

FALLOUT

Written by

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Based on the series by

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TEASER

[Peggy Lee - "Johnny Guitar" is playing faintly]

EXT. BOULDER CITY, NCR CAMP - NEAR DAWN

More rubble than city. Nothing taller than one-story. What's left of the New California Republic shivers around sparse campfires.

Around one of those fire pits, a motley crew of PRIVATES sit on their watch. They share anxious glances. Their eyes dart to the approaching FOOTSTEPS. SGT. BAKER--mid thirties, bids a calming wave, Privates JAMES and JACKSON sit.

SGT. BAKER
Turn off that radio.

James jumps to turn the dial down. Baker sits on the ground.

SGT. BAKER (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Profligates...

The others don't hear that as Baker turns away.

JAMES
Sir?

No reply.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Sir?

Still no reply.

JACKSON
(Louder)
Sir.

SGT. BAKER
Yes?

JAMES
Shouldn't we--

JACKSON
Shouldn't we stay vigilant till dawn.

Baker turns to give a stern look.

JAMES

--Those were our orders.

SGT. BAKER

I've got new orders, get some rest.

Baker turns away, Jackson doesn't think twice and starts to get comfortable. James watches, staring deeply into the fire and his friends.

Braced against a short stone monument, another soldier, PRIVATE KOWALSKI, polishes his weapon, staring back at James.

James quietly walks over to Baker.

JAMES

(In a whisper)

But what about the spies?

SGT. BAKER

Can it.

James walks over to Jackson.

JAMES

(Equally hushed)

But what about the spies?

JACKSON

Caesar's elite "*Frumentarii*?"

James jumps to shush her.

JAMES

(Still whispering)

Yes...

JACKSON

Oh, give it a break James. You don't really believe that shit.

James eyes scream his answer.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll sit watch with you.

Jackson sits up, grabs her rifle and begins superficial maintenance.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

So what do you know about, *them*?

JAMES

I know *they* are masters of
disguise... could be anyone of
us... it could be you... or him...

James points to the stern faced soldier by the memorial.

JAMES (CONT'D)

... or him...

James's hand shakes as he fingers the Sergeant. Baker's eyes open.

JACKSON

Him?

James says nothing. Baker lies still, listening intently.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

He's been here longer than either
of us!

JAMES

Yeah...

JACKSON

He probably thinks we're the spies.

JAMES

Yeah... I guess you're right.

JACKSON

You should get some rest, I'll stay
on watch for you.

James lays down.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

I'll make sure no spies sneak up on
you.

James turns away, his eyes are bloodshot.

Baker's eyes close.

JACKSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sir! Private Jackson reporting for
duty!

James scrambles to his feet shouting without looking at who
he's saluting before doing it.

JAMES

Private James sir!

A smug, strong chinned NCR CAPTAIN waves them off.

NCR CAPTAIN
As you were.

The captain looks at Baker who doesn't move.

NCR CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
If our officers had the same
discipline as you two, we'd sure
win a lot sooner.

JAMES
Thank you sir!

JACKSON
Thank you sir!

The Captain waves at them again to sit, all three sit.

NCR CAPTAIN
So what has you two so jumpy?

JACKSON
The private suspects spies in our
camp.

James looks at Jackson.

NCR CAPTAIN
Is that true?

JAMES
Yes sir.

The Captain looks around him, then beckons James comes closer.

NCR CAPTAIN
Do you know how to spot a Legion
spy?

JAMES
No sir.

The Captain shares a quick glance with Jackson.

NCR CAPTAIN
Closer...

James leans in.

NCR CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Closer.

James inches closer.

NCR CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 You check for his tail!

Jackson sticks her fingers in James's ass. She thrusts and pulls up as James jumps. Jackson and the Captain laugh as James fumbles his pistol and falls over.

NCR CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 Take it easy kid... that's an old
 joke.

James rubs his behind.

JACKSON
 No hard feelings, ok?

James smiles slightly. He wipes a tear and walks over to turn up the radio.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)
 Me again, Mr. New Vegas, reminding
 you that you're nobody till
 somebody loves you. And that
 somebody is me.

The sun starts to peak over the mountains.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)
 I love you.

Sunlight hits Sgt. Baker's face. His eyes open.

[Dean Martin - *"You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You"* starts playing]

James's turns up the volume.

NCR CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 You know, this one time--

James freezes. He turns around.

NCR CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 (Gurgling on his own
 blood)
 BLGRAH...EHH...

Baker pulls the knife from the Captain's throat and raises it into the air.

SGT. BAKER
 Ave Caesar!

JACKSON

Oh shit!

Jackson scrambles to load a round into her rifle. Baker kicks her in the face, knocking her to the ground. She crawls towards James. Baker plunges the knife into her calf.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

James!

James is frozen. Baker pulls her in. Then he lifts his knife and stabs her in the back of her thigh. He pulls once more. James can't move. Baker pulls Jackson by the scalp and looks at her.

SGT. BAKER

I'll save you for the market.

He slams her face into the ground knocking her unconscious.

SGT. BAKER (CONT'D)

As for you... I'll make it quick.

James bolts.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOULDER CITY, MAIN SQUARE - DAWN

The city is engulfed in a maelstrom of hot lead and plasma. Skirmishes rain in every crevasse of the ruined city.

James runs through the carnage as fast as his legs will carry him. In his panic, he tramples some flowers by the memorial,

PVT. KOWALSKI

What the fuck are you doing! My brother died at the battle of--

A bullet scatters his skull, painting the memorial with chunks.

A FRUMENTARIII takes shots at James. Near misses at his feet. The spy looks down at the dead private and spits on the headless corpse.

FRUMENTARIII

Filthy fucking degenerates...

Sgt. Baker walks up behind the spy.

FRUMENTARIII (CONT'D)

Ave.

The spy salutes. Baker reciprocates.

FRUMENTARIII (CONT'D)

He went that way sir. I can pursue--

SGT. BAKER

No need.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOULDER CITY OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

James reaches the apex of the hill. He catches his breath and looks down at the carnage.

Endless chaos and debauchery. His friends, his family, his home, all playthings in the hands of these monsters. A faint RUMBLE shakes at his feet.

James looks over the horizon, EXPLOSIONS pepper Hoover Dam in the distance. The legions banners, the NCR bear flag, all one scene of fire.

James's eyes go white, he looks down at his chest, there's a knife wedged between his ribs. He tries to pull at in vain, he collapses. Before he loses consciousness he sees Sgt. Baker walking towards him.

A mushroom cloud blooms behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

TITLE: FALLOUT

ACT 1

TITLE: 14 YEARS LATER [Kay Kyser and his Orchestra - "(I Got Spurs That) Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" starts playing]

FADE IN:

EXT. MOJAVE DESSERT - DAY

THE GHOUL's cowboy boots kick sand as he struts, chewing a piece of ass-jerky. His yellowed teeth dribble with grinning blood.

Behind him, LUCY MACLEAN briefly inspects her Pip-Boy, pulling a map.

The two silhouettes are dwarfed by the massive expanse of hot nothing that surrounds them.

Lucy closes her map.

The Ghoul looks at the power armor tracks and follows them. They walk into the mirage on the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. OASIS - DAY

More of puddle of brown sludge. The Ghoul refills his canteen. Lucy looks on and checks her Geiger counter, it's spiking. Lucy takes a small sip from her own canteen.

