

NUCLEAR FAMILY

"Beyond the Nuclear Horizon"

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NUCLEAR FAMILY

"Beyond the Nuclear Horizon"

CAST

MICHAEL FLETCHING
SHARLET FLETCHING
MORGAN FLETCHING
WILLIAM CHRIS FLETCHING
ZOHN R. NIGEL
BARBARA NOCE

Guest Cast

EMPLOYEE FRANK
JANET ALTER
SHERRY JONES

Extras

STORE EMPLOYEE
STORE EMPLOYEE OVER INTERCOM
FACTORY WORKERS
DINER PATRONS

NUCLEAR FAMILY

"Beyond the Nuclear Family"

Sets

INT. DINER

INT. KITCHEN

INT. CAR

INT. HARDWARE STORY

INT. BASEMENT

INT. LIVING ROOM

INT. POWERPLANT OFFICES

INT. BASEMENT

INT. LIVING ROOM

EXT. HARDWARE STORE

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FACTORY

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. DINER - DAY

1

A typical diner, if everything was made out of scrap metal. The diner's once beautiful and clean windows are shattered and for the most part, boarded up. The plastic yard sale-like tables are scattered across the venue with miscellaneous objects, ranging from cups and tin cans to boots, all to hold pepper, salt and napkins. On the far side of the diner is a bar which looks like it may fall apart at any given moment, and behind it, some rough looking bottles, some of which whose labels have been torn off or discarded.

MICHAEL FLETCHING sits across from ZOHN (JOHN) R. NIGEL, looking at a newspaper that is mangled together with scraps of other newspapers and magazine clippings. Zohn has a greenish pale complexion. His eyes are bloodshot but other than that, he's wearing a Tom and Jerry graphic t-shirt, with Tom and the witch from the Halloween episode chasing after Jerry. Michael is wearing a uniform for a factory that is somewhat damaged with a small tear on one side and a few stains on the other. Michael CHUCKLES and then frowns as he puts down the newspaper.

MICHAEL

Now listen to this: '3 easy ways to tell if you were hit by radiation.'

The two are silent for a second before Michael brings the paper back up. His face is grim.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well. The cost of insurance is definitely going up. Again.

ZOHN

Yep.

MICHAEL

Man. These are rough times.

ZOHN

You're telling me. At least you didn't turn into a zombie.

Michael stares at Zohn.

MICHAEL

You're not a zombie. I've got bigger issues to deal with than you. With everyone panicking and hoarding all their garbage, things haven't been too good for the waste disposal. I'm never gonna get that promotion at this rate.

The lights flicker and go out for a second. A child from somewhere in the diner cries and a waitress bumps into something in the darkness and glass SHATTERS. The lights go back on and everyone goes back to normal. The waitress grabs a broom and starts cleaning up the mess.

ZOHN

Yeah.

A different waitress, called SHERRY JONES with brown hair walks up to them, holding a notepad and a pencil.

SHERRY

What can I get you boys?

ZOHN

Brains.

MICHAEL

A better paycheck.

SHERRY

Gotcha. A chicken nugget happy meal and an antidepressant with a coffee.

The waitress leaves them. Zohn smiles at her, while Michael watches her leave with a strange look on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

2

One side of the kitchen is reminiscent of the 1980s. The bright oak panels on the cabinets compliment the white tile backsplash and moldy green laminate countertops. The many broken tiles behind the rusted sink have daisies painted on them. The other side of the kitchen resembles more of a wood shop than a kitchen. Plain wooden boards are connected to the laminate countertops in an attempt to extend the surface. The wooden dining table is patched with duct tape and harsh attempts of gorilla glue, with a hammer laying on the top, making it lean to one side. The table fits six people but only has four lawn chairs around it. One of the lawn chairs is much shorter and smaller than the rest.

MORGAN FLETCHING (16), the daughter of Michael and Sharlet, sits at the table and watches her father. Michael Fletching is talking on a phone connected to the wall. He is wearing more casual clothes.

MICHAEL

Wow- really- Are you sure you got the right person?.. Yes! That's spendid news! I mean- It'd be my honor to do such a thing for the company-.

The people on the other line hang up abruptly but Michael just beams from ear to ear. He put down the phone and races over to his daughter.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Did you hear that Morgan! I've got a chance for a promotion!

MORGAN

That's great news.. but what's the catch?

MICHAEL

It's not that complicated. I just gotta catch some animal that's been making a quite mess at waste management. Speaking of which, I may need to grab some things from the store.

Michael goes out of the kitchen and into the living room. He hurries to the door and opens it. The door that leads into the living room, made up of mostly metal scraps, SQUEAKS on its hinges and leans slightly to the left as it opens. Morgan follows him into the room.

The living room has a similar vibe of mismatched items from different eras. The couch sits in-between the door to the kitchen and the front door. The couch, itself, is made of leather but has many holes in it. A roach peers out from one of the holes.

In front of the couch is a coffee table that has only three legs, the fourth corner is supported by a small tower of boxes. Each of the boxes have labels on them that read 'UPS' and 'AMAZON'. Under the coffee table is a worn out rug that used to have red and possibly gold lined plants woven into it but the color has faded into more of a brick red and a tan.

In front of the coffee table stands a television that is being propped up with wooden boxes. The television, itself, is wooden but a little bit darker than the wooden boxes it's on. It also has some buttons on the front panel next to its cracked screen and has two antennas on the top of it. One of the antennas is broken and jagged.

There's an old wooden bookcase to the right of the couch, next to the door to the kitchen. The bookcase has some old gallons of water on the bottom shelf, some canned soups and various other canned items on the middle shelf, and some tape, a lighter, a few tools and a bottle of gorilla glue on the top shelf. On the very top of the bookcase is a potted plant which appears to be a plastic fern- though it is slightly melted.

MORGAN

What kind of 'things' are we gonna get?

SHARLET FLETCHING and WILLIAM CHRIS FLETCHING (9), son of Sharlet and Michael, comes through the open door. William is wearing suspenders and is holding a bat. While his hair is slightly uneven, he does not appear to notice it as he stares at the bat with a gleam in his eye.

