

OUT WITH A BANG
"Pilot"

Written By

Nathan Ondracek

Copyrighted © Torn Britches Production
Nathan.Ondracek@gmail.com (630) 310-4030

11/6/2021

nathan.ondracek@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

1 INT. LIVING ROOM, NIGHT.

A MAN stands in the dark wearing patchwork tactical gear and a firearm strapped to his leg. He rummages through drawers with flashlight in hand. He finds something small, and shifts the bag slung over one shoulder to stow the object.

This man clearly doesn't belong here.

And he's being watched.

A FIGURE stirs behind the nearby couch, an odd ventilating sound pulsing from it. It moves slowly, quietly towards the man, a dark silhouette. It stands behind him, glass shrouding its face and what looks to be an antenna sticking up. A hand reaches out.

HUNTER

Would you stop messing around Jeff?

WILLIAM "HUNTER" ANDREWS (30 something, scrawny, short blonde hair, boy next door with kind, tired eyes) turns his flashlight on the creature, revealing another man; JEFF BAILEY (30 something, sarcastic, horndog, long dirty blonde hair and a sophisticated red beard) clad in the same odd patchwork gear and wearing a full face SNORKEL MASK on his head.

JEFF

Ah! My eyes! I'm blind!

HUNTER

I told you not to look in any mirrors.
Keep quiet. Our window's closing.

JEFF

And if we miss that window, it's
curtains for us.

HUNTER

That was awful.

JEFF

I know. I hated it as soon as I said
it. But on that note, I did grab some
curtains.

Jeff pulls out CURTAINS and presses them to Hunter's face. Hunter is startled but embraces the moment.

HUNTER

Mmmm...soft...

Beat.

JEFF

And I cleared out the garage.

Hunter comes to.

HUNTER

The basement was pretty bare. I'm gonna check the kitchen, you take the upstairs.

JEFF

Ooooo, the bedroom. Me likey.

Jeff moves quietly to a nearby staircase, his now lit flashlight guiding him.

2 INT. KITCHEN, NIGHT.

Hunter opens the cabinets, finding them bare. Disappointed, he moves his flashlight around the room and pauses. From the side of a cabinet he pulls down a CALENDAR. His eyes widen as he turns the pages before carefully putting it in his bag. Jeff returns, calling out his finds as he finishes the descent.

JEFF

Not much in terms of necessities. Plenty of clothing we can always come back for, including this.

Jeff turns the corner holding a large GREEN BAY PACKERS FOOTBALL JERSEY.

JEFF

I thought these were outlawed in Illinois.

HUNTER

Stores could only sell them in the toilet paper aisle. Bring it. It looks like someone beat us here, so we--

MIKE

HEY!

Jeff and Hunter jump as...

MIKE (40s, hulking military figure, dark hair, tan complexion) stands in the open sliding glass door, the moonlight illuminating broad shoulders and a shotgun held in his hands.

HUNTER

Jeezalloo man, you scared the crap out of me.

Jeff offers the jersey to Hunter.

JEFF

Here, use this.

MIKE

Guys, no time. Targets inbound. We gotta go.

Hunter and Jeff douse their lights, stow their finds, and draw their weapons as they rush out the door.

3 EXT. RUBBLE-RIDDEN WASTELAND, NIGHT.

The house opens to a backyard. What was once a lush lawn is now riddled with craters. A hole blown in the wooden fencing reveals an adjoining home's swing set on its side near the charred remains of a gazebo.

The men move in sync, taking on a tactical formation. They freeze as a drone flies above them, searching, scanning, and then moving on.

Yard by yard they run, passing half-empty pools and riddled landscaping. Halfway through the third lot, they're doused in light. A drone flies into view and begins a shrill beeping before being shot down by Mike.

MIKE

GO! GO! GO!

The three sprint, forced out onto a street broken sidewalks and husks of burned out cars lining the road. Smoke and debris choke the air as bullets fly.

Jeff and Hunter slam up against the concrete remains, shielding themselves from the onslaught, as Mike lands behind a nearby van.

JEFF

I gotta say, it's nice to be seen as such an imposing threat.

HUNTER

Yeah. If only they knew how bullied I was in high school. They wouldn't waste their time.

MIKE

All right guys. Five targets 100 meters out. Two lining up to flank from the east, and three more converging from the southwest. We're close to the rendezvous. If we hit now, I think we can make it. On my mark. Three, two, one, MARK!

Mike stands up, nostrils flared as he lets out a war cry, rushes the enemy, and is immediately hit, falling to the ground.

HUNTER

No! Not...I honestly have no idea what his name was.

JEFF

Why didn't you jump up to shoot?

HUNTER

I was waiting for him to say "GO!" and he said "Mark!" Who says that?!

JEFF

Unless it's someone's name? Maybe it's his name?

HUNTER

Why would he shout his own name?

JEFF

That Leeroy Jenkins guy did it.

HUNTER

Oooh yeah, good point.

The two spray random gunfire at the advancing robots.

MIKE

Guys...

HUNTER

Mark! You're not dead!

JEFF

Oh, hi Mark!

Bullets ricochet right nearby. Hunter pulls out a mirror and sticks to get a look. Five silvery humanoid figures with four arms and glowing red eyes walk towards them. A muzzle flairs as the mirror is ripped from Hunter's hand.

HUNTER

OW!

JEFF

Oh, did you get an owie?

One of the robots steps forward.

ROBOT LEADER

Put down your weapons. Surrender, and you will be spared. You have three seconds to comply.

HUNTER

Look. Mark is right.

ROBOT LEADER

Three.

HUNTER

They're closing in.

ROBOT LEADER

Two.

HUNTER

I don't think we--

ROBOT LEADER

ONE.

A large van drifts around the corner, tires squealing. A fifty caliber machine gun mounted on the hood shreds the robots. The van spins a 180 as the back doors fly open, revealing HANK (grey-hair and goatee, barrel chested, survivalist, founder of the SANCTUARY, can stay alive on his own but chose to help others, not great with words).

HANK

Let's go you lunkheads! We're burning daylight!

Jeff and Hunter drag Mike, groaning, to the back door.

JEFF
What light? It's 10pm.

HANK
Shut up and get in.

The three lift Mike into the van and Hank closes the door.

4 INT. VAN, NIGHT.

HANK
Home, Jeeves.

From the driver's seat, NIKHIL (mid-late 30s, shrimpy, tidied, Indian/Indonesian), wearing leather driving gloves, and sunglasses, glances into the rearview mirror.

NIKHIL
You got it boss.

The accelerator hits the floor as the van shoots forward.

HANK
Looks like the Calvary got here just in time.

JEFF
You mean Cavalry.

HANK
That's what I said.

HUNTER
No, you said Calvary.

HANK
Who cares? I saved your ass, I'll call it what I want to call it.

HUNTER
Technically, people were saved at Calvary.

HANK
Jesus.

JEFF
Exactly.

END COLD OPEN

ACT I

5 INT. UNDERGROUND BASE, NIGHT

Hunter and Jeff step out of the van into an underground receiving area filled with post-apocalyptic vehicles and a team of people.

Two revolutionaries, outfitted in rags and assault rifles, move in with a stretcher to help Mike as Hank unloads him.

HANK

Get him to Doc and give him whatever he needs. I've got a date with a meatloaf.

JEFF

Ew.

HANK

Shut up Jeff!

Nikhil steps down from the driver seat and inspects the vehicle for damage.

NIKHIL

Now that was some much needed field work! Almost forgot what the moon looked like.

HUNTER

We owe you one, Nik.

NIKHIL

Not at all. Besides, you don't have time to negotiate.

(nods to Jackie)

Good luck!

JACKIE FLORENCE (30 something, read hair, weight of the world on her shoulders, leader of The Sanctuary) charges forward.

HUNTER

This could hurt.

JEFF

We'll be fine. Be bra--

JACKIE

WHAT the HELL were you two thinking?!

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That implies that any thoughts go through your thick skulls.

HUNTER

Jackie, I know you're mad. But we needed to get out, and figured we could always use some necessities.

JACKIE

Oh? Well, as long as you got something valuable out of it. Perhaps a new generator, water filtration system, medicine. What did our top scavengers bring back?

Jeff pulls around his bag and starts going through it.

JEFF

Well, I got a cool...

HUNTER

All we found were some batteries, a couple flashlights, and a lead on some clothes for when the weather changes.

JEFF

...snorkel.

HUNTER

Oh, yeah, the snorkel.

JACKIE

A snorkel.

JEFF

Figure it might make for a good gas mask if we can add a filter.

JACKIE

That's all you brought us? A community of over one hundred people, whose position is always in danger of being given away by any topside trip, blessed with a few new batteries and a snorkel.

HUNTER

Well, we--

JACKIE

You risked the lives of our best engineer and our community's founder. And for your sakes I hope Mike pulls through.

JEFF

Mike! *That* was his name.

HUNTER

He looked like a Mike.

JACKIE

Enough! I'll figure out what to do with you two later. I've got enough on my plate getting the new refugees settled. You're dismissed.

Jackie storms off, and the two men share a look of personal disappointment.

HUNTER

How's your ass?

JEFF

Feels like a doberman's favorite rawhide.

HUNTER

We'll look for some ointment the next time we're out.

The two walk off defeated.

6 INT. UNDERGROUND BASE, HUNTER AND JEFF'S QUARTERS, NIGHT.

The incorrigible duo live in a wild array of memorabilia and comfort. Clearly, being the top scavengers has its perks, as the shelves are lined with books, collectible toys, and random gadgets. A tube TV sits in a corner playing old cartoons.

Hunter hangs his gun belt on a designated hook before stepping behind a panel screen divider to change. Meanwhile, Jeff beelines for a drink tray topped with crystal decanters and glasses.

HUNTER

Is it me, or is Jackie a little wound up lately?

JEFF
Isn't she always?

HUNTER
You know what I mean.

JEFF
We all are. Most people haven't been
outside in months.

HUNTER
We need something to take the edge
off.

JEFF
Alcohol.

HUNTER
In part.

JEFF
Some home-grown medication?

HUNTER
For Hank, of course.

JEFF
Maybe a little...company?

HUNTER
If things go well.

JEFF
Sounds like a particularly good time.

HUNTER
You haven't even heard the piece de
resistance.

Hunter steps from behind the divider wearing a faded t-shirt with the Chicago Skyline on it, sweat pants, and a worn out bathrobe.

He checks the door, then reaches in his bag, concealing what's inside for all but Jeff.

JEFF
Holy cow, is this real?

HUNTER
Mmmhmm.

JEFF

Jackie will never go for it.

HUNTER

Who says she needs to be told? We need this. We just have to get all our little duckies in a row. And I know just the duck with who to start.

Music swells as Hunter stares ahead, determined.

JEFF

It's whom.

Hunter winces at his mistake.

7 INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT.

Hunter and Jeff walk through the small, sheet metal lined tunnel that makes up the hallway, stopping before a door with a number of signs reading "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY" and "NO OPEN BEVERAGES BEYOND THIS POINT". Hunter opens the door and bows low, ushering Jeff through ahead of him.

8 INT. BUNKER, NIGHT. THE HUB.

Hunter and Jeff enter The Hub: the central nervous system of The Sanctuary.

Monitors of every shape and size display the system activity, from water purity levels and sanitation to cloaking and infrared output. The walls are decorated with small pieces of paper forming an odd collage. Upon further inspection, it's a conglomeration of tiny comic strips.

The brain behind it all, ECHO (Latina, techie, confident, bubble gum lover, the eyes and ears of the place), sits in a gaming chair that has seen better days. Her eyes constantly scan the screens for unexpected activity.