Behind her, a Golden Gecko scampers by. She watches at it waddle on two legs over to the water hole. The Ghoul notices as it starts to drink, he shares a gestured look with Lucy. He smiles showing chunks in his teeth.

LUCY

No?

The Ghoul turns and resumes following the tracks. Lucy watches the Gecko as it looks up at her. It makes an odd COOING. It then walks into the desert. Lucy watches.

Suddenly, it is sucked beneath the sand, SCREAMING horribly. Lucy jumps, she looks at The Ghoul who has made some distance.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Okey-dokey.

Lucy turns on her Pip-Boy radio, then walks behind The Ghoul.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY PLATEAU - DAY

Like a spaghetti-western, the pair walk silhouetted against the burning sky.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
You're listening to Radio New Vegas, your little jukebox in the Mojave Wasteland. I'm Mr. New Vegas, and I'm here for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIED LAKE BED - DAY

The cracked ground is discolored. Irradiated salt stains their shoes.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
It's just about time to get you some news...

Lucy looks down at her Pip-Boy, she notices the station, "New Vegas Radio." She checks her vitals as she walks.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
Several witnesses report a Vertibird flying in from the Northeast. One of them, using binoculars, claimed it was being flown by a group of old men.

Everything seems ship-shape, Lucy smiles and follows the tracks ahead of The Ghoul.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

Nothing more than shade in between the rust and the sand. Lucy looks around, seeing if she can scavenge anything useful. Glowing faintly inside, a Nuka-Cola freezer with power catches her eyes inside.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
Those are our stories this hour. This is Mr. New Vegas signing off. Just kidding. I'm not going anywhere. My love for you is too strong.

Lucy turns off her radio.

I/E. ABANDONED GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Lucy peaks inside, drawn like a moth to flame. As she steps closer, a RATTLING shakes the cooler slightly. Lucy reaches for the lid.

A BULLET punches a hole next to her.

Lucy turns to see The Ghoul aiming his gun at her.

She looks on confused, no fearful. Has he snapped? Has he gone feral? She slowly reaches for her gun. The Ghoul sees her start to draw, he gestures with his gun for her to move. She complies slowly.

He shoots again putting a second hole in the cooler, neon green slime leaks from the hole.

The Ghoul walks over and opens the cooler, a 4-foot long Radsorpion has a crater in its abdomen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - NIGHT

On an improvised rotisserie, the Radsorpion bakes in a campfire.

Lucy takes a timid bite of the insect shish kabob, it CRUNCHES. She chews, thinks about it--it's good, really good, but there's no way she'll admit that.

Lucy takes larger bites and stares into the campfire. The Ghoul watches her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - MORNING

Lucy stretches and turns on her Pip-Boy. Turning the dial to the "New Vegas Radio" before setting out. The MUSIC resumes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOJAVE DESSERT - DAY

Lucy and the Ghoul walk through more nothingness. The MUSIC ends.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
 You're listening to Radio New Vegas, your little jukebox in the Mojave Wasteland. I'm Mr. New Vegas, and I'm here for you. It's just about time to get you some news.

Lucy stops.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
 Several witnesses report a Vertibird flying in from the Northeast. One of them, using binoculars, claimed it was being flown by a group of old men.

Deja vu.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
 Those are our stories this hour. This is Mr. New Vegas signing off. Just kidding. I'm not going anywhere. My love for you is too strong.

Lucy can't shake the feeling. She switches off the radio and keeps walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOODSPRINGS, OUTSKIRTS - DUSK

The Ghoul steps over a broken cross--what's left of the Yangtze Memorial. He surveys the valley. Lucy emerges from behind the crest of the hill. She also looks down.

Goodsprings, that once was a comforting name to many. Now it's quiet, even for the wasteland.

The Ghoul makes his descent. A broken billboard caked in graffiti reads: "Patrolling the Mojave almost makes you wish for a nuclear winter..." Lucy follows close behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOODSPRINGS, MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A bit of an overstatement, only a small general store and a saloon are left standing, barely. On a hill, a small gas station looms over the town. The other houses and buildings are all nothing but their foundations.

Lucy and The Ghoul walk on the main road.

LUCY

Hello?

Nothing.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Is anyone here?

The Ghoul looks around, he sees footprints all around the road.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I guess they all left.

THE GHOUL

I wouldn't bet on it.

Lucy looks at The Ghoul as he heads for the saloon. He pats aside the swings doors and disappears into the darkness. Lucy looks around before following after him.

CUT TO:

INT. PROSPECTOR SALOON - EVENING

Lucy's face is distorted by a cracked mirror. The Ghoul has already helped himself to whatever booze he could scrounge. Lucy walks through the bar, noticing names carved into stools, the words "POWDER GANG" scratched onto the walls, over and over, but something else catches her eye.

Lucy holds up a human tooth. She rolls it in her fingers but drops it when a low BUZZING creeps under the floor boards. The Ghoul passes, squinting--he doesn't know what it is either. The sound passes as quickly as it came. Lucy exhales.

A BOOM echoes in the distance. Lucy looks out the window, she sees a a cloud of smoke by the gas station. She leaves to check it out. The Ghoul watches shaking his head and sipping his booze.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOODSPRINGS, MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Lucy glances up at the gas station, nothing. She looks around and spots a ladder to the top of the General Store roof.

She climbs up. At the top, she grabs a pair of Vault-Tec™ Binoculars and looks over the ridge.

CUT TO:

LUCY'S POV - MOVING

A group of POWDER GANGERS pass time the only way they know how--by blowing things up. They are identifiable by a blue strip of cloth they wear in various places: headbands, armbands, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, and etc. None of them seem older than mid-twenty.

With a bandolier of dynamite, SPARKY--misaligned mohawk, several burn scars, laughs gleefully as they light another stick, holding it in their hand as they watch the fuse shrink. Just before it reaches the end, Sparky tosses the stick in the air.

It DETONATES.

Sparky and the other gang members laugh hysterically.

CUT:

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy puts down the binoculars.

THE GHOUL (O.S.)
Charming ain't it?

Lucy turns, The Ghoul leans on the back wall of the front facade.

THE GHOUL (CONT'D)
I'm assuming you want to ask them a few questions.

Lucy did think about it, only for a moment.

THE GHOUL (CONT'D)
Maybe regale them of your trials and tribulations as of late? Of your quest to find your father.

LUCY
No. Was wondering if I needed to take them out...

THE GHOUL
Oh?

LUCY
 ...you know before we can leave...
 safely. Right?

THE GHOUL
 Then I suppose you were thinking of
 a plan on how you were going to
 kill these chem-fiends who don't
 know their ass from their elbow.

LUCY
 Well, if you look through these--
 Lucy hands him her binoculars. He takes a look.

CUT TO:

THE GHOUL'S POV

LUCY (O.S.)
 --you can see... right there...

One of the gang members is sitting on boxes of high-
 explosives.

LUCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ...that looks like their cache.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

The Ghoul puts down the binoculars.

LUCY
 Now that's about 300 meters, give
 or take--

Lucy slowly retrieves her binoculars.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 --and based on what I've seen of
 your marksmanship...

The Ghoul purses what's left of his lips and nods slightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOODSPRINGS, GAS STATION - SAME TIME

Another EXPLOSION, another joyous CACKLE.

