

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Peter, please get my wife on the  
line.

Peyton's eyes dart from words she can read on the ticker tape to words on the closed captioning. The message moves too fast.

She moves closer to the TV...tries to read Brad's lips. Desperate to understand. The words she picks up make the message choppy and unclear.

BRAD  
(on TV)  
This thing is basically riding the  
Interstate, folks.

On the TV console: a photograph of Peyton, Kim and Brad.

92 INT. MOTEL - HALL/BREAKFAST AREA - MOMENTS LATER 92

Ana arrives at the meeting point, her purse strapped across her chest. The only people there are a MEXICAN COUPLE clinging to their Weather Safety Card.

ANA  
(in Spanish)  
Stay here.

She runs down the hall...

Wayne is not at the desk.

She looks out the window in time to see him drive away in the motel van.

ANA (CONT'D)  
Son of bitch.

93 EXT. MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER 93

Ana hurries along the second level hallway, banging on doors.

### Sc. 1 Start

ANA  
Tornado!...Tornado!...Tornado!

Worried guests emerge from their rooms as...

A CURTAIN OF HEAVY RAIN washes diagonally over the motel.

Ana shouts in English and Spanish.

ANA (CONT'D)  
Go to the hall by the breakfast  
room. Go to the ground floor. Leave  
everything. Meet in the main hall.

GUEST 1  
Who's in charge here?

GUEST 2  
Where's the manager?

ANA  
Go to the hall by the breakfast  
room.

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### Sc. 1 End

94 EXT. FARM - FARMYARD - CONTINUOUS 94

Luke jogs across the farmyard. Behind him - inside the  
farmhouse - we see Tammy opening upstairs windows.

LUKE  
MOM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? COME ON!

TAMMY  
GO! I'M COMING!

He does.

As Luke nears the barn cellar, he sees Rick, 20-yards away,  
driving the good tractor in.

LUKE  
DAD!! DAD!!

Luke waves his arms. Rick makes eye contact with Luke, but  
either doesn't hear - or refuses to hear - his son. Keeps  
driving the tractor.

Luke gives up. Runs to the cellar and drops down into...

95 INT. FARM - CELLAR - CONTINUOUS 95

A weak-looking warren of structural wooden posts. Farmhands  
sit on hay bails. Overturned buckets.

Luke sees Daniel...Chooses a spot as far away as he can get.

The wind howls outside. Rain pours in.

Daniel moves to shut the cellar doors.

She turns away. Looks out toward the field where Rick was last seen. Her eye lands on the overturned tractor.

Tammy takes off through the field toward it.

A beat. Luke follows after her.

122 EXT. MOTEL (AFTERMATH) - CONTINUOUS

122

Ana, Jess, Greg, the motel workers and guests stand outside the fridge. It is all that remains of the travel plaza. A beacon of salvation in this utterly leveled world.

## Sc. 2 Start

VARIOUS

(reactions in English and Spanish)

Oh my God, oh my God, look at this.  
Holy shit! Everything's gone. Holy shit!

Some people barely move from shock.

Jess looks at her phone, but it's pointless.

GUEST 1

What are we supposed to do?

GUEST 2

We should go to town.

GUEST 3

My wife was at the store. I have to find my wife.

ANA

(sharp)

We all have people to find.

CHAMBERMAID

Ana?

GUEST 3

We have to go.

GUEST 2

Shouldn't we see if there's people stuck?

CHAMBERMAID

Ana?

Ana follows the chambermaid's gaze toward the gas station next door. A gas pump is on fire.

JESS

Shit...

ANA

Everyone! We have to go. We have to go. Right now. Come on.

## Sc. 2 End

Ana leads the way over the debris. Nobody moves fast. It's a struggle to get over and around live electrical wires, puddles, dangerous debris.

ANA (CONT'D)

Watch the power lines.

As the group heads in one direction, Jess hurries off in another.

ANA (CONT'D)

Jess!

JESS

I've gotta find Maddy.

Ana understands. Rejoins the group heading toward where they think town once stood.

Jess disappears over the rubble.

123 EXT/INT. BRAD'S TRUCK - INTERSTATE - CONTINUOUS 123

Brad drives fast down an open stretch of highway, hell bent on getting home.

124 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS (AFTERMATH) - LATER 124

Jess passes through rubble. Driveways that lead to nothing but collapsed houses.

She passes people wandering around in a daze. Some huddled together comforting each other...

Others searching the wreckage for loved ones...

Calling for lost pets.

She passes the DISTINCTIVE TREE...now stripped of leaves and bark...with Vicky's ambulance slammed into it. The back doors are open. Vicky can see the stretcher still in the back. Medical supplies tumble out onto the ground.

Jess continues down the street.