

WOOL

Episode 1: "Freedom Day"

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Based on the novel by Hugh Howey

SECOND STUDIO DRAFT  
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FADE IN:

INT. STAIRS - BEFORE DAWN

SHERIFF HOLSTON BECKER, 40, is climbing the stairs. 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. A female PORTER, 20s, is coming down.

PORTER

Never seen you this early, Sheriff.

HOLSTON

First time for everything, Ginny.  
Hope whatever you get to haul up is  
lighter than what you're hauling  
down.

PORTER

(shrugs)

I get paid by the pound.

She keeps going down and Holston keeps going up. He makes one more turn of the spiral, reaches the top. He walks off down the corridor that connects the stairs with the floor.

INT. CAFETERIA - BEFORE DAWN

There's a JANITOR operating a floor polisher; cafeteria WORKERS pulling on hairnets and gloves and going to work prepping breakfast.

CAFETERIA WORKER

Sheriff, that you?

HOLSTON

Everybody's so surprised to see me,  
I'm getting the feeling you all  
think I'm a lazy bum.

CAFETERIA WORKER #2

Nah, nah. That said, would a lazy  
bum like a cup of coffee?

The other worker laughs. Holston smiles, gives them a dismissive wave, 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.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BEFORE DAWN

Holston enters, flips on the lights. It could be a sheriff's department in any mid-sized American town. Holston looks around at the station for a moment, goes into his office.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - BEFORE DAWN

Holston sits behind his desk, pulls out a sheet of paper, grabs a pen, thinks for a moment, then 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.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAWN

Holston comes out of his office to find DEPUTY MARNES, 70, making coffee.

HOLSTON  
You're in early.

MARNES  
The hell I am. I'm always in by now. You not sleep?

HOLSTON  
Just had some things I wanted to take care of. When you get your coffee, meet me in Holding.

MARNES  
(surprised)  
You need anything in there, I can get it for you--

But Holston is already going through the door to holding.

MARNES (CONT'D)  
Want any coffee?

HOLSTON  
(as the door closes)  
No, thanks.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - DAWN

Holston enters, takes out his keys. He looks through the bars of the holding cell. There's a cot, toilet, wash basin, a chair. The far wall is curved. There are images on the wall like the images on the big wall in the cafeteria, but these are a little more distinct -- barren winter trees, a hill -- but still dark.

Holston opens the cell, goes inside, closes the door behind him. He looks at the image on the wall. He walks up to it. He's focused on one part of the image -- some small indistinct shapes on a hillside. He touches the image, then exhales, goes back to the cell door, reaches out through the bars and locks the door. He tosses the keys onto a chair outside the cell.

HOLSTON

Marnes!

MARNES (O.S.)

Hold on.

(footsteps, approaching)

Sure you don't want any coffee?

The door opens and Marnes enters with his coffee--

MARNES (CONT'D)

It's not the worst--

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.

MARNES

Just stop. All right? Let me get  
someone. We can have a  
conversation--

HOLSTON

Marnes, I'm not a jumper on 7. I  
made up my mind or I wouldn't be in  
here.

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!

HOLSTON  
I'm sure you don't, but--

MARNES  
(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:

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The apartment is simple, nicely furnished. Everything looks well-worn and well-maintained. The walls and side-tables have many PHOTOGRAPHS of Holston with his wife ALLISON (the woman we just saw at the end of the Teaser).

SUPER: **Three years earlier**

We find Holston and Allison looking at a computer. The computer looks like, and operates like, a desktop from before the internet explosion. There are bulletin boards and user groups, but no Google.

Allison and Holston are watching a CLOCK on their computer, counting up from 7:59:50. They are eager, hopeful, wary. The clock rolls over to 8:00:00... and nothing happens.

Allison is instantly deflated.

ALLISON

I knew we wouldn't get it. We had  
two tries--

And then a new graphic pops up. ALLISON AND HOLSTON BECKER,  
REPRODUCTIVE CLEARANCE GRANTED.

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

HOLSTON

Third time's the charm.

ALLISON

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

HOLSTON

Hey, you could get pregnant a month  
from now. Or less.

(sotto prayer)

Dear God, let it be more than a  
month--

Allison swats Holston, then kisses him. She gets up.

ALLISON

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. RESTAURANT - DAY

A WAITRESS delivers breakfast to Allison and Holston. She smiles. They smile back at her. Then Allison sees, over Holston's shoulder, 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.  
(sees something, darkens)  
Oh, shit...

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 us having our  
breakfast in peace.

ALLISON  
Holston...

GLORIA  
My name is Gloria Hildebrandt. I  
live on 17. 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 slipped from "everyone likes  
me" 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. Holston snorts, shakes his head.

HOLSTON  
She goes right to the edge of  
promising people a baby if they do  
what she says, which is fraud.

Allison checks her watch, eyes Holston's big breakfast.

ALLISON  
Eat up, buttercup. Doctor opens in  
five.

INT. DR. LEONARD'S OFFICE - DAY

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.  
(MORE)



DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)  
That said, some couples have become  
pregnant within days of getting  
clearance. But you know this.  
This is your second time to win the  
lottery...?

HOLSTON  
Third.

ALLISON  
And last. I turn 38 next year.

DR. LEONARD  
Can you feel this?

ALLISON  
I feel pressure...

DR. LEONARD  
That's fine. As I'm sure you  
remember, even though you're numb,  
it's still going to feel weird.

Dr. Leonard goes to work. Allison grimaces.

DR. LEONARD (CONT'D)  
You okay?

ALLISON  
You're right -- 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 something the size of  
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.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

The second they come through the door, Allison and Holston  
start pawing at each other.

ALLISON  
Impregnate me! 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? By the end?

HOLSTON  
I hope you're going somewhere with this.

ALLISON  
Let's just try to... set everything aside. Let's just make love like a couple of horny teenagers in the park on 27.

HOLSTON  
Okay.

ALLISON  
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, 6 hours, 44 minutes...**

INT. IT - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY

Allison works in the bullpen in the IT department. She's one of fifty people working at desktop computers. Her work neighbor KAREN, 45, walks up, sits with a mug of coffee.

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, 50s, walks up to Allison's desk. He's their spectrum-adjacent boss, the head of IT, very protective of his territory.

ALLISON/KAREN

Morning, Bernard.

BERNARD

Allison. Karen.  
(eyes Allison's screen)  
What're you working on?

ALLISON

Corrupted code in accounting.

BERNARD

Ah. So. You posted an article on our BBS about recovering deleted files...?

ALLISON

I did.

BERNARD

You're supposed to run any work-related posts by me first.

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)  
(MORE)

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
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...*

INT. FARM LEVEL - DAY

Holston and Marnes are led by a FARMER (male, 40s) through an  
area devoted to root vegetables. Stacked beds, under full  
spectrum lights, with drip irrigation. The farmer points at  
a lower bed.

FARMER  
Here.

He crouches to point at the scene of the crime. Holston  
glances at Marnes -- *you wanna see?* Marnes responds with an  
expression that says *hell no*. Holston gives Marnes a look,  
crouches with the farmer, sees a scattering of torn carrot  
tops and dug up soil.

FARMER (CONT'D)  
I think it's teenagers. Sneak in  
her at night, steal my carrots.

MARNES  
(mutters)  
Then teenagers have really changed  
since I was one.

Holston straightens up, gestures to the mid-level bed.

HOLSTON  
These would seem to be an easier  
target.

FARMER  
Maybe they thought stealing from a  
lower bed might go unnoticed.

Holston nods.

HOLSTON (PRELAP)  
Thanks to some clever detective  
work by yours truly, we were able  
to deduce who the culprit was.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Allison and Holston are having dinner.

HOLSTON

Deputy Marnes was able to trap the felon, and he is now in a cage in Mrs. Crossan's 4th grade classroom. At least we think it's a he. Hard to tell with a rabbit.

ALLISON

(smiles, then:)

You really put your life on the line some days.

HOLSTON

Just doing my duty, ma'am, dealing with knuckleheads. Speaking of dealing with knuckleheads, how was Bernard?

ALLISON

(grins, then:)

I posted something to the computer forum on the bulletin board on how to retrieve deleted files and he took it down. Not because of the content, mind you, but because I hadn't cleared it with him and this is where you say he's a jerk and I say I know and then I apologize for whining.

HOLSTON

(beat)

He really is a jerk.

ALLISON

I know. Sorry for whining.

They share a grin, eat for a bit. Then Allison summons the nerve to bring up something.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I went to see that fertility woman today. Gloria Hildebrandt.

HOLSTON

Why?

ALLISON

I don't know. I guess I want to make sure I did everything I could.

HOLSTON

Even if it's a total waste of time.

ALLISON  
Absolutely.

HOLSTON  
What'd she give you -- an amulet, a  
lucky charm?

Allison pulls a small cloth bag from a pocket.

ALLISON  
Tea.

HOLSTON  
Huh.  
(reaches into pocket)  
So did the farmer.

He also pulls out a small cloth bag. They share a look.

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

Holston and Allison are making separate cups of tea, dunking  
metal mesh infuser balls in and out of their mugs.

ALLISON  
She talked a lot about the before  
times. A lot.

HOLSTON  
Crazy animals and flying machines?

ALLISON  
That isn't against the law, is it?

HOLSTON  
Public Safety Statute, Part 7. But  
we let it slide unless someone's  
preaching to a group. Gloria  
hasn't been on the watch list for a  
long time. Just a harmless old nut  
now.  
(re: tea)  
Shall we?

They remove the tea balls, raise their mugs and each take a  
sip. Allison's is okay. Holston immediately spits his out.  
Allison laughs.

HOLSTON (CONT'D)  
(realizes)  
Shit! The farmer was embarrassed I  
figured out his carrot thief was a  
rabbit before he did. I think he  
just gave me a bag of fertilizer.

ALLISON  
So, when you said shit...?

Holston gives her a look as he keeps spitting and Allison keeps laughing.

We see their computer's countdown clock, which DISSOLVES FROM **341 days, 20 hours, 42 minutes** to **61 days, 12 hours, 14 minutes...**

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

Holston is eating breakfast when Allison comes in. He looks both wary and hopeful. Allison shakes her head. Holston is about to speak but Allison jumps in.

ALLISON  
We still have two months. I know.

Holston smiles, nods.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Allison is walking down to work with other morning commuters. She rounds a bend and coming up is Gloria.

GLORIA  
Mrs. Becker.

ALLISON  
Oh, hi--

GLORIA  
I was looking for you. Are you pregnant?

ALLISON  
Not yet. So I'm afraid I won't be buying any more tea.

Allison walks past Gloria. 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.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SHERIFF'S TO CAFETERIA - DAY

The doors to the Sheriff's open and out come Holston and Marnes with MAYOR JAHNS, a lean, tough woman, 70. They walk down the hall 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. I'm afraid some pyromaniac adolescent with a cherry bomb's going to start a fire that sets off a stampede.

MARNES

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

HOLSTON

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

Jahns looks at the images on the big, curved back wall of the cafeteria. We still don't get a good look at it.

JAHNS

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

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 gets your job, and there'll be *lots* of cleanings.

Jahns gives Marnes a look as they walk on.



INT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

GLORIA  
Freedom Day. Doesn't that sound a  
little too simplistic?

Gloria stands on a step-stool, hanging laundry up on lines  
running across her ceiling, a foot out from the walls.  
Allison is sitting patiently. Music is playing.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
"Put Down the Rebellion Day" would  
be more accurate. Don't you wonder  
what they erased?

ALLISON  
(cutting in)  
Ma'am, I have to get to work. You  
said you wanted to ask me a  
question.

GLORIA  
You're right.

Gloria gets down off the step-stool. She turns up the music.  
She turns up the volume. She sits by Allison, leans in  
close.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Do you really think you and your  
husband are the kind of people they  
want having children?

Off Allison's reaction--

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Holston and Allison are having dinner. Allison has just told  
Holston what Gloria said.

HOLSTON  
Okay, now, she has officially  
descended from Eccentric Oddball to  
Fucking Crazy. I'll get the psych  
team to pay her 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, Al.  
We've got a shot at making a baby  
like anyone else who gets  
clearance.

Allison nods. They return to eating.

On their computer, the clock DISSOLVES FROM **60 days, 11 hours, 19 minutes** TO **10 days, 4 hours, 37 minutes...**

INT. IT - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY

Allison is at her desk. Karen walks up.

KAREN

I have bad news.

Allison looks at Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You just got George.

Allison slumps.

HOLSTON (PRELAP)

Who's George?

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Allison is in with Holston. The walls and Holston's desk have many PHOTOGRAPHS of Holston and Allison.

ALLISON

He runs a computer repair stall in the market. He's got a 920 with some kind of internal logic problem and he's gone through everyone in tech support but me.

HOLSTON

He's gonna be working on a holiday?

ALLISON

He's essential. He wants someone there before he opens. Means I'll have to go down tonight.

HOLSTON  
I'm going to be working late  
anyway.

ALLISON  
I know. But we'll miss our  
evening's entertainment.

They look at each other.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Holston and Allison have sex in the holding cell, which is utterly transgressive and incredibly hot. They finish and are exhilarated.

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.

INT. STAIRS - EVENING

Allison heads down, passing PEOPLE prepping for Freedom Day. Some are wrapping the railing in colored ribbon. Others are fixing thick plastic panels over the steps next to the central support column.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Allison eats dinner alone. She watches a FAMILY at another table, the PARENTS trying to explain to their SMALL CHILDREN what Freedom day is all about.

MOTHER  
These bad people tried to take over  
and hurt everyone--

PATRICK (PRELAP)  
Fucking rebels broke down the door.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

PATRICK, 40, a bartender, is talking to VISITORS who are up for the holiday. Holston and Marnes are sitting to the side.

PATRICK  
Grabbed my great-great-great-great-  
grandfather and threw him over. He  
fell 14 levels before he grabbed  
the rail.

MARNES

(sotto to Holston)

Pretty sure it was only ten levels  
last time he told it.

PATRICK

He works his way down, takes a gun  
off one of the rebel bastards and  
frees the hostages in Supply.

The visitors seem impressed. Marnes raises his hand.

MARNES

Patrick, I have a question.

PATRICK

No, you don't.

MARNES

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

PATRICK

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

Marnes raises his glass to Patrick -- *well played*. Patrick  
grins, nods, goes back to serving drinks.

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 it all seemed beside the  
point.

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)  
(lying)  
She's fine. She's good.

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

HOLSTON  
Can't wait.

INT. MARKETPLACE - DAY

Allison goes down a row of shuttered stalls to one at the  
end: Computer Repair. The door is locked; she knocks. The  
door opens and there's GEORGE, 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.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

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

Now we see those panels of hard plastic were laid down to  
form a banked, curved slide for KIDS, who zip down it,  
yelling with glee.

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - DAY

The stall is overflowing with computers and monitors in  
various states of repair/disrepair. Boxes of wires and  
parts. George shuts the door behind Allison.

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 pulls the screen off the monitor revealing a hiding place inside. He 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.

ALLISON  
Why didn't you just ask for me?

GEORGE  
I didn't want to arouse any suspicion.

ALLISON  
From who?

GEORGE  
From the people who wrote the law on relics. Judicial. They're watching *everything*.

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, gets one.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Guy came in with this, about a year ago. Found it under the carpet in a back closet. Couldn't find anything on it.

George hooks it up to a computer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I fired it up and it looked empty, but it wouldn't take any files.  
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I thought it was trash. Then I  
read your post and took another  
look.

George runs a quick diagnostic on the hard drive. There's  
almost no available memory -- the drive is 98% full.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
There's something on there. I just  
don't know how to access it.

ALLISON  
It could be family recipes--

GEORGE  
Then they're very old family  
recipes. There's a serial number  
on the drive, but there's no record  
of that number in the log, 'course  
the log only 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 this could be a window into a  
past we've never seen.

Off Allison's reaction--

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Holston and Marnes are in their dress uniforms. They  
doublecheck each other, make sure their stars are on  
straight, grab their hats, and head out to find Mayor Jahns.

JAHNS  
My God. A teenage girl gets ready  
faster.

MARNES  
But look at us. Worth the wait.

Jahns rolls her eyes and out they go.

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - DAY

Allison is at work on the hard drive, now hooked up to a  
computer.

GEORGE  
How are you going to--?

ALLISON  
I need to figure out the name of  
the directory.

GEORGE  
Is there anything I can--?

ALLISON  
Right now, not talking would be  
great.

INT. STAIRS - EVENING

Holston enters the area at the top of the stairs with Mayor Jahns and Deputy Marnes. The stairs are filled with people. Music is playing. KIDS are blowing horns. The occasional illegal firecracker goes off. A TECH taps a microphone, gets a pop, nods to Jahns. She nods her thanks, checks her watch.

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - EVENING

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  
Other than erase all the drives,  
what else did the rebels do?

GEORGE  
I never paid attention in history.

ALLISON  
It's in the reading. What the  
Mayor says every year...

INT. STAIRS - UP TOP - EVENING

Jahns eyes the sweep of the second hand on her 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 throughout the silo.

JAHNS  
Six minutes and six seconds past  
six o'clock, on this day, one  
hundred and forty years ago.  
(MORE)



JAHNS (CONT'D)

That is the moment we regained our freedom. We are gathered on the anniversary to remember the terror of the rebellion, what was lost and what was saved.

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - EVENING

ALLISON

(quoting from memory)

The rebels wanted to destroy our history, so they erased all our computer files--

INT. STAIRS - UP TOP - CONTINUOUS

JAHNS

They tried to destroy our history. They erased our computer drives, shredded our files and burned all the books in--

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - CONTINUOUS

ALLISON

--all the books in our library...

That strikes Allison. *Huh.* She types "library" into the search bar of her computer screen, hits enter... and the screen starts filling with **a list of a thousand files...**

Allison and George recoil from the computer, almost afraid.

