

1859

Written by

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1st Draft

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**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Booted feet moving fast across the forest floor, churning leaves, hopping logs, scampering over boulders, crossing a small stream.

The feet come to a sudden stop. The forest is silent, except for the man's heavy BREATHING. The owner of the feet comes into view.

This is BEAR CISCO, mid-40s, average height, compact build, handsome features obscured by a mop of dark brown hair and unruly beard. He's wearing dirty cargo pants and a faded, dark t-shirt.

Cisco's eyes pan the rolling, wooded terrain in front of him. He grips the .30-06 rifle in his hands, crouches a hair, and moves forward slowly.

He's creeping through the brush now, making his way to the top of a small rise. He stops again, spotting his target in the distance.

He slowly raises the rifle, sets it, aims, and fires. BOOM.

Cisco straightens up, stares for a moment, then begins walking forward.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER**

Cisco approaches a lump of tawny fur in the brush. He kneels beside the young doe and puts one hand on its lifeless side. He closes his eyes for a still moment, then unsheathes the hunting knife from his hip.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's huffing and puffing through the brush, the dressed deer draped over his shoulders. He stops, pans the terrain to get his bearings, and starts moving again.

**EXT. JEEP TRAIL - DAY**

Cisco breaks out of the brush onto a rough jeep trail snaking through the woods. He stops, breathing hard, and stares at the beater mountain bike he left laying beside the road hours ago - this should be interesting.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

A small but tidy cabin tucked into a sloped clearing in the woods. A narrow, dirt and gravel drive serves the property. There's a garden on the side, with two 1,000-gallon propane tanks behind it.

TARA CISCO, early twenties, strong and nearly as tall as her father, is working in the garden. She's wearing a tank-top under overalls, her shoulder length hair hanging in her face as she pulls the hoe in her hands.

Movement on the jeep trail spilling out from the wood's edge. Tara stops with the hoe, flips her head and blows the hair out of her face - we see she's a beauty.

She watches, amused, as Cisco wobbles off the trail into the clearing. He pulls up to a battered picnic table by the edge of the garden, dismounts, and unloads the doe on the table with a grunt. Tara's there to meet him.

TARA

The mighty hunter returns.

She eyes the deer ...

TARA (cont'd)

It's just a baby.

CISCO

It's bigger than a rabbit.

TARA

Okay, so what's the plan?

CISCO

I'm thinking tenderloin tonight.  
Smoke the rest ... Wrap the  
backstraps for me though, would you?

She glances at him.

CISCO (cont'd)

What?

TARA

I didn't say a word.

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - NIGHT**

The picture of cozy charm: rustic furniture, lanterns, a fire crackling softly.

Pictures in the flickering light: a smiling Cisco with his arm draped over the shoulder of a young marine, Tara in cap and gown with a woman by her side, the same woman shaking hands with a suit in front of a draped American flag.

We get to Cisco and Tara, sitting at a small farm table, eating dinner by candlelight.

Cisco's hunched over his plate.

CISCO  
There's a meeting in town tomorrow evening.

TARA  
About what?

CISCO  
Just an update, I suppose.

Tara stops mid-bite and stares at him. Cisco tries to ignore it, holds off as long as he can ...

CISCO (cont'd)  
Word is the runner's made it back to McDowell this afternoon. Should be in tomorrow.

Tara drops her fork, stares some more, but Cisco just keeps shoveling.

TARA  
Both of them?

Cisco finally looks up ...

CISCO  
Yes, both of them.

He watches, deadpan, fork hanging, as a smile grows on Tara's face.

TARA  
I'm going with you.

CISCO  
No. You're not.

She's full-on grinning now.

TARA  
Oh, yes I am.

Cisco lowers his fork and sits up straight.

CISCO

Hold on a minute. There's no need for you to go. These meetings ... People are starving, people are sick, people are desperate. You don't know what's going to happen.

TARA

That's ridiculous.

CISCO

Like hell it is.

He tucks back in to his plate.

CISCO (cont'd)

Besides, I gotta pull a night shift on the ridge, so I won't be able to bring you home.

TARA

I don't need a freaking escort!

Cisco let's out a long sigh, but Tara's laughing at him now.

TARA (cont'd)

He can bring me home.

Cisco hangs his head, then looks up and raises one eyebrow.

CISCO

What, you think he brought a ring back with him?

TARA

You never know.

#### **EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Cisco and Tara pedaling down a backwoods, dirt and gravel road lined with the occasional ramshackle cabin.

The road widens as the land opens up a little. Small farms, overgrown fields, abandoned vehicles.

The road transitions into a narrow strip of rough blacktop. More farms now, more abandoned vehicles, no signs of life.

Monterey, Virginia - a blip of a town, in a rural, forgotten corner of the state - appears in the near distance.

Cisco and Tara pedal into town, passing rundown houses with unruly yards. Cisco nods to a solitary figure, an elderly woman, sitting on a porch. She slowly raises one hand in a wave.

In the seconds it takes for them to reach the lightless, four-way intersection marking the center of town, others appear, most walking, a few on bikes, a single man on horseback.

**EXT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY**

An elementary school cafeteria. People sitting at long tables, others standing, lining the walls. Serious, drawn, but determined faces. The townsfolk of Monterey are unkempt, but unbroken. A man (off-screen) is addressing the lot ...

SHERIFF BARNES (O.S.)

... town reserves stand at approximately 2,000 gallons of regular, counting the tanker, 250 gallons of diesel, and 4,000 gallons of propane between the station, town hall, and the two schools ...

Cisco's standing along the wall, Tara on one side, a tall, lean, square-jawed man on the other ...

This is PORTER, a forty-year-old, pure-bread Virginia hills native: greasy ballcap pulled tight, bulge of dip tucked into his lower lip, and a 9mm strapped to his hip.

SHERIFF BARNES (O.S.) (cont'd)

... For those of you running gennys, it's late September. We're going to need every ounce of fuel we can get our hands on in the months to come...

The speaker, Sheriff SAM BARNES, comes into view. His six decades have softened his once-hewn features, but his voice and presence still command attention ...

SHERIFF BARNES

... The reserves are allocated for the clinic, emergency services, and the such. Whatever personal fuel you have left is all you're likely to have for the foreseeable future ... And it bears repeating, do not run between the hours of 1 p.m. and 2:30.

Barnes looks out at the faces in front of him, pausing for effect ...

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)

Okay, Mayor Jenkins is gonna give us a quick update on food and water.

Barnes looks over to Mayor LOUISE JENKINS. Short, round, and gray, Mayor Jenkins clears her throat ...

MAYOR JENKINS

Our water supply is holding up well. The station at Burner's Run is still in operation, but remember, sand and SODIS only go so far. If at all possible, you need to continue to boil the water before drinking ...

Cisco eyes a woman standing along the opposite wall: arms folded, hair pulled back, pretty features subdued by exhaustion. No doubt, JILL EVANS had drawn plenty of double-takes in better times.

MAYOR JENKINS (cont'd)

With regards to our food supply: we are continuing to offer 1 ration, per day, per person. You can come in, right here, anytime between 10 and 2, 7 days a week. But remember, individuals must show up in person - anyone picking up a ration on behalf of a sick or disabled family member will need to present a voucher ...

Sheriff Barnes raises a hand ...

SHERIFF BARNES

Folks, our hunt teams have been pretty successful to this point, and, God willing, with our current numbers, the game will hold up. But for those of you out hunting on your own, I urge you to participate in the share program. Straight up 50/50 split, half for personal use, the other half brought in for communal rationing.

MAN IN CROWD #1

Where are we on numbers?

Sheriff Barnes pauses, takes a breath ...

SHERIFF BARNES

Well, I'm pleased to announce that Beth Canton gave birth last week to a healthy baby girl ...

Nods, smiles, and a few cheers from the crowd.

Barnes clears his throat, glances at a scrap of paper in his hand ...

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)

But overall, it was a rough month. Eleven deceased ... Doc Abry's doing the best he can over at the clinic, but ... currently, we stand at 218.

The smiles are gone now. A few heads drop.

MAN IN CROWD #2

What about the runners?

SHERIFF BARNES

Well, as you can see, our runners have made it back from Staunton.

Barnes glances back at two young men, seated behind him, as a few cheers from the crowd rise again. JIMMY (white, fresh-faced, wisp of goatee) smiles sheepishly. CHRIS (tall, lean, African American) offers a head bow.

Tara's grinning from ear-to-ear, her eyes locked with Jimmy's. Cisco shakes his head.

Barnes holds his hands up for silence.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)

I'd like to thank Jimmy and Chris for their courage and fortitude in service to this community ... But, I do wish they had better news to report ... power and comms remain out throughout the region. Six of the nine members of Staunton's Richmond party returned two weeks ago. The National Guard is operating out of Fort Pickett, but things in Richmond ... well, things are apparently pretty rough there ... and there's still no word from the party sent to D.C.

Blank faces, silence from the crowd.



SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
 ... We've lost a lot, people. Family,  
 friends - there's not a soul in this  
 room that hasn't lost a lot ...

Cisco eyes Jill, watching her head drop for a second.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
 But we're stable. We've got food,  
 water, and fuel. There are four roads  
 in and out of this valley, and  
 they're manned 24/7. It used to be a  
 joke that we're not on the way to or  
 from anywhere ... Now, it's a Godsend  
 ... we're protected ... We will  
 weather this.

Barnes looks around, taking in the serious faces and  
 reluctantly nodding heads.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
 Okay then. Ridge crew, stick around  
 if you would. The rest of you, look  
 out for your neighbors, and stay  
 safe.

**EXT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS**

People are rising, dispersing with little fanfare or  
 conversation.

Tara makes a beeline for Jimmy. Cisco looks across the room,  
 finds Jill, and begins cutting through the crowd.

He makes his way over to her, stopping her before she  
 reaches the door.

CISCO  
 How's Trent?

JILL  
 Fever's broke. He's okay.

Sheriff Barnes is watching them from across the room.

Cisco reaches into his pack and pulls out something wrapped  
 in newspaper - it looks like a short, thin loaf of bread.

Jill looks at the package.

JILL (cont'd)  
 You don't have to do that.

CISCO

Take it. He needs to get his strength back.

Jill looks at him for a moment, then takes the package.

JILL

Thank you.

She eyes something over Cisco's shoulder. Cisco glances back, sees Tara hugging Chris. When he turns back to Jill, she's smiling, but her eyes are empty.

JILL (cont'd)

I'm glad they made it back.

Cisco lowers his gaze - he's trying to find the right words ...

JILL (cont'd)

Well, I better get back. Thanks again.

Cisco nods and watches her go.

#### **INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LATER**

Sheriff Barnes is standing over a map laid out on one of the tables. He's addressing seven men, including Cisco, who are milling around him, fiddling with walkie-talkies.

SHERIFF BARNES

We're short handed again tonight, so no west ridge patrol. Bill, you and Porter are on 250 East. Cisco's got Reddish Knob. Randy, you're on Simon's Mill. Clay's got 220 South at Mustoe. Cable's got 220 North. And Keeler, you're on 250 West ... You guys know the drill. No sleeping, no chatter, and no goddamn farting over the walkie, Bill.

A few laughs. Porter elbows BILL, late forties, a little softer than the others.

BILL

What? C'mon.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Now listen, you two on the east ridge  
(looking at Cisco and Randy), that's  
a lot of ground to cover, so you  
gotta keep moving.

Cisco and Randy nod.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
Okay. We got it?

Nods all around.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
Then let's get to it.

The men begin dispersing ...

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
Hang on a second, Cisco.

Cisco hangs back. Barnes waits for the others to drift away  
...

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
You get something today?

Cisco looks around, pauses. Barnes is looking down at the  
map.

CISCO  
It was just a young doe. Barely fifty  
pounds in the field.

Barnes begins rolling up the map.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Uh-huh.

CISCO  
Look, I can't save the world, Sam.

Barnes laughs.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Well, that may be true, but we got a  
lot of hungry mouths to feed ...  
Every bit counts.

Barnes is looking Cisco in the eyes now.

Cisco lets out a sigh, slowly nods.

CISCO  
She's smokin'. I'll bring her in  
tomorrow.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Much appreciated.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - NIGHT**

Cisco patrolling a wooded ridgeline ...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Cisco navigating a rocky trail

--Cisco scrambling up and down boulders

--Cisco pushing through brush

--Cisco standing on a high point, looking east, the sky lit  
by a stunning aurora.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - LATER**

Cisco's hunkered down against a tree, his eyes drooping,  
fighting off sleep. His eyes jerk open. He blinks hard,  
suddenly alert, and squints into the eerie aurora-lit  
darkness, focusing on ...

A faint light in the woods below him. The light's bobbing  
with movement, blinking through the brush. He stares, lifts  
the rifle from his lap, and rises to a crouch. He backs up  
slowly, concealing himself behind the tree.

The light's growing, getting brighter, climbing higher,  
coming right at him.

We hear the faint SNAPPING of branches, CRUNCHING of brush  
now.

Cisco's eyes narrow. He slowly and silently raises the rifle  
around the tree, lifts it into position.

The light's not thirty yards away now, bobbing through the  
brush, before breaking into the clearing right in front of  
Cisco.

Cisco stares. The light's panning back and forth now. It's  
owner's stopped in his tracks just twenty yards away - he's  
clearly trying to get his bearings.

Cisco fingers the trigger, aims, takes one breath ... then makes a CLICKING sound to get the intruder's attention.

The light freezes ...

CISCO  
(loud whisper)  
Hands.

The man slowly raises both hands.

GARRETT  
I'm not armed.

CISCO  
(loud whisper)  
Shut the hell up! Turn off that  
light!

The man freezes like a statue for a moment, then turns and takes off running.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Sonofabitch!

Cisco springs to his feet and takes off after him.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS**

Cisco giving chase over the rocky, treed terrain.  
Alternating shots of:

--the man's erratic, panicked, PANTING run, traced by the wild shafts of his headlamp light ...

--and Cisco's fast, agile, efficient pursuit

Cisco narrows the gap, leaves his feet, and crushes the man from behind, sending them both into a tumbling roll ...

Cisco ends up on his back. The man's on top facing the sky. In a flash, Cisco's got him in a choke hold. The man's struggling, fighting for air, gasping out words ...

GARRETT  
Please! Please!

CISCO  
Turn off the light!

The man keeps struggling.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Turn off the light!

The man reaches up with one hand and clicks the light off.  
He's PANTING, GASPING, but he's done struggling.

CISCO (cont'd)  
How many are there?

GARRETT  
What?

Cisco jerks the hold tighter.

CISCO  
How many are with you?

GARRETT  
What? None! No one's with me!

Cisco jerks again.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
Please, man! I swear! I'm alone!  
There's no one else!

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - LATER**

Cisco's standing, rifle in hand, eyeballing the man on the ground in front of him: GARRETT FILMORE, a slight, baby-faced twenty-something - he looks like he's spent the majority of his life clutching a video game controller.

CISCO  
What are you doing up here?

Garrett's rubbing his shoulder, grimacing.

GARRETT  
Just walking.

Cisco snorts a laugh.

CISCO  
Just walking? In the woods? In the middle of the night? Okay.

Garrett shakes his head.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Where are you just walking to? ...  
Where'd you come from?

