

# FALLOUT

Episode 201

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Based on the Video Game

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TITLE CARD: **THE MAN WHO KNEW**

1                   **EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY - ESTABLISHING (FLASHBACK)**                   1

*Downtown LOS ANGELES, before the bombs dropped.*

*MR. HANDY (O.S.)  
Could I help you have a better day?*

2                   **EXT. UNION HALL PARKING LOT - DAY (201.A1)**                   2

*HANDHELD CAMERA INSIDE AN ANGRY MOB:*

*A sparking MR HANDY unit is being bashed by baseball bats on the ground. We see a crowd of protestors, some holding angry protest signs.*

*ROBERT HOUSE (O.S.)  
Our primary concern at RobCo  
Industries is creating greater  
efficiency in the workplace.*

*ANGRY ROARS from the crowd as they tear the robot apart.*

*MR. HANDY  
Could I h-h-help you -*

3                   **INT. UNION BAR - DAY (201.C1/D1)**                   3

*A 4:3 BLACK & WHITE TV BROADCAST in the vein of CHARLIE ROSE plays on a TV behind a bar. **ROBERT HOUSE** smokes a cigarette.*

*ROBERT HOUSE (ON TV)  
If the American government needs a  
hand in settling our more  
international disputes, well they  
know who to call...*

*BILL (O.S.)  
Goddamn parasite is what he is!*

*A HANDFUL OF UNION GUYS in work jackets watching. **BILL** yells at the TV.*

*BILL (CONT'D)  
We didn't vote for this dumb  
maggot!*

(CONTINUED)

ERROL (O.S.)

Oh, yes we did.

The room turns to take in a DAPPER MAN sitting in the corner.  
We'll call him **ERROL**.

ERROL (CONT'D)

Every dollar spent is a vote cast.  
And that fellow right there? He has  
more votes than every one of those  
panheaded politicians in  
Washington.

BILL

You his biggest fan or something?

We push in on Errol. This guy is exactly who you think he is.

ERROL

(heartfelt, not wry)

Why yes. Yes, I believe I am...

(then)

And if the will of the American  
people was to endow that man with a  
significant portion of its wealth,  
well... Well, good golly, that  
can't be a bad thing, now can it?  
What trade are you in, friend?

BILL

(suspicious)

Construction.

ERROL

Ah. So you must use the H&H Nail  
Gun. It's a marvelous machine. Nice  
in the hands, smooth action. Sure  
beats using a silly old hammer,  
doesn't it? Why, I thought you'd be  
grateful.

BILL

(scoff)

Grateful...

(then)

I think you're in the wrong bar,  
pal.

ERROL

Mmm - obsolescence... It's a heck  
of a thing. You know, I try and see  
it from your perspective.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

ERROL (CONT'D)

But it's hard to imagine being so  
dim as to be caught off guard by  
the inevitable.

He's grabbed by his lapels and jerked up and out of frame...

4 **EXT. UNION BAR ALLEY - DAY (201.E1)**

4

Bill shoves Errol into an alleyway. Bill's two Union Guy  
Friends stand behind him: **DAN** and **JIM**.

ERROL

Ah. Hit me in the mouth, I think  
I'd enjoy it.

Bill punches him in the mouth. Errol is pleased.

ERROL (CONT'D)

I'm rarely wrong. But let's move  
on.

He clicks a REMOTE. The trunk of a gorgeous car opens to  
reveal:

It's full of CASH.

The Union Guys are dumbfounded.

Errol enjoys their shock.

ERROL (CONT'D)

That is 31 million dollars. Now.  
What would you do for all of that  
money?

Bill is speechless.

ERROL (CONT'D)

Short of ideas? Well that's no  
surprise. How about I offer you  
one...

He raises a BLACK BOX.

He rotates his hand, revealing... SHARP PRONGS protruding  
from the device.

ERROL (CONT'D)

Allow me to put this on the back of  
your neck.

BILL

What the hell is it?

(CONTINUED)

ERROL  
Just call it good old-fashioned  
market research.

He pulls the BLACK BOX HANDHELD MOUNTING DEVICE from his  
pocket and inserts the Black Box.

ERROL (CONT'D)  
All I'm asking you to do is to  
insert this into the back of your  
neck, and all that nice money right  
there is yours.

Bill GRABS Errol. He's had it.

BILL  
How about I break those hands  
you've never used? See if you even  
notice.

Bill turns to his pals, Dan and Jim, and grins.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Then we'll take his money.

DAN  
These fuckin' rich people are so-

But in the brief moment that Bill is looking away...

...Errol swiftly raises the device to the back of Bill's  
neck.

CHA-CHUNK. No fighting. The Black Box is just abruptly in  
Bill's neck.

Bill GASPS in pain.

Errol pulls a CONTROLLER from his pocket, with a small DIAL  
and BUTTON on it. He hits the button.

Bill freezes.

Errol takes a BAT out of his car and hands it to Bill, saying  
quietly, so only Bill can hear -

ERROL  
I'd like you to do me a small  
favor. Get rid of your friends.

DAN  
Bill? Bill...

Dan approaches Bill to check on his friend.

(CONTINUED)

*Bill brings the bat down on Dan.*

*ERROL*

*Oh, you fellas DO use the H&H Nail  
Gun!*

*Bill bludgeons Dan to death.*

*ERROL (CONT'D)*

*You should feel good about it! You  
paid for all of this.*

*Jim runs off in terror. Bill HURLS the bat at him -*

*The bat BASHES Jim in the head, and he crumples.*

*Having killed his friends, Bill turns toward Errol.*

*Errol looks alarmed.*

*Bill staggers toward him.*

*Errol cranks the dial all the way to the maximum amount, and:*

*BOOM! Bill's head explodes.*

*PUSH IN ON: Blood-splattered Errol. He smiles with pluck.*

*Bends to pick up the Black Box, still hooked to a CHUNK OF  
BILL'S FLESH. Marvels at it:*

*ERROL (CONT'D)*

*The world may end, but progress  
marches on.*

*SMASH TO BLACK.*

# FALLOUT

*A roadside motel in the Nevada desert. A T-REX STATUE towers  
over it.*

*NICK THE PRICK (O.S.)*

*Khhaaaaaans! I got something real  
excitin' for you today.*

6

**EXT. NOVAC - DAY (201.10/11)**

6

He's addressing greasy-haired locals who look on - remnants of THE KHANS. They all wear MATCHING LEATHER JACKETS.

One TOOTHY KHAN, proudly sporting The Ghoul's cattleman crown hat, puffs on an inhaler and grins.

