

60 FEET UNDER

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Mid-Missouri.

A middle-class house in a middle-class neighborhood. The grass is a little long, the paint a little weathered.

A young, female voice trembles. The words are muffled and tinny, as over a radio or walkie-talkie.

ALI (V.O.)
But, I don't want to go in there.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dusty pictures line the walls. A happy young family. Mother, father, daughter.

There's a bare spot, a place where a picture used to hang, now only an empty nail.

The fear in the young voice rises.

ALI (V.O.)
I didn't do anything.

BEDROOM

A teenage girl's room. Fully furnished, but still sparse. Several posters dot the wall. Most prominent: an inspirational shot of the Grand Canyon.

The bed is empty.

ALI (V.O.)
Don't close it. Please. Don't --

MASTER BEDROOM

Scattered clothes. Dirty plates. An open bottle of MELATONIN.

The TV flashes as a pitchman shows off an oddly-shaped wonder pillow. No sound, closed-captioning scrolls: SCIENTIFICALLY ENGINEERED FOR THE PERFECT NIGHT'S SLEEP.

On the bed, LINCOLN, mid 30s, male, five o'clock shadow, sleeps, fully dressed, next to a wonder pillow.

He's a man in some distress. Rumpled, with bags under his eyes, he's soft, though he hasn't always been.

The lights on a nearby baby monitor dance. A panicked voice crackles from the device's speaker.

ALI (V.O.)
Mom? Can you hear me? Mom?

She screams.

ALI (V.O.)
Mom!

Lincoln bolts upright. He scrambles for the door as the screaming grows frantic.

STAIRWAY

Lincoln leaps down the stairs.

KITCHEN

Lincoln sprints through, past the pizza boxes, aging Chinese takeout and dirty dishes.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lincoln bursts out the back door.

LINCOLN
Ali!

He sprints across the yard as a neighbor's light snaps on.

The screaming is loud now. And close.

ALI (O.S.)
Help me! Somebody help me!

LINCOLN
I'm coming Ali, I'm coming.

He slides to a stop just outside a large tent and frantically unzips the door as the screaming continues.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

On his knees, Lincoln rushes to ALI, female, 16. Lying on a sleeping bag, she's curled in a tight ball, asleep.

ALI
I can't breathe.

Lincoln shakes her. Hard.

LINCOLN
Wake up. Ali, wake up.

Ali pours sweat, shakes uncontrollably. She wakes. Lincoln wraps her up.

LINCOLN
It's okay. I'm here. It's okay.

Ali pushes him away, curls back into a ball as a wave of dry heaves washes over her.

Lincoln sits back, turns off a nearby baby monitor.

He's surrounded by piles of plastic bags filled with everything you'd expect from a teenage girl. A few snacks here, some books there. A cell phone. An iPad. All bagged.

LINCOLN
I could --

Ali throws her hand up: STOP TALKING.

He looks up. There's no top to the tent, only mesh. In fact, the tent has so many mesh windows, it barely has sides.

He flinches as a raindrop hits his cheek.

LINCOLN
Can I at least put the rain fly on?

Ali shakes her head as her breathing finally calms.

The rain picks up, pelts a nearby plastic bag. Inside: a PHOTO of a smiling Ali, her long hair in braids. She's wrapped in her mother's arms.

ALI
Will I ever be normal again?

Lincoln turns the photo over, tucks it in a corner.

LINCOLN
You'll get through this. I promise.

Lincoln pulls a plastic tarp over her as the skies let loose.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lincoln climbs from the tent, sits against a nearby fence.

A nosey NEIGHBOR peeks from a window. Lincoln waves, meekly. The Neighbor retreats from view, the light snaps off.

Lincoln grabs a pill bottle from his pocket and pulls a small plastic bag from inside. He pours several small rocks from the bag, snatches one and returns the rest.

Checking to make sure Ali isn't watching, he takes a pill from the bottle and pops it in his mouth.

LINCOLN
(softly, to himself)
Devil's Tower. Wyoming.

Lincoln slowly rolls the tiny rock between his palms.

LINCOLN
Durrance Approach. One hundred
fifty meters vertical.

Lincoln pulls his collar up and closes his eyes.

LINCOLN
Five-point-seven. Grade three. May
fifth, nineteen ninety-nine. Solo.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A weathered pickup sits in the driveway, next to an older, beautifully-manicured convertible -- a real show car.

TUCKER, male, mid 30s, the kind of friend that helps you work on your truck AND brings a six-pack, drops a bag of clothes into the truck bed. Lincoln quickly does the same.

TUCKER
She won't even go to school?

LINCOLN
I had to tell the principal I was
homeschooling her.

TUCKER
There's a scary thought.

LINCOLN
She's always had her anxieties --

TUCKER
Just like her old man.

Tucker drops another bag into the truck.

LINCOLN

It's just, it's gotten so much worse -- since Kate. I thought if I gave her time...

TUCKER

Question is, what are you doing about it?

LINCOLN

I tried taking her to the doctor. She can't even get in the truck anymore. I was finally able to convince them to prescribe something over the phone.

TUCKER

They'll do that?

Lincoln pulls a pill bottle from his pocket.

LINCOLN

Thirty day supply. If the meds don't work, I'll have to drag her --

Lincoln cuts off the conversation as Ali turns the corner. He tries to hide the pill bottle as he slides it back into his pocket, but Ali definitely notices.

TUCKER

(could be smoother)
Hey, Ali, how are you?

ALI

Crazy.

LINCOLN

You're not --

ALI

(to Tucker)
-- Dad and the shrink have it all figured out, though.

She grabs a colorful, flowing blouse from one of the bags, heads back from where she came.

ALI

(over her shoulder)
You could Insta it. Be easier than telling everybody one by one.

Lincoln and Tucker turn for the house.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln and Tucker pass through, head upstairs.

LINCOLN
My daughter, taking frickin' Xanax.

TUCKER
You're taking frickin' Xanax. You
ever consider telling her that?

BEDROOM

Lincoln empties a drawer into another bag of clothes.

LINCOLN
She needs a strong father right
now, not -- me.

TUCKER
The pills help you.

LINCOLN
Point's moot. She's refusing to
take 'em anyway.

Tucker pulls clothes out of the closet. Dresses, slacks,
skirts. All women's clothing.

TUCKER
And this'll help?

LINCOLN
Doc says that if I take steps to
show I'm moving on, it might help
Ali begin to deal.

TUCKER
It has been a year.

LINCOLN
Only a year.

The men continue their tasks with their backs to the window,
where, outside, Ali wrestles with a ladder in the driveway.

TUCKER
Why not get her out of here? Break
her routine.

LINCOLN
Now you're a psychologist. Who knew
you had so many talents?

TUCKER

You should move. But I know you aren't doing that.

LINCOLN

(joking)

You just want the house.

Tucker finds a box on a nearby shelf. He pulls out a rock climbing harness, other gear.

TUCKER

It's a nice neighborhood. I bring a chick back here, she might think I'm worth something.

LINCOLN

You'd be a real asset to the community.

Tucker slides on a pair of badass climbing gloves.

TUCKER

Take Ali someplace interesting. Like Yosemite. Spend some of that insurance money.

Tucker spins to see: Lincoln, staring at the bed.

LINCOLN

Still can't believe I slept through the whole goddamn thing.

TUCKER

It was a heart attack. Nothing anybody could have done. You know that, right?

LINCOLN

How does that happen? Perfectly healthy thirty-five-year-old --

Tucker tugs at Lincoln's shoulder.

TUCKER

You need to start living again. Katie would want that. She'd want this --

Tucker holds up his phone, pulls up a PHOTO of Lincoln, hanging by his fingertips from a large rock, grinning. King of the world.

LINCOLN
Ali won't come in the house, you
think she'd get in a car?

TUCKER
She'll get in the right car. Like --
a convertible.

Tucker dangles his car keys.

LINCOLN
I can't do that.

TUCKER
I owe you. Remember?

LINCOLN
For what?

TUCKER
Third grade. The eraser incident.
You took the fall.

Lincoln laughs.

LINCOLN
You're reaching.

Lincoln motions for the gloves, tosses the gear in the box.

Tucker squeezes the car keys into Lincoln's hand.

TUCKER
You gotta do something.

LINCOLN
I don't know.

THUMP. Lincoln and Tucker look to the window, where a ladder
now covers most of the view. Ali climbs past.

Lincoln and Tucker bolt from the room.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Lincoln quickly climbs the ladder. Ali, wearing her mom's
blouse over her own, stands at the peak of the house.

Lincoln scrambles to her, but not too close.

LINCOLN
Ali. It's dangerous up here.

ALI
I'm not afraid.

He inches closer to her.

Tucker, still on the ground, stands ready to catch her. As if he could.

TUCKER
Ali -- please.

Lincoln reaches out, slowly, grabs a handful of her shirt.

Ali closes her eyes, spreads her arms wide.

TUCKER
Linc!

Lincoln lunges, grabs her with his other hand, wraps her up. She melts into his arms.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Lincoln tosses a backpack into the already packed trunk of the convertible, next to a large coil of climbing rope.

He slams the lid closed as Ali paces the driveway.

ALI
I can't.

Lincoln slips the prescription bottle from his pocket.

LINCOLN
You could take --

Ali shoots him a look. Lincoln refocuses to the car.

LINCOLN
Just try sitting in it.

ALI
You'll trick me.

He sits on the grass.

LINCOLN
I'll stay over here.

She opens the passenger door. Very tentatively, she sits, barely on the front seat, her leg still out of the car.

LINCOLN
That's good.

Ali throws her hand up: AGAIN, STOP TALKING. She pulls her leg into the car, closes the door half way, working hard to control her breathing.

She pulls the door closed. It's too much. She panics.

Frantic, she reaches for the door handle. When she misses, she leaps over the side to the safety of the driveway. She returns to pacing the driveway, fights to calm herself.

ALI
Why are you making me do this?

Lincoln jumps up, paces with her.

LINCOLN
It's okay. You did good.

THUD. Something lands in the car behind them. They turn around to see: a gym bag resting on the back seat of the car. A grinning Tucker hops in next to it.

TUCKER
Let's go.

LINCOLN
(approaches Tucker)
Dude. You've got a job, remember?

TUCKER
Fuck 'em.
(whispers, to Lincoln)
I may need to borrow some money.
(to Ali)
Everyone should see Yosemite at least once.

LINCOLN
We're going to the Grand Canyon.

TUCKER
Even better.

ALI
Grand Canyon?

LINCOLN
I was gonna surprise you.

Ali stares at the car, jumps in. She keeps her head down and her breathing comes fast, but she waves to Lincoln: LET'S GO.

He jumps in, starts the car. With a quick glance and another wave from Ali, he slams the car into reverse and burns out of the driveway.

Down the block, the car skids to a stop and Ali leaps out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ali and Lincoln walk alongside the road. Tucker, now behind the wheel, trails slowly behind them.

ALI

I'm sorry.

LINCOLN

You're getting better. You made it fifteen minutes on that last run.

(beat)

You ready to try again?

Ali looks away. Lincoln pulls her in.

ALI

I just wanted to be closer to her.

LINCOLN

What?

ALI

It's stupid, I know.

LINCOLN

Are you talking about the roof?

Ali doesn't respond, Lincoln fills the silence.

LINCOLN

You're mom climbed everything. Towers. Buildings. Rocks. She was a natural. That's how we met.

ALI

Bear Gulch. I know. She told me.

(off Lincoln's silence)

Don't you miss her?

LINCOLN

I shouldn't have asked you to do this.

ALI

So, you're not going to answer the question.

LINCOLN
Of course I miss her.

ALI
But you won't talk about it.

Lincoln stops walking.

LINCOLN
We can go home if you want.

ALI
Are there side effects?

LINCOLN
Side effects?
(it sinks in)
Oh, the med -- yeah. Uh --

He pulls the bottle from his pocket.

LINCOLN
Maybe. You might feel sleepy. A
little dull.
(beat, while she thinks)
It's only temporary. Just to help --

ALI
-- Okay.

LINCOLN
Really?

She throws her hand out. Lincoln quickly hands her a pill.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Gravel crunches under the wheels of the convertible as Tucker slowly swings the car into a roadside campground. Ali sleeps on the back seat, her head on Lincoln's shoulder.

Save for a large MOTOR HOME lit up at the end of the row, the small campground is empty.

Tucker parks and Lincoln slides from under Ali.

Tucker pops the trunk, digs inside while Lincoln walks to the RV, passing a small, decaying sign that reads: OFFICE.

Lawn chairs, a picnic table and several variations of countrified metal sculptures dot the not-exactly-cared-for "yard." Above the door, a wooden sign: BORN TO BE FREE.

Lincoln knocks and a voice calls out from inside the camper.

BONNIE (O.S.)
It's unlocked.

Lincoln doesn't open it.

EXT./INT. RV - NIGHT

BONNIE, early 60s, female, Midwestern mom, swings the door open and immediately turns back for the kitchen.

BONNIE
You bring the milk?

Lincoln, standing just outside, cocks his head, confused.

BONNIE (O.S.)
Sarah's got school tomorrow. She needs milk for breakfast.

LINCOLN
Ma'am?

BONNIE
I knew you'd forget.

LINCOLN
Um -- How much for one night?

He pulls some cash from his wallet.

LINCOLN
Is ten bucks -- ?

BONNIE
Sit down.

Bonnie spins to the refrigerator as Lincoln reluctantly slides into the narrow seats of the RV dining room.

EXT. RV - NIGHT

ROGER, 60s, male, turns the corner outside the RV, a basket of fresh-picked vegetables under his arm.

Rural Missouri through and through, he's a little round, a little rough and keeps a pistol on his hip at all times.

Noticing the convertible, he sets down the basket and unsnaps the holster on his hip.

ROGER

Hello?

Tucker, busy pitching Ali's tent, pops up from beyond the convertible.

TUCKER

Hey.

ROGER

You don't have permission to be here.

Tucker eyes Roger's hand, hovering near the holster.

TUCKER

(motions to the RV)

I'm -- my buddy -- he's paying.

Roger spins for the RV.

ROGER

Pack it up. You aren't staying.

Ali sits up in the back seat, scrambles from the car.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Bonnie sets a plate of food in front of Lincoln as the RV door swings open.