GARRETT

I don't know, man. I'm just traveling  
... God, my shoulder.

CISCO

Well, do you know where you are?

GARRETT

More or less.

CISCO

Then you know you're pretty much in  
the middle of fucking nowhere. What's  
an unarmed guy doing crashing through  
the woods in the middle of the night,  
in the middle of nowhere?

GARRETT

What are you doing in the middle of  
the night, in the middle of nowhere?

Cisco stares at him for a moment, slings his rifle, kneels,  
and opens Garrett's backpack. He holds a light inside and  
begins pulling items out: bottle of water, bag of nuts,  
jerky, a book, maps ...

Garrett's watching intently, a worried look growing, as ...

Cisco pauses for a moment, staring into the backpack, before  
pulling the next item out: a box, wrapped in tin foil of all  
things.

Cisco holds the box up, examining it. Garrett drops his  
head.

CISCO

A little early for Christmas, isn't  
it? This is the worst wrapping job  
I've ever seen.

Cisco holds the box up to his head and shakes it, listening.

CISCO (cont'd)

What'd you get me? A puppy? Don't  
tell me you got me a puppy?

Garrett's shaking his head now, resigned.

Cisco rips through the top layer of foil off the box, and  
pulls the lid off. He stops and stares, then starts  
laughing. He looks at Garrett and holds up an iphone, then  
another iphone. He rummages through the box, giggling.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Really? Six iPhones, two iPads, and  
whatever the hell this thing is.  
What, you knock over a Best Buy?

Garrett's staring coldly at him now, but Cisco's having a ball.

CISCO (cont'd)  
You do realize these things don't  
work anymore, right?

Cisco tosses the iPhones back in the box, stands up, and pulls his walkie-talkie off his hip. He's grinning at Garrett, as he holds it up to his face and hits the PTT button - nothing happens.

He hits the button again, and again - still nothing. He fiddles with the on/off dial, but the walkie-talkie's dead.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Shit.

He frowns at a smirking Garrett.

#### **INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT**

Sheriff Barnes is leaned back in a chair, his feet propped up on a table, dozing, when sound of a door wakes him.

Cisco strolls in, dragging Garrett by the arm. Barnes stares, as Cisco and Garrett approach. Cisco tosses the walkie-talkie down on the table.

CISCO  
This walkie's got the flu.

#### **INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER**

Garrett's sitting by the table. Cisco and Barnes are standing in conference off to the side.

CISCO  
... Came stumbling out the woods,  
right in front of me. Crashing around  
with a headlamp on - not exactly  
ninja material.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Armed?



CISCO

Nope.

Barnes looks over at Garrett. He and Cisco walk over.

SHERIFF BARNES

What's your name?

GARRETT

Garrett Filmore.

Garrett's rubbing his shoulder in pain.

SHERIFF BARNES

What happened to your shoulder?

Garrett throws a look at Cisco. Barnes eyes Cisco, now.

CISCO

What? He wanted to play a game of tag.

Garrett scoffs, shakes his head.

SHERIFF BARNES

Well, Mr. Filmore, you wanna tell us what you were doing up there?

GARRETT

Like I told him, I was just walking. Just going from one place to another.

Barnes is staring, nodding. He looks at Garrett's pack on the table.

SHERIFF BARNES

What's in the pack?

Cisco laughs out loud.

**INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER**

The contents of Garrett's pack are spread out on the table.

SHERIFF BARNES

(swiping through the maps)

That's quite a collection of maps you got here. Twelve quads, that's what, 6-700 square miles. You've got this whole region covered.

Garrett's head is hung low - he looks like a kid who's been sent to the principal's office.

GARRETT  
Gotta know where I'm going, don't I?

CISCO  
I thought you were just out walking?  
Taking a stroll?

GARRETT  
(looking up now,  
defiantly)  
I gotta know where I am.

SHERIFF BARNES  
And the box of goodies? What's with  
the tin foil?

GARRETT  
It's a Faraday box.

SHERIFF BARNES  
A what?

GARRETT  
A Faraday box. To protect electronics  
from electromagnetic pulses.

Barnes and Cisco trade serious looks.

SHERIFF BARNES  
(holding up an iPhone)  
What's left to protect?

Garrett's head's hung low again. He clutches at his shoulder, wincing.

GARRETT  
I'm a filmmaker.

Cisco laughs.

SHERIFF BARNES  
A filmmaker? You made movies?

Garrett looks up at him.

GARRETT  
I still do.

**INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER**

Garrett's got an iPad out on the table. Barnes and Cisco are huddled over his shoulders - they're watching a video ...

INTERCUT/ALTERNATING:

--video clips of: a woman on a street, holding a lifeless child in her arms, an urban firefight, buildings on fire, empty roads. Utter chaos.

--Garrett describing ...

GARRETT

I was in New York when it started. After the first blackout, everyone was just holding their breath, you know. When things came back online, and enough reports came in that we knew it wasn't just us, that it was happening all over the world, it was just ... Then the second blackout, then the third, less coming back online every time ... people just snapped ... I got out, headed south. A few cars were still working then, but it was ... just a madhouse. I got as far away from the I-95 corridor as possible. Held up in a few spots a few weeks at a time. Didn't get to DC until March. By then it was a war zone. I spent six weeks there. It was complete chaos.

--Barnes and Cisco listening intently.

END INTERCUT/ALTERNATING

CISCO

What about the feds?

Garrett shakes his head.

GARRETT

All but invisible. From what I heard continuity plans went into effect after the second blackout. They scattered like the wind. Mt. Weather, Raven Rock, up in Pennsylvania, and God knows where else. But actually governing? I don't think so.

Barnes glances at Cisco. Cisco's got a thousand-yard stare.

SHERIFF BARNES

What about the police? Military?

GARRETT

A few pockets here and there. But I don't think they're anything more than groups banded together for their own sake at this point. Apparently, Fort Belvoir's somewhat ... stable, I guess, but let's just say they aren't taking in any guests ... I mean you have to understand, there is no "they" anymore.

CISCO

They?

GARRETT

They as in the powers that be. They as in authority ... My personal guess is what's left of the central government and military will come back out of the woodwork when the numbers get low enough.

Barnes and Cisco look at Garrett, puzzled.

GARRETT (cont'd)

The population numbers.

Long pause, as Barnes and Cisco process this.

SHERIFF BARNES

What's low enough?

GARRETT

I don't know. It's not like they're gonna conduct a census. I'm thinking maybe 10%.

CISCO

10%? Left?!

GARRETT

Well, from what I've seen, we're not that far off.

Cisco's dumbstruck. Barnes lets out a long sigh.

SHERIFF BARNES

So, from New York to here, you've been what, shooting video the whole time?

GARRETT

Somebody needs to, right? One day we're gonna want a record of what happened.

SHERIFF BARNES

How do you keep them charged?

GARRETT

(pointing to something on the table)

That's a solar charger. And I've been able to get on the random generator here and there.

CISCO

Why so many devices?

GARRETT

Storage ... and redundancy. In case one breaks, you know -

(looking up at Cisco)

like in case some asshole was to tackle me in the woods, or something.

**INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER**

Garrett's still sitting at the table. Barnes and Cisco are off to the side again.

CISCO

What'dya think?

Barnes takes a deep breath, mulling ...

SHERIFF BARNES

We agreed we wouldn't turn away small, non-threat groups if it came to that. This is one guy, and he sure doesn't look like he's a threat ...

CISCO

Yeah, one guy I found crashing around in the woods up by Reddish Knob. I mean if he's out documenting the end of the world, what in the hell was he doing out there? Why wasn't he wandering up 250, at least?

SHERIFF BARNES

So you're saying he is a threat?

Cisco looks past Barnes at Garrett. Garrett's meticulously wiping down the glass of an iPhone.

CISCO  
No, I'm saying he's a dipshit.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Well, that dipshit's got more information than our runners have collected in nine months.

CISCO  
Yeah, and it's all terrible. What happens when he decides to organize a little community film festival? How are people gonna react when they see that footage?

Barnes sighs, nods, thinking on it ...

SHERIFF BARNES  
Let's put him up - for now. But we keep tight reigns on him. We keep it under wraps.

CISCO  
Okay - it's your call. But how are we gonna do that?

Sheriff stares at him, until Cisco looks back ...

SHERIFF BARNES  
Finders, keepers.

CISCO  
You can't be serious?

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

Cisco and Garrett approach Cisco's cabin. Garrett's on foot, Cisco pedaling slowly beside him. Garrett's arm's in a sling. The sun's just come up. As they arrive, Cisco dismounts, leaning his bike against the porch railing.

GARRETT  
Free breakfast come with the room?

Cisco frowns, grabs Garrett by his good elbow.

CISCO  
Let's get our shit straight here. You're just passing through--

GARRETT

To where?

CISCO

I don't know - you tell me! ...  
Snowshoe.

GARRETT

So, I'm on a ski trip?

Cisco eyeballs him.

CISCO

You've got family that way, okay? The point is, you keep to yourself - keep a low profile. Anybody shows up here, you make yourself scarce. And no home videos! Understood?

GARRETT

What should I say happened to my shoulder?

CISCO

What? I don't care. Just make something up.

GARRETT

Got it.

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

They walk in. Tara's making coffee on the wood stove. She does a double take when she sees Cisco's not alone.

CISCO

We gotta guest. This is ...

GARRETT

Garrett Filmore.

CISCO

Yeah. He came into town last night. He's on his way up to ... what'd you say? Snowshoe?

GARRETT

Yep.

TARA

(laughing)  
You going skiing?

Garrett throws an "I told you so" glance at Cisco.

GARRETT  
I'm looking for my family.

CISCO  
I told Sam we'd put him up for a  
night or two.

Tara's looking Garrett up and down.

TARA  
What happened to your arm?

GARRETT  
It's my shoulder actually.  
Skateboarding accident.

Cisco glares at Garrett.

TARA  
Right.

CISCO  
Where's Jimmy?

TARA  
He left a few hours ago. Wanted to  
check on his mom.

CISCO  
So?

Tara smiles. Then she raises her left hand, showing the ring  
Jimmy gave her.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Oh, God.

TARA  
He's going to ask you! I promise!

#### **INT. CISCO'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Cisco's sitting alone by the fire, a fifth of something on  
the table beside him. He's got a drink in one hand, a framed  
picture we can't see in the other. He's staring at the  
picture.

Tara appears, walks up. Cisco drops the picture in his lap.



CISCO

Hey.

TARA

Hey.

CISCO

How's our guest?

TARA

Still crashed. Haven't heard a peep all day. So, what's his deal?

CISCO

Like I said, showed up last night. Trying to find his family.

Tara nods, staring. She knows it's bullshit, but not worth pursuing.

TARA

You okay?

CISCO

Oh yeah. Just, you know ...

She steps up, leans over and takes the picture from his hand. She looks at it - we see it's the picture of Cisco with his arm over the shoulder of the young marine.

TARA

He's okay.

CISCO

He's half-way around the world, if he is.

TARA

He'll find his way home.

Cisco nods, swirls his drink.

Tara hands the picture back to him, gives him a peck on the top of his head.

TARA (cont'd)

Night, pops.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

Cisco's at the picnic table, packing the deer meat into his backpack. Tara and Garrett are in the garden, working.

Cisco's watching them - he can see they're chatting, but he can't hear.

Cisco finishes with the pack, shoulders it, and walks over.

CISCO  
I'm gonna take this into town for  
rationing.

TARA  
Okay.

Cisco eyes Garrett - he's got his head down, pulling on a hoe with his good arm.

CISCO  
You sure you should be out here with  
that shoulder?

GARRETT  
Gotta pay my rent!

Cisco frowns at him - this isn't keeping a low profile.

CISCO  
Well, go easy. You wouldn't want to  
have another accident.

Garrett straightens up, gives him a smartass smile.

GARRETT  
Thanks. I'll be careful.

**EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Cisco pulls up to a white, clapboard house in town. He dismounts the bike, pulls his pack off, and pulls a package out. He climbs the steps up to the covered porch and knocks.

A boy pushes the screen door open: TRENT EVANS, maybe 6 or 7, pale skin, hollowed eyes squinting into the bright sunlight.

CISCO  
Hey buddy, how you feeling?

TRENT  
Better.

CISCO  
That's good.

Jill walks up behind Trent.

CISCO (cont'd)

Hey.

JILL

Hey.

(to Trent)

Honey, why don't you go out back for a bit.

They wait for Trent to leave. Cisco holds out the package.

CISCO

Figured you might use another cut.

Jill flashes a hand.

JILL

No.

CISCO

C'mon. It's really just stew meat.

JILL

No. I appreciate it, but really, we're fine. Take it over to the school.

Cisco, pulls the package back, nods.

CISCO

He looks good. Back on his feet, anyway.

JILL

Yeah.

CISCO

How are you?

JILL

I'm good. I'm actually on tonight. 220 North.

Cisco frowns.

JILL (cont'd)

What?

CISCO

Can't you tell Sam he's still sick?

JILL  
But he's not. He'll be fine with Mary  
tonight.

CISCO  
I know, but--

JILL  
I can handle myself.

CISCO  
Well, I have no doubt about that.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

Tara and Garrett are still working in the garden.

GARRETT  
So it's just you and your dad?

TARA  
Yep. My brother's in Afghanistan. Or  
... I mean that's where he was.

GARRETT  
Wow. No word, obviously?

TARA  
Nope.

GARRETT  
That's rough.

Tara acknowledges this fact with a tilt of her head, but  
keeps working.

Garrett hesitates ...

GARRETT (cont'd)  
And your mom?

TARA  
They split up a few years ago ... She  
was in DC when it happened. Dad went  
out about a month later, hoping he  
could find her. A couple guys from  
town went with him, but they only got  
as far as Winchester ... Two of them  
didn't make it back.

GARRETT  
I'm sorry.

TARA  
She's with the State Department,  
though, so we're hoping she's hold up  
somewhere safe in the city.

Garrett pauses, taking this in - he knows D.C. is a  
disaster.

GARRETT  
So where were you guys?

TARA  
I was visiting Dad in Leesburg. He's  
had this place for the last ten years  
or so - his little escape, you know.

Garrett laughs.

TARA (cont'd)  
Yeah, who knew, right? ... After the  
power came back on the first time, he  
started packing up. I thought he was  
crazy, of course. Overreacting. But,  
we were sitting in a Burger King in  
Staunton when the second blackout  
hit. Went out to start the truck, and  
it was fried.

Tara stops working for a second.

TARA (cont'd)  
Everyone knew something wasn't right  
at that point, you know. I mean, a  
solar storm or whatever they said ...  
I guess that made sense the first  
time, but ... None of it makes sense  
now, does it?

She starts working again.

TARA (cont'd)  
What about you?

GARRETT  
I was in New York.

TARA  
Woah! That must have been a mess.

GARRETT  
It wasn't pretty.

They keep working, but the wheels are turning in Tara's head  
...

TARA  
So you were in New York? And you made  
it all the way down here?

GARRETT  
Yep. Got outta there pretty quick.

TARA  
Did you come through D.C.?

GARRETT  
Uh, no. No, I stayed west.

**INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY**

Cisco walks through the cafeteria doors, nods to a few  
passerbys. He glances over and sees Sheriff Barnes talking  
with another man.

