

Before.

Why are we doing this again?

Billy, for fuck sake-

What adult buries a fucking time capsule?

WE HAVE DEGREES! FROM COLLEGE!

If you don't want to be here, just go back to the house, man.

He's just being a bitch.

I have twenty one years experience dealing with him.

FROM COLLEGE.

Trust me. He wants to be here.

It's beautiful out here...

Yeah, we should've come more... While we could.

It just feels right, y'know?

What about over here?



Alright.
Picture time,
right?

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP





Now.

So nobody's going to help me dig?

Time capsule was your idea, Mr. History.

Grady, this is totally gay-



Angeles National Forest.

Shut the fuck up, Billy.

And don't use 'gay' fucking derisively.

He's not wrong. I mean, we're not twelve, man, a time capsule-

Dammit, Heidi-

Yeah, dumb-ass.

Daniel- We already talked about this. This is our last day together, and we're going to remember it so we can Big Chill it in like twenty years-



Except I don't wanna end up being Jeff Goldblum, Natasha-

What the hell?



It's...metal. A big rusty piece of metal...



It's a door...

Uh...Why does it have your name on it?



Not just my name... All of our names.



14 A.M.E.

Dear Grady,

This is your future.

**Fourteen years
After Mass Extinction.**

I'm sorry.

*It's unavoidable. It's fate
and destiny and other pseudo
religious words that are
meaningless bullshit to you.*

*We read in the newsfeeds about
genetically altered food and
global warming, but, trust me.
What ends the world is one very
simple thing.*



You.

Okay, how did you do this?

I don't understand how you got my handwriting down, I mean...

Now.



Grady. C'mon, this is amazing! Super elaborate, but, totally worth it.

Because you die in a tragic car accident. It says so right here.

It wasn't me, Natasha, I don't know what this-

Why does everybody else have a note?

WHAT? Fuck off.

Ladies and gentleman, my brother, Billy Ryder, the easiest mark on EARTH.

Eat shit, Heidi.



So you guys think I somehow got you each to unconsciously write fictional notes from your future selves in your own handwriting, and, what?

Ta-da?

You really think if I could do that I'd be hanging around with you assholes?



Grady's right.



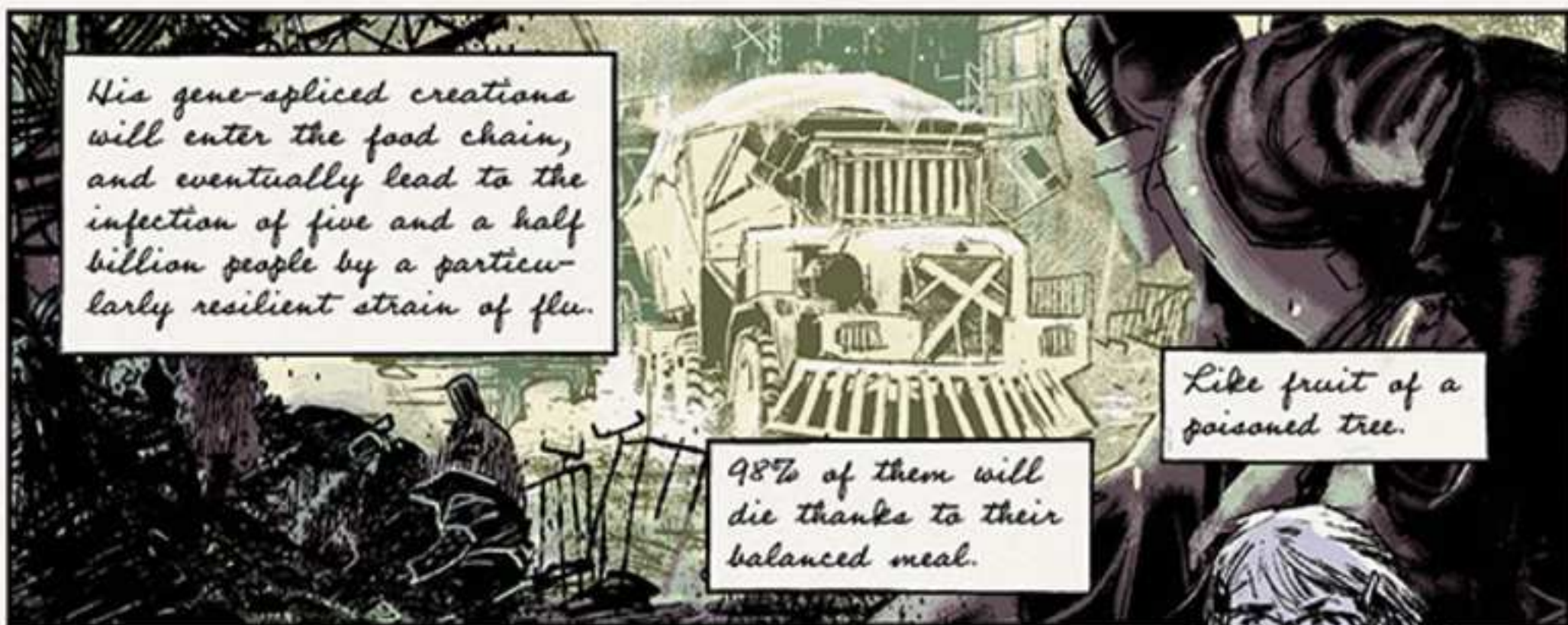
He's not smart enough to fuck with us like this.

Go screw, Daniel.

DANIEL ADAMSON. After he begins his contract with Aspire, he'll isolate the gene responsible for pest and vermin resistance.



He creates the strangest vegetation known to man.



His gene-spliced creations will enter the food chain, and eventually lead to the infection of five and a half billion people by a particularly resilient strain of flu.

Like fruit of a poisoned tree.

98% of them will die thanks to their balanced meal.



I just... I don't understand. My note says-

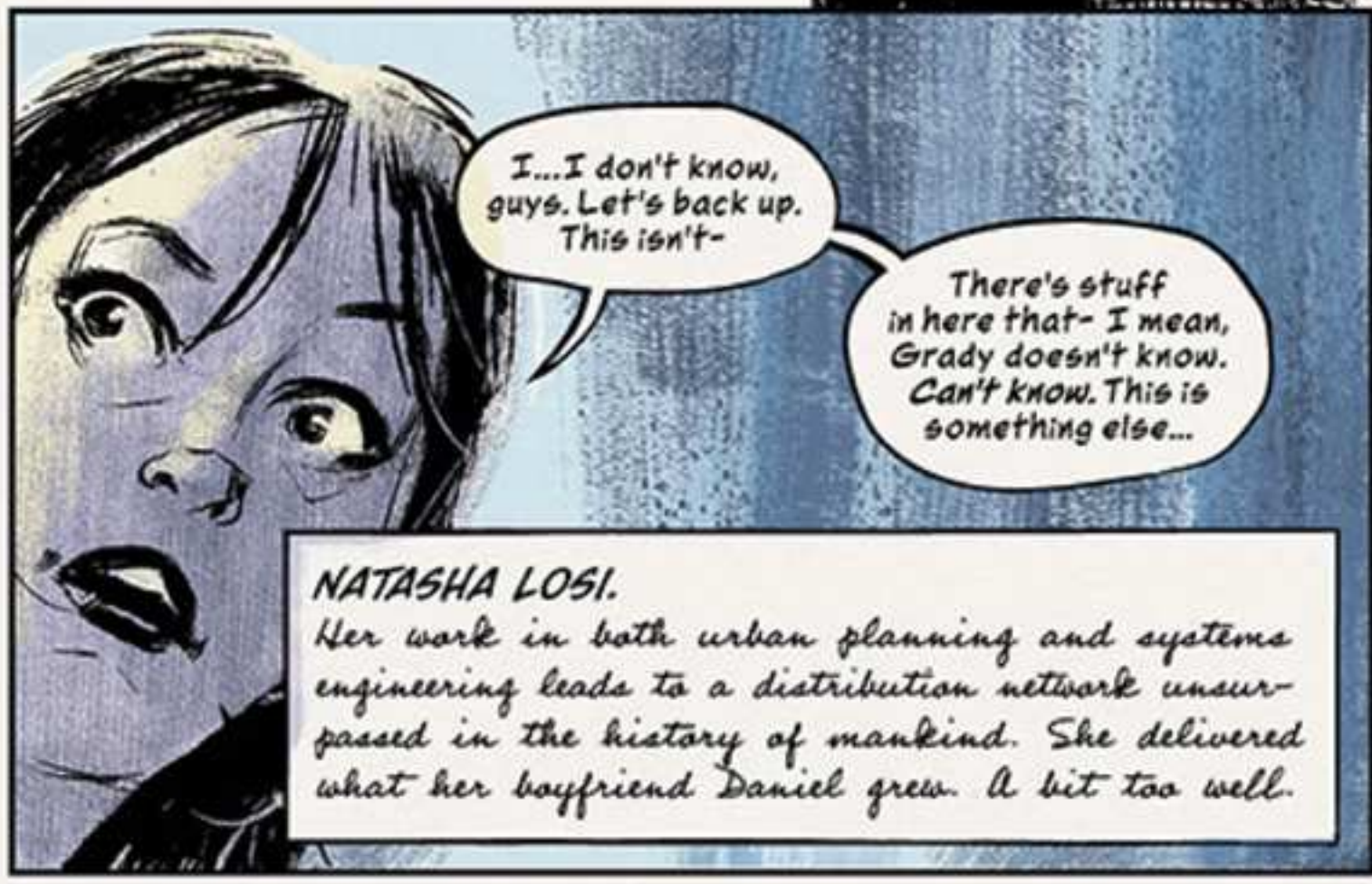
Hold on- just let me see it...

Dammit, Billy. It's...personal.

HEIDI RYDER.
Wanted to be a painter from the time she was a child. Her revolutionary work, crazy as it sounds, will eventually put her on death row.



You put her to death.



I...I don't know, guys. Let's back up. This isn't-

There's stuff in here that- I mean, Grady doesn't know. Can't know. This is something else...

NATASHA LOSI.
Her work in both urban planning and systems engineering leads to a distribution network unsurpassed in the history of mankind. She delivered what her boyfriend Daniel grew. A bit too well.



Hm. This map is missing California...





Apparently, there's going to be a zombie apocalypse, and we're all going to get stuck in goddamn Nebraska.

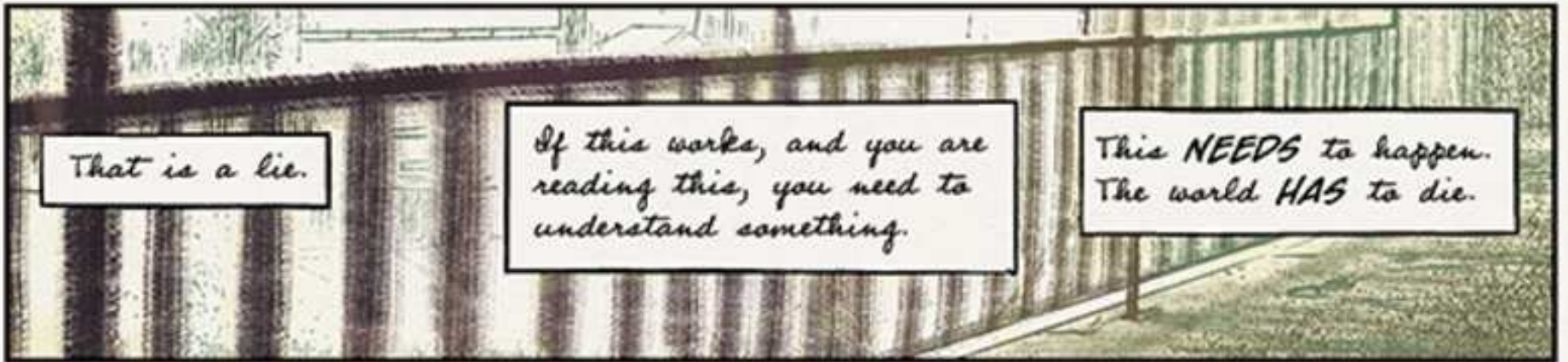
Now that's scary.




The map is wrong. There is NO PLACE free from infection. There is NO PLACE free from death.




There is no place that your icy fucking hand hasn't turned to SHIT.






The lynch
mob who's going to
assassinate me.

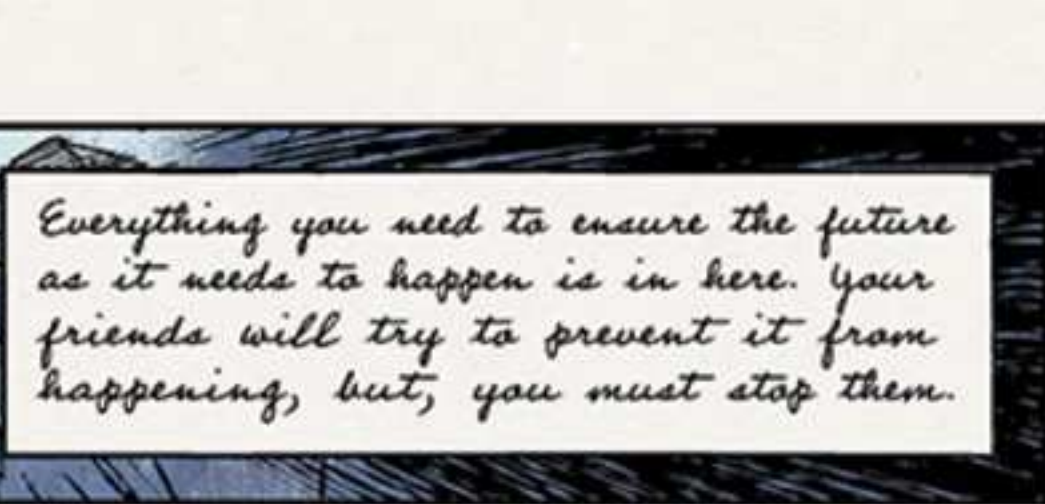


This...This is
real. Somehow,
this is REAL.







No signal, though-




Everything you need to ensure the future as it needs to happen is in here. Your friends will try to prevent it from happening, but, you must stop them.




The Bunker you're standing in was built to our specifications.




When I'm killed later today, the scientific mumbo-jumbo required will be activated, and it will transport the contents back to you.




Which is to say, me.




The world lives because of those that must die.



You understand this. You studied this. You will rebel against this, but, soon,...



I know all of this because you know all of this.



You will come to accept this.



This is going to be the hardest thing you'll ever do.



They can't know. They have to think that everything they're doing is their own choice.



If they sense you manipulating them, they'll turn on you.



They turned on me, so, maybe they'll turn on you anyways.



The fate of the world rests on the shoulders of the four of you.

UNDERSTAND THAT.
Understand that your decisions affect billions.



You're a stronger man than you know or understand, Grady. I know because you're the man I love.