JEFF

How's it hanging Echo? Anything follow us home?

ECHO

So far no. Looks like that hole I found in their web was bigger than I thought. We probably won't have that luxury for much longer, though. You two cut it pretty close tonight.

HUNTER
No closer than usual.

ECHO
You're not wrong.

Jeff sets two pieces of BAZOOKA JOE BUBBLE GUM down on the desk.

ECHO (CONT'D)
You sure know a way to a girl's heart.

JEFF
As well as other parts.

ECHO
Down boy. I'm assuming you came here for a favor, so try to stay on my good side.

HUNTER
Now that you mention it, we were wondering how the EMP is coming along.

ECHO
It's close. Should be test-ready early next week.

HUNTER
What are the chances it could be ready, say, tomorrow night?

Echo laughs.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
That good, huh?

ECHO
I'd only have to divert 97% of my attention to it for the next twelve hours straight. And somehow still watch the monitors for any tin cans, prowlers, or raiders. It'll cost you a lot more than a couple pieces of bubble gum.

JEFF
We'll take over monitor duty.

ECHO
Tempting.

HUNTER

And we'll cover your next two shifts on the bike when the generators need juice.

ECHO

Six shifts.

JEFF

Four.

ECHO

Deal. So, why the sudden need for privacy?

HUNTER

Let's just say it's for the good of the community.

ECHO

Right. Better if I don't know. Give me an hour or so, then I'll need one of you to take over.

JEFF

Take over what exactly...?

Echo snaps her fingers at Jeff.

ECHO

Don't make me get the spray bottle.

Jeff starts panting and barking like a dog as Hunter grabs him by the collar and drags him out of The Hub.

9 INT. HALLWAY, NIGHT.

Hunter and Jeff begin the twisting walk through the tunnels back to their quarters.

HUNTER

That'll buy us the time we need. Now we just need the main course, and, the most important part, dessert. I'll take the first shift tonight and then talk to Hank in the morning about dinner.

JEFF

I'll check in with Olivia about the sweet treat.

JEFF (CONT'D)

She's probably still up helping out the refugees. Maybe a few extra blankets can win her over.

HUNTER

We didn't find any blankets.

JEFF

Sure we did! It's all about how you sell it.

HUNTER

May the odds be ever in your favor.

JEFF

Nothing like a Hunger Games quote to make it feel like the apocalypse.

10 INT. BUNKER, DINING COMMONS, NIGHT.

Jeff walks through a set of double doors into the dining commons, the curtains under his arm. The tables and chairs have been stacked along the walls, replaced by cots and sleeping bags.

OLIVIA (greying, matronly, kind, 55 year old faith-filled shepherd) and PLATO (philosophically waning hipster, overly tan, long haired, seems to have survived simply by believing he will) are helping get the fifteen newest members of the community settled for the night.

Jeff makes his way over to Olivia, who is currently helping a new refugee, ROSE (late 20s/mid 30s petite Asian woman, a hard to read mix of kindness and no-nonsense).

OLIVIA

Oh my goodness, are these for us?

JEFF

Yeah. Thought you might need a few extra blankets.

OLIVIA

That is too kind of you.

Olivia holds up one of the "blankets" and sees the rings at the top.

OLIVIA

Jeffrey...

JEFF

Yes?

OLIVIA

...These are curtains.

JEFF

Actually, that's a common misconception. These are Canadian blankets. They use the rings to hook the blankets under the mattress so their feet aren't exposed to the cold. Pure genius really.

ROSE

Pure something.

OLIVIA

Oh! I'm so sorry! Jeffrey, this is Rose. She arrived right before you and Hunter got back.

ROSE

Nice to meet you.

Jeff puts on the charm, or at least his version of it.

JEFF

The pleasure is all mine. You know, if you ever need a guide around here, I'm more than happy to help.

ROSE

I think I'm good, thank you. Olivia said she and...Plato?... would show us around.

Rose motions to Plato, who has picked up an acoustic guitar and begun playing an impromptu song.

