

In Only Seven Days

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: DAY 7

The sun shines through an open window, lighting up a couple sitting on an antique couch. They both sit still, staring out towards a blue sky.

The room is furnished with a motif that cat lovers would adore. Cat wallpaper, cat pictures and cat photographs everywhere.

Sitting on the couch is THOMAS PATERSON (34), a bloody scar on the side of his head and wearing a dirty, ripped shirt. Sitting to his right is KASIA STORNOVSKY (32), also bloody faced.

Kasia holds a magazine clipping tightly in her hand, Thomas holds a black and white photograph in his.

A clock sits ticking away on the wall. It's a grinning cat, its tale swinging back and forth as the seconds tick by.

KASIA

What is the time?

Kasia speaks with a Polish accent. She never breaks eye contact with the window.

Thomas looks from the window to the clock, the cat grins back at him.

THOMAS

Twelve fifty nine.

KASIA

Oh.

A china cabinet shakes for a second, knocking over a small porcelain Siamese cat. Then two plates rattle on a coffee table. One plate has half eaten pancakes, the other, an apple pie.

A dark shadow creeps through the window, blocking the sunlight. The shadow creeps along the wall until the room is plunged into complete darkness.

KASIA

I'm scared.

The room shakes and rolls, each shake becoming more violent than the previous. The shakes continue to a fever pitch, shattering windows, knocking pictures from the walls and sending the china cabinet crashing to the floor.

Kasia slides over to the waiting arms of Thomas and buries her head into his side. Thomas kisses the black and white picture and gently places it onto the coffee table.

The rumblings become so intense that a crack forms at the base of the wall. The crack zig-zags up, sending the cat clock crashing to the floor.

Kasia lets go of her crumpled magazine clipping and it floats to the floor.

The shaking is now so severe, the house creaks and moans and the room sways back and forth. The couple embrace tightly as the room gets darker and darker and darker...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

SUPER: DAY 6

Thomas and Kasia, bloody and dirty, slowly walk along a dirt road.

Kasia holds the magazine clipping in her hand. It's an advertisement for Viagra, showing a man and wife smiling and waving from the front porch of a beautiful house surrounded by a white picket fence.

THOMAS

I used to steal apples from her backyard when I was young.

KASIA

It looks perfect.

THOMAS

This is all I can think off.

KASIA

No. It's perfect, thank you.

They seem happy, yet something in their voices hinder the excitement of their find. Kasia looks to Thomas.

KASIA

Thank you for taking me here,  
Thomas.

THOMAS

I wish I could do more.

They reach the front gates of a white picket fence surrounding a beautiful ranch house. Thomas swings the gate open and Kasia enters.

The front porch door sits wide open.

KASIA

Do you think she's here?

THOMAS

Let me check.

Thomas enters, leaving Kasia alone on the front porch. She nervously looks around and spots a cat sitting on a step, next to a bottle of milk.

KASIA

Hello there.

She holds out her hand. The cat hisses and scratches out at her outstretched hand, catching her on the finger. With a yelp, Kasia pulls back, knocking the bottle of milk over.

THOMAS (O.S.)

No one.

He notices Kasia holding her hand.

THOMAS

Are you okay?

KASIA

Just a cat scratch.

Kasia steps through the doorway and looks over her shoulder. The cat is back, happily licking up the spilled milk.

INT. RIVERSIDE BANK - DAY

SUPER: DAY 5

The dirty and bloody Thomas and Kasia lay on a riverside bank, looking up at the clear blue sky.

KASIA

I don't see it.

THOMAS

Me neither.

Kasia sighs and turns on her side.

KASIA  
I'm sorry, go on.

THOMAS  
Pancakes smothered with maple syrup  
and topped with whipped cream and  
strawberries. And you?

KASIA  
Homemade apple pie with ice cream.

They smile for a second, both deep in thought.

THOMAS  
What about your first love?

KASIA  
Leon from Wisla. He was so  
handsome, even for a seven year  
old.

THOMAS  
Alyssa Milano. Every horny boys  
dream.

KASIA  
Thomas, can I show you something?

THOMAS  
Sure.

Kasia digs into her pocket and removes the folded magazine clipping.

KASIA  
This is what I got from inside the  
gas station.

She unfolds the clipping and shows Thomas. It's the Viagra advertisement with the white picket fence.

THOMAS  
Viagra?

Kasia smiles.

KASIA  
No silly, the house.

THOMAS  
Oh.

KASIA

When my family sent me from Poland,  
they told me about the American  
dream. A perfect husband, a perfect  
house, a perfect life.

THOMAS

To live and die in the arms of  
someone you love.

KASIA

I've always wanted a house with a  
white picket fence.

She points to the white picket fence in the picture. Thomas'  
smile fades a little.

THOMAS

But it all seems so silly now.

KASIA

(sharply)  
It's not silly Thomas, it's not.

THOMAS

I'm so sorry Kasia, I didn't mean  
to offend you.

KASIA

I never asked for much. I saved my  
hard earned pennies everyday, to  
save up for something like this.

THOMAS

You're right. It's not silly.

Kasia lets out a long sigh.

KASIA

Can I ask something from you?

THOMAS

Of course.

KASIA

I'd like to find my perfect house.

Thomas leans up onto his elbows and takes the piece of paper  
from her and studies it.

THOMAS

It's definitely the perfect house,  
isn't it.

KASIA  
I've decided, that's my rainy day  
wish.

THOMAS  
Hmmm.

KASIA  
Do you know of such a place?

THOMAS  
Well, actually... there is a place  
just outside town. I used to  
frequent it back when I was young.

Kasia perks up.

KASIA  
Really?

THOMAS  
It would be a days walk from here.

KASIA  
I can walk it... if you can.

Thomas looks up to the blue sky.

THOMAS  
Yeah, I can just about do that.

Thomas gets up and brushes himself down. He reaches down with his hand. Kasia clasps his hand and he pulls her up into his arms.

She smiles, looking into his concerned eyes. They hold contact for a moment.

KASIA  
You smell like lemons.

EXT. EMPTY SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

SUPER: DAY 4

A rusty, damaged Cadillac sputters to a standstill, steam rising from the hood of the car.

The door opens and Thomas steps out into the heat of the summer day. The passenger side opens up and Kasia steps out.

KASIA  
Are we out of gas?

THOMAS  
Among other things, yes.

KASIA  
How far are we?

THOMAS  
Not too far.

They walk down a deserted sidewalk. Kasia spots a trickle of blood roll down the side of Thomas' head.

KASIA  
Are you okay?

Thomas touches the side of his head and winces.

THOMAS  
I'm fine.

KASIA  
Do you think he's okay?

Thomas stops and looks at her.

THOMAS  
No, I don't Kasia.

KASIA  
But he deserved it?

THOMAS  
Yes he did.

Kasia smiles.

KASIA  
So you came at the right time then?

THOMAS  
I suppose I did.

Thomas smiles back. He's about to venture on, but Kasia stops him.

KASIA  
Wait a minute.

She dashes off into a yard of a house. She pulls up some flowers from a flower bed and rushes back.

KASIA  
For your parents.

THOMAS  
They're beautiful. They'll like  
them.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES - DAY

Thomas and Kasia stand outside the gates to a grand old cemetery. Thomas pulls out the old black and white photograph. Kasia holds the flowers.

Thomas is hesitant to enter.

KASIA  
You don't want to go in?

THOMAS  
I'm trying.

KASIA  
Here, take my hand.

Kasia leads Thomas through the gates.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Thomas and Kasia stand over two tombstones, one marked MARY PATERSON and the other marked PETER PATERSON.

Thomas looks down at his black and white picture of a man and woman holding a baby boy.

KASIA (O.S.)  
That is your parents?

THOMAS  
Yes.

Thomas puts the picture into his pocket as Kasia bends down and places the flowers on each of the tombstones

KASIA  
How did they die?

THOMAS  
Car accident. When I was eleven.

KASIA  
I'm sorry.

THOMAS  
Don't be, it's okay.

KASIA  
What happened with you?

THOMAS  
My aunt and uncle raised me. I grew up just outside town. Then, when I was sixteen, I left for the city. First time back.

