

WOOL

Episode #101

"Freedom Day"

by

Graham Yost

Based on the novel by Hugh Howey

Revisions by

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Revised Scene: 1, 14

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REVISION HISTORY

<u>Draft/Revision Color</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Pages Affected</u>
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	4/19/21	Full Draft
FULL BLUE DRAFT	4/26/21	Full Draft
PINK REVISIONS	5/18/21	Cast Page, 2, 53, 53A, 57, 58, 59, 60
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CHERRY REVISIONS	10/29/21	Cast Page, 59, 59A
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2ND BLUE REVISIONS	2/23/22	53
2ND PINK REVISIONS	5/19/22	12, 13, 13A, 14, 17, 17A, 17B
2ND YELLOW REVISIONS	5/26/22	1, 1A, 13A

CAST PAGE
CHERRY REVISIONS 10/29/21

JULIETTE NICHOLS
BERNARD HOLLAND

SHERIFF HOLSTON BECKER
GINNY
CAFETERIA WORKER
DEPUTY SAM MARNES
ALLISON BECKER
GLORIA HILDEBRANDT
DR. LEONARD
KAREN
MOSLEY
MAYOR RUTH JAHNS
JIM
VILLAIN
GEORGE WILKINS
PORTER
SANDY
DEPUTY HANK MURPHY
WORKER TEDDY*

OMITTED:

SET PAGE
FULL YELLOW DRAFT 8/5/21

INTERIOR

ALLISON & HOLSTON'S APARTMENT
DINING AREA
KITCHEN
BEDROOM

LEVEL 1* CAFETERIA

SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT
BULLPEN
HOLSTON'S OFFICE
HOLDING CELL #3
AIRLOCK

DR. LEONARD'S OFFICE
EXAM ROOM

IT

BULLPEN - ALLISON'S DESK

GLORIA'S APARTMENT

MIDS* MARKETPLACE
GEORGE'S STALL

MAYOR'S OFFICE

SUIT PREP ~~AND HELMET STORAGE*~~
ROOM

HELMET STORAGE ROOM*

MECHANICAL

MEDICAL CENTER
STAIRS DOWN TO GENERATOR
HALLWAY OUTSIDE GENERATOR
GENERATOR ROOM - LOWER LEVEL

SOMEWHERE UNKNOWN

OMITTED:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAFETERIA TO SHERIFF'S
INT. RESIDENTIAL ALLEYWAY OR HALLWAY
EXT. BRIDGE TO IT ENTRANCE

EXTERIOR

STAIRS

LEVEL 6 APARTMENTS*
UPPER APARTMENT LEVELS*
MIDS APARTMENT LEVELS*
AND* SILO SHAFT

FARM LEVEL

**HYDROPONICS & CORN
FIELDS***

STAIRS/BRIDGE

IT LEVEL*
MARKETPLACE
APARTMENT LEVEL 6*

ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE CAFETERIA*

NEIGHBORHOOD CAFE
ALLEYWAY*

HOSTEL*

MIDS* MARKETPLACE

LEVEL 1 BALCONY

RESIDENTIAL ALLEYWAY
LEVEL 17*
LEVEL 6*

SILO

RAMP*

FADE IN:

1 INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - BEFORE DAWN (D1) 1

The apartment is simple, nicely furnished. Everything looks well-worn and well-maintained... and devoid of any personal touches -- no art, no mementos.

SHERIFF HOLSTON BECKER, 40, arranges a bunch of TALL, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS IN A VASE on a table in front of a WALL MIRROR. He steps back, views his handiwork. He's not satisfied, but it'll have to do. He pulls a SCREWDRIVER from his pocket.

HOLSTON (V.O.)

We do not know why we are here. We do not know who built the silo. We do not know why everything outside the silo is as it is. We do not know when it will be safe to go outside. We only know that day is not this day.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

2 EXT. STAIRS - LEVEL 6 APARTMENTS - BEFORE DAWN (D1) 2

Holston enters the stairs, starts climbing. They're empty, save for a few PEOPLE heading to work. By head nods and small hand waves, it's clear everyone knows Holston, and he knows everyone. GINNY, a female porter, 20s, is coming down.

GINNY

Morning, Sheriff.

HOLSTON

Hey, Ginny. Hope what you haul up is lighter than what you haul down.

GINNY

Me, too. But it never feels that way.

Ginny keeps going down and Holston keeps going up. His smile fades. He makes one more turn of the spiral, reaches the top. He walks off across a PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE.

3 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - BEFORE DAWN (D1) 3

There's a JANITOR operating a FLOOR POLISHER; cafeteria WORKERS pulling on HAIRNETS and GLOVES and going to work prepping breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

CAFETERIA WORKER
Good morning, Sheriff.

HOLSTON
Morning, Sam.

Holston nods to a SLEEPING WORKER slouched at a nearby table.

HOLSTON (CONT'D)
Tony awake yet?

CAFETERIA WORKER
Hard to tell.

3

CONTINUED: (2)

3

The other worker laughs sarcastically. Holston smiles, walks on. The second he knows they can't see his face, the cheer goes away. Putting on the smile wasn't easy.

As Holston moves farther through the dimly lit cafeteria, we notice the FAR WALL -- it's curved, and there are images on it, dark and indistinct, like some moody art work. He doesn't look at it, just walks on by.

4

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - BEFORE DAWN (D1)

4

Holston enters, flips on the LIGHTS. It could be a sheriff's department in any mid-sized American town. There are two small holding cells. There's a door marked SHERIFF. And there's also a WOODEN DOOR (we will come to know that wood is very rare in this world). There are carefully painted letters on the door: **Holding 3** and a DISTINCTIVE DESIGN (we will later see it on "The Pact" and here and there throughout the silo). Holston looks around at the station for a moment, goes into his office.

5

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - BEFORE DAWN (D1)

5

Holston sits behind his desk. He takes a FILE off a stack, writes something on a SCRAP OF PAPER and puts it in the back of the file, puts the file back on the stack.

He pulls out a SHEET OF PAPER, grabs a PEN, thinks for a moment, starts to write. It's not a long note. Holston finishes writing, folds the sheet in two, sets it on his desk and writes on it: MARNES. He unpins his SHERIFF'S STAR, sets it on the paper.

6

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAWN (D1)

6

Holston comes out to find DEPUTY SAM MARNES, 70, making COFFEE.

HOLSTON

You're in early.

MARNES

Couldn't sleep. Damn leg cramps.

HOLSTON

When you get your coffee, meet me
in Holding 3.

On Marnes a flash of confusion, a hint of alarm.

(CONTINUED)

MARNES

3?

But Holston is already going through the door to Holding 3.

Marnes' brow furrows and he hurries up with his coffee.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - DAWN (D1)

Holston enters into a hallway. At one end is an elaborate VAULT-LIKE DOOR. At the other end is a holding cell. Larger than the ones in the bullpen.

Holston looks through the bars. There's a cot, toilet, wash basin, a chair. There's a SCREEN on the wall displaying an image like the one on the big wall in the cafeteria, but this one's more distinct. Through some dirt on the lens, we see a view of the world outside the silo. All grays, yellows, browns. A hillside rises up. The few trees are leafless and lifeless. Dust swirls. It's a desolate landscape of poison and death. The hillside is dotted with two dozen space-suited BODIES in various states of decay.

Holston opens the cell, goes inside, closes the door behind him. He looks at the image on the wall, walks up to it. He's focused on one part of the image -- a more visible BODY, its suit less dust-covered than the rest. He touches the image, then exhales, goes back to the cell door. He takes out his keys, reaches out through the bars and locks the door. He tosses the keys onto a chair outside the cell.

MARNES (O.S.)

(footsteps approaching)

You want any coffee?

The door opens and Marnes enters with his coffee. He sees Holston in the cell. His confusion slides quickly into a very bad feeling.

MARNES (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

HOLSTON

I want to see her.

MARNES

No, Sheriff--

HOLSTON

Should've done it three years ago,
but I didn't listen.

(CONTINUED)

MARNES

Just stop. All right? Come out and let's talk about it.

HOLSTON

I made up my mind or I wouldn't be in here. I'm sorry, Sam.

MARNES

You're gonna say this to me? All we've been through.

HOLSTON

You want me to wait until Sandy gets in?

MARNES

I don't want you to say it period!
(realizing)
Shit. It's the anniversary--

HOLSTON

Deputy Marnes--

MARNES

Please, Sheriff, let's just--

HOLSTON

I want to go out.

Time stops. Marnes' eyes get wet. Holston exhales in relief.

HOLSTON (CONT'D)

While you get things rolling, I think I'm gonna lie down.

Marnes looks at his friend, furious and sad, leaves the room.

Holston lies down on the cot. He looks at the wall.

FLASH TO A TIGHT CLOSEUP OF A WOMAN smiling. But it's a weird, sad, yet hopeful smile that says *it's going to be okay...*

Holston savors that image for a moment, then shuts his eyes.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

8

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - MORNING (FB1)

8

Unlike our first view of the apartment at the top of the Teaser, now the walls have ART and the side-tables have many KNICK-KNACKS. One is a small, bare, LACQUERED BRANCH from a tree (anything made of wood is prized in this world). It's mounted in a metal base. On the base is inscribed **Holston and Allison** in flowery script. It's a wedding memento and they hang KEYS and some TOTEMS on the branches.

There's also a WEDDING QUILT on the wall -- 64 panels (8x8), each one given to them by a friend or relative, wishing them well, or just their initials.

SUPER: Three years earlier

ALLISON is looking at a COMPUTER. We recognize Allison -- it was her face Holston thought of when he lay down on the cot in the holding cell. The computer is basically a desktop from before the internet.

Allison is watching a CLOCK on the computer, counting up from 7:59:50. She looks eager, hopeful, wary.

ALLISON

C'mon! It's almost 8:00!

