

Drifting East

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MORNING

The sun is high in the sky. An ORANGE HUE over the Pennsylvania rural landscape.

A bluish Honda drives down a long, windy highway road. Slows to a stop.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

ROSS, 20s, in business casual, rolled up sleeves, stained under the arms, short cropped blonde hair. Five o'clock shadow. He's driving. He's looking at something O.S. through the windshield.

In the passenger seat is KEVIN, late 20s, wearing an open blue windbreaker and jeans, sunglasses, long, shaggy brown hair. He was sleeping, but the gradual halt of the car wakes him up.

They both stare forward.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Ross and Kevin get out of the car.

In front of them is a PUBLIC TRANSIT BUS, SLASHED TIRES AND BROKEN WINDOWS.

A WHITE WOODEN BOARD has been nailed into the side of the bus. On it: "DON'T COME THIS WAY" in splattered brown handwriting.

Ross and Kevin look at each other.

Pan out to reveal more buses, cars, trucks, behind the first bus, all deserted and trashed, blocking the highway. Crows circle around something in the distance.

Silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Ross is sitting, clean-shaven, a backpack at his feet. He's watching a television. Around him is the CONSTANT BUZZ OF CONVERSATION. People are rushing from terminal to terminal. Vagabonds sit in corners, eyes tight. Amish families sit, watching, unsure of what to do.

Men on cell phones. Women dragging hoards of kids. Tired-eyed attendants shouting out bus numbers. People checking their tickets.

Ross looks around, frowning. Tries to focus on the television high up in the corner of the terminal. A crowd nearby stands, watching.

Someone pats Ross' shoulder.

He turns around and sees TOM, late 60s, gray hair and wiry frame.

TOM
Lookin' for me, kid?

Ross sits up. Tom looks around.

TOM (CONT'D)
Let's get something to eat.

INT. DINER IN AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

Tom is eating a plain sandwich with no drink. Ross sits, watching the people outside of the diner.

People rush in and out, picking up what little food there is before rushing out. The people inside are wearing all the clothes they can, talking, whispering. A baby cries in the background.

ROSS
I have a car.

Tom stops eating. Ross looks at Tom, frown still on his face.

TOM
You really gonna do this?

ROSS
I want to see my parents. I got to get them out of Virginia.

TOM
(whispers)
You know how far your parents are?

ROSS
(shrugs)
I calculated it. It's a nine hour drive if I stick to the highway.

TOM

They're not going to let you
anywhere near the New York. You're
going to have to go around it.

ROSS

I know that. The same for Maryland.

Tom puts down his sandwich and sits back.

TOM

You know what they've done this
week? They've evacuated
Pennsylvania. New York. They're
evacuating Virginia.

(beat)

It's the drift. The whole East
Coast--going to be completely
unpopulated.

Ross leans over the table.

ROSS

I need to know if it's safe. The
radiation--will I be affected?

Tom stares at Ross for a moment.

TOM

Two bombs and fourteen million
people are dead. The people are
flocking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HONDA - NOON (PRESENT TIME)

Ross is at the wheel, driving down a stretchy road, a slow
thirty-five MPH. Miles and miles of cornstalks blur by them.
Kevin is working the radio. STATICKY.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

--in-fighting at shelters across
the East Coast--president's pleas
for international assistance--
largely ignored--

STATIC.

Ross points to the glove compartment.

ROSS

See if my GPS is still in there. I don't remember if I took it out or not.

Kevin opens the glove compartment. Pulls out a small gray plastic box. Turns it on. After a moment, it reads: NO SIGNAL.

KEVIN

Huh. Never seen that on a GPS thing before.

INT. HONDA - LATER

Ross is driving. The sun peeks out from behind a cloud, blinding him. He flips down the visor. He looks at the gas gauge. A FOURTH OF A TANK left.

He looks around for a sign of civilization. GREEN FARMLAND.

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

A DESERTED FARM. Cows with tongues roll out lie flat on the ground, motionless, as if suffocating from the heat. ONE COW REMAINS STANDING. Hears the whiz of the Honda. WATCHES Ross silently as he drives past.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER IN AIRPORT - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Tom is rubbing his eyes.

TOM

Well, I don't have a Geiger counter for sale.

ROSS

Look, I have a car, I have a full tank of gas, I have a map.

TOM

Do you even know how far--

ROSS

It's four hundred and ninety-six miles. I calculated it.

Tom sighs

TOM
Is Kayla going with you?

ROSS
(shakes head)
Kayla's going to Maine. I'm meeting
her there with my parents.

TOM
How'd you get a full tank of gas?

ROSS
(shrugs)
Traded for it.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. SOTTON SHELTER - DAY (MEMORY)

Ross forces a lock off of a pantry door with a crowbar. A sign reads: PROPERTY OF SOTTON COUNTY. Ross opens the pantry door. HUNDREDS OF CANS OF FOOD.

INT. DINER IN AIRPORT - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Someone's shouting. Tom looks to see the bartender turn up the volume on the TV.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER
--NUDET has confirmed nuclear
strikes in Israel, Saudi Arabia,
and Syria. The president has
declined responsibility, claiming
the use of nuclear weapons as an
"absolute last resort."

Tom chuckles.

TOM
Lead by example. Who the fuck does
he think he is?
(beat)
You know what they think? They
think it's going to be all out
nuclear war in two weeks.

Ross bites down on his tongue, staring away.

ROSS
I'm going to do this. I want to do
this. I need to get them out of
there.

Tom and Ross stare at each other. Then Tom exhales and leans back in his chair.

TOM

What are you looking for? My blessing. Fuck off. I'm done watching over you.

Ross leans back, stunned. Then he grabs his backpack, gets up, and calmly leaves. Tom sits in his chair, crossing his arms, pushing against the inside of his lips with his tongue.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ross is walking, frown on his face, dodging people rushing around him. Attendants are shouting out numbers. Open briefcases on the floor, displaying commodities, men in long coats sitting by them, exchanging goods.

A National Guardsman tightly grips his M16, looking claustrophobic.

Ross continues walking.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Ross?

Ross stops. Looks around. Sees Kevin holding a travel bag and a bus ticket.

ROSS

Kevin? What are you doing here?

Ross walks toward him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NOON (PRESENT TIME)

A WRECKED CAR

parked alongside the road. Three tires are missing. Side windows shattered. Dark stain on the road and the dirt underneath.

The Honda pulls up to it.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Ross stares at the car. Slows down. Tries to see through the shadows and broken windows. Sees no one. Ross STOPS the car on the other side of the road.

Kevin's still asleep.

EXT. WRECKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ross gets out, cautiously. Approaches the wreck. Peers inside. Nothing of value. He walks to the driver's side, reaches through the window, and pops the gas hatch. He goes back, looks into the gas hatch. A cone of LIGHT inside.

Ross looks both ways of the street. Sees nothing moving. Silence.

Gets on his hands. Looks under the car. The dirty gas tank yanked off from the bottom of the car. Punctured.

Ross gets up. Sniffs the palm of his hand. Gasoline. Frowns.

Gets back into the car and starts driving again.

EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY AFTERNOON

An overhead gas sign reads: "UNLEADED \$7.49" And in sloppy handwriting, spray-painted on to: "EVRYTHNG U GOT." In the windows of the gas station are large signs: "NO GAS!" and "LAST BUS TODAY!"

Grass has begun to overtake the parking lot. Several empty cars are packed into the back of the lot. In some of the cars, the locking pins are up--they are unlocked.

The Honda drives up, slowly again.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Ross stares at the abandoned gas station through the windshield. Sees nobody. Nudges Kevin.

Kevin wakes up.

KEVIN

What's going on?

ROSS

We're almost out of gas.

KEVIN

I thought you said you had a full tank.

ROSS

The guy I bought this car off of fucked with the needle. It looks like it's a full tank.

KEVIN

Jesus.

(beat)

Is anybody here?

ROSS

I don't see anybody.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ross drives the car by one of the pumps. He gets out of the car and sees all the nozzles on the ground. He picks one up, pulls the trigger. Nothing.

Kevin gets out.

ROSS

Dry.

EXT. GAS STATION ENTRANCE - SECONDS LATER

Ross goes towards the double glass door entrance. Stares in. The shelves are completely empty.

In the back, the dark freezers are empty too. The glass is completely transparent, void of condensation--the freezers haven't been on for a while.

Ross tries to open the door. Kevin walks around the side of the building. He sees the empty cars. Heads for them.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Kevin approaches the nearest car. He's cautious, tense. This car's intact, no broken glass, no stain. He looks through the window.

COLORING BOOK AND CRAYONS

scattered across the backseat along with a SUITCASE and empty plastic bottles. Kevin opens the door, half expecting it not to open.

The empty plastic bottles fall to the ground. Kevin pulls out the suitcase. Opens it. JEWELRY--silver necklaces, golden earrings. Expensive dresses.

Kevin sighs. Puts it back.

EXT. GAS STATION ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Ross picks up a SIZEABLE PIECE of yellow parking block. He picks it up with both hands and stares at the entrance. Considers it. Then puts it down.

Kevin walks up to him.

KEVIN

Nobody's here. We might be able to get some gas out of those cars 'round back.

ROSS

Yeah?

Kevin points at the parking block.

KEVIN

You gonna break the window?

ROSS

I'm going to see if there's a back entrance. How about you get the pail?

Kevin nods.

EXT. GAS STATION AROUND BACK - SECONDS LATER

Ross walks around. Sees a security camera posted high on the wall. No lights, no slow curve. Ross stares at his reflection in the camera lens.

Ross finds a massive, overflowing green garbage box. By the base of the box are THOUSANDS OF DEAD FLIES. Whispery crunches as Ross steps over them.

Adjacent to the garbage box is a door. He carefully twists the knob--opens.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ross walks in. It's dark, only the light from the outside illuminating the room. Empty.

Ross walks through the door into the main room. Empty. Dark. He looks around. Clean shelves. No broken glass, no sticky stains, no indication of a struggle.

CRASH.

Ross JUMPS. He looks out through the glass entrance to see Kevin hopping on one foot, yelling. The parking block rolls across the ground outside.

KEVIN
(outside through glass)
Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Ross runs to the entrance.

ROSS
What did you do?

KEVIN
I thought it'd shatter the glass.
My fucking foot . . . The thing
bounced off and landed on my
fucking foot!

Ross rubs his forehead.

ROSS
Are . . . are you okay?

Kevin gives Ross a dismissive way.

KEVIN
I'm fine, I'm fine.

ROSS
You can get in around back . . .

KEVIN
I'll say out here.
(limps away)
Fucking hurts . . .

Ross scowls. He walks over to the registers. Presses a button and it slings open. The drawer is loaded with cash.

Ross stares at the aisles. Registers full of cash and shelves devoid of food.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Ross sucks in on a transparent tube. The other end is inside the gas tank through the hatch. Ross coughs. Spits out gas. Pours it into a pail.

Kevin is opening trunks. Finding food, dumping potato chip bags and crackers into a pile.

INT. HONDA - AFTERNOON

On the road again. Kevin's driving. The car's floor is littered with half-empty bags of potato chips, pretzels, and crackers.

Ross is on his phone. Dials. Ringing. Ringing.

ROSS' MOTHER (V.O.)

You've reached the home of Paul and Shirley; we're off saving the world--
-

ROSS' FATHER (V.O.)

--or on the can--

ROSS' MOTHER (V.O.)

--leave a message after the beep.

BEEP.

ROSS

Mom, Dad, it's me. I'm somewhere in Pennsylvania and I'm driving down to Virginia right now to come get you guys. I'm a couple hours away and the radio said that Washington's been bombed with most of Maryland, so I really don't know how we'll get into Virginia, but once we get to you, we need to leave.

(beat)

Kayla's in Maine right now. With everything's that about to happen, I think we should all go to her place right now for a while.

(beat)

Please call me back.

Hangs up.

Ross sighs, annoyed.

ROSS (CONT'D)
You want to call your parents.

Kevin chuckles and shrugs.

KEVIN
Doubt they're home. Probably at
church or something.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

Ross and Kevin are standing over the hood of the Honda. Ross is holding down a map.

KEVIN
Where's the next goddamn highway? I
thought we were crossing from I-81
to this--

ROSS
No, I'm sure it's this one, the one
that goes down and becomes I-83--

Near them is a green city welcome sign. The city is blacked out, leaving "WELCOME TO" and a black blob.

KEVIN
But look at these cities, Scranton,
Wilkes-Barre, Hazleton.
(beat)
I don't remember going through a
single city. Just corn. And wheat.

INT. HONDA - LATER

Ross is driving again, keeping a lookout for signs. His eyes are RED AND CRACKED. He turns over to Kevin, who is sound asleep.

Ross turns on the radio, turns to the dial to low volume.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

--emergency workers are denied
 access into the hot zones--one week
 since strike--nuclear drift into
 upper Pennsylvania--si usted vive
 en siguientes áreas, por favor
 localizar el centro más cercano
 viaje en autobus a fuera del estado--
 cell phone usage overseas severely
 limited--limited communication
 within Pennsylvania--evacuation for
 New York began yester--million
 sick, hospitals overcrowded,
 undersupplied--and again they said
 alleluia and her smoke rose up
 forever and ever--

STATIC.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - NOON (FLASHBACK)

Ross and Kevin are exiting the airport, walking fast, looking over their shoulders. The sky is cloudy, as if about to rain. A blue hue overhangs everything. An official stands waving at Ross and Kevin.

OFFICIAL

Guys, you need to go back inside.
 It's going to rain any second.

Ross looks at him, but presses on.

For a moment, the official looks like he's going to protest, but then turns around, not caring.

Ross and Kevin continue walking. In front of them is an enormous parking lot, jammed full with cars. Officials carrying pails of gasoline.

They walk up to the Honda. Inside is a woman with brunette hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED TOWN - AFTERNOON (PRESENT DAY)

A dented green sign: "WELCOME TO COURTDALÉ, PA. POPULATION: 791." The seven and nine are crossed out.

Beyond the sign are a few two-story buildings, a gas station, a fast food restaurant, and a view to hundreds of acres of farmland.

The Honda pulls up slowly to the sign. Ross and Kevin step out of the car. They both start walking into the town when they see a SHORT MAN in a CHEAP BLACK BUSINESS SUIT with no tie or shoes walk briskly towards them.

ROSS

Hey. Um . . .

KEVIN

Can you tell us where we are?

The man stops and points towards the green sign. He's a good distance away from them.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Yeah, we know we're in Courtdale,
but we don't really know where that
is.

Ross starts to step forward, but instantly the man in black stares at him with wide eyes. Ross stops.

ROSS

We're trying to get to Virginia. We
just want some directions.