POWDER GANGER #1
It's even funnier the 327th time!

SPARKY
But watch this--

A slight BUZZING grows louder.

POWDER GANGER #2 (O.S.)
GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF ME!

Screaming down the hill, a Powder Ganger is being chased by a Cazador--a super sized, super-deadly, super-mutated, Tarantula Hawk Wasp.

Stick of dynamite in hand, he swats frantically at the air. The Cazador grabs a hold of him and stings him in the back. He SCREAMS and lights the stick trying to blow himself up to end the pain. The fast acting venom melts his insides, causing his legs to crumble like jelly.

As he collapses unconscious, the lit stick rolls away from him, past Sparky and the other Powder Gangers, and towards their boxes of explosives.

SPARKY
Oh shit--

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. GOODSPRINGS, MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

LUCY
What do yah say? It's worth a--

Behind Lucy, the whole cache ignites in a ball of fire.

An earth-shattering EXPLOSION rocks the flimsy foundations of the general store. Lucy instinctually ducks. The Ghoul watches, the delicate fireball glistens in his glassy eye.

Lucy slowly peaks over the edge.

LUCY'S POV

Flickering fires illuminate patches of viscera. Chunks of the gang are spread high and low. Limbs strewn about and hanging in the oddest of places. A few bodies writhe in pain.

LUCY (O.S.)
Do you think any of them are alive?

POWDER GANGER #1
SOMEBODY!! HELP ME!!

POWDER GANGER #3
SHUT UP!! You'll wake the boom-
booms. Keep it down so they can go
back to sleep.

POWDER GANGER #1
WHERE ARE YOU!

POWDER GANGER #3
Shhh... I'm right here.

POWDER GANGER #1
I--I can't see you. I'll try--

As the Powder Ganger lights a flare he catches on fire. As he SCREAMS the fire ignites a trail of gasoline. It snakes towards the gas pumps.

BACK TO SCENE

Lucy's face glows orange as another EXPLOSION engulfs the gas station.

THE GHOUL
Nope.

After a pause, they descend the roof.

The Ghoul starts to walk into the saloon. Lucy walks up the hill, The Ghoul pauses before entering.

EXT. GOODSPRINGS, GAS STATION - NIGHT

Lucy reaches the top of road. Something CRUNCHES underfoot, it a burnt HUMAN HAND. Lucy kicks it to the side and inspects the inferno for survivors, loot, anything useful.

In one of the scorched car-frames two leg stumps hang out of the passenger window. The torso seems relatively undamaged, the bandolier of dynamite intact, and more importantly not lit. Lucy tries to pull the bandolier, but it doesn't budge. She tries a stronger tug, nothing. She grabs the corpse by the belt buckle and pulls it out of the car.

SPARKY
GIVE ME FUCKFACE!

Lucy screams and drops the yelling torso.

SPARKY (CONT'D)
GIVE ME FUCKFACE! NOW!

LUCY
Sorry, I thought you were--

Lucy helps Sparky, propping them against the car door.

SPARKY
I don't care what you think!! I
NEED FUCKFACE!! I'll die!

LUCY
What? I'm sorry I-

SPARKY
FUCK my FACE!! FUCK my FACE!!

LUCY
Well I have this--

Lucy tries to hand them her water canteen. Sparky swats it away.

SPARKY
What are you trying to do! POISON
ME!! GIVE ME FUCKFACE!!!

LUCY
I'm sorry. I don't know what you
mean I--

SPARKY
FUCKFACE!!

LUCY
I uh--

THE GHOUL (O.S.)
I think they want some of this.

The Ghoul waves a small, weird-looking syringe between his fingers. Sparky's eyes glow, they salivate slightly.

SPARKY
GIVE ME!! GIVE ME!!

THE GHOUL
Ah ah ah, where are your manners.

SPARKY
FUCKFACE!! FUCKFACE NOW!!

The Ghoul taunts Sparky with the syringe as they reach for it with stumps for arms.

THE GHOUL
Let's try to be civil.

The Ghoul exchanges a glance with Lucy.

THE GHOUL (CONT'D)
This here is Lucy MacLean--

LUCY
Hey there, and you are?

SPARKY
Me Sparky!! Sparky, Sparky-BOOM!!

LUCY
Nice to meet you--

Lucy tries in vain to shake hands with Sparky's stump.

LUCY (CONT'D)
--Sparky...

THE GHOUL
You see, Lucy has come all this way to ask you some questions. Now would it be too much ask if you would *please* answer those.

SPARKY
Will you fuck Sparky face?

THE GHOUL
If the relations are amicable, I see no reason why Lucy can't do that for you.

Sparky smiles creepily and stares at Lucy.

LUCY
Oh well--

THE GHOUL
Go on, they'd be tickled to answer all you burning questions now.

LUCY
Have you seen a suit of power armor around here lately?

SPARKY
Yes!! Big-shiny!!

LUCY
Oh great! Where did it go?

SPARKY
Nowhere! Gone!

LUCY
Could you please elaborate?

SPARKY
What?

LUCY
I mean, could you say more?

SPARKY
There's no more! Now FUCKFACE!!

The Ghoul gets up.

SPARKY (CONT'D)
Wait NO!! You promised!! You
promised SPARKY!!

THE GHOUL
And you promised Lucy. Tell her
everything. EVERYTHING.

SPARKY
Ok, ok, Sparky tell pretty lady.
Only if she FUCKFACE--

THE GHOUL
Yes, yes, she will, just tell her.

Lucy puts her hand on Sparky.

LUCY
Tell me.

Sparky almost melts.

SPARKY
Quarry Junction... Quarry
Junction... Big shiny went through
Quarry Junction.

LUCY
Thank you.

The Ghoul hands Lucy the syringe. Lucy looks at it for a
moment.

THE GHOUL (O.S.)
In the neck or face.

Lucy takes a deep breath and raises her arm. Sparky's stump touches her elbow.

SPARKY
Wait...

Lucy pauses.

SPARKY (CONT'D)
Before FUCKFACE, Sparky have one more thing to say to pretty lady... don't go Quarry Junction.

LUCY
Why not?

SPARKY
Big shiny gone! All things that go there, gone! Nothing comes back from there!

LUCY
That's ok, we'll be ok--

SPARKY
--NO!! Pretty lady stay with SPARKY, she FUCKFACE and don't die at Quarry Junction.

LUCY
Well that's very kind of you Sparky...

Lucy looks at the Ghoul, he gives her the signal to wrap things up.

SPARKY
NO LUCY STAY!

Lucy stabs the needle in Sparky's cheek, pure euphoria washes over Sparky's face. Lucy gets up and walks with The GHOUL as Sparky's twitches, their eyes go red.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 1

A low CHANT hums.

ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Glowing an iridescent blue, the COLD FUSION REACTOR is activated, WHIRRING enchantingly. Groveling on the floor, rows of Brotherhood of Steel initiates lie prostrate, praying to the greatest Pre-War discovery of their order's entire existence.

Their chants are haunting, their bodies stirred to a fervor comparable to only the most holy of prophets of antiquity.

In back, standing in awe is MAXIMUS.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, HANGAR - NIGHT

Maximus, as still as he was a week ago. After a moment, he looks up: his shining suit of power armor.

Metal drums BEAT.

Maximus climbs into the suit.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, RITUAL SHRINE - MOMENTS LATER

Maximus in his armor stands at the entrance. At the end of trail of scrap, a glowing altar of twisted Steel waits for him. Maximus takes his first step.

The industrial PERCUSSION intensifies.

As he walks without turning his head, he sees the rest of the Brotherhood in his peripheral, he spots DANE, chanting a long with the others.

The CHANT reaches a crescendo as he arrives at the foot of the steel altar.

A BROTHERHOOD CLERIC raises his hands, the chant STOPS.

In the shadows, ELDER CLERIC QUINTUS eyes his new protege.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC
Kneel and remove your Helmet.

Maximus complies. He holds the helmet on his knee. The Cleric nods and two other Clerics disappear. Distant muffled shouts, echo in the distance. Two Clerics return with an enemy PRISONER taken from the Battle of Griffith Observatory.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC (CONT'D)
This is the enemy! And you KNEEL!

Maximus puts his helmet on the ground.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC (CONT'D)
Show us your *true* strength!!

Maximus grabs the prisoner by his upper and lower torso, raising him over his head.

PRISONER
WHAT!! NO--

With little strain, Maximus tears him in half. Blood and guts raining down on his face.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC
Now he kneels for no one!

ALL BROTHERHOOD MEMBERS
Now he kneels for no one!

Maximus breathes heavily, chunks slide down his angry face. Elder Cleric Quintus walks over to Maximus. Maximus bows his head slightly, Quintus picks up the helmet and crowns him.

QUINTUS
I dub thee, Knight Maximus!

The whole brotherhood chants his name:

ALL BROTHERHOOD MEMBERS
MAXIMUS! MAXIMUS! MAXIMUS!

Inside the helmet, a single tear glows red.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, BARRACKS - NIGHT

Around a campfire, brotherhood aspirants and initiates, all listen to Dane's story.

DANE

... and then, Maximus ran first into the fortress, as a vanguard for the knights... but then the lights when out--

Dane smothers the fire with a blanket, the alcove goes dark.

DANE (CONT'D)

Flashes of light, bullets whizz in every direction. It was an AMBUSH!

Dane spooks the initiate next to them, they jump. The others laugh.

DANE (CONT'D)

The Knights fell one by one. The expert enemy snipers knew the weak points in their armor, within seconds, almost all of them were dead.

You could hear a pin drop, everyone was transfixed by the tale.

DANE (CONT'D)

Most of the squires fled, but not Maximus. He slaughtered and butchered the cowardly snipers, with nothing more than a pistol and his bear hands...

Maximus discreetly sneaks into the crowd.

DANE (CONT'D)

When Moldaver's counter attack failed, she retreated to her headquarters. That's where Maximus ended their futile resistance. Even though she begged for mercy, Maximus killed her and ended the battle victorious.

Maximus turns away, trying quietly to leave.

DANE (CONT'D)

Isn't that right? Knight Maximus.

The others turn and immediately kneel.

BROTHERHOOD INITIATES

ALL HAIL KNIGHT MAXIMUS!! ALL HAIL KNIGHT MAXIMUS!! ALL HAIL--

MAXIMUS

At ease.

They all freeze. All except for Dane who hides their smile as the others shake and cower.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

Rise.

They do.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

Turn around.

They do.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

Now leave.

They do, quickly.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

Not you.

Maximus points at Dane as they try to slink away.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, TIRE PITS - NIGHT

Maximus and Dane share a laugh, more than the chuckles at the campfire, a real laugh.

DANE

I could smell it too!

Dane composes themself.

DANE (CONT'D)

I knew it was Flavius, no one else smells like that!

Maximus catches his breath. He thinks for a moment and then turns to Dane.

MAXIMUS

So why'd you do it?

DANE

What?

MAXIMUS

You know what you did.

Dane just smiles. Maximus does not fully share the enthusiasm. But before Maximus can pry anymore, Elder Cleric Quintus approaches.

QUINTUS
Knight Maximus.

He rises.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
A word.

Quintus eyes Dane as he leads Maximus away.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, QUINTUS'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Unlike the rest of the base, there are tailored comforts: electricity, and working plumbing for starters. There's a small sink, radio, nice bed, a toaster, and a toilet--a real working, flushing, comfy toilet. Maximus stares at the many luxuries.

QUINTUS
I see you have an eye for the best artifacts.

Quintus unplugs the toaster, carrying it over to Maximus. He examines it.

MAXIMUS
Toaster.

Quintus nods in surprised approval.

QUINTUS
Very good. Most of those fools have forgotten their history... but not us.

He looks at Maximus carefully.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)
But do you know what it does?

MAXIMUS
It toasts bread?

QUINTUS
And?

Maximus pauses, Quintus sees the futility.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

I see. You know but you do not understand.

MAXIMUS

Sir?

Quintus holds up his hand.

QUINTUS

These artifacts are more than the sum of their parts--

Quintus takes back the toaster.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

--More than their mere functions... the only question is, are you?

The TV's, canned Oysters and hot showers sit in the back of Maximus's mind.

MAXIMUS

They're symbols.

Quintus turns.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

They are status symbols, like titles.

Quintus gestures for him to continue.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

Like our ranks. They represent who we are. Our place in life, where we belong... They are *us*.

QUINTUS

Is that all you have to say?

Maximus stops. Quintus puts down the toaster.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Tell me, when you were in a vault, what did you think of their pre-war technologies?

Maximus freezes.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Their sublime comforts, their captivating belongings? Their delicious food?

(MORE)

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

I hear the canned oyster's are divine... I've only had the canned tuna myself.

It's almost like that first blast of a cold shower, Maximus can't help but shake.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

I imagine they were glorious, a self-sustaining paradise unlike anything else.

MAXIMUS

I was never in a--

QUINTUS

Knight Titus's armor came with a tracker, all of our models are retrofitted with one.

MAXIMUS

Sir I--

QUINTUS

There's no need to explain yourself. Once you came to the surface we knew where you were...

A million questions swirl in Maximus's head. Least of all is why is he still alive? Or why didn't they come for him? Quintus lays a hand on Maximus's shoulder.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

Come with me.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, ARMORY - NIGHT

Maximus's armor hanging in its station. Quintus and Maximus stand under it.

QUINTUS

Truthfully, this model wasn't built incredibly well. A plethora of weak-points, a myriad a flaws, no redundancy, over reinforced in the wrong places. It's is like those old automobiles that would survive a crash but kill all the passengers.

(MORE)

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

All these gnawing, incessant flaws
perpetuated by a survivorship bias.
Do you know what this?

MAXIMUS

No sir.

QUINTUS

It's when you look to the survivors
to see how to survive.

MAXIMUS

I'm sorry sir, but I fail to see
the flaw.

QUINTUS

Than you're no wiser than then men
who built this tin can.

Quintus knocks a hollow part of the plates.

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

The flaw is not studying the suits
that didn't make it back to base.

Maximus understands.

MAXIMUS

Then you would know where to
increase the steel. Where the weak-
points are.

QUINTUS

The brotherhood is no different. We
study those we exterminate, see how
they were conquered. If, in the
end, we were the weaker opponent--

MAXIMUS

--We know where our weak-point are.

Quintus stands back, looking at the shabby hunk of scrap.

QUINTUS

I must say, you did a terrible job
with that armor. In fact, you are
the least capable pupil I've ever
seen. Most of our latrine scribes
are better suited for missions than
you.

MAXIMUS

But they lack something I have.

QUINTUS
And what would that be exactly?

MAXIMUS
A symbol.

Quintus nods and looks at the beaten down armor, the bear claw scars faintly etched under the new paint.

QUINTUS
And a powerful symbol at that.

They stand a moment and gaze at the armor. Quintus leaves without a word. Maximus stands staring at his new life, but he can't help but think about a different future.

MAXIMUS
Sir?

Maximus turns, Quintus has stopped in the vault doorway.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)
Sir?

QUINTUS
Go on.

MAXIMUS
How far do our trackers go?

Quintus turns away, leaving Maximus with his armor. He looks at his own reflection in the eye piece, a drop of blood distorts his face.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 2

The end of: [Marty Robbins - "El Paso" fades to its close]

ACT 3

FADE IN:

EXT. QUARRY JUNCTION, GUARD OUTPOST - DAY

The flat desert becomes suddenly rocky. A small shed is all that stands between the dry boulders in the distance.

Lucy turns up the volume on her Pip-Boy's radio.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
 You're listening to Radio New Vegas, your little jukebox in the Mojave Wasteland. I'm Mr. New Vegas, and I'm here for you. It's just about time to get you some news.

The Ghoul has stopped about 30 feet from the shack.

MR. NEW VEGAS (V.O.)
 It's just about time to get you some news... Several witnesses report a Vertibird flying in from the Northeast. One of them, using binoculars, claimed it was being flown by a group of old--

Lucy stops and turns off her radio. She stares at The Ghoul as he doesn't move. He gives an Eastwood scowl before slowly lowering his bags. He then raises his gun.

MALE VOICE
 Don't Shoot!

BOB--old as dirt, in nothing more than rags, comes out with his hands up.

BOB
 Don't shoot me please! I'm unarmed.

The Ghoul doesn't lower his gun.

BOB (CONT'D)
 You should turn back.

THE GHOUL
 Last time I checked, I was the one with the gun... and a pair of pants.

BOB
 Turn back. You'll die if you don't.

The Ghoul cocks his pistol. Lucy steps forward and tries to lower his weapon.

LUCY
 Let's take this from the top... Hi, I'm Lucy!

BOB
 Hi Lucy! My friends call me Bob.

THE GHOUL
Where are your friends now?

BOB
In there.

Bob points behind him.

BOB (CONT'D)
They're dead.

THE GHOUL
Now why is that exactly?

BOB
Because they didn't listen to me.
They went back there.

Bob points behind him again.

LUCY
I see.

BOB
Everybody knows you don't go there.

Again, Bob points behind him.

Lucy lets go of The Ghoul. After a moment he holsters his weapon. Bob puts his arms down and then walks into his shed. Lucy walks over to the shed. Just past the only door is a faint line drawn in the sand. As Lucy tries to find Bob, her foot slightly grazes the line.

Bob jumps out.

BOB (CONT'D)
DON'T CROSS THE LINE!

A bullet knocks through the door, nearly taking Bob's head off. Bob is shaken, he looks at his would-be attacker.

THE GHOUL
As you were.

The Ghoul watches closely as he reloads.

LUCY
I apologize for my friend, he's
very protective.

BOB
I understand, I was--AM, the same
way. My-my-friends didn't listen.

LUCY

I'm sorry.

BOB

They didn't listen to me and now they're dead. That's why I stay here! Right here! So no one else goes in there.

LUCY

What's in there?

BOB

Deathclaws.

The Ghoul stops in his tracks. For once his glance, the confidence in his stride, falls to the floor.

LUCY

Deathclaws?

BOB

Deathclaws.

Bob mimics their claws with his hands as best he can.

The Ghoul looks out into the quarry. Could those monsters still exist? No, impossible--the old man is crazy.

THE GHOUL

Well, I guess we'll take our chances.

BOB

NO! That's what my friends said!

Bob lunges at The Ghoul.

BOB (CONT'D)

I won't let you!

The Ghoul side steps and Bob falls to the ground. As he strains to get up, Lucy sees his bare, sandy, asscrack for a second too long. She turns away and follows The Ghoul who is already past Bob's line.

Eventually, Bob gets up and sees the two heading for Quarry Junction.

BOB (CONT'D)

(With a sigh)

Shit... Well, I tried.

Bob WHISTLES as he goes back to his shed.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUARRY JUNCTION, CHASM MOUTH - DAY

The depth of the stone quarry is impressive, terraced strata seem to go a mile down. Various industrial buildings cased in sheet metal stand in differing states of disrepair. There's an ever so faint ROAR in the distance.

At the mouth of the chasm, The Ghoul motions for Lucy to go first.

Lucy enters, The Ghoul taking careful, quiet steps behind her. She notices his uncharacteristic hesitation.

They slowly make their way down to the first level.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUARRY JUNCTION, UPPER REFINERY - DAY

Of all the buildings, this group is the most intact. Lucy gazes at an old conveyor belt. Pistol drawn, The Ghoul scans the surroundings. He braces against a wall and rapidly turns to clear the room. Nothing. He repeats for another building. Nothing. He moves to the next. Nothing. Maybe it's all in his head.

The Ghoul walks over to the largest building, the refinery. He opens the door. His eyes are stricken with terror. As he backs out slowly, a massive egg shakes slightly.

Lucy checks her Pip-Boy, there's a radiation spike coming from The Ghoul's direction, seemingly nothing abnormal.

LUCY

So what are *Deathclaws*?

THE GHOUL

Shhh.

LUCY

What?

The Ghoul pounces on her with a knife to her throat and a hand over her mouth.

THE GHOUL

(In a whisper)

Calm. Blink twice if you're calm.

Lucy blinks twice.

THE GHOUL (CONT'D)

I need you to be quiet. Blink twice
if you understand.

Lucy blinks twice.

The Ghoul lets go. He makes three subsequent hand gestures, they are as follows: 1) He points to a rock. 2) He makes a walking gesture with his fingers. 3) He holds his index finger to his lips.

Lucy nods.

They carefully walk behind the cover of the selected boulder. They sit in silence for a while. Lucy waves at The Ghoul. She points to her self then makes a talking gesture with her hand. The Ghoul shakes his head. After a moment, The Ghoul taps his ear hole and then points up. Lucy listens. Nothing. She shrugs. The Ghoul gestures for her to wait.

They wait some time. Just before Lucy is about to speak, a distant CHATTER echoes from the mouth of the chasm. Within a few moments, it's intelligible.

POWDER GANGER #4

Split up, Sparky said that ghoul
should be here somewhere.

POWDER GANGER #5

Yeah yeah!

POWDER GANGER #6

And the pretty lady?

POWDER GANGER #5

Yeah yeah!

POWDER GANGER #4

Her too. And be careful! Just kill
them, don't break any of the chems,
ok?

POWDER GANGER #5

Yeah yeah!

Lucy peaks over the boulder. She counts six of them.

POWDER GANGER #4

Whatcha looking at me for? Go find
em!

POWDER GANGER #5

Yeah yeah!

They run off in each direction. Lucy notices The Ghoul hasn't moved.

LUCY

(In a soft whisper)

Hey...

