

EMP
(sample, 1st 10 pages)

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FADE IN

INT. NORAD HQ CONTROL ROOM, COLORADO - MORNING

SUPER: NORAD HEADQUARTERS--COLORADO

A bevy of activity hums. 0700 hours.

Military personnel observe a wall of monitors, surveillance, communications, work stations--full tilt.

SUPER: RADIOACTIVE EARLY WARNING SYSTEMS STATION (REWS)

REWS 2ND LIEUTENANT RYAN WARE (30's), stout and professional, sits at a work station monitoring computer screens and flipping through paperwork.

Lt. Ware jumps at an ALARM and notices a small flashing cursor appear on a MAP of the East Coast.

Lt. Ware punches a few keys on his keyboard.

LT. WARE
(speaking into headset)
EADS, we have a REWS ping E049er 29
submerged REWS alarm due east of
Kitty Hawk. Can you confirm?

EXT. EASTERN AIR DEFENSE SYSTEM HQ--ROME NY - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: EASTERN AIR DEFENSE SYSTEM HQ (EADS) - ROME NY

A row of nondescript buildings house the EADS operation near the former Giffiss Air Force Base.

INT. EADS CONTROL CENTER--WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

An EADS OFFICER (30's) sits at the edge of his seat as he works on one of his three LAPTOPS at his work station that display various MAPS and SATELLITE IMAGES of the East Coast and North America.

The Control Center is abuzz with multiple issues dealing with recent hurricane damage. Several OFFICERS pass in the foreground and background of the small cubical farm in a hurry with places to go.

The EADS Officer punches a key on one of his laptops as a flat screen television mounted above the workstation plays hurricane damage news coverage from a national news network.

EADS OFFICER

Negative NORAD. REWS buoys 40% off-line on the Carolinas and Virginia coasts due to Hurricane Damien. Repeat, REWS are partially off-line. REWS subject to additional monitoring and possible maintenance. Deemed unreliable for the next seventy-two hours.

NORAD HQ CONTROL ROOM, COLORADO

LT. WARE

Copy. Please update REWS buoys status as per protocol.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER (48) appears behind Lt. Ware.

LT. CDR

What do you have Lieutenant?

LT. WARE

Radioactive ping off REWS E049er 29 due east of Kitty Hawk at 0700. EADS could not confirm. Still off-line from Hurricane Damien. REWS buoys deemed unreliable.

LT. CDR

Maintain observation for any additional hits and confirm it wasn't one of our nuclear subs.

LT. WARE

Yes, sir.

LT. CDR

Obtain satellite surveillance of all known vessels in the area at the time. Make the Coast Guard and Naval Station Norfolk aware. I want an updated report at 0800.

EXT. WOODED AREA RURAL TENNESSEE - MORNING

SAM WAYNE (28), camouflaged head to toe, stocky, emerges over a pile of brush, aims a rifle with scope.

In the crosshairs, a prized buck.

A slow squeeze of the trigger.

BAM! Sam startled by the sudden sound of a rifle blast.

Glances through his scope again.

Target vanished.

A victorious scream from a distance away.

UNKNOWN FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

You guys all owe me fifty dollars
each! Chicks rule!

Sam smiles, nods. Disbelief.

INT. NORAD HQ CONTROL ROOM, COLORADO - MORNING

0800 hours. Lt. CDR returns with CDR OF OPERATIONS (50's),
and stiff.

LT. CDR

Report Lieutenant.

LT. WARE

Sir, no further pings to report.
Satellite surveillance shows
numerous vessels in the area at
initial alarm.

CDR OF OPERATIONS

Your analysis?

LT. WARE

Sir, given the unreliable condition
of numerous REWS buoys, we should
consider this a possible anomaly.

CDR OF OPERATIONS

Suggested action?

LT. WARE

Recommendation we dispatch a REWS
equipped UAV performing a 500
square mile grid search over the
eastern seaboard commencing from
the initial ping outward.

CDR OF OPERATIONS

Given the amount of chatter over
the last week, increase the grid
search to three UAVs and execute
immediately.

EXT. SMYRNA/RUTHERFORD COUNTY AIRPORT, TENNESSEE - MORNING

Sam hugs PAYTON (28), a female version of Sam, but pretty and shapely.

Out of ear shot, Payton's husband FOREST (32), thin and lanky, debates with PETE (29), wild hair, disheveled drab green outfit, as they load the final bit of gear into Forest's five passenger plane.

Sam and Payton say their good-byes.

SAM

Tell mama and daddy I love 'em and we'll drive out this summer and spend a week or two with you all.

Payton steps back, nods.

PAYTON

You and Sherry can patch things up by then?

SAM

Well, we'll see.

Payton holds out her hand, smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)

What?

PAYTON

I believe you owe me a Grant. A "mere woman" got the biggest buck of the whole huntin' trip? You and your best bud Pete? Not so much.

Sam glances at Pete, still in discussion with Forest.

SAM

Man, what in the world could they be talking so seriously about?

PAYTON

Don't change the subject! Fork it over!

SAM

I'll pay when Pete pays.

Payton flashes a folded fifty dollar bill.

PAYTON

Pete is out of the pokey! He even topped it off with a jar of canned peaches.

SAM

Canned peaches?

PAYTON

Said he made 'em himself. Now pay up, little brother!

SAM

Oh, you'll never let the age thing go will ya?

Sam spins Payton around. Animated headlock.

PAYTON

Two minutes older, two minutes wiser.

Payton delivers a playful but firm elbow shot to Sam's ribs. Sam relents with a grunt.

Pete and Forest walk over.

FOREST

Are you guys done or do you need me to take him down for ya, honey?

PAYTON

Him? Nah, got 'em wrapped around my finger like I always have.

Sam nods in agreement, moves to bid Forest a manly hug good-bye.

SAM

Take care, Forest. Have a safe flight back. And keep her in line, will ya?

FOREST

I do what I can.

EXT. FOOTHILLS OVERLOOKING NORAD - MORNING

A 4x4 truck slides to a stop in the loose gravel of a remote mountain road. Lt. Ware hops out of the truck and speed dials his cell phone.

LT. WARE
 (to himself)
 Pick up... pick up!

Lt. Ware kicks the road surface, gravel flies.

LT. WARE (CONT'D)
 Pete! Call me when you get this.
 ASAP brother! Call me back!

EXT. SMYRNA/RUTHERFORD COUNTY AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MORNING

Pete looks at his cell phone as he and Sam arrive at their vehicles in the parking lot. Forest and Payton's plane buzzes low overhead.

PETE
 Hey, I'm gonna be a few minutes late to our breakfast thing... I've got something I gotta take care of.

SAM
 Alright, don't be too late.

PETE
 Is Trevor going to make it this week?

SAM
 Texted with him last night. Said he would. Has some new girlfriend he wants to tell us about.

PETE
 When does he "not" have a new girlfriend to tell us about?

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP--ATLANTIC OCEAN, VIRGINIA COAST - MORNING

Trolls northward within sight of land.

MAP ROOM/BRIDGE

The ship's NAVIGATOR, a worn man of 30 of Arab decent, civilian clothes, plots points on a nautical map. Gazes into a navigation monitor.

He looks towards the bridge and plods forward.

NAVIGATOR

(in Arabic)

Captain, we are 20 miles due east
of the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay.

The ship's CAPTAIN, 35, fully-bearded and uniformed, Western European, looks to the brutish FIRST OFFICER, 32, of North African decent.

The First Officer picks up a phone. Contacts another part of the ship, speaks in perfect American English.

FIRST OFFICER

Ready Package One in Hold Three and
bring it topside... Yes. Do it
now!

The Captain swaggers to the port side window, raises a pair to binoculars and views the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay.

CAPTAIN

Engines full stop. Drop anchor.

SECOND OFFICER

Engines full stop. Drop anchor.

INT. BREAKFAST DINER - MORNING

TREVOR, 29, flirts with the young diner WAITRESS as she refills his coffee. Sam enters and pauses by the door, a crack of a smile forms as he shakes his head, watches Trevor work his magic.

Trevor notices Sam.

TREVOR

Hey! It's about time you got here!
I was beginning to think you'd
stood me up.

WAITRESS

You're late for your weekly
breakfast!

SAM

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Sam and Trevor shake hands, embrace. Waitress walks away.

TREVOR

(to the Waitress)
Honey! Another coffee?

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(to Sam)

Where you been? You smell like a
campfire.

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Pete barrels his truck up his short driveway to an abrupt
stop next to his overgrown yard.

He steps out of the truck, door left open, phone to his ear,
rushes toward his front door.

PETE

Ryan! It's Pete. What is it!?

Pete disappears inside his home.

EXT. CARGO SHIP--MAP ROOM/BRIDGE - MORNING

The First Officer listens on the bridge phone, hangs up.

FIRST OFFICER

Package One is above Hold Three,
ready for further orders.

The Captain, gazes out the front glass. Pivots to the public
address system, grasps the mic.

CAPTAIN

Attention. All non-essential
personnel, please report
immediately to the Sun Deck above
the bridge for celebratory drinks.
Welcome to America.

INT. BREAKFAST DINER--CORNER BOOTH - MORNING

SAM

I have that twelve-point buck dead
in my sights--

TREVOR

Wait, let me guess--she beat you to
the trigger. Again.

SAM

Every year. I couldn't believe it.

TREVOR

So, is Pete coming or not?

SAM

Said he had to take care of something.

TREVOR

Probably had to go check on his bunker!

SAM

What?

TREVOR

Oh you know he's gotta have one, all filled with guns, ammunition, canned food--the whole nine yards! He's been thinking the government was going to collapse for the past several years!

Sam shrugs his shoulders.

EXT. CARGO SHIP--SUN DECK - MORNING

Thirteen Filipino and Asian NON-ESSENTIAL CREW assemble on the Sun Deck.

TWO OFFICERS join the Captain as he prepares to make a toast. Whiskey and vodka shots for all.

CARGO CAPTAIN

Crew members, it is with great pleasure that I welcome you to the shores of America. Cheers.

The non-essentials knock back their hard liquor shots. Begin to pour seconds.

CARGO CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Essentially, your work is done. If you would all gather close together, we would like to take a shot or two.

The Captain abandons his full shot of vodka on a folding table. Exits the Sun Deck.

Jovial non-essentials organize for a picture.

INT. BREAKFAST DINER--CORNER BOOTH - MORNING

TREVOR

He's crazy... like one of those doomsdayers you see on TV. No wonder he doesn't have a wife!

SAM

I know he's a little off, but we've known him since high school. He's our friend and he'd do anything for either one of us.

Suddenly Pete plops down with a THUD next to Trevor.

TREVOR

Whoa! You snuck up on us! How ya...

Pete's eyes are wide, forehead sweaty, breathing shallow.

Sam and Trevor look at Pete, each other, back at Pete.

SAM

Pete, you alright?

TREVOR

Did you see one of your little green men?

Pete ignores Trevor.

PETE

I got a call from Ryan.

SAM

From NORAD?

PETE

He thinks some kind of crazy shit's about to go down. Lots of chatter.

Trevor sits back, Sam leans in.

SAM

What kind of chatter?

PETE

Didn't say. Just bad bad shit. He kinda hinted about it last month when I was out there, but--

SAM

Like 9-11?

Promotion Document