

Alone Together

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

BRET (50s, tan and weather worn) stands with his bare feet on the edge of the building. His arms are open wide. He's ready to fall. He falters for a moment and looks behind him, making eye contact with EYES, a green-eyed STUFFED CAT.

BRET
(sighing)
Eyes. Don't look at me like that. I did tell you, no Cola, no Bret. I'm all out, so--

A woman (MAISIE, 25) bursts through the metal door out onto the roof. She's BREATHING hard, her arms over her head. She has a large backpack and hiking boots on.

MAISIE
You...hey...oh my god--don't jump!

Bret looks up, he's frozen, staring at Maisie. He looks to Eyes.

BRET
You seeing this too?

We look to Eyes, taking in the unblinking plastic eyes and the stitched on smile.

MAISIE
I can't believe--thought I was completely alone.

She pauses to put her hands on her knees and BREATHE. Suddenly she brings her hands to her head and LAUGHS wildly.

MAISIE (cont'd)
(frantic/crazed)
Oh my god! There's more of us out there! If you're here then it *must* have been real.

She's PACING and CHEWING one of her NAILS.

MAISIE (cont'd)
I heard them on the radio six months ago. "Lake James". Can help me find them? Do you have a map?

Maisie STARES at Bret looking crazed; Bret stares at Maisie looking relaxed, thoughtless. Suddenly he POINTS.

BRET

Map's in the backpack, you're welcome
to take it. Now, if you're done, I
did have plans today so I'm gonna--

He throws a thumb over his shoulder, pointing back at the ledge. He starts to walk away.

Maisie looks around frantically. Her eyes widen as she takes in the scene around her: the whole roof is COVERED in Coke cans. Rows upon rows lined up together.

MAISIE

You like Coke?

Bret TURNS slowly, he pockets his hands, narrows his eyes. Maisie still gnaws on a nail.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Bret and Maisie both have large backpacks on. Bret has a COLA in his hand, Maisie has the MAP in hers.

MAISIE

(rambling)

I've been alone for almost FIVE
years. That last tornado took my
whole town...everyone.

Bret SIPS his drink and adjusts Eyes, who now sits on his shoulder.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Bret is taking great care to pull forest debris from Eye's fur. Maisie is still talking excitedly.

MAISIE

I had a real cat at one point. Took
off in the middle of the night.
What's the deal with that thing
anyways?

Bret looks at her from the corner of his eye, says nothing.

INT. ABANDONED BUS - NIGHT

Bret's eyes are closed and he's SLUMPED in one of the front rows, his feet resting on a row in front of him. Maisie is laying horizontally in the row to his left. She sighs and FLIPS onto her back.

MAISIE

How'd you survive anyways?

Bret doesn't say anything for a long time.

BRET

Highly effective underground bunker.

MAISIE

Did you have a family?

Bret's eyes OPEN in the dark but Maisie isn't looking.

BRET

You can't walk twenty miles a day
with no sleep. Just *close* your eyes.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Maisie and Bret are covered in MUD. Maisie SLIPS and Bret catches her under the arm and walks ahead. Maisie SMILES.

INT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING

Maisie pulls bags of CHIPS from a shelf and stuffs them into her back pack.

Bret checks the decimated, and nearly empty, soda aisle and shakes his head. There's a tag for Coke, the shelf is empty.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Bret sits up against an aisle eating LAYS. He looks over at Maisie who's asleep, using her backpack as a pillow. She looks peaceful, the corner of Bret's mouth LIFTS.

EXT. OPEN HIGH WAY - DAY

Maisie and Bret are walking what appears to be an endless, open road. There's nothing but tall GRASS on either side of them and it goes on for miles. Bret is out front, Maisie talking at WARP SPEED.

MAISIE

...should have known the end was
coming when we had 115 degree days
that December...

Maisie is using her arm to shield the BRIGHT SUN from her eyes. Bret drops back to walk beside her and silently hands her an old BASEBALL CAP. She smiles.

EXT. OPEN HIGH WAY - EVENING

The sun is starting to set and Maisie looks exhausted. She's pretty far behind Bret, LIMPING slightly.

MAISIE

Can we pause? My feet are killing me.

