

Shelter
by
Karl Mueller

Management:
Energy Entertainment
310-274-3440

Registered WGA

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

A LOW RUMBLE.

Eight faces, each staring forward in terror, dimly lit by an ELECTRIC LANTERN.

The low rumble gives way to the sound of a DEAFENING BLAST.

The room shakes as if the world is ending. The people squint their eyes shut and cover their ears.

The noise subsides. They slowly open their eyes.

Eight faces, each staring forward in shock and despair.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The eight faces sit in the same places, with hours and hours of time to reflect on the horror that has just occurred. Some stare blankly at the ground; some quietly weep.

WHISKERS are already shading the men's faces; TEARS run down their cheeks. SWEAT glistens in the orange glow of the lantern. These people are:

JULIE (20s), assertive, eyes piercing and alert, her body hidden underneath a big sweater.

MIKE (20s), Julie's fiancée, a young professional with hip glasses. Slim and good-looking, but under-confident and self-conscious.

MARILYN (40s), a matronly, middle-aged white woman.

DELVIN (30s), a youngish black man with a laid-back manner about him, easy to like.

JOSH (30s), irritable, slightly wild-eyed, with a controlling personality over his friends Bob and Jordo.

BOB (30s), a born follower. A pale-skinned, five foot tall workout freak with red hair and dark glasses--even indoors.

JORDO (30s), a lanky computer dork, wearing a T-shirt with an ironic computer slogan, like "Chicks Dig Big Hard Drives."

MICKEY (60s), a grizzled white guy, with the creepy vibe of an older man who's in way too good of shape for his years. Mickey, wearing a large KNITTED SWEATER, is the only one with the trace of a smile on his face.

With nothing happening, the WATER DRIPPING on the stone floor in the dank underground chamber is deafeningly audible.

People stare at the steep STAIRS leading down from the unseen CELLAR DOOR, for lack of anything better.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Someone SOBS LOUDLY.

It's not Marilyn; she stares blankly at the ground. It's not Julie, either; she does the same.

It's Delvin. He covers his face and cries.

The light from the lantern begins to die. The eight faces gradually fade into DARKNESS.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

A loud WHIRRING SOUND.

Slowly, slowly, LIGHT returns, illuminating Delvin as he holds his head in despair.

The light grows. Josh rocks back and forth, nearly catatonic. Mike stares forward in shock.

The WHIRRING continues. Finally, Mike looks up at the source of the sound. Mickey sits peddling on a rickety EXERCISE BIKE, huffing and puffing with a strange grin on his face and a BANDANA wrapped around his already-sweaty brow.

Mike slowly looks down the bike. He sees that it's jerry-rigged into a crude GENERATOR. Mike follows a cable from the generator to a small LANTERN that's providing the light.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

RADIO STATIC. Mickey tunes a HAND-CRANKED RADIO TRANSMITTER to different frequencies.

All static. Mike and Josh lock eyes. Mike slowly shakes his head and lowers it to the ground.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The eight sit in their original positions amidst the LOOSE BRICKS and PAINTING EQUIPMENT of the unfinished basement.

More time has passed. Some doze or sleep fitfully. Others stare at the lantern as if it's a campfire.

Mickey sits on a pile of PAINT CANS and eats a piece of CHEESE with a KNIFE. A large metal SHELF full of HUBCAPS and other METAL JUNK lines the wall behind him.

MARILYN

How...how bad do you think it was?

Mike looks up at her, his face betraying no hope.

MARILYN

I mean, do you think there's any hope? Do you think maybe it was, like...contained, or something?

Long silence.

MICKEY

(gruff, salty-as-hell)

Give me a fuckin' minute to finish my fuckin' cheddar and I'll check my fuckin' Geiger counter.

Julie and Marilyn exchange a look: does he really have a Geiger counter, or is he just being sarcastic?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Mickey holds a GEIGER COUNTER. It CLICKS loudly and frequently when he brings it near the ceiling.

MICKEY

Jesus fuckin' Christ.

Long, worried glances exchanged.

MIKE

Is it bad?

MICKEY

I hope you remembered to pack a toothbrush.

MIKE

It's bad?

Mickey slumps down. Despair paints all their faces.

MIKE

Maybe you're not reading that thing right. We should keep checking the radio.

More silence. Mike ponders the situation long and hard. He's just on the verge of asking an important question when--

MICKEY

Anybody gotta take a grumpy?

More mysterious words to ponder.

MICKEY

Shitter's in there.

Mickey motions toward one of two DOORS in the dank, stone-and-brick basement. Seven faces blankly follow his motion.

Eventually, Julie sheepishly walks toward the metal door. Mickey GUFFAWS. No one joins him. Mike levels an unfriendly stare at him.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The MEREST TRACE of the ORANGE of the lantern is the only thing spoiling TOTAL DARKNESS. The survivors lie uncomfortably on the floor, attempting sleep.

At the edge of the group, Josh paces nervously.

Eventually, the lantern goes dark, and with it, the room.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Bob pedals furiously on the bike generator. The lantern glows brightly. Various survivors munch on POWER BARS.

MARILYN

(to Delvin)

My name's Marilyn. I think I lived below you.

DELVIN

Yeah, I think so. Delvin.

MARILYN

Hi.

Both put the full momentousness of the occasion into their vigorous handshake. Marilyn obviously has something she's struggling to say. Finally, she bursts out with it.

MARILYN

I'm sorry I kept banging on the ceiling to get you to turn your music down. I should have just introduced myself to you. It's just so petty now, you know?

DELVIN

I know.

MARILYN

(bursting into tears)
It's just so petty the way we...the way we treated each other. I'm just so darn sorry. I'm so sorry.

DELVIN

It's okay.

MARILYN

(totally breaking down)
I lived below you for at least two years and never introduced myself!

DELVIN

It's okay, Marilyn. It's okay.

Delvin gingerly puts his arm around her shoulder. Marilyn quietly sobs on. Everyone else stares at the ground.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Marilyn quietly finishes up her cry. Julie looks at her face to make sure she's alright before speaking.

JULIE

Marilyn: I'm Julie.

MARILYN

Hi.

Awkward silence.

MIKE

I'm Julie's...My name's Mike. I'm Julie's boyfriend.

Marilyn smiles. The other guys wince in disappointment.

MIKE

I mean, actually, we're kinda...I mean, we're sorta engaged, I guess.
(looks at Julie)
Right?

JULIE

(after a short pause)
Yeah.

MARILYN

That's so sweet.

Long pause. Mike studies his shoelaces.

MICKEY

Good luck finding a fuckin' priest down here, lovebirds.

JOSH

Josh.

BOB

Bob.

JORDO

Jordo. The three of us were roommates.

Murmurs of "hi" and "hey" fly across the room.

MICKEY

Mickey. I guess you all know me: the fuckin' building super, you ought to.

(pause)

I was the guy who cleared the trash out of the alley and who you fuckin' called when you choked up your bathtub with vomit.

Jordo stares forward guiltily.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

In the quiet of the room, the sound of Jordo unconsciously RUBBING HIS WHISKERS soon overpowers everything else.

Several people stare daggers at him while he continues, oblivious of the annoying effect. Finally...

DELVIN

I was an insurance agent.

Several sympathetic nods, as if to show that they're impressed with this career.

DELVIN

We were the largest underwriter for non-commercially zoned, you know, structures in the southeast suburbs of the, uh...of the greater metropolitan, you know, area.

(pause)

I think we're probably going to go out of business.

(silence)

That's a joke.

A few sympathy smiles. Not much other reaction.

DELVIN

Actually, we probably are going to go out of business. If anybody... you know...if anybody survived.

(pause)

Actually, I just processed claims.

(pause)

I sat in a cubicle all day long.

(pause)

Actually, I'd say I surfed the Internet for about six hours a day. My main job was looking over my shoulder to make sure my boss didn't catch me IMing.

(pause)

They had this stupid-ass company policy about not IMing, even if you didn't have any work to do. So about ninety percent of my creativity went into hiding it.

(pause)

You know what? It was a shitty fucking job, and I'm not gonna miss that motherfucker.

Some people laugh, but the mood of the room remains somber.

JULIE

Yeah, I worked in a cubicle, too.

MARILYN

What'd you do?

JULIE

I stared at a computer screen for eight hours a day and IM'd my college friends.

(pause)

I hated it. I was gonna go to grad school, but I just never got around to it, I guess.

(pause)

I don't know what I would've gone for, anyway. I guess creative writing. Although what's the point?

(pause)

I sort of wanted to be a writer.

(pause)

I was working on this novel. I filled up pages and pages of notebooks with ideas, but never had time to really get started. Work just drained away my life, you know? Like by the time I got home, I was too tired to do anything but veg out.

(pause)

I had everything worked out for it, though. It was about a, like, field biologist who goes to this island where all this weird stuff's happening. All these weird things happen to him in his camp, and he's studying these really rare rabbits.

Julie rambles on, increasingly hysterical.

JULIE

I don't know what the point of the whole thing was. These rabbits were mating with polar bears. He just sits in this field and watches these polar bears walk up to the rabbits and make love to them. He thought it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen in his whole life. He wrote his wife and kids and told them to move on because he was never leaving the island.

(pause)

I had this gay friend who told me there's a genre of gay porn called "Polar Bears." It's like for men who have fetishes for old naked guys with hairy bodies.

(MORE)

JULIE (cont'd)
I guess their chest hair is
supposed to be white.

Julie pauses. No one knows what to say. Several people stare awkwardly at the ground.

JULIE
I guess Polar Bears are the gay
equivalent of "MILFs."
(pause)
Morgan told me about that. "Polar
Bears." I always thought that was
hysterical.
(pause)
I went out to a gay bar with him a
couple times. The last time we went
he met this really gross older guy
and had sex in the bathroom.
(pause)
I guess Morgan had a thing for
Polar Bears. I think he had sex
with like three or four different
old guys a week.
(pause)
Course he's probably...probably...

She trails off into tears. Mike puts his arm around her.
Everyone else looks straight at their own feet.

MICKEY
Polar bears. Huh.
(pause)
Who knew?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The dance of the eye contact game. When someone catches
someone looking at them, they shamefully look down at the
ground. Bob does VIGOROUS PUSHUPS off in a corner.

DELVIN
So what did you guys do for money?

JORDO
Cubicle.

BOB
Yeah, Cubicle.

MIKE
Cubicle, I guess. Technically.

JOSH
 (dramatic pause)
 I...had an *office*.

A round of small but genuine laughs.

JOSH
 I was Bob and Jordo's boss in the IT department we worked at. So just for the record, I made more money than them.

Laughs.

MICKEY
 Jesus Christ. The Starbucks Army has invaded my humble fuckin' abode. Call the National Guard.

MIKE
 Well, I think that's good, right?. We're all, like, uniquely suited to the post-Apocalyptic environment. We're experts at dealing with hour after hour of mind-numbing boredom. So we got that going for us.

JULIE
 What do you do, Marilyn?

MARILYN
 I'm a vet.

MICKEY
 Thank fuckin' god one of you does something half-useful.

JORDO
 So can you, like, amputate our limbs when we get gangrene and perform emergency appendectomies with a butterknife?

Smiles and half-hearted laughter quickly turn to dull contemplation of their horrible fate.

MARILYN
 (swallowing)
 Yeah.

Silence and mourning once again sets in.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The group meditates in the orange gloom.

JULIE

How long do we have to stay down
here?

Silence.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The survivors sprawl about the room. Julie lays on the ground, her head on Mike's lap.

Mike lethargically looks up from her head to the other people sitting nearby. Mike catches Josh CHECKING OUT JULIE'S HIPS. Josh quickly turns away when Mike looks at him.

Mike looks over at Mickey. Mickey stares openly at Julie's figure while PICKING HIS NOSE. Mike looks back down at Julie.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The group sits around enjoying a communal MEAL of CANNED BEANS and FRUIT PACKETS.

MICKEY

How's the fuckin' food? Fuckin'
adequate, I pray?

Nods all around. Mickey nods at the large pile of FOOD and BOTTLED WATER sitting in a corner of the room.

MICKEY

We got enough pork and beans to
last us til World War friggin'
sixty-nine.

Julie looks in subtle disgust at the cold beans she's eating.

MICKEY

Don't all thank me at once for the
use of this fully fucking stocked
fallout shelter. It only took me my
entire goddamn life to build.

"Thank you" and "Thanks" all around.

MICKEY
Don't mention it.

DELVIN
So you, like, lived down here,
right?

MICKEY
Yeah, I, "like, lived down here." I
was the fuckin' building super,
wasn't I?

MIKE
Why don't you give us the grand
tour of the new place, Mickey?

MICKEY
*"Why don't you give us the grand
tour of the new place," he says.*
Alright, hotshots, follow me.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

All eight people peer into a small, musty room whose floor is
WALL-TO-WALL MATTRESSES. Bare, dirty mattresses. Julie gives
Mike a quizzical "isn't this typical serial killer interior
design?" look.

MICKEY
Here's the spare.

He turns around to lead the tour elsewhere.

MIKE
So, um, Mickey: why is this room
full of mattresses?

MICKEY
Cuz I fuckin' sell the fuckin'
things on E-Gay, that's why.

MIKE
I...see...

MICKEY
Jesus Christ, Sherlock, I'm the
super of a goddamned apartment
building! Every time one of you
lezbos moves out you leave a
goddamn mattress behind for the
goddamned mattress fairy to clean
up.

(MORE)

MICKEY (cont'd)
 So I take the goddamn things and
 sell them on the fuckin' Internet.
 The hell else am I gonna do with
 'em?

(stares at Mike)
 You heard of the goddamned
 Internet, ain't ya, genius?

Silence. Delvin gathers up the courage for a question.

DELVIN
 How many have you sold?

Mickey just SNORTS, like this is the dumbest question he's
 ever heard in his life.

MICKEY
 (to Mike)
 Where'd you find this one?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mickey opens the METAL DOOR to his room.