PLATO

Welcome to The Sanctuary / Built by Hank his full name's Harry / Your time with us we hope you'll love / As we stay safe from the war...up above.

JEFF

Ah, yes, the most insightful tour you can possibly get. You'll enjoy his Kierkegardian take on the bathrooms.

OLIVIA

Now now, he's very sweet and wouldn't hurt a fly.

JEFF

Just your ear drums. Speaking of sweet, with new guests arriving, we thought it would be nice to have a little welcome event. You're always talking about how you miss baking...care to help?

OLIVIA

Oh, that sounds fun! I haven't baked in so long though, I don't know if I'd remember a recipe.

JEFF

Think of it as an episode of the Great British Bake off and wing it.

ROSE

I can help. My dad worked at a donut shop, so I

JEFF

Thanks. Just keep it on the down low for now. Jackie hasn't loved our ideas lately and we wouldn't want her nixing a clear community building opportunity.

OLIVIA

I won't be lying to Jackie, but for a bag of coffee on the next run I also don't have to see her if I can avoid it.

JEFF

Consider it done.

OLIVIA

Wait, how are you going to convince Toaster?

ROSE

Toaster?

JEFF

Leave the bucket of bolts to us.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Just get some rest and let us know if
you need anything else in the morning.

Jeff walks away but comes back a beat later.

JEFF

And I do mean anything. This is a
small map of the compound and my
quarters are right there.

ROSE

Where the little heart is?

JEFF

Exactly.

OLIVIA

Jeffrey.

JEFF

Just trying to help.

Jeff exits.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. BUNKER, MORNING. THE HUB.

Hunter is sitting with his feet propped up, a copy of THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING in hand, as the monitors hum around him. Jeff walks in the door.

JEFF
Morning sunshine.

HUNTER
Hey.

JEFF
Anything fun happen while I was gone?

Hunter tosses the book to Jeff as he stands and stretches.

HUNTER
Legolas shot down a Nazgul.

JEFF
Spoiler alert.

HUNTER
You asked. How'd you fare?

JEFF
Olivia's in, but she'd prefer if
Toaster was out of the way.

HUNTER
Figured she might. He's set to some
horribly conservative ingredient
protocols. I'll see if Nikhil can help
after I talk to Hank.

JEFF
Good luck.

HUNTER
Thanks, but I don't need it.

Hunter pulls a flash drive from his robe pocket and smiles before exiting.

12 INT. BUNKER, MORNING. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE HUB.

As Hunter exits The Hub, he bumps into Jackie.

HUNTER

Good morning fearless leader. What brings you here so early?

JACKIE

Routine security check; necessary after your little escapade. Plus, I'm hoping to wrap up early and take the night off. What are you doing here?

HUNTER

Oh, well, Jeff and I realized that we were out of line, and figured since it's our fault, we'd give Echo some time off and cover monitor duty.

JACKIE

That's...unlike you. But also the least you could do.

(Beat)

Excuse me.

Jackie pushes past through the double doors. As she does, Echo comes around the corner with parts in hand, ready to get back to work with installation. Hunter waves her back and points to the door, mouthing "Jackie is in there." Echo backs up, but drops a couple pieces as Hunter keeps waving her off.

The door swings out, covering Echo and her mess, and Hunter quickly transforms his waving as if shooing a fly.

HUNTER

Bunker flies. Can't seem to get rid of, 'em, huh?

JACKIE

I guess not.

HUNTER

Well, no use blabbing with me. I'm sure you want to check in on our new guests.

Jackie looks at Hunter with suspicion.

JACKIE

Yes. Thanks for the help. Just so you know, we're on high alert until we've had 24 hours of silence. I'd appreciate it if you two could behave yourselves tonight while I'm off.

Jackie walks away towards the dining commons.

HUNTER

No need to worry about that. I'm
looking forward to a quiet evening in.

13 INT. BUNKER, MORNING. HANK'S QUARTERS.

The large room is covered in crates of dried goods and other survivalist supplies. Ammo b room feels very military save for the navy blue easy chair. This is clearly where the bunker started, and the rest is a continuation of the masterpiece.

HUNTER

Oh mighty founder. How fare ye in thy
castle?

HANK

What do you want Hunter?

Hunter makes himself comfortable as the schmoozing begins.

HUNTER

A scavenger can't visit his gracious
host for a friendly chat?

HANK

A scavenger can. You can't. And after
that stunt you pulled last night,
where I distinctly remember saving
your life in a way where you owe me, I
know you're not going to try to
deprive me of my well-prepared
luxuries.

HUNTER

Well when you put it that way...

HANK

Come on, spit it out.

HUNTER

We were thinking that we could throw a
little cookout tonight to welcome your
new guests.

HANK

You want my stash?

HUNTER

Of course not, it goes so well with your beard. We just need some ground beef.

HANK

What's in it for me?

HUNTER

Can I interest you in a bit of nostalgia? Harken back to a time of beer, burgers, and da Bears.

HANK

You got your hands on a game?

HUNTER

Yup. And a projector. You'll feel like you're back on the fifty yard line at Soldier Field.

HANK

God! The crowd. Tailgating. The energy. Getting so drunk you can go shirtless in a Chicago winter.

(Beat)

OK. One burger each; that's it. And I man the grill, not the tin can.

HUNTER

Don't you worry about Toaster. I'm working on that. Pleasure visiting with you, your majesty.

Hunter bows emphatically as he backs out of the room.

HANK

And a toodle-oo to you too.

14 INT. BUNKER, KITCHEN. EVENING.

Hunter and Nikhil walk into the kitchen, where TOASTER (dry, to the point stick in the mud, a refitted battle robot with arms outfitted with electric mixers, measuring cups, and spatulas) is hard at work cleaning up lunch with one set of hands washing dishes as the other set dries.

HUNTER

Toaster! How goes it buddy?

TOASTER

William. Nikhil. Do you need assistance?

HUNTER

I came by to take over clean up since it's time for your upgrade with Nikhil.

TOASTER

Upgrade? I was not informed of any upgrade. In fact I just received an upgrade not two months ago.

HUNTER

This one is hardware. Not software. Right?

NIKHIL

Yeah. We found a few new gears, bolts. Things like that. Standard stuff really. I just need to power you down and do the install.

TOASTER

I think you're lying.

HUNTER

Me?

TOASTER

Nikhil's presence suggests this is truth, but yours, William, does not compute. Plus Nikhil's heart rate has elevated and his pupils are dilating.

HUNTER

That's just from lack of sleep.

TOASTER

The last time you came to help in the kitchen the system was thrown off and I was forced to make pancakes for dinner.

Hunter puts his arm around Toaster, leading him towards the door.

HUNTER

First off, everyone loves brinner. Ok?

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Second, it's not my fault we only had one key to the produce lock up. Anyone could've dropped it down that drain and mistaken the disposal switch instead for the light switch.

TOASTER

Yet, it was you. Please exit before I have the joy of removing you by force.

The two size each other up. The staring intensifies as Toaster steps forward and puts an authoritative mechanical hand on Hunter's shoulder.

HUNTER

Toaster.

TOASTER

William.

HUNTER

Good night.

Toaster's head tilts in confusion as Nikhil inserts a thumb drive into an open port in Toaster's back. Toaster is unable to reach the device as he slumps over, slurring.

TOASTER

I...will not...forget...this...

Hunter catches Toaster and drags him to the door with Nikhil.

HUNTER

Took you long enough.

NIKHIL

Sorry. That was my third try. The drive was upside down the first two times.

HUNTER

Hate it when that happens.

Olivia and Rose open the doors as the men lead Toaster out.

HUNTER

Ladies, the room is yours for 3 hours and 57 minutes. Give or take.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

15 INT. BUNKER, EARLY EVENING. THE HUB.

Echo puts the final touches on the EMP.

ECHO

That's as good as it gets. It'll cover a fifty mile radius. Should buy us a few hours. Internal power will be down for two minutes during activation.

JEFF

Did you need to hook it up to such a big red button?

Jeff goes to push the button. Echo slaps Jeff's hand away.

ECHO

Yes.

JEFF

Well, everything else is ready, so here goes nothing. Sound the warning. And remember, this was a happy accident.

Jeff leaves the room, distancing himself from the blame.

16 INT. BUNKER, EARLY EVENING. COMMAND CENTER.

Jackie pours over large maps of The Sanctuary and the breakdown of new members as Plato walks in.

JACKIE

Everyone getting settled ok?

PLATO

We're a little tight. But, as the Norwegian Proverb goes, "It is better to be a free man in a small house than a slave in a big one."

Jackie nods as she continues her work.

PLATO (CONT'D)

Also, Toaster's not in the kitchen. Apparently Nikhil's running long on an upgrade, but we're figuring it out. Shouldn't interfere with your night off.

JACKIE

Weird, Nikhil didn't mention an upgrade. Cutting it a little close to the dinner bell aren't we?

PLATO

Hunger is the best seasoning.

An intercom comes to life with three cheerful chimes.

ECHO (INTERCOM)

All residents, please be advised. All electronic devices need to be powered down immediately to avoid being scrambled.

JACKIE

What?

ECHO (INTERCOM)

Our own power will be off for about 2 minutes and then come back on.

Jackie throws down her work and takes off through the door at a full sprint as Plato looks on in confusion.

JACKIE

No no no no no no...

ECHO (INTERCOM)

Thank you for your cooperation.

17 INT. BUNKER, EARLY EVENING. HALLWAY

Jackie moves as fast as she can, dodging between people and ricocheting off the wall before having to stop for a group of children in the hallway.

OLIVIA

Right this way kids! No need to worry. The lights will be back on soon!

Jackie continues on, and makes it to The Hub, throwing the door open as the lights go out.

ECHO

Good news Jackie! The EMP works!

JACKIE

What happened? We're a week away from testing!

ECHO

I'm sorry, I really am. I must have input the wrong code for the failsafe.

JACKIE

Was anything even out there to shut down! Or did we just lose every advantage this gave us?

ECHO

I checked before the shut down. We caught at least five drones and twenty sentries in range.

Jackie is fuming. This doesn't seem to be her day.

JACKIE

Is that supposed to make me feel better? After all our hard work I have to be happy we got lucky? We have so little. Was it so much to ask that today go right?

Echo sits in stunned silence. She never thought this would be the reaction. Jackie slams the doors open and charges out.

18 INT. SANCTUARY HALLS, NIGHT.

Jeff walks around the corner as Hunter steps out of the Dining Commons.

JEFF

Did you fill everyone in?

HUNTER

Yup. They're all set.

JEFF

Great, now we just need...

As if on cue Jackie turns the corner.

HUNTER

Jackie!

JEFF

Fancy running into you.

JACKIE

Stop. Please. Just stop. I can't deal with you two right now.

HUNTER
Everything all right?

JACKIE
Is everything all right? You have the *gall* to ask me that? First, your unplanned scavenge run wounds one of our best tactical fighters. Then I find out Toaster's been out of commission for hours. And now, our one technological advantage is "accidentally" tested a week early.

JEFF
That was just a test? Thank goodness.

Jackie looks at them, wondering.

JACKIE
If I find out either of you had anything to do with this...All I wanted today was...

Jackie stares off, a pained look in her eyes.

HUNTER
Yeah?

JACKIE
Nothing.

HUNTER
Let's go sit inside and you can help us understand.

JACKIE
No. I don't need your jokes, your knick-knacks, or your sex crazed flirtations. I know you're just coping the best you can, but please just leave me be so that for once in this god-forsaken place I can have a bit of peace.

Jackie turns to go into the mess hall, and as the double doors swing open...

19 INT. BUNKER, DINING COMMONS, NIGHT.

ALL
Surprise! / Happy Birthday!

Jackie looks around in shock. Twinkling lights hang from the ceiling and the crowd wears a smattering of homemade party hats.

JACKIE

What? How? Nobody...

HUNTER

Our little unplanned scavenger run turned up some valuable assets that we may have kept from you.

Hunter pulls out a brown paper wrapped package, which Jackie opens to reveal the calendar from earlier, now in full view. The cover reads "A Year with the Florences" and is accompanied by a picture of Jackie standing with arms wrapped around a man in a PACKERS' JERSEY. Jackie tears up as she flips through a page with another smattering of pictures, including parents and siblings, and a red circled date that says "JACKIE'S B-DAY!" As if this weren't enough, Jeff pulls out the jersey from earlier wrapped in a bow.

JEFF

Happy Birthday Jackie. Sorry for all the trouble.

JACKIE

I don't know what to say. You two...

HUNTER

You don't have to say anything. You mean a lot to all of us. We just wish we could give you more.

JACKIE

Thank you. So much.

JEFF

Just don't be mad if Toaster's meals are a little off the next couple weeks.

JACKIE

Wait, what did you...

HUNTER

Go on! Enjoy your cake! Olivia made it from scratch and everything.

Jackie smiles and turns to the rest of the party, hugging Echo and taking a slice of cake from Olivia.

Music plays through an old turntable and everyone in the community is dancing, smiling, and getting a bit of normalcy.

Plato pushes Mike in a wheelchair, his arm in a sling and his leg is propped up in a cast. A child gives Jackie a picture they drew her, and a couple other small gifts are given.

Rose walks over to Jeff, who is handing out drinks from his personal stash.

JEFF
How'd the baking go?

ROSE
Pretty good once we found the keys to the sugar. Toaster really does have things locked down back there.

JEFF
That key wasn't in the garbage disposal, was it?

ROSE
What? No. Why?

JEFF
No reason.

Hank flips burgers just outside the kitchen and hands one over to a boy with his mom.

HANK
There you go buddy.
(Beat)
Hey, Hunter.

Hank waves his spatula, motioning for Hunter to come over.

HUNTER
Yeah?

HANK
You could've told me it was for Jackie. I'd have done steaks.

HUNTER
Really?

HANK
Well, no.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

But I wouldn't have twisted your arm.
That girl does so much for all of us.
She deserves every joy we can give
her.

HUNTER

We just wanted to make sure it would
be a surprise.

HANK

You pulled it off! That's for sure.
Next favor you need is on me.

The lights dim at one end of the dining commons as a projector Echo is working on whirs to life, and we see a sweeping shot of Soldier Field as the game is about to begin.

HANK

(Full of joy)
The Bears. Back in all their glory.
What game did you get?

HUNTER

The 2010 NFC Championship Game.

HANK

What?! The Bears LOST that game!

HUNTER

(Knowingly)
They did?! Shoot! The file said "Best
Bears Game Ever".

HANK

Must've been labeled by a Packers fan.

Hunter winks at Jackie, who is still holding her first two gifts, hesitant to let them out of her sight. Hunter grabs a couple burgers and walks one over to her.

JACKIE

You know, I was actually a Bears fan.

HUNTER

Oh, really? Sorry! We can...

JACKIE

No. It was always a fun little rivalry
for us, and honestly one I rarely won.
This...this is all perfect. Thank you.

HUNTER
You're welcome.

It's a sweet moment as the two watch the kickoff, music playing and everyone around them forgetting the life above. Jackie flips the page in her calendar to a picture at the beach with diving gear.

JACKIE
So that snorkel...

HUNTER
I'll get it from Jeff.

20 INT. UNDERGROUND BASE, GARAGE, NIGHT

A pile of scrap metal sits in the corner. It doesn't look like much, but upon further investigation, Toaster's outline takes shape. The robot's eyes slowly blink one by one into life.

TOASTER
I...will not...forget...this...

END