

HOW IT ENDS: ALL I SEE IS DARKNESS

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EXT. MONTANA. INTERSTATE 90 WEST - NIGHT

A Royal Blue 745 BMW, headlights OFF, bullet holes in the windshield, speeds down the highway in darkness. The farm fields frame the asphalt like black quilts.

WILL REACHER, 29, shirtless and bloodied, clutches the steering wheel, his eyes fixed on the dark road as an Ipod blasts music through the speakers.

Will slams the brakes. On the horizon the farm fields are engulfed in FLAMES. Will absently eyes the rearview.

WILL  
It's all on fire now. All of it.

Will looks back at the road, barely contemplating. A second later he hits the gas, accelerating as fast as he can.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. BMW DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW rockets into the fire zone at 130 MPH. Burning embers dance off the windshield like fire flies, the blazing fields lighting the interstate like a HARVEST MOON.

Will grips the wheel, eyes darting to the side.

A WOMAN, burning from head to toe and frantically waving, runs out from the highway's shoulder. The BMW hits the woman at full speed, catapulting her body into the air.

Will slams the brakes and eyes the woman's lifeless body in the rearview. The wind whips flames across the highway.

Will gets out of the BMW. Standing in the middle of the highway he sees a barn, several homes, and behind that AN ENTIRE TOWN ON FIRE. Then his eye catches-

PEOPLE, hiding in the corn stalks yet to burn. They're caught in an orange halo and watching him.

BANG! A bullet whizzes over Will's head.

Will stares. Rage in his eyes. He should get in the BMW and drive away. Instead he pulls a GLOCK semi-automatic handgun from his waist. Another BULLET ricochets off the BMW.

Will starts screaming, aiming as his finger compresses the trigger. The Glock's muzzle flashes a rapid burst of bullets.

WILL  
Fuck you!!!

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: SEATTLE, SEPTEMBER 12 - 5 DAYS AGO

INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT. SEATTLE - MORNING

The loft is the picture of success at a young age. Will, wearing a business suit, pours a cup of tea. He's got a charmed confidence that borders on blessed; like life has yet to deal him a real obstacle.

Will's wife, SAM REACHER, 28, walks out in her bath robe. She glows, pregnant, rubbing a bump on her tummy.

WILL  
Tea for mama to be.

SAM  
Good morning.

Will places his hand on her stomach.

WILL  
How we doing in there?

SAM  
Growing.

Sam pulls Will close and gives him a wet kiss on the mouth.

SAM  
You good?

WILL  
I'd be better if I could tell your dad.

SAM  
Our 'lil heirloom tomato is off limits until week twelve. Six more days. Don't jinx us.

WILL  
Didn't the doctor say it was a grape?

SAM

Umm, "it"? I think you mean our  
child, thank you very much.  
Besides, grape was week ten. You  
nervous?

Will grabs his luggage.

WILL

I love fruits and vegetables.

SAM

You know what I mean.

Sam plants a sensuous kiss on his lips.

WILL

I love you.

SAM

You better. I'm pregnant.

WILL

Are you serious?

Sam's face goes slack, disappointed. But after a second she starts cracking up.

SAM

Get out of here.

WILL

I'll call you when I get in.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: SEPTEMBER 12

EXT. MILWAUKEE ACRES GOLF COURSE, WI - AFTERNOON

A perfect afternoon on a beautiful rolling course set along Lake Michigan.

TOM HUMPHREY, 56, Will's boss and father-in-law walks the 18th hole with a group of CLUB EXECUTIVES. Tom's handsome and fit, yet wrinkles suggest a hard life. He places a titanium lawn mower attachment on the 18th hole's green, launching into a sales pitch.

TOM

The first generation wasn't  
fabricated with carbon fiber or  
digital data and hydraulics.

MANAGER

Meaning what, exactly?

Tom crouches, running his fingers along the finely cut grass.

TOM

It stores the data from each hole.  
Enter the hole and voila, optimal  
turf consistency forever.

Will parks a Golf Cart next to the hole. He runs over doing  
his best chipper salesman.

WILL

Will Reacher. Good to meet you. See  
you've met the product already.

TOM

Will brought an Ivy league degree  
in engineering to my ideas. He's  
been with True Turf since, well, he  
married my daughter, Sam.

MANAGER

Not all of us get Ivy League.  
(to Will)  
It's very impressive.

WILL

Thank you. The design platforms  
allowed me to -

TOM

How about we fire this thing up? So  
you can see for yourselves.  
Will, you mind making a run to  
Starbucks while I do the demo?

Tom holds his BMW keys out.

INT. STARBUCKS. MILWAUKEE - AFTERNOON

Will waits in line, talking with Sam on his cell phone. She  
sits on a windowsill in their Seattle loft.

WILL

I'm at Starbucks getting coffee for the clients. He's going to get his biggest order in a decade and I'm getting coffee like an intern.

SAM

Sweetie, it's bad enough you stole his baby girl, now he has to let people think you're running the company?

WILL

I am running the company! He takes it for granted.

People stare.

SAM

Honey, relax. He's still my dad, remember? Trust me, he'll change when we have the baby. If he doesn't I'll put him in an old folks' home. Ok?

Will smiles. Sam's cool.

WILL

Sorry. I'm done venting.

SAM

I think you're just nervous about the baby.

Will pauses. Stares at the phone.

WILL

Sweetie, seriously, if we have a boy, I don't know if he'll grow up to be a Navy Seal like your dad. I'm not exactly-

Sam starts talking but is interrupted by a LOUD CRASH. She looks out the window at Seattle.

SAM

There was just a car accident. The traffic lights are out.

(turns to the apartment)

Huh. The building's power is out too. Lemme call you back, baby.

WILL

It's probably the musicians on the second floor. They blew a fuse last week too. Call me later.

INT. WILL AND SAM'S SEATTLE LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Sam stares out at the powerless city, curious. The window starts to rattle. THEN-

A MASSIVE EARTHQUAKE shakes the building. The windows shatter. Cracks zigzag across the loft's walls. A ceiling fan falls and Sam barely jumps out of the way.

Sam hits the wood floor hard, protecting her pregnant stomach, her eyes shot with terror. The brutal quake continues as car alarms and people's screams fill the air.

CUT TO:

INT. MILWAUKEE ACRES GOLF COURSE. RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

Tom, Will and the clients are shaking hands, toasting drinks at the bar.

TOM

You'll have the finest greens in Wisconsin. Trust me.

The lights begin to flicker. Then the club's electricity cuts completely. Tom cracks a smile.

TOM

Gentlemen, if this fine club can't pay its utilities I might have to reconsider your terms.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MILWAUKEE - SUNSET

The office towers reflect the setting sun. The whole city is in a BLACK OUT. Traffic jams for miles.

INT. MILWAUKEE HILTON - NIGHT

Diesel generators hum noisily, powering the hotels' critical loads. Agitated guests mingle at the bar.

Will and Tom sit at a quiet table in the corner. Will holds his cell phone.

TOM

When did the electricity go out in Seattle?

WILL

When I was at Starbucks. Her phone's been busy for hours.

Tom gets up.

TOM

Network's overloaded. Some massive transformer must have blown. Get some rest. We have a big day tomorrow.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The city is dark though Emergency vehicles provide pockets of light. Will sits on the curb with his laptop, trying to get WIFI. Nearby a group of young hotel guests enjoy a makeshift tail-gate party.

GUY

Where can we get beer? There's no blackout party without beer!!!

Will watches the tail-gate party, curious. But then an incredibly LOUD RUMBLE shakes the air and everyone looks up.

A UNITED BOEING 777 flies over the adjacent office park, only TWO HUNDRED FEET off the ground. The 777 turns and its jet engines fire, blowing out the windows in an office tower as it disappears from view.

INT. WILL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Will sits on the edge of the bed, nervous, a static channel on the television. Suddenly an image starts to form. Will snaps to and quickly turns up the volume.

A CNN broadcast fights for reception. "Breaking News" graphics on the ticker. A female newscaster holds an ear piece, listening. Behind her the newsroom is in chaos. She turns to the camera.

NEWSCASTER

This is Eileen June, coming to you from Atlanta.

(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)  
For those of you just getting reception, this we know: At three fifteen this afternoon there was a massive explosion or earthquake off the California coast. Shortly thereafter the west coast power grid went offline. Within minutes outages began sweeping the national grid. We have unconfirmed reports of commercial airline crashes in New York, LAX, Spokane, Washington, and just now Milwaukee. In the Capitol, the president has-  
(the lights flicker)  
Wait. Wait.

The TV turns snow white. Holy shit. Will quickly dials Sam on his cell phone. Gets a busy signal. He looks out his sixth floor window. On the horizon there's a huge BILLOWING CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE.

EXT. HILTON PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Fire trucks scream down the highway as the smoke fills the sky. There's a particular way fuselage burns and this is it.

Will runs to his RENTAL CAR, passing the tail-gate party. He grabs the Garmin GPS unit from his rental's dashboard.

Will stands with the GPS while it acquires data. Suddenly it lights up with a map of Milwaukee. But then the longitude and latitude coordinates begin to jump. Will points at the black smoke, turning to a guy at the tail-gate party.

WILL  
That's north, right? Where the airport is?

GUY  
Yeah. Why?

WILL  
It's not registering on my Garmin.

The guy stares, at a loss. Will walks the parking lot, watching the GPS try to load.

INT. LOBBY. MILWAUKEE HILTON - MORNING

Impatient guests wait to check out. The hotel's clerk uses triplicate carbon copies to run credit cards.

Will sees Tom at the door, holding his cell phone.

WILL  
You get through?

TOM  
I can't get a signal.

EXT. HILTON PARKING LOT - MORNING

Tom gets in his Royal Blue 745 BMW. Will puts the GPS unit on the dash.

WILL  
From my rental.

TOM  
Good. Satellites work.

WILL  
Look closer. Lake Michigan's to our right, Canada to the north. The GPS coordinates keep switching.

Tom stares at the Garmin unit. He pulls out his Iphone and tries to get the GPS app to load. On the Iphone screen we see a PHOTO of Sam and Will, a barn in the background.

TOM  
It's just a glitch.

WILL  
CNN said there was a massive earthquake or explosion off the west coast. Planes crashed here, Spokane, in Los Angeles. I don't know what happened but I'm driving home. I have to get back to Sam.

Tom pauses, mulling it over.

TOM  
Relax. Everything's going to be fine. The power will come back and we'll find out what happened. Now let's get some breakfast and stay calm. Ok?

Will stares at him, trying to keep his shit together.

EXT. MILWAUKEE SUBURB. MAIN STREET - MORNING

Tom drives Will in the BMW. The city is frantic outside the car. Traffic lights down. People honking. It's not good.

TOM

A Denny's or Ihop would be good.

Across the street's a 7-11 convenience store. Men and Women cut each other off, grabbing items off the shelves like vultures.

TOM

What a joke. Things get a little sideways and people turn into a bunch of animals.

Will sees a Walmart, its parking lot overflowing with cars.

WILL

Drop me off. I want to get supplies.

TOM

Sam's fine, Will. She's probably safe at my ranch. Give it a couple hours. Someone will know what happened.

WILL

I want you to drop me off. Now. I'm serious.

Tom nods.

TOM

I can see that.

EXT. PARKING LOT. WALMART SUPER CENTER- MORNING

Will passes A WOMAN, 25, wheeling a cart of supplies. The Woman sees her car is blocked by an SUV, driven by a TEENAGE GIRL.

WOMAN

Hello? You're blocking me.

GIRL

I'm trying to find a fucking parking space!

WOMAN  
Then back up!

The Woman shoves her cart into the SUV's bumper. The Girl gets out from the SUV. A couple of her GIRLFRIENDS get out from the backseat.

GIRL  
You wanna play tough bitch!  
(to her girlfriends)  
Take her shit.

The Girl grabs the woman by the hair and drags her to the ground. Starts kicking her. In the woman's car we see her TWO CHILDREN in the backseat, helplessly watching.

INT. WALMART SUPER CENTER - SAME

The store runs diesel generators for power. Will grabs two red, plastic GAS CANISTERS. Next to him we see a UPS DRIVER holding a serrated survival knife, eying it for purchase.

EXT. EXXON STATION. MILWAUKEE - MORNING

The line of cars spills down the block. Diesel generators power the pumps.

Will fills the gas canisters with regular unleaded: \$7.40 a gallon. When he stops pumping an Attendant speeds over. The total shows \$146.20. Will pulls two bills from his wallet: a hundred and a fifty.

ATTENDANT  
Call it two hundred.

WILL  
That's not what it says.

ATTENDANT  
Supply and demand. Sorry buddy.

WILL  
You're kidding?

ATTENDANT  
The fuck I am. Say the Middle  
East's behind this shit. What then?

The line of cars starts honking. People yell.

GUY IN CAR  
Hey asshole! Pay the guy or leave!

Will shrinks back. He hands the Attendant another fifty.

EXT. PARKING LOT. BANK OF AMERICA - MOMENTS LATER

Tom leans against the BMW, watching Will lug the two heavy canisters of gas through the parking lot traffic.

TOM  
The Bank's getting run. They'll be out of cash in an hour.

WILL  
I need to get back to my rental.

TOM  
I've decided to drive you. In the BMW. Seeing I just drove here, it's probably better to take a car you can trust. Happy now?

Will loads the gas canisters in the trunk, sweating.

WILL  
You gonna let me drive at least?

TOM  
Doubt it. My car. But maybe if I get tired.

WILL  
Whatever. Let's just go.

TOM  
(looks around)  
Yeah, Milwaukee's getting old.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90, WISCONSIN - AFTERNOON

Tom and Will drive, leaving the outskirts of Milwaukee. Eighteen wheelers line the shoulder.

TOM  
Buy any Springsteen?

They see an OLDER COUPLE next to their RV, trying to flag them down.

WILL  
Should we stop?

TOM  
And do what?

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. WISCONSIN ROADBLOCK - AFTERNOON

Two ARMY HUMVEES block the highway, reducing it to a single lane. YOUNG SOLDIERS, with M-16 ASSAULT RIFLES, talk to each car before waving them on.

A SOLDIER signals the BMW forward. Steps to the driver's side window.

SOLDIER  
Afternoon, Sir. Can I ask where you're going?

TOM  
Heading home to Seattle. What's going on?

SOLDIER  
Due to the power outage, sir, we don't have our usual resources on the road. The next few exits have plenty of hotel rooms. Some of them have generators. We're encouraging people to stay off the roads.

Will leans across.

WILL  
What if we drive?

SOLDIER  
That's up to you. We're here to let you know, if you get a flat, anything like that, don't expect a response. Personnel is tied up in the towns and cities.

TOM  
So no speed limit?

SOLDIER  
You're on your own out there.

TOM  
Do you know what happened? You can tell me, soldier.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
I've got a pair of fatigues just  
like those in my closet.

The Soldier glances at the other Soldiers, sees they're busy.

SOLDIER  
Look, there's maximum security  
prisons over the next couple  
hundred miles. We don't know the  
status there. Ok?

WILL  
What happened to the power?

The Soldier takes a breath.

SOLDIER  
We're told a utility plant went  
down, triggering a grid collapse.  
It'll be up and running soon.

WILL  
You're told? What about the  
earthquake off the west coast?

SOLDIER  
(stares purposely at Will,  
waving them on)  
Didn't hear about that, sir. You  
all drive safely.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

Tom accelerates the BMW past the roadblock.

WILL  
Did you see that? He practically  
told us he was lying.

TOM  
I know.

Tom continues to accelerate, hitting the cruise control  
button when they reach 90 MPH.

WILL  
We'll get better mileage at sixty.

TOM  
If we do sixty I'll shoot myself.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. WISCONSIN - AFTERNOON

The BMW flies down a stretch of barren highway, passing the 'Welcome to Minnesota' billboard. Will spots a white horn deer, hopping with a baby doe. Then he sees-

A MILE LONG TRAIN running parallel to the Interstate. Box cars have been replaced by flatbeds of heavy Army equipment: TANKS, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, HUMVEES, MISSILES. Soldiers are perched in some of the vehicles, manning M-60 GUN TURRETS.

WILL

Any idea what that means?

TOM

Yeah. We're not the only ones heading west.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE AFTERNOON

The BMW passes a sign for a "REST STOP". Tom sighs in relief.

TOM

I need to stretch my legs.

EXT. REST STOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Tom enters the Men's bathroom. Aside from a couple RVs parked in the distance, the stop looks deserted.

Will leans against the BMW, studying a map of I-90.

LIZA, 19, daisy dukes, bleached hair, sneaks up behind Will.

LIZA

Nice car, cutie.

Will flinches, caught off guard. The girl licks her lips.

LIZA

What's that cost, like a hundred grand? I bet I'd like driving fast with you.

(giggles)

Cat got your tongue?

Will holds up his wedding ring.

WILL

Sorry.

Liza shifts gears.

LIZA  
Hey fuck you, mister.

AN '86 FORD BRONCO peels out from the other side of the rest stop. Speeding over.

LIZA  
Now I'm gonna have to tell my brothers.

WILL  
Hey c'mon.

The Bronco skids next to the BMW. The doors swing open. CHAD, 24, and RANDY, 20, both scrawny farm kids. They shouldn't be intimidating sans the obvious factor: Crystal Meth.

CHAD  
What's the matter, sis?

LIZA  
He called me a slut. All I said was nice car.

CHAD  
That right?

WILL  
That's not what happened. I misread her.

RANDY  
Fucking yuppie.

WILL  
C'mon, I'm just trying to get home to my wife. I'm sorry. Ok?  
(to Liza)  
I apologize.

CHAD  
Go fuck yourself.

Chad grabs a CROW BAR from the Bronco. Prepares to swing at the BMW's windshield.

WILL  
Wait!!! What do you want?

CHAD  
Now that depends whatcha got?

Tom walks up to the BMW, taking in the scene.

TOM

Hey now. Don't break my window.  
We've got a long drive ahead of us.

RANDY

Shut the fuck up old man.

Tom stares the boy down with little concern. Will whips out his wallet, shoving a few hundred dollar bills at Chad.

WILL

Take it. Just let us go.

Chad grabs the cash. Tom stares at Will, not quite believing he gave him the money.

CHAD

Give it up, pops. You too.

TOM

That's not enough for you?

Chad grips the crow bar. Tom hits the car remote and the trunk pops open.

TOM

Money's in my luggage.

Chad walks Tom to the trunk. Holds the crow bar up high.

Liza giggles at Will.

LIZA

He aint even my brother. I don't  
fuck my brother, dumb ass.

CHAD

Liza, shut up.

Tom leans into the trunk and quickly peels a Velcro lining off the wheel well. Inside we see a GLOCK semi-automatic HANDGUN. Tom spins, holding the Glock to Chad's forehead.

TOM

I couldn't find my wallet.

WILL

Holy shit. What are you doing?

TOM

Get in the car, Will.

Tom glances at Randy and Liza. Cocks the gun.

TOM  
You two. Start walking that way.  
Hands in the air.

Tom shoves the gun into Chad's temple.

CHAD  
Do what he says!

Tom itches the trigger, inches from Chad's eye.

TOM  
Do you think I got this car by  
letting scum like you walk over me  
and my family? Do you?! Answer me!

CHAD  
Please...

Tom grabs Will's money from Chad.

TOM  
Start running. Now!

Chad bolts down the parking lot.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE AFTERNOON

The BMW speeds down the highway, passing agriculture farms in southern Minnesota. Tom breaths hard, a little constrained.

TOM  
You've been awful quiet, Will.

WILL  
Maybe you should have told me you  
had a gun.

TOM  
And then? What?

WILL  
What if they had guns?

TOM  
You suddenly an expert on risk?

WILL  
No, I forgot. I'm just the lucky  
shit that married your daughter.

Tom smirks.

TOM

I'll grant you lucky. I never called you a shit.

EXT. FLYING J'S REST STOP. INTERSTATE 90 - EVENING

The BMW speeds down the highway passing the FLYING J'S. The packed trucker's stop is filled with cars and frantic people. The line for gas stretches onto the highway's shoulder.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - SAME

Will and Tom stare at the FLYING J'S from the highway. There's a PETROLEUM TANKER parked by the underground storage tanks. A crowd of ANGRY MEN circle. The tanker's scared DRIVER waves the crowd back, holding a baseball bat.

WILL

Are they going to attack him?

TOM

I'm guessing they are. Will, people are capable of things you can't imagine. Trust me. We can't hesitate. Not until this is over.

Tom wipes his brow. Stares ahead at the highway.

TOM

Listen, being a good man, dad, husband, it doesn't mean shit if you can't survive. You have to be good and survive. That's the rub. We're all a step away from being evil. You understand me? In times like this, if someone's not doing the right thing, fuck them. It's that simple.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - SUNSET

Will looks out the window. Ahead he sees a roadside sign: MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON AREA: NO HITCHHIKERS.

Will turns to Tom, pausing to collect himself.

TOM

You got something to say, say it.

WILL

I gave them the money because Sam's pregnant. I can't take any risks. I have to get back to her.

Tom stares at Will and then ahead at the road. Silent.

WILL

I'm sorry to tell you like this.

TOM

How did you plan on telling me?

WILL

Sam planned a surprise dinner for you. Next week.

Tom eyes Will. A small smile.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. MINNESOTA - SUNSET

The sun's setting rays light up the desolate farm fields. The 745 BMW is parked outside a boxcar Diner next to the freeway. Will and Tom exit carrying to-go boxes.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

Tom drives with the headlights on. His face is constricted and he has the AC cranked.

WILL

You ok? It's freezing.

TOM

I haven't pulled a gun since before Sam's mom died.

(smiles at Will)

I'm fine.

Tom turns the AC down just as-

A STATE TROOPER'S LIGHTS AND SIRENS flash up behind the BMW. Tom and Will flinch.

WILL

So much for no speed limit.

Tom studies the rearview. The Trooper is hugging his bumper. Tom pulls the Glock from his waist.

TOM  
Put it in the glove compartment.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90 - SAME

The BMW stops on the shoulder. The State Police Car pulls in behind them. Tom and Will wait as nothing happens.

Will checks his cell phone. No signal.

WILL  
He's not checking our plates. He  
can't. Let me see what he wants.

Will opens his door and gets out.

Tom eyes the rearview, watching the Officer behind the wheel. As the Officer's getting out he sees his uniform doesn't quite fit. And there's a tattoo on his neck.

TOM  
Shit.

Tom grabs the Glock from the glove compartment.

TOM  
Will!!! Back in the car!

Too late. Will freezes as the Officer grabs a SHOTGUN and aims.

TOM  
Don't fucking move!!

Tom exits the BMW, pointing his Glock. The Officer swings his shotgun away from Will and FIRES at Tom!

Will ducks down, jumping back into the BMW, not seeing the shotgun blast SHRED into Tom's right shoulder and chest.

Tom slams back against his door and slumps into the BMW, in shock. But then, without missing a beat, he puts the car in reverse and guns back at the cruiser.

The fake Officer jumps out of the way as the BMW slams into the Police car's door.

Tom puts the car in drive and slams the gas pedal, peeling off the dirt shoulder.

BOOM! Pellets from another shotgun blast pierce the BMW.

Tom swerves, getting onto the highway. Will sees the POLICE CAR start to speed after them.

WILL  
He's coming!

Tom accelerates the BMW to 110 MPH.

TOM  
The Glock's ammo is in the trunk!  
In the wheel well!

WILL  
It wasn't loaded before?!

TOM  
It didn't need to be before. Now  
get it!

Will grabs the Glock, now seeing Tom's shoulder covered in BLOOD.

WILL  
Holy shit! You're shot! He shot  
you!

TOM  
Stay calm! I'm fine! Get the ammo.

Will starts crawling in back.

TOM  
Get down!

The POLICE CAR rams their bumper. Tom hits the gas again, swerving, sending Will face first into the backseat.

Will gets the seat down and scrambles to the trunk's wheel well, grabbing the ammo clip.

THE POLICE CAR pulls right next to the BMW. Tom glances over and sees the driver aiming the shotgun as he drives.

Tom slams the brakes, skidding out. He quickly hits the gas and loops the BMW behind the Police Car in a horseshoe.

TOM  
Put the magazine in and shoot!

Will slides back into the backseat and jams the clip in backwards as Tom powers down the windows.

TOM  
Shoot!

Will gets the clip in and points the Glock at the Police Car. He pulls the trigger. Nothing.

TOM  
Shoot them!

WILL  
It's not working!

TOM  
Take the safety off! You can do this!

Will finds the safety and clicks it off. He points blindly out the window. BANG!

TOM  
Again! But use two hands and aim!  
Shoot the tires!

Will aims at the rear tire and SHOOTS, just missing. The Trooper skids to a stop before accelerating again.

TOM  
Good job! Put your seat belt on!

WILL  
What?

TOM  
Seat belt!

Tom hits the gas. Will finds a seat belt, staring at Tom's gunshot wound.

Tom engages the wheel's trip-tronic shifting paddles and upshifts like he's driving a formula one car.

TOM  
C'mon German engineering!  
C'mon!

The BMW drives down the desolate highway at an insane speed. The wind whipping through the windows.

TOM  
(fighting back the pain)  
Can you see him??

WILL

No.

Tom sees a dirt road coming around a bend. It runs perpendicular to the interstate.

Tom slams the brakes and turns onto the dirt road, heading off the highway. He turns the HEADLIGHTS OFF and speeds the BMW down the dirt road in darkness.

TOM

Where is he?!

Tom slows slightly. Will sees the Police Car miss the dirt road's turn off and continue speeding down the interstate.

WILL

He didn't turn! He didn't turn.

TOM

Did he see our lights?

WILL

No. He's gone!

Tom turns the headlights ON. And in a flash:

WILL

Look out!

A HERD OF ELK freezes in the middle of the road. Tom slams the brakes and swerves! The BMW skids off the dirt road and crashes into a gully, its headlights still framing the Elk.

FADE OUT:

INT. TOM'S BMW - ONE HOUR LATER

Tom stirs. He flicks on the cabin light, gritting his teeth. He's pale and slumped over the steering wheel.

TOM

Will.

Tom glances under his arm at the backseat. He sees blood streaming from a large GASH atop Will's forehead.

TOM

Will!

Will rolls his head, barely cognizant.

WILL  
Are you ok?

TOM  
Whatever happens, keep going! Say  
you will!

Will wipes the blood from his scared eyes.

WILL  
I'll keep going.

TOM  
Remember what I said! You have to  
be stronger than them! Do you hear  
me?! I believe in you.

Will starts to nod but then passes out again.

TOM  
Shit.

Tom wheezes for air; his lungs sound punctured. He looks to  
the sky, eyes filling with tears and pleading.

Tom digs in his pocket and pulls out a PEN and a scrap of  
paper. He fights through the pain and begins to write.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DELIVERY ROOM. SEATTLE HOSPITAL - WILL DREAMING

Sam Reacher is on the delivery table. Screaming. Sweating.  
Pushing her baby into the world.

Will strokes her hair, encouraging her, loving her, about to  
become a parent with her.

A Doctor is kneeling between her legs. Sam pushes with all  
her might, squeezing Will's hand until the tendons flex.  
FINALLY- the first screams of a newborn.

Will loses himself in Sam's eyes as she inhales like never  
before.

SMASH CUT:

INT. KOOTENAI MEDICAL BUILDING - THE NEXT MORNING

Will jolts awake from his dream, sweating. He's on an examiner's table. A BANDAGE on his forehead. The room's medical equipment is outdated, but the lights are ON.

RICKY LEE, 17, tan skin, shy and skinny, sits across from Will, listening to his Ipod. When he hears Will wake he takes off his headphones, apprehensive.

WILL

Where am I?

RICKY

I... I found you last night. My father's reservation. The Kootenai. On the border of South Dakota, before the Badlands.

WILL

The power's back on?

RICKY

It's a generator.

ISRAEL LEE, 53, Native American, cowboy boots and belt, enters, all business. He sees Will awake.

ISRAEL

Ricky. Find something to do with yourself.

Ricky walks past his dad, avoiding eye contact.

Will props himself up, turning to Israel.

WILL

Where's my friend?

EXT. KOOTENAI MEDICAL BUILDING - MORNING

Israel leads Will outside and into the morning sun, the light blinding and amplifying Will's headache. They're surrounded by makeshift structures. A school. A general store.

Israel opens the door to a storage shack. Inside there's A BODY, covered by a blue plastic tarp.

ISRAEL

He was dead when Ricky found you.

Will spins. At a loss.

ISRAEL  
Why were you on my land?

WILL  
We were being chased. We turned off  
the highway and crashed... Where's  
the car?

ISRAEL  
We towed it in. It'll drive after a  
little work. You'll take the body  
with you?

Will grimaces, crushed by his headache and grief. He takes a knee, shielding his eyes and trying to gather himself.

WILL  
Sorry. Yes. I'll bury him.

INT. ISRAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will wakes on a cot in the small cabin. Israel sits, watching Will, sipping from a tumbler of whisky. The only thing on the wall is a cow skull bejewelled with Jade rock.

WILL  
What time is it?

ISRAEL  
There's something you need to see.  
Or hear. Before you decide to go.

INT. ISRAEL'S HOUSE. RADIO ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Ricky sits at a communication board of short wave radios. We hear multiple voices communicating. Ricky turns another knob and Morse code messages tap at a frantic pace.

Will stands behind Israel and Ricky.

ISRAEL  
A gift from The Department of  
Defense. When they wanted to  
communicate Morse in Navajo. In the  
1940s. Been quiet in here until  
now.  
(sips his whiskey)  
(MORE)

ISRAEL (CONT'D)  
My son is the only one who really  
knows how to use it. See how you  
come in handy, Ricky?

Ricky keeps his focus on the radio controls and away from his father.

WILL  
What are they saying? Where are the  
voices coming from?

ISRAEL  
Ricky?

RICKY  
Dirt crickets.

WILL  
Who?

