



**RUN
RABBIT
RUN**

WRITTEN BY M.LATHROM

RUN RABBIT RUN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A shovel cuts into the dirt. Only a couple of inches in. It wiggles back and forth to break into the hard, dry floor.

It pulls up a handful of dirt. Tosses it to the side.

OLIVER FELDMAN (11) pauses, wipes the sweat from his forehead. He has fuzzy, sun-bleached hair and a dark tan. He wears dirty overalls too baggy for him. He slumps and looks over to the side.

OLIVER
Why do I have to do it?

DON (O.S.)
Keep diggin'.

Oliver leans down to look under something.

A man's feet dangle from the rusty, red truck bed. Under the truck, a shaggy, black dog lies curled up.

OLIVER
Come on, boy.
(whistles)
You wanna dig. Come on.

DON (O.S.)
I ain't gonna say it again.

Oliver whines. Lifts the shovel. Slams it into the dirt.

DON FELDMAN (52), a gaunt man with sun-aged skin. He's mostly bald, save for a few strands that swoop over the top. He scratches at his cactus-needle white beard as he looks out.

He hops off the truck bed with a clipboard in his hand. He winces as he looks up toward the sun. He extends his arm toward it like a compass needle, then angles himself about 20 degrees to the left of it.

He jots on the paper on the clipboard. On a hand-drawn map is a black circle. On the other side, a large cloud-like object. Some shockwaves around it don't quite reach the black dot.

Don closes his eyes. The sound of the world becomes muffled. Then a loud explosion. His eyes shoot open. The sound cuts off. The sound of the air returns.

He looks to Oliver.

OLIVER
This is stupid.

DON
Shh. Smell that?

OLIVER
What?

DON
Breath. Breath in the air.

Oliver takes a whiff. He shrugs.

DON
Come on. Again. Close your eyes.
Don't sniff. Just breathe.

Oliver closes his eyes. His chest expands as the air fills his lungs.

A sizzling sound fills the air. His mouth falls open. He leans forward as if watching a movie.

He startles. His eyes shoot open. They're a bit glassy. He looks to Don.

Don nods to the underside of the truck.

DON
She knows. She can smell it. Hounds
always smell it coming. We ain't
gonna curl up under the shade and
wait. We dig.

Oliver nods, determined. He raises the shovel up, brings it down with all his might.

SMASH TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A slamming against wood. Another one. A sliding sound. A crescent of light appears. A circular cover shifts. Dust falls toward the view. The sunlight spills in:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Don and Oliver stand in a 6-foot-wide, 3-foot-deep hold. A circular wooden cover over a hole.

Don slides the cover off.

Down the hole, a ladder that descends into darkness.

DON
You go ahead.

Oliver hesitates.

DON
Go on.

Don whistles. Snaps at:

The dog under the whines. She doesn't move.

Don steps up outta the hole, in a hurry. Kneels down under the truck. Whistles.

DON
Come on, girl. Come on, now.

The dog curls up tighter.

Don reaches over, grabs her leg. Pulls her out. She snaps at his hand. He keeps pulling.

The dog whines and growls.

DON
I know, I know. Let's go.

He lifts the dog. She submits. He lifts her onto his shoulder. Goes back to the hole. Oliver gone.

He peeks down. Oliver, maybe ten feet down, looks up at him. Continues down.

Don steps in with the dog on his shoulder. He pulls the wooden cover over them.

INT. HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Almost pitch darkness. Just a tinge of light. Their steps echo in the hole.

OLIVER
How far is it?

DON
Just a little further.

CUT TO:

Oliver touches ground. Lets go of the ladder. Scrunches up against the side. Don steps down. Looks around.

He bangs against the sides of the 4-foot space. One wall sounds like hollow metal.

Don smirks.

He reaches down, feels. Grabs a lever in the metal wall. Twists. Pushes it open into:

INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A light flickers on. A metal bunker 20-feet deep. Racks filled with cans line the walls. Two cots at the end, along with an old tube TV.

LATER

A NEWS ANCHOR (38) on a modern news show with flashy graphics. He wears a navy blue suit. The subtitle below reads:

"Game Day Fumble"

NEWS ANCHOR

...overloaded the power system,
causing the entire stadium to lose
power.

He laughs.

NEWS ANCHOR

Fans are calling to boycott the...

Oliver and Don watch intently. Oliver looks at Don.

OLIVER

It's all okay.

Don doesn't take his eyes off the screen.

DON

I don't smell it anymore.

Oliver closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath. Then opens them, excited.

OLIVER

I don't either. I don't--

The TV cuts out. Oliver pauses. Stares at it.

A rumbling. Dust shakes from the ceiling. Don closes his eyes.

The rumble grows. The room shakes. Cans fall off shelves. The dog curls up under the cot, whines.

Don grabs Oliver's hand. Squeezes it. Oliver closes his eyes.

Then.

A loud bang. A roaring that sounds like a passing train. The entire room rattles.

The lights flicker out.

The roaring and shaking continue. Then suddenly. It stops.

Lights fade on slowly.

Don lets Oliver's hand go. Oliver opens his eyes.

OLIVER

Is it over?

The dog crawls out from under the cot. Wags its tail, as if nothing happened. It goes up to Oliver. Licks his hands.

DON

Oh no, no, no, son. It's not over.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Looking down at the hole in the ground. A dark shadow over everything.

We rise up into the sky. The hole grows smaller.

Ash falls toward it, filling the air.

FADE OUT.

THE END