Cisco walks up to a long table, an elderly woman seated  
behind it. She smiles at him.

He drops his backpack, and begins fishing the deer meat out,  
setting the smoked and wrapped sections of the doe on the  
table.

The woman behind the table looks at each package, jotting  
notes on a clipboard in front of her.

Barnes is wrapping up his conversation, watching Cisco as he  
ends it. He walks over, catching Cisco as he's stepping away  
from the table.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Thanks for that.

CISCO  
No problem.

SHERIFF BARNES  
How's our new friend?

CISCO  
He's a pain in my ass. What are we  
gonna do with him?

Barnes takes a breath ...

SHERIFF BARNES  
I don't know. I was thinking--

The doors to the cafeteria swing open wildly, cutting Barnes' thought off. It's a redlined Chris ...

CHRIS  
Sheriff, we gotta group coming in on  
250 east?

SHERIFF BARNES  
What? Who are they?

Chris is panting, doubled-over now, shaking his head.

CHRIS  
I dunno. They're on horseback. All  
men, all armed. They look like  
military maybe. Bill told me to run  
ahead as soon as we saw them - said  
he was going to try to hold them up.

Barnes and Cisco look at each other.

**SERIES OF SHOTS:**

--Horse hooves thundering up the road.

--Barnes and Cisco bolting through swinging doors, Chris on their tails.

--A full view of the invaders: 13 men on horses, camo fatigues, semi-automatic rifles slung.

--Barnes, Cisco, and Chris rushing down the school hall. Barnes turns back to Chris.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Find Porter. And whoever else you  
can.

--Close shot on the leader of the pack: COLONEL FISK, late-40s, tall and lean. Long, hard face, but playful eyes. He looks like a used car salesman who wouldn't think twice about slitting your throat.

A sly grin washes over him as he reads a roadside sign ...

WELCOME TO MONTEREY, VIRGINIA

END OF SERIES

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - DAY**

Barnes and Cisco hurrying down the street towards the intersection at the center of town. A few townspeople have gotten wind of the commotion, are coming out their doors, standing on porches.

Barnes and Cisco look east as they reach the intersection. They're staring up Main Street towards the edge of town ...

Fisk and his men are trotting right at them, closing the distance.

Chris and Porter cross over from the opposite side, joining Barnes and Cisco.

PORTER

What the hell?

Barnes unclips his walkie-talkie and raises it to his face without taking his eyes off the horsemen.

SHERIFF BARNES

Bill, you copy?

Silence.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)

Bill?

More silence. Barnes lowers the walkie-talkie and belts it.

Other townsfolk are milling around now, but staying clear of the road, as Fisk and his men arrive. Several of them fan out. Fisk is front and center, wiping his brow ...

FISK

Hoo-wee! Goddamn, sir!

Fisk and two of his gang dismount. The first guy's huge - a stone-faced, goateed sequoia of a man. All Fisk's men are bad news, but RYKER's clearly the heavy. The second, LANGON, is a tall, dark-eyed weasel, sporting a smart-ass smirk.

FISK (cont'd)

Well, alright then ... Who's the man, here?!

Porter's already had enough of this shit. His hand slowly goes to the 9mm on his hip. Cisco notices and gives him a look to settle down.

Barnes takes a step forward.



SHERIFF BARNES  
 Sheriff Sam Barnes.

Fisk grins.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
 Oh, I like that! I ask who the man  
 is, and the sheriff steps forward.  
 It's just like the wild, wild west!

A few chuckles from Fisk's men.

Fisk looks at Barnes.

FISK  
 Colonel Fisk, Special Detachment, 2nd  
 Battalion, MARSOC.

Cisco and Porter trade skeptical glances.

FISK (cont'd)  
 Now Sheriff, it wasn't exactly the  
 friendliest of welcomes we got  
 outside of town. Next time I suggest  
 either no show of force, or an  
 overwhelming show of force. Not a  
 single man waving a shotgun around!

SHERIFF BARNES  
 Is he okay?

FISK  
 Oh, he'll be alright. Might need a  
 little tending to. We left him out  
 there.

Barnes maintains his poker face, glances over at Chris.

SHERIFF BARNES  
 Go check on him, Chris.

Chris nods and takes off.

SHERIFF BARNES (cont'd)  
 What can we do for you, Colonel?

FISK  
 Well, it might be what I can do for  
 you. Starting with a little dose of  
 Marshall Law.

Porter scoffs. The sequoia of a man tries to stare him down.  
 Porter gives it right back.

SHERIFF BARNES  
By whose authority?

Fisk laughs, looks around at his heavily armed men, and lifts both hands.

FISK  
Do I really have to answer that?

CISCO  
We got our own law.

Barnes shuts Cisco up with a glance.

SHERIFF BARNES  
I think what my friend is saying is that we're managing just fine. We're not in a state of emergency.

Fisk busts out laughing.

FISK  
Not in a state of emergency?! The whole goddamn world's in a state of emergency!

Fisk pauses, thinking, tries on a serious face.

FISK (cont'd)  
I tell you what, you cooperate, we'll be outta your hair before you know it. You can go back to running your little empire here. How's that sound?

SHERIFF BARNES  
Cooperate how? What do you want?

FISK  
Well, like I said, it's just like the wild, wild west, right? ... So you can think of us as your friendly, neighborhood posse.

Barnes stares at him.

FISK (cont'd)  
We're looking for someone, Sheriff ... Now, you wouldn't happen to have any new visitors come through town lately, would you?

Cisco's face tenses.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Can't say that we have.

FISK  
(wheeling around to  
everyone present)  
What about you all? Any of you fine  
citizens take in a stranger lately?

Blank faces, shaking heads.

Fisk looks at Porter.

FISK (cont'd)  
How 'bout you, big fella?

Porter stares him down cold, shakes his head.

Fisk turns to Cisco.

FISK (cont'd)  
And you, tough guy?

CISCO  
I don't like strangers.

Fisk laughs lightly ... He looks around, wheels turning,  
nodding to himself.

FISK  
Okay, I tell you what. We got off on  
the wrong foot here. But there's no  
reason for this thing to go south on  
us all, is there? How 'bout you put  
us up for a few days, maybe re-  
provision us a bit, and we'll see if  
our man shows up. If he doesn't,  
we'll be on our way.

Fisk stares at Barnes ... Barnes nods.

**INT. DR. ABRY'S CLINIC - DAY**

Bill's laid up on an exam table, one arm slung up over his  
head. His face is mush. Dr. Abry's standing beside him,  
giving Cisco the rundown.

DR. ABRY  
Twenty-two stiches, broken nose, and  
a blowout fracture of the orbital  
bone - not much I'm going to be able  
to do about that.

BILL

Giant fucker hit me with the butt of his rifle.

CISCO

What'd they say?

BILL

They didn't say anything! I sent Chris ahead when I saw them come over the pass. I waited 'til they came around the bend and then stepped out onto the road.

Barnes and Porter show up in the doorway, get their first look at Bill ...

PORTER

Jesus.

BILL

There were so many, I didn't even raise my weapon. Three of 'em get off their horses, and the lead asshole asks what I was doing out there. I said "who the fuck's asking?" and the big one nailed me.

Cisco, Barnes, and Porter step out into the hallway.

CISCO

What's happening?

SHERIFF BARNES

We set them up in the church.

CISCO

Well, did they say anything else?

PORTER

Same special detachment MARSOC bullshit - on the trail of some guy.

Cisco catches Barnes' eye for a split second, but they keep their secret.

CISCO

MARSOC's the special operations command of the Marine Corps.

PORTER

Well, they don't look like any marines I've ever seen.

(MORE)

PORTER (cont'd)  
And if that guy's a colonel, I'm the  
goddamn Prince of Wales.

SHERIFF BARNES  
They're not marines.

CISCO  
So what's the plan?

SHERIFF BARNES  
I don't know. I knew this day would  
come, sooner or later. I knew someone  
would come over that pass, but I  
didn't figure on a pack of heavily  
armed assholes playing commando.

PORTER  
Well I'll be damned if we're gonna  
let them strip the cupboards bare.

SHERIFF BARNES  
Take it easy. We've got no choice now  
but to let it play out. But you put  
the word out to be ready for  
anything.

Barnes glances at Porter, then catches Cisco's eye ...

CISCO  
What?

SHERIFF BARNES  
They're gonna go door-to-door.

Cisco's face goes cold. He bolts.

**EXT. SCHOOL - DAY**

Cisco walks up the sidewalk towards the school, sees Fisk  
and his posse gathered nearby. Some of the men are on foot,  
some on horses. Fisk is giving them instructions.

Cisco mounts his bike. Fisk takes notice and watches as  
Cisco pedals away.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

Cisco arrives in a winded rush - he's been hammering it the  
whole way home. He drops his bike and heads around to the  
garden. Tara's alone, still working.

CISCO  
Where is he?

TARA  
He's inside. What's going on?

Cisco makes a beeline for the front door, flying up the porch steps ...

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Cisco crashes inside. Garrett's sitting at the farm table, going through his backpack.

CISCO  
Who are you?

GARRETT  
What?

Tara walks through the front door behind Cisco.

CISCO  
Who are you?!

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER**

Garrett's got an iPad out on the table. Cisco and Tara looking over his shoulder.

They're watching a video ...

--CLOSE ON VIDEO: Documentary-style, alternating between Garrett's face filling the screen, narrating, and footage and still shots of a man in various stages of his climb through life.

GARRETT (NARRATING VIDEO)  
Otto Booth, engineer, inventor, one of the richest men in the world. Famous for his revolutionary development of renewable energy and artificial intelligence, Booth is also one of the pioneers of what appears to be the final iteration of the military industrial complex.

As they watch and listen: confusion washes over Tara's face, mounting frustration on Cisco's ...

CISCO  
What's this bullshit?

GARRETT  
Just watch.

GARRETT (NARRATING VIDEO)  
With contracts spanning the field of national agencies, from NASA, the NSA, and the Departments of Homeland Security and Defense, Booth Industries has all but erased the blurred lines between private industry and government agencies--

CISCO  
Screw this.

Cisco reaches over Garrett and grabs the iPad, stops the video.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Who are you?

GARRETT  
I told you I'm a filmmaker!

CISCO  
Yeah, well the freaking A-team just road into town looking for someone  
(dripping with sarcasm)  
A stranger wandering around these parts. Gee, I wonder who that could be?

TARA  
What?

Garrett's boxed in, takes a deep breath. Tara notices something, drifts away from the table ...

GARRETT  
It's complicated.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
Complicated my ass!

Tara's at the front of the cabin, looking out the window, now.

Garrett's rubbing his hands through his hair - where does he start?

Cisco leans in, gets right in Garrett's face.

CISCO  
Why are they looking for you?

Garrett looks Cisco in the eyes.

GARRETT  
To cover their asses.

TARA  
Dad.

Cisco's still staring at Garrett.

TARA (cont'd)  
Dad!

Cisco looks up.

TARA (cont'd)  
There's someone coming!

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Cisco throws the iPad in Garrett's backpack, shoves it at him, pulls him out of the chair and begins dragging him across the room to a door off the living room.

GARRETT  
What are you doing?

Cisco whips the door open. It's a closet. He yanks hanging clothes down the rod ... the closet's a little deeper than it should be - Cisco ducks under the rod ...

Garrett's looking over his shoulder now, as Cisco fiddles with the back wall. We hear the unmistakable CLICK and SLIDE of a barrel slide bolt releasing, and the LIGHT SWOOSH of a door swinging open ...

Cisco turns back to Garrett, grabs him by the arm ...

CISCO  
C'mon.

GARRETT  
What? Where?

Cisco's pulling him in, pulling him past ...



CISCO  
There's stairs - feel your way down.  
Do not make a peep until I come get  
you!

GARRETT  
(disappearing,  
descending)  
What the?

Cisco pulls the door back, locks, slides the clothes back as  
he backs out of the closet.

TARA  
What's happening? Who are those guys?

Cisco marches past her towards the cabin door.

CISCO  
You never saw him.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Cisco comes out the door, onto the porch, as Fisk and five  
of his men ride up.

Cisco comes down the porch steps, as Fisk, Ryker, and Langon  
dismount.

Tara walks out the front door, stays on the porch.

FISK  
How you doin', friend?

Cisco looks around, taking notice of the three men still on  
their horses flanking him a bit.

CISCO  
Fine. Yourself?

FISK  
Oh, I'm doing okay. Just find myself  
on a bit of a wild goose chase.

CISCO  
I see that.

Fisk walks around, taking in the lay of the land, the  
garden, the propane tanks behind.

FISK  
You run a genny off those?

Cisco stares straight ahead, annoyed, doesn't answer. Fisk smiles.

FISK (cont'd)  
(to his boys)  
We got us a real prepper here, boys!

CISCO  
The guy I bought it from was a prepper. It was nothing but a quiet place for me.

FISK  
Ahhh. Your escape from the rat race. And where'd you escape from?

CISCO  
Loudoun County.

Fisk is looking at him, nodding slowly.

FISK  
So, when the shit hit the fan, you got outta Dodge, I suppose.

CISCO  
More or less.

FISK  
And you did so with ...  
(looking at Tara)

Cisco glances back, then eyeballs Fisk.

CISCO  
My daughter.

Fisk motions to Langon to go retrieve Tara off the porch. Langon starts moving, but Cisco steps in his way.

CISCO (cont'd)  
I don't think so.

One of Fisk's guys raises his rifle just enough. Fisk offers a greasy smile.

FISK  
Easy now. I just want to talk to the girl.

Cisco maintains his hard-case look, but he steps aside. As Langon's bringing Tara down ...

FISK (cont'd)  
(to Cisco)  
What's your name?

CISCO  
Cisco.

FISK  
Cisco? Wasn't that the name of the  
Lone Ranger's horse?

CISCO  
I believe that was Silver.

FISK  
Oh yeah! That's right! High, ho  
Silver! ... So is that first or last  
name?

CISCO  
Last.

FISK  
Well? You gonna tell me your first  
name?

Cisco coughs - he knows what's coming.

CISCO  
Bear.

Fisk busts out laughing ...

FISK  
Are you fucking kidding me?! Your  
name is Bear Cisco?!

Cisco's annoyed as hell now.

FISK (cont'd)  
That's the most ridiculous name I've  
ever heard! Sounds like a goddamn  
cartoon character!

Fisk's men are laughing - even Ryker, the giant man, cracks  
a smile.

Fisk goes thoughtful, calculating. He walks around Cisco,  
looking him up and down, assessing him.

FISK (cont'd)  
I don't know. Maybe I can see a bear  
in there ...

He ends up over by Ryker, grabs a handful of the man's shoulder ...

FISK (cont'd)  
But this right here? This, is a bear.

Cisco's practically rolling his eyes.

FISK (cont'd)  
Okay, Mr. Bear Cisco. I'm going to ask you one time. You seen any new faces in town recently?

CISCO  
I already told you. No.

Fisk looks at Tara.

FISK  
How 'bout you honey? You make any new friends lately?

Tara shakes her head.

CISCO  
Look, there are barely 200 people left in town, and we know every one of them. I don't know who you're looking for, but he hasn't come through here.

Fisk pulls a folded piece of paper out of his shirt pocket, unfolds it, holds it out for them to see. It's a grainy photocopy - Garrett's headshot.