RICKY  
Hippies. Off grid folks trying to  
get news. And the Army. The  
military is using short waves.

ISRAEL  
It's like the good ol' days.

WILL  
Look, I saw an Army train heading  
west. CNN said there was an  
earthquake. Nothing seems to work.  
Do we know anything?

Israel drains his drink, swaying.

ISRAEL  
We know everything! We know no one  
knows a damn thing. And by itself  
that's a very bad thing.

Will stares at the equipment. Absorbing it all. He sees a  
chair in the back of the room.

WILL  
(to Ricky)  
Can I listen with you?

Ricky nods at Will.

ISRAEL  
It's better than tv, huh Ricky?.. I  
asked you a question. Answer me.

Ricky glares at his dad.

RICKY  
Yes. It's better than tv.

ISRAEL  
(to Will)  
Don't mind him, he can be a little  
pussy. But he gets in front of the  
radio and thinks he's important.

Israel leaves, closing the door. Will takes a seat.

LATER IN THE NIGHT-

The radio taps in Morse code.

WILL  
You know Morse?

RICKY  
A little. It's mostly relayed  
reports, tower to tower.

The radio crackles as voices fight to be heard. Ricky plays with the knobs, cranking the volume.

RICKY  
This is from far away, you can hear  
the delay.

Loud, frantic voices come to life in quick succession.

ARMY VOICE ON RADIO  
We have two battleships, just  
swallowed whole! Two miles out it  
was five hundred feet tall! Three  
hundred men. I'm in a Chinook  
transport. Los Angeles is...  
it's... Switch to channel 2 and  
give me updates.

FEMALE VOICE ON RADIO  
People are on top of buildings! I'm  
twenty miles in from the shore.  
It's like a river! The cars are  
everywhere! No one got out! Please  
God! What the fuck is going on?!!!

The transmissions cut. Ricky plays with the knobs but he can't bring back the voices. There's a long silence as Will and Ricky struggle to comprehend what they just heard.

RICKY  
You still going?

Will nods.

RICKY  
Do you know where Yakima is? Near  
where you live in Seattle?

WILL  
Yeah.

RICKY  
My mother lives there. She just got  
out of jail. I want to go there.

Ricky gets up. Slow to his feet. He stares at Will and then takes a folded piece of paper from his pocket.

RICKY  
I forgot to give this to you. It  
was in his hand when I found you.  
It's instructions. And a note for  
your wife. I'm sorry.

Will takes the paper, unfolding it, seeing a bloody  
fingerprint of Tom's.

INT. ISRAEL'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Will sits in the cot, head aching, reading TOM'S NOTE. He hears Israel SCREAMING at Ricky in the other room. When Ricky starts to speak his father yells over him.

Israel comes through the door, slamming it behind him,  
clearly nursing a hangover. He sees Will awake.

ISRAEL  
You have kids?

WILL  
My wife's pregnant.

ISRAEL  
If you get back to her, good luck.  
They're more than you bargain for.

Will stares at Israel, not sure of his meaning.

ISRAEL  
Ricky's finished with your car.  
Leave when you're ready.

## EXT. KOOTENAI RESERVATION - MOMENTS LATER

Will walks to the BMW and inspects the car. He gets in the driver's seat and turns his attention back to Tom's note.

## EXT. RESERVATION ROADS - MORNING

Will charges the BMW down the reservation's dirt roads. He changes gears with the trip-tronic shifters and drifts into a corner, out of control.

Will slams the brakes to prevent crashing. He spins the wheel and tries again. At the next corner the BMW holds its velocity, barely skidding out.

Will speeds down a straightaway, passing a billboard advertisement for the tribe's 'CASINO/RESORT' some miles away. After the billboard's a bullet riddled 35 MPH SIGN.

Will stops in front of the sign and gets out with the Glock. He aims at the MPH sign, holding the gun with one hand. He pulls the trigger but the recoil rips his arm back. He fires again, still missing.

WILL  
Fuck.

Will gets back in the BMW. But as he moves for the ignition button he notices the floor mat under the steering wheel. It's covered in Tom's BLOOD.

Will gets back out and eyes the sign, focused. He grips the Glock with two hands like Tom told him. He pulls the trigger and the bullet rips through the edge of the metal sign.

## EXT. BMW. KOOTENAI SHACK - LATE AFTERNOON

Will reads Tom's instructions. He takes a flat head screwdriver and leans inside the BMW's trunk. He pops out the brake and tail lights, unscrewing the bulbs.

Ricky watches from across a dirt soccer field. Kids his age play and hang out but Ricky's a loner, isolated from the others and listening to his Ipod.

Will sees Ricky and waves him over. Will gets in the BMW and starts the car.

WILL  
See any lights?

Ricky nods no. Will puts his foot on the brake.

WILL  
How about now?

RICKY  
No.

Ricky walks to his garage. He comes back holding a clear plastic hose, six feet in length.

RICKY  
Gas stations are closed. You might need a siphon.

WILL  
Thanks.  
(eyes the storage shack)  
You mind helping me?

Will and Ricky carry TOM'S BODY and load him into the trunk of the BMW.

RICKY  
When are you leaving?

WILL  
Soon as it's dark.

EXT. KOOTENAI RESERVATION - SUNSET

Members of the tribe surround a bonfire that casts shadows across the reservation. Will walks over to Israel, who's nursing a beer.

WILL  
I'm heading out.

ISRAEL  
Ricky ask you already?

WILL  
Ask me what?

ISRAEL  
He wants to go with you. To Yakima.  
(dismissive)  
The boy's mother is there.

WILL  
What?

ISRAEL

According to him he's a big man now. Maybe you heard him try and yell at me. He knows the risk.

Will stares at Israel, not sure if he's being serious.

WILL

Are you joking? He's a kid. I can't control what happens.

ISRAEL

Nobody controls what happens, Will.

EXT. KOOTENAI RESERVATION - TWILIGHT

Israel walks Will to the BMW. When they get to the car Israel smirks; there's no sign of Ricky.

WILL

So where is he?

ISRAEL

He's too scared to ask you. If you say no he'll know I was right.

Israel points at two full gas canisters and several gallons of water in the BMW'S backseat.

ISRAEL

He gave you some gas and water. If things get back to normal, send me a check.

WILL

I will. Thank Ricky for me.

EXT. KOOTENAI RESERVATION - NIGHT

Will drives the BMW down the reservation's dirt roads, headlights ON, nearing the Interstate 90 turn off. He takes a deep breath, but then-

Sees RICKY, riding his bicycle in the middle of the road. Will slams the brakes and quickly gets out, caught off guard.

WILL

What are you doing?

RICKY

I need to come with you.

WILL

No way. You didn't even say goodbye to your dad.

RICKY

So? Would you?

Will glances back at the car.

WILL

Get in. I'll drive you back.

Ricky stares Will down. He points to the side of the road, skid marks from when the BMW crashed.

RICKY

You owe me!

WILL

I can't, Ricky. You have a choice in this.

RICKY

Your wife's pregnant. I read the note. I already fixed the car once. I got you gas. I can help you. And you can help me get to my mom.

Will eyes Ricky, not sure what to do. There's a tangible desperation in the kid's eyes.

RICKY

I can help you get back to her, Will. Please.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW. KOOTENAI RESERVATION - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW reaches the turn off to Interstate 90 and stops. Will grips the wheel and turns to Ricky.

WILL

Once I turn I can't take you back.

RICKY

I don't want to go back. I'm not afraid.

WILL

Keep telling yourself that.

Will turns the HEADLIGHTS OFF. He stares at Ricky as the BMW blends into the dark night.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

The dashboard's green display lights fade up on Will and Ricky. A FULL MOON lights the fields and highway, granting the BMW visibility as it drives without headlights.

Will sets cruise control at 65 MPH as they drive in silence. They pass a billboard welcoming them to SOUTH DAKOTA.

A LIGHT flickers in the rearview. Headlights approach quickly from behind. A single car.

Will brakes hard and pulls the BMW off the shoulder onto the dirt. An SUV speeds past the hidden BMW.

Will pulls the BMW back onto the Interstate.

Will gets the car back up to 65 MPH. A new set of lights show up in the rearview. Will eyes the cruise control.

WILL

Fuck it.

Will hits the gas and the turbo boosts the car forward. Ricky's eyes widen as they accelerate in the darkness. He glances at the speedometer: 90 MPH.

Will sees the taillights of the car that passed them: the SUV.

WILL

I'm going to follow them. I can use their lights as a guide.

Will checks Ricky out. Sees a flicker of nerves cross the boy's face.

WILL

They can't see us.

Will closes the gap to a hundred yards behind the SUV. He slows to 80 MPH. Will toggles the INFO BUTTON on the steering wheel. The display lights up: MPG, TRIP ODOMETER, GAS TANK: 220 MILES.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE NIGHT

The BMW lurks behind the SUV's taillights. Ricky glances at the clock: 2:00 AM.

WILL

We have seventy miles left.

RICKY

Then we use the gas canisters?

WILL

Yeah. Which will give us about a hundred more miles.

Will glances out at the sky as a bolt of lightning hits the ground.

RICKY

And then?

WILL

I have friends in Rapid City. We'll stop there before we hit Wyoming.

Ricky glances at the dashboard clock.

RICKY

It's two o'clock.

WILL

And?

Ricky meant it rhetorically. He looks at Will, at a loss. But then he opens his backpack.

RICKY

Teriyaki Jerky?

Will shakes his head, grabbing a piece of jerkey, slightly amused by the peace offering.

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA BADLANDS. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

The sky is purple, lighting the other worldly rock formations of the badlands. The Full Moon burns bright and tumbleweeds dance across the highway. An enormous bolt of lightning strikes down from a set of dark storm clouds.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE NIGHT

The BMW follows the SUV's taillights. The SUV swerves, then quickly corrects, like the driver is tired.

Will glances at Ricky and sees him pull a COMPASS from his travel bag.

WILL

Say we're heading west?

RICKY

It just keeps moving. In circles.

WILL

It's giving you nothing?

RICKY

(tapping the compass)

Yeah.

WILL

It's the atmosphere. Maybe a magnetic storm.

A set of bright HEADLIGHTS appear coming at them. Fast.

WILL

Are they on our side of the highway?

Ricky looks beyond the taillights of the SUV and sees the coming headlights. Again the SUV swerves slightly.

RICKY

I can't tell.

Will switches lanes so he can use the SUV's headlights to see.

WILL

I don't see them anymore. Does the road drop off?!

RICKY

I don't know!

THE COMING HEADLIGHTS crest a hill, right in front of the SUV on I-90W.

WILL

Shit!

Will toggles the BMW's HEADLIGHTS ON.

The SUV SWERVES but it's too late. The coming car, a SEDAN, clips the SUV as all the headlights converge in SLOW MOTION.

The SUV flips. TWO PASSENGERS are thrown from the vehicle.

The SEDAN fish tails directly at the BMW.

WILL  
Hold on!!!

The BMW and the SEDAN swerve in opposite directions. The Sedan's wheels catch on the asphalt, the inertia flipping the Sedan into the air.

Ricky whips his head around, seeing the passenger's in the Sedan, upside down, airborne.

The BMW careens off the shoulder into the dirt fields, flying through bushes, heading straight for a Badland's ROCK SPIRE.

Will jerks the wheel left and the wheels catch in the dirt. They miss the spire by inches.

The BMW shoots back onto Interstate 90. Will slams the brakes and the BMW screeches to a halt.

EXT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - SAME

The BMW is two hundred feet beyond the crash site. Will and Ricky get out, shell shocked, staring at the wrecked cars.

A WOMAN lies flat, next to the SUV. Several feet away a bloodied MAN is clawing his way toward her.

WILL  
Jesus.

Will sprints to the SUV, searching for a First-Aid kit. It's a mess. He sees Ricky staring at him, standing next to the woman's body.

RICKY  
They're dead.

The dead Man's outstretched hand is inches from the dead Woman. Will stares at a wedding band on the man's finger.

Will and Ricky turn to the Sedan. The damage is horrific. There's A MAN AND TWO WOMEN trapped in the car, moaning and bathed in blood. Will looks to Ricky as a bolt of lightening lights up the sky.

RICKY

We can't leave them like this.

THREE NEW SETS OF HEADLIGHTS appear on I90W, speeding at them. PICK-UP TRUCKS.

WILL

They're going to die. We need to go.

RICKY

No. We have to help them.

WILL

We're leaving! Now!

The three trucks zig-zag on the road. Will sees the silhouettes of people in the front truck's bed, holding the roll bar above the cab.

Will starts sprinting but Ricky doesn't move.

WILL

C'mon! Move!

Will gets to the BMW and turns off the headlights. He quickly drives the BMW off the highway, hiding next to a rock spire. He yells back.

WILL

Ricky! Now!

Ricky moves to the side of the road, ignoring Will and watching the trucks from where he's hidden.

The THREE PICK UP TRUCKS stop at the crash. A gang of young MEN and WOMEN pile out, beers in hand.

A WOMAN, 20, walks to the Sedan, swinging a SHOTGUN like a cheerleader's baton.

Ricky retreats further into the brush, officially scared. He starts sprinting at the BMW.

Will watches in the rearview. He sees the Woman pull a MAN'S BODY from the sedan. She removes his wallet.

Will opens the passenger door, slowly driving the BMW through the spires and berms.

Ricky sprints amazingly fast and reaches the BMW. Once Ricky jumps in Will slowly drives the BMW onto the highway.

Ricky stares back at the scene. A MAN, 22, sees the departing BMW and raises his shotgun to shoot.

Will hits the gas. The BMW disappears down the highway as a SHOTGUN BLAST echoes across the Badlands.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

Will accelerates down the highway. Furious.

WILL

Next time I'll leave you! I swear to God!

Ricky stares away, knowing he fucked up.

WILL

You do what I say! I don't have time for bullshit. We'll fucking die. Do you get that now? Am I clear?! I'll drop you off right now if not.

RICKY

I'm sorry. From now on I'll listen.  
I'm sorry. You were right.

Will sees Ricky fighting off tears. Truly just a kid.

Will turns back to the road but not before catching a glimpse of Ricky's forearm, below his rolled up sleeve. The flesh is covered in SCARS from cigarette burns.

Will focuses on the road and calms down.

WILL

You ok? You run track in school?  
You ran pretty fast back there.

RICKY

I didn't do sports.

Ricky stares out at the storm, getting his bearings back.

RICKY

I got chased a lot. Among other things.

WILL

Other things?

RICKY

I didn't exactly fit in.

WILL

Yeah well, most of us don't.

Will and Ricky share a small smile.

WILL

You think it'll be easier with your mom?

Ricky looks at Will and sees him staring at his forearm. Ricky reflexively pulls his sleeve down, hiding the scars.

RICKY

Yeah. It'll be better.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATER

The purple sky is bright and ominous, yet also calm. The quiet before the storm. Will nervously eyes the GAS GAUGE as the BMW gets pushed by a wind gust.

EXT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW parks on the side of the road. The dark sky of the storm right above them. Will removes the gas canisters from the backseat.

WILL

Keep your eyes peeled.

Will pops the lid on the BMW'S gas tank and pours the first canister. Ricky takes the cap off the second.

CRACK! An enormous bolt of lightning slams the ground like a deafening flash photograph. Then another. Closer.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE NIGHT

The BMW speeds down the highway as the sky swirls above them. Suddenly the clouds unleash HUNDREDS of lightning bolts. Will and Ricky's eyes bulge.

On the ground electrical currents surge in patterns, conjoining in the middle. When the currents connect ENORMOUS BOLTS strike down.

RICKY

I've never seen a storm like this.

The currents are suddenly everywhere, zig-zagging across the fields, even jumping the highway, shooting past the BMW'S windshield.

What they're seeing is not normal in any Discovery Channel sense of the word. HAIL starts bouncing off the road.

WILL

We need to find cover!

Will hits the gas and turns the BMW'S headlights ON.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - SAME

Pellets of hail rain down on the highway, ricocheting off the car. A giant piece of hail CRACKS the windshield in front of Ricky's terrified face.

RICKY

Holy shit. Holy Shit.

The BMW flies down the middle of the highway as lightning shocks the ground. The car begins to SHAKE VIOLENTLY. Will grips the wheel, slowing down.

WILL

We have a flat?!

The shaking stops. Will speeds back up. A lightning bolt lights up the horizon. A mile down the road is a BRIDGE.

WILL

There!

EXT. BRIDGE. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW skids to a stop under the bridge. The storm rages on. Will and Ricky sit, catching their breath, safe for now.

INT. BMW. UNDER THE BRIDGE - DAWN

The dark purple sky fades. The lightning storm passing.

WILL  
A couple minutes and we go.

A lightning bolt hits next to the bridge, lighting up the underpass. Will and Ricky freeze, seeing A WOMAN huddled with her CHILDREN.

Without warning a MAN knocks on Will's window. Will slams the gas pedal and the BMW speeds away.

MAN  
Ayende mi familia! Por favor!

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - EARLY MORNING

The sun breaks through the purple sky. Will and Ricky drive in silence, upset. They pass a road sign: RAPID CITY, 40 MILES. Will eyes the gas gauge.

WILL  
We'll make it.

In a field next to the highway HUNDREDS OF COWS have herded into a tight circle. WILD HORSES circle the cows, frantic.

WILL  
Remember the tsunami that hit Thailand?  
(Ricky nods)  
Before the waves hit, people were still swimming, but the animals, somehow they knew and ran for higher ground. I don't know how you explain that.

RICKY  
Maybe because they've been around longer than us.

Will eyes an abandoned car on the Interstate's shoulder. Taped to the window: OUT OF GAS, OUT OF LUCK.

EXT. EXIT RAMP. RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA - MORNING

The BMW drives off the highway, immediately greeted by FLASHING LIGHTS. Rapid City police have set up a ROADBLOCK into town.

The BMW stops in front of the Police cars. The gas gauge shows 7 miles left.

WILL

C'mon.

SHERIFF REYNOLDS, 66, walks around the car, sizing up Will and Ricky.

REYNOLDS

Whereabouts you headed?

WILL

My friend lives here.

Reynolds points at the roadblock. Six Officers have their guns trained on the BMW.

REYNOLDS

I look like I fell off the turnip truck this morning? Get back on the highway. It's World War Three. We don't have time for bullshit today.

Will glances at the gas gauge. The idle time has brought the remaining miles down to six. Will whispers to Ricky:

WILL

Keep your hands where they can see them.

Will turns the car off.

REYNOLDS

Now I just finished telling you-

Will opens his door.

REYNOLDS

Stay in the car!

The Sheriff pulls his gun.

WILL

Listen! My friend Jon Dumont lives in this town! Jon Dumont. I was a groomsman in his wedding!

Will sees an enormous WHITE CROSS on the hill above town.

WILL

Jon's parents used to own the hardware store! His wife Meg has jet black hair and owns the thrift shop... We mean no harm. We're good Christians. We just need to rest for a few hours.

The Sheriff studies Will. Lowers his gun a few inches.

REYNOLDS

Alright, son. Relax. Officer Harris! Escort these boys to the Dumont's place. They get turned away, bring em back. They hesitate, shoot em.

(back to Will)

We're just trying to keep it safe here. Protect our people.

WILL

God bless.

EXT. MAIN STREET. RAPID CITY - MORNING

A POLICE CRUISER leads the BMW through the small town. Parked cars line the street and people ride bicycles and mingle like nothing's happened. It's surreal. The stores are even open.

Will follows the Cruiser as the sun heats up. Will's nostrils start to flare, smelling something horrible. Will eyes the trunk as Ricky stares at the town's big white cross.

RICKY

Are you Christian?

WILL

I am now.

EXT. DUMONT FARM - MORNING

The Police Cruiser stops at the bottom of the driveway. At the top of the hill is a house and a barn.

EXT. DUMONT FARM - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW parks in front of the house. MEG DUMONT, 28, strikingly beautiful in a modest spring dress, runs out in a panic.

MEG  
Will!!! Oh thank God!

Meg grabs Will and starts crying. Will hugs her back, seeing something in her eyes.

WILL  
What?

MEG  
Jon's in New York. Was. I don't know. He was meeting with clients.

WILL  
He's coming back.

Meg looks at the BMW. It's covered in dust and dents. She chokes back her tears.

MEG  
Nice fucking car, Will.

INT. MEG'S KITCHEN - LATER

Will and Ricky scarf down peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Meg leans against the sink.

MEG  
What happened to your head?

WILL  
Sam's dad and I crashed on Ricky's reservation.

MEG  
I guess that was good luck. Thank you, Ricky.

Ricky looks out the window while nodding with a mouth full of food. He sees two SUVs parked in the barn.

WILL  
His mom lives in Yakima. Inland from Seattle.  
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Meg, have you been to town?

Meg smiles. She opens a drawer and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

MEG

Yeah. After I decided to start smoking again.

WILL

It's still normal here.

MEG

How long do you think that'll last?  
An Army train came yesterday. The Sheriff said it's World War Three.  
I mean, what the fuck does that mean?

WILL

I saw the train in Minnesota. I'm not sure it's true. There's too many other things happening. Did you see the lightning last night?

Meg nods.

MEG

Yeah. I felt the earthquakes too. I haven't slept yet. Why would he say it's war if it's not?

WILL

I don't know. But what kind of war is like this?

Meg lights a cigarette. Stressed.

Ricky goes to the fridge, staring at a PHOTOGRAPH under a magnet. It's a photo of two happy couples at a wedding: Will and Sam, Meg and Jon.

RICKY

Is she your wife, Will?

Will stares hard at the photo, allowing a smile.

WILL

Yeah. That's her.

Will suddenly remembers something and looks at Meg.

MEG

What?

WILL

I need to bury Sam's dad.

Meg's eyes goes wide. She glances out the window at the BMW.

MEG

He's in the trunk?

EXT. DUMONT FARM - AFTERNOON

The sun is blazing hot. Will and Ricky dig with shovels, shirts off, drenched in sweat.

RICKY

What's her deal?

WILL

Meg? I don't know, she's kind of crazy.

RICKY

And her husband?

WILL

Jon's my friend. You'd like him. He'll make it back here.

Will bends over, out of breath. Behind him we see Tom's decomposed body on the ground.

WILL

It's over a hundred degrees. In the middle of September.

RICKY

It's ok. You can say it.

WILL

Say what?

RICKY

"Indian summer"?

WILL

Very funny. Why do they call it that?

RICKY

I have no idea.

Will laughs. Ricky sees this and starts laughing too. But then they hear the sounds of PLANES and look up. There's SIX B-52 BOMBERS flying at low altitude.

RICKY

Why are they flying so low?

WILL

I don't know. Maybe they're using I-90 as a guide? It would make sense if their instruments are like your compass.

Will and Ricky stare as the B-52s disappear into the horizon.

EXT. DUMONT FARM - LATE AFTERNOON

Will and Ricky quickly shovel dirt on top of Tom's body. Will watches as Tom's body disappears into the soil.

A second later a small EARTHQUAKE shakes the ground.

WILL

Jesus. Enough.

Ricky lies down on his back, exhausted. He stares at the sky suddenly alarmed.

RICKY

Um, Will.

THOUSANDS OF BIRDS form a migratory line to the horizon. There's a cacophony of squawks as the birds fly overhead.

RICKY

They're all different types. Flying together.

WILL

Yeah. And they're all going east.

INT. MEG'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Will and Ricky enter, shirtless, covered in grime and sweat. Meg smokes at the sink, eyeing the boys and sipping on a boozy cocktail.

MEG

I got warm beer in the warm fridge.

WILL

Not today. Wake me in two hours,  
ok?

Meg smiles, dragging off her cigarette.

MEG

Use my room. Bed's up the stairs.

INT. MEG'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will fishes his cell phone from his pocket, powering it on. There's no service but on the screen is a PHOTO of SAM. Will stares at her image while closing his eyes.

INT. MEG'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

Will sleeps on his side. Meg stands by the bed, watching him, eyes filled with tears. She lays on the bed and spoons next to him, placing his arm over her.

Will flinches awake.

WILL

What are you doing?

MEG

Don't be upset. Just hold me.  
Please, Will. I'm freaking out.

Meg starts to sob. Will wraps his arm around her.

MEG

Are you scared?

WILL

Of course I'm scared, Meg.

Meg rolls over and buries her face in Will's chest. Will pulls her tight and her tears run lines through the caked dirt on his shoulder. Meg laughs, seeing the streaks.

MEG

You should take a shower. You're  
filthy. Sorry there's no hot water.

INT. BATHROOM SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Will takes a cold shower, quickly scrubbing himself with soap. He feels the bandage on his forehead.

Will gets out, grabbing a towel. A knock on the door.

MEG  
You decent?

WILL  
Yeah.

Will wraps the towel around his waist. Meg opens the door, holding a bottle of hydrogen peroxide.

MEG  
Have a seat. I want a look at that cut.

WILL  
Thanks.

Will sits on the toilet. Meg steps between his legs, the flesh of her thighs touching his. She carefully removes the bandage.

MEG  
Good news is I think you'll live.

Meg starts cleaning the wound, leaning over him, her dress revealing. She's not wearing a bra and Will can't help but notice her breasts.

Meg applies a new bandage to his wound and gives his forehead a kiss.

MEG  
See? All better now.

INT. MEG'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will stands next to the chair with his clothes. Still wrapped in the towel.

WILL  
You mind if I change?

Meg steps out of the bathroom, coming closer.

MEG  
I want you to stay, Will. I can't do this alone. Either can you.

Meg closes the gap between them. She takes his hand and leans into his ear. Her voice a whisper.

MEG

You won't make it out there. It's not safe. You're lucky you even made it here. Stay with me. I can't survive without you.

Meg kisses Will on the neck. Will glances out the window and sees the BMW in the driveway.

WILL

Stop.

Meg continues to kiss him. Her free hand slips her dress strap from her shoulder. The dress hits the floor revealing her perfect, naked body.

Will's eyes drink her in. But when she moves to kiss his lips he turns his head at the last second.

WILL

Don't do that. Get dressed.

Meg looks at Will, confused.

MEG

We can survive here. Be smart.

WILL

Put your clothes on, Meg.

Will throws on his jeans and grabs his shirt from the chair. Meg picks up her dress. Out of sorts.

MEG

Don't tell me I'm supposed to feel bad. It's not about that. Not now.

WILL

We have to go. I need gas from one of your SUVs to leave. Ok?

MEG

Whatever. Take it all.

(suddenly tears)

The fucking world is ending, Will!

Will puts on his shoes.

WILL

You don't know that.

MEG

Then what?! We don't know shit!  
There's fucking earthquakes and  
storms! The power's out! The  
fucking army says it's war! What?!

WILL

Jon is out there!

MEG

Fuck you, Will!!! Fuck you.  
(beat)  
I love him! You know that!

Will grabs Meg in an awkward hug.

WILL

He's coming back.

Will turns and walks out the door.

INT. BMW. MAIN STREET. RAPID CITY - TWILIGHT

Will and Ricky stop at the top of Main street. It's dark and the BMW's Headlights are OFF. They can see the flashing police lights at the Roadblock.

Will eyes the gas gauge. Folded in his lap is a MAP.

WILL

We need more gas. Wyoming's gonna  
be a desert.

Ricky stares at the cars parked along Main street. He climbs into the backseat and grabs the hose.

RICKY

American cars. I can reach the  
tanks.

Will idles the BMW forward, stopping in front of a CHEVY MALIBU.

Ricky shoves the hose into the Malibu's tank. He breathes into the loose end and then sticks it into the gas canister in the backseat. Gas trickles into the canister.

RICKY

Next.

Will pulls alongside a SILVERADO pick up. Ricky repeats the hose action. This time the gas comes fast. Ricky jumps the hose to the second canister.

Will sees A MAN on the sidewalk a few storefronts down.

WILL  
Someone's coming.

The MAN on the sidewalk shines a flashlight and sees Ricky stealing the gas. The Man lifts an AIR HORN and BLASTS IT!

A POLICE CAR peels off the roadblock. Speeds down Main Street, directly at them.

RICKY  
We're good!

Ricky yanks the hose from the SILVERADO. Will slams the gas, rocketing them down main street in the dark.

WILL  
Seat belt!

Will guns the BMW at the coming Police car like it's a chicken race. Not hesitating.

At the last second the Police car brakes hard, cutting off the road.

Will spins the wheel, shooting for the closing gap. The BMW's side mirror hits the hood of the Police car, shattering as they pass!

Will accelerates straight at the Roadblock.

The Police aim their weapons! An arsenal at the ready.

Will slams the brakes a hundred yards short of the Roadblock.

Will looks to his right. There's a field between the Roadblock and the ramp to the highway. Will spins the wheel and accelerates.

The COPS start firing. Shotguns. Rifles. Pistols.

The BMW speeds through the field, chased by bullet tracers.

Will eyes the grass incline from the field to the highway's ramp. It's steep.

WILL  
Hold on!!!

The BMW hits the lip and launches into the air!

The BMW bounces down onto the Interstate. Suspension flexing. Will gets control and speeds down I-90W.

WILL

They coming?! Grab the gun from the glove!

Ricky climbs into the passenger seat, looking back.

RICKY

They're not coming.

WILL

You sure?

RICKY

Yeah.

Will flashes Ricky a terror smile. Fucking A.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

There's D.O.T. construction signs lining the shoulder. The portable signs display yellow digital letters and are powered by SOLAR PANELS.

The BMW passes the first sign. The sign has been hacked. It reads: "AMIGOS". They hit the second sign: "U R FUCKED :)".

WILL

Great.

Beyond the second sign there's an overturned DODGE METRO. A pack of COYOTES lingers by the side of the wreckage.

Will accelerates the BMW to 100 MPH, speeding past the rest of the signs, all of them hacked with messages. Will grips the wheel and eyes the wedding ring on his finger.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

The horizon is a bright hue of YELLOW, like an impossible rising sun. Impossible because it's 11 PM. Will and Ricky stare at the yellow horizon, on edge, yet entranced.