MICKEY
 And this is the master fuckin'
 suite.
 (to Julie)
 Some of the ladies may already know
 it as "The Shithouse."
 (to group)
 Mi casa is su casa, and all that
 good bullshit. Just try not to shit
 on the bed when I'm sleeping in it.

The other seven walk past him into the room. Mickey stops Bob
 as he walks by with a hand to his chest.

MICKEY
 (lowering his voice)
 I know it's romantic, but I don't
 want to catch any of you ponyboys
 grabbing ass in here, capisc?

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The group gathers in Mickey's room.

The centerpiece of the room is the PLASTIC TOILET next to the
 back wall. A giant AMERICAN FLAG takes up the entire wall
 behind it. On the ceiling is a big, black POW/MIA FLAG.

Against one wall is a shabby, unmade twin bed with a large POSTER OF RONALD REAGAN hanging above it. On the other wall is a kitschy OIL PAINTING of a NUDE WOMAN. There are BOOKSHELVES and PLASTIC BINS everywhere.

This is clearly the bedroom of a first-rate packrat who's probably lived here since the early 70s.

MICKEY

(motioning to toilet)

There's the fuckin' throne.

(turns to Marilyn)

Don't worry, she's connected to a fifty gallon septic tank, so you can let 'em fly, Queen Shit.

To avoid looking at Mickey, Marilyn pulls a BOOK at random off the shelf. The title is "SURVIVING Y2K" and features a picture of a BOWHUNTER.

MICKEY

(to Delvin)

Looks just like the joint, don't it?

DELVIN

(resisting implications)

I guess.

MICKEY

Yeah, it ain't so bad.

MIKE

Cozy.

Awkward silence.

JULIE

So we should probably divide up the rooms for sleeping, if we're going to be down here a while.

MICKEY

A fuckin' plan emerges. I like it. So who's bunkin' up with old Mickey?

Marilyn quickly replaces the book back on the shelf as if it's on fire.

MICKEY

Don't speak all at once.

Mickey sizes up the crowd.

MICKEY

Alright, if no one else has the pebbles to take the wheel here...

(turns to the IT guys)

Why don't C-3PO and the Trekkies take the mattress room?

(turns to Mike)

That way the rest of us don't have to watch you guys do the three man jungle gym.

JOSH

C-3PO was in *Star Wars*, not *Star Trek*.

MICKEY

Whatever you say, Dr. Spock.

(regards the remainders)

Aw, shit. Aw, what the hell.

(to Marilyn and Delvin)

I'll take the outside room with Kathy Lee Gifford here and Wilt the Stilt.

(to Mike and Julie)

That way none of the rest of us have to get stiffies watching you two lovebirds making the beast with two backs.

(turns to Bob)

Not that any of you got the stomach for it.

Julie looks at the wall. There's a framed, autographed PICTURE of BURT REYNOLDS from "Deliverance" hanging on it.

JULIE

That's okay.

MICKEY

What?

JULIE

Mike and I can take the outside room. We don't want to impose on you, Mr...Mickey.

Marilyn catches Julie's eye and silently pleads with her.

JULIE

Why don't we take Marilyn with us, too? Give you boys some privacy.

MICKEY

Well, that is just a helluva
gesture, ma'am.

(to Mike)

You're lucky I ain't thirty years
younger.

MIKE

Thank you, Mickey.

MICKEY

I'd ride her all the way down to
the rims.

Mike's face drops. A smile is frozen on Julie's face.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Three LANTERNS sit side by side, lit up, next to the
bike/generator.

MIKE

Is this, uh...is this all you got?

MICKEY

"Is this "uh" all I've got." Three
fuckin' rooms, three fuckin'
lanterns.

(silence)

I only wish we had an equal amount
of penises and vaginas.

Someone COUGHS uncomfortably. Julie stares straight ahead,
not daring to make any eye contact.

JOSH

How long does the charge last?

MICKEY

Who am I, Thomas Edison?

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Bob, Jordo and Josh sleep comfortably in the mattress room.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Julie sleeps on Mike's chest. Nearby, Marilyn snores. Julie
starts rubbing up against Mike.

MIKE
Are you crazy?

Mike motions towards Marilyn. Julie keeps rubbing on Mike.

JULIE
She's asleep.

MIKE
How can you even think about this
right now?

JULIE
I want something to feel good.

She kisses Mike hard. He struggles away.

MIKE
What about all the shit in the air?

JULIE
So what?

MIKE
So what?! We're going to have,
like, mutant babies. I don't want
to father the next Magneto.

JULIE
Come on. *Please*.

MIKE
I think maybe the radiation fried
my testicles or something.
(long pause)
I'm sure I'll be fine soon, though.

JULIE
Honey...please...
(pause)
We have to repopulate planet earth.

A GIGGLE sounds from the door to the mattress room.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mickey struggles in the dark over to the toilet. On the
floor, Delvin lies awake.

Delvin listens as Mickey PEES like an old man: Slowly...
irregularly...and with audible difficulty.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Total darkness.

MARILYN (O.S.)
Does anybody have any idea what
time it is?

MIKE (O.S.)
Yeah. Hold on.

A FAINT GLOW appears as Mike checks his WATCH.

MIKE
It's three P.M.

The room goes totally dark again. Long pause.

MARILYN (O.S.)
What time did we go to bed?

No answer.

MARILYN (O.S.)
So should we turn the light on or
something?

MIKE (O.S.)
Yeah...hold on...

The sound of Mike STUMBLING into various items interspersed
with CURSES under his breath.

Mike knocks over something on the hubcap shelf, which starts
a HORRIBLE AVALANCHE of hubcaps and metal bric-a-brac
CLANGING RIDICULOUSLY LOUDLY on the floor.

The avalanche does not end soon.

Eventually, the unholy noise subsides.

MIKE
Here it is.

Mike turns on the DIM ORANGE GLOW of the lantern. Mike,
Marilyn and Julie blink as if blinded by the morning light.
The other survivors stand in their respective doors, baffled.

MIKE
Morning.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Delvin tries different frequencies on the radio. All STATIC.

DELVIN
Are we sure this thing even works?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mike, Julie, and Marilyn sit sprawled on the floor, bored. They watch Josh, Jordo and Bob, sitting in a circle in the center of the room. Mickey enters the room and stands over them, observing.

JORDO
I'm going to cast a charm spell on the vampire to the right of Charlemagne. Do I get my wisdom bonus?

JOSH
God! What did I just say? No. His fear points nullify it.

Jordo rolls a pair of DICE. He utters "Yes!" at the result.

MICKEY
The fuck are you three Norman no-minds doing?

JOSH
We're playing Bloodstone.

MICKEY
Bloodstone? Is that what they're calling it now?

Marilyn, Mike, and Julie come over.

JULIE
(to Josh)
Is that like Dungeons and Dragons?

JOSH
Not really. I mean, I guess they're both *role-playing* games.

MIKE
Where'd you get the dice?

JORDO
I brought them with.

Julie snorts derisively, despite herself. Josh glares at her.

JOSH
If you guys are going to make fun
of it, why don't you go back to
staring at the wall instead?

MICKEY
Five seconds to grab whatever you
can bring into a shelter, and you
grab a twenty-sided die?

Jordo rolls the dice again. He pumps his fist in celebration.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Everyone but the three role players sits around looking
devastatingly bored. The game continues.

JOSH
The inscription over the door
reads, "Here Lies the last ghostly
remains of Vlad the Unjust."

BOB
Ash is checking for traps.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Everyone but Mickey sits in the circle. Julie rolls the dice.

JULIE
Shit!

JOSH
Two. You're stunned for the next
three rounds.

JORDO
Mickey, you're up.

Mickey sits nearby on the bike/generator, peddling.

MICKEY
Can I cast a spell of invisibility?

BOB
Won't work on him. He's a vampire.

MICKEY
 Why don't you let the fuckin'
 dungeonmaster answer?!
 (to Josh)
 Is Bilbo Faggins right?

JOSH
 Sorry, bro.

MICKEY
 (in despair)
 Oh, Jesus fuck-nuts!

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie sits by herself, reading a BOOK. Marilyn comes in. She looks at the book shelf.

MARILYN
 Anything good here?

Julie just looks at Marilyn witheringly. Julie holds up the book. The cover reads "Knife Fight the Navy SEALs Way." It looks self-published.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mike lays on the ground, staring at the ceiling. Suddenly, Mickey's face smiles over him.

MICKEY
 So. You and that Julie, huh?

Mickey leans in and leers conspiratorially.

MICKEY
Choice.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

The three IT guys sit on mattresses and stare at their feet.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mickey makes himself at home, sitting next to Mike.

MICKEY
 So how come I don't see no ice?

MIKE

Excuse me?

Mickey points emphatically at his ring finger.

MICKEY

No rock!!

MIKE

Oh, you mean on...why doesn't Julie have a ring?

MICKEY

You don't want a piece of toast like that walking around untagged.

Mike looks up at Mickey. He shrugs.

MIKE

I don't know, man. I...I tried. A million times. I bought the ring *months* ago. Two months salary, all that. She's, you know...

(pause)

But what if she said no? You can't recover from something like that.

MICKEY

So you guys aren't engaged? What the fuck stopped ya?

MIKE

The world.

MICKEY

The fuckin' world?

MIKE

It ended.

A pained, distant look enters Mickey's eyes. He puts his arm around Mike and settles in to tell a story.

MICKEY

Look, junior. Regret is something you never...I could tell you tales. Believe me, I could tell you tales. I may not have the fuckin' credibility of Leonardo DiCraprio or Eminem or whoever the fuck you people follow these days, but I got the weight of the world on my side, so listen up.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie's arms are draped over her knees. Marilyn listens.

JULIE

I mean, he's *great* on paper. Funny, smart, a total hottie, has a good job.

(pause)

Had a good job, whatever. God! I know that sounds totally superficial and stuff.

MARILYN

No, it's not. Stop it.

JULIE

I don't know, I mean, he makes it sound like we've been together for years, and it's only been nine months. And I'm like the only really serious girlfriend he's had. Plus...

(looks at Marilyn)

Ah, never mind.

MARILYN

What?

JULIE

Well, you know...you kind of know him now, right? I mean...

(struggles for words)

He's just so *indecisive*. Is that horrible? I mean, I consider myself a feminist, I guess. And part of me totally feels guilty for even *thinking* like this. But, I don't know...once in a while...I mean, *sometimes*... Sometimes I wish he'd just...

MARILYN

Pin your hands behind your head?

Julie SNORTS with cathartic laughter.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

Josh still stares unblinkingly into space. Finally--

JOSH
So what do you guys think of that
Julie, huh?

Bob kisses his fingers and raises his hand in the air like an Italian chef praising his own sauce. Jordo nods in agreement.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - NIGHT

All three men sleep. Someone FARTS LOUDLY. They all laugh.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mickey holds the Geiger counter up to the ceiling. It CLICKS loudly and rapidly. Dejected faces all around.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Delvin, Bob and Josh sit outside the door to Mickey's room.

BOB
Alright. Would you rather have sex
with the hottest girl you've ever
had sex with in your life once
every two years, or the ugliest
girl you've ever had, but she has a
cell phone she has on twenty-four
hours a day and you can call her
for sex whenever you want?

DELVIN
The ugly one.

JOSH
Oh, man, I *totally* had a girl like
that back up in the real world. But
she was actually fuckin' hot.
Remember Christine, Bob, that chick
from marketing?

Bob nods. Silence.

JOSH
She was fuckin' *hot*.

They wait in more silence. Delvin looks at the door.

DELVIN
How long is he gonna be in there?
(turns back to Bob)
(MORE)

DELVIN (cont'd)
 Okay. My turn. Would you rather
 have sex with a Reese Witherspoon
 who's been dead for three hours, or
 the live body of the guy who played
 Mr. Belvedere?

BOB
 (mulls question)
 The 'Spoon.

DELVIN
 Sicko.

JOSH
 Man, I'd totally blast one up in
 the 'Spoon. I wouldn't even charge
 her for it.
 (pause)
 Shit, I'd even fuck Ryan Phillippe
 right now.

The guys laugh.

BOB
 Fag.

JOSH
 What? Being down here's like being
 in prison, man. You get a pass for
 homosexual acts from the Department
 of Heterosexuality.

Laughs.

BOB
 No, I meant you're a fag for
 knowing Reese Witherspoon and Ryan
 Phillippe used to be married.

JOSH
 You're a fag for knowing they got
 divorced.

BOB
 You're a fag for buying eighteen
 copies of *Legally Blonde 2* on DVD.

JOSH
 You're a fag for always being
 secretly in love with me.
 (to Delvin)
 He used to listen at the door when
 I had this girl Katia over.

Josh and Delvin laugh. Bob kind of laughs. Julie and Mike exchange a disapproving look.

JULIE
(under breath)
Wow.

JOSH
Okay. Would you rather have your right arm ripped off by a gorilla, or be forced to constantly feel like you've got to take a shit every second for the rest of your life?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The eight sit eating. Mike looks disgusted with his beans. He sets them on the ground and pushes them away.

JOSH
You shouldn't waste that.

MIKE
Oh, sorry! I'm just full. Sick of beans, I guess.

JOSH
We don't know how long we have to be down here. We can't waste food.

MICKEY
(from bike)
Don't worry about it, Columbo. We got more beans than Dwight Eisenhower.

JOSH
(stands up)
Well how fucking long are we gonna have to stay down here?

MICKEY
Long enough so your pecker don't melt off when you take it out to piss in the wind.

JOSH
Well how long is that?

MICKEY

Why don't you just calm the fuck down?

JOSH

Fuck you! For all we know, this psycho's "Geiger counter" doesn't even work. Maybe he's just holding us hostage so he can actually have some friends!

JULIE

Jesus, Josh, what's your problem?

JOSH

My problem is we're just sitting down here like a bunch of *retards*, and we have no idea when it's going to be safe to go up top again!

MIKE

We don't know. I think it...It depends, I guess, on the kind of bomb it was.

DELVIN

But didn't people have to clear out of Cherynobl for like fifty years or some shit?

