

Shockwave  
by  
Doug Bradshaw

Original Screenplay

Doug Bradshaw  
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5.6d (sample)

Writing sample from original screenplay: **SHOCKWAVE.**

Pages 16-22.

EXT. NEAR EARTH SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

The EM Shockwave smashes through the Eastern Hemisphere with a FLASH. Satellites EXPLODE, short out or are knocked off course, spinning them out into space. The Hubble Space Telescope goes black. NASA goes into emergency mode.

INT. BEN'S LAB - DAY - SAME TIME

Ben is at his computer. Spock starts running in circles, WHINING and HOWLING.

BEN

Yo! Spock! Chill out...

INT. PHILIPPINE AIRLINER - NIGHT (MANILA TIME) - SAME TIME

Plane cruises. Passengers sleep. Pilots chat and drink tea. Then, a lightning fast FLASH. Fire explodes from control panels. The plane is plunged into darkness.

Teacups drop. Fire extinguishers are grabbed. Crew scrambles through checklists, to no avail. The plane's dead in the air.

It goes into a DIVE. Passengers wake to their worst nightmare. SCREAMS and SHRIEKS as it hurtles downward.

EXT. ASIAN CITIES - NIGHT (MANILA TIME) - SAME TIME

The EM Shockwave hits. Power stations EXPLODE. Blackouts race through East Asian cities.

INT. BEN'S LAB - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Spock is frantically HOWLING.

BEN

What's up with you?

A power surge dims the lights and Ben's computer. Spock scoots under Ben's feet. Ben's mind is working.

INT. NORTH AMERICAN AEROSPACE DEFENSE COMMAND (NORAD) - DAY

Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado. GEN. JIM HAWKINS (60 years old) bursts into the COMMAND CENTER. He's a cold war relic. Still built like a linebacker. A "throwback" to a bygone era.

He demands a "Sit-Rep" (Situation Report) from a MAJOR (40's). A COMMUNICATIONS LIEUTENANT (late 20's) mans his station.

GEN. HAWKINS

Sit-Rep!

MAJOR

Sir! We've lost contact with every military base, installation and ship West of Honolulu, and East of the USS George Washington Task Force, on station in the Indian. GW reports normal "ops," except for a momentary, unexplained electrical surge. We experienced a similar surge at roughly the same time. We've also lost contact with over 10 satellites that were in orbit over Eastern Asia and the Pacific.

GEN. HAWKINS

Gentlemen, we are now at DEFCON-4.

The screen that shows the US nuclear "**Defense Condition**" drops from DEFCON-5 (Peacetime) to DEFCON-4. DEFCON-1 is war.

GEN. HAWKINS (cont'd)

Major, have you been able to re-establish using a hardened line?

MAJOR

Negative, Sir. Hard-line failure.

GEN. HAWKINS

What are the Aussies saying?

MAJOR

Nothing, Sir. We can't raise them either. If they're transmitting, we're not receiving.

COMMUNICATIONS LIEUTENANT

That's an entire continent.

GEN. HAWKINS

Secure it, Lieutenant. What about the Japanese?

MAJOR

Nothing, Sir.

GEN. HAWKINS

Let me get this right, there was an electrical event-- now we're blind from Pearl to the Indian, and we have no contact with half the Pacific fleet or **any** friendlies over there?

MAJOR

Yes, Sir! I've got nothing.

GEN. HAWKINS

Shit. Scramble the 509th and 477th air wings. Inform nuclear forces, I'm dropping us to DEFCON-3. Major, have you been able to detect any evidence of missile launch?

The early warning launch monitoring SBIRS (Space-Based Infrared System) shows just static in East Asia.

MAJOR

No, Sir. East Asian SBIRS is down. We are completely blind there. No intel on possible missile launch.

GEN. HAWKINS

Get it working, Major!

MAJOR

Yes, Sir! Lieutenant, initiate reboot sequence of primary system and attempt to re-route secondary network through Europe.

GEN. HAWKINS

Contact NATO. Find out if they can see anything.

EXT. US MILITARY BASES - DAY - SAME TIME

US military forces are scrambling.

INT. NORAD - COMMAND CENTER - DAY - MINUTES LATER

GEN. HAWKINS

Major?!

MAJOR

Sir! Satellites are not responding. I am unable to initiate startup, or even contact!

GEN. HAWKINS

Damn it. Scramble remaining air wings... Seven minutes to Pearl. 10 to Elmendorf. Put those "count downs" on the Big Screen. Contact both, and keep them on the line... I'm taking us to DEFCON-2. Seal The Mountain... Get me the President...

MAJOR

Yes, Sir. Bombers instructed to proceed to their "Fail Safes."

MPs secure the Command Center. The gravity of the situation hits. Nervous eyes dart around the room.

EXT. NORAD - DAY - SAME TIME

Outside the mountain fortress-- SIRENS, LIGHTS and the closing of the steel vault door indicate a deepening crisis.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA STEEL MILL - DAY

The PRESIDENT is on a stage giving a speech.

PRESIDENT

My father told me, it's okay to fight when you know you're right. And you, U.S. Steel, you've done just that!

The crowd CHEERS. JACK STILES (40's), the President's Chief of Staff, sits behind him. MEYERS (40's) Special-Agent-In-Charge (SAIC), sits beside him. Stiles is a "sharp as a tack," no-nonsense, SOB. His Blackberry starts vibrating. He answers it with the speed of a gunslinger.

STILES

Stiles...

(listening)

Shit.

(grabs Meyers)

Meyers, we have a situation. DEFCON-2. On my order: Bring the motorcade around, get "Bulldog" in The Beast, and get me "The Football." Go.

Stiles and Meyers JUMP into action. They flank the President. Meyers, talking into his sleeve radio, awaits the "Go" order.

PRESIDENT

Let's hear it for U.S. Steel!

Crowd CHEERS. Stiles covers the microphone and WHISPERS. The President's face turns GRAVELY SERIOUS. They trade looks.

STILES

Mr. President, I need to get you  
airborne, ASAP.

The President finally turns back to the crowd.

PRESIDENT

Okay, okay... Ummm, take care. I  
won't forget you! Thank you. Thank  
you! Go U.S. Steel!

STILES

Go!

Meyers and OTHER SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, weapons drawn, whisk  
the President from the stage. The local high school band  
jerkily starts playing, "HAIL TO THE CHIEF."

The stunned crowd lets out a CONFUSED CHEER as four black  
Secret Service Suburbans and two black armored limousines  
pull up.

"Bulldog" is thrown into his limo, aka "The Beast." The  
Military Aide, COL. BRICE (50's) with metal brief case  
clutched tight, follows him in.

The motorcade SCREECHES off.

PRESIDENT

DEFCON-2?! What the Hell is going  
on out there?

COL. BRICE

Mr. President, I have the football.

STILES

Mr. President, Gen. Hawkins has  
requested launch code  
authorization.

PRESIDENT

Launch codes?! What?! Get him on  
the God damned line!...  
(shaking his head)  
Hawkins... God help us...

Col. Brice is on a phone to Air Force One.

COL. BRICE

Jenkins, this is Brice. We have  
Bulldog.

(MORE)

COL. BRICE (cont'd)  
 Expect arrive your locale nine  
 miles. Clear for immediate  
 departure. Copy?

CAPT. JENKINS (V.O.)  
 Brice, this is Jenkins, Roger that.  
 You've got Bulldog. Big Bird is  
 "Go." Awaiting your arrival on  
 runway 2-Niner. Priority one. Tower  
 has been notified.

EXT. AIR FORCE ONE ON TARMAC - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The motorcade SCREECHES to a halt. The President boards and  
 Air Force One immediately rolls out and takes off.

CAPT. JENKINS (V.O.)  
 Air Force One, wheels up.

Air Force One is joined by an escort of F-16's.

INT. NORAD - COMMAND CENTER - DAY - SAME TIME

MAJOR  
 Sir, re-routed eyes are coming back  
 online.

GEN. HAWKINS  
 And...?

MAJOR  
 Tracking zero, repeat, zero inbound  
 missiles, bandits or bogies, Sir!  
 Negative missile launch. Negative  
 heat plumes. Confirm. Negative  
 incoming, Sir!

COMMUNICATIONS LIEUTENANT  
 General, I have the President.

GEN. HAWKINS  
 Tell him to hold on... Honolulu--  
 you still with me?

HONOLULU (V.O.)  
 Yes, Sir! Still here. Radar is live  
 again. Shows negative incoming,  
 Sir! Say again-- negative incoming!

COMMUNICATIONS LIEUTENANT  
 Sir, I have Admiral Hutchinson for  
 you. He's visiting aboard the USS  
 George Washington.

GEN. HAWKINS

Troy! What in the Hell is going on out there?

EXT./INT. USS GEORGE WASHINGTON - SAME TIME (DAWN)

ADMIRAL TROY T. HUTCHINSON, Commander, U.S. Pacific Command.

ADMIRAL HUTCHINSON

I don't know what the Hell it was, Jim. I've never seen anything like it before. Our best guess is it was some type of EM pulse.

GEN. HAWKINS

High altitude nuke burst?

ADMIRAL HUTCHINSON

Don't think so. We're not detecting any radiation... My call, it was not a nuke...

GEN. HAWKINS

Gentlemen... Stand down from DEFCON-2. We'll hold at DEFCON-3 for now. And Major, I want to keep those bombers circling **near** their "Fail Safes." At least until I get to the bottom of this...

(beat)

And someone call the Russkies, and tell them it's okay to change their underwear.

MAJOR

Yes, Sir.

A SIGH of relief from the men. Hawkins grabs the phone.

GEN. HAWKINS

Mr. President, we do not believe we are under attack.

PRESIDENT

My God...