In the constellation of various factions across the Wasteland, the Khans have taken their fair share of abuse, and it's made them dangerous.

NICK THE PRICK - 30s, post-apocalyptic rockabilly vibes, complete with the Khans biker jacket. Nick is a chem dealer by trade, and his squirrely red eyes indicate that he definitely gets high on his own supply.

NICK THE PRICK

This asshole has been tormenting us  
Khans since before your  
granddaddies were born. And  
today... Some little bounty hunter  
put him right in our fucking laps.  
So now we settle the score.  
(to The Ghoul)  
How do you feel about that?

CLOSE on **THE GHOUL's** face. He wears that familiar expression of outlaw mischief with a hint of amusement.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: The Ghoul has a noose around his neck, made of BARBED WIRE. His hands are bound in front of him.

The Ghoul stands on the diving board over the empty MOTEL POOL, a makeshift gallows behind him. A LEVER by Nick controls the diving board. One tug, and it'll drop The Ghoul.

The Ghoul is decidedly unmoved by Nick's threats. He's just taking in the scenery, playing through memories.

GHOUL

Didn't that used to be a store?

Everyone looks around, uncertain.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

I think I bought a soda pop there  
about twenty-five years back.

Nick looks at his nearby cohort and scoffs.

NICK THE PRICK

Are you about fuckin' done? We got  
some justice to-

(CONTINUED)

GHOUL

Darla! Yeah, woman behind the counter, her name was Darla. She was a reasonable woman! Then you matching jacket motherfuckers had to move in. Well, it's been nice chatting with y'all, but if it's okay with you, I'm about ready to get on with it.

Nick the Prick anxiously tries to mask his confusion.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

If you can't hear me, I'll said it louder - I said...

(louder now, for some off screen listener)

I'm about ready to get on with it!

The Ghoul glances up at the T-REX STATUE.

CAMERA FINDS **LUCY** perched in the mouth of the T-Rex alongside **DOGMEAT**, looking down the scope of a crude pipe SNIPER RIFLE. She heard The Ghoul, she's ready to take the shot - but she's having second thoughts.

The Ghoul waits... and waits...

GHOUL (CONT'D)

...To get on with it!

He SIGHS with annoyance.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Nick The Prick hits the lever and the diving board tips down, dropping The Ghoul.

SNAP.

The Ghoul starts to hang... His legs jerking involuntarily as he begins to asphyxiate.

LUCY (O.S.)

Hi, excuse me! Hi! 'Scuse me. So sorry.

Everyone whips their heads to the source of the voice.

Inside the T-Rex mouth, Lucy puts aside her sniper rifle to wave hello.

(CONTINUED)

All while the Ghoul continues to hang, barbed wire noose biting into his neck, his feet kicking.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm hoping you can settle an argument between myself and my traveling companion there.

Nick looks back and forth between Lucy and The Ghoul, unsure of what the fuck is happening.

Lucy takes a deep breath. Life on the road with The Ghoul has given Lucy a front-row seat to some violent situations... but this is still Lucy, so she has to try to find a peaceful path forward.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We are hunting down my father. Who is NOT a good guy. And on this journey, we've found ourselves in need of food and supplies. Plan A was to leave you alone and avoid this scenario altogether. But we've tried that, and I'd just start starving to death. Plan B, his idea by the way, was for me to turn him over to you, so that you would open your safe and give me the considerable bounty you've put out on him.

GHOUL

(gurgling)

Fuckin' shoot!

LUCY

The idea was, I would shoot him down, he'd take your weapons and use whatever violence necessary in order for us to escape. Which, in my experience thus far, is... It's a LOT of violence.

Nick The Prick shoots a twitchy look at The Ghoul.

LUCY (CONT'D)

So I'm really REALLY hoping you'll agree to Plan C.

NICK THE PRICK

What's Plan C?

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

You just let us go. And we keep the caps you gave me. Which, to be clear, we do need. For our survival.

Lucy gives these drugged-out murderers a strained but hopeful look that they'll see the logic here.

LUCY (CONT'D)

And just to ask the question: would it help if I said please?

BARK! from Dogmeat.

NICK THE PRICK

(calls out to the Khans)

Whoever kills the girl gets to eat the dog.

Lucy sighs as her faith in humanity is rattled yet again...

LUCY

(here we go again)

Okey-dokey.

She aims her rifle and fires...

**HITTING THE ROPE THAT IS HANGING THE GHOUL.**

The Ghoul hits the bottom of the empty pool, GASPING for air.

The Khans pull out GUNS.

Lucy yelps and ducks as BULLETS strike the statue and whiz around her head. She pulls Dogmeat back, deeper into the T-Rex, as BULLETS continue to strike the massive statue's plaster TEETH.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Ah jeez.

The Ghoul lifts his leg. He pulls a little two-shot DERRINGER PISTOL out of his boot.

The Ghoul empties his derringer with two quick shots into TWO KHANS.

A right eye hit. A left eye hit.

He tosses aside the derringer and wriggles out of his bonds, scans the area in search of a new gun.

(CONTINUED)

GHOUL  
Fuckin' amateur.

Lucy sees KHANS taking aim at The Ghoul. She fires into the hood of a nearby car.

The car EXPLODES, sending the Khans scrambling.

The Ghoul yanks off his BARBED WIRED NOOSE and uses it as a lasso.

The Ghoul dramatically emerges from the pool, whipping the barbed wire around the head of a MACHINE GUN-WIELDING KHAN and giving it a strong tug. The barbs dig into the Khan's eyes.

He takes the fallen Khan's SHOTGUN and shoots TWO NEARBY KHANS before double-tapping the fallen one.

Turns to shoot the TOOTHY KHAN wearing his hat too - but he's out of ammo.

The Ghoul pulls a KNIFE from the downed Khan's belt, throws it into the throat of the Toothy Khan.

The Ghoul uses the stabbed Toothy Khan's body to shield himself from oncoming fire. Taking his hat back as the Toothy Khan slumps to the ground.

Now the Ghoul does what he does best and tears through this filthy bike-less biker gang. Incongruously set to upbeat music.

When the dust settles, everyone in sight is dead.

**EXT. NOVAC - LATER (201.12)**

As The Ghoul and Lucy leave the area, he holds AN EXPLODED FUSION CORE with a crack up to the punctures on his neck, where the wire noose cut into his leathery skin.

Lucy watches curiously as the residual radiation from the core HEALS the lacerations on his neck.

The Ghoul tosses aside the core, and they saunter off with Dogmeat into the desert.

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. DRY LAKE BED - LATER (201.A13)**

8

Lucy and The Ghoul follow Dogmeat as she sniffs the trail ahead of them.

