

Super Bunker

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. SUPER BUNKER HQ - DAY**

**SUPER: FEBRUARY**

LEWIS PRESCOTT THE FOURTH (40s) leans across a desk, his body language fine-tuned to "dominate".

Trophy wife CHYNA (20s, funky colored hair) surfs on her phone, too politely bored to care.

LEWIS  
It's GOT to be comfortable. That's  
the number one goal here.

On the other end of that comment (and desk): RANDY (30s). Mid level corporate, he's subtly seedy, sports a half growth of beard. His bright blue eyes blink, reflect surprise.

RANDY  
Well, everyone wants to be  
comfortable. That goes without  
saying. But in matters such as this,  
safety must come first!

Lewis sits back. Grunts.

LEWIS  
Touche, Mr. Obvious. One always  
assumes that's implied.

Winding up for the zinger, he eyes Randy like a hawk.

LEWIS  
Assuming you do your job.

Randy fans out glossy PAMPHLETS titled "Super Bunkers, LLC - Wait Out the Apocalypse in Style!"

Depicted in the full color spread: lux furnishings and rooms that would put the Hilton to shame.

RANDY  
You came to Super Bunkers because you  
know we do. Here's a sampling of  
facilities we've designed for other  
clients. Everything flexible for  
customization, of course.

Randy flips a brochure open, points out pictures - works his sale pitch up to fever pitch.

RANDY

Limited only by your budget, no restrictions on size. Look here! This particular Doomsday bunker is equipped with its own gym, a movie theater and 5000 bottle wine cellar. If the Big One ever went off, it's important you have the necessary - uh - accoutrements to take the edge off for the next ten years.

Chyna glances up from her cell. Raises a hand, like school.

CHYNA

Does it have a whirlpool?

RANDY

Dear lady, it can - if that's what your heart desires. And your husband's account backs it up. It will, after all, theoretically be your home. In hard times, good living is essential. How can anyone survive an existential crisis, if there's nothing to keep living for?

LEWIS

About that safety. Give me details.

RANDY

Three feet thick, radioactive-free insulation. Leak proof. Guaranteed.

LEWIS

And if it's not?

RANDY

So sue us. If there are still courts. And we're alive. Also in your package: 360 degree cameras with no-jam heavy artillery. That's if unannounced "guests" drop in. The boys we hire for construction are the absolutely best in the industry. From military backgrounds, top notch! Then there's the backup systems we include with all sales: redundant water supply reservoirs, air filtration systems, seed inventory if growing food ever becomes a concern.

LEWIS

Proactive planning? Good work, Sir!

RANDY

You'll find that's our specialty. We fail safe all our bunkers to ensure even needs you don't know exist.

LEWIS

Sold! We'll take that package.

Lewis taps the brochure, stands up. Chyna languidly follows.

LEWIS

So what do I owe as down payment?

RANDY

I'd estimate \$1.5 million, for the base model. What extras would you like thrown in? Basketball court? Arcade? We'll cater to your every whim.

LEWIS

I'll think it over, email you those tonight.

Chyna yawns. Randy swivels eagle eyes her way.

RANDY

Mrs. Prescott, is there any input you'd like to add before you leave? We do like to ensure all family members who might live in our creations provide their input and walk away from sales... satisfied.

CHYNA

I dunno why we gotta waste so much time on this? I mean, a bunker?

(she air quotes)

For nuclear war? What's the chance THAT'S gonna happen? I mean, in real life n' all?

Randy waves goodbye, eyes tracking Chyna as she and Lewis head out the door.

RANDY

Life is uncertain, Mrs. Prescott. Sure, it may seem like much to do about nothing -

(chuckles)

As Shakespeare once opined. But if there were, uh, such a cataclysmic-

CHYNA

Cat a what?

RANDY

Unfortunate event, it's best to be prepared! Rest assured, we at Super Bunkers will build you and dear husband a Fortress of Solitude you'll both be proud to call home!

As the door closes, the world fades to black.

Sawing, drilling and the grinding of heavy machinery fill the air.

**INT. PRESCOTT SUPER BUNKER - DAY**

**SUPER: OCTOBER**

A mancave for a billionaire: fully stocked bar. Wall of monitors - with an input panel and two joysticks underneath.

The room's chock full of designer furnishings - some so gaudy they'd make the Trumps' golden toilet seem low rent.

Lewis soaks in a jacuzzi. Smoking a Cuban cigar, he flips through stock trades on a TABLET.

Chyna - now with different color hair - lingers at the exit.

CHYNA

This is so annoying!

Lewis glances her way.

LEWIS

Yes, it is. So why hover like that, Dear?

CHYNA

I mean you, Silly! You never come out - no matter what I want!

LEWIS

(chuckles)

Sweetums, did you just hear yourself?

CHYNA

Don't be gross. You know what I mean!

She waves her hands wildly around the room.

CHYNA

This... big ole Super Bunker of yours. It was supposed ta be in case of emergencies. But you're down here ALL the time. Days and nights!

Lewis "pats" the jacuzzi water. SPLASH.

LEWIS

Bunny, why don't you come join me? The water's more than fine.

CHYNA

No. I wanna go outside!

Lewis grunts, turns back to his tablet.

LEWIS

You've got the credit cards, suit yourself. But when a man has his castle built to spec, you can't be surprised if he wants to sit on his throne now, rather than save it for some rainy day.

Chyna opens her mouth to retort:

But only SIREN WAILS come out.

Lewis goggles, realizes it's not her. The screaming sirens are outside.

And the stock trades on his tablet have wiped.

Onscreen, the gadget blinks: NUCLEAR ALERT!

LEWIS

What in Hades? Can't be. No!

With all the grace of a walrus, Lewis bounds out of his jacuzzi - splashes Chyna.

CHYNA

Hey!

Lewis runs to the bar, flips a switch. The wall of monitors spring to life.

A whole row of BABBLING REPORTERS point at alarming pictures. Jet fighters in the air. Explosions on the ground. A MAP of the US flashes - whole chunks of it blacking out.

Lewis and Chyna stand silhouetted before the display, numb.

LEWIS  
This can't be happening.

CHYNA  
Is this a movie?

LEWIS  
Boopsy, I'm afraid not.

The door to the outer world slams shut - CLANG! Chyna runs to it, bangs on steel.

CHYNA  
Lemme out!

No good. Locks CLICK into place. The door won't budge. Chyna breaks a manicured nail.

CHYNA  
Ow!

Sucking it, she remembers the HAND SCANNER by the side of the door.

She slaps a palm to it - but the panel BUZZES rejection. The display blinks: "Outside environment incompatible with human life. Exit not allowed."

A bomb goes off somewhere nearby. The bunker shakes. Lewis and Chyna fall down. Lights flicker overhead.

On the monitor wall: ATOMIC BLASTS rise from various cities. Warning lights bleat.

And the transmission goes black.

#### **SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER - DECEMBER**

The jacuzzi's filled up with wine bottles now. Seems like Lewis's been dipping into his stash... a lot.

Disheveled and wild-eyed, he drinks wine from a glass... and plays a VIDEO GAME on one of the monitors.

It's a fire fight for the ages. Digital ROBOTS swarm Lewis' character - which beeps, then explodes into bits.

LEWIS  
Darn it! These new games are too complicated to be fun! Atari was far superior. Zoomers ruined everything. Spoiled techo brats - they're the reason everything turned to shit!

From the other end of the room, Chyna clears her throat.

She's changed her hair color again. And her makeup's looking heavy handed - eyeliner drawn on thick. She sips Four Loko from a crazy straw.

CHYNA

I bet it was a Gen Xer who pulled the trigger.

LEWIS

BS. If they did, it was under Boomer orders, for sure!

He eyes Chyna, annoyed. Whatever love their marriage had seems to be wearing thin.

LEWIS

You changed your hair AGAIN, Tiddlywinks?

CHYNA

(flips him the finger)

My name is "Chyna". Get it right!

LEWIS

Sure, you *call* yourself Chyna. But we're married. So I've seen your birth certificate. No amount of goth eyeliner or Aquanet's gonna change who you are, "Peggy Lou".

Chyna spit-takes.

CHYNA

I told you - don't use that name!

LEWIS

Why? Because it annoys you? Boo-hoo! If we're going to survive together in here for the next decade...

CHYNA

Ten years? HELLS to the no. A few months, at most!

LEWIS

Oh sweet child, so naive. The least you can do is join me for now in a few hobbies. That's how people bond.

CHYNA

Hobbies? Like what? Drinking enough to fill a swimming pool?



Lewis sighs, points at the monitor.

LEWIS  
Well, that helps. But also - this!  
Let's play a video game. Or Netflix  
and Chill?

SUDDENLY: movement on a second monitor catches Lewis' eye.  
Text on the screen reads: Front door camera.

Out in the bleak desolation, SOMETHING moves. In fact,  
several things!

Lewis rubs his eyes. Excited, he turns to Chyna, points.

LEWIS  
Honey, look!

Chyna comes over. Cocks her head like a spaniel, curious.

CHYNA  
Survivors? Wow.

It's a rag-tag CROWD of about twenty humans. Some armed with  
primitive weapons. Radiation burns. Missing limbs. Starving.  
But approaching. And alive.

The monitor flashes red. INTRUDER ALERT!

A third monitor activates, shows even more.

LEWIS  
(grumbles)  
So much for the "Super" AI Security  
System. After three of these...

He waves his wine glass, which sloshes.

LEWIS  
I still saw 'em first.

He looks over the input panel. Pushes buttons.

The monitor read changes again. This time to: ARMED.

Lewis grabs a JOYSTICK, guides crosshairs onto one survivor.

And stabs a button. External machine guns spit death!

Direct hit! The man goes down in a spray of blood,  
"survivor" no more. The people around him scream, scatter.  
Lewis fist-pumps.

LEWIS  
Boo-yah! That's how classic video  
games are DONE!

Chyna freaks, grabs his arm.

CHYNA  
Wait, you're shooting people?

LEWIS  
Invaders. Labels count!

CHYNA  
You can't! That's so.... so evil.

Lewis whirls on her.

LEWIS  
No, it's not! It's survival of the  
fittest, babee! That's what this  
bunker was always about. I earned  
every inch of security we've tucked  
into this after-war hidey-hole, and  
I'm not gonna share it, just because  
some riff raff from the bad side of  
town-  
(chuckles)  
Which is pretty much everywhere now,  
decide they want to hang out!

Breaking free of Chyna's grip, Lewis tap-taps buttons, guns  
down several more. He laughs giddily from sheer joy.

LEWIS  
Woot! One order of tension relief  
served up!

He pulls Chyna over.

LEWIS  
Your turn, baby. Take the joystick.  
This video games' better in 2 player  
mode!

Chyna hesitates, but eventually submits.

She swings her cross hairs around - finds a particularly  
brutish looking MAN... and SHOTS.

Her shot turns his head into a spray of red mist. Chyna  
shrieks in nervous delight. CLAPS.

Then looks over at Lewis, guilt sinking in.

CHYNA

I liked it. Does that make me... bad?

LEWIS

No, sweetie. It's very right. And a sign! C'mon, I need back up. Don't stop, keep shooting... I paid for the bulk ammo package. We won't run out!

The two go to town - mowing down survivors like they're orcs in a fantasy RPG. Lewis howls as he and Chyna spray bullets:

LEWIS

This is for walking across my lawn, thug!

CHYNA

And for going outside with THAT hair!

LEWIS

Might makes right, baby!

Soon the crowd is massacred. No more movement on the monitors. Except for the occasional twitch.

Chyna and Lewis step away from the panel, pant. They gaze at each other with new passion sparked.

CHYNA

Wow. That was...

LEWIS

(leers)

VERY good!

They dive at each other. Pawing. Slobbering. The works. Lewis hoists Chyna up onto the panel, grabs her hips-

Both interrupted by a HISSSSSS.

The door behind them opens-

And three MEN WITH HASMAT SUITS and RIFLES saunter in! The door closes behind them, reseals.

Lewis steps back, shocked. Chyna slides off the panel. Hits the floor ass-first.

CHYNA

Ow!

LEWIS

(to the men)

Who... who are you?

The lead man takes off his mask, revealing it's...

LEWIS

Randy?!?

Chyna looks up. Rubs her sore butt - scowls.

CHYNA

The guy from the Super Bunker store?

RANDY

If you want to put it that way? Sure.

LEWIS

What are you doing here? Is this some sort of quality control check? Because if so, you've got repairs due. After the bombs dropped, baby and I here found a few cracks.

Randall shrugs.

RANDY

Maybe some other time. But no.

LEWIS

No - what? You refuse to fix the defect?

RANDY

No. I mean, that's not why we're here.

Randy and his guards raise their weapons - point them at Lewis and Chyna's face!

Chyna bounds to her feet. Squeaks.

LEWIS

Wait. Is this about the intruders we just... neutralized? YOU'RE the one who outfitted this bunker with defense weapons. So if anyone's to blame for carnage, Mister, it's you.

RANDY

I'm not here to arrest you. Those folks you killed were sure to die anyway. In the long run, no harm no foul. But in the short run? Lewis, we're taking over. And kicking YOU out.

Lewis chokes, unable to believe his ears.

LEWIS

Kicking me out of my home? You can't!

RANDY

After a nuclear war? Survival of the fittest - and smartest - applies. I planned ahead, so of course I can. Super Bunkers installs a little special something into all the products we sell. It's in the fine print you signed. So, no fraud on our part... in case you'd like to know.

Randy dangles a KEY FOB in Lewis' face.

RANDY

See? Keys to a back door you didn't even know you had.

Randy gestures with his gun.

RANDY

A door you can leave through now.

Terrified, Chyna clings to Lewis. Realizing bluster doesn't beat an AK-16, Lewis switches into placation:

LEWIS

Look, I get it. We're in the middle of nuclear winter. So of COURSE you need a place to crash. Why don't we just share this space for awhile? You of all people know it's big enough. I bought the deluxe package, right?!?

The door HISSES behind Randy. A few more MASKED MEN stroll in. Randy shakes his head sadly.

RANDY

No, I'm afraid that's incorrect. As I told you last time we met, those who work construction on our bunkers are good military men - professionals who deserve to be treated right. Especially when it comes to shelter in times like these. So I'm afraid you'll have to go.

LEWIS

Fuck you, Benedict Arnold. My Fortress of Solitude's gonna stay exactly that!

Going berserker, Lewis smashes his wine glass - lunges at Randy with the shards.

The guards mow him down instantly. Lewis drops - shredded and dead before he hits the floor.

Chyna clutches herself and shrieks. Randy chuckles darkly.

RANDY

No so much fun in real life, is it?

CHYNA

Um, no. I -

Hovering a few feet away, Chyna tiptoes around Lewis' corpse, does her best not to step in puddles of gore.

CHYNA

So now, it's just me. Come right in!  
I... I don't take up much room. And  
I'm sure you can see I don't mean you  
guys any harm?

Randall eyes the frightened girl, regret in his blue eyes.

RANDY

Mrs. Prescott, you know that "video  
game" you played just now?

CHYNA

You... you saw what we did? How?

RANDY

The master key gives us access to all  
security cameras. Remember that first  
man you killed? Great shot for a  
novice, by the way.

CHYNA

Thanks!

Her smile quickly melts. Randy's face doesn't match his words.

RANDY

That guy was my lead contractor, Sam.  
A good friend of mine for many years.

CHYNA

You said those people were all gonna  
die anyway!

RANDY

Except for Sam. He was just there to lead them to your bunker as a distraction, while we snuck in from behind. If it weren't for your very "enthusiastic" shooting, Sam would be with us now.

Chyna's eyes grow wide. She inches towards the back door.

CHYNA

Um. OK. I'll be leaving now.

RANDY

No, you won't. You understand we can't have any witnesses? And the radiation would kill you - so this is really a mercy... long term.

He nods to his men, who FIRE.

Chyna screams, gets riddled worst than Bonnie OR Clyde. Her body drops to the floor. Randy nudges her body with a toe, checks. Waves to his squad.

RANDY

The squatters are evicted. Everyone, time to set up camp. We're home!

Randy side eyes Lewis' over the top furnishing. The gold trim. Velvet on the walls.

RANDY

Clean out the bodies. We'll talk about redecorating tonight.

**SMASH TO BLACK**

An ad flashes:

"Super Bunkers: Worried about the Apocalypse, and What it Means to You? Then buy one of our custom made Fortresses of Solitude, and add our safety to YOUR home!!"