

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Fancy digs, fireplace in the lofted living room, marble counter tops in the kitchen. However, as we pan across the HGTV open concept first floor, one thing becomes clear: some serious shit has gone down.

Duck tape covers cracks in the sliding glass doors, garbage litters the floor, broken tables and chairs lie sideways.

The only light comes from the morning rays illuminating this disaster.

LINA, 29, zipped up in her winter coat, snaps the leg off a kitchen chair. She tosses it on the coals in the fire place, then nestles a tea kettle on top.

She winds up a crank radio on the counter and scans the channels. Nothing.

She squints at a thermometer taped to the glass door. 30 degrees.

INT. STAIRWELL

Lina carries a steaming cup of coffee up the stairs, to the first door. She knocks as she enters.

LINA

Hey, the sun's out and it's already-

INT. MASTER BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Lina finds CHRIS, 27, leaning against the windowsill in his unzipped parka masturbating.

LINA

Oh God.

Chris, stunned and embarrassed, whips his coat shut and squats awkwardly trying to conceal himself.

CHRIS

Don't you knock!

LINA

I did! Don't you lock?

CHRIS

Get the fuck out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINA
Fuck you!

Pause.

LINA
I made coffee.

CHRIS
Get out!

INT. STAIRWELL

Lina flies out of the room and shuts the door (and her eyes in a futile attempt to unsee what she just saw).

Lina fidgets, not sure what to do.

LINA
Should I leave the coffee?

CHRIS (O.S.)
Please, stop talking to me.

TITLE: BUNKER 37

INT. SILAS' VAN - DAY

An eight-passenger van in an idyllic woods. Only a couple patches of snow linger on the brown leaves. SILAS, 45 African-American, built, sleepily exits the driver side.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

He shuffles forward, finds a tree to piss on. As he relieves himself, he listens to the birds, sees a crocus poking out from the ground. For a moment, he's at peace.

He zips, turns, and his heart drops.

Two CASTOROIDES, or giant prehistoric beavers, weighing two-hundred pounds apiece sleep atop his van.

SILAS
(whispering)
Fuuuuuuuck.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Lina reads a book near the fire. When Chris clomps in, they briefly make eye contact, but don't speak.

Chris pokes at the fire, looks around. He grabs the book Lina reads, tosses it in the fire.

LINA

Hey!

CHRIS

Fire's going out.

LINA

We talked about this, you know how I feel about burning books.

CHRIS

You feel like I do; warmer.

Chris riffles through the trash on the counter, finds a half-empty bag of Cheetos for breakfast.

He eats a couple puffs, looks down at the remaining orange goodness in his hands and finds, for some reason, a used bandaid.

He calmly swallows, let's the rest in his hand drop to the floor.

CHRIS

We're going today.

LINA

No, it's too soon.

CHRIS

We need more supplies anyway-

LINA

So we'll get more supplies-

CHRIS

(exploding)

I'm tired of this shithole! I have to get out. This was always a short term solution.

LINA

Everything is a short term solution now. It's called survival.

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CONTINUED:

CHRIS
I'm getting packed.

Lina is too tired to argue, she just stares at the fire.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

9 MONTHS EARLIER

Office break room, florescent lights, stale coffee. Lina enters holding a Tupperware, sticks it in the microwave. STEVE, average in every way, trots in.

STEVE
Hey, what's happening?

LINA
Nothing much.

STEVE
Hey!

Steve obnoxiously points to the corners of his mouth, demanding a smile.

STEVE
Smile.

Lina gives a pinched smile, the kind of smile you give when trying to hide the pain of having the little hairs plucked off your butt.

STEVE
What's eating you?

LINA
Nothing. Just tired I guess.

STEVE
You sick or something?

LINA
Sick of work.

Lina laughs, aims for camaraderie. She misses.

STEVE
Well don't send any germs my way,
big weekend coming up. Huge.

Microwave dings, thank God. Lina grabs her food.

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CONTINUED:

LINA
Have a good day.

STEVE
Don't forget to smile!

With his back turned, Lina gives him a frighteningly large, Joker-like smile.

INT. GARAGE - DAY (PRESENT)

Lina tosses a duffle in the backseat of an SUV as Chris shuts the trunk. They meet at the garage door, each ready to hoist the heavy door.

LINA
You sure?

CHRIS
Yeah, I think so.

LINA
You think so?

CHRIS
I'm sure! Jesus.

LINA
One, two, three!

Together they heave the garage door up, the morning light nearly blinding them.

The quaint suburban street...ain't so quaint anymore. Crashed cars, houses boarded up, garbage everywhere. No movement and no sign of electricity. Neither Chris nor Lina show any surprise though.

They get in the car, Chris behind the wheel, and head out into the world.

INT. SUV- DAY

Chris navigates the roads, images of destruction reflect in Lina's window.

LINA
Hey, pull over.