The man in black stares at them in disbelief.

KEVIN

Is there a phone or something that
we could use?

The man in black squints at them.

MAN IN BLACK

There shouldn't be anyone here.

KEVIN

What?

MAN IN BLACK

Everyone left the state. You, you
two shouldn't be here.

Ross and Kevin glance at each other.

ROSS

We're just trying to get to
Virginia.

MAN IN BLACK

Look, you guys, you guys can't stay here. You have to go. You have to go right, right now.

ROSS

Okay, all we want are some directions.

KEVIN

The curtains are moving in that building.

Ross looks past the man, sees nothing. The man in black looks over his shoulder, his shoulders tense.

MAN IN BLACK

Look I can't really help you. We don't have electricity, and you guys see, I can't really help you.

Kevin steps forward.

KEVIN

Do you have gas or food--

The man in black puts his hands in front of him.

MAN IN BLACK

This is my town! Stay back! Stay the fuck back!

Silence. The man in black puts his hands down and runs back to the house. Ross watches the building, looks for movement behind the curtains.

Suddenly he looks around, in the surrounding woods, into the fields. He suddenly realizes how large the surrounding area is, a huge valley.

Feels like someone is watching him.

Kevin, irritated, takes a step forward.

ROSS

Don't.

KEVIN

What?

ROSS

Don't. This place creeps me out.

Ross stares at the town in front of him. The curtains have stopped moving. The trees are still. Not the sound of the wind. Not the sound of a dog. Total silence.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's stop at the next one.

They both get back into the Honda and drive away.

INT. HONDA - LATER

Ross is driving. On the floor in the back is the crumpled map.

The radio is on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

--this is WBCF in Ohio, bringing you the latest news for all of you still residing in the Ohio-Penn area--army radiation assessment teams have determined that the plutonium used for the missile in Washington--of Soviet origin--Russia fiercely declines all accusals of attack--

ROSS

You notice how we're hearing more?

KEVIN

Hmm?

ROSS

The radio's on for longer without static. It's not switching signals all the time.

KEVIN

I don't know. I keep thinking it's all so insane.

ROSS

What do you mean?

KEVIN

A bomb in New York. A nuclear missile in Washington. Jesus. We were fucking close man, in New York.

ROSS

We were at a conference.

KEVIN

I know, but think about it. Tom could've given us the aspirin TV spot, or the Pfizer site. We could've been in New York when it happened.

Ross scratches his forehead, frowning.

ROSS

But we weren't, Kevin. We were Sotton. We were at a fucking conference.

Kevin is silent. Then he glances at Ross.

KEVIN

What's up? What's going on? I mean, we could have been killed, but we weren't. We're alive, Ross.

ROSS

You're just fucking realizing that now? Have you even thought about the guys who were in New York when it happened? Jack? Collie Dollie? Even that annoying guy in sales?
(beat)
Has any of this hit you?

Kevin slumps back in his seat.

KEVIN

Well, I think it's a miracle that we're alive.

ROSS

Yeah, a real goddamn miracle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HONDA - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Ross is standing by the Honda. Kevin is talking with officials who make some arm gestures. Ross turns to the brunette in the car. This is KAYLA.

ROSS

When's your bus?

KAYLA

A few minutes.

Kevin dashes back to them.

KEVIN

We can get onto the I-81 and just drive right down into Pennsylvania. We'll go nowhere near New York.

ROSS

They say whether they're even going to let us over the border?

KEVIN

(smiles)

They don't even think there's going to be anyone to tell us anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HONDA - DAY (PRESENT TIME)

Kevin is taking a piss. Ross is leaning against the car, arms folded. The radio's on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

--ongoing investigation into the missile detonated inside Washington. In light of the fall of the Soviet Union, security regarding nuclear weapons have been lack--over three hundred weapons have been unaccounted for-- international pressure to invade the remaining countries in the Middle East--

ROSS

(whispers)

Jesus.

Ross turns off the radio. Kevin speaks without turning around.

KEVIN

You know what's fucked up?

ROSS

What?

KEVIN

That shelter I was in. The one in Dryden? I was talking with some of the guys there, about how shitty the shelters were.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(laughs)

As if i was expecting the fucking
Ritz as a shelter.

ROSS

You think that's fucked up?

Kevin zips up. Walks over.

ROSS (CONT'D)

How about us? They evacuated this
whole goddamn state because it's
bordered by New York and Maryland.

KEVIN

A whole state to ourselves. And not
a single ounce of gas.

ROSS

Or water.

They both stare across the landscape. The fields of wheat,
amber in the sun's rays.

Ross pulls out his cell phone.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I'm going to call Kayla.

Ross dials as Kevin gets into the car.

Ringin'. Ringin'.

KAYLA (V.O.)

Hey, you reached Kayla, but i can't
find my phone right now, so leave a
message and I'll call you back once
I find it.

ROSS

Hey, it's me. I'm on my way to pick
up my folks. Did you get to your
house yet? Call me back.

(beat)

No one's answering their goddamn
phones.

KEVIN

Well, I'm sure things are better in
Virginia.

(beat)

Well, south Virginia, maybe.

(beat)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

This place is nothing but corn and
creeps.

Ross gets back into the car. Starts driving away.

INT. HONDA - LATER

Driving. Silence except for the soft hum on the engine. Ross is watching the road. Kevin is staring out at the landscape.

ROSS

Hey.

KEVIN

What?

ROSS

Look at that.

Up ahead is a PICKUP TRUCK halfway onto the shoulder, halfway on the road. A BEARDED MAN in his mid-fifties wearing a flannel shirt and denim pants stands up, waving a greasy hand.

KEVIN

Huh. It's the only other guy who
lives in Pennsylvania.

The Honda slows down and stops on the other side of the road, engine idle. The bearded man smiles and walks up to the passenger side. This is LEWIS.

LEWIS

Good afternoon, boys. Lovely day,
it's been.

KEVIN

Lovely indeed.

Ross nods towards the truck.

ROSS

Problem?

Lewis grimly nods.

LEWIS

Piece of glass or something. I
popped two of my tires. Give a
brother a ride?

Lewis has a BROAD SMILE. His teeth are a faint yellow. His hair is CURLED and RAY underneath his tattered sportcap. SUN SPOTS dot his cheeks, looking like severe SUNBURN.

ROSS

Well, we would . . . but it looks like we're going to have to walk too.

KEVIN

Out of gas.
(beat)
Know a good tow truck?

LEWIS

I might have some gas left.

He walks up to his pickup, yanks the tarp up, revealing sneakers of assorted sizes and backpacks. He rummages through and pulls out a gas can. Then he pulls his pocket knife. He smiles.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I hope I stab the right tank.

ROSS

Well, we have--

Lewis ducks underneath the truck.

ROSS (CONT'D)

(shrugs)
--a tube.

KEVIN

This or the other guy?

ROSS

What?

KEVIN

Who's more nuts?

EXT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Ross and Kevin step out of the Honda and walk toward the pickup. Lewis GRUNTS underneath. Ross looks through the backpacks in the truck bed.

ROSS

You have any food? Water?

LEWIS

Nah. Just clothing. Everything that
I couldn't wear I got up in there.

Ross takes a step forward. Sees a DIRTY TEDDY BEAR peeking
from beneath backpacks.

KEVIN

Need some help?

Lewis doesn't respond. Ross feels a slight rumble. Looks into
the horizon. Then he pats Kevin's arm.

ROSS

Look.

They both stare into the horizon. Far off in the distance,
past hills and hills of trees in autumn state, past farms of
half-grown corn stalks, a long, thin BLACK TUBE extends
silently from the earth. Slowly launches into the sky,
heading straight up, leaving behind a trail of smoke.

LEWIS

Well. Here's to the apocalypse.

In the gas can, vibrations ripple across the surface.

INT. HONDA - LATE AFTERNOON

Lewis is riding in the backseat. He's EATING FROM A BAG OF
POTATO CHIPS.

LEWIS

So.

CRUNCH. CRUNCH.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Where you fellas from?

Ross glances at Kevin.

KEVIN

Manhattan.

Lewis' eyes widen. Then he smiles.

LEWIS

Huh. You guys ain't ghosts are ya?

KEVIN

We were lucky. Right after the dirty bomb went off, and with the drift and everything, the government started evacuating the state or putting us in the shelters.

LEWIS

(in awe)

That must've been terrifying.

Ross stares forward.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. SOTTON SHELTER - DAY (MEMORY)

Ross, clean-shaven, is wearing a heavy coat, wild-eyed, tense, defensive. Around him people are running, walking, shoving. Thousands of language being spoken at once. Crying. Screaming. Off to the side, doctors are giving emergency operations to a car crash victim. A man runs across the room carrying a crate of water bottles. People of all races tackle him, grabbing water bottles and running off.

INT. HONDA - LATE AFTERNOON (PRESENT DAY)

KEVIN

It wasn't the best environment.

LEWIS

(grins)

Rather take your chances in a nuclear hotzone, huh?

Ross looks into the rearview mirror. Sees bits of SOFT POTATO CHIPS mixed in his teeth.

EXT. OUTSIDE EASTFIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

AN ABANDONED GAS STATION. A small abandoned car dealership. An empty farmer's market. Torn green tarps wave in the wind.

A faded metal sign flapping in the wind: EASTFIELD - THE COZIEST LITTLE CITY ON THE EAST COAST.

The Honda drives up slowly.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Ross stares out the windshield.

ROSS
Eastfield.
(to Lewis)
That near the border?

LEWIS
(surprised)
We're in Central PA.

KEVIN
How much gas left?

ROSS
Maybe a gallon. Half a gallon?

KEVIN
What's that, another ten, twenty
miles?

ROSS
I doubt there's another town for
twenty miles.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

The Honda parks by the pumps. Kevin steps out and tries to work the pumps. Ross steps out, staring at the red sun hanging low in the horizon.

KEVIN
It's not pumping.

ROSS
I'll check around.

Lewis crumples the potato chip bag and drops it into a garbage can between pumps. Then he looks around and laughs at himself.

EXT. GAS STATION AROUND BACK - CONTINUOUS

Ross peers into the windows. He sees the newspaper racks. Various headlines: "OPEC DISSOLVED" "GOVERNOR URGES PEOPLE TO LEAVE STATE" "THEFT AND CRIME RISE IN SHELTERS."

Then taped to the window is a list of buses scheduled to drive out of the city. At the top: "SAVE GAS, RIDE A BUS." Ross stares at the latest date.

ROSS
Two weeks ago. No one's been in
this state for two weeks.

Ross tries to take this all in. He leans against the wall,
exhaling. Puts his hand against his forehead.

ROSS (CONT'D)
They've actually abandoned this
whole goddamn state.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Kevin is leaning against the car, flipping through radio
stations. Lewis stands in the wind, watching the hairs on his
arm.

KEVIN
So you live here?

LEWIS
Here and there.

KEVIN
Were you driving with anyone?

LEWIS
No. Live alone.

KEVIN
What do you do?

Lewis doesn't answer at first. He sees the hairs loosen on
his arms in the strong wind, then fly away. He looks at Kevin
and forces a smile.

LEWIS
You know. Surviving the modern
world.

Kevin smiles back.

EXT. GAS STATION AROUND BACK - CONTINUOUS

Ross walks up to a GAS PORT. The cap is open, a long tube
stretching down inside. A faint smell. Ross finds a nearby
pebble and drops it in.

Silence. Then a dry CRACK.

ROSS
Hmm.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ross is walking back to the car. Kevin and Lewis are talking.

Ross pulls out his cell phone, flips it open. Low battery.
Puts it back into his pocket.

EXT. EASTFIELD - EVENING

The Honda rolls into town. A Pennsylvanian rural town. Empty local-owned businesses. White tenements with overgrown lawns. Cars sprawled everywhere on the sides of the streets. New models, old models, still standing. Not a sign of movement, except for a blade of grass shifting in the wind.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

The three of them survey the town. To the right are one-story houses surrounded by tall, sprawling trees.

Ross looks to the left and sees a wide, calm river. Up ahead, in the middle of the river is a small island with a brightly-colored, Victorian-style Bed and Breakfast motel.

The engine sputters. The car slows to a stop.

ROSS
How about that.

EXT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

They get out. Survey their surroundings. Silence.

KEVIN
So what do we do?

Ross doesn't answer. He's checking his phone again. Dialing. Network busy. Dials again. Same thing. FRUSTRATED SIGH.

ROSS
(to Lewis)
You sure we're nowhere near the border?

LEWIS
(shrugs, chuckles)
This is Central PA. I don't know what else to tell you.

Kevin indicates the bed and breakfast motel.

KEVIN
That wouldn't be so bad if they had
a staff.

Kevin and Lewis walks toward the end of the road, where there is a brick divider before a small cliff leading to the riverbank.

Ross is circling the car. He continues to dial.

EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Lewis stand by a huge promotional sign for the EASTFIELD HOTEL: A HOME FLOATING.

There's a list of attractions.

KEVIN
Optional breakfast in bed.

LEWIS
Honeymoon discounts.

KEVIN
Free wireless access.

LEWIS
Showtime, HBO, and Starz.

Kevin looks at Lewis and smiles.

KEVIN
You got your wallet?

EXT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Ross finally gets through.

ROSS
Mom? Dad? Please pick up.
(beat)
Is anyone there at all?
(beat)
Mom, Dad, please call me back. I
need to know where you're at.

Ross hears a soft hum. The hum of a CAR. He looks around, searching for it.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Mom, Dad, call me back.

He turns around, sees a junky car driving toward them from the way Ross came.

Kevin and Lewis hears it. They walk fast back to the Honda. The three of them wave their hands. The junky car tries to move around them, but the three of them spread out across the road.

The junky car stops. Kevin runs to the driver window.

KEVIN

Hey. You mind opening this--

He raps the window with his knuckles. The driver, LONNIE, a freckled, red-haired guy in his late teens, slowly rolls the window down. He stares at Kevin, cautiously.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Uh, hey, how are you doing? Uh, me and my friends, we're out of gas. That's our car there.

LONNIE

I--
(beat)
You guys live here?

Ross walks up by Kevin.

ROSS

We're trying to get to Virginia.
Are you going that way?

Lonnie rubs his eyes. They are red and dry, as if he's been crying.

LONNIE

Is anybody here?

KEVIN

It's just the three of us.

Lonnie breathes deeply. Then he clenches his jaw and steps on the gas, peeling away.

Kevin steps back, surprised. The junky car goes down the street a few blocks, then turns right.

ROSS

Jesus. What the hell.

KEVIN

Well, he's not going straight. He's not leaving town.

Lewis is staring at the Honda.

LEWIS
You know what.

Ross and Kevin look at him.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
You know what. If we can move this car--you know, get it sideways, we could block the street and the next guy, he wouldn't be able to get by.

ROSS
Yeah, as in next guy, as in, we're the only fucking people in the state.

KEVIN
(surprised)
Whoa, Ross. Calm down. I mean, that guy . . .

ROSS
He didn't stop for us, the next guy won't stop for us.

Kevin is staring at Ross, a look of confusion.

Off Ross' angry face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HONDA - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Ross is sitting in the clean car with Kayla. Heavy rain splatters on the windshield. Silence inside the car.

Kayla looks at Ross.

KAYLA
Are you sure you want to do this?

Ross doesn't respond. Kayla sighs. Tears at the corners of her eyes.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
I just want to know this isn't just one of those reckless things you go through. I mean, the pills, the intervention, I thought it was working--

ROSS
 It's nothing about that.
 (beat)
 Tom thinks there's going to be all-out war in a week.

Kayla's softly crying.

ROSS (CONT'D)
 (staring at nothing)
 I wasn't in New York. I wasn't there.

Kayla wipes away her tears. Regains composure.

ROSS (CONT'D)
 My parents aren't safe. I'm going to get them and we're going to drive to up to you.

KAYLA
 And then what?

ROSS
 We wait it out. We'll figure it out.

In the rain, Kevin runs across the parking lot towards the Honda. He raps his knuckles against the windshield.

Ross rolls down the window.

KEVIN
 Hey, they're boarding your bus.

Ross looks at Kayla. She looks back at him. They don't say anything.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Lewis is pointing to the Eastfield Hotel.

LEWIS
 I'm just saying, they might have food there.

KEVIN
 When they evacuated the city, they get all the food from supermarkets, the gas stations, the restaurants, but they don't think about hotels.

ROSS

But we need to be on the road. Just in case someone else comes.

KEVIN

Ross, you said yourself, nobody else is going to stop here.

ROSS

Kev, can you comprehend the situation here? We don't have any gas. We're stuck here.

KEVIN

We've been driving the whole day through New York and Ohio and all the way here with half a tank, finding gas as we go. We knew this would happen.

ROSS

Yeah, but I thought we'd get to Virginia before we ran out.

The sound of a car speeding. They look up the street, seeing the high beams of a junky car driving towards them. The junky car jerkily stops by the Honda, nearly hitting it. The three of them dash over to it.

Lonnie's in the driver's seat, crying.

LONNIE

They're not here.

KEVIN

Who? Your parents?

LONNIE

I told them to stay here. I told them to meet me here.

(sobs)

But they're not here.

Ross breathes hard, visibly shaken. Pushes his fingers through his hair. Steps back.

KEVIN

How do you know they just didn't go to another town?

LONNIE

No, no, NO. They are here! They were supposed to be here! They told me . . . they told me . . .

Lonnie pushes open the door, falls out, sobbing, on his knees.

Lewis stares at the keys in the ignition. Looks back at Lonnie. Presses his tongue against the inside of his lips.

Kevin kneels by Lonnie.

KEVIN

Maybe they took a bus. We're going
to find Ross' parents--

Lonnie's regressed. Crying. Not listening.

Ross' face is contorted. Angry. Sad. He pulls out his cell phone. The battery's dead.

LEWIS

Hey.

Ross stares into the woods. Sees something move. Darts across the leaves.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys see that?

Ross turns to where Lewis is pointing. A cone of light through the darkness. A flashlight. The light shines forward, blinding the four of them.

Kevin shields his eyes.

ROSS

How many is it?

LEWIS

I don't know.

Ross steps backwards. He looks at the dark woods again. Strains to see.

The light comes closer.

LONNIE

Is it you?

Kevin stares at Lonnie for a moment, then back at the light. The group stops right in front of the high beams of Lonnie's car. There are six silhouettes--three men, two women, and a little boy.

In the darkness, the man holding the flashlight has something bright and square clipped to the middle of his collar.

LEWIS
Out for a midnight stroll, Father?

PRIEST
How many are there of you?

LEWIS
There's four of us. You guys been
walking . . .

Both of the other men step forward, but still out of the light. One of the men is old and wiry while the other is short and bulky, wearing a red UVA shirt.

BULKY MAN
We were carjacked a couple miles
down the road.

PRIEST
Do you guys have food?

KEVIN
There's some in the car.

PRIEST
Gas?

LEWIS
Well, the--the chap there crying on
the road, his car might have a bit
of gas.
(still smiling)
Where y'all from?

PRIEST
The cars in the car?

LEWIS
Well, yeah--

The priest steps forward, PULLING A SILVER REVOLVER OUT AND TRAINING IT ON KEVIN.

Kevin and Lewis instinctively put their hands up as Ross steps out of the light.

KEVIN
Whoa, what the fuck--

PRIEST
Stand still. Don't fucking move.

The priest STEPS FULLY INTO THE LIGHT. HE'S HAIRLESS, HIS EYES BLOODSHOT, HIS SKIN DESICCATED, CRACKED, SPOTTED.

Kevin and Lewis slowly step back. Lonnie has stopped crying.

LEWIS
 Father, I--I don't know what sin I
 did this time, but--

PRIEST
 Shut the fuck up.

He pulls the white clip off. All a simple con trick.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 Give me the keys.

Kevin and Lewis look at Lonnie. He's silent, suddenly realizing all of the attention is on him. He stares at Ross for help. Ross holds his breath.

The priest pushes the gun further out.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
 (slowly, angrily)
The goddamn keys.

KEVIN
 Look, we're stranded too.

The priest turns around. One of the women steps forward, her hands on the shoulders of the little boy. He doesn't react to the intense light of the high beams. His eyes are a swirl of red and white--no pupils.

PRIEST
 Any of you guys like that?

KEVIN
 What happened to him?

PRIEST
 He just to happened to be looking
 when the missile in Washington hit.
 So bright, they burn the iris right
 off your fucking eye.

The bulky man and thin man step forward into the light. Both of them are hairless, their skin desiccated.

BULKY MAN
 Look, we're really thirsty and
 we're hungry. We just want the
 keys.

KEVIN
 And what about us?

PRIEST

Hey, you guys got this whole town.
Gotta be something here.

LEWIS

It's deserted. Everyone took
everything.

Ross looks into the woods. Sees more movement.

The old, wiry man stares intently at Lewis. Lewis starts to
stare back. Suddenly his eyes go wide.

Lonnie gets up and pulls the keys from the ignition. The
alarm indicating that the light is still on rings. Lonnie
steps forward. The keyring around his finger. His eyes are
red. His cheeks quiver.

PRIEST

Yeah, just throw them here.

Lonnie continues to walk forward. The priest gets defensive.
Trains the gun on Lonnie.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Throw them here.

Lonnie suddenly stops. His nose crinkles--a horrible smell.
The smell of rotten meat.

The bulky man coughs. He wipes his lips. Blood smeared across
his chin.

Lonnie starts walking again. Holds his nose.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

The fuck is wrong with you? Throw
me the goddamn keys. You want--you
want me to fucking shoot you?

The priest cocks the hammer.

Ross stares back into the woods. Leaves move. No wind. He
sees the glint of eyes.

ROSS

Kevin . . .

Kevin doesn't move. Lewis is staring at the old man, eyes
wide. The little boy shifts uncomfortably.

PRIEST

Stop right there--

Lonnie suddenly dashes forward, ONE OF THE KEYS PROTRUDING BETWEEN HIS INDEX AND MIDDLE FINGER, JABBING forward--the priest FIRES, A DEAFENING SHOT--misses Lonnie by inches--he shrieks, ACCIDENTALLY PRESSES THE CAR ALARM--THE LIGHTS OF THE CAR FLASH--BLEATING CAR ALARM.

Kevin and Lewis SPRINT BACKWARDS.

BANG. BANG.

The priest FIRES WILDLY. Lonnie ducks to the ground. Suddenly, SNARLING--DARK SHAPES, no higher than two feet from the ground, SCRAMBLE ACROSS THE ROAD, hardly visible in the strobe lights of the car.

The woman SCREAMS AS SOMETHING JUMPS FOR THE LITTLE BOY--TEARS HIM AWAY FROM HIS MOTHER--DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS. The bulky man SCREAMS, runs in the opposite direction--the older man TRIES TO RUN, but he is weak, slow--

Ross dashes forward, pulls Lonnie up.

ROSS

Come on!

Lonnie's CRYING.

SNARLING.

The priest FIRES TWO MORE TIMES--his revolver is empty--he reaches down, GRABS THE KEYS LONNIE DROPPED, heads for the car.

SNARLING. POV of something CHASING THE OLD MAN--GLINTING TEETH BITE DOWN INTO THE MAN'S ANKLE, YANKS--HIS WHOLE GODDAMN LEG JERKS OFF underneath his pants--

THE OLD MAN SCREAMS

as one of the other women scream somewhere else in the darkness.

Lewis and Kevin are running. Kevin is dragging his foot. Lewis is huffing, coughing, then collapses to his knees.

LEWIS

Fuck--

He tries to get up. HEARS SNARLING. Not behind him but in front of him.

KEVIN

Jesus, where the fuck--

Behind them Ross and Lonnie are running.

LEWIS
They're in front of us--

Ross points to the river. Behind him, the lights of the Lonnie's car starts up. The alarm is still going. None of the others are still visible--just black stains on the road.

ROSS
Into the water! The fucking water!

LEWIS
Oh fuck--

SNARLING.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF BARRICADE - CONTINUOUS

They jump over the brick barricade and vault into the water. Lonnie screams in pain. The water is shallow. One of his feet fell on a rock. His ankle is twisted at a weird angle.

ROSS
Swim! Swim!

The humming of the engine above on the road.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

The priest frantically rotates the steering wheel, trying to bring the car around. SNARLING FROM ALL SIDES.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The four of them are swimming. They are swimming towards the Eastfield Hotel. Ragged breaths. Kevin is pulled under for a moment, comes back up, chokes, coughs out water, but continues to swim.

On the road above them, the car is moving forward. Struggle inside the car. Blood splatters across the windshield, looking sickly orange in the car's low yellow light.

The car rushes forward--smashes again the brick divide--headlights broken--air bags go off inside--one deflates immediately--the car shakes from the struggle inside.

The four of them continue swimming. They don't look back.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL RIVERBANK - SECONDS LATER

They reach the riverbank of the hotel. They crawl through the mud, panting, coughing. Ross helps Lonnie pull his bad leg up. They stagger to the hotel wall.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The four of them stagger to the entrance. Kevin tries to open it. Locked.

LEWIS
(out of breath)
Fucking kick it.

Kevin kicks it. The door splinters. He kicks it again. He retracts his foot in pain. The door's still solid.

Ross looks around--sees the path to the river--decorative slabs of rock on both sides of the path--picks one up--heaves--it shatters a nearby window.

ROSS
Watch the glass.

SCREAMING. They stop. The screaming is from across the river, down the road. THEN SILENCE.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dark interior. Filtered light from the windows. Kevin uses another slab to push away the remaining pieces of glass. Lewis hoists himself up. Suddenly he yells, falling forward.

His lower lip trembles. He pulls a long, thin piece of glass from his thumb. Screams as a splash of dark blood drops to the floor.

The others hoist themselves through. Kevin and Ross help Lonnie though.

KEVIN
Are there lights?

ROSS
Uh . . .

Ross flicks a switch. Nothing.

They make their way upstairs onto the balcony. They look across the river, to both sides.

The dark forest and residential on one side and the businesses and restaurants on the other.

They are stuck in between. A home floating.

NO SNARLING. NO SCREAMING. NO ALARM. NOTHING.

Lewis, Kevin, and Ross stare at the other side of the river. They see the moon's glint across the river's peaceful surface. But beyond that, beyond the brick divider, is total darkness.

The three of them walk back inside.

Lonnie continues to stare. He's leaning on his good leg. He presses his hand to his side. Brings his hand back. Blood. Maybe from a bullet, maybe from a rock, maybe from glass.

Lonnie breathes. Starts to sob. Leans forward--over the railing--crashing below.

Black.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HONDA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ross and Kevin are sitting in the Honda driving. The heavy rain PATTERS upon the windshield. They are on a highway driving underneath blue cloudy skies.

Ross stares ahead. Kevin is drumming his fingers against his knees.

The road that they are on is empty except for them. The other road, the one going the opposite way, is packed with cars, stopped from a traffic jam, a car crash up the road, honking at each other, but nobody out in the water.

Off of Ross' determined face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #206 - MORNING

SUNLIGHT.

Ross' eyes flutter open. He is lying back on a huge, well-made bed. His muddy shoes are still on, along with business casual clothes.

He gets up. His eyes are blank. He looks around the room, for the first time in the light. It could be a comely room-- abstract paintings on the wall, small television, dresser, nightstand, empty vases where flowers are put.

The window curtains are open. He gets up and goes to them. A view of the never-ending river.

He instinctively looks toward the nightstand, the clock, but it's off. He looks at his watch. 9:22.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

Ross steps out of his room. He looks both ways, then heads for the door to his right.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #208 - CONTINUOUS

A knock on the door. Kevin emerges from the bathroom and opens the door. Ross is standing there, looking weary.

ROSS
You're up.

KEVIN
I didn't really sleep.

Ross steps into the room.

ROSS
Lewis up?

KEVIN
I don't know, I haven't seen him.

They both go towards the room's window, which has a view onto the Residential Riverbank. They can see Ross' Honda parked in the middle of the street and Lonnie's car crashed against the brick barrier.

But there are no bodies.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Ross and Kevin walk up to Room #207, which is across from Kevin's room. They knock. No response. Ross quietly and slowly opens the door.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #207 - CONTINUOUS

Lewis is on the bed, flat on his stomach. Snoring.

ROSS
Let's let him be.

Ross closes the door.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Ross and Kevin unlock the entrance door and slowly pull it open. The first thing they see is Lonnie's body in a heap of broken limbs and clothes on the path.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Ross walks toward the heap. Kevin stays back, rubbing his mouth with the palm of his hand.

Ross looks up at the balcony, then back down. He bites down hard on his lips. His eyelids quiver. He takes a deep breath. He looks back at Kevin.

ROSS
What should we do?

Kevin shrugs.

Ross looks like he's about to pick the heap up. Falters. Steps back.

ROSS (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I can do this. I can do this later.

Ross walks back to Kevin.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ross is sitting at a table decorated with a nice tablecloth. Ross is staring at the center of the table, deep in thought.

The living room is filled with rosewood chests. Behind polished glass panes are expensive china, glasses, and memorabilia--photos of the town, of the residents, all smiling and happy in low contrast grayscale.

Kevin and Lewis walk in, both equally somber. They sit down at the table. Each of them have greasy, messy hair, sweat-stained clothing, faces caked with mud, red-cracked eyes.

They don't look at each other. Not yet.

Then--

ROSS
So Lonnie's dead.

Lewis looks up at him.

ROSS (CONT'D)
We gotta do something with his
body.

LEWIS
I don't think we can bring it in
here.

Kevin looks up.

KEVIN
Why not?

LEWIS
Well.
(beat)
I'll stink up the place.
Eventually.

KEVIN
Well, you know, we can't leave it
out there.
(beat)
I mean, I don't want to have to
look at it every time I walk
outside.

ROSS
Well. We don't want inside. We
don't want it on the island.

They're all quiet. They all look down.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - MORNING

The sky is blue and cloudy. The water gently presses against the island's riverbanks. Ross and Lewis stand by the edge, wearing janitor gloves. Kevin walks up to them.

ROSS
What's in the shed?

KEVIN
 There's a motorboat. I can't tell
 if there's any gas.

ROSS
 Anything else?

KEVIN
 There's a crew boat.

Ross sighs.

ROSS
 How's your foot?

KEVIN
 (shrugs)
 It's okay. I mean, I don't want to
 have to swim again, but I can if I
 have to.

Kevin's stomach growls. Kevin gives a dry, almost sad
 chuckle.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 I need some refueling too.

Ross thinks for a moment and then stares at the Market
 Riverbank.

LEWIS
 We're not leaving, are we? We
 can't.

ROSS
 Well, we can't stay here.

LEWIS
 Why not?

Ross gives Lewis a look of surprise.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
 Whatever happened last night . . .
 I'm still shaking a little here and-
 -

KEVIN
 Ross, maybe we should stay here.

ROSS
 Hold on. We don't know what's going
 on. We have--

LEWIS

There were six people there last night. Now they're all gone. All gone. I saw something get that boy with no eyes.

KEVIN

We don't have gas.

ROSS

Well, we can't stay here. We don't have food here. Fresh water.

LEWIS

We haven't checked the kitchen yet.

Off of Ross' annoyed face.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - NOON

The three of them walk into the kitchen. They start opening pantries and refrigerators and anything that might look like it holds food.

They find seasoning, ketchup, mustard, salt, pepper, dressing, they pull it all out and place it on the cooking island in the middle of the room.

Then they stand around it, looking at what they've collected.

Lewis picks up a half-full container of minced garlic.

LEWIS

The new South Beach diet.
Appetizing.

ROSS

They wouldn't have had time to move all of the food off the island. They have to have food somewhere. Somewhere where it could be preserved.

They all look around the room and a small silver metal door. They walk to it, rotate the lever and pull it open.

The walk-in freezer would normally be refrigerated, but without power, it's dark. The meat inside has been sitting in the warm and dark for two weeks.

The three of them recoil, covering their nose. Overflowing grease and meat oil slick the floor.

Ross closes the door.

Lewis' stomach growls. He clutches it, looks embarrassed.

ROSS (CONT'D)

We have to find something nonperishable. We had stuff in our car. Pretzels and potato chips and stuff.

KEVIN

I'm not going back to the car.

LEWIS

What about the other side?

ROSS

Those things came out of the woods. Whatever they were. The opposite side with the stores and stuff, I'm sure we could find something there.

Kevin starts walking back.

KEVIN

You know, I'm not really sure I want to go there . . .

ROSS

Kev, we have no food. What are we going to do?

LEWIS

(to Ross)

We can go.

Ross and Lewis stare at each other.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SHED - NOON

Lewis and Ross are looking at the crew boat hung on the wall, a five seat turtle-waxed blue rowing boat with polished silver oarlocks. Lewis and Ross try to take the boat down, but it's heavier than they thought. They grunt, dropping it, jumping back when it crashes upon the wooden dock with a loud crash.

They push it into the water, where it plops and looks like it will turnside. Ross quickly tries to stabilize, but the boat stabilizes by itself; one of the oarlock quickly snaps down on Ross' hand, pinning it to the wooden dock.

He retracts his hand, wincing.

ROSS
(quietly)
Shit!

LEWIS
You okay?

Ross nods quickly, pointing to the eight-foot long red oars lined side by side on the adjacent wall.

ROSS
Just get the paddles.

Kevin is staring by the entrance, watching everything, his head bowed low.

Ross shoots him a look of annoyance.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Ross and Kevin direct the boat outside. They're carrying two red oars. They look at the oars and the boat, unsure of how to put them in the oarlocks.

ROSS
We'll just row.

Lewis looks at the unwieldy eight-foot long oar.

As Lewis and Ross try to get into the boat without turnsiding it, Kevin stares at the Residential Riverbank, seeing nothing. The leaves of the trees move with the soft wind. Kevin looks back, seeing Ross pushing from the shore with his oar. The crew boat drifts away from shore.

Suddenly Kevin runs to the shore.

KEVIN
Wait. Wait!

EXT. CREW BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Ross stares at Kevin.

ROSS
(quietly)
You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kevin is pointing to the shed.

KEVIN

I'll get an oar! Hold on!

He runs to the shed, not waiting for a response.

EXT. CREW BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Ross shakes his head.

ROSS

Can he not tell that we don't know
how to bring this . . . this
fucking boat back . . .

Lewis chuckles.

LEWIS

How did you plan to bring this
thing back when we got the
supplies?

ROSS

I guess I'm not really thinking
right now.

Lewis is sympathetic.

LEWIS

Don't mind him. We're all trying to
deal with what we've done.

Ross shoots Lewis a surprised glance. Then he grips his oar.

ROSS

Let's just row.

They try to row towards the Market Riverside. Far back on the island, Kevin suddenly reemerges from the shed, holding a red oar. He looks out at them and his shoulders drop.

EXT. CREW BOAT - AFTERNOON

They awkwardly row. Water splashes into the boat, but they continue on. They both stare intently at the approaching shore.

EXT. MARKET RIVERBANK - LATER

Lewis and Ross drag the boat onto the shore. As Lewis takes a breath, Ross stares toward the island. He can't see Kevin.

EXT. EASTFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Reed and Lewis hop the brick barrier. They stare down both ways of the street. No cars, empty buildings. Newspapers littered on the ground.

They walk cautiously. A small hardware store. A small local restaurant. A small book store. An electronics store. Rod's Corner Store.

Ross walks up to the window of Rod's Corner Store. He looks through. Counters filled with commercial food.

Ross looks at Lewis.

ROSS

Here.

They go to the door. Locked. Ross grabs a nearby trashcan and chucks it at the window. It shatters easily.

LEWIS

How many has that been? Three?

Ross doesn't respond. He uses his shoe to push over the remaining glass fragments. The inside of the store is dark. A faint rotten smell.

INT. ROD'S CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS

They both climb into the store and look around. Ross picks up a plastic bag of bread. The brown bread inside is wrinkled with greenish-blue mold.

LEWIS

We got potato chips. Pretzels.
Pringles. Beef jerky. Gum.

Lewis is taking bag after bag off the shelves, holding them in his arm. He walks to the back, where the refrigerators are. He opens a door and pulls out a six pack of beer bottles.

Lewis turns around, holding the six pack up, smiling widely.

ROSS

Yeah. I see it. Is there water?

Lewis gently puts the six pack on the floor and pulls out a bottle of water.

LEWIS

Gatorade . . . Pepsi . . .
Budweiser . . .

ROSS

I thought you couldn't sell alcohol
in a convenience store in
Pennsylvania.

LEWIS

This the kinda place you expect
police would enforce that?

Ross sees plastic shopping bags. He grabs a bunch and throws
some to Lewis.

ROSS

You get food and water. I'll grab
batteries. Medicine.

As Ross grabs Advil and Tylenol, bandages, alcohol swabs,
Lewis packs six packs upon six packs in plastic bags.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Kevin is looking around. He sees the service desk and the
traditional board behind it with keys upon nails. The keys
for room #206, 207, and 208 are missing. He grabs the rest of
the keys, stuffs them into his pocket.

He goes around the room, opening each curtain, illuminating
the lobby.

EXT. EASTFIELD - AFTERNOON

Ross and Lewis are carrying large heavy plastic bags. They
are walking fast. From time to time, they look over their
shoulders.

Suddenly, Lewis' plastic bag tears, and the six packs he was
carrying shatter upon the pavement, beer spilling everywhere.

LEWIS

Shit.

Ross looks back.

ROSS

Is that all you were carrying?

LEWIS

I was going to go back.

ROSS
Well, go back now.

Lewis looks annoyed, then stares down at the fallen beer.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The lobby is illuminated. Kevin looks pleased. Then he pulls out a key. He looks around for a weapon. He goes to the living room, where there is a fireplace. He pulls out a poker, but the end is dull, just a prop.

He looks around. Then starts walking towards the kitchen.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kevin pulls open drawers. Finds a butcher's knife. It's heavy. Unwieldy. He watches it glint in the dull afternoon light.

INT. ROD'S CORNER STORE - AFTERNOON

Lewis opens the entrance door (they unlocked the door when they left the first time). The room seems darker now that there is only one of them. Lewis takes a few steps forward. He stares into the darkness of the back of the store.

He walks toward the service desk, takes a few paper bags, then walks back to the fridges. He opens them and starts loading soda cans, Gatorades . . .

TINKLE.

Lewis' head snaps to the direction. He's completely still. Waiting for another sound. He doesn't breathe. He doesn't move. The bottle he was holding is halfway in the bag, but he doesn't dare lower it.

He's staring, his lips pursed. He's waiting for his eyes to get used to the dark, but they don't.

He lowers the bottle into the bag. He starts breathing again. He reaches for another bottle without looking. He keeps staring into the darkness.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Kevin pulls out a gold key connected with a dangling green plastic triangle, reading #201.

He slides the key into the lock of the door with an emblazoned #201 plaque, and slowly turns. The lock CLICKS.

He slowly pushes the door open. He's quiet, listening for any sound. He has the butcher knife raised up high.

He opens the door fully. The room is cleanly set up, no hint of anyone ever using it. A small TV. A small oakwood table. A queen-sized bed with vinyl patterned sheets tucked on top. The wallpaper is an immaculate pastel stripe.

Kevin walks into the room. He examines every corner. He examines every detail. He looks for even the slightest, smallest thing out of place. Perhaps a lamp too far to the edge. Perhaps a crease in the covers. Perhaps a smudge on the TV screen. Perhaps a piece of paper still in the garbage can.

But nothing. Completely perfect. Completely tranquil.

EXT. EASTFIELD - AFTERNOON

Lewis is carrying bags quickly, looking over his shoulder at Rod's Corner Store. He sees nothing within the black interior.

CRASH.

Lewis jumps, dropping his bags. He looks off to the side, seeing Ross breaking the window to the electronics store. Ross is staring at Lewis.

Lewis smiles, holding his hand above his heart.

LEWIS

Coronaries . . . not a good thing
for a guy my age.

ROSS

Did you break some more bottles?

Lewis bends over to collect the bags.

LEWIS

No, no, I've got soda and stuff.

ROSS

Okay, put it with the other stuff
on the boat.

Lewis nods toward the electronics store.

LEWIS

What are you getting?

ROSS
Flashlights. For when it's dark.

Lewis looks back at the corner store, makes a face, then continues walking.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Kevin turns the lock on another door, #203. Then he kicks the door open. The door loudly crashes against the wall. Surprised by how loud the door is, Kevin presses the door against the wall, and looks both ways down the hallway, as if he was expecting someone else here.

The hotel is silent again. Kevin walks into the room. He doesn't even bother to hold the knife up. The room's empty, as pristine and as alien as the first.

Kevin's stomach growls. He pats his stomach, looks around one final time and leaves.

EXT. EASTFIELD - AFTERNOON

Ross is leaving with flashlights and over electronics in a grocery bag. He looks around for Lewis, but doesn't see him.

He walks over to the brick barrier. He throws the bag onto the other side. He hesitates. He looks around.

Then he jumps.

He grunts and pull himself over and lands on the ground--

EXT. MARKET RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

His left leg bends and he falls.

ROSS
Oh fuck--

Ross rolls down the small cliff into the water. He sprawls to get up, dripping wet. The muscles in his face are as tense as can be.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Fuck.

He shakes his arms, sending droplets everywhere. Suddenly--

He pulls his phone out. He checks the battery pack--wet. He turns it on (usually a phone will turn on for a moment before suddenly turning off). His phone doesn't light up at all.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He throws into the water like a pebble. It skips a few beats before drowning in the water. Ross calms down for a moment, then realizes the stupidity of his action.

He walks further into the water and starts looking for it.

EXT. EASTFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Lewis steps out of the book store that is right next to the electronics store. He is holding a magazine in his left hand, flexing his right hand.

He looks around.

LEWIS

Ross.

(stops walking)

Ross?

He hears a noise--the skipping of Ross' phone across the river.

Lewis climbs over the barrier.

EXT. MARKET RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

Lewis gracefully lands on the damp grass. He sees Ross soaking wet, splashing the water. He can't help but LAUGH.

LEWIS

Kid, what the hell are you doing?

ROSS

I threw my fucking phone.

Lewis chuckles again.

LEWIS

Don't worry about it. I don't think you can get whatever it is--bars?--out here.

Ross stops for a moment and puts his hands on his hips.

ROSS

It had all my numbers.

LEWIS

Your . . . ? You don't know the number for your folks?

ROSS

I know the number for my parents; I don't know Kayla's number. It's on the SIM card. I can use that.

(beat)

I mean, I never memorized my girlfriend's number . . .

Ross looks up at Lewis, who's giving him a confused expression.

Ross gives a frustrated sigh before continuing to look. His fingers are raisining and his shoes are soaking through.

Lewis gives a frown.

LEWIS

Not that, you know, looking for your phone isn't important, but we need to get this stuff back.

ROSS

Well, I need to find it.

LEWIS

Well, jeez, Ross, let's not just think about ourselves here--

ROSS

Hey, what the fuck. We brought you here.

LEWIS

Oh well, you can see that what happened is exactly how I'd like spending the end of my days--

ROSS

I'm not--I'm not arguing with you. You wanna go, then go. Paddle the thing by yourself.

Lewis looks at the boat, sees the two long oars and the immense bags of food weighing the stern of the boat down.

LEWIS

You're gonna swim?

ROSS
(exasperated)
I'm already wet.

Ross continues to look for his phone.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Kevin walks out of the hotel and looks across to the Market Riverbank. Lewis is sluggishly rowing the crew boat back towards the island.

Kevin tilts his head--sees Ross looking for something in the water still by the riverbank.

Kevin looks down at the ground and sees a small spot of blood. He looks at his thumb where he tied a small tourniquet from a tissue. Blood is dripping through.