FISK  
You sure?

Cisco looks at it, reaches out to take it, but Fisk pulls it back.

FISK (cont'd)  
No, no. You can imagine how hard it is to get copies made these days!

Cisco gives a bored sigh.

CISCO  
I've never seen that face before in my life.

FISK

Okay ... But you do realize if you're lying about that, I have the authority to execute you and your lovely daughter there.

Cisco's face contorts into a scowl.

CISCO

Go fuck yourself.

Ryker steps up with no notice and delivers an absolute hammer to Cisco's stomach. Cisco doubles over with a guttural HOOMPH.

Tara makes a move to help him, and Langon grabs her arm. She wrenches it free and, in the struggle, throws a wild elbow back - it lands cleanly on the bridge of the man's nose with a CRACK. The blood flows on cue.

LANGON

You bitch!

Langon reaches for her again, but Fisk steps in, laughing ...

FISK

Whoa, whoa! God Damn! What's with this town?! So much anger!

Cisco's panting, holding his gut, trying to straighten up.

CISCO

Nine months. Not a whisper from the federal or state government, or the military for that matter. And you assholes ride in here with your bullshit uniforms trying to declare Marshall Law?

Fisk steps up close to him, serious.

FISK

I told you. We find what we're looking for, and we'll be gone before you know it ...

Cisco looks up at him.

FISK (cont'd)

But if I find someone's hiding our man, I'll burn this whole fucking town down.

Cisco finally straightens up, looks Fisk in the eye for a moment ...

FISK (cont'd)  
Let's roll, gentlemen.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Tara comes over to Cisco, who's still grimacing, coughing. They watch as Fisk and the men leave.

TARA  
You okay?

CISCO  
Fantastic. How's your elbow?

TARA  
Better than his nose.

This gets a painful laugh out of Cisco.

TARA (cont'd)  
Why do they want Garrett?

CISCO  
I don't know.

TARA  
What are we gonna do?

**INT. CISCO'S BUNKER - NIGHT**

The door swings open, and Cisco begins descending the stairs, lantern in hand. Tara's on his heels.

They get to the bottom - it's a dank, dark, stone-walled cellar.

Cisco holds the lantern out. We hear the ZIP of a lighter being fired somewhere in the blackness.

GARRETT  
I was beginning to think you forgot about me.

Garrett's sitting sideways on an old cot, his back against the wall, his feet kicked up on a rickety coffee table, where he's got one of his maps spread out.

CISCO

Had to wait 'til the sun was down -  
make sure they weren't watching.

GARRETT

Thanks.

Garrett looks around - the lantern in Cisco's hand provides just enough light take it all in: dirt floor, four stone walls, one lined top to bottom with stocked shelves - food and supplies.

GARRETT (cont'd)

Not exactly the Ritz, is it?

CISCO

You're welcome to come on up and head  
into town.

Garrett smiles, hangs his head. Cisco's not in the mood for smiles.

CISCO (cont'd)

So you wanna tell us who we're  
risking our lives for?

**INT. CISCO'S BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER**

Garrett's still sitting on the cot, feet on the floor now, hunched over. Cisco's standing directly in front of him, arms folded. Tara's leaning on a wall off to the side.

GARRETT

My name is Garrett Filmore. I  
graduated from college at the age of  
13. By 17, I'd earned Phds in  
Aeronautics and Computer Science from  
MIT--

CISCO

I don't need your life story. Why are  
they looking for you?

GARRETT

I'm trying to tell you.

CISCO

Well, first you tell me you're a  
filmmaker, and now you're giving me  
this Doogie Howser bullshit!

TARA

Dad.

GARRETT

I was recruited by Booth Industries right outta MIT. I worked for Otto Booth for six years--

CISCO

The guy in the video?

GARRETT

Now look who the boy genius is.

Cisco's ready to explode.

GARRETT (cont'd)

I started in his private aerospace company working on reusable launch systems. But over time I became involved in a series of classified projects, artificial intelligence, satellite systems - working under contracts with the Department of Defense - specifically the Defense Intelligence Agency, the NSA, and the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency--

CISCO

And now you make movies on your phone.

Garrett throws a "may I continue look" at him.

GARRETT

By now, I'm assuming you know what an EMP is?

CISCO

(smartass)

You mean like the reason the light switches upstairs don't work?

GARRETT

That's right. A short burst of electromagnetic energy that doesn't harm life but can cause electronic system failures including damage to the power grid ...

(MORE)



GARRETT (cont'd)  
EMPs occur naturally in the form of solar flares or coronal mass ejections, which is what everyone thinks has happened, right? But we've known since the 1950s they can result from the atmospheric detonation of a nuclear device ... an EMP weapon, if you will.

Cisco's listening now.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
Well, it was just a matter of time before the powers that be began to ask: what if the destructive force of an EMP could be harnessed and delivered with precision? Maybe, knock out power in a specific region, eliminate a foe's technology on the battlefield, you get the picture ... That was the last project I worked on at Booth Industries - to leverage Booth's proprietary artificial intelligence platform to design a satellite system capable of crippling the technology of a specific target, anywhere, at any time.

Cisco stares at him, a grin growing. He's nodding now.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
What?

CISCO  
Well, it all makes sense now! Space weapons! ...

Garrett rolls his eyes.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Let me guess, I bet you were a huge Star Wars nerd weren't you?

GARRETT  
You think I'm making this up?

CISCO  
I think you're nuts.

GARRETT  
Do you know how many atoms are in a single grain of sand?

Cisco's grinning from ear to ear now.

CISCO  
Gee, you know. I can't say that I do.

GARRETT  
About 70 quintillion - that's 70 followed by 18 zeros! In a single grain of sand!

CISCO  
(still in full-on  
mocking mode)  
Well, I'll be damned. In a single grain of sand? That's crazy.

GARRETT  
Yeah. It is ... And what would you say if I told you we'd figured out how to split a single one those atoms and, in doing so, release enough energy to kill 100,000 people in a matter of seconds?

Cisco's smile fades.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
That's crazy too, right?

Cisco's wearing a blank stare now.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
You think I'm nuts? That the story I told you is crazy? The point is, a lot of ideas are crazy ... until they become history.

Cisco stares at him for a long moment.

CISCO  
Okay. So you were some kind of boyhood genius, who went to work for Darth Vader, developed a secret weapons system to take over the world, and then what? What happened?

GARRETT  
I don't know ... But I don't think the reason your lights don't work is because of a natural, solar event.

Cisco holds his stare for a moment, then abruptly starts towards him ...

CISCO

This is ridiculous. I'm taking your ass into town and turning you over--

GARRETT

Let me ask you this, then. What would happen to your generator if you started it up at say, 2 o'clock in the afternoon?

Cisco stops in his tracks.

GARRETT (cont'd)

It would fry wouldn't it? ... Solar events are one-time things. They don't last for months on end, and they most certainly don't occur at regular intervals ... like say, whenever a satellite flies overhead.

Cisco's frozen stiff now.

GARRETT (cont'd)

C'mon. You think I robbed a string of liquor stores? Or maybe I'm a serial killer? Think about it. There's no law out there - no police, no FBI, there's barely even a functioning military. Why do you think a band of commandos would be hunting one guy - me of all people - down?

Cisco's suddenly on the ropes ...

GARRETT (cont'd)

Thousands of individuals worked on different components of that project, but there were only a handful that knew what the project actually was, and I was one of them ... I don't know what happened, but if you were responsible for the end of the world as we know it, wouldn't you like to keep that fact a secret?

Cisco's got one more flurry inside him ...

CISCO

Well, goddamn. That's a helluva story. No wonder you want to make a movie about it.

GARRETT

The world deserves to know what happened to it, doesn't it?

Cisco's starts pacing around, laughing, rubbing his hands through his hair.

TARA

Why here, though? Why did you come here?

GARRETT

To find Booth ... To finish my movie.

CISCO

Oh shit, that's right!

(to Tara)

Wasn't this Booth guy down working a shift at the river the other day?

(to Garrett)

You are certifiably, bat-shit crazy!

TARA

He's here?

GARRETT

Mt. Alamo.

Cisco stops and turns.

GARRETT (cont'd)

You've heard of it?

Cisco's frozen, staring at Garrett again - he has heard of it ...

TARA

What?

CISCO

It's an old, Cold War bunker - built in the 50s.

TARA

You're talking about the Greenbriar?

GARRETT

No. That was for Congress. Mt. Alamo was one of a series of communication stations.

Garrett reaches out with one hand and taps a spot on the map in front of him.

GARRETT (cont'd)  
It was fully decommissioned in 1984  
... and bought from the United States  
Federal Government, in 2012, by Otto  
Booth.

**INT. CISCO'S BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER**

CLOSE UP: three cans of SPAM slam on the table, followed by  
a gallon jug of water.

We pan back to see Cisco, having delivered the supplies,  
staring down at Garrett.

CISCO  
You keep quiet down here. And nothing  
else comes off that shelf.  
Understood?

GARRETT  
Wait ... So what, I'm a prisoner now?

CISCO  
I don't know what you are. But until  
I find out, I'm extending your stay.

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Tara's out of the closet. Cisco's bolts the wall door and  
comes out, shutting the closet door behind him.

TARA  
What are you gonna do?

CISCO  
I don't know.

Cisco's throwing things into his backpack.

TARA  
Could it be true?

Cisco lets out a scoffing laugh. Tara's looking at him, but  
he just keeps packing.

TARA (cont'd)  
I think he believes it.

CISCO  
Yeah, well, crazy people tend to  
believe crazy shit. I need to talk to  
Sam.

(MORE)

CISCO (cont'd)  
 (shouldering the pack  
 and turning to her)  
 Listen, I want you to get over to  
 Jimmy's, and stay there until I come  
 get you. You understand?

She nods. He kisses her on the head and bolts for the door.

**EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT**

Cisco walks up sidewalk near school, realizes right away something's not right. Several of Fisk's men, including Ryker and Langon are milling about by the front door. They're relaxed, confident, joking with each other.

Cisco strolls up to them, their smiles fade. Langon takes a step to block the door. Cisco stops, looks them over, then sets his eyes on Langon, whose sporting a swollen nose and double blacks from Tara's elbow.

CISCO  
 (laughing)  
 Damn. That beak looks tender.

Langon scowls at him, but Cisco gives it right back ... Langon maintains the stare, but steps aside. Cisco walks past, and through the school doors.

**INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT**

Cisco walks into the cafeteria, stops in his tracks. Fisk is leaned back in chair, his feet kicked up on a table - right where the sheriff should be. He's eating an apple. Two of his men are playing a game of cards behind him.

Cisco looks around - no sign of Barnes. He walks up.

CISCO  
 Where's Sam?

Fisk furrows his brow - an exaggerated look of confusion.

CISCO (cont'd)  
 (annoyed)  
 Sheriff Barnes.

FISK  
 Oh, right. I'm afraid the good  
 sheriff is indisposed at the moment.

Cisco stares at him ...

FISK (cont'd)

I told him we'd get out of his way as soon as we find what we're looking for, but you know,  
(shaking his head)  
it turns out your man's got a real independent streak.

CISCO

How many times we gotta tell you, we don't have what you're looking for.

Fisk stares at him, raises his hands, and shrugs.

CISCO (cont'd)

You said it yourself, the whole world's in a state of emergency, and you guys are roaming the countryside hunting down one man - I mean who is this guy, anyway?

FISK

Let's just say, he's a high-value target ... we're given orders, and we execute them.

CISCO

Is that right? And who's giving you the orders.

Fisk holds a blank stare for a moment, then abruptly shifts gears.

FISK

You know your daughter, she's a feisty one. No other family?

CISCO

My ex-wife was in D.C. - she's with the State Department.

FISK

You don't say.

Cisco pauses for a moment ...

CISCO

My son's in Afghanistan.

Fisk drops his feet off the table.

FISK

Afghanistan? Oh, shit! I thought we pulled out of that hellhole a long time ago! ... He must be pretty special to have still been there!

Cisco glares at him.

Fisk is shaking his head. His boys are listening in, watching, sensing the tension grow - one of them stands up in the background.

FISK (cont'd)

I mean, your ex? She might be okay. But your boy? Afghanistan? (laughing now) Goddamn! Can you imagine what that place is like right now?

CISCO

... I need to see the sheriff.

Fisk responds with a smile. Cisco leans in ...

CISCO (cont'd)

Let me put it this way. Tell me where he is, or I'm coming over this table and caving your face in.

Fisk's smile fades to an empty stare. Cisco notices motion in the background, sees the guy who's stood up has his assault rifle raised now.

FISK

No way that story has a happy ending for you, partner ... But, I tell you what. You come back in the morning, and I'll see what I can do.

#### **INT. JILL'S FOYER - NIGHT**

A dark foyer, save the eerie aurora light spilling in from the side windows of the front door. We hear a gentle KNOCKING on the door outside ... Another round of KNOCKING ...

We hear a light SHUFFLING from down the hall ... the barrel of a shotgun comes into view, then its owner - the figure of a woman in a nightgown, hair pulled back. She's slowly making her way down the hall, the shotgun pointed at the door.



She stops a few feet in front of it. She can see the doorknob of the front door twisting in the faint light ... then the SCRAPE of a key finding it's home and the CLICK of the deadbolt turning over. The woman fingers the trigger ...

The door swings open slowly, and we hear the CHUCK of a shotgun shell being loaded into the chamber.

CISCO  
(whisper)  
Hey! It's me!

More SHUFFLING, and light fills the foyer. Cisco's staring down the barrel, arms raised. Jill's on the other end, one hand holding the shotgun, the other still stretched out towards the lantern on she's just lit on a side table.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Would you mind lowering that thing?

Jill empties her lungs, lowers the shotgun.

JILL  
What are you doing?  
(looks at the keys in  
Cisco's hands)  
Wait, how'd you?

CISCO  
You gave them to me last month, when  
you started working patrol, remember?

Cisco steps in, closes and locks the door behind him.

JILL  
Well, I'm not on patrol tonight, am  
I? I almost blew your head off.

Jill's expecting a smartass reply, but Cisco just stands there, silent.

JILL (cont'd)  
What's wrong?

CISCO  
They took Sam.

#### **INT. JILL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A single lantern bathes the room in an orange light. Cisco's sitting on the couch, hunched over. Jill's standing in front of him.

CISCO  
The whole world's gone to hell.

JILL  
You're just now noticing?

Cisco rubs his brow. He's shaking his head.

JILL (cont'd)  
You know, when Rick went out with  
you, I ...

Cisco looks up at her, then shuts his eyes.

CISCO  
I'm sorry.

JILL  
You don't have to be. Seems like such  
a long time ago, now.

CISCO  
I know, but ...

JILL  
No. He wanted to go. Maybe you were  
going out to find your ex-wife, but  
he just wanted to see - to know what  
was happening ...  
(tired, sad laugh)  
I think he thought he could do  
something. Save us somehow.

CISCO  
... He was a good man.

The comment hangs in the air. Jill nods slowly.

Silence ...

JILL  
So, what are you going to do?

Cisco rises, let's out a tired sigh.

CISCO  
I don't know. Get with Porter and the  
others. Come up with a plan.

He's begins making his way out of the room, Jill behind him. As he reaches the cased opening leading into the hall, he stops, turns around, finds Jill standing close. Their eyes meet ...

**INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - DAY**

It's early morning. Cisco and Jill are asleep, tangled together in the sheets of her bed.

We hear a faint voice, someone yelling in the distance ...

FISK (O.S.)  
Zero hour ...

Cisco stirs. His eye's open ...

FISK (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Zero hour's here!

... Cisco's awake now, listening. Jill's stirring ...

FISK (O.S.) (cont'd)  
C'mon out folks! Let's talk this  
over!

Cisco's out of bed, throwing his pants on. Jill's waking up.

Cisco goes to the window, peeks through curtains. Jill's sitting up.

JILL  
What's going on?

FISK (O.S.)  
C'mon now! Rise and shine! Zero hour  
is here!

CISCO  
Get up.

Cisco doesn't have to tell her, Jill's already out of bed, throwing clothes on herself now.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Listen to me. You need to wake Trent  
and get out of here.

Jill lets out of a scoff.

Cisco stops, stares at her, until she looks back.

JILL  
Where are we going to go?

Its a statement, more than a question, and we see the truth of it land on Cisco's face - she's right, there's no safe place left ...

**EXT. JILL'S HOUSE/TOWN STREETS - DAY**

Cisco bolts out Jill's front door, bounds down the porch steps, begins walking quickly down the block to the center of town, head up, looking, listening ...

FISK (O.S.)  
(much louder now)  
Zero! Hour!

Other people are coming out their front doors, confused, scared. Some are hanging back, many are already walking towards the commotion.

Cisco runs into CLAY, a fellow ridge patroller.

CLAY  
What's happening?

CISCO  
I don't know. Find Porter - anybody  
you can ... Get ready.

Clay takes off.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - DAY**

FISK (O.S.)  
Zero hour! C'mon folks! C'mon over!

Cisco rounds the corner - people are gathering from all directions at the center of town, where ...

Fisk and three of his posse, including Ryker and Langon, are standing in the middle of the intersection. Ryker and Langon are both holding assault rifles. The fourth, a sidearm on his hip, is standing beside Fisk.

Two more posse members are off to the sides, mounted on horseback. Another two are standing off the road a short distance away, where six horses are tied to a storefront railing.

Cisco navigates a little closer ... the blood runs out of his face when he sees ...

Sheriff Barnes, his hands ziptied, his head down, standing beside Fisk. When the Sheriff raises his head for a moment, Cisco can see one eye is swollen shut, and blood's running down his cheek, staining the collar of his shirt.

FISK  
C'mon now! Don't be shy!

Cisco takes another step forward, spots Mayor Jenkins. She's close to center of the mob, a distraught look on her face.

Fisk is addressing the scattered crowd - we get a look at the faces - some scared, some resolute.

FISK (cont'd)  
Now, we tried to make this easy on you! All we needed was a little bit of cooperation, and we woulda been on our way!

**EXT. OUTER EDGE OF THE INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS**

Clay and Randy, stalking opposite sides of the intersection, taking up positions. Clay's got a 9MM tucked against his hip. Randy's holding a shotgun down the length of his leg  
...

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

FISK  
But the good news is, it's not too late! ... In fact, my men and I are ready to mount up today and ride right out of this little utopia of yours!

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Porter steps quietly through the front door of a house. He's carrying a scoped .50 Barrett rifle in his hands. He heads for the stairs ...

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

FISK  
All we want ...  
(holding up the sheet  
with Garrett's  
headshot)  
Is this man right here!

Fisk slowly spins around, the sheet of paper held high for all to see.

FISK (cont'd)  
Give him to us ... and we're gone!

Cisco is staring, breathing hard. His eyes meet Barnes' for a second - Barnes stares at him resolutely, gives him a slight, but clear, shake of the head.

**INT. CABLE'S DEN - CONTINUOUS**

Cable is rushing to unlock his gun cabinet. He opens it, pulls out an assault rifle ...

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Porter moves through an upstairs bedroom, peers out the window, doesn't like the view.

PORTER  
Shit!

He rushes out of the room.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

FISK  
(still holding the  
sheet of paper up)  
Anybody?! ... Anybody?! ...

Not a soul in the crowd reacts or responds.

FISK (cont'd)  
Well, then ... I guess this thing  
really is gonna go south.

Fisk glances back at the SIDEARM MAN. In a single motion, the man pulls his pistol from his hip, takes a step towards Barnes, and raises the gun to the sheriff's head.

Cisco's eyes go wide. Mayor Jenkins lets out a single, guttural cry, as she raises a hand up to her mouth ...

CISCO  
Wait!

Fisk stops, turns to look ...

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Porter's in a different bedroom, sliding a window up. He crouches in position, sets his rifle out the window, and begins feverishly looking through the scope, panning.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

Cisco pushes past someone, steps forward into Fisk's view.

CISCO

Wait.

Fisk stares at him, their eyes are locked ... a grin grows on Fisk's face ...

FISK

... I'm afraid wait time is over ...

Without dropping his eyes from Cisco's, Fisk casually raises one hand towards SIDEARM MAN, and the man pulls the trigger.

Barnes crumples to the ground. A moment of shocked silence washes over the scene.

Cisco raises his hands to his head. Fisk, still grinning at him, let's a light laugh escape ...

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Porter pulls away from the scope, his mouth hanging open ... His dumbfounded stare morphs into outrage, then he drops his eyes to the scope again, locks in, and pulls the trigger.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

A KABOOM shakes the landscape ...

We see SIDEARM MAN's head explode. The two HORSEMEN momentarily struggle to control their BAYING animals. Langon crouches. Ryker scans the crowd. Fisk turns, sees his man drop, and looks up, stunned.

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Porter pans left a hair, pulls the trigger again ...

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

KABOOM!

HORSEMAN #1 takes the shot square in the chest and flies off his horse.

People are running for cover now.

The two posse members who were tending the horses, move forward, rifles raised, scanning the landscape for the shooter. HORSE TENDER #1 spots Porter in the window, opens fire.

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Porter falls back into the room, as rounds rip into the walls and window.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

Clay steps out into the street, unloading his 9mm clip, dropping HORSE TENDER #1.

Ryker spins, fires a wild burst towards Clay. Clay tries to run for cover, but is shredded.

Randy's working his pump action as fast as he can, CHUCHACK, BOOM, CHUCHACK, BOOM, CHUCHACK, BOOM.

Fisk has his sidearm out, but he's crouched low, trying to make sense of the sudden chaos.

Langon's ducking, firing wildly.

An unarmed Cisco's dropped to one knee, one arm raised to cover his head.

What's left of the townspeople are running for their lives.

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Porter's back up in the window, scoping. He finds Fisk, who's up and moving now, looking for cover. Porter squeezes the trigger, but the shot misses, spraying asphalt at Fisk's feet.

Langon sees Porter, fires a burst at the window, forcing Porter to take cover again.



**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

HORSE TENDER #2 has reached the center of the intersection now - he's firing short bursts. We see two townspeople, fleeing for cover, drop.

Cisco rises, starts running right at the man ...

The mayor, who's standing smackdab in the middle of the firefight, grabs the man from behind. He wrenches back, throws a wild elbow, knocking the mayor to the ground. He spins, points his pistol down at her, but ...

Cisco arrives full speed - an unblocked linebacker blindsiding a quarterback - a bonecrushing, de-cleating hit.

Ryker's kneeling on one knee now, methodically aiming and firing. Randy takes one in the neck - before his hand can even reach the wound, another round hits him square in the chest.

Fisk is ducking, firing, WHOOPING crazily as he makes his way towards the tied horses. Langon's trailing him, backing away, still firing.

Cisco's on the pavement, struggling with Horse Tender #2, who's lost his rifle, and is now reaching for his sidearm.

A brief, intense moment of grappling, then Cisco gets off two wild, CRACKING punches to the man's face. He wrenches the man's gun away, rolls free, and fires three shots into the man.

HORSEMAN #2 fires his sidearm at Cisco. Cisco's rolling across the pavement, as the rounds spray debris. The man keeps firing, homing in on Cisco, when he's winged in the shoulder by ...

Jill. She's out on the street now, striding towards the center of the intersection, shotgun raised. CHUCKACK, BOOM, CHUCKACK, BOOM. Horseman #2 flies back off his horse.

Ryker's up now, spraying everything in sight.

Cable appears from around corner, strides out into the road, fires back at Ryker.

Ryker's backing away now. He fires off one more long burst, forcing Cable to take cover, then turns to join Fisk and Langon, who are mounting horses.

Ryker swings up on a horse, and he, Langon, and Fisk race off.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

Silence descends. Dust and smoke settle.

Cisco's still on the ground, frozen, stunned, panting ...

He rises, takes a few steps towards ...

Mayor Jenkins, who's already standing over Sheriff Barnes. She's crying.

Cisco arrives, stares down in utter disbelief at Barnes, crumpled, lifeless, a pool of blood around his head.

A few CRIES and SOBS in the background.

A shellshocked Cisco looks around, takes in the widespread carnage: we see the bodies ... five of Fisk's posse, Clay, Randy, three innocent townspeople.

Cisco's eyes return to Barnes.

TARA

Dad!

Cisco's still staring down, blinking, trying to shake the reality of what just happened.

TARA (cont'd)

Dad!

Cisco's pulled from his trance, spins around, spots ...

Tara. She's standing at the far end of the intersection, where Cisco had first arrived. Jimmy's beside her. They're standing over a body.

Cisco begins walking, then running. Slows down when he recognizes ...

Jill's crumpled body, riddled with gunshot wounds, on the pavement. Her shotgun's on the ground, several feet away.

Cisco stares, let's out a few shaking breaths. A shocked Porter walks up.

Silence. Stillness. Then motion ...

A small boy is walking up the street behind them. It's Trent. He stops twenty feet away. Jimmy notices him, grabs Tara, so she'll see ...

Tara turns and walks to Trent. She arrives, wrapping him in a hug.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - LATER**

Cisco's sitting alone on the steps of a building at the corner of the main intersection. He's in a trance, staring at nothing.

Mayor Jenkins walks over to him. Then Porter, Cable, Jimmy, and Chris. They're all still in a state of shock, speechless ...

MAYOR JENKINS

(quietly)

We need to take care of them, get them off the street.

Porter's staring at the ground. He begins nodding ...

PORTER

I'll get the loader.

CISCO

(still in his trance)

No.

PORTER

... What?

CISCO

There's no time for that.

Porter and the mayor look at each other.

MAYOR JENKINS

But we need to--

CISCO

They're coming back ...

PORTER

I don't know, man. We hit 'em pretty hard.

Cisco shakes his head ...

CABLE

(defiant)

Then, let 'em. We'll set up. We'll be waiting.

CISCO

No. They'll get the others - regroup.  
 (raising his head now)  
 They're coming back. And there won't  
 be any theatrics this time ...  
 They'll shred everything.

MAYOR JENKINS

... So what do you want to do?

Cisco's silent for a moment ... Then he rises, looks at  
 Porter.

CISCO

Get everyone you can over the ridge.  
 To McDowell if you can. Just stay off  
 the road.

MAYOR JENKINS

But--

CISCO

(eyeballing Jimmy)  
 You get her and Trent over that  
 ridge - you understand me?

They're all confused, processing, but Jimmy begins nodding.

MAYOR JENKINS

We can't outrun them.

CISCO

You won't have to. They'll be coming  
 for me.

Cisco walks right past them ...

PORTER

For you? What the hell are you  
 talking about?

Cisco picks up speed, marches towards the few horses still  
 tied up.

PORTER (cont'd)

Hey! Where are you going?!

Cisco mounts up, turns to them.

CISCO

Just go!

He kicks the horse and takes off.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Cisco galloping over a rise on road to his cabin.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

Fisk, with remaining seven members of the posse, including Ryker and Langon. They're loading weapons, getting armed to the teeth.

**EXT. TOWN STREET - DAY**

Porter, Mayor Jenkins, Jimmy, Chris gathering people, setting them off.

PORTER  
Let's go! Let's go!

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

Cisco slams the front door open, heads straight for the closet ...

**INT. CISCO'S BUNKER - CONTINUOUS**

Cisco's rushes down the stairs. The bunker's lit by a lantern he left with Garrett earlier. Garrett's sitting on the edge of the cot, but Cisco marches straight to the shelves of supplies.

GARRETT  
What's happening?

Cisco's feverishly stuffing supplies in a backpack - food, a few bottles of water, ammo.

CISCO  
(without turning  
around)  
Get your shit together. We're  
leaving.

Garrett looks at Cisco, starts packing his own pack up.

GARRETT  
Where are we going?

Cisco finishes with his pack, turns to Garrett ...

CISCO  
To see how your movie ends.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, CENTER OF TOWN - DAY**

Fisk, Ryker, Langon and three other members of his posse are mounted, in the center of the intersection. Fisk is surveying, taking in the scene: silence, no movement, bodies from the firefight still laying where they fell.

The two remaining members of the posse ride up in a gallop from the east - these guys are all business.

TACTEAM #1  
Big party heading east on foot.  
They're staying off the road, making  
for the ridge. Looks like a mass  
exodus.

Fisk looks around, thinks on this for a moment ...

TACTEAM #1 (cont'd)  
You want us to split off, run them  
down?

Fisk is looking north now, staring up the road leading towards Cisco's cabin.

CISCO  
No.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

Cisco comes out the front door, bounds down the porch steps, with Garrett on his tail. They cut through the garden and head up the jeep trail spilling out of the woods' edge.

**EXT. JEEP TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER**

Cisco and Garrett are rushing up the trail. Cisco takes a hard left, leaving the road, heads up a steep bank. Garrett's struggling to keep up, slipping, falling, getting up, scrambling.

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

Fisk ascends the porch steps, walks to the front door. He's alert, but calculating - he knows Cisco's gone.

Ryker's following behind him. The door's open half-way - Fisk gently pushes it all the way open with the tip of his rifle barrel.

**INT. CISCO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Fisk takes a few steps inside. He looks around, taking in the home life of the man he's now hunting. His eyes arrive at the open closet door ...

He walks to the closet, peers inside a moment, then begins sliding clothes down the hanger rod. He stares at the open door in the back wall, as we hear VOICES rising outside.

Langon rushes through the front door of the cabin.

LANGON  
We got something.

Fisk stares into the closet a moment longer, then turns ...

**EXT. JEEP TRAIL - DAY**

Fisk, Ryker, and Langon arrive: TacTeam #1 is crouching on the bank, looking at prints where Cisco and Garrett left the jeep trail. The other four posse members are on the road nearby.

TACTEAM #1  
(motioning up the  
bank)  
We got two.

FISK  
... Hunt and finish. We'll follow.

TacTeam #1 glances back at the men on the road. Three of them immediately split off and join him - clearly these guys are a unit within Fisk's unit. They bolt up the bank, into the thick woods, leaving Fisk, Ryker, Langon and the other behind.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's bushwhacking through thick foliage, up a steep, rocky slope. He's got one of Garrett's maps folded in one hand. Garrett's behind him, panting, trying to maintain the pace.

Cisco breaks into a small clearing, stops, surveys the terrain. He unfolds the map and pulls the compass he has corded around his neck out of his shirt. He lays the compass on the map, turns it slowly, stopping to read the bearing.