GHOUL  
I know you think you bein'  
helpful... shootin' folks in the  
kneecaps and the ass. But if I'm  
bein' honest... you ain't.

LUCY  
I'm not going to apologize for not  
murdering people.

GHOUL  
Well all that matters to me is you  
shoot that fuckin' rope.

Lucy, irked, watches The Ghoul saunter off. The camera stays on her as she finally bellows after him...

LUCY  
Well I did, didn't I?!

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. WASTELAND - DAY (201.13)**

9

They crest a small ridge.

As Lucy sees the view, she freezes in surprise and awe.

PUSH TO REVEAL: A CITY on the horizon. What remains of LAS VEGAS.

Possibly the only un-destroyed city in the Wasteland.

LUCY  
Still looks like all the old  
photos...

GHOUL  
Bombs got shot down. Most of 'em,  
anyway.

LUCY  
If they could do that for Las  
Vegas, why couldn't they just do  
that for America?

(CONTINUED)

GHOUL

Because there was no "they." There was a "him." A man by the name of Robert House.

It's clear that The Ghoul has some personal history here, and it's not pleasant.

LUCY

Maybe if that's where your family went, they're safe there.

GHOUL

Nowhere near Robert House is safe.

LUCY

Why would my dad go to Las Vegas?

That his family could be in Vegas disturbs him.

That Hank is heading for Vegas disturbs him.

Then he turns and stalks off, leaving Lucy staring at that city a moment longer. Wondering what she will do when she finally confronts her father.

CUT TO:

10

**INT. BARB'S OFFICE - VAULT-TEC - DAY (FLASHBACK, 2074 - FOOTAGE FROM 108)** 10

*CLOSE ON: COOP'S STUNNED FACE. His ears ringing.*

ROBERT HOUSE (O.S.)

*There's a lot of earning potential with the end of the world.*

**FLASH:** Close on ROBERT HOUSE from S1, lighting a cigarette in THE WAR ROOM around the table with the other industry leaders, and **BARB**.

ROBERT HOUSE (CONT'D)

*How can you guarantee results?*

BARB

*By dropping the bomb ourselves.*

*BACK TO COOP - frozen in shock, stunned to his core: he's just listened to his wife propose nuking the world.*

*The RINGING in Coop's ears builds until it's the only sound we hear.*

11      **INT. BARB & COOP'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY (202.17)**

11

*Coop enters the front door. He's still roiling under the surface, but he has had time to process and put back up the good dad facade.*

                         COOPER  
                 Janey! Honey?

*Beat.*

**JANEY** *pads in from the kitchen.*

                         COOPER (CONT'D)  
                 Janey!

                         JANEY  
                 Daddy!

*She runs up and he bends to HUG HER.*

                         COOPER  
                 Hey! Hey honey. Listen to me. I  
                 want you to go to your room, okay?  
                 And I want you to pick out your  
                 three favorite outfits and your  
                 favorite toy, okay? And then meet  
                 be back here. Okay, go.

*Janey runs off. Cooper slumps, staring at the floor...*

12      **EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - LATER THAT DAY (202.18)**

12

*A picture-perfect '50s neighborhood with white picket fences, KIDS playing, OLD PEOPLE gardening, etc. Seems like just another day in suburbia.*

*Cooper sits in the driver's seat of his SLICK CONVERTIBLE driving through this pure Americana. He's struggling to keep it together, after everything he's learned today, for his daughter's sake.*

*Janey's beside him, gazing forward and clutching her favorite TEDDY BEAR.*

                         JANEY  
                 Where are we going, Daddy?

*He looks at her and wonders: How the fuck does he protect her from what's coming? From what her own mother is planning?*

(CONTINUED)

COOPER

*Bakersfield. We're gonna go to  
Bakersfield, sweetie, okay?*

JANEY

*What about Mommy? Is she coming  
with us?*

*Coop looks at his daughter. Unsure what to say.*

*ON HIS CAR RADIO: The relaxing music is interrupted by -*

RADIO BROADCASTER (O.C.)

*Please be advised, a test of the  
Civil Alert Broadcast System for  
Los Angeles County will commence in  
ten seconds...*

*He looks back toward the road to see - a large vehicle is  
pulling out of a driveway ahead of him. He pulls the car to a  
halt.*

COOPER

*C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon -*

*A VAULT-TEC SALESMAN smiles at Coop as he exits a VAULT-TEC  
VAN up ahead, and heads for a nearby home. To Coop, it feels  
like another bad omen.*

*\*WAH! WAH! WAH!\* EMERGENCY SIRENS that hang on poles scream  
through the whole neighborhood.*

*TO COOP'S LEFT: A DAD, startled by the siren, pours way too  
much lighter fluid onto his hibachi.*

*FOOM! The BBQ ignites, sending a plume into the air.*

*Cooper can only watch as pandemonium breaks out in the  
neighborhood!*

*Janey holds her toy tighter, increasingly distressed.*

*Families run to their cars.*

*Coop steps out of his car, trying to quell the panic.*

COOPER (CONT'D)

*It's just a test!*

*A WOMAN IN CURLERS comes out on her porch, yelling into her  
PHONE, which is on a long cord.*

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN IN CURLERS (INTO PHONE)  
We need to go right now! We're all  
going to die!!!!

*Janey is increasingly terrified by the growing chaos.*

JANEY  
Daddy, I'm scared!

COOPER  
C'mere, it's okay. It's okay.

*Coop quickly scoops his little girl out of the passenger seat...*

*Taking her in his arms.*

*Cooper holds his daughter close.*

*She's tearful in his arms.*

*Which only makes him feel worse.*

*Between the siren and the bedlam in the streets it might as well actually be the end of the world... And he's helpless to protect his little girl.*

*A VERTIBIRD swoops overhead -*

*- past a MASSIVE VAULT-TEC BILLBOARDS with Coop's face on them, giving his uncanny thumbs up.*

**"KEEP YOUR LOVED ONES SAFE!"**

COOPER (CONT'D)  
It's okay. It's okay...

SMASH TO BLACK

NEEDLE-DROP: In their hit "Come Go With Me", the Del-Vikings chant "Dumb dumb dumb dumb, dumb-bee-doo-be dumb..." as we catch up with...

**REG**, stooped shoulders, sadly wandering down the Vault corridors, utterly lost without his friend/rival Woody. He's consoling himself with a lollipop.

Sweet as it may be, the lollipop ain't working.