In his other hand he holds the butcher knife. He brings it up and puts his thumb right against the blade. Just to see.

Just to see, if he really wanted to, if he could cut it off. Then he puts the blade down. He looks at the hole in his thumb. He wonders how deep it goes.

His stomach growls again. He drops the knife back to his side. He looks back at the crew boat.

EXT. MARKET RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS

Ross is still looking for his phone. He stands up. Sighs. He sees Lewis rowing away and gives a small frustrated chuckle. Then he looks up at the riverbank. Watches the top of the barrier.

He takes a deep breath. He stares out, seeing the setting sun.

He walks up the riverbank, water trickling down his pantlegs, soaking his shoes, leaving muddy footprints. He picks up his bag of flashlights and batteries and then descends back into the water.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - NIGHT

Ross pulls himself up onto the island and coughs. He throws the bag onto the grass beside him.

He relaxes for a moment. He grabs a flashlight and tries to stick some batteries in. He wipes off the metal conductor, trying to dry it.

He looks up at hotel. A double-take.

THERE'S LIGHT IN THE HOTEL.

He pauses for a moment.

He looks at his bag of flashlights. Did Lewis get one? Is he missing one? He looks around, trying to spot someone else.

Suddenly he shakes his flashlight, turns it on, then puts his hand over the beam. Using the moonlight, he quietly walks toward the entrance.

He opens the door slowly.

ROSS

Kev?

He walks in.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

He walks slowly against the wall of the lobby, his hand still over the beam of his flashlight.

He hears a dull music.

ROSS

Kev?

He walks slowly towards the kitchen. The music gets louder. Faint shadows dance across the walls.

Ross walks further. He hears laughing. He walks further, taking his hand off the beam.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Guys?

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly Kevin jumps out, wearing nothing but an undershirt and his boxers.

KEVIN

Hah!

Ross jumps. His flashlight clutters in his hands and drops onto the floor, clattering.

Kevin brings his hand to his face, laughing hard.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Got ya.

ROSS

Jesus.

(beat)

Jesus, Kev, where'd you get the flashlight?

KEVIN

Lewis got it.

Ross walks into the room and sees a fully-dressed Lewis using a flashlight to mess around with a battery-powered boombox. A Marilyn Manson CD is playing.

ROSS

Where'd you get that?

LEWIS

(stoic)

The manager's office. He had emergency supplies.

Ross stands still for a moment. Kevin is still smiling, but then he starts looking at the two of them. He stares at Ross, with a quizzical, tilted face.

Ross sighs.

ROSS

Lewis.

(beat)

It was just a phone.

By the dim glow of the flashlight, Lewis faintly smiles.

LEWIS

Don't worry. It's your generation. Materialistic.

He turns around, full smile.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

But I got to say--

(points to boombox)

This guy . . . is something.

He reaches behind him and pulls out the magazine he had earlier and walks toward them.

Ross turns to Kevin.

ROSS
Where are your clothes?

KEVIN
You smell your clothes recently?
Like sweat and blood and dirt and
shit. And I can't take a bath,
unless I want a river scum bath.

ROSS
So I get to see you dancing in your
boxers everywhere?

KEVIN
Unless you pay me.

Ross doesn't respond.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Lighten up.

Lewis holds the magazine behind him.

LEWIS
He's right. What are the odds that
we are here. The middle of fucking
Pennsylvania. The middle of a
river. The middle of the island. In
the middle of hell itself.
(beat)
I present to you--

He pulls out the magazine, a PLAYBOY, the coverfold dropping down, revealing a SHAPELY BLONDE GIRL wearing the remnants of a yellow cheerleading outfit.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
--Satan, herself. Miss October. The
receptable for all sin.

Lewis pulls out a pack of tape and tears out the centerfold. Marilyn Manson's cover of "Sweet Dreams." Kevin walks over to a table where bottles of all sizes and takes a beer bottle. Ross stands there, transfixed, staring at the centerfold.

Lewis tapes it to the nearby wall, spreading it out in full view.

Kevin takes a long gulp, then offers it to Ross. He stares at the bottle for a moment. Then takes a sip. Then a longer one. Then finishes it off. He looks at the empty bottle, then looks at Kevin apologetically, but Kevin's already off getting another.

The music. The centerfold. The dancing shadows from the flashlights. The alcohol. Surreal.

KEVIN

Sweet dreams are made of this.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - MORNING

Kevin is sprawled across the grass, in his boxers and his undershirt. Empty bottles surround him.

In the horizon--A FLASH. The whole sky turns searing white.

Kevin's face scrunches. Then he opens his eyes, but suddenly closes them. He covers his eyes with his hands and tries to make his way back into the hotel.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #206 - CONTINUOUS

Ross is sleeping in the closet. Light shines through the cracks surrounding the door. His eyelids flutter.

He pushes open the closet door and suddenly blinded by the light. He instantly covers his face, grabbing for the closet door to pull it close again, but can't find it. He struggles across the floor, trying to reach the blinds to the windows.

He pulls the strings to the Venetian blinds, but they do little good.

He walks unsteadily into the hallway. Lewis is already there.

LEWIS

Jesus. I think I'm fucking blind.

ROSS

Shut up.

LEWIS

I can't see anything. It's white, but when I close my eyes, it's-- it's red, but that means I can see, right?

ROSS

Shut the fuck up.

He tries walking down the hallway, alternating with hand in front of his face and then away.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Blind people, they don't see white.

POV through Ross. A dark shape passing through his vision.

ROSS (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Am I going blind?

Ross tries to go downstairs. Lewis is right behind him, holding onto Ross' foot. Ross tries to kick Lewis' hand away, but Lewis keeps reaching for Ross' foot.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ross and Lewis crawl down the stairs, careful, blinking, looking around. Their hands are in front of them, feeling for anything.

The entrance door is open. Kevin is outside, walking across the grass, trying to get back inside, but he can't find the door.

Ross and Lewis crawl across the linoleum floor. Ross tries to stand up, takes two steps, nearly falls over, then resumes back to crawling.

They use the walls to guide themselves into the kitchen.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kevin staggers across the grass.

KEVIN
Hello! Ross!

He trips on a rock and falls onto the path, scraping his left knee down to his foot. He winces in pain. Rocks are embedded in the jagged sickly orange wound.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The boom box and empty cardboard cases lie across the kitchen counter. Bottles across the floor.

Ross walks through the maze of bottles, pressing his hand against the low cupboards. Some of them are open;

he slams them close, hitting a bottle, which goes flying through the air.

It crashes away on the linoleum, but doesn't shatter. Ross is hesitant. He doesn't know if it's shattered or not. He puts his hand on the ground slowly. Moves around slowly, checking for broken glass.

LEWIS

Why did you stop? Where are we going?

Ross doesn't respond. He slowly inches forward.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kevin continues crawling down the path, dragging his injured leg. Pieces of rock accumulate in the jagged flesh.

KEVIN

Hello?

He stands up and gingerly walks across the path with his bare feet. His arms are up in front of him, grabbing empty air.

Several feet in front of him, the BOAT SHED.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ross continues crawling. He's blinking, but then shutting his eyes close. In front of him--

THE FREEZER DOOR

Ross reaches up, looking for the looped handle. Finds it. Pulls it. Can't open it when crawling. He stands up. Pulls it harder. He's unsteady.

Lewis is sitting on the floor. Worried. His face a look of defeat.

LEWIS

Ross. Where are you?

Ross gets into stance, pulls hard, swings the door open. The light engulfs the freezer.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Kevin crashes against the shed wall. He searches for the door handle. Opens the door and falls inside.

INT. EASTFIELD SHED - CONTINUOUS

Kevin waves his arm in front of him, but nothing's there. He slowly crawls forward. Suddenly there's nothing underneath his arm, and he falls forward in the water. Underneath the murky water, there's darkness, where Kevin stays, holding his breath, hoping for the light to pass.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ross crawls in. He grabs into the air, reaching for Lewis' arm. Finds it. Pulls him in. Then shuts the door.

BLACK.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - AFTERNOON

The sun is overhanging in a blood red sky, absent of clouds.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

The kitchen is under a red hue; shadows dark and pronounced. The freezer door opens.

The light illuminates Ross' sagged face, bloodshot eyes. He squints in the light, shielding his face with his hand. Behind him is Lewis, who has torn strips of plastic clogged in his nose. He looks out into the light, squinting.

LEWIS

It's gone?

Ross looks back at Lewis. He's blinking his eyes over and over.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - LATER

Ross and Lewis stand outside, looking at the horizon. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, except for the red sky.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Where the fuck were you guys?

Ross and Lewis turn around to see Kevin in his boxers, standing, water dripping from his hair, one hand shielding his eyes from the low red light, the other pressing his undershirt against the wound on his shin.

ROSS

Where were you?

KEVIN

I was in the fucking shed. Under water. I don't even know how many hours I was underwater.

LEWIS

What happened to your leg?

KEVIN

I scraped it on the rocks. I think the water cleaned it out though . . .

.

Kevin takes the boxers away from his shin, revealing bubbled yellow fat at the surface, surrounded by red and white tissue.

While Kevin is looking at his wound, Ross looks away from his naked form. Lewis' eyes linger on him for a little longer than necessary.

Ross sees the empty bottle on the ground.

ROSS

You guys are like fucking pigs.

He picks up the bottle and displays to Lewis and Kevin as if they've never seen a bottle before.

ROSS (CONT'D)

You can't trash this place.

Kevin looks away. Lewis doesn't even try to crack a joke.

LEWIS

Look, we had a wild night. We were drunk. The things that happened yesterday and the day before, I mean, everything's been so . . .

(shrugs)

There's . . . there's absolutely no way to describe what's happened. But the bottle--we're sorry. We'll clean up the place.

Kevin starts toward the entrance.

ROSS

Where are you going? There's broken glass.

KEVIN

I'm getting my clothes.

Lewis watches him go. Then looks at the sunset.

LEWIS
We could've been blinded.

ROSS
The kid?

Lewis nods, frowning.

Ross stares off at the Residential Riverbank.

ROSS (CONT'D)
We need to find a car. We need to
leave.

LEWIS
That's not smart. I mean, I'm
thinking we both know what that
light was.

ROSS
Yeah, but there's nobody there.
There's nobody in this entire
state.

LEWIS
Well, we don't know where exactly
it hit. I mean, it might've hit far
away and we still saw the light.
(beat)
Maybe that's why we're not blind
right now. The distance.

ROSS
Are we close to Washington?

LEWIS
No, I keep telling you, we're in
central PA.

ROSS
Why would someone nuke an abandoned
state?

LEWIS
I--I don't know. An old bomb? You
had to manually plot the course?

Ross squints his eyes at Lewis.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

You . . . the first thing they did at the beginning was shoot down the GPS satellites so that no one could use it to guide nukes. The GPS things, those are really accurate, like within five meters of the intended target.

ROSS

(quietly)

That's why my GPS didn't work . . .

LEWIS

And you know, with all of the nukes travelling the world, with the EMP of a different fallen warhead, or counter-nuke missiles, you know, the whole planet's surface goes scorched up.

ROSS

(dry smile)

How do you know all this?

LEWIS

(shrugs)

It was my generation. It's what captivated the audience.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - EVENING

Ross and Lewis are organizing cans and bottles on the kitchen island. Kevin is sitting on a counter, cleaning his wound and applying small bandages.

Ross looks over.

ROSS

Where'd you get those?

KEVIN

(not looking)

They were in the manager's office. He's not using them . . .

Ross steps back from the island, puts his hands on his hips, surveying the cans in front of him.

ROSS

What'll this last us? A week? We can do long without food, but water?

LEWIS
We have plenty of liquid.

ROSS
Beer.

KEVIN
Well, we're on the river.

LEWIS
(chuckles)
You don't drink PA river water.

A beat as they consider their food.

ROSS
We're going to have to go across
again.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ross, Kevin, and Lewis are at a table. On the table are several cans, a can opener, three forks, three knives, three decorated ceramic plates, and several open cans with spoons in them.

They are eating quietly. Stealing looks at each other. Lewis pauses eating for a moment, looking at Kevin and Ross. He raises and lowers a shoulder. Half-smile.

LEWIS
Okay. A tasteless joke?
(no objection)
So there's this really depressed
guy. He's been on a bunch of pills,
but none of them really ever
worked. None of his shrinks, none
of his doctors can help him. He's
just really depressed, to the point
of suicide. Finally, he calls the
suicide hotline. But because of
budget cuts, the entire
department's now in Pakistan. So he
calls them up, he gets transferred,
on hold, becomes really nervous,
really depressed.
(beat)
The guy on the other line, he asks,
"How can I help you?"
(beat)
(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

And the depressed guy says, "Well, doc, it's just I'm really depressed and I think I'm going to commit suicide."

(beat)

And the Pakistan guy, well, he just gets really excited and asks, "Can you drive a van?"

And then Lewis smiles.

No one laughs, but Ross and Lewis both faintly smile.

ROSS

Our wonderful world.

LEWIS

Our wonderful fucking world.

KEVIN

It's insane. You know, my parents used to tell me I'd face armageddon in my lifetime.

ROSS

Mine, too.

KEVIN

And the thing that really pissed them off, I kept telling them, "Well, it's this world that you're leaving me that's going to destroy itself. I had nothing to do with it."

LEWIS

(chuckles)

Hey now. Give the old guy a break. I drive trucks for a living. I had nothing to do with worldly chaos.

ROSS

You can use that excuse for so long until you grow up and you become the world. Then it's your world you're leaving for your kids.

KEVIN

"My kids." My God.

Kevin leans back in his chair. They've stopped eating. Smiling. Enjoying each other's company.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I never really believed I was going to get married. And even if I did-- kids? No.

ROSS

(to Lewis)

You have kids?

LEWIS

(raises eyebrow)

Never really kept a marriage. I was what you might call a "casual" monogamous husband.

KEVIN

Oh yeah? How many wives?

LEWIS

Three. All exes.

ROSS

Yeah? You know where they are know?

LEWIS

Here. There. Living their lives.

(beat)

How about you? This . . . uh, what's her name, Kaitlin?

ROSS

Kayla.

(shrugs)

She's a friend from college.

KEVIN

(smiles)

She's not a friend.

LEWIS

Is it serious?

ROSS

(shrugs)

I don't think I love her, but you know, I . . .

He pauses, searching for the words.

LEWIS

(smiles)

Like her? Not out of respect. Not out of admiration.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

But something intangible, something completely indescribable, yet something you can feel.

Ross looks off to the side, sad.

ROSS

Yeah.

Kevin is chuckling.

KEVIN

I think that's what my parents used to say about each other once. Then they realized it was all bullshit.

LEWIS

Divorced?

KEVIN

Thank God. Yours?

LEWIS

Dead.

KEVIN

Sorry.

LEWIS

(shrugs)

Nah.

(beat)

See, I make you guys think I'm young, that I'm still a thriving ox in the herd.

ROSS

It works.

LEWIS

It does. I does. But I'm not young.

(shrugs, chuckles)

I'm fifty-six. Twenty-thousand years ago, I would've been the oldest man in the world. See, you had kids when you were fourteen. You were an elder at twenty.

Ross and Kevin look at each other.

KEVIN

We'd be grandparents.

ROSS

Scary.

KEVIN

It's just me, but I could never
imagine bringing kids in the world.

ROSS

Especially our times.

Lewis frowns.

LEWIS

The thing that you have to
understand is that the world is
always on the brink of destruction.
You're as likely to die now as you
ever were. We're in nuclear war,
now, sure. But we've had conflicts
that have been just as disastrous,
just as bloody. World War One, the
carnage in that war, and without
nuclear weapons. And developing
countries, always a struggle for
the throne. Africa? A new war
starts daily. There's no such thing
as peace. There's no such thing as
utopia or a better tomorrow or
anything like that. The world has
always been at war, the economy has
been stable, and people have always
been starving. Peace? Civilization?
They're hopes of the young ones
taking office.

Kevin's looking down. Ross is staring at Lewis. Then he
smiles.

ROSS

You said you were a trucker . . . ?

LEWIS

(laughter)

Sorry, did I ruin the mood there?

ROSS

No, no, it's . . . relevant. Here
we are. Our little civilization,
our little utopia.

Kevin and Lewis look at each other and smile.

KEVIN AND LEWIS

A home floating.

ROSS

Jesus.

KEVIN

Oh come on. What was the one tagline you wrote for that vacation package? The one you were so excited about?

ROSS

Nah . . .

KEVIN

Come on . . .

Ross sighs.

ROSS

"Experience the experience."

Kevin laughs. Lewis tries to refrain from smiling.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I thought it was good at the time. You should here of some of my dad's old slogans. There was quite a few good ones back then.

LEWIS

Your parents are . . . what, advertisers?

ROSS

The term they like, "illustrators." It maintains a degree of youthfulness.

LEWIS

It's funny how to some people it stuns them that they grow old.

ROSS

When I turned twenty, I thought to myself, "Oh my God, a quarter of my life is over." That feeling . . .
(shakes his head)
It's frightening. Terrifying.

KEVIN

And now you're twenty-six, in the middle of the Pennsylvania, the most desolate place on the planet, surrounded by nuke sites.

Silence. They all lean back in their chairs. All amused and sad and tired and content.

ROSS

When I was a kid, after visiting my relatives, my parents would drive back on the highway at sunset. I never said anything to my parents, but I thought we were driving away. There was a disaster or something at home, and we were driving away to escape. All of the people in our lane, we were all driving away from the catastrophe with only the things we had in our car.

(beat)

The people in the other lane, I watched their headlights as they drove into the opposite direction. They forgot something and they were going back for it. Their cat, their dog, their money, they were going back for it.

(beat)

We would always end up right in front of our house, as if nothing happened, but for those hours when we were driving back, I imagined I was escaping the world with my family.

The three of them are quiet, all looking at the table in front of them, deep in thought.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - NIGHT

The moon reflects on the surface of the calm river. Calm, serene, ripples.

The trees lazily wave in the wind. Leaves soundlessly drop to the ground.

HOWLING.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #206 - CONTINUOUS

Ross is sleeping, his face pressed against the pillow.

HOWLING.

He shifts.

LOUDER HOWLING.

His shifts, then immediately stops. His head slowly pivots up. His face is frozen. He stops breathing, straining to listen.

Silence.

He slowly gets out of bed. Body tense, he walks to the window. He pulls the curtains just an inch open and looks out to the Residential Riverbank.

Nothing.

He resumes breathing. His breathing is loud compared to the silence around him.

He steps back from the window, loosening his grip on the curtain.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Ross opens a drawer quietly, and shifts through the silverware inside. He pulls out A LONG KNIFE and slowly closes the drawer.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Ross opens the door and shifts so that the moonlight can illuminate the room. The drawers to the manager's desk are open; he sees what he was looking for: a flashlight.

He grabs it and shuts off the lights.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ENTRANCE - SECONDS LATER

Ross stands by the entrance door. He looks through the glass, seeing nothing.

HOWLING.

Ross instinctively crouches down, the knife in his hand. He waits for another sound. Then slowly rises back up to sneak another look through the broken glass.

HOWLING. But it sounds further away.

Ross takes a deep breath. He stands up and CLICKS on the flashlight. He shines it across the hotel lawn and across the path. Nothing out of the ordinary.

ROSS
They can't be on the island.

Ross opens the door.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The beam of Ross' flashlight bounces across the island. Then he clicks it off.

He waits a moment. Silence. Darkness.

HOWLING. Even further away.

Ross clicks the flashlight back on. Shines it at the Residential Riverbank, but the spread of the beam is so high, it does no good.

STOMP. From behind him.

Startled, Ross SWINGS AROUND THE KNIFE, the flashlight quickly behind it, illuminating Lewis' tired face.

LEWIS
What the--?

Ross drops the flashlight, which hits the ground with the thud. Ross and Lewis talk in the darkness. Lewis is talking in rapid breaths.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking--! What the fuck--
(beat)
Oh fuck . . .

ROSS
Shit, I didn't--you scared me, I didn't know it was you!

Ross scrambles to get the flashlight, which is flickering. Before it goes out, he shines it on Lewis, who, in the light, is pale white--his skin and his hair are bleached, thin, peeling, his eyes a dull yellow, his teeth bared and clenched, his neck taut, his body defensive. He SNARLS.

The flashlight goes out.

Then comes back on. His skin is a light red, his hair gray and combed back. His eyes are wide with worry.

Lewis is holding his right upper arm. A speck of blood is on his cheek. He wipes his hand across his face, leaving a small streak.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Jesus--

LEWIS

I don't think it's bad.

ROSS

I didn't even fucking hear you--

LEWIS

Can you--can you get me a towel or something?

Ross rushes inside, taking the flashlight with him, leaving Lewis in the dark.

Lewis is suddenly tenses up, stops breathing. No longer is he scared of his wound.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ross rushes into the kitchen, pulling a towel off from a nearby rack. He finds a bottle of vodka and rushes out.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ross searches through the drawers and finds an open box of bandages.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Lewis walks in slowly. Ross comes up to him and pulls the cap off the bottle. Lewis takes the bottle and takes a long swig. Then rests it by his side. Ross is standing there, the towel ready in hand.

ROSS

No, the wound--

Lewis gets it.

LEWIS

Oh.

Lewis pours the vodka on his shoulder, which drips down his arm. He grimaces.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Why the fuck am I sanitizing this?
It was a clean knife, wasn't it?

He takes another swig as Ross applies the towel.

ROSS
I don't know how long it was in
that drawer. I dunno. Dust, rust .
. .

LEWIS
Silverware doesn't rust.

Ross takes off the towel and shines the flashlight at it. A long, thin, gaping wound. Blood has stopped dripping from it. The edges of the wound look almost dry.

Ross looks at the towel in his hands.

ROSS
That wasn't a lot of blood. Does it hurt?

LEWIS
Not really.

He brings up the vodka bottle, shaking it, smiling.

ROSS
Okay. Look, I'm really sorry, I didn't--

LEWIS
Look, I startled you, I should of said something. It was just that howling . . .

Ross shines the flashlight off towards the kitchen and the two of them walk that way.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ross dumps the towel into the sink.

ROSS
Kevin's leg. Your arm. We're gonna need a first aid kit or something.

LEWIS
Well, I don't know if I really want to get off this island now . . .

ROSS
Well. We don't have much of a choice. We don't have food. We don't have water.
(MORE)

ROSS (CONT'D)

I mean, what's the chance of that getting infected?

Lewis takes off his vest and lies it on the kitchen counter. As Ross aims with the flashlight, Lewis applies bandages to bring the two edges together.

ROSS (CONT'D)

I mean, that'll probably need stitches. You sure you're not hurting?

LEWIS

I don't think it went that deep.

Ross is quiet while Lewis is working on his wound. As he's doing so, Ross looks up at the freezer door. He chuckles.

ROSS

You know, ever since yesterday morning, all I've smelt is rotten meat.

Lewis' hands falter for a moment.

LEWIS

Really?

ROSS

You don't?

Lewis shrugs.

LEWIS

Bad sense of smell.

(beat)

The fuck was it that was howling outside?

ROSS

I don't know. The things that attacked that priest and the kid?

LEWIS

Yeah, but what the fuck were those things?

ROSS

Well. They were howling. Wolves? Dogs?

LEWIS

Dogs.

(beat)

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I don't know. It sounded too scratchy. Too deep. Like it was howling through a throat full of snot.

(beat)

You know what I was thinking it was?

ROSS

What?

LEWIS

The owners, they wouldn't have been able to take their dogs and cats with them, so they leave them here. And they can't just lock them up and let them die, so they leave them free in the house. And they find some way, an open window, or a pet door, or something, and they get out. And then the nuclear radiation coming from the nuke sites. It's really slight radiation, but because cats' and dogs' brains are so much smaller, their brains start to die much quicker. And when their brains start to die off, they go crazy, you know? They eat whatever they can, they kill whatever they can, they survive based solely on primal urges.

Ross smiles.

ROSS

I think it was wolves.

Lewis looks down.

LEWIS

You ever wonder why those things never attacked us?

Ross is silent.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Maybe it was because they were humans. Same thing that could happen to the pets. Their brains are turning to liquid and they're losing their minds and their bodies are falling apart.

ROSS

So why didn't they attack us?

LEWIS

'Cause. They saw we were in danger. Altruism, helping someone else out for no reason, is a completely human trait. Not seen in any animals. Those things, they saw that that guy had a gun and even though their mind was gone, they understood what the gun meant, that we were defenseless and they attacked them instead of us.

ROSS

(unsure)

I don't think--

LEWIS

Do you remember them being short? Short or tall.

Ross is silent.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I don't remember them being short. Not as tall as me or you, but definitely not as short as a golden retriever or something.

Ross studies Lewis, who stares back, completely serious.

Lewis looks at his wound and sighs.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I'm going back to bed.

He leaves. Ross stands there, thinking. Then he cleans up the bandage wrappers, pushing Lewis' vest off the island. A keychain falls onto the island and then clinks onto the floor.

Ross reaches down and picks it up. The keychain is a red snap-in keychain. Half the keychain is missing. Ross looks to see if Lewis is still here, then checks the vest pockets for the other half.

Nothing. Ross looks through the countless silver and gold keys. A small piece of paper have been delicately taped to each key, reading, "CAR," "FRONT DOOR," "DEPOSIT BOX," "WAREHOUSE," etc.

Ross sighs. How many will Lewis ever use again?

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #206 - MORNING

Sunlight dim through the curtains. Ross is sleeping.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #207 - MORNING

Lewis is sleeping. An empty vodka bottle on the nightstand, along with the bloodless bandages. Most of him is underneath the sheets, except for his thick, hairless arm.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #208 - MORNING

Kevin's eyes flutter open. He breathes deeply, staring at the ceiling. He stretches over the width of his bed and sighs. His hands disappear underneath the sheets.

Then he stops. He looks up at the windows, then the door.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin opens his door and stares down the hallway. He tip-toes down the hallway onto the stairs.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ROOM #206 - MORNING

Ross' stomach GROWLS. His eyes flutter open. He tries to roll back to sleep. His stomach growls again. He swishes his tongue around, as if something in his mouth tastes funny. He rolls over again. His stomach growls a third time.

Frustrated, he props himself on his palms and gets out of bed. He walks into the bathroom, turns on the faucet, but nothing comes through. He walks out of the bathroom, looks around.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL ENTRANCE - SECONDS LATER

He walks downstairs. The sunlight peers through the windows on the sides of the door. He walks over to the door, avoiding the glass from the one broken window.

He takes a look outside through the glass in the entrance door. An empty barren island.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ross strolls into the kitchen. He looks to his left and suddenly stops.

He sees Kevin, facing the far wall, his body leaned over, his right hand in front of him with his left clutching his chest.

Ross steps back, around the corner, his mouth open in shock. He takes another glance and sees cheerleader centerfold on the far wall.

Kevin GRUNTS.

Ross clutches his stomach, suddenly worried.

ROSS
(silently)
Shit.

He sees cans and the can opener on the kitchen island. In the silence, he can hear Kevin's heavy breathing.

Ross looks the other way, then back at the cans.

ROSS (CONT'D)
(silently)
Shit. Shit.

He ducks and quietly crouch-walks to the island, hiding behind it from Kevin's views.

Ross presses his back against the island side. He reaches up to grab a can when he hears a THUD and quickly retracts his hand.

He GRIMACES, squeezing his eyes shut.

He goes to the side of the island. Hesitates. Hears Kevin's breathing again.

Ross reaches up for the food again. Takes it. Reaches up again for the can opener. Can't find it. He slowly rises and sees Kevin on his knees, his forehead pressed against the wall alongside his left arm. His right arm is furious. He sneaks glances at the centerfold.

Ross grabs the can opener and ducks back down. He preps himself to hop out of the kitchen when he hears--

KEVIN
Fuck.

Ross stops.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Argh, fuck!

Ross peeks over to see Kevin grab the centerfold, yanking it off the wall, tearing off the top piece still taped to the wall. He throws the ripped portion onto the ground and slaps the wall, then falls back onto his knees.

Ross quickly and silently runs out.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - DAY

Ross is sitting upon the riverbank, the can opener and lid by his side. He is scooping out the cold ravioli to his mouth with his index and middle finger.

He stares in the horizon, the river lasting forever, until it narrows into the base of the outlines of distant mountains.

He continues eating until he sees his finger covered in red sauce and bits of meat.

Something in the corner of his eyes.

He turns his head. Sees Kevin standing, fifty feet away, hands in his pockets, staring out into the horizon. Kevin hasn't seen Ross yet.

Ross sits still, his mouth open, but nothing coming out.

Kevin glances across the landscape, then at the Residential Riverbank. He double-takes at Ross, who gives a small wave. Kevin starts to walk over.

Ross moves the can, the lid, and the opener onto his other side and hides it in the grass.

KEVIN

Hey.

ROSS

Kev.

KEVIN

When did you get up?

ROSS

Um. Just a minute ago.
(points to the water)
It's tempting.

KEVIN

Lewis said'll get you sick.

ROSS
(smiles)
So? I don't care what Lewis thinks.

Kevin gives Ross a strange look.

ROSS (CONT'D)
We're survivalists. It'll take more
than the runs to kill us.

KEVIN
No, it's not that. It's the
radiation.

Ross is silent.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Since the river is floating
upstream, I'm guessing whatever
effects that nuclear bomb that hit
yesterday, it's affecting the water
there and it streams here.

ROSS
Shit.
(beat)
Good call, huh?

Ross stares off at the Residential Riverbank.

ROSS (CONT'D)
It all just comes to the fact that
we need to get off this island.

Kevin is surprised.

KEVIN
What do you mean?

ROSS
We need to go, Kevin. We need to
get out of here.

KEVIN
Why? What are we missing here?

ROSS
Are you . . . are you serious? We
have no water--well, we have
radiated water, we don't have much
food, we don't have first aid, we
don't have any communication with
the outside world--there's not
really a good reason to stay here.

KEVIN

We're protected here.

ROSS

From what? Did you here the howling last night?

KEVIN

Uh, what . . . howling?

ROSS

Whatever attacked those people three nights ago, I think they only come out at night. Maybe the sun hurts them. The brightness or the heat.

KEVIN

Well, we don't have a car.

ROSS

Maybe we can fix that red-haired guy's car.

KEVIN

You don't even remember his fucking name.

ROSS

We can take his gas and put it into my car.

KEVIN

Is this about reaching your parents? Ross, do you seriously think you can reach your parents? Especially with what we saw yesterday?

ROSS

We don't know what happened, we have no way of knowing.

KEVIN

They bombed Washington. Again. They're probably evacuating the whole East Coast. Your parents would be crazy staying in their house now. Why are you so obsessed with getting to them?

ROSS

They're my parents! They would've done the same for me.

They're silent, staring at their feet.

KEVIN

Look. I think we should stay here.
We can go back to that store and
get some more food and liquids--

ROSS

And what, drink our troubles away?
Forget that the world's at war
beyond our little paradise island?

KEVIN

Jesus, Ross--

ROSS

It's just that you're acting like a
fucking kid--

KEVIN

What fuck is that supposed to mean?
I'm a kid? You're the one running
back to his mom and dad.

ROSS

Running?

KEVIN

Can't handle the big ol' scary
world--

ROSS

Squatting in our own four-star
hotel, a more mature way of
escapism?

KEVIN

At least we're looking out for
ourselves.

Ross gets up.

ROSS

It's early in the morning. It's the
apocalypse. So many reasons we
shouldn't be talking.

He grabs the can opener and kicks the half-full can of
ravioli into the river.

KEVIN

What are you--?

ROSS
I don't think we can pollute the
water any worse.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

Ross opens the janitor's closet. He finds ten gallon black trash bags, opens them up, and starts putting cans of food in them.

Lewis walks in, sees Ross.

LEWIS
What are you doing?

Ross doesn't answer. He continues packing the cans. Now he puts the potato chips and air-sealed products in another bag.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Ross. What are you doing? Why . . .
why are you bagging up the food?

Kevin walks in, crosses his arms.

KEVIN
Just another Sotton to him.

Ross stops and stares at Kevin.

ROSS
(raspy)
Fuck you.

KEVIN
That's how you got that fucking
car, wasn't it?

Ross continues packing the food until Kevin pushes him aside. Seeing Kevin stopping Ross, Lewis helps out by tearing open the bags and placing the cans on the island.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
That's why I left Sotton. There
wasn't any food anymore, so I left.
But it was you, wasn't it? Car,
full tank of gas.

Ross pushes Kevin away, but Kevin pushes him back against the counter. Ross weakens, his arms and legs frail. He drops to the floor, staring nowhere.

ROSS
I don't want to be here.

LEWIS

None of us want to be here.

KEVIN

(laughs)

What's so bad about this place? Our own rooms, a kitchen, a living room . . . a uh, a boat . . . this is better than the apartment I had in Manhattan.

LEWIS

No heat, no electricity. No clean water.

ROSS

Smells horrible.

LEWIS

I haven't taken a shower in five days. And I'm not going to roll around in the river.

KEVIN

Jesus.

Kevin presses against the sides of his forehead.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Would it be better if we were out there? Getting nuked?

ROSS

We wouldn't feel anything.

KEVIN

What is wrong with you? Ever since we got here, you're mopey and depressed when we got all we need right here.

ROSS

What was I thinking, coming out here? Driving to Virginia. Driving through a completely deserted state.

A SOFT HISSING SOUND.

KEVIN

What's that?

Ross gets up and the three of them approach the entrance. The front door is open and rain is splattering against the hardwood floor through the entrance and the broken window. The sky beyond is choked a deep gray with clouds.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Stay away from the rain. The nuclear drift would've gotten into the clouds and irradiated the moisture.

ROSS

You say that as if nuclear radiation is a virus you can catch.

Lewis suddenly looks at Ross.

KEVIN

Look, we gotta stay here, we have to stay out of the water.

ROSS

We have to leave. We're surrounded by irradiated water--it's a nuclear prison, a sure way to die.

(beat)

The radiation from the first two hits. Who knows what it's doing to us now.

(beat)

We need to leave.

Ross turns towards Lewis.

ROSS (CONT'D)

What do you want to do?

Lewis alternates between the calm Ross and the panicked Kevin.

LEWIS

We go.

Kevin stares at Lewis in shock.

ROSS

We'll gather up the remaining supplies. We'll wait until it's stopped raining. Then we'll take the boat to the riverbank.

Kevin walks away in disgust. Lewis pauses to stare at the bags he had ripped open, then inflates a new bag. They start loading the cans into the bags.

LEWIS

Ross.

ROSS

Yeah.

LEWIS

Be honest. Kevin. Is he a good friend to you?

ROSS

(beat)

What do you mean?

LEWIS

It's just I think he's been weighing us down. He whines, he never helps with anything.

ROSS

What are getting to?

LEWIS

You know. His weight in gas. Take the remaining gas from the boat and from Lonnie's car, maybe we have a chance to get to Virginia?

ROSS

Ditch him?

Lewis puts his palms out.

LEWIS

Just a thought.

ROSS

Why should you tag along? Why are you even hear?

LEWIS

I told you when I met you. I'm surviving in the modern world.

ROSS

You never said that to me.

LEWIS

Then I said it to Kevin. Look, the strongest survives. He is not a survivor. He likes this comfortable hell on an island rather than taking his chances.

Lewis rubs his hand against his head. As he retracts his hand, most of his hair had wiped away, revealing what looks like a badly sunburned scalp.

ROSS
What's going on with you?

LEWIS
Look. I'm just saying what I need to say. We want to make it further, we need to ditch him.

Ross stares at Lewis for a half a second. Then resolutely clenches his jaw.

ROSS
We're not ditching Kevin. He's coming with us.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - DAY

Rain pours down in fat, hard drops. The grass is beaten down underneath the weight of the water. Rocks slide down the gravel path up the side of the island. The waves of the river splash against the sides of the island.

The sky is dark, nearly black. The thousands of rain drops are thousands of black dots crashing down from the sky.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Three half full garbage bags and a six pack of beer lying on the floor. The total of their meager food supply.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Ross is knocking on Kevin's door.

ROSS
Kevin. We need to leave.

Lewis is leaning against the wall, arms crossed, annoyed. His scalp is virtually hairless underneath his baseball cap.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Kevin?

The door opens. Kevin walks out into the hallway.

KEVIN

I'm sorry, Ross, about everything
I've said. You've driven me this
far.

Ross gives a half smile. Not saying anything, he starts walking down the hallway towards the stairs, Lewis behind him. Kevin sighs, hesitates, then follows them.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The bags and the beer is gone. Ross and Lewis stop at the base of the stairs. They look curiously at the spot, thinking. Kevin walks by them, looks around.

KEVIN

Did you guys get the food?

ROSS

It was supposed to be there.

The three of them step down to the lobby. Kevin stares towards the dark living room, and beyond that, the kitchen. Pitch black.

The three of them look into the black expanse, none of them breathing. The only sound the rain splattering against the house behind them.

Ross steps forward, trying to see into the darkness. He stops, looks back.

ROSS (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Do you have a flashlight.

Both Kevin and Lewis shake their heads.

Ross looks back at the darkness. He cannot see anything. He looks down at the ground, contemplating his options. He looks back at the blackness.

He looks back at the ground. Two trails of water. Maybe foot prints. Maybe not. Two trails of water leading directly into the darkness.

Ross clenches his jaw and steps back.

KEVIN

(whispers)

Is something there?

ROSS
(whispers)
Let's leave. Let's just go.

The three of them powerwalk to the entrance. They leave.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

It's raining hard. Black droplets splatter against Ross, Kevin, and Lewis. Tendrils of grayish clear liquid drip down their faces. Their clothes are instantly drenched. With each footstep, their shoes sink into the earth, lifting back up, loaded with thick mud underneath the sole.

The three of them make their way to the shed. Kevin is limping behind them.

INT. EASTFIELD HOTEL SHED - CONTINUOUS

Ross opens the door, sees the crew boat crashed against the far wall, cracked in half. The waves are bouncing the motorboat up and down, smacking against the dock.

Lewis and Kevin enter the shed, immediately running to the near wall, grabbing flashlights.

LEWIS
Jesus. How're we gonna get to the riverbank. We don't have the cars for the thing.

KEVIN
Where's the food? Where did you guys take the food?

ROSS
We'll have to row with the oars in the motorboat.

KEVIN
Ross.

LEWIS
We can't row in that thing. It's too fucking heavy.

Lewis glances at Kevin, then at Ross.

KEVIN
Lewis, where's the food?

ROSS
Well, we can't take the other boat.
Unless you want to swim--

KEVIN
Ross, was someone in the house?

Ross looks at Kevin, quiet and still.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Jesus, was there someone in the
house?
(beat)
Did he take our food?

ROSS
Maybe the wind pushed the food
outside. Maybe the wind pushed over
the cans and they rolled into the
other room and we're too scared to
go check. I don't know. I don't
know if someone's there.

Lewis chuckles.

LEWIS
Forget the fucking food. Let's get
off this hellhole.

ROSS
Get some oars.

They grab whatever oars aren't broken and get into the motorboat. They try to row out the hole of the shed into the river, but instead, they crash through the wooden wall, splinters and damp wood flying everywhere.

EXT. EASTFIELD HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Rain immediately begins to pool in the motorboat. The three of them try to direct the boat, but the waves splash the boat side to side.

ROSS
Fuckin--

A brutal wave sends Kevin flying into Ross, who drops his oar into the river.

ROSS (CONT'D)
Jesus. I lost my oar.

Lewis is gritting through his teeth, his lips forming a determined smile.

LEWIS

Use your fucking hands. Just get us
to the riverbank!

The waves continue to crash against the motorboat. The sun peeks through the black clouds in the dark gray sky.

Kevin is trying to paddle, but his long oar gets stuck and he is flung from the boat.

ROSS

Wait! We lost Kevin, he went over!

Lewis continues to paddle. He has taken off his shirt, wearing only his vest. His smooth, hairless arms reflect the sunlight in its wet gleam. His biceps enlarged, a web of red muscle and purple veins exposed in the bloodless, wide cut on his left arm.

LEWIS

Whoo!

Pool of water inside the boat is substantial. With each wave, the boat tips over and more water falls in.

Ross is on the edge, looking for Kevin. He sees an oar bounce out of the water and float in the raging river.

Ross looks over at the island. He sees a beam of faint light shine through one of the windows. Then the light shines out the open entrance doors. The beam gets stronger. Stronger.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

Ross sloshes across the motorboat, trying to work the steering wheel. He sees the riverbank. They're coming close it. The waves have pushed them in a diagonal course to the bank.

KEVIN

(coughing)

Ross!

Ross snaps around, sees Kevin's head for an instant above water before it disappears again underneath.

ROSS

Shit.

He runs to the end of the boat and dives.

With their proximity to the riverbank, and the uneven waves, the spot where Ross dove into was only a foot deep of water. Ross' extended arms bend as his fists impact the ground underneath the water. His head goes ramming into the ground; a jagged rock tear his forehead from right above his left eyebrow to his hairline.

Bubbles escape from his mouth.

He jumps up, trying to stand, but the waves knock him over. Orangish-red blood is pouring from his wound. He sees Kevin also struggling to get up. Ross swim-walks over to him, grabbing his arm when he hears a crash.

Ross turns around to see the motorboat flipping onto the riverbank. Lewis is airborne for a moment, until he crashes onto the riverbank, attempting to land on his feet, but because of the momentum, he falls forward.

Ross grabs Kevin's arms and the two of them swim-walk to the riverbank.

Kevin collapses onto the ground, coughing.

Lewis is smiling, rubbing his ankles, laughing at himself. His cap is gone; he is completely bald.

Ross gingerly presses his forehead but retracts his hand when the sharp, stinging pain hits.

The waves are crashing against the riverbank, pushing the three of them down. They scramble up the muddy path. Lewis and Ross scale the barrier easily. Kevin climbs up and prepares to jump, but one of his soaked shoes fall off, setting him off-balance, and he falls hard on his knee on the road.

KEVIN

Ah, fuck!

Ross and Lewis run to help him up. They carry him across the road, splashing in huge black puddles. They look around, seeing Lonnie's smashed car and Ross' deserted car.

They walk over to the Honda. Kevin is grunting in pain.

LEWIS

Let's get him to a fucking house,
man.

Ross looks into the woods, but he cannot see anything in the low light. He sees the white shingles of a house outside of the woods. Ross points at it. Lewis nods.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

A modest, middle-class house. Sofa. Desk. TV. The window by the door shatters. Ross uses his shoe to push off any remaining glass shards. Rain instantly begins pouring into the house.

Ross climb through the window, followed by a whimpering Kevin, then by Lewis.

Lewis has the flashlight and he's trying to turn it on.

ROSS
It was in the water.
(beat)
I'm going to see if I can find
another one.

He softly presses his index finger against his eyebrow. He brings it back. His fingertip is dark.

Kevin is biting down hard on his lips, gripping his injured leg.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ross is searching a desk for a flashlight. He's cautious. Alert. His hands are in front of him, feeling everything.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lewis slaps the flashlight into his open palm. Twists it. A soft beam of light. He shines it at Kevin, who is taking off his pants.

Lewis looks at Kevin's leg and he's silent.

INT. HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ross opens drawer after drawer. He ignores the knives, anything that could be used as a weapon.

He looks around. Then he sees water on the floor. He's suddenly still. A heavy branch on the floor, surrounded by glass. He looks up to see a broken window.

The wind and rain must've shot it through.

Ross continues looking. Searching. Hands frantically going through the items in the drawers. Papers, rubber bands, paper clips, pencils, markers. Ross' face scrunches in frustration.