Just as Garrett reaches him, Cisco drops the compass back into his shirt and folds the map back over.

CISCO

Let's go.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Fisk's four-man Tactical Team is lightly spread out, stalking quickly, quietly through the brush. TacTeam #1's in the lead, tracking, fingering a broken twig as he moves.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

The sun is high overhead now, casting shafts of light through the canopy of hardwoods.

Cisco and Garrett are still on the move, pushing through brush, over and around deadfalls. Garrett's struggling, panting, sweating.

GARRETT

I gotta stop.

Cisco ignores him, keeps moving.

GARRETT (cont'd)

(panting)

Hey. Seriously, I gotta stop.

Cisco stops in front of him, hangs his head. Garrett pulls out a bottle of water, takes a swig, stares at Cisco's back ...

GARRETT (cont'd)

What are you thinking?

Cisco's shakes his head, let's out a little laugh. Garrett's still staring at his back, waiting for an answer ...

CISCO

I'm thinking three days ago, we were all okay. Then you show up, and we're smack dab in the middle of a colossal clusterfuck.



Garrett puts the cap back on his water, looks down ...

Cisco turns around ...

CISCO (cont'd)  
 And I'm thinking I lost a couple of  
 people I cared about this morning ...  
 (looks up at Garrett)  
 ... For you.

Cisco's staring at him now - Garrett finally meets his eyes  
 for a second.

GARRETT  
 I'm sorry.

Cisco keeps staring.

CISCO  
 So I'm thinking, maybe ... maybe I  
 should just leave your ass. Or better  
 yet, put a bullet in your head myself  
 ... That's what I'm thinking.

GARRETT  
 I am sorry. Really ... But what  
 you're at the center of is ... is the  
 most significant event in world  
 history.

Cisco stares at him, stone-faced for a long moment ... then  
 he swings the rifle strapped to his back around and casually  
 lifts it, pointing it right at Garrett.

Garrett stares back at him ...

GARRETT (cont'd)  
 Go ahead. But that won't end it ...  
 They're not just hunting me now.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

The Tactical Team is moving slowly now, creeping, closing  
 in. TacTeam #1 stops, surveys the slope ahead of them. He  
 holds up two fingers to TacTeam #2 and TacTeam #3, motions  
 for them to flank left.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

The terrain flattens, opens up a little, as Cisco and  
 Garrett reach the ridgeline.

Cisco stops, takes the lay of the land. He unshoulders his pack and drops it. He opens the map again, tracing a finger on it, as Garrett walks past him.

Garrett's walking ahead a bit, eyeing what looks like a clearing ahead and to the left ...

Cisco looks up, looks around, then back at the map ...

Garrett's still moving slowly forward, stepping through brush, over a fallen tree, arrives at sunlight - the edge of the clearing. He looks back at Cisco, who's a good thirty yards behind him now, taking a bearing.

Garrett takes a step out into the sunlight, into the breeze-swaying high grass of a pipeline cut. The cut's a good fifteen yards wide, disappearing up and over the ridge to his right and sloping down to his left.

Garrett pauses, then moves out into the cut.

**EXT. PIPELINE CUT - DAY**

Garrett comes into focus through the scope of a rifle ...

**EXT. PIPELINE CUT - DAY**

Garrett takes in the view of the valley floor below him ... He drops his pack, fishes out a bottle of water ...

**EXT. PIPELINE CUT - DAY**

Through the scope: Garrett's standing straight up, fiddling with the cap on the bottle. He opens it, raises it to his lips ... the crosshairs home in on his head ...

**EXT. PIPELINE CUT - DAY**

Garrett's drinking ...

KABOOM-WHISTLE-THUNK! Blood flies from Garrett's neck - he drops like a stone.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's head jerks up, the echo of the shot still ringing. He begins crashing towards the clearing ...

**EXT. PIPELINE CUT - DAY**

Cisco reaches the edge of the cut, crouches in the cover of the trees for a moment, peering out at the lump in the grass in front of him.

Cisco drops to his hands and knees, begins crawling out through the tall grass ...

He reaches Garrett, who's on his back, blood spewing from his mouth and pumping from the neck wound. Garrett's staring wide-eyed into the blue sky above. He's alive, but not for long.

Cisco puts a panicked hand on Garrett's forehead, searching for answers, but there are none.

Garrett's fading fast, but he lifts one arm, reaching out - jerky, uncoordinated - until he feels his pack beside him and grips it. He finds Cisco's eyes, and tries to talk, but chokes on blood.

KABOOM! A shot from below WHIZZES close.

Cisco ducks, raises his head - he's all panic now, staring at Garrett for a moment, then ...

He reaches over Garrett and grabs the pack, begins marine-crawling through the grass ...

KABOOM! Another close shot ...

Cisco rises to all fours, crawling wildly for a moment, then rises and sprints for the far edge of the pipeline cut.

As he reaches the woods - KABOOM! A tree trunk explodes beside him, sending tree shrapnel into his face.

**EXT. PIPELINE CUT - DAY**

The four members of the Tactical Team are hauling ass up the cut, two on each edge.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's running wildly, jumping logs, crashing through the woods, falling, rising, running again. He's bleeding from a small cut under his eye from the tree shrapnel.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

The Tactical Team is in the woods now, moving quickly, methodically ...

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco stops, exhausted, soaked in sweat, panting. He's looking around, listening ...

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

The Tactical Team's spread out now, rifles raised, crouched, creeping through the woods ...

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco thinks he hears something, slowly steps over to the nearest tree. He's leaning into it, gripping his rifle. He hears a SNAP. He takes a deep breath, slowly begins to raise the rifle around the tree ...

TACTEAM #3

Don't.

Cisco looks back over his shoulder.

TacTeam #3 materializes from the brush, his rifle pointed right at Cisco. Cisco glances around, as the other three appear - he's surrounded.

Cisco lowers his rifle, takes a deep breath.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's sitting on a log, despondent. TacTeam #4's standing over him, his rifle hanging at his hip, casually pointing at Cisco's face. TacTeams #2 and #3 are nearby, holding their rifles in front of them. TacTeam #1's on the radio.

TACTEAM #1

This is Tac Team 1, you got a copy?

...

FISK (O.S.)

(staticky)

Go ahead.

TACTEAM #1  
Target's down.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Fisk is stopped in the woods, somewhere below. Ryker, Langon, and a fourth are with him.

FISK  
Where?

TACTEAM #1  
(staticky)  
There's an old pipeline cut. He's  
along the ridge at the top.

Fisk processes for a moment ...

FISK  
And our new friend?

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Back to Cisco and the TacTeam.

TACTEAM #1  
(looks at Cisco)  
Staring down the barrel, as we speak.  
We're maybe another two clicks  
southwest, along the ridge. What's  
the call?

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Back to Fisk ...

FISK  
... Finish it. Meet up back at the  
target before sundown.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Back to Cisco and the TacTeam.

TACTEAM #1  
Copy that.

TacTeam #1 clips his radio, looks at Cisco, steps over a log and walks up to him. Cisco tilts his head up, looks at TacTeam # 1 with one raised eyebrow.

TacTeam #1 pulls his sidearm off his hip - matter of factly ...

TACTEAM #1 (cont'd)  
Sorry, man.

He raises the gun to Cisco's head--

We hear a SUCKING THUMP! TacTeam #1's head splatters, and he drops.

Another SUCKING THUMP and TacTeam #4 drops.

TacTeams #2 and #3 react now, crouch, spin, rifles raised.

Two more SUCKING THUMPS - they both drop without getting a shot off.

Cisco's still sitting on the log, in utter shock - his face is peppered with TacTeam #1's blood. He's trying to process, when ...

A figure, dressed in dark green and gray camo fatigues and balaclava, rises from the brush - his rifle trained on Cisco.

Two more identical figures rise from the brush. Cisco, mouth hanging open, raises his hands.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

The three men are leading Cisco through the woods, two in front, one behind. Cisco's hands are ziptied in front of him. The guy directly in front of him is wearing Garrett's backpack.

They're all business, moving quickly, no navigation necessary - they know where they're going.

The sun is setting, casting orange shafts of light through the canopy.

They come out into an area of less dense brush, make a hard left and follow it - Cisco looks down, realizing they're on what used to be a road, years, if not decades, earlier.

They turn right off the old road, back into the thick brush, weaving, pushing through.

Cisco's exhausted, but alert, curious. He glances back at the man behind him - none of the men has made a peep since they took him.

Cisco cranes his head around the guy in front of him, sees the lead man raise his wrist to his mouth ...

SECURITY TEAM #1  
(almost inaudible)  
Team four, inbound.

They push through a patch of dense foliage, come out in an overgrown clearing. There's a vegetated wall of broken limestone, maybe thirty feet high in front of them.

The men stop. Cisco looks around, waits ... but the men remain still, silent.

CISCO  
We lost fellas?

A muffled BANG, followed by SCRAPING. Movement. Cisco strains his eyes in the fading light, trying to make it out ... The cliff in front of them seems to be moving, opening, faint light spilling out from within.

Cisco stares, dumbstruck as the thick blast door swings fully open ...

He's still staring when the man behind him pushes him forward. They move through the door.

#### **INT. MT. ALAMO TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER**

They're walking in the same formation, leading Cisco down a large concrete tunnel. Cisco takes it in: pipes lining the length of the wall, harsh hanging lights every twenty yards, the ECHO of their movement.

A hundred yards in, the tunnel makes a 90 degree right turn. Twenty yards further, a 90 degree left turn.

Cisco cranes his head around the men in front of him - the tunnel runs straight as far as he can see, the run of lights disappearing in the distance. He glances back at the man behind him.

CISCO  
So, is there like a Batmobile at the  
end of this sucker?

No reaction ...

CISCO (cont'd)  
You guys aren't much for small-talk,  
are you?

**INT. MT. ALAMO TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER**

At the end of the straight run, the tunnel makes another 90 degree right turn. There's a smaller, open blast door in front of them. They walk through, stepping over the lip at the bottom.

**INT. MT. ALAMO HALL - CONTINUOUS**

The hallway they enter is more finished than the tunnel - smoother, whitewashed concrete walls, panel lights. Quieter, save the LOW HUM of heavy machinery, air circulation or a generator, somewhere in the bowels of the bunker.

They follow the hall to a T-intersection. Security Team #1, in the lead, goes left. Security Team #2, directly in front of Cisco goes right, Garrett's backpack slung over his shoulder.

When Cisco stops at the T, the man behind him grabs him by the shoulder and pushes him left.

Twenty yards down the hall, Security Team #1 stops at an open, steel door on the right. Cisco arrives, glances into the room. Security Team #3's right on his heels.

CISCO  
Hey fellas, you know I don't think I  
got a ticket from the valet guy--

Security Team #3 shoves him into the room.

**INT. MT. ALAMO HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

When Cisco turns around, they're shutting the door ...

CISCO  
Hey! How late does room service  
run?--

The door slams shut in front of him. He stares, listening to the BANG and CLANK of a heavy locking mechanism.

Cisco turns around, surveys the room: 12x12, paneled lights, whitewashed walls, cot in corner, toilet in opposite corner, a single chair against the wall ...



He looks up at the ceiling - there's a security camera mounted up in the corner.

**INT. MT. ALAMO HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A quick SERIES OF SHOTS seen on the security camera screen:

-- Cisco pacing

-- Cisco trying door

-- Cisco dragging the chair

-- Cisco sitting in chair, in center of room

-- Cisco feeling the wall, putting his ear up to it

END OF SERIES

**INT. MT. ALAMO HOLDING ROOM - LATER**

Cisco's sitting in the chair in the center of the room. His head's down, his hands still ziptied.

The BANG and CLANK of the locking mechanism ...

Cisco looks up ... the door swings open.

Security Team #1 and #3 are standing outside.

CISCO  
Damn. It's about time.

They move in ...

CISCO (cont'd)  
Listen, I'll take a Denver omelet,  
extra cheese, but go easy on the--

They jerk him up by the arms.

**INT. MT ALAMO ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The two Security Team members lead Cisco into an elevator off the hall - it's bare bones, a grade above freight.

As the elevator lurches upwards, Cisco looks at Security Team #1, then leans in a little to Security Team #3 ...

CISCO

(quietly)

I gotta be honest. I'm not gonna hold back on my review of this place ... I mean, my bags were never even delivered to my room ...

Security Team #3 finally breaks his stone face, turns and looks Cisco in the eyes, hard. Cisco raises his eyebrows and turns his eyes straight ahead again.

**INT. MT. ALAMO HALL, FINISHED - CONTINUOUS**

The elevator door opens, and they step out into a finished hall - class-A office quality, minimalist, modern, slick, faux wood floors, wood paneled walls, soft lighting.

Cisco's too amazed for jokes now.

A short ways down the hall, the wall on the right breaks into floor-to-ceiling, frosted glass. Cisco can see flickering light behind the glass.

The glass ends at a solid, stained oak door.

Security Team #1 stops at the door, opens it, turns to face Cisco, and takes a step back.

Cisco pauses at the door, looks at his escorts for a moment, and steps in.

**INT. MT. ALAMO CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

Cisco steps into what could be an executive conference room in any steel and glass high-rise in the country - class-A finishes, a long, oval conference table surrounded by plush leather office chairs.

The lights are dimmed. The chairs are all empty, save for one at the far end of the table, where a lone figure is sitting with his back turned. He's watching a video projected on a large screen at the end of the room:

Garrett's face fills the screen. It's a selfie-interview, poorly lit - it looks like Garrett filmed in from inside a tent.

GARRETT (VIDEO)

... The beta version was actually completed in 2010, but even after three years of testing, he was reluctant to take the technology public ...

Cisco's staring at Garrett's face, serious - it'd only been that afternoon that he'd watched the man on the screen dying in front of him.

Cisco glances at the back of the man in the room, looking for some kind of reaction to what's playing on the screen in front of them, but the man remains still, watching.

GARRETT (VIDEO) (cont'd)

... It wasn't until Booth was approached about Project 1859 that he saw its full potential ... and it wasn't until the platform was fully integrated into it that 1859 went from a D.O.D wet-dream to an achievable reality ...

The man in the chair raises a hand, points a remote at the screen, pausing the video.

Cisco waits, quiet, still, staring at the frozen image of Garrett ...

BOOTH

It would appear we have a mutual friend.

Cisco keeps staring, silent, unsure.

The man swivels his chair around and points the remote again, bringing the lights up a bit.

Cisco stares at Otto Booth, late 50s, tall, slim, neatly parted hair, glasses.

Booth stares back ...

BOOTH (cont'd)

(pointing one hand  
back over his  
shoulder)

Mr. Filmore? You know him.

CISCO

... Knew.

Booth furrows his brow ...

BOOTH  
I see ... and you, facilitated his  
end?

CISCO  
No. A group of ... a gang of assholes  
were hunting him down. My guess is  
you know a lot more about that than I  
do.

Booth thinks on this for a moment, nodding to himself.  
Cisco's turning his wrists - the ziptie's getting old.

Booth notices this, frowns, and motions behind Cisco.  
Security Team #1 walks through the door. Cisco had forgotten  
he was even there. The man steps in front of Cisco, pulls a  
knife out, and cuts the tie.

Cisco rubs his wrists. Booth motions again, and Security  
Team #1 steps away, out the door, and closes it behind him.

Booth and Cisco stare at each other for a moment ...

CISCO (cont'd)  
So, is it true?

BOOTH  
Is what true?

Cisco nods at the video.

CISCO  
All that.

Booth takes a deep breath.

BOOTH  
Well, it's a little too damning for  
my tastes, but then Garrett always  
did have a flare for the dramatic ...  
What's your name?

CISCO  
Bear.

BOOTH  
(amused)  
Bear?

CISCO  
... Bear Cisco.

Booth laughs out loud.

BOOTH  
Really. Were you a professional  
wrestler before all this?

CISCO  
(annoyed)  
A carpenter, actually.

BOOTH  
And where did you come from, Bear  
Cisco?

CISCO  
Nowhere.

BOOTH  
(raising open hands)  
Please.

CISCO  
Monterey.

BOOTH  
Ahh. Highland County. Famous for its  
rural beauty and the fact it's one of  
the darkest, least-populated counties  
east of the Mississippi ... Of  
course, the whole world's dark now,  
and I imagine the population is  
dwindling everywhere.

CISCO  
Like I said, nowhere.

Booth smiles.

BOOTH  
Oh, I beg to differ, Mr. Cisco ... In  
fact, you might say you're pretty  
close to the center of everything.

CISCO  
You know, I keep hearing that.

BOOTH  
I just mean you're pretty much right  
in the center of the COG relocation  
arc.

CISCO  
The what?

BOOTH

The Continuity of Government apparatus - the relocation facilities arc. Mt. Weather, Raven Rock, the Greenbriar? ... All told, there were over a hundred bunker facilities built during the Cold War. Buried deep into the Appalachian limestone of Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, and North Carolina ... In the event of  
(theatrical smile)  
doomsday ...

CISCO

And this is part of it?

BOOTH

No. Not so much any more. Mt. Alamo was decommissioned decades ago. It's a ... private residence now. I do hope you like what I've done to the place.

CISCO

So, is it true? Project 18-whatever?

BOOTH

Project 1859. Do you know why they called it that?

Cisco's staring at him.

BOOTH (cont'd)

The Carrington Event. A solar coronal mass ejection that caused the single largest geomagnetic storm on record. Observed by a British astronomer, Richard C. Carrington, on September first and second, 1859 ... The funny thing about it though, had that storm hit a hundred years earlier, humanity wouldn't have even noticed it, aside from a few neat lights in the night sky. But by 1859? Well, that was the early morning hours of the technological age. The storm wreaked havoc on the telegraph systems throughout North America and Europe ... Of course now, with technology infiltrating every crook and nanny of our lives ...

(MORE)

BOOTH (cont'd)

Well, another Carrington event would end life as we know it, wouldn't it?

CISCO

And so, you decided to make one?

BOOTH

... Not much for nuance, are you Mr. Cisco?

CISCO

Not really.

Booth rises out of the chair, walks around the backside of the table.

BOOTH

When they approached me, I asked myself one question: would it be possible to design a weapon that actually facilitates peace? ... A system of satellites, several dozen, so as to cover every square inch of our planet, each with the ability to harness the power of the sun and focus it on a single designated target. No explosions, no  
(theatrical again)  
laser beams, no bloodshed. Just the ability to cripple an assessed threat before it could take form ... The opportunity to perhaps end war - at least war on any grand scale - before it could even start.

Cisco laughs out loud.

BOOTH (cont'd)

That's amusing to you ?

CISCO

Build a weapon so powerful it ends war? Give me a break. If all this is true, as far as I can tell, you're nothing but the world's smartest, richest arms dealer ... Not to mention the asshole who destroyed the world.

Booth stares at Cisco, his face losing a little of its glow ... Then he looks at his watch ...

BOOTH  
Let's take a walk. I want to show you something.

**INT. MT. ALAMO HALL, FINISHED - NIGHT**

Fisk leads him down the hall, up an open, finished flight of stairs.

**INT. MT. ALAMO OBSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS**

They come up in a spacious, enclosed room - slick, modern finishes and furniture, a wall of glass providing panoramic views of the landscape and sky outside. The aurora's in full effect, lighting the space in a warm glow.

Cisco stares out.

BOOTH  
You have to admit, it really is quite lovely, isn't it?

Despite his edge, Cisco's awestruck.

BOOTH (cont'd)  
C'mon.

Booth walks up to a break in the glass, an open sliding door where the room spills outside.

Cisco hesitates.

BOOTH (cont'd)  
Don't worry. It's ... private. And I assure you there's nobody within a one-mile perimeter ... As you can imagine, I like to keep a low profile.

Cisco follows him out.

**EXT. MT. ALAMO DECK - CONTINUOUS**

They walk out onto a large, laid-stone deck. It's high up - higher than the surrounding terrain - but protected from view from below by the trees surrounding it. A light BREEZE moves through the forest canopy.

Booth peers into the sky, searching for something near the horizon.



BOOTH  
(pointing)  
There.

Cisco looks.

BOOTH (cont'd)  
You see it?

Cisco squints, zeros in on what looks like a slow-moving star.

BOOTH (cont'd)  
That's the International Space Station ... Two Americans, Three Russians, one Canadian. Can you imagine what they were thinking the first time they looked down at an earth devoid of all light?

Cisco's staring, processing ...

BOOTH (cont'd)  
I know what you're thinking ... Depending on when their last resupply was, I'd say about six month's. Water would have been the big one. But I doubt they lasted that long to be honest with you ... Staring down at a dark earth, night after night. Cut off from all communications ... Madness would've taken them long before hunger or thirst.

Cisco still staring, his awe fading to disgust.

CISCO  
So, what happened?

BOOTH  
I don't know.

CISCO  
You don't know?

BOOTH  
No, I don't. Booth Industries ceased work on the project three years ago. Once it went operational, they cut ties.

CISCO  
Who's they?

Booth laughs.

BOOTH

The DOD, DIA, NSA, NGIA - pick your acronym. Or better yet, come up with one no one's ever heard of ... A tapestry of national security organizations, thousands of people, all working in the dark, each one on their own narrow piece of the project, the whole of which only a handful of people could see.

CISCO

So what? It was some kind of malfunction? It broke?

BOOTH

On this scale?

(shaking his head)

Twenty-nine individual satellites, layer upon layer of fail-safe processes? I think not.

CISCO

... Then who did this?

BOOTH

Well, that depends on how imaginative you are.

CISCO

Try me.

Booth takes a breath, considering.

BOOTH

A foreign adversary, perhaps a terrorist organization, hacks into the system, tries to turn it on us and our allies, but somehow kills power to ... Or a militant, eco-fringe group. Sees the polar ice caps melting, the wholesale depletion of natural resources - decides the best way to save earth is to sacrifice humanity ... There's enough crazy in the world to come up with an endless list of suspects ... But none are likely.

CISCO

Why not?

BOOTH

Knowledge and access. To say the project was a secret, well ... Anyone on the outside would have to know about it in the first place, and then they'd have to somehow gain access to it ... The odds of that? ... let's just say it's highly unlikely.

CISCO

"Anyone on the outside"?

BOOTH

Yes, naturally one begins to consider scenarios where knowledge and access aren't obstacles ...

Cisco's wheels are turning.

CISCO

You're saying it was someone on the inside? Why the hell would we do this to ourselves?

BOOTH

I suppose that would depend on your definition of "ourselves", wouldn't it?

Booth glances at Cisco, then looks away again.

BOOTH (cont'd)

For as long as there have been rulers, empires, dynasties, there have been coups. I imagine the first time a particularly strong Neanderthal exerted his dominance over a band, there was another, sitting around the fire, calculating how he might seize power for himself.

Cisco scoffs, shaking his head.

CISCO

Who would want power over this?  
 (nodding to the world  
 in front of them)  
 The world we knew is gone.

BOOTH

True, but reason is a fickle beast, wouldn't you agree?

(MORE)

BOOTH (cont'd)

I don't have to tell you that extremism was, is, and always will be alive and well. And not just in some cave halfway around the world or some militia outpost in the Pacific Northwest. It's everywhere. The suburban house next door, behind the church pulpit, in the halls of the Capitol Building ...

Cisco's silent ...

BOOTH (cont'd)

You know, this whole plan  
 (waving his hand)  
 to protect us from doomsday - from an onslaught of Soviet missiles - used to include civilians? Back in the 50's, the idea was to protect everyone. Supplies were stockpiled, plans made, bunkers built - even the smallest of towns ran drills. But somewhere along the way, new theories on how we might "win" a full-on nuclear exchange took root. In the event of Armageddon, only select members of the federal government would have to be saved. The rest of us? Well, let's just say we became dispensable.

(laughing lightly now)

In the early 80's, COG planners even concluded that Congress would not only be unnecessary in re-establishing governance when the dust settled, it might, in fact, be a detriment ...

Booth looks at Cisco again.

BOOTH (cont'd)

Is it beyond the realm of possibility that an inside, rogue element of the COG group saw this as an opportunity to seize power and reshape the world to their liking?

Cisco laughs, shakes his head - the idea's ridiculous.

BOOTH (cont'd)

I'm straining your imagination? ...  
 Then you'll love my favorite scenario  
 ... Tabula Rasa ...

(MORE)

BOOTH (cont'd)  
Clean Slate Theory ... Sometimes  
things get so ... muddled, it's best  
to just swipe everything off the desk  
and start over ...

Cisco's stonefaced now, listening.

BOOTH (cont'd)  
You have to admit, the world was a  
mess before the lights went out.  
Utter chaos in the Middle East,  
profound instability in Moscow, a  
North Korea with ICBM capability ...  
Pandemics in Africa, the earthquakes  
in Chile, global temperatures rising  
uncontrollably - not to mention our  
own, lovely recession ... You could  
feel it, couldn't you? We were on the  
precipice ... Maybe someone thought  
it was time for a reset - a do-over.

Cisco stares at him.

CISCO  
And who might that be?

Booth glances at him, sees him staring, laughs.

BOOTH  
No. I'm innocent ... To say I even  
designed Project 1859 is a stretch  
... Sophia did most of the heavy  
lifting.

CISCO  
Who the hell is Sophia?

BOOTH  
The artificial intelligence platform  
Mr. Garrett was so fond of ranting  
about. My artificial intelligence  
platform ...

(laughing)  
I know, Sophia, right? Straight out  
of a sci-fi movie, but my brand team  
insisted on humanizing it. Anyway, I  
created Sophia, and Sophia created  
1859 ... I instilled in her our goal  
of putting an end to full-scale war  
... But I wonder if maybe she didn't  
recognize another opportunity ...

CISCO  
What are you saying?

BOOTH  
I'm saying, they wanted a weapon, and to design that weapon, I gave them a God ... and perhaps that God passed judgment ... Maybe she took the lay of the land and decided the best thing she could do for us was to push the reset button.

Cisco's shaking his head.

BOOTH (cont'd)  
Oh, and here's the best part. Just say Sophia did conclude we'd be better off without technology. She would have destroyed herself in the process. A murder-suicide, if you will. No going back ... Now, the satellites themselves are solar-powered, but they're operating in Low Earth Orbit - they won't last forever. Accounting for natural perturbations from the sun and moon, the earth's non-spherical gravity field, radiation pressure, etc. etc. ... I estimate the system will continue to operate on its own for 47 years before orbital degrade kicks in and the units begin to fail ... 47 years. That's plenty of time for us to get are act back together, don't you think?

Booth stops musing and looks at Cisco. Cisco's staring at him - the whole thing's ridiculous. Booth laughs.

BOOTH (cont'd)  
Well, like I said, it depends on how imaginative you are. But you have to admit, it's a great story, isn't it?

**INT. MT. ALAMO HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT**

A low blue light fills the room. Cisco's curled up, sleeping on the the bunk - fully clothed, no blankets.

The distant BANG of a door. Cisco's eyes open ...

He slowly sits up, rubbing his eyes, stares at nothing ...

The lights flicker on. The BANG and CLANK of his door.

The door swings open, and Security Team #1 steps in.

CISCO  
(still waking up)  
Morning, sunshine.

**INT. MT. ALAMO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Cisco and two Security Team members arrive at the conference room door. Cisco walks through alone.

Booth is standing alone at a coffee station along the back wall, pressing a French press. The room's full of early morning sunlight.

CISCO  
A little early for a board meeting,  
isn't it?

Booth laughs a little, as he turns around, holding a tray with the press, two cups, and accompaniments. He walks over to the table.

BOOTH  
Please, sit.

Cisco plops down in a chair, rubs his face, as Booth pours coffee.

CISCO  
I would have thought you had someone  
to do this kind of thing for you.

Booth raises his eyebrows, amused. He takes a seat opposite Cisco. Cisco raises his cup with both hands, takes a slurp.

CISCO (cont'd)  
Damn. That is good.

Booth's staring at him, a relaxed smile on his face. Cisco looks up.

CISCO (cont'd)  
... So, what's the plan?

BOOTH  
The plan?

CISCO

Isn't this where you tell me how  
you're going to take out the death  
star? Fix this mess?

Booth laughs, takes a moment ...

BOOTH

Do you want to know why I took you  
out to see the ISS last night?

CISCO

So I could imagine five astronauts  
going insane and eating each other?

Booth laughs lightly again.

BOOTH

Because I'm guessing you'd never  
noticed it before. Astronauts flying  
around in a space ship above us, for  
God's sake, and you probably never  
even looked up ...

Cisco puts his coffee down.

BOOTH (cont'd)

A million people a day board  
airplanes, fly like birds and they  
don't even look out the window  
anymore. They stare at their phones  
instead. Work, play, entertainment,  
weather reports, games, exercise, the  
Library of Congress times a million -  
even our relationships with one  
another. 99% of our lives play out on  
those little devices in our hands. My  
God, we even use them to meditate, to  
sleep ...

CISCO

You mean we used to.

Booth stares at him.

BOOTH

Have you ever been to Africa, Mr.  
Cisco?

CISCO

No.



BOOTH  
Did you want to go? I mean before?

CISCO  
Sure.

Booth smiles.

BOOTH  
Really? Why would you? You already saw it all on television ... Let's face it, aside from the fact it's given us the ability to destroy each other, as well as our planet, technology has destroyed the unknown, the unseen ... Technology has destroyed wonder.

CISCO  
Wonder?!

You disagree.

CISCO (cont'd)  
So, millions, maybe billions, of people are dying out there right now - hunger, thirst, treatable medical conditions, at each other's hands - while you sit up here in your vacation bunker drinking French press coffee ... And you're saying, what, the world's somehow a better place now?

Booth raises both hands.

CISCO (cont'd)  
You're insane.

BOOTH  
Believe it or not, that is not the first time I've heard that.

Cisco stares at him, incredulous ...

CISCO  
Who were the men hunting Garrett?

BOOTH  
What did he tell you?

CISCO

I don't think he knew, exactly. He just said they were covering their own asses.

Booth chews on this a moment, nods.

BOOTH

Whatever the cause was, whatever happened, the powers behind the project are ultimately responsible by breathing life into it to begin with - they know that.

CISCO

Why don't they come for you? If they want to erase all knowledge of it, why aren't they storming your walls?

BOOTH

Perhaps they will. But Garrett fancied himself a crusader, a savior. Whoever they are, I'm really no threat, am I?