14

**INT. VAULT 33 - ENGINEERING LAB - DAY (201.15)**

14

**BETTY** and a room full of **ENGINEERS** are hard at work, looking at charts that the Water Engineer has spread all over Betty's desk.

ENGINEER 1

We're blowing through our water reserves at a troubling rate.

BETTY

Then we need to reallocate power to the temporary water filters we built out of spare parts.

REG

Heyyyy guys.

Reg is at the door with his lollipop. Completely oblivious to the high sci-fi drama he's just interrupted.

BETTY

Can I help you, Reg?

REG

Have you seen Norm?

We see Betty's guard go up: is another resident starting to ask questions?

BETTY

Norm has been sent for a leadership exchange program to Vault 31.

REG

Everyone's moving up in the world but me.

Betty buries her frustration by rattling off a pep talk she's given 1000 times before.

BETTY

Reg... This community has always done what it takes to survive.

REG

I guess so.

Reg only now clocks the schematics all over her desk.

REG (CONT'D)

Whatcha guys working on?

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

The water chip? Which we need to survive. Which is broken.

REG

Oh right, yeah, THAT. Ugh. Let me know if I can help. I'm no engineer but — you'd be surprised what a guy with a PhD in Event Planning can—

Reg knocks over a gizmo on a table. It breaks on the floor.

BETTY

Maybe you should find an outlet. Start a club or something.

Reg perks up at the idea. But he hides his enthusiasm with all the caginess of an eight-year-old boy...

REG

A club? What kind of club?

Betty smiles, patience of a saint.

BETTY

We've been through a lot lately. Maybe you could start a group for people to talk about any kind of feelings you may be feeling.

REG

What kind of feelings am I feeling?

BETTY

Shame, uselessness...

REG

I don't feel useless. But I like shame. Shame I can work with. There would need to be a snack budget, of course.

BETTY

(out of patience)

Send a supplies request and I'll sign it.

Reg leaves, pep in his step.

Betty and the Engineer exchange a look.

ENGINEER 1

Heavy is the crown.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

BETTY  
You don't know the half of it.

15 INT. VAULT 32 - OVERSEER'S OFFICE - DAY (201.16) 15

STEPH sits at the Overseer's desk, trying to focus on her terminal. DAVEY stands in front of her, mid-meeting...

DAVEY  
So you see what I'm up against? In 33, I'd leave my quarters, take a right turn, and another right turn to the elevator. Here in 32, it's a left and a left to the elevator.

STEPH  
Yup. Again. Everything is the other way here. So just do the opposite of what you used to do.

DAVEY  
I'm not sure it's that simple.

STEPH  
It is.  
(tight smile)  
Now, as your Overseer, I have to ask, is there anything remotely actionable here? Something I can do for you.

Davey gives a good long think:

DAVEY  
Signage.  
(then)  
No, that could be controversial. Maybe you could commission a feasibility study on the topic of signage...

16 INT. VAULT 32 - OVERSEER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM (201.17) 16

CHET sits outside, waiting, bouncing STEPH'S BABY in his lap.  
Davey emerges from her office.

DAVEY  
Heckuva wife you got, Chet.

CHET  
We're not actually married.

(CONTINUED)

DAVEY

And a beautiful baby.

CHET

Not mine.

DAVEY

I never had a family. What happened? Life, I guess. Things move quickly down here.

CHET

I don't have a family either, Davey.

DAVEY

Well. Enjoy it.

Davey walks off.

Chet shakes his head.

Steph's working at her terminal. She types something on the keyboard and gets a "REJECTED" sound. She jabs the same key over and over in frustration.

Then, she takes a deep breath and picks up an orange off her desk, just as Chet enters with the baby. He's on edge: we can tell he's not loving life with Steph.

STEPH

Oh it's just you. Phewf. That Davey, I mean... Bless his heart, but, you know.

Steph pulls a BOWIE KNIFE from her desk drawer and expertly slices the skin of the orange like slitting a throat.

No one has ever cut open an orange this way.

On Chet's face: He looks more than a little taken aback by this.

CHET

Just seeing if you've gotten around to giving me a job assignment yet? Just, 'cause, you know, everyone else has one. If you haven't chosen a Gate-Keeper yet, I have experience.

STEPH

Chet, I've been busy. And I need someone to take care of the baby. And it's used to you.

CHET

But he is not my baby. Everyone is acting like he is...

Steph stares at him blankly.

STEPH

Chet?

CHET

Would you at least consider giving him a name? Because the neighbors have started to call him Chet Junior...

STEPH

(distracted)

Let's go with that then.

CHET

Well, see... Chet Junior was my father's name. It's uh, sort of a personal area for me, having watched him die of starvation in the Weevil Famine...

STEPH

Chet? Are we having an argument?

Chet eyes the knife, still in her hands.

CHET

Chet Junior it is.

Chet hates himself for caving SO fast.

Defeated, he goes to leave.

STEPH

Oh, how are you with computers?

CHET

That was Norm's department. Maybe you can ask him in the terminal.

STEPH

Great idea. I'll just send the other Vault a message.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

Chet leaves. Steph turns back to the terminal.

STEPH (CONT'D)  
Okay. Okay!

On Steph's screen, the reason she's so flustered:

**INTER-VAULT COMMUNICATIONS DISABLED.**

STEPH (CONT'D)  
Cod ham cheese and rice.

CUT DIRECTLY TO:

18 INT. VAULT 31 - SAME TIME (201.19)

18

The **BRAIN ON A ROOMBA (BOAR)** rolls around by the COMMS CONTROL PANEL, which has been opened up. Wires are all over the floor. He MUTTERS to himself, barely audible.

A Monitor reads: **INTER-VAULT COMMUNICATIONS DISABLED.**

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA  
Well darn it. I'm unable to repair the damage you've done to our Inter-Vault Communications. Not without longer appendages. But now what? You're still stuck here. What is your great plan now, Son of Hank?

The camera drifts over to rows of CRYO PODS, all filled with Bud's frozen army of managers ready to secretly lead Vaults 33 and 32. One after the other, after the other...

And then, on the floor in front of the pods, the camera drifts over many opened boxes labeled: **"BUD'S BUDS: WELCOME TO THE FUTURE! PRE-INTERVAULT-TRADE SNACK & GROOMING KIT."**

Most of the items - hair brushes, deodorant, shoe polish, Pip-Boy polish, etc - all remain untouched in the opened boxes.

While every last FOOD ITEM from them has been eaten. There are empty Pre-War snack wrappers and aluminum water bottles all over the floor.

A hand holds one of the empty water bottles up to a LEAKY PIPE. Collecting the water.

The hand brings the water to his mouth, and we finally reveal...

**NORM.**

(CONTINUED)

His face gaunt from malnourishment.

The BOAR addresses Norm from the platform overlooking the cryo chambers of Vault 31.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA (CONT'D)

Hm. So you found water, but you're out of food. Starvation is a heck of a way to kick the bucket.

Norm ignores him.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA (CONT'D)

I'm offering you a much more dignified solution to the one you've chosen for yourself, Son of Hank. Get in your dad's cryo pod.

NORM

I'm not going to be your prisoner.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA

You're already my prisoner. All you have to do is wait until the surface is safe to recolonize, and we'll all head up for Reclamation Day.

NORM

And when is that exactly?

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA

When there's no one left on the surface to disagree with us!

Norm SCOFFS under his breath.

NORM

Or you could just let me go home. People are going to notice I'm missing.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA

(upbeat)

We have a protocol for everything. Including when someone goes missing from a Vault. Your Overseer will handle it, no one is coming for you.

Norm takes this in. Stomach sinking. He's trapped here.

But he doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

## BRAIN ON A ROOMBA (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll be more reasonable  
once you're a little hungrier. Good  
luck finding something to eat when  
you can't see.

And with that, THE LIGHTS GO OFF in the Vault.

The only lights now on are the ones inside Bud's glowing  
tank, the glowing cryo chambers, and their monitors.

In this near-darkness, the BOAR wheels over dramatically to  
the edge of the PLATFORM. There, Norm had opened up part of  
the railing to access the staircase that leads down to the  
cryo chambers.

But the BOAR can't go down stairs. So he just addresses Norm  
ominously from the top.

## BRAIN ON A ROOMBA (CONT'D)

You're living in my world. These  
three Vaults are the product of  
decades of strategizing. The  
combined efforts of hundreds of the  
brightest pre-war minds, with all  
the resources of a functioning  
civilization. You're just some  
malcontent who wandered down the  
wrong corridor. What hope do you  
have against the greatest  
achievement in the history of  
Vertical Integration? Face it, Son  
of Hank, you're in over your head.  
And no one is coming to save you.

Push in on Norm: dawning on him just how right this robot is.

He's utterly alone in here.

Doomed.

Norm eyes his dad's cryo pod. It's tempting...

From the monitor on the pod that reads "HANK MACLEAN"...

CUT TO:

Dogmeat sniffs the dirt. The Ghoul walks behind the dog.  
Seeing Power Armor footprints in the dust.

They're following Hank's footprints.

(CONTINUED)

Lucy trails behind them.

LUCY

So you think my dad is gonna lead  
you to your family...

The Ghoul ignores her, keeps walking.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(pressing)

...Which means you think your  
family's still alive after two  
hundred years, and somehow I'm the  
optimistic one?

The Ghoul suddenly stops, and Lucy stops too.

That's when she sees it...

...a BODY is lying in Hank's trail.

The carcass of a MAN in a blood-soaked apron, SPLIT IN HALF  
at the waist.

GHOUL

Your daddy. Always makin' big  
friends.

He steps right through the man's halves.

Lucy can now see that the hole is in the shape of a large  
footprint.

As he moves away, Lucy's eyes are locked on the dead man.

Intellectually, she knows her father has murdered a lot of  
people, but this is the first victim she has ever seen  
firsthand.

It affects her more than she thought it would.

The Ghoul clocks a short ways ahead: A RICKETY WOODEN STALL  
set up in the middle of nowhere. A SIGN READS "**JUST AHEAD:**  
**EATS**" in large letters.

A **SUNBURNED OLD WOMAN** mans it.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

She musta seen 'im pass by.

The Ghoul puts his hand on his gun.

LUCY

We can just *ask* her.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

Lucy hurries to get to the stall first.

20 **EXT. WASTELAND NEARBY - DAY (201.13)**

20

Lucy approaches the Sunburned Old Woman at her stall.

LUCY  
'Scuse me! Hi there. I'd like one  
bowl of...

She glances at a small crude wood sign:

**"FLEA SOUP - 2 CAPS"**

Lucy tries to hide her disgust.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
...flea soup.

OLD WOMAN  
Sure.

The Old Woman moves to a stew pot as Lucy takes off her  
backpack and rummages for caps.

LUCY  
So, um, just wondering if you  
happened to see...

Lucy looks up to see...

The Woman shaking her hair into the pot.

Lucy is almost getting used to stuff like this. Almost.

The Old Woman ladles out a bowl of hot soup.

OLD WOMAN  
I got some crackers if you want  
'em, they're in my other pants.

LUCY  
Oh, uh... I'm okay, but...

The Old Woman holds out the bowl.

Lucy peers at the ALMOST CLEAR BROTH, **visibly full of fleas.**

OLD WOMAN  
Eat it while it's hot, miss.

Lucy politely takes it. Has a sip.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Mm... yeah.

(recovering)

So, have you happened to have seen  
a man passing by in a sort of,  
oversized outfit made of metal?

OLD WOMAN

He took my son.

Lucy's upbeat expression falters.

LUCY

Oh. I'm sure your son is out—

GHOUL

He's dead.

Lucy gives The Ghoul a sharp look.

LUCY

No, we don't know that.

OLD WOMAN

No, he's dead. Just my kinda luck.  
Cocksucker owed me money.

LUCY

I'm sorry for your... money.

OLD WOMAN

He went that way.

The Old Woman points offscreen.

LUCY

Thank you.

The Ghoul and Lucy walk in that direction. The Old Woman  
calls after them.

OLD WOMAN

If you find any money on the body,  
it's mine!

Dogmeat leads The Ghoul and Lucy toward rocks.

GHOUL

Question: What exactly is it you  
plan on doin' once we find your  
daddy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

GHOUL (CONT'D)

We gonna do it like usual, you put  
a bullet in his ass and leave it to  
me to put one in his head?

LUCY

No. I'm going to bring him to  
justice.

The Ghoul LAUGHS in disbelief.

22 **EXT. DRIVE-IN THEATER - DAY (201.20)**

22

Dogmeat leads The Ghoul and Lucy to the remains of a DRIVE-IN  
THEATER. A dirty MASSIVE MOVIE SCREEN still stands against a  
red rock CLIFF FACE.

In front of it is a large, open field filled with the HUSKS  
OF CARS. Many are tipped over or have skeletons still inside.

GHOUL

You think he deserves that?

LUCY

I was raised to believe that's what  
everyone deserves. So people know  
that how they conduct themselves  
matters. They don't give up hope...

(then)

...Like you say you did, but  
really, it's still in there.