RICKY

Can I ask you a question?

WILL

Yeah.

RICKY

What's Sam like?

Will glances at Ricky, affected by hearing his wife's name.

WILL

What's she like? I guess she's everything. She's funny. She's strong. She's loyal. I got lucky.

RICKY

To get married?

WILL

Anyone can get married. I got lucky because I found the right person. There's a difference.

RICKY

How did you know?

WILL

You just do. Just like you can tell if it's not. I don't know how else to say it.

(beat)

What about your mother? What's she like?

Ricky reaches into his backpack and pulls out an Ipod.

RICKY

It's been a while since I've seen her.

(gestures to his Ipod)

I made a mix for the drive. If you want to listen to it.

WILL

Are you joking?

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky's Ipod blasts music through the speakers as the BMW passes a billboard welcoming them to WYOMING.

Will eyes the gas gauge: 55 miles. The yellow horizon is getting brighter.

WILL

We'll have to fill up before we hit  
whatever that is.

Will squints, studying the hood. It's covered in a gray residue.

RICKY

What?

Will glances in the rearview. There's no cars behind them. He flicks the Headlights ON.

Tiny gray particles swim in the headlights, dancing in the air like snow.

RICKY

Is that ash?

Will and Ricky eye the YELLOW HORIZON.

WILL

We're driving towards a fire. It's all on fire.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE NIGHT

The ash is RAINING down, reducing visibility to fifty feet. Will drives at 30 MPH. Headlights and windshield wipers ON.

Gusts of wind push the BMW from lane to lane. A channel of visibility appears through the ash. Will SLAMS THE BRAKES.

A WOMAN, early 60s, stands in the middle of the road, caught in the headlights. She's covered in ash and terrified. Will and Ricky stare, caught off guard.

The Woman runs to Will's window, yelling and pointing to her AUDI Q8 SUV on the shoulder.

WILL

Get in! Just get in!

WOMAN

No!!!!

Will gets out and opens the backseat door.

WILL

Lady, get in the car! It's raining ash!

WOMAN

I have a flat! I need help changing it!

Will glances at the Audi and sees her rear tire is flat. He eyes Ricky.

Will grabs the Woman by the arm, pulling her to the Audi. The Woman's fingers are covered with expensive jewelry.

WILL

Pop your trunk!

Will grabs the SPARE TIRE from the Audi's trunk. Ricky grabs the TIRE JACK.

Will and Ricky turn around and TWO SHOTGUNS BUTTS slam into their stomachs! Will and Ricky drop to their knees, heaving for air.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. WYOMING - SAME

TYLER, 35, and MARTIN, 40, hold the SHOTGUNS, wearing the remnants of what were business suits. They're normal looking guys but who fucking cares.

WOMAN

I did it! Are you happy?!

TYLER

Shut up!!!

Tyler turns to Will.

TYLER

We're taking your gas.

Martin runs over to the BMW. Tyler keeps his shotgun trained on Ricky and Will.

Will stares at Tyler. He's not much older than him. In another world they'd sit together in business class.

WILL

There's two canisters in the backseat.

Martin grabs the canisters and runs them up the highway's shoulder to a TOYOTA PRIUS.

WILL

How you feeling? Good?

TYLER

Please.

Tyler glances at the Toyota. Martin's pouring the second canister.

WILL

Where you going?

TYLER

San Fran.

WILL

That hybrid working out like you thought?

Tyler cocks the shotgun! Focusing on Will.

TYLER

Shut up.

Martin runs back to the BMW with a canister and grabs the HOSE from the backseat. He opens the BMW's gas lid.

Ricky bolts to his feet.

RICKY

No!!!

Tyler spins, aiming his shotgun.

Will grabs the barrel, pushing it skyward. The SHOTGUN BLASTS!!! Tyler carries the recoil's momentum and SMASHES Will in the face with the shotgun butt.

Will hits the asphalt hard. When he looks up the SHOTGUN BARREL is inches from his face.

TYLER

Don't!!!

Will spits out a mouthful of blood.

Martin holds his shotgun inches from Ricky's face. He points at the hose and canister.

MARTIN

Fill it. Now!

Ricky sticks the hose in the BMW's tank. He BREATHES into the hose, pulling it out ever so slightly. Gas sputters into the canister.

TYLER  
Shoot the tires!

Martin flashes the shotgun barrel from Ricky's face and BANG!!! The front passenger tire SHREDS.

WILL  
I have a family!

TYLER  
Shoot the back tire!

WILL  
It's fucking murder!! We have one spare and no gas!!

Martin looks at Ricky, then Will and the Woman. Hesitating.

TYLER  
Fucking shoot the tire!

Martin grabs the canister and runs to the Prius, eyeing Tyler.

MARTIN  
I'm not killing them. We agreed.

Tyler backs away, keeping his shotgun on Will and Ricky.

WILL  
Have fun in 'Frisco.

TYLER  
I'll send you a postcard.

Tyler jumps into the Prius.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. WYOMING - SAME

Will jumps to his feet, spitting blood and running. Ricky's already opening the trunk of the BMW.

Will grabs the GLOCK from the glove compartment. He spins just as the Prius's taillights disappear into the ash.

WILL  
Fuck!!!

The Woman looks at the gun and then Will, spitting venom.

WOMAN  
Shame on you! All of you!

WILL  
You did this!!!

Will runs to the BMW's trunk. Ricky pulls out the spare tire.

WILL  
If we don't catch them we're dead!

Will jacks up the BMW's frame. They're covered in ash and sweat. Will spins off the wheel's bolts with the tire iron.

The Woman hovers behind them, insane and fidgeting.

WILL  
Get in the car!

WOMAN  
No!

Will spins the last bolt off the flat. Ricky removes the shredded tire. Will throws on the spare. Ricky releases the jack. The woman paces in front of the BMW's headlights.

WOMAN  
I have grandchildren!!!

RICKY  
They need you!

WILL  
Get in the fucking car! You're going to die out here!

WOMAN  
No! It's not supposed to be like this! We're supposed to be decent!!

The woman crumbles to the ground, crying. She takes off a GOLD RING and hurls it at Will. She's a lost cause.

Will and Ricky jump in the BMW. Will maneuvers the BMW around the Woman and hits the gas.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW accelerates like mad, hitting 120 MPH. The ash shoots above the car like a FLOWING RIVER. Will and Ricky look at the GAS GAUGE: 7 MILES remaining.

RICKY  
I tried to pull the hose.

WILL  
I saw. Hold the wheel.

Will chambers a bullet in the Glock.

WILL  
We've got one shot at them. Ever  
shoot a gun?

Ricky nods, taking the Glock from Will.

RICKY  
Everyone has a gun where I grew up.

Will hits the gas, reckless, 130 MPH. The ash is blinding.

WILL  
They're in a Prius. How fast can  
they go?  
(rubs his jaw)  
Fuck!!!

Will quickly toggles the headlights OFF and stops the BMW. There's a TOLL BOOTH ahead. Solar powered lights. Each highway lane has its own booth.

WILL  
You see anything, fire.

Ricky powers down his window, gripping the Glock with two hands.

WILL  
Don't worry. We'll be going too  
fast to hit.

Will slams his foot on the gas and hits 100 MPH. He stares, concentrating on the toll's narrow lane. Tunnel vision. The BMW flies through the booth, scraping the barriers. Will pounds his fist on the dash in an adrenaline outburst.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW speeds, headlights OFF. They both eye the gas gauge: 2 Miles left. A gust of wind clears the ash and they see the Prius's taillights. Will accelerates.

WILL  
Hold on!

The BMW rams the PRIUS'S BUMPER.

The Prius swerves but then speeds up. Will pulls flush to the PRIUS.

WILL  
Pull over!!!

Tyler swerves the Prius at the BMW. Martin climbs into the backseat with his shotgun.

Will eyes the gas gauge: .5 MILES LEFT. At a 120 MPH.

WILL  
Shoot! Now!

Ricky aims the Glock out the window, trying to steady.

WILL  
Shoot!!!

Ricky taps the trigger. BANG! BANG! BANG!

With the third shot the Prius's rear tire EXPLODES!

Will slams the brakes!

The Prius banks left in front of the BMW, shooting off the drop off between I90W and I90E.

The Prius is airborne before smashing the ground ten feet below and rolling end over end. It settles on its roof, totally destroyed.

Will and Ricky get out.

WILL  
Jesus.

A second later flames ignite under the Toyota's hood. Will and Ricky start sprinting down the incline. In the wreckage, the two men are dead; their bodies twisted in a blood bath.

Ricky crawls in the car's backseat, over the exposed, upside down PRIUS BATTERY PACK. He grabs their hose and gas canister.

Ricky crawls out, pushing off the battery pack for leverage. A lithium ion cell comes loose, the positive terminal hitting another cell and arcing in sparks.

WILL  
Get out!!

Ricky crawls out as the Prius is engulfed by flames.

Ricky grabs the hose, sticking it in the Prius's gas tank. He blows in the hose and the gas starts filling the canister.

Will sees the fire bridge from the backseat to the engine carriage, then to the tank. He grabs Ricky, pulling him away.

WILL  
Go!!!

Will grabs the canister of gas. They turn and run towards the BMW.

The Prius tank EXPLODES!

Will and Ricky get pushed by the explosion's shock wave and hit the dirt hard. Will loses his grip on the gas canister. It hits the ground on its side, spilling.

The ball of flame retreats over their heads and Will grabs the canister. Behind them the dead men melt in the flames.

They run up the bank to the BMW. Ricky quickly pours the canister into the BMW'S tank as Will eyes their surroundings. The fire makes them sitting ducks.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - SUNRISE

The sky is a sickly gray with bursts of orange coming from the east. The air is clear but the road is covered in ash.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MORNING

Will drives, feeling his mouth and jaw, in pain. He toggles the gas gauge button: 11 MILES in the tank. Ricky stares out the window with tears in his eyes.

WILL  
Don't think, Ricky.

RICKY  
I killed them.

WILL  
Bullshit! Look at me! They robbed us and left us to die! The woman is probably dead because of them!

RICKY  
I didn't know it would be this bad.

WILL

Ricky. What you did. Pulling the hose out, running at him. I don't give a fuck how you were treated at home. You're the bravest kid I've ever met. I'd be dead if you weren't with me. Ok?

RICKY

I want us to make it. I want to see my mom.

WILL

You're going to! You have to believe that. But we still have to find gas. We have to focus. Ok?

The BMW passes a sign for A VIEW AREA in one mile.

WILL

I'm going to pull over. Maybe we'll see something.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90 VIEW AREA - MORNING

The view area's on top of a canyon. Smoke fills the sky above the Teton mountains.

WILL

That's Yellowstone burning.

Will turns and sees Ricky staring across the canyon. Several BUFFALO are on the edge of a cliff. Suddenly a lone Buffalo steps off, falling hundreds of feet. The other Buffalo retreat from view.

Ricky leans over and throws up.

Will spreads the map on the hood of the BMW.

WILL

We need to find a shipping depot or an airport. Something with gas that'll be near the Interstate.

RICKY

Or a Reservation.

WILL

Exactly. If we don't we'll-

Ricky's eyes shoot at Will.

RICKY  
We're not robbing anyone!

WILL  
I was gonna say ride bicycles! We haven't robbed anyone and we're not going to. Got it?

Ricky nods, shaking it off. He wipes his mouth with his tee shirt. After a couple deep breaths he pulls it together.

RICKY  
I'm glad it was you who crashed on the reservation. I would've gone with any asshole.

Will cracks up. Ricky stares at the map and points to a spot.

RICKY  
That's the Adaba tribe's Reservation. It's fifty miles away. They might have gas.

Will fingers the scale key on the map.

WILL  
We'll head for the reservation. If we run out of gas we run out of gas. If the key's right it's eight hundred miles to Yakima. Nine to Seattle. We're gonna make it. I promise.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MORNING

The BMW drives down a steep hill. Will shifts into NEUTRAL and they coast down the hill at fifty miles an hour.

Below the hill it's flat to the horizon. Glints of metal sparkle on the plains.

RICKY  
Cars?

Will nods. He grips the Glock, nervous in the daylight.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MORNING

Will swings the BMW alongside an abandoned DODGE minivan. The hood is propped open.

RICKY

Radiator bust. I don't see anyone.

Ricky gets out with the hose and canister. Will stands with the Glock, scanning three hundred and sixty degrees.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MORNING

The BMW speeds down the highway. Will checks the gauge: 33 miles. They see an RV driving on the road ahead of them.

RICKY

Where are they getting gas for that?

Will hands the Glock to Ricky.

WILL

I'm passing them.

Without hesitating Ricky points the Glock out the window.

The BMW speeds alongside the RV. Each RV window is manned by WOMEN and MEN, with rifles aimed at the BMW.

Ricky holds up a hand in peace. The Men and Women drop their guns and wave them on.

RICKY

Speed up. We're good.

As they pass the RV's DRIVER waves a cordial hello. Will and Ricky wave back. Surreal.

RICKY

Something tells me they have gas on board.

WILL

Ya think?

EXT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MORNING

Will pulls the BMW behind an abandoned PT CRUISER. Ricky gets out and siphons the gas.

RICKY

This is good. It's coming.

Will's exhausted. He looks off the highway and sees a lone gas station/general store about a mile away.

WILL  
We need food.

EXT. ROAD. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Will drives the BMW down a two lane blacktop, nervous as they pull into the station's desolate parking lot.

Will gets out with the Glock. They see the gas pump nozzles dangling on the ground, already tapped.

Will and Ricky enter the General Store, seeing the cash register open, the aisles turned over; the place was looted and appears abandoned. But a second later they start to hear-

A HARMONICA, playing a simple out of tune melody. Will and Ricky eye each other. There's an open door at the back of the store, leading to the fields.

Will holds out the Glock and together they follow the sound, the melody growing more dissonant. Just outside they see-

A weathered OLD MAN, 91, in a chair. The man is blind, with eyes like dark beads, but he senses them and stops playing.

OLD MAN  
My son aint come to work today. If  
you see him tell him I don't  
appreciate it. You can leave money  
on the counter.

WILL  
Sir, your store's been robbed.

OLD MAN  
That mean it's free for you too?

A breeze blows a tumbleweed across the dirt. The Old Man gestures to the Heavens.

OLD MAN  
My foolish friends say we at war  
with the Russians. But you can  
smell it in the air, can't you?

WILL  
Smell what?

The Old Man laughs.

OLD MAN

The dying sin. The Rapture. It's  
come for you. Come for me.

The Old Man returns to playing his harmonica. Will signals Ricky back inside as the dark melody picks up again.

Will picks up a jar of peanut butter from the floor. He leaves a five dollar bill on the counter as they exit.

Will and Ricky walk back to the BMW. At the edge of the parking lot they notice A BODY, covered in flies. It's a MAN, 50, in a bloodied gas attendant's uniform. DEAD.

RICKY

Think that's his son?

WILL

Yeah.

Will starts the BMW'S engine, drowning out the haunting harmonica.

EXT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - AFTERNOON

The BMW drives across the MONTANA border, the billboard welcoming them to 'Big Sky County'. Indeed, the sky is a hellish looking thing.

Will glances at the gas gauge: 30 miles. They crest a hill, able to see the plains.

WILL

See anything?

There's a number of farms but also a small town miles off the Interstate.

RICKY

I think that's the reservation.

Will spots ACRID, BLACK SMOKE pouring out of a deep ravine that runs parallel to the interstate.

WILL

What is that?

EXT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

Will drives the BMW off the highway onto a dirt field. He pulls up to the edge of the ravine. The black smoke pouring up in front of them.

Will and Ricky stare down the steep slope, eyes frozen in disbelief.

It's the ARMY TRAIN. The wreckage is a MILE LONG and they're at the front of the train. There's passenger cars on fire, Missiles, Humvees, Supplies, all scattered down the tracks.

WILL

The jeeps and humvees will have gas. C'mon.

RICKY

We're close to the reservation. We can come back if they don't have gas.

WILL

On foot?

Will tucks the Glock into his waistline.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - AFTERNOON

Will steps off the slope onto the tracks. Ricky behind him.

A GANG of boys, 13-15, are at the front of the train, poking the motionless body of a DEAD SOLDIER with a stick.

RICKY

What are they doing?

Will grabs his Glock and starts sprinting at the boys.

WILL

Hey! Get away!

One of the boys holds up a .22 rifle, aiming at Will.

Will fires the Glock over their heads.

The boys jump on their BMX bicycles, riding away as fast as they can. Will stops, fifty feet from the dead body.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Will walks back to Ricky. He sees the switch signal along the tracks. It's battery powered but malfunctioning.

Will and Ricky walk down the tracks together. Will looks inside a burnt out passenger car. He reflexes, VOMITING, waving Ricky off.

WILL

Don't. They're all dead.

A cracked case of water sits by the tracks. Will washes his mouth out, gulps down the water.

Will walks to a partially destroyed HUMVEE, attached by cables to the twisted metal of a flat bed. An M-60 sits on a turret in the Humvee's bed.

RICKY

Too bad we can't mount that on the BMW.

Will grabs the canister and hose from Ricky. He starts siphoning gas from the Humvee's tank.

WILL

See if you can find any gas cans.  
It's a long hike up the hill.

Ricky walks down a few box cars. Starts opening supply crates. He finds a six pack of COKE cans. Glances at the sky.

RICKY

Warm cola. Thank you God.

Ricky opens another crate. Automatic weapons and grenades. Ricky holds up an M-16, posing for Will.

RICKY

Check me out!

Will cracks a grin. Ricky turns down the tracks, smiling, holding the M-16.

A SONIC ECHO shatters the canyon's silence.

Ricky's left thigh EXPLODES! A bullet piercing his quad! He hits the ground, yelling in pain.

Will jumps from the Humvee, running to Ricky with his Glock.

Will drags Ricky under a box car. Sticks his head out, looking for the shooter.

A hundred feet down the tracks Will sees a bloodied FEMALE SOLDIER, 35, hanging out of a wrecked Humvee. Rifle slumped on her shoulder.

WILL  
Don't shoot!!!!

FEMALE SOLDIER  
You crashed the train!

WILL  
No!!! We just got here. We're  
trying to get gas!

The Female Soldier goes quiet. Will rips the sleeve off his tee shirt and ties a crude tourniquet around Ricky's leg. There's blood everywhere.

FEMALE SOLDIER  
I need water!

WILL  
Fuck you!!!  
(to Ricky)  
I'm getting you out of here!

Ricky stares at the soldier, steeling back the pain. He sees she's wounded, barely able to hold her weapon.

RICKY  
It's ok. She didn't know. Get her  
water.

Will nods ok.

WILL  
I'm coming out!!

Will rises, Glock aimed. The Female Soldier drops her rifle.

Will runs over with water. The Woman's body is impaled in the wreckage, a JAGGED PIECE of metal stuck in her stomach. Will pours water in her mouth, frantic and angry.

WILL  
Why'd you shoot!?

FEMALE SOLDIER  
They're killing us.

WILL  
Who? How did you crash?

Will hears A GUNSHOT down the tracks. He sees a pair of binoculars on the Humvee's dash. Will grabs them and looks. A half mile down the tracks there's A GANG OF MEN with M16 assault rifles. The Men execute several Soldiers.

The Female Soldier gasps and locks eyes with Will.

FEMALE SOLDIER  
Don't let them come back for me.  
Please. Make it end.

Will nods as the Female Soldier closes her eyes. He walks behind her and puts his Glock to the back of her head.

Will pulls the trigger and a shot echoes through the canyon.

EXT. RAVINE - AFTERNOON

Will carries Ricky up the hill on his shoulders, covered in blood. He holds the canister of gas in his free hand.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

Will drives the BMW like a maniac. His eyes dart back to Ricky, lying in the backseat.

WILL  
I'm so sorry Ricky! We shouldn't have gone down there.

Will sees a dirt road turn off. He spins the wheel, skidding onto the road.

EXT. ADABA RESERVATION - AFTERNOON

The BMW stops in front of the town's buildings. Will jumps out, frantic.

WILL  
Help!!! We need help!!!

It's a ghost town. Will scans around, confused.

Will runs to a building marked like the medical building on the Kootenai reservation. He follows an electric cord to a diesel generator behind the building.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM. - MOMENTS LATER

Will carries Ricky from the BMW into the building, laying him on a gurney.

Will quickly scans the cabinets. Finds a bottle of iodine. A razor. Some gauze.

Will cuts Ricky's jeans and sees the horrible wound for the first time. He pours the bottle of iodine as Ricky yells in pain.

Will wipes the blood away but more just spurts out. The bullet hit Ricky's femoral artery.

Ricky looks down and starts hyperventilating.

WILL

This is going to hurt.

Will sticks a ball of gauze into the hole in Ricky's leg. He quickly ties a new tourniquet as Ricky screams.

WILL

Just hold on!

Will scans the medicine cabinet. He quickly discards boxes onto the floor before finding a box of needles: Morphine.

Will stabs the needle into a vein in Ricky's arm. Waits. Ricky's eyes bulge.

WILL

You feel it?

Ricky swallows hard, trying to catch his breath. In the silence they hear a short wave radio in the corner of the room. S.O.S. taps in Morse as a muted voice yells in fear.

MAN'S VOICE ON RADIO

Hello? Anyone? My name is Henry Banks. I'm in the tenderloin in San Francisco. Everything's burning and looters are killing! Can anyone hear me?! What is happening?! Is anyone coming for us?!

Ricky stares at the radio. His breathing slows as the morphine hits his blood stream.

WILL  
You feel it?  
(Ricky nods)  
We have to go. There's no one here.

RICKY  
Why?

WILL  
I don't know. They must have left.

Ricky cracks up, biting back the pain. He's delirious and lucid at the same time.

RICKY  
I get it now, Will.

WILL  
What? You get what?

RICKY  
We should've found out what happened. Something. But it makes sense. We wouldn't know if it was really the end, right? Tell me the truth.

WILL  
About the stuff we've seen?

RICKY  
Do you think it's the beginning of the end?

WILL  
Yeah, it probably is. C'mon.

Will grabs the gurney and starts pushing Ricky outside.

EXT. ADABA RESERVATION - MOMENTS LATER

Will quickly puts Ricky into the backseat of the BMW. Throws the gauze, morphine and iodine on the front seat.

WILL  
I'm going to find a hospital. We're getting you help.

Will scans the Adaba buildings. He sees a GAS TANK with a NOZZLE attached.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE AFTERNOON

Will drives the BMW at 110 MPH down the barren highway. Eyes the gas gauge: 200 miles.

Will scans the Montana exit signs for towns, hospitals, anything to help Ricky.

WILL

Talk to me.

Will looks back. Ricky smiles in a cloud of morphine.

WILL

What's so funny?

RICKY

Play my Ipod. I'm fucking bleeding.

Will hits play on Ricky's Ipod. A second later JAY-Z's 'Public Service Announcement' blasts through the speakers.

RICKY

Nice.

WILL

Good. Hold tight.

Will cranks the volume and speeds up. The BMW hits 150 MPH and for a minute the highway becomes a blur: hitchhikers, farm fields, a burnt Police car, a dead body on the shoulder.

RICKY

There's something I didn't tell you... I never met my mom, Will.  
She left me.

Will stares in the rearview, not believing him.

WILL

What? Why did you come with me?

Ricky's eyes fill with tears.

RICKY

I want to meet her, Will. Maybe this is my last chance.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - EARLY EVENING

The BMW flies down the highway. It's getting dark and the air is filled with SMOKE. Will glances in the rearview. Sees Ricky conscious.

WILL

I don't see you smiling, friend?

Ricky forces a smile.

WILL

Tell me about your mom, Ricky.

RICKY

I found her on the internet.

Ricky smirks.

RICKY

I guess she didn't like life on the reservation. Or maybe my dad's a dick.

Will and Ricky share a small laugh. Will looks back at the road, tears streaming from his eyes.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - EARLY EVENING

Will reads the gas gauge: 110 MILES LEFT. He eyes the rearview: Ricky's white as a ghost.

WILL

Talk to me.

Ricky just stares.

WILL

We'll hit a town soon. I promise.

Will sees the coming mountain's forests burning. The smoke is like FOG.

EXT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - EVENING

The BMW nears the base of the mountain. The smoke is dense, coming in gusts, forcing Will to drive at 30 MPH.

Will slows the BMW. There's A TUNNEL: PIONEER MOUNTAIN PASS. Will stares at a sign. The tunnel's TWO MILES.

Will stops in front of the entrance. It looks like a black hole. He sees Ricky's barely conscious.

Will chambers a bullet in the Glock. Places it in his lap. He idles the BMW into the tunnel, suddenly in complete DARKNESS.

Will turns on the HEADLIGHTS. The tunnel's filled with smoke. Yellow tiles of grime line the walls and ceiling.

Will reverses the BMW out of the entrance. He grabs the morphine needles off the passenger seat.

WILL  
Hey friend?

Ricky's fading. The backseat is stained. Ricky's bleeding out.

WILL  
Just a prick, ok?

Will sticks the needle in. Ricky's eyes roll. Will pulls off his shirt and makes a pillow for Ricky's head against the window. He brushes Ricky's sweaty hair from his eyes.

RICKY  
How far is Yakima?

WILL  
We're close. Real close.

Will, now shirtless, puts the Glock back in his lap.

INT. BMW. I90 PIONEER TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Will grips the Glock while accelerating. The engine reverbs off the walls as the headlights pierce the darkness.

The BMW speeds on. Will loosens his grip on the Glock. Then:

The TUNNEL'S OVERHEAD LIGHTS flicker on.

Will slams the brakes. Only the remaining section of the tunnel is lit. The first half of the tunnel is still pitch black.

Will eyes Ricky, sees he's oblivious to the change in events.

Will stares ahead at the lights. It's got trap written all over it. Will takes a deep breath and hits the gas. The BMW does 90 MPH.

Will sees a CONTROL BOOTH along the left wall. He points the Glock out the window and pulls the trigger!

The Glock fires at the same moment a MAN pops out with A SHOTGUN. The Glock's bullet ricochets off the tunnel and the man ducks down.

Will accelerates. 110 MPH. Now or never.

There's another CONTROL BOOTH. This one coming on the passenger side. Will points the Glock to two o'clock. He shoots the semi-automatic diagonally through the windshield!

The Control Booth's glass shatters, falling on a MAN with an M16. Next to the booth is a big HONDA DIESEL GENERATOR. Will slows, realizing that's the power source.

Will eyes the extra CLIP of seventeen bullets on the passenger seat and then aims the Glock to twelve o'clock. There's an angled turn in the tunnel and he can't see what's on the other side.

EXT. I90 PIONEER TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW rounds the corner and slams the brakes. A hundred yards ahead is A ROADBLOCK: A Black F-350 PICK UP blocks the tunnel's two lanes. Two MOTORCYCLES fill the gaps.

The Men in the Pick Up get out, waving M16 automatics in a sarcastic hello. The Men on the Motorcycles pull Military Colt 45s.

The BMW'S engine idles. Will gets out, his naked torso covered in Ricky's blood.

WILL

I need to get through! Please! My friend's been shot!

(silence)

I've got six hundred dollars.  
Please! He's gonna die!

The Pick Up's DRIVER, 30, laughs. The echo spitting down the tunnel at Will.

PICK UP DRIVER

We'll take the money! It's a toll, brother!

Will eyes the roadblock. There's no way the BMW can get by unless the truck moves.

PICK UP DRIVER  
Be smart, haas! Drive on up here!  
If you're lucky we'll let you drive  
out!

Will looks at the men and their M16s. He flashes back to the Army train. It's the same guys. Will smiles to himself.

WILL  
Ok! Don't shoot! I'm coming up!

PICK UP DRIVER  
Good! Drive with your hands where  
we can see them!

Will gets in the idling BMW. He sees Ricky aware and scared.

RICKY  
What's going on?

WILL  
Just hold tight.

Will takes a deep breath and grips the Glock. He slips the BMW into reverse and hits the gas!

INT. BMW. PIONEER TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The BMW accelerates in REVERSE. 40, 50, 60 MPH! Will turns, staring out the rear windshield as he steers.

The BMW approaches the first Control Booth. Will hits the SUNROOF BUTTON. He sees the MAN with the M16 and points the Glock out the sunroof FIRING BLIND!

The Man with the M16 FIRES while retreating, his bullets bouncing off the tunnel.

Will keeps speeding in reverse. He glances forward and sees the TWO MOTORCYCLES closing on him!

Will sees the next Control Booth. He keeps firing through the sunroof. The MAN fires his SHOTGUN. Pellets pierce the metal of the BMW'S trunk.

The BMW reverses out of the light and into the PITCH BLACK of the tunnel. Will slams the brakes, stopping at an angle.

EXT. DARKNESS. PIONEER TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The MOTORCYCLES drive slowly through the black tunnel. Their headlights the only source of light.

MOTORCYCLE 1 catches the glint of the BMW in its headlights. The BMW is parked against the wall, abandoned.

The MEN get off their MOTORCYCLES and approach the BMW, COLT 45s aimed. Man 1's WALKIE TALKIE beeps. It's the Pick Up Driver.

PICK UP DRIVER  
What's goin on?

Man 1 takes his WALKIE from his vest's cradle.

MAN 1  
He ditched the car. Must be running.

PICK UP DRIVER  
Get his fucking money. And I want that car.

Will slowly rises from his crouch, hidden in absolute darkness. He's standing on the other side of the tunnel. The TWO MEN are twenty feet away, in profile.

Will's pupils adjust to the scene. He sights the Glock.

Will throws the BMW keys at their feet. The Men flinch, turning at Will.

BANG! Will shoots Man 1 through the chest. Killing him instantly. He then hits Man 2 with two shots to the ribs.

The radio crackles.

PICK UP DRIVER  
What was that? You shoot him?

Man 2 is writhing in a puddle of blood. Will grabs the WALKIE TALKIE. He flips the Man's helmet visor and shoves his Glock into the man's face.