(holding his hands  
up, palms out)

After all, whose hands are more dirty than mine?

Cisco's staring past Booth now, out the window, at the trees swaying in the breeze ...

CISCO

What if I tell?

A grin widens on Booth's face.

BOOTH

Ahh, all in on the turn. I like that ... You may have the name, Bear Cisco, but something tells me you're no savior, are you? Besides, who would you tell? Are you going to fire off a letter to your state representative? Maybe sit down and do an interview on 60 Minutes? There's no one for you to tell - no way of telling. And even if there were, who would believe you? A carpenter walks out of the wilderness with fanciful stories of top-secret projects, artificial intelligence, the end of the world? ...

(MORE)

BOOTH (cont'd)

If they have psychiatric hospitals in the new world, you'd no doubt find yourself in one.

Cisco's getting pissed. Booth stands up.

BOOTH (cont'd)

Regardless, I'm guessing you won't get the chance. That "gang of assholes" as you put it is still out there - at least some of them. They know enough to know you're a threat now. My guess is this will all end soon enough, with you.

CISCO

What?

Booth motions past Cisco. The door to the conference room opens, and the three-man security team marches in.

BOOTH

I'm afraid our time here is up, Mr. Cisco. As I said, I do value my privacy.

Security Team #1 and #2 are grabbing Cisco, lifting him up.

CISCO

What are you talking about?! ... You're gonna send me back out there? Why not just kill me yourself?!

BOOTH

And leaves things open-ended in their minds? I don't think so ... Goodbye, Mr. Cisco.

As the Security Team drags Cisco out ...

CISCO

Wait, goddamnit! You have to do something.

**INT. MT. ALAMO HALL - DAY**

The three security goons are rushing Cisco down a new hall, similar to the one he first came in. They're rough this time - One in front, two behind, Security Team #2's got one hand on Cisco's shoulder, the other holding a 9mm to his head.

They lead him through a wider hall/mechanical room. The HUM of machinery's louder now.

Security Team #1 opens a smaller blast door at the end of the room. They go through, eventually arriving at a steel ladder bolted to the wall.

Security Team #1 begins climbing. Cisco tries to resist when he's pushed to the ladder, but Security Team #2 pushes his head down with the tip of the pistol.

SECURITY TEAM #2

Climb.

CISCO

Now you're gonna start talking?!

Cisco begins climbing. Straight up, into darkness.

A CLANK and SCREECH above, and sunlight pours down the shaft.

**EXT. MT. ALAMO TUNNEL HATCH EXIT - DAY**

Security Team #1's standing outside the open hatch door. Cisco comes up, followed by Security Team #2 and #3.

Cisco looks around. The hatch is set in a concrete pad, surrounded by a transformer and other equipment. There are high-voltage signs everywhere.

Security Team #1 pushes Cisco hard from behind. Cisco stumbles away, then gets his footing and turns around.

CISCO

Hey, c'mon fellas. I really felt like we were starting to make a connection, weren't we?

Security Team #1 raises his rifle at Cisco. Cisco frowns, backs further away.

The three Security Team goons descend through the hatch. They pull the hatch closed with a BANG and lock it with a CLANK.

Cisco spins around, getting his bearings. The morning sun's low in the sky, birds are CHIRPING.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's pushing limbs out of his way, tramping through brush, until he arrives at a high chain-link fence with high-voltage warning signs.

He stares at the fence ... he picks up a rock and tosses it into the chain-link - nothing. He steps up closer ... reaches out and touches it quickly with one hand - nothing.

Cisco jumps, clings, and begins climbing. GRUNTS, HUFFS, the sound of shaking fence.

We see his feet land on the other side with a THUD. He crouches, looks around, moves forward.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's moving through the brush, stepping over and around trees and boulders - he's staying low, moving quickly, but cautiously ...

He eyes something in the near distance.

Cisco creeps up to the body of one of Fisk's Tactical Team. He glances around, spots the other three bodies.

He crouches at the body by his feet, pulls a canteen of the man's belt, shakes it, and downs it.

He stares at the man, turning things over in his mind ... then he picks up the the M4 by the man's body, checks it for ammo, rummages around the man's fatigues, and pockets an extra magazine.

He rises and moves.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's out on the flat expanse of the ridge now - treed, rocky terrain. He's creeping, alert.

He approaches a heavily bouldered area - the slope dropping off - and begins picking his way right, where the terrain is more manageable.

His eyes light on something ahead - movement? He leans sideways into a tree for cover, and peeks around ...

One of Fisk's men is creeping up from below. Cisco rolls back, assesses terrain, eyes the line of boulders he's just circumnavigated, slightly above and behind him to his left. It's a good ten yards way - too far.

He peeks around the tree again, spots Ryker off the other guy's rear right - he sees two others figures coming up from behind them.

Cisco rolls back, quietly drops into a crouch. He takes a deep breath, looks at the rifle in his hands, runs through his limited options. He blinks hard, then ...

He slowly raises the rifle around the tree, sights the first man, watches him creep slowly closer. Cisco takes another deep breath, let's it out, and pulls the trigger.

POP! The man drops.

A flash of stillness and silence. Then Ryker's moving quickly for tree cover. Cisco fires again - a burst this time. Tree shrapnel flies around Ryker, but he's not hit.

Ryker, Langon, and Fisk unload a massive salvo of return fire - trees splintering and exploding around Cisco as he crouches and ducks for cover.

Cisco rises a little, spins the rifle around again, firing wildly. Another salvo of return fire forces him back down again.

He eyes the boulders above and behind him, spins, unloads a long burst, and takes off - the ground and trees erupting around him as he scrambles for cover.

Cisco reaches the boulders and crouches down behind them. He waits for a break in the return fire, then rises and let's go another burst - catching a glimpse of the enemy as he does - Langon's moving to Cisco's left, Ryker right, Fisk in the center.

Cisco's crouched against the rocks again, panting, sweating.

We see Fisk taking up a defensive firing position in a deadfall ...

FISK

Why so hostile, Mr. Cisco?! ...

CISCO

... You got your man! ... Why don't you just move on?! ...

FISK

Well, that may be true, sir! But I'm afraid the scope of our mission has expanded!

CISCO

... That's funny! So has mine!

Fisk laughs.

FISK

Now, now, the rest of my team is out there somewhere ... My guess is they've heard this little firefight and the pots about to boil over for you, son!

CISCO

The rest of your team is full of holes, asshole!

This catches Fisk ...

CISCO (cont'd)

... Where do you think I got this M4?!

Fisk's face goes cold, agitated.

FISK

If that's the case, that is very unfortunate!

CISCO

Oh, not really! ...

FISK

... Well, how about this, then? How about we leave you hiding behind that rock, turn around, and head back down to town ...

Cisco's listening ...

FISK (cont'd)

And maybe when we get there, we clean things up a little ... Starting with that beautiful daughter of yours!

Cisco's calculating ...

CISCO

You hunt her down, she's likely to  
break your nose, too!

Cisco creeps a few yards down the line of boulders to a  
different position.

Fisk is grinning.

FISK

You know, I think I might actually  
enjoy that!

This pisses Cisco off. He fingers his trigger, rises  
abruptly, and sprays a long burst. Fisk and Ryker duck for  
cover, but Langon tries to move and gets dropped. Cisco  
crouches again.

Fisk is shaking his head.

FISK (cont'd)

(mutter)

Goddamnit!

Fisk looks at Ryker, motions for the big man to keep  
flanking to Cisco's right.

Cisco rises again, fires. A barrage of return fire this  
time. Both sides keep firing, unrelenting - rock, tree and  
dirt exploding everywhere.

Fisk rises, tries to move to better ground, but takes a shot  
in the center of the chest - he flies back on his ass.  
Cisco's rifle is hit, flies out of his hand, and another  
round finds the edge of his torso, below his ribs.

Cisco's slumped down against the rocks, grimacing. He  
reaches down to his side, lifts a bloody hand.

We see Fisk, sitting back against a tree, alive, but there's  
blood spilling from his mouth and a bloody stain growing  
around his chest wound.

Ryker pulls his magazine out and pops in a new one, begins  
creeping forward, continuing his flanking move around Cisco.

Cisco eyes his rifle. It's several yards away - too far, and  
away from cover. He looks around frantically, grips a rock  
the size of a softball. He rises up to a crouch, his back  
glued to the boulder he's behind.

Ryker's creeping, getting closer, making his way up and  
around the boulders.



He spots Cisco's rifle, lying in the dirt. Ryker comes on now, makes his way up and around until Cisco comes into view.

Ryker stands up, towering, raises his rifle. Cisco stares at him.

Ryker pulls the trigger - nothing happens. Panicked surprise washes over Ryker's face, as the big man begins slapping at the magazine.

Cisco lunges, swinging the rock in his hand, crashing it into the side of Ryker's face. They tumble down the slope, coming to a stop a few feet from each other.

Cisco shakes off the fall. Ryker's holding his bloody face, trying to come to his senses. Cisco sees Ryker's rifle, begins crawling towards it, but Ryker grabs his leg.

A desperate, panicked, primordial struggle as Ryker reels him in. Cisco's throwing elbows back as Ryker struggles to get in position for a choke hold.

Fisk is still against the tree, bleeding profusely, watching the two men in front of him. Fisk is trying to lift one hand, reaching for the sidearm on his hip.

Cisco's in a desperate struggle for his life now, jerking, throwing elbows, clutching at the arms snaking around him. He begins slamming his head back, again and again, into Ryker's face.

Ryker's hold loosens for a split second, and Cisco lands a solid, cracking elbow, stunning Ryker. Cisco spins, gets top mount.

Ryker's pushing up now, hands on Cisco's face. Cisco's pushing back, both hands around Ryker's neck.

Ryker drops one hand, reaches down, going for a knife on his hip, but it's all Cisco needs, and he fires off a flurry of wild, crushing punches into Ryker's broken face.

Fisk finally gets his pistol unclipped and is struggling to pull it up.

Ryker gets his knife free, but Cisco grabs the big man's wrist. The knife's between them now, both men struggling for final control of its direction.

Cisco begins head butting Ryker in the face. Again and again, the blows sapping Ryker's control over the knife.

Cisco turns the blade slowly, pushes it into the side of Ryker's torso.

Ryker weakens, and Cisco drives the blade in further. Ryker lets go of the knife altogether, and Cisco pulls it out, and drives it into Ryker's chest. Ryker gurgles blood, goes limp ...

Cisco slowly rolls off Ryker. He's panting, grimacing, covered in blood.

Fisk's shaking hand drags his sidearm out. He's struggling to raise it.

Cisco gets to one knee, sees Fisk, pushes himself up to both feet. He begins walking to Fisk, gaining steam with each step.

We see Cisco's boot drop down on Fisk's arm. Fisk quits. Cisco stares down at him, then reaches down and takes the pistol out of his hand.

CISCO  
(still panting)  
Who do you work for?

Fisk stares up at him, resigned.

FISK  
(struggling to get  
words out)  
I told you ... I don't know.

Cisco raises the gun at Fisk.

CISCO  
Who gave you your orders?

A slight smile washes over Fisk's face, but he's fading fast.

FISK  
(struggling to get  
the words out)  
I guess there was a bear in there  
after all, wasn't there?

... Cisco's still pointing the gun, but Fisk's eyes go glassy and he slumps away, dead.

Cisco slowly lowers the gun.

**EXT. WOODED WILDERNESS - DAY**

Cisco's stumbling through the brush, descending the rocky, treed ridge. He's a mess - bloody, dirty, limping, one hand compressing the wound where the round took a chunk of his side out.

**EXT. PIPELINE CUT - DAY**

He breaks through the brush, pauses at the open grass of the pipeline. The sun is high now in a cloudless sky. A gentle breeze tracks up the cut, making the grass sway and leaved canopy whistle ...

He eyes the spot - where the grass is disturbed, matted - and walks forward.

He arrives at Garrett's lifeless, body, then drops to his knees beside it. He stares at Garrett's torso for a moment, then forces himself to look at his face. He turns away ...

He gathers himself, then starts gently rummaging through Garrett's pockets. He's looking, feeling for something, but it's not there. He pulls away, leans back on his heels, and stares off.

A CARD:

ONE MONTH LATER

**EXT. CISCO'S CABIN - DAY**

It's a beautiful fall day, the foliage on fire, a breeze brushing through the trees.

Cisco's sitting in a rocker on his front porch, taking in the scenery, watching Tara and Trent in the garden, listening to the murmur of their voices. He adjusts in his seat, winces a little, puts his hand to his side.

A mounted man's riding up the drive. Cisco watches the familiar ballcapped frame arrive. Porter dismounts in front of the cabin, ties his horse to the porch railing, turns to Cisco.

CISCO  
Where's your badge, Sheriff?

Porter puts one foot up on the first porch step, laughs lightly.

PORTER

I said I'd do it, but I'm not wearing  
any goddamn badge.

Cisco smiles ...

PORTER (cont'd)

I just came up to check on you.

CISCO

... I'm getting there. I'll be back  
on ridge patrol next week, I promise.

They both look over at Trent and Tara in the garden ...

PORTER

How's he doin'?

Cisco gives him a so-so look. Porter nods.

PORTER (cont'd)

... Well, I reckon you got your hands  
full. Things have been quiet. There's  
no rush to get back at it. Runners  
came back in last night - McDowell's  
doing alright, Staunton's stable for  
the most part, bigger cities are  
still a mess ... I suppose we got it  
pretty good here - as good as we're  
gonna get, anyway ... Maybe just keep  
everyone on the homefront over  
winter, and see what spring brings.

Cisco nods ... Porter let's the silence hang for a moment  
... then he looks up at Cisco, locking eyes with him ...

CISCO

I told you, I don't know ... I don't  
know who he was, or what he did, or  
why they wanted him ... But they got  
him ... and then I got them.

They hold their stare for a moment, until Porter relents,  
nodding slowly.

Tara's walks half-way over from the garden, calls out.

TARA

He's starving, Dad.

Cisco waves to her.

CISCO

I got it.

Cisco pushes himself up out of the rocker.

CISCO (cont'd)

(to Porter)

Next week, I promise.

PORTER

Well, alright then.

Cisco watches Porter mount up, smiles when Porter gives him a tip of his greasy ballcap.

Cisco turns for the door.

#### **INT. CISCO'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Cisco comes through the front screen door, walks slowly over to the kitchen. He opens a cabinet door, begins rifling through the contents. He shuts the door, annoyed.

#### **INT. CISCO'S BUNKER - DAY**

Cisco gingerly descends the steps, lantern in hand. He stops at the bottom, looks around, eyeing the cot where Garrett had sat, the table where he'd spread his maps out ...

Cisco makes his way over to the shelves of supplies, hangs the lantern on a hook, and begins searching, rifling through cans and packaged meals. He reaches up, to the higher shelves, feeling for what he's looking for in the shadows ...

He freezes, his hand on something unexpected ... He gets a hold of it, pulls it off the shelf, lowers it.

It's a package of sorts - a piece of paper wrapped around something, secured with a rubber band. Cisco holds it in front of the lantern, examining it, staring at the single word scribbled on the paper ...

REDUNDANCY

Cisco slowly pulls the rubber band off, and pulls the paper away. He stares at the item in his hand ... an iPhone.

FADE TO BLACK