CHRIS
Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINA

There.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Chris pulls in. The four gas pumps have been ripped out of the cement and smashed. The glass of the convenience store is cracked, but holding.

INT. SUV

Lina pulls out two tote bags from the back seat, Chris rips them out of her hand.

CHRIS

No more fucking Spam.

Chris marches into the store, Lina fumes and waits. But she doesn't have to wait long. Chris isn't inside for than three seconds before he marches back to the car, returns to the driver's seat, dry heaving.

CHRIS

No go.

LINA

No food?

CHRIS

Three, no four dead. Rot, bugs. The smell.

Chris dry heaves again. Lina snatches the tote bags back.

LINA

Big baby.

Lina marches inside. Chris digs in the glove compartment. He finds an air freshener, sniffs it like his life depends on it.

Lina comes back to the car, throws two full tote bags in the back seat. She returns to the passenger seat, glares at Chris.

Lina briefly opens the car door again to vomit, then shuts the door trying to pretend nothing happened.

LINA

Let's go.

INT. L'ASSIETTE KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

9 MONTHS EARLIER

Chris, sleeves rolled up revealing his tattoos, chops furiously at a pile of shiitake mushrooms. He shakes a pan of caramelized onions over a huge flame, reaches out to salt a porterhouse, stirs an au jus, barely enough time to wipe the sweat from his face.

CHRIS

I need those new potatoes, please.

WAITRESS, young and OMG too pretty to be working, enters the kitchen.

WAITRESS

Table four ready yet?

CHRIS

(to the back)

New potatoes, lets go!

Waitress rolls her eyes, exits. From back entrance enters LIAM, 33, who smokes more than he works and bullies more than he smokes.

LIAM

Smells like a Chinese whorehouse in here.

CHRIS

I wouldn't know.

LIAM

(mocking)

I wouldn't know. That's right, you're a fancy, dainty man.

CHRIS

(to back)

New potatoes, please!

LIAM

Hey, is there anything I can help with?

Chris is stunned. Is his boss being helpful?

CHRIS

Yeah, for sure. I need two of the salmon-

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LIAM
Shoved up your ass?

Ah, Liam wasn't serious. Douche. Liam laughs, Chris goes back to chopping.

LIAM
See, you're the sous chef. Do you know what sous means in French? It means earn your seat at the Goddammed table.

Waitress returns.

WAITRESS
Hey, Liam, table two asked to meet the chef.

LIAM
Famous?

WAITRESS
News anchors.

LIAM
Fuck 'em.

Waitress leaves. Liam grabs his keys off a hook.

LIAM
I have to meet a business contact.
Try not to burn the place down
while I'm gone.

CHRIS
I'll do my best.

Chris thinks Liam is gone, but Liam poke back around the corner.

LIAM
Hey, Chris!

CHRIS
Wha-

SPLAT! A salmon fillet hits Chris in the face hard.

EXT. FOREST - DAY (PRESENT)

Silas slowly creeps back to the van, holding his breath, willing the silence.

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The tail of a Castoroide twitches. Silas freezes. Nothing further stirs.

Silas reaches out, opens the van door and slides in.

INT. SILAS' VAN - DAY

Silas pulls the door shut until he hears a click. He exhales.

KALEN

Morning!

KALEN, 20, African-American, nerd, pops up next to Silas, camcorder in hand. Silas tries not to yell.

SILAS

Quiet!

KALEN

(whispering)

Why?

SILAS

Just trust me. We have to be real, real quiet for a while. OK?

KALEN

OK.

SILAS

Just get in the back and don't move.

Kalen, confused, does as he's told and moves to the back of seatless van where his sleeping bag and few earthly belongings are.

SILAS

Good, good. Real quiet...

Silas turns in his seat to join Kalen, his elbow hits the horn.

HOOOONK!

The whole van rocks as the Castoroides on the roof awaken.

KALEN

What the Hell?

SILAS

Devil beavers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KALEN

Castoroides? No way! I have to get this.

BAM! One of the creatures hits the side of the van so hard the whole thing rocks, almost tipping over.

SMACK! A huge beaver tail hits the windshield, cracking the glass.

SILAS

We gotta bolt.

Silas moves back to the driver seat as the van continues to be assaulted.

SILAS

Get up here and buckle up!

Kalen obeys, never putting his camera down.

KALEN

Get in the back, get in the front-

SILAS

Kalen!

Silas starts the car, then it gets eerily quiet.

KALEN

Wait, I think they're gone.

SILAS

Uh, nope.

Both look to the left, out the driver's side window and see a Castoroide backing up slowly, then bursting into a full forward charge.

Both men scream.

Silas hits the gas and they zoom backwards.

EXT. GOLDEN DAYS RETIREMENT HOME - DAY (PRESENT)

Chris and Lina drive down the path leading to what looks like a swanky old age home.

INT. SUV - DAY

LINA

Oh thank God, it's still standing.