

BUNKER DOWN

"The Pilot"

Written by

Luke Giordano

COLD OPEN

INT. BUNKER VIDEO STUDIO - DAY

VIDEO CAMERA POV: ALICE JENKEN, 30's, direct addresses the camera (VIDEO FILTERED) in front of a white concrete brick wall. Her gaze is full of LASER-FOCUSSED INTENSITY.

ALICE

Welcome back, vigilant viewers!
Lady Prepper here once again from
an undisclosed underground location
with more information for you on
how to survive when the world's
governments collapse and S-H-T-F.

ON SCREEN: a graphic pops up "SH*T HITS THE FAN" -- a MUSHROOM CLOUD EXPLOSION erupts and wipes away the graphic.

ALICE (cont'd)

Even in a lawless hellscape like
what is soon to come, you won't
just be able to shoot your way out
of every problem.

(pausing)

I know, I know. Crazy, right? But
sometimes you won't have access to
your firearm and you'll need to use
one of your many knives.

JUMP CUT TO:

Alice now stands in front of a CANVAS PRACTICE DUMMY with a huge COMBAT KNIFE in hand.

ALICE (cont'd)

Now, if you need your target dead
immediately -- just jab your weapon
into their throat until the light
of their soul goes out. Like so.

Alice FURIOUSLY STABS THE DUMMY IN THE NECK.

ALICE (cont'd)

THIS IS MY WATER, YOU MOTHERFU--

JUMP CUT TO:

Alice stands in front of the dummy, stuffing everywhere.

ALICE (cont'd)

Just remember the number one rule:
never compromise. Ever.

ON SCREEN: in big letters "NEVER COMPROMISE!"

ALICE (cont'd)
Compromise is weakness. And in
SHTF, weakness is death. And
you're weakest when you're asleep.

Alice sneaks up behind a CANVAS DUMMY tucked into a cot and
SLITS ITS THROAT. She gives the camera THUMBS UP.

JUMP CUT TO:

VIDEO CAMERA POV: Alice is back facing the camera.

ALICE (cont'd)
So, remember to donate to our
crowdfunding campaign. Thanks to
your help, our doomsday-proof
bunker is almost complete.

ON SCREEN: a graphic pops up, demonstrating how much money
has been raised, slowly climbing towards the goal alongside
a 3D RENDERING of the UNDERGROUND BUNKER.

ALICE (cont'd)
A ten thousand dollar donation
secures you a spot here with us,
the best and brightest, to rebuild
a perfect society for the new world
to come. Stay vigilant!

With a nod, ALICE SIGNS OFF.

OUTSIDE THE CAMERA'S POV, PULL BACK TO REVEAL: the studio,
full of camera equipment. Along the wall, TWENTY MEN are
lined up -- a mix of GREASY NERDS, CRUSTY SURVIVALISTS, and
MIDDLE AGED CREEPS. She SWALLOWS HARD as they CONVERGE.

GREASY NERD
--You were ravishing as ever--

MIDDLE AGED CREEP
--That was your most informative
video yet. But a few pointers--

Alice lets out a HEAVY SIGH, walking right past them.

CONSPIRACY GOON
--What about their lizard masks?!
The so-called "president"--

SLAM! Alice shuts the HEAVY DOOR behind her as she exits.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. BUNKER HALLWAY - DAY

Alice marches down the hall, determined. Her fellow bunker dwellers clear out of her way as she comes through.

AWKWARD LOSER (O.S.)

Alice! Ms. Prepper!

Alice cringes as an AWKWARD MIDDLE AGED LOSER wearing a camo hat gets right in her path. He's holding a small metal box.

AWKWARD LOSER

It's great to finally be here in the bunker with you. I've been watching your prepping videos for years--

ALICE

Thank you, I--

AWKWARD LOSER

And to show you my gratitude, I made you something.

He gestures to the box and opens it. It's FULL OF BULLETS.

ALICE

Did you... make the bullets?

He laughs just a little too hard.

AWKWARD LOSER

Oh, no. No, I just scratched some names in there for you. So when SHTF, you'll be able to have a bullet with their name on it for each of your enemies.

Not knowing how to react, Alice looks into the box, riffles through it.

ALICE

These all just say "Congress."

AWKWARD LOSER

Yep.

ALICE

Please don't get me anymore gifts like this.

He nods, a little bit hurt. Just then, a HIGH-PITCHED SCREECH from above.

ALICE (cont'd)
What was that?

As they look up -- CRACK! The ceiling above them GIVES OUT and CRASHES DOWN ONTO the awkward loser's head, KNOCKING HIM OUT COLD. He lays in a pile of METAL and BUILDING MATERIALS.

Alice reacts, looking back up at the hole in the ceiling incredulously.

INT. BUNKER MAIN ROOM - DAY

Alice sits at the head of a long table in the main room. It's as sparse and white as the studio. Joining her at the table are RENO, 35, a metal-band-shirt-wearing slacker, and HINSON, 40, pony tail, wispy beard, greasy, smug.

RENO
We tried to drop him off at the hospital but he's refusing medical attention.

ALICE
Why would he do that?

RENO
He says if he can't fix his own shattered rib cage now, how's he going to survive when the end times come? Kinda has a point, though.

Alice's head fall into her hands. She's at her end.

ALICE
Reno, just subdue him and then take him to the hospital. Do we have anything to knock him unconscious with?

RENO
Things to knock people unconscious is basically all we have. We'll get on it.

Hinson raises his hand. He's got something he very badly wants to say.

ALICE

You don't have to raise your hand,
Hinson.

HINSON

With all due respect, we should be
putting our focus singularly on
bringing more brood mares into the
bunker.

ALICE

Brood mares?

HINSON

Well-built, healthy females with a
ruddy complexion. I have
photographic examples if--

ALICE

Hinson, referring to women as brood
mares is why there are no other
women here in the first place.

HINSON

Then let's start taking prisoners.
Wide-set hips, thick arms--

ALICE

They're not going to want to breed
with you if we kidnap them, Hinson!

HINSON

Oh, yes they will. Once SHTF
happens, they'll recognize the
worthiness of our cause and realize
their duty to breed with the finest
studs the world has to offer.

Reno leans in with a great idea.

RENO

Hey, if you want more ladies --
sorry, brood mares -- I can just
take the cargo van to an arts and
crafts store. Those places are
full of women who'd love to come
live in a bunker.

ALICE

What? Reno, no. What we need to
focus on is that this bunker is
literally falling apart. How is it
supposed to stand up to an atomic
bomb blast?

(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)

Or roving swarms of radioactive cannibals? Or hordes of unwashed millenials looking for another free ride?

RENO

Well, we can get the contractor to come back and make repairs.

ALICE

No. We're not using that guy anymore. Why did you even hire him in the first place?

HINSON

He was the only one who took bitcoin.

RENO

We could get a new guy, but then that's one more person we expose to our secret location.

Alice lets out a heavy sigh. She's deciding what to do.

ALICE

Find out what the structural problems are and we'll figure out how to proceed from there.

Alice stands up to adjourn the meeting. Hinson's hand goes up.

HINSON

The men of this bunker need you to act. We need breeding partners. And if you can't come through on this, I think we're going to have a major problem here.

ALICE

Hinson. Here's my major problem. I need you to stop being creepy and gross. I need you to help me fix this bunker. And who knows, once you combine not being gross with actually being useful, a woman will want to touch your penis. Dismissed.

Alice marches off. Hinson watches her, full of scorn.

HINSON
Can you believe she just talked to
us like that?

RENO
Yyyyyyyeah, that was mostly at you,
though.

Hinson stands, collects his things.

HINSON
Reno, she talked to us like we're a
couple of idiots.

RENO
Look, I'm good not being grouped in
with you.

Hinson shoves his chair in and stomps towards the door.

INT. BUNKER ALICE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alice SLAMS the door shut behind her. She marches in to her sparsely-decorated room. She stops, takes a deep breath, and exhales.

She kneels down beside her bed and PULLS OUT A STEEL CASE. Sitting on top is HER WEDDING PHOTO, locked in a loving embrace with her HUSBAND, looking so carefree and happy like an entirely different person.

She picks up the frame, looks at it a beat and puts it aside. She opens the case to REVEAL AND ASSORTMENT OF COMBAT KNIVES.

She PULLS OUT A GIANT ONE WITH A SERRATED EDGE.

ALICE
Insubordination!

She makes a jabbing motion forward.

ALICE (cont'd)
Treason!

She makes a stabbing downwards motion. She shakes her head and puts the knife back.

She pulls out a SMALL MACHETE.

ALICE (cont'd)

Too much.
 (beat)
 Or is it...?

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY - LATER

Reno stands on a ladder, the upper half of his torso inside the hole in the ceiling. Hinson leans on the wall, doing nothing.

RENO (O.S.)

Looks pretty messed up in here.
 Like something tore it apart.

HINSON

We shouldn't rule out sabotage.
 Government agents... feminists...
 Definitely has to be sabotage, this
 place was built to last.

Hinson pounds the back of his fist against a white concrete block in the wall -- it pushes through and FALLS OUT THE OTHER SIDE with a THUD.

RENO (O.S.)

Something's been up here. Hold
 on...

Reno climbs up through the hole in the ceiling. The vents CLANG as he crawls around up there.

HINSON

Reno! What's going on up there?!
 I am drawing my side arm!

Hinson DRAWS HIS GUN and POINTS IT UP AT THE CEILING WILDLY.

RENO (O.S.)

No, stupid. Put your gun away!

HINSON

I cannot in good conscience put
 away my firearm until the threat
 has been neutralized!

RENO (O.S.)

You're going to kill someone--
 (beat)
 Uh oh.

HINSON

What is it?

Through the ceiling there's an O.S. SNARL. Then a GROWL.

RENO (O.S.)
Backing away, backing away.

Hinson COCKS HIS GUN. He's looking for a place to shoot.

HINSON
Tell me when you're clear! Opening
fire!

RENO (O.S.)
No, stupid! No! Don't shoot,
Hinson! It's a--

A SUSTAINED HOWL. From above, the sounds of Reno CLANKING AGAINST THE METAL VENTS as he flees and CRASH! He HITS THE GROUND in a CLOUD OF DUST AND CEILING PARTS.

HINSON
Die! Die! Die!

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Hinson OPENS FIRE at the ceiling. He shoots wildly at nothing in particular and everything above. Several more bunker dwellers run up, hearing the commotion. They PULL OUT THEIR GUNS and OPEN FIRE.

HINSON (cont'd)
Not my president! Not -- my --
PRESIDENT!

WHOOSH! The ENTIRE CEILING CAVES IN, CRASHING DOWN ON TOP OF THEM.

INT. BUNKER MAIN ROOM - LATER

Bandaged and bruised, Hinson and Reno sit across from Alice. She's very displeased.

RENO
So, we know there's at least one
coyote up there. Possibly more.

ALICE
So, nobody managed to tag it amidst
the hailstorm of bullets?

RENO
No. All of the blood spilled was
human, unfortunately.

Alice turns to Hinson. His arms are folded, defiant.

ALICE

Nothing to say for yourself,
Hinson?

HINSON

I stand by my decision. I did what
I did in service to the cause.

ALICE

Like hiring that shoddy contractor
who couldn't even make this place
coyote-proof?

HINSON

Well, they are wily animals.

ALICE

No. No they're not. That was just
the name of a cartoon coyote.

HINSON

Why do you think they called him
that?

ALICE

You were supposed to find out what
was wrong and fix it. Not add
other things that were also wrong.

HINSON

What we have here is a crisis. A
wily coyote crisis. And I am very
interested to see how you as a
leader intend to handle it.
Because so far, you're losing
control and this place is falling
apart.

ALICE

Because you are literally shooting
at it!

HINSON

That's a poor leader who places the
blame on her subordinates.

ALICE

You got a problem with my
leadership, Hinson?

HINSON

Doesn't matter if I have a problem.
Do those men out there have a
problem?

(MORE)

HINSON (cont'd)
 That's what really matters.
 Because all they see is a girl
 twiddling her thumbs while a man
 puts ideas into action.

Hinson stands up. He SHOVES his chair in hard and WINCES IN PAIN.

HINSON (cont'd)
 Ah! Broken thumb! Ow!

He marches away as Alice watches him, scowling.

RENO
 Look, Alice. Let me take the van.
 I'll bring back some ladies. It'll
 smooth everything over.

Alice turns and walks away in disgust.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY - LATER

Hinson strolls down the hallway, a GIANT CAN OF BEEF in one hand, a SHORT LADDER in the other. He gleefully puts up the ladder and climbs up it to push up a ceiling panel.

He takes a handful of beef and tosses up there. He closes the panel and steps down the ladder.

EXT. BUNKER - AFTERNOON

Hinson PUSHES OUT the HEAVY OUTER DOOR to the bunker. The entrance is built in to the side of a hill in the middle-of-nowhere desert. A dirt road leads up to it.

Hinson holds TWO BIG BEEF CANS in each hand as he walks towards the dumpster outside. From the corner of his eye, he spots a CAR ROLLING UP TOWARDS THE BUNKER along the dirt road. He pauses. His hand goes to his side arm.

He slowly walks towards the car as it rolls to a stop. WILL, 30, and CONSTANCE, 27, step out from the car.

CONSTANCE
 Hi. Could you help us? We got
 super lost.

Hinson stares them down, not budging. He's silent.

CONSTANCE (cont'd)
 Um, hello?

He looks Constance up and down, practically salivating. She cringes.

WILL

Okay, I think we'll just turn back.
Thanks anyway.

CONSTANCE

We just need to get back to the highway. I think we took a wrong turn. We're not getting any service out here.

Will looks around. He sees the entrance, the security cameras.

WILL

Wait, what is this place? It looks like a bunker or something.

Alice pushes through the front door and rushes out to Hinson.

ALICE

Hinson! What are you doing?
You're compromised -- get back inside.

Hinson turns to her. He doesn't move.

ALICE (cont'd)

Now. That's an order.

Hinson PULLS HIS GUN AND POINTS IT at the couple.

HINSON

You two! Get inside, now! Or I'll shoot!

Alarmed, Alice turns to Hinson. On her expression of FEAR and RAGE...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. BUNKER HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Alice looks in on Will and Constance sitting inside a blank white holding cell on metal chairs. They are extremely confused and scared. She turns to Reno and Hinson.

ALICE

What are we supposed to do with them now?! We can't let them go -- they've seen everything! You pointed a gun at them!

HINSON

We can dispose of the male. The female, however, looks ripe for breeding. She meets nearly all of my qualifications--

ALICE

No. No no no. Stop it. This is all your fault, Hinson. You have compromised this entire operation! Now we have unvetted outsiders who know our secret location!

HINSON

I did what needed to be done.

ALICE

You destroyed part of the bunker and pointed a gun at civilians!

HINSON

Yeah. And? No regrets. That's how I live my life.

Alice stews. She's figuring out how to proceed.

ALICE

You're confined to quarters until I figure out what to do with you!

HINSON

What? You can't do that!

ALICE

Yes I can. It's my bunker. It's in the terms of service when you gave money to the crowdfunding campaign! I am supreme commander! And I am invoking bunker law!

Alice nods to Reno who takes Hinson by the arm and drags him away.

HINSON
 You'll regret this, Alice! I
 reject bunker law! Bunker
oppression!

Alice watches him go and opens the door to the holding cell.

INT. BUNKER HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Alice closes the door behind her. Will and Constance react.

ALICE
 (faux warmth)
 Well, hi. Hello there.

WILL
 Are you letting us out of here?

ALICE
 At this very moment? No. Not
 really. No.

CONSTANCE
 Are you planning to?

Alice considers this. She's figuring out how to answer.

WILL
 Okay, look. We won't tell anybody
 about your suicide cult. You think
 we will, but we actually won't.
 Trust me, I wouldn't want to impede
 every single person in here dying.
 So just let us out of here and
 we'll be on our way.

ALICE
 We're not a suicide cult. We are a
 free and independent state made up
 of the best and brightest. And
 we've gathered here to survive the
 fallout that is sure to follow the
 oncoming collapse of all the
 world's governments and establish a
 new government to restore America
 to its former glory.

Will and Constance react in bewilderment. Beat.

WILL

You sure you wouldn't rather just kill yourselves?

ALICE

Excuse me, we are humanity's last hope for survival! And people like you need to wake up because the -- stuff -- is about to hit the fan, okay? You should be thankful you found us!

WILL

Oh my God. We're going to die in here.

From above, a LONG HOWL from the coyote.

WILL (cont'd)

What the hell was that?!

ALICE

Nothing. It was nothing.

WILL

It sounded like a coyote.

ALICE

Shut up! I'm dealing with it!

WILL

Yeah, really seems like you have this all under control.

ALICE

I'll put your face under control. How does that sound?

WILL

Obviously that sounds terrible.

CONSTANCE

Hold on, hold on -- when exactly could you let us out of here?

Alice searches for an answer. She doesn't have one. Constance groans in despair.

WILL

Okay, yes. We will probably die in here. Let's just open ourselves up to the possibility of taking as many of them with us as we can.

CONSTANCE
Will. Could you not? Please?

WILL
Hey, I'm proposing solutions here,
Constance.

CONSTANCE
Killing people isn't a solution!
Why are you always like this?!

WILL
Oh. It's my fault again--

Alice backs out of the room, shutting the door behind her as
the two of them bicker.

INT. BUNKER ALICE'S ROOM - LATER

Alice lies face-down in bed. A KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.
She doesn't react. Another KNOCK-KNOCK.

ALICE
Hold on.

Alice sits up. She gets into character.

ALICE (cont'd)
Okay, come in.

Reno comes through the door. He looks like he has bad news.

ALICE (cont'd)
What is it?

RENO
The coyote got into food storage.
It ate all the Spaghetti-O's.
People are flipping out. They're
very upset about the Spaghetti-O's
in particular. Like, weirdly
upset.

ALICE
Okay. Great. Thanks.

Reno waits. There's something else.

ALICE (cont'd)
And...?

RENO

It's the libertarians. They're not happy about Hinson being on lockdown.

ALICE

The gold standard libertarians or the crypto-currency libertarians?

RENO

All of them. We could have a full-on uprising on our hands. If they win the support of the states rights contingent and the "how could I be racist if I have a black friend" wing, there'll be no stopping them.

ALICE

What is going on here? They came to this bunker so I would lead them and now they're turning on me?!

RENO

They think you're too bossy.

ALICE

Bossy?! I'll show them who's--

Alice stops herself. She thinks deeply on what to do.

ALICE (cont'd)

Alright. Gather everyone in the main room. Hinson included. I need to address this.

Reno rushes out the door.

INT. BUNKER MAIN ROOM - LATER

The room is crowded with bunker dwellers. Hinson is cuffed, standing in front of a group of a dozen of his supporters. Not a single one of them looks happy.

Alice enters and the room goes to a hush. She walks to the middle of the room.

ALICE

Hinson. You disobeyed a direct order and jeopardized the future of this operation by exposing us to outsiders. Explain yourself.

HINSON

I secured the future of this operations. And I don't take orders from you.

ALICE

Yes you do. I started this campaign. I'm the one with a hundred and sixty thousand subscribers on YouTube. None of this would be here without me. I am in charge. And all of you will respect my decisions.

Hinson turns dramatically to all the men watching.-

HINSON

Yes, we were all lured here by the stony eroticism of Alice's videos, and the promise of a perfect society. But she is not the leader that we need. Yes -- we do need her to recruit and raise money through her videos. But let's leave the leadership to someone who's genetically predisposed to it. And that's not sexist because there are scientific studies that have proven it. I have them all printed up if you want to look--

ALICE

Being a leader is about making difficult choices. And when SHTF happens, the choices are going to get a lot more difficult. Do you want a leader who is willing to turn busses full of children away because she knows they've probably been infected with a zombie virus, or do you want a leader who thinks shooting at a coyote he can't see is the same as problem solving.

HINSON

Oh, I'm sorry. Now we have to see something before we shoot at it?
(scoffing laughter)
Thanks, Hillary. No, wait --
Obama! Obamillary!

The bunker dwellers mutter among themselves. They're struggling with a choice.

HINSON (cont'd)
 There's only one way to settle
 this. We put it to a vote.

ALICE
 There's not going to be any vote!
 Leadership has already been
 decided! And I'm ordering all of
 you to support me!

HINSON
 You can't stop democracy. Well,
 you can. And honestly, you should.
 Which will be my first act upon my
 election as supreme leader.

Alice reacts to the muttering and nods of support for
 Hinson.

ALICE
 Stop muttering! Stop considering
 his point of view! I can see it on
 your faces!

She looks around and realizes she can't stop this.

ALICE (cont'd)
 Fine. We'll have a debate. Then
 we'll put it to a vote. Here. Oh-
 six-hundred.

HINSON
 I look forward to it.

ALICE
 So do I.

HINSON
 Not as much as me. Last word, hah!

Hinson walks out of the room, trailed by his posse. Alice
 watches him go. She doesn't know what she's supposed to do.

INT. BUNKER HALLWAY - LATER

Alice marches down the hallway, projecting confidence. She
 heads towards a pair of BUNKER DWELLERS talking. They stop
 and look at her when she gets close. The awkward loser
 approaches her.

AWKWARD LOSER
 Hey... do you think I could get
 those bullets back?

She shakes her head and continues going. The men watch her with contempt as she passes. She's lost them.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER TRAINING ROOM - LATER

Alice lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM as she GRIPS the severed head of the practice dummy. The rest of it lies in shreds before her with innards of SEVERAL OTHER DUMMIES.

INT. BUNKER HOLDING CELL - EVENING

Will and Constance sit cuffed to their steel chairs. As the door opens, they react. Alice walks in and takes a seat.

WILL

Wow, you came to let us out of here finally. Thanks so much.

They watch as Alice sits in silence.

CONSTANCE

Are you... okay?

WILL

Why is that something you care about? I hope she isn't okay. I want her to be miserable.

CONSTANCE

You can still be a person.

WILL

We've been here for six hours. How do you have Stockholm Syndrome?

CONSTANCE

It's called empathy, Will.

WILL

That's even worse.

ALICE

You know, I used to fight with my husband, too.

CONSTANCE

No. We're not married. We, uh, actually just broke up in the car.

WILL

And then you kidnapped us. So you've sort of caught us at a low point in the relationship.

CONSTANCE

Wait, you're married? Is that pony tail guy your husband?

ALICE

No. God no. I'd never. I'm not married anymore. He...

WILL

You drove him to suicide. Of course. Say no more.

ALICE

No. He had cancer.

WILL

Funny way of killing yourself, but I respect it.

ALICE

You know how you can start a relationship and it seems like such a great idea and then you meet him and he's a bunch of weird loners and angry nerds and then one of them stages a coupe despite all the work you've done?

WILL

Wow, really? You seem like you're doing such a great job, too.

ALICE

Everything I've done, all of my accomplishments -- they still don't respect me.

Constance nods -- she feels Alice's pain.

CONSTANCE

Because you're a woman.

WILL

Oh, boy. Here we go.

ALICE

Exactly. I've done everything a man would do.

(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)

I project strength, I give orders,
I reduce my weaker subordinates to
tears -- but they still don't
respect me like they would a man.

WILL

You're the one who went after the
paranoid lunatic demographic, so
you kinda did it to yourself.

CONSTANCE

They don't want to think of you
like a man. That's threatening to
them. Plus, they all want to have
sex with you, so it just confuses
them, too. If you want them to
listen to you and respect you,
you've got to be their mother.

ALICE

I shouldn't have to do that. They
should just respect me as a leader.

CONSTANCE

Sometimes in order to get people to
go along with you, you're going to
have to negotiate, see things from
their side, compromise.

ALICE

No. No. No. Never compromise.
Compromise is weakness. I must
always be crushing my enemies
without remorse or quarter.

CONSTANCE

Not all your enemies need to be
crushed. Just think about it.

Alice stands up from her seat. She's had enough.

ALICE

I'm sorry, but you don't know
anything about anything.

She marches out the door and SLAMS it shut.

WILL

How ya feeling about empathy now?

ALICE

Don't ever talk to me again.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. BUNKER MAIN ROOM - EVENING

The entire bunker has gathered, seated in chairs in front of TWO PODIUMS. Alice stands behind one, going over notes. Hinson enters and a HUSH goes over the room. She looks at the faces of the men seated before her -- they obviously respect Hinson more than her.

Both cuffed, Constance and Will are brought in to the room escorted by a guard.

WILL

I for one am glad we're here to witness this nonsense.

Will spots a SMALL KNIFE laying on a table a few feet away from him. He looks around to see if anyone's watching.

He decides to GO FOR IT, when--

A bunker dweller casually scoops up the knife and tucks it into his pocket. Will is left standing with nothing.

WILL (cont'd)

Could somebody just kill me now and get this over with?

Hinson takes his place behind his podium. Reno walks up in front of them, motioning for everyone to quiet down.

RENO

Okay, we all know why we're here.

WILL

(from the back)
False!

RENO

It's time to pick our bunker commander and thus, the future leader of the free world.

(stops, changes his mind)
Well, let's just say "world." Both the candidates will make an opening statement, so I as I believe the fedora contingent would insist -- ladies first. Alice.

THREE MEN seated next to each other in a row TIP THEIR FEDORAS in affirmation. Alice clears her throat.

ALICE

I had a vision. I saw the government collapsing down in front of me, the very fabric of our society eroding. So I put that vision into action. And through my status as a YouTube celebrity and the use of a crowdfunding campaign, I built this bunker. A place where the foundations of a new civilization could grow, based on the Constitution. Not the old Constitution, a new one that actually says the stuff we want it to say. With me at the helm, we will be strong. And we will destroy anyone who comes in our path.

A few smatterings of applause as Hinson psyches himself up into character.

HINSON

When you need a job done, Reno, who do you call?

Reno shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

RENO

Is this a trick question? Because I want to say Ghostbusters.

HINSON

You call a man.

RENO

Well, depends what the problem is--

HINSON

It's just simple biology. Men are here to lead, women are here to nurture. Alice nurtured this bunker to life and now it's time for a man to lead it. Not just a man, me man. And why?

Hinson holds up two fingers on one hand, one finger on the other.

HINSON (cont'd)

Two brood mares for every stud!

The room ERUPTS in cheers. Alice shakes her head -- she can take no more.

ALICE

That's ridiculous, how are you going to convince that many women to come in here?

HINSON

We let them know where all the real men went to!

More CHEERS. One of the fedora guys throws his hat in the air.

HINSON (cont'd)

Then we turn this place into the round-the-clock birthing factory as we build our army for the new era!

He's got them in the palm of his hands. He's whipping them up, pro wrestler-style.

HINSON (cont'd)

In the time since I've started taking action, I've increased the amount of healthy females in this bunker by one hundred percent!

The all turn to Constance in the back of the room.

CONSTANCE

No thank you.

HINSON

No thank you to what?

CONSTANCE

Just... everything... that you're saying... that you are... your ponytail... Just no thanks to all of it.

ALICE

Women are not going to come have sex with you just because Hinson says they will. How stupid and delusional can you people be? I've been laying it out for you and you still don't get it!

She looks at the men looking back at her. They scowl and sneer. She's lost them. She looks back at Constance. They exchange a look.

ALICE (cont'd)

No. That's wrong. I'm wrong.

She nods to the awkward loser. He's seated in the front row.

ALICE (cont'd)
George. You used to send me vaguely threatening marriage proposals through twitter. I knew you meant well, though. And I brought you here.

He nods, with just the slightest bit of choking up. She points to the fedoras.

ALICE (cont'd)
And didn't I adjust the dress code to allow those fedoras, despite how objectionable I find them?

LEAD FEDORA
They're actually called "trilbies," but yes, you did.

ALICE
Didn't I add a crowdfunding stretch goal for a second men's room because the first one couldn't handle the monster dumps you animals were taking? This is what being a leader is all about -- having a vision, making it real, and then responding to the needs of your followers. Admitting you're wrong and learning from it.

Constance gives her an approving glance. She gets a smattering of applause, slowly building. Hinson is getting flustered. He starts sputtering.

HINSON
Is this -- is this -- who you want leading us into the darkest time in human history? She's a -- just look at her! It's a -- it's a girl! Where's her dick? Somebody show me where her dick is and I'll pull out of the race.

Hinson gestures outward, looking for a response.

HINSON (cont'd)
If she's so great at making decisions, how come she couldn't pick a husband without cancer? Huh? Huh? Somebody tell me that.

All the enthusiasm has been sucked out of the room. Hinson's looking around for support. CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP -- in the back of the room, Will applauds sarcastically.

WILL
Well done. Well done.

From up above inside the ceiling, the coyote HOWLS O.S. In a FLASH, every man in the room DRAWS THEIR GUN.

HINSON
On my command...

ALICE
No!

The men react, turn to Alice.

ALICE (cont'd)
Don't fire yet! I can handle this!
Trust me. Please?

They look to one another. They start to lower their guns.

HINSON
No! You don't have to listen to her! Where are your dicks?!

Unsure, they pause. They don't know what to do.

Alice grabs a chair and stands on it. She takes out a knife from her belt and uses it to UNWEDGE A CEILING PANEL to bring it down. As she comes down from her chair, the COYOTE leaps out from the ceiling to the floor below. It SNARLS at Alice.

The men RAISE THEIR WEAPONS.

ALICE
No, I have this under control!

Slowly, she approaches the coyote. She has her hands out. They circle one another. The coyote GROWLS LOW. It could pounce at any moment.

ALICE (cont'd)
Easy. Easy there...

Alice takes a knife out from her belt. She drops it to the floor. She takes a second knife out and drops it as well. She removes a third from her pant leg and drops it.

Beat. She STOMPS her foot on the ground, causing a SWITCHBLADE to shoot out from the front of her boot.

She removes each of her boots and HOLDS OUT HER ARMS to signal she's not a threat.

ALICE (cont'd)
 There. We'll get you out of here,
 okay? But make no mistake, if you
 cross me, I will destroy you.

The coyote stops. It rolls over and shows its belly to submit.

ALICE (cont'd)
 Good girl.

Hinson watches. He's got to do something.

HINSON
 Now's our chance! Waste that
 thing!

Hinson raises his gun and prepares to shoot. In a flash, the coyote ROLLS BACK OVER and LEAPS TOWARDS HIM, tackling Hinson to the ground.

He SCREAMS as it SNARLS and SNAPS at him from on top, pinning him down.

HINSON (cont'd)
 Help! Get this thing off of me!

ALICE
 Are you going to continue to
 disobey my orders? And undermine
 my authority?

HINSON
 No! I promise!

ALICE
 Are you going to refer to women as
 brood mares?

HINSON
 No! Even if that flies in the face
 of biology!

ALICE
 Are you going to continue to cite
 studies on gender from the eighteen
 hundreds?

HINSON
 No! They've been long since
 debunked!

ALICE
Are you going to stop this mutiny?

HINSON
(on the verge of tears)
Yes, yes! You're in charge!
You're the one who should be in
charge! I am nothing! I'm
nothing! I'm just a little boy!

Alice whistles.

ALICE
Out! Now.

The coyote jumps off of Hinson and RACES OUT THE DOOR.
Hinson lies in a puddle of his own urine.

RENO
I'm... <sniff> such a little boy...

Hinson's supporters turn away. They can't even look at him.

Alice picks up her knife and tucks it back into her belt.

RENO (cont'd)
All hail the supreme commander!

Everyone SALUTES as Alice strides between the two sections
of chairs. Her head is held high. They APPLAUD AND CHEER
AS SHE EXITS.

As Alice passes, Will grabs hold of Constance's arm.

WILL
We. Are. Going. To. Die. Here.

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. BUNKER VIDEO STUDIO - DAY

VIDEO CAMERA POV: Alice stands in front of the camera, addressing it directly.

ALICE

And I'd like to close us out this week, but amending my motto of "no compromising." Sure, no compromising on survival. No compromising on bullet caliber. No compromising on putting down family members who show signs early signs of the vampiric germ.

She shifts forward, getting more sincere.

ALICE (cont'd)

But it also means no compromising on not compromising. You will sometimes have to flexible. Not in the case of a mutant bear attack, but other times. When you're dealing with others. Sometimes the best way to show strength is by relenting. By listening to other points of view. By learning to grow and change. It can keep you alive.

(beat)

But most of the time, the best way to show strength is with a chainsaw.

The CAMERA PULLS OUT as Alice picks up a chainsaw and CHARGES A LINE OF CANVAS DUMMIES.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW