

The Gatekeepers
"Reassigned"

written by

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TEASER

1

EXT. THE RUINED SCHOOL - DAY (PAST)

1

Juvenile trees grow through ancient playground equipment, rusted and broken from neglect and disuse.

Chunks of upheaved pavement push cars up at awkward angles in the adjoining parking lot.

Equipment glistens with raindrops from a recent downpour, evidence of a world mourning its abandonment.

Water pools in low spots on the play yard.

YIP.

A skinny Golden Retriever and her fluffy pups shelter beneath a jungle gym platform.

A playful GROWL.

A high-pitched BARK.

The mother dog cleans her pups as they play and tumble over one another.

A small band of EXPLORERS weaves through the rotting suburban carnage, bows and makeshift spears in hand, empty canvas sacks slung over their shoulders.

CHARLIE, 30s, very pregnant but surefooted, gestures to a building in the distance.

CHARLIE

This way!

She leads the band toward a crumbling school.

Charlie scans the horizon, alert and ready for any threat.

Pausing, Charlie waits for the others to catch up. She tugs at the collar of her oversized coat, pulling it around her neck with roughened hands.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Watch your step. It's easy to lose your footing.

Concrete chunks and twisted metal peek out from under the piles of leaves and brush the band crushes beneath their feet as they near the playground.

Past the parking lot stands the abandoned school. Out front, a haphazard carpool line awaits children who never emerged.

Cars sit, charred and empty, some overturned, drivers taken out by a blast from some unnatural furnace.

Vines and growing things overtake the school's facade. A burned-out wing hosts new life, an impromptu orchard filled with ripe fruit.

Charlie points toward the orchard.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is it.

CLINT HAYES, 30s, a powerful man with square features and shaggy hair, joins Charlie. He carries a strange-looking tank on his back. Coiled hoses wrap around a cleat on the front of the tank, and a hand pump protrudes from the top.

HAYES

Apples.

Charlie grins at him and nods.

They clasp hands.

Charlie places a hand on her rounded belly. Hayes kisses her on the temple.

The others, a rag-tag crew dressed in layers of ripped denim and holey flannel, step up and join them. The party takes in the glorious sight.

Nimble and impulsive, SETH, a teen with a winning grin, breaks ranks and dashes toward the bounty, whooping.

SETH

Come on, what are ya'll waiting for!

The others follow him to the harvest. Charlie laughs, reveling in Seth's enthusiasm.

Charlie stands guard, looking for signs of danger, while the others clamber up the trees.

The mother dog emerges from under the jungle gym, barking, alerted by the noise. Her pups tumble after her.

Charlie takes a piece of jerky from her pocket. She offers it to the dog, who approaches cautiously. She wins the animal over, and soon the pups join them, licking and nuzzling Charlie's hand.

CHARLIE
 Ya'll are all alone out here, huh?
 Where's your pack?

The mother dog tenses, looking off into the distance. She growls, her hackles raised.

Charlie stands and turns, following the dog's gaze. A ways off, a fiery wave sweeps down the main street of the abandoned town.

The mother dog stands guard while Charlie sweeps the pups into her canvas sack.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (yells)
 Blazers!! We gotta move.

The others jump from the trees, cramming final handfuls of ripe apples into their sacks.

HAYES
 Everybody out, draw them away from
 the orchard.

Seth jumps out of his tree and joins Hayes near the playground, spear positioned for the fight.

HAYES (CONT'D)
 Circle up.

His troops follow orders. Hayes takes their sacks, now loaded down with fruit.

HAYES (CONT'D)
 Seth, run these back to camp.

SETH
 But -

Hayes shoves one of the sacks at the kid.

HAYES
 Nothing is more important than
 this, you understand?

SETH
 Yes, sir.

HAYES
 Charlie!

Charlie cradles the sack of wriggling puppies as she runs to the group; the mother dog keeps pace at her side.

CHARLIE
Seth, wait! Here.

She drapes the strap of the sack holding the pups over his neck. Charlie bends down and takes a second to stroke the dog.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You did good, girl. Now, go on.

The dog looks to Seth, then to Charlie, and whines.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Go!

Charlie nods to Seth, who takes off. The dog bolts after him.

The wave of flame has abated to a line of singular fiery points moving so swiftly they are little more than a hot orange blur.

The little band soaks their spears and arrows in the puddles dotting the playground, preparing for the assault.

HAYES
(to Charlie)
Go on with Seth.

Hayes drops his pack and uncoils the hose.

Charlie doesn't budge. She mans the pump at the top of the tanks.

CHARLIE
We need that food.

Hayes addresses the troops.

HAYES
Cover me while I soak 'em, then
run. Got it?

The onslaught begins. Charlie plunges the pump up and down at lightning speed, water sprays from Hayes's hose, and the blazing orange blurs morphing into a gray-black cloud.

The cloud swirls around the fighters. They thrust into the beastly mist with their spears. Fabric slices open, ripped by talons so fast they seem nothing more than a streak of black air.

A man to Hayes's right loses a hand.

A woman on their left flank falls to her knees, belly sliced open, blood puddles beneath her as she falls forward, howling.

The gray-black swarm focuses its force on the fallen woman. It swirls around her.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Run! Go, go, go!

Hayes motions for everyone to run toward the forest.

Charlie grabs the tank and runs toward the trees with the group.

Hayes covers the back of the little unit, uncomfortably close to the swirling, black death cloud, looking back as he runs, his hose poised to spray should the cloud ignite.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Duck into the tree line.

The gray swirling cloud sparks. Hayes stops, as does Charlie. She places the tank on the ground, ready to pump.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Blazers won't go in there. Too much moisture. James! Man the pump before Charlie tires out. We'll hold them off. Ya'll get back to camp.

The death cloud sparks and ignites into a ball of flame.

Charlie works the pump furiously as JAMES, a burly bearded man, breaks ranks and runs to take over for her.

The fireball moves toward Hayes at incredible speed. The spray of water hits the fireball. It splits and sputters as it separates, fighting to stay alight.

Charlie stumbles back, allowing James to take over the pump.

A blur of gray-black sweeps past James, slicing him across the cheek.

The cloud swoops towards Charlie as she runs toward the tree line.

Hayes drops the hose and runs for Charlie.

Charlie falls. She curls into a ball, wrapping her arms protectively around her belly.

James forgets the pump, heaves up the tank, and runs toward Charlie.

Hayes gets to Charlie first. He covers her body with his own. She moves her arm, and blood seeps from a gash across her stomach.

A flurry of nearly invisible black talons slice across Hayes's back. He screams in agony.

James swings the tank in the air at the swirling cloud, attracting its attention away from Hayes and Charlie. He screams as the gray-black blur tears him apart.

