



A Permanent State of Readiness

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

DONALD (50) is asleep, his big bearded head on the pink, floral patterned pillow. The room has clearly been decorated by a woman with a taste for flowers.

The only evidence that Donald even lives there is the steel gun cabinet by his side of the bed.

An alarm sounds, but this isn't an alarm clock or mobile phone, it's long drawn-out drone of a air raid siren.

Donald opens his eyes. He springs out of bed in his tighty-whities and rushes to the window. He's not scared or even alarmed. He's excited.

Donald takes the chain from around his neck, on it hangs two keys, and starts unlocking the gun cabinet.

His wife DIANE (40s, floral patterned everything) comes in holding two cups of fresh coffee.

DIANE

What is it, Donald? What's that noise?

DONALD

It's finally happening, Diane! I was fucking right!

DIANE

You get dressed and get the dog. I'll wake DJ.

We follow Diane out the door--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- down the hallway.

She puts the coffee down on a side table and knocks on a door. There are gun decals on the door with a sign letting us know it's DJ's room.

INT. DJ'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane comes into the messy bedroom of thirteen year old DJ. He's sitting up in bed rubbing his tired eyes.

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CONTINUED:

DIANE

Grab your emergency bag, honey, we're going to the shelter out back.

EXT. BACK YARD

Donald bursts out the back door dressed in full camouflaged gear with a 9mm pistol in a holster on his hip.

DONALD

C'mere Rusty. C'mon boy. That's a good dog.

His old dog, Rusty, runs to his side, tail wagging. The dog finds his stride next to Donald.

Diane and DJ aren't far behind. They cross the large backyard.

EXT. SURVIVAL SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Donald and Rusty rush down the stairs to a steel door set in concrete. Diane and DJ are close behind.

Donald unlocks the door with a key and pushes the heavy door open. Rusty rushes in.

Diane tries to go in but Donald holds her back with a hand on her chest.

DIANE

Donald... What are you doing?

Beat.

DONALD

You laughed at me when I built this place. You yelled at me when I bought all that food. The guns.

DIANE

You're being silly. Let's just get in the shelter.

Donald takes his gun out of its holster and holds it by his side. Diane pushes DJ behind her.

DONALD

Now I don't know what this is or how long it's going to last.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

DONALD (cont'd)  
But ultimately I was right, Diane.  
You were wrong.

Diane goes to say something but Donald silences her with a look.

DONALD (cont'd)  
I know I can last twice as long with  
just me and Rusty in here.

DJ  
Dad?

DONALD  
I'm a survivalist, Diane. You knew  
that when you married me.

He steps backwards across the threshold. Not taking his eyes off his wife and son. He slowly closes the door.

DIANE  
Donald, just listen-

DONALD  
If anyone so much as tries to open  
this door, I shoot. No hesitation.  
Understand?

The heavy door SLAMS shut.

INT. SURVIVAL SHELTER

Pitch darkness.

Donald flicks the light on. The shelter is lined with shelves covered in cans of food, big bottles of water and boxes of ammunition.

Donald is still facing the door. That was hard but it had to be done. He turns around...

...and sees all his FRIENDS, a dozen or so people, party hats, balloons, a banner that reads "Happy 50th Birthday Donald", and a cake in the shape of a bomb.

No one yells surprise.

The dog starts eating the cake.