SHARLET

'Things'?

She pauses for a second and then a big smile stretches across her face. She moves out of the way of the two.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Right. I see what you mean. Well, I'll stay out of your way.

MICHAEL

Ok. Don't wear yourself down too much.

With a wink, Michael goes past her and leaves. Morgan follows him out the front door.

SHARLET

I can't believe he remembered our anniversary. It's so unlike him.

William does a few practice swings with his new bat.

WILLIAM

Let's just hope it's not like last year.

SHARLET

That was a lot of macaroni.. and bikers. Speaking of which, why were there so many bikers in the first place?

WILLIAM

Uncle Jerry.

Sharlet taps her foot, staring off to one side of the room.

SHARLET

That- actually explains a lot. Although I still can't forgive him for trying to integrate you into his biker gang.

WILLIAM

I thought it was pretty cool.

William lines up his bat with the already cracked television.

SHARLET

Well, maybe he remembers how mad I got and it made him step up his game.

She falls silent again. William starts to swing at the television.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Well, we better get on our way. We've got a lot to- WILLIAM CHRIS FLETCHING!

Sharlet reaches for the bat just in time to stop him.

WILLIAM

Oh come on ma, I gotta try out the new bat some way or another.

SHARLET

Perhaps I should have taken up that offer with Jerry after all. You two would be perfect for each other.

Someone knocks at the front door. Sharlet takes the bat from William and puts it on the ground. She gives William a stern look and goes back over to the door. She opens the door to BARBARA NOCE waiting.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Barb? What brings you here?

Barbara lets herself in.

BARBARA

Well, I was going to go get a new hairdo but the place I used to go to closed down.. So I thought I'd come by.

SHARLET

Oh, I'm sorry. I just usually cut my family's hair.

Barbara throws a glance at William's uneven hair.

BARBARA

Yeah, I can see that.

Barbara and Sharlet jump as they hear loud BARKING outside.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Damn Alters dog is loose again. That stupid thing has been pooping on our lawn- I just know it's him! Those poops are massive.

The barking continues and William picks up his bat again, and runs to the window.

SHARLET

Have you tried talking to them?

BARBARA

Of course I haven't. I would rather die than talk to that stuck up princess- besides, she'd probably just make life hard on my poor Walter.

Barbara reaches for her fabric purse and pulls out a cheap orange and white cigarette from a red and white box. She puts it into her mouth and starts searching for a lighter. Sharlet goes to the bookcase and grabs a lighter from the top shelf. She hands it to Barbara.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

That's besides the point though. Have you asked Michael what y'all are doing for your anniversary yet?

SHARLET

Not yet. But I did overhear him talking on the phone. He remembers this year.

BARBARA

Bull if he remembers. That guy has the memory of a goldfish.

SHARLET

(smiling)

But he does this time! I even overheard him talking about grabbing some things for it.

Barbara puffs out a small cloud. William goes into the kitchen and leaves through the backdoor.

BARBARA

Really? Maybe he felt like such a jerk when his macaroni piñata backfired.

SHARLET

It was really creative-.

BARBARA

See this is what you do. You tell me that you're upset that he does these things but then you let him get away with it. You need to stick up for yourself and hold him to a standard. It's worked with Walter.

SHARLET

Michael isn't like Walter. He isn't happy with just a normal party.

BARBARA

But you are. You need to tell him.

SHARLET

No, besides, I feel like he has something big planned this year.

Barbara's eyes widen and she smiles.

BARBARA

That would be a change of pace! What do you think he has planned?

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I heard that the Alters for their anniversary went on a cruise. Maybe he was talking to them and is currently picking up the tickets.

SHARLET

Surely not- We don't have the money for such luxuries.. then again.

Outside the window, William is bearing his bat and running by. Barbara and Sharlet watch him pass. They both go to the window. A YELP is heard.

BARBARA

YEAH! GET THAT DOG!

Barbara winces and Sharlet covers her eyes for a moment. Another YELP is heard. Sharlet uncovers her eyes and leans into the window. William runs back past the window with his bat held high in the air. He is SCREAMING.

The two women stare at each other for a moment and turn as William enters the room with shredded clothes, holding his bat and gasping for breath.

SHARLET

My goodness, Will.

WILLIAM

That's a big dog.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. CAR - DAY

3

Michael in the driver's seat of a Buick Rainier (2005). Whilst the car is mostly silver, one of the car's four doors is painted white and the front windshield is cracked. The grey leather seats are in good condition, but the floor has a few leftover crumbs here and there.

Morgan is sitting in the passenger's seat, staring out the window, watching the many people who now cover the streets since cars are not commonplace anymore. This has caused more traffic than before, with many people walking in front of cars or attempting to hitch-hike by jumping or holding onto them. She leans against the window. Michael HONKS the horn at the people.

MICHAEL

Come on, move it! We don't got all day.

The people finally make enough space for him to move forward when the car makes a weird noise, stutters and then turns off. Michael looks down at the car's dashboard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No-no. Not now.

He hits the dashboard a few times. The fuel gauge moves quickly from 'full' to 'empty'. He watches, then hits it again. It goes back to full. He SIGHS then attempts to turn the car back on. It succeeds.

Morgan watches the people move back in front of them.

MORGAN

There's a lot of people out today..

MICHAEL

Son of a b-

Michael is cut off by a horn as he notices that the people now block him again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why are there so many people out here?

He sees his chance to move forward and just barely lets his foot off the brake when Morgan, with new found energy, nearly jumps out of her seat.

MORGAN

DAD! STOP!

The car lunges forward and stops suddenly.

MICHAEL

What? Did I hit someone? Is someone hitch-hiking?

Morgan jumps out of the car and into the crowd of people, leaving the door open. Michael watches on in bewilderment. The people in front of the car move forward, leaving enough space for him to move.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, honey. Whatever it is- can it hurry up?

He doesn't see her in the crowd. He taps his finger as the space increases but he is unable to go forward.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Morgannn-? The people are moving.

He peers into the crowd, finally getting a view of Morgan. She is in the middle of the crowd. They are all surrounding a messy bulletin board that is full of random pieces of papers, articles, hand drawn art and magazine clippings. The people are adding their own pieces of paper to it. Some watch on, reading the slips, while others quickly leave the area after adding their own. She is happily writing on a notepad, tears off the paper and pins it to a bulletin board.

With a GROAN, Michael just watches as the people pile back up in front of him. Angry cars HONK their horns. With a smile, Morgan returns to the car. She puts back on her seatbelt.

MORGAN

Sorry, had to 'pin-it'.

MICHAEL

Pin-it?

MORGAN

Geez dad, stay up to date. It's how we young folk share our feelings and experiences now.

MICHAEL

Ah, like a dollar general facebook.

He throws a look at her and pinches his forehead.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Couldn't that have waited until we got to the store? They have one of those 'pin-it'-s there.

MORGAN

No dad, it's supposed to be a different experience at each location. You can't just do one, you gotta make a storyline out of them.

MICHAEL

Sorry, I didn't realize how complicated it is nowadays.

MORGAN

Yeah, not to mention all the trolls and haters.

MICHAEL

Haters?

MORGAN

Yeah, the middle schoolers.

Morgan shows her fist and shakes it angrily. Her dad takes his hand off his face and returns it to the wheel. He moves his gaze back to the street ahead of them. The car moves forward slightly, but only about a foot until they stop again. Michael glances back at Morgan for a second.

MICHAEL

Those nice kids from North Street? I hardly take them as 'pure evil'.

MORGAN

That's what they want you to think. But I know that they're the ones who've been tearing off the conclusion posts.

Michael moves his rearview mirror as another car from behind him HONKS. He rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

MICHAEL

Honking isn't going to make this any better, you know!

He rolls up the window.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There. Much better.

A chorus of HONKS and BEEPS reply back to him suddenly. He melts into his seat with a GROAN. The car sounds have become more fueled.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We'll never make it to the store at this rate- at least, with our sanity intact.

MORGAN

Which reminds me, are you just gonna jump in again or do you actually have a plan to catch this creature?

MICHAEL

Oh, I have a plan. And it includes a LOT of duct tape.

MORGAN

Duct tape? Hold on, I gotta add something to the 'pin-it'.

She takes off her seatbelt again and opens the car door.

MICHAEL

Why, what happened?

MORGAN

I gotta catalog this. Else no one will believe me when I tell them about your imminent failure.

She jumps from the car and leaves the door open again. Michael sinks deeper into his seat with his brows furrowed.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Morgan. Exactly what I wanted to hear from my eldest child.

The people begin to move forward yet again, with Michael being unable to move the car. He closes his eyes and sighs. The HONKS return in full force. The space is filled up again by the time that Morgan returns and the people in the cars behind them are yelling.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Finished?

MORGAN

(Shaken up)

I should be good until we get there.

Morgan seems visibly upset. Her eyes are wide as she straps back on the seatbelt.

MICHAEL

Good. 'Cause one more time and I think we may cause a riot.

MORGAN

Darcy's mom died.

MICHAEL

Darcy's mom is dead? When did that happen?

MORGAN

Yesterday, apparently she posted too many times. Or at least that's what the 'pin-it' said.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 4

Playful music plays over the view of the front entrance of a typical HARDWARE STORE against a hazy, green sky. Big, blocky letters form the sign above the door, but some of them have fallen off. The stains on the brick from the missing letters indicate that the sign used to say "Hello Homescapes", but the remaining letters make it spell "Hellscape".

A large "H" and "M" from the dilapidated sign sit in front of the entrance, laying crooked on the sidewalk. Young children climb and play on the fallen letters while their parents count the items in their bags and look over their receipts.

CUT TO:

5 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 5

Michael and Morgan walk through the entrance bay of a traditional hardware store. They approach the sliding DOORS, and after a short delay, the DOORS open at a painfully slow speed, making a horrific GRINDING sound.

Michael and Morgan enter the STORE. The DOORS close behind them with the same awful noise. Michael and Morgan turn to watch them close, but halfway before they close, the DOOR on the right snaps off its hinges and falls to the floor with a THUD. A tired EMPLOYEE wearing a work vest looks up from where he is stocking a shelf and sighs. He trudges over and picks up the fallen DOOR, then tries to fit it back in place.

MICHAEL

They really should just replace those darn things.

MORGAN

(scoffs)

In this economy?

Michael nods thoughtfully and leads Morgan through the STORE. Aside from the occasional paint peeling off the walls, a few rusted shelves, and a handful of missing floor tiles, the store is not heavily damaged from the nuclear fallout.

Michael leads Morgan to a section where several kinds of TRAPS and HUNTING GEAR are being sold at a discount price. A SIGN above the aisle says "SALE! Buy one trap, get a can of bear mace 50% off! Mutant animal protection for the whole family!"

Michael looks up at the sign and his face lights up. He points at it and looks at Morgan excitedly.

MICHAEL

Check it out, honey! 50% off!

Morgan does not understand her father's enthusiasm, but she gives him an encouraging thumbs up anyway.

Michael scans the aisle. He comes across a couple of complicated-looking animal TRAPS and stops in front of them, giving them a closer look. Finally, he grabs two of them and turns to Morgan to show them off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What do you think?

MORGAN

(confused)

Why are you asking me?

MICHAEL

(pauses)

What? Oh, did I forget to tell you?
You're doing this with me.

MORGAN

(shocked)

Wait, what!?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I thought it would be a fun little bonding activity for us. And...

He leans in, covering the left side of his face with the items in his hand secretively.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There's a vending machine at work that everyone thinks is broken, but I've figured out a way to knock snacks out of it. It has those mini donuts you like...

He winks.

MORGAN

(flustered)

Well... you know... it's just that I promised Mom I'd--

MICHAEL

(cuts her off)

Ohhh, I get it. No worries.

He trails off, letting his eyes wander to the ceiling.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If you just... don't want to spend time with me... I get it.

MORGAN

No, that's not what I--

Michael turns and pitches his voice dramatically.

MICHAEL

All I wanted to do was spend quality time with my only daughter... these days you just...

He throws his hand to his forehead, the trap clanking against his body.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You just never know when, say, a *nuclear bomb* will come and turn everything upside down...

MORGAN

Dad--

MICHAEL

Next time it might just... wipe us all out...

MORGAN

DAD.

MICHAEL

Fine, go off and leave me to deal with the rabid creature alone. "Pin" *that*.

MORGAN

OKAY. Fine!

Michael's act drops immediately, almost like magic. He turns back to Morgan and beams at her.

MICHAEL

That's the spirit! Now, you know how to shoot a rifle, right?

Morgan stares at him, bewildered.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 6

The same scenery--the hardware store against the hazy sky--appears.

CUT TO:

7 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 7

Michael and Morgan approach the doors of the hardware store once again. The DOOR that fell over is now haphazardly duct-taped back into place. Michael pushes a very squeaky, lopsided CART full of strange-looking items like TRAPS and STRING with some difficulty. Morgan trails behind him, watching her father with mild concern.

The pair eventually make it out the doors and exit the building. After a few seconds, Sharlet comes through the doors on the other side. It also takes a few seconds for the doors to fully open for her, but neither of them fall this time. Sharlet walks into the building with a perk in her step. She approaches the Employee that had to fix the door and who is now back on his shelf, stocking slowly.

SHARLET

Excuse me! I saw your guys' advertisement for the bear mace. Those three-headed prairie dogs are back again, and they keep going for my petunias.

She laughs.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Do you know where I can find some?

The smile on Sharlet's face falters as the situation becomes more awkward.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

...Hello..?

She gently waves a hand at him.

The Employee stares at her for a moment longer. He eventually speaks, painfully slow and with a drawl.

EMPLOYEE

Aisle three.

SHARLET

...Thank you...

She walks past him hastily. He follows her with his gaze, his head turning slowly to watch her as she passes, not putting his arm down.

Sharlet arrives at the aisle with the bear mace. She approaches the shelf containing the item. She goes through a process of examining the products, picking them up, looking them over, then putting them back.

She does this for a few moments when another person turns down the aisle. He too wears a work VEST for the hardware store, but his has a NAME TAG pinned to it with several happy-face STICKERS stuck around it so that it stands out. The NAME TAG bears the name "Frank". FRANK also has two extra arms coming out of his sides.

Frank sees Sharlet and smiles enthusiastically, and trots over to meet her.

FRANK

Hiya! Can I help ya find anything, miss?

SHARLET

(startled)

Oh! Um, no, thank you... I found what I was looking for.

Frank looks at the shelf of BEAR MACE and nods.

FRANK

Oh ya, this stuff has been *flying* off the shelf since we put out that sale, y'know?

He turns to the shelf next to them who's items have been knocked over. He puts some of the items back upright while he continues talking.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Y'know, these folks earlier came by lookin' like they were in for one heck of a time. I'm surprised they didn't pick up any for themselves.

Sharlet nods without looking at him, clearly not paying attention as she looks over the bear mace cans.

SHARLET

(absently)

Oh, yeah?

FRANK

Ya, a nice-lookin' dad and a teenage girl.

He chuckles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Poor kid. What kind of convincing did it take on her dad's part to join in whatever he had in mind?

At the description of the customers, Sharlet looks up from her task, puzzled.

SHARLET

Hold on, a father and a teenage daughter.

Frank turns to look at Sharlet, picking up on Sharlet's sudden interest. He uses his extra arms to continue fixing up the shelf while he talks.

FRANK

Ya, real pretty girl she was. Had cute lil' braids in her hair.

He twirls his fingers around by his neck to indicate the appearance of twin braids.

Sharlet puts the BEAR MACE in her hands back on the shelf and leans close towards Frank.

SHARLET

Wait, you said they had a lot of stuff? What did they have?

Frank shrugs with his free arms.

FRANK

Gosh, I dunno. It was a lot of fancy-lookin' junk though. My guess is them two've got somethin' *big* planned.

A voice chimes over the store's intercom. Frank and Sharlet look up at the ceiling where it's coming from.

INTERCOM (O.S.)

Code yellow in Aisle 5. Code Yellow in Aisle 5. All employees needed to report.

FRANK

(frowning)

Aw, shoot. Those darn vermin.

He pulls a HOCKEY MASK out of nowhere from behind his back and puts it on, then pulls a TASER from his belt.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Don't you worry, ma'am. It's probably just those mutant squirrels again. Nothin a little good, old-fashioned shock can't take care of.

He zaps the TASER once, then turns and hurries off.

Sharlet stands in the aisle looking after him for a moment before she quickly grabs the can of BEAR MACE she just returned to the shelf and walks over to the register.

8

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

8

Sharlet, bag full of bear mace in hand, walks out of the store. She scans around for a second before her eyes land on a PAY PHONE. The only machine looks rusted and bent but miraculously it still works. She digs into her pockets before pulling out a few loose coins.

She loads the coins into the machine and dials Barbara's number. As she waits to be connected, she crosses her arms and begins tapping her foot as she waits. Eventually, Barbara's voice comes over the other end.

BARBARA (V.O.)

Hello?

SHARLET

Barbara? It's Sharlet--I'm at the hardware store and an employee told me he saw Michael and Morgan in here earlier with all sorts of crazy stuff! He said they must be planning something huge!

BARBARA (V.O.)

...Okay? Isn't that supposed to be a good thing?

SHARLET

Well, yes, but... oh, I'm just not ready! He's planning something major and I don't even have anything to wear! Ohh, I should've been planning sooner!

BARBARA

Well, it's not too late, is it? Let me get my dresses and I'll be over in a jiffy. I'm sure one of my old dresses will fit you.

SHARLET

Oh Barbara you are a life saver. What would I do without you?

BARBARA

You'd be at a loss hun, I know. Its really no trouble Walter won't be home for a few more hours and you *obviously* need the extra help. I'll see you in about a half an hour.