MARILYN

We don't even know what's been hit and what hasn't. Maybe it just happened here. Maybe there's rescuers looking for people in basements right now.

JOSH

Then we'd hear them on the radio first. We haven't heard anything on the radio!

Josh storms into the mattress room.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mickey LOUDLY EATS beans with his mouth wide open. Julie stares at him in mute horror. Her gaze is undetected.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Mike erects a MAKESHIFT TENT over he and Julie's sleeping area with an OLD BLANKET. Marilyn watches him closely. He notices her attention.

MIKE

Oh, hey. You want one?

MARILYN

Thanks.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Jordo CLIPS HIS TOENAILS. Julie stares in disgust as the fingernail clippings scatter about on the floor.

Someone COUGHS.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mickey surveys the long faces in the room. Josh sits visible through the door of the mattress room, purposely ignoring everybody. Mickey turns to Bob.

MICKEY

Hey 3PO, why don't you go get Dr. Spock out of the time-out chair and bring him to the Mickster's boudiou?

(dramatic pause)

We got an election coming up.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The eight survivors cram into Mickey's cluttered room.

MICKEY

Look, I'm just telling you what's been written down from above.

MARILYN

On what?

MICKEY

The fuckin' U.S. Constitution, G.I. Jane.

MARILYN

How do you even know that?

Mickey holds up a BOOK.

MICKEY

It fuckin' says it right here in
the fuckin' book!

MIKE

Let me see that.

Mike grabs the book. It's another dog-eared paperback from Mickey's shelves. The title is "After the Big One" by Larry Graff. There's a MUSHROOM CLOUD on the cover.

MICKEY

Chapter twelve, professor. First
fuckin' graph.

Mike pages through the book.

MIKE

(reading from book)

In the event of an all-out nuclear
attack, the survivors must carry on
the fight against the worldwide
communist threat. If contact with
the US government is cut off,
assume they have succeeded in
chopping off the noble head of
democracy. According to the
Constitution...

Mickey nods triumphantly at Marilyn.

MIKE

(still reading)

If the executive, legislative, and
judge branches are wiped out, a
President must be chosen by the
survivors.

MICKEY

Told you.

Mike turns the book over and looks at the AUTHOR'S PHOTO on
back. LARRY GRAFF stares unsmiling into the camera, wearing
HUNTER'S FATIGUES in front of an AMERICAN FLAG holding a BOW.

JOSH

Jesus H. You can't be serious.

MICKEY
Go get a blanket and set up a
voting booth.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Delvin stands in front of the American flag, one hand up and one hand on "After the Big One." Mike swears him in. Everyone appears amused by the scene--except Mickey.

DELVIN
I do.

MIKE
Ladies and Gentlemen, the forty-
third President of the United
States.

Everyone APPLAUDS except Mickey. Mike shakes Delvin's hand.

MIKE
Congratulations, Mr. President.

DELVIN
Thank you, Justice Smith.

Everyone but Mickey laughs.

MICKEY
(under breath)
Fuckin' jigger President...

Only Julie heard Mickey say this. She stares at him, shocked. He meets her gaze defiantly.

MARILYN
(lightly, to Delvin)
I'd like to congratulate you on
being the first African American
president, Mr. President, sir.

DELVIN
Thank you, Madame Speaker. I'd just
like--

MIKE
(deadly urgent)
--Shhh!!

Everyone looks at Mike in surprise and mild irritation. He has a look of intense concentration on his face.

MARILYN

What--

MIKE

Shh!!

Silence. Everyone listens awkwardly. Nothing happens.

DELVIN

Mike, what the hell--

CREAK. Everyone freezes. Was that the floorboard?

Quiet. Concentration. CREAK...creak...creak...

Everyone looks up at the ceiling. The FOOTSTEPS above appear to be heading toward the central chamber.

Everyone quietly rushes out of Mickey's room.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Everyone rushes into the room. They hold their breath.

CREAK. Marilyn's about to shout for help. Josh puts his hand on her shoulder to stop her. She looks at him, puzzled.

MARILYN

(whispering)

What?

Josh holds his finger to his lips. He searches everyone's faces as the footsteps slowly walk above.

Delvin shrugs his shoulders at him. Marilyn gives Josh an angry look. Why shouldn't they call for help? Josh slowly shakes his head no.

The footsteps start receding to the edge of the ceiling. It sounds like they're leaving.

MARILYN

Help!!

Josh stares at her in shock.

DELVIN

Help! Help!

MICKEY

No! Quiet!

JOSH
Wait! We don't know--

MARILYN
--Help!

Josh desperately waves his hands for them to be quiet so they can listen. Eventually, everyone goes silent again.

They strain their ears. Silence. Marilyn looks at Josh in despair.

MARILYN
You fucking--

CREAK CREAK CREAK. Multiple heavy boots run across the floor above them. They hear what sounds like furniture violently tossed about. General scuffle upstairs.

The CELLAR DOOR OPENS at the top of the stairs. Sunlight brighter than they've ever seen in their lives streams down.

The entire group stands transfixed in their spots, shielding their eyes so as not to be blinded. No feet appear at the top of the stairs. They exchange worried glances.

MARILYN
We're down here!

A WHITE BOOT appears on the first step. The rest of the body slowly descends.

A MAN in a FULL BODY NBC ANTI-RADIATION SUIT, complete with gloves and full-head GAS MASK, descends. He has an M-16 ASSAULT RIFLE held at the ready. There isn't an inch of skin visible under his suit.

He reaches the bottom of the stairs and regards the group. The sound of the man's GAS MASK BREATHING fills the room.

The group stare at the man in silence. Marilyn steps forward.

MARILYN
Oh thank god--

The man SHOOTS HER DOWN in a deafening VOLLEY OF BULLETS.

Marilyn THUDS gracelessly on the ground, instantly dead, as the ECHOES from the shots slowly die. Julie SCREAMS.

MIKE
Oh my god oh my god oh my god.

The man points the gun at Mike. Mike immediately shuts up. A WET SPOT appears on his crotch. A one-sided standoff ensues.

More BOOTS on the stairs. Two more MEN in full-body NBC suits with M-16s descend. They also carry very domestic-looking TOTE BAGS in their hands.

The first man keeps his gun trained on the group, switching from person to person. The other two men stop at the bottom of the stairs and coldly regard the room.

JULIE

What do you want?

The men's gazes freeze on Julie. While the first man covers them, the other two slowly walk towards her. Julie flinches.

The men pass by Julie without slowing down. Julie lets out a tiny sigh of relief. They walk straight to the SUPPLY PILE. The men begin stuffing supplies into their tote bags.

DELVIN

No, don't.

MIKE

Please stop.

More men in NBC suits appear on the stairs. They form a bucket-chain, handing full tote-bags up the line and out of the basement.

The group looks helplessly on. The sound of their gas masks and the slowness of their movements due to their suits make it feel like they're visitors from another planet.

The bucket line makes steady but slow progress. The survivors just sit there, helpless.

MIKE

But we'll die.

The man raises his M-16 to his shoulder and aims directly at Mike. A RED LASER-POINT appears on Mike's forehead. Mike stares straight at him, breathing heavily.

MICKEY

(to gunman)

What time's Darth Vader s'posed to arrive?

The gunman points the gun at Mickey. Mike finally breathes. Mickey stares at the man.

JULIE
Mickey, shut up.

MICKEY
Relax. They don't want to waste the
bullets.

The men finish stealing all the supplies. The man lowers his gun slightly and retreats up the stairs. As he's about to disappear from sight, he raises one gloved hand and FLICKS THEM OFF. He closes the door behind him.

Julie embraces Mike as he blinks, dazed that he's still alive. They hear the men above PULLING SOMETHING HEAVY over the cellar door.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The survivors stand in a circle around Marilyn's body.

MIKE
Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ.

JULIE
Oh my god.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

All seven remaining members sit in a circle, staring either at the small pile of supplies or Marilyn's corpse.

MIKE
She was cool. I didn't really know
her before we came down here. But
she was pretty cool.

DELVIN
Yeah.

JULIE
She was a really good listener.

JOSH
That's so horrible to say.

JULIE
Excuse me?

JOSH

"She was a good listener." Why don't you just say, "She was a boring middle-aged woman with no personality"? Whenever some psycho walks into his office and opens fire on everybody, they always say the boring, loser forty year-old secretary who lived alone with her twenty cats and got blown away because she didn't have the presence of mind to duck underneath her desk was a "good listener." "Good listener" is code for "loser."

JULIE

Well, fine, that's your opinion. But that's not how I meant it. She was a good listener.

JOSH

Bully for her.

JULIE

The kind of people I like are the ones that actually listen to what you're saying, not assholes just waiting for their turn to talk. But that's just me, I guess.

JOSH

Yeah, I guess it is.

Josh looks at Mike. Mike avoids his eyes. Silence.

MICKEY

She was married.

JULIE

Oh god. She didn't even tell me. Did her husband...did he die in the blast?

MICKEY

Lonnie? The fuck should I know? Last I heard, the prick left her six years ago for a guy.

Josh snorts derisively. Uncomfortable silence.

MICKEY

Yeah, she downgraded from a queen-size last year.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

All the survivors (except Mickey) sit or stand in slightly different positions. A silence suffused with dread hangs over the group, until finally--

JOSH

Are we fucked?

More dread-filled silence greets this rhetorical question.

JOSH

We're fucked.

JORDO

We're going to starve to death.

JOSH

Fuck that! We're gonna die from radiation!

MIKE

Those guys had suits on. It still must be bad out. They had the door open. They had the door open.

JOSH

My fucking hair's going to fall out! Our fucking skin's going to rot off our bones!

JULIE

Calm down.

JOSH

Oh, sorry if I can't be calm! We're only going to die one of the most horribly painful deaths imaginable!

JULIE

We're not going to die.

JOSH

We are going to die.

JULIE

We're not going to die. It was only open for like a minute. That's not long enough to kill us.

JOSH

How the fuck do you know? I thought you worked in a cube?

JULIE

(somewhat sheepishly)

I read it in one of Mickey's books.

JOSH

Which book was that? The one by Timothy McVeigh, or the one by David Duke?

DELVIN

Guys, we don't even need to worry about it.

(pause)

We'll starve to death first.

Silence.

MIKE

Did they get everything?

DELVIN

They got everything.

JULIE

We're not gonna starve to death.

JOSH

Did you just miss the last ten minutes, where we discussed how we can't leave the shelter until--

JULIE

We'll die of thirst first.

Silence. Delvin swallows his spit.

THUD. A case of BOTTLED WATER lands in the middle of the group. Then another one. Mickey is tossing more hidden SUPPLIES into the center.

MICKEY

Titty McGee is right. You nancies don't have anything to worry about from your two minute golden shower.

The group stares at the supplies.

JULIE
Jesus Christ, Mickey.

MIKE
Do you need some help?

MICKEY
I got it, tough guy.

Mickey drops another crate of water and a couple of BOXES OF FOOD into the middle before he stops.

MICKEY
Basic fuckin' survival 101,
Einstein. Always keep some reserves
hidden from the fuckin' animals out
there.

Mickey stares at Delvin while he says this.

MICKEY
We're livin' in the fuckin' jungle
now. Get your nutbags out of
storage.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The group continues the vigil. Mike finishes a BOTTLED WATER.

Josh watches Mike drink the water and toss it to the side. Josh looks meaningfully at the two crates of water, which are already being depleted. Mike is oblivious.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

More silence. They watch Marilyn's body. Finally, someone breaks the vigil.

JOSH
You know, I honestly don't relish
being the "asshole" who brings up
all the unpleasant practical
points, but what the fuck are we
supposed to do with her body?

MICKEY
Chop her up and throw her down the
fuckin' toilet.

JULIE

Oh my god, what the hell is wrong with you?

MICKEY

(to Mike)

Would you tell the princess and her delicate female fuckin' sensibilities that we can't exactly dress her up and play house with her corpse? This is a fuckin' war.

JULIE

Oh, fuck you. Just try and remember that not everyone in the room was a serial killer.

JOSH

Oh. Now all men are not only assholes, but serial killers, too. Great!

MIKE

Guys...

MICKEY

I'm a serial killer now, huh? You like the food I let you eat, sugar tits? My fuckin' personal apartment blocking out enough gamma rays for you?

JOSH

You got some kind of problem with men? Do you just hate us all across the board, or only the ones who actually have working penises?

Mike blushes. Julie's face turns bright red with anger.

JULIE

(seething)

Oh...my...god...

MICKEY

We'll see how pretty you look when you're shittin' your brains out with dysentery, cupcake. That's why I made sure the toilet was right next to my bed, so I don't miss a goddamn thing.

JULIE
 (to Mike)
 What the *fuck*?!

MIKE
 Come on, guys, let's just...Okay?
 We're in a really irritable,
 claustrophobic situation.
 Everybody's crabby. Let's just
 focus. You know, I think we're
 actually all fundamentally in
 agreement. We can't leave the body
 here. It's going to start to rot,
 and--

MICKEY
 --This is my fuckin' house, sweet
 sister. Call me a fuckin' serial
 killer...

DELVIN
 Jesus Christ. Everybody just *calm*
down!

A charged silence.

DELVIN
 I think we should throw her out
 upstairs.

MICKEY
 Oh, fuckin' real nice. You want to
 be the one dragging her out there
 without a suit, brainiac?

DELVIN
 I thought you said it was okay to
 go up there.

MICKEY
 Not to go out the fuckin' door.

JOSH
 We can't get up there anyway. They
 piled shit on the door.
 (to Julie)
 Sorry for bringing that up. I guess
 that makes me an asshole.

Julie tries to ignore him.

MICKEY

I'm telling you, we have to put the old dyke in the septic. That's the only way.

JULIE

But how would we fit her?

MIKE

(with obvious disgust)
We'd have to cut her up into pieces.

MICKEY

Yeah, well, you gotta do a lot of birdshit things when you're at war.

JULIE

Can't we just...I don't know...seal her up inside some garbage bags?

MICKEY

(to no one in particular)
Are you hearing this?!

JOSH

Not unless you packed a whole lotta pretty perfume. There's no way we could guarantee the seal. The smell alone could kill us.

MICKEY

The dungeonmaster is right.

They regard the body.

BOB

Jesus Christ.

JORDO

God.

JOSH

Well, what do we do it with? We only have plastic knives.

Mickey stomps back to his room. They all follow him with their eyes, terrified. Mickey comes back with a FIRE AX. All eyes center on this new piece of equipment.

JULIE

(half-scared)
What's that for?

MICKEY

It's for chopping up women.

Julie's eyes open wider than ever before in her life.

MICKEY

Jesus fuckin' Christ, I'm just kidding. Lighten up.

Mickey casually tosses the ax to Mike. Mike jerks away instinctively from the blade. It CLATTERS to the ground.

MIKE

Jesus Christ!

MICKEY

Ha! Did you see the look on his face? Fuckin' priceless.

Mickey walks over, picks up the ax, and holds it out to Mike.

MICKEY

Get choppin'.

MIKE

Uh-uh. We have to draw straws or something.

JULIE

I'm not doing it.

DELVIN

I'm not doing--

BOB

--I'll do it!

Everyone looks at Bob, who looks a little too excited.

BOB

No problem. She's just lumber now.

Bob takes the ax. He immediately turns to the body and raises the ax to chop. Julie and Delvin flinch.

MIKE

Jesus! Just wait a second! I don't think everyone has to be here for this, right?

Bob lowers the ax. Julie immediately walks out, still incensed over Mickey and Josh. Delvin follows her. Mickey snickers. Delvin throws him a hostile glance.

MICKEY

(to Mike)

You staying, Mr. Peabody?

(Mike nods)

Good man. Alright, now that we got
all the trim in the ladies' room...

Bombs away, Roberto.

(holding up his fingers to
show the size)

No bigger than a mud shark.

Mike looks at him with total disgust.

MICKEY

What? It's a toilet!

BOB

May I?

Mike nods. Bob raises the ax above his head.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie stands, hugging herself. Delvin sits on the bed,
staring at the Ronald Reagan poster.

DULL THUDS sound from the other room. Julie puts her hand to
her mouth in revulsion. A HOUSE FLY crawls across Reagan's
face. Delvin watches the fly as the thuds continue.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Don't be shy, Bobby. Gonna be tough
to get a plumber down here.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

All seven survivors contemplate the large, RUST-COLORED
BLOODSTAIN on the concrete floor.

Julie looks up from the bloodstain. She regards the six
others one by one. All men. Including the last one, Bob,
who's clothes are now STAINED WITH BLOOD. Julie shrinks into
herself a bit more.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The group eats a VERY FRUGAL MEAL. Full BEARDS sprout amongst
the men. UNWASHED HAIR clings to scalps. Dirty, stretched-out
shirts cling to oily bodies. Seven faces much worse for the
wear stare sadly at the HALF-EMPTY box of food.

JOSH
Nine, maybe seven days.

Long moment of silence.

DELVIN
I'll try the radio again.

Julie watches Mickey stare at Delvin with an unreadable expression on his face.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julie quietly opens the door. Light spills in from the central chamber. She leaves the door slightly ajar so she can navigate with that light.

Julie tiptoes past a sleeping Delvin and Mickey with a blanket wrapped around her. She reaches the toilet. She gingerly puts the seat down, cringing at the sound it makes.

Mickey still looks asleep. She sits and wraps the blanket all around her body. She lowers her pants under the blanket.

Julie closes her eyes and concentrates. Eventually, a tiny FART squeaks out. Julie looks over at Mickey.

He's staring right back at her. His hand appears to be moving vigorously under the sheets. Julie quickly pulls up her pants and rushes from the room, stumbling over Delvin on the way.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Three Powerbars remain in the box. Josh takes one out, breaks it into several pieces, and distributes them. Long faces take tiny bites to stretch the meal out.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The survivors sit in silence, hungry and depressed. Josh pulls CASH out of his WALLET and slowly burns it with a LIGHTER. He's muttering something unintelligible to himself. The BLOODSTAINS on Bob's clothes haven't gone anywhere.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Mike, alone in Mickey's room, pulls the toilet seat up. As he urinates, he contemplates the large American flag hanging on the wall right in front of his face.

Mike finishes. He stares blankly at the flag. Mike reaches out to feel the material of the flag.

The whole flag falls to the ground. Mike stares at the SMALL DOOR on the wall that was hidden behind the flag.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The seven survivors contemplate the door.

MIKE
What's in it?

MICKEY
Just a bunch of bullshit.

JOSH
Does it go anywhere?

MICKEY
Yeah, the fuckin' White House.

Everyone stares with bated breath as Josh opens the door.

HOMEMADE AFGHAN BLANKETS are piled everywhere, with CROCHETING NEEDLES and YARN spilled about. Mike picks up one of the afghans and examines it admiringly.

MIKE
Mickey, you...crochet?

MICKEY
The fuck else am I supposed to do down here?

Everyone smiles, trying not to laugh.

DELVIN
Do you sell them on Ebay?

Everyone breaks into LAUGHTER. Mickey turns beat red.

MICKEY
What?! It gets fuckin' cold down here!
(laughter continues)
Oh, fuck you guys!

DELVIN
(looking into closet)
Whoa.

Everyone turns and follows his gaze.

DELVIN
Is there a VCR attached to that TV?

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Delvin and Jordo roll out an ancient TV and VCR out on its
ROLLING STAND.

MICKEY
What the fuck you doing? This shit
doesn't work.

DELVIN
I think there's a tape inside.

MICKEY
It's nothing you guys would like.

DELVIN
Can we plug this thing into the
generator?

MICKEY
Different circuits. Amps are wrong.
That shit'll explode.

The seven survivors stand around the TV. A cord runs out into
the other room. Delvin examines the controls.

MICKEY
Fuckin' knock it off, douche.

JULIE
Who really cares if your TV breaks
at this point?

MICKEY
You go upstairs and get *your*
fuckin' TV.

Delvin turns the TV on. It slowly fires up.

MICKEY
It ain't gonna work.

Delvin presses "Play" on the VCR.

JULIE
 (whispering to Mike)
 God, I hope it's not a videotape of
 me showering in our apartment.

ON THE TV:

INT. PAWNSHOP - DAY - TV

A middle-aged man who is all MUSTACHE and BEER GUT stands behind the counter of his shabby pawnshop, addressing the camera. It is LARRY GRAFF, previously seen in the author photo of the book "Surviving the Big One."

Larry looks like he should either be fishing or coaching football. His pawn shop appears to only sell GUNS, KNIVES, CAMPING GEAR, and WAR MEMORABILIA. Everything is shot on low-grade video camcorder technology.

LARRY GRAFF
 (to camera)
 To reiterate.

As he says the following things, BULLET POINTS made by an old, cheap video-editing machine come up on-screen.

LARRY GRAFF
 Know your blindspots. Always keep
 potential attackers in front of
 you. Always come armed to the urban
 environment. And take a baseball
 bat to a gunfight--don't!

The action shifts from the pawnshop to a TITLE SEQUENCE

TITLE SEQUENCE - TV

The title sequence features a montage of Larry in a variety of situations, all of them combat-related. It is set to bargain basement SYNTH MUSIC:

Larry fires a PISTOL; Larry demonstrates a CHOKEHOLD; Larry makes BEEF JERKY; Larry field-strips a RIFLE.

TITLE: "Chapter 7: More Do's and Don't's for Surviving the Collapse of the Fascist Government."

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The survivors stare raptly at the TV.

MIKE
This is amazing, Mickey.

INT. GHETTO - PICKUP TRUCK - DAY - TV

B-ROLL of Larry warily driving through the GHETTO.

LARRY GRAFF (V.O.)
The ghetto--or "hood"--has many similarities to the post-government battlefield. You can be attacked at any second with little or no provocation. The people have low morals and will try to rob you of everything you own. Gangs of raw youth roam the streets, raping at will. And just like during the battle after the collapse, the only rule that applies is the rule of the jungle.

Larry drives by some BLACK PEOPLE. He glares at them menacingly from the safety of his truck.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

People nervously look at Delvin out of the corner of their eyes. He watches the TV with his jaw firmly set.

EXT. GHETTO - PARKING LOT - DAY - TV

Larry addresses the camera.

LARRY GRAFF
I recommend spending some immersion time in the ghetto environment, moving amongst the natives to prepare yourself for the savage state of things to come.

Abrupt jump-cut. Larry now holds a HUGE KNIFE.

LARRY GRAFF
I will now show you some weak points to exploit in one-on-one knife combat. Let's start with the throat.

An ACTOR in a black ski mask gets into position.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Mike turns to Mickey.

MIKE

So this is the only movie we have?

BOB

At least we get to remember what the sun looked like.

JORDO

Hey Mickey, is Larry Graff your favorite director?

Bob chortles. Mickey looks away.

MIKE

So there's a chance that this is the only piece of cinema humanity created that survived the war.

(silence)

This is the film by which future civilizations will judge ours.

On the TV, Larry slowly grabs the attacker's wrist, bends his arm back, grabs his knife, and holds it to his throat. It then shows a SLOW-MO REPLAY of this already slow move.

MIKE

Just trying to put things in perspective here.

Mike walks out of the room. Julie follows close on his heels. Everybody but Mickey quickly files out.

ON THE TV:

The picture becomes DISTORTED by a SPLICE IN THE TAPE. It's clear the tape is going to something that was TAPED OVER. The new image is shot from high above in a bathroom.

Though it's obviously amateur quality--badly focused and crudely pixelated--it appears to be JULIE TAKING A SHOWER.

Mickey STOPS THE TAPE.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Josh breaks up the last Powerbar and sadly distributes it. Mournful faces take what could be their last bites of food.

JOSH
We're going to have to go scavenge
up top.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mickey stands at the top of the stairs with the Geiger counter. The Geiger counter CLICKS LOUDLY when he holds it to the door. Mickey looks down and shakes his head.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Josh, Bob and Jordo quietly debate by the fading light.

JOSH
We've gotta eat.

JORDO
We can't go up there.

JOSH
We've gotta eat.

A charged silence.

BOB
Maybe we should eat Marilyn.

JOSH
She's down in the fucking *toilet*.

Josh and Jordo shake their heads in disgust.

BOB
I'm just saying.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The seven hungry survivors sit glumly together. They pass around the last BOTTLE OF WATER, taking small sips.

JOSH
This is it. This is the last one.

Delvin takes a sip. He holds it out to Mickey. Mickey, CROCHETING AN AFGHAN, does not look up. Delvin notes this.

MIKE
We have to go up. We have to send
somebody up to scavenge.

JOSH
Whoever goes up there is gonna die.

MIKE
But he can make it back before he dies. Radiation takes days, *weeks* to kill you. Someone's gonna have to sacrifice themselves.

JOSH
Well then *you* fucking go.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Mike and Julie lie in each other's arms.

MIKE
I'm so thirsty.

JULIE
(after long pause)
I love you.

Mike starts to cry. Julie kisses him. He limply protests. Julie crawls on top of him. He shakes his head no.

MIKE
So thirsty.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Empty stomachs. Time seems frozen. Mike stares at Julie. He seems to be steeling himself.

MIKE
Fuck it. I'll go. I'll do it.

Everyone stares at him in shock. A long silence.

DELVIN
Mike...

Mike looks at Julie. She looks back, a complex mixture of fear, admiration, love, and regret. He walks up the stairs.

BOB
Oh my god, thank you, Mike. Thank you so much.

Mike stops at the top and turns around, hand on the handle.

MIKE
Julie...I love--

KNOCK KNOCK. Mike freezes.

KNOCK KNOCK. Someone is KNOCKING on the door...FROM ABOVE.
Mike quietly bounds down the stairs. The survivors huddle
close and stare up at the door. They WHISPER frantically.

MIKE
Maybe it's people checking for
survivors.

JOSH
Are you fucking crazy? It's dog-eat-
dog up there now!

MIKE
We're out of food. We need to take
a chance.

JOSH
No way! No fucking way!

KNOCK KNOCK. They stare up at the door again.

MIKE
Fuck!

JULIE
Let's hide.

MICKEY
No, let's fuckin' ambush these
fucks. Where's the ax?

JORDO
They got fuckin' M-16s!

SCRAPE. The heavy object over the door is being moved away.

JOSH
Hide!

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The DOOR CREAKS OPEN. A pair of WHITE BOOTS slowly descends.

The white boots reach the bottom. They slowly walk through
the abandoned central chamber, toward Mickey's door.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - THE CLOSET - DAY

The survivors are crammed into Mickey's closet, not daring to breathe. Julie lies on the ground, looking out from the CRACK at the bottom of the door.

The boots enter Mickey's room. Julie watches as their owner slowly circles the room. In the closet, Josh and Mike are shoved face to face, trying not to make eye contact.

Julie watches the boots stop by the bed. The BEDSPRINGS CREAK. The owner is obviously sitting on the bed.

A long silence passes. Julie gingerly looks up at the other survivors. They're staring down at her, desperate for an update. She just SHRUGS, unsure what's going on.

The boots sit on the bed for a long time. Time seems suspended. Then Julie hears the TV TURN ON. A second later, she hears the SOUND OF A SHOWER emanate from the TV.

The other survivors hear the shower on the TV as well. Mickey looks around guiltily.

Julie watches. The boots just sit there. Suddenly, the man just SLUMPS ONTO THE GROUND. She can see the WHITE HAZMAT SUIT lying on the ground, motionless.

Julie turns up to the group.

JULIE
(barely a whisper)
I think he's dead.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The gang slowly, cautiously emerges from the closet, circling in on the fallen, motionless man. Mickey, the last one out, walks much faster...straight to the TV/VCR, which he unplugs.

JULIE
Is he dead? He *looks* dead.

Josh works up the courage to approach him. He picks up the ax and turns the guy over with it. The HAZMAT SUIT IS TORN AND BLOODY, with SLASH and PUNCTURE WOUNDS all over it.

JOSH
Ho...ly...Christ.

No gun in sight. Josh leans in. He doesn't see any signs of life. They can see the man's AFRICAN-AMERICAN through the rips.

Josh slowly reaches toward the man's mask.

MIKE
Careful...he might be radioactive.

Josh stops. He looks back at Mike and the group.

Suddenly, the man RIPS OFF HIS MASK. His face looks like it MELTED OFF...it's hideous and distended from radiation. The man GASPS a DESPERATE DEATH RATTLE, puss oozing everywhere.

Everybody SCREAMS and jumps back about ten feet.

MICKEY
Shut the door! Shut the door!

Mike sprints into the other room. He runs up the stairs and slams the cellar door shut.

The man TWITCHES a few more times, then comes to rest. He appears to be truly dead now.

JORDO
What the fuck...!

The group sits in shock for several seconds. Then--

JOSH
We gotta get him outta here!

MICKEY
Get this blackie outta here!

JOSH
Get him up the stairs!

JULIE
Wait! Don't touch him!

The guys freeze. Julie looks around. She grabs a nearby AFGHAN and throws it at Josh.

JULIE
Roll him onto this!

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Josh, Jordo, Bob and Mickey each carry a corner of the blanket bearing the man as fast as they can towards the stairs. Mike stands at the top, holding the door open.

They rush up the stairs awkwardly, dropping the load a couple times. A WALLET falls out of a rip in the man's suit and lands on the floor. Julie stares in fascination at it.

JOSH
(to other guys)
Come on!

They heave him up to the top and hurl him as best they can. They all duck down. Mike SLAMS the cellar door shut.

The guys scramble down the stairs. They get to the bottom and frantically brush themselves off, collecting their wits.

JULIE (O.S.)
He was only one more sub away from
a free twelve inch.

Mike sees an obviously in-shock Julie searching the wallet.

JULIE
He was in a laser-tag club. Maybe
that's how these guys got together.

MIKE
Julie, don't touch that!

JULIE
He's got a receipt for a book
called "Speed-Dating for Dummies."
How sad.

MIKE
Put it down!

Julie pulls out a WALLET PHOTO. Mike is rushing towards her.

JULIE
This must be his cat.

Mike grabs the wallet from her. She doesn't even react, just stares into space. Mike rushes up the stairs, cracks open the door, and flings the wallet out.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The group sits sprawled about, in various poses of misery, staring off into their own personal hells.

MIKE

What the fuck is going on up there?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Nobody appears to have moved. Several of the survivors hold their heads in their hands.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The group sits in the same positions.

JOSH

Okay. Would you rather have it come out in the media that your father was a serial killer, or--

JULIE

--Would you guys *shut up*?

JOSH

--Or have a one in a hundred chance of your penis discharging a bullet every time you ejaculated?

JORDO

Bullet.

JULIE

Can you guys *please* be quiet?

JOSH

Would you rather have Hitler's face surgically transferred onto yours, like in *Face/Off*, or be forced to wear a T-shirt that says "I RAPE LITTLE BOYS" in capital letters every day for the rest of your life.

Julie looks disgusted. Bob and Jordo giggle. Mike puts his HANDS OVER HIS EARS. Mickey stares at Delvin.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Julie lies in Mike's arms, crying.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Darkness. The still of night. Mike and Julie lie asleep.

Light appears under the crack of the door to Mickey's room. Shouts from the other room. The words are partially unclear, but the emotions are not.

DELVIN (O.S.)
What the fuck, motherfucker?!

MICKEY (O.S.)
Fuck you, fucker!

DELVIN (O.S.)
What the fuck have you been doing,
you motherfucking psycho?!

Julie sits up in bed in the darkness. Mike sits up.

MICKEY (O.S.)
Oh, fuck you.

DELVIN (O.S.)
Goddammit, give me that!

MICKEY (O.S.)
No! No! Get the fuck away from me!

The door from the mattress room opens. LIGHT spills out on Mike and Julie. Josh, Jordo and Bob run out of their room. Bob shuts the door behind him. They run to Mickey's door.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Delvin and Mickey stand across from each other, shouting in the lantern light. The other five survivors rush in.

MICKEY
Oh thank fuckin' god. Get this
fuckin' crazy jigger out of my
room.

DELVIN
Fuck you, you fucking Klu Klux
motherfucker!

MICKEY

Jesus Christ, call animal control!
The fuckin' monkeys are taking
over!

MIKE

Guys...come on. Don't.

JOSH

What's going on?

DELVIN

This motherfucker has more food! I
woke up and found James Earl Ray
Junior eating some kind of candy
bar or some shit!

MICKEY

Aw, that's horseshit!

DELVIN

He's holding out on us!

MICKEY

Then where the fuck is this magic
candy bar?

JOSH

Where's the candy bar, Delvin?

DELVIN

He shoved it in his mouth after I
turned the light on.

MICKEY

I shoved it up your big black ass!

Delvin pushes Mickey. Hard. Mickey goes flying. Delvin turns
back to the group.

JULIE

Delvin...

MIKE

You saw him eating? Are you
positive?

DELVIN

I fuckin' saw this motherfucker
fuckin' eating! Motherfucker was
pulling shit out when he thought I
was sleeping. Motherfucker's got a
secret stash right over--

Mickey bullrushes Delvin from behind, knocking him over. Delvin falls awkwardly into the lamp. The LAMP BREAKS. The room is plunged into TOTAL DARKNESS. SHOUTS of chaos.

JOSH (O.S.)
Get the lamp! Get the fucking lamp!

MIKE (O.S.)
Julie, get the lamp!

In the dark, Julie starts stumbling toward the door. Delvin starts SCREAMING IN HORRIBLE PAIN.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Julie stumbles into the other room, feeling around for the lantern in the darkness. Screams of pain and chaos sound from behind her.

JOSH (O.S.)
Where's the fucking lamp!!!

Julie turns the LANTERN ON, lighting herself up. She turns toward the room, running.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julie runs into the noisy chaos of the room, the lamp swinging with her. Her jerky movements barely and imperfectly illuminate the scene as she swings the lamp around.

What she can see in the chaos is Mickey SWINGING AN AX with all his strength down at a BLOODY MESS OF A PERSON, over and over. Mickey is splattered in blood.

JULIE
(top of her lungs)
Oh my god!!

The other guys SCREAM, too. Mike backs up against a wall. Josh and Bob jump at Mickey.

Jordo rushes past Julie to join them. He jolts Julie hard. The lantern falls to the ground and BREAKS. TOTAL DARKNESS once again. Screams of chaos.

JOSH(O.S.)
Where's the fucking light?!

BOB (O.S.)
Get the other lamp!

JOSH (O.S.)
Get the fucking lamp!!

Julie stumbles back toward the doorway, crying, whimpering.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Julie fumbles toward the light under the mattress room door.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Julie stumbles into the light of the mattress room in a state of delirium, her feet heavy, as if in a nightmare. She grabs the LANTERN and quickly turns around.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julie stumbles into the room, bringing LIGHT with her. She steadies herself and looks at the scene before her.

Josh, Jordo and Bob hold a thrashing Mickey down in a POOL OF BLOOD. Mike stares in terror at the edge of the light.

Also in the pile is DELVIN'S FRESHLY HACKED-APART BODY, presumably the source of the blood. Julie reels back.

JOSH
(to Julie)
Don't drop it!!

Mike rushes to Julie. She looks up at him to accept his embrace. Instead, he grabs the lantern from her shaky hands.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mickey is tied up on the toilet with his own PANTS and an EXTENSION CORD. He sits in his underwear, BLOOD-STAINED FROM HEAD TO TOE, gagged.

The surviving guys stand around him, glowering, also STAINED WITH BLOOD. Delvin's remains are covered by an AFGHAN. A calmer Julie is the only person alive who's blood-free.

MIKE
What do we do now?

No answer.

MIKE

I don't know, what do we do?

(pause)

Do we have to kill him?

Mickey sits in the middle, defiantly not making eye contact.

JOSH

We've got to kill him.

JULIE

You're talking about executing him.

JOSH

Jesus Christ, did you see what he did to Delvin?!

JULIE

I know. We just...I'm just clarifying the terms.

JOSH

I'm not gonna argue about fucking *semantics*!

(grabs Mickey by hair)

This old psycho has to die!

JULIE

So you're just going to lie him on the ground and chop his head off?

JOSH

Yeah!

JULIE

You're gonna do it?

JOSH

I'll fucking do it! I don't give a fuck!

Josh picks up the ax.

JULIE

Put the ax down.

JOSH

He has to fucking die.

JULIE

(firmly)

Put the ax down.

MIKE

Julie...

Josh puts the ax right up next to Mickey's neck.

JULIE

You put that fucking ax down right now, Josh.

Josh stares at Julie, gripping the ax. She doesn't flinch. Finally, he gives in. He leans the ax against the wall.

JOSH

Fine!

Julie gets right in Josh's face.

JULIE

If we execute him, Josh, then that is a group decision. If you fucking take that ax and chop his head off without all of us agreeing on it, then that is *murder*. You get the semantics now?

Josh stews.

JULIE

You will *calm down* before we do this. We will *all* calm down before we do this.

A moment of silence finally prevails.

MIKE

We can't kill him yet.

JORDO

Oh, sweet Jesus, what is *with* you two?!

MIKE

No, I'm just saying--

JOSH

Would you two fucking *face reality*! We're not gonna have a fucking trial for something we all--

MIKE

What if Delvin was right?

This finally shuts Josh up.

MIKE

What if Mickey's got a stash of food?

JORDO

Jesus fucking Christ.

Long, brooding silence. Finally, Josh picks up the ax again. He gets up in Mickey's face.

JOSH

Where's the stash, old man?

Mickey stares at the ground.

JOSH

Where's the stash?!

Josh raises the ax into the air. Mickey starts TRYING TO TALK through the gag.

JORDO

What's he saying?

JULIE

Let him talk!

JORDO

What's he saying?!

Bob pulls the gag down.

MICKEY

It's up your fucking ass, fagballs!

Josh raises the ax to swing. Mike rushes over and grabs the handle to stop him.

MIKE

No!

Josh looks at Mike with total beserker rage in his eyes.

MIKE

If you kill him, he can't tell us where the stash is!!

Josh puts the ax down.

JOSH

Well you don't have to tell *him* that!

MIKE
Well, I...

JOSH
Now we've got to torture him.

MIKE
Yeah...

JULIE
No!

JOSH
Fuck!

Josh rushes around to Mickey's back. He grabs one of Mickey's FINGERS and holds it against the back of the toilet. He presses the ax sharply against the finger.

JOSH
Where's the fucking stash?

JULIE
Stop it!

MICKEY
There is no stash.

MIKE
Jesus, Josh, wait...

Josh presses the ax harder.

JOSH
Where is the fucking stash?!!

JULIE
Knock it fucking *off*!!

Julie tries to grab the ax from Josh. Josh grabs Julie by the wrist. Hard. He stands up and twists it. She squirms and SCREAMS OUT IN PAIN.

MIKE
Let her go!

Mike does not step forward. Josh bulls Julie back to the bed. He roughly pushes her down on it.

Mike takes a step forward towards Josh. Josh turns around, ax in hand. Mike takes a step back.

JOSH

(to Mike)

He's gonna tell us where the fucking stash is right now or I'll chop every fucking limb from his body.

MIKE

Jesus. Listen to yourself.

JORDO

We're not gonna fucking starve to death, asshole!

(to Josh)

Right?

Mike looks at Bob and Jordo, who have assumed offensive positions toward him. He looks back at Julie. She's frozen in fear on the bed. Mike swallows, in over his head.

MIKE

Guys, let's just talk about how we're going to do this. That's all I'm saying.

The ax is threateningly conspicuous in Josh's hands.

MIKE

Josh, I'm not your enemy.

JOSH

(feigning calm)

Fine. This is what we're going to do. I'm going to take this ax. I'm going to sharpen it to a razor fucking point. And then every time this dried-up old dicklicker doesn't tell me where all the food and water he's got squirreled away that could save my fucking life is, I'm going to use the ax to chop something off.

MICKEY

Jesus Christ, Edward Dildobrain, how many times I gotta tell you?

Everyone looks at Mickey.

MICKEY

It's up your fucking ass.

JOSH
 (staring Mickey down)
 You wait your fucking turn.

Josh looks back up at Mike. Jordo and Bob step threateningly closer. Mike holds his hands up to pacify them.

MIKE
 Okay...Fine...All I'm saying...is
 that before we *torture* someone...
 it might be a good idea to let our
 immediate anger pass...and then
 figure out what to do. That's all
 I'm saying.

JOSH
 Oh, that's all you're saying, huh?

MIKE
 Yeah.

JOSH
 You know what? You fucking do it.

Josh starts walking toward Mike, holding the ax out to him.
 Mike backs away.

MIKE
 I'm not gonna do it.

JOSH
 Oh, you're *not* gonna do it. Okay.

Josh gradually backs Mike up against a wall.

JOSH
 Because I don't know about you, but
 I've never been put into a
 situation where I've had to take a
 fucking ax and chop someone's
 fucking *fingers* off to save our
 lives. And if I have to wait until
 I calm down and rationally think
 about it, I don't know if I'll be
 able to take a fucking ax and chop
 his fucking fingers off.

Josh has Mike completely pinned against the wall, speaking
 about an inch away. Mike averts his face.

JOSH

I don't know, it's weird, maybe
I've lived a sheltered life in IT,
but the question just never came up
before! So I guess that leaves it
up to you.

JORDO

You know we don't have any other
options.

JULIE

(from bed)

Don't let him do it, Mike! Why
don't we search--

JOSH

--SHUT UP!!!

Josh turns back to Mike.

JOSH

Are we calm enough for you now?

Mike nods.

JOSH

Then let's fucking do it.

Mike hesitates. He closes his eyes. He nods. Josh lets Mike
go. The men step back over to Mickey.

Julie sits up. She bends over and picks up a BRICK.

Josh gets behind Mickey with the ax. Jordo and Bob stare
right into Mickey's face, inches away.

Mike stands frozen where he was backed up against the wall.

JOSH

Hold him.

Bob and Jordo comply. Julie stands up, gripping the brick.

Josh grabs Mickey's finger.

Julie, coming from behind, unseen by everyone else, slowly,
methodically approaches the back of the crouched-down Josh.

Josh puts the ax tight against Mickey's finger.

Mike sees Julie approaching. He shakes his head "No." Julie
ignores him. Josh puts his face up to Mickey's.

JOSH

Okay. This is absolutely the last--

MICKEY

It's in a compartment under the bed.

Josh looks at Bob and Jordo. Josh lets go of Mickey's finger.

Bob and Jordo rush over to the bed. They push it aside and roll up the carpet.

JORDO

There's a little door here.

MIKE

Is there anything in it?

JORDO

Hold on.

Jordo and Bob grunt with exertion.

JORDO

Yes!

MIKE

What is it?

BOB

Candy bars, beans, some old People Magazines, Mountain Dew...and a bunch of pornos.

Mike breathes a sigh of relief. Julie walks closer to Mickey.

MICKEY

So you fuckin' found my fuckin' stroke tapes. Congratu-fucking-lations. I'm sure you'll enjoy 'em.

(Mickey sniffs)

You should've fuckin' seen the looks on your faces. Fucking class--

JOSH SWINGS AND CHOPS MICKEY'S HEAD CLEAN OFF.

BLOOD spurts out onto Julie from Mickey's neck. A quiet moment of shock as MICKEY'S HEAD bounces off the American flag and rolls across the floor.

MIKE

Jesus Christ!

Julie SCREAMS. Even Bob and Jordo look a little freaked.

MIKE
Jesus Christ!!

Josh turns to Julie, ax in hand, blood splattered everywhere. He sees the brick in her hand.

Josh walks straight up to Julie. He towers over her.

JOSH
That's a fucking execution.

Josh grabs the brick. She lets go, powerless, shrinking. Josh tosses the brick at the wall without breaking eye contact. The brick hits Reagan and tears a hole in his face.

JOSH
(to Mike)
Somebody clean this fucking mess up.

He drops the ax to the ground and walks out. The ax CLATTERS to the ground next to Delvin. Josh slams the door behind him.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mike, Julie, Bob and Jordo stand above afghans shrouding the two bloody corpses, shell-shocked. Jordo slowly walks out the door. Bob follows him.

Julie looks at Mike. Mike stares vacantly at the blood soaking through the afghans.

Mike VOMITS. Julie rushes to Mike's side and comforts him. Arm in arm, they walk out of the room.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The central chamber is dimly lit by the orange glow coming from Mickey's room. Bob and Jordo face the mattress room.

Josh emerges from the darkness of the mattress room into the near-darkness of the central chamber. Barely illuminated by a tiny spill of light from Mickey's door, Josh looks at Julie and Mike with dead eyes.

JOSH
Chop 'em up and throw 'em in the fucking toilet.

Josh melts into the darkness of the mattress room. Jordo follows Josh.

MIKE

Wait.

Bob follows Jordo. He watches Mike and Julie as he leaves.

MIKE

Wait!

Mike and Julie look back at the door to Mickey's room.

MIKE

You stay here.

JULIE

Mike--

MIKE

--You stay here!!

Julie immediately lets go of him. Mike slowly trudges into Mickey's room. He shuts the door, leaving Julie in darkness.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Julie sits holding her knees, alone, wrapped in an afghan.

The door to Mickey's room opens. Mike emerges, holding the lantern in one hand and the ax in the other, covered from head to toe in fresh blood. Julie doesn't say a word.

Mike slowly walks towards her. She involuntarily flinches. Mike stops short. He sets the lantern on the ground. He sits down several feet away from her. He sets the bloody ax down.

Julie stares at him, her eyes wide in sympathy and fear. Mike turns the lantern out. He SOBS QUIETLY in the dark.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mike wakes to find Bob turning the lantern on beside him.

BOB

Josh wants to inventory the supplies so we can ration them out.

Mike sits up. Julie is looking at him in undisguised horror. Mike feels his face. The tears from last night have made STREAKS through the DRIED BLOOD encrusted on his face.

MIKE

Right now?

Bob stands up with the lantern. Mike reaches for the ax. He realizes it's not there.

Jordo stands nearby, holding the ax.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Josh sits on the bed when they enter, waiting in the darkness. A BOX OF SUPPLIES sits on the blood-stained floor.

The others stand around the box.

BOB

Should we count 'em?

Josh nods.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The supplies lie neatly stacked in groups on the floor. Prominent is a tall STACK OF OVERSIZED VHS PORNO TAPES.

JOSH

One bar a day each.

They look at each other. Is that enough food?

MIKE

That'll last...like two weeks.

(pause)

Maybe.

Mike looks up at Josh. Josh does not react.

Jordo hands Josh a MOUNTAIN DEW. Josh cracks it open and drinks slowly.

JOSH

Meeting adjourned.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

The survivors pass the time in silence. Bob reads a five year-old story about Anne Heche and Ellen Degeneres in PEOPLE. Julie has abandoned her blood-stained sweater and wears a TANK TOP that shows off her physique. She is oblivious.

Josh gets up and walks into the mattress room. Bob and Jordo quickly get up and follow him in. Julie watches them.

They close the door. Mike and Julie sit in silence.

JULIE
We should sleep in Mickey's room.
(pause)
It'll be safer.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julie rummages through Mickey's dresser drawers. They're stuffed completely full of knitted SWEATERS he made.

JULIE
Ew.

Mike stares forward, dead to the world.

JULIE
Here. Wear these.

Mike takes his blood-stained clothes off and changes into a pair of JEANS too wide in the waist and too short in the legs, and an oversized RED, WHITE AND BLUE SWEATER.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Bob tries the radio. All the stations play back STATIC. Julie holds Mike's hand. Julie raises her eyes. Josh is staring straight at her.

Julie looks back down at her feet. She raises her eyes. Josh is still staring. They lock eyes. Neither blinks.

A VERY UPBEAT, Up With People-style ORCHESTRA plays a ROUSING FANFARE.

Julie and Josh keep their eyes locked for another second. Then Julie looks over at Bob. He's got his hand on the dial of the RADIO. The MUSIC is coming from the radio.

BOB
It's coming over every station!

Everyone in the room stares in shock at the radio. The music becomes SERENE. A man speaks soothingly in an EASTERN LANGUAGE. He is followed by a WOMAN'S VOICE, who translates in heavily-accented, broken English.

EASTERN MAN
(soothing foreign words)

EASTERN WOMAN
We are all happy today and super
excellent in the shadow of the sun
of our Great Leader.

EASTERN MAN
(soothing foreign words)

BOB
At least it's not Rush Limbaugh.

JULIE
Shh!!

EASTERN WOMAN
Oh squirrel, can you doubt your
prosperous master, the sole
possessor of your loins?

JORDO
What the fuck?

MIKE
I think it's Chinese.

JULIE
It might be Korean.

EASTERN WOMAN
The battle against evil is won, and
the children bow before the Father.
Happy corn is given to all.

MIKE
What the hell's going on up there?

JORDO
I mean, it could just be some
psycho with a radio transmitter
fucking with us.

BOB
Yeah. Yeah...you can download
pirated radio propaganda from North
Korea onto your computer. Maybe--

MIKE
--Or maybe the North Koreans have
taken over.

JULIE
Or the Chinese.

The music switches back to the WOMAN CHANTING.

BOB
How the fuck could North Korea wipe
us out? They only have like one
mini-bomb.

MIKE
Or that was the only one we knew--

SMASH. The RADIO STOPS. Everyone looks up at Josh, still
holding the ax he smashed through the radio.

JULIE
What the fuck?

Josh picks up the broken radio and smashes it on the ground.

JOSH
You don't have to worry about that
shit. None of you.

JULIE
Are you stupid? We could've--

Josh silences her with a glare.

JOSH
You saw what happened to that guy's
face. This shit is only going to
fuck with your head.

Josh turns around and walks toward the mattress room, ax in
hand. He pauses at the threshold.

JOSH
This is our world now.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, Mike lies in Julie's arms. She strokes his hair.
Mike stares at the toilet. Julie stares at the door.

The DOOR OPENS. A dark figure slowly makes his way in. Julie
stares, frozen in fear as the figure gets closer. It looms
over them in the bed.

The lantern turns on. It's Bob.

BOB

Sorry.

Bob walks out with the lamp.

JULIE

Hey.

Bob does not stop.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mike, Julie, Bob and Jordo sit in the lamp light. Bob is downing a Mountain Dew, leg bouncing with energy.

MIKE

(affecting cheerfulness)

So...would you rather....would you rather have incurable B.O., or...

Neither Bob nor Jordo raise their heads.

MIKE

Or...or...Have to wear diapers all the time?

Bob doesn't look up. Jordo shrugs his shoulders. Julie gets up and walks into Mickey's room.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie enters. Josh is laying on the bed, watching a HARD-CORE PORNO on the TV in the dark. The speakers are at FULL VOLUME. The sound of PORN STARS MOANING IN ECSTASY fills the room.

JULIE

I need to go to the bathroom.

Julie has ample time to wonder if Josh heard him. She walks closer to him.

JULIE

(louder)

I said I need to go to the bathroom.

JOSH

I heard you.

Josh does not move. Julie's new angle allows her to see the TV. A PORN STARLET receives hard-core sex from a guy. The porn appears to have been shot sometime in the 80s.

PORN STAR (ON TV)
Oh...oh yeah...oh yeah...it feels
so fucking good to get fucked!

JOSH
(eyes on TV)
What are you waiting for?

Julie gives Josh a hard look. Josh finally looks up at her. He stares at her eyes...and then moves down her body. Julie covers herself, then leaves the room. Josh watches her leave.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Julie returns and sits close to Mike. Bob and Jordo are having what they believe is an amusing conversation.

JORDO
I mean, when we're up there, are we
going to have to start driving dune
buggies and wearing S & M gear to
fight the Koreans?

BOB
The Koreans? Or the robots?

JORDO
I think it'd be cooler to fight
robots than Koreans.

They laugh. Mike looks amused. Julie tunes them all out.

MIKE
Do you guys think Edward Furlong's
going to be around to lead us?

Bob GIGGLES for a second. Jordo does not. Jordo gives Bob a look. Bob goes silent.

MIKE
Or do you think Kevin Costner
survived?

Bob and Jordo ignore Mike.

MIKE
He'd know what to do.

Awkward silence. Mickey's door opens. Josh emerges, blinking in the light. The sounds of HARD-CORE PORN SEX spill in from behind him.

Josh walks to an unused corner of the room and sits down. Jordo sits next to Josh. Bob walks toward Mickey's room. Julie stands up.

JULIE

Wait, I have to go to the bathroom.

Bob does not stop. He shuts the door behind him, cutting off the sounds of porn sex. Jordo huddles with Josh, WHISPERING, his back turned to Julie and Mike.

Jordo looks back at them for a second, then turns back.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mike eats part of his Powerbar hungrily. Julie watches the I.T. guys eat. She takes an unblinking slug of Mountain Dew.

Julie looks to the floor by Josh. His Powerbar is just sitting on the floor, HALF-EATEN.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Julie and Mike watch Bob walk into the mattress room with the lantern. He closes the door, shutting off all light.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julie and Mike lie in the darkness.

JULIE

(fully awake)

Did they look hungry to you?

MIKE

What?

JULIE

Did they look hungry to you?

Mike YAWNS.

JULIE

How can you sleep with all that Mountain Dew?

MIKE

I haven't been drinking much. It's a diuretic.

JULIE

You're gonna have to anyway. You're gonna get weak.

(pause)

Those guys don't look hungry to me.

MIKE

We're all hungry.

JULIE

They're holding out on us.

Mike sits up in bed.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

JULIE

Did you get a look inside the box the night Delvin was killed?

Mike does not answer.

JULIE

I think they took more out of Mickey's stash than we saw the next morning. They've got more food. They're not hungry.

Long pause.

MIKE

We don't know that.

(pause)

There's no way we can ask. It would sound like we were accusing them.

(pause)

We would be accusing them.

(pause)

And anyway, what are we supposed to do about it?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Mike watches the IT guys eat. They're laughing at private jokes and just don't seem like they're weak with hunger.

Julie looks at Mike with zero fucking-around on her face.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julie has her ear to the wall separating Mickey's bedroom and the mattress room.

MIKE
Are they eating?

JULIE
I mean...you can't really hear
eating that loudly.

MIKE
What do we do, honey?

JULIE
We've got to search their room.

MIKE
Did you forget what Josh did to
Mickey?

JULIE
He did that because he killed
Delvin.

MIKE
You think he wouldn't do it to us
if he caught you looking for
supplies he stole?!

JULIE
Well why didn't you look in the
compartment when you went back in
the room that night?

MIKE
I don't know. Maybe because I was
too busy chopping up two friends
and stuffing them down a toilet.

Julie looks away.

JULIE
I'll do it.

MIKE
No way. No way!

JULIE
You have to distract them.

MIKE

I have to *distract* them?! Do you know how insane that sounds?

JULIE

You need to get them in here for at least a few minutes. All of them.

MIKE

Will you listen to yourself? We live in a tiny, three-room *basement*. How could I possibly guarantee...that's crazy! No way.

JULIE

Mike.

MIKE

It's way too dangerous!

JULIE

Mike.

MIKE

This is insanity.

JULIE

You know that empty feeling in your stomach?

MIKE

This is not even up for argument anymo--

JULIE

--Mike, they're going to starve you out and then have me all to themselves.

This hits Mike like a slap in the face.

JULIE

Open your fucking eyes. Have you seen the way Josh has been looking at me?

Mike doesn't answer.

JULIE

They're hiding food. I'm positive.

MIKE

Well, what are you going to do if you find something, anyway? I mean, it's not like they're not going to notice all their food's gone missing.

Julie thinks.

JULIE

I'll take it. I'll hide it on me.

MIKE

Julie...they're going to want it back.

JULIE

I'll come back here. We'll barricade ourselves in.

MIKE

Oh, Jesus Christ. *Jesus Christ.*
That's great!

JULIE

I'm all ears if you can come up with something better.

MIKE

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.

(pause)

How the hell am I supposed to get them all in the room?

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Josh, Jordo and Bob play Bloodstone and drink Dew. Julie sits on the other side, pretending she's reading an old PEOPLE.

She looks at Mike, who's sitting by the door to Mickey's room. Mike shakes his head "no." Julie nods her head "yes."

Mike sets his jaw. He takes a quick slug of Mountain Dew. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and slowly nods.

Mike stands up and walks into Mickey's room.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

The IT guys play Bloodstone. Julie reads People. Mike comes in from Mickey's room holding a PORNO TAPE BOX.

MIKE

Oh...my god. Have you guys seen this one? It is fucking *classic*. You've got to see it.

Bob and Jordo look over. Josh doesn't move.

MIKE

Come on, seriously. Trust me. It's fucking hilarious.

Bob gets up despite himself and trots into Mickey's room. Jordo looks at Josh. A look from Josh keeps him in place.

MIKE

Come on, you all gotta see this.
(no movement)
Come on, seriously.
(no movement)
Are you sure?

Mike looks at Julie. She gives him a small motion.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Bob sits in front of the TV, smiling. Mike walks over.

BOB

What is it?

MIKE

Okay, I don't know what universe this was made in, but it's like the ultimate vintage 80s porn.

Bob giggles. Mike presses "play" on the VCR.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - TV

Classic 80s porn production values. Cheap videotape. A BIG LUG of a guy sits on a pile of wood in a HARDHAT.

MIKE (O.S.)

Here it comes. This is so awesome.

A SKINNY GUY with a cheesy porn MUSTACHE walks in with two SKANKS on his arms. He wears a JOCKSTRAP and, best of all, has a RED HANDKERCHIEF tied around his neck. Bob GIGGLES.

MIKE (O.S.)

Isn't that awesome?

BOB (O.S.)
That's amazing.

SKINNY GUY
Hey *rookie*.

Big Lug looks up from his LUNCH PAIL.

SKINNY GUY
Did you get that staircase
installed yet?

BIG LUG
No, sir.

SKINNY GUY
Well why don't you go *do that* while
I take care of these two ladies?

MIKE (O.S.)
Here it comes...

The skinny guy turns around, the two skanks still attached to
his arms. The jockstrap shows off his HAIRLESS ASS.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Bob is beside himself with joy.

BOB
Ha! This guy's fucking awesome!

MIKE
It gets better.

BOB
Let me get the other guys, first.

Hope enters Mike's face as Bob runs out.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Bob rushes into the room.

BOB
Seriously, guys, you've gotta see
this.

Jordo stands up. Josh sits, but looks at Bob.

BOB
It's fucking awesome.

Jordo walks into the room. Josh stays put.

BOB
Come on, Josh. Check it out.

Julie watches Josh intensely.

BOB
Just take a second. It's great.
Josh sits still. Josh shakes his head "no."

BOB
Suit yourself.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Jordo joins Bob and Mike at the TV.

BOB
Rewind it to the beginning part.

MIKE
Hold on a sec.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Josh stares at Julie, hand on the shaft of the ax. He drops the head of the ax on the ground, BOUNCING it over and over.

Julie pretends to stare at a picture of JUDE LAW in People. Josh stares without blinking, bouncing the ax.

Julie feels his gaze. Finally, she looks up. They lock eyes. He stops bouncing the ax. LAUGHTER from the other room.

JORDO (O.S.)
Awesome!

BOB (O.S.)
Isn't that guy great?

Josh stands up, eyes locked on Julie, who's frozen in place.

JORDO (O.S.)
(in Mickey's door)
Come on, Josh, you've got to see this.

Josh looks at Jordo. Jordo's standing in the door, a huge GRIN on his face.

JOSH

Fine.

Josh walks to the door to Mickey's room. He gives Julie one last look as he goes in, holding the ax.

Julie waits for a second. Then she gets up. She grabs an OLD PLASTIC BAG sitting nearby and the lantern.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The four guys sit in front of the TV.

JORDO

You gotta rewind it for Josh.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Julie walks quietly past the door to Mickey's room. She warily peers inside. Four male backs are turned to her.

BOB (O.S.)

Ah, you went too far!

MIKE (O.S.)

Fuck.

JOSH (O.S.)

Hurry up.

MIKE (O.S.)

Hold on, hold on.

She walks past towards the mattress room door.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The four guys watch the screen.

SKINNY GUY (O.S.)

Hey rookie. Did you get that staircase installed yet?

Mike, Bob and Jordo have big smiles on their faces. Josh, at the back of the group, scowls.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

Julie quietly closes the door behind her. She turns to the room. No obvious hiding points at first. Just a bunch of mattresses and junk. Julie lifts and looks under a mattress.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The four guys stand watching the screen.

SKINNY GUY (O.S.)
Why don't you work on *this* joint?

From the TV comes the SOUND of HARDCORE SEX. The smiles fade into deep contemplation. Josh grips the ax handle.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

Julie lifts a box of junk and looks under it. She knocks something loose from on top of the box. It CLATTERS to the ground loudly. It's another RADIO TRANSMITTER.

Julie freezes and listens intently to the other room.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The LOUD SOUND of SEX continues to enthrall the four men.

PORN STAR (O.S.)
Oh yeah, baby...oh yeah, baby...

Mike watches warily out of the corner of his eye as Josh's KNUCKLES WHITEN on the hand that's gripping the ax.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

Julie lifts another box. Bingo. Underneath is a large treasure trove of POWERBARS, CANS OF FOOD, and MOUNTAIN DEW. Julie starts stuffing the food into her bag.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Julie sets the full bag behind some paint cans. She glances in the room. The men are watching the porn.

PORN STAR (O.S.)
Oh yeah...oh yeah...

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

Julie creeps back in and shuts the door. She has another EMPTY BAG in her hand.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

THREE MEN watch the porn. JOSH IS NOT THERE.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

Julie bends over, her back to the door, filling the bag up with more supplies

She startles when the DOOR SLAMS SHUT, frozen in this most vulnerable position.

JOSH (O.S.)
Look at *all those mattresses*.

Julie stands up straight, leaving the bag on the ground. She turns around, trying to look casual.

JULIE
Hey. Josh. Hey Josh. What's up?

Josh slowly smiles.

JOSH
That's a lot of mattresses.
(pause)
It's a shame, isn't it?

JULIE
Not really. Why?

He sets the ax down against the wall. He takes another step into the room. Julie tries to stop herself from jumping back.

JOSH
Oh, I think it's an awful shame.

JULIE
Why's that?

JOSH
I don't know. I don't think Mickey really got any use out of them.

Josh smiles. He steps a little closer.

JULIE

No, yeah he did. He sold them on Ebay, I guess.

JOSH

Yeah...but...you got all these mattresses, you might as well get a little use out of them. Know what I mean?

JULIE

(swallows)

...Well, yeah, you guys have been sleeping on them. At least you didn't have to sleep on the *floor* before Mickey...before you...

Josh smiles again, creeping ever closer.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

The three guys watch the porn. Mike subtly turns his head. Mike notices Josh is gone. Mike notices that the light in the central room is gone.

Mike starts walking toward the door. Jordo steps in his way.

JORDO

Where you going?

MIKE

Seen this before.

JORDO

Let's watch it again.

Mike looks at Bob. Bob is staring him down as well.

PORN STAR (O.S.)

Oh god...oh god...oh yeah...

Jordo reaches over and turns the VOLUME on the TV up. Mike sits down on the bed, cowed, staring at the porn couple having sex on TV.

INT. MATTRESS ROOM - DAY

The SEX SOUNDS from the TV next door are now dimly audible through the wall. Josh continues moving slowly towards Julie.

JULIE
So...so what did Mike want to show
you guys?

JOSH
I can't say.

JULIE
Why not?

JOSH
I think it would offend you.

Josh is almost up next to Julie. She starts taking small
steps backwards.

JULIE
Oh, that's okay. I'm used to living
with a bunch of guys by now.

JOSH
It was a guy fucking a girl on all
fours in a construction site.

Julie does not answer for a long time. Josh smiles.

JULIE
Well, why'd you stop watching? Is
it over?

JOSH
I got bored. I don't really like
watching porn.

JULIE
You don't?

Josh shakes his head.

JULIE
Good. I think it's degrading.

JOSH
You do?

JULIE
Yeah.

JOSH
Interesting.

Julie is almost against the wall. Josh presses closer. Julie does a quick slip and gets on the other side of Josh. Josh smiles and starts backing her up against another wall.

JOSH

Why do you think it's degrading?

Julie doesn't answer. Josh smiles.

JOSH

You're not one of those party poopers that says, "Because it objectifies women," are you?

Julie shakes her head "no."

JOSH

Good. Why then?

(pause)

Does it...scare you?

Julie backs away, shaking her head.

JOSH

Seeing a guy taking a woman from behind, ass thrust in the air, while she screams in ecstasy?

Julie shakes her head.

JOSH

Well then what's so wrong with it?

(pause)

Maybe you're afraid you'll like it too much.

JULIE

It debases, you know...love. Making love.

JOSH

Oh?

Josh is getting her close to a wall again. Julie swallows.

JULIE

It turns the most beautiful thing two people can do into something mechanical. Something for sale.

JOSH

It isn't for sale?

JULIE

No.

JOSH

Isn't everything for sale in the end?

Julie does not answer. Josh has her cornered. He inches up close to her body. They're right up against the wall this room shares with Mickey's room. The SOUNDS OF PORN SEX through the walls are at their loudest point here.

JOSH

You know, starting with the cavemen.

JULIE

What do you...mean?

JOSH

The most desirable cavewoman gives her body to the strongest caveman.

Josh's hot breath steams her face. They're almost panting.

JOSH

She moves into his nice big cave with his nice stone flatscreen TV.
(pause)
And in return...

Julie swallows. Josh notices this. He seductively laughs. The PORNO continues to play through the wall.

JOSH

Or we can go back even further. The smallest rabbit gives itself to the meanest old polar bear.

Julie's eyes flutter. She can't look him in the eye.

JOSH

Who lets him do unspeakable things to her while all the harmless little field biologists watch.

She does not answer. A smile plays on Josh's lips.

JOSH

For protection.

Josh's lips brush Julie's.

JOSH
Or maybe the polar bear just takes
her. Maybe that's what she wanted
all along.

Julie slowly moves her hand down her side.

JULIE
But you're not a polar bear, and
I'm not a rabbit.

Josh licks Julie's lips. Julie slowly UNBUTTONS HER JEANS.

JOSH
Oh really?

Julie shakes her head "no," even though this causes her lips
to graze Josh's even more. Julie's hand reaches down inside
the waistband of her loosened jeans.

JOSH
Are you so sure about that?

JULIE
(slowly nodding)
We've evolved.

Julie smiles. Unseen, she starts slowly sliding a CROCHETING
NEEDLE out of her pants. His lips on hers, Josh smiles, too.

JOSH
We have?

Julie starts to laugh with him. She nods her head "yes." Her
FIST tightens around the needle.

JULIE
Mm-hmm.

Julie carefully raises the needle behind his back.

JOSH
(smiling)
You sure about that?

JULIE
Pretty sure.

The needle is in striking position behind Josh's neck. Josh
stares into Julie's eyes. She stares back. He notices
something in her eyes harden.

In a flash, Josh reaches up and GRABS HER WRIST. He squeezes hard. Julie CRIES OUT in pain and DROPS THE NEEDLE.

Josh forcefully pins her against the wall and breathes hotly into her ear.

JOSH
Fuck my richard!

Josh starts LICKING Julie's face.

Julie KNEES HIM IN THE BALLS. Josh doubles over in pain. He dry-heaves once, then VOMITS a MILKY WHITE SUBSTANCE.

Julie tries to push him away. He grabs her wrist. She bends over, picks up the crocheting needle, and jabs it at him. Josh makes a TERRIBLE BREATHING SOUND.

Julie steps back in horror. Josh rears up, eyes wide in surprise, the crocheting needle STUCK THROUGH HIS WINDPIPE.

Julie grabs the lantern, the supply bag, and the ax. Josh falls to his knees holding his throat, WHEEZING HORRIFICALLY.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Julie sets the ax and supply bag down.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Jordo and Bob stand over Mike. The porno plays on loudly. Julie rushes in with the lantern.

JULIE
Something's wrong with Josh!

JORDO
What?

JULIE
Something's wrong with him!!

Bob and Jordo rush out of the room. Mike stands up.

JULIE
Grab the ax!

MIKE
What?

JULIE

In the other room, grab the ax!

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Julie rushes into the dim room and starts dragging the bike/generator toward the door to Mickey's room.

MIKE

Where is it?

JULIE

It's laying against the paint cans!

Julie drags the bike/generator through the door. She lets it go and grabs the supplies she stashed. Mike searches frantically in the near dark.

MIKE

Where is it?!

JULIE

By the wall!

Mike finds and picks up the ax.

JORDO (O.S.)

What are you looking for?

Mike looks up. Jordo and Bob stand in the doorway of the mattress room, looking out. Behind them, Josh GROANS.

Jordo walks toward Mike. Mike backs away and grips the ax.

MIKE

What do you want?

A standoff. Julie stands frozen in the door to Mickey's room. Bob stands in the mattress room door.

Jordo slowly walks halfway across the room, holding his hands up to pacify Mike, who has his hands on the ax handle.

JORDO

What happened in there?

MIKE

I don't know.

Jordo looks over at Julie. He sees the bike/generator is now inside Mickey's room.

JORDO

Where you going with that?

Jordo takes a step forward. Mike backs away.

MIKE

That's far enough.

JORDO

Give me the ax.

MIKE

That's far enough.

Jordo stops there, holding his hands up.

JORDO

What are you doing with the ax,
Mike?

MIKE

Just go back into your room.
Please.

JORDO

We don't have to do it this way.

MIKE

Come on...just stay back.

JORDO

Nothing's irreversible right now.

Mike looks at Julie questioningly. In that moment, Jordo takes a big step forward. Mike panics.

MIKE

Just stop!

Jordo stops.

JORDO

Why are you doing this, Mike?!

JULIE

He tried to rape me!

Mike looks at Julie. Jordo LUNGES at Mike. Mike swings wildly at Jordo. Jordo hops away...it wasn't even close.

JORDO

Whoa.

MIKE

Back away.

Bob CREEPS SLOWLY towards Julie.

MIKE

Just stay away from her!

Bob stops.

JORDO

(to Julie)

What the hell...I didn't do a thing to you!

JULIE

Josh did!

Mike looks at Julie. Jordo takes a step forward. Mike puts his attention back on him.

Bob starts creeping toward Julie again.

MIKE

Just get back in that room!

Jordo picks up a BRICK and circles Mike warily.

MIKE

Please, guys. Just go *back*.

JORDO

Why are you doing this, Mike?

MIKE

(to Bob)

Stay *back*!

Bob freezes, closer to Julie. Josh emerges in the mattress room door holding his bloody throat.

MIKE

You guys stole all the food. You stole all the food.

JORDO

No we didn't.

JULIE

The fuck you didn't!

Jordo takes a step forward.

MIKE

Stop it!!

Stand-off.

JOSH

(rasping)

Grab her!!

Bob looks back at Josh, hesitating.

JOSH

Fucking grab her!!

Bob LUNGES at Julie. Just as Bob reaches her, she SLAMS THE STEEL DOOR right on his hand. Bob SCREAMS IN PAIN.

Jordo THROWS HIS BRICK at Mike. Mike turns his back to absorb the blow. The brick thuds off Mike's back. Jordo rushes at Mike and wrestles for the ax.

Bob nurses his MANGLED HAND, writhing on the ground. Josh starts limping into the central chamber.

Mike pushes Jordo away. He takes a WILD SWING with the ax. He misses. Jordo grabs the ax on the downstroke. He pulls the ax away and pushes Mike down.

Jordo takes a WILD SWING at Mike. The ax lands right in the meaty part of Mike's THIGH. Mike SCREAMS in pain.

Jordo steadies himself. He raises the ax to swing. A BRICK SMASHES into Jordo's HEAD. He crumples to the ground, GROANING SICKLY.

Julie straddles Jordo, pinning his arms down with her knees. She holds his EYE OPEN with one hand.

Julie holds another CROCHETING NEEDLE against his eye with the other hand. She presses down, pushing the needle through Jordo's eye and into his brain. Jordo TWITCHES SPASTICALLY.

JULIE

Come on!

They limp/run toward Mickey's door.

MIKE

The ax!

JULIE

Just go!

JOSH
You fuckers!

Josh starts limping towards them. Julie drops Mike to the ground, picks up two bricks, and THROWS them at Josh.

Josh ducks and GROANS when one hits his arm. Mike and Julie step over Bob into Mickey's room. Julie lets Mike crumple to the floor. Mike groans in pain.

Josh picks up the ax and turns toward them, still holding his throat, a twisted look of rage on his face.

Julie tries to slam the door shut. It won't shut all the way. She slams it harder.

BOB (O.S.)
Ah!!

She looks down. She realizes Bob is blocking it. She's been slamming it on his legs. Bob writhes in pain on the ground.

Josh limps closer, ax in hand. He SCREAMS in rage.

JULIE
(at Bob)
Move!

Bob looks up at her, face full of fear. Julie grabs a BRICK and holds it over her head, ready to throw. Bob rolls out of the doorway, into the central chamber.

Josh is almost to the door, raising the ax to swing. Julie SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT. BAM! The ax slams into the metal door.

JOSH (O.S.)
Ow!!!

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie turns the lock on the doorknob. As soon as she does, Josh starts trying to open it from the other side.

The sound of the PORNO playing on the TV continues.

SKINNY GUY (O.S.)
Hey rookie. Nice job.

Julie turns around, searching. She runs past Mike, who lies on the ground, holding his leg, bleeding. The door rattles. Josh is throwing his weight against it.

SKINNY GUY (O.S.)
 Why don't you go install the
 drywall in the bedroom?

Julie pushes a DRESSER toward the door with everything she's got. It SCREECHES slowly across the concrete floor. Julie tips the dresser over at the door. It SLAMS down.

SKINNY GUY (O.S.)
 I'm gonna go show your sister the
 new pipes downstairs.

Julie grabs a heavy CHAIR and heaves it up. She struggles to carry it over to the door. She ends up half-throwing it, half-dropping it on top of the dresser.

The door rattles. Julie looks for something heavy. Her eyes alight on the TV.

ON THE TV:

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - TV

A WOMAN in a construction worker's outfit turns a wrench on a pipe. The Skinny Guy, wearing just the red handkerchief around his neck and a HARDHAT, addresses her.

SKINNY GUY
 When you finish cleaning that pipe,
 I got another one for you.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie picks up the TV. She rips the cord out. The TV shuts off on a shot of the woman giving the Skinny Guy a come-hither look. She throws the TV onto the pile at the door.

Julie sees Mike on the ground as she searches for more stuff.

JULIE
 I'll be there in a second, honey.
 Just hold on.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Everything but the bed lies in a PILE against the door. The shelter is eerily quiet.

In the soft glow of the lantern, Julie ties a TOURNIQUET out of some old jeans on Mike's leg. There's an awful lot of BLOOD on his legs and on the floor nearby.

Mike looks up at Julie, scared.

JULIE
You'll be fine.

Julie's look betrays her confidence. Mike looks worried.

JULIE
You'll be *fine*.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie holds Mike.

BAM! Julie looks at the door. Mike keeps his eyes shut.

BAM! Josh slams something very heavy against the door.

BAM!

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

BAM! The light from the lantern has dimmed to near-darkness.

BAM! Mike looks up at Julie with questioning eyes.

JULIE
We've got all the food and Dew.

BAM! Julie carefully lays Mike's head down on a pile of clothes. He looks up at her weakly.

BAM! Julie looks at Mike's leg. He's still bleeding heavily.

BAM! Julie gets on the bike/generator and starts peddling.

BAM! The lantern gets brighter.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

BAM! Julie holds Mike's hand. He opens his eyes.

MIKE
Julie...

BAM! Julie bends down to hear his weak voice.

MIKE

My pocket...in my pocket...

BAM! Julie reaches into Mike's pocket. She pulls out a GARISH, TACKY DIAMOND RING.

JULIE

Where'd you get this?

MIKE

Mickey.

JULIE

Why did Mickey have a giant cubic zirconia ring?

BAM!

MIKE

I don't know. He said the...he said the kind of women he saw couldn't tell the difference.

BAM! Julie smiles.

MIKE

Anyway...He said he was going to propose to his...to his mailwoman. He was...in love with her.

JULIE

He was going to marry his mailwoman?

MIKE

So he says. He said...he said they were all hot back in the day. Mailwomen. I'm not...not even sure if he ever even spoke to her. I don't think he even knew her name.

BAM! Julie hands him the ring. He winces in pain.

MIKE

Anyway, the point is...

BAM! Mike winces again. He motions for Julie to come closer. She leans in.

MIKE

Mickey told me a big diamond always gets the pussy juice flowing.

BAM! Julie GIGGLES, despite the situation. Mike smiles. Soon, they're both LAUGHING...which racks Mike's body with pain.

MIKE
I know I'm not the best...

JULIE
Shut up. Yes you are.

MIKE
Julie...

BAM!

JULIE
(eyes glowing)
Yes?

MIKE
Will you marry--

BAM! SNAP! Julie's head shoots up. It sounds like the LOCK BROKE. BAM! The pile TREMBLES slightly.

Julie stands up. BAM! The door has opened a tiny crack, pushing against the heavy pile.

MIKE
Fuck!!

JOSH (O.S.)
Push!

GROANS of exertion from the other side. Julie jumps on the pile and pushes back. The pile slowly moves towards her a fraction of an inch at a time.

Julie runs to the SMALL CLOSET they found the TV in. She opens the door. She piles some loose bricks inside.

Groans of exertion. The door opens a few more inches.

JOSH (O.S.)
You're fucking dead! You're fucking
dead!

Julie picks up a brick and climbs onto the pile. Josh squeezes his head into the crack of the door.

JOSH
You're fucking mine, you bitch!

Julie rears back and throws the brick at point blank range.

Josh ducks. The brick misses him. It hits something directly behind him with a WET THUD. A dark shape drops to the ground. Josh steps away from the door.

JOSH (O.S.)

Fuck!

(pause)

Get up!

(pause)

Fuck!

Julie leans in to look. She sees what could be the shape of Bob lying motionless on the floor.

The AX swings down through the door opening. Julie lunges back, avoiding it by inches. The ax swings again.

Julie has already jumped off the pile. She drags Mike towards the closet.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Josh angrily throws himself at the door. It budes slightly. He falls to the ground next to the motionless body of Bob.

Josh picks himself up. He backs up next to the body of Jordo. Josh runs at the door and slams himself into it.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Julie drags Mike with great difficulty towards the closet.

SLAM! The pile budes some more. Julie looks in despair at the long distance to the closet.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Josh slams himself into the door again. He stands up and grabs the ax. He grabs hold of the frame through the crack in the door. He starts KICKING at the door.

The door moves a few more inches. Josh puts his foot through the crack and climbs up a step on the junk in the pile.

Josh starts SQUEEZING HIMSELF through the crack. It's incredibly tight. He SCREAMS in effort. He's making progress.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Josh squeezes further into the room. He sets the ax down on the pile of junk inside the room to get a better grip.

The ax sits there, loose and unclaimed.

Josh GRUNTS. He pulls himself into the room. Josh gets down from the pile and grabs the ax.

He turns around. The room is empty. The closet door is shut. There's a WIDE BLOOD TRAIL leading to the closet door.

Josh stomps over to the door and grabs the handle. It's locked. He pulls hard. The door doesn't budge.

Josh steps back. He readies the ax. He swings. CHOP. The door is made of flimsy wood. CHOP. Josh is making fast progress.

CHOP. A HUGE HOLE opens in the door. A weird light emanates. Josh swings the ax inside the hole, hoping for a blind hit.

Josh reaches through the hole and unlocks the door. He opens the door. The closet is empty. And bathed in SUNLIGHT.

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Josh slowly enters the closet, ax in hand, squinting upwards into bright sunlight, shielding his eyes with his other hand.

A TRAP DOOR on the low ceiling of the closet hangs open. The door actually opens to a room upstairs, but the room has a window somewhere. Josh squints up into the blinding light.

Josh looks back into Mickey's room. Besides the pile against the far door, it looks empty. No supplies in sight.

Josh SCREAMS in frustration. He tucks the ax into his belt and starts chimney-climbing up and out of the closet.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Empty silence in the shelter. The lantern burns on.

RUSTLING. The TRAPDOOR to the compartment under Mickey's bed opens. Julie's head pops out.

Julie awkwardly climbs out of the compartment and crawls out from under the bed. Julie pushes the bed away from over the compartment. It's obvious she's been CRYING. A lot.

Julie collapses onto the ground near the compartment, SOBBING. Mike lies dead in a nest of canned beans and Mountain Dew inside.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Cried out, Julie sits on the floor, staring at the toilet, feeling at the GARISH "DIAMOND" RING on her ring finger.

INT. MICKEY'S ROOM - DAY

CREAK CREAK CREAK. Julie looks up. FOOTSTEPS ABOVE.

INT. CENTRAL CHAMBER - DAY

Julie runs into the central chamber with the lantern, following the footsteps.

The footsteps run straight to the door above the stairs. Julie can hear FURNITURE rapidly being cleared away.

Julie looks back at the door to Mickey's. She takes a step in that direction. Then stops.

Julie looks back at the stairs. She picks up a BRICK. Julie walks to the side of the stairs and leans against the wall, brick at ready, hiding out of sight.

There's a loud BOOM, then silence.

The DOOR starts CREAKING OPEN. Slowly. Julie braces herself.

The door opens all the way. Julie tenses.

BANG. BANG BANG. The AX clatters down the stairs, falling from step to step and landing with a CLANG on the floor.

FEET on the stairs. Descending slowly, erratically.

Julie comes out from behind the stairs and picks up the ax. She stands at the bottom, ax at the ready.

Josh descends the stairs drunkenly, a distant look in his eyes. He does not seem to see Julie.

Josh reaches the bottom. He tries to focus his eyes.

JULIE
Stop right there.

Josh fuzzily hones in on the source of the voice. He smiles.

JOSH
(gargling blood)
It's so beautiful out.

Josh holds the smile a second longer. Then he starts slowly UNBUTTONING HIS SHIRT and walking drunkenly toward Julie.

Josh pulls the shirt open, revealing a GAPING SHOTGUN EXIT WOUND.

Josh walks right past Julie, his eyes glassed over, pulling his shirt off. Julie sees a large ENTRANCE WOUND on his back.

Josh veers wildly a few times, then falls headfirst into the hubcap shelf. A single hubcap falls onto his motionless body.

After a second, EVERYTHING ELSE on the shelf FALLS DOWN.

Julie's face registers no emotion as the UNHOLY CLATTER continues for a ridiculously long time.

Finally, a single screw drops onto the ground. Julie slowly turns away from Josh's body towards the stairs. Her eyes lock on something and she freezes.

The ax falls limply out of her hands.

A long-haired WOMAN in dirty clothes stands at the bottom of the stairs, pointing a SHOTGUN at Julie.

They just stare at each other, woman to woman.

Finally, the woman looks at Josh, buried under hubcaps.

WOMAN
He with you?

Julie slowly shakes her head "no."

The woman surveys the room. She sees the bodies of Jordo and Bob scattered about, twisted at odd angles.

The woman looks up at Julie's tear-streaked, worn-out face. She lowers her shotgun. The woman shakes her head.

WOMAN
Men.

FADE TO BLACK.