The Ghoul looks intently.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What about them?

THE GHOUL

They're dead already.

Lucy can't figure what has gotten into him. She shakes it off and looks back over the boulder. She watches the gang's every move.

The Powder Gangers kick down doors gung-ho. After a while only the one giving orders is still visible. Lucy grabs her pistol, now's her chance.

A SCREAM echoes from across the level. From behind the refinery two gang members come running. One trips and rolls over in terror. Behind them an 8 foot tall juvenile Deathclaw tramples the fallen gang member. Their torso turning into mist as their limbs fly in the air. Within seconds, the Deathclaw catches up to the other gang member and takes a quick swipe at him, cleanly slicing him in two.

Lucy jumps back in shock. She slumps behind the boulder next to The Ghoul. Behind them, countless SCREAMS of agony and terror surround them. The Ghoul tries to still his breathing.

POWDER GANGER #5 (O.S.)

YEAH YEAH!

The Deathclaw picks up the last gang member.

POWDER GANGER #5 (CONT'D)

YEAH YEAH! YEAH YEAH!

It bites his head off.

No more screams. Nothing but the nasal RESPIRATION of the Deathclaw. Lucy and The Ghoul are still. They don't move a muscle until they hear the Deathclaw walk back to it's lair.

LUCY
So that's a Deathclaw.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. QUARRY JUNCTION, UPPER REFINERY - NIGHT

They haven't moved. Lucy is asleep. The Ghoul wide awake. He stands slowly and checks his surroundings.

He pats Lucy, she wakes.

THE GHOUL
I've heard they're not nocturnal.
And possibly cold-blooded. If we're
gonna get out of here, now's our
chance.

LUCY
Okey-Dokey then.

They emerge from behind the boulder. Lucy looks at the splattered corpses of the Powder Gangers, arranged in a morbid, wasteland-riff on Jackson Pollock.

THE GHOUL
Step where I step.

Walking on eggshells, Lucy follows The Ghouls movements exactly. Slowly but surely, they pass the refinery.

The Ghoul peaks into the refinery door, the Deathclaw eggshell has hatched. The Ghoul swallows any hope of an easy night as he continues ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUARRY JUNCTION, MID LEVEL - NIGHT

The spiraling terrance winds deeper and deeper into the earth. Each pit, each empty malebolge holding certain death at any moment.

As The Ghoul and Lucy tip-toe, the horns of a sleeping Deathclaw move slightly with each noisy BREATH.

The Ghoul hears the deadly snoring but doesn't dare look, he knows seeing, or even shooting those things won't help, if one finds him, there's nothing he can do anyway, he just keeps one foot in front of the other.

Lucy still has a faint but albeit stalwart sense of hope. She looks to her left.

A pack of Deathclaws sleep curled together, a tightly circling, guarding something. She looks back to The Ghoul and steps in each trailing footprint.

From above, the heart of this inferno sleeps below them.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUARRY JUNCTION, LOWER CORE - NIGHT

No buildings survive this deep in the quarry, only large, unrefined chunks of ore offer any cover. With a low RUMBLE, something shakes the ground every now and then.

The Ghoul feels the shake and stops. Lucy bumps into him. He turns, and if looks could kill--Lucy apologize with a smile. The ground SHAKES again. They look around for the cause. This place seems eerily empty. No obvious Deathclaws in sight.

The Ghoul looks intently. Only discolored rocks in the moonlight. The ground SHAKES, but he notices that in the center of the pit, the rocks move up, then down with the SHAKING. At the farthest edge of the pit, The Ghoul spots a ladder out of the pit and to the other side.

They slowly make their way around the side of the rock wall. As they near the center they see that the rocks, the ground itself seem to BREATHE. Oddly, what looks like a tree branch is sticking out of the ground at a 45 degree angle.

Lucy's curiosity gets the best of her, she turns on her Pip-Boy light, The Ghoul slowly backs away. The light shines on the tree, but it doesn't look like bark, more like some kind of ivory. She moves the light down the trunk towards the uprooted bottom. The rocky, exposed ground is a viridescent shade of green and black. Lucy gets closer.

It's not rock, it's scales.

That's an eye-lid.

Lucy turns off her light. The creature EXHALES, this nearly knocks Lucy off her feet. She looks and sees The Ghoul is long gone, almost to the ladder on the other side.

Lucy tries to wave to him, he doesn't notices as he starts to climb the ladder. Lucy backs up, looking for The Ghouls tracks.

The Ghoul looks up, just a few more steps and the worst is almost over.

Lucy steps carefully around the super-sized Deathclaw, there's no telling how big this thing is, and she is not eager to find out.

A metallic CREAKING is like nails on a chalkboard.

The ladder crumples slightly under The Ghoul's weight.

A glowing eye opens, the ground SHAKES violently.

The matriarch of the nest, the MOTHER DEATHCLAW stands on two legs. Rocks the size of cars fall around the near 50-foot creature.

It turns slowly to look at the source of the noise. The Ghoul doesn't move. The mother leans in, it's face in striking distance from The Ghoul. It's exhale nearly knocks him off the ladder. It straightens its posture and ROARS. Like hungry wolves, a chorus of echoing deathclaw ROARS encase the pit with a sense of impending doom.

Like streaming ants, Deathclaws of all sizes converge on their location. Some crawling, other running, no living human has seen so many in such organized numbers and let alone live to talk about it.

Lucy watches in horror. The Ghoul looks climbs out of the pit. He looks back at Lucy. He takes one step up the hill towards the exit. Lucy sees his silhouette disappear behind the ridge, that's it--he's left her for dead. The Ghoul hears the Deathclaws and stops. He shakes his head, does he really just leave her there?

Lucy looks around, she notices the deathclaws circle around the pit, going around the sides, they aren't coming for her--the Mother hasn't noticed her yet.

Lucy resumes sneaking around the edges.

The Ghoul makes of his mind.

THE GHOUL

Fuck it.

He pulls out his pistol and turns around. Behind him, a Deathclaw blocks his exit.

Lucy hears GUNSHOTS. The Mother ROARS. Lucy falls to her feet. Lucy picks her head up and sees massive eggs. She looks up at the Mother and then back to the eggs.

THE GHOUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Over HERE! Over HERE!

The Ghoul runs, shooting high explosives and smoke screens behind him.

THE GHOUL (CONT'D)
Come on... Come on...

A GROWLING deathclaw makes him stop in his tracks. The Ghoul raises his gun. He fires. It CLICKS. The Deathclaw kicks its heel like a bull ready to charge. It pounces. There's a mighty ROAR. The Ghoul braces for the end. Nothing. He's still alive. The Deathclaw hasn't moved. The Ghoul looks behind him, the pack of Deathclaws hasn't moved either. He looks down into the pit.

There's Lucy, she's holding a Deathclaw egg above her head. The Mother watches Lucy carefully. Lucy slowly walks towards the ladder. She puts the egg in her backpack, the top doesn't quite fit, poking out slightly. Lucy climbs the ladder, at least a hundred deathclaws watching her every move.

The Ghoul gives her a hand with the last step, pulling her up to the exit path. They look at the horde staring at them.

LUCY
Thank you for coming back for me.

THE GHOUL
Now's not the time to get all
sweet.

Lucy retrieves the egg from her pack and places it on the ground.

THE GHOUL (CONT'D)
Wait what are you--

LUCY
Shhh.

THE GHOUL
What?

LUCY
Blink twice if you're calm.

The Ghoul blinks twice. He watches as Lucy lets go of the egg. The Mother GRUNTS. A large Deathclaw, well over 10 feet tall walks over to them. It looks at the egg and picks it up gently between it's claws. The Mother ROARS, all the other Deathclaws ROAR.

Lucy and The Ghoul watch as they disperse back to their dens, except for the Mother who stares back at Lucy. Lucy bows her head and starts walks to the exit. The Ghoul watches the Mother as it mimics Lucy's gesture and then walks back to its nest.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

Rapid GUNFIRE rains.

MALE VOICE
GET DOWN!! GET DOWN!!

FADE IN:

EXT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, TEST RANGE - DAY

Maximus breathes heavily in his helmet. Sudden impacts shake his skull.

In the power armor, Maximus runs through what looks like a minefield, each step detonating an explosive. Bullets pepper his backside as he exerts great energy with each painful stride.

In front of him, live targets pop-up: prisoners tied to metal poles. Maximus raises his rifle but hesitates.

FLASHBACK:

Maximus sees himself as a kid in the aftermath of Shady Sands. He sees that beautiful, shining suit of armor. The hero he wanted to be. The savior that never was.

BACK TO SCENE

Maximus runs past the targets. The drill instructor KNIGHT VITELLIUS shakes his head.

VITELLIUS (O.S.)
Shoot the targets!

Maximus crashes through a brick wall, the foundations shake.

MAXIMUS

No--

The building collapsing on him.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, BATHS - MOMENTS LATER

Maximus stands half-naked in a dirty pool. Two brotherhood INITIATES wash him with rags. Vitellius stands over them.

VITELLIUS

Time trail: fail. Ordnance
Endurance: fail. Marksmanship...

Maximus thinks about the scared faces used for target practice.

VITELLIUS (CONT'D)

Fail.

Maximus jumps. One of the initiates pulls a small piece of shrapnel from his thigh.

INITIATE #1

I'm sorry Lord Maximus!!

The initiate grovels in the sludge.

INITIATE #1 (CONT'D)

Please forgive me!!

MAXIMUS

It's ok... you're fine.

A relieved sigh escapes from both initiates. Vitellius scowls. He motions for both initiates to exit. They do. As the first initiate climbs out, he is struck by Vitellius.

VITELLIUS

How dare you defile a Knight of the Brotherhood with you sorry fingers.

He strikes the young initiate again. Their nose breaks, gushing blood.

VITELLIUS (CONT'D)

You're lucky Maximus feels generous. You're lucky to still have that horrid finger.

INITIATE #1
Please Lord Maximus. Accept my
finger as a token of my regret.

MAXIMUS
No that's unnecessary--

Maximus looks at Vitellius, then to the young one. The child
is fearing for their life.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)
--I mean, I don't want your
disgusting finger.

He strikes the initiate.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)
Get out of my site before I decide
to have you flogged.

The initiate leaves. The remaining initiate wraps his Lord
Maximus in a towel, and then leaves before he can get himself
in any unwanted trouble. Vitellius waits for the two young
ones to leave.

VITELLIUS
You're too soft.

Maximus exits the pool.

VITELLIUS (CONT'D)
I don't know what Quintus sees in
you. Not one knight has ever failed
our test range, until today.

Maximus looks at the small blotch of blood on the ground.

VITELLIUS (CONT'D)
Back to your quarters, we have much
to work on with you...

Vitellius storms off.

MAXIMUS
Lord Vitellius?

VITELLIUS (O.S.)
What!

MAXIMUS
It's the suit.

Vitellius walks back to the pool.

VITELLIUS

The what?

MAXIMUS

The suit, it's unresponsive, not the same as before. Something is wrong with it. The armor wasn't repaired correctly, parts are over-reinforced in some places I think.

VITELLIUS

Take it up with the scribes.

Vitellius leaves in a huff.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, ARCHIVES - DAY

A small converted bunker, full of antiquated modems and dusty codices. The scribes who live here don't much see the light of day. They attend to the delicate servers and other tech, never bathing, always clad in those tacky robes that signify what kind of scribe, what order they belong to.

Maximus descends the metal steps by candle light. At the entrance hall, a SCRIBE sits at the front desk.

MAXIMUS

I'm looking for--

BROTHERHOOD SCRIBE

Brother Cassius will see you now.
Third door on you left.

Maximus hides a shocked expression.

BROTHERHOOD SCRIBE (CONT'D)

You may proceed Lord Maximus.

Maximus nods and follows the directions. He walks on the metal catwalk and takes the third door on the left.

Inside, a single computer sits on a desk. The walls are covered end to end in old books. A small rag used for a bed is laying in the corner. At the desk sits CASSIUS--it's Sgt. Baker, age has not been kind to him in the last 14 years.

CASSIUS

Welcome, Lord Maximus.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, ARMORY - DAY

Maximus stands in front of his suit of armor. Cassius inspects the armor.

CASSIUS (O.S.)
Well, I'm not seeing any abnormal
flaws.

Cassius tinkers inside the suit.

MAXIMUS
Thank you brother.

CASSIUS (O.S.)
No need. I don't get to see the sun
often, let alone power armor as
storied as this one.

MAXIMUS
Did you check the chest-plate?

CASSIUS (O.S.)
Yes, Lord Maximus.

MAXIMUS
And the greaves?

CASSIUS (O.S.)
Yes, Lord Maximus.

MAXIMUS
And the--

Cassius steps out of the suit.

CASSIUS
Why did you summon me?

MAXIMUS
The suit. It's not working, it's--

CASSIUS
I find no flaw.

MAXIMUS
Well try again.

CASSIUS
(brow raised)
There must be something else you
wish to know. You can trust me
brother.

Cassius shows his brand scars on his forearms. The matching scars are in the shape of bull horns.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

I too was a foundling. I was an elite warrior for Caesar's Legions. In truth, I miss more than the sun. I miss the din battle, the clashing of steel, the breaking of bones...

Cassius rubs the armor.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

... Watching the life drain from the enemy's eyes...

Maximus steps back.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

I sense you share a similar lust for battle? Sitting here, resting in your laurels, wasting away in *peace*.

Cassius spits.

MAXIMUS

Yes.

Cassius looks up in excitement.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

I hate this lazy existence.

CASSIUS

Good... Good... now that I know we are kindred, tell me what you really want to know.

MAXIMUS

The suits trackers, how far do they go?

Cassius nods.

CASSIUS

You're looking for someone.

Maximus pictures Lucy in his mind.

MAXIMUS

Yes.

CASSIUS

An enemy?

A life with Lucy soothes the anguish in Maximus.

MAXIMUS

Yes.

CASSIUS

Good... meet me in the archives
this night, and we shall find your
enemy.

Cassius exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, BARRACKS - EVENING

Maximus sits in his private quarters. It's cold wood floors with a crappy box spring bed--helluva lot better than what most brotherhood members have. On his nightstand, Maximus notices a new, shiny toaster.

He picks up the artifact and looks at his warped reflection. He puts down the toaster and stares into the setting sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, HANGAR - NIGHT

The constant drilling and marching has gone quiet, strict curfew and harsh punishment for those who dare break it.

Maximus may be a Lord, but it's better he not attract too much attention. He walks quietly, observing his surroundings carefully.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC

Hail Lord Maximus.

MAXIMUS

Hail.

They pass each other nonchalantly.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC (O.S.)

Why are you not in you chambers
brother?

Maximus turns slowly.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC (CONT'D)

It is dark and a Knight should
rest, my Lord.

MAXIMUS

I will do as I please.

BROTHERHOOD CLERIC

Yes--yes, my Lord. Apologies.

The cleric bows and resumes his night watch. Maximus breathes
a relieved sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD BASE, ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Maximus descends into the bunker. The scribe at the front
desk is asleep.

MAXIMUS

(quietly to himself)
Third door on the left.

Maximus carefully makes his way to Cassius's room. As he
opens the door, he notices that no one's home.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

...Cassius--

A knife is held to his throat.

CASSIUS

Oh, Lord Maximus...

Cassius lets him go.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Apologies my Lord, I was unable to
confirm it was you. Although
letting your guard down so easily
is nothing to brush aside.

MAXIMUS

Is there a reason I should have my
guard up?

CASSIUS

A Knight should never let his guard
down.

Cassius sheaths the knife in his long sleeved robe.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

A lesson for another time. Follow me.

Cassius walks out of the room.

Cassius leads Maximus deeper into the archives. Countless scribes sit meditating, reading ancient, pre-war tomes, inputting endless data on out-dated modems.

At the end of the hall is a large locked door. Cassius inputs a long string of numbers into the number pad. The door unlatches and they walk through.

Inside, long rows of stacked servers blink tiny bursts of light. In the center of the complex array is a central terminal. Cassius begins to interface with the massive computer.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

What battle did your suit fight in?

MAXIMUS

The battle for Griffith Observatory.

CASSIUS

Of course! I should have guessed.

Cassius types in the parameters.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Here. This is the list of Knights who fought in that battle.

A list of names appears.

MAXIMUS

Show me the casualties.

Most of the Knights names remain.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

Now show me the one's who's suits were recovered.

CASSIUS

I'm afraid all the suits were recovered--

MAXIMUS

Just run it.

One name disappears from the list.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

Go back!

The name comes back: COMMODUS.

CASSIUS

Interesting. We reclaimed Lord Commodus's body but not his suit. A clerical error, but a massive oversight. Well done Lord Maximus.

MAXIMUS

Where is the suit now.

CASSIUS

Let me see...

Cassius searches.

CASSIUS (CONT'D)

Last known vital readings... New Vegas. New Vegas?

The memories flood back to Cassius who steps away from the terminal. Maximus looks at the coordinates. In the heart of the strip.

MAXIMUS

Cassius?

Cassius looks at Maximus.

MAXIMUS (CONT'D)

But wouldn't the Elders know this too? Why haven't they made an attempt to retrieve the armor.

CASSIUS

The wisdom and plans of our Elders exceeds our understandings. If I were you, I would keep this discovery to myself.

Maximus stares at the terminal.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 4

EXT. NEW VEGAS OUTSKIRTS - DAWN

Lucy and The Ghoul reach the summit of the crater. Below, New Vegas shimmers in the morning sun.

They make a slow descent towards the walled strip of crumbling casinos. There's not another soul in sight. Not even a gecko or a radsorpion. Nothing but dust and tumble weeds as they walk the final stretch.

ROBOT VOICE (O.S.)

Two-hundred and twenty million,
seven-hundred and two thousand, and
three-hundred and ninety-eight
grains of sand.

They stop, looking for the source of the voice.

ROBOT VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Two-hundred and twenty million,
seven-hundred and two thousand, and
three-hundred and ninety-nine
grains of sand.

Lucy spots a metallic frame glistening behind a small boulder. She gestures with her head, The Ghoul sees it to. They walk over cautiously.

ROBOT VOICE (CONT'D)

Two-hundred and twenty million,
seven-hundred and two thousand, and
four-hundred grains of sand. Wow!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW VEGAS STRIP, LUCKY 38 CASINO - EVENING

The once bustling strip is nearly totally barren, only sparse Rob-Co Securitrans stand on an eternal *qui vive*. Most of the TV screens in the robot's center body-frame flicker static, white noise.

At the base of the imposing casino doors, HANK MACLEAN, still wearing the stolen power armor, stands looking at the security camera. He notices it is switched on and follows his every move.

HANK

Mr. Robert House? It's me, Hank
Maclean. I work for Vault-Tec. We
met some years ago. I was--

Through a blaring PA, a voice talks to Hank.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Hank. I do not allow any
weapons or power armor in my
casino. Please remove any such
violations before entering. My
Securitrons will take care of your
belongings in the meantime.

Hank steps out of the suit and the doors open. He walks
inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY 38, LOBBY - EVENING

Hank dusts himself off.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)
Please make your way to the
elevator if you wish to have a
meeting with me.

Hank walks through the empty slot machines, tables and bars.
At the elevator is a small terminal.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please input your identification
number.

Machine gun sentries lower from the ceiling.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do make sure to avoid a typo. I can
assure you that any mistake will be
quite costly.

Hank sees a couple skeletons pushed aside to the corner of
the room. Hank slowly inputs his employee ID number. The
sentries go back up into the ceiling. The elevator door
opens.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY 38, PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Hank exits the elevator.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)

You'll have to excuse my manners. One cannot be too careful these days. Unlike you, who I assume had the luxury of a cryosleep, I have been conscious the last 200 years.

Hanks takes a look at the desolate view.

MR. HOUSE (CONT'D)

You must also forgive me if I do not remember you Hank.

HANK

I was an executive--

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)

That is irrelevant.

HANK

I see. Well thank you Robert for your hospitality, really.

Mr. House does not respond.

HANK (CONT'D)

Well you see I came here because--

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)

That is also irrelevant.

HANK

Got it.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)

Why do you think I let you into my home Hank?

Hank thinks for a second. Before he can speak Mr. House interrupts him.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Whatever reason you are thinking is irrelevant. The reason is because I have suffered a minor setback as of late.

HANK

Well I can sure help with that. I am an executive--

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)
 Good. Follow the lights to the
 large steel door. I would like to
 talk with you personally.

Hank follows the lights in the ceiling, they lead him to a
 pair of large steel doors that open at his approach.

HANK
 What seems to be the problem
 Robert?

Hank walks into the chamber, it's dark. He turns on his Pip-
 Boy light. Everything he shines his light on is broken,
 ruined, shattered.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.)
 Oh, nothing that can't solved by
 such a bright star of Vault-Tec...
 it't only that--

Hank walks to end of the room. He sees an old, shriveled
 corpse lying on the floor.

MR. HOUSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --I'm dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW VEGAS OUTSKIRTS - DAWN

Lucy and The Ghoul round the boulder, a half-buried
 Securitron points out into the endless desert.

ROBOT VOICE
 Two-hundred and twenty million,
 seven-hundred and two thousand, and
 four-hundred and one grain of sand.

They roll the Securitron onto its back. The friendly smile on
 the TV screen is none other than YES MAN.

YES MAN
 Boy!! Am I sure glad to see you!

CUT TO BLACK.

[Eddy Arnold - "What's He Doing in My World" starts playing]

END OF EPISODE