

I THINK
WILL^{14.}
ALONE
NOW

INT. BEDROOM - ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Grace stirs awake. Her vision stabilizes.

She's in a BEDROOM, sparsely decorated. The windows are
BOARDED SHUT from the outside. A sliver of DAYLIGHT pours in
from a neglected crack.

She sits up with pain. Runs her hand through her hair. Her
forehead's dressed in layers of GAUZE. It STINGS.

She gets to her feet. Feels DIZZY. Grabs a trash can, digs
her head in. HURLS.

GRACE

Ugh. Fuck me.

She wipes her mouth. Heads to the door. Reaches for the knob.

It's LOCKED. She RAPS her FISTS on the DOOR.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello--?

Nothing.

She flings open the dresser drawers. They're all EMPTY.

The room's been cleaned out completely. The only spare item a
bottle of hand sanitizer on the night stand.

She hears a pair of FOOTSTEPS. Turns back to the door. Sees a
shadow pass across the small round PEEPHOLE.

DEL (O.S.)

Is there anyone else?

GRACE

What's going on?

DEL (O.S.)

Answer my question, please.

GRACE

What's your question?

DEL (O.S.)

Is there anyone else?

GRACE

It's just me in here.

DEL (O.S.)

I know that already.

STAY

GRACE

Oh, so it's my fault your question
was fucking stupid.

The shadow disappears from the peephole.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Wait!

DEL (O.S.)

Is there anybody else?

GRACE

There's no one else.

DEL (O.S.)

Anywhere?

Grace's eyes narrow in on the door.

GRACE

Are you not--

DEL (O.S.)

Anywhere?

There's a hint of panic in his voice.

Grace processes. She exhales slowly.

GRACE

Anywhere.

DEL (O.S.)

It's just you?

GRACE

Just me and you.

DEL (O.S.)

That's all?

GRACE

Yeah. That's it. We're it.

A long pause on the other end.

DEL (O.S.)

Why are you still alive?

INT. HALLWAY - ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Del stands on the other end of the door, watching Grace through the peephole's fishbowl POV.

Grace looks directly at him.

GRACE

Why are you?

INT. BEDROOM - ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Grace waits. Finally, Del speaks up.

DEL (O.S.)

What about the gun?

GRACE

Gun? Which gun?

DEL (O.S.)

The gun in your glove compartment.

GRACE

Oh, that gun. I found it on the road a few months back. I figured maybe it'd come in handy one day.

DEL (O.S.)

Against who?

GRACE

Well... who's to say they don't all come back from the dead and try to eat our brains?

DEL (O.S.)

That won't happen.

GRACE

Why not?

DEL (O.S.)

Because it doesn't happen.

GRACE

And the entire human population of earth dropping dead in a single instant on a Tuesday afternoon, does that not happen either?

No response.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Will you let me out?

DEL (O.S.)
I can't yet.

GRACE
Come on, man.
(a pause)
I'll make it worth your while.

She lets the last word linger.

DEL (O.S.)
I'm going to unlock the door.
That'll cue you to start counting
to fifteen Mississippi. I'll be
counting too, from farther away.
After fifteen Mississippi you can
open the door. I won't be here.
Don't look for me.

GRACE
Hold on.

DEL (O.S.)
There's a car outside, it's got a
full tank of gas and all your
belongings, minus the gun. You
shouldn't have that.

GRACE
Dude, what the fuck--?

DEL (O.S.)
You have to leave. You have to
leave and forget you were ever here
and never come back. Please.

GRACE
But... we're all that's left.

DEL (O.S.)
I'm going to start counting now.

GRACE
Are you listening to me? I said
we're the only ones still out here!
We're the sole fuckin' survivors,
man! You can't just ghost me like
we're in fucking middle school--!

DEL (O.S.)
One Mississippi.

The doorknob CLICKS.

DEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm leaving now, two Missi--

Grace opens the door. Meets Del head-on. Smirks.

GRACE
You're tall.

DEL
What are you doing?

GRACE
You sounded shorter.

DEL
Please go back inside and close the door, this isn't right. It's not what we talked about.

GRACE
You're bossy too. We can work around that.

DEL
There's nothing to work around. You're leaving.

GRACE
You think it's a coincidence we found each other?

DEL
No. You were drinking and you crashed your car on my street.

GRACE
Ah, that's right.

DEL
It's not funny. In your drunken binge you took down a lamppost, and now I have to fix it. That's going to require substantial renovations and-- and considerable labor--

GRACE
Labor.

DEL
Yes. Manpower.