2

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

2

Hayes thrashes and flails as he awakens, screaming from his nightmare. His hair is short and neat, his torso bare.

A petite woman with impossibly large doe eyes, TARA, cowers in a corner, her lengthy white nightgown tangled around her legs.

Hayes takes in his surroundings: the tangle of white bedclothes, the simple white dress draped over a nearby chair. A modest bouquet of red roses lies atop a dresser, the only spot of color in the room.

He extricates himself from the bedsheets and goes to Tara.

HAYES

I'm so sorry. It was a dream. It was only a bad dream.

Hayes takes her hands, unsure. She allows his touch, but does not move closer to him.

Pink, freshly healed scars run diagonally across Hayes's bare back.

ACT ONE

3 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - MORNING

3

Tara, in a simple white dress, swings the door open. She is older than she first appeared, nearing her mid-thirties. Her large eyes and wholesome face make her seem younger and more fragile than she is.

TARA

Welcome home.

Tara waits, her eyes glued on Hayes as he steps inside.

A puppy with fluffy, golden fur runs up to greet them. Tara scoops up the pup, who wriggles in her arms and licks her face.

Hayes steps across the threshold of his new home, a canvas sack slung over his shoulder. He crosses his arms over his chest, pulling tight the seams of his ill-fitting light gray button-down, and looks around the room.

Tara closes the door as Hayes examines his surroundings.

He surveys the apartment, taking in the elegant open floor plan, the plain white walls, and the finely crafted modern furniture with its clean lines and minimal ornamentation, all in neutral shades of brown, black, and gray.

TARA (CONT'D)

They will have put your new clothes
in the dresser in the bedroom.
Everything you need should be here.

Hayes strides across the room. His heavy gait is out of place in this neatly structured world.

He pauses at the home's centerpiece, a large wood-burning fireplace, and drops his canvas sack on the couch before going to the large picture window on the exterior wall.

Tara places the pup on the ground.

TARA (CONT'D)

(points)

Bed.

The puppy retreats to his bed and finds a bone to gnaw.

Hayes looks out at the small city below.

People dressed in varying shades of gray scurry along the building-lined streets like ants.

Everyone is dressed in the same austere style. Every man has the same standard-issue haircut. Every woman wears her hair long and half down or pulled up in a bun as dictated by her station and occupation.

Remnants of the old world are evident in the architecture of the buildings, though all repairs and new structures are of gray, austere concrete.

Tara joins Hayes at the window. She points to the swath of green forest on the other side of the city's tall, impenetrable, concrete wall.

TARA (CONT'D)

The trees are so beautiful. I had a little tree once. In a pot. A bonsai tree.

HAYES

You kept a tree in a pot?

Tara abandons the window.

TARA

Yes. It died.

She stops at the couch, picks up Hayes' canvas sack, and pulls out his ripped-up jeans and flannel. Tara wrinkles her nose and stuffs the ratty material back in the bag.

TARA (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? I could -

Hayes takes the bag from her.

HAYES

No. Thank you.

Hayes makes his way to a closed door and swings it open. He steps inside.

4

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

4

A simple crib stands in the center of the room.

Hayes goes to the crib and drops his sack on the floor. He runs his hand along the upright spindles on the crib's side.

5 INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY (PAST)

5

Hayes, near collapsing, stumbles through a curtain of ivy into a stone-lined passageway.

He carries Charlie, who lies limp in his arms, her head lolling to the side, eyes closed.

Hayes trudges down the stone tunnel toward the bunker opening. As he approaches, a GUARD leaps up and rushes to unlatch the barred gate and let them in.

GUARD

(yells)

Hey, we need some help out here!

Several others, Seth included, come running down the dim, lamp-lit passageway.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Get Dr. Banks.

ADAM, a wiry man with a scar down the side of his face, nods and dashes back into the shadowy recesses of the bunker.

Hayes falters, and the guard takes Charlie from his arms. Seth runs in to bolster Hayes up just before he falls to the ground.

DR. BANKS, mid to late 30s, a sweet-faced woman wearing a serious expression, runs towards the bunker entrance, confident, authoritative.

Adam and several others follow, dragging along an old hospital gurney.

Adam helps the guard get Charlie onto the gurney. Dr. Banks calls out orders.

DR. BANKS

Get her on the gurney. Easy, now.
Easy.

Dr. Banks checks her vitals and looks at the wound.

HAYES

She's - is she - ?

DR. BANKS

She's alive.

HAYES

The baby - ?

Dr. Banks motions for the others to take Charlie. They wheel her down the passageway.

Crowds of people gather in open doorways, craning their necks to see.

DR. BANKS
She's in shock.

Seth and Hayes stumble forward.

DR. BANKS (CONT'D)
I gotta get her somewhere clean and
get a better look at that wound.

She eyes the bloody tear in the back of Hayes's shirt.

DR. BANKS (CONT'D)
(to Hayes)
Yours too.

Banks turns and shouts over her shoulder.

DR. BANKS (CONT'D)
Adam!

Adam knows his orders before they are spoken. He leaves the others to tend to Charlie and helps Seth support Hayes.

DR. BANKS (CONT'D)
(to Hayes)
What were you thinking?

Dr. Banks rushes off before Hayes can answer.

Adam and Seth help Hayes make his way down the corridor.

6

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - (BACK TO PRESENT)

6

Tara joins Hayes at the crib, pulling him from his memory. He nods half-heartedly as she explains.

TARA
You'll start work tomorrow. We all
must do our part for the welfare of
The Community. Don't worry if you
start low in the ranks. You will
move up quickly. They wouldn't have
paired us otherwise.

Hayes reaches up and toys with the bright, red shapes on the baby mobile, apples. One of the only spots of color in the apartment.

TARA (CONT'D)

Pretty, isn't it? They let us have some color for the babies so their eyes develop properly. Do you like children?

Hayes drops the apple like it's poisoned. He backs away from the crib and studies her face, lovely, strong, hopeful - and sad.

He turns away.

HAYES

No.

And walks from the room.

7 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 7

Hayes heads for the door, stopping at the closet to take out a black peacoat. On the right sleeve, a patch reads 15311, signifying his occupation, rank, and assigned family number.

Tara steps into the doorway of the nursery. She watches Hayes as he slips out, closing the front door behind him.

8 INT. COMMANDER HALL'S OFFICE - DAY 8

COMMANDER HALL, an authoritative, white-haired gentleman in a pristine solid white military dress uniform, stands looking out his office window.

PETER, a fidgety vole of a man in a light gray button-down and trousers, paces anxiously.

Peter cleans his spectacles with the hem of his coat.

Both men, as all members of The Community, wear numbered patches on their right sleeves similar to that on Hayes's jacket.

PETER

Our actions were rash and unconvincible. If...no, not if, when the rest of the Council finds we implemented the F-27 protocol without approval -

Commander Hall intently watches Hayes exit the neighboring apartment building and join the flow of foot traffic on the street while Peter babbles.

He turns from the window, shutting Peter down without saying a word.

Peter stops moving. He puts on his spectacles. Waits.

COMMANDER HALL

We did what was necessary for the good of The Community.

Commander Hall takes his seat at his desk. He picks up a pen and shuffles through his papers, signaling the end of the conversation.

Peter stands, awaiting Commander Hall's returned attention, ignoring the older man's implied dismissal.

Commander Hall stills his pen.

He looks up at Peter, inviting him to continue.

PETER

And you had no ulterior motives?

COMMANDER HALL

My motives are not for you to question, Peter.

Again, Commander Hall returns to his work.

Peter slams his palms down on the desk, a petulant child commanding his elder's attention.

PETER

I will not be cast out, or worse, thrown into the pit, because you refuse to admit your personal biases clouded your judgment. We don't even have proof F-27 works. Best to go to the Council before -

Commander Hall rises.

He presses a button on his phone.

COMMANDER HALL

Sadie, Dr. Brighton is on his way out. Could you please bring him his coat?

SADIE, an efficient young woman in a steel gray suit, enters the office. She carries a man's black peacoat.

Sadie holds the coat out to Peter, who snatches it away and slips it on.

COMMANDER HALL (CONT'D)

I appreciate your insight, Dr. Brighton, and will take your thoughts into consideration.

Peter storms out.

SADIE

Anything else, sir?

Commander Hall returns to his papers.

COMMANDER HALL

No, thank you.

Sadie closes the door, leaving Commander Hall alone.

Commander Hall stares down at the mess of documents on his desk, among which are photos of two men lying battered and deathlike on a wide surgeon's table, Hayes and TRENT.

ACT TWO

9 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - DAY 9

Tara returns to the crib and sees Hayes's abandoned sack of old clothes.

She retrieves the sack from the floor and carries it from the room.

10 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 10

Tara takes the sack of clothes to the fireplace. She arranges the wood, starts a fire, and throws the sack into the flames.

She rises and crosses to the final closed interior door of the apartment.

11 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

Tara walks into the bedroom, closes the door behind her, and turns the lock.

She closes the bedroom curtains, then goes to the bed, grasps the mattress with both hands, and flips it off the frame, revealing a slit about eight inches long in the center.

Tara reaches into the slit and pulls out a spiral-bound sketchbook. She sets the sketchbook aside and puts the bedroom back to rights.

Sketchbook in hand, Tara settles onto the edge of the bed.

She turns to the first sketch, a sketch of herself, younger, pregnant, looking into a mirror with a handsome, broad shouldered young man with a dimpled smile, Trent.

Tara flips the pages. The sketchbook is full of pencil drawings of herself and a pair of twin girls, charting the girls' growth from infancy to age five.

She stops on a page of herself and the girls playing with brightly colored blocks on the great room floor.

Her tears fall on the page.

12 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - DAY (PAST) 12

Tara, dressed in a simple but flattering light gray, knee length day dress, sits on the floor.

She builds towers from brightly colored blocks with a pair of five-year-old twin girls.

The girls wear simple, gray dresses and bows in their hair.

Trent lounges in a chair nearby, sketching the scene.

BECCA
Can we see, Daddy?

Trent shades in the blocks with a flourish.

TRENT
Almost...Done!

He turns the sketch around, showing it off for the girls, who grin and giggle. The numbered patches are suspiciously absent from the drawing.

Abby points to a girl in the picture who is placing a block atop the tower.

ABBY
That one's me!

Trent beams.

BECCA
And that one's me?

TRENT
Sure is.

BECCA
Mama, can we put it up on the wall?

Trent and Tara exchange looks. Maybe showing the girls the sketchbook was a bad idea.

TARA
These pictures are top secret, just for us.

TRENT
You can keep a secret, right, girls?

Trent pantomimes locking his lips and throwing away the key. The girls imitate his actions.

KNOCK.

Trent scrambles to hide the sketchbook.

He shoves it under the couch cushions.

Tara turns to the girls.

TARA
Remember...

She pantomimes locking her lips, and the girls nod.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Trent hurries to answer the door. Commander Hall waits on the other side.

ABBY & BECCA
Grandpa!

Overjoyed, the girls leap up and run for the older man.

13 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT) 13

Wiping her eyes, Tara closes the sketchbook and stands.

She shoves the book under a pile of garments in the dresser drawer.

14 EXT. THE COMMANDERS' OFFICES - LATER 14

Tara steps up to the building in a fitted gray coat.

Tara looks up the building's facade to The Community crest, a shield emblazoned with a single flame encircled by a sturdy wall with a closed gate at its center.

She takes a breath and lifts a modestly heeled foot onto the first step.

The other foot follows, and so on, as she makes her way to the doors.

15 INT. THE COMMANDERS' OFFICES - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS 15

Tara steps inside the building.

Peter, fuming, brushes shoulders with Tara as they pass.

Tara pauses, awaiting the customary apology that does not come. She continues to the elevator bank.

Peter storms out the door.

Tara presses the elevator button.

16 INT. COMMANDER HALL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

16

Sadie opens his office door and peeks in.

Commander Hall sits at his desk, picture in hand.

He looks up, sees her, and smiles.

COMMANDER HALL

What can I do for you, Sadie?

SADIE

Your - Tara is here, sir.

Commander Hall places the picture back in his desk drawer and closes it.

COMMANDER HALL

Ah, thank you. You can let her in.

Tara walks into the office. Sadie closes the door behind her. Tara stands, waiting to be addressed before speaking. The commander greets her with a warm smile.

COMMANDER HALL (CONT'D)

Tara, how are you, my dear?

Tara swallows. She smiles faintly.

TARA

Well, thank you. Commander -

Commander Hall stands.

COMMANDER HALL

John, please. You can still call me by my name; no need to stand on formality.

TARA

John. I appreciate all you have done; I am certain that pushing through a good match for me so quickly after -

Tara stutters a bit. She closes her eyes, breathes, and continues.

TARA (CONT'D)

After. Could not have been easy, but this is not working out.

The commander settles onto the edge of his desk and listens.

TARA (CONT'D)

This man, Hayes, something is very wrong with him. I want the marriage annulled.

COMMANDER HALL

I can't do that, Tara. I'm sorry. You will have to find a way to make it work.

TARA

He is an outsider. He does not understand or respect our ways, and quite frankly, he frightens me.

Commander Hall stands. He goes to Tara and takes her by the hand.

COMMANDER HALL

Hayes is still adjusting, but he will settle in just fine.

TARA

But -

Commander Hall takes both her small hands in his large, warm ones.

COMMANDER HALL

How much time do we have until...?

TARA

Seven months? Six?

COMMANDER HALL

Everything will all be alright, I promise. Give it time.

Commander Hall pulls Tara into a fatherly hug, seeking to reassure himself as much as her.

17

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - DAY (PAST)

17

With both little girls wrapped securely in a bear hug, Commander Hall lifts them from the ground.

The girls squeal and giggle.

Commander Hall deposits the children on the floor. They snuggle him like eager puppies.

ABBY

Again!

BECCA

Yes, Grandpa, do it again!

Tara joins the rest of the family at the door. Commander Hall notices the tower of blocks. He points.

COMMANDER HALL

And what is that? Did you build that beautiful tower?

ABBY

Mama helped.

BECCA

And Daddy -

Over the commander's head, Trent makes the lip-locking motion.

BECCA (CONT'D)

Daddy didn't.

COMMANDER HALL

She told on you, didn't she?

TRENT

Guilty.

COMMANDER HALL

Girls, I have some business to take care of with your parents, then I would love to see this marvelous tower of yours. Why don't you head on over there and get it ready for me?

The girls bounce off.

Commander Hall pulls a black envelope from his inner breast pocket.

COMMANDER HALL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, son.

He hesitates, tapping the envelope in his open palm, then hands it to Trent.

Tara slips an arm around Trent's waist.

Commander Hall pulls his lips into a grim line and nods at his son before leaving to join the girls.

Trent holds the envelope in trembling hands.

He and Tara lock eyes, their brows furrowed.

Tara nods.

Trent opens the envelope

Pulls out a white card.

And reads it silently.

TARA

When do you leave?

TRENT

Tomorrow.

Trent pulls Tara close.

18

EXT. THE COMMUNITY STREETS - DAY (PRESENT)

18

Hayes weaves his way through the pristine, crowded streets. Despite his standard-issue haircut and clothing, he does not belong.

Not a single person he passes is directionless or idle.

Hayes almost runs into two GARBAGE MEN in black jumpsuits load wooden crates onto wagons, sweep the pavement, and empty garbage cans into hand-pulled carts.

GARBAGE MAN

Apologies, sir.

The men remove their hats, step back, and bow their heads waiting until Hayes passes to resume their work.

A REFINED LADY in a white dress and coat passes, comfortably seated atop a rickshaw pulled by a RICKSHAW MAN dressed in dark gray on a bike.

BRRRING-BRRRING

The Rickshaw Man rings a silver bell on his bicycle handle.

RICKSHAW MAN

Clear the way! Clear the way!

SHOPKEEPERS in medium gray tones polish windows and tidy their displays.

A young teacher dressed in a shade of gray slightly darker than Hayes's leads a gaggle of identically dressed girls wearing light gray dresses and hair bows.

TEACHER

Move along now. There we are, let's go.

Alert and calculating, Hayes takes in the activity on the street; his eyes scan the worn, meticulously maintained buildings as he memorizes the town's layout.

He finds what he is looking for and abruptly stops.

A hospital.

The imposing building sits off the main street, backed up to the Community's massive exterior wall.

A NURSE in medium gray and an old-fashioned nurse's cap helps an older gentleman dressed in white step from his wheelchair into a waiting rickshaw.

NURSE

Watch your step, now.

Families stream in and out of the busy building. Every face is bright, healthy, and shining.

The elderly among the throng are surprisingly nimble and treated with the utmost care and respect.

Hayes climbs the stairs and enters the building.

19

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

19

Hayes enters the cavernous hospital lobby. The ceiling stretches up a good three stories. A large staircase leads to open walkways on each floor overlooking the entrance.

Patients and staff traverse the grand space, nodding pleasantly to one another as they pass.

Hayes, a statue amidst a river of flowing bodies, stands, hands in his coat pockets, scanning the upper balcony of the building.

He spies an area of interest above, raises a brow, and steps forward towards a staircase.

Hayes collides with ANN, a tall, lithe woman with a rounded pregnant belly.

He reaches out to steady her as she falls.

20 INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - INFIRMARY - DAY (PAST) 20

Hayes holds Charlie by both hands, steadying her as she stands from an ancient, rickety wheelchair.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

She glares sardonically at Adam, who stands nearby scowling, arms crossed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I told you I could stand up on my own.

ADAM

Can and should aren't the same thing, missy. You be careful, Dr. Banks will have my hide if she knows I let you get up and move around.

She takes Hayes's arm, and they walk out into the hall together.

21 INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - HALL - CONTINUOUS 21

Charlie leans on Hayes's shoulder as they walk the hall.

Adam follows at a considerate distance, ready with the wheelchair should she need it.

HAYES

You sure you're OK to be walking around?

CHARLIE

Nope. But I couldn't lie in that bed for another minute. My joints are getting stiff, and I'm going stir crazy.

They continue down the hallway slowly. Charlie walks with tiny, shuffling steps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And I needed to talk to you without the whole medical staff fluttering around.

HAYES

(grins)

What? You gonna try to talk me into sneaking a puppy into the infirmary?

CHARLIE

That would be nice. But, no. This is serious.

Hayes stops, his expression somber. He shakes his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't act like you think you know what I'm gonna say, cause you don't - not everything. There's this, this place, they call it The Community. They have food, medicine, electricity, schools...a hospital.

HAYES

Charlie -

Charlie takes Hayes hand and places it on her belly.

CHARLIE

Find it. And then come back, and take him there.

HAYES

Him, huh? You think it's a boy?

CHARLIE

Just a feeling I got.

Charlie winces. She cries out and buckles in pain.

Hayes catches her as Adam rushes forward with the wheelchair.

22

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY (PRESENT)

22

Hayes helps Ann regain her balance.

Peter enters the hospital and notices the two of them. He heads their way.

Ann quickly withdraws her hands from Hayes grasp. She adjusts her clothing.

ANN

Oh! Excuse me.

HAYES

No, I ran right into you. It's my fault.

Hayes studies her, his eyes widen with recognition.

HAYES (CONT'D)

You're Ann. Ann Brighton.

Ann tilts her head and furrows her brow.

ANN

Yes, but I don't believe we've met.

HAYES

(confused)

No, we haven't. I...?

Peter joins them.

Ann's demeanor changes instantly at Peter's approach. She draws back and casts her eyes downward.

PETER

Hello there.

Peter greets Hayes with a tight smile and holds out a hand for Hayes to shake. Hayes takes it awkwardly.

PETER (CONT'D)

Peter Brighton. I see you've met my wife.

HAYES

Sorta, yeah. Clint Hayes, but everyone calls me Hayes.

PETER

Pleasure to meet you, Clint.

Peter turns to Ann, his movement swift and curt.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ann, dear, I will follow you home momentarily.

With a tiny nod, Ann hurries away.

Peter turns to Hayes, his eyes stone cold.

PETER (CONT'D)

A word of advice. I won't take offense, as you are new here and still learning how things work, but placing your hands on another man's wife is frowned upon.

Hayes meets Peter's stare and returns it with an accusing stare of thinly masked contempt.

HAYES

I'm sorry, she fell and -

Peter turns and strides away.

PETER

Best see it doesn't happen again.

Hayes watches Peter exit the building.

Unnerved by the encounter, Hayes continues through the lobby.

He passes sign after sign, dismissing them all, until he comes to a directory.

Hayes runs his finger along the list of doctors and departments until he finds what he is looking for.

He steps back from the directory and heads for the stairs.

23 INT. HOSPITAL - 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATER 23

Hayes strides down the walkway, head erect, eyes forward, matching stride with the others in an attempt to blend.

He notes the numbered corridors as he passes 301, 302, 303...

A HEART-WRENCHING WAIL stops him in his tracks.

24 INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - INFIRMARY - DAY (PAST) 24

Charlie, in the wheelchair, clutches her stomach as she wails through gritted teeth.

Adam wheels Charlie up to a hospital bed, and Hayes helps him get her onto the mattress.

Dr. Banks runs into the room, followed by Seth and some others.

DR. BANKS
Hey there, sweetheart. How's it
going?

Charlie screams through her teeth.

DR. BANKS (CONT'D)
That good, huh?

Adam steps in.

ADAM
Contractions, I think. Not that far
apart either. I didn't have
something on me to time them.

DR. BANKS
That's not good. Everybody out! You
too, Dad.

Hayes doesn't move.

DR. BANKS (CONT'D)
If you aren't helping, you're in
the way. Scram.

Seth takes Hayes by the arm and pulls him from the room.

25 INT. HOSPITAL - 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY (PRESENT) 25

Hayes shakes himself from his stupor and continues down the
corridor, looking for the source of the cry.

The wailing nears.

A YOUNG WOMAN, pregnant, barely older than twenty, in a white
hospital gown, rounds a corner. Her bare feet slap the
linoleum tile.

She sees Hayes and runs to him, and collapses to her knees at
his feet.

One hand protectively over her belly, she tugs his coat hem
while she cries and pleads.

YOUNG WOMAN
No! Don't let them take her,
please, don't let them take my
baby.

Hayes looks into the girl's frightened eyes. He looks up,
searching those around them for their reactions.

Everyone else continues their business, unfazed.

HAYES

Ma'm? I - I'm sorry, I - I don't...

A pair of MALE ORDERLIES in dark gray scrubs approach.

They flank Hayes, blocking the Young Woman's escape routes.

The Young Woman leaps up. She runs for the railing of the open walkway.

YOUNG WOMAN

Get away, don't touch me!

She pulls herself up onto the railing, preparing to leap.

The orderlies run towards her.

The girl turns.

She looks back at Hayes, tears running down her face.

Holds out her arms.

Leans back.

And falls.

Hayes runs to the rail.

SCREAMS from below.

A sickening CRACK.

Hayes looks over the rail to the lobby below.

The girl's mangled body lies on the white floor. Her dead eyes stare straight up at him. Blood pools beneath her mangled form.

Shocked, Hayes draws in a breath.

He backs away.

The orderlies shake their heads.

ORDERLY 1

Second one this week.

They go to deal with the body.

Hayes stands frozen against the corridor wall.

The patients and staff return to their daily routines.

Hayes closes his eyes and turns the corner.

He leans against the wall, tilts his head to the ceiling, and breathes.

In.

Out.

In.

Out.

Hayes opens his eyes.

He spots what he was looking for, directly across from where he stands, a sign above a windowed service counter reading:
Pharmacy.

ACT THREE

26 INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - INFIRMARY - NIGHT (PAST) 26

Charlie, still pregnant, sleeps soundly on her hospital bed.

Hayes sits beside her, his head in his hands.

Seth walks in carrying a squirming puppy.

Hayes looks up, sees Seth, and grins sadly.

HAYES

Dr. Banks is gonna kick your butt
when she sees that animal in her
infirmary.

SETH

He's a therapy dog. That used to be
a thing, didn't it? My Gramma told
me about them.

Charlie stirs. She sees Seth with the fluffy golden pup and
smiles.

CHARLIE

You bring me a friend?

She reaches out for the puppy and Seth hands it to her.

SETH

Uh-huh. I named him, too. Tuffy,
cause, you know, he had to be tough
to survive out there and all.

CHARLIE

Hey, Tuffy. How are the others? And
the mama?

SETH

Whole family is good.

She scratches the dog's head.

Dr. Banks approaches. She glares at Seth, who shoots her a
charming grin.

SETH (CONT'D)

Therapy dog.

Dr. Banks shakes her head, disapproving, but gives in with a
wan smile.

DR. BANKS

I'll allow it - but only for a few minutes. Charlie needs her rest.

Dr. Banks taps Hayes on the shoulder and motions for him to follow her. They step into the corridor.

27

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - HALL - CONTINUOUS (PAST)

27

Dr. Banks leads Hayes away from the infirmary door.

HAYES

How is she?

DR. BANKS

The contractions have stopped. We need to keep her calm and let her rest.

HAYES

So, they are gonna be alright?

Dr. Banks breathes deeply and shakes her head.

DR. BANKS

The wound is infected. We don't have the resources to treat the infection. I can clean it out, but what she really needs are antibiotics.

HAYES

Then I'll find her some. There's gotta be another settlement that has some. They'll trade. We've got those apples -

DR. BANKS

Every settlement around ran out of meds years ago. I make do here with what I can make from the flowers and herbs but -

HAYES

The Community.

DR. BANKS

Clint -

HAYES

They have medicine. They have a hospital - !

Dr. Banks raises an eyebrow. She's hiding something.

DR. BANKS
That place is a myth.

HAYES
No, it isn't. It isn't because it
can't be. I'm gonna find it.

Hayes sets his jaw and looks into Dr. Banks' eyes,
determined.

Dr. Banks shakes her head and pulls a scrap of paper and a
pen from her pocket.

She scribbles something onto the paper and hands it to him.

DR. BANKS
IF I'm wrong, and IF you find The
Community, this is what you'll
need. Be careful out there, Blazers
are bad, but they're nothing
compared to - Watch your back. K?

Hayes silently reads the piece of paper, then stuffs it into
his pants pocket and speeds down the corridor.

28 EXT. THE COMMUNITY STREETS - DAY (PRESENT) 28

Tara steps out of the Commander's Offices and onto the
street.

She walks through the bustling town.

Activity at the gate catches her eye. Uniformed men hug their
families farewell.

29 EXT. THE COMMUNITY STREETS - THE GATE - DAY (PAST) 29

Tara and the girls watch as Trent and his men pull on their
packs and prepare to depart through The Gate.

Tara catches Trent's eye. He jogs over to his family.

Trent scoops up both girls and kisses each of them on the
forehead.

He straightens and smiles wanly at Tara.

TRENT

This should be a short one. It's a routine run, nothing all that dangerous.

He places his hand on her stomach and kisses her on the forehead.

TARA

Be careful.

TRENT

Always am. I'll be back before you're even showing. Promise.

Tara places her hand over his and nods.

30

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - EVENING

30

Tara and Hayes sit at the dining table, eating dinner in an uncomfortable silence.

TARA

Did you have a nice walk?

HAYES

Yes. Thank you.

He pushes his food around with his fork, but doesn't eat.

TARA

Work will start tomorrow. You should have a good breakfast.

Tara picks up a pencil and a notepad from the table.

TARA (CONT'D)

What do you like? I could pick something up -

HAYES

I'm going to bed.

Tara puts down the pen and pencil.

She stands and clears the table.

Hayes goes to help. She stops him.

TARA

This is woman's work.

Hayes shakes his head, confused, but he steps back and heads for the bedroom.

31 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

31

Hayes lies in bed, staring at the ceiling.

Tara enters from the bedroom in a long white nightgown that buttons up the front.

Hayes hears her come in and turns his head.

Tara reaches up to the buttons at her throat and begins undoing them.

HAYES

You don't need to do that.

Tara stops, puzzled, her hand suspended over the buttons.

TARA

But -

HAYES

You don't want to do it either.

Hayes turns onto his side, his back to Tara.

She sits on the bed beside him.

TARA

As members of The Community it is our duty to provide genetically superior heirs who will help secure the future of civilization.

Hayes sits and faces her.

HAYES

I saw a girl die today.

TARA

What?

HAYES

At the hospital. She was begging them not to take her baby. She jumped.

Tara shrugs, sadly.

TARA
Sometimes that is the way of
things.

HAYES
What is this place? What is wrong
with you people?

TARA
We do what we must for the good of
The Community, occasionally that
means making sacrifices -

Hayes jumps out of bed and goes out the door.

32 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 32

He storms through the Great Room, headed for the nursery.

TARA
It's hard on all of us, but...

Hayes grabs the nursery doorknob.

33 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS 33

Hayes flings open the door.

TARA
...to ensure only the strongest...

Tara follows behind him.

Hayes looks to the spot where he dropped his bag. Nothing

He pushes past Tara and heads back into the Great Room.

34 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 34

Hayes tears around the room, searching for his bag of
clothes.

TARA
(concerned, frightened)
What are you looking for?

Hayes overturns the couch cushions.

He looks in the drawers.

Tara stands in the nursery doorway and watches, stunned.

He hunts through the closet and rips out the coats, throwing them to the ground.

The dog goes wild. Running around and barking.

Tara dashes over to the dog and takes it by the collar.

TARA (CONT'D)
Golde, sit. Stay.

At her command, Golde sits still as a statue.

Hayes turns to her.

HAYES
Where are they?

TARA
What?

HAYES
My clothes.

Hayes strides over to the bedroom.

35 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 35

Tara backs out of Hayes' way as he pushes through the door.

He hunts through the dresser drawers, tosses aside some clothes, and reveals the sketchbook.

HAYES
Where did you put them?

TARA
They were ruined and dirty.

HAYES
Where are they, Tara?

TARA
You don't need them anymore.

Hayes notices the sketchbook and momentarily stops his frantic search.

Tara follows his gaze.

Her eyes land on the book.

She rushes forward, reaches around him to grab it -

But Hayes snatches it up first.

TARA (CONT'D)
Please, don't -

Hayes turns to her, holding tightly onto the sketchbook, taunting her with it.

Tara eyes the book.

HAYES
Where are they?

Tara reaches for the book.

Hayes pulls it away.

They stare one another down.

Tara steps back, submitting.

TARA
I burned them. In the fireplace.

Hayes marches back into the great room with Tara on his heels.

36 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

36

Hayes goes to the fireplace.

Tara chases after him.

He stares at the flames.

HAYES
No...No, no, no!!

Tara reaches for the sketchbook.

Hayes grabs her hand.

HAYES (CONT'D)
Those were mine, Tara. You had no right-

TARA
(quoting)
Nothing is ours but what The Community gives us, and even that can be taken.

Hayes holds up the sketchbook, threatening to throw it into the fireplace.

Tara gasps.

HAYES

What about this? Does this belong to The Community?

TARA

NO!

Tara reaches for the book.

Hayes snatches it away, and raises it above his head, out of her reach.

She drops her hand, defeated.

TARA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I am sorry I burned your clothes. I didn't realize they were important to you. I shouldn't have touched them. Please, I'm begging you, give me my book. Please.

Hayes softens. He lowers the book.

He hands it to Tara, who clutches it to her chest and weeps silently.

Hayes sits back on his heels and studies Tara.

He reaches out to console her, but she pulls away.

Tara goes to the window and stares out. She wipes the tears from her face with her sleeve.

Hayes rises.

HAYES

No, Tara, I'm sorry. Look, we are partners here, whether we like it or not. And I'm doing a real bad job of it.

Tara watches his reflection in the windowpane.

He goes to her and places a tentative hand on her shoulder.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Can we start over?

Tara turns to him and nods, hesitant, suspicious.

Hayes holds out a hand for her to shake.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Hi. My name is Clint Hayes. Your people found me and brought me in from the outside cause I was about to die.

Hayes smiles, the first hint of his sardonic sense of humor.

Tara grins back despite herself.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Tara takes his hand.

TARA

Tara Hayes. A pleasure to meet you.
(to dog)
Golde, come!

She motions to the dog.

TARA (CONT'D)

And this is Golde.

Hayes pets the dog, who rolls over and shows her belly.

HAYES

Pleased to meet you both. Alright, well, I told you something about me. Tell me something about you.

Golde settles in and curls up next to Tara.

Hayes inclines his head toward the book.

TARA

I'm not supposed to have it.

HAYES

(shrugs)
I coulda guessed. So now we have a secret between us, huh?

TARA

Yes. The Leadership would -

Tara looks down, shakes her head, and swallows hard.

TARA (CONT'D)

We should only have what The Community chooses to give us.

HAYES

But you have this.

TARA

I do now, yes. It was my husband's
- my first husband.

Hayes takes the book from her hands, opens it, and flips through the pages.

HAYES

He was an artist.

Tara gives Hayes a faint, sad smile.