INT. STAIRS - UP TOP - CONTINUOUS

JAHNS

(into mic)

This victory should be celebrated with cheers.

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

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - CONTINUOUS

Allison and George hear the cheering. George nods excitedly at the computer and the list of files.

GEORGE

Where do we start?

ALLISON

We don't.

George looks at Allison in shock. 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  
Are you going to tell your husband?

ALLISON  
Destroy it.

Out she goes.

INT. MARKETPLACE - CONTINUOUS

Allison comes out of George's stall and moves quickly through the empty lanes of shuttered stalls. From the stairs, the sound of the cheering subsides.

INT. STAIRS - UP TOP - CONTINUOUS

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!

INT. MARKETPLACE - CONTINUOUS

Allison is heading for the stairs when the horns blare. It's deafening and it startles her.

INT. STAIRS - MARKETPLACE - MOMENTS LATER

Allison reaches the stairs, starts up. The horns are mostly blown by KIDS, some ADULTS, DRUNK TEENS. Allison makes her way up through them, fingers in her ears.

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - SAME

George sits in front of the computer, looking at that long list of files. He doesn't know where to begin. He selects one of the larger files, clicks on it. When the file opens, George sees something he's never seen before.

It's a BLUEPRINT of the silo.

INT. STAIRS - UP TOP - SAME

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...

The horns drop off faster.

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

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

INT. STAIRS - THE MIDS - SAME

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

INT. STAIRS - UP TOP - SAME

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

...ANOTHER VOICE sings the same note, one level down. Then, as that singer finishes, a THIRD VOICE repeats it a level below.

The note drops down the shaft, voice after voice, level by level, spiraling down the stairs. CHILDREN throw PAPER TWIRLERS over the side of the stairs.

Holston starts down.

INT. STAIRS - THE MIDS - EVENING

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

CHILDREN throw over their paper whirly-things and watch as they twirl down, chasing the descending notes.

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - SAME

George zeroes in on something at the bottom of the blueprint -- **ten levels of empty space labeled "Entombment."**

GEORGE

What's that?

And then, above that, he sees, **a tunnel, going off horizontally.**

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And where the hell does that go?

INT. STAIRS - THE MIDS - SAME

Allison climbs, making her way through the throngs, everyone waiting as the notes and paper helicopters fall away, going into the down deep.

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

There's a moment of silence, then they hear a note climbing up from below, one level at a time, one singer at a time. With the note comes a GLOW OF LIGHT. There are gasps as...

THOUSANDS OF HELIUM BALLOONS with TINY LIGHTS inside, rise up the shaft from the down deep. On every level, CHILDREN release more lighted balloons.

Allison resumes climbing, her eyes on all the children. The stairs get so clogged she has to stop. Then she sees, on the other side of this jam of families...

Holston. He and Allison lock eyes. A bell rings out.

That's the sign for the ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE SILO to join together in song. Holston and Allison sing along.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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 sixty-levels tired? Or are  
you... tired.

(beat)

We have a week left, but--

ALLISON

It can't be fun for you anymore.

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, incredulous.

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 - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY

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.

Allison gathers her things.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

As Allison descends the stairs, she sees WORKERS cleaning up after the Freedom Day celebration, sweeping up all those paper helicopters, popping clips off the now-sagging helium balloons and retrieving the tiny battery-powered lights within, taking up the plastic panels that formed the slide.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

GLORIA  
I hoped you'd be back.

INT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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...*

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

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

HOLSTON  
You were just there.

ALLISON  
Yeah, but everything was closed.

HOLSTON  
What do you need? I can send a  
porter.

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

She trails off. Holston gets what she means, nods sympathetically, 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

Jahns' office has windows with a view of the shaft and the stairs. Holston and Marnes are with her, 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, Deputy.

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 an *enough with that* look, then turns to Holston, sees him staring into space.

JAHNS

How are you and Allison doing?

HOLSTON

(snaps out of stare)  
It's our final week.  
(Jahns nods)  
So... not great. But we've been  
through it before. Maybe this  
one's harder, because it's our  
last. Allison's taking a day off  
to do some shopping.

Jahns nods -- *that's good*.

INT. MARKETPLACE - DAY

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

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - DAY

George is behind the counter, doing some soldering. There's a ding as his door opens. He looks up, surprised to see Allison. She shuts the door; turns the sign to CLOSED. Looks at George.

ALLISON

I want to see everything.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - NIGHT

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.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry.  
(off her look)  
About the baby thing.

ALLISON  
Yeah, well, for all we know, this  
is all something somebody made up.

GEORGE  
What? You think so?

ALLISON  
I don't know. 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.

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: **VIDEO DISPLAY  
AUGMENTATION AND ALTERATION.**

GEORGE  
I don't know.  
(looks at her)  
One more...?

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

ALLISON  
Last one.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holston is in bed reading reports as Allison comes in.

HOLSTON

Did you go on a shopping spree and  
bankrupt us?

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

ALLISON

(summons cheer)  
Next time.

HOLSTON

It's late.

ALLISON

I lost track of the 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 us is tomorrow  
at eleven. We'll still technically  
have a few hours left...

ALLISON

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

HOLSTON

(beat)  
You okay?

ALLISON

No, but... I will be.

Allison smiles sadly. She kisses Holston, then rolls away from him to go to sleep. Allison's smile disappears, replaced by grim determination.

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

THEIR COMPUTER

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

INT. DR. LEONARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Holston waits with Dr. Leonard. Holston checks his watch.

INT. IT - ALLISON'S DESK - DAY

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.

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

Holston enters to find Allison in a bathrobe, sitting at the kitchen table. She has strung laundry along lines by the ceiling and music is playing. She looks pale and manic. One hand is clenched shut. There's an apple on the table by a small knife.

ALLISON

We need to talk.

HOLSTON

(re: sheets and music)  
What's going on?

ALLISON

(gesture to chair)  
Please.

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? Sure I do.

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.

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're not the kind of people they  
want having children. They want  
obedient people, docile--

HOLSTON  
Setting aside who "they" are, 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.

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.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Holston sprints.

INT. STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Holston runs down the stairs.

INT. DR. LEONARD'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Holston and Dr. Leonard are hurrying up the stairs. Around the bend comes Deputy Marnes, agitated.

MARNES  
Oh, Sheriff, good, there's--

Holston blows by Marnes.

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

MARNES  
She's in the cafeteria.

Holston stops.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

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.

THE WALL

Now, without anyone crossing in front of it, we see the entire wall is a video screen. It shows the world outside the silo. All grays, yellows, browns. The few trees are leafless and lifeless. Dust swirls. It's a desolate landscape of poison and death.

Allison notices Holston. She points to the display.

ALLISON

This-- this is a lie. 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 your  
hormones are going--

ALLISON

So now I'm just a crazy woman?

HOLSTON

It was our last chance. It's hard.  
It's hard for me.

DR. LEONARD

Allison, other women -- other *men* --  
have had breakdowns--

ALLISON

I'm not having a breakdown!

HOLSTON

Please, 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.

(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
You're the sheriff and you won't  
want to hear this. Well--  
(nods at others)  
--they'll hear it.

Holston realizes where this is going and he starts toward his wife, quickly, waving his arms, talking loudly--

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

Jahns, Holston, Marnes. Holston sits in a chair, staring 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 thirty people there.  
They heard what they heard.

JAHNS  
Maybe we could--

MARNES  
--what? Bribe them? Kill them?

JAHNS  
No, goddamnit! Say she was under  
stress, wasn't of sound mind.

MARNES

You have to be stark, raving mad  
for that. Incoherent babbling.

HOLSTON

Allison was very coherent.

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 Hildebrant.

JAHNS

You speak to her?

MARNES

No, because we're shitty at our  
jobs.

HOLSTON

We did.

FLASH TO:

INT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

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.

JAHNS (V.O.)

Who's "they"?

HOLSTON (V.O.)

She didn't know. She's just... mad  
she and her husband didn't get to  
have kids.

BACK TO:



INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

JAHNS  
You had someone hauled up from the marketplace.

MARNES  
Where'd you hear that?

JAHNS  
I am the mayor.

FLASH TO:

INT. STAIRS - DAY

George is being frog-marched up the stairs by TWO OTHER DEPUTIES.

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

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

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

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

MARNES (V.O.)  
Rosen said he didn't see her. We had his stall searched...

INT. MARKETPLACE - GEORGE'S STALL - DAY

DEPUTIES are 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.

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

BACK TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JAHNS

Then... why?

HOLSTON

(beat)

Allison feels things, strongly.  
One of the reasons I married her.  
Not having a baby... I think it  
was just too much. She's not the  
first who couldn't take it anymore,  
won't be the last.

Jahns sighs. Long beat. She holds up a bottle. Holston  
shakes his head. Marnes nods. Jahns pours them 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 is about to push back but hears in Holston's tone that  
it's settled. To business then. She opens a file.

JAHNS

Usual drill. Two day holiday,  
except for essential. Open up  
rooms 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. Set up screens  
elsewhere.

(beat)

We'll keep it subdued. Allison  
isn't Jack Brent. People were glad  
to see him sent out. Still, some  
young people might get out of hand.

MARNES

We'll keep a lid on it.

JAHNS

Don't put that lid on too tight.

MARNES

I think I know how tight--

HOLSTON

We'll bring up all available  
deputies. We should probably get  
started.

Holston rises. Marnes downs the rest of his drink. He and Holston head out.

JAHNS  
Sheriff.

Holston stops. Marnes keeps going.

JAHNS (CONT'D)  
You 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 an oath if you  
only stick to it when it's easy?

And with that, Holston walks out of Jahn's office.

INT. SUPPLY - DAY

Following prescribed directions, and referring to measurements taken of Allison, TWO TECHNICIANS formally and reverentially prepare what looks like a space suit. The HELMET faceplate has a metallic covering, like the Apollo helmets, though silver, not gold.

INT. CHURCH RECTORY - DAY

A PRIEST lays out a ceremonial robe.

INT. JUDICIAL - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

JUDGE MARY MEADOWS, 50, a tired and uneasy woman, is reading over an official document in a leather-bound folder, mumbling the words. A CLERK is brushing a ceremonial robe.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - EVENING

Holston enters. Allison is in the cell, sitting on the cot. She smiles when she sees him.

ALLISON  
I'm so sorry.

HOLSTON  
Me, too.

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

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 it -- 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.

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

(beat)

Please leave them alone. This is  
all on me.

Holston doesn't say anything.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I need you to promise you're going  
to leave them alone. If you don't,  
our conversation ends now.

HOLSTON

(beat)

I promise.

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)

It led me down a rabbit hole,  
and... 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 behind Allison.

WIDER SHOWS the wall display. 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. They can take a live  
image and alter it.

(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--

ALLISON

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

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

I mean it.

(beat)

One more thing I want you to think  
about and 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  
fucking clean. What'd he do?

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.

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:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - DAY

The chair Holston was sitting in is back against the wall.

The holding cell is empty.

Holston stands outside the cell, looking through the bars at the display screen on the wall.



INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

Mayor Jahns stands at the back with Marnes, Judge Meadows, the Priest, and Bernard, Allison's boss from IT.

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

ON THE SCREEN

A SHADOW appears on the ramp leading up and away from the silo. It's Allison, in her spacesuit. She walks to the top of the ramp and looks out.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - SAME

Holston is watching.

Allison turns to look back at the silo. You can't see her face through the metallic covering. She walks back to the silo, climbs up, 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.

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

The PEOPLE are quietly cheering her on -- *c'mon, c'mon...* Marnes grips Mayor Jahns' arm. She grips his in return.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - SAME

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

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

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.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - SAME

Holston sits in the chair against the wall. Shuts his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

SUPER: **Two years later**

All the photographs of Holston and Allison that used to hang on the walls and stand on side-tables are gone.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

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.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

The photographs of Holston and Allison that used to hang on the walls and stand on Holston's desk are 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?

HOLSTON

No, thank you, Sandy.

SANDY

I can get the cafeteria to 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.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

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

INT. ALLISON AND HOLSTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Holston sits at the kitchen table, going through more paperwork, a barely touched bowl of soup beside him.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

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

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Holston is back behind his desk, doing paperwork. Knock at the door.

HOLSTON

Come in.

The door opens and Marnes enters, holding a folder.

MARNES

Sheriff, there's something you should see.

Marnes hands Holston the folder.

ECU FILE FOLDER

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

MARNES (CONT'D)

George Rosen. He's the guy Allison went to help in the marketplace--

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. Ninety feet.

HOLSTON  
Accident? Suicide?

MARNES  
Don't know.

HOLSTON  
What's Brancato say?

MARNES  
Not much. No one saw the guy go  
over.

Holston can tell Marnes is being cagey about something.

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.

INT. STAIRS AND SILO SHAFT - NIGHT

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. MEDICAL CENTER - MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT - DAY

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

Holston and Marnes look on. DEPUTY BRANCATO, 30, holds the sheet. Holston nods and Brancato puts the sheet back. Brancato slides George back into one of two refrigerator drawers they have in the center.

MARNES  
Where's the engineer?

BRANCATO  
Uh, she couldn't make it. You're  
going to have to talk to her later.

MARNES

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

BRANCATO

Something came up that--

MARNES

Meeting with us isn't optional, Deputy. According to her, this guy was murdered. We need to speak to her.

HOLSTON

What came up?

BRANCATO

The generator. It's been giving her fits.

HOLSTON

What does she do?

BRANCATO

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

Off Holston and Marnes--

INT. MECHANICAL - NIGHT

Brancato leads Holston and Marnes through a labyrinth of clanking, shuddering, chugging machines.

They round a corner to see a WOMAN, backlit, bare arms covered in sweat, hair tied back, wielding a five-foot wrench to tighten an enormous lug nut.

BRANCATO

(yells to be heard)

That's her!

HOLSTON

What's her name?

BRANCATO

What?!

MARNES

What's her name?!

BRANCATO

Juliet! Juliet Nichols!

CLOSE ON JULIET as she turns her face. She yells to be heard over the shuddering generator.

JULIET  
Try it now!

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - EVENING

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  
Why her?

Off Holston's look--

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLSTON'S OFFICE - LATER

Marnes is at Holston's desk, looking at the folded sheet of paper with his name on it, Holston's star on top.

Marnes unfolds the sheet and reads. Huh. He wasn't expecting that. He sets the sheet of paper down. He turns the Sheriff's star over, looks at the back.

ECU STAR

There's a piece of masking tape stuck there. Written on it:  
**If found, please return to the Sheriff's Department, Level 1.**

Marnes sets the star down on the sheet of paper.

ECU SHEET OF PAPER

Holston wrote: **I nominate Juliet Nichols from Mechanical as my replacement. Tell her it's what's behind the badge that counts. Sincerely, Holston Becker.**

BACK TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING - EVENING

MARNES  
Why do you want her for the job?

HOLSTON  
Because you said you didn't want it.

MARNES  
What qualifications does she have?

HOLSTON

It'd be good to have someone from the down deep for a change. And she's good at figuring things out. She helped us close that case.

MARNES

That all?

HOLSTON

Let's hear it.

MARNES

Before we came back up, I saw her yelling at you.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MECHANICAL - NIGHT

Marnes sees Holston and Juliet, fifty feet away, framed by two very loud machines. They are face to face and Juliet is yelling, furious.

BACK TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING - EVENING

MARNES

What was that about?

HOLSTON

I can't remember.

MARNES

I think you're lying.

Holston shrugs. Marnes shakes his head, pissed, sad.

MARNES (CONT'D)

I don't know if I'm angrier at you for not telling me what you were going through, or myself for missing it.

HOLSTON

You didn't miss anything.

MARNES

I forgot yesterday was the third anniversary of Allison going out that goddamn door!

Marnes points to the door at the far end of the room.

MARNES (CONT'D)

For two years, you came to work before dawn, went home after dark, just so you wouldn't have to look at the screen in the cafeteria, maybe catch a glimpse of that shape on the hillside. But that all stopped when we came up from the down deep. 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 what my wife was telling 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!

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

You didn't know what I was going to do because I didn't want you to know. As much as I love you, you old bastard, I love my wife 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 gotta 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. MECHANICAL - NIGHT

We see the exchange Marnes witnessed, but now we're right up close to Holston and Juliet as she yells at him.

JULIET

Maybe your wife was telling the truth!

Holston looks like he wants to kill her--

BACK TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING - EVENING

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS of the ritual of two technicians of getting Holston into the suit.

Present are Jahns, Marnes, Judge Meadows, and the Priest.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - LATER

Holston is now in the suit. The technicians stand by with the helmet. Judge Meadows reads from the leather-bound folder.

JUDGE MEADOWS

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.

The judge shuts the folder. All eyes turn to Mayor Jahns, who really wishes she didn't have to do this.

JAHNS

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

Jahns and Holston share a look. Jahns opens a folder, reads.

JAHNS (CONT'D)

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.

(beat)

Holston Becker, on behalf of all the people of the silo, I thank you for your dutiful and exemplary service as sheriff. And, 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 and thereby be reminded that here is safe and there is not.

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

JAHNS (CONT'D)

Have you any last words?

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

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

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - THREE YEARS AGO

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:

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - DAY

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 door on the far wall. It's a heavy door, thick, with elaborate seals. Beyond it, an empty chamber and another impressive door.

Holston goes into the airlock and looks back.

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

Holston turns to face the forward door. A few moments of stillness, then the door starts to open, and hazy yellow light comes in with a swirl of dust.

Holston walks forward. He steps outside and the door shuts behind him.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Jahns and Marnes stand at the back of the cafeteria. Everyone watches the screen, as Holston trudges up the ramp.

EXT. SILO ENTRANCE RAMP - SAME

INSIDE THE HELMET

Holston's anticipation builds the closer he gets to the top of the ramp. And then... 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

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. BIRDS fly 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, it's as she said it would be -- **some small boulders, shrubs.**

CLOSE ON HOLSTON

Off him smiling--

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT