurzburg...

INT. SURGICAL WASHROOM - OAKES AND LANDOWSKA

scrubbing up. Landowska lights a small cigar.

LANDOWSKA
While we save a single blue
baby, they're bombing hospitals
in Wurzburg.

OAKES
I'm afraid to turn on the radio.

LANDOWSKA
Then you haven't heard the latest.
There's a rumor that the Russians
are beginning to evacuate Moscow.

Oakes pauses, studies his wet hands. Landowska con-
tinues with almost diabolical bemusement:

LANDOWSKA
(continuing)
There are even people leaving
Kansas City! Because of the missile
fields nearby. Now I ask you:
Where does one go from Kansas City
-- Independence? -- Omaha? -- the
Yukon?

Oakes raises and clenches his wet fists, emotional:

OAKES
What's going on, Iggy? Do you
understand what's going on in
this world? It's too stupid
for words!

LANDOWSKA
Ah yes, but stupidity has a habit
of getting its way.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

OAKES
If that were true, we wouldn't
be mending hearts, we'd be back
in caves eating them.

Landowska gives Oakes wry prophetic look, chilling.
Oakes turns away, wiping his hands and face.

OAKES
(continuing)
If that were true, why bother
doing anything?

With passionate intensity, Landowska comes around to
face Oakes.

LANDOWSKA
Because we are human! Because we
are aware. Because we will fight
against the horror even if it is a
losing battle! Because we are
physicians. We do what has to be
done. We save the babies.

INT. (KC) HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TRACKING OAKES - DAY
Tweed jacket, briefcase, heading down the corridor,
hears three PAGING BELLS REPEAT, looks up overhead...

HIS POV - WALL PAGE BOX
where computerized code number "137" blinks...

INT. NURSES' STATION - SAME - PAN
from three NURSES, as one looks up, rising, to hand
Oakes a slip of paper.

NURSE #1
Dr. Oakes. Your wife would like
you to call her at home.

OAKES
Thank you.
180 FAVOR WALL COIN PHONE (TIMECUT) - OAKES

deposits a dime, punches up the number. CAMERA VERY SLOWLY TIGHTENS A LITTLE as we hear the PHONE RING three-four-five times. Oakes begins to look worried. He lets the PHONE RING two more times before slowly hanging up. Checks the slip of paper to make sure he was calling the right number. Perplexed.

181 EXT. (KC) HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL STADIUM - SKY - DAY

and SOUNDS OF DISTANT MARCHING BAND, COACHES BARKING, PADS CRUNCHING, A BALL PUNTED... the fall floats INTO SCENE and TILT DOWN as it is caught and briefly run back by the Red team. Fierce sloppy tackle...

182 FULL - PAN FIELD

and empty stadium seats, as Oakes' car drives across grass, parks by some others. Oakes gets out, walks up TOWARD CAMERA, looking for his son, Alan.

183 SIDELINE & TEAM BENCHES

as Oakes walks INTO SCENE beside a few other men, fathers and locals hanging around practice. Scans the bench and fields, now spots his son Alan.

184 HIS POV - TIGHT - ALAN OAKES

on the White team, number 17, as they break from the huddle with a single loud CLAP! spry with pre-season energy. Alan is lean, strong, quick, takes his position at tight end, all concentration. Quarterback bawls the call, takes the snap! Alan battles a defender into the secondary, feigning... but it's only a running play straight into the line.

185 CLOSE - FAVOR - OAKES

watching keenly, though not trying to attract Alan's attention. HOLLAND, another father, 45, trucker's cap, jeans jacket, stands beside Oakes, studying the field.

HOLLAND
Coach seems to know what he's doing this year. I mean he's teaching these kids de-fense.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

OAKES
They sure look good.

HOLLAND
I wouldn't be surprised if they went 9-2 or even 10-1...

INTERCUT ALAN

As they run another play, Alan scrambling an outside-in pattern, leaps with the defender... but the ball is off-target. Alan scans the sidelines.

HOLLAND
... not that they're going to exactly walk over Bishop Hogan just like that or anything. You got a boy in there?

BACK TO OAKES AND HOLLAND

as Oakes thinks Alan sees him, starts to wave, doesn't.

OAKES
Yes, I do. Number 17. Alan Oakes.

HOLLAND
Ohhh I been watching him. Good hands, good hands, good move to the outside, not afraid to take a hit.

Oakes looks pleased, proud, but can't exactly say thanks.

OAKES
Do you have a son playing?

BACK TO OAKES' POV - ALAN IN CLOSE

Blue eyes laughing as he jokes with players returning to the huddle.

HOLLAND'S VOICE
Doug Holland. Sixty-eight. He's only a sophomore, but he's a born guard, you know? Stocky, lot of heart. I try not to miss a practice when I'm not on the road but I don't like to embarrass him hanging around the bench, you know? By the way, I'm Doug Senior.
OAKES AND HOLLAND

Oakes just looking away from his watch, shakes hands heartily.

OAKES
Russ Oakes. Nice talking to you, Doug.

HOLLAND
Yeah, same here...

Oakes gives a little high sign, starts walking back to his car. HOLD on Holland, f.g., watching the field intently, as QB screams the call. From the end of the end zone, Oakes turns back briefly, sees...

CLOSE - LONG LENS - ALAN

bursting into the open TOWARD CAMERA, down the sideline, two strides on his defender, pulling away, eyes over his shoulder.

INTERCUT CLOSER - OAKES

watching with some desperate sadness, indelibly remembering...

BACK TO ALAN - LONG LENS

leaping, plucking the ball out of the air, running like a stallion TOWARD CAMERA...!

EXT. FARMLAND - MOTORCYCLE RIDING - BRUCE - DAY

helmeted, speeding through farmland...

INTERCUT HIS POV - PASSING FARMLAND

TIMECUT - MOTORCYCLE POV ENTERING COLLEGE TOWN - DAY

decelerating to normal speed. A few students seen hitchhiking the other way. Passing sign: "University of Missouri/Hampton Campus." Cuts on tall trees, * storefront sign: "Welcome Freshmen!" *
the center (or quadrangle) of this attractive Midwestern
college town. We see and hear Bruce PASS SCREEN BOTTOM
on his Honda. Clusters of students, some with suit-
cases, duffels, backpacks... White band gazebo...
barbershop.

MONTAGE - LANDMARKS (OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS)

EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - DAY

PAN students, patients entering, departing. Identifying sign: "University Hospital." Four-story modern
brick or terra-cotta medical complex, teaching facility.
Fallout shelter sign.

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN CORRIDOR

PANNING doctors, nurses, students, hurried activity.
No window daylight.

FAVOR NANCY BAUER, R.N.

40, chief floor nurse, intelligent generous face, momen-
tarily harried at a ward nursing station, b.g. staff
arguing. She spots Hachiya passing.

BAUER
Sam -- where's Dr. Oakes?

Hachiya checks his watch.

HACHIYA
Probably stuck in traffic on the
I-70. Didn't you hear? --
everyone's gone fishing.

BAUER
We've got no chief.

HACHIYA
Where's Miranda?

BAUER
KC. And Julian wants staff informed
of emergency procedures if a general
metro evacuation is...

(CONTINUED)
HACHIYA
(holds up hands)
Why are you telling me all this?

BAUER
He needs a medical person who...

HACHIYA
No he doesn't. He can do that himself. I'm just a resident with a hundred and twenty freshmen bodies to examine, most of them, unfortunately, male.

He exits.

BAUER
(to herself)
Nice try.

INT. HOSPITAL CLINIC - PAN WAITING ROOM - DAY

where a dozen male students stand about in jockey shorts, holding medical folders.

VOICES
... just like in the army...
Where do you think you're going to be next week?... Somewhere in the upper atmosphere...

FAVOR DAVID KLEIN

lean, dark-haired, studious-looking 19 year old, seated before a desk in his underpants, as an intern takes his blood pressure. Sam Hachiya writes a brief history.

DAVID
David Klein. K-L-E-I-N.

Age?

HACHIYA
Nineteen.

DAVID

HACHIYA
(looking up)
Sophomore?

(CONTINUED)
DAVID
That's right.

HACHIYA
Residence?

DAVID
Joplin, Missouri...

HACHIYA
I mean on campus.

DAVID
Oh, Davidson Four.

HACHIYA
What's your major, David?

DAVID
Pre-med.

Hachiya looks up "sourly," abandons his professional politeness.

HACHIYA
Are you kidding me? You think doctors make a lot of money or something? Want me to tell you about the lousy hours, the cranky patients, the lost weekends, the boring conferences, the interesting medical histories we have to take?

David looks momentarily startled, then realizes it is a big put-on. Hachiya grins. David starts laughing...

INT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - DOLLY BACK - DAY

with ALISON RANSOM, 25, hugely pregnant, as two AIDES help her into a wheelchair. A small woman, rounded figure, red hair, freckles, merry face, big hoarse voice, gripping the chair arms in pain, then relaxing. Nancy Bauer takes over, pushes her down the corridor -- a real flako on her hands. Rapid, looney dialogue. Getting to know (and like) each other.

ALISON
Big deal. They come three minutes apart then stop altogether.

BAUER
I know. Where's your husband?

(CONTINUED)
ALISON
Shooting baskets at the Y. He knows better. This is my second false alarm. Big attention-getter, he says. Where's yours?

BAUER
My what?

ALISON
Your husband.

BAUER
(laughs)
Who says I...? Yeah. Well, he's trying to catch a plane out of New York right about now. So what's he got to do with anything. I'm not the one having the baby.

ALISON
What's it like?

BAUER
What?

ALISON
Having a baby? What's it feel like?

BAUER
Never had one.

ALISON
But you said, 'I know.'
CONTINUED:

ALISON
(mischiefous)
Hey, want to know what it feels like? It feels like I'm gonna have a pumpkin.

INT. COLLEGE REGISTRATION HALL - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

START on Bruce, in line before "Geology" desk. This could be a gym, library or cafeteria. No more than sixty students in the whole room, before some ten departmental desks, most of them currently vacant. Many students hold transistor radios to their heads, a raucous muffle of RADIO SOUNDS and VOICES ECHOING around the cavernous room. Bruce looks about, confused, speaks to JOAN and PAUL, two other students in line.

BRUCE
Where is everybody? Today's registration, isn't it?

PAUL
They're all out right now watching the news on TV.

JOAN
Saw Ticker and Judy Francis taking off, thumbs out, backpacks and all.

BRUCE
So what are you doing here?

PAUL
Holding my place in line. If I don't get into Bowman's Metallurgy this semester, I don't graduate in January.

CLOSER - BRUCE

looking about, disturbed by the unearthly NOISES in the room. Speaks O.S. to:

BRUCE
Hey, what's going on?
holding a transistor to his ear, holds up a hand for quiet, concentrating hard, quickly utters:

STUDENT #1
The Russians... just invaded West Germany.

of twenty students, male and female, transfixed by O.S. television set. Some hold books, some Ping-Pong paddles, Coke cans, book bags, basketballs. We see JO HUXLEY, 35, assistant professor of physics, short salt-and pepper beard, running shoes... David Klein, CYNTHIA, another student, bushy-haired...

TV VOICE
... three-pronged attack, spearheaded by rapid Soviet tank and artillery advances into the Fulda Gap... Having already captured NATO advance positions along the West German border, the looming question is: How far will Warsaw Pact forces go toward challenging the NATO advance on Berlin? Will the Russians drive straight for the Rhine -- and defy NATO's declared policy of defense by all means, including the use of tactical nuclear weapons?

past the point of good definition to a mouth defined by magenta, chartreuse, aquamarine scanning lines...

TV VOICE
... The Defense Department today reported that ninety percent of the Soviet Union's fleet of nuclear submarines have put to sea at Petropavlovsk on the Pacific...
TIME CUT - HANDHELD AMONG STUDENTS
milling about in the same room. Ping-Pong tattoo b.g.

STUDENT #2

Fantasyland.

ALDO
You think they're making it all up, like War of the Worlds or something??

STUDENT #2
Look. Did we save the Czechs or the Hungarians or the Afghans or the Poles? Well, we're not going to nuke the Russians to save the Germans. I mean if you were talking oil in Saudi Arabia, then I'd be real worried.

FAVOR DAVID AND CYNTHIA

CYNTHIA
What do you think?

DAVID
I think I'm going to hitch home, see my folks, see how things are Monday.

CYNTHIA
Where do you live?

DAVID
Joplin. How about you?

(CONTINUED:
sheeted, looking at himself in the mirror, as older BARBER #1 starts cutting his dark curly hair. As the scene progresses, Bruce grows increasingly preoccupied with the discussion at the adjoining chair...

BARBER #2'S VOICE
Who knows? The President's speaking on television at six, so maybe he'll tell us something new...

BRUCE
Make it pretty, Ollie, and not too short. It's my last trim as a free man... I'm getting married tomorrow.

BARBER #1
S'at right? Well, congratulations, pal! Who's the lucky lady?

HUXLEY'S VOICE
They'll tell us what they want us to hear... keep the panic at the low-sweat stage...

MACK'S VOICE
I really don't think either side wants to be the first to use a nuclear device...

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS OPEN to reveal Jo Huxley (#187, above), satyr beard, leather vest, leaning against the mirror, thumbing through a sports magazine, while talking to his friend MACK, another young prof, 35, tweed coat with patches, thinning hair, dude boots.

BRUCE
Her name's Denise, from Bannock Hill. Prettiest thing you ever saw... We're taking an apartment over on Twain Court till I finish up in June.

BARBER #1
Well, then this one's on me -- my wedding present.

BRUCE
Hey, thanks, Ollie -- thanks a lot...

HUXLEY
It's not a question of who, but where it's used, over whose real estate... Say we explode a neutron bomb over their troops on our side of the line, it better not drift over to their side...

MACK
He's crazy...! How do they expect it's going to stop at just one bomb...?

(CONTINUED)
BARBER #2
You want to know what crazy is? Crazy is not staying out of other people's business! We shouldn't be over there in the first place!

Barber #1 nudges Barber #2 to shut up and cut hair. Bruce is looking more and more upset...

HUXLEY
Maybe they'll contain it, after all...
(jokes)
After all, I've still got tickets for symphony tonight.

MACK
(still brooding)
Thing that's always bothered me is the damned launch-on-warning.

BRUCE
What's that?

Mack and Huxley both look over at Bruce, suddenly feel making the subject public makes it more real.

MACK
That's when one side tells the other that it will launch its missiles when it knows the other guy's missiles are already on their way. It's a deterrent device designed to discourage a pre-emptive attack.

HUXLEY
You know: use 'em or lose 'em.

Bruce nods, looking uncomfortable, persists:

(CONTINUED)
BRUCE
What do you really think the chances are of something happening way the hell out here in the middle of nowhere?

HUXLEY
Nowhere? There's no 'nowhere' anymore. You're sitting next to Whiteman Air Force Base right now. That's a hundred and fifty Minuteman missile silos spread halfway down the state of Missouri. That's an awful lot of bull's-eyes.

QUICK CLOSE - BRUCE

EXT. HAMPTON - MAIN STREET - DAVID KLEIN - LATE DAY

walking backwards along the curb, windbreaker, back-pack, duffel, holding out a shirtboard: "JOPLIN."
Local traffic moves faster than usual. Bikes, motorcycles, HORNS HONKING, general sense of urgency.
David looks up at the SOUND OF A JET PLANE. Now, a pickup truck full of barrels pulls over. He climbs in...

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAVID - SAME

SEEN THROUGH WINDSHIELD, nods thanks to driver, notices two shotguns racked across the rear window.

EXT. HIGHWAY (NEAR HENDRY FARM) - LONG ON DENNIS - LATE DAY

driving his thresher (combine?) up behind the barn, climbing off, holding a hose over his hot head, looking up into the sky.

INT. HENDRY KITCHEN - FAVOR ELLEN - SAME

wearing a loose scoop-necked housedress, putting serving dishes on the table: gravied chicken, carrots, biscuits.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Down the hall we see Sarah and Kenny lolling on the living room floor watching cartoons on TELEVISION. Dennis comes in the back door, mopping his wet head with a towel. The instant the door slams:

ELLEN
Sarah? Kenny? Wash up for supper! Pour your milk...!

DENNIS
Wish those clouds would hurry up and get here. Could use one more good rain before the cuttin'.

SARAH'S VOICE
... minute...

HIS POV - ELLEN
bent over the table, breasts hanging full against the loose cotton, a strand of hair falling across her tan shoulder, in a shaft of late-day sunshine.

ELLEN
Let it rain tonight. That sun feels real good to me.

INTERCUT - CLOSE - DENNIS
watching her, feeling like an early roll in the hay.

ELLEN
Did you kids hear me...?

Dennis steps close, squeezes her upper arm, touches her lips for quiet, looking right down her dress.

DENNIS
Tell 'em to wait a few minutes...

ELLEN
Brian, the biscuits'll...

DENNIS
(seductive)
Tell 'em Mommy and Daddy got some washing up to do -- um? Upstairs?

She kind of likes the idea, puts plates over the food.
watching O.S. TELEVISION, as Ellen and Dennis are seen heading up b.g. stairs, his arm behind her, fondling her flank.

ELLEN
... down in a few minutes...

Sarah nods without turning her head. But the moment her parents are not looking this way, she turns, lies down on the rug, to watch them go all the way up the stairs.

INSERT - UPPER HALLWAY - BEDROOM DOOR - SAME closing. Band of daylight under the door.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE - SARAH still looking up the stairs, turns mischievously to her little brother, whispers:

SARAH
Hey. Kenny.

She motions toward the stairs. Kenny slowly rises, eyes still glued to the TV cartoons, follows Sarah O.S.

INT. STAIRS/UPPER HALLWAY - SARAH AND KENNY - SAME advancing toward the crack of light under their parents' door. SOUND of a BOOT HITTING THE FLOOR, belt buckle, now the CREAK OF A BOX SPRING. Sarah stretches her mouth to keep from giggling...

INT. HENDRY'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON ELLEN - DAY wraps her arms over her head, pushing the pillow away, as Dennis' damp head slides down across her.

BACK TO SARAH pressing her ear to the floor, trying to see under the door.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

But Kenny is bored with the whole thing, starts to rise. Sarah holds a finger swiftly to her lips, sternly advising him to keep quiet. Kenny makes a big mocking deal of tiptoeing back to the stairs...

FAVOR KENNY (ANGLE FROM TV POV)

re-entering living room, irritated to see...

INTERCUT TV - REPORTER

unprofessionally distraught, reading a bulletin:

TV REPORTER

... that three nuclear weapons in the low kiloton range were airburst this morning over advancing Soviet troops in the Fulda Valley...

Kenny's hand ENTERS SCENE, flips the channel switch. We see various TV News people flash by on all channels. Kenny stops at another channel reading "SPECIAL BULLETIN," to hear:

TV VOICE

... nuclear bomb of undetermined strength has exploded at regional NATO military headquarters outside of Frankfurt...

BACK TO KENNY

now thoroughly disgusted, flips the switch again, finding only more of the same, wanders O.S.

LONG THROUGH HOUSE - KENNY

heads AWAY FROM CAMERA toward kitchen, helping himself to some food from the table on the way...

TV VOICE

... State Department says that the president is presently in direct communication with Soviet Premier Tikhonov --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TV VOICE (CONT'D)

-- and that both sides are
working together to bring about
the earliest possible ceasefire.

Kenny heads out into the yard, screendoor slamming.

EXT. I-70 SOUTHEAST FREEWAY - LONG TOWARD K.C. -
EARLY EVENING

and the city skyline, lights coming on against sunset
sky.

CAR RADIO VOICE

... close to announcing a
ceasefire along the German border.
There are still no eyewitness
accounts of the immediate
destruction of Wiesbaden and the
outskirts of Frankfurt, although
the mushroom cloud could be
seen from as far away as Bonn
and Cologne.

A HIGH-PITCHED TONE abruptly CUTS OFF program.

INT. OAKES CAR - THREE CUTS "JUMP" - CLOSER TO OAKES - SAME

driving away from Kansas City, startled, stares at the
radio, reaches to... but his hand recoils as a pleasant
but firm FEMALE VOICE, unhurriedly tells us:

WOMAN'S VOICE
This is the Emergency Broadcast
System. All persons in transit
in the Kansas City metropolitan
area are advised to proceed
immediately to the municipal
shelter facility in the community
or township closest to your
current location. While there
is no immediate danger to the
Kansas City area...

Oakes accelerates, turns sharply down...

EXT. FREEWAY EXIT RAMP - OAKES CAR - SAME
SQUEALS around the ramp curve.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE

... the Federal Emergency
Management Agency urges that
you learn the steps to be taken
in the event of a probable
attack.

EXT. GAS STATION - OAKES CAR (HAND HELD) - SAME

pulls up TO CAMERA. Lights on in station. FOLLOW
as Oakes gets out, runs up to... PAN AHEAD TO a
crowd of ten or fifteen persons already jockeying
for position before two public pay phones.

VOICES

Hurry it up, for godsake -- I
got family too... I can't even
get a connection on this
thing...!

CUT IN LINE (HAND HELD)

as the MAN in front of Oakes turns around, face pale,
smile disjointed, going into a panic.

MAN

My kids just left on a camping
trip. I don't know how I'm
going to... what I'm going to
... Huh...

Oakes grabs the Man's shoulders, to give him some
support, but doesn't know what to say or do, his
own fear the same. The Man wrenches away, eyes
wild, staggers to the front of the line, where others
push him away.

QUICK CLOSE - OAKES

alarmed, turns, runs back to his car...!

INT. HAMPTON SUPERMARKET - CUTS ON SHOPPERS - DAY

thronging the aisles, cleaning the shelves of canned
goods... gallon water bottles... flashlights and
batteries.
238 INTERCUT BRUCE
watching the hoarders, their overloaded carts, appalled.

239 FAVOR CHECKOUT COUNTER - PAN
long lines, overladen carts, people carping at each
other for cutting in line, not moving fast enough...
TO Bruce, near the end of the line, holding orange
juice carton, cheese, bag of rolls, turns nervously
to MAN with a transistor RADIO.

    BRUCE
    Any more news?

    MAN WITH RADIO
    They just hit one of our ships in
the Persian Gulf.

    BRUCE
    Who's they?

    MAN WITH RADIO
    The Russians, who do you think.
But we hit them back, one of
their ships, you know.

Dizzy with the horror of war games in the super-
market, Bruce forgets his purchases, hurries out.

240 EXT. SUPERMARKET - HIGH ON PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING
where cars and pickups pull in and out, HONKING.
Street lights coming on.

241 CUTS AMONG SHOPPERS
pushing carts top-heavy with bags. HOLD on Bruce
watching, as a bag full of cans topples onto as-
phalt, cans rolling under wheels.

242 BACK TO BRUCE
climbs on his motorcycle, REVS OFF!

243 EXT. OUTSKIRTS ROAD - CLOSE ON BRUCE - DAY
without helmet, passing hitchhiking students -- teen-
age refugees -- as he accelerates out of town at full
speed!
in large tracked bucket chairs before console. Starr on b.g. phone. Overhead SQUAWK BOX WARBLES, utters:

SQUAWK BOX
Klaxon klaxon klaxon, message follows...

STARR
(barks at Boyle)
Clear for message transmit, clear
Tango Five...

Boyle jacks the console, lifts his phone urgently.

BOYLE
Roger...

INT. MISSILE SILO (TANGO FIVE) - TILT DOWN MISSILE - DAY

TO McCoy and Conrad in hard hats, riding a scaffold cab along the side of the missile, adjusting rivet-valves. PHONE RINGS, REVERBERATES.

FAVOR COOPER

below them, pulling on headphones, mouth mike.

COOPER
Tango Five, this is Coop.

BOYLE'S VOICE
Tango Five. This is Tango Capsule command. Have you completed site maintenance?

COOPER
No, sir, we've just...

BOYLE'S VOICE
I'm ordering you to clear Tango Five immediately!

COOPER
Yes, sir!

Cooper pulls off phones, turns and shouts.
FAVOR McCOY
reacts sharply as Cooper's voice bellows up from below:

COOPER'S VOICE
Close it up! We've got to get the hell outta here!!

QUICK (TIME CUT) SILO TUNNEL - McCOY, CONRAD, COOPER
scamper from silo to ladder leading up hatch shaft...

EXT. BANNOCK HILL - CHURCH - EVENING TWILIGHT - LOW
ON PICKUP TRUCK

backing up TO CAMERA. Danny Dahlberg lowers the tailgate, shovels dirt from a pile on the truck bed down TOWARD CAMERA

FAVOR REV. WALKER
in work clothes, watching the dirt strike the basement window. He climbs up onto the truck, shovels along-side Danny...

FAVOR JIM
dumping a sandbag onto a pile of twenty.

REV. WALKER
You get on home now, Jim. You must have plenty to do...

DANNY
What good does dirt do...?

JIM
(sharply)
Back in the cab, Danny.

INT. DAHLBERG TRUCK - JIM AND DANNY - DAY
driving fast, bouncing in the cab, staring straight ahead.

JIM
Soon's we get home, line up a dozen milk jugs by the cellar door. Take a hose and fill 'em with water.

(Continued)
hurrying along among pedestrians, near Swope Park, five miles from city center. Some cars and taxis driving by very fast. Marilyn stops, looks about, confused. LEON JAMES, black, and daughter DIANA (8) passing.

Marilyn
Do you know where we're supposed to go?

Leon
Someone said there's a shelter around the corner.

and TILT TO Marilyn, Leon, Diana and others, entering a building (the nature of which to be determined by location neighborhood.)

INT. BUILDING - CROWD OF PEOPLE - DAY

entering. Slightly irritated person directs them.

Voice
This is a shelter?

Man in Hardhat
The basement and the sub-basement boiler room. Just down those stairs...

HAND HELD WITH MARILYN, LEON AND DIANA

looking around at the crowds nervously moving in several directions.

Diana
Do we have to go down there?

Leon
Well, I guess we could stay right up here for a while, sugar.

Marilyn
(to Diana)
Do you draw?

Diana looks at her father. He grins.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MARILYN
(continuing)
You know -- pencil, paper, crayons. That sort of thing. I'll draw you if you draw me.

Marilyn sits down, opens her portfolio, takes out two drawing tablets, colored pencils. Diana is enticed, moves in beside her. Leon is pleased.

QUICK FAVOR MARILYN'S TABLET (TIME CUT)
A few deft strokes sketch Diana's head, wary eyes.

QUICK FAVOR DIANA'S TABLET (TIME CUT)
as she executes a bold smiling lady.

EXT. FARM COUNTRY - LIVESTOCK TRUCK - DAY
approaches f.g. county road junction, starts to turn, stops at the corner. (No animals in truck.)

CLOSER START DAVID
exiting cab...

DRIVER
Sorry I can't take you farther.

DAVID
That's okay. Thanks a lot.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

DRIVER

Good luck.

DAVID

Yeah. You too.

... CAMERA PIVOTS OPEN AND DOLLIES BACK WIDE as truck lumbers away down country road. Driver seen waving. David waves back, walking TOWARD CAMERA, looks once at the empty road behind him, surrounding flat landscape, a distant silo, windmill on a windless plain...

INTERCUT OIL WELL RIG

slowly pumping, with a low pneumatic GRUNT, sucking unseen elements from the earth...

DAVID'S POV (PASSING BENEATH) - CROWS ON A POWERLINE

QUICK CLOSE TRACKING DAVID

suddenly feels ominously alone, quickens his pace...

INT. DAHLBERG KITCHEN - EVE - DAY

preparing a mammoth turkey, dressing a rack of pork ribs, the ten-apple pies all baked, cooling, foil-covered casseroles. Jim enters, lugging food sacks to inner cellar door.

JIM

Where've the girls, Eve?

EVE

Jolene's making beds. Denise is taking a shower...

JIM

Get them downstairs, please.

EVE

Jim, don't you see all I've got to do...?

CAMERA SLOWLY TIGHTENS TWO

JIM

Don't you know there's pretty much a national emergency going on...?

_(CONTINUED)_
EVE
Well it's just going to have to
go on without me because your
daughter's getting married
tomorrow and I've got sixty-
seven mouths to...

Jim holds up his hand for peace, controls himself.
Everybody's going to have to control themselves.

JIM
I hope so... I hope so. But first
we've got to get a few things down
into the cellar.

Jolene drifts in quietly, wide-eyed, pale.

EVE
(mumbles)
You'd think there's a tornado
coming...

JOLENE
Daddy, a man on the radio said
there might be a war. He's
saying how we should unplug all
our radios and TV and stuff.
(scared)
There's not going to be a war,
is there?

CLOSE - JIM
embraces Jolene, is about to speak, when Denise bursts
in, robe, hair in a towel, hysterical.

DENISE
Mama, I don't know where Bruce is
and there's not even a dial tone
on the phone...!

EXT. DAHLBERG YARD - QUICK - DANNY - DAY
filling milk jugs with water, glancing suspiciously
at the sky.

EXT. LAUNCH CENTER - USAF MAINTENANCE TRUCK - DAY
enters compound. AF security guard closes gate.
McCoy, Conrad, Cooper hop out of truck, enter "ranch
house."
INT. LAUNCH CAPSULE (UNDERGROUND) - START BOYLE
waiting in silence, perusing logbook, glances toward...

CLOSE STARR

now visibly tense, senses Boyle's glance, looks, begins a little nervous smile, looks quickly away so as not to reveal his apprehension. He'd like to make a joke, ask a personal question. He feels his mouth is dry...

CLOSER BOYLE

eyes riveted to logbook, takes one measured (audible) breath, before...

INSERT - "SQUAWK BOX" SPEAKER

WARBLING!! Then a voice:

SQUAWK BOX VOICE
Standby! Message follows: Alpha...

HIGH WIDE STARR & BOYLE

swing into (the relief of) action, below, writing down codes, reaching for their phones...

SQUAWK BOX VOICE
... Whisky. Victor. One. One.

STARR
(into phone)
Tango got it.

BOYLE
(on his phone)
We have received a valid execution message. Foxtrot One, this is not an exercise. Repeat: This is not an exercise.

QUICK INTERCUTTING BOYLE & STARR - CLOSER

as they exchange a fleeting glance (Jesus God In Heaven, Shit! This Is It!...)

VOICES

Foxtrot One acknowledges... Hotel One acknowledges... Standby.

(CONTINUED)
Boyle and Starr open a red safe with keys around their necks, remove two small envelopes from which they each extract a code and another key. Starr returns to his console. Each removes a protective plastic cover from a set of console switches, set a numerical code on dials (BLMZA6).

Starr
(continuing)
Lock code inserted.

Boyle
Lock code inserted.

Boyle lifts phone, checks watch, hand on toggle switch.

Boyle
(continuing)
This is Tango. Standby, staggered launch, one through four.

Quick Very Close - Starr

Starr
One through four.

Quick Extreme Close - Boyle

Eyelid flinching, the eye clear.

Boyle
And counting. Ten, nine, eight...

Ext. Hendry Farm - Quick Close - Dennis - Day

Driving combine, dark goggles.

Int. Hendry Bedroom - Very Long - Dennis - Same

Seen through bedroom window, distant field.

 Favor Ellen

Naked before dresser mirror (bareback to camera), pinning up her long hair, then turns a little to admire her body. Sudden jetlike roar! House trembles! Dresser-top china birds shudder, clink.
QUICK CLOSE - ELLEN
staring at...

INTERCUT HER POV - BRILLIANT FLAME
seen in corner of mirror, slowly rising...! She turns quickly to the window.

EXT. MINUTEMAN ICBM (STOCK)
lifting from its silo, rushing into the air, its engine spewing a tight bright flame, speeding away on a narrow column of chalk-white smoke.

QUICK INTERCUTTING DENNIS
pausing on his combine, lifting his face, watching the O.S. ROAR...! Flame reflected on his goggles.

QUICK FAVOR WHITE HORSE
rearing in the pasture, WHINNYING at the unearthly ROAR, then galloping wildly nowhere...!

FAVOR SARAH AND KENNY
in the farmyard. Sarah looks skyward, mouth open, frightened. Kenny jumps up and down with glee -- a Fourth of July delight. Ellen bursts from the back screen door, holding one of her husband's chambray shirts around her.

ELLEN
You kids get in here right...!
Another O.S. JETLIKE ROAR! CAMERA DOLLIES RIGHT UP TO Sarah and Kenny as Ellen comes up behind them, puts her arms over them, watching.

ANOTHER (MORE DISTANT) MINUTEMAN ICBM (STOCK)
rising on its column of white smoke.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CRANE DOWN TO BRUCE - DAY
rides his motorcycle right up TO CAMERA CLOSE -- MISS-ILE ROAR just "BEHIND" CAMERA -- looks up, following its trajectory, appalled.
FAVOR TRAILER TRUCK
stopped just across the road from Bruce, the driver also looking out the window, craning, incredulous.

INTERCUT ANOTHER ICBM MINUTEMAN (4 MILES AWAY)
lifting off.

BRUCE & TRUCKER
shift their attention to the newest firework, then look at each other across the road, too stunned to say anything.

EXT. HAMPTON - FOUR SMOKE COLUMNS - DAY (ANIMATION)
suspended in the sky -- seen above the town green -- the ICBM ENGINES THUNDER, BOOM, REVERBERATE across the landscape.

FAVOR SAM HACHIYA & NANCY BAUER
standing in the hospital parking lot, among other staff, looking up into the sky.

FAVOR JO HUXLEY
standing outside the Science Building among a loose cluster of students, including CYNTHIA, ALDO and HOLLY (see below), listening to the THUNDER DIE AWAY. HUXLEY stares intensely, transfixed with fear and silent speculation. Cynthia approaches.

CYNTHIA
What's going on?

He'd rather not talk about it. Quietly:

HUXLEY
Those are Minuteman missiles.

CYNTHIA
Like a test, sort of. A warning.

He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HUXLEY
They're on their way to Russia.
They take about thirty minutes
to reach their target.

Now, Huxley looks around, realizes he is being watched
by twenty silent faces, waiting for more.

ALDO
So do theirs, right?

Huxley turns and hurries back toward the building,
notices the others following, is careful not to run.

EXT. FARMLAND - SEVERAL LONG CUTS (RAPID!) - DAY
on the fertile land. Silence. No one in sight.

EXT. LAUNCH CENTER - HIGH (AERIAL ORBITING) - DAY
the compound, single truck below. No one. Silence.

INT. LAUNCH CENTER - McCoy, Cooper, Conrad - SAME
standing outside the guard room. TWO GUARDS within.
All in the same rigid listening stance.

CONRAD
Are you in communications with
the capsule down there?

GUARD #1
Shuts down during a launch. Even
the radio went out. Last thing I
heard was two of our missile
warning radar stations got knocked
out.

McCoy
Where?

GUARD #1
Beale Air Force Base, California
and somewhere in England.

Cooper starts a crazy little breathless laugh.

COOPER
You believe it? They really gone
and did it. They shacked 'em!
as Cooper shudders, coming unglued, triggering their mutual anxiety. Conrad studies his watch. McCoy listens with maniacal attention.

CONRAD
You know what that means, don't you...

(beat)
That means either we fired first and they're gonna try to hit what's left, or they fired first and we just go our missiles out of the ground in time. Either way, the odds are we're going to get hit.

* Conrad checks his watch.

McCOY
So what are we standing around here for?

GUARD #2
McCoy? Where you want to go?

McCOY
How about outa here for starters?

GUARD #1
We're still on alert, Lenny. No one leaves this facility.

McCoy watches Guard #1 touch his sidearm. Rapid-fire dialogue:

McCOY
Are you kidding me?! The war's over, man. We done our job. So what are you still guarding -- a cotton-pickin' hole in the ground? All dressed up with nowhere to go...

COOPER
What about Starr and Boyle?

GUARD #2
What about 'em...?

COOPER
What are they doing?

(CONTINUED)
McCOY
Yeahhh, they're sixty feet down, sippin' cold beer and whistlin' 'Misty.'

COOPER
Well, I'm going down there...

GUARD #2
You can't go down there. The elevator's secured.

McCOY
You hear yourself talkin', Bozo? I hear you saying we're under orders to be sitting ducks!

COOPER
There's a ladder down the side of the shaft.

GUARD #1
So what? They're still behind an eight-ton steel door, food and water for two weeks. They're not going to let you in.

COOPER
There's still that little room outside the elevator...

CONRAD
Artie, you know as well as I that a direct hit'll take out the whole shaft and Boyle and Starr, too.

COOPER
Well I'd rather take my chances down there 'stead!

They all check each other's expressions. No detectable objections. Conrad raises an inquiring brow toward Guard #2, who concurs with a small nod. They all turn toward the guard room.

EXT. BANNOCK HILL - LUTHERAN CHURCH - DAY

BELL RINGING as town SIREN issues a series of SHORT BLASTS!
EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - HAND HELD CUTS - JIM, DANNY - DAY

on horseback, rounding up the Holsteins, ranch dog chasing. Cows LOW and MOAN, disturbed. BELL and SIREN can be heard from town...

INT. LAUNCH CENTER - GUARD ROOM - SHAFT - CONRAD

climbing down PAST CAMERA. Now, Guard #2...

BACK TO SHARP CUTS ABOVE - McCoy

hesitates, the last one to go. Guard #2 looks up from the "manhole."

GUARD #2
Come on, Lenny. This is your idea.

McCoy
Unh-unh. Not no hole in the ground was my idea.

McCoy makes a move back toward the door. Guard #2 reflexively goes for his carbine. McCoy's eyes burn.

(continuing)
Sure, sure, make up your mind, pal. You gonna crawl down the hole or shoot me in the back? What's the book say, Bozo?

Guard #2 is torn, an unforeseen dilemma. McCoy is gone quick as a wink, running for the door...

EXT. LAUNCH CENTER - McCoy - DAY

running like hell for the maintenance truck, leaps in...

INT. USAF TRUCK - McCoy - SAME

starts the ENGINE, breathing hard (fear, not exertion), pulls a hard circle in the dirt, heads straight for...

HIS POV AHEAD - BARRELING TOWARD GATE

wire fence, smashes through...!
305 LOW LONG PAN - TRUCK
rips gate open, ROARS PAST CAMERA, cloud of dust...

306 INT. USAF TRUCK - VERY CLOSE - McCoy - SAME
hitting 80, 90, hunched in panic over the wheel, glancing in rearview mirror, grunting with a unique fear -- breaking rules compounded by imminent death.

307 EXT. BANNOCK HILL - LOW WIDE ANGLE - MAIN STREET - DAY 307 *
BELl and SIREN REVERBERATE through still scene. Parked cars, not a person in sight.

308 EXT. LOWER MAIN STREET - SAME - DAVID 308
running TOWARD CAMERA. BELl and SIREN indicate that he must be a half a mile from town (above). Panting, sweating...

309 INT. BARN - FAVOR JOLENE 309
watching the piglets nurse. Jim looms up behind her.

JIM
Jolene, what you doing?

JOLENE
I'm helping Midge feed...

JIM
(firmly)
Get in the house. Help Momma get those cans into the cellar.

As she rushes O.S., afraid, Jim walks right up TO CAMERA, looks down at the pigs, distraught.

310 EXT. FARMYARD - "WALKING" POV TOWARD TWO HIRED HANDS - 310 DAY
changing their shirts near a Chevy.

JIM
Fellas, you're welcome to come inside with us.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HAND #1
Thanks, Mr. Dahlberg, but we better be getting on home.

Jim nods, controlling emotion, not wanting to make the moment anymore horribly significant than it is.

JIM
Suit yourself.

INT. DAHLBERG CELLAR - START CELLAR WINDOW - DAY

as shoveled dirt hits the outside glass, mound rising, daylight vanishing. PAN Danny, lugging the last milk jug down the cellar steps, setting it against the cinder-block wall. PAN CONTINUES across shelves, where Jolene is stacking cans... toilet paper, Coleman lantern, portable radio... cellar door heard SLAMMING.

TIME CUT FAVORS JIM

checking the breach of a shotgun, works the action, shoves it behind a shelf, looks out, calls:

JIM
Eve...?

INT. DAHLBERG HOUSE - DENISE - MOVING UPSTAIRS (HAND HELD)

descending TOWARD CAMERA, clutching her wedding dress and a stuffed animal (kangaroo), Ophelia-like. BELLS and SIRENS still heard b.g....

INTERCUT JIM

hasn't the heart to tell her to leave them behind.

JIM
Where's your momma, honey?

DENISE
Upstairs.

Now, he gently takes the kangaroo and dress from her, quietly, firmly directs her downstairs.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JIM

Now I want you to take those tarps
and canvas down to the cellar and
stay there with Jolene -- d'you
hear?

DENISE

Yes, Daddy.

INT. DAHLBERG BEDROOM - FAVOR EVE - SAME

changing sheets on the bed, carefully tucking in the

JIM

Evie, don't bother with the beds
just now.

She acts as if she hasn't heard, consumed in a quiet
hysteria of denial, flaps open a sheet for the other
bed. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Jim approaches.

JIM

(continuing)
You hear those sirens? That's an
attack warning system. Evie, we've
got to get down below.
(beat)
Listen to me. Those missiles have
all gone off...

He reaches for her arm. She violently flails out at
him!

QUICK CLOSE - JIM

astounded, watches her continue to make beds. Quickly...

CLOSE - FAVOR EVE (HAND HELD)

as Jim wastes no persuading time, bearhugs Eve from
behind lifts her off the floor. She begins a low bone-
chilling wail, which rises slowly to a sustained scream.
She beats his arms with her fists...

STAIRCASE - JIM

carries Eve kicking and screaming downstairs...
EXT. I-70 SOUTHEAST FREEWAY - EASTBOUND TRAFFIC - DUSK

clogging the outbound lanes, campers, RVs HONKING...! Reckless drivers sprint down the breakdown lane... PAN to westbound lanes, little traffic. HOLD on Oakes car...

INT. OAKES CAR DRIVING - OAKES - SAME

rigid at the wheel, driving fast (home!), glancing at traffic moving the other way, then ahead at...

HIS POV - KANSAS CITY SKYLINE - DUSK

closer than in Sc. #231, but still ten miles away. A SUDDEN SILENT BLINDING LIGHT FLASHES, THEN DIMS, THEN BRIGHTENS WHITE AS A HUNDRED SUNS, BURNING THE SCREEN WHITE!

BACK TO OAKES

averts his face, wincing, white in the SEARING BRIGHTNESS, throwing up his arm, looking away, braking the car...!

POV AHEAD - SCREEN CONTRACTS BLACK AROUND THE FIREBALL

STILL GLOWING BRIGHTLY, now SLOWLY CONTRACTING, a dwarf sun on the sky -- a nuclear airburst -- the image surrealistic in its changing light...

QUICK LOW ANGLE CUTS - OAKES

ducks down into the car, the FIERCE LIGHT having STENCILLED A BURN on the side of his face...

QUICK ON SURFACE OF CAR

as the metal swiftly smokes, paint starts bubbling...

QUICK FAVOR TRUCKER

in cab of his nearby truck as a THUNDEROUS SHOCK WAVE WALLOPS SCENE, blowing window glass into his face...!
crouching under the dashboard as he feels the car PUNCHED by the shockwave, tremble, metal lurching, glass cracking...!

now resolving into the nuclear mushroom cloud, boiling slowly up into the sky -- seen from perhaps forty miles away (Bannock Hill) -- over the low unearthly RUMBLE, which RESOUNDS OVER...

turning in SLOW MOTION to glance in shock and amazement at the mushroom cloud: an old farmer in straw hat, a young boy in a Cap cap, David Klein, looking through the fingers of his hand, two more farmers, one viewing the light through a welder's goggles, a farmer's wife looking through a screen door...

slowly boiling up. A commercial jet airliner passes into f.g. SCENE, hits shock wave, immediately pitches out of control, falling...!

rising higher, RUMBLING...!

END OF PART ONE
FADE IN:
Recap of Part One concludes by repeating #319-#321, then proceeds to --

DIRECT CUT INTO:

328 EXT. K.C. STREET - EVENING SKY - QUICK-ON DOZEN PEOPLE (REPRISING FIRST EXPLOSION)
hurry TOWARD CAMERA, as a BURSTING SUN ABOVE SEARS SCENE, "FREEZING" running figures. They smoke, balloon and "vaporize" in the BLINDING LIGHT, and rapidly enveloping dust cloud.

329 QUICK TO FIVE RAPID CUTS - PROGRESSIVELY CLOSER - A MAN
looking into the FLASH... his face darkens like a roasted marshmallow... eyes char... lifting his hands, the skin already smoking, carbonized...

330 EXT. "KANSAS CITY" - SKYSCRAPERS (MINIATURE)
collapse beneath BLINDING OVERHEAD LIGHT, as if stomped by a giant slow-motion foot. As the FLASH slowly CLEARS, we see EPICENTER BUILDINGS FLATTENED by the intolerable air pressure, rapidly rising dust and smoke clouds billow up behind the shock.

331 QUICK INTERCUT - COLLAPSING WALLS (DEMOLITION STOCK)
brick windows "crushed," gushing pulverized mortar... (REVERSE COLOR NEGATIVE.)

332 INSERT - BUILDING WINDOWS
sucked in, implode! SHATTERED GLASS...

333 EXT. STOCKYARDS - QUICK HIGH FULL
on hundreds of shifting steer, beneath LIGHT FLASH (OPTICAL.)
as it "lurches" from TREMBLING CAMERA POV, an OVER-EXPOSED sunrise or sunset creates the effect of reflected nuclear fireball on the waters of the Missouri River... Now, a STUPENDOUS, HELLISH RUMBLE...!

as the next SHOCK WAVE hurls cars, buses onto their sides... SHATTERING GLASS... collapsing power lines...

hurled through the air, striking walls, cars... Others struck by flying bricks, falling signs. BUILD SOUND OF WIND ROARING "OUTWARD"...

EXPLODING, boiling flames, black smoke...

caught in a cross-current of screaming people, the air filling rapidly with smoke... as the first SHOCK WAVE HITS, hurling people down, SOUND OF GLASS SPLINTERING! Marilyn rises, sees people rushing toward the basement stairs...

pushed against each other by the crowd, hold on so as not to be separated, try speaking but cannot be heard through the din... are wrenched apart, Leon and Diana pushed back toward the stairs... Marilyn stumbles toward the entrance, seeing...

as heavy foundation stones lurch in place, mortar dust...
OMITTED thru 344

EXT. STREET - DARKENING SKY - HANDHELD MARILYN

rushing out into the smoky street -- Seventh Circle of Hell -- trips over, recoils from a charred body, sees an overturned car. Other unscathed bodies lie still along opposite building. The sky darkens, the wind RISING TO A HOWL, as she looks up in horror at...

MARILYN'S POV - WIDE TILTING UP

past buildings to the dark boiling clouds... mammoth "tree trunk" column of smoke... to the underside of the NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUD, rolling up and spreading out like a malignant thunderhead, through the f.g. scrim of smoke and dust...

VERY CLOSE - MARILYN

feels a power BACKDRAFT WIND building, pulling her off-balance, as she stares at...

HER TELEPHOTO POV - SEVERAL FIGURES

moving zombie-like TOWARD CAMERA, one or two falling down, still. As they ENTER FOCUS, we see they are probably naked, their burnt skin hanging, arms held out to their sides, faceless faces...

BACK TO MARILYN

in the smoky air, as her hair and clothes spontaneously burst into flame, just as... ANOTHER FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT BURNS THE SCREEN WHITE...!

FAVOR MAN ON APARTMENT BALCONY

instantly vaporizes in the first glow...

OMITTED thru 359

INT. BUILDING (#255) BOILER ROOM - FAVOR LEON AND DIANA

as crowds jam the stairwell, many falling down, thick swirling smoke, as...
FAVOR ANOTHER DOOR

its edges gushing thick white smoke, now blows open! Fire blowing in!

CUTS ON CROWD

now lit by roaring flames... boxes quickly igniting in the rising heat. Leon and Diana, as they attempt to rush back up the stairs, thrown back by the inrushing crowd!

FAVOR CEILING

swiftly blackening, FLAMES HOWLING across scene, as if fed by a giant bellows, the "shelter" now a blast furnace. The SHOCKWAVE hits, "CAMERA" CRUSHED!

EXT. K.C. STREET - FIRESTORM! - SAME (MINIATURE)

Flames rage across building fronts, a sense that the air itself is burning!

OMITTED

QUICK TAXI

burning in the street, the paint bubbles, the figures of a driver and back seat passenger roaring torches.

QUICK - FIRE STATION (MINIATURE)

Doors open, ablaze, engines burning in their berths.

EXT. BRIDGE - LONG - SAME (MINIATURE, ANIMATION)

backlit by flames, as distant figures jump off the bridge into the river below...!

CUT TO:

INT. OAKES CAR (FREEWAY EIGHT MILES AWAY) - OAKES - DUSK

still beneath the dashboard, as SECOND SHOCKWAVE HITS!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The right side of Oakes' face has been burned pink -- a strong "sunburn," but in a distinct blotch (defined by the shadow of the mirror on his windshield), from hairline, across one eye, to his jaw, sparing his mouth. (This nuclear stigmata will darken during the next "two weeks."') He blinks like a rabbit, cautiously rises, wincing, to see:

HIS POV - QUICK ON TWO NUCLEAR MUSHROOM CLOUDS (MATTE)

rising where he last saw Kansas City skyline (Scene 299), one three miles high and rising, the other already six miles high, its stem "bent" by winds...

OAKES

staring, his whole conception of reality and human expectation undergoing a rapid, traumatic change. Utter emotional and intellectual disbelief, which is why he must keep staring. Only now does a sense of grief enter his senses -- everything is gone! -- and Oakes swallows back the emotion in order not to lose himself, lose an awareness of a future, of what comes next. He sees...

HIS POV - TRAFFIC OPPOSITE

strangely silent. A few people wandering outside their stalled cars and vans, hands covering their eyes, or staring numbly at the sky, in a state of shock. POV is suddenly JOLTED as...

OAKES

REACTS TO A CAR SIDESWIPING POV! seen careening by in rearview mirror. Now, a panel truck tears by. Traffic in our lane is turning around and driving back the "wrong" way. Oakes starts his ENGINE, pulls a U-turn, looks in...

REARVIEW MIRROR

The mushroom cloud still rising, as Oakes accelerates!

EXT. HENDRY FARM - HIGH LONG - DAY

ACROSS farmyard and nearby pasture, where two overlapping mushroom clouds are seen on the horizon, perhaps 40 or 50 miles away.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The figure of Dennis Hendry is seen running across a field toward the farmhouse.

CLOSE - FAVOR ELLEN HENDRY

staring at the horizon in horror, cradling Kenny's head, as Dennis ENTERS SCENE. More amazed than horrified:

KENNY
Look, Mommy. There are two of them.

ELLEN
I know.

KENNY
Where are they?

A STRANGE HIGH-FREQUENCY WHISTLE swiftly approaches...

DENNIS
Kansas City...

Before he can say more, there is a brilliant FLASH OF LIGHT behind them...!

QUICK TO SLIGHTLY LONGER ANGLE - FOUR FIGURES (MODEL)

Father, mother, daughter, son instantly carbonize in the BLINDING LIGHT... THUNDEROUS SHOCK WAVE blows their embers apart! Sky darkening...

QUICK - HENDRY HOUSE (STOCK OR MINIATURE)

rapidly smokes, ignites, collapses...

BOILING DUST CLOUDS (MINIATURE)

as a tractor catapults through the air...

EXT. FARMROAD - CAMERA RIDING CLOSE ON BRUCE - DAY (MATTE)

as a FIREBALL GLOWS behind him. Terrified, he hoots and screeches like a mad Indian! The SHOCKWAVE throws him through the air...!

SCREEN GOES MOMENTARILY BLACK AND SILENT (2 SEC.)
EXT. PRAIRIE - GRASSFIRE - DAY

FANNED BY UNEARTHLY HOWLING WINDS, the flames racing sideways...

QUICK ON COW (MODEL)

smoking, roasting on the hoof, falls, rolls over, legs up...

SEQUENCE ON WHITE HORSE

gallops ahead of the raging brushfire, trapped on two sides, trying to outrace the fiery wind... Rearing, its tail and mane burst into flame...! (OPTICAL/SLOW MOTION)

CUT TO:

EXT. BANNOCK HILL - LUTHERAN CHURCH - STEEPLE (MATTE)

where the bell no longer rings. Nuclear mushroom cloud churns up the horizon (20 miles away?). Now, the SHOCKWAVE shakes the steeple, SHATTERING A WINDOW...

EXT. BANNOCK HILL MAIN STREET - DUSK - DAVID

seen running across the wide main street, mushroom cloud behind him. Dashes into a storefront...

INT. STORE - SAME - DAVID

dives to the floor, covering head with backpack, as another SHOCKWAVE BURSTS THE FRONT WINDOW...!

OMITTED

EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - JIM AND DANNY RUNNING

from barn to farmhouse. Jim glances once at Danny, sees him looking back...

JIM

Danny, don't look...!

QUICK TO FAVOR CLOSE DANNY

looking back as another FLASH illuminates his face.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Danny yells, looks away, covering the back of his neck against the heat... starts to fall...

QUICK ON FARM ROAD POWERLINES

as the wires smoke, streetlights glow... EXPLODE! and the powerlines snap, break...

OMITTED

FAVOR JIM

catching Danny, trying to lift him (too heavy), holding him up, loping toward the house. B.g. dirt mounds around outside of the house, covering cyclone cellar door.

FAVOR BARNYARD CHICKENS

running around, feathers on fire, smoking. DOG BARKS. CUT TO:

OMITTED

EXT. TOWN OF HAMPTON - DARK SKY - START COED STUDENT

in U of M sweatshirt standing stuporous in the town square, hears a DISSONANT CHORUS OF VOICES WAILING, GROANING. She holds her hands over her ears, starts running past...

HANDHELD FAVOR BURNING HOUSE

beside another house that is intact. A figure on fire comes running from the house, but POV passes...

FAVOR TWO CARS

on their sides, downed power poles lying across the street...
AN OLD MAN, A YOUNG MAN

wandering disparate, the older man hugging his arm clenching his teeth, the young man staggering "bi into a parked car. A power pole smoking, burst into flame...

BACK TO GIRL STUDENT

looks up at the darkening sky, a RISING WIND whipping her hair. She whimpers in fear and shock, dashes across to the town green, past a prone body, where several others stand around in shock, staring. She kneels on the ground and pulls the hood over her head.

INT. OAKES CAR DRIVING - OAKES - SAME

(Burn patch right side face) driving into town, manuevering. A HOWLING WIND RISING, buffets car...

OMITTED

thru

HIS POV AHEAD - WOMAN ON FIRE

wanders out into the street, arms outstretched...

FAVOR OAKES (HANDHELD)

jumps out of his car, wraps his coat over the Woman. She falls to the ground. He beats out the flames, lifts her into his arms, staggers off, fighting the wind...

EXT. UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL - SHELTER SIGN - DARK SKY

and OPEN to Oakes carrying the Burn Victim toward the door. Smoke billows from lower broken windows. A bush burns crisply beside the entrance. Several people sit in a stupor on the grass, rocking back and forth. Oakes steps across broken glass...

INT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE HALL - OAKES

enters with Burn Victim, sees... Staff and patients wandering about in the darkened hallways, lit eerily by emergency spotlights, coughing in the smoke, some screaming, moaning, feet crunching broken glass, some extinguishing small fires.

(CONTINUED)
Patients sit humbly along the hall, "shellshocked." Nurse BAUER and STERLING, a Nurse's Aide, push a stretcher around the corner... Dialogue is clipped, overlapping, unreal.

BAUER
Dr. Oakes... S'good you're here...

OAKES
Plasma... methyl morphine, no gauze, please...

BAUER
You're burned too...

OAKES
On my way back from Kansas City. Where's Dr. Miranda?

FAVOR HACHIYA
listening, approaching, as Bauer wheels cart away...

BAUER
He's gone. You're in charge.

OAKES
Where's Julian?

BAUER'S VOICE
Putting out fires upstairs...

HACHIYA
Burn unit's already filled up.

OAKES
Got to move all the beds into the hall, away from windows...

HACHIYA
Have you seen the number of people in here? This is supposed to double as a fallout shelter. They're standing around in shock or hysterical...

OAKES
Where's Dr. Wallenberg? She's got the radiological equipment in her department, doesn't she...?
CLOSER HACHIYA AND OAKES

as Hachiya now studies Oakes' face intently.

HACHIYA
What did you see?

OAKES
And we can't stay on emergency power. We're going to have to...

HACHIYA
What did you see? You said you were on your way back from Kansas City. What did you see?

Oakes sees the urgency in Sam's face. Memory is an act of discipline.

OAKES
I was on the freeway, Blue Springs, Independence, maybe ten miles away. I saw the bomb go off, high in the air, directly over downtown. It was like the sun exploding. Two suns. It was like... the end of the world. I don't know why I'm even here...

Oakes is nonplussed to see Hachiya's eyes welling up with tears. Sam takes off his glasses and sobs silently. Oakes lets him cry until he sees Sam wrench his head from side to side against the wall. Finally, Oakes seizes Hachiya's arms, barks at the disobedient child.

OAKES (continuing)
Stop it, Sam! Stop it!!

Hachiya stops, blinks, surprised. Feels the powerful hands on his arms. Oakes bends, retrieves Sam's glasses, hands them back. Sam fits them on with great delicacy, watches Oakes hurry down the hall...

FAVOR PEOPLE

sitting hunched along the hallway, some rigid and staring, some crying, one trying to control quiet irrational laughter. PICK UP AND FOLLOW UP entering FEMALE STUDENT, aided by a MAN. She is holding hand over her eyes, muttering fearfully:

STUDENT #5
I can't see anything... Where am I? Why can't I see...?
CLOSE - HACHIYA

watches her, then hastens out to tend...

INT. UPPER WARD FLOOR - LONG CORRIDOR - BEDS

being rolled out of rooms by nurses, orderlies, some patients in hospital gowns, slippers. Emergency lights now go off, only flashlights from open ward room doors...

INT. SEMI-PRIVATE - JULIAN FRENCH - SAM

Chief Administrator -- 40, sparkplug, harried, tweed jacket, tie -- helps a nurse, two orderlies (one of them STERLING, soft-spoken Jamaican) roll two beds into the hall. CLEO MACKÉY is in one, 25, black, holding her newborn child. Alison, heavily pregnant, walks. CAMERA DOLLIES WITHIN THE CHAOS... as Oakes enters.

CLEO
(frightened of everything)
What's happening now...?

JULIAN
We're taking you into the hall...

OAKES
Julian...

JULIAN
We've only got about a quarter of the staff.

OAKES
See what you can do toward diverting people who aren't injured to shelters in campus buildings...

STERLING
Protect you from the fallout. It comes right through the windows, through the walls, even.

ALISON
Is it all over?

FAVOR OAKES AND ALISON

as he helps her into the hall.

OAKES
I don't know. They seem to have stopped.

ALISON
How many were there?

(CONTINUED)
OAKES
I don't know. There were two... Kansas City. Then there were more to the east and south across the countryside, probably the missile fields.

ALISON
Was it just us it happened to, just Missouri? -- Or was it the whole country?

OAKES
I don't know. Nobody knows anything yet. There's no...

ALISON
What about Sedalia? My husband was in Sedalia...

A distant THUD! makes the whole building tremble again. Some people start MOANING with fear (of a renewed attack.) Everyone working stops, listening. A low-level SHOCKWAVE hits...

OAKES
When are you due?

ALISON
I'm overdue.

OAKES
We're going to have to do everything we can to protect ourselves from the fallout.

ALISON
(cynical)
What for?

QUICK TO CLOSE - OAKES

(face burnt) doesn't answer. CAMERA CRANES HIGH down the corridor, now a confusion of beds, mattresses, wandering figures...

OMITTED

INT. HOSPITAL KITCHEN - PAN PATIENTS

on mattresses (40), among the sinks, counters, stoves. Emergency spots.
FAVOR HACHIYA

and young nurse, bending over a writhing MAN, blackened face, clutching at his eyes.

HACHIYA
Please take your hands down for just a moment...

MAN
Get me some water... Please, water...

The nurse offers him a sip from a plastic jug, as Hachiya checks the burnt eyes, wraps a blindfold around his head...

HACHIYA
(to the nurse)
Make him keep his hands away from his face.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - HAND HELD FOLLOW - SAME

More students, patients (10) entering. Some are burnt and flashblinded, some merely panicked. One man has all the hair burnt off his head. Julian weeds out the well, takes their arms, tries persuading them...

JULIAN
This is a hospital. We don't have many supplies. Please go to one of the college buildings.

One student, stuporous in shock, thrusts out, sends Julian reeling back against the wall...!

EXT. HAMPTON TOWN GREEN - FIGURES - DARK SKY

flitting to and fro across the green, beneath trees, lost souls without destination, incipient psychotics.

Omitted

EXT. SCIENCE BUILDING ROOF - HUXLEY - SAME

adjusting radiological sensors. Nearby wind guage, meteorological equipment, radio antennas are all bent out of shape, torn asunder by the winds. ALDO assists.
425 CLOSER - EQUIPMENT
dry-cell batteries, as a rad-meter registers early fallout, the needle bouncing slightly, CRACKLING...

426 BACK TO HUXLEY
looks up into the sky, holds out his hand...

HUXLEY
Here it comes...

Quickly, they run the spooled wire through a roof door... CAMERA TILTS UP to dark sky...

COMMENCE MUSIC SUB-THEME which subtly indicates "radiation," some simple tonal dissonance, sustaining, pinpricks, voicing the insidious unseen ionizing rays...

427 EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - LONG PAN - TWILIGHT
under ominously dark sky (MATTE). Nothing moves. As the "radiation" MUSIC subverts the peaceful scene, we hear...

428 CLOSE - MEADOWLARK
(or any prairie bird) singing...

429 CUTS ON WHEAT (OR CORN) FIELDS
some burnt out, still smoking, some ready for harvest, gently bending in a breeze...

430 FAVOR HAWK
circles against the darkening sky.

431 CLOSE - RANCH DOG
whimpering at the back screen door...

432 INT. DAHLBERG KITCHEN - SERIES OF CUTS - TWILIGHT
abandoned turkey, pork ribs, ten pies... curtains lightly billow over the sink. SOUND OF A DOG O.S.
sitting against the wall in dim light, looking outraged, fearful, confused, but for once assessing things for herself. OPEN across Eve, hair askew, holding a wet compress across Danny's face. She is no more accepting than before, merely losing herself in mother's tasks. Jim tinkers with a transistor radio, gets only a SHOWER OF STATIC, turns it off, the silence revealing the DOG WHIMPERING outside... TO Jolene, wide-eyed, curious, watching the four others.

JOLENE
That's Rusty.
(beat)
Dad, we left Rusty outside.

JIM
We might be down here a long time. There won't be enough food and water for Rusty...

JOLENE
You mean she's just going to die out there?

DANNY
Oh shut up, Jolene...

Jim comes over, squats beside her.

JIM
Honey, we're going to have to get used to things being a lot different from now on. What matters is, we're alive, and we're together. And I'm going to do everything I can to make sure things stay that way.

JOLENE
(unpersuaded)
How long will we have to stay down here?

JIM
I don't know. Maybe two to four weeks.

Denise starts crying. They look her way. She rocks gently back and forth. Now, Jolene gets up, goes over and sits next to her sister, not touching, not saying anything.
433A  EXT. BANNOCK HILL MAIN STREET - DARK SKY - DAVID

exits store, face sooty, eyes wide white with shock
and apprehension, looks up at the dark smoky sky...

433B  WIDE ON STREET

where nothing moves, no lights in buildings. Ghost
town. David runs toward the gas station...

433C  CLOSER DAVID

turning on the water faucet. No water. He looks O.S.
down the street, hearing HOOFBEATS.

433D  FAVOR A DARK HORSE

running wild in the street. David runs out to catch
the horse. But the horse rears, runs between build-
ings, out across a field...

433E  EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - MOMENTS LATER - DARK SKY - START

back screendoor flapping in the wind. BRIEF PAN to
David hurrying up the road into sight of door. Some
b.g. fields still billow smoke.

433F  CLOSER DAVID

sees dirt piled around the house foundation, dirt on
the cyclone cellar door, searches for the handle...

DAVID
Hello!... Anybody down there?

No answer. He heads for the back door.

434  OMITTED

435  INT. DAHLBERG KITCHEN - SAME - DAVID

looking across the odd abandoned banquet, turkeys and
pies sprayed with broken glass from the window. The
DOG STARTS BARKING. David goes immediately to the
sink, takes a saucepan, turns on the tap. No water...
He tosses the dog a piece of turkey...
as mother, father, brother, sister all look toward the
SOUND OF DOG BARKING, FOOTSTEPS overhead.

DENISE
Bruce? Is that you?

Jim pulls the shotgun from behind the shelf, heads
for the stairs. Eve springs up behind him...

EVE
What are you going to do with
that?
HAND HELD ON STAIRS - JIM

rounds a corner, pulls away a heavy canvas drape, heads up cellar stairs, pulls bags of plaster from the bottom of the door. Eve is behind him all the way.

EVE
It's not a dog, Jim -- it's a person up there...

INT. KITCHEN - LONG ON DAVID - SAME

looks sharply this way, face streaked with soot. Eerie, apocalyptic light through the windows.

INTERCUT JIM

bursting through the cellar door with shotgun, Eve right behind him. Both startled by David's spooky appearance. David sees the gun, backs against the counter, grabbing the first object at hand -- an iron skillet. The dog, Rusty, rushes for the cellar door.

JIM
Get out of here!

DAVID
Please don't shoot, I'll just...

EVE
Jim, stop it...!

JOLENE'S VOICE
Rusty...?

JIM
You get back upstairs, Eve...

Jim is trying to prevent Rusty from sneaking downstairs by blocking the door with his foot.

DAVID
(rapidly)
I was hitching home to Joplin, when the bombs went off. I was looking for water. You got another cellar out in the barn? Look, I'll die out there.

EVE
Let him stay, Jim...

(CONTINUED)
Sure, and tonight there'll be twenty more people banging on.

David advances quickly, persuading, pleading... (sees Jim kicking at Rusty, puts a pie on the floor to lure the dog away.) Continues rapidly:

DAVID
No there won't. I'm the last one. I'll help you keep the others out. I'll help you any way you want. I'm smart, believe me. Look. I even brought my own food.

... pulling canned peaches, peanut butter crackers from his backpack, dropping things on the floor, bending...

QUICK CLOSE - JIM
furious, torn between Eve and David, rights his shotgun. Sharp, sour:

JIM
Get down there! Get this door closed!

PIVOT FAST as David enters...

QUICK CLOSE - DOG
wolfin down the apple pie...

INT. CELLAR - DARK - CUTS ON JOLENE, DENISE - SAME
Their eyes following David down the stairs INTO VIEW. Even Danny, eyes closed, listens keenly.

INTERCUT CLOSE - DAVID, EVE, JIM
faces catching flashlight beams.

JIM
Cut that flashlight, Jolene. Save it for when we need it.

JOLENE
Just wanted to see who it was.
CONTINUED:

DAVID
My name's David.
Eve hands David a cup of water.

DAVID
(continuing)
Thank you, ma'am.

EVE
We're the Dahlbergs. I'm Eve.
Jim. Denise. Jolene. And
Danny.
Nods, grunts. Jolene studies David closely. Whenever
he looks her way, her eyes widen (instinctively coy.)
Jim sees David looking closely at Danny.

JIM
He looked at the bomb going off.

DAVID
Flashblinded.

David reads Jim's scrutinizing look...

DAVID
(continuing)
He burned his retinas. You know, the membranes at the back of the
eye...

DANNY
You mean I'm never going to see
again?

DAVID
Don't know how bad it is.

JIM
What do you know about it?

DAVID
Not a whole lot. I'm Pre-Med at
Hampton.

FAVOR DENISE
sitting up, suddenly hopeful...

DENISE
Do you know Bruce Gallatin? A
senior at Hampton?
CONTINUED:

DAVID

No...

DENISE
But you were coming from Hampton?
So maybe Bruce is all right.

FAVORING DAVID

looking back and forth between Eve and Denise, not
knowing the value of optimism in this family.

DAVID
I don't know what happened to
Hampton. The bombs out here
didn't hit until I was close to
Bannock Hill. There were five or
six to the north, then a whole
string of them to the south.
There could have been a hundred.

JIM
They must have hit every missile
silos from Sedalia to El Dorado
Springs.

OMITTED

EXT. HAMPTON - HORIZON (OPTICAL MATTE) - NIGHT

aglow from the firestorms of Kansas City, 40 miles
west, weird Aurora Borealis-like ripples across the
night sky, silhouetting some f.g. figures, refugees
from distant suburbs, staggering past CAMERA. TILT
DOWN to two or three fallen bodies along the road-
side, a BABY CRYING... FADE UP "RADIATION MUSIC" THEME...

FAVOR HOSPITAL

where some thirty or forty people are crowded around
the entrance...

QUICK CUTS ON (REFUGEE) FACES

some burned, some merely blackened, some wild-eyed,
some desperate to get in, but most are already marked
by a sense of shock, lethargy, resignation.
woman, 35, tall, slender, white jacket, short gown
pageboy. As she looks up from a similar rad-meter,
sharp clear eyes looking almost directly INTO CAMERA
we see her smooth skin tattered by broken glass...

WALLENBERG
I'm not certain of the dosage
outside, but we're getting more
radiation than I'd like in here.

WIDER - FAVORS OAKES (HAND HELD)

already looking very tired (face burn turning dark
red,) looks up at Bauer, Sterling, two other DOCTORS.

OAKES
All right. We'll need some form
of decontamination and shower unit
at the front and emergency
entrances...

STERLING
Dr. Oakes, there's no water
pressure.

OAKES
(beat)
Then close off the front entrance,
get rid of their clothes...

Julian French enters, urgently...

JULIAN
Russell, I can't stop them coming
in. There are just too many people...

Oakes starts O.S.

INT. DARK HALLWAY - HAND HELD WITH OAKES, HACHIYA,
WALLENBERG

INTERCUTTING patients strewn along the walls.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

OAKES
Dr. Hichaya, Dr. Wallenberg -- don't come down here. You're medical staff. Stay with the patients. Stay in the protected areas.

HACHIYA
What about you, doctor?

QUICK CLOSE CUTS - OAKES AND HACHIYA
as Oakes gives Sam an impatient little smile...

INT. ENTRANCE HALLWAY - CUTS ON CROWD - NIGHT
thronging the hallway (40). A loose "cordon" of orderlies, doctors... Julian French... Oakes climb on a chair.

OAKES
Please, listen to me... Listen to me! We need your help. This is a hospital! So those of you who are not seriously ill or injured... have got to work... to work with our staff.

CUTS AMONG FACES
Some blackened, some frightened, some numb.

OAKES
This work will be dangerous... but we've got to do it in order to... to survive.

Their expressions aren't moved by talk of survival.

INT. SURGICAL WASHROOM - HANDHELD CUTS
among Oakes, Julian, Wallenberg, Hachiya, DR. AUSTIN, and TEN VOLUNTEERS. Impromptu conference.

JULIAN
We tried an auxiliary pump on the backup generator, but there's just a trickle.

(CONTINUED)
AUSTIN
We'll have to locate the nearest hand pump and chain-gang the water in.

VOICE
No one's going to expose themselves to...

HACHIYA
We have to have water.

OAKES
In a couple of days. We'll set up shifts. What about fuel to boil water, heat food...?

JULIAN
There's some butane. No more than three days worth...

AUSTIN
What about bringing in wood?

WALLENBURG
You can't burn it if it's been contaminated. Just put radiation right back in the air. What about bottled gas...?

INT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - NAKED MAN
backlit by flashlights, depositing clothes in a plastic bag, rinsing out of the garbage can filled with water... Men and women, young and old, children about half in hospital gowns, some lying rigid, wide-eyed, some curled fetus-like, some hugging a patient in fear, one couple even appears to be making love, some are tucked tight in blankets like mummies, trembling...

OMITTED

UPPER CORRIDOR - SHARP CUT IN OAKES AND HACHIYA
urgently examining an inert older man, as the woman on the adjoining mattress utters little pinched-off screams, cowering. They check his eyes, heart, quickly pull a blanket over the body, lift it O.S. PAN TO ALISON, pregnant, calmly studying Oakes...
strapped together, suspended from dark overhead surgical spotlight, TILT TO Oakes removing fragments from the face of an older woman, dropping the splinters into a metal dish.

FAVOR NURSE BAUER

surgical mask, sterilizing instruments in a metal tray of boiling water, heated by a Sterno can. RE-FOCUS to the closest of three burn victims. Oxygen tents, IV and plasma tubes. Oakes ENTERS SCENE, examines the woman, her face raw red (2nd degree), exchanges a glance with Bauer, behind masks.

INT. SURGICAL WASHROOM - OAKES AND BAUER

removing masks (revealing Oakes' facial burn). They wash their hands by ladling water from a steel pot. Even here there are some people "camped," some nurses sleeping -- one or two with their eyes open. Single emergency spot. Eerie. Bauer is assembling disinfectant, swabs, dressing, sees Oakes notice the sleeping nurses.

BAUER

They're sleeping two-hour shifts in here.

OAKES

Don't mistake the sleeping for the dead. There is not enough plasma...

BAUER

Hold still.

CLOSER - CUT IN

as Bauer turns immediately to Oakes, starts treating his face burn. He winces, recoils. She steadies him.

BAUER

I know -- 'no gauze, please.' No sense making a martyr of yourself. There's too much to do.

He watches her, comforted. She resembles Helen.

OAKES

You know what's going to happen next around here, don't you...

(CONTINUED)
BAUER
I've been trying not to think about it.

OAKES
We may be the only hospital operating within a hundred miles. Everyone half-alive or dying will find their way here. Burns, shock, radiation, infection.

BAUER
Too late to become a dentist, exactly.

CLOSER INTERCUTS - OAKES AND BAUER
as he grins, winces, surprised by her gallows humor, studies her face as she checks his burns, daubing. Now, she notices his eyes keenly watching her, his expression at once intimate and distant. There are things to talk about, and things not. Quietly:

OAKES
I wonder who in the world was spared. I wonder if New York, Paris, Moscow are just like Kansas City.

BAUER
I wonder what's going to happen to us.

SCREEN POP TO BLACK.

INT. TRUCK TRAILER - DARK

START DOOR OPENING sideways, a slash of harsh daylight entering. (The trailer lies on its side.)

FAVOR McCoy
Face dirty, two-day growth of beard, cuts on the side of his face, squints into the bright light, then turns away, lets the door close. ADJUST TO DARKNESS where we see the trailer interior, cartons on their sides. McCoy scampers back into the appliance carton he has made his "hibernation," licks parched lips, pulls a canvas cover over his head for protection, goes to open the door again...
lying on its side across highway in farm country, b.g. town. The light is fiercely white (overexposed). We see McCoy peek out the "upper" door flap, scramble out, shielding himself, starts toward town. It is two days later.

in town square -- Union soldier, cannon -- and PAN ACROSS three bodies lying peacefully (dead) in the street, a burnt-out storefront still smoldering. From somewhere in town we hear the unlikely sound of DVORAK'S "NEW WORLD SYMPHONY," THIRD MOVEMENT. McCoy ENTERS SCENE, staring at the bodies, hurrying by...

lurking, MEOWING near the open door to...

enters, examines the ravaged shelves, where all food-stuffs are gone. A few stray cans roll on the floor, a broken box of rice. Near the cash register, McCoy sees a display of cheap sunglasses, puts on a pair.

on the floor, a cat eating fastidiously. McCoy ENTERS SCENE, begins stuffing crackers into his mouth...

50, unshaven, rumpled, three-piece suit, waving his arms, "conducting" the MUSIC OF DVORAK issuing from a TAPE RECORDER on the roof of a car. Hood up, tires melted, windows splintered. Alfred's hands and face are beet red, a severe sunburn. He has lost his mind.

cloaked in canvas, wearing sunglasses, looking like a displaced bedouin, walks a wide swath around the crazed Alfred...
470J TIME CUT - HIS "WALKING" POV PASSING SIGN

which points ahead to "Chilhoe... Sedalia..." We see a strange column of SIX REFUGEES walking this way, not on the smooth road, but along the scorched grass on the routed roadside. Heads and faces covered, two holding up unsteady comrades.