TARA

Yes.

They admire the sketches together.

Hayes turns to the drawing of Tara standing pregnant with Trent.

Hayes's eyes widen. He stares at the page, frozen.

HAYES

Tara, please tell me this is not
your first husband.

Tara nods.

Together, they stare at the open sketchbook.

ACT FOUR

37 EXT. THE RUINED WORLD - STREAM - MORNING (PAST) 37

Hayes, scruffy and muddy, tromps through a woodland stream. A pack of supplies is securely affixed to his back.

Movement in the distance. The splash of multiple feet stirring up the water.

Hayes jumps out of the water and into a nearby thicket.

He crouches, waiting.

Trent and his men come into view, sloshing through the stream, their weapons at the ready.

SPENCE, a particularly snarly recruit with a hitch in his step, gestures wildly while he chats.

SPENCE

No, her breasts are huge. That's what you want in a wife—

TRENT

Spence, enough. You can't respect your wife, you don't deserve to be assigned one. Cut the crudities and focus, unless you want to be the reason we all get our faces burned off.

Spence straightens immediately.

SPENCE

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Hayes shifts in his hiding place.

The brush rustles, drawing Trent's attention.

TRENT

Hey! Anybody there?

Hayes stares at the armed men in their full fatigues.

TRENT (CONT'D)

I need an answer, or I'll shoot.

JACK, 30s-40s, a seasoned veteran with a grin too warm to be fitting for a soldier, rights his cockeyed helmet, then preps his rifle.

SPENCE

Probably just a rabbit...

Trent tenses. Spence immediately draws into himself.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

Sir.

Hayes crouches in the brush, unmoving, holding his breath.

Trent catches Jack's eye.

He points toward Hayes's hiding place.

Jack nods, takes aim, and shoots wide, intentionally missing.

Hayes bursts out of the brush. He leaps into the stream and dashes away from the men.

Trent and his unit take off after Hayes.

Jack catches up with Hayes first. He tackles Hayes, pushing him down into the water.

Hayes struggles, splashing and rolling about in the shallows of the stream.

Trent catches up to them. He pulls out his pistol and holds it to Hayes's head.

Hayes stops struggling and raises his hands in surrender.

TRENT

On your feet.

Jack pulls Hayes up to standing.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Keep your hands visible.

Trent motions for Jack to check Hayes's pack.

Jack removes the pack from Hayes's back and hunts through it.

JACK

Food, supplies, nothing dangerous.
Not even a weapon.

Jack tosses the pack to Spence.

HAYES

I need that.

TRENT

What are you doing out here?

HAYES

I'm not gonna mess with you. Give me back my stuff and I'll stay out of your way.

TRENT

Give him his pack.

SPENCE

But, sir -

TRENT

Don't make me repeat myself.

SPENCE

Yes, sir.

Trent keeps his gun trained on Hayes while Hayes slips his pack back on his back.

TRENT

Cuff him.

A couple of men come forward with a zip tie. They pull Hayes's hands in front of him and cuff him.

HAYES

I'm not gonna be a problem. I'll go on my way and leave you all alone.

TRENT

I believe you. YOU won't be a problem, but how can I be sure you don't have some friends somewhere nearby who will be?

HAYES

It's just me - I swear.

TRENT

You're coming along with us for now.

(to soldiers)

Move out.

The men head down the stream with Hayes in tow.

38 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

38

Tara and Hayes sit by the window, looking at the sketch of Trent and Tara together.

TARA
Yes, that's Trent.

Unsteady, Hayes abandons the sketchbook and goes to the couch. He sits and drops his head into his hands.

Tara scurries after him and kneels at his feet.

TARA (CONT'D)
Why? Did you see him - out there?

Hayes looks down at her.

HAYES
We traveled together for a while.

Tara takes his hands.

TARA
Did you see what happened to him?
Do you think maybe there is a
chance - I can't help but feel that
he isn't really gone.

Hayes looks into her eyes.

HAYES
I'm sorry.

TARA
Did you see it? Did you see him
die?

HAYES
Tara, he's -

Hayes hesitates. He squeezes her hands.

HAYES (CONT'D)
I didn't see him die, no, but I'm
fairly certain... I'm sorry.

Tara drops his hands.

She stands.

She turns.

She walks to the bedroom.

Hayes stands. He takes the sketchbook in hand and crosses behind her.

She looks back, her sad eyes beg for space.

Hayes watches her go.

He finds a pencil on the dining table...

Turns to a blank page...

And draws.

39

EXT. THE RUINED WORLD - STREAM SIDE - NIGHT (PAST)

39

The soldiers sit around a small campfire. Jack stirs something in a pot suspended over the flames.

Hayes leans against a nearby tree to which he's been tethered.

HAYES

Y'all aren't worried about
attracting attention?

Spence elbows one of the other men. They snicker.

Trent glares at Spence, who clamps his mouth shut and stares into the flames.

Trent walks over to Hayes and sits nearby.

TRENT

We've taken precautions.

Hayes chuckles and drops his head.

HAYES

Blazers don't care about
precautions.

TRENT

They do about these.

Hayes raises his head and eyes Trent.

HAYES

Care to elaborate?

TRENT

Can't. Top Secret.

Trent hands Hayes a plate of food. Hayes eats as best he can while cuffed and tied to a tree.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Here.

Trent cuts the zip tie.

Hayes eats. The men sit in silence for a moment.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Where are you headed?

HAYES

Top secret.

Trent chuckles. He shakes his head.

TRENT

No friends, huh?

HAYES

I've got friends, just not with me.
Left 'em to take care of something.

TRENT

If you tell me what it is, I may be
able to help.

Hayes puts down the plate of food.

HAYES

You tied me to a tree, but you want
to help.

TRENT

Maybe.

Hayes shakes his head.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Where'd you leave your friends?

HAYES

Back home.

TRENT

You're a Stray, aren't you? That's
what we call your people back in
The Community, Strays.

Hayes brightens.

HAYES
The Community?

TRENT
It's a compliment. Strays, like
stray dogs. Fierce. You congregate
in packs, find burrows where you
can hide from the Blazers. It's
admirable, the way you all survive
out here.

HAYES
You're from The Community.

Trent nods.

Hayes's eyes brighten.

40 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT (PRESENT) 40

Peter works at his desk.

Ann peeks in, a snifter of brandy in her hand. She places the
drink on Peter's desk and stands, waiting to be acknowledged.

Peter looks up from his work begrudgingly.

PETER
Yes?

Ann wrings her hands, nervous.

ANN
That man from the hospital. I can't
shake the feeling that we know him.
He knew my name.

PETER
He's a newcomer. I assisted with
his assimilation testing. Perhaps
he saw your picture on my desk and
heard me say your name.

