

EXT: Nighttime at the airport. In the distance, plumes of black smoke billow up from behind a shattered window as the camera pans down into the debris of the air traffic control tower.

B.G: inside the control room the lighting is dimmed to a near-black, with most of the overhead bulbs having been blown out. The room is illuminated to a sickly neon-blue hue thanks to the few remaining lit-up air traffic radar screens on the console monitors around the edges of the room. The wind outside whips through the full-length window frames, now practically glassless after the most recent enemy attack. A low-pitched whistle echoes through the room, mingled with the distant sounds of laser-like gunfire in the distance. The sound of hushed grunting merges into the audio as the view focuses on the closed door of the control room.

The door clicks open and SANDERSON and DAYANA enter the room, awkwardly carrying a large wooden board.

SANDERSON: Right, this is it. Come on, let's stick this bloody thing down here and check the place out.

DAYANA: Aww, did all those stairs wear you out?

Sanderson smirks and shoots a suggestive look at the woman as they place the board up against the nearest wall.

SANDERSON: Listen treacle, it takes a lot more than lugging a board up a few flights of stairs to wear me out...

DAYANA: You're disgusting, you know that?

Sanderson chuckles to himself as the two of them begin to explore the ravaged shell of the air traffic control room.

DAYANA: I can't believe we finally made it up here. You really think this is our ticket out of this nightmare?

SANDERSON: Nah, I just brought us all here for a laugh.

Dayana stares at him, irritated, before rolling her eyes and walking slowly towards the blasted-out window frames in front of them.

SANDERSON: Ok, ok, I'll stop pissing about. You've gotta laugh or you'd cry, eh?

Dayana runs her hand across the empty window pane.

DAYANA: Crying gets you nowhere. I stopped that shit years ago.

She takes a sharp, irritated intake of breath as a shard of leftover glass slices her finger.

DAYANA: Besides, there's no point crying over spilt blood. We've just gotta do whatever it takes to spill some of theirs...that's the only way to make it feel right.

Sanderson sighs, before heading across the room to join her. The two stare at the expanse of runways, the gunfire and smoke of the invasion of the city in the distance drifting across the wind as the coalition of global military forces begin setting up camps on the tarmac below.

SANDERSON: They'll be coming here next. We'll have to make sure the others are ready for it. Christ, we'll have to make sure we're ready for it.

DAYANA: I'm ready for it. You can bet your ass I'm ready for it.

SANDERSON: This isn't gonna end well, Dayana. There's not gonna be some glorious ending for all of us. The kid probably won't make it, neither will the cook. It's gonna be up to us to keep as many of us alive as we can, for as long as we can.

DAYANA: Maybe. But I know that if I die tomorrow or the next day, or whenever they come for us; I'll be dragging as many of those evil things as I can all the way to hell with me.

The two fall silent again as the evening atmosphere sits heavily between them. SANDERSON turns from the window, stepping over a fallen chair as he heads back across the room.

SANDERSON: Guess we'd better get this nailed up over that first window then, eh? Sooner we get that done, the sooner we can haul the rest of them up here and get this place secured.

DAYANA: Fine. Besides, there's bound to be something in here we can use to contact the rest of the world once we're all set up. I'll start looking around, you can make a start on the heavy lifting. Seeing as you're so, not tired...

She grins at him sarcastically. SANDERSON snorts, suppressing a sarcastic laugh of his own, before grabbing one edge of the wooden board and dragging it towards the first of the blasted-out windows.

SANDERSON: Great...can't wait for the end of the world so I don't have to deal with your crappy jokes anymore. Oh, wait...

DAYANA: Careful what you wish for, pendejo...

The two start work on their respective tasks as the gunfire in the distance begins to get louder. The grins fade slowly from their faces as they each begin to pick up the pace; DAYANA searching what remains of the computer consoles and SANDERSON dragging the wooden

board towards the window. Reality sets in for the two companions; it's clear that they've remembered what's coming.