

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Somewhere in the deep forests of the Pacific Northwest, big trees, rolling hills.

Steep valley, clear of the woods.

**EXT. CABIN - DAY**

Dirt road leads to a rustic cabin, smoke puffs from the chimney.

Solar panels on the roof, giant radio antenna, makeshift satellite dish, wires snake around everything.

Animal furs dry on the porch, furniture in various stages of repair, a vegetable garden out back, stacks of cut wood.

Next to the house, a 1970s pickup that looks like it's driven to the moon and back.

Off grid living.

A woman approaches, pair of freshly caught rabbits dangling from a string on her belt.

RUTH (60s), hair in one long braid, face weathered by years outdoors. Her clothes are a patchwork. Think Sarah Connor in her later years.

**INT. CABIN - DAY - LATER**

The interior of the cabin is small. Single room, fireplace, kitchen, a bed. Shelves stacked thick with old books.

There are pictures in frames, a middle aged man, JAMES (40s), two babies, a dog.

One side houses a workbench with a variety of tools from hammers to electric soldering torches and transistors.

A radio, series of LED screens, a microphone.

Next to it is a huge bank of large format batteries, new and old, all wired together in a giant, HUMMING mess.

Ruth cooks a stew, chopping up carrots and potatoes.

There's a CHITTERING at her feet.

A FERRET tugs on her pant leg.

RUTH  
It's not done.

SQUEAK SQUEAK

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay.

Ruth rips off a piece of meat, blowing on it.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(leaning down)  
Here you go, you little idiot.

The ferret scampers off with its prize.

**EXT. CABIN - PORCH - EVENING**

Ruth eats a bowl of the stew in a rocking chair.

A shotgun propped against the wall beside her.

The ferret lies in her lap, CHITTERING in its sleep.

Across the valley, a large grizzly bear SNUFFLES about.

For a long while, Ruth watches the bear as it wanders off.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Ruth at her workbench, hunched over. A mason jar of clear liquid nearby.

Old computer screens light the cabin in an eerie, green glow.

Ruth is coding, going back and forth from the computer to several devices on her desk.

She's making something.

Ruth turns the radio dial.

Most of the stations are STATIC, crackling in and out. Others sound like old dial-up modems.

One or two are more RHYTHMIC STATIC, tone pulsating in regular beats.

Ruth takes notes in a heavy book full of charts and numbers.

A record player SCRATCHES, needle hits the end of an album.

Ruth turns the radio dial, switches to "Broadcast".

RUTH  
(into the microphone)  
Hope you liked that. This next one  
goes out to all you Chopin fans.

She's a bit drunk.

Puts on a record, faint and crackly, a lone violin.

CHOPIN music.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
All one of us.

She flips another switch, letting music wash over the cabin,  
loud over the old speakers.

She pours herself another drink from a jug and wanders to the  
fireplace.

The ferret lies in a chair across from her, Ruth stares.

It looks up at her.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Yes. I know what day it is.

It puts its head back down to sleep.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Well, screw you too.

From somewhere outside, a wolf HOWLS, long and mournful.

Ruth pours another drink, downs it.

Another HOWL in the night.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Awwwooooo.

After a long moment staring at the fireplace, Ruth GIGGLES.

The GIGGLE turns into a full LAUGH as she gets up.

Ruth walks out into the night, leaving the door open into the  
blackness of the wilderness.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(from outside)  
Hellooooo!

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

There's enough moonlight in the valley to see soft contours,  
but everything is silent.

Ruth LAUGHS from the porch.

RUTH  
(howling)  
Awwwwwoooooooooo!

Her breath puffs out white as she steps into the grass,  
barefoot, ignorant of the cold.

And immediately SLIPS on the wet dew, falls flat on her ass.

This just makes her LAUGH all the more.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(from the ground)  
Awwwwwoooooo!

Somewhere far off, the wolf HOWLS in reply.

Ruth looks up at the full moon, GIGGLING.

But it's not a normal night sky.

The stars are in constant motion.

Dozens, maybe hundreds of satellites orbit overhead, twirling  
about in their different paths.

It's dizzying, otherworldly.

And, it has an effect.

The humor drains from Ruth's face, the playful drunk, gone.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

The door sits open, the dim cabin lit by greenish artificial  
light from computer monitors and the last embers of a fire.

Chopin music still CRACKLES.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT - LATER**

The stars continue their dance overhead, nothing else moves.

**EXT. CABIN - DAWN**

A layer of frost over the empty valley.

Mist rises as dawn light hits the grass.

**INT. CABIN - MORNING**

Ruth SNORES beneath a pile of blankets.

The moonshine jug tipped over on the floor.

A KNOCK at the door.

INSTANTLY awake, Ruth throws the covers off, glares at the door, daring it...

KNOCK KNOCK

On her feet in a flash, snatching up the shotgun, Ruth stalks to the door.

No hesitation, Ruth flings it open with one hand and COCKS the weapon.

**EXT. CABIN - PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

On the porch, ELON and EMILY (20s, ethnically ambiguous) stand, smiling. Both wear matching outfits straight out of a futuristic North Face catalogue. Form fitting and contoured.

Both are perfect in every way.

EMILY

Hello mother.

Ruth's shotgun precedes her as she comes out the door. Her gray hair is wild in the sunlight, angry.

RUTH

Don't call me that.

She looks across the valley, no one else.

ELON

But, that's what--

Ruth FIRES, takes Elon right in the chest.

It EXPLODES with blood as he tumbles back over the porch railing and into wet grass.

Gore drips from the railing as Ruth PANTS.

EMILY  
(without skipping a beat)  
--you are.

Emily never stops smiling as...

Ruth COCKS the shotgun.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
(disappointed?)  
Really, mother.

Ruth FIRES again.

**EXT. CABIN - LATE MORNING**

A hundred yards or so behind the cabin, Ruth is waist deep in a grave, dirty and sweaty.

She tosses the shovel out and drags the bodies of Emily and Elon in with her.

Once she has them in, she stands there, panting.

Way overhead, a large drone flies by, leaving a white contrail in its wake.

Ruth glares, raises her middle finger to the sky.

After a long moment, Ruth glances back down. The bodies look almost peaceful.

Leaning into the grave, she busies herself with something.

She places a set of boots on the grass.

Beyond this spot are several more mounds of earth that could be similar graves, many covered in old grass.

Most are haphazard, but two at the end, under the shadows of a big tree, are better cared for.

Two small headstones next to a larger one.