HOLSTON (O.S.)

Coming.

Holston slides into a chair next to Allison with TWO MUGS OF COFFEE -- one says "*Mine.*" The other says "*Also Mine.*"

The clock rolls over to 8:00:00... and nothing happens.

Allison is instantly deflated.

ALLISON

I don't know why we're doing this.
We're not going to get it. We
already had two tries--

And then a NEW MESSAGE pops up. Allison opens it to find -- ALLISON AND HOLSTON BECKER, REPRODUCTIVE CLEARANCE GRANTED.

Allison bursts into tears. Holston hugs her, kisses her, stunned.

HOLSTON

I can't believe it. Third time's a
charm.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON
You're just looking forward to
having sex every day.

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON
Hey, you could get pregnant a month
from now. Or less.
(sotto prayer)
Please let it be more than that.

Allison swats Holston, then kisses him.

HOLSTON (CONT'D)
You know I love you, no matter
what.

ALLISON
Shut up. We're doing this.
(getting up)
Let's go.

HOLSTON
His office doesn't open for an
hour.

ALLISON
We'll grab breakfast, talk about a
name, which will just be me
humoring you, because, if I'm
giving birth, I get to name the
little critter whatever I please.

They hurry out.

We hold on the computer. There's a new graphic, under the
heading PREGNANCY OPPORTUNITY TIME. And there's a clock
counting down: **364 days, 23 hours, 57 minutes...**

INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - DAY (FB1)

Allison and Holston are in line with their trays getting
SCRAMBLED EGGS, FRUIT, TOAST, COFFEE. The SERVER looks at
them and smiles. They smile back at her.

Holston and Allison head off to an empty table.

They see a table of FOUR WOMEN looking at them, smiling,
giving thumbs-up. Allison gives them a smile.

ALLISON
(through her smile)
I hate this part of it.

HOLSTON
People are just happy for us.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON
I wish everyone didn't know.

As they get to a table --

HOLSTON
(sees something, darkens)
Oh, shit...

Allison and Holston take seats as up comes GLORIA, 60s,
dressed more artistically than most.

GLORIA
Sheriff, Mrs. Becker, I don't mean
to intrude--

HOLSTON
Then don't.

Allison is surprised by her husband's tone.

GLORIA
There's your famous tell-it-like-it-
is manner. Why everyone likes you.

HOLSTON
If everyone likes me, I'm not doing
my job.

Allison is looking at Holston -- *what the hell...?*

GLORIA
Mrs. Becker, your husband might not
be interested in what I have to
say--

HOLSTON
I'd be interested in you leaving us
alone, Gloria.

ALLISON
Holston...

GLORIA
(to Allison)
Whatever our Sheriff may have told
you, I provide fertility
counseling.

HOLSTON
Oh, yeah? Like what?

GLORIA

Your husband is waiting for me to say something I'm not legally allowed to say.

HOLSTON

Such as...?

GLORIA

Clever. Another reason so many people like you.

HOLSTON

I've gone from "everyone" to "so many"?

GLORIA

(to Allison)

If you have an open mind, come see me. I wish you both the very best.

Gloria walks off.

ALLISON

What does she do exactly?

HOLSTON

She goes right to the edge of promising people a baby if they do what she says, which is fraud. And it's cruel.

Allison eyes Holston's big breakfast.

ALLISON

Eat up, buttercup. Doctor opens in five.

Allison lies on her side on an exam table. Holston sits beside her. There's a small curtain up over Allison's mid-section. DR. LEONARD, 50, is on the other side.

DR. LEONARD

This will sting a bit.

Allison winces as she gets an injection.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
We'll let that go numb. Now, after I remove the birth control it'll take two to three weeks for your hormones to reset. That said, some couples become pregnant within days of getting clearance. You know all this. This is your second time...?

HOLSTON
Third.

ALLISON
And last. I turn 38 next year.

DR. LEONARD
Can you feel this?

ALLISON
I feel pressure...

DR. LEONARD
Even though you're numb, it's still going to feel weird. We make sure it's really under the skin so it never gives you any trouble.

Dr. Leonard goes to work. Allison grimaces.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
You okay?

ALLISON
Well... it feels weird.

DR. LEONARD
Not for long... as... I am done.

Dr. Leonard sets down his scalpel (all out of view), wipes something with a towel, then shows them a capsule.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)
There it is. You are no longer under birth control.
(grins)
You are now free to make a baby.

Big smiles between Allison and Holston.

Allison comes through the door in high spirits. Holston's behind her, waving to someone down the hall.

HOLSTON

Thank you, Mrs. Flores. We will.

He closes the door, relieved.

ALLISON

If one more person smiles at us, I
swear...

HOLSTON

We're safe now.

Allison kisses Holston. They start pawing at each other.

ALLISON
Impregnate me! Right now!

They both crack up. Allison pulls back.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Look, we're going to do this for as long as it takes. But at some point, it's going to become work.

HOLSTON
Best work ever.

ALLISON
Remember last time? Let's just... set everything aside. Make love like a couple of horny teenagers in the park on 27. Except for the part where you come first.

HOLSTON
Yeah, but if I was teenager, I could go again in five minutes.

ALLISON
Yeah, but you're not, you can't, so don't.

Holston laughs. They kiss and start taking off each other's clothes. And we go to the computer, where the clock continues to count down -- **364 days, 17 hours, 14 minutes...**

DISSOLVE TO the clock now reading **342 days, 22 hours, 14 minutes...**

INT. IT - BULLPEN - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY (FB2)

Allison works in the bullpen in the IT department. She's one of FIFTY PEOPLE working at DESKTOP COMPUTERS. Allison sips tea from a hand-glazed mug with the words *Stolen from Sheriff Holston Becker*. Her work neighbor KAREN, 45, walks up, sits with a MUG OF COFFEE. Her mug has a child's drawing of her on it.

KAREN
My cousin Charlene convinced her husband he had to dye his unit blue.

ALLISON
Did it work?

KAREN

They got pregnant. But I'm pretty sure a blue dick didn't have anything to do with it. She was just fucking with him. Gives you a clue to that marriage.

BERNARD HOLLAND, 50s, walks up to Allison's desk. He's their tightly-wired boss, the head of IT, very protective of his territory.

ALLISON/KAREN

Morning, Bernard.

BERNARD

Allison. Karen.
(to Allison)
I see you posted an article on our BBS about recovering deleted files.

ALLISON

I did.

BERNARD

You're supposed to get my approval for any IT-related posts before they go wide.

ALLISON

I thought we might cut down on service calls if people could handle some things on their own. My legs aren't what they--

BERNARD

I took it down. Your post.
(beat)
I have no doubt your intentions were good, but our reporting structure is there for a reason and really must be observed.

Bernard gives a final nod, walks off. Allison and Karen share a look and a head shake -- *fucking Bernard...*

Porters and citizens pass each other on the stairs. As we move over them, reveal TWO FARM LEVELS. The first is filled with LIVESTOCK and WATER TOWERS, the second with CORN FIELDS and rows of HYDROPONICS at the far back.

Holston and Marnes are led by MOSLEY, a farmer (male, 60s) through an area devoted to root vegetables. Stacked beds, under full spectrum lights, with drip irrigation.

MOSLEY

Here.

He crouches to point at the scene of the crime in a lower bed. Holston crouches with the farmer, sees a scattering of TORN CARROT TOPS and dug up soil.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

I think it's teenagers. Sneak in here at night, steal my carrots.

MARNES

(mutters)

Then teenagers have really changed.

MOSLEY

You think I'm an idiot? It's not rats. I've got enough poison out to kill a thousand of the little fuckers.

Marnes doesn't respond. Holston nods.

HOLSTON (PRELAP)

Thanks to some clever detective work by yours truly, we were able to deduce the culprit was neither rat nor teenager.

Holston and Allison are having dinner. Allison can feel Holston looking at her.

ALLISON

What?

HOLSTON

Did you know you were breaking the rules?

ALLISON

No.

(he waits)

Maybe. Kind of.

HOLSTON

This isn't the first time Bernard has slapped your wrist.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

And it won't be the last. There are too many rules.

HOLSTON

You wanted to work in IT.

ALLISON

It's not just IT -- it's everywhere! And they don't make sense! We blame the rebels for erasing our history, right?

HOLSTON

Yes.

ALLISON

It's because of the rebels we don't know who built the silo, or why, or when it might be safe to go outside. Right?

HOLSTON

Yes.

ALLISON

They why can't we ask questions about stuff like that? And if losing our history is so sad, why can some goons from Judicial send you down to the mines if you happen to have a relic from the before times?

HOLSTON

(stern)
Allison.

ALLISON

Really? You're gonna use your sheriff voice with me?

HOLSTON

C'mon.

ALLISON

I can't even ask those questions in here?

HOLSTON

Of course you can.

ALLISON

You just wish I wouldn't.
(beat)
At least now.

He looks at her -- *what does that mean?*

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Why did you kiss me that night at
Jerry's party?

HOLSTON

Because... you're... you.

ALLISON

Back then you liked that I broke
rules and asked questions.

HOLSTON

I was 19! I wasn't even a deputy
yet.

ALLISON

So?

HOLSTON

I didn't know how important the
rules are.

Allison shrugs, takes a bite of food.

HOLSTON (CONT'D)

All it would take is for a few
rebels to decide they want to see
for themselves what it's like above
ground. They somehow manage to open
that door and we are done. Part of
my job is making sure that doesn't
happen. So, if a few of the rules
don't make sense, that's okay.

*

*

*

Allison looks at her husband. This dedication and sense of
duty is one of the reasons she loves him. She smiles. But
then has a thought, frowns.

HOLSTON (CONT'D)

What?

ALLISON

This maybe isn't the time to tell
you, but I went to see that
fertility woman today. Gloria
Hildebrandt.

