

End of the Sun

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON'S HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT

A famous London black cab pulls to a stop in front of terminal five.

It is a classically dreary London day, the horizon obscured by low passing clouds.

Out steps a BUSINESS MAN, mid thirties, on his cell phone.

Using his briefcase to shield his head from the rain, he heads straight for the terminal, leaving no tip.

The cab driver rolls down his window.

CAB DRIVER
(to business man)
Cheap wanker!

As he squeals away, the orange taxi light switches on.

The business man doesn't pay him any mind, pausing before heading inside.

BUSINESS MAN
(on phone)
...baby, there's nothing I can do.
The whole world can't stop because
of one lunatic.
(beat)
He's been wrong plenty of times!
Look, I have to check in. It will
be fine I promises, I'll call you
before we take off. I love you too.

He hangs up the phone as the automatic doors open to reveal the packed terminal.

INT. LONDON HEATHROW - NIGHT

The business man weaves through enormous crowds gathered around televisions mounted high above the ground on pillars near the check-in desks.

He stops among them, gazing up at the screens where a REPORTER struggles to be heard over the noise of clogged runways and overflowing airport terminals.

NEWS REPORTER

Airports around the world
have ground to a virtual
stand-still following the release
of The Prophet's most recent
message this morning...

NEWS REPORTER

...Airlines are struggling to
fulfill their scheduled routes as
pilots and staff are refusing to
work...

BUSINESS MAN

(under breath)

...Bloody hell...

The news cuts to grainy footage of the prophet

He is aged, his face scrawled with powerful lines, piercing
eyes, and a deep resonating voice.

As he begins to speak, his eyes illuminate brightly with an
almost other-worldly white glow, his entire body radiates,
Zues-like.

He locks eyes with the camera and the crowd watching in the
airport hushes.

THE PROPHET

...Six hundred souls shall perish
as the winged beast rolls in the
eternal flame...

The crowd is stirred into a frenzy, people begin talking,
making phone calls, some simply pick up their bags and head
for the door.

The business man looks around, not at all convinced.

He picks up his briefcase and makes straight for the check
in desk, completely undeterred.

Being one of the few who is still checking in, the business
man approaches a FEMALE CLERK with ease.

CLERK

...Checking in?

BUSINESS MAN

Sure am.

The business man hands her his passport, and she locks eyes with him.

CLERK

Sir...

BUSINESS MAN

Yes?

CLERK

Did you not see th--

The business man cuts her off.

BUSINESS MAN

I saw it, and I don't care. We can't all just drop everything.

(beat)

Besides, what are there - fifty thousand flights a day? If that's what he's even referring to.

The clerk just looks at him.

BUSINESS MAN

I like my odds.

He gestures to the computer, and she reluctantly prints his boarding pass.

CLERK

Have a safe flight.

The business man shares a cynical smile before walking away from the desk.

INT. HEATHROW SECURITY - NIGHT

The lines are sparse, and there is a tension in the air. Shifty glances are exchanged by security personnel.

The business man puts his watch, shoes and briefcase in the bin and steps through the metal detector.

No sound.

Nevertheless, he is called to the side of the line where an GAURD is waiting.

SECURITY GUARD

Can you spread your arms sir?

BUSINESS MAN
Is there a problem? I didn't set
off the--

SECURITY GUARD
Just a few extra precautions today,
sir. Please spread your arms.

The business man isn't amused, though he spreads his arms
reluctantly.

The guard pats him down, and then locks eyes with him, dead
pan.

SECURITY GUARD
Have a safe flight, sir.

INT. AIRBUS - NIGHT

The business man takes his seat, though there are very few
people on board.

A pretty flight attendant makes her way up and down the
aisles, handing out champagne to the passengers in first
class, including the business man.

BUSINESS MAN
Thank you.

The flight attendant begins to walk away.

BUSINESS MAN
Ma'am, sorry. Excuse me.

She turns.

BUSINESS MAN
(almost to himself)
We're okay...

He says it at first as a statement, then again with the
inflection of a question.

BUSINESS MAN
We're...okay?

The attendant nods and feigns a smile, but as she turns away
her expression switches to one of concern.

She phones the cockpit.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Captain, the cabin is prepared for takeoff.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The captain and copilot are busy flipping switches and preparing the massive aircraft for take-off when one looks to the other and smiles sheepishly.

CAPTAIN

Hey, we're barely half full. What did he say it would be? Five-hundred?

COPILOT

Six!

They both smile in mutual satisfaction, one picks up the coms.

CAPTAIN

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We'd like to start by saying we truly appreciate you making the choice to fly with us today and we assure you a safe and timely trip to New York's Laguardia airport.

(beat)

We're looking at a flight time of approximately five hours...

INT. AIRBUS - NIGHT

The sound of the captain's announcement fades into the background as the business man leans against his window.

The plane taxis away from the terminal.

INT. FLIGHT CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

A flight control technician sits reclined at his desk, barking orders into his over sized headset.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #1

Flight 614 to New York you are cleared for runway number 4.

The tech looks over to his colleague. A faded novelty sticker is plastered across the base of his keyboard.

BUMPER STICKER -- "THE PROPHET SAYS I'M AWESOME"

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #1
So far so good.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #2
Of course it is, don't be naive.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #1
Naive? After what happened last month in anchorage?

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #2
You're clutching at straws.

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #1
You're in denial.
(into headset)
Confirmed 614, you are clear for takeoff.

The tech punches a few keys and peers out toward the massive runway system, a moving symphony of lights crossing one another.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The two pilots are steady as the aircraft gains momentum, rain is sprayed behind the tires of the plane as it tears across the wet tarmac.

The accelerator is pushed almost all the way forward when suddenly a warning blares out.

FLIGHT COMPUTER
Traffic! Traffic! Traffic!

The captain looks out, a small jet just fifty yards in front of the plane is crossing the runway!

CAPTAIN
GODDAMMIT!!!

He clutches the flight controls, veering the plane hard off the runway, but it's too late.

One side of the massive jet catches the tip of the smaller plane as they turn, barely slowing them down and sending the enormous aircraft out of control toward the terminal.

INT. FLIGHT CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

TRAFFIC CONTROLLER #1
Contact!! 614, do you have control?!?

CAPTAIN
 (through coms)
 Negative! We have no control!!
 FUCK!!

The entire room of flight controllers stands in horror, watching the enormous plane skid across the runway toward the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of people waiting at a gate to board their flight see the plane, one side slowly igniting in sparks and flame, tilted and skidding toward them!

Screams ring through the terminal as the crowd disperses but not quickly enough!

PASSENGERS
 RUN!!!

The glass panels between them and the tarmac shatter before the fuselage tears through the building, smashing into pillars and sending people flying out of the frame.

The power of the engines suck those closest to it into the turbines, disintegrating them like nothing.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

As the plane goes barreling into the terminal, an explosion ripples through the roof of the building and then--

BOOM! Out in every direction, flames fill the frame.

EXT. - LONDON'S HEATHROW AIRPORT, UK

The crash site in it's full scope. Eventually we see emergency vehicles come in from screen right, left, and bottom toward the burning terminal.

INT. PROPHET'S QUARTERS

The Prophet shudders and draws in a sharp breath. He bows his head and sits in silence as his eyes return to normal.

We're taken through a montage of real news footage.

- The Prophet speaks, delivering prophecies each one followed by said prophecy coming true.

- First, the hauntingly familiar image of the New York skyline on a beautifully clear September morning, followed shortly after by the explosion of a plane's fuselage

igniting into the building's highest floors.

- Another Prophecy being delivered, followed by overhead footage of Hurricane Katrina swirling, it's massive size covering the Gulf of Mexico end to end.

- Another prophecy, and footage of the Large Hadron Particle Collider and the subsequent discovery of the elusive "God particle" completing the standard model.

- A report showing the skyrocketing price of fuel following the fulfillment of a prophecy regarding a political power upheaval in the middle east, and the installation of a new dictator.

Slowly these images pile on top of one another until we're covered by a collage of disasters, the sounds and images of all of them creating a chaotic static noise and frantic imagery, then suddenly, fades to black.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

A tan Chevy Malibu speeds through empty suburban streets well above the speed limit. Rock music emits from the car at deafening levels.

The car screeches around a corner and stops abruptly a few yards in front of a driveway.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - EARLY MORNING

Two guys, both late teens sit in the front seats.

PASSENGER

Let me out.

DRIVER

(playful)

You sure? I can pull up, I got enough gas.