Roger calmly sets the basket of vegetables on the table, rests his hand on his gun.

ROGER

Hello there, uh -- ?

LINCOLN

Lincoln.

Bonnie grabs the basket and heads for the sink.

ROGER

What can we do for you?

LINCOLN

I was just trying -- asking -- how much for one night? But --

(eyeing the gun)

We can find someplace else.

Lincoln stands, steps to the door.

ROGER

Best. We're closed. Been closed for a long time. Years. The sign --

LINCOLN

I didn't see a sign. Not one that said closed, anyway.

ROGER

Well, we are. You been here long?

LINCOLN

A few minutes.

BONNIE

(to Roger)

Why didn't you tell me you had a friend coming over?

(to Lincoln)

I'm sorry about the mess.

Bonnie cleans the kitchen. Roger whispers to Lincoln.

ROGER

She don't always think right. Some days are better than others.

BONNIE

(to Roger)

I see you didn't bring milk either.

LINCOLN

I'll head out.

Roger grabs his arm.

ROGER

She say anything?

It's a little aggressive, and Roger catches himself.

ROGER

I try to keep track of her thinking. Match what she says. It seems to make her more comfortable.

LINCOLN

Just the milk.

ROGER

Guess I could go get a gallon. Might calm her some.

(pushes the RV door open)

I'll see you out.

As the men turn for the door, Ali pops into view.

ALI
Dad, did you get -- ?

BONNIE
-- It's time for bed, young lady.
Come get washed up.

Bonnie motions for Ali to follow as she heads down the hall.
Ali, of course, doesn't follow.

ALI
(to Lincoln)
Did you get my sleeping bag? I'm
sleeping under the tree.

ROGER
I don't --

Bonnie circles back.

BONNIE
-- Sleeping outside? How fun.

Bonnie pushes past Roger and climbs from the RV.

EXT. RV. - NIGHT

Bonnie grabs a cord and plugs it into a nearby outdoor
outlet. The tiny "courtyard" around the vehicle lights up.

Roger and Lincoln climb from the RV.

ROGER
Honey, they've got to go. They
can't --

BONNIE
-- I'll get some snacks.

She heads back into the RV, practically giddy.

Roger follows her. Before he closes the RV door behind him...

ROGER
(to Lincoln)
I want you gone.

Lincoln approaches Tucker, who's been watching from a
distance. He's already breaking the tent back down.

TUCKER
He's friendly.

Ali digs in the trunk of the car as the indistinct but unmistakable sounds of an argument emanate from the RV.

LINCOLN
(to Tucker)
Any other campgrounds close?

Tucker shakes his head. Ali sweeps past, sleeping bag and pillow in hand.

LINCOLN
Hotel's obviously out of the question.

She beelines for a nearby tree.

LINCOLN
(to Ali)
We can't stay.

She unrolls the sleeping bag.

ALI
I'm not getting back in the car tonight. I don't care how much medicine you give me.

She plops down as Roger and Bonnie emerge from the RV.

Roger pulls an oxygen bottle behind him and tries to get Bonnie to take a mask, but, Bonnie gently pushes Roger toward Lincoln, then turns to lay out snacks on the picnic table.

ROGER
Gentlemen, I fear I was a bit harsh.

Roger kicks at the dirt.

ROGER
Can I get you a Coke? Make it up to you?

LINCOLN
We should head out.

ROGER
Actually, Bonnie -- I'd -- we'd like you to stay.

Roger sees Lincoln's eyes dart to the gun. He quickly snaps the holster shut.

ROGER

I hope you boys'll forgive me. I get nervous. We don't get a lot of visitors. My Bonnie's kind of defenseless.

Bonnie takes a drag from the oxygen mask.

Lincoln looks at his watch, at his daughter, now splayed out on the sleeping bag. He pulls out his wallet, but, Roger waves him off.

ROGER

No charge. We'll get you a decent breakfast, send you off full.

LINCOLN

Thank you.

ROGER

(nods toward the food)
If you're hungry now...

Lincoln tosses his wallet into the car's glove box and the three men walk to the picnic table.

ROGER

Where you coming from?

LINCOLN

Columbia. Off to the Grand Canyon. This is Tucker. I'm Lincoln.
(points)
My daughter, Ali.

ROGER

Made it, what, hour-and-a-half?

TUCKER

More like eight.

ROGER

From Columbia? That's only --

LINCOLN

-- Eighty-three miles. I know. We'll get there.

ROGER

Folks call me Roger. Welcome to Knob Noster.

As Lincoln sits at the table, he notices a large antenna jutting from the roof of the RV.

LINCOLN
Shortwave?

ROGER
HAM. Just an old radio man.

LINCOLN
Army?

ROGER
Vietnam.

Lincoln shakes his head at the thought.

ROGER
Right at the end. Most guys had it a lot worse than I did. Still, I wouldn't want to do it again.

LINCOLN
Tucker here was Army communications.

ROGER
That right?
(gestures to the RV)
Maybe you can help me with something.

TUCKER
I can try.

Tucker follows Roger into the RV as Bonnie gathers a few snacks on a plate. Lincoln reaches for a cracker, but Bonnie smacks his hand.

BONNIE
Those are for Sarah.

She heads for Ali.

Lincoln glances to Ali. She's not looking. He grabs the pill bottle from his pocket and quickly downs another pill. He returns to picking at the food.

ALI
Dad.

Lincoln turns to see Ali sitting up in the sleeping bag, a plate of food on her lap. Bonnie sits behind her, tugging Ali's hair back into a ponytail.

LINCOLN

Bonnie --

Bonnie drops Ali's hair, kisses Ali on the head repeatedly. Kiss. Kiss. Kiss. Kiss. Kiss. She grabs Ali's head with both hands and finishes with one big kiss.

Ali jerks from Bonnie's grip.

BONNIE

(to Lincoln)

She hates it when I do that.

Ali looks to Lincoln for help. He heads to them.

LINCOLN

This is my daughter, Ali. Ali, this is Bonnie.

Bonnie slaps at Lincoln. It's playful, but still harsher than it should be.

BONNIE

You're going to need another blanket, Sarah.

Bonnie toddles back to the RV. After she's gone...

LINCOLN

She thinks you're her daughter.

ALI

You think?

Ali plops down on the sleeping bag, rolls away from Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Want your tent?

Ali waves him away.

INT. RV - CENTER ROOM - NIGHT

As Tucker backs away from the radio, he bumps into a bird cage. A parakeet inside squawks its displeasure. Roger steadies the cage.

ROGER

It's alright there, little buddy.

TUCKER

(about the radio)

Fire it up.

Roger plugs in the radio and flips a switch. Tucker watches as Roger tunes to a frequency and pops the mic.

ROGER

C-Q, C-Q, calling C-Q. This is N-5-N-S-T, November, 5, November, Sierra, Tango.

HAM OPERATOR (V.O.)

N-5-N-S-T, this is B-V-3-D-T, Bravo, Victor, 3, Delta, Tango.

ROGER

Ah, thanks, B-V-3-D-T, just testing my equipment. Seems to be fine.

HAM OPERATOR (V.O.)

Roger. Coming in clear. Out.

Roger flips the power off.

TUCKER

It was just a bug in the system.

He holds up a small, dead roach.

ROGER

I'll be.

Tucker leans to toss the bug in the trash. An odd item catches his attention: a full HAZMAT SUIT peeks from between the clothes in a nearby closet.

Roger quickly closes the closet door.

Bonnie, on her way to the bedroom, stops, grabs Roger, lays a big kiss on the slightly stunned man.

BONNIE

Oh Leo, we have such a beautiful daughter.

(to Tucker)

He's my lion.

She pinches Roger on the butt, then continues on her way, humming happily.

ROGER

Looks like Momma's in a good mood tonight.

(off Tucker's look)

What? You never had a pet name?

Tucker, shaking his head, slides the cover back on the radio, tightens a screw, centered below a sticker: GOD BLESS TEXAS.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Tucker, inside the tent, snores away. Lincoln leans against the tree as Ali sleeps nearby. The RV sits dark.

Lincoln's eyes grow heavy. Just as they close, his body JERKS awake and his head snaps to check on Ali. She's fine.

He catches his breath, stands, shakes it off.

LATER

Lincoln, wearing a jacket, walks the far edges of the campground. He pulls the collar up.

As he circles back, something catches his attention: Tucker's car, in the distance. The hood is propped open, if only slightly, and a man leans in.

It's Roger, messing with the engine. Lincoln sprints to him.

LINCOLN

Hey!

Tucker sits up in the tent, sees Roger.

TUCKER

What the hell?

Roger steps back, puts his hands in the air as Lincoln and Tucker both converge on him.

ROGER

I was just looking. She's a real beauty.

The wrench in his hand suggests otherwise. Lincoln grabs the tool as Tucker inspects the engine.

TUCKER

I don't see any damage.

Lincoln turns to Ali, who's stirred awake from the commotion.

LINCOLN

Get your stuff together, Ali. We're going. Now.

She nods, gathers her gear.

ROGER

Please --

Lincoln steps toward Roger, ready to return the wrench. Roger, misreading the move, unsnaps the holster on his hip. Lincoln steps back, motions for Ali to hurry.

ROGER

Alright, alright. I was only gonna delay you a day or two. I just -- I need you to stay. For my Bonnie.

Ali tosses her gear into the convertible's back seat as Tucker drops the hood. Lincoln helps pack. All ignore Roger.

ROGER

She hasn't been this happy --

Roger tries to slow Lincoln's progress.

ROGER

-- Surely you understand. You want your daughter to be happy.

Lincoln continues to ignore him, even pulling his arm away when Roger tries to slow him down.

Finally, tired of being ignored...

ROGER

Stop!

It's loud and it's forceful. Everyone freezes. The light snaps on in the RV.

ROGER

I need you to listen. I'm done asking. You're staying.

His hand hovers over the holster.

LINCOLN

You've got to be kidding me.

ROGER

Now, I promise, we'll take good care of you.

Bonnie rushes from the RV. She sees Ali next to the car.

BONNIE

Sarah? What are you doing?

Lincoln, watching Roger closely, motions Ali into the car.

Bonnie runs to Ali, pulls on her arm, trying to yank her away from the car.

BONNIE
You can't go.

Tucker and Lincoln rush to pull Bonnie from Ali, a move that doesn't sit well with Roger.

ROGER
Hey! Hey! Back off everybody.

Bonnie doesn't give up. She flails at Ali, reaching over, under, around Lincoln and Tucker.

LINCOLN
Get in the car, Ali.

BONNIE
Sarah -- You have to stay. Please.

Tucker tugs at Bonnie.

ROGER
Get your hands off my Bonnie!

Tucker pushes Roger away.

TUCKER
Go back to the RV. Now.

Ali breaks free from Bonnie, hops into the back seat. Lincoln jumps in, starts the car as Bonnie continues to pull at Ali.

Tucker spins and rips Bonnie away from the car.

Roger flares, charges Tucker, pinning him against the car, and the two men wrestle for control.

ROGER
You son of a --

Lincoln leaps out of the car, desperate to help his friend.

BANG! A gunshot. Tucker drops, hard.

LINCOLN
Tucker!

Roger staggers back, feels for his holster. It's empty.

Smoke wafts from the gun in Bonnie's hands. It's clear to all: Bonnie shot Tucker.

ROGER
Aw, honey --

She trains the pistol on Tucker, then, briefly, on Roger.
Roger grabs it from her, turns it on Lincoln.

ROGER
I don't want to. But I will.
(to Ali)
Get out of the car.

Ali hesitates, but when Roger cocks the gun, she complies.

Lincoln kneels next to Tucker, tries to stop the blood gushing from his friend's midsection.

TUCKER
Chicks dig scars, right?

LINCOLN
Jesus, Tuck.

TUCKER
Don't let her be alone.

Tucker closes his eyes.

LINCOLN
Tucker!

Ali's screams refocus Lincoln on his daughter's predicament. Roger, gun facing Lincoln, drags her toward the RV.

Roger pushes her inside, closes the door behind them.

Lincoln runs to the RV and, just as he arrives, it peels out, a whirl of damage in its wake. As the RV screams past, Lincoln leaps onto the back ladder and swings himself up.

He climbs the ladder, slides across the roof railing until he's over the window. It takes several tries, but he eventually kicks through and swings inside.

EXT./INT. RV - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The RV bounces down the road. Clothes in the closet sway. A makeup bottle slides from a tiny dresser. Pictures topple.

Ali lies on the bed, alternating between bawling and heaving. Lincoln tries to calm her, but to no effect.

He quickly snags a pill, pushes it into her mouth.

LINCOLN

I'm getting us out of here, I
promise.

Lincoln slips to the doorway, looks down the short hallway. There's no one there, so he slides past the radio room, toward the dining room.

Lincoln doesn't see him, but Roger steps out from the closet behind him.

ROGER

My Bonnie ain't dying in jail.

It's the last thing Lincoln hears before he's knocked cold.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A sliver of moonlight breaks the darkness as Lincoln peeks through an opening between the BLINDFOLD and his cheek.

Looking to his left, he sees: the parakeet, gnawing on the bars of his tiny cell.

BIRD

Hello.

To his right: the RV, in the middle of an open space, surrounded by fields. No one's around.

Lincoln works free from the poorly tied binds on his hands and feet. He snatches the blindfold from his head.

He's got a better view of his surroundings now. A circular metal hatch lies flat - leading underground. Just beyond, a small vent pipe protrudes from the dirt.

Behind him, large doors, flat on the ground. Steel. But, he's not focused that direction, he's concentrated on the RV, parked in front of him.

He checks the RV windows. There's no one in there. He checks the door. Locked. With no hesitation, he reaches under the front wheel well and quickly finds a spare key.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Lincoln frantically searches the RV. Spotting the radio, he flips a switch. Nothing happens. Another. Nothing.

Movement outside the window catches his eye: Roger crawls from the ground-level hatch.

EXT. RV - NIGHT

Roger drops the hatch door, kneels down, knocks.

ROGER

Lock it up.

(frustrated)

Just turn the handle.

(his irritation grows)

Never mind. I'll be right back.

He turns for the RV as Lincoln, shielded from Roger's view, returns the key to the wheel well.

Roger rounds the corner. Of course, Lincoln's not there.

Roger checks the RV door. Locked. He looks around. Nothing.