GHOUL

Well I hate to break it to you,  
darlin'... but the way you was  
raised wasn't real.

LUCY

I know that. But look at your  
alternative. Guess I'm just trying  
to lead by example.

She walks onward, leaving The Ghoul.

The Ghoul eyes the marquee, which reads **"DOUBLE FEATURE: A  
MAN AND HIS DOG 3 (COOPER HOWARD). DRINK DRUNK DRACULA  
(SEBASTIAN LESLIE)."**

The Ghoul looks out at the skeletons in the cars. These  
people died watching his movie.

He thinks of the life he once had.

(CONTINUED)

He'd take it back in a second if he could.

Dogmeat BARKS from offscreen, interrupting the moment.

Lucy comes upon Dogmeat, barking at the MOVIE SCREEN.

Dogmeat runs through a HOLE in it to reveal... A MASSIVE VAULT DOOR hidden behind the movie screen.

But this one is OPEN.

As Lucy steels herself and heads inside —

CUT TO:

**INT. DINER - DAY (202.30)**

Janey plays with a Whack-a-Mole machine (WHACK-A-COMMIE).

Coop sits in a booth across from **KATE WILLIAMS** (aka Moldaver).

COOPER

*They sat around that table. And they talked about the ending of the world like they were talking about a new business strategy.*

KATE WILLIAMS

*Sounds like you heard something interesting.*

COOPER

*(hushed)*

*What, you knew??*

KATE WILLIAMS

*And now you do too. So. What are we going to do about it?*

COOPER

*What do you mean, what are we gonna do about it? I told you, I'm not a spy. I'm not a red. I'm a fuckin' Hollywood actor who likes horses and cars.*

KATE WILLIAMS

*And you also happen to be famous. And fame is a rare kind of power. You get to sit in rooms that I can't. Meet people that I could never—*

(CONTINUED)

COOPER  
*Meet people like who?*

KATE WILLIAMS  
*Are you familiar with Robert House?*

*Coop just heard the craziest thing ever.*

COOPER  
*Yeah. I'm familiar with Robert House. The guy owns half of Las Vegas.*

KATE WILLIAMS  
*He's also building a privately owned missile system in Las Vegas. With enough firepower to follow through on your wife's proposals.*

*Coop reacts.*

KATE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
*When the bombs drop, it will be Robert House that presses the button.*

COOPER  
*Are you asking me to spy on the wealthiest man in America?*

KATE WILLIAMS  
*Not spy on him.*

*On Coop: What has he gotten himself into?*

COOPER  
*You want me to...*

*His face says "murder."*

*Kate doesn't blink.*

KATE WILLIAMS  
*Your wife is going to Vegas next week to sell Cold Fusion to Robert House. Then he'll have everything he needs to press that button.*  
*(firm)*  
*Play nice with your wife and get on that trip to Vegas.*

*Coop shakes his head. He makes to stand up -*

(CONTINUED)

KATE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

COOPER  
Home. While I still have one.

KATE WILLIAMS  
When the world goes down in flames,  
at least you'll know your hands are  
clean.

That gives him pause.

But only for a second.

He heads toward his daughter and the door.

COOPER  
Janey, let's go. C'mon. C'mon!

He pulls Janey, protesting, away from the game, just as a  
Mole/Commie pops up, unchallenged...

Coop mashes potatoes, lost in his thoughts.

RADIO (O.S.)  
In business news, West-Tek stocks  
are up again, amid reports that  
their latest biological products  
will revolutionize skincare.  
Meanwhile, RobCo owner Robert House  
created a stir today with remarks  
on the escalating war. In an  
interview with Galaxy News, he  
stated that the question might not  
be whether the world will end, but  
merely who will push the button.  
More on that story after a word  
from our sponsors.

NEW VOICE (RADIO O.S.)  
Yum Yum Deviled Eggs. Yum Yum!

He hears the front door open.

Coop freezes.

ON COOP: Oh Christ. Can he do this? He grips the side of the  
countertop for a tense moment.

*He finishes his martini, takes his first sip of a glass of wine. And readies himself for the performance of a lifetime.*

*The CLICK-CLICK-CLICK of Barb's approaching heels and he turns toward the doorway as -*

***We watch Coop code-switch.*** *Coop is just as impressive with his big handsome smile as Barb enters.*

COOPER

*Welcome home.*

CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED VAULT - ENTRANCE - DAY (201.21)**

With Dogmeat still outside, Lucy and The Ghoul creep into:

A Vault unlike any we've seen before. Shafts of light pour in from the open door and a crack in the ceiling above.

A tiny drip of water comes from the ceiling, creating a lush, mossy environment.

Seeing this dead, mausoleum-like Vault is an emotional moment for Lucy.

GHOUL

Looks like daddy took a detour.

LUCY

I've never seen a Vault like this before.

The Ghoul sets to work investigating, rummaging through the area, looking for whatever evidence he can find about this place.

GHOUL

Par for the course in my experience.

LUCY

You've been to a lot of Vaults?

GHOUL

Uh huh.

LUCY

Oh! You must like 'em.

(CONTINUED)

GHOUL

Every time I step foot in one of these concrete shoeboxes, I gotta make peace with the fact that I might finally learn what happened to my wife and my daughter. Whether they be alive, dead, or something far worse.

Lucy becomes solemn. Wanting to be respectful.

LUCY

Right. I know about the experiments. I've been to Vault 4.

GHOUL

Vault 4 is the best-case scenario.

LUCY

Well... To be fair, it was a little weirder than the one I came from.

GHOUL

You think so? How many towns did they destroy down in Vault 4?

The Ghoul grabs Lucy's arm. She startles.

GHOUL (CONT'D)

Open it.

She pulls out her Pip-Boy's dongle and inserts it into the elevator panel.

The panel lights up.

The elevator door opens.

The Ghoul finds a WINTER HAT on the ground, complete with a telltale big red star.

LUCY

You really think my dad is down there?

GHOUL

Trail has him coming in. Trail has him going out too. What I'm curious about is why he came at all.

The Ghoul tosses Lucy the hat.

Lucy looks at it with utter confusion.

(CONTINUED)

GHOUL (CONT'D)

Now ain't you a little curious too?

The Ghoul steps into the glowing elevator.

Lucy steels herself and joins The Ghoul in the elevator.

**INT. VAULT 33 - DAY (201.22)**

CLOSE ON: **"PRODUCTS OF IN-BREEDING SUPPORT GROUP."**

We're back inside Vault 33: Reg's first meeting. He's sitting in a circle with his three attendees, **MARIANNE** and **TWO LUSTY REDHEADS** (one male, one female).