KASIA  
Did you miss them?

THOMAS  
Yes. Every waking day.

KASIA  
Then why didn't you come back?

THOMAS  
I don't know. Life gradually pulled me away from the bad memories. Sometimes it's easier to run away from life's difficulties.

KASIA  
Some things you can't run away from, Thomas. I wish I could go home, my real home.

THOMAS  
Your parents?

KASIA  
Yes, they live in Poland still.

THOMAS  
You must be worrying about them.

KASIA  
I do Thomas. But I must remember, nothing is forever and soon we will meet again.

Thomas puts his arm around Kasia. She smiles at him, tears form at the corners of her eyes.

KASIA  
I'm sorry. This is supposed to be your time. Maybe I leave?

THOMAS

No, please. I'd like you to stay  
with me.

Kasia wipes away the renegade tears and nods her approval.

INT. SUV - DAY

SUPER: DAY 3

Thomas drives a SUV along the highway at high speed. His shirt is torn and ripped and he fiddles with his shirt collar. The black and white picture sits on his dash board.

DING.

He looks down and looks at his fuel situation, he's on empty.

THOMAS

Damn it.

He scans the horizon and spots a road sign that reads:

"GAS 5 MILES AHEAD, NEXT RIGHT"

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD - DAY

The SUV takes the next turn off right and disappears onto a side road.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The SUV slowly rolls into a deserted gas station and comes to a stop. There are a couple of cars parked outside, but no sign of anyone around.

Thomas suspiciously scans the area before grabbing a hand gun sitting on the passenger seat. He quietly opens the door and steps out.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

DING DONG.

The door chimes as Thomas steps into the gas station. It's one of those stop over stations, so it has rows of food for the hungry traveller.

There is a sound of movement down one of the aisles.

THOMAS

Hello?

There is a WHIMPER, but no clear response.

Thomas, with a shaky hand, holds up his gun.

THOMAS

I have a gun and I'm not afraid to use it.

It takes both of his shaky hands to cock the gun.

He steps into the first aisle. Nothing.

He steps into the second aisle. Nothing.

He steps into the third aisle. Kasia is there.

She sits flush against the wall, crying. Blood runs from her nose.

THOMAS

Kasia?

She looks up, stunned. Her eyes never leave his, but she doesn't respond.

A Toilet FLUSHES.

Thomas disappears into the next aisle.

A dirty, GREASY MAN emerges from the customer washroom. He pulls up his greasy suspenders and looks down at Kasia.

GREASY MAN

Now, where was I.

He reaches down and grabs Kasia by the wrist.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Don't move.

The greasy man stops dead.

Thomas stands behind him, a gun in his shaky hands.

THOMAS

I have a gun and I'm not afraid to use it.

The greasy man smiles and with one hand slowly reaches for a crowbar sitting on a counter in front of him.

GREASY MAN

And what will you do if I do move?

THOMAS

Don't, because I'm mean and I'll shoot you.

The greasy man grins a devilish grin. With lightning quick reflexes, he swings around and knocks Thomas across the head with the crowbar, knocking him to the floor and knocking the gun into the next aisle.

GREASY MAN

Bastard.

He tosses the crowbar aside and turns back to Kasia, but she's gone.

GREASY MAN

I like playing games.

He jumps into the first aisle. Nothing.

He jumps into the second aisle. Nothing.

He jumps into the third aisle. BANG!

Kasia stands, holding the smoking gun.

The greasy man looks down in exasperation, a gaping hole in his chest.

GREASY MAN

You shot me, you bitch.

He falls backwards into the shelving. Kasia throws away the gun and rushes to Thomas.

KASIA

Thomas?

Thomas moans, blood dripping from the side of his head. The bloody nosed Kasia leans down.

KASIA

Are you okay?

Thomas slowly holds his head.

THOMAS

Can you find me some aspirin.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Thomas and Kasia both limp to his SUV.

THOMAS  
Why are you here Kasia?

KASIA  
I have nowhere to go. Why are you here?

THOMAS  
I'm going home.

Thomas attempts to activate the pump.

KASIA  
I tried also. No power.

THOMAS  
Shit.