The hatch GROANS as Lincoln opens it. Roger pulls his gun, rushes around the RV as Lincoln drops into the hatch.

Lincoln, hanging from a ladder, swings the door closed from the inside, but not before Roger jams the gun into the hinge, stopping the hatch several inches short of closing.

Roger calmly sits on the lid.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln tugs at the slightly open hatch, but it won't budge.

ROGER (O.S.)

It's not gonna close there, buddy.

Lincoln pushes. No luck. He spies a shotgun down below, so he climbs down, into the main room of the dimly lit bunker.

Concrete walls, plenty of graffiti and puddles on the floor highlight this dreary space, about the size of two large RVs.

Even so, someone has lived here before, as one corner of the room holds a small kitchen and shelves of supplies. Another corner houses a small bed.

Across the room, Bonnie sits on a large SUPPLY CHEST, next to a row of small oxygen tanks.

BONNIE

(pleasant, to Lincoln)

Hi.

Ali squats in the center of the room, rocking back and forth in a tight little ball.

Lincoln quickly snags the nearby shotgun.

LINCOLN
 (to Ali)
 I got this.

He kneels next to Bonnie.

LINCOLN
 I know you didn't mean to hurt
 Tucker, and I don't want you to
 take this the wrong way, but --

He turns toward the hatch.

LINCOLN
 -- I've got your wife! I would sure
 hate to see her get hurt.
 (to Bonnie)
 I'm not going to hurt you.

ROGER (O.S.)
 You're not going to hurt her.

LINCOLN
 I might!
 (to Bonnie)
 I won't.

ROGER (O.S.)
 You won't.

LINCOLN
 (to Roger)
 I've got a shotgun.
 (no answer)
 Roger?

Again, no answer.

LINCOLN
 (to Bonnie)
 What's he doing?

BONNIE
 Getting his stuff, I imagine.

Sounds of activity at the hatch catch Lincoln's attention.

LINCOLN
 Did you hear me? I have a shotgun.

ROGER (O.S.)

Lincoln. This isn't going to go the way you think it is. You ought to just accept that. We're cooking with gas, honey.

LINCOLN

Cooking -- ? What -- ?
(he's had enough)
We're coming up.

Lincoln aims the shotgun up the hatch, balanced with one arm. With his other arm, he pulls Ali to her feet, helps her to the ladder. She's groggy from the medication.

ROGER (O.S.)

You ready, sweetie?

BONNIE

(muffled)
Yes, dear.

Lincoln spins back to Bonnie. She's wearing a GAS MASK.

TINK, TINK. Something bounces at Lincoln's feet. He looks down: a canister explodes. Instantly overwhelmed, Lincoln and Ali drop to their knees.

Lincoln watches through the ever-expanding fog as Roger, in full hazmat gear, lowers himself down the ladder.

Lincoln covers his mouth and nose with one hand, slips Ali's medicine bottle into her pocket with the other.

His eyes roll back and he passes out.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Lincoln stirs awake in total darkness.

He pulls himself up, gingerly feels his way around, quickly finding a wall.

He slides down the wall, stopping when he gets to a large light switch. He flips the switch. Several lights activate.

Lincoln is in an abandoned MISSILE SILO.

Looking up, Lincoln can't see past the bright lights, hung about twenty feet above him.

He looks down. He's standing perilously close to the edge of a broken, rusted metal platform. Below him: more darkness. He eases himself back to more solid footing.

Lincoln kicks a piece of metal into the black below. One... two... SPLASH.

Grabbing his own prescription bottle from his pocket, Lincoln takes a pill.

He surveys his situation. The platform hangs midway up the silo, the walls of which are dotted with the remains of other platforms and walkways from long ago.

The concrete silo itself is round, some thirty feet in diameter, and deep, though Lincoln can't see either the top or the bottom.

There's a large metal door behind him. He checks it. It's locked. He looks for a way to climb.

Maneuvering from one tenuous foothold to the next, he climbs about fifteen feet before he reaches a large gap: ten feet across and several feet up.

He can't cross it, so he retreats.

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ali lies on a dusty cot, her back to the room. Old metal shelves line one wall, suggesting the history of this small room as an old storage area.

The metal bars that cross the entrance, however, make it feel more like a prison cell than anything.

Bonnie dusts an old metal desk.

BONNIE

We'll fix it up, like before.

Bonnie opens a nearby box.

BONNIE

I saved all of your things.

Roger, hidden from their view, stops to listen as Bonnie pulls out a pair of whimsical eyeglasses: those silly New Year's Eve party glasses that spell out the year 2000.

She sits on the bed, lays the glasses next to Ali.

BONNIE
Remember our little party?

ALI
Where's my dad?

BONNIE
Stocking the pantry.

ALI
Bullshit.

BONNIE
Sarah -- language.

ALI
I'm not Sarah.

Roger takes a step to intervene, but thinks better of it.

Bonnie digs in the box. She pulls out a large hair clip - a colorful BARRETTE with an over-sized bow. She holds it up to Ali's head. Ali takes it, drops it back in the box.

BONNIE
I wish we didn't have to come back.

She looks at Ali with a fresh concern.

BONNIE
Are you okay? Tell me you're okay.

Ali tosses the glasses on the floor, stumbles for the door.

ALI
Where's my dad?

Roger slides from the corner, steps in front of her.

ROGER
Pick 'em up.

Ali tries to push past. Roger grows more forceful.

ROGER
Pick. Them. Up.

BONNIE
It's okay -- really.

Again, Ali tries to push past. Roger grabs her, snaps a pair of HANDCUFFS on her, secures her to the bed.

BONNIE
Dear, please --

His demeanor suddenly shifts as he works to calm himself.

ROGER
I'm a good guy, Sarah --

ALI
(through her teeth)
My name is Ali.

Roger turns to Bonnie.

ROGER
How about a little lemonade?

Bonnie heads for the kitchen.

ROGER
Your name is Sarah for as long as
you're down here. My Bonnie, she's
everything to me. You acting up,
hurts her.

Ali fights against the handcuffs as Roger heads for the door.

ROGER
Your dad is doing fine.

Ali ignores him.

ROGER
Sarah. Look at me.
(she won't)
Look. At. Me.
(she does)
Your dad is doing fine. Okay?

She nods.

ROGER
Whether he stays that way -- up to
you. When you're ready to pick
those up, you let me know.

On his way out, he calls back over his shoulder.

ROGER
That don't work, there's always the
box.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln, wrapped in his jacket, shivers under a metal panel.

LINCOLN

Think, Lincoln. You need heat.

He mindlessly spins his prescription bottle like a top.

His attention is drawn to a light, hanging lower than the others. He climbs to it, holds his hand in front of the lens, but quickly withdraws. It's hot.

LINCOLN

That'll work.

Back on his platform, Lincoln finds a rusted bar, and, returning to the light, wedges one end under the light's housing, attempting to pry it from the wall.

A clamp pops free, but not the light. The clamp clangs down the silo, splashes into the water.

Lincoln hops down to the platform and removes his jacket. He grabs a small piece of rebar, sticks it in his pocket and climbs back to the light, jacket in hand.

Lincoln leans out from a perch, some twenty feet above his platform. He carefully ties a jacket sleeve to a piece of rebar that juts from the silo wall beyond the light.

He ties the other sleeve to an anchor point near him, then, taking the rebar from his pocket, he positions it inside the jacket, so that it holds the jacket open.

Lincoln leans out and wedges his bar into the remaining large clamp. He gives it several tugs and the clamp releases. The light drops into his makeshift net.

LINCOLN

Yes!

The fire, however, starts quickly.

LINCOLN

No!

Lincoln frantically tries to blow it out, but, the light quickly burns through the jacket, ripping from the wiring as it plunges into the water below.

The remaining pieces of his jacket follow, fluttering into the darkness, the flames lighting the walls of the silo along the way, eventually landing in the water.

The fire fizzles out, but not before a faded piece of RED FABRIC near the water's edge catches Lincoln's eye.

The only thing left piercing the darkness below is the occasional spark, thrown by the dangling wires.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Roger ambles down a small hallway, into

ALI'S ROOM

She's still handcuffed to the bed, curled in a ball, her wrists bloodied from straining against the cuffs.

ROGER

You ready to pick 'em up?

Ali ignores him.

ROGER

Guess you don't need to eat then.

ALI

Wait.

Taking a key from his pocket, Roger unlocks the cuffs and Ali picks up the glasses, sets them on a nearby table.

MAIN ROOM

Roger hurries Ali to a seat and, with surprising efficiency, handcuffs both of her arms underneath the table. He grabs a large bag from a nearby cabinet, slips it over her head.

ALI

Please, don't.

Bonnie, cooking, sets down her utensils, slides next to Ali.

BONNIE

It'll only be a minute.

Ali fights against the handcuffs as Roger grabs another bag and puts it over Bonnie's head. He flips on a radio, country music turned up loud.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln throws the light switch, plunging the silo into darkness. He pulls up the frayed wire, hand over hand.

INT. BUNKER - GENERATOR ROOM - NIGHT

A small room. A large gas-powered generator.

Roger circles behind it, opens the air filter and sets the handcuff key inside, next to several others.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln, holds the frayed wire away from his body, throws the light switch.

Sparks fly.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

MAIN ROOM

The music snaps off and Roger takes the hoods from Ali and Bonnie's heads.

Bonnie works to comfort a crying Ali, stroking her hair.

BONNIE

Everything's going to be okay.

CORRIDOR

Roger strides down a long concrete hallway.

Scraps of metal and trash litter the twenty-foot-long concrete corridor. A dated SAFETY POSTER hangs near a large metal door at the end.

Roger removes several large locks and a couple of chains from the door, then pushes it open several inches.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

The metal door creaks open slightly.

Lincoln hangs from a hand hold, just off the platform.

ROGER (O.S.)

Lincoln?

LINCOLN

Yep.

ROGER (O.S.)

Drop the weapon.

Lincoln doesn't move. His hand trembles as he holds the exposed, live wire inches from the metal platform.

ROGER (O.S.)
Only way out, is if I'm alive.

LINCOLN
I'm supposed to trust you on that?

ROGER
Your choice. But, don't be wrong.

Lincoln looks at the wire.

ROGER (O.S.)
You hungry?

LINCOLN
Yeah.

The door swings open. A pair of handcuffs bounce on the platform, skid to a stop. Footsteps fade away as Roger returns to the bunker.

Lincoln ties the wire safely away and hops to the platform.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

It's a quiet meal, the four of them together. Lincoln has one hand cuffed under the table.

Lincoln glances at the ladder and hatch. Wires crisscross the opening, leading to and from little blocks of a soft, clay-like material.

On the floor, a painted red LINE, several feet from the base of the ladder, runs from wall to wall.

Lincoln turns to Ali. Finally, she makes eye contact.

LINCOLN
You okay?

ALI
No.

ROGER
Pass the rolls. Please.

Lincoln looks at the plate of rolls, keeps eating.

ROGER
(to Bonnie)
You mind getting my notebook? I
believe I left it on my bed.

Bonnie shuffles to a nearby room. When she's out of earshot,
Roger leans in to Lincoln.

ROGER
My Bonnie, she don't have much time
left. Way I see it, she's happy,
and she's gonna die happy. So,
you're gonna be uncomfortable for a
while.

LINCOLN
That's your plan? Keep us here
until she dies?

ROGER
Couple years tops. That's the price
we pay.

LINCOLN
We?

ROGER
I don't like this, Lincoln. I
don't. But, once she's gone, I
don't care. Cops can have me.

Roger reaches past Lincoln, takes a roll, chomps on it.

ROGER
You two are gonna be fine. A little
counseling maybe. But, from where I
sit, that's something you ought to
be considering anyway.

Lincoln grabs Roger's arm. Reflexively, Roger grabs Ali by
the hair. Lincoln lets go.

Bonnie pops back out of the room and Roger covers by stroking
Ali's hair.

BONNIE
I don't see it, dear.

ROGER
Could you check Sarah's room?

Bonnie grumbles as she rounds the corner.

ROGER
(to Lincoln, Ali)
You see the motion sensors?

The sensors hang near the explosives. Two of them.

ROGER
(points to the floor)
You cross that line, and -- boom.
We all die.

He holds up a small remote control.

ROGER
I hit this switch, and -- boom. We
all die. Bonnie gets harmed in any
way --

He looks at Lincoln: WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENS?

LINCOLN
We all die.

Roger leans in to Lincoln.

ROGER
You're gonna get ideas. Don't. I've
thought of all of 'em.

Bonnie turns the corner.

BONNIE
I can't find it.

Rogers pats his front pocket.

ROGER
I'm sorry, honey, it's right here.

BONNIE
(returns to the table)
I swear, your memory's going.

Roger scoops a spoonful of food.

ROGER
Damn, this is good. Make sure you
give Sarah the recipe. She's gonna
want to make this herself someday.

He pushes away from the table, walks behind Lincoln.

ROGER
Isn't that delicious, Lincoln?

LINCOLN

It is.

ROGER

Sarah?

Ali, growing fidgety, remains silent.

Roger grabs a metal toolbox from a nearby shelf and drops it on the table with a BANG.

ALI

It's really good. Thank you.

BONNIE

There's enough for seconds.

Roger slides the toolbox in front of Lincoln.

ROGER

You're gonna help me with things.

Lincoln peers inside the box.

ROGER

Eight tools. You touch nothing else. Better be eight in the box every night before Sarah goes to sleep. Understand?

Lincoln nods.

Roger spins, ambles to a partially-finished doorway.

ROGER

I wanna wall off the generator, cut down on the noise a bit. This is where you'll start.

Ali rocks back and forth, her symptoms ramping.

While Roger, with his back turned, talks about the door...

LINCOLN

(mouths, to Ali)

You take your medicine?

She doesn't understand. Roger rambles on.

ROGER

We put a two-by-four along here...

Lincoln leans in.

LINCOLN
(whispers)
Your medicine.

ROGER
... and we brace it with another...

Ali takes the bottle from her pocket, downs a pill.

ROGER
What was that?

Neither Ali nor Lincoln respond. Roger grabs Ali by the head and forces her mouth open.

Bonnie shrinks from the confrontation.

ROGER
Spit it out! Spit it --

LINCOLN
-- It's medicine, Roger. Xanax.