REG

It's not your fault you were born in a Vault. Let me hear you say it.

ATTENDEES

It's not my fault I was born in a Vault.

REG

And it's not your fault that your parents were or are related.

ATTENDEES

And it's not my fault my parents were or are related.

REG

Feels good to say it out loud, doesn't it. That's just the first step. Trust me. As someone who's come out on the other side of this, I know what it's like to wonder if people look down their noses at you based on your family tree. A regular person can have an ingrown toenail and it's just an ingrown toenail. But we... we have to wonder if it's because our genes are somehow broken.

Now Reg is just talking about himself.

REG (CONT'D)

If I am somehow broken.

HORNY RED HAIRED LADY

So we're going to change the rules, right?

(CONTINUED)

REG

Hm?

HORNY RED HAired GUY

No inbreeding in the Vault? We're gonna change that, right?

REG

No, that's not what this is about. The rules are **good**. But that doesn't mean those of us who are products of inbreeding need to feel **bad**. You understand?

HORNY RED HAired LADY

(to HRHG)

C'mon.

The redheaded lovers leave. Reg seems disheartened.

Marianne is still there.

MARIANNE

I have a question?

REG

(losing heart)

Yes, Marianne.

MARIANNE

I have a mild allergy to dust. And sometimes I wonder if it was my father's fault. Because he fell in love with his cousin. My mother. I just wonder if there's a biological connection.

REG

(winging it)

I didn't study genetics so...

MARIANNE

(under her breath)

Oh, well. Okay...

Marianne looks skeptical about the need for this group. She eyes the door.

REG

...it certainly *could* be his fault.

MARIANNE

(vindicated)

I knew it.

(CONTINUED)

Marianne takes a few bites from her little cocktail sized plate of carrot sticks.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
Great snacks by the way.

As she prattles on, Reg is satisfied. He's doing God's work.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
You know, I always felt my mother viewed me as a rival, which mirrored her relationship with her own mother, who was in love with my father, her fifth cousin. All the fifth cousins were fourth cousins to the second cousins, I mean, it's not exactly -

Norm lies in the near darkness.

Starving to death.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA  
It won't be long now.

His eyes drift toward his father's CRYO POD. The name HANK MACLEAN on the monitor.

NORM  
What was my dad like?

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA  
Ambitious.

NORM  
(scoffs)  
Then why was he here?

A FAINT RUSTLE near Norm.

He perks up. Squinting through the darkness, he sees -

A MILLIPEDE making its way across the floor nearby.

Norm eyes it - this could be food. His potential salvation!

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA  
Eating that might seem like a good idea, but it's toxic. You'll die a slow, painful death.  
(upbeat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA (CONT'D)

If you aren't willing to go into  
cryo... you could always let me  
inject you with this guy right  
here.

The robot waves his SYRINGE ARM.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA (CONT'D)

It really would be a whole lot  
easier. For both of us.

Norm considers this. His will to live really has been starved  
out of him.

NORM

What does it do?

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA

It kills you. Quick and painless.  
Your body will rapidly decompose,  
turning into a dust that will get  
circulated through the ventilation  
system, ultimately making its way  
into your cornfields back home. Not  
so bad if you think about it. Then  
you won't have to deal with all the  
headaches of being alive. So you  
have two rational choices: get in  
your dad's pod. Or die.

ON NORM: A glint in his eye.

NORM

You're right, I only have two  
rational choices. But plenty of  
irrational ones.

He stands up.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA

What are you doing?

Norm slowly advances on the Brain On A Roomba, the glint in  
his eye almost turning into a smile.

NORM

Two hundred years of planning in  
order for everything to go just  
right. That seems like a lot of  
work if you ask me.

The Brain On A Roomba waves its NEEDLE menacingly at Norm as  
he approaches.

(CONTINUED)

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA  
Stay back. Stay back.

Norm KICKS the syringe off the BOAR like it's nothing.

NORM  
But I believe plans are slightly  
overrated, personally.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA  
No no no - wait! I need that to  
threaten you! What are you doing?

Norm is now free to step up onto the platform. He goes to the main console, plugs the dongle from his Pip-Boy into a port, and gets to work.

NORM  
Thawing everyone.

BRAIN ON A ROOMBA  
What? No! You can't just thaw them  
all. They're supposed to come out  
once every thirty years! This isn't  
even a cogent plan, it's just  
chaos.

NORM  
Agreed. Plans are hard.

Steam gushes out of the cryo chambers as they thaw. Making for a dramatic crescendo to this runner.

NORM (CONT'D)  
Chaos though, chaos is easy.

CUT TO:

The lights flicker ominously as Lucy and The Ghoul step out of the elevator.

They move slowly. Very tense.

The Ghoul looks through a doorway.

GHOUL  
Well, what have we got here? More  
matching jackets.

Lucy joins him and sees -

(CONTINUED)

The skeletal remains of UNIFORMED RED SOLDIERS.

LUCY

Why would Vault-Tec allow  
Communists in one of their Vaults?

The Ghoul is closely eyeing the details of their uniforms.

GHOUL

I wouldn't be so sure they did.

Now everything makes even less sense to Lucy... but The Ghoul is starting to put it together.

The Ghoul pulls down the collar of one of the skeleton's jackets.

CLAMPED to the back of its skull... is one of those ominous BLACK BOXES.

ON THE GHOUL: Recognizing the object. Deeply disturbed.

**INT. ABANDONED VAULT - LABORATORY (201.27)**

The elevator door opens.

Lucy and The Ghoul step out into the dark eerie space.

Lucy's eyes open even wider as she sees the horror show inside here:

BODIES sit in front of a holotape projector still looping clips of Communist propaganda intercut with a hypnotizing spiral. Electronic nodes drilled into the skulls of the long-dead spectators suggest this was must-see TV.

A few SKELETONS lie on gurneys and operation chairs. RUSTED WIRES run into them.

The horrifying implications sink in for Lucy. *Here again, as in Vault 4, Lucy is encountering another social/medical experiment being played out by Vault-Tec.*

LUCY

These are Americans. The Vault  
turned them into Communists.

She goes to a **TERMINAL**.

As The Ghoul examines other parts of the lab, she rapidly reads through files.

ON SCREEN: **DATA UNAVAILABLE. TERMINAL LOCKED.**

(CONTINUED)

LUCY (CONT'D)  
My dad removed the drive.

\*CRUNCH\* The Ghoul looks down.

His boot has crunched down on what appears to be a single SUGARBOMB in a trail of them that stretches into the next room.

Lucy and The Ghoul exchange a look. The trail of Sugarbombs is leading them somewhere...

They follow it...

**INT. ABANDONED VAULT - LAB ROOM - CONTINUOUS (201.28)**

The trail of cereal leads to...

...a table, where a box of SUGARBOMBS has been placed and lit quite deliberately.

Lucy and The Ghoul exchange glances. What the fuck?

Curious, she approaches the box of cereal...

When **SOMEONE** IS REVEALED IN THE DARKNESS BEHIND THEM.

Lucy spins around to face him.

**A SUNBURNED MAN** (30s) sits before them, dressed in the same cloth as the Old Flea Soup Woman. This must be her missing son.

Blood trickles out of his vacant eyes. It's uncanny. Lynchian. For a moment, everyone is very still.

SUNBURNED MAN  
Well hello there, Sugarbomb!

Lucy's startled to hear her dad's nickname for her coming out of this complete stranger's mouth.

The Ghoul catches it, realizes what it must mean.

GHOUL  
Looks like your daddy picked  
himself up a guinea pig from the  
soup stand.

Lucy still struggles to believe her father could, or would, do something so monstrous.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY  
What do you want?

The Sunburned Man starts to shake and sway slightly.

SUNBURNED MAN  
I.. fix... everything... Go home,  
Sugarbomb.

Lucy stares in horror as MORE BLOOD POURS from his eyes -

SUNBURNED MAN (CONT'D)  
Go home! Go home! GO... hooOOOO—

BAM! The head of the Sunburned Man EXPLODES.

Sending brains and blood everywhere, including all over Lucy.

Lucy stares at the headless corpse, stunned.

The Ghoul bends to pick up a BLACK BOX sutured to a chunk of the man's neck, the same as the guy in the Cold Open.

GHOUL  
You ever seen your daddy use one of  
these before?

LUCY  
No.

GHOUL  
You gonna take his advice?

Drenched in gore, with a traveling companion who doesn't respect her in the slightest - she has to consider it.

But...

LUCY  
He won't stop hurting people.

GHOUL  
Yeah, no shit.

LUCY  
Well then we'd better get going.

Lucy turns to go.

The Ghoul watches her a moment.

Then follows.

31                    **INT. MYSTERIOUS VAULT-TEC CAVERN - NIGHT (201.33)**                    31

OVER BLACK: The powerful sound of METAL ON METAL. Growing louder and louder, rhythmic.

We realize these are the footsteps of POWER ARMOR as...

**HANK** steps into the light, now in CLOSE UP, still wearing the helmet-less armor that he was wearing at the end of S1 when he arrived on the outskirts of New Vegas.

His face is bloodied and dirty from his long journey.

Hank stands before a **SEVENTEEN STORY BRUTALIST TOWER** built underground.

And he's holding THE MISSING HARD DRIVE from the previous scene.

32                    **INT. MYSTERIOUS VAULT-TEC SITE - BULLPEN (201.34/35)**                    32

It looks like the set from Billy Wilder's *The Apartment* - plus about two hundred years of dust and decay.

Empty desks. Drafting tables. Pneumatic tubes. A fake potted palm tree in the corner. A retro-futuristic "office of tomorrow!" Uncannily housed in a vast cavernous tomb.

Vault-Tec is big, but it's not exactly bustling.

Hank approaches a TERMINAL. He puts the MISSING HARD DRIVE onto a desk and presses a button on the terminal keyboard.

TERMINAL

You have....

Hank waits patiently.

TERMINAL (CONT'D)

Four hundred sixty-two thousand,  
three hundred and eleven unread  
messages.

Hank looks out at this desolate space and sees one thing: opportunity. A charming, all-American smile crosses his face.

HANK

Well let's get to it.

NEEDLE DROP: ROY ORBISON'S *WORKING FOR THE MAN*.

Hank pours himself a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

He takes a sip from a mug. The coffee is rancid, but he manages to enjoy it anyway.

33 **INT. MYSTERIOUS VAULT-TEC SITE - DRESSING ROOM (201.36)** 33

While the abandoned Armor waits outside an open door, Hank inspects drab business suits from a clothing rack. Like a dad shopping for a pair of pants that last.

He takes one suit out and considers it, approvingly. This is the suit he will wear.

We see the clothing rack – and the room itself – extend for a hundred meters before fading into the darkness. An endless supply of drastically similar suits.

Hank studies the suit in his hands. A strange reverence on his face. This isn't just something to wear. It's a long lost identity. It's who he was forty years ago.

And then... sock holders pulled up, just so. Patrick Bateman with a whiff of Herb Tarlek.

As Hank gets himself dressed, the camera fetishizes the details, oscillating between sexy and dorky images: the studied fluid movements of quickly tying a perfect full Windsor from memory.

Hank adjusts his GOLD PIP-BOY in the mirror. Perfection! He smiles a winning smile at himself.

34 **INT. MYSTERIOUS VAULT-TEC SITE - BREAKROOM/LAB (201.A37)** 34

Hank is sitting at his desk in the grand empty office speaking into a radio transmitter.

HANK

This is Hank MacLean, reporting for duty, sir. Nobody in Vault-Tec knows I'm here. Nobody in Vault-Tec knows much of anything anymore... Wanted to let you know I'm still alive. I hope you are too. I don't doubt that you are. You spent so much time calculating how to survive all possible contingencies. I've been keeping busy. I'm in Vegas these days. Back in your old stomping grounds, actually. Trying to pick up where you all left off...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

Hank's message continues over imagery...

35 **INT. MYSTERIOUS VAULT-TEC SITE - WRAPPER ROOM (201.B37)** 35

Hank enters a lab to find...

CENTURIES-OLD CORPSES at desks. They wear lab coats and their heads have exploded, leaving BLACK BOXES visible on the tops of their charred necks.

He yanks out one of the Boxes.

HANK (V.O.)  
Looks like a couple of the Vault experiments ran into some speed bumps. 24 made progress on the brain-computer interface...

In the lab, Hank peers at a case showing approx. five Black Boxes lined up. The Black Boxes get smaller and smaller until they're the size of a grain of rice. Hank looks impressed.

HANK (V.O.)  
...This one, miniaturization. What it all needs is integrating. But I'm confident that if I just roll up my sleeves, I can bring it all home for you. Then we can finally talk about my promotion.

He does a double take when he spots... an abandoned yo-yo on a desk. What the heck?

36 **INT. MYSTERIOUS VAULT-TEC SITE - BREAKROOM/LAB (201.C37)** 36

Hank tries to bury the hurt in his voice.

HANK  
I'm going to complete the work you started. And when this is all over, you will be begging me to help you...

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**