PASSENGER

(laughing)

Fuck you! I'm already grounded, I don't need anymore shit.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

The car door opens and out of the passenger seat stumbles ZACH HANNAN. He is eighteen, confident, brown hair with dark intense eyes.

He's had a few too many and it shows as he catches his footing on the concrete.

ZACH
(relishing)
That was epic.

FRIEND
See ya at school, bro.

Zach shuts the car door and watches as his friend peels away.

The music blares louder, trailing into the night.

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Staggering slowly, Zach reaches his two story home, nestled behind a circle drive cutting through a spacious lawn.

The lights are off except for a dim porch light beside the front door.

Zach rounds the house and approaches a side window, cracking it slowly.

When his foot touches the floor inside, Zach slips, letting the window hit the sill.

A BANG! cuts the silence like a gunshot.

Zach cranes his neck, hearing the stirring upstairs. Soon after, a door FLIES open.

Zach lets out a sigh that gives way to a chuckle of resignation. He tosses his hoodie off onto his bed.

Zach's door opens and his dad, NOAH HANNAN, 40's, handsome, steps in, pajamas.

NOAH
Zach, god dammit!

ZACH
Dad, relax, please--

NOAH
Don't you tell me to relax! You don't get to tell me anything! Is this how it's gonna be now? Drunk every night? Coming home at four in the morning?

ZACH
Yeah, if I'm lucky.

NOAH
Don't get cute.

ZACH
Speaking of cute...

Zach throws off his shirt and lays back on his bed, his attitude completely out of line with his dad's outrage.

ZACH
Remember Julie? That girl I
wanted to ask to prom?

Zach's dad is taken back by the interruption of his tirade.

NOAH
I...yea, I do...Why?? Zach that's
not the--

ZACH
I fucked her.
(beat)
Just now.

Noah's face first recoils with shock, then his expression relaxes. He shakes his head as he turns to leave, flicking the light out as he goes.

He pauses.

NOAH
Go to bed...and...
(as he leaves)
Good work, I guess.

Zach laughs as the door shuts.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A clock reading 6:45 AM emits a startling alarm. Zach's hand reaches for the clock and knocks it off the bedside table onto the hardwood floor below.

Zach sits up. He's hungover and looks like shit.

NOAH (O.S.)
(downstairs)
Zach, you're on breakfast! Now!

Zach sighs, waits a beat, and then snatches the trash can by

his bed, vomiting.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Zach struggles to stay awake. Under his desk he watches news coverage of the Prophet on his phone.

TEACHER

...you see it didn't matter that they didn't believe, they had no choice. Many of those who even questioned the believers were executed.

Images portraying the history of religious persecution of non-believers are displayed on an overhead projector.

The bell rings, jarring Zach away from the video playing on his phone. Students begin filing out of the classroom.

Zach lazily gets up and shoulders his bag, making for the door.

TEACHER

Perhaps you'll join us next time.

Zach shoots her an earnest grin, and exits.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The sprawling cafeteria is filled to the brim with hungry students. Some hold trays, in a long line to receive their lunch, others eat and talk amongst themselves.

A group of guys sit at a table on the edge of the cafeteria, near a TV that is playing in the corner. The news footage shows emergency vehicles on the scene of the plane crash.

Zach approaches the table and sits down, his friends are fixed on the news report, but turn to acknowledge his presence.

DYLAN

You look like shit.

ZACH

And your mother? How's she looking?

The guys laugh.

LUIS

You coming to the New Year's party?

ZACH

Unlikely.

DYLAN

What's he gonna do? Double ground you? You know, they say what you're doing at midnight is how you'll spend the rest of the year.

ZACH

I'll probably be sitting on my ass, watching my dad watch golf. It's gonna be a hell of a year.

LUIS

Ugh, that's depressing.

ZACH

I don't know man, he never seems to tire of it.

DYLAN

(to Zach)

Last night -- you and Julie Bunkle seemed to be hitting it off.

Zach gives him a "something is wrong with you" glare. A girl passes by them.

LUIS

Speak of the devil...

(beat)

Yea, she's definitely hot. Too bad she won't show it off, girl dresses like a fucking pilgrim.

The three laugh, and then turn their attention to the TV where footage of people being carried out of the airport on stretchers is being played.

ZACH

Jesus! I can't believe they play this shit in here.

DYLAN

It's good. People need to listen.

LUIS

Listen to what? The guy's bat-shit crazy. Wearing a robe doesn't automatically make you credible.

DYLAN

Your watching the proof! The President's sure not crazy, and she wants to make it federal law to act on the prophecies.

ZACH

Doubt it will change anything.

DYLAN

You say that, but it keeps happening because there's not enough people paying attention to the signs. My parents and I went to a Believer's rally on Monday. You should go, hear it for yourself.

ZACH

I just don't get why it matters. If it is a prophecy, then by definition, there's fuck all we can do about it anyway, right?

DYLAN

People just don't want to accept it. Jesus, of all the people to--

ZACH

Don't even start.

DYLAN

Hey. I'm not trying to be an asshole.

(beat)

But seriously, it's been over a year now. You've got to talk about it eventually.

ZACH

What do you want me to say? My mom got killed because she didn't listen to the holy Prophet?

DYLAN

I'm just saying! You have to believe! At least a little...

ZACH

I don't have to believe anything. You don't either.

Zach locks eyes with Dylan intensely.

There's a moment of quiet uneasiness between them before everyone turns back to the TV.

Loosing interest, Zach gets up and leaves.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Zach waits on the side of the road for the bus, we see the road stretching out in both directions with no sign of the yellow giant anywhere.

Zach checks his watch. He pulls out his phone. CREATE NEW TEXT - RECIPIENT - DAD -- "Bus is late, going to just walk, st--"

Zach's message is cut off as the phone dies, the battery sign blinking for a moment before the screen goes black.

ZACH

Shit!

He slings his backpack up and starts walking.

He walks for a while, past shop fronts and busy roads, crosses intersections.

A homeless guy on a bench murmurs as he passes. Zach tries to ignore him and carries on.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

As Zach gets closer to home, he notices a parade of police cars storming past him in the direction of the school.

He's uncomfortable now, and picks up his pace.

Before long, he's back in his neighborhood.

As he gets closer to his house, he spots his neighbor, JACK KINGSLEY, getting the mail. Jack turns.

JACK

Zachary.

ZACH

(polite)

Mr. Kingsley, how are you?

JACK

I'm well, a bit shaken...like everyone else I suppose.

(beat)

How's your father?

ZACH
He's doing fine, just busy.

JACK
Well tell him if he's lookin' to
take a break, I'm having a barbecue
on Saturday. You should all come.
Bring the little one.

ZACH
(feigning a smile)
Yeah, sounds like fun. I'll let him
know.

Jack smiles at him, satisfied. Zach carries on, as soon as
he's turned his eyes roll.

He turns into his own yard and he hops up the steps into his
house.

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zach steps in through the door, but peers around and doesn't
see anyone in the kitchen.

ZACH
Dad?

Zach walks into the kitchen where he finds BELLE, 4, his
adorable little sister, playing with a toy under the
counter.

ZACH
Where's dad?

BELLE
Zachy!

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Zach steps into his Dad's office where his dad has his head
buried in a pile of papers and a laptop.

NOAH
What took you?

Noah speaks without looking up from his desk.

ZACH
Sorry, my phone died. I had to
walk.

NOAH
You missed dinner, saved you a
plate, it's in the microwave.

ZACH
Thanks.

NOAH
Make it through the day OK?

Noah laughs to himself and shakes his head.

ZACH
Yea, more or less. Oh...by the way,
Jack wants us to come to a barbecue
on Saturday.

NOAH
Not a chance.

ZACH
Why? He's nice...sort of...in a
weird way.

NOAH
Last time we went there he played
show tunes for two hours and made
us eat monkfish casserole.
(beat)
Just get something to eat, then
some sleep. We'll talk about it
tomorrow.

Noah starts to return to his work, but is reminded.

NOAH
Oh...your prescription, I picked it
up, it's in your room.

ZACH
Oh right, thanks.

NOAH
How are they, by the way? The
headaches?

ZACH
(laughing)
Not great today.

NOAH
 (disapproving)
 Getting hammered and staying out
 'till sunrise probably isn't
 helping, genius.

Zach turns, annoyed, and leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zach eats at the kitchen counter while BELLE plays with her toys. The TV plays a news report.