WILL  
Say you shot me! Say I'm down!  
Otherwise you're dead!

Man 2 nods. Will presses the Radio's transmit button.

MAN 2  
He's down.

PICK UP DRIVER  
Fucking beautiful. Bring the car  
up.

Will tosses the radio. Man 2 struggles.

WILL  
You need help. Where's a hospital?

Man 2 looks at Will, grateful.

MAN 2  
Next exit. Thank you.

WILL  
For what?

BANG! Will shoots him in the face.

INT. BMW. PIONEER TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Will drives the BMW at 120 MPH, passing the first control booth. The Man with the Shotgun doesn't have time to fire.

The BMW approaches the second CONTROL BOOTH. Will aims the Glock through the windshield and punches the trigger.

The Man with the M16 ducks down. Will keeps holding the trigger, firing, suddenly hearing CLICK! CLICK! He's out of bullets!

Will slows the BMW to an idle, grabbing the second CLIP off the passenger seat.

Will eyes the rearview and sees the Man with the M16 standing next to the HONDA GENERATOR. The M16 fires a volley of BULLETS, hitting the BMW's rear windshield.

Will gets out with the Glock and quickly fires. He hits the man in the knee, putting him down. Will shifts his aim and fires a quick burst at the Honda Generator.

The bullets hammer into the generator and the tunnel goes black. No more lights.

INT. BMW. PIONEER TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Will lets the BMW idle forward, headlights OFF, eyeing the wall for steering, the only light via the dash. He hears the F-350 roar to life.

Will accelerates, hugging the side of the tunnel. He sees the F-350's headlights speeding at him.

Will starts firing at the right side of the F-350.

The F-350 swerves, getting hit. Will floors it, shooting the gap, scraping the BMW against the tunnel's wall.

The BMW makes it past the F-350. Will screams in victory, speeding toward the light at the end of the tunnel.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - DUSK

The BMW does a 150 MPH. There's a town ahead: BUTTE, MONTANA. The first exit sign has a blue 'H' logo for hospital.

WILL  
We're gonna make it! You hear me?!

Will stares in the rearview. Ricky doesn't respond.

WILL  
Hey!

Will skids to a stop on the shoulder. He jumps in the backseat. Ricky's head slumps over, covered in blood. Will looks at the rear windshield. Sees the bullet holes.

WILL  
No, Ricky. No! No!!!

Will cradles Ricky's body in his arms. Adrenaline turning to horrific anguish. Ricky's dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTANA. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

The BMW roars down the open highway. Will clutches the wheel, face locked in a grimace, absent to Ricky's Ipod blasting music through the speakers.

The BMW rockets into the fire zone at 130 MPH. Burning embers dance off the windshield like fire flies, the blazing fields lighting the interstate like a HARVEST MOON.

Will grips the wheel, eyes darting to the side.

A WOMAN, burning from head to toe and frantically waving, runs out from the highway's shoulder. The BMW hits the woman at full speed, catapulting her body into the air.

Will slams the brakes and eyes the woman's lifeless body in the rearview. The wind whips flames across the highway.

Will gets out of the BMW. Standing in the middle of the highway he sees a barn, several homes, and behind that AN ENTIRE TOWN ON FIRE. Then his eye catches-

PEOPLE, hiding in the corn stalks yet to burn. They're caught in an orange halo and watching him.

BANG! A bullet whizzes over Will's head.

Will stares. Rage in his eyes. He should get in the BMW and drive away. Instead he pulls the Glock from his waist. Another BULLET ricochets off the BMW.

Will starts screaming, aiming as his finger compresses the trigger. The Glock's muzzle flashes a rapid burst of bullets.

WILL  
Fuck you!!!

TWO MEN run from the field, rushing the BMW. Will fires repeatedly, dropping the men with multiple shots.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

Will drives. No music. Just silence. He glances back at Ricky's body. The BMW speeds past a jackknifed and looted SHELL PETROLEUM TANKER.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. MISSOULA, MONTANA - NIGHT

OIL DRUMS burn on the shoulder. Families huddle together. A GIRL, 9, yells, seeing the dark BMW approach. People run onto the Interstate, waving flashlights.

Will points the Glock straight ahead. At the last second the crowd opens into a channel. Will speeds through, hearing the people howl.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - NIGHT

The BMW crosses the border into IDAHO, lit by the glow of forest fires. A dash ALARM BLINKS he's out of gas. Will pulls to the shoulder and grabs the canister he got from the Humvee.

INT. BMW. INTERSTATE 90 - MOMENTS LATER

Will accelerates. The gas gauge registers 55 Miles. But then the BMW's engine down shifts, jerking Will forward. The car shakes like it's caught between gears.

The dash blinks RED SERVICE lights. Will's eyes shoot to the Gas Gauge. In an instant he knows what he did.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. IDAHO - NIGHT

The BMW pulls off the shoulder. Will steers the BMW through a set of trees, driving onto a small field. The FOREST FIRE burns a hundred yards away.

Will grabs the canister and hose. He opens the BMW's tank and blows in the hose. A second later he's refilling the canister.

Will piles branches on the ground, laying the foundation for a bonfire. He takes the gas canister and douses the wood.

Will carries Ricky's body from the BMW.

WILL  
Humvees run on diesel, Ricky. BMW's  
don't.

Will places Ricky on top of the branches. He then walks back and spills the rest of the diesel on the BMW.

The fire is closing. Embers rain down on the field. Will sees an OWL perched atop a pine tree. The Owl stares at Will, the orange sky lighting them both.

Will sobs, crouching next to Ricky's body. An ember lands on one of the branches and the BONFIRE ignites.

Will turns and sees the BMW catch on fire too. Soon the whole forest is burning. Will continues to cry, his shirtless torso lit by the fire as he watches the flames engulf Ricky's body.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. IDAHO - DAWN

Will walks on the shoulder, dehydrated, covered in soot. Around him the trees are burnt to a crisp and smoldering.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. IDAHO - EARLY MORNING

Will's a zombie, stumbling. But the forests aren't burning anymore. An exit sign reads COEUR D'ALENE 5 miles.

Will stands at the top of a hill, looking down at Lake Coeur D'Alene. The lake is massive and beautiful. A stark contrast to the hell he's been through.

Will turns, hearing a car. He holds the Glock, looking back at the hill.

A four wheel HONDA ATV crests the hill. The driver's a KID, 16, wearing ski goggles and carrying a rifle. There's a DEAD DEER strapped to the back of his ATV. The Kid smiles at Will while speeding past.

EXT. COUER D'ALENE - MORNING

Will sneaks along a patch of trees lining the property to a FARM. The land's pitched down the bank from I-90. The fields are filled with Llamas, Sheep, Cows and Horses.

Will hides behind a tree, studying the layout. There's a main house. A barn. A tool shack. Two old PICK-UP TRUCKS in the driveway. Besides the animals the place looks deserted.

Will crouches down and sneaks to the closest Pick-Up Truck. He glances in the driver's window.

MAN  
Looking for these, buddy?

CHRIS TURNER, 39, a tall and lanky cowboy, stands on the opposite side of the truck. He holds a SHOTGUN and a set of keys.

CHRIS  
Walk around real slow. I don't want to shoot you. Just want you off my land.

Will walks around the hood, Glock raised.

Chris jumps back, pushing the Shotgun forward.

CHRIS

What I say? Drop the gun! We got  
you covered.

Will holds the gun, far from steady.

WILL

I didn't think anyone was here. I  
wouldn't have taken your car if I  
knew you were here.

CHRIS

Drop the gun! You ok, Sky?

Will's eyes roll to the left, spotting SKY, a girl, 13. Sky  
has a WINCHESTER RIFLE sighted on Will.

SKY

I got him, daddy.

Will sees the girl trembling under the weight of the rifle.  
She's terrified but resolute. She'll shoot him, and maybe by  
accident.

CHRIS

Just keep holding the gun, sweetie.

Will tosses the Glock at Chris's feet.

WILL

I have to get to Seattle. I need  
that gun.

Chris picks up the Glock and stares at Will. Sees the blood  
and ash on his naked upper body.

Chris's wife, KAREN, 38, no nonsense, walks down from the  
farmhouse, holding her own SHOTGUN. She reaches Sky and  
gently pushes her daughter's rifle down.

KAREN

It's okay baby, go inside.

Karen eyes her husband as Sky runs to the house.

CHRIS

Says he's going to Seattle. Didn't  
think we were here.

KAREN

Where'd you start?

WILL  
Milwaukee. My wife's alone.

Karen eyes Will. He's a mess, struggling to stand and talk. She looks to Chris with warm eyes. He nods at her.

KAREN  
Come on inside. We'll get you fed and cleaned up. Try anything stupid we'll kill you. This is a farm. We can be quick when it comes to killing.

INT. TURNER FARM. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Will, face washed and wearing one of Chris's clean shirts, devours a plate of eggs. Chris, Karen and Sky sit at the table with him. It's clear they've listened to his story.

CHRIS  
Diesel will ruin a car. You must have been tired, your friend being shot.

WILL  
It was stupid.

KAREN  
Will, do you know?

CHRIS  
Karen?

KAREN  
He needs to know.

WILL  
What?

KAREN  
Something happened on the coast.

WILL  
Was it the whole coast?

Karen nods.

KAREN  
Seattle's bay is inland. It could still be ok. But we heard Los Angeles is gone.

Chris refills Will's coffee.

CHRIS

Good news is you already came  
through the fires.

WILL

Hard to imagine that's the good  
news.

SKY

The caldera erupted. That's what  
you drove through.

KAREN

Honey, if the Yellowstone caldera  
erupted we'd be dead.

CHRIS

But it's active. Mt. St. Helens and  
Rainier too. My buddy said he met a  
caravan of folks heading east. Said  
they thought Helen was going to  
erupt.

SKY

You know, I'm pretty sure he could  
steal a car at Black Rock. I mean,  
that's what he needs, right?

Karen looks at Sky. Then her husband.

KAREN

She's right.

WILL

What?

KAREN

This is a resort town. Summer  
homes. It's off season.

CHRIS

Black Rock's a bunch of mansions.

WILL

These empty mansions have cars in  
the garage?

CHRIS

Probably nice cars. And maybe they  
had property managers keeping the  
tanks full.

WILL  
How far is the walk?

Chris grabs his jacket, seeking approval from his wife. Karen nods.

CHRIS  
Hell. I already pulled a gun today.  
In daylight it's worth a shot.

KAREN  
Are you and your wife having a boy  
or a girl, Will?

WILL  
She thinks it's a girl.

KAREN  
She's probably right. Look, I  
delivered five lambs yesterday. I  
know how to bring a baby into this  
world. And we've got supplies for a  
year. If things on the coast aren't  
ok, you know where to find us.

WILL  
Thank you.

Chris lights a Marlboro Medium.

CHRIS  
I was on a logging detail in  
Bozeman when Karen told me she was  
pregnant. I was so nervous I drove  
back that night.

SKY  
What's your wife's name, Will?

Will gets up from the table. Smiles.

WILL  
Her name's Sam... You'd like her.  
She's tough like you.

EXT. LAKE COUER D'ALENE - AFTERNOON

Chris drives Will around the lake in his 1980 Chevy Pick Up.  
The water is filled with people on anchored sailboats,  
presumably because it's safe. Chris hands Will his Glock.

CHRIS

You might need this. Look up in the woods.

Will sees a dirt MOTORCYCLE. The bike's a hundred yards away but clearly tracking them.

The Pick Up rounds the corner. Two MOTORCYCLES are parked on the side of the road. Two MEN, 20, stand at a dirt trail's outlet. They spin, holding rifles.

Will trains his Glock on the two men before they can react.

WILL

Don't slow down.

Chris drives past the men as Will holds the Glock steady. Chris takes a deep breath.

EXT. COUER D'ALENE. BLACK ROCK COMMUNITY - AFTERNOON

It's a gated entrance. Or was. Someone's already smashed through.

WILL

How many houses are here?

CHRIS

Thirty or so.

Will looks at a house. He sees A WOMAN and A MAN staring out a window. A beat up car in the driveway. Squatters.

WILL

Go to the top of the hill.

EXT. BLACK ROCK MANSION - AFTERNOON

Chris parks his truck in the driveway, nervous. The house is massive and opulent. Chris gets out with his Shotgun, walking with Will to the front door.

CHRIS

I don't see anyone.

Chris tries the knob.

CHRIS

It's locked.

Will kicks the door in. Matter of fact.

CHRIS  
I'll keep watch out here.

WILL  
You hear me yell, drive away.

INT. BLACK ROCK MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Will walks through the house. Glock in hand. He finds the Garage. It's pitch black. There's a shelf by the door. Will sees a flashlight.

Will turns on the flashlight and catches the gleaming metal of THREE CARS.

EXT. BLACK ROCK MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Chris holds his shotgun, shifting nervously. Will comes out.

WILL  
I need you to back your truck into  
the middle garage door. It's  
electric.

Will walks to the Pick-Up and grabs Chris's gas canisters and hose from the bed.

Chris reverses the truck into the garage door. The truck's bumper quickly buckles the door from its frame.

Will heads inside with the gas canisters.

A minute later Will drives out in a brand new BLACK GMC YUKON SUV. A turbo V8. Fast. Big. Perfect. Will jumps out and puts the gas canisters in the back.

CHRIS  
Damn.

WILL  
There's a Lexus with no gas inside.  
If you want it?

CHRIS  
Take what you need, not what you  
want.

WILL  
Let's go. I'll follow you.

EXT. CHRIS TURNER'S FARM. DRIVEWAY - SUNSET

Chris walks out of the barn and lights a Marlboro Medium. He hands Will a screw driver.

Will pops out the Yukon's taillights and removes the bulbs.

CHRIS  
You really drive without lights?

WILL  
Your eyes adjust.

CHRIS  
I don't envy you, Will. It's crazy  
out there.

WILL  
Yeah.

Will gets in the Yukon. Puts the Glock on the passenger seat.

CHRIS  
Hold on a sec.

Chris runs into the barn. A second later he comes out with a pair of BINOCULARS.

CHRIS  
Night vision goggles. I use them  
for hunting.

WILL  
I can't.

CHRIS  
I got like four pairs. They might  
help you drive.

WILL  
You're good people. You know that,  
right?

Will reaches under the seat and pulls out a six-pack of Kokanee beer bottles.

WILL  
It was sitting in the garage.  
Figured it would go bad.

Chris grabs the beer, laughing.

CHRIS  
Hey now. Even trade.

Will and Chris shake hands.

CHRIS  
You get to your family now.

INT. YUKON. INTERSTATE 90. IDAHO - DUSK

Will drives the GMC Yukon, eyes intense, back in business. He picks up the Glock and ejects the clip. There's 1 BULLET left. Will chambers the bullet.

Will pulls Ricky's Ipod from his pocket and plugs it in. DEVOTCHKA'S 'How It Ends' starts to play. Will grips the wheel, again eyeing his wedding ring.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. SPOKANE VALLEY - NIGHT

The Yukon speeds at a 100 MPH. A highway sign reads SPOKANE 10 MILES, SEATTLE 284 MILES. Will crosses the state line into WASHINGTON. The city of Spokane looms on the horizon.

Will slows the Yukon. The highway's lined with abandoned cars and trucks. Spokane office towers burn.

Will picks up the NIGHT VISION binoculars and I-90 lights up in a ghoulish GREEN. Will puts a hand on the wheel and hits the gas.

Will drives at 100 MPH, holding the binoculars over one eye. He slows, driving over a small bridge. Below the Spokane River rages, flooding a neighborhood. The hydraulic dams can't function without power.

Will slows the Yukon in front of an exit sign: (GEG) SPOKANE INT'L AIRPORT. Just past the sign and scattered across the highway is the wreckage of a BOEING 747. Dead bodies still in their seats.

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. WASHINGTON - NIGHT

The black Yukon speeds down the highway in darkness. The forest turns to desert. The land is volcanic soil from eruptions past.

Will picks up the BINOCULARS. In the green thermal he sees MT. RAINIER on the horizon. It's spitting LAVA and plumes of ASH into the night's sky.

Will sees actual LIGHTS ahead. WIND TURBINES spin along a ridge. There's RVs parked beneath the Turbines. They've plugged directly into the clean energy supply.

INT. YUKON. INTERSTATE 90 - LATE NIGHT

The highway is well lit but not from the moon. The sky is AURORA BOREALIS, filled with wisps of fluorescent green and red. This phenomena is known to occur in the northern pole, not Washington state.

Will speeds down the highway, staring at the borealis. An exit sign reads: YAKIMA. Will drives, fighting back tears, lit by the beautiful sky. He accelerates to 160 MPH, more determined than ever.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. INTERSTATE 90. WASHINGTON - DAWN

The Yukon passes a sign for SEATTLE. Right after the sign is a YACHT, resting on the highway.

Will drives at a slow speed. The median is flooded with brackish water and debris. There's hundreds of scattered cars with ghostly bodies still trapped inside.

Will stops the Yukon above SEATTLE. The city is in ruins, like New Orleans after Katrina. Whole neighborhoods replaced by toxic lakes. Will eyes a downtown neighborhood that's not underwater. He hits the gas as the first rays of sun hit the city.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - MORNING

The city streets are washed in dirt and sea. There's dead, bloated bodies everywhere. Buildings have collapsed. Stores are looted. Traffic signals rock aimlessly in the bay breeze.

Will skids the Yukon to a stop in front of an apartment building. The front door is kicked in and the glass broken. Will looks up and sees all the windows shattered.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

Will sprints up the stairs two at a time, gripping the Glock. He reaches the fourth floor and stops. The door to HIS LOFT is open.

WILL  
Sam?! Sam?!

Will side steps in the door, Glock raised. Everything's scattered on the floor. The curtains flap in the broken windows.

Will turns back to the door and sees a PHOTOGRAPH of Sam and him in front of a barn (the same photo from Tom's Iphone). It's hastily DUCT TAPE to the door, obviously left for him to see. Will grabs the photo and heads out the door.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING. SEATTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Will looks up and down the block. It's a ghost town. He sees a BOY, 7, standing beneath a ripped store awning. A MAN, 30, pulls the boy away.

EXT. WASHINGTON COAST - MORNING

The Yukon speeds down coastal highway 101. The road is severely damaged, covered with cars and detritus.

Will glances at the Pacific. There's a NAVY BATTLESHIP in the choppy waters. Suddenly Will slams the brakes.

On the distant horizon there's something that's never been seen. An enormous BLACK CLOUD stretching for miles. And the black cloud is churning and appears to be growing.

Will hits the gas, nervous. The Yukon passes a sign for BELLINGHAM, WA. Will spins the wheel onto a new road, heading inland.

EXT. FOREST. BELLINGHAM - AFTERNOON

Will speeds down a dirt driveway lined with Red Pines. He rounds a corner, seeing TOM'S RANCH. There's a BMW X5 in the driveway. Will doesn't recognize the car.

The front door of the house opens. A MAN, 38, on edge yet confident, points a massive DESERT EAGLE .44 handgun at the Yukon and fires a WARNING SHOT!

Will brakes the Yukon a hundred feet away. He gets out, pointing his Glock.

WILL  
Put the gun down!

MAN  
This is private property!

WILL  
I know!

The door to the house swings open. SAM sprints out, her eyes filling with tears.

SAM  
It's him! It's him!

Sam runs off the porch and down the driveway. She jumps into Will's arms, screaming in joy. Touching his face.

SAM  
Baby, you're face is bruised. Baby,  
you're here! You're here.

Will just holds her, trying not to cry. Sam sees the look in his eyes.

SAM  
What happened?

WILL  
There was nothing I could do. I  
wouldn't have made it without him.

Sam breaks into tears. Will holds her tight.

WILL  
I told him about the baby.

Sam steels her emotions and stares at Will. So many things racing through her mind.

SAM  
Do you know about the waves?

Will nods, seeing the Man walk over. Sam holds onto Will, turning.

SAM  
This is Jeremiah. He picked me up  
during the evacuation. I was on the  
highway. Our car got stolen.

Will offers his hand to Jeremiah.

WILL  
Thank you.

JEREMIAH

What happened to Sam's dad?

Sam shakes her head no, wiping away the tears. She grabs Will's hand.

SAM

C'mon, baby. Let's get you inside.

Sam grabs Will's hand and leads him up the driveway. Will turns his head and catches Jeremiah eyeing him.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Will sits at the kitchen table with Sam and Jeremiah. He sips a beer, trying to relax. Sam stares at Will, grateful.

JEREMIAH

So you had no idea about the waves until you heard the radio?

WILL

The power was out. I caught a clip about the earthquake. Then-

JEREMIAH

Chances are it wasn't an earthquake.

Will sips his beer.

WILL

What do you mean?

JEREMIAH

I'm a software engineer. I've seen tons of war games. They called this scenario 'Troy'. It's designed to erase rational behavior with a synchronized event.

Will studies Jeremiah, emotion and exhaustion coming to a head.

WILL

Are you fucking with me? Erase rational behavior?

JEREMIAH

Will, I'm not trying to upset you. All we've done is pray for you.

(MORE)

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)  
And Sam's dad. I just don't think  
it's a natural disaster.

Will sneaks a look at Sam.

WILL  
So what's Troy?

Jeremiah drains his whisky and refills his cup.

JEREMIAH  
Troy's a mega-nuclear bomb  
detonated off the coast. At the  
same time a Trojan horse knocks  
down the electric grid. It works.  
I've seen the intel.

WILL  
The intel?

JEREMIAH  
The government showed us.

WILL  
Where do you work?

JEREMIAH  
In the city. Look, in lay terms the  
bomb plays like an earthquake. It  
also causes the waves. But the  
infrastructure. The power going  
out, that's what caused the chaos.  
That was Troy. Make sense?

WILL  
As a theory or explanation?  
Probably neither.

Sam gets up, wrapping her arms around Will's neck.

SAM  
Honey, let's lie down. You need to  
sleep.

WILL  
Who would do that? Why?

JEREMIAH  
The question is who wouldn't?

Sam pulls Will to his feet.

WILL

I don't buy it. Troy didn't turn the sky into a ball of lightning. Mt. Rainier, Mt. St. Helens are spitting ash. There's a black cloud over the ocean. This is something else.

JEREMIAH

Not necessarily.

WILL

Bullshit. Take a look at a compass. This isn't a computer virus or a bomb. We don't know what this is yet.

SAM

Will. Bed.

WILL

Whatever, it doesn't matter.

JEREMIAH

Why?

WILL

Because we still have to survive.

Will grabs his Glock from the counter, beyond tired.

JEREMIAH

You like that gun?

WILL

I'd like it more if I had bullets.

Jeremiah and Will share a loaded smile.

INT. BEDROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam lights candles around the bed. She spoons next to Will and he immediately breaks down, convulsing into tears.

WILL

I'm fucking sorry. I'm so sorry.

SAM

It's not your fault.

Sam sees Will looking at the rumpled sheets on the bed.

SAM

Baby. No. Never. He's been sleeping  
in the other room.

WILL

I know.

Sam stares at Will. Warm. She runs her hand through his hair.  
Will tries to choke back the tears.

WILL

All I could think about was you.  
Your dad's dead. And he's talking  
about a fucking cyber war. Who is  
he?

SAM

Shh... Stop.

WILL

Do you trust him?

SAM

I trust you.

Sam kisses him. Soft at first. Eyes open. Will stares at her.  
She kisses him again, seeing how raw he is, tears of pride in  
her eyes.

SAM

Every second. I just stared out  
this window. Waiting for you to  
come back to me.

Will pulls her close, desperate, kissing her full on.

WILL

I'm here.

Sam pulls Will's tee shirt off his bruised body and kisses  
his chest. She yanks off her shirt and pants, then slides off  
her underwear. Sam mounts Will, tears streaming, kissing him  
like never before.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. TOM'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Will stands by the window staring at the sky. The BLACK CLOUD  
he saw over the Ocean is now over them. The sun's light  
barely piercing through.

Will looks down the driveway and sees Jeremiah opening a door to the Yukon. Will quietly dresses, trying not to wake Sam. He eyes his Glock on the dresser.

INT. KITCHEN. TOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Will finds Jeremiah at the stove, pouring hot water into a French-Press.

JEREMIAH

Feeling better? Nice to have propane, right?

Will stares out the window at the black cloud. There's flakes of ASH drifting in the air.

WILL

That sky Troy's doing?

Jeremiah smiles, handing Will a cup of coffee.

JEREMIAH

Probably not. Look, I'm sorry about last night. I let the whisky do the talking.

WILL

Why were you looking at the Yukon?

JEREMIAH

I saw two kids in the woods. I wasn't going to steal your car if that's what you're after. I have my own.

WILL

You planning on leaving?

Jeremiah studies Will.

JEREMIAH

California. Sam and I talked about it. I know people there.

Will looks out the window.

WILL

Where did you see them?

JEREMIAH

Who?

WILL  
The two kids?

JEREMIAH  
A hundred yards in. I've been  
running a perimeter since we got  
here. I already ran it once this  
morning.

WILL  
Let's go.

JEREMIAH  
You got your gun?

WILL  
I'm out of bullets. Should I get it  
anyway? To scare them?

Jeremiah flashes the Desert Eagle .44 tucked in his waist.

JEREMIAH  
We'll be fine.

EXT. RED PINE WOODS - MORNING

Jeremiah and Will walk through the woods. Jeremiah leads, his  
back to Will. Will looks at the black sky.

WILL  
So where did you work? You didn't  
answer last night.

Jeremiah glances back.

WILL  
Don't take it personally. You  
rescued my wife. I'm just hoping  
you didn't escape from prison.

JEREMIAH  
I'm not the boogie man, Will. We're  
in this together.

The ash starts to rain through the trees.

WILL  
We're not going to California. If  
you're set on it, I'll help you get  
gas. Otherwise you can come with  
us.

JEREMIAH

Where?

WILL

Away from the coast.

Jeremiah keeps walking, his back to Will.

JEREMIAH

I don't blame you, not trusting me.  
After driving across the country.  
Seeing that side of people.

WILL

It's always been there.

JEREMIAH

What has?

Will sees Jeremiah's hand inching towards the gun in his waist.

WILL

That side of people.

JEREMIAH

My friends in California have money and land, Will. Sam and I decided if you weren't back within a week we'd go there. She wants to go.

WILL

I think that's changed.

JEREMIAH

We thought you were dead, Will. I'm glad you made it back. But I saved her. There's a bond with me and her.

WILL

I'm grateful, Jeremiah.

JEREMIAH

I want you to respect what I've done. You can't just show up here and change that.

WILL

She's my wife.

JEREMIAH

The world is ending, Will.

Jeremiah stops, his back to Will. He holds the Desert Eagle at his side.

WILL

Don't. You have a choice.

JEREMIAH

I know. And it's an easy choice.

Jeremiah spins, raising his Desert Eagle. He quickly freezes.

Will's Glock is already trained on his chest.

WILL

I don't see any kids out here.

JEREMIAH

Put the gun down, Will. You already told me you don't have bullets.

WILL

I lied.

BANG! Jeremiah's chest explodes as he flies onto his back. Will tosses the Glock and grabs Jeremiah's Desert Eagle.

WILL

Shoot first.

Jeremiah stares up at Will, dying, a shocked smile creasing his lips.

The black sky above churns, thunder cracking. The rain of ash turns into a black blizzard. Will starts running.

EXT. RED PINE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Will sprints out of the woods toward the house, shielding his eyes from the ash. Above him the black clouds pulsate like TORNADO FUNNELS.

Sam is on the porch. She heard the gunshot. She sees Will run out of the woods.

SAM

Where's Jeremiah?

WILL

He's dead.

Sam doesn't question Will. She takes his hand and they run to the Yukon together.

INT. YUKON. BELLINGHAM, WA - MORNING

The Yukon speeds onto the main road. Sam gasps. The entire sky is BLACK, the only light in the center, like the eye of a hurricane.

Will turns on the windshield wipers.

SAM

Where are we going?!

WILL

We have to get away from the coast.

Will turns the Yukon onto I-2, speeding inland.

WILL

We're going to make it.

SAM

Look at the sky!

The eye in the storm shuts, turning day into night. Will turns on the HEADLIGHTS. But the ash is too heavy. It's like driving into a WALL.

WILL

I have to stop. I can't see.

Will pulls the Yukon over. He shuts the car off. The Yukon shakes, battered by violent winds. In a matter of seconds the car is blanketed in black ash.

CUT TO BLACK:

Just the sounds of the storm and Will and Sam breathing.

SAM

Will? All I see is darkness.

WILL

Give me your hand.

The winds die down, followed by an eerie silence. Will turns the car back on. He hits the windshield wipers and sees light. The eye in the storm is opening!

SAM

Go! Go!

Will hits the gas. The road is covered in obstacles. Will speeds the Yukon, disappearing into the clouds of ash.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ALBERTON GORGE BRIDGE, IDAHO - SUNSET

The bridge is suspended over a five hundred foot gorge. The Yukon zooms into frame, headlights OFF. It's covered in dirt and dents but still running.

INT. YUKON. INTERSTATE 90E - SUNSET

Will drives, holding Sam's hand. It's been a long day. They're shell shocked but coming out of it.

Sam looks out the window at LAKE COEUR D'ALENE. The lake is surrounded by pristine forests. She can even see the moon in the lake's reflection.

SAM

The sky is clear here. It's beautiful.

WILL

It'll be safe. For now. They're good people.

Sam squeezes Will's hand and places it on her stomach.

SAM

I love you.

HOW IT ENDS

"All I See Is Darkness" Pt. 1/3

As the credits roll JOHNNY CASH sings 'I See A Darkness'.

JOHNNY CASH

*Well, you know I have a love, a  
love for everyone I know. And you  
know I have a drive to live, I  
won't let go. Can you see this  
opposition comes risin' up  
sometimes. And that I see a  
darkness! Did you know how much I  
love you? Is a hope that somehow  
you, can save me from this  
darkness?*