Barbara hangs up the phone before Sharlet can respond. Sharlet puts her phone back on the machine. As she does, all the coins she put in fall out of the machine. She pick them up and chuckles to herself as she goes to return home.

DISSOLVE TO:

9

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

9

Michael and Morgan sit crouched behind some BOXES in a dark, damp, creepy-looking basement. Michael has a NET in his hands as he watches intently from behind the BOXES. Morgan sits next to him, the NET in her hands too, looking back and forth from her father to the middle of the room.

MORGAN

Uh... Dad? What is your plan, exactly?

MICHAEL

I told you, the creature will come out with the smell of the food on that plate, and while it's distracted, we're gonna throw this net on it.

MORGAN

I get that, but... why a hot dog?

In the middle of the room sits a paper plate with a half-eaten HOT DOG sitting on it. The HOT DOG sits in the bun sadly, the BUN sagging to the side, and the bottom part has a strange MOLD on it.

MICHAEL

I've never known a creature these days to turn down a free lunch. This was all I could find in the dumpster.

MORGAN

(taken aback)

You got that from the dumpster!?

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Why didn't you just grab something from that vending machine??

MICHAEL

(scoffs)

Please, I wouldn't waste perfectly good vending machine food on vermin. That stuff's in high demand these days, you know.

MORGAN

That's so gross...

MICHAEL

(shrugs)

That's just survival, honey. Let me tell you, when the bomb first fell, your grandad used to take me out to scavenge for soup cans in the radioactive river. One time, we got attacked by an alligator.

MORGAN

A mutant one?

MICHAEL

No, just a regular ol' alligator lookin for food like we were. Well, until the mutant cats came and ate it alive.

Morgan gapes, horrified. Michael doesn't pick up on her horror and continues.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(shakes head)

Poor thing never stood a chance. It was like a swarm of mosquitoes, just sucked the blood right out of him.

He makes a gripping motion with his hands and makes a sucking sound with his mouth. Morgan gags.

Suddenly, they hear scuttling on the concrete of the floor. They both stop and snap their attention back to the plate in the middle of the room.

The lighting in the basement is bad, and it is impossible to tell what kind of creature is now chowing down on the HOT DOG on the PLATE in the middle of the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There it is, Morgan. Now, on three, we throw this net.

Morgan, who was previously disinterested in the task, is now extremely focused. She fixes her gaze on the mysterious creature sitting in front of her.

MORGAN

Got it.

MICHAEL

Okay. Here goes. One...two...THREE!

They both toss the net at the middle of the room. It lands on top of something.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We got 'em!!

Michael and Morgan run out from behind the BOXES and are shocked to see Zohn sitting cross-legged and slightly hunched over underneath the NET, gnawing on the HOT DOG. He is still wearing the same outfit from the diner.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Zohn!? What are you doing here!?

Zohn shrugs, chewing on the HOT DOG. Morgan gags, and Michael grimaces at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know, I got that from the dumpster.

Zohn raises his eyebrows, then looks down at the HOT DOG, studying it. Then, he shrugs again.

ZOHN

Doesn't taste like it.

He takes another bite while looking Michael directly in the eye, chewing it slowly.

MICHAEL

Ew, dude, really?

ZOHN

Hey, it's either this or your brains.

MICHAEL / MORGAN

(simultaneously)

YOU'RE NOT A ZOMBIE!

Michael pinches the bridge of his nose and Morgan puts her hands on her hips.

MICHAEL

(sighing)

Well, I guess we gotta try again.

ZOHN

Yeah, and maybe put some mustard on it next time?

MICHAEL

(irritated)

Get out of here, Zohn.

Without a word, Zohn gets up and starts walking away, still eating the HOT DOG. He doesn't remove the NET from his head, and it drags behind him as he leaves the basement.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

10

Sharlet is pacing around her living room. She has her arms crossed and is picking at her lip. William is sitting by the couch playing with a action figure BASEBALL PLAYER that is missing an arm. Suddenly there is a KNOCK at the door.

Sharlet briskly walks over to the door and opens it slightly before it is thrown open by Barbara. Or what can be assumed to be Barbara because her face can not be seen, instead in her place is a figure under a massive tower of dresses.

SHARLET

Oh my goodness! Barbara I didn't realize you had so many!

Barbara sets down one massive pile next to the couch and the second seemingly unknowingly on top of William before slumping herself down on the couch. Neither of the two ladies seem to notice William stuck under the pile of dresses.

BARBARA

Hun, if you don't find something here, you aren't finding anything.

Sharlet crouches down and starts looking through the dresses.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

11

The basement's dim lights illuminate a small plate of cheese that lays on a plate on the open floor space.

Above it is a small cage attached to a string. The string traces to a pile of cardboard boxes.

Slowly Morgan lifts her head over the boxes and looks around. Her face is covered with dark green war paint under her eyes. Joining her is Michael, wearing identical war paints.

MORGAN

(whispering)

You know, even Grandpa's boring hunting stories have more action than this.

MICHAEL

(also whispering)

Morgan, trapping is all about patience. We set the trap and we wait....

The two sit in silence for a second.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ok, you're right this is painfully boring.

The two sit back down. Michael is still holding on to the string, playing with it as they sit in silence.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ok, so explain to me the whole post it thing again?

MORGAN

(laughing slightly)

Ok, so if you want to update the world on your life, you have to find the nearest post-it board, like the one at the end of the neighborhood is the nearest one to our house.

MICHAEL

So you just post about anything?

MORGAN

Yeah you can post about your mood, your life, or even if you just have a random thought and decide to share it.

Michael sits there thinking over all the information he just heard.

MICHAEL

Yeah I don't get it.

Morgan laughs and shakes her head. Michael begins to laugh with her. Both their laughing is interrupted by the sound of the plate scrapping against the floor and the sound of chewing.

MORGAN

Dad, shush listen.

MICHAEL

The trap.

MORGAN

(no longer whispering)

The trap!

Michael lets go of the trap which falls with a loud BANG. Excited, Michael and Morgan both jump out from their cardboard cover to see what they got.

When they look in the trap all that is there is an empty plate with a few cheese crumbs on it.

A faint SNICKERING can be heard echoing in the empty basement. Michael looks upset and begins shaking his fist in the air

MICHAEL

You listen here you little... thing! This basement is the property of the Nuclear Haven Government and will not just roll over to whatever creatures think that they can just set up shop wherever.

In response, a bolt is thrown from the shadows and hits Michael in the head.

MORGAN

It's okay dad. I think I have an idea, we just have to think *bigger!*

As Morgan says this she pulls out a roll of paper and begins to draw out the plans for the next version of the trap. It is unknown exactly what she is drawing but it is evident from both her and her dad's reactions that it is going to be BIG. They give each other a pleased look as Morgan finishes drawing out the plan. They both lean back to look at it and give each other a fist bump.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

12

Barbara sits on the coach surrounded by various dresses covering both the coach and the coffee table. Barbara nonchalantly grabs her coffee from its place on the coffee table surrounded by clothes.

BARBARA

(Slightly yelling)

Dear with all my dresses I'm sure
your bound to find something to
wear for whatever Michael has
planned.

Sharlet descends the stairs in a deep green ball gown with large poofs around the arms. She is obviously upset. The dress has various scorch marks along the bottom hem. Barbara has not seen Sharlet yet. Barbara turns towards Sharlet gives a slightly shocked and disgusted reaction. Sharlet shoots her an displeased stare.

SHARLET

Barbara, I don't know if your
dresses necessarily compliment me
the way they do you.

BARBARA

Nonsense darling, that green number
was the perfect dress for the
Nuclear Winter ball 3 years ago. Oh
you should have seen me and Walter!
We looked like royalty, well
atleast I did.

Barbara looks over at Sharlet from her seat at the couch. She gives a slightly shocked look before going back to her supportive posture. Sharlet isn't fooled and shoots her a displeased stare.

SHARLET

This has to be perfect. He's going
through all this effort for me and
I have to match that with the
perfect outfit!

BARBARA

Well you know now a days each dress
has its...perks.

Sharlet walks over to the couch and slumps down next to Barbara. Her dress takes up most of the space making her seem to be engulfed in the fabric.

SHARLET

Who would have thought the worst part of the nuclear apocalypse would be trying to get nuclear fallout and scorch marks out of all of your clothes?

Suddenly, the phone on the wall begins to ring. Sharlet and Barbara both eye it before Sharlet lets out an exacerbated sigh. She begins to struggle to get up under the weight of her large fancy dress. She finally able to get up and get to the phone.

On the other line is Micheal calling from the factory.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Hello, Fletching residence, how can I help you?

MICHAEL

Sharlet, just the woman I wanted to talk to.

SHARLET

Oh hello dear. how are you doing?

MICHAEL

Just wonderful dear listen I hav-

As Micheal starts to speak, the lights begin to flicker on and off. Sharlet looks around concerned while Barbara sits on the couch with much concern.

BARBARA

Looks like the factory's getting low again.

As the lights flicker, the call with Michael cuts in and out.

MICHAEL

-stay-
-work-
-more set up-

SHARLET

Micheal? Hello. You're breaking up!

MICHAEL

-Morgan-
-help-
-big celebration-

SHARLET

Did you say Morgan is with you?

MICHAEL

-love-
-see you tonight-
-work-
-basement-

SHARLET

Oh ok, love you too. See you in the
basement I guess.

The lights finally finish flickering as Sharlet hangs up the
phone.

BARBARA

So what did Michael want?

SHARLET

He said that he needs more time to
set up a big celebration that he's
getting Morgan's help with.
Apparently it is in the basement of
the Factory and I'm supposed to
meet him there tonight!

BARBARA

Oh wow, I wonder what he is
planning. Oh this is all so
exciting.

SHARLET

(sighing)
Yeah, if only I had something to
wear!

Barbara gets up and walks over to Sharlet. She circles
Sharlet with a pondering look on her face. Sharlet stands
there looking confused.

BARBARA

Yeah, ok. Hun, I'm going to let you
in on a little secret of mine. I
have a few little outfits and other
things I keep for extra special
occasion and I think this is
officially one of those times.

SHARLET

Are you sure Barbara.

BARBARA

Yes, I'm 100% sure. Can't have you going to your big anniversary celebration looking like a walking bush can we? Come on over to my place and I'll show you what I got.

The two walk out of the house's front door. Sharlet struggles slightly to get her current dress through the front door, but with a bit of force she is able to get it out.

The house is silent for a few moments before William uncovers himself from underneath a pile of dresses.

WILLIAM

I have been trapped under there for 40 minutes! Hello? Mom? Aunt Barbara?

William looks around at the empty house. He walks half way up the staircase, checking to see if his mom is up there. Nothing. He walks back down and peers his head into the kitchen door. Again nothing.

Pleased, William crouches under the couch and pulls out a BASEBALL BAT. He turns to face to kitchen door.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(hitting the bat against his hand)

Ok, time for round two!

William confidently walks into the kitchen and the sound of the BACK DOOR opening and closing can be heard. Shortly following that is the sound of a dog BARKING.

CUT TO:

13

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

13

Morgan and Michael enter the basement both holding large amounts of WOODEN BOARDS and BOXES LABELED HARDWARE STORE. Michael sets down his load first before going over to help his daughter.

MICHAEL

Oh here, let me help you with that.

MORGAN

Geez dad, do you think we got enough stuff?

Michael laughs and rolls his eyes at his daughter's comment. The two crouch down and begin to unload the boxes. They pull out various pieces of wood parts, screws, nails, and random pieces of metal.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Does mom know how much this all
cost us?

MICHAEL
She does not, but that's because it
didn't cost us anything.

The two begin creating the trap. They raise up one of the large wood pieces to be a wall. Morgan begins working on the top portion, patching the hole in the large wooden board with a piece of scrap wire. Michael begins working on the bottom portion of the trap. He is also patching holes and preparing the corner to be attached to another piece.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Company project means the company
buys.

MORGAN
Uh Hun, and does the company know
how much this is gonna cost them?

Michael pokes his head out from his crouched position working on the bottom part of the trap.

MICHAEL
No. But I'm sure they will
understand, it's a small price to
pay to get rid of whatever is
causing such a ruckus down here.

As if on cue the creature throws another bolt from the shadows, again it hits Michael in the head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Where are you getting all of
these?!

Morgan gives a small laugh. The creature also lets out a small snicker.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Laugh all you want whatever you are
out there, there is no chance for
you to escape this next trap.
Right, Morgan?

MORGAN

Yeah, this is some Grade A
engineering. Right here, no escape
possible!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

14 FADE IN: 14

15 EXT. OUTSIDE THE FACTORY - SUNSET 15

Sharlet's heels click on the pavement leading up to the Nuclear Horizon Trash Incineration and Power Production plant.

The plant's exterior is coated with dirt and black scorch marks. What once were windows are coated in so much muck and grime that they act more like stain glass windows. The twin cooling pipes atop the factory are exhuming a deep black smoke, showing the plant is in operation.

From all sides of the building there are wires spilling out and travelling all over town. The factory feels like the heart of the town with the wires acting like its veins.

Above the doors leading into the building is the sign for the building. A few letters of the old building's name are still standing labeling the building ST---O-- --A-H -NS----TOR. These letters now serve as hooks holding up a piece of wood with the name Nuclear Horizon Trash Incineration and Power Production spray painted onto it.

Sharlet is dressed in a sparkling dress. The dress is a silver color that is mostly coated in sequins. There are a few patches where the sequins have fallen off leaving only the silver fabric. The dress makes Sharlet stand out against the building. She looks like a bright spot of light against the muted browns and yellows of the building. She is also wearing white heels. The heels have a few spots of light staining leaving them in an off white color. She opens the door to the factory. As it opens it lets out a loud SQUEAK.

16 INT. POWERPLANT OFFICIES - CONTINUOUS 16

The offices is a smaller room with windows on three-fourths of the walls that overlook the main factory area. From here the workers can monitor the burning of trash and the production of electricity

Various workers are at their computers, monitoring the incineration and energy production. The various computer desks have little knickknacks and family photos.

One desk is noticeably empty. This is the desk of Michael Fletching.

On the desk, are a few picture of him and the rest of the Fletching family as well as a few hand-drawn pictures. One a lovely family portrait drawn by Morgan and the other a slightly more graphic picture of William hitting a car with his bat drawn by William himself. In addition to all of these is a calendar. instead of being a officially made calendar, it is a crudely hand drawn calendar. The current day has a big circle around it with the words 'BIG DAY' written in red.

At the end of the room, staring out the windows is a tall figure dressed in a mostly in tact business suit. She stands tall and in charge, with a posture that oozes authority. This is the boss of the plant, JANET ALTER.

Janet turns to her employees. She folds her hands together behind her back as she walks down the rows intently inspecting the workers. Each employee visually tenses up as she approaches them. As she passes, the employees relax.

She stops at Michael's desk at the end of the row. She picks up the photograph of Michael and his family. The picture is older, Morgan is a small girl and William is a toddler. He holds his rattle like it is a weapon.

The clicking of heels on the tiles draws Janet's attention to the entrance of the offices. She puts down the picture frame and goes to meet the person approaching the room.

In walks Sharlet, her sparkling dress drawing the attention of all employees. Janet looks annoyed at the diversion of attention.

JANET

Sharlet-Why, hello dear. Why aren't you dress all fancy! What can help you with?

SHARLET

Oh hello.. Janet. Oh, I'm just here to see my husband. He's got a very big and expensive surprise for me since its our anniversary and such.

Sharlet motions to her outfit.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

And this? Oh just something I threw on.

It is apparent from the way that Sharlet and Janet talk that they are only masking their hostility towards each other. Each of their comments have a slight dig in their tones. The two eye each other like they were rival popular girls in a high school.

Janet looks initially puzzled about what Sharlet could be referring too. However, she quickly puts the pieces together and understands that a miscommunication that has occurred.

Janet gives a slight smirk.

JANET

Oh, how *romantic*! Well as you can see he isn't here. I think he went down to the basement. He was carrying an awful lot of things down there.

SHARLET

(excited)
Really?

JANET

Oh yes. You are such a lucky girl. You better get over there and *enjoy* your big surprise. The stairs down to the basement is down that hall and just keep going down. Ok, enjoy, hun!

Janet gives a big smile as she waves Sharlet off. Once Sharlet is sufficiently out of earshot, she laughs and walks back to the windows to oversee the plant.

17 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

17

The basement is unlit and in total darkness when Sharlet enters. Her heels click against the linoleum floor. Before she has a chance to speak, a loud CLUNK is heard as the large trap is sprung.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS flash on. The source of the loud clang is revealed to be a massive makeshift cage. The walls are constructed from bits of recycled plywood and the bars are made from the remnants of broken shopping carts.

Michael and Morgan jump out from behind their hiding spot. They are dressed in full GHILLIE SUITS and holding make-shift spears ready to finally capture the treat.

MICHAEL

Take that you little rascal! We got it Morgan! We finally got it!

MORGAN

I know dad, we did it!

SHARLET

Michael! What is the meaning of all this?!

MICHAEL

Sharlet?!

MORGAN

Mom?!

Michael and Morgan step back from the trap to see that inside, instead of the creature, there is Sharlet. She sits up and grabs onto the bars of the cage. Michael is shocked and fumbles, backwards.

MICHAEL

Sharlet, what are you doing here and wha- what are you wearing?!

SHARLET

Michael, I know we talked about experimenting but this is not what I meant!

Michael struggles to get up and unspring the trap. As he fumbles around looking for the level to retract the trap, Morgan CLEARS HER THROAT before flicking the lever. The trap raises up. Michael offers his hand to help his wife up.

Sharlet dismisses her husbands hand, getting up on her own. She dusts the dirt and sawdust off of her fancy dress. Once she feels sufficiently clean, she turns to her husband, visuably very angry. She crosses her arms to her chest.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Now Michael, I don't know if you think this is all some kind of a joke but I don't find it funny.

MICHAEL

My dear, I have no idea what you are talking about. What are you doing here?

SHARLET

I am here because you told me to come here! You said you were working on a big project for today that you needed Morgan's help with and when I asked Janet up stairs she sent me right down here!

MICHAEL

Yes, because Morgan and I are working on trapping the creature that is causing problems down here and if I can get it by today I am up for a big promotion.

SHARLET

Promotion? That is what today has been all about?

MICHAEL

Yes, it would be a great opportunity for the family and I figured its a good time for Morgan to get some work place experience.

SHARLET

Michael, what about our anniversary? I thought you were planning a big romantic evening like Barbara's husband did and the Atler's did. But I see where your priorities lie.

Sharlet begins to tear up and walk out of the basement.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

If you need me, I'll be over at Barbara's. Don't let me keep you from catching whatever is living down here.

Michael tries to take off his ghillie suit and attempts to chase after her but is too late. Sharlet slams the basement door causing a few pieces of the basement ceiling to come loose. Falling alongside the rubble is a small racoon creature. The creature has slightly mangy fur but otherwise looks like a normal North American racoon.

The creature falls right into Morgan's hands.

MORGAN

Oh sick, Dad, I got it. I gotta post-it about this.

Morgan walks over to the far side of the room where a post-it board is leaning against the wall. The board is like the one from before, but instead of being full of bright post it notes, this board is barren and slightly falling apart.

18

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

18

The last bits of sunlight enter the house as Sharlet arrives through the front door. All the lights are off and the windows' blinds are closed. She closes the door and reaches for the light switch. With a light tap, she tries to turn on the light. It fails. Exasperated, she snuffles and tries again. But once again to no avail. Her frustration increases and she flicks the switch multiple times regardless if the lights turn on or not- which they don't.

SHARLET

(sniffling)

Oh come on!

She finally slams her fist against the light switch. The lights tentatively flicker on. She turns from the switch and stares at the living room.

The living room has been redecorated. Half-melted candles are scattered around the room. Stringed lights are dashed across the ceiling and partially on the bookcase.

Michael stands in the center of the room. He is wearing a slightly tattered suit and holding a mismatched flower bouquet. Standing next to him are Morgan and William. Morgan is wearing dress pants and a nice green fabric jacket that has a small tear on the side. She is smiling. William is wearing a t-shirt with a tuxedo print on it, ripped up jeans and black converse. He messes with his clip on bowtie.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Oh, Michael, you did remember!

Sharlet walks over and embraces her husband. Morgan and William join their parent's hug.

MICHAEL

I know that I've been a bit distracted with the whole promotion thing, but I would never forget about our anniversary. I just had to get a little help.

Michael looks down at his son. William gives a small smile to both his parents. Suddenly Michael remembers the present he has gotten for Sharlet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot. A lovely romantic dinner isn't all that I have for you my love.

Michael reaches down behind him and pulls out a medium sized gift box. The wrapping paper is barely hanging onto the box and it is mostly covered in tape. He hands it to his wife.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Little fellow needed some place to stay after being evacuated from her old home so I thought I would get you a little at home companion.

SHARLET

Oh honey, that is so sweet.

Before Sharlet has a chance to open it, out from the top of the box pops up the racoon from the basement. The animal begins panting heavy like a chihuahua and its eyes dart to each member of the family before letting out a sharp CHIRP.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

Oh Micheal.... She's perfect!

Sharlet bring the animal into a tight squeeze before bringing her husband into another tight embrace. The racoon takes this opportunity to lick Michael's face.

The family walks into the kitchen to enjoy their lovely anniversary dinner.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

19 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

19

Sharlet Fletching is preparing breakfast in the kitchen. She hums a jaunty tune as she goes back and forth, carefully avoiding the patchy tile work and awkwardly jugged out wooden countertop pieces.

In walks Michael, holding the morning newspaper. The colorful cut-out magazine letters stand out against the dark brown of the table. As Michael places down the newspaper, Sharlet hands him a fresh cup of coffee in a heavily stained off-white coffee mug.

SHARLET

Good Morning Darling, how was the trip outside to get the paper?

MICHAEL

It was lovely darling, although the neighbors were complaining about Marvin leaving her business in everyone's lawns today.

SHARLET

Well, it couldn't have been her, she has been in here helping me cook breakfast all morning, haven't you girl?

Sharlet looks over to Marvin who pokes her head out of the trash. She is now wearing a tattered pink collar with a chipped name tag saying, Marvin. She lets out a sharp yip in response, before going back to digging into the trash.

SHARLET (CONT'D)

See, I told you. It was probably Atler's dog again, Barbara has been complaining about him lately.

As she makes this comment, William, still in his pajamas, comes into the kitchen and sits at the table, eagerly awaiting breakfast. Michael ruffles his son's hair.

MICHAEL

Since the Alter's got a new fence, the dog hasn't been getting out as much. Though, it still sounds like it is running around free.

WILLIAM

It's a warning that it'll get out
again, and come for blood.

William grabs Marvin from where she was digging in the trash and holds it close to his chest. Sharlet places her hands on her hips and looks amused at both her husband and her son. She shakes her head before going back to cooking breakfast.

MICHAEL

That does make me wonder if it
wasn't Marvin or Atler's dog then
who could it be...

As Michael finishes his statement, Morgan bursts into the kitchen, it is apparent that she has been up and out from her already slightly disheveled clothing and overtly energetic demeanor.

SHARLET

(placing a plate in front
of Morgan)

Good Morning, dear where have you
been?

MORGAN

Oh you know, got up early to head
down to the pin-it board and see
what everyone's been saying. Did
you know that Travis saw old mayor
Davie hanging around the houses
saying something about 'doing his
business' early in the morning?
Crazy, right?

Morgan begins eating her breakfast while the rest of the family starts looking at each other. Michael, Scarlet, and William all begin laughing, while Morgan looks at them all confused.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Why do I feel like I missed
something here?

FADE OUT.

END OF TAG