Peter stacks the papers from his desk and shoves them into a
drawer.

Ann follows his movements with her eyes as he locks the
drawer and pockets the key.

ANN
Perhaps.

She turns to go, but musters up the courage to turn back and face him again.

ANN (CONT'D)
No, it's something more than that.
He seemed so familiar. His
mannerisms and carriage...

Ann watches Peter's face closely.

His jaw tightens.

Emboldened, Ann straightens her shoulders and continues.

ANN (CONT'D)
He reminded me of -

PETER
(sharply)
It's late.

Ann shrinks back and holds her breath.

PETER (CONT'D)
Go turn down the bed. I will join
you momentarily.

Peter sweeps past her. She exhales slowly and cautiously before leaving the room to do Peter's bidding.

41 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM/MASTER BEDROOM - LATER 41

Ann, dressed in a long white nightgown and ready for bed, watches Peter through a small crack in the bathroom door.

Peter, in a matching set of full pajamas, stashes the key to his desk in his nightstand drawer.

42 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 42

Tara lies curled up on the bed, asleep.

Hayes walks in carrying the sketchbook.

He places it on Tara's bedside table, open.

On the once-blank page is a fresh sketch in the same style as the others. Tara stands embracing Trent. His head on her shoulder. Behind her back, he holds a black envelope in his hands.

43 INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - STUDY - NIGHT 43

Ann tiptoes into the study, holding the key from Peter's nightstand.

She crosses to the desk, turns the key in the lock, and slides open the drawer.

Glancing around warily, she pulls a stack of papers from the drawer and places them on the desk.

Bold text on the folder's front reads, "F-27 Protocol, Test: T.H.-C.H."

Ann turns the pages, her brow furrows, and her eyes widen as she reads.

44 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 44

Hayes climbs into bed.

Tara stirs and wakes.

She looks at him, eyes red from crying.

HAYES

Trent- He was a good man.

Tara reaches out for his hand.

TARA

Thank you.

Hayes holds her hand gently while they lie together in bed.

45 EXT. THE RUINED WORLD - STREAM - DAY (PAST) 45

Trent's men slosh through the stream, guns at the ready.

Hayes and Trent travel together near the front. Hayes, no longer cuffed, walks along unarmed.

TRENT

You married?

HAYES

I got a partner, yeah. You?

TRENT

Of course. We all are, except Spence. He will be matched when we return.

Hayes stops, confused.

HAYES
Matched...?

Jack signals for everyone to stop.

The men all freeze.

Jack breathes in deeply and stares out into the distance.

JACK
Blazers. Can you smell 'em?

Jack clenches his jaw and shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's been too long. They're on our
tail now.

HAYES
Too long since what?

Trent shushes him.

Hayes follows Jack's line of sight. Smoke rises from the trees in the distance.

Trent tosses Hayes a pistol.

TRENT
Do you know how to use that?

Hayes nods.

HAYES
It's been years -

TRENT
Good enough. Circle up!

The men form a circle, their backs to the center. Trent calls out orders.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Stay in the water.
(to Hayes)
Don't shoot until they're solid and
on us. Bullets don't do any good
while they're blazing.

The smoke nears. Orange flames lick the trees at the water's edge.

The men tense and aim their weapons.

The flames abate as the Blazers step into the water. The water hisses as the flame turns into a fast-moving cloud of black wind that circles the men.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Now!

The men shoot.

The black death cloud swirls around them.

Some shots land, bursting the charred Blazers into an avalanche of ash.

Moving at a speed that makes them barely perceptible, black talons lash out from the swirling smoke.

A soldier to Hayes's left yells out and falls, his stomach slit open.

Another is speared through the head and falls dead instantly.

Hayes holds tight to his weapon, shooting wildly into the mist. His shot lands, and an exploded Blazer carcass covers him in sooty ash.

The black cloud dissipates, and the remaining men hold in formation, waiting for Trent's order.

TRENT (CONT'D)

At ease.

Trent rubs his eyes.

The men take stock. They examine the casualties.

Jack reaches down and rips the numbered patches off the soldiers' arms.

JACK

Damn. Wasn't Baker's wife pregnant?

TRENT

Yeah.

JACK

That poor girl.

Jack takes the patches to Trent, who pockets them.

Jack and Spence pull the bodies out of the stream and into the underbrush away from the bank.

Trent turns to Hayes.

TRENT
Are you alright?

Hayes nods.

HAYES
Nothing I haven't seen before.

Hayes holds the pistol out to Trent. Trent waves him off.

TRENT
Keep it. Might come in handy again.

Trent heads on, motioning for the others to follow and leave the bodies behind.

Hayes looks at the gun. He stares down the stream. Trent turns back and calls to him.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Hayes? Are you coming?

Hayes jogs over to join him.

46 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT) 46

Tara lies sound asleep, still holding Hayes's hand.

Hayes gently pulls his hand from hers and slides out of bed.

He pulls on his shoes and heads out of the bedroom.

Tara awakens alone.

She notices the sketchbook on her nightstand and picks it up.

Her forehead wrinkles. She traces the lines of the drawing with her fingers.

47 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 47

Hayes makes his way to the closet and pulls out his coat.

He leaves, careful to close the door quietly as he goes.

48 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM/GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 48

CLICK.

BARK!

Tara sets down the book and gets out of bed.

She peeks into the great room.

The apartment door closes.

The closet door stands open.

Tara snatches her shoes and leaves the room.

49 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 49

Tara goes to the closet.

The dog runs to her. She pets her, then sends her off, pointing.

TARA

Good girl. Now, go to bed.

Hayes's coat is missing.

Tara grabs her coat, throws it on over her nightgown, and slips out into the hall.

She catches a glimpse of Hayes as he rounds the corner at the end of the hall and follows.

50 EXT. THE COMMUNITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER 50

Tara follows Hayes closely through the streets to the hospital, careful not to be seen.

51 INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 51

Hayes crosses the lobby and climbs the stairs.

Tara casually walks up behind a pair of doctors who are headed up the stairs and follows behind them until Hayes stops off on the third floor.

She continues to follow him over to the shuttered pharmacy window.

Sensing someone behind him, Hayes stops and turns.

Tara slips around the corner and flattens herself against the wall before he can see her.

Hayes looks around the hall, ensuring no one is near.

He takes a paperclip from his pocket, goes to the pharmacy door, and picks the lock.

Tara watches from the corner.

Hayes is successful. He turns the knob and the door swings open easily.

He steps inside, gently closing the door behind him.

Tara abandons her hiding place and follows him inside.

52

INT. HOSPITAL - PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

52

Tara sneaks into the pharmacy.

She ducks behind a low shelf and watches, out of sight, as Hayes pulls out bottles of pills and examines the labels.