NEWS REPORTER
 The Prophet's latest video,
 released only hours ago, marks the
 shortest time between prophecies
 since the now massively influential
 figure emerged several years ago...

Zach peers up while he's eating.

The news footage cuts to the Prophet's video.

The figure appears as he always does in simple garb, his voice echoing deeply with a subterranean heft, his eyes illuminated brilliantly.

Zach is transfixed by the otherworldly appearance, and his attention is completely captured as the Prophet begins addressing the camera directly.

THE PROPHET
 4 3 5 5 4 1 4 8 1.
 (beat)
 4 3 5 5 4 1 4 8 1!!

Zach's brow arches, not sure of what to make of what he's hearing.

THE PROPHET
 He must perish so the rest can
 live! By new year's hour, it will
 be too late!

Just then the video cuts back to the news desk, the reporter visibly shaken.

At first, she says nothing. She looks off camera toward her producer who is standing on the set, unsure of what to say.

NEWS REPORTER

Uh...we, well...again, we come to
you live with a breaking news
story...

The news cuts to an Emergency Broadcast title card, words
run across the bottom of the screen - "EMERGENCY BROADCAST,
PLEASE STAND BY".

A frightening alarm rings from the television as the
broadcasts plays on loop.

Zach's eyes are wide. Belle makes little kid sounds while
she plays with her toys.

ZACH

Dad!

Zach yells for his dad, no answer.

He turns and rushes toward his dad's office, swinging the
door open.

Noah speaks into the phone, taking notes with his other
hand.

ZACH

Dad!

Noah looks up, agitated. He points to the phone.

NOAH

(hissing, hand on
receiver)

Zach! I'm on the phone!

ZACH

DAD I'M SERIOUS!

Noah looks at Zach, recognizing that his son is serious.

NOAH

Mr. Reese, I need to...I need to
call you back, I'm sorry, It's my
kid.

Noah clicks the phone shut and follows Zach out of the room.

INT. HANNAN HOME - NIGHT

Zach and Noah sit in front of the TV, both fixated on the
report playing out before them.

Belle still plays with toys, oblivious to the severity of the situation.

NEWS REPORTER

Again, we advise you that this story is still breaking, we're trying to bring you the facts as they come in. We have with us Tom Burnley, our chief Prophetic Analyst. What do you make of this Tom?

TOM

(intensely)

If we look back at the pattern in the prophecies, we don't see numbers used often. When we do, it usually indicates a very specific subject of interest. This particular prophecy is obviously...

Tom clears his throat, clearly moved and disturbed by what he's discussing.

TOM

...different.

NEWS REPORTER

We can't argue with that. Again: The Prophet has decreed what appears to be an end-of-the-world scenario will occur should what remains to be an unidentified suspect survive past midnight tomorrow, New Years Eve.

(beat)

We'll be coming back to you with up to the minute news on this breaking story.

Zach looks stunned, Noah also, but with a look of focus on his face.

NOAH

(to himself, whispering)

4 3 5 5...

Noah lists out the numbers as he stands and goes to a desk in the corner of the room and rifles through papers stacked in a drawer.

ZACH
What are you doing?

NOAH
(snaps)
Just hold on!

Zach's phone buzzes in his pocket and he pulls it out.

ZACH
Dude.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Are you seeing this?

ZACH
Yeah.

DYLAN
I told you man.

ZACH
Relax, we don't know anything yet.

DYLAN
We're not waiting to find
out, my dad's packing the car.
We're leaving.

ZACH
To go where?

DYLAN
The lake house. Dad doesn't want to
be in the city.
(beat)
You guys should think about leaving
too.

ZACH
Yeah, OK. I'll call you back.

Zach hangs up the phone and turns to his dad.

ZACH
Dad!

Noah ignores him and thumbs through files frantically, then stops on one.

He holds it up slowly, and as he reads his blood goes cold.

ZACH
 (approaching his dad)
 Dad. Dad what the fuck is going
 on?!

NOAH
 Zach stop...

Zach stands just behind his dad, reading over his shoulder.
 Noah turns, his face pale with fear.

NOAH
 ...The number...
 (beat)
 ...it's your social.

INT. PRESIDENT'S BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

PRESIDENT VICTORIA WISEMEN, 60's, a stern facade and eyes
 that cut to the bone, sits at the head of a briefing table,
 around her are various members of her cabinet, some dressed
 in suits, others in formal military attire.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
 I want to know everything we can,
 as fast as you can get it to me.
 She speaks precisely.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
 Is everything in place?

A military aid on her right side speaks with the calm
 confidence of a man whose career was formed under the
 harshest of circumstances.

MILITARY ADVISER
 Yes Madame President.

ADVISER #1
 We have local authorities in
 position, Army National guard has
 been mobilized.

ADVISER #2
 The Emergency Broadcast system has
 been activated, we can be live in
 every home in the nation with forty
 seconds notice.

The room grows quiet, all eyes turn to President Wisemen at
 the head of the table.

She sits upright, with all the tension and commanded respect one would expect of someone in her station.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
And what is his status?

One of the monitors among the bank of screens flips to another feed, a live security camera showing what looks similar to a prison cell, inside which the Prophet lays on a bed, breathing methodically.

ADVISER #1
He's cooperative.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
Good.

ADVISER #1
We have the EBS in place for emergency feeds if we need to... alter the situation.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
(looking toward the clock)
How long?

One of her aids clicks a remote, one monitor turning to a ticking clock.

AID
Twenty-two hours until the New Year.

INT. WHITE HOUSE EMERGENCY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A Government worker types furiously into the keyboard, sweat forming on his brow as his eyes scan the screen.

He punches in the numbers from the Prophecy.

A database loads, painfully slow -- the man taps his fingers in anxiety on the table and then stops, suddenly.

For a moment he freezes, then punches in a quick command, sprinting to the printer and taking off down the hall with two pages in his hands.

INT. PRESIDENT'S BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

The government worker bursts through the doors, heaving and sweating.

Heads turn and he is almost seized by two security officials before President Wisemen gestures for them to let him pass.

He adjusts his glasses and tie, realizing the room he is in and the people he is among, slightly nervous.

He steps forward, holding the pages out in front of him, and speaks gravely:

GOVERNMENT WORKER

It's a kid.

President Wisemen seizes the documents, the top of which shows a slightly grainy print-out of Zachary Hannan.

She turns slowly to the room, and speaks with powerful authority.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

I want briefings on the quarter hour! Any information I want it immediately.

The cabinet members begin to shuffle and talk amongst themselves.

President Wisemen stands and gestures for their attention.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

I do not have to remind you how critically important the next twenty four hours are. We are orchestrating the very fate of our nation -- of our people.

(beat)

Of our world. Everything we've built relies on it.

There is a hushed reverence in the room.

The President turns and leaves.

INT. HANNAN HOME - NIGHT

Zach is sitting on the couch, the TV report from earlier playing on a loop, Belle's sleeping in his lap. Noah's making phone calls.

NOAH

(into phone)

Richard, It's me. Again. Call me, I need your help. This isn't a joke, turn on the news and call me.

He hangs up, frustrated.

ZACH

That car...

Zach nods out the window, a white sedan circling the block.

ZACH

It's been by three times now.
The TV cuts to a breaking news
report.

NEWS REPORTER

We come to you live with an update
on the search for answers after
tonight's grave Prophecy. Crowds
have gathered at government
buildings and police stations
across the state of California and
in Washington as angry citizens
demand officials seize the person
of interest in the prophecy.

(beat)

The White House issued an emergency
statement urging for calm, assuring
the public that they are exploring
the whereabouts of a one "Zachary
Edward Hannan", but nothing further
as they claim they are dealing with
a matter of national security.

ZACH

What the fuck!?

Zach stands and looks at the TV. Noah looks horrified, but
less surprised than Zach.

ZACH

Jesus, dad. What are we gonna do?

NOAH

I don't know! I can't get a hold of
Richard.

ZACH

We need to leave.

NOAH

Where are we going to go? Zach we
need to--

Suddenly, there is a noise in the back of the house!

Noah and Zach exchange a glance, and Noah puts a finger to his lips, motioning for silence.

Zach clicks the TV off with the remote, and picks Belle up off the couch.

They slowly edge out of the TV room. Zach looks at his dad, barely making out his face in the darkness.

NOAH
(whisper)
Garage...

Just as the word leaves Noah's lips, a window near the back of the house shatters.

CRASH!

Mr. Kingsley, their neighbor, in a wife beater and pajamas, wielding a baseball bat is standing on their back patio.

NOAH
Hey!

Mr. Kingsley catches sight of Zach, Noah and Belle and walks calmly through the shattered french doors.

NOAH
Don't come any closer...

JACK
I'm sorry...I'm sorry but...

Jack blinks hard, his hands unsteady.

NOAH
Jack, put down the bat!

JACK
I can't...he...he has to go. It's
not up to me!

Jack tightens his grip and makes his way across the room. They all dart into the garage, Noah slamming the door shut behind them.

Noah tosses Zach the keys.

NOAH
Start the car!

Zach tosses Belle into the back seat and clambers for the

ignition as Noah looks around the garage shelving. Beside him is a rack of sports equipment and some building supplies.

Noah picks up a socket wrench and clenches it tightly.

Just as the garage door swings open and Jack with the bat comes charging through, Noah brings the wrench around in a wide arc.

SLAM!

The wrench collapses the neighbor's nose, a harsh crackle of metal on bone, sending the intruder onto his back unconscious.

NOAH

Zach, out front!

Zach darts his head up and looks out the garage door's window paneling.

Two more neighbors are starting to circle around the house, one in a robe and large winter boots stands right in the driveway wielding a shotgun.

ZACH

There's more! Jesus dad he's got a gun!

Noah dives for the car and climbs into the passenger seat. He reaches over and presses the garage door opener.

As the large bay doors slowly open to reveal the growing crowd outside the house.

ZACH

Dad! What do we do??

NOAH

Get down! Go, drive!!

Noah pulls Zach down below the dash board and Zach pins the accelerator.

The van flies out of the garage, fish tailing wildly into the drive, smashing into one neighbor sending him flying into the lawn.

As the van stops, Zach quickly throws it in reverse to clear the fence and get away from the house.

Just then an angry neighbor slams his fist on the hood of

the van.

ANGRY NEIGHBOR

STOP!

NOAH

Just go!

As they take off, one of the neighbors comes chasing after, wielding a shotgun.

He stops and takes his shot, hitting the back right tail-light. They all scream.

NOAH

Get your heads down!

Just as the van swerves around the corner, two police cruisers fly by, no doubt heading toward the Hannan house.

INT. VAN - CONTINUED

Zach stares ahead, his hands gripping the wheel intensely. Belle is crying loud and frantically.

Noah and Zach both look bewildered, unable to fully comprehend what is going on.

Noah punches a few keys on his cell.

NOAH

Richard! Answer your fucking phone!

(beat)

Richard! Can you hear me??

(beat)

We're driving, they came to the house, they tried to...

(beat)

Yes, we're OK we got out. I need your help brother.

(beat)

OK. OK! Stay near your phone!

Noah claps his phone shut.

A cadre of police cars blow in the opposite direction a couple blocks ahead of them, Zach turns left to avoid them.

ZACH

What did he say?

NOAH
He's in the mountains, at his old
house. If we can make it there
we'll be fine. But...

ZACH
But what!?

NOAH
We're gonna have to stop.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Hannan's van slows to a crawl in front of a gas station.

ZACH (O.S.)
I don't know if we should do this.

NOAH
Well we don't have a choice.

Zach and Noah step from the car.

Noah leans in and picks up Belle out of the back seat. Noah
hands Belle to Zach and goes into the shop.

INT. GAS STATION, NIGHT

Noah quickly raids the station, grabbing drinks, chips, and
anything he can get his hands on.

The attendant is watching the news.

Noah dumps the items on the counter.

NOAH
(hasty)
Just this.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Mhmmm...

The clerk begins scanning the items, taking his time. Noah
looks behind him at the news footage playing on the TV. It
shows police storming through the Hannan's neighborhood from
a chopper's POV.

Noah looks back at the attendant as he slowly scans each
item.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Sir, would you like to donate
dollar to the--

NOAH

No! Please, I'm in a hurry.

The attendant looks at him suspiciously.

They hold each other's gaze and just as the attendant turns to look at the news footage, Noah slams down a fifty dollar bill and scoops up all he can carry.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

...Thank you sir.

Noah is out the door before the attendant finishes speaking.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

ZACH

Can't we just keep going?

NOAH

No.

Zach, holding Belle, watches as his dad stuffs the food into a duffel bag stored in the back of the van.

Just before leaving, Noah pulls out his cell phone and tosses it into the car.

NOAH

Zach, your phone.

Noah holds his hand out, asking for it.

ZACH

Why?

NOAH

Give it to me!

Zach hands it to him. Noah tosses it in with his own, and slams the door of their van shut.

Noah shoulders the bag and walks over to a white, 90's model Ford Truck pumping gas on the other side of the lot.

ZACH

Dad...

NOAH

Zach! Enough. Just stay behind me.

The man pumping gas into the truck turns and sees Zach and

Belle staring at him, as Noah approaches.

He tilts his head, confused.

GAS PUMPER
Can I...help you?

Noah steps right in front of him, taking a deep breath.

NOAH
I'm...sorry.

INT. PRESIDENT'S BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

President Wisemen is incensed. She's standing in front of a bank of revolving monitors opposite the meeting table, arms crossed.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
It was my understanding that we wouldn't encounter resistance.

MILITARY ADVISER
Ma'am, I've been told there were unusual circumstances, I assure you--

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
I assure you, sir, that if this is the measure of your quality you will be fortunate to be employed by this time tomorrow. I demand better. Do you have a location?

The military adviser stiffens his posture, a lifetime of service channeled in his immediate response to chastisement.

MILITARY ADVISER
We will shortly, Ma'am.
The President turns to address the entire cabinet, all working furiously now around the board's table.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
This is not an exercise! I am going to meet with the joint chiefs. I will be speaking for exactly eleven minutes and when I return here I expect a plan. We're dealing with one boy and his hapless father! The nation -- THE WORLD is watching!

The Military adviser advances toward the monitors, and his eyes level with intensity as the timer in the room continues to run. Under twenty hours.

INT. WHITE FORD TRUCK - NIGHT

Noah clenches and releases his fist, wincing. His knuckles are bruised and one is bleeding.

ZACH
Bit drastic.

NOAH
Hmph.

Noah looks in the rear-view mirror at Belle, sleeping soundly.

NOAH
You'd think we were on a road trip.

ZACH
She's scared.

NOAH
Less than than the two of us, just like her mother.

The comment peaks Zach's interest.

ZACH
Dad, do you think this has something to do with...

NOAH
No. No, it can't.

Noah sighs.

NOAH
I don't know what's going on. We just need to get to Richard. We need to get off the road.

ZACH
How can it not have something to do with mom?

NOAH
Zach, accidents happen.

ZACH

He knew it would, that's the difference.

NOAH

All of this is going to get figured out.

Zach's eyes well with tears as he looks out the window. Noah glances over and sees Zach's desperation.

NOAH

We're going to be fine Zach. I won't let anything happen.

(beat)

Hey.

Zach glances over.

NOAH

Tell me about Katie.

Zach smirks.

ZACH

You mean Julie?

(beat)

It's hardly "G" rated. Don't want to give you a heart attack.

Noah chuckles, half there.

NOAH

Heart attack, huh? You think the stork just dropped you off?

ZACH

Ugh, shut up.

The mood lightens as the car veers onto the exit ramp, beyond them is the shadow of the San Bernadino mountains looming in the darkness.

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

Throngs of protesters crush toward the doors of the City Hall where a crowd of riot police hold them back with shields and batons.

The protestors scream.

PROTESTOR

WHERE IS HE!?!

PROTESTOR #2
KILL HIM!!!

The crowd is becoming feral, and two of the riot police exchange nervous glances.

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

The Mayor of Los Angeles, his suit frayed at the collar, looks exhausted.

He paces around his office, speaking curtly into the phone.

MAYOR
Yes, Mr. Secretary. We have the troopers mobilized.
(beat)
That's right, abandoned...at a gas station sir.
(beat)
Sir, every resource I have is on the move! We're struggling to keep them away from the front door!

SLAM!

A bottle smashes into the window, cracking it, sending glass showering down toward the crowd below.

MAYOR
Sir, we're losing control.
(beat)
I can assure you we have every resource invested in this. We need this sorted as urgently as you do.

A security guard comes into the room where the Mayor is on the phone.

SECURITY GUARD
We have to evacuate you, sir.

The Mayor looks reluctant, but then steps away from the window, slipping on his jacket as he leaves the room.

INT. HANNAN HOME - NIGHT

Police officers surround the house, flood lights soaking the entire property in harsh white light.

Two investigators survey the partially destroyed garage door.

Just inside, one of the angry neighbors is laid out on a stretcher, a brace secured over his neck and jaw.

INVESTIGATOR
(into phone)
They're long gone.

The investigator picks up a framed photograph of the Hannan family and his expression softens sympathetically.

INVESTIGATOR
(to partner)
Jesus, so young.

PARTNER
Looks can be deceiving, right? No
telling what he's capable of.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A man is being loaded into the back of an ambulance.

A heavily accented gas station attendant is being interrogated.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
He was in a big hurry. He rushed
out, and I come out few minutes
later and this man, unconscious,
bleeding!

INT. WHITE FORD TRUCK - NIGHT

Noah trudges along. Belle is asleep now. If not for the pounding in his head, Zach wouldn't be far behind.

Zach cycles through radio stations. Most are static, but some stations are playing a warning message on loop.

Disheartened, he eases back in his seat.

ZACH
(to Noah)
Hey.

NOAH
(rough)
Yeah?

ZACH
You still don't believe in this
shit, do you?

Noah takes pause at the question.

NOAH

Did you know I went to Catholic school.

ZACH

Guess not.

NOAH

I did. All the way to junior high.

(beat)

When I was a kid, every morning they'd wake us up before sunrise.

(beat)

We'd shower, eat, and before there was any light outside we'd be praying. I don't know if I ever believed, but I never missed a prayer, never missed a word. Not because I was reverent, I was just afraid.

ZACH

Afraid of what?

NOAH

Afraid of what it would mean if I didn't believe. Being alone out here you know.

(beat)

And then, one day you realize, hopefully, that you can live without it. It's scary. It's uncomfortable, but it's real. You can feel it.

ZACH

So...

NOAH

No. Not anymore.

(beat)

But it's not so bad all the time.

ZACH

Twenty hours.

NOAH

What?

ZACH
Twenty hours til' New Years.

NOAH
Zach.

Noah turns to Zach.

NOAH
I don't believe.

Zach is encouraged by what he hears. He relaxes into the window, staring out into the night and then he shoots back up.

ZACH
Dad!!

Noah whips his head back and sees what Zach sees.

Flashing lights behind them slowly appear, gaining speed. Seeing this, Noah floors it!

Zach bolts upright, pinned to the back of his seat.

Belle stirs awake in the back seat.

BELLE
Daddy!

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

The cop in pursuit yells into his radio.

COP
DISPATCH! Stolen vehicle, suspected
evasion heading north on the 134!!

DISPATCH
Cleared to apprehend!

COP
Copy, over.

INT. WHITE FORD TRUCK - NIGHT

Noah accelerates to the outside lane, weaving through a patch of traffic.

Through the rear-view mirror, Zach sees the police car gaining on them. The car in front of their truck begins to break!

ZACH

Dad!!

At Zach's warning Noah swerves onto the hard shoulder, clipping the back of a massive 18 wheeler.

ZACH

He's right on us!!

Noah slams on the brakes and swerves so that he is parallel to the police car.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

The police officer, eyes locked with Noah, screams into his radio.

COP

I've got eyes!

DISPATCH

DO you have a shot!?

The cop recoils, he blinks hard at what he's heard.

He jostles the steering wheel to stay level with Noah and Zach.

COP

A...shot?

DISPATCH

(shouting)

DO YOU HAVE A SHOT!?

COP

Y...yes!

DISPATCH

Take the SHOT!!

The cop drops the radio and fumbles for his weapon.

He levels it out the window and sees Zach sitting just beside his dad, and in the back seat through the rear-cab window, the face of Belle is just visible through the tinting.

The cop swallows hard, uncertain. Then he decides, and extends his arm.

Just as they lock up, Noah slams the cruiser toward the center median. Sparks FLY out as the metal grinds against the cement barrier.

Two wild shots ring out but they thump into the roof of the truck, missing them entirely. The policeman's determined.

He slams back and drives the truck in the opposite direction. He's making progress and slowly forcing the truck toward the side of the road.

ZACH

We're too close to the edge!!

Belle screams. Noah grips the wheel hard and slams into the police car one last time, just moments before the oncoming car passes.

SMASH!

The police car catches the lip of the median, it's front left tire extending just high enough over the edge to send it barreling over the median into the oncoming lane.

It SMASHES into the windshield of the oncoming car -- destroying both.

ZACH

Holy shit!

Noah flips the radio on again.

RADIO REPORTER

...nfirmated the suspect has eluded police. He is traveling in a white Ford truck, and considered extremely dangerous. Last known contact was just outside the San Bernadino exit, assumed to be seeking refuge in the higher elevations...

NOAH

God dammit, we've got to get out of this thing.

Belle is crying now, heavy sobs. She kicks the back of her Dad's chair.

BELLE

(crying)

I want to go home!!!

Zach turns to her, feigning a smile as best he can.

ZACH
 Belle. Look at me. We can't go
 home. Not right now.

BELLE
 Why??

ZACH
 Because it's not safe there. We're
 going to go somewhere safe.

BELLE
 But I'm scared!

ZACH
 Belle, listen to me. Here.

Zach holds her little hand in his own.

ZACH
 You just keep holding my hand, OK?
 No matter what happens, or how loud
 it gets, just hold on and you'll be
 fine. OK?

Belle nods.

ZACH
 Just don't let go.

Zach turns and looks forward. Noah looks over to him,
 intense pride in his son beaming out of him.

He refocuses on the road, and heads up the steep incline
 toward the mountains.

INT. PRESIDENT'S BRIEFING ROOM- NIGHT

President Victoria Wisemen paces across the room. The news
 plays on the bank of monitors. Her advisers sit around the
 room with their eyes glued to the screens.

With a disgruntled sigh President Wisemen turns to her
 Military adviser.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
 Where does this leave us?

MILITARY ADVISER
 The FBI was tracking their cellular
 devices, but they ditched them.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

Is there any indication of where they're headed?

MILITARY ADVISER

The officer in pursuit said San Bernadinos.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

Do we have eyes?

MILITARY ADVISER

No ma'am. Not at this time. A severe winter storm has grounded all air traffic in the area, we can't get anyone up there.

The President walks to another area of the room where a live map of the US is embedded into a flat panel surface projection.

Cities across the country are illuminated in various colors.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

(calmly)

We need this situation under control.

(beat)

I was assured we would not have encountered this level of resistance.

MILITARY ADVISER

Madame President, the boy's father has proven to be quite resourceful.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

Indeed. You however, haven't.

(beat)

I want him in custody, here, promptly. If you can't deliver him, I'll replace you with someone who can.

MILITARY ADVISER

Ma'am.

He nods sharply and exits.

The President turns to a television where a news report is playing, it cuts footage between cities as violent riots break out across the nation, and in other areas where

hundreds have begun flocking to churches and places of worship to pray.

Above them is the timer, 16 hours. An aid comes rushing toward the President.

AID
 Madame President...
 (whispering now)
 We have the Kremlin on the line.
 President Chagev.

The President excuses herself from the briefing room and enters a smaller communications center.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

President Wisemen delicately picks up the phone.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
 Mr. Chagev.

PRESIDENT CHAGEV
 Madame President. What's the status of your situation?

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
 It's being managed.

PRESIDENT CHAGEV
 Is that so?

A bit of suspicion in the Russian President's tone.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
 Mr. Chagev, you would do well to remind yourself that this is a domestic situation, one that does not invite your or anyone else's suggestions on management.

PRESIDENT CHAGEV
 And you, Madame, would do well to remind yourself that The Prophet and his visions effect all of us in equal measure. We expect this to be handled swiftly.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
 Is that so? It sounds to me that you're asking for our protection.

PRESIDENT CHAGEV

The world needs protection, whether
you are the one to deliver it or
not.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

That may be -- but these things
come at a price.

INT. WHITE FORD TRUCK - NIGHT

It's now well into night, Zach, Noah, and Belle all sit in their respective places in the car looking completely worn out and overwhelmed.

They head off the freeway.

A sign posted "San Bernadino Mountain" comes into view. Way ahead is a two lane road leading into the mountains.

Before long they're on the two lane mountain road, it's winding along the foothills with the steeper part of the track still ahead of them.

As the storm brews overhead, snow begins to fall.

A small shop is illuminated on the side of the narrow road.

ZACH

I gotta piss.

NOAH

We can't --

ZACH

Seriously. Like, now.

NOAH

Just do it out the window!

ZACH

Five seconds, I swear to god. Don't
even stop the car.

Noah sighs, frustrated and pulls the car to a stop in front of the little shop. It's empty.

Zach jumps out and using the door to shield him, starts to pee.

NOAH

Hurry!

Just then the bell of the station's door rings, and an OLDER

MAN steps out, mid-fifties, rough gray goatee, heavy canvas jacket.

Zach peers up at him and sees that he's walking toward his car, which is parked near their own.

NOAH

Come on.

Just as Zach is zipping up, the man crosses paths with him.

The man pays no attention at first, but for a split second, their eyes meet, and the man slows his pace.

Zach nods, jumping back into the truck.

ZACH

Let's go.

NOAH

I told you, we shouldn't have stopped.

ZACH

(looking back through the window)

It's fine. Just go.

They drive but before long headlights appear behind them.

ZACH

Shit.

(beat)

Is that him?

NOAH

I don't know.

(beat)

I have no intentions of finding out.

Noah pins the accelerator and starts to fly up into the mountain tracks.

INT. PURSUER'S CAR - NIGHT

From the dash, we see the white truck is well ahead of him, but the pursuer picks up speed.

RADIO REPORTER

...Reports confirm that Zachary Hannan is eighteen years old, brown hair, believed to be traveling in a stolen vehicle...A white 1999 Ford F-150...

INT. WHITE FORD TRUCK - NIGHT

The advance of the pursuing vehicle begins to visibly worry Noah.

ZACH

It's him.

The driver swerves hard and pulls in beside the truck, the narrow mountain road hardly has room for one of the cars and with the two of them running parallel, the truck begins to skid dangerously close to the precipice of the road.

The driver of the car beside them locks eyes with Noah and Zach, and it is indeed the man from the gas station who Zach saw while peeing.

He levels an old revolver out the passenger window.

NOAH

GET DOWN!!

The pursuer fires.

BANG!

The shot shatters the driver's side window and the car is filled with a hail of falling glass. Belle screams.

Noah turns hard into their pursuer and slams the truck into his car.

For a moment it seems that the driver is about to slow down but he roars back, and then takes a second shot landing squarely on the rear tire of the truck.

Noah begins to lose control of the vehicle, he fishtails on the narrow mountain road.

As the two cars struggle for room to maneuver on the narrow passageway, they both spot a turn up ahead.

Noah realizes he cannot control the truck, spinning out of control now, he makes a last ditch effort and slams his truck one last time into their pursuer.

The two cars veer violently sideways, the truck flipping over onto its passenger side and the driver's car slamming into them almost forcing the truck over the ledge.

There is a moment of silence as the wreckage settles, the crackling of debris falling around them.

The silence is broken by Noah who bursts through the driver's side door, now completely vertical.

He scales the length of the truck and emerges to see that his vehicle is pinned to the precipice by their pursuer.

NOAH

Zach!

ZACH

Dad, I think I'm OK.

Zach fishes down into the wrecked truck, reaching for Belle's hand. She's pinned under the bent metal of the car.

ZACH

Dad, Belle's stuck!

He tries again to pull her free, provoking a delirious cry of pain from her. She's barely conscious.

ZACH

Dad, help! I can't get her out!

Noah looks down at Zach and then up again at the Driver, and what he sees writes terror across his face.

Their pursuer slowly backs his car up, it's engine chugging and barely functional, but still just enough.

Noah's face turns in horror as he realizes just what the man intends to do.

The driver pulls back down the road in reverse, and begins revving the engine. Below, Noah can see his daughter and Zach still tangled in the wreckage.

NOAH

Zach! GET HER OUT NOW!

ZACH

I can't! She's stuck!!

Zach pulls hard on Belle's leg, but she doesn't budge.

Just then, Noah's arm reaches down and with unexpected strength wrenches Zach from the window of the car, flailing

toward the road landing hard on the cement.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

ZACH
BELLE!!!

The Driver's car slams into the truck with such force it drives the wreckage over the precipice of the road, and begins tumbling down the steep cliff below.

The driver's car doesn't slow down enough, and he goes sailing off the ledge with it to his demise.

ZACH sits up, propping himself on his arms, his face in stunned horror.

ZACH
BELLE! NO!!!

Tears begin pouring down his face and his dad embraces him from behind, pulling him away from the cliff.

NOAH
ZACH! Zach stop. There was
nothing we could do!

Noah tries to console Zach, but his own eyes begin welling with tears.

Just then, the sound of another vehicle approaches and Noah and Zach are torn from their gaze to see headlights approaching from the road above.

NOAH
Hide!

For a moment Zach sits frozen, eyes wide in stunned paralysis.

His dad yanks him back to life and the two dart off to the side of the road and crouch low.

As the car approaches, it slows, and eventually stops just before them.

NOAH
(whispered)
Stay quiet.

The door of the car opens, and footsteps are heard crunching through the broken glass. Then they stop.

NOAH and ZACH are dead silent, low on the side of the road.

RICHARD

Quit hiding. I can smell your fancy cologne.

(beat)

Good idea though, ditching the car. Guess you're not as stupid as you look.

Noah immediately relaxes, a familiar voice. Noah and Zach stand and reveal themselves to Richard.

RICHARD, Noah's brother-in-law, is short, middle fifties and stout. His hair line is receding, but his frame is still muscular, evidence of a life of hard work. He has a jolly quality about him.

Richard's expression immediately changes from one of excited anticipation to fear as he sees the sadness in Noah and Zach's eyes.

RICHARD

Noah...where's...

Richard looks to the side of Zach and Noah, and sees something is amiss.

RICHARD

Wh--where is she?

Noah and Zach don't say anything, but their eyes wander the wreckage and eventually over the cliff. Their silence tells him everything.

RICHARD

No...

NOAH

Richard, get us off this road.

Richard nods, hearing Noah but unable to take his eyes away from the cliff.

RICHARD

She...

Zach and Noah look at him with desperation. They are dust covered, bruised and cut from the crash.

RICHARD

Yes, yes let's get a move on. Come on now.

ZACH
 (stunned)
 Where are are you taking us?

The three get into Richard's car, a rough jeep with chains on the tires, and turn back toward the mountains.

As they slowly get in, they say nothing.

The radio crackles with news reports, the same one on all stations.

Through the rear window we can see that the road behind them is starting to be obscured by snow.

INT. RICHARD'S JEEP - NIGHT

The car is silent, they rumble up the mountain road and there is a palpable sense of tragedy floating between them all.

ZACH
 Dad?

NOAH
 Hm?

NOAH stares out the window, barely here.

ZACH
 I don't feel like I'm awake.

Richard turns back to them, and then tightens his grip on the wheel.

They drive for a minute before Zach retches forward.

ZACH
 (through his hands)
 Stop! Stop the car!

NOAH
 Zach, we can't--

ZACH
 LET ME OUT!

Richard slows the car and Zach's door flies open.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Zach doubles over outside on the street and vomits, then collapses back sitting on the wet pavement.

He buries his head in his hands and cries.

Noah reaches out for him, and tries to pull him back into the car.

Zach whips his arm away.

ZACH

No!

NOAH

Come on, Zach. Come! Now!

ZACH

NO! My sister...my fucking sister...

NOAH

(crying now too)

There was nothing...

(breath)

There was nothing we could do!

ZACH

It's my fault! It's my fucking fault...

Zach is sobbing now, he collapses against the car. Richard looks around, peering down the road.

RICHARD

Noah, I'm...I'm sorry, but we have to go.

ZACH

No!

NOAH

Zach...

ZACH

I need to end this.

NOAH

Zach, we have to go! We can't do this here.

Zach pulls a handgun, recovered from the wreckage, from within his jacket pocket.

Noah steps forward, cautious. To his surprise, Zach holds out the gun, asking Noah to take it.

ZACH
 (cold, tears streaming)
 Can you do it? Please?

Noah, horrified, stares back at his son.

Beat.

Noah reaches out, taking the gun out of Zach's hand.

Zach drops to his knees.

Pause, Zach on the ground, Noah staring down at the gun.

Disturbed, Noah shoves the gun into his waist-line. He grabs Zach by the coat, lifting him off the ground.

NOAH
 (pulling him close)
 If you care about family at all,
 will do this. Hear me?! So it won't
 be for nothing!

Beat.

Zach nods.

Noah shoves him back into the car.

INT. RICHARD'S JEEP - NIGHT

RICHARD
 We're close.

In the back seat, Noah's hand extends to Zach's and he places it gently on top of his son's, reassuring.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

We see Zach's face through the fogged glass, and then pan back wide until the car is a small glowing gem ascending a wildly steep mountain road, snow blowing around its peak.

INT. RICHARD'S "COMPOUND" - NIGHT

Filling the frame is a scene from an old Tom & Jerry-esque early 50's black and white cartoon.

A caricature of a cat wildly chases a mouse to the exaggerated, jolly cartoon soundtrack music. The cat gains on the mouse and swings to smash it with a ridiculously shaped hammer, and misses.

We see CALEB, Richard's younger brother, early 30's, hair in

a ponytail, five o'clock shadow, wearing flannel and heavy work boots, sitting in front of an old TV, not paying attention as he cleans the chambers of a Ruger Super-Redhawk Alaskan .54 caliber revolver.

CALEB
Pretty, idn't it?

Caleb models the revolver for Zach. Zach sits, rubbing his temples.

Another headache. His eyes burned out, his body relaxed into the sofa.

CALEB
Meant for killin' bears. Can you fuckin' imagine?

Caleb speaks with a heavy southern drawl. He levels the pistol as though aiming it at an oncoming bear.

CALEB
Boom!

Zach watches the spectacle, totally out of it.

Caleb notices Zach's distress.

CALEB
Real sorry about your sister.

His condolences are genuine.

CALEB
We gon' figure this all out. Don't you worry.

Zach doesn't meet Caleb's eyes, he just stares off into the middle distance.

He looks down at his hands, dirty. His lip trembles and his eyes threaten to burst into tears.

He swallows hard and leans his head back, trying to stop thinking.

The moment of tenderness passes, and Caleb continues to pretend he's shooting bears as the cartoon plays on in the background.

EXT. RICHARD'S "COMPOUND" - NIGHT

Noah kneels down near the edge of Richard's property.

He pulls from his jacket pocket a few coins, and a scrunchy hair tie belonging to Belle.

He squeezes it, bringing his fist to his face. He smells it, longs for his daughter.

His cries become heavy, he weeps into the fabric of the small memento, and lets out slow measured breaths trying to slow the pace of his cries.

He looks inside and sees Zach on the couch. His resolve stiffens, he puts the hair tie into his pocket securely.

RICHARD (O.S.)

She was a beautiful little girl.
It's not your fault. You think on
that.

NOAH

I should have protected her.

Noah stands, revealing Richard behind him.

RICHARD

(nodding)

You did, nothing more you could
have done. Your boy's still inside.
That's what you got left and we
gon' protect him. I promise.

Noah and Richard walk the grounds of Richard's property.

The compound is nestled on the edge of a high plateau, providing a good vantage point from which they can see all the roads leading into the mountains.

It's a network of trailers and a quonset hut sitting among densely forested terrain.

NOAH

What is this place?

RICHARD

Me and Caleb put it together.
Figured it'd last longer if shit
went to shit. Think we figured
right.

Noah nods in agreement. No doubt, the compound was built with security in mind.

Richard leads Noah into the quonset hut.

INT. QUONSET HUT - NIGHT

Richard flips a switch, activating an array of industrial fluorescent lamps that hang overhead like artificial suns.

They flicker to life, revealing a network of tables over which maps and grids are spread out.

On the far wall is a rack of weaponry, rifles and pistols. A couple of ATV's with rhino bars and flood lights are parked in the corner.

NOAH

(low whistle)

Jesus.

RICHARD

Take a look at this.

Richard leads Noah to a map, showing the entire United States topographically, with cities marked with large red thumb tacs.

Richard plants his index finger somewhere among the Western desert flats of Nevada.

RICHARD

FWLP's headquarters.

Noah's expression turns grave.

NOAH

Free Will Liberation Party? Jesus
Richard, are you really involved in
that?

RICHARD

Of course! They're the only group
organized enough, with enough balls
to stand up to this ignorant shit!

NOAH

Richard, they passed that law few
months back. They're coming after
all of them.

Richard looks at Noah, puzzled.

RICHARD

Noah. They're coming after
us...right now.

Noah nods in concession. True enough.

NOAH
What can they do?

RICHARD
Protect you at the very least. Buy
us enough time.

NOAH
Rich, that's hundreds of miles
away.

RICHARD
It won't be easy, but it's the only
choice. He's gotta live til'
midnight. He's got to.

NOAH
I don't know --

RICHARD
There's no time to waste. By
sunrise this whole mountains' gonna
be flashing red and blue.
(beat)
We'd best be gone by then. This is
our shot.

Noah looks at the map, his eyes tracking the distance
between them and the FWLP Headquarters.

NOAH
So, what's the plan?

INT. RICHARD'S "COMPOUND" - NIGHT

Zach stands alone in the bathroom, leaning over the sink
basin. He looks himself in his glassy eyes. They're sunken
and worn.

He turns on the water and looks down, spotting a trace of
blood on his palm.

He begins washing it off, scratching at the skin furiously.

His breathing accelerates and he turns the tap off hard,
closing his eyes and choking back the tears.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

In a small room off the kitchen in Richard's house, Noah
spots Caleb, kneeling on the floor.

On the far side of the room is an altar. A few artifacts of

importance to Caleb are scattered across the small reverent space, and he kneels with his eyes closed in front of a picture.

An old family photo of Caleb and his sister Angie both holding Belle, just a baby then, on a day at the beach.

Noah leans in the doorway and watches Caleb as he lights a candle and bows his head, whispering prayers.

NOAH

I remember that day.

Caleb is startled.

CALEB

Scared me.

Noah just stares.

CALEB

We won't let you lose Zach.

Noah doesn't say anything. He turns and goes.

INT. RICHARD'S "COMPOUND" - NIGHT

Out of a large window on one side of the trailer closest to the edge of the plateau Zach, Noah, Richard and Caleb all watch as the foothills far below them are periodically illuminated by passing spotlights that strafe across the hills.

CALEB

They're coming. We better go.

Richard turns to Zach.

RICHARD

Can you drive?

Zach doesn't answer, he just watches the light from the helicopters spilling over the hills in wide swathes.

NOAH

He can drive.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - PRE-DAWN

The wreckage of the White Truck and the man from the gas station's car lays in a smoking heap of twisted, charred metal far below the road.

A slew of police peer over the edge and search the

surrounding areas for any sign of the Hannans.

An investigator phones in.

INVESTIGATOR

They're not here.

(beat)

Jesus, really?

(beat)

Yeah. We're on it.

The investigator clicks his phone shut, and turns to his partner.

INVESTIGATOR

City Hall's overrun. There's riots breaking out by the minute.

As he talks, two armored National Guard military vehicles rumble past them, carrying loads of soldiers.

INVESTIGATOR

They got sent in from the top. They're pulling us off, Military is taking over from here.

PARTNER

They better find this fucking kid.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - PRE-DAWN

It's just before dawn, the horizon shows suggestions of blue against an otherwise harsh, dark night.

Caleb's truck, the bed piled high with lumber slows in front of a small unit of national guard troops.

The truck comes to a stop and two armed soldiers stand before it.

Another, wearing a heavy camouflage winter jacket approaches the driver's window.

Richard drives, Caleb sits in the passenger seat.

SOLDIER

Where are you coming from?

RICHARD

(feigning surprise)

My house! What the hell is all this?!

SOLDIER
We're looking for the boy, he's
been spotted in the area.

RICHARD
(beat)
...The boy?

The soldier looks at him skeptically.

SOLDIER
...Zach Hannan. The prophecy...?

Richard's brow arches, he shakes his head.

SOLDIER
You livin' under a rock?

RICHARD
I work, haven't heard a lick of it.

The soldier looks very suspicious now.

SOLDIER
We're gonna need to search your
vehicle.

RICHARD
G'head. Warn you though, I'm not
one for cleaning.

Richard smiles, and steps out of the driver side door. Caleb does the same, the soldier peers into the cab of the truck and flashes his light around.

He stands upright and looks Richard dead in the eye.

SOLDIER
Where are you headed this early?

RICHARD
I own a supply store, making a run
with the wood before we open. It's
cold, people gon' need their wood.

The soldier nods dismissively and walks to the back of the truck. He peers around the edges of the wood pile, and moves some aside.

Caleb and Richard exchange a glance.

The soldier moves more wood to one side of the truck bed,

slowly exposing what lies beneath. Another piece. Another piece.

The soldier suddenly lays his hand on his pistol holster.

SOLDIER

Marko! Westman!

The two other soldiers at the checkpoint level their rifles and approach the back of the truck.

They peer in and see below the wood an FWLP Flag -- a white star over a black and red base.

Just in that moment with the guards distracted, Richard's red truck, driven by Noah FLIES past them through the checkpoint, smashing through the narrow barricade, almost making it entirely through.

The soldiers raise their heads in shock! They aim their weapons at Richard and Caleb, but it's too late.

Richard fires two quick shots from the hip, a small black pistol barking fire -- sending two of the soldiers to the ground, Caleb squeezes out a massive shot from the Redhawk revolver, utterly destroying the head of the third man.

Caleb looks to Richard with a look of awe.

CALEB

WOOOO!!!

RICHARD

LET'S GO!

The two run down toward the white Ford where Noah and Zach sit, stunned.

NOAH

GET IN!!

Richard and Caleb dive into the back bench, Zach slams the door shut and they peel out down the road.

Zach looks back at the scene behind them, the barricade laying in waste and the three dead soldiers beside the truck.

Caleb's mood is inappropriately light.

CALEB

God damn! Y'could put this thing on
the deck of a fucking air-craft
carrier!

Caleb marvels at the pistol in his hand, the other three
don't indulge him.

NOAH

Straight to the freeway?

RICHARD

Yep. We've got to cover ground.
They'll be all over this mountain
for a while, it will buy us some
time. At least until they find
those poor sons'bitches.

(beat)

Best be well down the road by then.

ZACH

And when wet get there? The FWLP's
just going to let us waltz in
unannounced?

Richard doesn't look up, he's checking a map.

RICHARD

I got it covered.

Noah considers him in the rear-view window, and accelerates.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE - DAWN

President Wisemen sits at her desk, two aids across from
her. She speaks into the executive phone.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN

I assure you, your investment will
ensure all of our security -- as
always.

She politely ends the call and looks up at her two aids, an
expression of immense satisfaction.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
Britain, Russia, and Japan have all
committed their...financial
support. Now...we have to return
their good will.

(beat)

Where do we stand?

One of the aids nervously adjusts his glasses. He turns a
computer monitor to display a ticking clock, 13 hours.

AID
Madame President, we've yet to make
contact. The area in which Zach and
his father are believed to have
sought refuge has been surrounded,
it's only a matter of time.

AID #2
We've also issued an emergency
order, anyone harboring the
fugitives will be held accountable.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
And the riots?

AID #2
Under control along the eastern
seaboard, though we've lost contact
with the Mayor in Los Angeles,
government buildings across the
state are coming under assault and
there are widespread disturbances
that are growing violent. The metro
LAPD was overrun in several places.
Some counties are requesting use of
live fire for riot control. Local
authorities have requested military
assistance.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
Get it to them.

AID #2
Madame, use of military force may
incite a full blown civil event.

PRESIDENT WISEMEN
We have no choice.

The President looks over at the maps and TV's displaying a
collage of increasing chaos and she lets out a fearful sigh.

INT. PROPHET'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The room in which the Prophet resides is white, sterile, and altogether not welcoming. The whitewashed walls are bathed in harsh operational light and the whistles and churns of various medical equipment are heard.

The Prophet is asleep, stoic like some ancient sarcophagus yet breathing slowly.

Two doctors sit by his side before a number of monitors displaying respiration, heart rates, etc...

DOCTOR #1
His blood pressure is stabilizing.

DOCTOR #2
And his o2 levels are back to normal.

The two doctors lean back in their chairs.

DOCTOR #1
It's getting worse. I don't understand it. He's been recovering for almost a full day now.

DOCTOR #2
Something is changing. He won't continue like this. With every one he fades a little more.

The Prophet draws in a sharp breath. His breathing accelerates and slowly his eyes open.

Two doctors close in on the bed and peer down at him.

THE PROPHET
(airy)
T...tt....t...

The Doctors exchange a concerned glance.

THE PROPHET
12...1508....

THE PROPHET
1...1534...

The two doctors hurry to write down the words coming from the Prophet.

As he speaks his voice lowers to an almost painfully low

frequency, the words bellowing from him.

He carries on methodically, listing numbers.

One of the doctors yells for another to come out, and a third doctor, older and wise looking emerges from a separate room.

He adjusts his glasses and listens patiently.

THE PROPHET

7...1856... 3...1901 11...1944
2...1973

The prophet pauses for a moment, and lets out a deep sigh.

THE PROPHET

(powerfully)

4...1991.

The doctors don't know what to make of this, and they scribble down the numbers frantically.

While the two younger men work furiously to write, the older doctor considers the Prophet thoughtfully, their eyes locking in a fierce gaze. Something is being said.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

Richard's red truck flies down the freeway, the sun just revealing itself over the horizon. They drive east.

As they round a slight turn and ascend a hill a sweeping view of Los Angeles is exposed.

INT. RICHARD'S TRUCK - CONTINUED

Richard and Noah let out a sigh of awe as the scene before them is revealed.

The city skyline is dotted with fire and smoke, entire areas of the metropolis in what appears to be chaos.

Helicopters circle above and sirens can be seen flashing across the area.

The radio in the car plays an emergency alert system alarm on every station. It speaks robotically.

EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM

This is not a test. This is not a test. This is an emergency broadcast. Please stay in your homes.

Richard flips the radio off.

NOAH
Jesus Christ!

RICHARD
(stoically)
Madness.

Richard turns and is about to stir Caleb and Zach awake, both of whom have fallen into an anxious, exhausted sleep, but Noah stops him.

NOAH
Let him sleep.

Richard pulls out a pack of cigarettes and perches one on his lip.

He extends the pack to Noah, who looks at him with an obvious expression.

NOAH
You know I don't smoke.

Richard rolls his eyes and extends his hand out, reminding Noah of the scene before them.

Noah takes it in, and reluctantly pulls a cigarette out of the pack. The two light up.

NOAH
So, what exactly is the plan?

Richard sprawls the map out across the dash. He jams his thumb on a spot along their route.

RICHARD
We'll need gas by here, at the latest. If we fill up there we should be able to drive til' night.

Richard picks up his phone and keys in a few numbers, an answer:

RICHARD
(into phone)
We're four hundred miles out, traveling East on the I-15, Red Pickup. I am plus three.
(beat)
Understood.

Richard claps the phone shut. As they turn wide away from the city, Noah and Richard take a last look at the chaos behind them, choppers blare by overhead and they take off onto the interstate.

INT. RICHARD'S JEEP - LATER

Music is playing relatively loudly, an abrasive rock song. Richard is driving now as Noah takes a shift of sleep. Zach and Caleb are in the back seat, turned to one another.

CALEB

...and I says to him, "Get your fucking hands off my truck!" I mean, after all the damn thing had just been restored, he's got his greasy hands all over it. So he turns to me and says, "Fuck you!" Slams his hands on the hood. I wouldn't take it.

(beat)

I didn't take it, did I?

RICHARD

Sure didn't.

CALEB

Bet your ass I didn't. I run up to him and smack him right in his sorry mouth!

RICHARD

Cracked. Like a baseball bat.

CALEB

Zactly'. So, he drops and now his little girlfriend is screaming, but I--

ZACH

Stop.

CALEB

What...I?

ZACH

Just stop. I can't listen to this shit anymore.

Caleb looks dejected, he looks at Richard through the rear-view mirror. Richard nods at him, "let it go", his eyes say.

ZACH

I don't mean to be a dick, I know
you're trying -- I just...

RICHARD

It's fine.

(beat)

You have to focus. Stay sharp.

Zach nods intently.

ZACH

I want my gun back.
Richard's eyebrows arch, Caleb
smiles.

RICHARD

Oh, yea?

Caleb is nodding happily.

ZACH

Yea. I'm the one they want to kill,
I want a gun.

RICHARD

OK. Caleb?

CALEB

I ain't got one, well, I got mine,
kid can't use that thing.
Noah stirs awake, at first
anxiously then he settles down.

RICHARD

Your kid wants his gun.

NOAH

(accepting)

Figures.

RICHARD

Shit, probably best anyway. I know
a place up the road. We need to get
something for you too.

The truck peels ahead of the sparse traffic, some cars
loaded up with an entire family's belongings, bungee cords
strapping down furniture and valuables as people try to
evacuate.

Richard takes off into the distance.