Bret turns around. His face softens.

BRET

Yeah. You have any Coke left?

Maisie passes him a can of COKE and pulls out a pack of mini POWDERED DONUTS and more CHIPS. She bites into a donut.

MAISIE

(mouth full)

Mm. Remember when we had real food?

BRET

That's the good shit right there.

(beat)

My daughter loved those.

Maisie looks up from her donut, wide-eyed.

Bret reaches into his jacket pocket and produces a worn PICTURE of a girl holding a cleaner looking Eyes. He passes the picture to Maisie.

BRET (cont'd)

Ellie.

Maisie has TEARS in her eyes when she passes the photo back.

MAISIE

What happened?

BRET

She was on a trip with her mom when shit fell apart. I never heard what happened.

MAISIE

So, then there's a chance--

Bret shakes his head, looking sad, he pockets the picture. Maisie finds a nail to CHEW.

BRET

Nah. I'd know by now.

(beat)

She used to do that. Chew her nails.

Maisie lowers her hand, Bret snatches another donut.

BRET (cont'd)

Never told me how the hell *you* survived.

Maisie sighs and leans back on her hands, looking up at the deep blue sky.

MAISIE

Well. I lost my whole family, my friends, everyone I ever loved. And I've been alone ever since. So...my running theory is bad Karma.

BRET

What, like God's punishing you?

MAISIE

Yeah. Pretty much.

BRET

That's dark. What'd you do? Kill someone's cat?

Maisie is silent for a long time.

MAISIE

My brother actually. It was an accident.

Bret stops mid donut bite to stare at Maisie.

MAISIE (cont'd)

Then, a year later...the end of the world.

(beat)

A tornado swept our car right off a bridge into the water. My door popped open on its own, and uh, none of the others did.

Bret nods, solemnly. He grabs two more donuts, takes one for himself and hands the other to Maisie. They eat in silence.

EXT. END OF HIGH WAY - DAY

The sun is high in the sky and the high way is becoming more rugged until it gives way to a dirt road. A handmade sign off to the side of the road reads: "Welcome to Lake James".

BRET

Alright kid, where are your people?

Maisie looks around, confused, her pace slowing.

MAISIE

I don't know...they had a radio signal so maybe if--

Indistinct YELLING makes Maisie and Bret turn. There's a figure running towards them, arms waving madly.

MAN #1

(panting)

Oh my god! We haven't had anybody new in years! I saw you come in from the tower.

He POINTS to a far point on a hill, a metal PHONE TOWER casts a long shadow in the grass. He opens his arms (tan, muscular) in a welcome, and catches his breath.

MAN #1

Welcome to Lake James.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Maisie SPINS, taking in the large room they're in. FRESH FOOD covers a large table close to Maisie.

MAN #1

(indicating the table)

Please, take what you want before the others arrive. It's eat or be eaten around here.

MAISIE

Others?

He smiles warmly, PEOPLE start to wander into the room. Chatter fills the space and Maisie eyes Bret. He's standing in a corner, SCANNING the crowd.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Maisie is at a table surrounded by other WOMEN who are talking and LAUGHING loudly. She has a plate of FOOD half eaten in front of her.

Maisie looks away from her table, searching the room. Her eyes find the DOOR just as Bret slips out into the dark. Maisie STANDS, excusing herself.

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

Bret is heading towards the road when Maisie bursts through the door.

MAISIE

Bret? Hey, where are you going?

Bret turns to face her, Eyes gripped in one hand. He drops his gaze.

MAISIE (cont'd)

Sure you don't want to stay just a little longer? They have Coke...

Bret smiles softly, his eyes finding Maisie's.

BRET

Eh. It wasn't really the Coke keeping me here.

Maisie SMILES sadly. Bret gives her a half hearted SALUTE and starts to turn away. She rushes to HUG him tightly. When she's done she steps back, wiping at TEARS.

BRET (cont'd)

If you're done, I did have plans today so I'm gonna--

Bret throws a thumb over his shoulder like before. Maisie LAUGHS and sniffs, rolling her eyes. Bret starts to walk away, a ways down the road he sets Eyes on his shoulder.

FADE OUT