He finds a box of matches. He takes it.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The fireplace. Ross crouches and opens the glass pane. He lights a match and tosses it into the fireplace. The wood inside readily ignites. Ross' face is illuminated in an orange glow. The skin around the wound on his forehead tingles in pain, Ross grimaces, but he doesn't move away.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin's leg. His knee cap is dislocated; the thick triangular bone is shifted to the right, on the inside of his left leg. Underneath on his shin is the wound he received from scraping against the gravel path. The wound covers almost the entire shin, a mixture of red, dried blood and yellowish, moist pus. It hasn't been properly cleaned; bits of rock are still deeply embedded underneath the skin, looking like black pimples.

Kevin is crying.

KEVIN

It fucking hurts so badly . . .

While Kevin is staring at his leg, Lewis is smiling. He puts his hand on Kevin's dislocated knee cap.

LEWIS

This . . . is going to hurt . . .
very much.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SCREAMING.

Ross turns his head around. Looks towards the hallway of the house, but he can't see anything. The screaming stops.

Ross is about to turn away back to the fire, but something catches his eye.

He can't see it in the darkness. He lights a match. The little flame, he carefully protects with his cupped hand. He walks forward.

A HAND. Curled fingers, palm up. The arm extends behind the couch.

Ross has stopped breathing. He takes a step forward. Looks at the hallway. Takes another step forward. A step backward.

ROSS
(stuttering)
Oh fuck . . .

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lewis is now on the floor, his legs spread open, Kevin leaning against him, his head against Lewis' chest. Lewis had wrapped his arm around Kevin.

LEWIS
It's okay. It's okay.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ross steps forward. He drops the match and the match box onto the floor. He grips the back of the couch and yanks it around. The fire now illuminates the entire room.

A BODY. Bloated and wide. Ross becomes weak at the knees and falls back. He holds his breath and stares at the face, which is lolled towards the fire. The mouth is open, an empty black space. The eyes are gone, along with the eyebrows and hair.

The skin is dessicated, wrinkled.

Ross looks at the clothes. At the midsection the body is bloated, but the limbs are thin, like round cables underneath the clothing. The pant legs are shredded. Underneath are bloodless wounds.

Ross recongizes the shirt. A red UVA shirt. The bulky man. Or once was.

He looks closer. He sees another red thing lying by the man's head.

He walks slowly over to the body. He picks up the other red thing. Half of a red snap-in keychain. The keys are labelled.

Off of Ross' shocked face.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lewis brings Kevin's head up so that he can look into his eyes.

LEWIS

Everything's going to be good.

Kevin puts his head against Lewis' chest again. Lewis' hands snake over Kevin's legs.

Ross appears in the hallway.

Lewis glances at Ross, dips his chin down an inch, and smiles at Ross. An inviting smile.

Ross has his hands behind his back. His mouth is half open in bewilderment. He glances back from Kevin to Lewis.

Lewis is still smiling. An inviting, crack-lipped, gumless-bared-teeth smile.

Ross bites down hard on his lower lip and reveals from his back a peeling knife.

ROSS

You fucking perv, you asshole, get the fuck away!

Ross rushes at him and Lewis stands up, Kevin dropping to the side.

LEWIS

Hey--

Ross, with his other hand, pulls out the red keychain.

ROSS

You drove them, didn't you?

Lewis' face contorted with anger. Storms out of the hallway.

Kevin is crying. Ross stands over him. He sees Kevin's fucked up leg. Ross squeezes the bridge of his nose like he has a headache. The forehead wound is still bleeding. The loud, loud raindrops crashing against the roof.

KEVIN

Can't leave . . . he can't leave .
 . .

Ross turns around. He drops the peeling knife onto the floor.

ROSS

LEWIS.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ross walks into the living room. The fire illuminates Lewis, staring at the body of the bulky man. Ross picks up a fireplace POKER. His entire body stiff, firm grip on the poker.

Lewis looks at him. SCOWL.

Ross stomps forward. Holds the poker behind his back. Lewis steps forward.

Ross brings the poker up--surprise on Lewis' face--Ross SWINGS--

Lewis GRABS THE POKER, stops it.

LEWIS' FIST

smashing Ross' face.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Thunder. The sound of something HARD hitting something soft. WUMPH. WUMPH. WUMPH.

Guttural YELLING.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Ross' eyes flutter open. Blindness. His face is cut up, covered in half-cauterized cuts. His nose is broken. Two streams of dried blood spiral down from his nostrils. Massive bruises. He's pressed against the wall, stomach to the floor. A shattered picture frame on his back.

A bloody poker nearby.

Ross groans. Coughs. Doesn't even try to get up. Turns around, pushing the picture frame off his back. Pulls shirt up. Massive bluish-black bruises.

His eyes flutter shut.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

The sun is shining brightly through the clear sky. Rainwater ponds across the yard and the road. Every pothole filled, every ditch overflowing. Mud. Water. Plenty of water.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

The fire is out, leaving a black pit in the fire place. Ross stirs. His eyes flutter open. He unsteadily brings one hand to his face. He gingerly touches his face. Brings his hand up. Blood on his fingertip.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

Kevin is leaning against the wall, looking out the broken window. He is frowning, his cheeks stained white with tears, his eyes cracked red with no sleep.

Behind him, Ross unsteady stands.

ROSS

Kev.

Kevin doesn't respond at first. Ross takes a few steps forward before grimacing in pain.

KEVIN

He left.

(beat)

He found some keys in the kitchen.
A car that whoever lived here
didn't take.

Kevin shakes his head, his eyes tearing up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(looks at Ross)

He didn't take me.

Ross is breathing heavily. He looks as if he could faint at any moment.

ROSS

Kev. He hit me . . . he hit me with
the poker . . . he--he did this to
me . . .

Kevin looks back out the window.

KEVIN

It's your fault.

Ross doesn't respond.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You angered him. All he did was
want to help us.

ROSS

Jesus, Kev . . . He drove those people . . . and then he abandoned them . . . to him . . . they were weight . . . Kev, you were . . .

KEVIN

What's so special about your parents? What's so special about Kayla?

Ross is silent.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We were safe on that island.

Kevin looks longingly at his leg. Around his knee cap is a massive bruise. The pus-coated gravel scrape. His shoe and sock is off, revealing several broken toes from dropping the parking block on his foot.

ROSS

Kevin. None of this . . . none of this is my fault.

Kevin stares at Ross, his face scrunched up in anger.

KEVIN

What do mean, this isn't your fault? You drove us here. You ran out of gas. You said, "Let's dive into the river!" You pushed Lonnie's body off into the sea. You wanted to pack the--

ROSS

Shut up. Shut up. I had our best intentions at heart--

KEVIN

Yours! Everything was about your parents and Kayla and escaping. You don't even have your phone. You don't even know where your parents are.

Ross looks away. His eyes start to tear up.

ROSS

You wanted to come.

KEVIN

My biggest fucking mistake.

ROSS
You knew Pennsylvania was deserted.

KEVIN
I thought we'd get to Virginia
without running out of gas. I
didn't know you were the one that
stole the food at Sotton.

Ross leans against the wall, grimacing, frowning.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
We can't survive like this. We
can't survive with you--

Ross KICKS HIM. Kevin, shocked, falls back against his wall. Ross kicks him again. His face contorted in anger. After one more kick, he stops, realizing what he's doing.

Kevin is crying. Screaming. With his good leg, he KICKS BACK.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Fuck you! Fuck you!

Ross walks backwards, out of Kevin's kicking range, but Kevin's still trying to kick him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You're a fucking asshole! You're a
fucking animal!

Ross steps back to the door. He watches Kevin struggling on the ground, trying to kick him, screaming at him through tears.

Ross tilts his head, looks away, his face a sad frown. A sad sigh.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Get out of here! Go away! Go the
fuck away!

Kevin stops kicking and sobs heavily. He curls up into fetal position. Ross is still standing. He can leave. Or he can stay.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Ross limps over to his Honda. He shields his eyes from the blazing sun. He looks both ways in the street. Lonnie's car crashed against the brick barrier.

He gives a painful breath. He looks up at the Eastfield Hotel, the shed devastated, the bottom of the walls wet. He doesn't see anybody.

He opens his trunk and pulls out a bucket and a tube. He limps over to Lonnie's crashed car. He slowly peers into the driver's seat, seeing orangish-red blood splashed everywhere. There's no body.

Ross opens the gas hatch.

Ross is about to leave when he sees something on the floor of the car. A silver triangle. A cellphone. Ross reaches over and grabs it. The battery had fallen off. He puts the battery back in and turns it on.

It turns on. Half battery power left. Ross breathes quickly in excitement. He dials in his parents' house number. Presses "SEND."

BEEP.

NO SIGNAL.

Ross looks up at the sky.

INT. HONDA - DAY

Ross is driving. His eyelids are bruised and black. He's struggling to see through them. Trees pass by. Dead corn fields. Dead wheat fields. Pastures with half-decomposed cows.

Ross drives on. He looks into the passenger's seat and sighs. Instead of Kevin is the cellphone. No signal.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Another small town. Empty, barren streets. Ross stops nearby a minivan parked by a church. Ross gets out, opens his trunk, pulls out the bucket and tube.

He peers into the minivan's windows. DVDs on the floor. "The Little Mermaid." "Lilo and Stitch." McDonald's Happy Meal box.

Ross tries to open the driver's door, but it's locked. He looks around.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

He walks in.

Rows and rows of empty pews. An empty altar. Anything ornamental or decorative, anything that might've had value, had been stolen.

Ross sits down on one of the pews.

He kneels. Clasps his hands together. Then he bows his head. He tries to close his eyes to pray but he can't. His eyes start to tear, but then he clenches his jaw, stands up, and walks out.

INT. HONDA - DAY

Driving. Another small town. Local businesses. Empty car lots. Advertisements. Crossed out bus postings. Graffiti.

Ross' stomach GROWLS. He touches his stomach. He touches his bruised face. As he retracts his hand, he sees facial hair and blood on his fingertips.

Ross slows the car down. Doesn't bother to pull to the shoulder of the road. He pulls down the visor. Opens the mirror. He looks at himself in the mirror.

Cuts. Blood. Several days of facial hair. But underneath that, sunburnt skin. Ross runs his finger across his left eyebrow. He grimaces in pain. His eyebrow thins, half of it gone.

Ross leans back in his seat. He knows what this means.

INT. HONDA - LATER

The gas light. Ross is looking around. Another city. This one looks larger. A few high buildings. A few scattered cars on the streets.

Ross' STOMACH GROWLS.

Ross stops behind a car.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

Ross steps out. He opens the trunk and pulls out the bucket and tube. He sets it down by the car in front of his Honda. He bends his elbow, and with all his might, he slams into the driver's window.

THE CAR ALARM IS DEAFENING. Ross recoils in surprise, covering his ears. The car alarm CONTINUES, forcing Ross away.

He's nearly half a block away when the car alarm goes off. Ross brings his hands away from his head. His palms are coated with blood.

INT. HONDA - LATER

A long stretch of countryside road. Endless hills. Ross reaches over to turn the radio on. STATIC. He turns the dial, going from end to end, but there's nothing but static. Tries AM. Turns the dial. Static.

Suddenly Ross TWITCHES. Then he COUGHS. He suddenly stops the car, jerking it to an awkward halt. His cheeks bloat and then HE SPEWS OUT ORANGISH-RED BLOOD ACROSS THE WINDSHIELD.

He kicks the driver's door open. Jumps out. Falls to his knees. He grasps the middle of his chest. His cheeks bloat.

HE SPEWS ACROSS THE ROAD. After he's done, he collapses. A tendril of blood dangle from his lips. His eyes slowly open and close.

INT. HONDA - LATER

Ross is bare-chested. His skin is desiccated and wrinkled underneath massive blackish-blue bruises. He's looking through a fogged, wiped windshield. In the passenger's seat is his shirt, orange and soggy.

Ross' STOMACH GROWLS.

The car stops. The gas line is at empty. Ross sits in the seat for a moment. Looks at his shirt.

Looks through the windshield. Reaches underneath his shirt and grabs Lonnie's cellphone.

NO SIGNAL.

Ross' STOMACH GROWLS AGAIN.

He gets out.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - AFTERNOON

The sun is blazing upon Ross' skin-cracked back. He's walking, his mouth open, his eyes half-closed. He's breathing hard.

He stops in front of an animal carcass. A rabbit. A possum, maybe. It's half dissolved. No tire tracks. It just got up onto the hot road and died.

Ross stares at it for a moment. Looks both ways. Reaches down. Grabs the body. Whatever doesn't fall out of his hands, he brings to his face. Tilting his head back, he squeezes the flesh. Droplets of blood splatter onto his lower lip. Trickle down into his mouth.

Then he takes a bite out of the flesh. Fur, bone, skin and all.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - LATER

Ross is still walking. Whatever wounds he has, they are no longer bleeding. The cuts are open, exposed. The bruises have lost their color.

Ross' stomach still GROWLS.

Around him, the fields are dead, all of the stalks pressed down on the ground. A violent wind has spread dirt all over the road.

Ross stops.

Up ahead, A GAS STATION. Or what was one. The windows are shattered; the walls have crumbled down--only the infrastructure remains. A violent force had destroyed the structure.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ross steps through the broken glass pane of the entrance. He looks around. Broken bottles litter the floor. A mess of sticky dried up liquids of all colors.

Scattered popped bags of crumbled food.

Ross finds a loaf of bread. On the top of the bread is a thick blue streak of MOLD. Ross sits down. He wets his thumb tip with whatever saliva he has left. Presses it against the floor to collect meager crumbs.

He brings his thumb back to his mouth. Tries to lick it off. Swallows painfully. Grimaces.

He looks at his loaf of bread which he has spread across his lap. He stares at it, sad. His eyes tear up. He rips open the plastic covering. He pulls out a slice. The white inside is now mostly a gradient of blue.

He puts the slice into his mouth. Bites. Grimaces. Tries to swallow. Coughs. Grimaces. Puts the slice back down. He looks outside through the broken glass pane.

Silence.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY

Ross is still walking. He is carrying a half loaf of bread in one hand. He stares up at the sky, still walking.

BLUE SKY.

Whispery JET TRAILS head in all directions, criss-crossing, overlapping, travelling side-by-side.

SILENCE.

Then a beep.

Ross stops, looks down at his pants. He reaches into his pockets and pull out the cellphone.

One little, small bar of service.

Ross looks around. Looks up at the sky. Jet trails. He sits down. Lays the bread right by him. He doesn't expect to get back up.

A single reddish-clear tear drips down his face. He sighs. Almost a smile. Then he looks determinedly at the phone. Dials a number. Presses "SEND."

Ringling. Ringling. STOPS.

ROSS

Mom?

THE END.