

THE LIGHT AT THE END

Written by

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**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**

A car askew in the street. DEAD BIRDS litter the asphalt. A CORPSE lies sprawled on a front porch.

The street is bathed in **WHITE LIGHT**. It washes the color from the world. Fills the sky. No trace of blue to be seen.

Something big has happened. Something bad. Like the harsh white light has caused everything and everybody to drop dead.

Almost everybody.

SOMEONE shuffles down the street wearing a TARP the way a child uses a sheet to become a ghost.

The thick material drags on the asphalt with each step. It's slow going. No eyeholes. Panicked breathing.

**UNDER THE TARP**

HANA NAGATA chooses her steps carefully. Late 20s. Yesterday's tear-streaked makeup. She wears nurse scrubs and her purse slung over her shoulder.

She keeps an eye on her phone, which illuminates the tent of tarp. A few interesting things about the PHONE SCREEN:

- Dangerously low battery.
- A map GPS app is open, navigating her down the street.
- A warning: "DANGER: ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARD. DO NOT TRAVEL."

Hana takes another step. On the phone screen, her arrow icon inches forward, closer to her destination.

BACK ON THE STREET, Hana trudges toward NATHAN'S HOUSE. A modest single-story. Truck in driveway. A hundred feet away. She'll be there in no time. Except...

UNDER THE TARP, Hana's phone goes BLACK.

HANA

No. No no no. Come on.

Hana comes to a stop in the middle of the street. After a beat, she starts walking again, even slower than before.

Despite her lack of vision or GPS, she remains on course, heading straight for the house. After a few painstaking moments, she arrives at the foot of--

**NATHAN'S DRIVEWAY**

She walks up the gradual incline--

And BUMPS into the back of the parked truck. She SHOUTS as she stumbles.

The hem of the tarp lifts up, exposing her sneakers--

But Hana falls into a crouch, ensuring every inch of her stays covered.

After a few moments of heavy breathing, she slowly stands. She continues her slow, blind progress up the driveway, pressing herself against the side of the truck for guidance.

**INT. ENTRANCE HALL, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Tarp-covered Hana bumbles into the house. After SLAMMING the door shut, Hana drops the tarp, revealing her sweating face.

HANA  
Nathan? Nathan!

Silence. The entrance hall is dark and empty.

**LIVING ROOM**

Hana peeks into the living room. The window curtains are shut. Light bleeds in around the edges, but the room is otherwise mercifully dark.

HANA  
Nathan! It's Hana.

No answer. Hana pulls out her phone. Her distressed reflection stares back at her from the black screen.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Hana pulls open a door: closet. She moves on. Pulls at the next door: LOCKED. She moves on to--

**NATHAN'S BEDROOM**

No decorations. Cheap furniture. IKEA's weird-single-dude collection. The bedsheets are tucked with militant neatness.

The window blinds are mostly shut--mostly. A finger of LIGHT leaks through the cracked curtain, spilling across the room.

At the bedside table: A PHONE CHARGER.

-- Window blinds now closed, Hana crouches by the bed, phone charging and booting. Hana opens her phone app. A glimpse of recent calls: Kevin, Mom, Dad, 911. She calls NATHAN.

ROBOT VOICE (PHONE)  
We're sorry, we cannot complete  
your call.

Hana hangs up. Tries calling KEVIN.

ROBOT VOICE (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
We're sorry, we cannot--

Hana hangs up. Opens her texts:

|| KEVIN: Pick up  
|| HANA: My battery is low. I'll call you  
|| when I'm there. I'll be okay  
|| KEVIN: I love you

Hana taps out a new message:

|| HANA: I'm here but I can't find Nathan

She hits send. *Sending... Send failed.*

HANA  
No. Come on--

The GPS was working minutes earlier, but now there's no data, no bars. Hana opens Wi-Fi. Taps the strongest network: "TRIBULATION 5ghz". The phone asks for the password. Argh.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana checks the underside of a modem. No password. Further, the indicator for "Internet" glows dull orange. NO INTERNET.

Hana scans the rest of the room. There is no TV here. The centerpiece is an OLD STEREO. She twists the radio knob and cruises channels. Static. Static. More static.

#### **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Hana rummages in the closet.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Once again completely covered, Hana tiptoes into the bright kitchen. She extends her arm out from the tarp. Her now-gloved hand holds her PHONE.

SNAP, SNAP. She snaps photos.

UNDER THE TARP, she checks the PICTURES: light floods in through the open WINDOW near the table.

-- Covered-Hana gropes her way to the window. The blinds CLICK shut as she pulls the drawstring. Hana peeks out from her cover: the kitchen is darker, but light still fills the cracks in the Venetian blinds.

-- Hana applies DUCT TAPE over the gaps in the blinds, then steps back to admire her handiwork. Much better.

-- At the kitchen sink, Hana pulls off her gloves. She reaches into the cabinet for a drinking glass, but--

She notices DRIED BLOOD smeared on her hand.

FLASHBACK TO:

**PAVEMENT**

A DEAD WOMAN lies on asphalt. Blood leaks from her nose and ears. Her skin: unnaturally rough and pale. Her vacant eyes: wide open, the color washed out, leaving only WHITE.

BACK TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

-- Hana furiously washes the blood from her hands.

-- Hana drinks water. Too fast: she retches.

-- Hunched over the sink, Hana CRIES. It's been a long day.

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

Hana lies in bed. Stares at the ceiling. Exhausted but too stressed to sleep.

The window is now covered in black trash bags, duct-taped to the wall to seal out the light.

Hana checks her phone. 2:15 AM. *It's the middle of the night, but the light outside burns strong.*

-- Hana wakes up. Glances at the covered windows. The nightmare of light continues to shine in around the edges.

She checks her phone. 6 AM. No service, but she tries to resend her message to Kevin anyway. *Sending... Send failed.*

-- Hana finds a laptop on the desk. Hana cracks it open. "Welcome Nathan" and a password prompt.

-- Under the bed, Hana finds a GUN SAFE. She punches numbers into the keypad lock. The safe BEEPS and flashes RED.

-- Hana opens the dresser. Identical CAMOUFLAGE T-shirts, sweatpants, sweatshirts, and basketball shorts. The wardrobe of a cartoon character who wears the same outfit every day.

#### **INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Hana pees. She looks at pictures on her PHONE: Hana with KEVIN (20s), friends, family. Good people, good times.

-- At the sink, Hana washes her face, then eyes the electric toothbrush. She turns it on. BZZZ. The brush vibrates.

-- Steam fills the bathroom as Hana showers. The BZZZ of the electric toothbrush hums from within.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Looking refreshed, Hana enters with wet hair and wearing a camo sweatshirt and sweatpants. She inspects the modem: same as before. Power: green. Internet: orange.

Glancing at the nearby bookshelf. It's filled with titles on Christian apocalypticism and doomsday prepping: "The Great Tribulation: Jesus on The Last Days" and "Suburban Survival: Bugging-in in Your Neighborhood."

HANA

Damn, Nathan...

With distaste, Hana flips through a copy of "The Well-Stocked Christian: Planning for God's Plan" then puts it back on the shelf before turning her attention to--

The shelf below is loaded with BINDERS. Titles like "Salvation Through Union" and "Principles of Mysticism." Each self-published "book" has the subheading:

|| A Text of the Final Days Contemplative Movement

-- Hana examines the old stereo more closely. CASSETTE TAPES lie stacked on top. One empty case is labeled:

|| Lecture on Emptiness Pt. II - 11/29/1989

Hana presses play. The tape gears spin. From the speakers comes the voice of a CALM WOMAN with a Midwestern lilt:

CALM WOMAN (TAPE)

--any dummy will tell you sex, drugs, money, and power won't make you happy. But here's what they don't tell you: love and family don't make you happy either. What nobody wants to admit is that happiness isn't worth a damn. Jesus tried to tell us. And what did we end up with? McDonald's religion. "Be a good person and you'll be happy." Another sales pitch. God is beyond happiness. God is beyond--

CLICK. That's enough of that.

#### INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hana opens the pantry cabinet. Well-stocked. Dried food and canned goods. Rice. Cereal. Beans. Oats. Tuna.

-- Hana grabs a loose bag of cereal--and crumbs spill from the bottom. Hana frowns at the chewed-through tear: mice.

-- With only the houseplants cluttering the table for company, Hana forces herself to eat.

#### INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hana opens the CLOSET and rummages through the coats.

-- Hana is now completely covered with a makeshift hazmat suit: gloves, snowboarding goggles, and ski mask.

Suited up, she picks up aluminum foil and duct tape from the floor, then heads down the hall. She pulls open the entry door to the garage.

#### INT. GARAGE - DAY

The paneled windows of the garage door have been plastered over with aluminum foil and tape, blocking out the light.

Hana smoothes tape over the last windowpane, then removes her mask. She turns around to inspect the roomy garage.

The usual: Washer. Dryer. Hot water tank. Workbench.

The unusual: Shelves stocked with SUPPLIES.

Bags of rice. Protein bars. Batteries. High-proof vodka. Water jugs. Gas canisters and a generator.

This Nathan guy is prepped for the end of the world. Wherever he is.

Hana pulls out a plastic bin of weapons: pepper spray. Zip tie handcuffs. Boxes of ammunition. She tests a STUN GUN: it CLICKS and SPARKS.

She moves through the shelves. Camping supplies. Radios (useless static). Mouse traps. Toilet paper...

Hana unearths a PREGNANCY TEST. She turns the box between her hands--then drops it back into the bin.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana sets weapons and TOOLS on the coffee table, then drops the GUN SAFE on the floor. She attempts to pry the safe open with a crowbar. Nope. She grabs the hammer.

#### **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

The clanging of metal echoes.

CLOSE ON the locked door: CLICK.

The handle turns. *Somebody's opening the door from within.*

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana hammers the crowbar into the crack between the safe's frame and door.

In the background, we see SOMEONE over her shoulder, standing in the hallway.

Sensing the presence, Hana stops. She turns to find--

A MAN watching her from the hall.

Gaunt features. Short dark hair: a grown-out buzz cut. He wears the same camouflage sweats that fill Nathan's closet.



His name is ELION ORTEGA (30s).

ELION

What are you doing?

Without hesitating, Hana scrambles to her feet, snatches up the pepper spray, and pulls the trigger.

Elion takes the shot straight in the face. He SHOUTS in surprise and backs up into the hall.

HANA

Back. Stay back.

Hana advances, starting to cough from the oils hanging in the air. Hana and Elion back up into the--

### HALLWAY

Elion's red eyes are swollen shut. Hana looks at him curiously. The pepper spray is obviously excruciating, but aside from coughing, he's not reacting to the pain.

HANA

Who the hell are you?

ELION

Elion. Nathan's friend. Who are you?

HANA

Hana. Kevin's girlfriend.

ELION

Who's Kevin?

HANA

Nathan's brother. Where's Nathan?

ELION

I don't know.

HANA

How'd you get in this house?

ELION

I've been here.

Elion gestures blindly behind him. Hana frowns as she sees the previously locked door.

HANA

Back up. Stay against the wall.

Eyes red and weeping, Elion complies. Hana edges forward and peeks through the open door into the--

### **CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER**

A small Spartan bedroom. SOUNDPROOF FOAM covers the walls, ceiling, and door. Empty water bottles. A tiny bathroom. No furniture: just a sleeping bag and a meditation cushion.

### **HALLWAY**

Hana looks at Elion with utter confusion.

HANA  
Why the hell were you in here?

FLASHBACK TO:

### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Nathan's house. Normal daylight shines through the windows. We're back in the before-times.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
God is already talking to you. You  
just can't hear Him. You're too  
busy talking to yourself.

ON THE STEREO: an empty cassette tape case. The label reads "LECTURE ON CONTEMPLATION / FINDING GOD IN SOLITUDE, 1985".

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
To fill yourself with God, you've  
got to get empty. Quiet yourself  
down. But how do you empty your  
mind in a world of noise? You can't  
hear God with the TV on.

### **INT. HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

NATHAN (20s) and Elion walk down the hall. They sport matching camo and buzz cuts.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
Jesus went to the desert. Simeon  
lived on a pillar. Julian locked  
herself away. Look at the mystics  
of every time, every place:  
Siberian shamans burying themselves  
in holes. Yogis in caves.  
(MORE)

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The Buddha in the woods. You've got  
to get away. You've got to be  
alone.

Nathan opens the door to the windowless, soundproofed room.  
Shows Elion inside.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

-- Nathan drops a pack of water bottles on the floor.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
No people. No talking. No food. No  
thinking. Just enough water to keep  
the body alive. Nothing else.

-- Elion looks around. This will do.  
-- Nathan closes the door, shutting Elion inside. The only  
light comes from the dangling overhead bulb.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
If you're prepared for the end of  
times, you're prepared to be alone.  
Go into your bunkers. Go into your  
shelters. Go in there and turn off  
the lights. Deafen yourself. Blind  
yourself. Shut it all out.

-- Elion locks the door from within.  
-- Elion flips through a thick binder.  
-- Eyes closed, Elion sits straight-backed and upright on  
the meditation cushion.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Go into the darkness: that's where  
you'll find God's light. Go into  
the silence. That's where you'll  
hear his voice speaking to your  
secret heart.

-- Elion fiddles with a STOPWATCH TIMER. He ratchets up the  
hours: 10 hours. 16 hours. 22 hours... 1 day... 2 days...  
-- Earplugs in ears and blindfold over eyes, Elion  
meditates. Resting on the floor, the stopwatch timer counts  
down from 14 days, 18 hours, 40 minutes.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There's a wilderness inside you. Go  
find it and die there. That's how  
you meet God.

-- Elion urinates in the tiny bathroom. The stopwatch  
continues to count down. 10 days.

-- Elion sits as still as a statue. 5 days.  
 -- Elion drinks from a water bottle. 2 days.  
 -- The timer BEEPS.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Christ went 40 days. How bad do you  
 want it? How much do you believe?

-- Elion removes the blindfold. Removes earplugs.  
 -- Stands with difficulty.  
 -- Weakly staggers to the door. Unlocks it--

#### INT. HALLWAY - DAY (PRESENT)

Hana and Elion stand right where we left them.

HANA  
 You're part of Nathan's... Church?

ELION  
 It's not a church. But yes. Nathan  
 and I are friends.

HANA  
 Prove it.

#### INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elion and Hana stand at the bookshelf. Elion squints at the  
 books with red, swollen eyes.

ELION  
 There should be a white binder  
 called "Principles of Mysticism."

Hana runs her fingers along the spines until she lands on:

|| Principles Of Mysticism  
 || A Text of the Final Days Contemplative Movement

She flips to the first page. A handwritten inscription:

|| Curious to hear what you think.  
 || Your friend, Elion Ortega

Hana looks over the top of the binder at Elion. She finally  
 relaxes her grip on the pepper spray.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

At the table with red eyes and fresh clothes, Elion eats a protein bar. Hana sets down a glass of water for him.

Squinting, Elion notices THE UNNATURAL LIGHT and the duct-taped blinds. Perplexed, he reaches for the drawstring--

HANA

No!

Hana slaps his hand away, then realizes: he has no idea.

HANA (CONT'D)

You haven't talked to anybody for two weeks? No news? Nothing?

Elion shakes his head No. Hana takes a moment to gather herself, unsure how to explain.

HANA (CONT'D)

Something happened. To the sky.

**EXT. STORAGE GARAGES - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Rows of small garages. WHITE LIGHT scalds the world.

HANA (V.O.)

There was this noise.

Outside a garage unit with an open door, there are a pair of parked cars, a few dead birds, and a WOMAN'S CORPSE.

**INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Hana hides in the shadows of cardboard boxes and tarp-covered furniture. She looks at her phone with disbelief: an Amber-alert style emergency notification reads:

|| EMERGENCY: ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARD. REMAIN INDOORS.  
|| DO NOT TRAVEL. AVOID WINDOWS. STAY OUT OF LIGHT.

HANA (V.O.)

The sky just lit up.

-- On Hana's phone, the battery is already in the red. She charts a course on Google Maps.

HANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I didn't have water. I was a few blocks away. So I came here.

The map on the phone draws a quick journey between Hana and her destination.

Suddenly, an incoming call from KEVIN. Hana declines the call, then opens a familiar text message chat:

|| HANA: I'm going to Nathan's. It's close. I love you.  
|| KEVIN: Don't. Just stay where you are

As she starts typing a text, a new one comes in from Kevin:

|| KEVIN: Pick up

She finishes her response:

|| HANA: My battery is low. I'll call you  
|| when I'm there. I'll be okay.

She waits. Her battery dwindles. Finally, Kevin responds:

|| KEVIN: I love you

Hana stands. Pulls a tarp off a piece of furniture.

#### **EXT. OUTDOOR STORAGE UNIT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Covered by the tarp, Hana takes blind, tentative steps out of the garage. She shuffles to the BODY lying on the ground.

Hana steps over the body, enclosing the dead woman UNDER THE TARP. Using her phone as a light, Hana looks down at the woman's face and GASPS at the sight of her washed-out eyes.

Hana presses her trembling fingers to the woman's neck, feeling for a pulse. Her hand comes away red, stained by the blood leaking from the woman's ears.

-- Hana-under-tarp stands. Walks by her car. Walks between dead birds. Walks down the alley between the storage units.

#### **INT. KITCHEN - DAY (PRESENT)**

Hana slides her phone across the table toward Elion, showing him a screenshot of the emergency alert.

HANA  
Some people thought it was the  
asteroid. Some people thought it  
was a bomb. If they've figured it  
out, I don't know about it.

Expression inscrutable, Elion reads the emergency alert on the phone as he chews the last bite of his protein bar.

HANA (CONT'D)  
I haven't been able to get in touch  
with Nathan or Kevin.  
(beat)  
I'm so sorry to have to tell you  
this. I still can't believe it.

Elion swallows. Without a word, he gets up and exits.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

At the bookshelf, Elion pulls down binders and places them on the coffee table. Hana watches him flip through the pages, searching for something.

HANA  
Do you get what I said? Anybody who  
was outside or opened a window...  
Your friends, your family--they  
might not be safe.

ELION  
I have ears.

Thrown by his indifference, Hana stares at Elion as he studies the binder. Feeling her gaze, he looks up.

ELION (CONT'D)  
We've been preparing for this kind  
of thing for a long time. Me.  
Nathan. Our movement. This place is  
stocked up for a reason.

HANA  
Nathan was prepping way before he  
got into your... Movement.

ELION  
That's how people find us. Spend  
time preparing for the worst and  
you start to wonder: *What's the  
point? When society collapses, why  
bother?* The movement has answers.

Elion pulls a pamphlet from his binder and slides it across the coffee table toward Hana. The title of the religious propaganda reads: "Preparing Your Soul for The Fall"

HANA  
Society hasn't "collapsed." We  
still have water. Power.

ELION  
Not for long.

HANA  
You don't know that.

ELION  
It's been foretold. The signs have  
been building up. Now they've  
reached their apex.

Elion runs his finger down a checklist in one of the binders. Licks his lips with excitement. Hana watches with dismay as Elion swells with crazed street-preacher energy.

ELION (CONT'D)  
War, plague, chaos, and now--  
(gestures at the window)  
"The stars of heaven fell to earth  
as figs from a tree shaken by a  
storm." Revelation. 6:13.

HANA  
I don't believe in that.

ELION  
It doesn't matter what you believe.  
It's happening. The prophet thought  
it was going to be the comet...  
(mutters to self)  
But--deadly light. "The stars in  
the sky fell to earth." It still  
makes sense.

HANA  
Are you the people who think that  
asteroid is going to hit earth?

ELION  
It will, eventually. Apocalypse  
comes in phases. It's all in here  
if you're interested.

Elion taps the binder, then strides out of the living room.

#### **INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Hana watches Elion grimly flip through the inventory clipboard and run his finger down the supply list.



ELION

He's not properly stocked up.

Hana looks around the mountains of supplies. *Really?*

ELION (CONT'D)

Safehouses for the movement should have water supplies for three months. We barely have enough for one. If Nathan shows up, even less.

HANA

The water's still working.

ELION

It'll stop. Maybe not tomorrow, but eventually, it'll stop.

HANA

Or everything goes back to normal.

ELION

Do you want to bet your life on it?

HANA

I mean, if--if--we run out of water, we can go get more.

ELION

How? Walk to Costco under a tarp?

HANA

Nathan's truck is outside.

ELION

We drive blind with the windows taped over? I don't think so.

HANA

No, I just--what if the glass protects us from the light?

ELION

(you moron)

Physics and that warning on your phone suggest otherwise.

HANA

Just hear me out: you know those plants in the kitchen? They'd been sitting in the light for a day before I got here. And they're totally fine.

ELION

Those are plants. We're people.

Elion walks out of the garage.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana follows Elion into the living room, continuing to make her case as Elion pulls down a binder from the shelf.

HANA

It's worth finding out! We just put one plant on the windowsill and put another one outside.

ELION

If that's all it takes, there'd be cars on the road. Planes in the sky. Have you heard any?

Silence. Elion sits. Starts flipping through the binder.

HANA

I need to figure out how to get to Kevin.

ELION

Sounds like suicide to me, but you go ahead.

Elion continues to scan the binder pages.

HANA

What do you think we should do? Just sit here?

ELION

What you do is up to you.

HANA

I don't know what to do.

Something in Hana's tone makes Elion look up. He takes in her red eyes and shaking hands. With grudging compassion:

ELION

You should accept that everybody is dead or will be soon. The only thing worth doing is preparing your soul for the inevitable.

Hana watches Elion read. Her anger brews until--

HANA

What's wrong with you? You don't know that. You don't know anything.

Hana flips his binder shut.

ELION

Trying to read here.

HANA

Go read in your fucking prayer dungeon. Seriously, get out!

Annoyed, Elion gathers his books and stalks out of the living room. As he leaves, a loose brochure falls from a binder. The title reads:

"If God was speaking, would you know how to listen?"

Hana fumes. Thinks.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Wearing her makeshift hazmat suit, Hana approaches the kitchen table and grabs two SNAKE PLANTS, nearly identical except for their pots: one black, one red.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

The front door opens. Hana's gloved hands reach out and set the RED-POTTED PLANT on the stoop.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Eyes shut tight, Hana SHOVES the black potted plant behind the window blinds, placing it on the windowsill.

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

The red potted plant sits on the doorstep, exposed directly to the light. The black potted plant sits in the window, exposed to light *through glass*.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Hana's gloved hand raps on the door to Elion's contemplation chamber. After a moment--

Elion opens the door, looking supremely annoyed.

ELION

What?

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Still dressed in hazards, Hana triumphantly shows Elion the coffee table.

On the left: the BLACK-POTTED SNAKE PLANT from the windowsill. Healthy looking. Normal. And on the right...

The RED-POTTED PLANT from the front porch, now BLEACHED.

HANA

(re: red plant)

Exposed to direct sunlight.

(re: black plant)

Behind glass: perfectly fine. I told you.

ELION

Plants and animals are different.

HANA

Yeah, but look at this thing.

Hana touches the plant in the red pot. The dead leaf cracks at her touch.

ELION

You've proven that light hurts plants. Congratulations. Please don't bother me again.

Hana looks stunned as she watches Elion head out of the room. At the hallway entrance, he stops and turns.

ELION (CONT'D)

If you really think glass is going to protect you, why don't you open the blinds?

HANA

(calls after)

Maybe I will!

Now alone, Hana looks at the healthy plant in the black pot.

She walks to the window. Pulls off her glove. Ready to put her money where her mouth is and plunge her hand behind the curtain, exposing herself to window light--

But she loses her nerve. She steps back.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Hana rummages around the supply shelves.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Hana sets a humane cage-style RAT TRAP on the pantry floor, loaded with peanut butter.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana tries to guess the gun safe password. 000001. Wrong. 000002. Wrong. She writes each failed number in a notebook.

-- LATER, Hana tries 001000. Wrong. The light flashes red. Tired, Hana shuts the notebook.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Hana peeks down the hall. Elion's door remains closed.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana works out. Mountain climbers, burpees, and jackknives-- pushing it until sweat pours.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Hana showers.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

With wet hair, Hana walks past Elion's closed door.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

At the desk and bored as hell, Hana types in random phrases on Nathan's laptop, trying to guess the password.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

The stove clock reads 7:00 PM. Vegetables and chicken fry in a pan. A rice cooker bubbles. Hana gathers more ingredients from the fridge. When she shuts the door, she finds Elion standing in the doorway.

-- Hana and Elion eat. Hana watches Elion chew.

HANA  
Sorry about earlier. I'm just  
scared. And stressed out. You know?

Elion nods without looking at her.

HANA (CONT'D)  
You're right. I should test the  
light on something that's not a  
houseplant.

More silence from Elion. Hana notices the untouched chicken  
on his plate.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Sorry--are you vegetarian?

ELION  
For now.

HANA  
I'll remember that.

Elion grunts in response. Hana stares, watching him eat.

HANA (CONT'D)  
What do you do? For work?

ELION  
It's safe to say we're all  
unemployed.

HANA  
What *did* you do?

ELION  
Why?

HANA  
Just making conversation.

ELION  
I'm not interested in this kind of  
conversation.

HANA  
What kind of conversation?

ELION  
What we do for work. Where we grew  
up. Stuff like that doesn't matter.  
(MORE)

ELION (CONT'D)  
It didn't matter before and it  
really doesn't matter now.

HANA  
What do you want to talk about?

ELION  
Nothing.

HANA  
You want to sit here in silence?

Elion sits there in silence.

HANA (CONT'D)  
If we're going to share this space,  
I want us to be cool.

ELION  
I can "be cool" without small talk.

HANA  
Okay. Well, that's great for you,  
dude, but I can't. I'm freaked out.  
It's like the end of the world and  
then you crawl out of the closet  
and won't explain what you've been  
doing in there, so yeah, I'm kind  
of creeped the hell out and you're  
not giving me any reason to feel  
otherwise.

ELION  
I know it seems strange. But I'm  
not dangerous.

HANA  
How do I know that?

Elion pushes his plate toward her. Nothing left but meat.

ELION  
I've taken a vow of nonviolence. I  
can't eat chicken, let alone rape  
and murder you.

HANA  
That's not--I didn't mean that.

ELION  
Then what are you afraid of?

HANA  
(beat)  
A vow of nonviolence? Why?

ELION  
It's complicated.

HANA  
I've got time.

Elion rubs his face. Steeples his fingers. Leans forward.

ELION  
I'm a mystic.

HANA  
What's that?

ELION  
(contempt)  
You don't know what mysticism is?

HANA  
Can you just tell me?

-- Elion drops one of the binders on the kitchen table. He flips to a certain page and fingers a definition:

ELION  
"Mysticism is the experience of direct communion with the divine." The mystic pursues absolute truth using the techniques of a religious tradition. Christian contemplation. Jewish Kabbalah. Buddhist meditation. Hindu yoga. These are techniques for building a relationship with the divine.

HANA  
So you want to--what, talk to God?

ELION  
More than that. With enough practice, the self becomes empty. Illuminated. The illusory boundaries that separate us from the divine fall away. We don't just talk to God. We become one.

HANA  
Okay. And you want to become one with God because...?



ELION

You would have to get a taste of it  
yourself to understand.

HANA

By starving in the dark for weeks.

ELION

Fasting in solitude is a nearly  
universal technique for producing  
mystical revelations, yes.

HANA

Or it's causing neurons to fire at  
random in your brain.

Elion glares. Stands up.

HANA (CONT'D)

Sorry--I just don't get it.

ELION

You're not going to get it either.  
People like you don't believe in  
anything unless you can break it  
with a hammer.

HANA

I believe in things based on  
evidence. That doesn't mean I can't  
understand--

ELION

*It means you're spiritually*  
castrated. I'm not wasting time  
explaining things to a tourist.

HANA

Do you have something better to do?

ELION

Yes, in fact. To reach union, I  
need to put in 10,000 hours of  
focused contemplation. Time we may  
not have.

HANA

Why 10,000?--

ELION

There's plenty of literature in the  
other room if you're interested.

Elion storms out without bothering to bus his plate.

HANA  
You're welcome!

-- Hana washes dishes.

-- Hana checks the rat trap. Empty.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Brushing her teeth, Hana notices the toilet seat is up. Annoyed, she SLAMS it down.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Getting ready for bed, Hana looks down the hall at Elion's closed door. She shuts and locks her own bedroom door.

-- The desk chair tilts against the door handle, locking it. Hana sets the stun gun on her bedside table.

-- Now in bed, Hana flips through one of the binders.

-- Hana stares at the ceiling with red eyes. She hasn't slept. She checks her phone. 7 AM. She rolls out of bed.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Hana looks down the hall. Elion's door is still closed.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

-- Hana checks the rat trap. Nothing.

-- Hana sets a frying pan on the stove.

-- Hana opens an egg carton. Only two left.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Hana knocks on Elion's door. Silence. She knocks again.

HANA  
Elion?

ELION (O.S.)  
What?

HANA  
Do you want an egg? There's only--

ELION (O.S.)  
No! Go away!

Hana stalks away from the door, muttering--

HANA  
Fine. My eggs.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

-- Hana eats eggs.  
-- Hana washes dishes. Glances at the stove clock: 7:45 AM.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

-- Hana guesses passwords to the safe.  
-- Hana unplugs the modem. Plugs it back in. The light flashes on: Power: green. Network: green. Internet: orange.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

The door to the contemplation chamber remains closed.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

-- Hana listlessly tries to guess passwords on the laptop.  
-- Hana lies on the bed, compulsively refreshing her phone.  
-- BZZZ. Under the covers, Hana masturbates with toothbrush.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

The door to the contemplation chamber remains closed.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana works out. Push-ups. Sit-ups. Arching her back in a bridge, she looks at the hall upside down. No sign of Elion.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Hana enters, ready to shower. She sees the toilet seat back up. Elion's been out. Scowling, Hana knocks the seat down.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

The door to the contemplation chamber remains closed.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

In hazards, Hana examines the potted plant that rests behind the curtain in the window light: still healthy.