Roger releases Ali.

LINCOLN
She needs it. It's the only thing
keeping her from --

ROGER
-- No daughter of mine's gonna be a
drug addict. Give it to me.

LINCOLN
You take that away and she's --

ROGER
-- Give it to me!

Ali holds the bottle up and Roger snaps it from her.

LINCOLN
Please, Roger.

Roger pours the pills into the sink, then runs water, making sure to wash every pill down the drain.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lincoln, on a long chain, measures an open spot on the wall.

The lights flicker.

Roger's frustrated MUMBLINGS echo from the generator room, followed by the loud BANGING of metal on metal.

The lights go dark.

A SCREAM erupts from down the hall. It's Ali, in her bedroom. There's desperation in her cry. Lincoln rushes toward her room, but the chain pulls taut.

ALI'S ROOM

Ali, fingertips bloodied, claws at the wall as Bonnie tries to soothe her.

Roger, lantern in hand, rushes into the room, leaving the door open behind him.

ROGER

What's with the racket? It's just a little darkness.

ALI

I need to get out of here.

ROGER

What you need is a little self control.

She makes a run for the door. But, Roger is too quick. He simultaneously trips and pushes her as she passes by.

BONNIE

Sarah!

Ali sprawls across the concrete floor and slides to a stop against the bars. Out cold.

Roger gathers her into a heap and sets her on the bed.

Bonnie, crying, pushes Roger away and lies next to Ali.

MAIN ROOM

Roger sweeps into the room.

LINCOLN

What happened? Is she okay?

ROGER

I handled it, is what happened.

LINCOLN

Roger --

ROGER
 -- You coddled her. Now she's soft.
 That's on you.

Roger returns to working on the generator and the lights quickly return.

Lincoln grabs a small hand saw and cuts the board to length. When he bends to pick up the scrap, something on a shelf nearby catches his eye: PAPERS, rolled up. Blue.

Lincoln cranes to get a view of Roger. The old man looks occupied, so Lincoln very cautiously snags the roll of paper.

He spreads them out on the floor, revealing architectural drawings of the bunker: the main room, the generator room, Ali's bedroom and Roger's bedroom.

Lincoln runs his hand along the drawing of the corridor. It runs close to Ali's room. He bends to get a closer look.

ROGER (O.S.)
 I swear to God, the two of you --

Roger rips the drawings away from Lincoln who stands to offer his defense.

LINCOLN
 I'm sorry, I --

But, Roger has his gun out, drawn on Lincoln.

ROGER
 One week.

INT. MISSILE SILO - DAY

Roger, gun still drawn, pushes Lincoln into the silo.

ROGER
 Only reason you're here is -- I
 need your daughter to have
 something to lose. Don't become
 more trouble than you're worth.

Roger pulls the door closed. Lincoln stares at the door as chains scrape the other side.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln shivers in the dim, damp silo. His face is covered with whiskers, several days growth.

He watches intently as drops of rain descend from beyond the lights above and disappear into the darkness below.

A large bug scampers across the platform. Lincoln pounces, scrambling to capture the creature.

It's a fight for life, and Lincoln wins. Sort of. He slides the bug into his mouth, forces himself to swallow.

Fighting not to vomit, he leans against a rail, looks into the darkness below. With a sudden burst of energy, he swings himself under the platform and climbs into the darkness.

NEAR THE BOTTOM

Lincoln squats on a metal box at the edge of the water.

His hands shake as he stares at the faded piece of fabric hanging from a broken piece of metal across the silo.

Lincoln probes the water with a metal pole, but it's still too deep to feel the bottom.

Halfway across there's a mostly-intact platform. Lincoln grabs a sheet of metal and flips it up and across the divide, barely catching the platform in the middle of the silo.

He steps onto his makeshift bridge. His breathing is heavy. His hands shake. He mumbles encouragement to himself as step-by-step, he slowly scoots to the platform.

Still the fabric is out of reach, so he grabs a long pole and leans out, over the water, as far as he can.

He looks down at the water, closes his eyes.

LINCOLN

It's only water. A big bath tub.

He reaches again, snags the fabric.

He quickly retreats. Sits down, back against the wall.

Lincoln grabs his pill bottle from his pocket and quickly pours two pills into his shaking hand. He studies them. Looks up. Drops them back in the bottle.

Instead, he takes out the bag of pebbles, picks one out.

LINCOLN

Yosemite. Washington Column.
Astroman. One-thousand feet. Five-
point-one-one. Grade four. June
thirteenth, two-thousand two. Solo.

He calms, looks at the fabric. It's a scarf. Faded red with little white snowmen. Lincoln wraps it around his neck.

Back on his platform, Lincoln huddles in his makeshift metal lean-to, the scarf wrapped around his hands.

Metal CLANKS against the door as someone on the other side removes a set of chains.

Lincoln tosses the scarf aside, flexes his fingers.

Slowly, the door creaks open. Roger peeks around it.

Seeing Lincoln, he opens the door further and slips into the silo. He tosses Lincoln a bottle of water and an energy bar.

Lincoln tears into both.

ROGER

Only been five days, but -- I've been thinking. You're just trying to do right by yours. Like I am.

LINCOLN

How's Ali?

ROGER

Not great. She'll figure it out.

LINCOLN

I wish you'd reconsider --

ROGER

-- No drugs. Ali'll get through this, and you'll both thank me for it when she does.

Roger walks to the edge, peers into the darkness below.

LINCOLN

Your daughter, Sarah -- What was she like?

Roger spins back to Lincoln.

LINCOLN

They must be a little alike. For Bonnie to...

Roger's defensive stance melts.

ROGER

She was pretty, like her momma. Weren't my daughter, though.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

She was eight when I met her and my Bonnie. Sure didn't like me much. That girl -- she didn't like rules. I see why Bonnie gets 'em confused.

LINCOLN

Life in a bunker -- it's hard.

ROGER

Couple years ago, I started reading these books. 'Bout how to be a better man. Changed my life.

LINCOLN

Never took you for a fan of self-help books.

ROGER

Point is, I didn't always make the best choices. I didn't want to live down here. But, sometimes, you box yourself in. Know what I mean?

(moving on)

So, I want to make things up to you. I don't get out much, but I did last night. Bought something special. You up for steak -- for dinner?

Lincoln has a better idea, but he's apprehensive.

LINCOLN

I'm, uh -- yeah, that's great. But, maybe -- I --

ROGER

We're men. Spit it out.

LINCOLN

It's cold in here. Maybe, instead, I could sleep in the corridor? It's a little warmer, but, just as secure. If you put me back to work, I'll get more done, with better sleep and all.

ROGER

You understand that's a big favor? I'd be very generous to grant it.

LINCOLN

Yes.

Roger heads for the door.

ROGER
We'll give it a try.

LINCOLN
Can we still have the steak?

ROGER
That's ballsy.

He walks out.

ROGER (O.S.)
I'll come get you.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln picks his teeth as he lies on the corridor floor, staring at the ceiling, full from the meal.

He presses his ear to the main door and, hearing nothing, scrambles into the missile silo.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln grabs a large piece of concrete and swipes at a piece of rebar jutting from the wall. The rebar breaks free.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS - LINCOLN DRILLS A HOLE

- Lincoln counts off eight or so steps away from the main door and stops.

- He runs his hands up the wall, about three feet, and holds his finger in place.

- Lincoln, the piece of concrete wedged between his chest and the rebar as a buffer, spins the rebar in place by rubbing his hands alternately up and down, drilling a hole.

- Lincoln is several inches into his task. His hands are bruised and bloody, but he presses on.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Roger spins the dials of his radio. In the background, Lincoln hammers studs into place along a wall.

Roger settles on a frequency and pops the mic.

ROGER
 C-Q, C-Q, calling C-Q. This is N-5-
 N-S-T, November, 5, November,
 Sierra, Tango.

The answer comes back in a thick Texas drawl.

EAGLE (V.O.)
 N-5-N-S-T, this is D-T-5-T-K,
 Delta, Tango, 5, Tango, Kilo. My
 friends call me Eagle. Who do I
 have and where ya'll from?

ROGER
 Eagle? Ain't that unique. Me -- I'm
 just Roger. A simple man, I guess.

Lincoln rolls his eyes.

ROGER
 Calling from beautiful Mid-
 Missouri.

EAGLE (V.O.)
 D-M-9-4, here.

Roger runs his finger over a grid map.

ROGER
 Texas? I spent some time out there.
 Long time ago.

EAGLE (V.O.)
 I'll be damn. Hook 'em horns!

ROGER
 College never was my thing. I was
 too much of a troublemaker, I
 guess. Like I said, long time ago.

EAGLE (V.O.)
 So, you're not now? A troublemaker?

Roger flinches as a nail bounces off his cheek.

ROGER
 I hate to cut this so short, but, I
 gotta go.

EAGLE (V.O.)
 Oh -- Okay. Maybe I'll catch you
 later?

ROGER

Maybe.

He snaps the radio off, a spot of blood on his cheek.

ROGER

What the hell -- ?

Lincoln, clearly trying not to make any sudden moves, nods, slowly, toward the ladder. Roger turns to look.

The parakeet, loose from its cage, hops toward the red line.

ROGER

(whispers)

Jesus.

The bird waddles closer, stopping just short of the line.

BIRD

Hello.

Bonnie scoots from Roger's bedroom.

BONNIE

He needed to stretch his wings.

ROGER

(quietly)

Honey -- stand still.

BONNIE

Don't be gruff.

Roger bends down as the bird toddles along the line.

ROGER

Come to papa.

Roger slowly circles around, and as soon as the bird puts a bit of distance between itself and the line, he pounces, scoops it up.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln pushes aside a sheet of metal hiding the hole and continues drilling.

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ali lies on the bed, crying.

Bonnie sets Sarah's box of trinkets next to Ali, sits next to her. She strokes Ali's hair, begins to braid it.

Ali sits up, calms. While Bonnie braids her hair, Ali picks through the box of Sarah's things, pushes aside the barrette.

BONNIE
(grabs the barrette)
Oooh. Let's put that in.

Ali takes it, drops it back in the box: NOT GONNA HAPPEN.

There's a photo: Sarah, smiling, next to a man. We can't tell what he looks like though, as his head has been cut out of the picture.

ALI
She looks happy.

BONNIE
She loved her father.

Ali, stunned, spins to Bonnie.

ALI
She -- you remember?

BONNIE
Remember what, dear?

ALI
Where is she?

BONNIE
(trying to remember)
I -- I'm -- I don't know.

ALI
Was he mean to her, like me?

BONNIE
I don't --

ALI
But, you remember, please, help me.

BONNIE
Stop -- I can't --

Ali grabs Bonnie.

ALI
You have to help.

BONNIE
Stop it, Sarah. Stop it right now.

Roger rounds the corner, sees Ali holding tightly to Bonnie's arm as Bonnie, crying, tries to shake loose.

ROGER
Sarah!

He grabs Ali, rips her grip from Bonnie's arm.

ROGER
Don't you ever handle your mother like that.

BONNIE
It's okay. We were just talking.

ROGER
It's not okay.

BONNIE
Please --

ROGER
Leave us.

Bonnie is reluctant, so Roger firmly, but lovingly, escorts her away as Ali curls into a ball, facing the wall.

Near her head, a spot on the wall crumbles as a hole opens up. A piece of rebar pushes through. When it pulls out, she sees: an eye, blinking from the other side.

LINCOLN (O.S.)
Ali. It's me.

Ali quickly covers the hole with a pillow. Just as she does, she's ripped from the bed.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln peers into the hole.

LINCOLN
Ali. Hey. Can you hear me? Ali?

He hears a scream. Then another. And another. It's Ali.

Lincoln runs to the door. He pulls, claws, kicks. But, he can't get through. After awhile, the screaming stops.

Lincoln, crying, runs back to the hole and waits.

Eventually, he hears Ali, fighting to breathe as she battles a round of dry heaves. Peering into the hole, he can see light from the other side, but not his daughter.

LINCOLN

Ali. Sweetie. It's daddy. Are you okay? Did he hurt you?

She's quiet.

LINCOLN

I'm right here. Okay?

He fumbles in his pocket. His hands shake as he pulls out his pill bottle. He takes out a couple of pills.

LINCOLN

I've got your medicine.

He sets a pill in the hole.

LINCOLN

Ready? Here it comes.

He puts his mouth over the hole and blows. Hard.

LINCOLN

Did you get it? Ali?

ALI (O.S.)

Yes.

He sets another pill in the hole.

LINCOLN

One more, okay, Ali? One more.

He blows the medicine to his daughter.

LINCOLN

I'm gonna sit right here. With you.
All night, okay? Right here.

Lincoln sits next to the hole, listens to her crying. He looks at the pill bottle, shakes it. Maybe half full.

Fighting to stay unheard, Lincoln struggles to control his own breathing.

He takes one of his small rocks, spins it between his palms.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lincoln, chained, screws a sheet of drywall into place.

In fact, narrow sheets of drywall cover most of the walls now. The ceiling's been painted white, the floor cleaned.

Lincoln turns to Roger, who's counting canned goods in the newly-installed cabinets.

LINCOLN

I think we're ready for mud.

Roger saunters over to inspect his work.

ROGER

Shoulda done this last time.

LINCOLN

How long did you live here, before?

ROGER

'Bout ten years. When my Bonnie's memory started going bad, I figured best get her some sunshine.

He returns to counting cans.

ROGER

Didn't make much difference.

Roger pulls open a drawer.

ROGER

Had some good times down here.

He snags a photo from the drawer, holds it up for Lincoln to inspect, though he doesn't let it go.

Roger's thumb covers a portion of the photo, but Lincoln can see most of it: Bonnie, in a wedding dress, smiling awkwardly. She's in the bunker.

LINCOLN

You got married down here?

ROGER

Not exactly the wedding of her dreams, but, she humored me all the same. We do the oddest things for the ones we love.

Roger drops the photo in his pocket.

LINCOLN
Why were you down here?

Roger grabs a bucket of drywall compound, runs his hand over the seams in the wall.

ROGER
Let's get that first coat on today.

Lincoln watches as Roger turns back to counting inventory.

Eventually, Lincoln pops the lid on the bucket, scoops a glob of mud and presses it to the nearest joint.

LINCOLN
What's the longest you've gone without seeing Bonnie?

Roger doesn't react well to the question.

ROGER
We have to do this again?

LINCOLN
It's been three weeks. I've done everything you've asked.

ROGER
I didn't make you any promises.

The radio crackles to life, distracting Roger.

EAGLE (V.O.)
N-5-N-S-T, you there? This is D-T-5-T-K, Delta, Tango, 5, Tango, Kilo. Eagle here, calling for my man Roger the dodger. N-5-N-S-T?

Roger makes a beeline for the radio.

LINCOLN
Like ladies at a hair salon.

Roger glares at Lincoln.

LINCOLN
I'm just saying. I talked to my wife less than you talk to that man. Three times this week --

Roger pops the mic.

ROGER

-- Hold on, cowboy. I gotta handle something here.

EAGLE (V.O.)

Roger that.

Roger spins for Lincoln.

ROGER

That man's a patriot. Two tours. Doubt you know what that even means. We've done things that would give you nightmares. Why? 'Cause they needed doing. Fog of war, they call it. Just a pretty way of saying, sometimes doing the wrong thing, is the right thing. It's about hard choices. I made 'em. He made 'em. You -- never made 'em. So, how's about you show Eagle the respect he's earned?

Lincoln holds up his hands in mock surrender.

LINCOLN

No disrespect. I just think I ought to be able to talk to my own daughter as much as you talk to your friend there.

Roger motions Lincoln back to work, returns to the radio.

ROGER

Sorry about that, Eagle. What's shakin' in Texas today?

EAGLE (V.O.)

Company's got me headed your way tomorrow. Thought I might swing by your place, put a face to the name.

ROGER

You're coming to Missouri?

EAGLE (V.O.)

Making the run up I-35, then over to St. Louis. You anywhere close to the interstate?

ROGER

Don't know I'd call it close. Anyway, my situations a bit -- unsettled.

EAGLE (V.O.)
Yesterday you said you were running
low on supplies. I'd be happy to
make a drop for a friend.

Roger glances to Lincoln, who continues to work on the
drywall. He looks at the nearly empty shelves.

ROGER
Let me put together a list.

He glances back to Lincoln, but Lincoln's gone.

ROGER
Dammit. I gotta go. Call me when
you get back.

EAGLE (V.O.)
But, the supplies --

Roger snaps the radio off and bolts around the corner.

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S ROOM - DAY

Lincoln peers through the bars into Ali's room. Ali is
handcuffed to the bed. Bonnie cradles her.

BONNIE
She's asleep.

A gun presses against Lincoln's head. Defeated, he shuffles
down the hall and opens the door to his corridor.

While Roger watches, Lincoln pulls the door closed himself.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln shakes out the contents from his pill bottle. Three
pills remain.

He takes one and sets it in the drilled opening.

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ali lies, balled up, back to the hole.

INTERCUT - CONVERSATION THROUGH WALL

LINCOLN
Here it comes.

He blows the pill to his daughter.

LINCOLN

How are you? Are you okay?

It takes awhile, but a response eventually comes back.

ALI

I can't do this anymore.

LINCOLN

We can get through this.

ALI

Mom's gone. Uncle Tuck is gone...

LINCOLN

Life changes fast, Ali. One minute you're lost -- the next minute something happens. Suddenly, there's a before, and there's an after. When I met your mom -- everything I knew instantly evaporated. It was like a new world was born.

Ali turns, faces the hole, listens.

LINCOLN

You're going to have those moments. More than one. Maybe it won't be a boy. Maybe it'll be a job. Or, a religion. Hell, I don't know. That's the point. Big change is only ever an instant away. So far, for you, it's been bad change. But, trust me, there's good change, too.

There's no response from the other side.

LINCOLN

Ali?

ALI

I should sleep. When Roger gets back, I have to do the laundry.

LINCOLN

Gets back?

ALI

He went to the store.

Lincoln perks up.

LINCOLN

This is it, Ali. Before and after.
It's time to go.

ALI

How do we get out?

LINCOLN

Same way he did.

ALI

What do you mean?

LINCOLN

The bombs, they're disarmed, or he
couldn't have gotten out. Can you
get the door open -- to the
corridor?

ALI

I'm handcuffed to the bed. And the
door is chained.

LINCOLN

Get creative. Can you take the bed
apart to get the handcuffs off?

She examines the bed.

ALI

I don't know.

LINCOLN

Look around. You can do this.

ALI

I need the key!

LINCOLN

We don't have the key.

BONNIE (O.S.)

I know where the key is.

Ali looks up. Bonnie stands outside the locked bedroom.

BONNIE

Your father thinks I don't know,
but I do.

Lincoln, unable to hear Bonnie, doesn't know what's going on.

LINCOLN

Ali?

ALI
(to Lincoln)
Shhhh.
(to Bonnie)
Maybe you could get it?

BONNIE
Oh, sweetie, I can't do that.

ALI
I need it -- I'm late for a date.

Lincoln presses his ear to the hole.

BONNIE
Is it that Eddie boy? From school.

ALI
I -- uh --

BONNIE
-- Because I always liked him.

ALI
It is. It's Eddie. He wants to take me to a movie. Nothing big. Daddy will never even know.

BONNIE
I don't know.

ALI
Two hours. That's all. I promise.

Bonnie turns and walks away.

LINCOLN
Ali? What's going on?

ALI
I don't know. Hang on.

Bonnie returns, holds the key up.

BONNIE
What's the harm in a little fun?

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln paces as he listens to the sounds of the chains falling from the door. When the door finally opens, he rushes to Ali. He breaks down as he clutches his daughter.

LINCOLN
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

BONNIE
What time does the movie start?

LINCOLN
(to Ali)
She's right. We have to hurry.

He pulls her toward the ladder.

They stop at the red line, look up. The motion sensors remain, but the explosives are gone.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln presses against the main hatch with no luck. He turns the handle, tries again. Nothing.

BONNIE
What are you doing?

LINCOLN
I can't let her drive herself to the theater. Not at night.

Bonnie spins toward the kitchen.

BONNIE
I'll pop some popcorn.

He turns the hatch handle again, presses up. Nothing.

LINCOLN
We're not getting out this way.

Ali looks at the radio, catches Lincoln's attention. He scrambles down and tries to power it up. Again, no luck.

Lincoln looks at the back of the radio.

LINCOLN
He must've taken the power cord.

As the popcorn pops in the background, Lincoln stands frozen.

ALI
Dad?

He throws his hand up: STOP TALKING. Finally...

LINCOLN
Get your bed.

ALI
What?

LINCOLN
Bring me your bed.

Ali runs to her bedroom as Lincoln tears into the sheetrock.

He opens a large hole and pulls at the studs, tearing two of them from the wall as Ali drags her cot into the room.

Lincoln grabs rope from a nearby shelf.

DING! The popcorn is done. Bonnie cheerfully bags it up.

Lincoln ties the two studs to the bed frame, one on each side, extending several feet beyond the head of the bed.

LINCOLN
Let's go.

He grabs the studs, like a horse pulling the world's worst chariot, and sprints toward the corridor.

Ali follows closely behind, grabbing the bag of popcorn from Bonnie's hand as she runs past.

BONNIE
Enjoy the movie!

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln ties a rope around the bed frame, then ties the other end of the rope around his waist.

Bracing himself, he pushes the bed frame off the platform.

LINCOLN
Match my moves.

He begins to climb. The bed frame dangles underneath.

ALI
I can't.

LINCOLN
You have to.

ALI

Why can't we just knock him out or something when he comes back?

LINCOLN

He'll be ready for that. He's too smart. And paranoid.

He points to the top.

LINCOLN

There's an opening up there. I know it. I just don't know how big.

She drops the bag of popcorn and follows, very tenuously. It doesn't take long, though, for her to look comfortable.

LINCOLN

You're a natural.

She smiles. They're actually enjoying this.

They reach the platform about halfway up. Lincoln pulls the bed frame up, but it catches on something. Ali grabs onto a nearby bar and swing her legs out to kick it free.

Lincoln pulls it up the remaining distance.

As the frame rises, it presses against him, slowly working the pill bottle out of his pocket. By the time he notices, it's too late.

The bottle, the last two pills and his rock collection, tumble into the darkness.

LINCOLN

Dammit.

He pulls the frame up, and Ali swings back onto the platform with him. They look across the gap.

Lincoln stands the bed frame on end and lets it drop across the gap. The two-by-fours catch the edge of the platform on the other side. They have a bridge.

LINCOLN

I'll go first.

ALI

I'm lighter.

Lincoln unties the rope from the frame and ties it around Ali's waist. They're now tethered.

She starts across, keeping her weight on the metal span closest the wall. The frame creaks, and the rope holding the wood studs strains, but it holds and Ali makes it across.

LINCOLN
Untie yourself.

ALI
No.

LINCOLN
I'm not pulling you down with me.

She unties the rope from her waist, but quickly re-ties it around the platform railing.

LINCOLN
Good idea.

ALI
It might not hold.

LINCOLN
Let's hope it doesn't have to.

Lincoln looks down, into the darkness.

ALI
Dad?

Lincoln looks up.

ALI
I love you.

He smiles... and steps out.

Lincoln slowly scoots toward the other side. The frame creaks. The wood groans. Halfway across... it SNAPS. The frame tumbles into the darkness. SPLASH!

Ali screams as Lincoln swings below the platform, arcing beneath her.

He reaches the apex, tries to grab the platform and misses, arcing back from where he came. His momentum finally exhausts. He dangles below his daughter.

LINCOLN
Guess it held.

With one last jolt, the rope slips from his waist and slides to his armpits. He drops a couple of feet, but no further.

Lincoln climbs the rope, Ali helps pull him onto the platform. As she does, her shirt sleeve slides up her arm, exposing multiple wounds. Cuts. Horizontal lines, from her wrist to her elbow, in various stages of healing.

LINCOLN

Jesus, Ali.

He slips her other sleeve up. Same thing. Embarrassed, she quickly pulls the sleeves back down. A high-pitched, distant SQUEAL pierces the moment. It's the sound of brakes.

LINCOLN

He's back.

Ali's eyes widen.

ALI

What do we do?

LINCOLN

Go up. Or, go back.

Ali unconsciously tugs at her shirt sleeves. It's enough of a cue for Lincoln.

LINCOLN

When he drops into the bunker, we climb out.

They climb. Two large, steel doors greet them at the top. There's a gap between the two, but it's small. Too small.

Lincoln peeks out. He only gets glimpses, but he sees Roger stacking supplies near the hatch.

Lincoln pushes on the steel doors, but his lack of effort reflects the obvious futility. They both search the edges, looking for any possible exit. There's none.

LINCOLN

We have to go back.

Ali's lip quivers as she fights to control her emotions.

LINCOLN

And, we have to hurry. He can't know we did this.

She nods. Lincoln hugs his daughter.

LINCOLN

Be quick, but careful.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Roger drops a case of water onto a larger pile of supplies.

He grabs a lever and slowly works a large chunk of concrete from the top of the hatch door.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln takes a running leap across the divide. He catches the edge and pulls himself up.

He removes the rope from his waist and ties it to a nearby anchor point. On the other side, Ali unties an anchor point and ties the rope around herself.

ALI

I can't jump that far.

LINCOLN

Just drop. I'll pull you up.

Ali swings underneath the platform and hangs from the edge.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Roger stands at the hatch, next to a large stack of supplies. He's surrounded by gear: his hazmat suit, gas canisters, his shotgun, etc.

Roger swings the hatch open, grabs a mirror, attached to a long pole, and lowers it into the bunker.

He swings the mirror around, careful to get a good look inside the bunker.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Ali still hangs from the ledge.

LINCOLN

Let go. Please. We have to hurry.

She does, but not without letting out a bit of a scream.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Roger hears something. He stops, looks around.

Satisfied, he returns to the hatch.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln pulls Ali up and they continue their scramble down.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

CORRIDOR

Lincoln and Ali run through the corridor and into the

MAIN ROOM

A case of water hangs by a rope near the ladder. Roger, unable to see into the main room, lowers it to the ground.

Bonnie stands nearby. She doesn't notice Ali or Lincoln.

ROGER (O.S.)
Get Sarah to help move it.

He drops a key to Bonnie.

BONNIE
She's at the movies.

ROGER (O.S.)
Movies? What -- ?

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Roger shakes his head.

ROGER
Sometimes -- Just untie it. I'll
move it myself.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

CORRIDOR

Lincoln pulls Ali back into the corridor.

LINCOLN
We'll figure something out. Just
get back to your room for now. Lock
yourself up.

MAIN ROOM

Ali slips back into the main room. Bonnie spins around.

BONNIE
That was quick.
(looks up)
Sarah's back.

ROGER (O.S.)
Great. Get her. We need her help.

BONNIE
She's right --

Ali tugs her toward the kitchen, whispers...

ALI
I don't want daddy mad at me.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Roger leans into the hatch.

ROGER
Everything okay down there?

BONNIE (O.S.)
Everything's fine.

He grabs his mirror, slides it down the hatch. Looks around.
Bonnie waves back.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

MAIN ROOM

Ali hides, tucked in behind Bonnie as the mirror rocks back and forth, then finally lifts back out of the bunker.

ROGER (O.S.)
One more case coming down.

Ali tiptoes toward her bedroom as the last case of water drops to the floor.

LINCOLN
(as loud as he dares)
Ali! The chains. On my door.

Ali runs to him. He pulls her in for a hug.

LINCOLN
I'm sorry. I thought --

ALI
I have to go.

She pushes him into the corridor, pulls the door closed and quietly replaces the chains.

Ali heads for the bedroom. She stops cold. She's looking at the destroyed wall.

Her head drops. She's screwed, and she knows it.

Roger drops from the ladder.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln listens as Ali screams.

LATER

Lincoln lies on the floor. The screams no longer break the silence. The chains coming off the door, however, do. Lincoln stands as Roger pushes into the corridor, gun drawn.

LINCOLN
I'm sorry. I --

ROGER
I've been nothing but good to you.

He advances. Lincoln retreats.

ROGER
I coulda killed you back at the
campground, you know?

Roger stalks him all the way into the

MISSILE SILO

Lincoln nearly trips over the doorway as Roger smacks him across the face with the gun.

ROGER
But, I didn't. That was a kindness,
Lincoln. A kindness.

He smacks Lincoln across the face again, then draws the gun up to Lincoln's forehead. He holds it for a moment, then...

ROGER
I. Am. Not. A. Killer.

He digs the nose of the gun into Lincoln's forehead. Then, spins for the door.

ROGER
One week. Maybe more.

He drops a water bottle and a baggie of food on the platform.

ROGER
You're lucky I've grown as a man.

Roger pulls the door closed as he heads back into the bunker.

Lincoln listens as the chains go on.

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S ROOM - DAY

Ali sits, chained to a shelving unit. Her sleeves stained with blood, her hair matted. Her eyes hollow.

ROGER (O.S.)
No, I'm good. Ran out for supplies last week. How was your trip?

EAGLE (O.S.)
Good. Gets kinda nice going into mid-Missouri. Pretty hills.

ROGER (O.S.)
It's real hilly down south.

EAGLE (O.S.)
That where you are?

ROGER (O.S.)
Nah, I'm more central.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A radio sits on a table, next to a map of Missouri.

We can't see his face, but a man draws two lines, dividing the map in thirds. He draws large "X"s through the top and bottom third.

EAGLE
Got water close by? A lake or a river? For fishing, I mean.

ROGER (V.O.)
I could get down to Truman Lake if I wanted.

(MORE)

ROGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's only about 45 minutes away. I
 don't get out much, though. Lot's
 of responsibilities.

Eagle draws a large arc north of Truman Lake. He crosses out
 the areas outside of his markings.

EAGLE
 So you got family?

ROGER (V.O.)
 Something like that. Mouths to
 feed. You?

EAGLE
 Nope. Just a lonely man. Hoping to
 find a friend or two. That's why
 I'm so glad I found you.

Eagle nervously taps the marker on the map.

ROGER (V.O.)
 I've never been much good at making
 friends. Always felt like more work
 than anything.

EAGLE
 If they're good friends, it won't
 feel like work at all.

ROGER (V.O.)
 I suppose.

EAGLE
 I do hope that you and I'll get a
 chance to meet, face-to-face.

ROGER (V.O.)
 Yeah, sometime. For now, friend, I
 gotta go. Work to be done.

EAGLE
 Sounds good. Talk to you later...

He lets go of the mic button.

EAGLE
 (no Southern drawl)
 Asshole.

Eagle sits back and, for the first time, we see his face.
 It's Tucker.

He turns off the radio. He looks up at a poster on the wall above him: the Grand Canyon. The same poster that hung in Ali's room.

He grabs a nearby business card. It's for an agent. FBI. Tucker dials his phone.

TUCKER

I got him.

AGENT (V.O.)

What do you mean, you got him?

TUCKER

He's in central Missouri. North of Truman Lake. About 45 minutes.

AGENT (V.O.)

That it?

TUCKER

What do you mean, that it? I just narrowed your search from all of the United States to a small patch of Missouri.

AGENT (V.O.)

Look. It's -- you know we went hard on this. For weeks. I'm still sitting on over 300 leads. I've got sightings all over. But, we had to cut back.

TUCKER

That's my friend out there.

AGENT (V.O.)

I'm not saying we won't check it out. I'm just saying, I can't get to you until next week. But, I'll look at what you've got. In the meantime, you need to understand, it's been twelve weeks.

TUCKER

They're still alive. I know it.

AGENT (V.O.)

I'll come over next week. You show me what you have. If it looks good, I'll put a man or two on it.

Pissed, Tucker hangs up. He grabs a backpack, starts jamming it full with his gear.

EXT. LINCOLN/ALI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tucker throws his pack in the back seat of his convertible, hops in and peels out, down the same street where this journey began.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln lies on the platform, shivering from the cold, despite the presence of his faded red scarf. He closes his eyes and his body relaxes as sleep settles over him.

Almost instantly, he jerks awake with a scream.

He grabs the baggie of food, but it's empty.

The now-empty bag of popcorn sits nearby. Next to it: five kernels lined up in a neat little row. He eats one, chases it with his last few drops of water.

The chains scrape against the door and it swings open.

ROGER (O.S.)
Sarah's birthday. Having a party.

A set of handcuffs slide into the room. Footsteps trail as Roger heads back to the main room.

Lincoln looks around, frantic. Through the open door, he sees what he wants: the old poster, hanging on the corridor wall. He rips it down.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln sits opposite Ali. Both are chained to the table. Roger and Bonnie flank Ali. Roger has a new necklace: his keys, on a simple chain.

There's a cake on the table, complete with candles.

ALL
*Happy Birthday, dear Sarah. Happy
Birthday to you!*

Ali blows out the candles. Bonnie, oxygen hose looped under her nose, cuts the cake.

When Lincoln gets his piece, it's gone in two bites. Bonnie gives him a glass of milk, which he also slams down.

ROGER
Manners there, Lincoln.

LINCOLN

I'm sorry. Thank you.

Bonnie sets her hand on Roger's shoulder and directs his attention to a spot across the room.

BONNIE

You remember her eighth birthday?

With her unoccupied hand, hidden from Roger, Bonnie deftly slips another slice of cake in front of Lincoln. He practically swallows it whole.

BONNIE

You drew a horse on that wall,
right over there.

ROGER

She wanted a pony. Best I could do.

They turn back to the table.

ROGER

That was a good party.

He stands, walks to a nearby shelf, searches for something.

ROGER

Somewhere in here -- Yep. Knew I
still had it.

He drops a CD into an old player and music starts. Something slow. (EX: Daughters by John Mayer)

ROGER

(to Ali)
May I have this dance?

Ali holds up her hands: KINDA TIED UP HERE.

Roger pulls the key from his pocket and unchains her.

She's reluctant, but what choice does she have? He pulls her close (not in a sexual way) and sways gently around the room.

"Fathers be good to your daughters. Daughters will love like you do..."

After a few twirls around the room, Roger tosses the key to a shocked Lincoln.

Lincoln quickly unlocks his own chains and Roger hands Ali off to him.

While Lincoln and Ali dance, Roger takes Bonnie's hand and they join them.

BONNIE
Who's that with Sarah?

ROGER
His name's Lincoln.
(off Bonnie's look)
He's just a friend.

BONNIE
He's too old for her.

ROGER
Don't you worry about such things.
Everything's good with Sarah.

The song ends, but, Lincoln doesn't want to let Ali go. He holds her tight while Roger grabs a present, hands it to Ali.

She unwraps an old View-Master.

ROGER
There's more in the box.

She pulls out several reels. Roger takes one from her and slides it into the viewer.

ROGER
Hold it up to the light.

She does. Click, new photo. Click, new photo.

ALI
It's incredible.

ROGER
(to Lincoln)
Grand Canyon.

Click, new photo.

ALI
Dad, do you think I'll ever see it,
for real?

ROGER
Don't see why not.

LINCOLN
I promise.

BONNIE
We honeymooned at the Grand Canyon.

LINCOLN

Really?

ROGER

No, dear -- that's --

BONNIE

Drove all night. Straight from the church.

(to Roger)

You were so handsome. Preacher said we made a beautiful couple. I have a picture somewhere.

She begins a search while Ali continues to click away at the View-Master.

Roger chases after Bonnie.

ROGER

No, honey. We're doing a birthday party right now.

She rifles through a drawer.

BONNIE

I know it was in here.

Roger pulls her away, gently.

ROGER

Let's get some rest, sweetie.

(to Lincoln)

You go back to the silo. I'll come lock up in a minute.

LINCOLN

I had a present. For Ali -- Sarah.

BONNIE

Oh, how nice.

ROGER

Make it quick.

Lincoln snatches his package from the seat at the table. It's a small, soft package, wrapped in the poster.

LINCOLN

It's not much.

She unwraps the red scarf, throws it around her neck.

ALI
Little snowmen. I like it.

BONNIE
So pretty.

Roger has a different reaction. He rushes Lincoln, grabs him by the throat and pins him violently against the wall.

ROGER
Where'd you get that?

LINCOLN
In the silo. I found it, hanging --

ROGER
You shouldn't be messing with things that aren't yours.

While holding Lincoln against the wall, he reaches out and rips the scarf from Ali's neck.

Bonnie marches to Roger, rips it back.

BONNIE
That's Sarah's scarf!

She hands it back to Ali. It's a rare moment of strength from Bonnie, and it stops Roger cold.

Roger looks back to Lincoln.

ROGER
Go back to the silo. Now.

LINCOLN
No.

Roger looks back to Bonnie.

ROGER
This is your fault.

Bonnie's aggressive stance melts as Roger pulls his gun and grabs Ali by the hair.

BONNIE
I'm sorry. I --

Lincoln steps toward Roger and Ali, but stops as Roger points the gun at Ali's head, drags her across the room.

She fights against him as he kicks open the large supply crate. Roger yanks a few items out of the crate, tosses them across the room.

ALI

I don't -- please. I don't want to go in there.

Roger pushes her down, into the box.

ALI

I didn't do anything.

She grabs his arm.

ALI

Don't close it. Please. Don't --

He shakes free and closes the crate.

ALI (O.S.)

Mom? Help me! Mom!

BONNIE

I'm here.

ALI (O.S.)

Mom!

BONNIE

I'm right here, Sarah.

ALI (O.S.)

Help me! Somebody help me!

Roger slaps a lock on the box.

ALI (O.S.)

I can't breathe!

Lincoln grabs the closest object he can find, a metal FLASHLIGHT, and charges the distracted Roger.

Roger spins. BANG! He shoots Lincoln in the leg, dropping him in a heap.

Lincoln's chest heaves with anger, even as he clutches his leg. Roger leans in, locking eyes with Lincoln.

ROGER

You think you're better than me.

LINCOLN
(challenging)
But I'm not, am I Roger?

They hold their stares, neither man giving an inch.

ROGER
Go back to the silo, while I
consider what needs to be done.

Lincoln doesn't give.

Roger pulls out the remote detonator, holds it up. His thumb hovers over the button.

ROGER
You think I mind dying down here?

Lincoln, with no options, drags himself into the corridor. Roger slams the door shut behind him.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln jolts awake as something catches his attention. He scrambles, gingerly, to the hole, then tries to look through.

LINCOLN
Ali? I can see you. Are you okay?

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ali huddles next to the hole in the wall.

INTERCUT - CONVERSATION THROUGH WALL

She peers through.

ALI
(gasping for air)
I -- can't -- breathe.

LINCOLN
Calm down. Take deep breaths.

ALI
I -- can't.

LINCOLN
Try.

ALI
How -- long?

LINCOLN

Don't --

ALI

How long -- was I -- in there?

LINCOLN

Three days. I think. Maybe four.

She sobs.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Ali. I'm so sorry.

ALI

I -- can't -- breathe!

Lincoln looks toward the silo.

LINCOLN

Hold on.

ALI

Don't go.

LINCOLN

I'll be back.

Lincoln limps to the silo.

ALI

Dad!

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln lowers himself from the platform.

He stands at the water's edge, flashlight in hand. Lincoln stuffs the flashlight into the baggie, zips it closed.

He powers on the flashlight, shines it around. Lots of broken pipes, the bed frame, half in the water, half out, lots of other rusting junk.

He strips down to his underwear, ties his shirt around the wound on his leg, then slowly lowers himself into the water.

LINCOLN

It's just a big bath tub, Lincoln.

His breathing picks up.

LINCOLN

Calm down, buddy. You can do this.

He drops into the water and bobs right back up, nearly panicked. He grabs onto a nearby hand hold. A death grip.

LINCOLN

Longs Peak. Colorado. The Diamond.
Nine-hundred vertical feet. Solo --
Fuck it. You want to be her dad,
this is it. Right now. Right here.

He takes a deep breath, drops into the water. Lincoln flashes the light toward the bottom as he swims that direction. Left, right, nothing. He pushes back to the surface.

LINCOLN

That's a deep bath tub.

Deep breath, back under.

At the bottom, he searches, frantic. Left, right, left.

There. The pill bottle. He snatches it and turns for the surface. But, something else catches his attention.

A hand.

Well, not so much a hand, as the bones of a hand. A skeleton. Female clothes. Strands of long hair floating peacefully about the skull.

Lincoln shoots to the top. NOW he's panicked.

Deep, forced breaths. He grabs his chest. He can't get out of the water fast enough.

He quickly snaps the cap off the bottle and slams the pills into his mouth.

His breathing slows.

He looks at the bottle. *What have I done?*

Lincoln slams his fingers into his mouth, pushing them deep into the back of his throat.

He vomits.

Lincoln spreads the vomit out, searching the contents. Nothing. He slams his fingers into his mouth.

More vomit, more searching.

LINCOLN
Come on, come on --

He tries again, but nothing comes out.

Lincoln sits back, sobbing.

LINCOLN
I'm so sorry, Ali.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Lincoln, leashed to the table with a length of chain, washes dishes. He's lifeless. A dead man walking.

BONNIE
Let's take a look at that leg.

He sits at the table, props the leg up. She peels back the cloth. The wound, red and infected, oozes.

She grabs a bottle of alcohol and a fresh cloth.

BONNIE
This'll hurt, dear.

She pours the alcohol on the wound. It should hurt. Bad. But, Lincoln doesn't flinch.

She dabs the wound and puts on a fresh bandage. Lincoln returns to the dishes.

ALI'S ROOM

Ali stares blankly at the wall. She has a new addition: the barrette, with bow, in her hair.

ROGER (O.S.)
This is N-5-N-S-T, November, 5,
November, Sierra, Tango, calling
for D-T-5-T-K, Delta, Tango, 5,
Tango, Kilo.

MAIN ROOM

Roger sits at the radio, mic in hand.

ROGER
D-T-5-T-K, Delta, Tango, 5, Tango,
Kilo, you out there, buddy?

TUCKER/EAGLE (V.O.)
(full drawl)
Eagle here. How's it shakin'?

Lincoln rolls his eyes, tosses a clean dish onto a towel.

ROGER
Aw, fine, I guess. Things are a bit
tense around here. Family stuff.
Everybody wants to blame me for
everything.

TUCKER/EAGLE (V.O.)
Everybody makes mistakes. Maybe you
could make things right.

ROGER
Ha! Worst thing you probably ever
did was steal some of your pop's
whiskey. Besides Afghanistan, of
course.

Lincoln tosses another dish onto the pile, motions for Roger
to unchain him, let him go back to the corridor.

TUCKER/EAGLE (V.O.)
I almost got expelled once.

Roger waves Lincoln off, points to the remaining dirty
dishes. Lincoln reluctantly continues washing.

ROGER
I find that hard to believe.

TUCKER/EAGLE (V.O.)
Third grade. Popped both the
teacher and the principal with an
eraser. One shot. Best friend
bailed me out, though. Took the
fall.

Lincoln stops cold. He knows it's Tucker.

ROGER
I've never had a friend like that.

Roger notices Lincoln frozen in place. Lincoln grabs a cloth
and wipes the table.

The lights FLICKER just a bit.

ROGER
Hang on there, amigo. I gotta check
on something.

Roger shuffles into the generator room.

Lincoln slowly wipes the table, carefully working himself closer to the radio. He switches to wiping a nearby counter, even closer to the radio and Tucker.

Keeping an eye on the generator room door, he swings over to dusting next to the radio. He's at the end of his chain. So, he tugs, pulling the table closer. It's just enough.

Lincoln pushes the mic button.

The lights go out.

ROGER (O.S.)

Dammit.

Lincoln retreats from the radio, which, of course, is also dead, just as Roger swings into the room, flashlight in hand.

ROGER

Generator's dead.

LINCOLN

I can help.

ROGER

Don't need it.

Roger unchains Lincoln, motions him into the corridor.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln fumbles in the darkness, eventually finding his flashlight, and soon after, the hole in the wall.

LINCOLN

Ali?

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S ROOM

It's dark in here, too. As Roger works on the generator, the lights flicker on and off.

INTERCUT - LINCOLN/ALI

Light. Ali clutches her scarf. Dark.

Across the room a small light flickers. It's the flashlight, shining through the hole.

Ignoring the light, Ali ties the scarf to a tall shelf unit.

Light. She wraps the other end around her neck and ties it tight, then lowers herself to the ground. The scarf pulls taut. Dark.

Light. Ali lets her weight hang loose. She's trying to hang herself. Dark.

Light. Lincoln grows frantic as he watches Ali hang by the scarf. Dark.

LINCOLN

Ali!

He runs to the door and pounds with his fists.

LINCOLN

Help her! Please! Ali needs help!

He skids back to the hole and peers through.

Light. Ali flails, choking. The scarf lets loose. Lincoln watches her drop to the ground. She doesn't move. Dark.

LINCOLN

Come on, Ali. Please.

Light. She rolls over. Dark.

Lincoln flashes the light, trying to catch her attention.

Ali crawls to the light, props herself against the wall.

LINCOLN

Please -- don't do -- I can't --

He fights to slow his breathing.

LINCOLN

We're getting out of here.

ALI

I don't think so.

LINCOLN

Listen -- Eagle -- on the radio --
It's Tucker. He's alive.

Ali sits back.

ALI

Are you real?

LINCOLN

What do you mean? Of course, I'm real.

ALI

I can't tell anymore.

LINCOLN

This is real, sweetie. All of it. But, we've got a chance now.

ALI

How do you know it's real?

LINCOLN

Ali, I know. Trust me.

ALI

I don't think so.

The lights snap on, this time for good. Lincoln grabs the empty pill bottle from his pocket.

Ali watches as something slowly slides from the hole.

She unwraps the piece of paper, the label from the bottle.
LINCOLN CASPER, XANAX.

LINCOLN (O.S.)

I know what you're going through. Shakes. Heart racing. The disconnect. I feel it all.

ALI

It's different for you.

LINCOLN

I'm scared of water. I can barely take a shower. And it's not just that, Ali. I'm afraid to sleep. Even before all this.

Ali studies the label.

He leans in.

LINCOLN

This thing we deal with. It's not our fault. We were made this way. But, that doesn't mean we can't fight it. And, if we fight it together -- maybe neither of us will feel alone.

ALI
So, Tucker's real? He's alive?

LINCOLN
Yes.

ALI
And he can help?

LINCOLN
If we can tell him where we are,
maybe. I don't know. But, I'm tired
of counting on Roger for crumbs.
I'd sure like to try.

ALI
What do you want me to do?

LINCOLN
Get to the radio.

ALI
How?

LINCOLN
I don't know. But, if you can do
that, I'll figure out the rest.

ALI
Okay. I'll think of something.

LINCOLN
If -- when -- you get him, tell
Tucker he needs to look for a
concrete square in the middle of a
field. Tell him we're underground.
I just don't know where.

ALI
We didn't go far from the
campground. Maybe fifteen minutes.

LINCOLN
That's good. Tell him that. And
tell him we're in an old missile
silo. Can't be many of those.

ALI
If I'm caught --

LINCOLN
You don't have to do this.

ALI

I want to.

LINCOLN

You know I'm taking you to the
Grand Canyon, right?

ALI

You know there's a river at the
bottom of it, right?

LINCOLN

From here on, we're in control. You
get Tuck, I'll get us out of here.

Ali nods.

LINCOLN

If you can, get me the drawings.
Blue papers. Bottom shelf. Just the
page of the silo.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Roger buffs the shine on the barrel of the pistol. Taking
from a small stack of bullets nearby, he slowly reloads.

Satisfied, he slips the pistol into the holster.

Bonnie sleeps on a cot in the corner. He kisses her forehead.

ROGER

Good night, my Bonnie.

He shuffles toward his bedroom.

ALI (O.S.)

Dad!

Roger turns. Calls out.

ROGER

You talking to me?

ALI (O.S.)

Yes.

ROGER

I'll be.

He turns the corner to Ali's room.

ALI
Can I sleep with mom tonight?

Roger hesitates.

ALI
I'm just -- I'm so lonely.

MAIN ROOM

Roger cuffs Ali to Bonnie's bed.

ALI
You don't have to do that.

ROGER
Kinda do. Good night.

He kisses Bonnie on the forehead. She stirs awake.

ROGER
Sarah's gonna sleep next to you
tonight.

BONNIE
That's nice.

She smiles as Ali lays down on her bedding, which is now spread out on the floor next to Bonnie.

Roger heads into his own

BEDROOM

Roger taps on the bars of the parakeet cage.

ROGER
Sleep well.

BIRD
Bye-bye.

Roger settles into bed.

MAIN ROOM

With Bonnie back asleep, Ali examines the handcuffs. They're too tight to slide off. There's also no easy way to extract them from the bed.

Several screws hold the bed frame to the legs of the bed.

She pulls the barrette from her braids. Holding it sideways, she's able to slide it into the slot of the screws. It takes some effort, but she slowly works the screws free.

Holding the bed frame up, she works the handcuffs down the leg, then resets the frame back onto the screws.

Ali lifts the leg of the bed, slides the handcuff out.

She's free.

CORRIDOR

Lincoln watches as a tightly rolled, blue sheet of paper pokes from the hole.

LINCOLN

Atta girl!

MAIN ROOM

Ali flips the power switch for the radio. It springs to life.

She hits the mic button.

ALI

(whispers)

Tucker?

She checks: did she wake Bonnie? Nope.

ALI

(a little louder)

Uncle Tucker? You there?

TUCKER (V.O.)

Ali?

She smiles.

MISSILE SILO

Lincoln studies the drawings.

He tosses them aside, lowers himself from the platform.

EXT/INT. TENT - NIGHT

Ali's tent, set up at Roger and Bonnie's old campground. Inside, Tucker sits in front of his radio.

He grabs his map, draws a circle around the campground.

TUCKER
Fifteen minutes --

ALI (V.O.)
In the middle of a field.

With a nearby laptop, he pulls up a map of Missouri.

TUCKER
I never realized how much you sound
like your mom.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ali stares at the radio.

ALI
I barely remember her anymore.

TUCKER (V.O.)
She was awesome.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Tucker switches to the satellite view of the map, focusing on the area near Knob Noster.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

TUCKER (V.O.)
Alright, Ali. I need more details.
Anything you can think of.

Bonnie stirs.

ALI
(to Tucker)
Don't say anything.

It's too late, she sits up.

BONNIE
Hey, Sarah. What are you doing?

ALI
Dad said I could try it out.

BONNIE
How fun.

Bonnie giddily bounces out of bed.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Tucker listens as Ali holds the mic open.

ALI (V.O.)
Doesn't matter. It doesn't work.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Let me get him.

ALI (V.O.)
No. Please. He'll think I broke it.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie shuffles to the kitchen.

BONNIE
Fine. I bet you want some breakfast
before school.

She grabs a pan and noisily sets it on the stove. Ali anxiously watches the opening to Roger's bedroom.

Bonnie flips on the flame and cracks a few eggs. Ali gently tugs at Bonnie's arm.

ALI
It's bedtime, Mom. Hours before
breakfast.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln stands at the water's edge. His breathing is fast, his hands shake.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ali directs Bonnie back to bed. The radio in the corner glows and the mic button remains on, thanks to the weight of a pair of wire cutters.

ALI
(to Bonnie)
Where are we?

BONNIE
Oh, I don't know, dear.

Bonnie again diverts to the kitchen.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Tucker listens as he pours over the satellite images.

BONNIE (V.O.)
Your father doesn't tell me that
sort of thing.

ALI (V.O.)
I mean, I know we're underground.
In a bunker. An old missile silo.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Again, Ali tries to pull Bonnie to bed. She's more successful
this time.

BONNIE
Don't be gloomy.

ALI
I'm just saying, it's lonely out
here. Just the four of us.

BONNIE
It's not like we're in the middle
of nowhere, honey. That little
Amish shop is just down the street.

Bonnie sits on the bed.

ALI
What's the name of that place?

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Tucker does a quick Google search.

TUCKER
Yoder's?

BONNIE (V.O.)
Yodel's, I think.

Tucker leans in as he returns to searching the map, his
excitement growing.

He leaps from his chair.

TUCKER
I found you!

As quickly as the excitement comes, it goes.

ROGER (V.O.)
What are you ladies doing up?

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln dives in.

He searches the walls near the bottom of the silo. His hands run over the corner of an opening, but the rest of the narrow opening is blocked by a fallen platform.

He swims for the top.

Lincoln orients himself, arcs his hand over his head and points to the other side.

He dives.

Lincoln again searches the walls, this time on the opposite side of the silo.

He finds another opening. This one is clear. It's an old vent and he swims into it.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Roger stands with his back to the glowing radio.

ROGER
Why we making eggs in the middle of
the night?

Ali sits on the floor next to the bed, her hand holding the frame, as if she's still cuffed to the bed.

BONNIE
Sarah was just --

ALI
-- I can't sleep.

Roger turns the stove off. He shuffles to Bonnie and Ali, helps Bonnie lie down and kisses her goodnight.

ROGER
We'll clean this up tomorrow.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Tucker frantically tosses his gear into a backpack. He grabs the card for the FBI, dials the phone.

ALI (V.O.)
Uncle Tuck?

Tucker dives back to the radio.

TUCKER
I'm here, Ali. Calling the FBI. I know where you are.

ALI (V.O.)
Dad says no police.

Tucker hangs up the phone.

TUCKER
You sure about that?

ALI (V.O.)
He'll kill us all before he'd be taken alive.

Tucker slings the backpack over his shoulder.

TUCKER
Then tell your dad I'm close. Real close.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln, cold and still slightly damp from his underwater excursion, shivers violently as he waits next to the hole.

ALI (O.S.)
Dad?

LINCOLN
Did it work? Did you talk to him?
Did you tell him where we are?

ALI (O.S.)
He's coming.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker quietly rolls the convertible to a stop near the RV.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln paces as he fiddles with his bag of rocks. He tosses them over the platform edge. SPLASH.

Something CLANKS overhead. Metal on metal. TAP. TAP.

Lincoln climbs to the gap, looks up.

LINCOLN

Tucker?

TUCKER (O.S.)

I'm here. How ya' holding up?

The lights block Lincoln's view.

LINCOLN

I can't see you.

TUCKER (O.S.)

I'm still pretty, if that's what you're wondering.

LINCOLN

I need something to get across this gap. About twelve feet long.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Hold up.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker searches the area for scraps. Nothing long enough.

He eyes the RV.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln watches as a large sheet of metal descends through the light.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker, rope in hand, peers into the silo. Behind him, the RV sits naked, large strips of siding missing from its shell.

The rope goes slack.

LINCOLN (V.O.)

Got it.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln drops the bundle of metal sheets over the gap and scampers up and across.

He quickly reaches the top of the silo.

LINCOLN
Howdy, cowboy.

TUCKER
(southern drawl)
Yee haw, pardner.

Lincoln reaches through the gap, grabs Tucker's hand.

LINCOLN
You okay -- your stomach?

TUCKER
I'm good. How we getting you guys
out?

LINCOLN
There's an opening. I figure it's
to vent the launch gases. It's got
to reach the top.
(points)
Somewhere that way.

Tucker heads off to look.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker searches the area. The RV sits off to one side, Tucker's car hidden behind it.

He kicks at the dirt, crawls around, looks everywhere.

TUCKER
There's nothing there.

LINCOLN (O.S.)
It's gotta be there.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln orients himself to the vent below and holds his hand out in a line that direction.

LINCOLN
Exactly this way.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker stands, matches Lincoln's pose.

TUCKER

Fuck. Me.

He's looking right at the RV.

Tucker claws at the dirt under the RV. He hits metal. The access is directly under the RV tire.

BACK AT THE OPENING

Tucker looks dejectedly at Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Well, move it, Tuck.

TUCKER

(probably should have
thought of that)

Yeah. Right.

LINCOLN

You see another vent closer to the hatch? A smaller one?

TUCKER

(looks)

Yes.

LINCOLN

That's the generator vent. Give me a couple of minutes. Then block it.

TUCKER

You sure about that?

(off Lincoln's look)

Okay, but it feels like a bad idea.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln slides to a stop in front of the hole.

LINCOLN

Ali!

ALI (O.S.)

Is he here?

LINCOLN

Yes. Listen, you've gotta hurry. I need you to put on a gas mask.

ALI (O.S.)

Why?

LINCOLN

Just do it. Then grab the key.

ALI (O.S.)

What about Bonnie?

LINCOLN

It's them or us, Ali. Look, this may be our only way out.

Lincoln watches as something slides from the hole.

It's a photo. Bonnie stands, smiling, outside a church. She's in a wedding dress and she stands next to her new husband. It's not Roger.

A second photo pokes from the hole.

It's the one Roger showed Lincoln. Bonnie, different wedding dress. In the bunker. But, something else stands out, the part that was hidden by Roger's thumb: chains on her wrist.

ALI (O.S.)

We can't leave her.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker stuffs a rag into the exposed generator vent, then races to the RV.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln stares at the photo.

LINCOLN

She went along with all of this.

ALI (O.S.)

She's been down here so long -- I don't think it's dementia...

LINCOLN

(he knows she's right)
We'll have to move fast.

INT. BUNKER - ALI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ali pushes away from the hole, starts for the door.

LINCOLN (O.S.)

Shit.

Ali dives back.

ALI

What?

LINCOLN (O.S.)

I forget to tell Tucker about the
RV key.

INT. BUNKER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lincoln punches the wall in frustration.

LINCOLN

(to Ali)

Just go. We need to hurry.

Lincoln stands, leans against the wall.

LINCOLN

Let's just hope he finds it.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker pulls on the RV door handle. It's locked. He tries several of the windows. No luck.

Covering his hand with a cloth, he punches through a window and fights to pull himself up into the RV.

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ali grabs both gas masks.

She slides one over her head and pulls it down, over her face. Almost immediately, she rips it back off, panicked. She takes several deep breaths.

She works to calm her breathing. She gains control. Slides the gas mask back on. She's got this.

Ali sneaks past Roger's bedroom door, grabs the wire cutters from the shelf. As she does, she bumps a hammer. BANG! It bounces across the floor. Ali freezes. Waits. Moves on.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Tucker, sitting in the driver's seat, checks the visor above him, then the passenger visor and the glove box. He searches the center console, but finds nothing.

He yanks at the plastic steering column cover and tosses it aside. He pulls out a cluster of wires.

He tears into them, randomly touching the ends of one wire to another. But, he can't find the right combination.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

ROGER'S BEDROOM

The parakeet flits from one side of its cage to the other. On the table below the bird, next to the bed, a well-worn book: BECOMING A BETTER YOU.

Sweat drips inside the gas mask as Ali stands over the sleeping Roger. The key hangs from a chain on his neck.

Very gently, she slides her hand under the chain.

BIRD

Hello.

Ali's eye's go wide as she scolds the bird with a nasty look.

BIRD

Hello.

She clips the chain and slips the key from Roger's neck.

Ali turns for the door, notices the bomb remote control clipped to Roger's belt.

She careful removes it, clips it to her waistband, sneaks from the room.

BIRD (O.S.)

Bye-bye.

MAIN ROOM

Ali opens the door to the corridor and Lincoln rushes in.

Lincoln takes the extra gas mask and sneaks to Bonnie's bedside. He shakes her, but she won't wake.

Lincoln slides the gas mask on her and sits Bonnie upright.

ROGER'S BEDROOM

The parakeet, next to a still-sleeping Roger, drops from its perch. It's dead.

MAIN ROOM

Lincoln grabs an oxygen tank, takes a hit of oxygen for himself, then feeds oxygen into Bonnie's mask.

He grabs another tank for himself.

She stirs awake.

LINCOLN

We have to go.

BONNIE

Where? Why?

Lincoln grabs a photo from his pocket: her wedding photo. Her first one. He points to the man next to her.

LINCOLN

That's not Roger.

BONNIE

Of course it is.

LINCOLN

No Bonnie, it's not.

He shows her the bunker wedding photo.

LINCOLN

That's Roger.

Back to the first photo.

LINCOLN

See. Not Roger.

BONNIE

That's Leo.

Lincoln points to the chains on her wrists in the bunker wedding photo.

LINCOLN

You're not supposed to be here.

She's still not getting it.

LINCOLN

Come on, Bonnie. Think real hard.
What's your name? Your real name?

BONNIE

I think it's Mary.
(it hits her)
He killed Leo.

LINCOLN

It's time to go home, Mary.

She stands, but she's still not steady. She braces against the bed. As she does, it BANGS against the wall.

BEDROOM

Roger stirs awake. He shakes his head. Blinks his eyes. Sees the dead bird. He pulls himself up, but he's extremely unsteady. He stumbles into the

MAIN ROOM

He sees Lincoln, Ali and Bonnie. But, they're too busy trying to right Bonnie to notice him. He reaches for the remote on his belt. Of course, it's not there.

He turns into the

GENERATOR ROOM

Roger throws the power switch. The bunker goes dark.

He grabs a large flashlight and returns to the

MAIN ROOM

Roger fights to steady himself as he lights up the other three with the flashlight.

ROGER

What do you think you're doing with
my Bonnie?

Bonnie pulls free from Lincoln and Ali.

BONNIE

Are you hungry, Leo?

She waddles to the kitchen, gas mask and all, pulling Ali with her.

BONNIE

Help your momma, will you?

LINCOLN

Mary!

She freezes in place, confused.

ROGER

What'd you call -- ?

He wobbles, almost loses his balance.

ROGER

(to Ali)

Give me the mask.

Ali shakes her head. Roger pulls out his pistol.

ROGER

Give me the mask!

He points the gun at the defiant Ali. She only glares back.

Bonnie spins to Roger. There's a strength in her stance.

BONNIE

Don't you threaten my daughter.

ROGER

This isn't your concern, Bonnie. Go back to bed.

Her confusion returns. She slinks toward her bed.

BONNIE

I'm sorry -- I --

LINCOLN

No, Mary. We're going.

Again, she hesitates. She looks at Roger. The strength returns.

BONNIE

You killed my husband. I won't let you kill her, too.

ROGER

You're confused, Bonnie.

Roger's distracted, just a touch.

Ali, reading the distraction, rushes toward Roger.

LINCOLN

Ali, no!

Roger refocuses on Ali.

Just as he pulls the trigger, Bonnie tackles him.

BANG! The gunshot reverberates through the bunker as Roger and Bonnie fall in a heap.

Roger rolls Bonnie's limp body off of him, drops the gun and tumbles to her.

ROGER

Bonnie!

Ali picks up the gun and points it at Roger, who cradles his dead wife.

ROGER

Oh, Bonnie.

LINCOLN

Ali. Give me the gun.

The gun shakes wildly in her hands.

Roger calmly stands and walks into his bedroom. Ali tracks him, but doesn't shoot.

Lincoln motions to Ali: LET'S GO. She's too stunned to move, so he gently moves her toward the corridor, taking the gun.

ROGER (O.S.)

You killed my Bonnie!

Lincoln spins to see Roger, shotgun in hand. He grabs his daughter and dives for the kitchen table.

Roger's first shot misses wide.

Lincoln turns the table on its side just in time to catch the second shot.

Roger reloads.

Lincoln pushes Ali's head down low, tosses the oxygen canister in Roger's direction and quickly follows with his own gun shot.

His own first shot misses and Roger returns fire. But, the second finds its mark: the oxygen tank explodes, rocketing Roger back into the bedroom.

Lincoln grabs Ali and they sprint for the corridor.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker sits in the driver's seat of his shiny convertible. He massages the gas as the tires spin in the dirt.

A rope stretches tight from his front bumper to the RV. He's losing the battle to pull the RV off the vent cover.

He gives it more gas. Then more. A little bit more. The car bumper rips from the vehicle and springs toward the RV, bouncing across the dirt.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln and Ali stand at the edge of the platform, staring into the darkness below.

ALI
What's down there?

LINCOLN
Water.

They're both breathing hard, fighting their respective fears.

ALI
Is it 'cause of mom? The sleep thing?

Lincoln looks away.

ALI
It's not your fault.

LINCOLN
I've failed you both.

ALI
On the roof -- all I really wanted, was for you to hold me.

Lincoln wraps Ali in a hug.

The lights snap on. Roger has re-fired the generator.

Lincoln notices the remote clipped to Ali's hip.

LINCOLN
Is that -- ?

Ali nods, hands it to him.

He pulls her against the wall, beside the door.

LINCOLN
Cover your ears.

Lincoln holds the button in the air and presses it.

Nothing happens. He hits it, repeatedly. Nothing.

Frustrated, he throws it against the wall, splitting the back from the front. The remnants land at his feet.

LINCOLN
There's no battery.

He looks at Ali.

LINCOLN
It's fake. It's all fake.

A shotgun blast riddles the door.

Lincoln reaches back and grabs the electrical wire hanging from where he tied it months ago.

LINCOLN
We've gotta go.

ALI
Together, right?

LINCOLN
Together.

They leap into the darkness as Roger, wearing the gas mask and bloodied, flings the door open, chest heaving with rage.

As they clear the platform, Lincoln releases the electrical wire and it arches back toward the metal platform. The wire drags across, sending sparks flying.

Roger looks down. The rubber soles on his boot slowly melt to the platform. He retreats into the bunker, but not before firing off one last shot into the darkness.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker examines the damaged bumper. His head snaps up at the sound of the gunshots.

He leaps into the car, slams it in reverse and backs up a few feet. He slams it into drive and hits the accelerator. Hard.

The car smashes into the RV, scooting it several inches. Tucker slaps the car into reverse again.

INT. MISSILE SILO - NIGHT

Lincoln and Ali bob in the water.

LINCOLN
Hold onto me. It's not far. Keep
your mind calm and clear, okay?

She nods.

LINCOLN
And, keep your eyes closed.

Lincoln takes her hand. They dive. Together.

As they swim for the bottom, Ali bumps the skeleton. She opens her eyes. She's face-to-face with Sarah. Ali panics. Races for air.

She bursts from the water, fights to catch her breath. Lincoln follows shortly after.

ALI
Is that -- ?

LINCOLN
Ali, listen. We're getting out.
But, you gotta trust me.

Ali nods. She takes another deep breath and they dive again.

Swimming past the skeleton, Lincoln quickly finds the opening and leads Ali into the vent.

Reaching the end, they turn up and emerge inside the vent.

LINCOLN
Good job, Ali.

ALI
You, too.

They look up. Sixty feet of darkness.

LINCOLN
Tucker!

INT. BUNKER - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Roger angrily dumps cans of gasoline around the bunker.

He empties the last one, then rips at the chains, locks, wires and fake explosives covering the bunker access.

EXT./INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Tucker hops out of the once-pristine convertible. Smoke pours from the spot where the grill used to be. His car is smashed, but the RV no longer blocks his access to the vent.

Tucker throws open the vent cover.

LINCOLN (O.S.)

Tucker!

TUCKER

You got her?

ALI

Hi, Uncle Tuck.

TUCKER

Hot damn.

Tucker ties the rope to the axle of his car and tosses the other end into the vent.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE VENT

Lincoln ties off a loop in the rope.

LINCOLN

(to Ali)

Get on my back.

He steps into the loop, and with her on his back, pulls them both up and out of the water.

LINCOLN

(to Tucker)

Bring us up. Slowly.

UP TOP

Tucker runs to the car, eases on the gas, gently lifting the pair as he backs up.

Roger, hidden on the other side of the RV, stands at the hatch opening. He strikes a match, drops it in the bunker.

A column of fire explodes into the air.

Tucker, seeing the explosion beyond the RV, instinctively slams on the brakes.

IN THE VENT

Lincoln and Ali lurch to a stop.

LINCOLN

Tucker!

UP TOP

Roger turns at the sound of Lincoln's voice.

Tucker eases back onto the gas.

BLAM!

A shotgun blast pelts the side of the car as Roger races toward Tucker.

Tucker, ducks, floors it. The convertible, with Tucker laying across the front seat, screams backward.

Lincoln and Ali rocket up the vent.

The car smashes into a lone tree.

Roger advances on the car, shotgun drawn and ready, as Lincoln and Ali launch from the opening and land in a heap behind him.

Roger pulls the trigger, but, out of ammo, he tosses the shotgun aside, continues his march to the car.

WHAM! Roger hits the dirt in a cloud of dust as Lincoln tackles him from behind.

Lincoln gets in a few good shots, but Roger's not done. He digs his finger into Lincoln's leg wound.

Lincoln reels back and Roger grabs a leather billy club from his waistband. He smacks Lincoln across the face, knocking him backward.

Roger turns to see Ali peeking from behind the RV and he runs after her.

Tucker peeks over the dash. Roger closes on Ali. Tucker jumps out to chase him down. But, Lincoln is faster. He grabs Roger just before he's able to nab Ali.

Lincoln spins Roger around, punches him in the face, sending the gas mask flying.

Another punch rocks Roger back. Lincoln grabs him.

LINCOLN

(points)

That's my daughter. Her name is Ali. Say it.

ROGER

Ali. Her name is Ali.

LINCOLN

That's right. Now, go to hell.

Lincoln kicks Roger backward, into the vent. BANG, BANG, BANG, SPLASH.

Tucker runs up, stands over the vent.

TUCKER

(southern drawl)

Over and out, you son of a bitch.

Ali runs up to them and hugs her dad.

Tucker gives them a moment, then joins them in the hug.

Eventually, he pushes away...

TUCKER

You guys wanna go home?

Ali nods. They look at the RV.

LINCOLN

I'm not getting in there.

ALI

Me either.

Tucker pulls out the FBI card.

TUCKER

I'll call us a ride.

As they walk/limp past the RV, Tucker points to Lincoln's leg wound...

TUCKER

Getting yourself shot -- just
'cause I got shot -- that's not
real bright.

Lincoln reaches under the RV's wheel well. He tosses Tucker the key.

LINCOLN

Can't all be as smart as you.

Tucker looks at his smoking, crumbled convertible. He drops his head.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - BASE OF A CLIFF - DAY

Tucker, looks up, catches a carabiner.

Lincoln, in full climbing gear, hangs from a rope, several feet up the cliff.

LINCOLN

Let's go.

TUCKER

Yeah, I'm not so sure --

ALI (O.S.)

What are we waiting for?

They both look up to Ali who's a good twenty feet up and very comfortable on the mountain. She repels down to them, as if she's done it a hundred times before.

Ali reaches over and clips Tucker in.

TUCKER

I don't know why we couldn't go rafting.

Lincoln, Ali and Tucker begin to climb.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

Or fishing. Fishing is safe. Nobody ever got hurt fishing...

FLY AWAY AND
FADE OUT.

THE END