470K FAVOR McCoy

watches them approach, cracker crumbs on his parched lips, expects a greeting. They walk by without a word. FOLLOW as McCoy turns, walks alongside the leader.

McCoy
Where you going?

Refugee #1
Holden.

McCoy
How come?

Refugee #1
People there.

McCoy
How you know that?

Refugee #1
Man with a CB back in Leeton.

McCoy
You from Leeton? How's Sedalia?

The man doesn't answer.

McCoy
(continuing)
I said, how's Sedalia?

Refugee #1
(impassive)
Ain't no Sedalia. Ain't no Green Ridge, no Windsor, no nothin'.

McCoy stops CAMERA CLOSE, stupefied, as they pass. Now, PAN as he turns and runs down the side of the road to...

470L FAVOR CREEK - LOW ANGLE - McCoy

starts drinking water from the creek with his hands, trying to quench an impossible thirst, then PAN as he rushes back up the roadside, falls in line behind the Six Refugees as they pass O.S.
interviewing a TEENAGE COUPLE by candlelight, examines the dark splotches on the back of her hand. Sense of many people jammed in the corridor.

HACHIYA
Have you been in shelter the last three days?

BOY
Last night we slept in a chicken coop in Lone Jack.

HACHIYA
You've... been outside since then?

unshaven, haggard, but eyes sharp and alert. SLOW OPEN ANGLE across Julian, Hachiya, Wallenberg, Dr. Austin, Bauer. All but Oakes are eating sandwiches, sipping from paper cups.

OAKES
We're seeing the first symptoms of radiation sickness. Loss of appetite, vomiting, diarrhea, epilation, subcutaneous bleeding, general hemorrhaging due to reduced platelet count. The difficulty comes in separating shock victims from those with severe radiation poisoning, because the symptoms are in many cases the same. Try to determine if possible where the patients came from, how close they were to a blast, and how long they've been exposed to fallout since Saturday.
Wallenberg hands Oakes a clipboard... (aside).

WALLENBERG
I'm picking up increased amounts of iodine-131 in the water supply.

OAKES
Julian -- see that potassium iodide tablets are distributed with all drinking water...

DOCTOR #2
In view of the fact that our drug stocks are dwindling, with no foreseeable resupply, not to mention food supply, don't you think, Dr. Oakes, that we should make a further distinction? -- and separate the living from the dying?

CLOSE - FAVOR OAKES
feeling the first of several moral dilemmas...

OAKES
How can you tell the difference, Paul...

AUSTIN
Come with me, down the hall, and I'll show you the difference.

OAKES
Everybody reacts differently... to different doses of radiation.

AUSTIN
There's no per se cure for radiation poisoning, we know that. We're talking about side effects, infection, anemia... and there is only so much medication to go around.

Everyone present feels the desperation and impatience brought about by fear and fatigue.

JULIAN
That 'distinction' may have to be made on the basis of space alone. There are four hundred and seventeen people in this building right now, most of them lying in their own waste...
CONTINUED:

HACHIYA
What are you saying, Julian --
that we should start throwing
them out the windows...

OAKES
Come on, Sam!... When the fallout
diminishes I'd like to try making
our own penicillin in the labs.
And open wards in other buildings,
Paul. Two, three days and I think
it will be easier to judge 'the
living from the dying.'

AUSTIN
Of course. The dying will be dead.
Then you'll have another kind of
problem.

Exasperated, Austin exits.

EXT. SCIENCE BUILDING ROOF - RAD/SENSOR - NIGHT
and "RADIATION" THEME...

INT. HUXLEY'S "UNDERGROUND" LAB - START RAD-METER

The needle registering... and OPEN across condenser block
"broom room" hastily converted into an impromptu lab
and communications center, housing a CB, short wave
receiver, radiological measuring devices, etc. HOLLY,
23, female lab assistant, writes rad/meter figures in
a log. Map of Kansas and Missouri. Aldo. Huxley
speaks over the CB mike. Candles.

HUXLEY'S VOICE
... holding at just a hair under
50 REMs an hour. I thought it
would diminish by now, so my guess
is we're picking up a lot of
fallout...

INT. HOSPITAL - RESIDENT CUBICLE - OAKES
talking on police-call CB, four-day growth of beard.
Some people sleep on cots, several lying with their
eyes wide open, listlessly watching Oakes. Huxley's
disembodied voice:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HUXLEY'S VOICE
... from the Titan missile bases
in Wichita and wherever else out
west. That's the way the wind
blows -- right toward St. Louis...

OAKES
When would it be safe to move
people to other buildings?

HUXLEY'S VOICE
I'd wait until the count is below
two REM's an hour. But it'll
never be 'safe.'

TIME CUT - FAVOR OAKES

slumped against the wall, head back, eyes closed.

BAUER'S VOICE
Don't mistake the sleeping for the
dead.

He barely opens his eyes, without moving his tired
head, sees Bauer sitting beside him, peeling an orange.
He incants:

OAKES
As falls Wichita, so falls Wichita
Falls.

BAUER
That's the first time you've
closed your eyes in three days.

OAKES
I do it when you're not looking.

He watches her strong fingers strip down the orange.

BAUER
You look terrible.

OAKES
You sound just like my wife.

QUICK - VERY CLOSE - OAKES

His eyes revealing sudden stunning grief. He's afraid
he's coming unglued...
INTERCUT - VERY CLOSE - BAUER

understands the emotion, casually hands him a hunk of orange, diversionary.

BAUER
Here. Eat this. Might be the last orange you see for a --
(eats)
... a week and a half.

He eats, juice spilling down his chin, tries to keep his voice steady.

OAKES
When you close your eyes you start remembering.

He glances at her. She eats neatly. Encourages him:

BAUER
Remembering what?

Quietly, controlling powerful emotions:

OAKES
My son. Catching a pass. Saturday morning.

He wrinkles his brow, looks away. She is patient.

OAKES
(continuing)
I keep seeing the branch of a tree outside our bedroom window, scratching the pen in winter when it's all frosted with ice, and in summer the leaves are like big open hands playing catch with the sun all over the wallpaper. You see, Helen never liked to close the curtains. She...
(closes eyes, remembering)
... had deepset eyes -- I used to call her lids garage doors -- and always seemed to have an expression asking, 'Why are you leaving so soon? I want to tell you all about...'

Oakes stops, surprised at himself for becoming so personal, sees that Bauer is listening intently.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

OAKES
(continuing)
I'm sorry, raving on like this...

BAUER
Oh no, do rave, please. I never imagined you...

Sudden short piercing SCREAMS startle both of them!

FAVOR LITTLE GIRL

directly behind them, having wakened from a nightmare, staring wildly around, clutching at her startled father, screaming! screaming! screaming!... reliving the memory...

OMITTED

thru

500

INT. DAHLBERG CELLAR - START RADIO DIAL (DARK)
as Jim, grizzly beard, turns the knob, the needle sweeping the band. Jagged HISS AND STATIC. SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 21."

CLOSE - DANNY

"blindfolded" as Eve tries feeding him tuna fish on crackers. He turns his face away.

EVE
I want you to eat anyway.

DANNY
I'm not hungry, Mom.

She worries, then feeds herself -- crackers arranged daintily like canapés on a paper plate.

FAVOR DAVID

four-day beard, ladling water into cups, offering one to Denise. She doesn't seem to notice it. Jolene accepts (always trying to catch David's glance).

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JOLENE
What is it -- day or night?

DAVID
Day.

JOLENE
What day?

EVE
Wednesday.

JIM
Thursday. Two-thirty.

QUICK TO FAVOR DENISE
listening, responds with a look of horror...

JOLENE'S VOICE
I wonder if it's sunny out...

DENISE
I can't remember.

They all look toward Denise (who sounds disoriented).

EVE
Can't remember what, darlin'?

DENISE
It's only five days and I can't remember what he looks like.

EVE
We've all been through so much, sitting here in the dark.

DENISE
What are we doing down here anyway?
It's all over, isn't it?

CLOSE INTERCUTS - DAVID, JIM, JOLENE
listen keenly, wondering about Denise's "fit."

EVE
Now get hold of yourself. You know we have to wait till...

(CONTINUED)
DENISE
Why did I have to use that thing?

Eve is afraid to ask. Jolene looks sharply at David, embarrassed, but eager to see his reaction, asks aside:

JOLENE
Want to play Parcheesi...?

DENISE
(raving)
We'd be married now anyway... Why didn't I just get pregnant at least...?!

JIM
Denise, you just pipe down...!

DENISE
... Because now I can't even see his face!...

QUICK HANDHELD CUTS

as Jim rises, half-embraces Denise to quiet her down. But she pushes herself away, knocking cans off the shelf, grabs a spotlight, flashes it across their faces... David bursting up, grabbing the light...

DENISE
... can't see anything!

In the confusion of light and darkness, Denise has bolted up the stairs.

EVE'S VOICE
Don't go up there...!

CUTS

on Denise's feet running, kicking sandbags... the door forced open to a sliver of daylight... David running up after her, Jim behind him...

DAVID
Just one of us...
INT. DAHLBERG KITCHEN - DENISE'S POV - ENTERING - DAY

where everything -- pies, desiccated turkey, crimson pork ribs -- is seen in an exaggerated sharp light, harsh contrast, afternoon sun angle. Quiet reintro "RADIATION" MUSIC THEME, OVER...

QUICK - DENISE

throwing up her arm, squinting into the first daylight seen in several days... looking down, recoils in horror and disgust from...

DOG

lying dead near the door... pie plate...

CUTS - DAVID

rushes from the cellar door, closes it firmly, squints ... Denise running out the back door...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - VERY LONG SHOT - DENISE - DAY

standing in the bright farmyard. Harsh contrast. White fence. Cornfield. Silver feed silo. Barn. "RADIATION" THEME LOUDER, a dissonant high-frequency "whisper"... When David appears outside the back door, she starts running away. He stops (hoping she'll stop). She turns around in a circle, indicating the sky, as if she's the victim of a cosmic trick.

DENISE

Look. There's nothing wrong out here. It's a beautiful day.

VERY CLOSE - FAVORS DAVID

turns, studies a fine coat of dust lying across the petals of zinnias in a back railing flower box, tentatively touches the dust, blows it away, looks toward Denise, shaking his head, "casually" approaching...

DAVID

No. It only looks that way.

CLOSE - FAVOR DENISE

fixes him with a look of withering contempt: he's just part of the trick. She turns and runs...
HANDHELD CUTS - DAVID CHASING DENISE

as she runs out across the farmyard, toward cornfields...

INTERCUT HANDHELD PASSING

dead chickens in the barnyard... another dead dog...
beyond the fence, a cow on its back, belly swollen,
legs sticking straight up...

BACKTRACKING DENISE

running between cornstalks, out across a burnt field,
recoils, heads for the barn...

DAVID

moves to head her off. She is seen running behind the
barn. FOLLOW as David comes around behind the barn,
but Denise is nowhere in sight.

CLOSER - DAVID

pauses frustrated, afraid of the air, listens, suddenly
feels the intense rays of the sun on his skin, winces,
hurries O.S.

INT. BARN - DAVID'S HANDHELD POV - SAME

moving past cow stalls, some ANIMALS MOOING, sees far
door open, sharp light enter, Denise running out...

FAVOR DAVID

running after her...

FAVOR SILO - DENISE

running around the far side... comes face-to-face with
David coming the other way. She freezes in fear up
against the silo, a trapped animal, eyes wide, tight
fists up against her shoulders...

INTERCUT DAVID

gasping for breath, careful not to touch her.

(CONTINUED)
DAVID
You can't see it... You can't feel it... You can't taste it...
but it's here, all around us, right now... going through you like an x-ray... right into your cells...
(beat)
What do you think killed those animals back there...?

She looks wildly around, then dashes back to the house.

ANGLE FROM HOUSE - DENISE - SAME

runs BY CAMERA into house. HOLD until David arrives, then PAN revealing that Denise is not headed for the cellar door at all, but for the stairs...

INTERCUT DAVID

alarmed -- broken glass underfoot -- pursues...

CUTS ON STAIRS

as Denise turns along the upper landing...

INT. DENISE'S ROOM - DAVID

passes, looks in, sees...

FAVOR DENISE

curled fetus-like around the wedding dress on her bed. David pauses by the door. Beat.

DAVID
I'm sorry I'm not Bruce.

OMITTED

INT. DAHLBERG CELLAR - START DENISE (DARK AGAIN)

sitting hunched, hair stringy, blanket around her shoulders, sipping soup, staring across at David with guarded trust (and attraction). RADIO STATIC (replacing "RADIATION" THEME on above cut)...
Eve slumped asleep on her husband's shoulder; Jolene lying down, her eyes wide open toward... David, writing thoughtfully on a small pad... Danny.

DANNY
You're the first person I ever got to know without knowing what you look like.

David looks up, delayed reaction, smiles.

DAVID
What do you think I look like?

DANNY
Tall and skinny. You look someone right in the eye when you're talking to them. Big ears that stick out...

Suddenly, all respond to the SOUND of a distant, garbled VOICE among the RADIO STATIC.

RADIO VOICE
... will be repeated at fifteen minute intervals...

FAVOR RADIO DIAL - JIM

twists the dial to catch the voice clearly, spins the dial hoping to pick up the same message elsewhere... Jolene uses body English...

JOLENE
No, Dad. Back to the left, back to the left...

JIM
Okay, okay...

RADIO VOICE
... gency Broadcast System... sident of the United States.

SLOW PAN - DAVID, EVE, DENISE, DANNY

listening carefully to the President's voice compete with the STATIC. He sounds like a solemn, "heartfelt" George Bush, his message noteworthy for what it does not say.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
My fellow Americans... While the extent of damage to our country...

INT. DAHLBERG KITCHEN - FAVOR PORK RIBS - DAY

now resembling a rotting disembowelled carcass, FLIES BUZZING angrily...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... is still uncertain, and shall probably remain so for sometime.

EXT. BANNOCK HILL - LOW ANGLE - STREET - DAY

An abandoned "ghost town," broken windows, loose papers catching impish winds...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... preliminary reports indicate that principal weapons impact points included military and industrial targets in most sectors of the United States.

INT. TRACTOR SHED - CUTS ON THREE FARMERS' FACES

listening. A fourth lies on the floor, asleep or dead.

EXT. PRAIRIE - LARGE CRATER (NATURAL METEORITE) - DAY

where a chunk of ragged molten metal (a metamorphosed motorcycle?) gleams like an alien sculpture among rocks.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
There is at the present time a ceasefire with the Soviet Union, which sustained damage equally catastrophic. Many of you...

INT. WOODEN SHELTER - CLOSE ON AN OLD INDIAN MAN

weathered face, silver necklace...
peacefully dead in the street beside the car with the rooftop tape player. A large black raven stalks nearby, pecking at the asphalt.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... listening to me today have suffered personal injury, sudden separation from loved ones, and the tragic loss of your families...

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - OAKES

masked, working frenziedly over another burn victim -- daubing the raw flesh, trying to summon some consciousness, ordering a nurse to attach an I.V.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
I share your grief... for I too have suffered personal loss.

MAIN CORRIDOR - SLOW DOLLY SHOT - EMERGENCY SPOTS

PAST patients and refugees, their faces gaunt, numb, worried, perplexed, some with eyes closed and mouths open, as the SOUND OF THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE resounds oddly from several small portable RADIOS... his tone more subdued as his rhetoric grows more inflated.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... this hour of sorrow, I wish to assure you that America has survived this terrible tribulation... There has been no surrender...

FAVOR Alison, expressionless; Bauer tending to a sick child; a student, eyes welling up with tears...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... no retreat from the principles of liberty and democracy... for which the free world looks to us for leadership.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - EMERGENCY SPOTS - BODIES

stacked in bags along the wall. Burn victim's face seen through transparent "window." PAN reveals two fresh corpses on tables, still to be bagged...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
We remain undaunted before all but Almighty God.
favoring over the lousy reception on a pocket transistor, hear only: "... offer our prayers..." Then
STATIC, then:

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... government functioning under
certain extraordinary emergency
options. We are prepared to make
every effort to coordinate...

INT. KITCHEN - CUTS AMONG SOME YOUNG CHILDREN
ages three-five, playing with pots, pans, wire whisks
... among indifferent parents... clutching parents...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... relief and recovery programs
at the state and local level.
During the next two weeks, my
staff and Cabinet will relocate
to the National Emergency Re-
Construction headquarters...

INT. SURGICAL WASHROOM - OAKES, HACHIYA, WALLENBERG
surgical caps and masks, exhausted, washing up,
Hachiya lighting a cigarette... looking at each other
in silence.

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... in Des Moines, Iowa. At the
present time, and until radiation
pattern reports are made available
over the Emergency Broadcast band
or through your local authorities,
I urge you to remain in areas
offering maximum shelter protection
from radioactive fallout...

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - ANTEROOM - SIX REFUGEES (DARK)
clothes blackened, faces burned or marked by bleeding
beneath the skin... crowding into shower area...

PRESIDENT'S VOICE
... and to obey all local curfews.
We are counting on you, you see --
on your strength, your patience...
Cynthia (from #212, above) and at least ten others from b.g. hall, clustered around short wave receiver.

**PRESIDENT'S VOICE**

... your will and your courage to help rebuild this great nation of ours.

(beat)

God bless you all.

As the transmission is replaced by a cascade of hush and STATIC...

**ALDO**

That's it? That's all he's going to say?

**STUDENT #3**

Hey, maybe we're going to be okay.

**STUDENT #4**

(to Aldo)

What do you want to hear?

**ALDO**

I want to hear what happened, who started it, who pre-empted, who fired first!

**HUXLEY**

You're never going to know that.

**HOLLY**

What difference does it make now?

As everyone seems to start talking at once... Huxley turns to activate the CB, CAMERA SLOWLY ISOLATES Cynthia, thinking her own thoughts...

**ALDO**

He sure would have told us if they fired first...

**HOLLY**

So what, Aldo? So there's a ceasefire now...

**ALDO**

You believe that? You believe everything they tell you...?

**STUDENT #1**

He says he doesn't know how badly we were hit, but he knows they were hit at least as bad...

**STUDENT #4**

He's consolidating his position. He doesn't want anyone to think we lost the war...

(CONTINUED)
CYNTHIA
(quietly)
I wonder what happened to
Minneapolis?

EXT. ROUTE 13 NORTH - LONG SHOT - CUTS ON REFUGEES - SUNRISE

walking along the roadside, dirty, unshaven, ragged
clothes, some carrying shopping bags, some badly
burned. A pickup truck drives TOWARD CAMERA, as one,
two refugees run alongside. One is thrust away by a
passenger's arm, but the other succeeds in clinging to
the window for a brief free ride... More and more refu-
gees, suburban survivors of the Kansas City holocaust,
moving slowly but surely, no known destination, just
away from the horror behind them.

CUT IN McCOY

the refugee clinging to the pickup running board,
 Speaks through the window.

McCOY
Don't bother. Hospital's burned
out in Holden.

REFUGEES #3
Where'd you hear that?

McCOY
I was there yesterday. Got to
got outta this fryin' sun...

Refugee opens door, McCoy gratefully scrambles in.

INT. PICKUP DRIVING - DRIVER, REFUGEE #3, McCOY - SAME

McCoy watches Refugee #3 load the chambers of a revol-
ver. Driver listens to a CB.

HUXLEY'S VOICE
... radiation levels are still
over fifteen REMs an hour...

McCoy
Where's he coming from?

DRIVER
Hampton. North of Warrensburg.
There's a hospital there...

(Continued)
538B CONTINUED:

McCOY
Sure, sure, I heard that one before. If there was they sure as hell wouldn't be advertising it.

538C THEIR POV AHEAD

where a crowd of a dozen Refugees cluster in a farmyard.

REFUGEE'S VOICE
Pull over up ahead.

538D FARMYARD - SAME - FAVOR WATER PUMP

Old castiron hand pump beside a stone trough. Refugees take turns drinking from their cupped hands, splashing water over their faces. One man -- CODY -- keeps pushing in line, like a savage child. The others push him away. But he keeps coming right back...

538E FAVOR McCOY

exiting the truck, walks up to CAMERA, watching...

538F FAVOR CODY

25, hair burnt off, overalls, skin pink, parched lips, grunting, either feeble-minded or gone crazy, the pariah. One man pelts him with a stone, picks up another to throw, until McCoy suddenly grabs his arm, cautions:

McCoy
Don't do that.

Cody has taken advantage of the moment to drop to his knees where the water drips. The crowd moves back, in deference to the gun-toting Refugee with McCoy. But this man returns to the pickup anyway, drives off. McCoy pumps water for Cody, who drinks like a fish thrown back in the ocean...

538G EXT. ROAD - TRACKING McCOY AND CODY - LATER

walking together under the same tarp, McCoy having taken him under his wing.

(CONTINUED)
538G CONTINUED:

McCoy
You cost me my ride, you dumbie!
(hands him half a
candy bar)
Here.

Cody wolfs down the candy. Passing two roadside bodies.

McCoy
(continuing)
That's you and me if we don't get
to Hampton. You hear me? There's
a hospital in Hampton.

539 OMITTED

546 EXT. HAMPTON HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - REFUGEES - NIGHT
(30) crowding around the door, agitated, as a volunteer
wearing an air-filter "riot" mask holds up his hands,
indicating "slow down," "no more." Fallout Shelter
sign. Some refugees push the volunteer aside...

547 INT. EMERGENCY ANTEROOM - HANDHELD CUTS - SAME
on refugees pushing more volunteers, doctors aside,
swarming through the shower area... A fight breaks out!

548 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - HANDHELD "WALKING" CUTS - SAME
through a throng of humanity... standing, lying, sit-
ting, dying. The whites of eyes, the crying of
children. Chaos.

549 FAVOR JULIAN
pushing his way through the horde, desperate...

550 FAVOR STERLING AND DOCTOR #2
in gauze masks, carrying a sheet-covered body...

STERLING
Move aside, please. Please...!
exhausted, stopping entering refugees, jotting down names, making preliminary medical judgments. Hachiya overhears adjoining REFUGEE (30, hair burned off) giving information to the next O.S. doctor, turns sharply:

REFUGEE #2
... Blue Valley Park, Kansas City.

HACHIYA
I live near Blue Valley Park. How did you get out of there?

REFUGEE #2
I wasn't home when it happened. I was out in Raytown, installing an escalator.

Dr. Wallenberg watches the hope drain from Hachiya's face. But clearly the Refugee has to unburden himself...

REFUGEE #2
(continuing)
The whole building caved in and we were trapped two levels down. Heard the wind out there like a goddamn cyclone. We were down there a whole week and when we crawl out we look downtown and there was nothing left except some building frames still smoking...

FOLLOW HACHIYA
as he slowly turns away from the man into VERY CLOSE on Wallenberg, CAMERA TIGHTENING...

REFUGEE'S VOICE
(drifting off)
Been walking three days...
Wouldn't believe the things we saw... things floating down the river you wouldn't know they was human or not...

HACHIYA
My twin daughters were starting kindergarten. Their mother was buying them little plaid jumpers at Blue Valley Mall. I told her to dress them differently so their new school friends can tell them apart. You know... (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
HACHIYA (CONT'D)
(little smile)
... two little Japanese girls. Isn't it absolutely incredible how identical twins form from two halves of a single egg...?

INT. RADILOGY - EMERGENCY SPOTS - FOLLOW OAKES

in surgical cap, urgently hurrying past... stopped by Julian, Austin, NURSE #2. Patients and refugees are now crowded into this room as well.

JULIAN
Russell. Seventeen people died in here this morning. I'd say we're running a serious cholera risk...

AUSTIN
Not to mention the bodies. The morgue's filled. Should we start using the garage?

Oakes is beginning to feel overwhelmed by the mounting numbers, studies their faces intently, decides:

OAKES
Move the terminal radiation patients back into the ward rooms, blinds down. And make them as comfortable as possible. I'll speak to Jo Huxley about...

NURSE #2
We're running very low on morphine. There's been quite a lot of stealing going on.

JULIAN
They're stealing food from the kitchen, too. A few minutes ago Dr. Strayhorn broke his wrist trying to break up a fight down in emergency...

QUICK TO CLOSE - OAKES
eyes darting back and forth, impatient. Finally....

OAKES
Close the doors!
CLOSE - INTERCUTTING

as they all look at each other. Oakes is somewhat shocked at his own hardheadedness.

OAKES
Don't let anyone else in. Put more guards on if you have to. How can we care for the patients we have if we have no control? Isn't that what you've been trying to tell me, Julian?

JULIAN
Yes. But you're the doctor.

Julian exits. Oakes feels weary, cynical.

AUSTIN
It's the only thing you could do, Russ. People are going to die anyway.

INT. AMBULANCE GARAGE - FOUR VOLUNTEERS - NIGHT

wearing air filter "riot" masks lay sheet-covered bodies along the garage wall. PAN TO Hachiya, watching.

OMITTED
as Oakes leans in, surgical cap, stethoscopes her belly.

OAKES
Did Dr. Miranda discuss Caesarian section with you?

ALISON

OAKES
Maybe that's why you're two weeks overdue.

ALISON
(hand on belly)
If you were in utero and had any choice in the matter, would you be dying to be born into a world like this.

OAKES
as he studies her. She resembles Marilyn, intelligent, passionate, disenchanted. His face is paler, the burn darker, a film of dampness on his forehead.

OAKES
You think your baby's deciding whether or not to be born?

ALISON
You think I'm holding back by force of will, Dr. Oakes? Bad toilet training?

OAKES
I think you've got to be willing to let your baby come, whether you like it or not. You're holding back hope.

ALISON
Hope, for what? What do you thinks going to happen out there....?

TIGHTENING INTERCUTS - OAKES AND ALISON

as her argument gradually batters him down, "bleeding" his already fragile will.

(CONTINUED)
ALISON
You think we'll sweep up the dead, fill in the holes and rebuild a few supermarkets? You think everybody left alive will say I'm sorry? Wasn't my fault. Kiss and make up? We knew what might happen. We knew the score. We knew all about oxides and isotopes and insects and cancer...

OAKES
I can't argue with you.

Alison leans forward, grips his hand, needing comfort.

ALISON
Argue with me. Please. Give me a reason. Tell me about hope. Tell me why you work so hard in here...

OAKES
I don't know...

ALISON
Maybe it isn't hope at all. Maybe it's just dumb blind faith. Is that it? Do you believe in God?

Oakes is taken aback, the question neither sardonic nor "religious." He looks down, then back.

OAKES
I don't know. I never was sure what that meant, believing in God. I don't believe there's something up there responsible for all this or for the symmetry of nature, or... planning my next move, if that's what you mean.

ALISON
Then why do you work so hard when it does no good?

OAKES
I don't work to do good. I work to keep people from suffering.

(CONTINUED)
ALISON
Even if they're going to die anyway?
Oakes is shaken by the question. Hesitates a moment.

OAKES
Yes.

INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - DARK - OAKES

makes his way down toward CAMERA, past PEOPLE camped on the stairs, oillamps. Bauer appears on the landing above him, sees Oakes falter, a wave of dizziness, grip the railing, then proceed by o.s....

INT. HUXLEY'S LAB - HUXLEY

speaking into a CB mike.

HUXLEY
Clinton Baptist and Pettis County hospitals are completely overwhelmed. The old wing at Pettis collapsed in the shockwave from Sedalia. They were fighting a fire at Clinton four days ago. I have no contact with them now.

INT. HOSPITAL RADIOLOGY LAB - INTERCUT OAKES

speaking to Huxley on the CB. Bauer enters b.g.

OAKES
Can your building function as a hospital ward?

HUXLEY'S VOICE
Have you got the medical staff?

OAKES
Limited, yes. I was thinking of two sections: a hospice, and a ward for patients getting better. We'll also need lab space for making penicillin.

HUXLEY
Well, I don't know anything ab...

(CONTINUED)
OAKES' VOICE
... from synthetic compounds,
six-aminopenicillanic acid. Dr.
Wallenberg knows all about it...

TIMECUT OAKES

slumped over the CB, starts to rise, staggers with a
wave of nausea, face to the wall. Bauer takes his arm.

BAUER
Are you all right?

Surprised she is there, nods quickly, eyes frightened:

OAKES
Tired. Beginning to see the humor
in all this. Ants in an ant hill,
keep getting stepped on.

TIGHTER CUTS FAVORING BAUER

as she takes out a small envelope, taps out a few grey
capsules, offers one. Oakes is perplexed.

BAUER
Go on. Most of the staff's
taking them.

OAKES
(relic outrage)
Who's signing these out...?

Beat; quiet chuckle.

BAUER
Who else? The chief of ant
pharmacology.

He watches her put them away, studies Bauer anew, her
profile.

OAKES
Two weeks together in a room full
of pictures of people's insides
and I don't know anything about
you...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BAUER
We lost an adopted child six years ago and never forgave each other...

Oakes is silenced, humbled. She averts her eyes.

BAUER
(continuing)
He sells software systems, rides amateur rodeos and drinks a lot of rye. So I don't have a lot of nice pictures to remember like you. I suppose that should make it easier for me.

(beat)
But it doesn't. I wish like hell it were two weeks ago when I left for my eleven-to-seven shift and never even said goodbye.

She looks up at him, gives a vulnerable little shrug. Oakes and Bauer feel a strong bond between them. We half-expect them to reach and touch each other, but before we know...

INT. DAHLBERG CELLAR - (DARK) - CUTS JIM, EVE, DAVID

sleeping. A CRICKET CHIRPS. Distant bizarre MUSIC indicates "sensory deprivation" dungeon unreality.
SUPER: "SEPTEMBER 30"

CLOSE - DENISE

reptile-alert, stuffed-animal pillow, half sucking her thumb, a mindless feral gaze. Now, she draws to a crouch, slowly starts edging across the dirt floor.

FAVOR CLOSE - DAVID

asleep, two-week beard, as Denise studies him up close, dispassionate, then slowly lies down, presses in against him. He stirs... she kisses his neck, the side of his head, reaching down... around him.

CLOSE CUTS - DENISE & DAVID

as he rouses, suddenly realizes what's happening, cocks his head (to see who it is)... makes a move to disentangle himself. But Denise holds him fast, insistent. Not a single word.

(CONTINUED)
He starts to whisper, she covers his mouth, runs a finger between his lips, along his gums... He looks off into the darkness, intensely aware of her "sleeping" parents, then submits, kisses her, first tenderly...

barely seen in the light... POV of...

watching them, eyes round with anger and jealousy...

blinding CAMERA in the silence...

squint into the painfully bright light...

bearded, holding the flashlight, stoic. After two weeks in a "mineshaft," it is hard to summon moral outrage. He looks at them, then swings the light... across Jolene... crawls to the supply shelf, opens a jar, helps himself to some beef jerky... ladles some water over the back of his neck, brushes his teeth...

looks about to throw a tantrum over her father's indifference. But no one says word, until...

Corn'll be a dead loss this year. Should've harvested ten days ago.

David doesn't know whether Jim is psychotic or merely matter-of-fact, glances at Jolene for confirmation. She stares back with jealousy.

(continuing)
Cows can't graze. Contaminate the milk, well as themselves.
CONTINUED:

EVE
We're lucky to be alive.

JIM
We'll see how lucky that is.

DAVID
I'd like to stay on and help with what needs to be done.

CUTS - FAVOR JIM

as he gives David a cynical look, indicating Denise.
Everyone reacts sharply to SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS overhead.
Jim takes the shotgun, heaves it toward David.

JIM
How about starting now.

DAVID
No one's coming down here.
(listens keenly)
Squatters.

The FOOTSTEPS lurch past overhead, then stop, SCRAPE...
then a body THUMPS to the floor, SLAMMING against the door. Silence again, except for...

QUICK CLOSE - CRICKET

CHIRPING along the edge of the wall...

OMITTED

INT. HOSPITAL - MAIN CORRIDOR (DARK) - HIGH

There is a stirring among the people camped in the hallway. Some daylight intrudes from hard rooms...

JULIAN'S VOICE
(loudspeaker)
The radiation count is now point-four REMS an hour, which the Health Department considers safe for limited exposure outdoors...

OMITTED
stirring in daylight, some confused, blinking, uncertain, some making their way out. Some sit hunched, refusing to be budged by beckoning hands...

JULIAN'S VOICE
We urge all of you not suffering from physical injury to seek fresh shelter in campus buildings...

steps out into the hall, sees a corridor of students milling about in the light, two weeks of trash, the floor aswim with trash and waste. Someone starts PLAYING A HARMONICA. A couple starts a little cabaret dance...

gaunt, bearded, dirty, stringy hair, some crying...

watching. A cutting shaft of sunlight stings their eyes as... someone pushes open a doorway at the top of a flight of stairs...

moving out into the sunlight, squinting. Two volunteer guards remove their air-filter masks. Fallout Shelter sign. As the faces recover from the harsh light, readjust, their expressions mirror first relief (tentative, incipient joy!)... then unease, fear...

through branches of a defoliated tree, backlit by intense sunshine...

camped on the steps, in the street, under makeshift tents on the town green, waiting to get into the hospital. The infirm lie like battle-wounded, several bodies lie ignored to the side... burned faces... a few pacing madmen in serious conversation with themselves...
FAVOR STERLING AND AUSTIN

staring out, astounded, as several shellees, faces pale as moonlight, move past into daylight. Doctor #2 clearly cannot cope with this spectacle -- an army of the doomed -- pinches his lips, repulsed, turns back inside...

INT. CORRIDOR - CAMERA SNEAKING CLOSE - OAKES - DAY

watching the shellees move toward the block of bright daylight. Oakes does not look well, an expression of wisdom beyond despair, almost ascetic. Austin comes up to him.

AUSTIN
Have you seen what's out there?

OAKES
Yes.

AUSTIN
What are we going to do?

OAKES
We're going to let them in, Paul -- as many as we can.

Austin looks at Oakes as if he's a mad saint. He sees the sickness in his eyes, chooses not to debate his change of heart, walks on by...

INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - HIGH SHOT SLOWLY OPENS OVER DOLLY PAST COTS - DAY

cots in rows, patients, nurses... the students carrying in more cots, metal bed frames. Hachiya giving an injection...

INT. DORM LOUNGE (#208, ABOVE) - PAN REFUGEES - DAY

families, crowding into the room. Entering students, Aldo among them, give the newcomers hostile looks...

OMITTED

thru

INT. HOSPITAL GARAGE - VOLUNTEERS - DAY

gauze masks, loading sheet-covered bodies into an ambulance, driving out... more stacked along the wall.
597 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DOLLY ALONG ROW OF CRUDE HOLES - DAY 597

being dug by volunteers in masks, each hole marked by a wooden numbered stake. The area is adjacent to a legitimate cemetery. Volunteers lower a body into a hole, a tag tied to the stake. CAMERA PASSES a score of sheet-covered bodies lined up for burial. HOLD ON a pickup truck backing TOWARD CAMERA. Another volunteer drops the tailgate, revealing another cargo of corpses...

598 EXT. HAMPTON MAIN STREET - T/P ON LINE OF REFUGEES 598

thronging into town, some on bicycles. Faces move in-and-out of FOCUS, as they appear to labor without progress TOWARD CAMERA. PICKUP AND HOLD FOCUS on McCoy and Cody. We don't immediately recognize them. They appear to be holding each other up. McCoy has lost most of his hair, grown a scraggly two-week beard, drags a gimpy right leg. Tattered Air Force shirt. Cody's eyes are gaunt, looks to McCoy for guidance.

599 EXT. HAMPTON TOWN GREEN - HANDHELD - MCCOY AND CODY 599

Just another couple of nuclear hobos, wandering among refugees, tents, spot a man selling cans from a burlap bag. McCoy presses forward...

McCoy

Whatcha got?

The man shows McCoy a can of cat food. McCoy shows him a handful of pills. They deal.

600 OMITTED 600

601 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - MCCOY - LATER 601

in line with other Refugees, nudging Cody along, comes eye-to-eye with a muscular VOLUNTEER, red armband, holding the line back...

602 TIME CUT - MCCOY AND CODY 602

sit facing a CLERK across a table.

CLERK

Name?

McCoy, Leonard. Airman second class.

(CONTINUED)
Home?

McCoy
Whiteman Air Force Base, Sedalia, Missouri. This here's Cody...

Clerk
One at a time.

McCoy
Look here -- my friend can't speak.

Clerk
What's your injury?

McCoy
Can't hold nuthin' in...
(pulls hair, jokes)
Including my hair. I got these funny bruises, like. Look at the skin on Cody. I know we got radiation sickness. The thing is, can you get over it?

Clerk
We'll have a doctor speak to you. Where were you during the attack on Saturday the fourteenth?

McCoy
On-site duty near Sweetsage. Don't know where Cody was.

Clerk refers to a map featuring a number of coded flower-like circular configurations...

Clerk
And did you seek shelter immediately?

McCoy
Well, I had to get the hell out of there first...
(beat)
Call me a deserter if you like. But they took a direct hit. Just like Sedalia.

Gaunt eyes lower, brow furrows. Now he looks back up, proud, guilty and afraid.
walking along the corridor still packed with people. He reels briefly, dizzy, the light too bright. A RADIO VOICE rises b.g., "RADIATION" THEME building...

OFFICIAL'S VOICE (radio) ...
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington...

The whole hallway slowly tilts off-horizon, daylight at the end of the hallway blinding in its radiance, etching the figures in the hall abstract chiaroscuro forms. Bauer directly approaches CAMERA, giving us a funny look...

BAUER
Dr. Oakes...?

Their faces "buoying" before us, voices overlapping...

(CONTINUED)
OFFICIAL'S VOICE

... San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle...
Travel into these cities and their metropolitan areas is strictly prohibited to all but military, medical, energy and supply personnel authorized by the National Emergency Reconstruction Administration or your regional Emergency Operating Center...

VOICES

... contend with the number of bodies, the time required for individual burials... danger of infection... only solution is to prepare public graves outside of town...
Paul here thinks it should be a town decision but no one seems to know who the so-called 'local authorities' are, while the body problem is most certainly ours...

OAKES

turns his head to the wall, begins to slump to the floor...

INTERCUT BAUER

running up, reaching in SLOW MOTION to catch him... as voices recede, replaced by sublime, "narcotized" MUSIC, lulling us into...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DREAM STATE - SUN THROUGH BRANCHES

of overhead "dream" tree, as Helen (Oakes' wife), oh so beautiful in a halo of soft white light, bends over CAMERA, tenderly caressing our brow. MUSIC OVER...

INT. HOSPICE WARD - CLOSE OAKES - DAY

hospital gown, pale, bearded, eyes looking up (at "Helen") full of longing and delirium. We are in an improvised ward, a Science Building lecture hall. Thirty beds and cots occupied by the "terminally" ill. Oakes tries to reach up, past the ministering arm of...

FAVOR NURSE BAUER

tending Oakes, wiping his brow, looking down with infinite care and devotion. As the MUSIC RECEDES, we hear a NEWSCASTER'S VOICE in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)
NEWSCASTER'S VOICE
... retaliatory blow to the Soviet Union, particularly the cities of Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Kirishi, Volgograd, Omsk, Archangel, Gorki, Rostov, Sverdlovsk, Tomsk and Khabarovsk...

(beat)
... ceasefire agreement also serves notice on any other nation attempting to exploit what they may erroneously conclude to be the current vulnerability of the United States and the Soviet Union, both of whom retain substantial numbers of nuclear weapons, more than enough to punish decisively the ambitions of any would-be aggressor...

OAKES
Helen...?

(BAVER)
Where's Marilyn?

OAKES
Marilyn?

(beat)
OAKES
(confused)
She's overdue.

BAVER
Oh, Alison Ransom.

OAKES
(hopeful)
Is she delivered?

BAVER
Not yet. Sam Hachiya's keeping an eye on her.

His face seems to clear a little, recognizes Bauer.

OAKES
You're not Helen. You're Nancy Bauer.

She nods. Oakes looks around, now seems to be aware of his surroundings, resigned.

OAKES
(continuing)
This is a hospice, isn't it. So Paul thinks I'm dying. Maybe I am. Maybe... whole world's dying...

613 CLOSER - FAVORS OAKES

as he lapses into delirium again, muttering...

OAKES
Oh, why... why are we killing ourselves... why did man die out so sudden... thirty thousand years... paint himself into... the Paleolithic... landscape...
FAVOR JO HUXLEY

now standing beside Bauer, looking down TOWARD CAMERA.

HUXLEY

Dr. Oakes?

(beat)

I'm Jo Huxley. We've spoken often.

But we've never met.

Oakes just stares at Huxley, confused, a frightened animal. Huxley squats down, studies him closely, squeezes his hand, before moving O.S.

McCoy's voice

Where's ma shirt? Nurse? Where's ma...?

FAVOR McCoy

in adjoining bed, very thin, losing his hair, fishing around under his bed, among the sheets. Bauer takes his AF shirt from a hook on the wall, holds it open for him to slip on. McCoy now notices...

INTERCUT OAKES

lying down, watching McCoy button up his shirt, feeling better already. McCoy twists his head a little to see Oakes better, gives him a wink, a thumbs-up high-sign.

McCoy

Hang in there, Doc.

Without expression, Oakes listlessly lifts a thumb.

EXT. DAHLBERG FARM - QUICK HIGH ESTABLISHING - DAY

as distant CHURCH BELL RINGS...

INT. DAHLBERG CELLAR STAIRS - CUTS ON JIM, EVE - SAME

as Jim tries pushing open the door to the kitchen, encounters resistance. Through the crack in the door, we see a man's body. Eve recoils in disgust, holding a hand over her mouth...

INT. DAHLBERG KITCHEN - JIM, DAVID, JOLENE - DAY

emerge into the kitchen, aswarm with angry flies.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Jolene rushes for the back door and fresh air. Coughing, holding their mouths, Jim and David drag the corpse toward the door... (CHURCH BELL over...)

EXT. DAHLBERG YARD - DAVID - DAY

heaves open the cyclone cellar door, helps Danny out into sunlight (still blindfolded)... Denise emerges, pale and unsteady...

CLOSE - JIM

devastated, winces, looking out across...

BRIEF PAN - PASTURE

where three cows graze among several dead ones...

INT. DAIRY BARN - CUTS ON DEAD COWS - SAME

as one or two stagger, MOOING (BELLS over...)

FAVOR SOW AND PIGLETS

dead.

QUICK - JIM AND JOLENE

EXT. BARNYARD - EVE AND DENISE - DAY

working the hand pump. Eve helping Denise to drink from the flow of water. But Denise starts coughing, can't stop...

CLOSE - JIM

husking an ear of corn, angrily hurls it O.S.... SOUND OF DISTANT CHURCH BELL

EXT. LUTHERAN CHURCH - CLOSE ON BELL - DAY

RINGING...!
629 Cmts among pickups, chevys, tethered horses

on church lawn. Some latecomers holding handkerchiefs
to their mouths, wide hats over heads, Missouri license
plate: "SHOW ME STATE."

REV. WALKER'S VOICE
There was a great earthquake, and
the sun became black as sackcloth,
the full moon became like blood...

630 INT. LUTHERAN CHURCH - CUTS ON SEVERAL FACES - DAY

Fifty people scattered among the pews, mostly farm
families, pale, haunted, the men bearded, overalls, un-
kept, some having made the token gesture toward dig-
nity, a necktie, a brooch. FLIES BUZZ mercilessly.
Some folk are plainly ill, eyes unfocused, skin
blotched...

REV. WALKER'S VOICE
... and the stars of the sky fell
to earth as the fig tree sheds
its winter fruit when shaken by a
gale... everyone, slave and free...

631 FAVOR REV. WALKER

in pulpit, black robe, hair and beard cropped scissor-
short, reciting Revelations with accusatory zeal, the
broken window behind him.

REV. WALKER
... hid in the caves and among the
rocks of the mountain, saying,
'Fall on us and hide us from the
face of him that sitteth on the
throne, for the day of his wrath
is coming.'

He looks up, surveys the congregation.

REV. WALKER
(continuing)
For three weeks we have hidden
from nuclear fallout. Have we
been hiding, too, from His
judgment?

632 CLOSE PAN - JOLENE, JIM, DENISE, EVE, DANNY, DAVID
sitting together in a middle pew.

(continued)
Denise is fast losing her strength, her eyes swimming. Danny glances protectively along the pew...

**REV. WALKER'S VOICE**
When the Lamb opened the seventh seal, there was silence in Heaven for about half an hour. Then the first angel blew his trumpet...

**BACK TO CLOSE - WALKER**
eyes fierce, splaying hands skyward...

**REV. WALKER**
... and there followed hail and fire mixed with blood which fell upon the earth, and a third of the earth was burnt up, a third of the trees and all the green grass.

**TIME CUT FAVORS JOLENE AND JIM**
and PANNING SLOWLY to Denise, rigid, eyes scared, as something terrible is happening inside her. David is alarmed to see...

**REV. WALKER**
Then from the smoke came locusts on the earth with the power of scorpions. And they were told not to harm...

**OMITTED**

**CLOSE - BENCH PEW**

where Denise's skirt is soaking red-brown, a pool of blood on the floor at her feet...

**REV. WALKER'S VOICE**
... the grass of the earth or any green tree but only they...
VERY CLOSE - WALKER
putting his fist against his forehead.

REV. WALKER
... who have not the seal of God
upon their brow!

CUTS FAVOR DAHLBERGS
as Denise utters a weak "Mom... ?" The others now see
the hemorrhaging. Eve catches her breath. Jim rises,
trying to lift Denise. Congregation becoming aware...

REV. WALKER'S VOICE
Are we here today counted among
God's servants? We give thanks
to thee, O Lord God Almighty...

CLOSE - WALKER
eyes closed, oblivious to the commotion.

REV. WALKER
... for rewarding thy servants
and those who fear thy name, both
great and small, and for
destroying the destroyers of the
earth.

LONG FAVOR DAHLBERG
as Jim carries Denise down the side aisle, the rest of
the family following, David leading Danny...

REV. WALKER
Will your salvation bring peace
and healing wisdom, or your
damnation bring anarchy and the
cancer of despair?

OMITTED

EXT. LUTHERAN CHURCH - HANDHELD FOLLOW JIM - DAY
as he lays Denise, semi-conscious, across the front
seat of a pickup. Jolene is crying. Eve embraces
Denise, rocking her...

JIM
Pettis County's closed down.

DAVID
There's University Hospital in Hampton.

Jim starts to climb into the pickup.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JIM
The roads around Clinton are all blown out.

DAVID
I know Hampton. You stay here.
I'll ride her in on horseback.

Eve and Jim exchange an apprehensive glance...

TIME CUT FAVORS DENISE

Scarf, straw hat, as she is lifted into the foreshaddle by David, Jim. Two canvas water bags.

JIM
Denise? You hear me, chicken...?

Jim walks back to Danny, hat, gloves, blindfold, astride another horse, led by David.

JIM
(continuing)
You take good care of your sister -- hear?

Jim hugs Danny hard.

VERY HIGH LONG - STEEPLE POV - DAHLBERGS

below, follow briefly, as David, holding Denise in front of him, rides out onto the road, leading Danny's horse. When Jim holds Eve back, Jolene runs alongside the horses...

REV. WALKER'S VOICE
Then the angel showed me the river of the water of life, bright as a crystal, flowing from the throne of God through the middle of the street of the city. And on either side of the river, the tree of life. And the leaves of the tree were the healing of the nations...

EXT. FARM HIGHWAY - DAVID - DAY

on horseback, Denise leaning back against him. He tilts her hat to protect her face from the sun. Danny riding quietly behind.

THEIR POV AHEAD
Farm landscape, but along the roadside, two bodies... farther along, TWO MEN in Army fatigues, gauze masks, gloves, lifting a body into the back of a truck...
looks ahead, sickened, glances at Danny, Denise, glad they can't see...

TIME CUT POV AHEAD - SCORCHED FIELDS
Blackened crops, some animal carcasses, old barn frame, charred telephone poles...

DANNY'S VOICE
What do you see?

DAVID
Oh. Cornfields. Telephone poles. The usual stuff.

TIME CUT POV AHEAD - ANOTHER ROAD
Cracked, broken, where a young "hobo" stands beside an overturned car. As we approach, FOUR OTHERS rush out toward POV holding sticks, tire irons...

QUICK TO DAVID
Surprised, grips Denise, shouts back...

DAVID
Danny! Hold on tight!

... and kicks the horse out across a field...

LONGER - FIVE REFUGEES
chasing the two horses...

EXT. FARM LANDSCAPE - VERY LONG - MOON - NIGHT
lights a desolate landscape, burnt-out farm. David rides INTO SCENE, Danny behind him...

EXT. HAMPTON - DAVID'S "HORSEBACK" POV - DAY
passing the "tent city," REFUGEES encamped in the square, the street...

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE
All citizens of Bannock Hill will be issued emergency identification cards at ten o'clock tomorrow morning in the high school gymnasium...

FAVOR DAVID
on horseback, Denise now slumped behind him, eyes closed, pale, breathing hard...
moving on foot among the Refugees... toward the front of the hospital. A Police cruiser passes through scene, Smythe's VOICE issues from a LOUDSPEAKER...

This is David's first direct encounter with victims of nuclear blast. Several panhandle, reaching out... burned faces, crazed eyes, one man with a distorted mouth...

REFUGEE #3
You staff?... Staff?... 
You get me in...?

DAVID
You mean you're all waiting to get in there?

SMYTHE'S VOICE
... after registering for the refugee resettlement program...

... you must present this card to be eligible for food rations...

He looks over the crowd, realizes they are all waiting to get into the hospital, starts running forward...

where THREE VOLUNTEERS, beefy, gauze masks, red armbands, sidearms, guard the entrance. David maneuvers for an opening. One Volunteer stops him.

DAVID
I've just brought in two seriously ill patients from...

VOLUNTEER
I'm sorry. You're going to have to wait like...

DAVID
One of them's going to die if you don't...

VOLUNTEER
(quietly)
They're dying in here too...

David bolts by him, into the hospital.

running along main corridor, a Volunteer in pursuit. There are still a number of beds and cots in the hallway, but more orderly, ward doors open...
rounds a corner, as the Volunteer catches up, grabs him from behind, swings him around. He spots Hachiya.

DAVID
Doctor. Remember me?

VOLUNTEER
He broke in line.

DAVID
I'm not here for myself, I'm...

HACHIYA
Joplin. Want to be a doctor.

Hachiya gives Volunteer the "okay-go-away" sign.

648K INT. SCIENCE BUILDING - DOLLY FAVORS DANNY - NIGHT
walking blindfolded, a hand on Denise's hospital cart (transfusion bottle). Hachiya quietly confides to David (although Danny understands what's going on...)

HACHIYA
She's too sick to remain in a...
a remedial ward. This is a special ward.

They arrive at an empty cot. Nurse Bauer helps Hachiya move Denise from the cart. Hachiya now sees Oakes' two beds down, inert. McCoy is curled foetus-like in the next bed, breathing hard.

DAVID
What about Danny?

HACHIYA
He'll come back with me.

Danny feels Denise being moved, grabs her shoulder, feels toward her hand, announces:

DANNY
I'm staying here.

HACHIYA
(firmly)
No you're not.

648L CLOSE - DANNY'S HAND
holding onto Denise. Now, she turns her hand over, gives Danny's a little pat. He lets go...
EXT. BANNOCK HILL - START TOWN HALL - DUSK

(Established early, Scene 71.) CLATTER OF APPROACHING HELICOPTER...

FAVOR HELICOPTER

Settling toward CAMERA... parking lot. A party of FIVE OFFICIALS exiting, shaking hands with Rev. Walker, some local officials...

INT. TOWN MEETING HALL - CRANE OVER "FARMERS" - DUSK

Most of the men in town. We see Jim Dahlberg among them, third row, his neighbors, BRAND and JENSEN.

AGRONOMIST'S VOICE
... burn out your current crops, start decontaminating the soil, and plan next spring's planting.

FAVOR TABLE - PANEL

at the front of the room. Rev. Walker, MAYOR, AGRONOMIST, two other LOCAL OFFICIALS (SMYTHE, KELTON). All wear red armbands.

AGRONOMIST
Crop selection must consider plants least susceptible to ultraviolet radiation, and yields for human rather than animal consumption.

FAVOR JENSEN
beside Jim, raising his hand, then rising.

JENSEN
Excuse me, Mel, but how do you go about decontaminating the soil?

(CONTINUED)
AGRONOMIST
Well, you chiefly wait for the fallout to decay to safe enough levels to either plow under or scrape off the top layers...

JENSEN
How do we know what safe is?

AGRONOMIST
We'll have an NERA task force advising each county agricultural cooperative...

Brand whispers harshly to:

BRAND
Task force? Where the hell's he think they're coming from?

Jim rises.

JIM
When you talk about crops for human consumption, what about my livestock? How do I feed my cows?

AGRONOMIST
Well, Jim, your numbers are pretty well depleted to begin with and...

KELTON
Given the critically short supply of human food -- understand this is going to be a life-and-death race between supply and demand -- we're just going to have to channel animal feeds to human needs.

AGRONOMIST
Except for dairy cows that pass muster. And certain poultry.

Brand is on his feet.

BRAND
Can you explain what you mean by scraping off the top layers of my topsoil?
SMYTHE
Exactly that, Jim. You take off
the top four or five inches...

JIM
Yeah, and take it where? You're
talking a hundred-fifty, two
hundred acres a man in here...

SMYTHE
No denying it's going to be a big
problem.

JIM
Big's one thing. Being
realistic's another. Supposing
you find a hold 'big' enough to
toss all this dead dirt into, what
kind of topsoil's that going to
leave you for growing anything?

Smythe and the Agronomist exchange glances, indicating
that the real problem is Jim's temper -- which only
inflames Jim more...

JIM
(continuing)
Where'd you get all this valuable
information, John -- out of one of
these government pamphlets?!

CUT ON FARMERS' FACES

as several neighbors try to calm Jim, succeed in
pulling him back to his seat.

VOICES
Sit down, Jim. Someone's got to
be in charge.

FAVOR KELTON
another LOCAL OFFICIAL, red armband, rises.

KELTON
Fellas, we're talking catastrophe
here, not life as usual. The
National Emergency Reconstruction
Administration's first priority is
to establish order and aid you in
salvaging your resources for the
country at large.
He pauses a moment, looks over the faces, to see that they catch his drift.

KELTON
(continuing)
The task force will be issuing its commodity and livestock recruitment quotas for St. Clair county...

FAVOR JIM, BRAND, JENSEN
as Jim, doing a slow burn, whispers harshly to Brand:

JIM
Now what's he talking about?

BRAND
How many cows and how much grain they're gonna come and cart off.

JIM
My cows?

JENSEN
Oh, they'll pay you for them. Guine promissory notes, Redeemable at your local bank.

BRAND
Which is closed until further notice.

B.G. VOICE
Can you eat the meat of an animal with radiation sickness?

KELTON'S VOICE
Meat's all right if you cook it enough to kill any bacterial infection. The animal probably ingested fallout while grazing so the strontium-90's in the milk or the bones, not the muscle tissue itself.

JIM
(angry)
Oh yeah? And what if I don't let them take my cows?

OMITTED
thru 672

EXT. DAHLBERG FARMYARD - TRUCK LIGHTS - NIGHT
turns into yard, drive up TO CAMERA, stop. PAN to Jim getting out, heading toward house, looks O.S., stops.
HIS POV - LONG TOWARD PASTURE

where a small bonfire burns in the distance, some shadowy figures moving nearby...

BACK TO CLOSE ON JIM

squinting, furious, reaches back into truck cab, pulls shotgun from rear window rack, heads PAST CAMERA, checking the breech...

HIS HANDHELD POV - APPROACHING

firelight, moving figures...

JIM
Hey! Who are you out there...?

FAVOR FIVE YOUNG REFUGEES

by firelight, THREE MEN, ONE WOMAN, A CHILD. Dirty faces, scraggily hair (one with no hair at all). They are cooking the flank of a cow on a crude spit, two of them already eating meat from the bone, hands and face shiny with grease. Stone Agers. They look up in alarm at Jim's voice. One goes for the axe (used to slaughter the animal), another for the double-barrel slung over his shoulder... the others already retreating into the darkness...

QUICK FAVOR FARMHOUSE - LONG ON EVE AND JOLENE

stepping out the back door, wondering at the NOISE...

BACK TO HANDHELD - FAVOR JIM

approaching group near fire, astounded, now further distracted by...
INTERCUT HIS POV – ANOTHER GROUP (RUSTLERS)

SILHOUETTES running in the dark, leading a cow on a rope...

BACK TO JIM

enraged, running, lifts his shotgun...

JIM
Stop where you are or I'll shoot!

...angles the barrel 30° into the air -- BLASTS!

FAVOR BONFIRE GROUP

as the Woman grabs up the Child in terror, backing off, the man with the shotgun protecting them...

THEIR POV – JIM

emerging into the light. (NOTE: not running directly toward camera, but rather diagonally ACROSS SCENE, pursuing the rustlers.) We see another FLASH-BLAST! from Jim's SHOTGUN (but cannot tell the direction of his fire).

QUICK BACK TO BONFIRE REFUGEE

with shotgun, terrified, leveling his weapon, eyes wide, and FIRES! a split-second later...

LOW ANGLE – FAVOR JIM DAHLBERG (SLOW MOTION)

catches the blast in his side, body swimming up against the sky, shotgun arcing gracefully away... the BLAST REVERBERATING like thunder across the plains... as Jim now sinks O.S. leaving only stars in the night sky.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD – DANNY'S POV (DAY)

START SCREEN BLACK as unfocused light dapples through...

HACHIYA'S VOICE
Tell me what you see.
CONTINUED:

DANNY'S VOICE
I see light, all blurry...

HACHIYA'S VOICE
Good. Beat's seeing nothing.

The light grows too bright (layers being removed)...

DANNY'S VOICE
No. No, that's too much...

FAVOR SAM HACHIYA

pausing, winding the bandage back over the eyepads. Danny is just lowering his hands...

DANNY
It hurts the insides of my eyes.

HACHIYA
No sweat. We'll wait. Raise the shades a little at a time.

DANNY
Are you really a doctor? You sure don't talk like one.

HACHIYA
Actually, I'm the pizza-man. But business is lousy these days.

Danny half-grins. Sam talks a good game, straight.

DANNY
What's your name?

HACHIYA
Sam.

DANNY
I know that part. I mean your whole name.

HACHIYA
Sam Hachiya.

(Pron: Ha-CHEE-ya.)

DANNY
What kind of name is that?

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

HACHIYA
What's it sound like?

DANNY
I don't know. Italian?

HACHIYA
There you go. Whadda ya know. Sam Hachiya Pizzeria.

DANNY
When can I see my sister?

HACHIYA
When you can see.

INT. HOSPICE WARD - EXTREME CLOSE - OAKES' EYES - DAY

opening, alert. SLOWLY OPEN from the shimmering iris, the eye clear, curious, looking about. Oakes has lost most of his hair, but looks healthier. He sees...

HIS POV - A NURSE

nearly upside down TO CAMERA, adjusting an IV, moves around to right-side-up, sees us looking. She is not Nancy Bauer.

FAVOR OAKES

raises himself a bit, looks around, notices the empty adjoining bed -- where McCoy was.

FAVOR DENISE

two beds down, sitting up, almost all her hair is gone, just a soft fuzz remaining. She looks back at Oakes across the empty bed.

EXT. BURIAL SITE - START PRIEST & BULLDOZER - DAY

the Priest pronouncing a benediction over glimpses of white sheet in the bottom of a trench, which the bulldozer is filling with a pile of dirt... PAN TO a backhoe, scooping dirt, making a fresh trench...
FAVOR DAVID

in the freshly-dug trench, gauze mask, bandana, red armband, sweating in the sun, looking up, reaching with gloved hands to help lower a sheet-covered form into the new trench. He works chain-gang fashion with other volunteers. One checks names on a clipboard, which he offers to another for a signature...

FAVOR SHEET-COVERED FORM

as a wind gust blows a sheet partially away, revealing an Air Force shirt. David looks, then tucks the sheet back in place, hears from above...

MACK

(wryly)
Best job in Emergency. Extra beer ration. And no one dies on this detail.

OMITTED

EXT. HAMPTON - NEAR SQUARE - DOLLY PAST SOLDIERS - DUSK

(30) jumping down from the back of an Army truck, falling into formation before a barking Sergeant. They wear helmet-liners, mask-packs, M16's...

DAVID

walking past the Soldiers. He wears a little woolen cap, red armband. Witness to the new regime.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - TRAILER TRUCK - DUSK

parked in a supermarket lot, 100 people lined up before two tables, filing past the trucks... David watches.

EXT. REFUGEE CAMPGROUND - HANDHELD - DAVID - NIGHT

at the head of a food line, shows his ID, accepts a cupful of something resembling creamed corn, looks in not knowing what it is, eats without complaint, plastic spoon, notices the other passive faces in line.

CLEO MACKEY

eating her creamed corn, sitting against a tree, while her baby nurses...

OMITTED

through

705
where a soldier accepts Aldo's ration coupons, stamps
them, issues a chit, pointing towards...

accepting chits, handing out bags of sugar, flour,
powdered milk, packets of lard. Finally, one holds up
his hands: no more.

holding out her chit.

WOMAN
What do you mean: no more? I
got three chits for powdered milk
and two kids haven't eaten since
day before yesterday...

SOLDIER #2
I'm sorry, lady, what do you want
me to do... want to come in here
and look around at all the stuff
we're hiding...?

VOICES
Yeah, I'll come in and take a look
... half empty when you opened
the damn doors. There'll be
another truck in town tomorrow...
Sure, sure, that's what you been
saying all week...

Some citizens start climbing up into the trucks, the
Soldiers half-hearedly pushing them back off. Some
stones and bottles are hurled against the side of the
truck. A scuffle begins.... several citizens converge
on a man carrying several bags of foodstuffs.

VOICES
(continuing)
Look what they gave Henry here...
This is a week's coupons for two
families -- Sid Holderness' wife
got sick and he's... Yeah, you
know what that leaves me...?

They start grabbing at his "purchases"...
710 QUICK - BAG OF FLOUR

hits the asphalt, explode white powder...

711 BACK TO SCENE

as angry withouts stalk the withs, start grabbing their food. More bags break. A riot breaks out, spontaneous combustion... David jostled in the crowd, pushing and shoving, people falling down...

712 FAVOR TELEPHONE SOLDIERS

pushing into the crowd, riot masks, tear gas cannissters EXPLODING... Some in the crowd hurl back the smoking bombs, bags of flour... SHOTS ARE FIRED skyward...

713 FAVOR WOMAN #2

running among others, ducks behind a car. A bearded MAN looms up, startling her, thrusts a packet of food into her arms without a word, runs off...

714 FAVOR CLOSE DAVID

watching. RUNNING FEET drive David O.S....

715 OMITTED

716 &

717 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TRACKING OAKES

along corridor, still crowded with beds, people sitting along the wall. He wears a robe, hospital gown, much thinner, most of his hair gone, scruffy beard, deepset eyes. Daylight from outer rooms. Turns down side corridor.

718 APPROACHING WINDOWED DOOR - HACHIYA

in surgery, coming INTO VIEW, medical team...
INT. SURGICAL WASHROOM - FAVOR OAKES

dry-shaving, watches f.g. Hachiya "scrub out," from pail of water hinged on a shelf.

OAKES
Where's Nancy Bauer?

FAVOR HACHIYA

as he keeps scrubbing a moment, then stops, turns and gives Oakes a long, expressionless sideways look.

INTERCUT OAKES

reads the glance. Numb. Voice croaks a little:

OAKES

Well tell me, Sam. What was it?

HACHIYA

(sharply)
Meningitis. I don't know. We can't afford the luxury of autopsies around here.

Oakes watches Sam go back to washing. Oakes turns, regards his stricken face in the mirror, pulls on his shirt, starts buttoning the cuffs. Now, Hachiya turns to him, remorseful. Spontaneously, the men grip each other's forearms, silent understanding. Oakes returns to dressing, his clothes baggy on his thinner frame. Hachiya lights a cigarette.

HACHIYA

You shouldn't go back to work right away.

OAKES

Doctor's orders?

HACHIYA

Rights.

OAKES

All right. I'll take some time off, see the sights.

HACHIYA

Sure. Take a little trip for yourself. Nice time of the year, fall. Where are you thinking of going.

OAKES

Kansas City.
quick to very close shot - FAVOR HACHIYA

Looks sharply, doesn't think that's very funny. But he sees that Oakes is dead serious. Oakes sees his intense reaction.

OAKES
Aren't you curious? Don't you wonder about it, Sam? Why don't you come with me?

HACHIYA
(threatened)
I'm not going back there.
(glances; beat)
They probably won't let you in anyway.

Oakes watches Hachiya fighting a battle with his own memories.

INT. HOSPICE WARD - LONG SHOT TOWARD DAVID - DAY

standing at the door, hair messed up, a bruise...

FAVOR DENISE

sitting up in bed, a pink ribbon around her neck. She is flanked by two empty beds, only inert human forms in the other beds. TWIST to include David entering, quietly overjoyed to see her. She quickly "smoothes" her cheeks, straightens her hospital gown. They just look at each other a moment.

DENISE
You look like you fell off your bike.

She instantly realizes who she is talking about, looks haunted, then worried, then manages to smile again. David looks at his dirty clothes.

DAVID
It's all push-and-shove out there.

DENISE
What have they got you doing?

DAVID
Emergency details. Hauling food, pitching tents, a little bit of everything.

(continued)
DENISE

How's Danny?

DANNY

Okay. Patches are coming off today. Doctor says I can take you home in a day or two.

DENISE

Phones working yet?

DAVID

No.

DENISE

They... gave me this ribbon. But I haven't got any damn hair to tie it to.

DAVID

You look great.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - START CLOSE - ALISON - DAY (SAME)

Alison leaning against a wall, hand on belly, looking out the window. Long red hair, pale skin, no makeup. She looks suddenly this way, rivets us (concealing her surprise).

ALISON

Well, God lives.

INTERCUT OAKES

Standing there in his baggy clothes, pleased to see her, ignoring her cynicism. She is half-regretful:

ALISON


OAKES

Dr. Hachiya tells me there's a strong heartbeat, even a healthy burp or two...

Unamused, "bored," she looks back intently into the sky.

ALISON

All those nitrogen oxides are turning the ozone layer into molecular oxygen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ALISON (CONT'D)
(turns)
You know what that means?

OAKES
He also tells me you may be a month off in your math. Which would bring you to term any day now...

ALISON
It means the sun's ultraviolet rays would filter right back through the stratosphere and...

727 VERY CLOSE INTERCUTS - ALISON AND OAKES

as she stops, regrets her attack on this kind and battered man. She lowers her head in shame, admits:

ALISON
I'm glad to see you.

728 INT. DANNY'S HOSPITAL WARD - START CLOSE ON DANNY - DAY

as the blindfold is slowly removed... eyepads...

HACHIYA'S VOICE
Any light will hurt at first... so I've got some dark glasses for you to wear, just like a movie star.

DANNY
Is the sun real bright in here?

HACHIYA
Pal, you tell me.

The pads come off. Reflexively, Danny's hands buoy up to his face, protective, then hesitate in the dark room.
and David near b.g. wall. CAMERA "squints" and "blinks" twice, clearing our vision, but there's still a foggy "blind spot" in the center.

CLOSE - DANNY

squinting.

DANNY

Yeah. Yeah, but there's a smudgy spot right in the middle, like when I look right at...

FAVOR HACHIYA

signaling David to raise the shade a little more, illuminating Hachiya's face more clearly.

HACHIYA

We'll have to wait for the nerves to grow back. If you want to see something, look at it a little off-center -- know what I mean...?

He places a pair of high-factor polarized glasses on Danny, "black" lenses. Now, David walks up close.

DAVID

Hi, Danny.

FAVORING DANNY

DANNY

Hey, you're David.

Danny looks back and forth at David and Hachiya, fixes on Hachiya, squints.

DANNY

(continuing)

Hey -- you're not Italian.

HACHIYA

Oh yeah? What makes you say that?

DANNY

(cocks his head)

Because... Are you from Japan?
733 TIGHTENING ON SAM HACHiya
offers a little self-reflective smile, then answers
gently, proudly:

HACHiya
No. I'm from Kansas City.

734 EXT. HIGHWAY - BICYCLE POV - HIGHWAY SIGN AHEAD - DAY
indicating "KANSAS CITY" (I-70?). The scene is "washed"
(optically?) in a hazy white mist...

735 INTERCUT OAKES
riding a bicycle, gaunt face, fearful eyes, wide straw
hat.

736 HIS POV - CUTS
as scene grows hazier, objects passing, emerging
through bright scrim of light. Army trucks along the
road... two collapsed, burnt-out houses (DISASTER STOCK,
TORNADO?)... roadblock ahead, TWO SOLDIERS waving us
down...

737 thru
739

740 EXT. ROADBLOCK - OAKES - SAME
handing papers to a stern, beige-uniformed OFFICIAL,
wearing a leather bandolier, red armband, side arm.

OFFICIAL
You're entering a National Emergency
restricted area, Doctor. No
civilians allowed beyond this...

Oakes feigns anger, lies:

OAKES
That's why I'm here, sir! I'm a
doctor!

741 QUICK CLOSE - OFFICIAL
not used to being shouted at.

742 EXT. "DEVASTATION" AREA - CUTS ON EARTH MOVERS
lumbering like unearthly behemoths through the "pow-
dery" mist, ROARING, RUMBLING... moving piles of debris,
leveling building frames, crushing obstacles...
now walking through the mist, holding a kerchief across
his mouth, watching the heavy equipment -- bulldozers,
back-hoes, steamrollers -- collapse, raze, smooth the
remnants of the blast...

as another body is carefully arranged in place, sprayed
with chemical foam.

through radiant mist, leafless branches of a tall tree.
BRIEF TILT DOWN to a portion of a demolished house, no
roof, some standing walls, the burnt-out shell of a
car. There is an air of afterlife serenity about this
scene, surreal in its mist, light, silhouette, that dis-
locates some of the horror.

a silhouette in the mist, standing in a yard inch-deep
in white ashes, beside the burnt tree. He walks INTO
CAMERA CLOSE, and we see the suppressed emotion begin-
ning to rise to the surface...

stepping through the snow-like field of white ash...
753 HIS POV - MOVING THROUGH FRONT DOOR FRAME
looking up at a section of standing wall, now moving
through the halls of the house, canyons below the sky,
a burnt-out refrigerator on its side.

754 FAVOR FLIGHT OF STAIRS

to nowhere...

755 DOLLY AROUND STANDING BRICK CHIMNEY
to the hearth, the outer wall fallen away into the back
yard. Furniture frames, fragments of mirror, inciner-
ated bookcases. SOUND of a small CRACKLING FIRE.

756 FAVOR - CLOSE - OAKES

walking INTO VIEW of living room, stops, seeing:

757 HIS POV - WIDE ANGLE (SLIGHTLY OFF-HORIZON) - FOUR
SQUATTERS
camped around a small fire in the middle of the floor.
Sun shafts through the mist. Jude, a powerfully-built
but gentle man, devoid of hair; Jean, long, flowing
blond hair framing a face albino-pink; a boy and a
girl (the structure of Oakes' own family), dressed in
rags.

758 CLOSER - SQUATTERS
toasting things on sticks, Jean musing a wordless song,
a pile of onions in her lap. They don't seem to notice
Oakes...

759 CLOSER - JEAN'S HANDS

her fingers deftly peeling the dry outer skin from the
onion, careful not to dislodge or waste the moist outer
layer.

760 VERY CLOSE - OAKES
eyes growing fierce with indignation, steps forward.

OAKES
Get out of my house!
looking insignificant (as of about to slide off the edge of the floor, b.g. wall falling to open space), as they turn toward Oakes with expressions of hurt innocence.

INTERCUT OAKES

OAKES  
Didn't you hear me? I'm telling you to get out of this house!

He now hears the madness in his own voice.

FAVOR SQUATTERS

whose silence only renders Oakes' outburst all the more pathetic and absurd. Jude rises slowly, walks toward Oakes. They stand looking at each other. His eyes have strange milky centers, as if burnt out, unable to see. Oakes frowns, squints, looking into the strange eyes, wondering at his silence. Now, Jude raises his hand, offering Oakes...

QUICK CLOSE ON ONION

in the man's palm, a miniature world.

FAVOR OAKES

now looking back at Jude, emotions of grief, remorse and gratitude pushing closer to the surface. Jude just gazes patiently upon him. Oakes struggles for calmer, conciliatory words:

OAKES  
I came back... looking... I came back looking for my wife.

Jude just looks at him. Jean rises in the b.g., faces the yard. Jude turns, starts walking toward the yard. Oakes is confused. When Jude stops and turns back, Oakes understands that he is to follow.

EXT. OAKES' YARD - LOW ANGLE ADVANCING BEFORE JUDE - SAME

through burnt grass and ashes. Oakes follows, Jean far behind him. Sun shafts through the mist obscure b.g. house wall. Jude stops before a small mound of dirt.
stares down at the mound, a shovel, footprints in ashes.

as the emotions of grief, love and loss finally spill over. Looking down on Helen's grave, tears well up in his eyes. He chokes back sobs, lifts his hands to hide his face, and cries like a child.

as Jude steps forward without shame and puts his arm around Oakes. Oakes lowers his head against the stranger's shoulder.

wearing "black" glasses. OPEN to Denise, scarf and straw hat, and David, a shotgun bandolier over his back. They are walking along a farm road. Thick storm clouds gathering. They pass an animal carcass, now just bones and hide. Danny looks up at the distant RIPPLE OF THUNDER.

ROARING! Clearing broken buildings (Bronx STOCK?)... TO Oakes, walking TOWARD CAMERA among some refugees. He moves now like a man delivered, destined, going home. (NOTE: Design against previous sequence, Oakes now clearly going back the other way.) The sky here too grows dark with storm clouds.

as a trailer truck comes toward us, lights on against the darkening sky. THUNDER coming closer. Now -- perhaps one hundred yards away -- six masked hijackers leap from the roadside with automatic weapons, order the truck to stop. AIR BRAKES.

watch, appalled. David quickly hustles Danny and Denise down an embankment into tall grass, pushes them down flat near the edge of a brook (drainage ditch?).
yank two drivers from the cab, send one running off across a field.

watching in horror as we hear a BURST OF AUTOMATIC FIRE! David pushes their faces down in the grass.

looks up at O.S. truck slowing down, an arm reaches out toward him.

sitting near the tailgate among soldiers. He looks right back INTO CAMERA.

where a blindfolded man stands before a chunk of wall six soldiers aiming.

hanging like cannonballs, ready to burst, seen from MOVING TRUCK'S POV, passing telephone poles.

staring intently out the back of the moving truck.

toward David, Danny, Denise coming up the road, tiny figures far below. Sky darkening past f.g. weather-vane. The farm looks deserted, no lights, nothing moves, only the back screen door clapping in the rising wind.
FAVOR WINDMILL

spinning wildly in the wind. SOUND OF WOOD LURCHING, SPLINTERING...! (#765)

INT. HAMPTON HOSPITAL - START ON WARD WINDOW - DAY

Darkness outside. Sound of woman "choking," moaning. REFOCUS TO CLOSE Alison, deep in labor..

CLOSE - OAKES

standing there, watching dispassionately.

CLOSER - ALISON

looking back, afraid.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SURGERY - OAKES - MOMENTS LATER

surgeon's gown, pulling surgical mask over his face.

FAVOR ALISON

panting, pushing, forehead slick with perspiration, eyes unflinchingly on...

FAVOR OAKES

bending forward, coaxing...

FAVOR BABY

emerging from womb, slick with blood and afterbirth.

CUTS - FAVOR OAKES

as the baby is lifted, mouth opened and cleaned. The child utters a tiny (soundless) cry of life. Oakes regards the infant with neither joy nor hope, but with a strange new emotion full of love and dread. Why... why this terrible legacy?
as the child is lowered to her arms. She blinks, feeling the urge to nurse, the instinct to love. But she, too, is frightened of this brave new world.

SCREEN POP TO BLACK.

MUSIC OVER CREDITS: the gentle, plaintive American folk song, "The Water is Wide"... voice singing.

VOICE
The water is wide, I can't cross o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And I shall row my child and I... (etc.)