-- Hana looks between a binder and the laptop. She tries using different phrases from the book as passwords. Nothing works. Eyes red and despairing, Hana keeps trying.

HANA (PRE-LAP)  
You have any ideas for the  
password?

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Hana and Elion eat. Elion mechanically shovels food into his mouth as he talks:

ELION  
I told you, no.

HANA  
For his computer, not the safe.

ELION  
No. What do you want to get into  
his laptop for anyway?

HANA  
To get his Wi-Fi password for when  
the internet comes back. I've been  
trying to log in.  
(beat)  
So that's what I've been doing. How  
was your day?

Elion looks up. Really? He goes back to eating.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Please. Can we please just talk? I  
feel like I'm going crazy--

As her voice tightens into a whine, Elion realizes she's on the verge of tears. In a rush to shush her:

ELION  
Today I've been contemplating and  
studying.

Hana sniffs and wipes her eye.

HANA  
Okay. Cool. What are you studying?

ELION

The prophet's later texts. I'm trying to figure out my timeline.

Go on.

ELION (CONT'D)

The path to union with God usually takes years. Somehow, I need to squeeze a lifetime of prayer into several months. Before our supplies run out. Or the asteroid hits.

HANA

(trying)

Cool. That's cool. So are you going to make it?

ELION

You think I'm insane.

HANA

I think you're lucky. You've got a purpose.

Emotional, Hana puts her head in her hands.

HANA (CONT'D)

You must think I'm useless. I'm not usually like this. I just--I have to stay busy. I have to keep distracting myself. But I can't sleep. And I'm getting so tired.

Elion's annoyed expression softens. He stands.

ELION

I'll show you something.

-- Elion sets an empty bowl down on the table.

ELION (CONT'D)

Pretend this is your mind.

Elion tears a strip of paper from a notebook. Scribbles *I AM HANA* on the scrap and drops it into the bowl.

ELION (CONT'D)

These are your thoughts. Feelings. Hopes and fears. They fill you up.

Elion writes on another scrap--*I FEEL TIRED*--and tosses it into the bowl. He pushes the notebook toward Hana.

-- Hana writes on scraps of paper. Drops them in the bowl.

ELION (V.O.)  
We watch this bowl fill up and  
empty itself. Over and over again.

-- The bowl is now filled with scraps of paper. Each one has  
a different thought written on it.

ELION (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But it's only scraps of paper. You  
don't need to react to them. Just  
watch them.

-- Elion upturns the bowl. Scatters paper everywhere.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

In bed, Hana takes a deep breath.

ELION (V.O.)  
Eventually, they just blow away  
like leaves in the wind. But you  
remain. Empty. In peace.

Hana closes her eyes--

#### **INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

In a blank white room, the bowl is filled with scraps of  
paper. The paper on the top of the pile reads:

|| What if Kevin's dead?

INTERCUT BETWEEN HANA'S MIND AND BEDROOM:

-- In bed, Hana inhales deeply, breathing in the  
possibility.

-- The "What if Kevin's dead?" thought blows away. The next  
scrap of paper:

|| What if Mom and Dad are dead?

-- In bed, Hana breathes deep.  
-- And the thought flutters off.

-- In Hana's mind bowl, scrap after scrap of paper blows  
away. Finally, there's only one thought left in the bowl:

|| What if I'm pregnant?

-- The sound of Hana's deep, peaceful breathing stops. In bed, Hana's eyes fly wide open.

She thinks, then gets out of bed.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

On his way to the bathroom, Elion hears HANA CRYING through her closed door. He stops. Looks at her door. Keeps walking.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Elion finishes flossing his teeth and throws away the string. But he sees something in the trashcan.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Elion RAPS on Hana's bedroom door.

HANA (O.S.)  
Leave me alone, please.

Elion does not leave her alone: he opens the door into the--

**BEDROOM**

--where Hana cries in bed.

HANA  
What the hell, man?

ELION  
It's positive?

Elion holds up the box to a PREGNANCY TEST.

HANA  
It's none of your business.

ELION  
If you're pregnant, we've got to deal with it.

HANA  
Who the hell do you think you are?

ELION  
Are you pregnant or not?

Rising from the bed, Hana grabs her pregnancy test from the nightstand and THROWS it at Elion. It bounces off his head.

When Elion steps back, Hana slams the door shut, locking him in the HALLWAY.

HANA (O.S.)  
Stay out of my room!

Elion gingerly picks up the damp pregnancy test and looks at it with dismay.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Elion rummages through a bin.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Back outside Hana's room, Elion knocks.

ELION  
I've got something for you. To take care of it.

The door opens. Hana glares out of the crack.

HANA  
What are you talking about?

Elion holds up a pack of generic Plan B pills.

HANA (CONT'D)  
It's too late.

ELION  
Not if you take several at once.

HANA  
Yeah, you would know. I'm a nurse, asshole. That's 100 percent false.

ELION  
(still knows best)  
What have you got to lose?

Hana tries to close the door--Elion wedges his foot in.

ELION (CONT'D)  
Our provisions are stretched thin enough. I can't afford to share with a pregnant woman.



HANA  
That's all you can think about?

ELION  
I'm thinking about what needs to be done. You should try it sometime instead of throwing tantrums.

Hana glares at Elion. *Unbelievable.* Elion shakes the Plan B.

ELION (CONT'D)  
Do you really want to bring a kid into this world?

**EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Familiar outdoor storage garages. Normal afternoon sun. The before times. Hana's car rumbles down a narrow alley. Parks.

**INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY**

Daylight floods the dusty storage unit as the door RATTLES up. Hana walks among boxes and tarp-covered furniture.

-- Hana rummages while talking to KEVIN on speakerphone.

KEVIN (PHONE)  
What are you looking for?

HANA  
I don't know. I just want to make sure they don't throw out something I want. There's so much crap in here. My dad thinks he's going to load it all in a van by himself.

KEVIN (PHONE)  
What about his back?

HANA  
Exactly. I might just hire somebody to take care of it for them.

KEVIN (PHONE)  
You shouldn't have to do that.

Hana opens a box filled with baby clothes. Hana runs her fingers across the soft fabric of a light blue romper.

KEVIN (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Babe?

HANA

Will you ever want kids?

KEVIN (PHONE)

That was a leap.

(beat)

If you're really asking--you know I don't. What, do you want kids now?

HANA

Just watching my parents get older...

(pause)

Ever since I started work, I've just been thinking, what are we going to do for the rest of our lives, you know?

KEVIN (PHONE)

Have a career. Contribute to a field or a cause. Stack paper.

HANA

Yeah, but what's it all for?

KEVIN (PHONE)

Having a kid doesn't answer that question. It just passes the buck.

HANA

At least you know that life will keep going forward.

KEVIN (PHONE)

Until we run out of water. And fossil fuel. And climate change and the wealth gap pushes us into civil war. And the sea level rises. And the Buros asteroid hits the planet.

HANA

Oh come on. You sound like your brother.

KEVIN (PHONE)

That last one was a joke. But seriously, do you think it's *right* to make a kid live through this?

HANA

I think there are a lot of big problems. But people have always managed to figure it out.

KEVIN (PHONE)  
Why are we talking about this?--

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Excuse me.

Hana turns to see a WOMAN outside the storage unit, waving at her from the alley.

WOMAN  
Hi. I need to get by. Can you move your car?

HANA  
Oh, sure, sorry.  
(to phone)  
I'll call you back--

BOOM.

CALAMITOUS THUNDER. A great mechanical roaring, like an earthquake in the sky. Hana shouts and huddles in surprise.

As the thunderclap settles, the light streaming in from outside flashes from normal daylight to--

BRIGHT WHITE.

Hana sees the Woman in the alleyway outside the storage unit, staring straight up at the white sky--

Then the Woman collapses heavily to the ground.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Oh my God. Are you okay?

She pushes between boxes, heading toward the fallen woman--

THUD.

A dead crow lands on the ground. Then another. Horrified, Hana retreats back into the shadowy storage unit.

KEVIN (PHONE)  
Holy shit, did you hear that? Was that a bomb?

BEEP. An aggressive notification goes off on Hana's phone. As she reads the alert, SIRENS wail in the distance. Cars CRASH. Off Hana's stricken face--

**INT. BEDROOM/ HALLWAY - DAY (PRESENT)**

Elion and Hana stand in the doorway.

HANA

It doesn't really matter if I want  
to "bring a kid into this world" or  
not. Because *this* won't work.

She shoves the Plan B into Elion's chest. Brushes past him.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Elion watches Hana fill a glass of water.

ELION

Sorry. I've transcended most of my  
attachments. So it's hard for me to  
relate when people wallow.

HANA

Good for you, dude. Happy for you.

The sound of RATTLING. They look over to the MOUSE TRAP.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A MOUSE scampers around the trap, which now rests on the  
coffee table. Hana and Elion peer through the wires.

HANA

If this guy is fine after a day,  
I'm driving out of here.

ELION

If it's not?

Hana pulls on her ski mask and goggles.

HANA

You want to get out while I open  
the curtain? Or have you  
transcended sunburns?

**EXT. FRONT YARD, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Hana's gloved arms appear in the living room window, sliding  
the mouse cage onto the windowsill.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana restores the curtain and the darkness. She stares at the silhouette of the cage on the windowsill.

ELION (O.S.)

Well?

HANA

Hang on.

She taps the mouse cage through the curtain. Listens. No sound. No rustling.

Hana grimaces. Reaches behind the curtain and pulls the cage back out--and the mouse sniffs the air. Perfectly fine.

HANA (CONT'D)

It's okay!

Elion reenters from where he's been hiding in the hall. Hana holds up the cage to show off the healthy mouse.

HANA (CONT'D)

I told you so.

ELION

See what happens after a few days.

HANA

Pick a side, dude. I thought you want me out of here.

ELION

That doesn't mean I want you to die.

HANA

You don't have a problem killing my fetus.

(beat)

I'll leave it for one more day.  
Unless this mouse sprouts tumors,  
I'm out of here.

As Hana reaches for the curtain, Elion slips back into the--

**HALLWAY**

Behind him, the light shifts as Hana opens the curtain yet again. But Elion is focused on something else.

ELION  
Do you hear that?

The sound of an engine. A CAR is approaching. Joining Elion in the hall, Hana listens intently.

They hear the car stop outside the house. Then, HUMMING.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

The GARAGE DOOR GLIDES OPEN. White light spills in. The silhouette of a CAR in the driveway.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Hana rejoins Elion at the garage entry door, now armed with the stun gun. She slaps pepper spray into Elion's hand, then listens intently to the garage door CLOSING.

A car door opening, then SLAMMING shut. Footsteps.

The locked doorknob twists and rattles--KNOCKING, followed by the voice of SARAH shouting through the door.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Nathan?

KNOCKING continues. Hana lowers the stun gun.

SARAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Nathan, it's Sarah!

HANA  
Sarah?

SARAH (O.S.)  
Who's that?

HANA  
It's Hana Nagata. Kevin's girlfriend?

SARAH (O.S.)  
Oh, shit. Hana, hey. Can I come in?

Hana reaches for the door but--Elion stops her.

HANA  
It's his ex.

ELION  
I know who she is.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Who's that? Is that Kevin?

HANA  
No, Kevin's not here. It's Nathan's friend.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Where's Nathan?

Pause. The doorknob rattles.

ELION  
Are you alone?

SARAH (O.S.)  
Yeah, I'm alone. Who are you?

Hana reaches for the door again, but Elion grabs her hand.

ELION  
Nathan wouldn't want her here--

But Hana reaches around, unlocks the door, pulls it open.

SARAH (late 20s, pale) stands in the doorway.

Long sleeves, long pants, gloves. Strips of tape wrapped around the joints to cover bare skin. Scarf around her neck. Sunglasses on forehead.

Over her shoulder, an old Subaru is parked in the garage.

SARAH  
Thanks.

Hana embraces her. Surprised at first, Sarah hugs her back.

HANA  
Sorry. It's so good to see someone.

SARAH  
Yeah. Yeah, good to see you.

Over Hana's shoulder, Sarah looks at Elion. Arms crossed, Elion nods guardedly.

HANA  
This is Elion. Nathan's friend.

SARAH  
Hey. Where's Nathan?

HANA  
I don't know.

SARAH  
Who's that body in the driveway?

HANA  
(morbid beat)  
What?

SARAH  
When I pulled up, there was a body  
outside. By the truck. You didn't  
see it on your way in?

HANA  
Oh my God. Do you think it's  
Nathan?

Only one way to find out: Sarah covers her face with scarf,  
then pulls open the garage entry door.

HANA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

SARAH  
I'm gonna go see.

She looks between Hana and Elion, realizing.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
The light won't get you if you're  
covered up or behind glass. You  
haven't figured that out yet?

Sarah closes the garage entry door behind her. Soon, Hana  
and Elion hear the HUM of the garage door opening again.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana strides into the living room, heading for the window.  
Elion follows behind her--

ELION  
What are you doing?--

Elion SQUAWKS and ducks back into the hall as--

Hana pulls back the curtain. The light washes in through the  
window glass. She checks the skin of her bare hands.  
Nothing. She's fine. She shouts to the hall:



HANA  
I told you so!

**EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Hana, covered and goggled, takes a few steps out onto the front porch, passing the mutated snake plant. She walks across the yard to the--

**DRIVEWAY**

--where Sarah crouches by a BODY lying by the truck.

HANA  
Is it--?

Sarah nods then looks back at NATHAN'S CORPSE. Eyes open, washed out to whiteness. His pale skin stretched tight but not rotting: there are no insects to decompose.

SARAH (PRE-LAP)  
I thought if anyone had made it, he would've.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Sarah eats beans and spam at the table in Elion's usual spot. Hana sits across. Elion leans against the wall, aloof.

HANA  
I'm so sorry.

SARAH  
We broke up a while ago.

HANA  
Still.

SARAH  
Yeah.  
(looks at window shades)  
I had the curtains open at my place. It won't kill you.

Hana clocks Elion's frown.

HANA  
I think we're more comfortable keeping the blinds down.

SARAH

I guess you don't need people  
peeking in.

HANA

Have you seen other people?

SARAH

A few. Mostly glimpses through  
windows. Camping out in their  
houses. Or stores. Gangs, you know,  
occupying anywhere with supplies--

ELION

Why are you here?

SARAH

I was staying at my grandparents'.  
They weren't exactly stocked up.

HANA

Are they okay?

SARAH

They were outside when it happened.

HANA

I'm so sorry--

ELION

So you came to take our food.

SARAH

Would you chill? This is just a pit  
stop. I've got friends outside  
Petaluma who have a bunker and a  
well. Nathan's old friends,  
actually.

(glances at Elion)

From back when he was into prepping  
instead of meditating.

ELION

Contemplation. It's not meditation.  
It's contemplation.

Sarah gives Hana a glance--*This guy*--and finishes the last  
of her food. Hana takes Sarah's plate to the sink.

HANA

How did you know about the windows?  
The news said it wasn't safe.

SARAH

You believe everything they tell you? I was by a window when it the sky changed and I turned out fine. But if you want to live with the curtains drawn, you do you.

HANA

Well, I don't. I'm leaving soon.

SARAH

Where to?

HANA

My apartment, to start. To get Kevin. Then to my parents, near LA.

SARAH

That's a trek.

HANA

Maybe it's not as bad down there.

SARAH

Hate to say it, but it's global.

Hana stops washing dishes.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Before cable and internet went out, they showed clips from Europe, Mexico, India--everywhere. It all happened at the same time.

Hana touches her face. Her eyes moisten. Long silence.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, I was hoping to borrow some gas then get out of your hair.

ELION

Borrow some of our gas.

SARAH

Nathan would've hooked me up.

ELION

Nathan's property belongs to the movement now.

HANA

It's fine. There's plenty of gas.

ELION

There's plenty of cars on the street too. Siphon some off instead of taking ours.

SARAH

You want me to risk my life walking around, siphoning tanks? You won't even open the curtain.

HANA

(to Elion)

What do you want the gas for?

ELION

The generator.

HANA

We have electricity.

ELION

For now.

HANA

Aren't you supposed to be breaking free of attachments? Do you need electricity to become one with God?

Elion glowers. Stalks out of the room. Sarah snorts with laughter. It's contagious. Hana starts giggling as well.

#### **INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Hana watches Sarah fill her car's tank with one of Nathan's red plastic gas canisters.

SARAH

I appreciate it.

HANA

Nathan would've wanted to help.

SARAH

Still. In situations like these, all bets are off. People turn on each other. You know?

Sarah shuts the gas cap and returns the gas can.

HANA

You can take the rest of it.

SARAH

Nah. That's enough to get Petaluma.

HANA

Are you sure your friends are there?

SARAH

If they're not, their bunker is. They've got a pantry that puts Nathan's to shame.

(beat)

You want to come with?

HANA

Oh--I need to get Kevin.

SARAH

You got the keys to Nathan's truck, right? We load up on supplies. Go to your apartment, get Kevin, then head down to my friend's place.

HANA

I wanted to go to my parents.

SARAH

(grim silence, then)

I don't want to bum you out, but odds are good you'll drive all the way down there and...

Sarah gestures. Hana nods. Looks away. Thinks.

HANA

Your friends would help me?

SARAH

You finished nursing school, right? If you're useful, you're in.

HANA

I feel absolutely useless.

SARAH

Hey. Hey, it's okay. I get it.

Sarah embraces Hana comfortingly. Hana holds back tears.

HANA

I was not ready for this.

SARAH

Nobody was.

HANA

You were. You and Nathan. Going to the firing range. Doing bug out drills. Stockpiling.

SARAH

For all the good it did us.

HANA

Kevin and I thought you were crazy.

SARAH

(chuckles)

I've just always felt like things were falling apart. I'd see the news and think, "There's no way things can keep going." But I never thought it'd be this.

HANA

Nathan and Elion knew.

SARAH

(snorts derisively)

They didn't "know" jack shit. There've always been religious nuts predicting the end of the world.

HANA

How did Nathan first get into it?

SARAH

These "movement" people would show up at survivalist meetups. I guess Nathan hung out with them a few times. Next thing I knew, he was trying to sell me on their bullshit. That's when I noped out.

HANA

You broke up with *him*?

SARAH

Hell yes. Why, what did he say?

HANA

Something different.

SARAH

Bastard.

Laughing, Sarah grabs a bottle of moonshine from the shelf.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana and Sarah on the couch. Sarah pours moonshine into camping cups on the coffee table.

HANA  
Actually, I'm okay.

SARAH  
Come on, let's toast.

HANA  
I'll use water.

SARAH  
Are you in recovery or pregnant?

Hana touches her abdomen.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. Seriously? What are you going to do about that?

HANA  
I don't know. I want to talk to Kevin before I do anything.

SARAH  
If Kevin--if you can't find him?  
(beat)  
It would be nuts to keep it.

HANA  
Things will go back to normal eventually.

SARAH  
I hope you're right.

Sarah sips moonshine. Hana drinks water. Sarah eyes the gun safe on the coffee table.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
You have Nathan's piece?

HANA  
You don't know the code. Do you?

SARAH  
Nathan wasn't really the password-sharing type.

HANA  
Could it be your anniversary or  
something?

Sarah snorts--Not likely--but tries punching in a  
combination. Wrong. She tries another. Wrong.

HANA (CONT'D)  
What about Elion?

Sarah looks at her quizzically.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Should we ask him to come? With us?  
To your friends?

SARAH  
Honestly, there's not a big demand  
for rude-ass fake monks.

-- Hana drops blankets on the couch for Sarah.

HANA  
You sure you don't want the bed?

SARAH  
I'm good. I've done my time in  
those sheets.

Hana giggles. Sarah flops back onto the couch-bed.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Well, rest up. Big day tomorrow.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Hana wakes up. Rolls out of bed.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana enters. No Sarah. The gun safe rests on the coffee  
table, OPEN. Hana looks inside. Empty.

HANA  
Sarah?

#### **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Hana finds a note on the table. And a Subaru car key. As  
Hana reads the note, Elion enters.



ELION  
What's going on?

Hana drops the note, angrily pushes past him.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hana yanks back the blinds and squints through the window at the driveway. NATHAN'S TRUCK IS GONE.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Standing by Sarah's Subaru, Hana and Elion stare at the LOOTED SHELVES. Some food and water remains, but key items are gone: The electric generator. Gas tanks. Ammunition.

ELION  
I told you so.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Elion watches Hana pack a bag. The Subaru car keys rest on the coffee table.

HANA  
I'm going to my apartment to get Kevin. Then I'll be back.

Hana folds up the tarp that protected her on the walk over.

ELION  
You heard what she said about gangs, right?

HANA  
I'm touched you're this concerned about me.

ELION  
I'm not a sociopath.

HANA  
I'm not a child.

Hana stands up with her backpack, ready to go.

HANA (CONT'D)  
I can't just sit here. I'm going to go crazy if I don't do something.  
(MORE)

HANA (CONT'D)

(beat)

If I don't make it back--then I  
guess it's goodbye.

ELION

Goodbye.

Hana hugs Elion. He stiffly hugs her back.

#### **INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Hana unlocks Sarah's car. The lights flash. The door lock flicks open. Hana tosses her bag into--

#### **SARAH'S CAR**

--and climbs in. Hana smacks the clicker on the visor.

Behind her, the garage door OPENS. Light floods the car through the rearview window.

Hana twists the key. The engine rumbles to life.

She looks over her shoulder, ready to back out. As the car inches out into the driveway--

A ROARING BOOM rips apart the sky.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Elion covers his ears as the DEAFENING NOISE continues.

And then, as abruptly as it started, the cacophony ends.

But something's different.

Elion watches the light bleeding through the closed window curtain slowly sour from white to--

#### **GREEN**

From behind the curtains comes agonized SQUEAKING. Elion looks at the outline of the mouse cage on the windowsill, silhouetted in the **GREEN LIGHT**.

The mouse WHINES. The cage RATTLES.

**INT. GARAGE/CAR - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana, staring over her shoulder through the car's rear window, is bathed in GREEN light.

CLOSE ON: Hana's eyes. Her pupils dilate. Her mouth falls open. Drool leaks.

BANG BANG BANG.

ELION (O.S.)

Hana?

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Elion POUNDS on the garage entry door.

ELION

Hana!?

Elion yanks open the entry door and reaches into the--

**GARAGE**

His gloved hand smacks the wall-mounted button.

-- The garage door is now closed against the green light. Elion rushes to the car. As he squints--

HANA throws herself against the window, SNARLING.

Elion jumps back. Watches Hana POUND the glass, flail her limbs chaotically. Her eyes are tinged GREEN.

ELION

Hana. Hey, snap out of it.

Hana does not snap out of it but she does manage to kick open the car door. She flops out and struggles to her feet like she's learning to walk again.

ELION (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey, just sit down--

Hana does not sit down. Hana does lunge forward, SCREAMING:

HANA

GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

Hana attacks Elion, clawing at his eyes.

Elion scrambles back into the hallway. He slams the garage entry door on her, shutting her in the garage. Hana howls and pounds on the door, screaming nonsensically:

HANA (CONT'D)  
OUT OF MY HEAD!

As her green eyes roll--

# **INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

Hana's shocked eyes, now tinted GREEN.

She lies on her back on the floor.

Hana looks around. Blank walls. Despite the lack of windows, the room is unaccountably awash in GREEN LIGHT.

Delirious, Hana sits up. Looks across the room at--

A familiar BOWL sits on the floor, filled with scraps of paper like "WHY IS IT GREEN?" and "WHERE AM I?"

SOMEONE'S SHADOW falls over the bowl, then reaches down into it with a TERRIFYING HAND: scabrous, peeling, oozing, like an infected sunburn. All its fingernails are missing.

Hana watches the monstrous hand reach into the bowl and grab a fistful of Hana's "thoughts," removing them from her mind.

The monstrous hand drops a NEW SCRAP OF PAPER into the bowl.

But instead of written words, the paper slip is marked by an unintelligible sinister-looking SCRIBBLE.

# **INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

Uncoordinated and aggressive, Hana lurches around the garage, knocking items off shelves.

HANA  
What are you doing to me? What do  
you want?--

The garage entry door creaks open. Hana perks up. She staggers through the entry door, entering the--

# **HALLWAY**

As Hana lurches in, ELION ZAPS her with the STUN GUN.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

The bowl of Hana's mind overflows with scribbled-on-scrap.

HANA (V.O.)

Get out get out get out get out--

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Now restrained with zip ties, Hana thrashes on the floor. Elion watches her butt her head against the wall--but she's protected from hurting herself by the soundproof foam.

HANA

Get out get out get out--

**HALLWAY**

Elion steps into the greenish hallway and shuts the door. The soundproofing muffles Hana's deranged screams.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion sets the rodent trap on the coffee table. The cage rattles around as the light-possessed mouse runs around the walls, throwing a fit--just like Hana.

A MAN'S SHOUT draws Elion's attention away from the mouse.

**EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY [GREEN]**

A CONFUSED MAN staggers around the street like a drunk.

CONFUSED MAN

Shut up. Shut up. Shut up shut up--

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion listens to the man's voice through the window.

CONFUSED MAN (O.S.)

SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!

The words give way to HOWLING that gradually subsides as the man passes. Elion stares. *What the hell is happening?*

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion takes inventory of the supplies with the clipboard.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion tallies up numbers in a notebook, calculating calories over time. The result: 88 days. He divides by two: 44 days.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion stands at the contemplation chamber door, watching the doorknob rattle. Inside the--

**CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER**

Hana, still bound up and crazed, has managed to find her feet. She twists at the doorknob with zip tied hands.

-- Hana SCREAMS and writhes as Elion drags her back into the contemplation chamber.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion screws a deadbolt onto the contemplation chamber door. He slams the bolt shut, locking Hana in the padded room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Elion pores over binders laid out on the coffee table.

-- Elion sits by the stereo. A cassette tape spins.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

-- As Elion places a bowl of water on the ground near thrashing-Hana, he notices that she has wet herself.

-- Elion spreads a plastic tarp on the floor.

-- Elion tries to lead Hana to the water bowl like she's a dog. He yells when she bites his hand.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Elion sleeps on the living room floor in his sleeping bag. He has a Band-Aid on his finger.

-- Elion wakes up. Looks over at the mouse trap on the coffee table. The mouse no longer runs amok around the cage but sits there, staring at Elion with beady eyes.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

The bowl of Hana's mind is still full of nonsensical, angry scribbles. But a sudden breeze stirs the bowl. The wind intensifies, blowing the notes out of the bowl as--

ELION (V.O.)  
Hana? Hana, wake up.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana blinks awake. Her eyes no longer tinged with green. She finds Elion looking down at her. Hana tries to move--and realizes her wrists and ankles are bound.

-- Elion cuts off the zip ties. Hana massages her wrists, which have been rubbed raw.

ELION  
You don't remember anything?

HANA  
I remember the noise. I looked straight into the green. Then, I was dreaming. I was seeing things.

The soiled plastic tarp crinkles as Hana gets to her feet.

ELION  
You're not the only one.

As Hana gives Elion a quizzical look, an ANGRY SHOUT rings out from the street.

**EXT. NATHAN'S HOUSE, STREET [GREEN]**

The angry shouting continues. Glass breaks in the distance.

ELION (V.O.)  
People are wandering around. I hear them screaming, breaking things, setting off alarms.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion stare at the green-glowing window curtain.

ELION

Whatever is in the green light is making it through the glass.

HANA

So I missed my chance.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana closes the door behind her. She drops the toilet seat down, drops trou, sits. But--

Something about the soiled camouflage sweatpants around her ankles catches her attention. She stares with confusion, then realization, then horror.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion folds up the soiled plastic tarp.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [GREEN]**

Carrying the tarp out of the contemplation chamber, Elion passes the living room. He doubles back when he sees--

**LIVING ROOM**

Hana sits on the couch, drinking straight from the moonshine bottle while staring at the mouse in the cage.

ELION

You're pregnant.

Hana shakes her head. No.

ELION (CONT'D)

Oh. Well, that's for the best.

Hana stares--then THROWS the bottle, SCREAMING. Elion cringes back into the HALL as the bottle SHATTERS offscreen.

When he returns to the LIVING ROOM, Elion finds Hana stumbling toward the front door.

ELION (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Elion grabs her before she can pull open the door.



HANA

I don't care anymore. I want to die--

Elion wrestles her away from the door and slams her back onto the couch where she shrivels into a sobbing wreck.

HANA (CONT'D)

What's the point? Everybody's dead or crazy or they're robbing their friends--what's the point? It doesn't matter. Nothing matters.

After considering her words, Elion heads for the stereo.

ELION

That's a great place to start.

Elion tosses Hana a cassette. Surprised, Hana catches it.

ELION (CONT'D)

Listen to it. You can kill yourself tomorrow if you feel like it.

Hana looks between the tape and Elion, then starts laughing.

HANA

Is this how you push your cult shit on people? Wait until they're ready to jump off the ledge? Is that how they got you?

Elion shrugs and walks out.

Now alone, Hana looks at the front door. Looks at the tape. The side reads: "ON THE END OF THE WORLD Pt.1 - 1985"

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)

You're gonna die. Your kids will die. Theirs. Your tribe will perish. The sun will blow up. Everything we create is as good as gone. And we all know it.

-- Hana puts the tape into the stereo. Presses play.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Confronted with the vanity of it all, most of us live like drug users, chasing the next fix, the next meal, the next achievement. We try to savor the moment. We tell ourselves that's meaningful. Why? The moment is already gone.

(MORE)

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We're just distracting ourselves  
from the fact that it's all for  
nothing.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

-- The last of Nathan's doomsday supplies on the shelves.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
A lot of you have gotten ready for  
the end of the world. Guns and  
jeeps and bomb shelters--it makes  
you feel less afraid. Doesn't it?  
Come on, you can admit it. My kit  
makes me feel safe too.

(In the lecture tape's b.g., chuckles from the audience.)

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Hana sits on the couch, listening. Stares at the mess of  
moonshine on the wall and the splintered glass on the floor.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
But you're just running from the  
inevitable. You're still death's  
bitch.

(More LAUGHTER from the audience.)

-- Hana cleans up the shards of broken glass.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Hoard beans and build bunkers if  
you want. But we should welcome  
these chaotic final days as a gift.  
An opportunity to let go.

-- Hana lies on her back, watching the ceiling fan spin.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The Bible says if you give up your  
family, your home, your land,  
you'll get everlasting life. It's a  
tall order. Most "Christians" don't  
even take it seriously. Why not?

-- Sitting at the foot of the stereo, Hana fiddles with an  
old battery-powered Walkman and headphones.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Continuing to listen on the Walkman with headphones, Hana chugs a glass of water, then another.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
It's all got to go some time. Why  
wait until we're on our deathbeds?  
What happens if we let go now?

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Lying in bed listening to headphones, Hana stares at the green-tinted window.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
The moment you stop struggling, the  
moment you give up--that's your  
first step on the path toward  
what's been calling to you.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

The room has transformed from Hana's prison to its former state as a monastic cell. Elion sits in contemplation.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)  
Freedom. Freedom from fear. Union.  
Union with the perfected absolute.

The sound of distant SCUFFLING. Elion's eyes flick open.

**HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Elion emerges from the contemplation chamber. The grunting, scuffling noises continue. He peeks into the--

**LIVING ROOM**

--where he finds Hana working out, holding a plank on the yoga mat. Hana looks up when she sees him.

ELION  
Should you be working out?

Hana answers with a glare.

ELION (CONT'D)  
What I said was insensitive. I'm  
sorry for your loss.

Hana gives him a small nod. *Thanks.*

ELION (CONT'D)  
I was right though.

Hana shakes her head. *Unbelievable.* As Elion turns to go.

HANA  
I listened to the tape.

Elion stops.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Your cult really sucks.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Elion heads down the hall, Hana following him.

HANA  
It's contradictory. She says  
nothing matters, then says we need  
to spend all day in meditation--

ELION  
Contemplative prayer.

HANA  
--but if nothing matters, why don't  
we just do whatever we want?

Elion stops at the open door to the chamber.

ELION  
Everybody "does what they want." It  
doesn't work. It doesn't make life  
meaningful. It just distracts us  
from our unhappiness.

HANA  
How does she know? What makes this  
chick an authority?

ELION  
The prophet isn't asking you to  
take anything on faith. Try it for  
yourself. See if it works. Now  
excuse me, I'm behind schedule.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion shows Hana his notebook where he has drawn up a prayer calendar for the next 43 days. Some days are marked out as "Intensives," with tags like "NO FOOD" or "NO TALK."

ELION

If I practice contemplation 12  
hours a day, I'll hit my 10,000  
hours before we run out of food.

Hana looks through the schedule, flipping pages. Looks at Elion with a mixture of skepticism and concern.

HANA

What do you think is going to  
happen at the end of this?

ELION

Union. And I won't get there by  
talking about it.

Elion closes the notebook. Sits on his cushion.

HANA

What if you hit your hours and  
nothing changes?

ELION

Then I'll have lived my last days  
with a sense of purpose.

Elion adjusts his posture on his cushion. Closes his eyes.

Hana watches. After a beat, she folds up his sleeping mat and sits down on it, joining him.

The two of them sit in silence side by side. Nothing but the sound of their breathing.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

Hana's mind bowl rests on the floor. A scrap of paper:

|| This is stupid

After a beat, another one falls on top of it.

|| What else are you going to do?

The bowl slowly fills with thought after thought...

|| My uterus hurts  
 || I'm hungry  
 || Mom and Dad are probably crazy

ELION (V.O.)  
 Breathe.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Eyes closed and sitting, Hana forces herself to breathe.

ELION  
 You think your thoughts all day.  
 You can ignore them for a while.  
 They'll be there when you get back.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

Hana's BREATHING continues. The bowl still full of thoughts.

But the camera PULLS BACK.

The words on the paper scraps become illegible as we take a wider view of the blank room. The sound of Hana's breathing.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion sit at the kitchen table, eating granola and dried fruit in peaceful silence. Hana pushes a raisin between the cage wires; the mouse munches happily.

HANA  
 How is this different than like,  
 mindfulness meditation?

ELION  
 (contempt)  
 Secular people practice mindfulness to become "less anxious" or "more productive." It's all in service of the world. The mystic rejects productivity and embraces terror.

HANA  
 But you're still calming your mind.

ELION  
 Yes. But the mystic empties the mind to make room for the divine.  
 (stands)  
 I better get back to it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

On the couch, Hana reads one of the binders.

-- Hana contemplates alone, cross-legged, and eyes closed.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

Fluttering scraps of paper thoughts fill Hana's mind bowl, but we're too far away to read them.

We pan away from the bowl, we trace nothing but blank floor and wall, until....

We land on FEET. Bare. Hairless. MISSING TOENAILS.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana opens her eyes, startled by the intrusive vision.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion eat.

HANA

When you're meditat--contemplating,  
do you ever see things?

ELION

The mind can't go too long without  
visualizing.

HANA

What do you see?

ELION

It doesn't matter.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana lies in bed, eyes half-open, breathing deep.

HANA (V.O.)

But isn't that what---I don't know,  
revelations or prophecies are?

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

A fingernail-less HAND holds a scrap of paper. If there's anything written on it, we don't see it.

ELION (V.O.)

If you have a genuine spiritual insight, you won't be asking questions about it.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

The stove clock reads 8:30 AM. Hana prepares lentils in a slow cooker when suddenly--

The LIGHTS GO OUT.

The refrigerator stops humming. The only light is the green glow shining through the taped-over window blinds.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Wielding a flashlight, Hana enters the green-dark living room. The lights on the modem are out.

Hana beams the light up. The ceiling fan blades spin slower and slower and stop. A dust ball floats down to Hana's feet.

Elion enters from the hall. Flicks a light switch. Nothing.

ELION

I told you.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Hana and Elion pull food from the freezer.

-- They gorge themselves by the light of battery lamps.

-- They sit in silence. With a sigh, Elion pulls out his notebook and updates his contemplation schedule.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion contemplate side-by-side, in the green-tinged darkness of the living room.



**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

The scrap of paper in Hana's mind bowl reads:

|| How long can we live without power?

Hana breathes until the thought loses focus. Our view pans away from her thoughts--faster this time; she's getting better. We land on the pair of feet without toenails.

Hana breathes as we pan up the naked legs. We focus on the scrap of paper held in that strange hand--

THUMP THUMP THUMP.

**INT. LIVING ROOM / ENTRANCE HALL - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion open their eyes. From the front door: THUMP THUMP THUMP and offscreen MUTTERING.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY [GREEN]**

A STUMBLING MAN hammers on the door. Torn clothes. Green eyes. A crazed victim of the light. He knocks over the dead potted plant. The ceramic SHATTERS. Dirt spills.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

The MUTTERING continues as Hana presses her ear to the door. The words are indistinct, but she catches most of them:

STUMBLING MAN (O.S.)  
--out of my head. Hell no. I'm not coming. Not after what you did to them. Oh yeah? Then turn it down, you evil son of a bitch.

The Stumbling Man is having half of a strange conversation. As Hana listens, the muttering abruptly stops.

The silence lasts long enough for Hana and Elion to relax--

BAM. The man THROWS himself against the door, SCREAMING.

Hana backs up. Grabs the stun gun. Hana and Elion wait, watching the door rattle in its frame as the man throws himself against it over and over.

-- LATER, Hana and Elion continue to watch the door, now sitting. Everything is quiet. Elion gets to his feet.

ELION

He's gone.

-- Hana leans a baseball bat next to the couch.  
 -- Hana sets a KNIFE next to religious books.  
 -- Hana holds out a can of pepper spray to Elion.

HANA

We need to be ready in case  
 somebody breaks in.

ELION

(doesn't take it)  
 I took a vow of nonviolence.

HANA

You had no problem tazing me.

ELION

That was for your own good.

HANA

This is for yours.

ELION

Breaking a vow sets me back.

But he grudgingly takes the pepper spray.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Long-burning emergency candles deck the bookshelves. Hana lights one, returns to the couch where Elion sits, flipping through one of the binders on the coffee table.

HANA

I feel like we're camping. Do you  
 like camping?

Elion GRUNTS. Bookmarks the page in his book.

-- LATER, Hana and Elion contemplate side-by-side.

#### **INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

Hana's mind bowl. We try to pan away, but there's resistance. The thoughts stay in sharp focus, piling up:

|| I'm scared  
 || This is crazy  
 || I can't keep doing this

Hana BREATHEs as she tries to shift attention away from her anxieties--but another sound interrupts: SOBBING.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana opens her eyes. To her amazement, Elion is CRYING.

HANA  
What's wrong?

ELION  
Nothing.

But his voice cracks. He curls forward. Breaks down.  
Astounded, Hana touches his back.

ELION (CONT'D)  
The last time I went camping I  
burned down the tent.

Hana looks at him. Surprised.

ELION (CONT'D)  
I was playing with a lighter. The  
tent--poof. My dad got so mad. So  
we slept on the ground. The night  
was so clear. I could see all the  
stars and hear the river. It was  
beautiful. But in the morning, we  
were covered in mosquito bites.  
(beat)  
My parents and my sister all caught  
West Nile virus.

HANA  
What?

ELION  
West Nile virus. They all got sick.  
They all got sick because of me.

HANA  
Are they--were they okay?

ELION  
Yes, they were okay. And now  
they're probably dead.

Elion groans and moans. Pitiful howling. Grief pouring out  
of an animal that's forgotten how to cry.

HANA  
Maybe they're okay--

ELION

I wanted to become a saint. So they could see they were wrong. They were wrong about so much. They were wrong about me. They were wrong about God. And now they're never going to know.

HANA

It's okay. It's okay...

Hana rubs Elion's back until he stops shuddering. Finally, Elion wipes his eyes. Casts a glance at Hana, who looks at him with sympathy and concern. He looks away. Gets up.

HANA (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

ELION

I need to contemplate. Alone.

Elion grabs his meditation cushion--but Hana grabs his hand. They look at each other in the flickering candlelight.

#### **LATER**

The candles have burned lower. On the floor, Hana and Elion lie naked under a blanket.

HANA

I thought you might've been under a vow of celibacy or something.

Elion snorts uncomfortably. Hana playfully pushes the issue.

HANA (CONT'D)

Do you jerk off?

ELION

I don't have to answer that.

HANA

We just boned, can you relax?

Elion finally laughs.

HANA (CONT'D)

There we go. You're weird about sex, aren't you? Do you think God hates sex or something?

ELION

No. Sex is just like any other  
carnal pleasure: a distraction.

HANA

Well, I think we both needed it.  
You're still a human being. You  
need people. You need physical  
touch. And I need to shower.

Hana gets up. Elion watches her go with a faint smile.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Hana cooks by the lamplight. Canned spam and beans.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Hana and Elion eat at the coffee table by candlelight.  
-- Hana and Elion make love on the couch.  
-- Hana and Elion sit in contemplation, side-by-side.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Hana lies in bed, listening to the Walkman. Flipping  
through binders. She looks up. Elion's in the doorway.  
-- Under the sheets, Hana runs her fingers through Elion's  
hair. His militant buzz cut has grown shaggy.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Elion sits on a stool. By lamplight, Hana trims his hair.  
Dark curls fall to the floor.  
-- Hana grabs her phone and turns the camera on them, trying  
to take a selfie. Laughing, Elion blocks his face.  
-- Hana sleeps. Beside her, Elion slips out of bed.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Elion contemplates. Hana enters. Sits on the cushion  
besides him, joining him. Elion smiles.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

Hana's mind bowl filled with scraps.

The sound of breathing. In. Out. In. Out--with the last exhalation, the notes in the bowl flutter away.

The bowl is completely empty. Total silence.

We hold on the image of the empty bowl for a long time.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion sit across from each other at the candlelit table, Hana speaking excitedly.

HANA

Every time I sit down now, my thoughts float away. I'm just sitting there feeling empty--in a good way. It sounds so dumb but it's like--I'm nothing. And the other side of that is that I feel like I'm everything.

Elion shakes his head, laughing.

HANA (CONT'D)

What?

ELION

You're getting good at this.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Cooking by candlelight, Hana listens to the Walkman.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)

Keep yourself open. Keep yourself empty. Ready to be filled.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

-- Still listening to Walkman, Hana counts toilet paper. She grimaces, then grabs a roll from the dwindling supply.

CALM WOMAN (V.O.)

Keep quiet. Ready to hear whatever He may have to say.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion lie in bed together.

ELION

Your parents never took you to church? Not even on Christmas or something?

HANA

We went to a Zen temple sometimes but my parents did it for my grandfather. We stopped going when he died.

ELION

Too bad you didn't stick with it. That might've helped you out.

HANA

(raises eyebrow)  
Oh yeah?

ELION

Buddhism isn't as stupid as some of the other false religions.

HANA

Wow. High praise coming from Elion the all-knowing.

ELION

I'm serious. At least Buddhist meditation promotes a direct experience of truth, rather than taking everything on faith.

HANA

As if you don't take anything on faith.

ELION

I don't.

HANA

Come on. If your parents hadn't raised you in the church, do you think you'd still believe in God?

ELION

Yes I do.

HANA

Why?

ELION

Why does 1+1 equal 2?

HANA

That's different. There are mathematical proofs showing why.

ELION

Are you a mathematician?

(no)

But you still *know* it's true. There's no other way it could be. You're certain.

(beat)

I'm certain that reality isn't random. That things happen by design, for good reasons.

HANA

(gestures at window)

What's the reason for this? Why would a "God" do this to us?

ELION

Spiritual practice isn't about answers. It's about having a relationship with mystery.

Hana stares at the ceiling in silence.

HANA

I just can't believe that anything is out there. Nothing that cares about us, anyway.

ELION

Then why do you keep practicing?

# **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion and Hana meditate side-by-side in the candle-darkness. A soft breeze suddenly rustles Hana's hair. Hana looks up. THE BLADES OF THE CEILING FAN ROTATE OVERHEAD.

HANA

Elion.

Elion opens his eyes. Already on her feet, Hana flicks on the wall switch. The overhead lights TURN ON.

THE POWER IS BACK. Hana's gaze locks onto the bookshelf--

The MODEM lights flash on one by one. Power. Network. And... INTERNET starts blinking--Then resolves to SOLID GREEN.



-- Hana frantically flips through a binder, looking at every handwritten note in the margins.

HANA (CONT'D)  
The password has to be *somewhere!*

ELION  
You've already looked everywhere.

Hana drops the binder, paces the living room, practically tearing out her hair. Then--

HANA  
Where's Nathan's phone?

They turn to look toward the front of the house. The plywood-covered window. The front door.

FLASH TO:

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY [GREEN]**

Nathan's corpse still lies crumpled in the drive.

BACK TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

HANA  
His phone. It's on the Wi-Fi.

ELION  
Hana, no. It's too dangerous.

HANA  
I'll cover up.

Hana dashes out, down the hall, toward the bedroom. Elion follows, shouting after her.

ELION  
You're going to need a password to unlock his phone.

Hana reenters, now with hazard clothing and a tarp.

HANA  
If it has power, I can unlock it with his face or his fingerprint.

ELION

It's been out there for weeks. The phone's dead.

As Hana pulls on gloves and goggles--

HANA

Nathan has one of those big ugly battery cases, doesn't he?

ELION

You turned into a monster after looking into that light for 10 seconds. Who knows what those people out there are capable of?

HANA

I have to try.

Hana grabs the garage door clicker and the KNIFE from the bookshelf. She throws her arms around Elion and kisses him before heading to the garage.

#### **EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY [GREEN]**

The garage door lifts. Green light floods into the GARAGE, where HANA stands under the tarp like a ghost.

UNDER THE TARP, traces of green light penetrate the weave, but the clothes and goggles do their work. The garage door finishes opening. Hana tentatively steps into the--

#### **DRIVEWAY**

--feeling around with her feet for Nathan's corpse. Finding it, she steps over him, enveloping the body.

UNDER THE TARP, Hana looks at NATHAN'S FACE, his dead flesh seared by prolonged exposure to the light.

Shuddering, Hana searches Nathan's pockets for his--

MOBILE PHONE. Bulky battery case. She clicks the power button; the screen LIGHTS UP. The phone still has a 3% charge left--and IT'S CONNECTED TO WI-FI.

And there are TEXTS FROM KEVIN. Hana swipes to unlock but--

|| Face not recognized. Try again.

Hana looks at Nathan's hideous face. That thing is not unlocking any phones.

Hana swipes again. Password screen. But also... The prompt for an ON-SCREEN FINGERPRINT READER.

Hana presses Nathan's desiccated thumb to the phone. Nope.

HANA  
Come on...

She tries again, smudging Nathan's thumb around and--  
Success! THE PHONE UNLOCKS. But--

The battery level drops from 3% to 2%. *Shit.*

Hana pockets the phone. Pulls out the knife.

#### **OUTSIDE THE TARP**

Hana-beneath-the-tarp leaves Nathan's corpse, now missing a thumb. Making her way back into the garage, Hana doesn't see the SHADOW OF A FIGURE shuffling up the driveway.

#### **GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Still under the tarp, Hana calls out:

HANA  
I'm in!

#### **INT. HALLWAY - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion presses the garage door remote.

#### **INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

The garage door now shut, Hana tears off the tarp. With Nathan's amputated thumb in one hand and phone in the other, she strides around Sarah's parked car, making her way toward the entry door, which opens, revealing Elion.

HANA  
I need a charger--

Hana shuts up when she sees Elion's petrified expression. Then she hears it: MUTTERING.

She looks to the left. On the other side of the car, between herself and the garage entry door, skulks a--

HAGGARD MAN. His clothes in tatters. His skin burned.

The Haggard Man digs around the shelves, stuck in his own little world, muttering, whimpering, talking to ghosts.

Elion beckons to Hana, who inches her way closer to the entry door.

HAGGARD MAN  
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

The Haggard Man suddenly SCREAMS and topples a shelf onto the hood of Sarah's car, which FLASHES, alarm BLARING.

The Haggard Man SCREAMS as he charges toward Hana, who pulls the blood-stained knife from her belt--

But the Haggard Man KNOCKS it from her hand--

Just as Elion rushes the Haggard Man from the side and JAMS THE STUN GUN into the man's ribs.

The man spasms as it TICK TICK TIC... The stun gun stops. Out of battery.

Recovering, the Haggard Man tackles Elion to the floor. The two of them roll around--

Hana tries to retrieve the knife--can't. The fighting men wrestle on top of it.

Hana rushes to the WORKBENCH.

Meanwhile, Elion gets the Haggard Man in a stranglehold. The Haggard Man's scabbed fingers land on the KNIFE. He snatches up the blade, SLASHING ELION'S SHOULDER in the process.

Elion groans. The chokehold loosens. The Haggard Man regains his feet, gasping for breath, clutching the knife--

Hana SMASHES the back of his head with a hammer.

The Haggard Man staggers, dropping the knife--which Elion snatches up and DRIVES INTO THE MAN'S THROAT.

Hana and Elion stand over their assailant, watching him leak to death. When the Haggard Man turns his green-tinged eyes to Hana, he gurgles through his ravaged throat:

HAGGARD MAN (CONT'D)  
They're in you too.

The Haggard Man dies. Hana and Elion stare, until--

HANA  
Shit--

Hana pulls Nathan's phone out of her pocket. 1% battery.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana runs in, leaps for the phone charger beside the bed, fumbles, takes out the phone--and THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

HANA

No, no, no...

She jams the charger into the bottom of Nathan's phone.

-- Elion finds Hana sitting on the corner of the bed, hunched, dejected. Seeing Elion, she shows him the phone.

|| Enter passcode to unlock phone after restart.

She presses Nathan's amputated thumb under the phone's fingerprint pad, demonstrating. No dice.

ELION

I told you.

Hana throws a binder at Elion. It strikes the doorframe and pops open. Pages of esoteric symbols and writing scatter.

HANA

What's wrong with you!?

ELION

You're angry but you are not your anger. Your anger is a feeling. It's inside you but it isn't you. Breathe around it--

HANA

Fuck off!

Hana looks for more things to throw; Elion backs up into the hall. Hana slams the door behind him then glares at the phone. The number pad taunts her.

She punches in 000000. Wrong. Hana hangs her head. She's about to try another combination but--

ON THE PHONE SCREEN, the Wi-Fi symbol disappears.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion look at the modem. Although the power is still on, the internet light has gone dark again.

ELION  
So what do you think? Worth it?

HANA  
At least we have the phone. I'll  
unlock it eventually. When the  
internet comes back, I'll be ready.

ELION  
(scathing)  
And then what? Check Facebook?

HANA  
Then I find out if my parents are  
still alive.

Elion shakes his head and turns to go but Hana grabs him.

HANA (CONT'D)  
What's your issue?

ELION  
I thought you might've learned  
something. But you haven't changed.  
You're out of your own control.  
You're still attached to the ups  
and downs of this world.

HANA  
And you're still an emotionally  
stunted prick who isn't happy  
unless we're locked up in the dark  
doing everything on your terms. I  
guess people don't change, huh?

Elion says nothing. Turns to go. Hana gasps when she sees  
Elion's KNIFE WOUND. Blood soaks through his shirt.

ELION  
What?

#### **INT. BATHROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana peels off Elion's shirt. Pours disinfectant. Threads a  
needle. Stitches flesh.

#### **INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion enters. Turns on the light. His bandage visible,  
protruding from the collar of his fresh camo shirt.

He looks around. He hasn't slept in here for a while. He drops a meditation cushion to the floor. Back to the grind.

Just as Elion sits down and closes his eyes--

HANA (O.S.)  
What about the body?

Annoyed, Elion opens his eyes. Hana fills the doorway.

ELION  
I have a lot to catch up on.

HANA  
So I'll just clean that up alone.

ELION  
It's your mess.

A staring contest. Hana yields.

HANA  
I don't want it to be like this.  
I'm sorry. But I had to try.

Hana steps further into the room. Crouches beside Elion, touches his hand. But Elion pulls away.

ELION  
I can't do this. You and me.  
Risking my life for Wi-Fi so you  
can pretend that anybody is going  
to make it out of this alive.

HANA  
Elion, please...

ELION  
I broke my vow of nonviolence.  
That's set me back.

HANA  
You saved my life.

ELION  
I postponed your death! I'm sorry  
you don't have a purpose but *I* do.  
I don't have time to indulge in  
carnal pleasure with a slut who  
can't go a month without cheating.

Stung beat. Hana looks at Elion with fresh eyes. She stands up. A mixture of pain and pity.

HANA  
There's something wrong with you.

Hana slams the door on the way out.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

Covered up, Hana keeps her eyes closed as she shoves the CORPSE under the cracked garage door and into the driveway.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana cooks rice and canned fish at the stove. The oven's digital clock blinks from the power reset.

Hana turns to find Elion at the door. Elion heads for the pantry and pulls out cereal--but Hana takes it away.

HANA  
Don't be stupid. We still have to  
live together.

-- Hana and Elion eat in silence. Hana sees blood has leaked through Elion's bandage and shirt.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana scrubs blood from the floor. Picks up fallen supplies.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Eyes closed, posture rigid, Elion sits in contemplation.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Lying on the bed, Hana punches passwords into Nathan's phone. 0000008. Wrong. 000009. Wrong... She gets a message.

|| 5 attempts remaining

Hana sighs. Looks around the room. Spots the empty gun safe.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion sits in contemplation.



**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana guesses passwords on the safe. The light flashes red. She writes down the combination. Tries the next one.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion sits in contemplation.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana shakes out the last bit of oatmeal from a container. At the sink, she goes to fill a pot with water, but...

Nothing comes out.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana twists the bathroom sink handles. Nothing. She moves onto the shower knobs. Nothing.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion sits in contemplation. The door opens. He opens his eyes. Sees Hana. Her panicked expression.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion carry 5-gallon water jugs into the house.

THUNK. Hana turns to find that Elion has dropped his jug. She watches him pick it up again; he's sweating.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion leans over the counter as Hana examines Elion's wound. Based on Hana's face, we know it's not good.

She applies ointment. A new bandage. Then washes her hands with sanitizer and a little water from the toilet tank.

ELION

What are we going to do for the toilet?

-- Hana stretches a disposable plastic bag over a bucket beside the toilet. Then she slaps down a pack of plastic bags on the bathroom counter.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana and Elion eat Cliff bars and drink water. A dwindling water gallon jug rests on the counter.

-- LATER: The first water jug is empty. A new water jug rests beside it, half-empty.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [GREEN]**

Elion sits in contemplation. Sweat beads his brow.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana sits in contemplation as well.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

A single scrap of paper in Hana's mind bowl:

|| We're going to die here

Suddenly, a CRASH OF THUNDER.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [GREEN]**

Hana opens her eyes. Looks at the window. She watches the green light at the curtain's edges decay to a pale, sickly--

**YELLOW**

The bright green is gone. A YELLOW HAZE remains.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana knocks on Elion's door.

HANA

Did you hear that? The light  
changed again.

No response. Hana enters the--

**CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER**

--where Elion lies on the floor, shivering and sweating.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana escorts Elion down the hall toward the bedroom, but Elion veers into the bathroom.

-- Hana waits outside the closed bathroom door.

HANA  
Everything okay in there?

Elion's weak voice doesn't carry. She opens the door to find Elion struggling to tie off a waste bucket bag.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about that. Come on.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Tucked into bed, Elion looks with bleary eyes at the yellow light lining the trash-bag covered window. Hana presses her hand to his forehead.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

In hazards, Hana carries a tied-off bag of Elion's waste. Closing her eyes, she CLICKS the garage door opener.

The door rises. Yellow light pours in. She CLICKS it again. The door stops a few inches off the ground.

Hana lobbs the waste bag out into the driveway, where it lands among the bodies and other waste bags.

Hana raises the clicker again, about to close the door--but stops when she sees SHADOWS shifting outside.

SOMEBODY stands on the other side of the garage door, visible only by their shadow.

Hana holds her breath. Waits. Watches.

Eventually, the shadow shuffles and moves on. Hana exhales.

-- Hana rummages in a bin of medicine that Sarah didn't steal. She's clearly not pleased with what she finds.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana enters with Advil and a glass of water. She finds the bed empty. An Elion-shaped sweat stain marks the sheets.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Elion shivers in his sleeping bag. Hana approaches.

HANA  
What are you doing?

ELION  
I don't want to be in there. I  
don't like the light.

HANA  
The windows are covered.

Elion says nothing.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Fine. Here, take these.

Hana kneels beside him with Advil.

ELION  
No. No medicine.

HANA  
Don't be stupid.

ELION  
Medicine. Impurities. It'll set me  
back even further.

HANA  
God doesn't give a shit about  
ibuprofen. Here.

ELION  
I need to go through this. It's  
part of the process. The dark night  
of the soul. I need to die before I  
can be reborn. Do you understand?

HANA  
You're delirious. You have an  
infection. Do you understand? This  
has nothing to do with your soul.

ELION  
The body is the soul made visible.

HANA  
Then your soul is a real piece of  
shit. Take it. The sooner you get  
better, the sooner you can get back  
to your schedule.

Finally, Elion puts the pill in his mouth and drinks the water. Hana winces as he spills a few precious drops.

The light above flickers. Hana looks up at the bulb--and watches THE POWER GO OUT.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

The dwindling 5-gallon jug of water rests on the counter. The oven clock has gone black.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

The room now lit by a battery-powered lamp, Elion lies in his sleeping bag. Hana sits on a meditation cushion, eyes closed, legs crossed, breathing deep.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND)**

A single thought in Hana's mind bowl:

|| I have to do something

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

In the candle-dark living room, Hana stands by the windowsill. Waits. Waits. Then, with covered hands, she reaches behind the curtains and pulls out the mouse cage.

Hana examines the mouse. It blinks back at her. Seems fine.

Hana removes her glove. Takes a breath. Makes up her mind--

And she thrusts her bare skin behind the blind, exposing herself to the window light. She retracts her hand immediately and examines her skin: it's fine.

Hana pulls up the blinds with a RATTLE. Yellow light floods into the living room. She looks out across the--

**STREET**

--which is empty and unremarkable except for the yellow sky.

Hana is so busy gazing up into the haze that it takes her a moment to notice the SLOW WOMAN moseying down the sidewalk.

The Slow Woman is uncovered. Her face exposed.

Unlike the victims of the green light, the Slow Woman does not howl, lurch, or mutter. She seems almost normal.

The Slow Woman walks a few steps. Stops. Looks up at the sky. Walks another few steps, looks back up at the sky.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana crouches beside Elion's sleeping bag. Elion has a thermometer protruding from his mouth.

HANA  
This yellow light isn't dangerous.  
Not behind glass, at least.  
(then)  
I'm going to try the car again.  
Just to get across town to start.

Elion says nothing. He may not even be listening. The thermometer BEEPS. Hana pulls it out from Elion's mouth and checks the temperature. Not good.

HANA (CONT'D)  
As soon as you're better.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- The water jug on the counter is lower than ever. But suddenly, the lights turn on. The power is back. The oven clock flashes 12:00 AM.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana fills a jug from the hot water heater with a hose. She turns off the valve and taps the tank. Still some left.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana checks the cage on the windowsill. The mouse snoozes peacefully in the yellow light. She looks outside:

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- The two corpses. Bags of human excrement.

**EXT. STREET, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- The Slow Woman stands in the middle of the street, beneath the yellow sky, staring up into the smog.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana shakes Elion, trying to wake him up. Finally, Elion opens his eyes. Squints at her in the dim light.

HANA  
I'm going next door. Okay? I'm  
going to get water. Maybe they'll  
have medicine. Understand?

Elion nods feebly. Closes his eyes.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana walks out of the garage carrying a bucket filled with tools: crowbar, hammer, a piece of hose. She heads to the NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE next door.

**INT. ENTRANCE HALL, NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

The front door is wide open. Scattered leaves litter the entrance hall. A CORPSE lies strewn across the doorway.

Hana enters the house from the front porch. She kicks the corpse aside and slams the door behind her.

She takes in her surroundings: TV and family photos. A layer of dust on every surface.

**INT. KITCHEN, NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana tries the kitchen sink tap. No joy.

-- Hana opens the fridge. She gags. Quickly shuts it. After taking a beat, Hana holds her breath and opens the fridge again. She rummages, expression full of distaste.

-- Hana raids the pantry.

-- On the counter, she sets out several cans of soda, sparkling water, and a bottle of ketchup. She drinks the sparkling water with relish.

**INT. BATHROOM, NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana snatches up toilet paper. From the medicine cabinet, she takes a few pill bottles.

**INT. GARAGE, NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Holding the bucket and a hose, Hana looks at the TANKLESS water heater. Dammit. The hose droops in her hand.

Then she hears it: a distant CAR ENGINE.

**I/E. NATHAN'S TRUCK / STREET - DAY [YELLOW]**

NATHAN'S STOLEN TRUCK rolls down the street. The windows are covered with foil except for a few cutout peepholes.

In the driver's seat, SARAH--wearing a gas mask--raises a gloved hand and presses her copy of the garage door opener.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Through the window, Hana watches the truck enter Nathan's garage. Her confusion phases through comprehension to rage.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [YELLOW]**

SARAH prowls down the hall with a HANDGUN, checking the rooms. She peeks into the--

**CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER**

--and sees Elion. Sick. Asleep. Harmless. Back in the--

**HALLWAY**

Sarah spots the deadbolt that Elion installed when Hana was in the throes of madness. Sarah slides the lock shut.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

Sarah empties the water jug into a bottle. As she gulps it down, she hears the MOTORIZED HUM of the garage door. She grabs her HANDGUN from the counter.



**INT. HALLWAY/GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Sarah opens the garage entry door--

SARAH

Whoa!

--and steps back when she realizes the garage is flush with yellow light. Sarah reaches into the garage and smacks the button to lower the door. Sticking to the entry door threshold, she aims her gun into the garage.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hana? Is that you in there?

Meanwhile, behind her in the--

HALLWAY, Hana creeps up on Sarah, wielding a hammer. As Hana takes another step and prepares to swing--

A floorboard CREAKS.

Sarah turns around just as--

Hana swings the hammer, KNOCKING the gun from Sarah's hand with a CRACK. The pistol flies into the garage.

As Hana raises the hammer again, Sarah LEAPS into the--

**GARAGE**

--and scrambles around the car, searching for the gun. But Hana's hot on her heels.

HANA

Stop! Just leave it! I don't want to hurt you.

Sarah does not stop. She rounds the corner of the car and looks around frantically. No pistol.

On the opposite end of the car, Hana sees it: the gun has landed behind a shelf full of supplies.

Hana runs BEHIND THE SHELF and scoops up the gun from the floor, and points it between the racks at Sarah.

HANA (CONT'D)

I got it. It's over. Don't move--

FROM ACROSS THE GARAGE, Sarah sees the gun quivering in Hana's inexperienced hands. She calculates. Then--

DIVES behind the truck. Hana does not shoot.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK, Sarah yanks open the door to the cab and rummages under the passenger seat.

Hana walks around cautiously, not able to see Sarah.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Just leave. I won't chase you--

BANG.

At the sudden gunfire, Hana ducks behind a supply shelf.

Sarah comes out from around the truck with ANOTHER GUN.

BANG. BANG. The HOT WATER TANK springs two leaks.

From the shelves, Hana wildly FIRES back.

Sarah ducks behind the truck as a bullet strikes the grill.

Another stray bullet pierces an aluminum-foil-covered window panel of the garage door.

Crouching and unscathed, Sarah looks between the wheels of the cars, searching for Hana's feet.

There's no sign of movement except for the gush of precious WATER spilling from the hot water tank and COOLANT leaking from the truck's hood.

BEHIND THE CLOTHES DRYER, Hana takes out her DOOR CLICKER.

Sarah peers out from behind the truck. Aims all around the garage. Everything quiet--

THE GARAGE DOOR STARTS TO RISE.

Sarah, face uncovered and vulnerable to the light--

SARAH  
No!

She blindly runs away from the light--

BANG.

From the washing machines, Hana fires. Sarah takes the shot in the chest. Sarah SHOOTS her handgun on the way down until it clicks empty.

When Sarah grabs a supply shelf for support, it comes crashing down on top of her. The garage door continues to rise up and up--

Pinned to the floor, Sarah desperately kicks herself deeper into the shadows--

Behind the washing machine, Hana clicks the remote again. The door reverses its course.

Soon, the only illumination is the overhead light--and the narrow beam of yellow emanating through the bullet hole in the garage door.

Hana approaches Sarah, who coughs blood.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Just finish it.

HANA  
Why did you do it?

SARAH  
Just surviving.

HANA  
It didn't have to be like this. You were going to take me with you.

SARAH  
I didn't have room for a weepy pregnant--ahhh.

Sarah suddenly groans. Pain catching up to her wounds. A damp wheeze fills her voice.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Just put me down. End it quick.  
Will you? Will you do that?

Hana stares at her, considering.

HANA  
What's the password to open Nathan's phone?

SARAH  
I don't know. I really don't.  
Please, just get it over with.

Sarah GROANS in pain, wetly, struggling for breath.

HANA  
You know the password to the safe.

SARAH

753670. That opens the safe.  
753670. Just--where are you going?

HANA

I'll be right back.

Sarah watches Hana run out of the garage. She wheezes more blood. Lying on her back, she looks backward.

SARAH'S POV: upside down, she sees the hole in the garage door. SHE LOOKS STRAIGHT INTO THE BULLET-SIZED BEAM OF YELLOW LIGHT. Her breathing softens. Her pupils dilate.

-- LATER, Hana dashes back into the garage, tapping the password into Nathan's phone as she goes.

THE PHONE UNLOCKS.

HANA (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay, it worked.

When Hana lowers the phone, she finds Sarah staring straight at the tiny hole of yellow light.

HANA (CONT'D)

Sarah?

Sarah slowly turns to look at Hana: her eyes are already tinged with yellow.

HANA (CONT'D)

Sarah? Sarah, can you hear me?

Sarah turns her pacified gaze to Hana. She says something, speaking very softly. A bloody whisper:

SARAH

I see now.

HANA

What?

SARAH

They're trying to help us.

HANA

Who is?

SARAH

Look at the light.

Sarah coughs up a final mouthful of blood. The yellow tinge disappears from around her pupils as she dies.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Shaken, Hana flicks on the light. Elion lies where she left him, unconscious and sweating in his sleeping bag.

-- Hana helps Elion finish off a water bottle. After it's empty, he curls back into himself without a word.

**EXT. STREET - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- In hazards, Hana heads for the other neighbor's house.

**INT. BATHROOM, NEIGHBOR HOUSE #2 - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana searches the medicine cabinet. No medication.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Elion stares at the ceiling. Ragged breath. With crusted, out-of-focus eyes, he looks at the overhead light bulb. Watches it flicker with a power surge--

And then the power goes out again, leaving Elion in--

**BLACK**

Nothing but the sound of Elion's uneven breath. Gasping.

Until he STOPS BREATHING.

**INT. DARK CORRIDOR (ELION'S MIND)**

Elion stands in a blank, narrow hall.

At the far end of the unlit corridor, there's a CLOSED DOOR.

Elion turns around: in the opposite direction, the corridor leads to a familiar, brightly lit--

**LIVING ROOM**

Hana sits on the couch. She wears normal clothes and thumbs through her phone. She looks up. Smiles. Waves at Elion.

**DARK CORRIDOR**

Elion turns away from Hana. Looks in the other direction:  
The door at the end of the hall. He walks toward it.

He reaches the door. Pulls it open, revealing--

**INFINITE DARKNESS**

Empty. Endless. Utter silence. Freezing cold.

Standing on the doorstep of nothingness, Elion's breath  
turns to mist.

His eyes widen in horror as he stares out into the void.

The void stares back.

**EXT. STREET - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana exits the neighbor's house. Goes to the next one over.

**INT. BEDROOM, NEIGHBOR HOUSE #3 - DAY [YELLOW]**

Another medicine cabinet without medicine.

**INT. KITCHEN, NEIGHBOR HOUSE #3 - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana pulls open drawers. Cabinets. One of the shelves holds  
a rack of supplements and PRESCRIPTION pills. She snatches  
them up. Reads the label eagerly.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana enters with a flashlight. She kneels beside Elion.

HANA

Elion. I found a full course of  
antibiotics. Come on, wake up.

Hana shakes Elion. Elion doesn't respond.

HANA (CONT'D)

Elion?

Hana feels for Elion's pulse, then shakes him roughly.  
Shines the flashlight's face and pulls back his eyes.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Elion. Elion!

Elion suddenly takes a GASPING BREATH. He opens his eyes. Looks at her. Hana slumps with relief.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Here. Take this.

Hana places a pill in Elion's mouth. As she gives him water to wash it down, the light flicks on again.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana lines up her findings from the raids on the neighbor's houses. Sodas. Water bottles. How long can it last?

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana shoves Sarah's body under the cracked garage door.  
-- The garage door now closed and the bullet hole taped over, Hana mops up the water that spilled from the tank.  
-- Hana rings the water from the damp towel into a bucket of salvaged greywater polluted by dirt particles.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana feeds Elion another pill.  
-- Hana lies beside Elion, staring at the light bulb.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- As Hana pulls the last of the rice from the pantry, the electricity surges again. Lights flash off--them back on.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- On the couch, Hana reads from the book "Urban Prepping."

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana boils dirty mop-water in a large pot.  
-- Hana removes the specialized lid from the pot and pulls out a smaller pot filled with clean water.

-- Hana sniffs a cup of the purified water, then drinks.  
Tastes fine. She drinks more.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana feeds Elion another pill.

-- Hana lies beside Elion. While Elion sleeps, she stares blankly up at the ceiling.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND) [YELLOW]**

-- The bowl rests empty. We pull back and pan around the room. But there are no mysterious feet to be seen.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana feeds Elion another pill.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana slides waste bags under the cracked garage door.

-- Hana rummages through the supplies in Sarah's truck bed.

**TRUCK CAB - LATER**

-- Hana tries to start the truck. The engine turns twice, then dies. On the dash: low gas. Check engine.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

On the couch, Hana thumbs through Nathan's phone. She looks at the last text messages that Nathan received from Kevin.

She scrolls up. Reads old messages between the two brothers.

	KEVIN:	I've been thinking about proposing to Hana
	NATHAN:	Why
	KEVIN:	Why do you think lol
		We've been together forever and I love her
	NATHAN:	You do you but other people won't make you happy
		Only the infinite can fill the void inside you
	KEVIN:	Okay guru guy thanks for the input



Hana puts down the phone. Look out the window. Yellow light refracts in the tear welling in her eye.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND) [YELLOW]**

Hana's mind bowl rests empty on the floor. The room has been painted with a faint hint of yellow light.

ELION (V.O.)

Hi.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana now sits at the kitchen table with the dead plants. She looks up to find Elion leaning in the doorway.

-- Elion eats. Hana watches.

HANA

I thought you were going to die.

ELION

I almost did. I was at the edge.

(off Hana's confusion)

I felt myself floating out of my body. And I walked through this tunnel. I got to the end.

(beat)

And there was *nothing*.

(beat)

I've been an idiot. I thought I could have life beyond this. But there's nothing else. I'm sure of it now. This life is all we've got. I don't want to waste another day.

Elion reaches across the table to take Hana's hand. Hana looks at it, surprised.

ELION (CONT'D)

I thought I had it all figured out. But I don't know anything--except that I love you.

HANA

Elion...

ELION

I love you. So much. I was so--mean. I was such an asshole. I'm sorry. I was lost.

(MORE)

ELION (CONT'D)

But I see it now. Nothing is more important than being with you.

HANA

You don't love me. We're just two people stuck in a house.

ELION

That's what life is. People stuck together, scared and confused, finding ways to make moments meaningful. That's life. And we can have a life together. I can make you happy. I promise.

HANA

I can't be happy in this.

Hana gestures at the dismal surroundings. The collection of wastewater. The covered windows. The bare cabinets. The stove clock blinking from the most recent power reset.

HANA (CONT'D)

The best I can do is distract myself. That's why we hooked up. That's why I took care of you. Because distracting myself is as good as it gets.

Tears fill Elion's eyes. Hana's remain dry as she stands.

HANA (CONT'D)

You should rest.

ELION

Where are you going?

HANA

Keeping busy.

**EXT. STREET - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana walks down the street with an empty jug.

**INT. GARAGE, NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

-- Hana drains another water tank.

**EXT. STREET - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana walks back up the driveway to Nathan's house, hauling the now-full water jug with her.

On the path to the front door, she stops.

SOMEBODY stands on the front doorstep.

Dropping the water jug, Hana fumbles for her pistol.

HANA

Hey!

Struggling to get her gloved finger into the trigger, she aims the weapon at the MAN on the porch.

His clothes ragged. Shoes worn to shreds. His bare skin is exposed to the light. His hair is unkempt--but familiar...

Hana's eyes widen behind her goggles.

HANA (CONT'D)

Kevin.

KEVIN--barely recognizable from his photos--stares straight through Hana. His eyes YELLOW.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Kevin sits on the couch, docile, staring at nothing.

Elion and Hana stand before him.

ELION

Why did you bring him in?

Hana sits on the couch beside Kevin and tips a water bottle to his lips. Kevin passively swallows. Elion watches the hard-won water spill out of Kevin's chapped lips.

HANA

After I was in the green light, you took care of me. And I got better.

ELION

You were exposed for a minute. He walked all the way over here in the light. He's not coming back.

HANA

I need to try.

Elion stares. Hana's not going to budge.

ELION  
Then be safe about it.

-- Hana tightens zip ties around Kevin's ankles and wrists.

HANA  
I need to put these on. Okay?

