*(The assignment field ate all underlines so I made character names bold instead)*  
  
Late daytime, dusk is coming. CAT and NATE sit on the floor of the air traffic control tower, its windows have been blasted out, the place has been gutted. Next to CAT is a dead tower’s worker. NATE and CAT are exhausted, both covered in dust and soot.

The floor is strewn with broken glass and concrete. Most gauges are broken, only few, including the emergency radio screen, are on. Occasional bullets hit the interior. The time flows very slowly. Suddenly a distant explosion enlightens the tower.

CAT looks out of her cover.

**CAT:** Yep, they blew it. DUCK!

Both duck, and a blast wave rolls over the tower. The dust is settling.

**NATE:** The base?

**CAT:** Uhu.

NATE looks out of his cover.

**NATE:** Holy crap.

**CAT:** Sup there?

**NATE:** It vapored. The whole district.

**CAT:** So no army anymore. Great.

For a while both sit in silence, preparing for battle: NATE counts his ammo, its amount disappoints him. CAT checks the rifle and fixes her uniforms. She takes off her helm and puts it on the body.

**CAT:** Please hold it honey.

**NATE:** C’mon, Cat, show some respect.

**CAT:** What for? He doesn’t care anymore.

**CAT:** Don’t be silly.

An occasional bullet hits the wall, and a splinter scratches CAT’s eyebrow.

**CAT:** Crap!

**NATE:** There must be some tape if you need.

CAT touches her scratch and then licks the blood from hand.

**CAT:** Thanks doc. I’m fine.

NATE tries the tower radio. It still works but there’s nothing but hiss on every frequency. CAT is drown in her nervous thoughts, repeatedly loading and unloading her magazine. NATE sighs.

**CAT:** ?

**NATE:** Nothing. The antenna must be down.

**CAT:** Okay.

CAT looks around, finds a suitable stone and throws it at the radio. The screen cracks and goes out, the hissing stops.

**NATE:** What the…

**CAT:** Screw it, then! This is waste of time. They fight and die over there while we’re hiding like rats.

**NATE:** Wanna go and die too? The door is open.

**CAT:** Got some better idea? They will come, sooner or later. There’s no reason in sitting here. But we’ll kill as many as we can.

**NATE:** Probably yes, I got something.

**CAT:** …what?

**NATE:** See that Boeing over there? At hangar.

**CAT:** Yep. Wanna steal it? I doubt that…

**NATE:** No. Of course no. But there is a working radio. Someone must be around to rescue us.

**CAT:** That’s a suicide rush... I’m in!

**NATE:** Good to hear.

**CAT:** Just one question. How we’ll do it? I have less than two mags.

**NATE:** We need to search the bodies.

**CAT:** Hey! What’s up with your respect?

**NATE:** We’ll search them with full respect. Come on, we got to move. The day is almost over, and these lizards can see in dark.

CAT charges her rifle and winks.

**CAT:** Cats can too. I’m ready.

NATE checks his gear and medic’s bag. CAT takes her helm off the body’s head and puts it on. Then she kisses the dead man.

**CAT:** I’ll miss you honey.

**NATE:** Disgusting.

CAT giggles. Both get up and come to the door.

**NATE:** Ready?

CAT nods. NATE opens the door to check for enemies. The pass is clear. Nate and Cat bang their fists and jump in the door.