KASIA  
That man has a car, I think he has gas.

She points to the rusty, damaged Cadillac sitting in the parking lot.

THOMAS  
That will do.

Thomas reaches in and snags the black and white picture. They walk to the Cadillac.

KASIA  
Wait!

Kasia runs back into the gas station. Thomas watches her step over the greasy man and grab a magazine from a rack. She flips the magazine open, rips out a page, quickly folds it up and puts it into her pocket. She runs back outside.

KASIA  
Sorry.

THOMAS  
Did he hurt you?

KASIA  
No, he just hit me that's all.

THOMAS  
What did you grab?

KASIA  
Something important to me.

They reach the Cadillac. The keys sit in the ignition.

KASIA  
Can I come with you?

THOMAS  
I'm going to be with my parents.  
I've decided that we all have a  
chance to do one more thing.

KASIA  
One more thing?

THOMAS  
Like, like a wish. When you get an  
opportunity to do something you  
really want.

KASIA  
Oh, like a rainy day wish?

THOMAS  
Rainy day wish... I guess so...  
yeah.

KASIA  
That sounds good. Will they be okay  
if I am there?

THOMAS  
I'm sure they won't mind.

Thomas smiles through grinned teeth, the blood still dripping from his wound.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: DAY 2

Thomas paces back and forth in his tiny apartment, running his hands through his thinning hair. The Emergency broadcast system beeps obnoxiously at him from his TV.

The apartment is dark, his curtains are closed and all of the lights are off except a small lamp. Finally he gets so annoyed at the sound of the TV that he kicks it over.

THOMAS  
(screaming at TV)  
Why!

He moves to the window and opens it up. There is a gunshot and a scream from down in the street. He jumps back in shock and quickly closes the curtain.

THOMAS  
Shit, shit.

He moves into his kitchen and opens his fridge, grabbing a bottled water. He dashes to his bathroom and opens his medicine cabinet. Thomas grabs sleeping pills from the shelf.

More gunshots and screams, this time from within his apartment complex.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thomas sits on his bed. The bottled water is open and a dozen or so pills sit in his hand. He looks down at the pills, sobbing like a child.

He looks at himself in a vanity mirror one last time. He sees in the reflection, a picture on a small table. It's a black and white framed family picture of his mother and father, holding Thomas as a child.

Crying, he closes his eyes and shoves the pills into his mouth. He reaches over to the bottled water and grabs it, but before he can take a swig, he falls to the floor and spits the pills out.

THOMAS  
Oh God.

Thomas lays on the floor, a destroyed man. He curls up into a ball and cries for a moment, rocking back and forth. He nudges the small table and the picture frame falls to the floor, shattering the glass. He wipes the tears away with the back of his hand and gets up.

Thomas picks up the frame and stares at it momentarily.

THOMAS  
Mom, dad. What do I do?

He touches the broken picture frame gently. After a pause, he quickly removes the black and white picture and places it into his shirt pocket, tossing the frame away.

More gunshots and screams are heard.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Thomas quickly exits his bedroom and runs to his front door. Despite another gunshot right outside, he swings the door open. Standing at the door is a CRAZED LOOKING MAN holding a gun.

CRAZED MAN  
Are you ready?

The crazed man reaches out and grabs Thomas by the collar, ripping his shirt.

CRAZED MAN  
Are you ready?

THOMAS  
Get off me!

Thomas pulls free.

CRAZED MAN  
You must be ready, for the time has come. I can help you, oh yes.

The crazed man lifts the gun to Thomas' head.

CRAZED MAN  
Hush, hush. I can help ease your pain. There's no one else out there for you now.

In a instant of rage, not like Thomas at all, he swats the gun away, knocking it to the floor. The crazed man laughs, turns and flees down the hallway. Thomas turns and looks at the gun.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

SUPER: DAY 1

It's a fairly busy day in a grocery store. The pretty Polish blonde, Kasia, hums to herself as she picks through some cantaloupe in the fresh fruit department.

There is a commotion outside and she looks up momentarily before reaching out and grabbing... a hand.

She sheepishly looks up at the owner of the hand and shyly smiles at Thomas.

KASIA  
Sorry, something distracted me.

THOMAS  
No, no. It's my fault. Please go ahead.

KASIA  
Oh.

She moves her hand off his and grabs another cantaloupe. Henry, pretending not to stare, randomly grabs his own and tosses it into his basket. As he walks away, he looks over his shoulder, just as Kasia looks over hers. They both smile.

Thomas continues down the next aisle and spots Kasia again, picking things from the shelves and curiously looking at the packaging.

She tosses something into her basket and looks up, catching his smile. Thomas quickly turns and crashes into a display, sending dozens of little lemon juice containers everywhere. Kasia bursts out laughing.

They move onto the next aisle and this time Thomas catches Kasia looking at him. He clears his throat and begins to make his move, but Kasia drops something into her basket, spins away and moves to the lineup, smiling as she does.

The lineups are long as Thomas enters the line next to Kasia's. Kasia picks up a magazine and flicks through it, looking up at Thomas every so often. She stops at a certain page and her eyes grow big as she studies an advertisement.

THOMAS  
I like the articles.

Thomas winces at himself.

KASIA  
Excuse me?

THOMAS  
The magazine.

KASIA  
Oh, yes. Very informative.

Kasia closes the Woman's Weekly and places it back onto the shelf.

THOMAS  
Slow today.

KASIA  
Uh-huh.

A customer pushes past Kasia.

THOMAS  
What's the emergency?!

KASIA  
Some people are always in a rush.

THOMAS  
Did you find the right cantaloupe?

KASIA  
I think I did, thank you.

THOMAS  
That's great.

Thomas picks out a few nutty chocolate bars and tosses them into his basket. He catches Kasia's look of shock.

THOMAS  
I like nuts -- er, chocolate.

KASIA  
I see.

He sheepishly removes a couple and places them back on the shelf.

THOMAS  
Thomas.

Kasia looks over her shoulder.

KASIA  
Who?

THOMAS  
My name.

KASIA  
(foolishly)  
Oh, my name is Kasia.

THOMAS  
Kas... Kase-a?

KASIA

Kas-ia.

THOMAS

Kasia.

KASIA

Yes. It's Polish.

THOMAS

(silently)

That's a pretty name.

There is an awkward silence. Another customer dashes by them.

THOMAS

What is taking them so long?

Thomas checks his watch, it's 1:00pm. He sighs, drops his basket and moves to the front of the line. The cashier is missing. In fact, all the cashiers are missing. He turns to a random customer.

THOMAS

What's going on?

He looks to the customer service desk at a gathering crowd of customers, growing with every second. Perplexed, Thomas wanders over to the crowd.

Kasia appears behind him and follows him to the front.

KASIA

What's happening?

THOMAS

I don't know.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Turn it up!

Thomas pushes his way to the front and lets Kasia stand in front of him. Everyone has gathered around a small TV. A cashier turns the volume up as the picture on the TV changes from "BREAKING NEWS" to a distraught looking ANCHORMAN.

ANCHORMAN

We are now going live to an announcement from Geneva. The UN Secretary General is about to speak. Oh, here we go.

The picture flickers to a huge conference room. All the world leaders stand grimace faced behind a podium. The UN SECRETARY GENERAL moves to a microphone. He looks distraught, defeated, scared. After a long pause, he finally speaks.

UN SECRETARY GENERAL

People of the world, people of all races, people of all religions. Today we stand united for the first time, but under very difficult and very unfortunate circumstances. For we have kept a secret that must now be shared by all of us. For millions of years, this planet has overcome many obstacles and many challenges to become the living, breathing place we call home. But on this sad, sad day, I must bring you news of a new obstacle, a new challenge. For the last year, we have been tracking an asteroid called 2006-SEW. This my friends, is known as a Deep Impact asteroid. In only seven days --

Kasia gasps and places her hand on Thomas' shoulder.

THOMAS

My God.

KASIA

What does this mean?

Thomas turns to Kasia.

THOMAS

I don't know.

Over her shoulder, Thomas watches a police car zip by the grocery store window, followed by people running and screaming.

The panic has started.

FADE TO BLACK.