Kevin just stares yellow at Elion, who glares daggers back.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana feeds more water to Kevin, who sits on the couch, zip tied up. Kevin swallows automatically, all reflex. Hana sniffs. Looks down. Kevin's pants are wet.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana wrings Kevin's underwear over the wastewater bucket. Behind Hana, Elion watches her from the doorway. Feeling his eyes on her, Hana turns.

ELION  
There's still water in the tank  
next door?

Hana nods.

ELION (CONT'D)  
I'll get it.

HANA  
You should rest. I'll do it.

ELION  
I'm fine. Looks like you've got  
your hands full anyway.

Elion leaves. Hana wrings the underwear.

**INT. GARAGE, NEIGHBORS HOUSE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Dressed in hazards, Elion stands by the water tank. The hose drains into the jug. Then runs dry, depleted.

**INT. HALLWAY / LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

As Elion passes by the living room, he sees Hana feeding a protein bar to Kevin.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Elion stands in the doorway. Looks at his sad little soundproof prison. The sleeping bag. Binders.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana washes dishes at the sink--carefully, with minimal soap and water. Elion approaches. Hana smiles at him quickly.

ELION

Want help?

HANA

No thanks.

ELION

I was going to sleep in the bed.

HANA

Go ahead. I'm gonna keep an eye on Kevin.

Elion stares at her. Then turns and leaves.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

On the couch, Hana leans on Kevin, showing him her phone. Pictures of the two of them.

HANA

Remember?

Instead of looking at the phone, Kevin stares out the window. Hana gets up, and covers the curtains.

-- Hana lies on the couch, reading while she rests her feet on Kevin's lap.

-- Hana wakes up to find Kevin GONE.

HANA (CONT'D)

Kevin?

Suddenly panicked, Hana springs to her feet--

She spots Kevin by the front door, grabbing at the handle with his zip tied hands, trying to get out.

Elion comes running in from the hall.

ELION  
What's going on?

HANA  
It's okay. Come on. You can't go outside.

As Hana guides Kevin to the couch, he mutters something.

HANA (CONT'D)  
What did you say?

ELION  
Nothing--

HANA  
Not you. Babe, what did you say?

She presses her ear close to Kevin's mouth--she can hear it when he whispers:

KEVIN  
We should go outside.

HANA  
Did you hear that? He's talking.

Suddenly Kevin SHOVES Hana. She loses her balance, landing heavily on the floor.

Kevin stumbles back to the front door, hell-bent on getting outside--but Elion grabs Kevin and roughly drags him away.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Don't hurt him!

Elion glares at Hana as he forces Kevin into the hallway.

**INT. CONTEMPLATION CHAMBER - DAY [YELLOW]**

Elion shoves Kevin into the contemplation chamber. Hana follows Kevin in and guides him down to the floor.

HANA  
Just until you get better. Okay?

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana shuts the door. Elion slides the bolt shut.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana sleeps. Gentle rise and fall of her breath. Through the open door, a shadow shifts in the hallway.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [YELLOW]**

Elion stands outside the contemplation chamber door. He removes the deadbolt. Opens the door--

And steps back in surprise when he finds Kevin standing right in the doorframe, as though waiting for him.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana wakes up. Rolls out of bed.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana heads to the bathroom--but does a double-take when she sees the contemplation chamber door open. She looks inside: no Kevin. Elion walks up behind her.

ELION  
It's for the best.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana frantically suits up. Elion watches her snap goggles over her head.

HANA  
He was getting better.

ELION  
He was getting stronger.

HANA  
You had no right!

ELION  
He didn't even want to be in here.

HANA  
He doesn't know. He's sick.

ELION  
It's not him anymore.

HANA  
You're back to your normal self.

Hana shoves Elion aside as she heads for the front door.

**EXT. STREET - DAY [YELLOW]**

Kevin stands in the street, hands still zip tied. He stares straight up. Hana approaches, in hazards and carrying tarp.

HANA  
Kevin! Come on.

Kevin glances at her, then back at the sky. Hana throws the tarp over Kevin like he's a statue, minimizing his exposure.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Come on. Come back in. Back inside.

Hana pulls on his arm--but Kevin holds his ground. Shakes off the tarp.

HANA (CONT'D)  
Stay covered. Babe, you've got to stay covered. It's not safe.

KEVIN  
We're going soon.

HANA  
Babe, please, come back inside.

Hana pulls at him, but Kevin shakes her off as he repeats:

KEVIN  
We're going soon.

HANA  
Where? Going where?

KEVIN  
This one can't explain.

HANA  
What are you talking about?

KEVIN  
Look at the light. Look at the light and you'll see.



Kevin reaches for Hana's head as though to kiss her--

But he GRABS AT HER GOGGLES, trying to pull them from her face. Hana leaps back, clutching the goggles tight.

Elion, now also covered up against the light, runs out into the street. Grabs Hana. Pulls her back.

ELION

Come on. Hana, he's gone.

As Elion guides her back to the house, Hana watches Kevin, who has turned his attention back up to the sky.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana stumbles back in. Elion closes the door behind them. Hana sheds her coverings, tears in her eyes. Elion tries to put a comforting hand on her--Hana slaps it away.

HANA

Stay away from me.

ELION

I'm sorry. But it had to be done.

Ignoring him, Hana storms off.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana leans against the bed, gazing at the covered window. An old piece of tape holding the plastic over the window peels off. A finger of light shines through.

Hana grabs the loose tape and TEARS DOWN the plastic covering the window. Yellow light shines through the glass. Safe but hypnotizing. Hana stares out the window.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND) [YELLOW]**

Hana's bowl overflows with shredded scraps of paper covered in angry scribbles. Her mind is chaos.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana takes a deep breath. Keeps breathing. Closes her eyes.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND) [YELLOW]**

Breathing continues. One by one, the scraps of paper gradually blow out of the bowl, carried by a breeze. After several moments, the bowl is empty.

A few moments of peace. But then:

A HAND WITHOUT FINGERNAILS places a "thought" in the bowl. Written in unfamiliar handwriting, the scrap of paper reads:

|| Look at the light

FLASHBACK TO:

**KEVIN ON THE STREET**

KEVIN  
Look at the light.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Hana leans against the washing machine and stares at the garage door, which HANGS WIDE OPEN.

Yellow light spills in, but Hana's protected by her clothes and ski goggles.

Out in the street, Kevin continues to look up at the sky.

After a deep breath, Hana raises the garage door clicker. Presses the button with her gloved hand.

The motor purrs into action. The garage door descends. It'll be closed in just a few moments.

Hana takes a breath--

And rips off the goggles.

She stares straight into the raw light.

As her pupils shrink and the garage door closes, the last thing she sees is Kevin out in the street. No longer looking at the sky, he stares straight at her.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND) [YELLOW]**

Hana sits in a familiar, featureless room.

On the other side of the room is KEVIN.

But he looks different. Naked. Bald. His eyebrows and body hair is gone. Toenails and fingernails missing as well.

HANA

Kevin?

Instead of speaking, Kevin responds by looking down. Hana follows his gaze: an empty bowl rests between them.

And as she watches, a piece of paper appears in the bowl, materializing from nothingness. Written in blocky handwriting, the note reads:

|| Yes. And more.

HANA (CONT'D)

What's going on? What is this?

Another scrap of paper appears in the bowl:

|| Your world is ending

And another note pops into existence:

|| Go into the light

HANA (CONT'D)

I don't understand.

In response, Kevin opens his mouth. Dazzling BLUE LIGHT shines from the back of his throat.

A deafening NOISE pours from his open mouth. A thunderclap traversing galaxies. As the unearthly howl fills the room--

The BOWL OVERFLOWS with scraps of paper covered in bizarre, fractal-like looping symbols.

AN ALIEN LANGUAGE.

Kevin's mouth continues to hang wide, the deafening blue noise shaking the world--

Hana gawks at the glyph-covered notes overflowing her mind-bowl, spilling out across the room--

ELION (V.O.)

Hana. Hana!

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

Elion kneels over Hana, who lies on the floor. The garage door now closed. GASPING, Hana opens her yellow-tinged eyes.

ELION

What happened? What did you do?

HANA

Elion. The light. It's not dangerous. It's trying to help us.

-- Using the washing machine as a table, Hana scribbles in a notebook: a crude recreation of the symbols from her vision.

HANA (CONT'D)

It was like this. But I understood. They were trying to explain.

Elion skeptically looks at the symbols.

ELION

Who was trying to explain?

HANA

These... beings. They care about us. They're speaking through us. They're trying to help us. That's why they brought the light.

ELION

The light kills us.

HANA

They knew the light would hurt us until they figured out the right... I don't know, wavelength. But they had no other choice. They had to make contact or else they wouldn't have been able to save anybody.

Indifferent to the look Elion is giving her, Hana paces around the garage, gesticulating as she puts it together.

HANA (CONT'D)

The white light was too powerful. They turned it down.

**INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM (HANA'S MIND, FLASHBACK)**

HANA (V.O.)

The green light was better. They could talk to us.

The vision of the scabbed hand dropping a note filled with scribbles into Hana's mind bowl.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [YELLOW]**

HANA

But it was too much. We didn't understand. It drove us crazy. But the yellow light. The yellow works.

ELION

The yellow light makes people brain-dead.

HANA

No, it calms us down. That's the only way we have a chance of understanding.

ELION

Understanding what?

HANA

That we need to get out of here.

ELION

The house?

HANA

The planet.

Dumbfounded beat.

HANA (CONT'D)

If we stay, we're going to die. But they can take us away.

ELION

You're saying "they" can take us away from Earth.

HANA

Yes. They want to save us. They love us. They want to save life. I know how this sounds, but if you try it, you'll see.

ELION

Try looking in the light? And end up like Kevin?

HANA

No, you'll be able to understand-- like I did. I know you will. Because you know how to empty yourself.

(MORE)

HANA (CONT'D)  
It's like the prophet said: you've  
got to quiet yourself if you want  
to see beyond yourself--

ELION  
The prophet was talking about the  
voice of God!

HANA  
Maybe this is God!

A long silence suddenly interrupted by--

THUNDER.

Another deafening roar rips across the sky as the light  
outside turns to--

**BLUE**

SHOTS:

-- Kitchen: the dead houseplants on the table are cast in  
blue light that penetrates the blinds.

-- Living room windowsill: the mouse's cage is flooded.

-- Outside on the street: Kevin continues to stare up. The  
color in his eyes shifts from yellow to **BLUE**.

BACK TO:

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [BLUE]**

Hana stares at the garage door. The thundering continues, a  
LOW RUMBLING hum.

HANA  
It's time.

Hana bends down. Grabs the garage door clicker from the  
floor, then turns to look at Elion--

HANA (CONT'D)  
Elion, we need to go outside--

TICK TICK TICK. Elion SHOCKS HANA with the stun gun.  
Paralyzed, Hana's scream catches in her throat.

Hana gasps for breath, recovering from the stun gun, as  
Elion bends over her and zips ties her wrists tight.

ELION  
I can't let you go out there.  
You're not well.

HANA  
Elion. Please...

Elion shakes his head. Thunder crashes.

**EXT. STREET - DAY [BLUE]**

Wind whips Kevin's hair as he stands in the street. Trees wave in the rapidly changing air pressure.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [BLUE]**

Limbs zip tied, Hana tries to stand but Elion easily pushes her down.

HANA  
We need to go!--

ELION  
You're going to kill yourself.  
Whatever you saw wasn't real. It was neurons firing in your brain.

HANA  
No. Elion, there's something out there. I touched it. I talked to it. You were right: we can commune the mystery--or whatever you want to call it.

ELION  
I don't want that anymore. I want to live.

HANA  
But we can't live here. We're just dying in other people's ruins.

Elion passionately grabs her bound hands.

ELION  
We still have each other. We can still have a life. We can savor every moment. Together.

Despite the zip ties, Hana laces her fingers in Elion's and takes a calming breath.

HANA

When we met, I thought you were crazy. But I respected it. I let you have it. If you love me, give me the same respect.

ELION

You're not yourself.

HANA

Yes, I am. You know I am. And you know what it feels like to believe something--to *know* something that other people don't understand.

ELION

I was full of shit. I wasted my life living in my insane little screwed up world.

Elion is full-on weeping now. Grieving for a misspent youth. The blue thunder outside booms louder. The storm escalating.

HANA

Maybe. But that's what you chose. You've got to let me choose.

Hana raises her bound wrists. Begging.

HANA (CONT'D)

I know you're scared. I know you don't want to lose me. But this isn't love.

-- Elion cuts the zip ties from Hana's wrists. From her ankles. Helps Hana to her feet.

ELION

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Hana embraces Elion. Kisses him. He kisses back desperately.

HANA

It's okay. Look: we can still be together. Just come with me.

Hana grabs the garage clicker. Elion looks at the door.

HANA (CONT'D)

You've got to trust me.

Terrified, Elion grips Hana's hand tight as she CLICKS the button. Blue light floods in.



They look out into the STREET where Kevin stands, staring straight up at the blue light beaming down from above.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY [BLUE]**

Hana and Elion step outside. Hana looks up. Elion follows her gaze. His jaw drops.

The sky is a storming sea of blue light. Serpents of electricity shine and writhe from horizon to horizon.

ELION  
(in Spanish)  
*Dios mío...*

Elion steps back into the garage.

ELION (CONT'D)  
I can't do this. I can't.

Elion pulls on Hana's hand, trying to get her back in.

ELION (CONT'D)  
Hana. Come back. Just come back.  
We'll wait it out.

A long crossroads moment.

Finally, Hana shakes her head.

Blue light creeps into her eyes as she lets go of Elion's hand and backs further into the driveway, out of his reach.

ELION (CONT'D)  
I love you.

HANA  
(a voice not her own)  
You are loved.

Hana walks away from Elion. Away from Nathan's house. Out into the street.

A fresh clap of thunder. The RUMBLING intensifies. Elion frantically retreats into the garage.

**EXT. STREET - DAY [BLUE]**

Kevin and Hana side-by-side. Blue light fills their eyes. In the background, Nathan's garage door lowers.

As Hana takes Kevin's zip tied hand in hers, her fingernails fall easily out of her flesh.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY [BLUE]**

The closed garage door keeps out most of the light but not the noise. The THUNDER CRASHES again. Elion crumples to the floor, hands over ears, his own screams lost in the din--

**LATER**

Elion opens his eyes. Looks around.

Looks at the garage door.

No more noises. THE BLUE LIGHT GONE.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY, NATHAN'S HOUSE - DAY [NORMAL]**

Elion walks out of the garage. Squints in the daylight.

**STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Elion stands in the middle of the street, looking down.

All that's left of Hana and Kevin are piles of hair, fingernails, and their clothes.

Elion looks up. Nothing but familiar blue sky. A few clouds.

Shading his eyes, Elion keeps squinting up. He sees something up there in the sky:

An ASTEROID.

Plummeting to Earth. Trailing flaming gas.

Elion's mouth opens--then closes.

He sits down among Hana and Kevin's remains. Crosses his legs. A meditative posture.

Elion breathes deep. The asteroid grows large behind him.

END.