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON

What did she give you? Some kind of magic charm?

ALLISON

(brightening)

Tea.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Allison dunks the tea ball in her mug.

HOLSTON

Did Gloria talk about the before times? Crazy animals and flying machines?

ALLISON

Is that against the law?

HOLSTON

If you'd read the Pact, you'd know it is. Did she show you a relic or anything that might be a relic?

ALLISON

What? No!

HOLSTON

Good. Gloria hasn't been on the watch list for a while. Just a harmless old nut now. Why'd you go to her?

ALLISON

I guess I want to make sure I did everything I could.

HOLSTON

Even if it's pointless.

ALLISON

Absolutely. Besides, I like tea.

She takes a sip, her face instantly going sour.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Okay, that is absolutely the most disgusting thing I have ever tasted.

Holston laughs.

16 INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - DAY (FB3) 16

Holston is eating breakfast when Allison comes in. He looks up, sees her expression.

ALLISON
I got my period.

Holston gives her a heartfelt, sympathetic look. He's about to speak but Allison jumps in.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
We still have time. I know.

Holston smiles, nods.

17 EXT. STAIRS/BRIDGE - IT LEVEL - DAY (FB3) 17

Allison comes down the stairs and heads across the bridge to work with other IT workers. Outside the IT entrance, there are benches where people could sit, eat lunch. As Allison approaches the doors --

GLORIA
Mrs. Becker.

Allison turns to see Gloria Hildebrandt getting up from a bench.

ALLISON
Oh, hi--

GLORIA
I was looking for you. Are you pregnant?

ALLISON
Not yet. But I'm afraid I won't be buying any more tea. Take care.

Allison turns to walk to the IT entrance. Gloria stops her.

GLORIA
That's not why I was looking for you.
(beat)
I'd like to ask you a question. In private.

Allison is thrown by that.

18 EXT. ALLEYWAY OUTSIDE CAFETERIA - DAY (FB3)

18

Holston and Marnes walk with MAYOR RUTH JAHNS, a lean and commanding, yet compassionate woman, 70. They walk down the alleyway into the cafeteria. Jahns looks worried.

MARNES

What the hell are you afraid of?

JAHNS

I'll tell you what the hell I'm afraid of, Deputy. I'm afraid some drunken yahoo's gonna get up on the rail, say "Look at me!" and everyone is gonna look at him as he falls to his death.

MARNES

When has that ever happ--?

JAHNS

Don't interrupt me. I'm afraid some pyromaniac adolescent with a cherry bomb's going to start a fire that sets off a stampede.

MARNES

You done? Is it safe to speak?

Jahns gives him a look.

MARNES (CONT'D)

Long as you've been wearing the sash and we've been wearing the badge, Freedom Day has gone off without a hitch, and that's a long goddamn time.

HOLSTON

(staving off argument)

All deputies will be on patrol and we'll have fire teams on the tens.

Jahns nods to Holston -- *thank you*. Then she looks at the images on the big, curved back wall of the cafeteria. With PEOPLE crossing back and forth in front of it, we still don't get a good look at it. The image seems to be a view through a lens coated with dust.

JAHNS

It's getting harder to see with every passing month.

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON

A long time between cleanings means things have been running well.

JAHNS

No one *wants* a cleaning. But people need to see what it's like out there.

MARNES

You know what the answer is? Don't run for re-election. Then some bozo from Judicial becomes mayor, and there'll be *lots* of cleanings.

Jahns gives Marnes a look as they walk on.

INT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT - DAY (FB3)

Gloria and Allison enter. Gloria gestures.

GLORIA

Please. Have a seat.

ALLISON

I don't have much time--

GLORIA

It'll only take a minute.

Allison sits as Gloria goes into the kitchen.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I hate the term "Freedom Day." So simplistic. "Put Down the Rebellion Day" would be more accurate. Do you ever wonder what was on the servers they erased? In the books they burned? If it was even them that did it.

ALLISON

Ma'am, you said you wanted to ask me a question.

GLORIA

You're right.

Gloria turns on a faucet, lets it run.

ALLISON

Why did you do that?

Gloria sits close to Allison, keeps her voice down.

GLORIA
Because I don't want them to hear.

ALLISON
Who?

GLORIA
Who's got listeners?

ALLISON
Judicial?

Gloria shrugs.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
My husband says you haven't been on
the watch list for years.

GLORIA
Of course I haven't. I've been
keeping my mouth shut. Someone my
age wouldn't do well in the mines.

Allison feels very uncomfortable, starts to rise.

ALLISON
I have to get to work.

GLORIA
(grabs her arm)
I might be risking my life talking
to you. You can give me thirty
seconds.

ALLISON
Why me?

GLORIA
I was told there was a time you
used to ask questions.

ALLISON
Who told you that?

GLORIA
Why are we here? Why do we live
underground? What happened out
there?

ALLISON
I'm going now.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

Okay, okay. Here's my question.

Allison stops.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Do you really think you're the kind
of person they want having
children?

Off Allison--

20 EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD CAFE - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (FB3)

20

Some tables clustered near a local food/drink counter in a residential alley. Holston and Allison are at a table with GLASSES OF RED WINE. Allison has just told Holston what Gloria said.

HOLSTON

Okay, now, she has officially descended from Eccentric Oddball to Fucking Crazy.

JIM, 40, walks up.

JIM

You want the spaghetti? Which you always get. Because you've turned into an old boring couple.

ALLISON

One time we'll surprise you, Jim. Just not tonight.

Jim snorts a laugh, moves on. When he's out of earshot, Holston speaks quietly.

HOLSTON

I'll get the psych team to pay Gloria a visit.

ALLISON

Don't. She just--

HOLSTON

Just what? Said something stupid that upset you?

ALLISON

She and her husband never had kids. She wants you to find out why--

HOLSTON

Your birth control was removed, Allie. We've got the same shot at making a baby as anyone else who gets clearance.

Allison nods. They sip their wine.

21 INT. IT - BULLPEN - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY (FB4)

21

Allison is at her desk. Karen walks up.

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

You're not gonna like this. Our buddy George submitted another ticket. Guess whose turn it is to take it?

Allison slumps.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY (FB4) 22

Allison is in with Holston. The walls have ART and Holston's desk has a DRAWING of Allison.

HOLSTON

Who's George?

ALLISON

He's a programmer in the Mids who has a repair stall in the market. He's got a 920 with some kind of internal logic problem.

HOLSTON

Why do you have to go?

ALLISON

Everyone else booked off for Freedom Day. Because you have to work, I figured I'd be on call. The problem is, he wants someone there before he opens tomorrow. Means I'll have to go down tonight, get a room. Which means... we'll miss our evening's entertainment.

Allison gives Holston a look. He's not getting it. She leans in, kisses him. He pulls back, hesitant about being at work.

HOLSTON

Honey--

But Allison doesn't back down. She closes in on Holston, whispering.

ALLISON

I promise I'll be quiet.

A23 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY (FB4) A23

SANDY is at her desk, giggling at the not-so-subtle sounds coming from Holston's office -- POUNDING against the wall, things CRASHING to the floor. Holston and Allison are going at it, and Allison definitely isn't being quiet.

Marnes is at his desk, doing a rather good PENCIL DRAWING of the stairs. He clears his throat, a sign to Sandy to stop her giggling. She does, but she can't help a smile from escaping. Marnes tries to hold his in. Off this moment between them --

23 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY (FB4) 23

Holston and Allison are tangled together, half-dressed, catching their breath.

ALLISON

Holy shit. If I don't get pregnant from that I never will.

Holston nods, still catching his breath. They kiss. It starts as a regular old married couple kiss, then it lingers. They pull apart, eyes twinkling.

24 EXT. STAIRS - UPPER APARTMENT LEVELS - EVENING (FB4) 24

Allison heads down, passing PEOPLE prepping for Freedom Day. Some wrap the railing in COLORED RIBBON. Others fix PANELS over the steps next to the central support column.

25 EXT. HOSTEL - NIGHT (FB4) 25

A curved alleyway. On one side are doors to rooms, leading into a reception area. On the other side, a food court with tables and chairs. Allison eats a slice of PIZZA for dinner. She watches a THEATER TROUPE performing a kid-friendly play about Freedom Day and the Rebellion in front of a HANDPAINTED BACKDROP showing the stairs.

VILLAIN

Curses to all of you freedom-loving citizens! We will erase your history! We will burn it all!

KIDS

Boo!

Several ARMED VILLAINS wielding pipes and prop guns herd a group of cowering CITIZENS off to the side.

(CONTINUED)

VILLAIN

The silo is ours to destroy and
there is nothing any of you can do
about it!

The villain lets out a startled gasp as a HERO and HEROINE
appear, motioning for the kids to boo louder; they do.
Allison looks wistfully at the happy KIDS.

VILLAIN (CONT'D)

You'll never stop us!
(to the armed villains)
Capture them! Lock them all away!

JIM (PRELAP)

Fucking rebels broke down the door.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD CAFE - NIGHT (FB4)

The same eating/drinking area where Holston and Allison had
dinner. Proprietor Jim is setting down GLASSES OF BEER AND
WINE while talking to VISITORS who are up for the holiday.
Holston and Marnes are sitting a few tables away.

JIM

Twisted bastards tried to throw my
great-great-great-great-grandfather
Albert over the rail. But he was
stubborn. Never gave up. He fell 14
levels and grabbed the rail.

MARNES

(sotto to Holston)
Pretty sure it was only ten levels
last time he told this.

JIM

Shoulder's dislocated, but he pops
it back in, mad as hell. Then,
quick as a quarter-note, takes a
pistol off some rebel bastard,
shoots him and two others, and
frees the hostages in Supply.

The visitors seem impressed. Marnes raises his hand.

MARNES

I have a question.

JIM

No, you don't.

MARNES

Great-great-great-great-grandfather, or great-great-great-great-great?

JIM

You tell me, Marnes. Man your age, you probably knew him.

Marnes raises his glass to Jim -- *well played*. Jim grins, goes inside.

MARNES

To him, Freedom Day means a chance to tell that story. To me it means trying to avoid getting puked on by teenagers.

HOLSTON

When I was a kid, it was popcorn, slushies and the slide. When I got older, I started wondering what was lost. What life was like before. What happened. Then I started the job and I didn't have time for all that.

MARNES

How about Allison?

HOLSTON

She still likes the slushies and the slide.

Marnes looks at him -- *funny, but not what I meant*.

HOLSTON (CONT'D)

She's never stopped wondering about the before times. A kid at heart I guess.

MARNES

How's she doing?

HOLSTON

(lying)

She's fine. She's good.

Marnes knows that's a lie, waits. Holston gives him a look.

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON (CONT'D)

We only have a few days left. It's
not easy.

MARNES

Well, if it doesn't work out and
you don't get a baby, in a couple
years you can change my diaper.

(CONTINUED)

Off Holston, appreciating the joke --
PRE-LAP a song being played.

EXT. STAIRS - UPPER APARTMENT LEVELS - DAY (FB5)

A GROUP OF MUSICIANS is playing an upbeat, lively tune as people head up the now fully decorated stairs for Freedom Day. The instruments have been kept alive down the centuries by care and ingenuity, using silo-made plastic and metal for patches and replacement parts. PASSERSBY toss METAL CREDIT CHIPS into an INSTRUMENT CASE.

The atmosphere is festive -- ICE CREAM and POPCORN being sold, KIDS nagging their PARENTS for TOYS.

EXT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - DAY (FB5)

Allison enters the marketplace, also transformed for Freedom Day. Stalls sell PLASTIC TRUMPETS, BAKED GOODS, SOUVENIRS.

A GROUP OF MUSICIANS is playing in a much more percussive, improvisational style than the musicians in the upper levels -- more free-flowing and experimental, with African and Middle-Eastern influences. Several DANCERS are moving to the music.

Allison passes them and continues to a stall with a door. Paint-stenciled letters on a plastic panel above the door: Computer Repair. The door is locked; she knocks. The door opens and there's GEORGE WILKINS, 30, nerdy good looks and sparkling eyes. He is oddly fanboy nervous.

GEORGE
Allison Becker?

ALLISON
I am. You must be--

GEORGE
I've been looking forward to
meeting you for a long time.

Allison doesn't know what to say to that.

EXT. STAIRS - UPPER APARTMENT LEVELS - DAY (FB5)

The stairs are jammed with PEOPLE celebrating the holiday. Holston is headed up, exchanging smiles and greetings.

Now we see the panels were laid down to form a banked slide for KIDS, who zip down it, yelling with glee.

We follow ONE KID as she rides down and shoots off the end of the slide at a landing. We see a MAINTENANCE WOMAN hanging a battered old SPEAKER on a hook on the central pillar, while her CO-WORKER plugs it into a jack.

INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - DAY (FB5)

George's stall is overflowing with COMPUTERS and MONITORS in various states of repair/disrepair. BOXES OF WIRES AND PARTS. George shuts the door behind Allison and clears stuff off a chair for her to sit.

GEORGE

Sorry about getting you down here on Freedom Day.

ALLISON

I'm on call. My husband works.

GEORGE

That's what I figured, him being the sheriff. Why I thought I might get you.

Allison is thrown by that.

ALLISON

I don't understand.

GEORGE

I read your post on how to retrieve deleted files. I had a feeling it wouldn't stay up long.

George goes to a desktop computer on a shelf. He lifts it up and pulls out TEN SHEETS OF PAPER, stapled together.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So I printed it.

Allison is surprised to see this.

ALLISON

That must've cost a fortune.

GEORGE

Worth every credit. It got me a long way. But I needed to see you in person, so I put in a repair request, hoping I'd get you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Of course they sent everyone *but* you. Then I figured, with the holiday--

ALLISON

Why didn't you just ask for me?

GEORGE

I didn't want to arouse suspicion.

ALLISON

From who?

GEORGE

Who wrote the law on relics?

ALLISON

You're worried about Judicial?

GEORGE

Isn't everybody?

ALLISON

(wary)

Is this about a relic?

GEORGE

That's just it -- I don't know.

George goes over to a stack of HARD DRIVES. Some of the cases have been opened, exposing the discs inside. George grabs one of the unopened drives. The only distinguishing feature: in the upper right corner of the top face of the drive is the number **18**.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Guy came in with this, about a year ago. Said he found it under the carpet in a closet.

George hooks it up to a computer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I fired it up and it looked like it was empty. Then I used what you posted and I was able to check the memory. It said most of the drive was in use, but I couldn't find any files.

George runs a quick diagnostic on the hard drive. The drive is 78% full.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

There's something on there. I just
don't know how to get to it.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON
It could be family recipes--

GEORGE
Then they're very old family
recipes. I checked the log in IT.
There's no record of this serial
number. 'Course the log starts
after the rebellion.

ALLISON
You think that drive is more than a
hundred and forty years old?

GEORGE
It could just be an entry error.
Or... not.

Allison thinks for a moment, sets down her bag, sits in front
of the computer.

ALLISON
It might be as simple as figuring
out the name of the directory.

GEORGE
Is there anything I can--?

ALLISON
Not talking would be great.

30 EXT. LEVEL 1 BALCONY - EVENING (FB5)

30

Holston and Marnes (in dress uniforms) and Jahns approach the
Level 1 balcony at the spot where the bridge from the stairs
reaches the balcony. From this spot they can see down into
the entire silo. The stairs and the bridges are filled with
PEOPLE. KIDS are blowing PLASTIC HORNS. The occasional
illegal FIRECRACKER goes off. A TECH taps a MICROPHONE, gets
a pop, nods to Jahns. She nods her thanks, eyes her POCKET
WATCH, the second hand sweeping.

A31 EXT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - EVENING (FB5)

A31

All the stalls are closed up and the place is empty.

31 INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - EVENING (FB5)

31

Allison and George have been working all day. We see remnants
of a PIZZA on plates, APPLE CORES.

(CONTINUED)

Allison has flipped over George's printed copy of her bulletin board post. She's been writing words on the paper and crossing them out -- ~~Maintenance, Engineering, System, Systems, Rootsys, History, Big Fucking Mystery, BFM...~~

Allison and George are sitting, thinking. Allison picks up the hard drive.

ALLISON

Any idea what the 18 means?

George shakes his head. Allison turns the drive over. She sees the serial number. Below it there's something etched into the metal, but it's so small she can't read it.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Do you have a magnifying glass?

Jahns eyes the sweep of the second hand on her pocket watch. As it heads for the 12, she goes to the microphone and starts reading from an OLD SHEET OF PAPER, her voice playing from speakers hung throughout the silo for the occasion.

JAHNS

Six minutes and six seconds past six o'clock, on this day, one hundred and forty years ago. That is the moment we regained our freedom. We are gathered on the anniversary to remember the terror of the rebellion. If they had succeeded; if they had opened the door to the outside world, none of us would be here right now. They didn't succeed, thank the Founders. But they did manage to take away our history.

Allison is peering at the back of the drive through a MAGNIFYING GLASS.

ALLISON

You have anything more powerful?

GEORGE

That's as powerful as they get.

ALLISON
(eyeing drive)
I think it's letters...

GEORGE
(an old memory)
My mom fixed jewelry when I was a
kid. I remember this woman coming
in. She wanted to line up two
magnifying glasses, to see if she
could increase the magnification--

ALLISON
Sshh.

George nods, goes quiet. Allison takes a pen and writes on
the paper: L - I - B --

EXT. LEVEL 1 BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (FB5)

JAHNS
(into mic)
They erased our computer drives,
shredded our files, and burned all
the books in our libraries.

INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - CONTINUOUS (FB5)

Allison finishes writing out L-I-B-R-A-R-Y. She types that
into the search bar, hits enter... and the screen starts
filling with **a list of a thousand files...**

Allison and George recoil from the computer, almost afraid.
Allison takes her hands off the keyboard and the mouse, not
knowing what to do next. George takes the mouse, moves the
cursor and CLICKS.

EXT. LEVEL 1 BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (FB5)

JAHNS
(into mic)
But they were stopped. Our heroic
forebears won the day. And their
great victory should be celebrated
with cheers.

A CHEER goes up from everyone everywhere in the silo. Jahns
eyes her pocket watch.

37 INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - CONTINUOUS (FB5) 37

Allison startles at the sound of the cheering. George doesn't even notice.

GEORGE
Look at this.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A detailed blueprint of Level 1 of the silo.

ALLISON
No. I won't. And you shouldn't either.

George looks at Allison, stunned. She grabs her stuff.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
You need to bury that or--

GEORGE
Bury it? Are you kidding? This is the greatest--!

ALLISON
It's a relic. Even having it is against the law.

Allison heads out.

GEORGE
But this could be the key to everything we don't know. We have to look--

ALLISON
If you don't stop, they could send you out to clean for this.

GEORGE
Are you going to tell your husband?

ALLISON
Get rid of it.

Out she goes.

38 EXT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - CONTINUOUS (FB5)

38

Allison comes out of George's stall and moves quickly past the shuttered stalls. Coming from the direction of the stairs, the sound of cheering subsides.

39 EXT. LEVEL 1 BALCONY - CONTINUOUS (FB5) 39

The cheering is fading but not gone.

JAHNS
(into mic)
It should be celebrated...

The cheering stops. Jahns shares a look with Holston and Marnes. They all put their fingers in their ears.

JAHNS (CONT'D)
(into mic)
It should be celebrated... with
horns!

40 OMITTED 40

41 EXT. STAIRS/BRIDGE - MARKETPLACE - MOMENTS LATER (FB5) 41

Allison is crossing the bridge to the stairs when the horns blare. It's deafening and it startles her. She keeps on going, starts up the stairs. The horns are mostly blown by KIDS, some ADULTS, DRUNK TEENS. Allison makes her way up through the crowded steps, fingers in her ears.

42 INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - SAME (FB5) 42

George sits in front of the computer, looking at the blueprint of Level 1. He scrolls down and sees -- *holy shit* -- it just keeps going down, level by level.

43 EXT. LEVEL 1 BALCONY - SAME (FB5) 43

Horns are still blaring. Jahns steps up to the mic.

JAHNS
(into mic)
And it should be remembered...

The horns start to tail off.

JAHNS (CONT'D)
(into mic)
And it should be remembered...
(waits a beat)
And it should be remembered... in
silence.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

With that, the horns stop, except for one a few levels down, but there's some shushing, then it stops, too.

44

EXT. STAIRS - MIDS APARTMENT LEVELS - SAME (FB5)

44

Allison stops. Like everyone else, she bows her head. The entire silo is pin-drop quiet.

45

EXT. LEVEL 1 BALCONY - SAME (FB5)

45

Jahns is bowing her head, but she's also eyeing the second hand on her pocket watch. As it sweeps up toward 12, Jahns nods to a YOUNG GIRL, who steps up to the mic and sings one single note. As she does, the lights on Level 1 dim to late night level. Just as the girl stops singing...

...ANOTHER VOICE sings the same note, one level down, and that level's lights dim. Then, as that singer finishes, a THIRD VOICE repeats it a level below. As the note is sung on each level, that level's lights dim. The note drops down the shaft, voice after voice, and the silo darkens, level by level.

46

EXT. STAIRS - MIDS APARTMENT LEVELS - EVENING (FB5)

46

Allison listens with everyone as they hear that note coming down. The note reaches Allison's level, the lights dim, and the note continues down.

47

INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - SAME (FB5)

47

George scrolls down to the bottom of the silo. And then, to his surprise, he can continue to scroll, past a solid block labeled **Concrete Seal**. His scrolling stops after **ten levels of empty space labeled "Entombment."**

GEORGE

What's that?

And then, from the side of the silo shaft, he sees **a tunnel, going off horizontally.**

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And where the hell does that go?

48

EXT. STAIRS - MIDS LEVEL APARTMENTS - SAME (FB5)

48

Allison makes her way through the throngs, everyone waiting as the notes fall away, going into the down deep.

(CONTINUED)

And then, all the lights go out. Allison stops.

All is silent. Then, out of the darkness comes a GLOW OF LIGHT as a CHILD far below releases the silo's equivalent of a CHINESE FIRE LANTERN. There are gasps as CHILDREN release more FIRE LANTERNS on every level. THOUSANDS more rise up.

Allison gets to the railing and looks down, and now we get our first view of the immensity of the silo as seen from the mid-point.

Allison is in the Mids, so there are 70 levels below her and 70 levels above. The stairs are one continuous 144-level spiral. The outer ring of the silo -- where people live their lives -- is 40 feet from the stairs. On every level, there's a bridge connecting the stairs to the level. Looking down and up, these bridges resemble spokes.

A bell rings out.

That's the sign for the ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE SILO to join together in song. Allison sings along. The song is familiar to us, a melody from our time, changed by the years, with different words (just as *The Star Spangled Banner* was originally a British drinking song).

Then Allison has one of those moments, where everything seems odd, maybe even wrong, and she stops singing.

INT. ALLISON & HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB5) 49

Allison and Holston lie in bed, not having sex.

ALLISON

I'm sorry. The climb exhausted me.
Maybe if I didn't sit on my ass all
day I'd be more fit...

HOLSTON

It's okay.

ALLISON

(catches his tone)
I'm just saying I'm tired.

HOLSTON

Are you seventy-levels tired? Or
are you... tired.

(beat)

We have some time left, but--

ALLISON

It can't be fun for you anymore.

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON
Not about fun. I want to have a baby.

ALLISON
So did I.

Holston looks at her. Allison doesn't correct the tense. Her eyes fill with tears. Holston holds her.

HOLSTON
Well, look on the bright side.

Allison looks at him -- *there's a bright side...?*

HOLSTON (CONT'D)
We can take down the garlic. Get that herb out from under your pillow. And I won't ever have to dye my dick blue again.

ALLISON
That was pretty funny looking.

HOLSTON
Not something a man ever wants to hear.

They share a laugh, a kiss and hug each other even closer. Holston looks sad. But there's something in Allison's eyes darker than sadness. And Holston has seen it.

INT. IT - BULLPEN - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY (FB 6)

Allison, sitting at her desk, staring into space, thinking.

KAREN
(walking up)
How'd it go with George?

ALLISON
Couldn't help him.

KAREN
I think he's just lonely, wants to converse with other computer geeks--

ALLISON
I don't know if it's something I ate or I'm getting a cold, but I don't feel good.

KAREN
Then go home. I'll tell Bernard.

50

CONTINUED:

50

Allison gathers her things.

51

EXT. STAIRS - UPPER LEVEL APARTMENTS - DAY (FB6)

51

Allison descends the stairs. WORKERS clean up after Freedom Day, collecting the remains of the fire lanterns, taking up the panels that formed the slide, taking down the speakers.

52

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ALLEYWAY - LEVEL 17 - DAY (FB6)

52

Allison knocks on a door. It opens. There's Gloria.

GLORIA

I hoped you'd be back.

53

INT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (FB6)

53

Gloria lets Allison in, shuts the door.

ALLISON

Why wouldn't they want us to have kids?

Gloria puts her finger to her lips -- *sshhh...*

54

INT. ALLISON & HOLSTON'S APT - DINING AREA - NIGHT (FB6)

54

Holston and Allison are having dinner. Allison's mind is racing, but she's putting on a good show of normalcy.

HOLSTON

Bernard behaving himself?

ALLISON

I didn't see him.

Holston nods. Allison makes a decision, kind of blurts out --

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to take tomorrow off, go to the market.

HOLSTON

What do you need? I can send a porter.

ALLISON

I just want to look. Get some exercise. Take my mind off...

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON

Sure. Sounds like a good idea.

Holston goes back to his meal. Allison feels like shit for lying to the man she loves. But she has no choice.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY (FB7)

Jahns' office has windows with a view of the shaft and the stairs. One wall has shelves lined with VOLUMES -- 139 of them, each one a mayor's record of a year.

Holston and Marnes are with Jahns, Marnes going over a report on Freedom Day. Holston stares into space.

MARNES

Couple of D-and-D's in the mids.
(to Jahns)
Drunk and Disorderly.

JAHNS

I know what D-and-D's are.

MARNES

(back to report)
Confiscated firecrackers from some kids, let them off with parental notifications. Couple sprained ankles. One kid went off the slide, needed three stitches in her noggin. And that was it. Nobody over the railing, no stampedes.

JAHNS

This year.

MARNES

Next year, if you're not mayor, it'll be bedlam.

Jahns gives Marnes a look -- *enough with that* -- then turns to Holston, sees him staring into space.

JAHNS

How are you and Allison doing?

HOLSTON

(snaps out of stare)
Tomorrow we go back to Dr. Leonard.
(Jahns nods)
So... not great. But we've been through it before. Maybe this one's harder, because it's our last.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

HOLSTON (CONT'D)

Allison's taking a day off to poke around the market.

Jahns nods -- *that's good.*

56 EXT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - DAY (FB7) 56

All the stalls are open and it's crowded. Allison walks by.

57 INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - DAY (FB7) 57

George is behind the counter. There's a ding as his door opens. He looks up, surprised to see Allison.

ALLISON

I want to see everything.

58 INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FB7) 58

Holston is at the table, a mostly empty plate beside him, going over reports. He eyes the clock. It's late.

59 INT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - NIGHT (FB7) 59

George sits at the computer keyboard, the LONG LIST OF FILES on the screen. He rubs his eyes, exhausted. Allison sits in a chair behind him, also exhausted.

GEORGE

One more?

ALLISON

My brain is fried.

Allison gets up, starts gathering her things.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

For all we know, this is just something somebody made up.

GEORGE

You think so?

ALLISON

It's all just words and numbers on a screen. There's no *proof*.

(beat)

Needless to say, you can't tell anyone about this.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
Needless to say.

They share a small grin.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
When can you come back?

ALLISON
I don't know.

Allison trails off when she sees something on the screen.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
What's that?

She points to the screen, at a file: **JANE CARMODY CLEANING,
SEPT 13 SILO YEAR 97.**

GEORGE
I don't know.

Allison thinks, looks at her watch -- *it's late* -- then starts putting her things down.

ALLISON
Last one.

George clicks on the file. **We don't see what they see.** But we do see the color of the light on their faces changes. Reflecting in George's glasses is something that resembles **blue sky and lush nature.** Their expressions change, too. Confusion at first, then awe.

EXT. STAIRS - MIDS APARTMENT LEVELS - NIGHT (FB7)

Allison walks up, in a daze. She bumps into a PORTER.

PORTER
Hey. Keep right.

ALLISON
Sorry.

The porter keeps going. As does Allison.

INT. ALLISON & HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (FB7)

Holston is in bed reading reports as Allison comes in.

HOLSTON

It's late.

ALLISON

I lost track.

HOLSTON

Did you go on a shopping spree and
spend all our credits?

CLOSE ON ALLISON as she again decides to lie to Holston.

ALLISON

(summons cheer)

Next time.

Allison quickly undresses for bed. Holston watches her. He's trying to pretend all is well, but he's worried. Especially about what he has to say next.

HOLSTON

I got a message from the doctor.
The only time he can see us is
eleven. You never know, we'll still
technically have a few hours...

ALLISON

That's fine.
(gets into bed)
I'm going to sleep in. I'll meet
you there.

HOLSTON

You okay?

ALLISON

No, but... I will be.

Allison smiles sadly. She kisses Holston, then rolls away. Allison's smile disappears, replaced by grim determination.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - DAY (FB8)

THEIR COMPUTER

The clock shows **0 Days, 7 Hours, 44 Minutes...**

INT. DR. LEONARD'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - DAY (FB8)

Holston waits with Dr. Leonard. Holston checks the clock on the wall -- it's 11:25.

64 INT. IT - BULLPEN - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY (FB8)

64

Holston walks up. Allison's desk is empty.

HOLSTON

Hey, Karen. Where's Allison?

KAREN

Oh. She sent a note by porter saying she wasn't feeling well.

Holston's brow furrows.

65 INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APT - DINING AREA - DAY (FB8)

65

Holston enters to find Allison in a bathrobe, sitting at the kitchen table. The faucet is running. Allison looks pale, manic. One hand is clenched shut. There's an APPLE on the table by a SMALL KNIFE.

ALLISON

We need to talk.

HOLSTON

(re: faucet)

What's going on? Are you okay?

ALLISON

(gesture to chair)

Sit down.

Holston sits. Allison leans in, speaks quietly.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I wanted to talk to you last night, but I was afraid you wouldn't be able to hear what I had to say. You don't always listen, honey.

HOLSTON

What? Come on, that's not true. I do listen--

ALLISON

Talking isn't listening.

He gets her point, puts up his hands -- *I'll be quiet.*

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Because you're the lawman and everything's pretty cut and dried, I figured I needed proof.

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON
Proof of what?

ALLISON
Why we weren't able to have kids.
(beat)
I can't tell you how I know this,
but... they were never going to let
us have children.

HOLSTON
What?

ALLISON
We-- I'm not the kind of people
they want having children.

HOLSTON
Who's "they"?

ALLISON
The people who enforce The Pact.
They want obedient people, docile--

HOLSTON
I saw Dr. Leonard take out your
birth control.

ALLISON
No, you didn't.

HOLSTON
I was there!

ALLISON
He was behind a curtain. We didn't
see what he was doing.

HOLSTON
Allison--

ALLISON
Holston, I know for a fact he
didn't take out my birth control.

HOLSTON
How do you know that?

ALLISON
Because I just did.

Allison opens the hand she's been clenching.

ECU ALLISON'S HAND: There's a CAPSULE, smeared with blood.

(CONTINUED)

Now Holston notices what he'd missed earlier. The sharp knife on the table isn't there for the apple -- the blade is darkly smeared. There are DRIPS OF BLOOD on the floor.

He reaches for Allison. She pulls back. He gives her a look -- *please* -- and she stops. He opens her robe.

ECU ALLISON'S HIP

There's an inch-long gash seeping blood, a strip of tape holding it together.

Holston looks at Allison, then says, very calmly:

HOLSTON

Don't move.

66 EXT. RESIDENTIAL ALLEYWAY - LEVEL 6 - MOMENTS LATER (FB8) 66

Holston sprints, entering the stairwell. Those nearby are worried to see the Sheriff running at full speed.

67 EXT. STAIRS - LEVEL 6 - MOMENTS LATER (FB8) 67

Holston runs down as several PASSERSBY move aside.

68 INT. DR. LEONARD'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - DAY (FB8) 68

Dr. Leonard is with a PATIENT when Holston flies in.

69 EXT. STAIRS/BRIDGE - APARTMENT LEVEL 6 - DAY (FB8) 69

Holston and Dr. Leonard (MEDICAL KIT in hand) hurry up the stairs and onto a bridge to a residential level. From above:

MARNES

Oh, Sheriff, good, there's--

Holston looks back and up, sees Marnes coming down the stairs.

HOLSTON

Can you take care of it? Allison's hurt and I--

MARNES

Allison's in the cafeteria.

Holston stops.

70 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - DAY (FB8)

70

Holston enters with Marnes and Dr. Leonard. PEOPLE in the cafeteria have left their food at their tables and moved back. All eyes are on...

ALLISON

Pacing back and forth in front of the big wall screen. She notices Holston, points to the display.

ALLISON

This-- the display is a lie. It's what they want us to think it's like outside. To keep us inside.

HOLSTON

Allison, honey? You need--

ALLISON

NO! Listen to me--

HOLSTON

We tried three times and I know this is hard--

ALLISON

So now I'm just a crazy, emotional woman?

HOLSTON

Of course not.

DR. LEONARD

Allison, I've known several patients who have had breakdowns--

ALLISON

I'm not having a breakdown!

HOLSTON

Please, honey, you're bleeding. Just come here.

ALLISON

No.

He stops. Tension vibrates in the air.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I keep thinking, there has to be another way, but there isn't. You're the sheriff and you won't want to hear this. Well--

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(nods at others)
--they'll hear it.

Allison looks at him, almost apologetic. Holston realizes where this is going and he starts toward his wife, pleading, waving his arms.

HOLSTON
No, no, don't--!

ALLISON
I WANT TO GO OUT!

Silence in the cafeteria. Everyone freezes. Holston stops.

Allison shuts her eyes and bows her head. She sticks her arms out, her wrists together.

Holston doesn't move.

Marnes reacts -- *I have to do this...?* He curses to himself and starts toward Allison, pulling out his handcuffs.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FB8)

Jahns, Holston, Marnes. Holston stares at the floor.

JAHNS
There has to be something.

MARNES
There isn't.

JAHNS
We could say she misspoke, or
people misheard--

MARNES
There were people there. They heard
what they heard.

JAHNS
Maybe we could--

MARNES
--what? Bribe them?

JAHNS
No, goddamnit! The Pact says you
can request a hearing if you feel
you were misheard.

HOLSTON

Allison doesn't feel she was
misheard.

JAHNS

Don't you want to at least explore
the possibility--?

HOLSTON

(snaps)

OF COURSE I DO!

(reels himself in)

Don't you think I've gone over it
again and again? There's nothing I
can do. If you boil The Pact down
to one rule, it's do not say you
want to go outside... or you will
fucking go outside!

Jahns and Marnes go quiet, letting Holston have the moment.
He exhales and returns to staring at the floor.

JAHNS

(beat)

Did anyone else play a part in
this? Steer her in this direction?

MARNES

She talked to a fertility counselor
on 17.

(off notes)

Gloria Hildebrandt.

JAHNS

What did she say?

FLASH TO:

INT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT - DAY (FB8)

Gloria opens her door and Holston, Marnes, and TWO DEPUTIES
barge in. Marnes grabs her roughly and sits her down while
the deputies start to search the place.

HOLSTON (V.O.)

She admits she put the bug in
Allison's ear about us not being
the kind they want having kids.

(CONTINUED)

JAHNS (V.O.)
Who's "they"?

HOLSTON (V.O.)
She didn't know. She's just mad she
and her husband didn't have kids.

BACK TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MARNES
We also had someone hauled up from
the marketplace.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MIDS MARKETPLACE - DAY (FB8)

George is being frog-marched from his stall by TWO DEPUTIES.

MARNES (V.O.)
George Wilkins. Runs a computer
repair stall. Allison gave him tech
support on the holiday.

HOLSTON (V.O.)
She went shopping yesterday. I
thought maybe she'd gone back to
see him.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY (FB8)

Holston and Marnes are interrogating George, who sits in a
chair, flanked by the two deputies.

MARNES (V.O.)
Wilkins said Allison never came
back. A Judicial team searched his
stall...

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - DAY (FB8)

A JUDICIAL SECURITY TEAM is tossing the place, looking into
boxes and drawers. To them, the pile of HARD DRIVES is just
that, and no one thinks to try to open up a computer monitor.

(CONTINUED)

MARNES (V.O.)
...but they didn't find anything.

BACK TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FB8)

They sit in silence for a moment. Jahns looks to Holston.

JAHNS
Then... why?

HOLSTON
(beat)
Allison has a mind of her own.
She's always loved talking about
the big questions. One of the
reasons I married her. And, she
feels things. Strongly. Not having
a baby... I think it was just too
much.

Jahns sighs. Long beat. She holds up a BOTTLE. Holston shakes
his head. Marnes nods. Jahns pours two healthy slugs. No
raised glass, no clink, they just grab and drink.

JAHNS
Holston, you don't have to be here
for the rest.

HOLSTON
I'm the sheriff.

JAHNS

Sure you don't want to stand aside?

HOLSTON

I took an oath when I took the job.

JAHNS

I know, but everyone will--

HOLSTON

What's the value of swearing an
oath if you only stick to it when
it's easy?

Jahns is about to push back but hears in Holston's tone that
it's settled. To business then. She opens a file.

JAHNS

Two day holiday, except for
essential. Open rooms Up-Top for
visitors. We expect this will
attract a larger crowd than usual
as it's been a while. We'll hold a
lottery for attendance in the
cafeteria on one. The other
cafeteria screens will be first
come...

DISSOLVE TO:

78 INT. SUIT PREP ROOM - DAY (FB9)

78

In a room devoted just to this, two to three SUIT TECHS
formally and reverentially prepare what looks like a space
suit.

A79 INT. HELMET STORAGE ROOM - DAY (FB9)

A79

A heavily secured door is being opened. Inside the room,
there are shelves holding identical METALLIC BOXES.

TWO HELMET TECHS walk in and take down one of the boxes.

79 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - EVENING (FB9) 79

Holston enters. Allison is in the cell. She smiles.

ALLISON
I'm so sorry.

HOLSTON
Me, too.

ALLISON
I didn't go all "crazy"--

HOLSTON
You cut something out of your body
with a knife.

ALLISON
(nods, winces)
It hurt like a son of a bitch.

HOLSTON
(beat)
I took the capsule to Dr. Leonard--

ALLISON
--and he said it was just left in
there to hold the spot, prevent
infection, something like that,
right?

Holston says nothing.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Doesn't matter.

Allison gets up and grabs the chair in the cell.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I have something to tell you, but
you have to sit close.

Allison sets the chair down right in front of the bars, sits.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I don't want anyone else to hear.

HOLSTON
We're alone.

ALLISON
Please.

(CONTINUED)

Holston hesitates, then grabs a chair, drags it close to the bars, sits. Allison reaches through the bars and takes Holston's hands.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

First, I love you. That's the most important thing.

HOLSTON

Is it?

ALLISON

You're angry. I would be. I'm sorry I said you wouldn't listen. If anyone told me what I found out--

HOLSTON

Was that from Gloria or George?

ALLISON

Please leave them alone. This is all on me.

Holston doesn't say anything.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I need you to promise. If you don't, our conversation ends now.

HOLSTON

(beat)

I promise to leave them alone.

ALLISON

(beat)

It started with me wondering why I didn't get pregnant. It wasn't for lack of trying.

Allison is hoping for a smile, something, gets nothing.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

If there was any way I could wind back the clock and not know what I know now? In a heartbeat. Because I found out... what we've been told isn't true. Why we're here. What happened 140 years ago. Who gets to have children. And that's not even the big one--

HOLSTON

So?

ALLISON

So?

HOLSTON

You find out something like that,
you bring it to me, to Mayor Jahns,
to Judicial, you let everyone in
the silo know. What you *don't* do is
say the words that get you sent out
there to die!

Holston jabs his finger at the wall display behind Allison.
The world outside at dusk looks somehow even more lifeless
and forlorn than it did in the somewhat brighter light of
day.

ALLISON

That's the most important thing I
found. I'm not going to die out
there.

Holston looks at her -- *what the actual fuck...?*

ALLISON (CONT'D)

They have the ability to change
what we see on the screens in the
cafeteria, throughout the silo.
They can take the image and alter
it somehow.

(points at screen)

What we're seeing right now is not
what's out there. It's what they
want us to think is out there.

Holston starts pointing at things on the screen.

HOLSTON

What's that? And that? And that?

ALLISON

Holston--

HOLSTON

I'll tell you.

(pointing)

Parkiss. Waring. Brent. The last
three people who cleaned. As for
the rest of them--

ALLISON

What if that's not what they are?
What if those are really rocks or
bushes or--

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON

I know what I'm seeing, Allison!

ALLISON

Not if that's just what a computer
is showing you.

HOLSTON

Why would they do that?

ALLISON

To keep us in here.

HOLSTON

If it was wonderful outside, why
wouldn't they want us to go out?

ALLISON

I don't know. But I'm going to find
out.

Holston slumps, bows his head.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

HOLSTON

You keep saying that.

ALLISON

(beat)

One more thing I want you to think
about then you can go get some
sleep.

HOLSTON

I'm not going anywhere.

ALLISON

Why do people clean?

HOLSTON

To get the dust and grime off the
sensors so we can see--

ALLISON

No, why do they go through with it?
Most of them swear they won't. When
you arrested Brent, he said you
should throw him off the stairs or
put a bullet in his brain because
he was never going to clean. What'd
he do?

(CONTINUED)

Holston doesn't answer. Allison looks at him -- *come on, play along...* Holston sighs.

HOLSTON

He cleaned.

ALLISON

Because he suddenly felt a sense of duty to the silo?

HOLSTON

He was a sociopathic monster. Who knows why he did anything.

ALLISON

I think they clean because they hope, somehow, they can show people the truth. That that--

(the display on the wall)

--is a lie.

(beat)

When I step outside tomorrow, if I see it really looks like that? I won't clean. I'll just... wave goodbye, because I'll have made a terrible mistake. But. If I'm right, and it's *not* like that, I'll pull out the wool and I'll clean. Then I will walk over the hill and I will find out what's going on, and I'll come back for you. Okay?

Holston nods.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

You don't believe me.

HOLSTON

I want to.

ALLISON

You believe I love you, though.

Holston nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

AA81 OMITTED AA81

BA81 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - DAY (FB10) BA81

CLOSE ON the metallic box. Two sets of hands remove the lid, revealing a large HELMET. The helmet guards lift it from its box and carry it over to the cell.

Inside, the two suit techs are making final adjustments to the suit, now worn by Allison.

A81 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT - HOLDING #3 AND AIRLOCK - DAY (FB10) A81

CLOSE ON BOOTED FEET walking into the airlock. TILT UP to Allison in her suit. The joints -- between suit and boots, suit and gloves -- are wrapped in sealing tape.

The helmet has a darkened visor. *We can barely make out Allison's face.*

The massive door shuts and the bolts lock.

THROUGH THE VIEW PORT

The helmet can be seen.

HOLSTON, JAHNS, MARNES

Stand near the control panel. Marnes looks at Holston. Holston just bows his head. Then his hand reaches out and yanks down on a lever.

CLOSE ON THE VIEW PORT

The door is so thick that what happens inside the airlock is soundless. There's a sudden rush of swirling GAS in the airlock. Allison's helmeted head turns away as LIGHT hits the gas, sweeping in as the outer door OPENS.

Allison steps through. As the outer door closes, FLAMES fill the airlock.

81 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - SAME (FB10) 81

The place is packed, all staring at the display. They are almost silent, with some whispered chatter. Then the chatter in the room rises.

ON THE SCREEN

A SHADOW appears on the ground immediately in front of the camera. It's Allison, in her spacesuit. She walks forward looks out at the world.

GEORGE

Stands at the back, watching, his face a mix of emotions -- fear, shame, sadness.

82 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - SAME (FB10) 82

Holston is alone in Holding 3, watching the screen on the back wall of the holding cell.

ON THE DISPLAY SCREEN

Allison turns to look back at the silo. You can't see her face through the metallic covering. She walks back to the silo, pulls out her WOOL and cleans the sensor.

She steps back, looking straight into the sensor.

HOLSTON

Knows she's looking at him.

ALLISON

Nods, gives a thumbs up, then she turns, climbs down, and heads up the hill toward the biggest tree on the crest.

83 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - SAME (FB10) 83

The PEOPLE are quietly cheering her on -- *c'mon, c'mon...*

At the back of the room, Marnes is with Jahns. She grips his arm. He grips hers in return.

84 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - SAME (FB10) 84

Holston isn't breathing, watching his wife walking...

85 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - SAME (FB10) 85

Now everyone is holding their breath, watching Allison.

And then... she slows a step. Stumbles. Catches herself. Walks on. There's a small cheer-- cut short when Allison staggers and falls. She tries to get up, then her arms give out. She goes still.

George takes one last look at the screen and heads out.

86 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - SAME (FB10) 86

Holston sits in a chair. He stares into space.

MATCH CUT TO:

87 INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FB11) 87

CLOSE ON HOLSTON, sitting, staring into space. Some thought pulls him out of it. PULL BACK. He's sitting at the table eating a BOWL OF CEREAL.

SUPER: Two years later

All the art and personal knick-knacks are gone, including the wedding branch and wedding quilt. The mug he drinks from is plain.

88 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - NIGHT (FB11) 88

Holston heads in to work. The place is dark. Not even the cafeteria workers or the janitor are in yet. Holston doesn't look at the pitch dark wall display as he walks past it.

89 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY (FB11) 89

The drawing of Allison that used to stand on Holston's desk is gone. Holston sits at his desk, doing paperwork. There's a knock at his door.

HOLSTON

Come in.

The door opens to reveal SANDY, 40s. Holston is perfectly pleasant, but his eyes are hollow.

SANDY

I'm heading home. Anything I can I get you?

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON

No, thank you, Sandy.

SANDY

I can have the cafeteria send over
a meal. The special tonight is
lasagna.

HOLSTON

I'm fine. But thanks for asking.

Sandy is about to say more, but two years of this have taught
her there's no point. She nods, backs out, shutting the door.
Holston returns to his work.

90 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - NIGHT (FB11) 90

Holston crosses through on his way home. Some CAFETERIA WORKERS are cleaning up, putting chairs on tables. The wall screen is too dark to see anything but the vaguest outlines of hills and trees.

91 INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FB11) 91

Holston sits at the kitchen table, going through more paperwork, a barely touched BOWL OF SOUP beside him.

92 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - NIGHT (FB12) 92

Holston crosses through the cafeteria before the light of day reaches the world outside.

93 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY (FB12) 93

Holston is back behind his desk, doing paperwork. The door opens and Marnes enters, holding a FOLDER.

MARNES

Something you should see.

Marnes hands Holston the folder.

ECU FILE FOLDER

Clipped to the folder is an ID PHOTOGRAPH of GEORGE, the computer guy in the marketplace with the old hard drive Allison helped get into.

MARNES (CONT'D)

George Wilkins. He's the guy Allison went to help in the marketplace. We hauled him up--

HOLSTON

I know who he is.

MARNES

He got a transfer to Mechanical last year.

HOLSTON

Okay...

MARNES

He's dead.

Holston looks up, surprised.

MARNES (CONT'D)

Went over the rail, somewhere around 120.

HOLSTON

Accident? Suicide?

MARNES

Don't know.

HOLSTON

What's Hank say?

MARNES

Not much. No one saw him go over.

Holston can tell Marnes is being cagey about something.

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON

Get to the part you're not telling
me.

MARNES

There's an engineer down there who
says it's murder.

Holston was not expecting that.

EXT. STAIRS AND SILO SHAFT - NIGHT (FB12)

Holston and Marnes are headed down the stairs, both wearing
BACKPACKS loaded with enough clothes for a few nights.

As they head down out of our view on the spiral, we DRIFT over the rail and TILT DOWN to see...

THE SILO SHAFT

Dizzying in its depth, the bottom over 140 floors below.

CUT TO:

INT. MECHANICAL - MEDICAL CENTER - DAY (FB13)

A SHEET is pulled back to reveal George, bruised, skin discolored, quite dead.

Holston and Marnes look on. DEPUTY HANK MURPHY, 30, holds the sheet. Holston nods and Hank puts the sheet back. Hank slides George back into the one REFRIGERATOR DRAWER they have.

MARNES

Where's the engineer?

HANK

Uh, she couldn't make it.

MARNES

It took us a day to get down here. She had time to clear her schedule.

HANK

Something came up--

MARNES

Meeting with us isn't optional, Hank. She says this guy was murdered. We need to speak to her.

HOLSTON

What came up?

HANK

The generator. It's been giving her fits.

HOLSTON

What does she do?

HANK

Uh... she pretty much keeps everyone in the silo alive.

Off Holston and Marnes --

A96 INT. MECHANICAL - STAIRS DOWN TO GENERATOR - DAY (FB13) A96

Hank leads Holston and Marnes down a long, narrow, curving stairwell. The sound of a large machine gets louder with every step down. At the bottom they turn onto...

96 INT. MECHANICAL - HALL OUTSIDE GENERATOR - CONTINUOUS (FB13)96

...a curving hallway lined with pipes and conduits, with each step getting closer to a clanking, shuddering, chugging machine.

Hank pulls out his own EAR PROTECTION, puts them in. He offers some OVER-EAR CANS to Holston and Marnes. They shake their heads. He shrugs, goes through a doorway. Holston and Marnes follow.

97 INT. MECHANICAL - GENERATOR ROOM - LOWER LEVEL - DAY (FB13)97

The full sound of the generator hits them. The three of them head along a walkway that leads to the base of the IMMENSE GENERATOR. The sound is deafening now. There's a circular hatch open in the generator. Through the open hatch they see...

A WOMAN

Backlit, bare arms covered in sweat, hair tied back, wielding a LARGE WRENCH to loosen an enormous lug nut.

HANK
(yells to be heard)
That's her!

HOLSTON
What's her name?

HANK
What?!

MARNES
What's her name?!

HANK
Juliette! Juliette Nichols!

CLOSE ON JULIETTE as she comes out of the generator access hatch lugging the enormous wrench. She uses sign language to communicate with WORKERS standing by the control panels, including TEDDY.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

(signs)

All good?

JULIETTE

(signs)

For now. Close it up.

As Juliette is about to turn, she looks down the walkway and sees...

(CONTINUED)

HOLSTON

Their eyes lock for a second.

HARD CUT TO:

98 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - EVENING (D1) 98

Marnes sits in the chair outside the cell. Holston is in the cell. The wall display shows the outside world at dusk. We're back to the time around the end of the Teaser.

MARNES

What happened between you and her?

Holston looks at him -- *huh?*

MARNES (CONT'D)

For two years, you were dead inside. But after you met Juliette Nichols, there was a bounce back in your step. I was so relieved, I didn't question it. That was my mistake, wasn't it?

HOLSTON

You didn't make any mistakes.

MARNES

Then tell me -- why the hell are you in that cell?

HOLSTON

(beat)

I finally listened is all.

MARNES

To what?

HOLSTON

To Allison. To what she was trying to tell me.

(before Marnes can ask)

I'm not going to tell you what that was. All you need to know is, I'm going to go find her.

MARNES

You want to find her?! She's right there!

(CONTINUED)

Marnes points at the display screen on the wall, at a blurry shape on the hillside where they all saw Allison drop. Marnes immediately regrets saying that.

MARNES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

HOLSTON

I hid it from you, Sam. As much as I love you, you old bastard, I love Allison more. If that really is her out there? I'm done. Either way, I gotta know.

Marnes looks at Holston for another moment, then rises.

MARNES

I'm gonna go get you dinner.

HOLSTON

I'm not hungry.

MARNES

I'm still gonna go get it. Whether or not you eat it is up to you.

HOLSTON

Get something you like.

MARNES

You think I'm gonna sit down and eat my best friend's last meal?

Holston has no answer to that. Marnes gives Holston a weary look, then leaves. As the door shuts behind Marnes, Holston thinks of something --

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE UNKNOWN - DAY (FB13)

We won't know where this takes place until the next episode. We see Holston and Juliette as she says:

JULIETTE

Maybe if you listened to your wife she'd be alive right now.

Holston looks like he wants to kill her --

BACK TO:

100 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - EVENING (D1) 100

Holston may have wanted to kill Juliette then, but now the memory triggers a smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

101 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - DAY (D2) 101

A SERIES OF SHOTS of the ritual of the TWO SUIT TECHS getting Holston into the suit. There's a roll of TAPE they use to seal the joint between the gloves and the sleeves of the suit, then the joint between the pants and the boots.

TWO GUARDS stand either side of a small table brought in for the occasion, handcuffed to one of those big black plastic boxes we saw in the suit prep room.

Also present are Jahns and Marnes.

102 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - LATER (D2) 102

Holston stands in the suit as the suit techs check the seals. They turn to Jahns, nod. Jahns holds a LEATHER-BOUND FOLDER. She nods to the suit techs and the two guards cuffed to the big box they've been guarding.

The guards unlock their handcuffs. The suit techs use other keys to open the box. The top comes off and the front and sides of the box lie flat. Inside is the HELMET. The suit techs nod to Jahns -- ready. Jahns reads from the leather-bound folder.

JAHNS

Holston Becker, you have been charged with and convicted of violating the cardinal law of our society. Any spoken request to leave the silo is granted. But it is irrevocable. Once uttered, it is determinative. You have been asked to clean and have been provided with materials to do so. But you cannot be forced into cleaning. Once outside the airlock, you are outside the law.

Jahns shuts the folder. She exhales, takes a breath.

JAHNS (CONT'D)

As mayor, that is normally all I would say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAHNS (CONT'D)

Usually this next part falls to the sheriff. Today it also falls to me. I wish it hadn't. But I took an oath.

Jahns and Holston share a look.

JAHNS (CONT'D)

We do not know why we are here--

FLASHBACK TO:

A103 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - DAY (FB10) A103

Holston is reading the same speech to Allison in her suit.

HOLSTON

We do not know who built the silo.
We do not know why everything
outside the silo is as it is.

INTERCUT Jahns in present and Holston in flashback --

JAHNS

We do not know when it will be safe
to go outside.

HOLSTON

We only know that day is not this
day.

JAHNS

Holston, on behalf of all the
people of the silo, I thank you for
your dutiful and exemplary service
as sheriff.

HOLSTON

On behalf of all the people of the
silo, I hope you will clean, so
that we will better see the world
outside our sanctuary as it is--

JAHNS

--and thereby be reminded that here
is safe and there is not.

She nods to the suit techs. They raise the helmet and hold it
over Holston's head.

JAHNS (CONT'D)

Have you any last words?

(CONTINUED)

A103 CONTINUED:

A103

Holston thinks of something. A small smile comes to his lips.
We hear:

HOLSTON (V.O.)
Have you any last words?

FLASHBACK TO:

103 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT - HOLDING CELL #3 - 3 YEARS AGO (FB10) 103

Holston is in Jahns' place, his face a grimace, and Allison is in the suit, the helmet held over her head.

CLOSE ON ALLISON

This is the shot we've seen. Her sad, sweet, *everything's gonna be okay* smile.

ALLISON
I love you.

Holston grits his teeth, nods...

JAHNS (V.O.)
Holston, do you have any last words?

BACK TO:

104 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL #3 - DAY (D2) 104

Holston looks at Jahns, at Marnes.

HOLSTON
I'm sorry for all the fuss.

He gives a little nod -- *that's it*. Jahns nods to the techs and they lower the helmet over Holston's head. It goes down slightly off-center, then they rotate it and there's a locking click.

One of the techs opens the heavy door on the far wall. Beyond it, the airlock and another impressive door.

Holston goes into the airlock and looks back.

HIS POV, tinted slightly by the silver layer on his helmet faceplate, of Jahns, Marnes, and the others. The door closes.

105 INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - AIRLOCK - DAY (D2) 105

Holston turns to face the forward door. A few moments of stillness, then GAS floods out of openings by the floor, quickly filling the airlock. The outer door opens in front of Holston and he steps out through the swirling gas into hazy yellow light. The door shuts behind him. FLAMES fill the airlock.

A106 EXT. SILO - RAMP - DAY (D2) A106

Holston stands before a long RAMP leading into darkness. As he starts to climb, the ramp lights up before him, one step at a time. His anticipation builds as he gets further from the airlock.

106 INT. LEVEL 1 CAFETERIA - DAY (D2) 106

Jahns and Marnes enter the cafeteria, stand at the back. Marnes, tense, scans the crowd.

MARNES
(some small relief)
They're quiet.

JAHNS
You thought they wouldn't be?

MARNES
I had no idea. Did you? A sheriff
going out to clean...?

Their conversation is cut off by a reaction from the crowd.

ON THE DISPLAY WALL

The ramp doors slide open, and the buildup of dirt and dust falls into the opening. Holston's helmet appears.

107 EXT. SILO - SAME (D2) 107

INSIDE THE HELMET

As Holston emerges, the light on his face changes color, going blue, green, warm. Holston stops. Tears fill his eyes.

HOLSTON
Goddamnit, Allison. You were right.

HOLSTON'S POV

(CONTINUED)

It's a beautiful day on Earth. Blue sky, white puffy clouds. The trees aren't dead, they're full of leaves, rustling in a breeze. A FLOCK OF BIRDS flies through the air.

INSIDE THE HELMET

Holston looks around for something, sees it.

HIS POV

Where he once thought he saw the body of his wife near the big tree at the crest of the rise, it's as she said it would be -- **some small boulders, shrubs.**

CLOSE ON HOLSTON

Off his smile --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE