

CELLAR NOIRE

by

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A1-S1 OPENING CREDITS

Scream and Scarrett Knit and Film Logo
BIGWINZIG Logo
N3ZEN Logo

Scream and Scarrett Knit and Film
and
BIGWINZIG Productions
with
N3ZEN Productions
Present

CELLAR NOIRE

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Credits superimposed. Slowly fading up from black and zooming out we realize we are looking down at a sewer grate, then a small molehill of black soil. Zooming farther out we see the green lawn surrounding it. Then the camera pans upwards showing the lawn leading to concrete of a patio, then the walls and windows of the first floor of the townhouse, the pan continues upwards to the second floor and comes in tight on the bedroom window and the white plastic venetian blinds. The camera view punches through the window and switches to the reverse on the other side of the glass.

ACT ONE

A1-S2 WAKING UP

INT. TOWNHOUSE BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The tight shot of the window from the inside now pulls back to reveal a small bedroom which is lit by the morning's golden hour light sneaking through the almost closed blinds. Dust motes dance in the rays of sunlight. The bedroom looks like it belongs to a teenager (it doesn't) and is a disaster. The walls are covered in posters from video games, one of which is the Dead Rising poster from the band Skinny Puppy. A book shelf behind the bed is loaded with comic books, Star Wars toys, PBR beer cans, Faygo bottles, skeleton artworks and an LED alarm clock. The small twin bed is clad with Spiderman sheets and covered in junk food packaging, Happy Tissues and even more beer cans.

OPENING IMAGE: The sole occupant is WARREN (39) who is in the middle of an alcohol induced slumber, drooling onto his Star Wars collector pillow. He sports an unruly mop of brown hair and is unshaven. He looks like a child trapped in an old man's body.

SOUND EFFECT: A persistent beeping sound of an unknown source starts.

CHYRON: DAY 0 - 11:07AM

The beeping abruptly awakens WARREN and he pops up in bed, knocking some of the litter off of it. He pushes the hair out of his eyes angrily and unsuccessfully.

WARREN

Who!? What the fuck is that!?

WARREN looks around the room confused and takes a swipe at the LED alarm clock and misses it by a country mile. The SOUND OF A LOUD TRUCK gearing up and its reverse alert beeping brings WARREN and the viewer to the realization of where the beeping is coming from.

WARREN

Truck. Garbage. Garbage day. Beep, beep, beep.

WARREN shakes his head again, grabs a pair of red framed glasses from the bookshelf and puts them on. He squints and surveys the mess on the bed until he finds a Video Game Controller and hits a button to start a video game on the TV at the foot of the bed. The old school video game beeps of Atari 2600 Pacman begin and with a free hand he finds a beer not yet empty or spilled and slugs it back with a grimace.

WARREN

Yuck. Warm beer. Hate, hate, hate.

A handful of Cheetos are stuffed into his face to cover the warm beer flavor with his eyes never leaving the video game. He continues to feel blindly around the bed's detritus till he finds a glass weed pipe. In an act of amazing dexterity he is able to hold the game controller, put pipe to his lips and use a lighter all with only two hands. He inhales and puts down the lighter and pipe. With his mouth closed tightly he counts.

WARREN

(muffled) One thousand one. One thousand two. One thousand three. One thousand...

He coughs out a lung full of weed smoke. To sate his burning throat he grabs the beer can and makes the same mistake twice. He tosses the beer can at the TV screen and we hear it clank.

WARREN

Hate, hate, hate.

We hear the video game sound effect of his character's death. It's game over. He slams the controller down on the bed three times and lays back in bed pulling covers over his head.

FADE TO BLACK

A1-S3 DREAM SEQUENCE

Fading up out of the blackness we see old Public Domain footage in black and white of a young boy reading books and then groups of school boys rough housing in the school yard. Being trapped in a school locker. The sounds of the taunting boys' chants begin to loop. The images flicker and waver. As they are fading out we see a faint quick image of a female winged fantasy figure (ANGEL) who whispers ever so faintly.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Warren. Come back.

Back in the blackness of his sleep we hear BEEPING again but this time it's faster and more insistent.

A1-S4 WAKING UP AGAIN PHONE CALL

INT. TOWNHOUSE BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

CHYRON: DAY 0 - 7:17PM

In a now dark room that is lit by the TV, WARREN tosses and turns and does his best to ignore the sound. He turns and looks at the LED alarm clock showing the time. It's not the clock this time either, it's beeping an SOS signal. The beeping now includes a buzzing noise, it's a cellphone. WARREN digs around in the mess on the bed and finds a phone that is flashing. He sits up and attempts and fails to push the hair out of his face and then answers the phone. (Pauses in call where required)

WARREN

What!? Hello!? Who? Oh, hi, sorry Mom. What time is it? AM or PM? No, I wasn't sleeping, I was working. No, well ya, looking for work, you know. On the internet, yes. No, I can't come to the party tonight. Cause I'm looking for work, that's why. Yes I'm eating well. Yes I'm sleeping well. Would you stop asking that, yes I'm taking my meds. Her what? Her clothes, ya I think they are in the basement. Donate them? Maybe I want to keep them. I know, I know. No, I'm not coming out to the party. Well cause I might make everyone sick again. Ya she might but she isn't around to drag me out to parties anymore is she! I know Mom, I'm sorry, don't cry OK? I'm sure she'd be happy you miss her. OK, I gotta get back to it OK? Yes, I miss her too. Bye.

He presses the button to hang up the phone.

WARREN (V.O.)

Not like you or anyone else would miss me though.

WARREN slams the phone to the bed three times in frustration. He looks around the room slowly.

WARREN (V.O.)

Widescreen HDTV with composite input. Wireless Game Controller. Beer can. (he takes a swig and grimaces then cocks his head) Tinnitus buzzing. A freight train. Nothing else. (he crunches the beer can) OK, beer can. (beat) (looking at beer can and flexing his hand). My fingers. My sore ass. My bladder.

WARREN drains the beer can, grimaces again, tosses it aside and drags his sorry ass out of bed and walks toward the camera and out of the room.

CUT TO:

A1-S5 BATHROOM

INT. TOWNHOUSE BATHROOM - EARLY EVENING

The bathroom is lit by a single light on the counter. WARREN stands in front of the bathroom mirror looking at himself. His red underwear are torn and his gray t-shirt full of holes. His

hair, as usual, is a nightmare. The bathroom mirror itself is covered in sticky notes with various messages such as: Pay bills, take your pills, find job, apply for benefits, take out garbage, file insurance claim, don't screw up, stop thinking, clean bathroom, Shower!, We enter alone, We leave alone, etc. One sticky note stands out for its girly handwriting which says "I love you".

He looks down and a slow pan reveals the bathroom counter is littered with beer cans and pop bottles. But there are a few feminine beauty products mixed in that stand out. Above the toilet are a large bottle of ammonia and one of bleach. The toilet seat is piled with dirty clothes. A shower curtain hides the tub. A business tie hangs from the shower curtain rod. Warren looks at himself in the mirror, tries to fix his hair and grimaces. He takes off a fancy wrist watch and his glasses and sets them on the counter amongst the trash. He squints and addresses his image in the mirror.

WARREN (V.O.)

You are one filthy pig aren't you? Huh idiot? You need a haircut. (He pulls at his hair and plucks at his shirt) And you need new clothes. What a loser. Mess, mess, mess. (beat) I guess I could donate her's and get some for myself. Check the Tickle Trunk in the basement. (beat) Charity begins at home. I should do my recycling too, maybe I can donate these too?

Just before we cut to a closeup we see that WARREN'S image in the mirror is delayed. He looks down at the bottle but the mirror image continues to stare at him. Then cut to close up as WARREN grabs a clear plastic bottle of red liquid and takes a swig from it. It's not Pop, it's a bathroom cleanser. He gags and spits it up into the sink. He falls to his knees, pushes the clothes off the toilet seat, lifts it just in time to violently vomit into the toilet. He finishes, curses himself, flushes, slams the lid, wipes his face with a t-shirt and reaches in the shower to turn on the water. The roar of water in the tub washes out the scene.

FADE TO BLACK

A1-S6 ENTER BASEMENT

INT. TOWNHOUSE BASEMENT - LATE EVENING

CHYRON: DAY 0 - 11:07PM

From black we get a burst of light when WARREN plugs in a "Trouble Light" that contains a lightbulb. We see that he has dressed in a pair of black shoes, black jeans, camouflage green long sleeve shirt and has tried to tie back his hair. He is standing in a cramped basement area that contains shelving, boxes, a water heater and a small door that is about 3 ft square. Holding the light he kneels before the door and rattles at a fancy lock. Looking over his shoulder we see it's a combination lock that uses four letters instead of numbers.

WARREN (V.O.)

What's the combination? We were supposed to write all that stuff down. I don't remember.

He sets down the light and tries a few four letter obscene words. Nothing is working and he is getting frustrated.

WARREN (V.O.)

Junk, junk, junk.

He tries to spell JUNK on the lock and that doesn't work either.

WARREN (V.O.)

Look at all this crap down here. I'm a hoarder, I need a fire to clean this place out. She always said that. (beat) Oh wait. Right.

Turns out the combination word was "CUTE". The lock and latch open and WARREN opens the door. It is dark in there. He begins to crawl on hands and knees into the dark. He disappears briefly only to quickly return to grab the Trouble Light. It's very dusty.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dam, it's dark. Where is...there.

We see through the door WARREN crouched in the crawl space, the Trouble Light on the floor dimly lighting his body and a few of the many boxes around him. He awkwardly flips around to a sitting position and digs through the pockets of his pants until he finds a flashlight and turns it on. The flashlight pans around and we get a look at the crawl space in his basement.

WARREN (V.O.)

Hmmm...cramped but cozy and kinna warm. Like a little Hobbit Hole down here. Dusty as hell though. (beat) Now where's that trunk?

The camera switches to WARREN's POV. One hand holds the flashlight (which cleverly has a GoPro attached to his wrist) and the other hand is trying to push boxes, bags, suitcase and all sorts of stuff out of his way. He seems to be digging and burrowing his way to the back of the basement.

WARREN (V.O.)

I know for a fact it's at the back here somewhere. It's creepy down here. If I see a mouse I'll lose my...there is so much stuff! You are such a hoarder, you idiot. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

The POV shot swings around and up and down in a motion sickness inducing manner. At first WARREN was attempting to slide stuff out of the way but now he begins throwing items and getting even more frustrated by punching cardboard boxes out of the way. A bigger heavier box leads to him sitting back and kicking it. He also kicks some full water jugs out of his way, one falls over and starts to leak. As he attempts to move back to hands and knees he hits his head on the low rafters and drops the light. All we see is the shot sideways as the camera/flashlight lays on the floor lighting up the side of an old soldier's trunk at a back concrete wall.

WARREN (V.O.)

Ow ow ow! Son of a...that hurts. Oh my head! Was that a nail? My head. It's bleeding, it's bleeding, it's bleeding. (he breaks into quiet sobs and cries to himself) You're an idiot, idiot, idiot. It's so dark.

After a moment to recover he grabs the flashlight again and as he passes it from one hand to the other we get a shot of his face covered in tears and a small trickle of blood coming down his forehead he has smeared by wiping at it.

The camera/light swings back to the trunk and we see it in full view now. The Macuffin has been found. WARREN shuffles along towards it, pushing other boxes out of the way to clear space and he sits crossed legged in front of it. Realizing he needs both hands we see him fiddle with the flashlight and

switch it into a mode where its side lights up. He sets the light down, we see a dark ceiling.

FADE TO BLACK

A1-S7 NOSTALGIA

INT. BASEMENT TRUNK - LATE EVENING

PAN FROM BLACK TO

A wide shot of WARREN sitting in front of the trunk lit by the flashlight standing on its tail and the Trouble Light laying on the ground behind him. Wood supports clutter the foreground and boxes the background of the shot. He's futzing with the trunk trying to open it but unlocks one latch only to lock another. It takes a bit to get it open, including slamming his fists on top of it three times. Finally it's open and he begins to rummage around in the Tickle Trunk. As he takes items out to examine them he sets them in piles around himself.

WARREN (V.O.)

Toss, Donate, Keep, Toss, Keep, Keep, Keep. Brings me joy. Sell on eBay.

WARREN finds a Skinny Puppy shirt and gets excited and holds it up against his chest. Almost like he's showing the camera.

WARREN (V.O.)

Oh wow! How'd this get down here!? This is a collector's item. And mint! Need one of those sports jersey glass frame thingys for this!

WARREN carefully folds the shirt and puts it in the trunk.

WARREN (V.O.)

Donate, donate, keep, keep, keep. Oh, I forgot I had this down here.

The camera switches to an over the shoulder shot so we can see the contents of the trunk and what WARREN is holding and examining. He pulls out a large orange "Dry Bag" and unclaps it and pours out the contents: Pocket watch, crank radio, MREs and food bars tossed aside, charging cables, Kabar plastic spork, duct tape, compass, glow sticks, dust mask, plastic

pistol, and a tiny yellow first aid kit. He runs his hands through the pile of supplies.

WARREN (V.O.)

My BOB! Can I donate this Y2K crap? Or was it 2012 prepper stuff? Probably both.

The glowsticks go in his pocket and the rest he haphazardly dumps back in the orange bag and sets it aside.

Found next are women's clothes, sweaters, shoes and more shoes, a toque, business ties, a small box with toy skeleton inside, pencils, and a diary book (which gets an extra look and a caress of its cover). Each examined and set aside into their proper pile.

Seen quickly in the trunk but not examined: a locked green military box / iron rations kit, a red lock box with US cash and pennies (treasure!), Grandma cookie tin (empty, not even sewing stuff) and a manilla folder with medical documents. All these appear in detail later.

The camera reverses angle to show WARREN's face looking into the trunk. He's getting tired of digging through the trunk and being in the cramped space. He keeps touching the cut on his head and reaching above himself to see how high the rafters are. He grabs the flashlight and shines it into the trunk for a better look and grabs the lid of the trunk with the other hand and slides the trunk towards himself. At that very same instant we hear a brief deep rumbling sound and see dust come down from the rafters into the light. WARREN gets a snootful of the dust and this sets off a sneezing/coughing fit.

WARREN (V.O.)

It's a mess down here. Is that concrete dust? Isn't it Radon that kills you? Or is that a Godzilla monster? Where's that...

WARREN sits back and grabs the Orange BOB bag and digs through it and comes up with a dust mask that he places on his face. Seeing the crank radio again he gives it a few cranks and it gives off a feeble light and not much else. He tosses it into the trunk. He continues to dig in the trunk and something brings a smile to his face. His head goes into the trunk and we can't see him for a moment and he comes back up into frame wearing fluffy bunny ears on his head.

WARREN (V.O.)

I love these things. I think today is more of a bunny day. And they are great as an early warning head collision alert system.

WARREN reaches up and plays with the ears and tests brushing them against the floor rafters above his head. He continues rummaging in the trunk and pushing the piles around him out of the way.

WARREN (V.O.)

I need a box for all these fricken shoes. Feet, feat, feats.

A1-S8 CRASH

INT. BASEMENT DOOR - LATE EVENING

The camera goes to the wide shot again. He begins pulling at cardboard boxes around him looking for one he can use. Pushing the boxes around is rough work and he's gasping at the effort. Dust is being kicked up a bit, but we notice again some falling from the floor joists. The flashlight is accidentally knocked into the chest and we lose the light it provides. Only the Trouble Light lights the space now. This irritates him even more and he throws stuff around, losing his temper.

The camera switches to a long shot from outside the 3ft door accessing the crawl space. WARREN is framed by the square door in the blackness. We hear another deep rumble and this one is longer, the camera shakes slightly.

WARREN (V.O.)

Hey, I wonder if that's actually a...

The rumble becomes a roar. The camera shakes violently. Dust rains from the rafters. The Tickle Trunk slams shut with the flashlight inside it. WARREN is panicking and trying to crawl towards the door. The camera is dollying away from him, backing through the door. He makes a stupid attempt to stand and run but boxes are in the way and he hits his head knocking himself to the ground just short of the exit. He reaches for the door and his eyes slowly close. The door swings shut in his face and various items of shelving, wooden boards and suitcases fall in front of the door and continue to pile up until even the camera is knocked over and buried in blackness.

A1-S9 1ST DREAM

A deep rumbling sound continues into the dream. Old public domain footage of school boys fighting with each other fades in and out. The whole theme here is a lone child being bullied and beaten. Fists are thrown in the camera. Claustrophobic imagery, trapped in a locker. Schoolyard taunts are yelled at him. Again the ANGEL character appears briefly as his savior.

ANGEL (VERY faintly)
Please. Don't leave me.

FADE TO BLACK

A1-S10 WAKE UP TRAPPED

INT. BASEMENT DOOR - NOON

CHYRON: DAY 1

We pan from blackness to see WARREN laying on the floor in the fetal position barely lit by the Trouble Light covered by a fallen box. His bunny ears and dust mask are down around his neck. There is more blood on his forehead and he is covered in dust, his glasses are almost opaque with dust. Boxes in disarray litter the area around him, one large box lays across his legs.

A startling booming horn somewhere in the distance goes off. It's an air horn playing the first four notes of "Oh Canada". This wakes WARREN who comes to in a panic, completely terrified he kicks away the box on his legs. He almost stands and hits his head again but slips and stumbles and falls into a heap.

WARREN
What, where? I can't see, I can't see, I can't see.

WARREN sits up and grabs for the Trouble Light and shakes off the dust. We can see the area a little better now. On hands and knees he scrambles for the door. Dragging the Trouble Light with him and following its orange power cord back to the 3ft red door.

Camera switches to POV. He reaches the door and pans the light around the door edges while pushing and thumping his fist against it. When he hits the door it's not the hollow sound

you would expect, it's a dead thump. The orange power cord is pinched off in the corner of the door which is tightly closed. Closer examination reveals black dirt that had come in from the bottom corners of the door. He's panicking and sets down the light and pushes at the door with his feet.

WARREN

Help me! I'm trapped! Help me!

WARREN's panic is causing him to uncontrollably shake almost like a seizure. He grabs the Trouble Light and smashes it against the door.

CUT TO BLACK

He broke the light. It is pitch black. All we hear is him hyperventilating. He's whimpering now.

WARREN

Oh god no. Please god no. Please come back. Please come back. Please come back. It's so dark. I'm so alone. I don't want to die here alone. Oh god please. (chanting) No, no, no, no, no, no (slowly gets quieter to a bare whisper to just panting)

We just hear his labored breathing now. Nothing else. The black screen begins to slowly show gray and dark purple patches that swirl around. This is the Ganzfeld Effect, what you see inside your eyelids when you close your eyes at night. Little sparks of light start to show up but it's all very subtle. Slowly his breathing comes under control.

We hear sounds of him moving, the scrape of his shoes on the concrete floor. Boxes being shoved around.

WARREN (V.O.)

Where's the light, I need the light. I gotta get control of myself. Here, here, here.

Now we hear the rattle of the metal cage around the Trouble Light. He's shaking it and trying to get it working again it sounds like. The weird blackness continues.

WARREN (V.O.)

I broke it. I broke it. I broke it. Where's the flashlight? I can't see. I need light.

We can hear WARREN's breathing starting to get frantic again but he catches himself and slows it and takes deep breaths.

WARREN (V.O.)

In. 1. 2. 3. 4. Hold. 1. 2. 3. 4. Out. 1. 2. 3. 4.
Hold. 1. 2. 3. 4. In. 1. 2. 3. 4.

He exhales deeply and coughs up some dust.

Silence. The weird blackness subsides.

WARREN (V.O.)

I need...why no candles? Wait. I've.

We hear him fumbling around and the sound of a plastic snap. A small strange green glow slowly brightens the screen. It grows stronger till we can see him holding a green glow stick that lights up the area.

WARREN (V.O.)

Jeez, these suck. Well that's what I get for buying them at the Dollar Store. Where's the flashlight?

WARREN starts rummaging around. Finds his glasses and blows the dust off and puts them in his pocket. The weird green glow makes everything seem surreal but somehow calming.

WARREN (V.O.)

What was the last place I was before. (beat) Before what? Did the Big One finally hit? Not if but when? (beat) The trunk!

WARREN works his way over to the trunk, sticks the glow stick in his teeth and opens the trunk. A feeble light emits from it. He digs inside and pulls out the flashlight which now lights the area with white light, washing out the green glow stick. He sets the flashlight on its tail and digs into the trunk and takes out a shoe. He then removes the shoelace from the shoe, ties it to the glow stick and hangs it from a floor rafter above him. The area now has a weird mix of green and white lighting. Satisfied with his efforts he sits and breathes, exhausted by the stress and the effort. He coughs. He reacts by putting the dust mask back on and the bunny ears on his head. Dust shakes out of his hair. He winces at the two wounds on his head and touches them tentatively and winces some more.

WARREN (V.O.)

Somebody will come get me. Someone will rescue me, right? They pay people for that. That's what my taxes pay for. I've got to get the frick out of here.

WARREN just sits there staring into the dark with a passive look on his face. Frozen with a combination of panic and the inability to act. He's helpless. But then...

WARREN (V.O.)

Wait. I've.

He grabs the flashlight and frantically searches the area till he finds the orange bag. He digs around inside of it, not finding what he wants he dumps it onto the ground. Scattering the items around, still not finding what he wants. He's panicking again. He begins searching inside the trunk.

WARREN (V.O.)

Where the heck is it? I just had it. I used it and I...here. Here! Here!

WARREN pulls from the trunk the red emergency crank radio. With trembling hands he sets down the flashlight on its tail and fiddles with the radio. Nothing is working. He's frustrated. He wildly cranks its power generator. Its LED light at the end gives off a feeble pulsing light. He cranks harder and harder and the light gets brighter but he tires and stops then the light goes out.

WARREN (V.O.)

What's with this stupid thing? How do you...

He fiddles with it some more, pressing switches. He begins cranking again, no light this time but the soft sound of white noise static. He stops, the sound stops. He turns a dial and cranks again. The static noise is louder now. With great dexterity that echoes his trick with the game controller he figures out how to both crank and adjust the radio's station frequency dial. It works. He gets a broadcast. It's not a strong signal and fades in and out and the sound of cranking is almost louder than the radio but we can hear it.

MALE RADIO ANNOUNCER #1

(static) ok here at the station and we still have power and will continue to broadcast. All cellphones

and any other lines of communication are down. We have received no emergency instructions from the government. (static) can't confirm what happened but we think it was an earthquake. (static) from our building we can see black clouds over the Port of Vancouver. The usual shipping vessels aren't there any longer. (static) Theories of a meteor or maybe nuclear missile attack (static)

WARREN shakes his head and changes the station dial and continues cranking. He passes a Russian numbers station and then onto another English broadcast.

MALE RADIO ANNOUNCER #2

This is KRUD, if there's power we'll play. (static) rescue. No one is coming. We are all screwed, all of us. We got what we deserved. What happened? I'll tell you what happened. Earthquake. Gas Line explosion. Terrorist attack. Train wreck. Solar flair. Tank car explosion. Dinosaur killer asteroids. Mount Baker blew. Tsunami. Atomic bombs from China. Global warming. The Second Coming. Zombies! It all happened! Or none of them! It doesn't matter. It's total chaos out there for everyone. All of us. Expect the Four Horsemen next! We are all fu...(deep rumbling) oh what the hell!

An aftershock shakes the basement and WARREN drops the radio and as it loses its charge we hear the broadcast fade out slowly.

MALE RADIO ANNOUNCER #2

Here we go again. I hope it kills me this time. I'm done with this sh... (static fades out)

As quick as the aftershock started, it stopped. WARREN doesn't react. He's shell shocked. He heard the radio and it hit him hard. He's shut down in defense. He reaches over and turns off the flashlight and sits in the green light of the glowstick. Not moving, breathing very shallow. He just sits there. Time speeds and slowly the glow stick loses its magic chemical reaction and the room goes dark.

FADE TO BLACK.

In the dark we hear WARREN's hoarse whisper.

WARREN (whisper)
I'll be ok. They're coming to rescue me. That's what
we pay them for. I just need to wait. Wait. Wait.

ACT TWO - A

A2A-S1 REALIZATION

INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM - MIDDAY

We see those weird glitches of light in the dark and then we hear the click of the flashlight and the basement is lit again. WARREN is attempting to pull himself together.

WARREN (V.O.)
OK, I hear...the ringing in my ears. My breath.
(beat) And nothing. (beat) I see...boxes, boxes,
boxes. I feel...the cut on my head, my sore throat
and a (beat) full bladder!

WARREN
Piss!

WARREN dusts himself off some more and points the flashlight around looking for something.

WARREN (V.O.)
Where is...here it is.

WARREN crawls over to the end of a large white plastic pipe inset in the floor. With his back to the camera he kneels in front of it. We hear a zipper and the sound of him urinating. Finishing with a shake he zips back up and crawls back to the trunk and sits. Scanning the flashlight around again he starts to shake his head.

WARREN (V.O.)
What a mess. This must be all fake, a joke, a scam,
a mistake. I'm being pranked? (beat) But they did
it, didn't they? The big World War Three, this is
it. This is real. It's happening. It's really
happening.

WARREN shakes the dust off himself again and coughs. He

adjusts his mask on his face.

WARREN (V.O.)

The concrete walls will save me from the radiation. I'll be OK. I'll just wait like you are supposed to. But the dust... (beat) Why me? I'm a good person, I don't deserve this. What did I do!? Why me? Why me!? Why me!?

WARREN starts hitting himself in the head to rid of bad memories and to punish himself. He starts to hyperventilate but catches himself and tries to calm himself.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK. In. 1. 2. 3. 4. Hold. 1. 2. (coughs) What's that sound? I don't hear anything. There's no one. I hear, I hear. I hear blood, bone, breath, brain. That's all I can hear down here.

WARREN again lets out his frustration on the boxes around him but it's a feeble attempt as his tank is empty. He lamely kicks at the water bottle that is still dribbling onto the floor. He drinks some from his hand and wipes his face. He sees a silver packet on the ground, grabs it and opens it. It's a Pop-Tart.

WARREN (V.O.)

I'm gonna die, might as well have eaten.

WARREN eats a Pop-Tart.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK, ok, ok. Try again. I smell...ug, my piss. I smell...gas? Is that gas? Oh no! I'm going to die down here aren't I? This is it. It's over!

WARREN grabs at his chest with one hand and presses the mask to his face with the other. He begins to panic and wheeze. His legs kick as he tries to catch his breath. He hits at his chest at first strongly but then weakens. His panic attack causes him to hyperventilate. He passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

A2A-S2 DREAM SEQUENCE

From the blackness we begin to see waves of the dark water of a lake from beneath the water. In those dark waves we get flashes of images of children fighting. We emerge from the water and the camera is flying along the surface of the lake. Hints of sunshine dapple the waves. The sunlight washes out the camera image and blends to the bright image of ANGEL high up in the sky. She's tiny, like a doll.

ANGEL

Get out of the water. Come on, wake up.
Wake up, love.

A2A-S3 ACCEPTANCE INVENTORY SKELETON

INT. BASEMENT TRUNK - MORNING

CHYRON: DAY 2

WARREN awakes with a start and in a panic. He looks around the basement wildly taking in all the boxes and stuff, not sure where he is at first. He uses the flashlight to find the Trouble Light and gives it a shake to no avail. Then he reaches into the light's cage and tightens the bulb. It's turned on! He hangs the light up from a floor joist. He looks around at the mess.

He's hungry, stressed, sober and losing his shit. In a mad panic he tosses around and rips open everything in reach. We can see what he has to work with: A couple of large jugs of water, MREs, plastic pistol, crank radio, a pencil and some crayons. In a green military box he finds a pocket watch, bundle of US cash 1\$ and rolls of coins. He hefts the bundle of cash in his hand.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dam, that's some cheddar. Where's this stash come from? I'm rich! I wonder what the exchange rate is?

He picks up the plastic pistol and aims it into the distance.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dollar Store BB gun worked for about five minutes but it scared her that's for sure.

He tosses the cash and pistol aside. There is also a red cash box which is combination locked, he can't seem to open it and in frustration tosses it aside.

WARREN (V.O.)

No candles? No lighter? For the best with all this cardboard I guess. But hungry, hungry, hungry.

WARREN rips open the bag of an MRE. He can't understand how they work and tries reading the instructions to no avail.
Note: They are not in Chinese.

WARREN (V.O.)

What the hell is a flameless heater!? These instructions are in Chinese! I'm just a Wannabe Prepper and Weekend Warrior.

WARREN tosses the instructions aside and they land on a stack of papers. He attempts to open one of the MRE food packets with his teeth and can't seem to do it. His eyes land on the papers and he tosses the MRE aside.

WARREN (V.O.)

What's this?

WARREN examines the stack and discovers a "Get Well" card, some medical paperwork and a children's diary. It too has a combination lock on it.

WARREN (V.O.)

Why is everything locked up down here?

WARREN attempts various numbers and also tries forcing the diary open to no avail. He's frustrated again and throws it down and it lands backside up. We can see a sticker on the back with numbers.

WARREN (V.O.)

If it was a snake it would have bit me. Classic.

WARREN tries the numbers and with some jiggling is able to open the diary. It seems blank. He flips through the first couple of pages, still blank.

WARREN (V.O.)

Huh. Never used. I wonder who gave her this thing?

WARREN sets the diary aside. He gives the "Get Well" card a cursory look, it's covered in names and best wishes. With a sigh he sets it on the diary and after a thought grabs the

pencil and adds it to the pile. He grabs the flashlight and pans it around into the dark corners around his space, crap is everywhere. He rubs his backside with his freehand.

WARREN (V.O.)

My ass hurts. Sitting on concrete isn't good for me. Didn't Mom say something about 'piles' or something? And Dad always said that if you put a car battery on concrete it would suck the life out of it. Can't be good.

WARREN turns off the flashlight and arranges the Trouble Light in a good position to light the whole area and begins to tidy up. After making an empty space he breaks down one of the large cardboard boxes and lays it out like a carpet. He arranges the various items in some semblance of order. He discovers that he can easily slide around on his backside on the cardboard "carpet". He tries some feeble breakdance moves. He then organizes everything into or on top of boxes. He finds a small First Aid bag that contains a small bottle of Dramamine.

WARREN (V.O.)

These were for sea sickness and puking I think. I remember they put me out like a light. Don't think I'll have a problem sleeping in this black pit.

WARREN continues to clean up and discovers a "mickey" bottle of clear liquid. He gives it a close look, shakes it and holds it up to the light.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dad's Homebrew. Yikes. I'm not allowed near this stuff anymore. I really should pour it out.
(beat)And it's dehydrating. But it does have medicinal value.

WARREN puts the alcohol and First Aid kit into the trunk. He now pays attention to water and lines up the almost empty bottle and 2 large jugs that he has.

WARREN (V.O.)

I wonder if this concrete will dehydrate me? Suck the water out of me. OK, I need water, 3 days or die and all that. How many days do I have here? I can't remember how much you need a day.

WARREN sniffs at the air and looks back at the pipe he had urinated in.

WARREN (V.O.)

I don't have enough to flush that hole with, that's for sure. (beat) And this dust.

WARREN coughs and puts his N95 mask firmly on his face.

WARREN (V.O.)

And what about a gas leak? Aren't you supposed to turn off your gas when there's an earthquake? How am I supposed to do that? I need air, 3 minutes or die and all that.

WARREN is panicking again. He digs in one of the boxes and comes up with a roll of cheap tin foil and duct tape as well. He begins to attempt to patch the seams and perceived holes around him.

WARREN (V.O.)

Fricken cheap duck tape. (he quacks out loud) I need real duct tape (he enunciates the t in duct). The foil should help.

He finishes patching a couple of vents and pipes and sits back gasping at the effort. He sniffs at the air again and looks over at the "toilet" pipe in the floor and finds a piece of cardboard to put over top of it. He sits back and takes a look around at his newly cleaned up space, happy with himself. He peers down into a small box beside him and sees something.

WARREN

Hey there buddy, where'd you come from?

WARREN reaches into the box and carefully retrieves a small plastic toy skeleton. He closes the small box, flips it over and arranges the skeleton sitting on the box.

WARREN (V.O.)

There you go. How's that? I remember buying you at the Dollar Store for our first Halloween. I think that's where the foil and duck tape came from too. (beat) And if I remember correctly I think you...

WARREN grabs the flashlight and shines it directly on the skeleton. He waits a moment and then turns off the Trouble

Light and then the flashlight. It's revealed that the skeleton glows in the dark.

WARREN (V.O.)

Cool. That's quite the super power you have there Buddy. How about you watch over me and I have a little nap? Everything is all cleaned up. I deserve a nap. Nap...nap.

FADE TO BLACK.

A2A-S4 DREAM OF FREEDOM

We hear a watch ticking in the blackness. We fade up to a blurry shot of the pocket watch in WARREN's hand. It is set at 11:07. When you read something in a dream twice, it's different the second time. The camera pulls up from the watch to a blurry image of someone in a bed and then back down to the somewhat clearer image of the watch. It's set at 7:11.

We see shots of a dark confining forest and the little Angel. It washes out to a clearer image of the woman in a hospital bed with an oxygen mask on. She is shaking her head. The watch continues to tick. He looks at the watch in his hand to only see a hand snatch it away. We again see images of fighting kids and hear taunts. The taunts cover the sound of the watch. But now a loud booming horn covers the sound of the kids.

A2A-S5 SCAVENGE & LIGHT

INT. BASEMENT TRUNK - NOON

We hear WARREN awake with a start in the dark and find the flashlight and then turn on the Trouble Light. The loud booming sound is still echoing. He pans the flashlight around and finds the pocket watch in the green box. He turns off the flashlight. He pops open the watch and begins to set and then wind it.

WARREN (V.O.)

It's Noon. It's Noon. It's Noon. It's 12 O'Clock in the afternoon. It's the Hydro horn. It's still working. I know what time it is!

CHYRON: DAY 3 - 12:02PM

WARREN sees the unopened MRE laying there and grabs it for another try. He struggles with it but finally opens it with his teeth. He presses at the bottom of the packet and pushes up the food like substance. The only light is the Trouble Light, the flashlight is off.

WARREN (V.O.)

MRE. Meal Ready to Eat. Mr. E, Meal Rarely Edible, Meal Ready to Excrete. Meals Rejected by Everyone. Meals Refusing to Excrete. Ration Pack. Rat Pack. Battle Ration. Shit on a Shingle. No, that's different.

WARREN sniffs the food like substance. Hesitates, attempts a nibble and chickens out. Finally he takes a bite and chews with a look of absolute disgust on his face. He spits it out.

WARREN (V.O.)

Ugg. That's disgusting. And cold. It's just gross.

WARREN tosses the MRE aside and grabs the water bottle and finishes it. As he's doing that the Trouble Light begins to flicker on and off. He grabs the flashlight and tries to turn it on. It won't work. He slaps it in his hand a few times and it gives off a feeble light. The Trouble Light however is now working just fine. He examines the flashlight.

WARREN (V.O.)

Must be going dead. How am I going to recharge this thing?

WARREN digs around in the trunk and comes up with a bunch of cables in a rats nest. He also grabs the crank radio. He gives it a few cranks and it gives off a feeble light. He examines it in detail. While doing this the Trouble Light flickers a few times and he gives it a concerned look. Next he turns his attention to the cables and gets rather frustrated trying to pull the cables apart and find what he needs. Mixed in with the wires are a belt, rope, and business tie. He hangs these from the floor joists. Eventually he finds a cable he is pleased with.

WARREN (V.O.)

So I think the little USB can go...here. And the big USB. Dammit. Upside down. Upside down. Upside down. No, wrong one! Nothing ever works!

WARREN whips it around, ties in a knot and tosses the cable across the basement. He's mad again. He calms himself. We can see on his face he's counting. Then WARREN goes back to the cables and digs around once more to find a different cable.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK, this will work. Big here, little here. Switch this, like this. And this, like this. And...crank!

The flashlight starts to glow brighter. WARREN fiddles with the flashlight to turn it off and continues to crank the radio to charge it.

WARREN

Aha! Look what I've created. I have made FIRE! Aziz, Light!

A2A-S6 RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

INT. BASEMENT BED - EARLY MORNING

CHYRON: DAY 5 - 2:40AM

WARREN is looking a little more rough. His hair is a mess and face dirty. There's food stains on his shirt. And his eyes are only half open. Half eaten MRE food packages lay around him. One of the large water jugs is empty and the water bottle is laying on its side dripping on the floor. He doesn't care. WARREN grabs the crank radio and spins the handle slowly while thinking.

WARREN (V.O.)

I'm trapped in here and no one cares. I just don't matter. I'm a tiny speck of nothing in a massive universe of chaos and no one is coming to save me and I just don't care. I'm all out of...to give.

WARREN turns on the radio and spends a few moments scanning the airwaves for a broadcast. He finds one station playing cheesy muzak (end credit music). Another station is playing an emergency broadcast.

MALE RADIO ANNOUNCER #1

(static) Citizens are advised to shelter in place. Martial Law has been declared by the government. We have reports that looters are being shot on sight.

(static)

WARREN changes the station back to the muzak and sets the crank radio down.

WARREN (V.O.)

It seems like yesterday. Again. And again. And again. They keep saying the same thing. I don't care. It's over, nothing matters.

WARREN goes digging in the trunk for something and somehow causes the lid to slam down onto his hand. He screams in pain and stops. There is no other reaction, he's stone faced. He just sits there holding his hurt right hand and listening to the muzak. Slowly the radio loses power and the muzak fades. WARREN continues to sit there and just rocks back and forth slowly.

WARREN (V.O.)

What's going on out there!? I'm bored. I'm bored. I'm bored. I miss my phone.

WARREN suddenly with a burst of energy grabs the tie hanging from the floor rafters and wraps it around his hurt hand. He searches around and finds the diary, grabs the pencil and begins to write.

WARREN (V.O.)

(staccato as writing)

If I had my phone, how much media I had stored on there? I think there was 6 movies, 3 TV series, a least 25 albums and 50 books. So how much entertainment is that? A movie is 1.5 hours, an album is 74 minutes, a TV series about 10 hours and how long does it take to read a book? That would be..

WARREN gives up, closes the diary and sets it down.

WARREN (V.O.)

I'm not doing the math. I don't have my phone's calculator. I'm not that bored.

WARREN grabs the radio and attempts to crank it up again but his injured hands makes this impossible. In frustration he tosses the radio aside.

A2A-S7 FOOD MRES MESS

INT. BASEMENT KITCHEN - MORNING

WARREN sees the instructions for the MRE heater and in his boredom gives them another read.

WARREN (V.O.)

I'm gonna try this again. Those MREs are horrible cold. I deserve a hot meal.

WARREN studiously goes about opening the last water jug, retrieving the water bottle and trying to fill it while spilling more good water. He gets some on his good hand and wipes his face. He then goes on to set up the plastic bag, MRE heater and MRE. Then he adds the water to the fill line and closes up the bag. Time passes and the bag begins to sizzle and give off steam.

WARREN

What the hell!? It's on fire! No, no, no!

WARREN kicks over the plastic bag which spills hot water out and steam rises. Realizing his error and over reaction he attempts to lift the bag back up using his bandaged hand and burns himself in the process.

WARREN

Ow! That's hot. Hot! Hot!

Angrily WARREN kicks the bag again and knocks it over. Nothing spills this time.

WARREN

I don't care. I don't care. I don't care.

A2A-S8 FALSE RESCUE

INT. BASEMENT TRUNK - LATE MORNING

WARREN holds his now twice injured hand and sits there and just rocks back and forth slowly. As he rocks the camera seems to follow him swaying but then it gets worse. It's aftershocks of the earthquake again. We hear a low rumbling sound, we see the stuff hanging from the floor joists swing. And then it's bad enough that the skeleton falls off his perch. This jolts WARREN out of his stupor.

WARREN (V.O.)

That's a truck? No, bulldozers! Rescue? (beat) No, wait. More quakes. (beat) Whatever. Bring it on down.

The aftershocks ease away and WARREN continues with his rocking back and forth. It's more soothing and mechanical this time, his eyes are bright and he's thinking.

WARREN (V.O.)

If the building collapsed on me then maybe I should tunnel down through the earth and out the other side. Dig a hole so deep I'll come out in the ocean off of The Cape in South Africa. And then I'd drown of course. Good plan Warren. You idiot.

There's a rumbling noise again but slightly different and no swaying this time. WARREN stops rocking and cocks an ear to listen, he's intrigued. The new rumbling stops very abruptly and we begin to hear what sounds like voices.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK, now I'm hearing things. Is that...

Now we hear what are certainly voices and they are shouting. Then what seems to be crunching and stomping footsteps above.

WARREN

HEY! I'M DOWN HERE. HELP ME! HEY! DOWN HERE!

WARREN pounds on the floor joists to get their attention but in his panic uses his hurt hand. The pain causes him to catch his breath and we can hear that above him they are smashing things and yelling at each other in a non-english language. It sounds violent and reminiscent of the dreams of the bullies. WARREN goes to pound on the floor joists and scream again but stops at the sound of gun fire.

WARREN (V.O.)

(whispering) Looters!

WARREN with his good hand swings at the hanging Trouble Light to turn it off but it falls and this time you can hear and see the sparks as the bulb breaks. The room is plunged into complete darkness. All we can hear is the panicked breathing of WARREN and the voices of the looters as they run away from whoever has the guns.

WARREN (V.O.)
(whispering) It's so dark. Dark. Dark.

With a last distant yell it seems the looters are gone. Slowly the camera panning in the darkness shows in the corner the fallen skeleton glowing.

WARREN (V.O.)
(whispering) I think they are gone. It's so dark.
I'm scared. Gotta find the...

We hear sounds of WARREN shuffling around. His silhouette blocks the view of the skeleton for a moment. Then there is the winding noise of the crank radio and then a click and the flashlight is turned on. It shines around the room and lands on the broken Trouble Light.

WARREN (V.O.)
Oh no. The bulb. I'm screwed.

WARREN sets down the flashlight between his legs, it's shining up at his face gallows style.

WARREN
I'm screwed. I'm screwed.

FADE TO BLACK.

A2A-S9 OK WE NEED A PLAN

INT. BASEMENT TRUNK - LATE EVENING

CHYRON: DAY 8 - 11:20PM

Fade up to the flashlight hanging from the floor joists and spinning slowly. While the Chyron shows, we see WARREN marking the days on a box in pencil. He's off by two, he thinks it's Day 6.

WARREN (V.O.)
OK we need a plan. The guys with guns had to be the authorities. Deal with looters and then let the rescue teams in, right? But that could be a few more days. It's everyone out here in trouble I would guess. We all need rescue.

WARREN reaches into the trunk and takes out a colored lightstick and snaps it on. He swaps it for the hanging flashlight. Using the flashlight he surveys the situation. The flashlight lands on the last water jug which is laying at an angle ready to spill. He scrambles to get it upright and we see it's only two thirds full. He snaps the lid and sits down with it between his legs, hugging it. He turns to the skeleton ,sits him upright on his box and begins to speak to him.

WARREN

I'm running out of water. This isn't good. It's been six days with the two jugs. So I guess I've got about three or four days of water left here? You think? I've been wasting it, I know, I know, I know. I hear you.

WARREN sets the jug aside and takes a quick inventory of his food.

WARREN

A few really crappy MREs left. Man, I hate tomato sauce. Can't eat those, no way. Shouldn't have used the water to heat them. Maybe I can use urine? Ya, you're right, steaming piss sounds bad.

WARREN sets the food aside and checks his bunny ears and puts his face mask back on.

WARREN (V.O.)

Rules of three right? You can survive three minutes without breathable air. You can survive three days without drinkable water. You can survive three weeks without food. The food sucks, whatever. But water, I need...

WARREN pans the flashlight around the basement. Finding nothing. He sets the flashlight down on its tail and it shines on the floor joists. He notices a white pipe above.

WARREN (V.O.)

Water line! Plastic pipe like that means water! I just need to...

WARREN searches around and finds a piece of broken concrete that he uses as a makeshift saw to cut a hole in the plastic

pipe. It takes some effort and is difficult with his hurt hand but he finally scrapes at it enough to make a small hole that allows water to drip out. He gets some on his hand and tastes it.

WARREN (V.O.)

Water! It's only dripping though. It should be spraying like that time I drilled into the wall to put up the TV. No pressure. So it's the water from the hot water tank I guess?

WARREN sets up the empty water bottle to catch the slow constant drip, which we hear quite clearly.

WARREN (V.O.)

Something is better than nothing. I wonder how much that tank holds? No clue. But this can work.

WARREN sits back to admire his handy work. He just sits and stares at the drip by drip. The camera cuts back and forth between him and the bottle. He's rocking back and forth again.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK, nothing to be afraid of. All is good. But time is excruciatingly slow down here. So bored.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT TWO - B

A2B-S1 DREAM SCREENS

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

The water dripping and clock ticking is our lead into a dream now. The dripping in the dark becomes the ticking. Slowly coming up from black we see the familiar glow of a phone screen, it's blurry so we aren't quite sure what the image is on it. But as the shot gets brighter we see WARREN laying in the fetal position sleeping on his cardboard bed with a bundle of clothing for a pillow. The phone is flashing subtle colours just outside of his reach. It is still very dark and WARREN is barely lit by the glow stick. Another screen in the darkness lights up. Then another and another and another. Every second tick a new screen appears. WARREN is surrounded by glowing

flickering screens. WARREN becomes restless in his dream. The screens each begin to show the face of the glowing Skeleton screaming at him. Added to the screaming is the taunts of the school bullies. WARREN is talking in his sleep.

WARREN

No. No. No. I didn't. It's not my fault. I didn't mean to. I didn't know. She didn't tell me. No. No. No.

The skeleton on the screens begins to fade away and the sounds with it. The screens blink out one by one, every second tick a screen disappears.

WARREN calms, rolls over and awakes. He grabs at a leg with his good hand and starts rubbing it.

WARREN

Ow! Cramp, cramp, cramp!

He rubs at his leg and then reaches around to his back.

WARREN

And my back! So much hurt. I'd kill for a painkiller.

WARREN lays back down wincing at the pain in his back and leg. The water continues to drip. He closes his eyes and drifts off again. At a far corner a screen comes alive for a brief moment and shows an image of ANGEL. A smile flickers across WARREN's face and he settles on his pillow of clothes. The screen fades out.

The water continues to drip.

A2B-S2 MOUSE

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

SMASH CUT to a tight shot of WARREN's face as he's sleeping. Frantic REM and then his eyes pop open and he looks around in a panic. He sniffs at the air.

WARREN

I smell bacon, oh my god! I smell bacon!

WARREN jumps up and hits his head, the bunny ears don't save

him. He falls down into a heap.

WARREN

Ow! I swear I smelt bacon.

WARREN sits up, rubs his head and turns on the flashlight in wide mode on the floor. Something in the corner of the frame flits away, reminiscent of the phone shot. WARREN sees it and grabs the flashlight to shine at the spot, fumbling to reset it to spotlight mode.

WARREN

What was that!?

We hear skittering noise and something moves again in and out of the flashlight's spot.

WARREN

Is that a mouse?

We hear and think we see the mouse in the light again. But this time it fades away in a blur halfway into the circle of light and shows up somewhere else. It seems to be everywhere and there seems to be many of them, again like the phones. Blinking in and out of existence as fast as WARREN can catch them in the spot of the flashlight. The skittering noise is escalating.

WARREN

There! No, there! Wait, what? What the hell!?

WARREN sets down the light at his feet in Gallows lighting and rubs at his face. The mice are gone. They were never there. The skittering noise stops and the water continues to drip.

FADE TO BLACK

A2B-S3 ENTERTAINMENT

INT. BASEMENT KITCHEN - EVENING

Smash cut to tight shot of WARREN'S face as he turns his head violently left and right in time to the dripping water sound. His bunny ears and mask are gone and his hair is flying wild like he's a headbanger at a metal concert. His eyes are crazed.

WARREN (V.O.)

This. Dripping. Is. Dripping. Is. Dripping. Is.
Driving. Me. Mad. Mad. Mad.

WARREN jumps up and attends to the water bottle collecting the drips.

WARREN

Enough! I'm going water torture crazy down here!

WARREN pours the water bottle into the jug and we see that one jug is now full and the other empty. He grabs the roll of duct tape and patches the hole in the water line.

WARREN

Quack. Quack. Quack.

WARREN drinks the last drops from the bottle and sits back down. He's antsy. He fixes his hair, puts his glasses and bunny ears back on. He picks up a crayon and begins doodling on the cardboard around him. He writes 'Boredom is the dream bird that hatches the egg of experience. A rustling in the leaves drives him away. - Walter Benjamin' in a graffiti manner on one of the cardboard box walls.

WARREN

Bored. Bored. Bored.

He picks up the pencil and diary and scribbles in it a bit.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dear Mom, summer camp sucks. Please send me a portable blu ray player with a copy of The Wire box set. And a batch of your cupcakes. Love, Warren.

He sets down the diary and continues to fidget. He next turns his attention to the toy skeleton arranging him on the cardboard floor sitting across from him.

WARREN

(in robot voice)

Shall we play a game?

Using the crayon, WARREN with shaking hands, makes a large grid on the cardboard floor between himself and the skeleton. Happy with his work he goes digging in the trunk and comes up with a couple of rolls of coins. He opens them up, tossing the

paper wrappers to the side and stacks the pennies in front of himself and dimes in front of the Skeleton.

WARREN

It's Go. You know Go? OK, you go first. Go. Go. Go.
(impatient) OK, I'll move it for you.

WARREN puts down the first dime and then his own penny and keeps going getting more aggressive slamming the coins down on the board. He is rocking back and forth over the board as he places coins. Very quickly there is a mess of coins laid out. WARREN stops to consider his next move and sits trying to spin a large Bitcoin over and over.

SKELETON

That's an illegal move.

WARREN

What!?

SKELETON

That's an illegal move. I've already captured that spot.

WARREN

Oh yeah, you're right (removes coin). Wait, you talk!?

SKELETON

Ya, you talk don't you?

WARREN

True. True. True.

SKELETON

Wouldn't you prefer a good game of chess?

WARREN continues with the game as if it never happened.

FADE OUT.

A2B-S4 SINGING SLEEPING

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - NOON

WARREN is laying on his side, clothing pillow under his head and some other clothing is being used as a makeshift blanket.

He's facing away from the camera, looking at the concrete wall. We are not sure if he is asleep or awake. The scene is lit by the flashlight between him and the wall. Slowly the concrete wall begins to show geometric patterns and then slowly swirls around, like watching clouds. WARREN begins to sing.

WARREN

Mi amor. Bête noire. Mi amor. Cellar noire. Mi amor.
Bête noire. Mi amor. Cellar norie. Nothing more. Mi
amor. Nothing more. Morte amor. Morte amor. Morte
amor. Nothing more. Nothing more. Nothing more.

As his song trails off he seems to fall asleep again. The flashlight is slowly losing its charge. WARREN is restless in his sleep. He tugs at the clothing blanket.

WARREN

(faintly)

Cold. The water. So cold. I'm cold. I'm drowning.
Help me. Drowning.

The concrete wall begins to look like waves of water. The flashlight fades out and we are left in the dark.

After a time of seeing swirls in the blackness we hear WARREN shivering. Soon you can almost hear his teeth chattering.

WARREN

(shivering)

I'm so cold. How'd it get so cold in here? Where's
the flashlight?

We hear fumbling and clicking noises. The flashlight isn't working. More fumbling around and the snap and shake of a glowstick. He hangs it from the floor joists.

WARREN

Dammit. Last glowstick. It's so cold.

WARREN attempts to wrap himself tighter in various clothing. This isn't working well and he gets frustrated. He tosses some aside and then begins to try to wear some of the articles, layering them. He looks ridiculous in women's clothing and his hair is a disaster. After shaking his head at some combinations while holding them against his chest he finally settles on an outfit. He wraps his arms around himself and

continues to shiver, slightly less though. He puts on the bunny ears like that's going to help.

WARREN (V.O.)

That's not helping. So cold. Cold. Cold. I need a fire. (beat) I could burn some of this cardboard to stay warm. I don't have fire, no lighter, no matches and I can't do friction fire to save my life. (beat) And the smoke and CO2 would kill me.

Now he turns his attention to the flashlight. Picking it up he clicks it on and off a few times.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dead again. Fell asleep with it on again. Idiot. Again.

WARREN looks around and looks around again. He rummages in the trunk and a few boxes. He goes back into the trunk and starts tossing garbage out of it. He's panicking, again.

WARREN (V.O.)

Where's the crank radio? Where's the charging cable? What the hell!? I need light!

WARREN continues to dig around in a panic. This winds him and he slows down for a rest and hyperventilates a bit.

WARREN (V.O.)

In. 1. 2. 3. 4. Hold. 1. 2. 3. 4. Out.

He grabs the glowstick and uses it to search the area and boxes more carefully. Time speeds up and he continues to go through everything and search the boxes in a haphazard manner. He doesn't notice that he knocked over the water jug and it's leaking through the cap slowly. The place is a disaster. Time slows to normal. WARREN is spent. He lays there gasping.

Suddenly the Hydro Horn goes off and scares the hell out of him. He grabs at his chest like a heart attack but then digs around under the layers of clothing he has on and pulls out the pocket watch that is wearing around his neck on a string. He sets the time and winds the watch. As he does this the Chyron appears.

CHYRON: DAY 9 - 12:00PM

He ties the glowstick to the same string around his neck and lays back and closes his eyes.

WARREN (V.O.)

I can't take this darkness. I can't. I can't. I can't. In. 1. 2. 3. 4. Hold. 1. 2. 3. 4. Out. 1. 2. 3. 4. (fades)

WARREN's breathing slows and he falls asleep, time progresses and the glowstick fades out. He is in complete darkness.

A2B-S5 DREAM HOSPITAL

DREAM SEQUENCE:

We hear the ticking watch and dripping water jug that lead us into a dream sequence. Dreams again of kids fighting but this time they fade quickly into images of hospitals, x-rays, hospital bills and ultrasounds. The faint image of a woman with an oxygen mask in a hospital bed is seen again. She is restless and pulling at the mask, gasping.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Please, don't leave me. The pain is killing me.

WARREN (V.O.)

I can't take this. I can't. I can't. I can't.

ANGEL (V.O.)

You have to try. Life isn't a rehearsal, don't waste it. You have to try!

ANGEL's gasps for breath become WARREN's and we hear him come awake and choking.

A2B-S6 BEREAVED

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - EVENING

He is still in complete darkness. We see very subtle swirls of color and faint images as he thinks. He can't shake the dream.

WARREN (V.O.)

I can't see, where is the? Oh right. Dark, dark, dark.

We hear rustling sounds in the dark as WARREN attempts to do

something, it sounds like he's shaking something liquid.

WARREN (V.O.)

I'm out of glowsticks, no matches, no candles, no lighter, no cellphone, no torch, no wintergreen mints, nothing!

Sounds of things being tossed about. WARREN tries to calm his breathing and gets himself worked up into a rant. The subtle swirls of color and faint images continue.

WARREN (V.O.)

It felt like she was here. (beat) I miss her. I mean, not everything was perfect. But you know, the memory of everyone is perfect when they're dead. (beat) You never think of your own impending death, it's always other peoples first. Other people's dying is always in your face. (beat) When did Obituaries go out of style? I guess the same time as newspapers. I think Celebration of Life ceremonies got popular cause Church Funerals just really don't lend themselves to PowerPoint slide shows set to depressing McLachlan music. (beat) That was horrible, what were they thinking? That feeling when the last photo faded out with a tacky star wipe was strange. Where was I? I saw her in every photo with her parents as a baby, brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts and uncles, friends, pets, nieces and nephews and even an old boyfriend. Did I blink or fall asleep and miss a picture with me? Was it just one I missed? Shouldn't there have been a lot of us together? If I do the math of us together over years in my life it works about to be about a third. So I should have been in a third of those pictures. Where was I? (beat) I guess writing "loving ex-husband" in the obit was too much for them as well.

Time passes and the images swirl, we hear the ticking, dripping and the faint Hydro Horn go off twice and the CHYRON animates to click from DAY 9 to 10 to 11.

A2B-S7 ALL IS LOST

INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM - NOON

CHYRON: DAY 11 - 12:00PM

The second time the Hydro Horn goes off finally spurs WARREN to action but for base needs. He is still in complete darkness. We see very subtle swirls of color and faint images as we hear him move around.

WARREN (V.O.)

What the? Oh god, my guts. That hurts so bad. I feel like I'm going to explode. The pressure is so...I gotta find the toilet.

Sounds of WARREN rustling around on the cardboard in the dark.

WARREN (V.O.)

No, that's the trunk (it clunks). So the shit hole should be over here. (beat) Here's the lid. Oh man it stinks.

Sounds of WARREN zip open his pants.

WARREN (V.O.)

Where's the paper? I'm so bunged up. Wait, did I wet myself? I pissed myself? How long was I asleep? What the hell!? Where's the paper? (crinkle of papers) Wait! (beat) Is this the!?

We hear a subtle click and the crank radio's flashlight is turned on. Its feeble light shows WARREN sitting by the toilet hole with his pants around his ankles and wearing wet underwear. One hand is holding a stack of US one dollar bills and the other hand the crank radio. He drops the cash and starts to crank the radio to increase the light it emits. He scans it around and finds the flashlight and charging cable.

WARREN (V.O.)

The flashlight! Thank Budhha, Allah, Jehovah, Zeus and Yahweh!

WARREN turns on the flashlight and sets it on its tail. The area is now well lit.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK, back to business and all this paperwork.

WARREN once again grabs a handful of cash and returns his attention to the toilet hole. The camera pans away to give him his privacy. We hear horrible groans and then sighs of relief.

The crinkling of dollar bills is interrupted by quick footsteps and voices from outside.

RESCUE CREW #1 (O.S.)

This one has collapsed. Just spray a X with a box around it on the door.

The camera pans back to WARREN who is quickly pulling up his pants and in a panic. He bangs on the floor above him.

WARREN

(Overjoyed and laughing with relief)
Hey! Guys! It's about time! Down here! I'm down here! Help, I'm trapped! Down here! Down here! Down here!

RESCUE CREW #1 (O.S.)

OK, mark this one. It's just all dead bodies here. Let's keep moving.

Loud sounds of a vehicle on gravel pulling up, doors opening and closing and driving away drown out WARREN.

WARREN

(panicking)

Come back! I'm here! I'm here! I'm here!

WARREN's voice cracks due to stress and shouting. He's down to a whisper.

WARREN

Come back! I'm alone. I'm so alone. Please help me.

The flashlight has been knocked over and gives poor light. The crank radio's light dims.

FADE TO BLACK

A2B-S8 RECONCILE & LIST

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

WARREN is back at his little nest of clothing on his cardboard bed and has the diary and pencil in his lap. He is lit by both the crank radio and the flashlight.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK, they'll be back. I just need to survive till then. A failure to plan is a plan to fail. I can do this.

WARREN scribbles madly in the diary, a tight shot shows his writing is illegible.

WARREN (V.O.)

Food and water. That's the important stuff. Man, I'm thirsty. Where's my...

WARREN reaches for the small water bottle and finds it empty. He grabs the flashlight from the floor and shines it at the last water jug that has been tipped over and leaking for some time now. It's dripping into a puddle.

WARREN

What!? No!

WARREN makes a dive for the water jug and lands on his chest in front of it. He tips the jug back upright and proceeds to attempt to suck up the water from the puddle. He ends up spitting the water and small rocks back out. He keeps spitting. In frustration he takes a big swig from the jug and swishes his mouth out and spits it out again. Realizing what he's done he sits up and begins pulling at his hair and hitting himself.

WARREN (V.O.)

Idiot! Idiot! Idiot! I can't waste this! (beat)
What's left?

WARREN takes a good look at the jug and sees it is less than a third full. He calms himself and his breathing and takes the jug over to the water line he had tapped. He unwraps the Duck Tape from it.

WARREN

Quack. Quack. Quack. Duckie needs more water.

Maybe 3 drops of water drip out onto his arm and it stops. He tries to get the jug under it but nothing is coming out of the pipe. In anger he rattles the pipe and then bangs on it. Another drop or two and then nothing.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK. Calm. People who die lost in the woods only die

cause they panic. Stay calm.

WARREN carefully caps the water jug, sets it aside and picks up the diary again and starts to write.

WARREN (V.O.)

OK. Food and water. No water equals I'm screwed. You die without three days of water, three weeks of food. Water you need like eight glasses or cups a day I think. So that's like a litre and a half or something. I can ration this and make it last. But what about food?

WARREN sets the diary down and begins to rummage around in the trunk to assess his supplies. Mostly he finds trash, the empty MRE packages and other litter. He pulls out the locked red Iron Rations kit and gives it a quizzical eye.

WARREN (V.O.)

Forgot about this. Didn't Rick give me this? He called it an Iron Kit. Iron Rations or something. How do I get it open?

WARREN starts to try and figure out the lock on it and has no luck. He gets frustrated and starts hitting it and yanking on the lock. And it just pops open! He examines the contents.

WARREN (V.O.)

That was easy. OK, what have we got here? Emergency food bars? OK, that I really need. Pills? (he shakes the bottle then reads it) Valium? No thanks, sleeping fine down here. A bottle of (opens it and smells it) vodka, great, more alcohol. Gonna be brave, no booze, just dehydrates you anyways. Going to be strong and not take it. Leave that there. (he pulls out a tiny red book and flips it open) A Bible? I'm not burdened by religion. (beat) When you are raised without respect how are you supposed to be able to respect yourself?

The crank radio begins to dim and catches WARREN's attention. He tosses the Bible into the Iron Rations case and sets it aside. He grabs the diary and the Emergency food bars and reads the packaging on them.

WARREN (V.O.)

That was easy. OK, what have we got here? Emergency

food bars? OK, sez these things are 3600 calories and it says (beat) if you're moderately active, it takes 2,250 calories a day to maintain 160 pounds. (picks up pencil and scribbles) Well I'm around 160 and sure ain't active so if I ration it this should last three or five days or something.

He stops, picks up the flashlight and shines it on the water jug and contemplates the situation.

WARREN (V.O.)

So I've got three days food and maybe three days water. I can make this work. They'll be back. I'll be careful.

The flickering crank radio catches his attention once again and he sets down the diary and picks up the crank radio and cranks away to charge it.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dam my arm is getting tired from this and (beat) stuff. I'm gonna lose my mind down here. Stop. Stop it. Don't panic. I read that cabin fever isn't real. It's just people be stressing. Be cool. Be cool. Be cool. I'm a smart guy, I can figure this out.

WARREN sets down the crank radio and digs through the trunk for the rats nest of cables. He digs through it for a time and comes up with a wall plug charger.

WARREN (V.O.)

Ah ha! This is what I need. Power!

WARREN shines the flashlight around and finds the dead Trouble Light. It has a plug on the side of it. He plugs the charger into it and the charger into the crank radio. He plays around with it trying to get it to work. He gets frustrated and yanks the cables out and tosses them across the basement.

WARREN (V.O.)

No power. No power. No power. Grid is down. Nothing works. No one is fixing things. Nothing works. There is no one out there to help me!

WARREN gives up and sets the crank radio down where he notices the SKELETON who he sits upon his box. WARREN then picks up the diary and begins to read.

WARREN

OK, let me explain the situation to you little buddy. We've got a few thousand calories and a couple litres of water. Based on my calculations we can last at least five or seven days if we ration and don't waste. And sorry but I'm cutting you off completely, you could stand to lose some weight.

WARREN sets down the diary and leans back in thought.

WARREN

Just need to wait till they come back. If they come back. When they come back. What if they don't come back? Then what? What am I supposed to do?

WARREN picks up the diary again and addresses the SKELETON.

WARREN

OK, let's me and you be real for a moment here. Let's say out loud what no one is saying. They think I'm dead already and I'm gonna die down here. Alone. Well, with you. There I said it. So, what are we going to do about that? (beat) I guess I could not wait. This waiting game isn't looking like much fun.

SKELETON

Well...maybe the only way to win this game is not to play?

WARREN

Ya, I'm kinna thinking that too. Let's make a Pros and Cons list.

WARREN starts scribbling madly in the diary and once again the camera shows it's just nonsense.

WARREN

OK, Cons first. No power. It's alway dark. Running out of food and water. No TV. No books. This headache won't stop. They might not ever come back. It stinks down here. My back is killing me. I'm cold, like, all the time. (beat) OK, Pros. Wait I'm confused, what are the Pros for?

SKELETON

It might be time to give up.

WARREN

What? The list? Help me out here! Give up what?

SKELETON

Everything.

WARREN

Oh.

SKELETON

Maybe make another list.

WARREN

Of what?

SKELETON

Of how.

WARREN

How what?

SKELETON

To give up.

WARREN

Oh.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT THREE

A3-S1 PRAYER

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

CHYRON: DAY 14 - 3:33AM

In the darkness we hear frantic cranking of the radio and slowly the light comes up. WARREN turns on the flashlight, hangs it above him and picks up the little red book.

WARREN (V.O.)

Prayer, the last refuge of a scoundrel.

He begins to page through the book taking great interest in

certain sections and scribbling in it with the pencil.

WARREN (V.O.)

Paradise was the abode of the righteous when they died, as contrasted with Gehenna, the abode of the wicked, the place of eternal torment. "Whoever shall say, 'You fool', shall be guilty enough to go into Gehenna." - Matthew 5:22

WARREN scribbles on the page and flips through some more.

WARREN (V.O.)

He was put to death in the body but made alive in the Spirit. After being made alive, he went and made proclamation to the imprisoned spirits to those who were disobedient long ago.

He nods and scribbles some more.

WARREN (V.O.)

Psalm 91:6 Nor by a thing moving in darkness, Nor by mishap and a demon of noonday. (he nods violently)
The 12 O'Clock horn!

WARREN pulls out the pocket watch from under his shirt and checks it. He shakes his head and puts it back, pats his chest and returns to the red book.

WARREN (V.O.)

"The people dwelling in darkness have seen a great light, and for those dwelling in the region and shadow of death, on them a light has dawned." - Matthew 4:16 (he flips to another page) "Even the darkness is not dark to you; the night is bright as the day, for darkness is as light with you." - Psalm 139:12

He closes the book and holds it against his chest.

WARREN (V.O.)

Do not forget that you are a mortal man. Memento Mori - remember death.

WARREN sets the book on the floor before him and shines the flashlight on it and then around him.

WARREN (V.O.)

This place is a mess. Cleanliness is next to godliness.

He begins to frantically clean with a rag and wipe the floor and then begins knolling his items on that now clean space.

WARREN (V.O.)

Anxiety is the intrusion and recurrence of unwanted ideas. Keep yourself busy. Idle hands and all.

He picks up the open Food Bar packet and shakes his head.

WARREN (V.O.)

Resist temptation. Must save the gifts.

WARREN continues to arrange and rearrange the items while singing to himself.

WARREN

Mi amor. Bête noire. Mi amor. Cellar noire. Mi amor.
Bête noire. Mi amor. Cellar norie. Nothing more.
Morte amor. Memento Mori. Memento Mori. Memento
Mori. Ennui. Ennui. Ennui.

FADE TO BLACK

A3-S2 100 WAYS TO KILL YOURSELF

INT. BASEMENT TRUNK - NOON

A flickering light comes up and shows WARREN still seated cross legged in front of his possessions but he's completely asleep. Suddenly and more loudly than ever before the Hydro Horn goes off and scares WARREN awake. The horn echos away.

CHYRON: DAY 14 - 12:00PM

WARREN

The seven trumpets! The seventh seal! (he calms himself) Woe. Woe. Woe.

WARREN looks around and finds the SKELETON and places him in a position of authority in the middle of his possessions.

WARREN

He's decided. It's over. For all of us. No one is coming because they are all damned. (beat) We are

doing this.

SKELETON

How?

WARREN

Good question. Time for a list.

WARREN picks up the diary and pencil and turns to a blank page and begins to scribble away.

WARREN

Fire? A little extreme. Smoke? CO2? Smoke inhalation and actually burning to death sounds horribly painful and not a plan. And I can't start a fire anyways.

SKELETON

Agreed.

WARREN

Bleed out? Nothing really sharp enough and I've already got Hesitation marks from that time before.

SKELETON

True.

WARREN

Hanging? Belt round the neck. Asphyxiation? Too kinky.

SKELETON

I'd mark that one as a maybe.

WARREN

Hey, what about drugs? Overdose?

SKELETON

How?

WARREN

I've got Valium, Dramamine, a Mickey of vodka and Dad's moonshine which could kill me on its own if not certainly blind me.

SKELETON

I'm not sure. You just want to party. Could go wrong

and just end up hungover and blind.

WARREN

Ya, maybe. And I made some promises about pills.

SKELETON

Not sure about this whole idea.

WARREN

I can't go on like this.

SKELETON

I've heard that before.

WARREN

(Angered) Go choke on a bone!

WARREN back hands SKELETON across the basement. The camera tracks to SKELETON in a pile of strewn parts glowing in the dark.

FADE TO BLACK

A3-S3 SUICIDE NOTE

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

From the dark we hear what seems to be a thunderous voice outside. We can't make out the words and it is very short.

We hear a click and the flashlight lights up WARREN as he cocks an ear to the vents.

WARREN

Are you there God? It's me. (beat) Nah, must be the wind.

WARREN shakes his head violently and turns his attention to his diary. He starts to write in the diary. He isn't scribbling but taking his time and being careful. He writes with his lips moving or biting his tongue. Finally he seems finished and carefully tears out the page. He gives it a read out loud to check it. SKELETON sits at his side but only partially reassembled.

WARREN (V.O.)

Dear Everyone. I've decided. It's time to go. I know

how this ends and I want it to end my way. Hell is intelligence. The knowing. That's what hurts. Life doesn't always work out the way you want it to. Sometimes you don't even know if you want anything. There's always choices. You always have a choice. Until you make that final choice, and then there isn't anything to worry about anymore. Is that all there is, is that all there is? Life is suffering, dukkha. The Pain of Life, Le mal de vivre. Life is always changing, it is the unknown and the source of all my anxiety. I don't wear a seatbelt or know how to swim. It's better to die fast than half survive and slowly suffer.

WARREN makes a quick correction with his pencil, looks at SKELETON for any reaction and continues.

WARREN (V.O.)

Death is certain. Death is the end of all suffering. Death is finally knowing, knowing that it's all ended. No more worry. No more not knowing. It's just over. That life, with my life, is a dream. This is my reality. This is my end. Better not to live than to live and suffer. (beat) He says "You can't kill me, I know where the gold is buried."

SKELETON (V.O.)

The villain answers "But I can torture you to the point you want me to kill you and you'll tell me where the gold is to end it the horror."

WARREN gives SKELETON a small nod and smile.

WARREN (V.O.)

Better off dead than let all this crazy survive. Losing the love of my life. Losing the love for life. This life isn't for everyone and I wouldn't expect you to understand. I spent the last few years ruining life not living it. Why continue? (beat) Just so tired. I'm done.

WARREN folds the page and sets it into the diary.

WARREN

What do you think?

SKELETON

Everything you love is lost, but in the end, it comes back.

WARREN

Optimistic.

SKELETON

Hopeful.

FADE TO BLACK

A3-S4 FAILED ATTEMPTS

INT. BASEMENT TRUNK - EVENING

A flashlight turns on and from WARREN's POV we see he's searching for something. He finally finds the concrete shard he is looking for and rubs it on his thumb, checking its sharpness and whether it could cut him. It does nothing.

WARREN (V.O.)

I wonder if I could use this to...

He first looks at his wrists and rubs them but then WARREN turns his attention to a large black plastic pipe above him and starts to scrape away at it with the concrete shard. The camera cuts to a wide shot. WARREN gets tired out and rests but continues.

WARREN (V.O.)

I'm getting there. I'm getting there...

Somehow due to the way WARREN was cutting and pulling down on the pipe it suddenly breaks at a joint and spills black drain water all over him. He spitting it out and wiping at his face.

WARREN (V.O.)

It's a fucking drain! What was I thinking? Dammit. That's disgusting! (beat) I deserve this. I deserve this. I deserve this. I'm a bad person.

WARREN grabs a t-shirt and wipes at his face. He sits back at his spot and looks around. He cleans himself up and tosses the shirt aside.

WARREN (V.O.)

Redemption is a hell of a word. How do you get

redemption when you've done all the wrong? You're fucked.

He sees a business tie hanging from the floor joists and grabs it. With a flourish he ties it into a half-windsor around his neck. He tightens it. Thinks for a moment and tightens it even more. He turns red, gasps and loosens the tie and tosses it aside.

WARREN (V.O.)

Nope. Not gonna happen. That does absolutely nothing for me. I don't get the attraction.

WARREN is looking around for other ideas when we hear a low rumble that picks up quickly. It's another small earthquake. WARREN does not react, he just calmly looks around him at the dust and boxes falling over. As quick as it started the quake it stops.

WARREN

That's all there is!? Come on! Kill me already, bring the whole building down! Can't you do anything right!? Can't you do anything right!? (beat) Can't I do anything right?

He looks around at the fallen items and sees a box of clothing that has opened. Taking another shirt to wipe with, he stops and holds it in front of his face. He inhales deeply.

WARREN (V.O.)

Her. (beat) Her smell. (beat) I can't. I can't. I can't.

WARREN carefully folds the shirt and puts it back in the box and closes it. Then he shines the flashlight on the items knolled before him. He pours the two bottles of alcohol into the empty water bottle, closes the cap, shakes it, inspects the bubbles and sets it aside. Then he selects two pill bottles and shakes them out into his hand. He is doing a rough count of the pile of pills in his palm with his finger when suddenly (jump scare) the sound of a very large dog is barking. This frightens WARREN and when he startles the pills going flying.

WARREN

What the!? (beat) Hellhounds!? Hellhounds on my trail!? Come to take me away?

WARREN tries to sweep the fallen pills into a pile. He's muttering to himself about Hellhounds.

WARREN

Hellhounds to take me away. Hellhounds to save me. Hellhounds to stop me. Hellhounds to end it all. You can't HAVE ME! I'm in CONTROL! WOOF! (beat) It's in my head. It's in my mind. It's not real. It's not real. It's not real.

WARREN is rocking back and forth and seems to have lost the plot.

FADE TO BLACK.

A3-S5 LAST SUPPER

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - NOON

CHYRON: DAY 15 - 11:59PM

WARREN sits surrounded by his belongings. Every box has been emptied. All the clothing has been made into a nest of sorts for him. He's staring at his pocket watch.

WARREN (V.O.)

The party starts at Noon. We mustn't be late. It's very important. It's the last supper.

WARREN is impatient and winds the watch and flicks at the dial. He takes a swig from the water bottle and grimaces. He's drunk.

WARREN (V.O.)

Where is the horn? Has that ended too? (beat) No matter Hatter, how about some music?

He winds up the crank radio and attempts to get a station. There is nothing but static and the Russian numbers station again that he passes by quickly with an angry look on his face.

WARREN

No soap radio. No music or horns to herald our departure I guess. (beat) Let's eat, drink and be merry my friend.

WARREN again opens the water bottle and toasts the SKELETON sitting beside him. He takes a swig and spews and chokes on the strong alcohol.

WARREN

Wow! That's lightning in a bottle right there, let me tell you what. (beat) No, no pills for me, I made a promise and I want to try to keep at least one.

WARREN finishes the Food Bar and continues to work on the water bottle of booze. He spins his Bitcoin to amuse himself. He addresses the SKELETON.

WARREN

Can we talk? Just us two drunks?

SKELETON

I'm all ears. Wait. Well, I'm listening.

WARREN

You know, I was alone even when I WAS with her. Surrounded by those who pretended to love her. They say solitude is a darkness and you can't see the future. (beat) Stuck here with my thoughts to ruminate. Life tries to distract me from myself. Being alone forces me to stare it in the face. Who left me first? Her or me? I was already gone before she was. Now I'm stuck with me and I hate him.

SKELETON

Him?

WARREN

Well, me.

SKELETON

I see. (beat) So now what?

WARREN

Eat, drink, be merry and fade away.

SKELETON

Better than burning out?

WARREN

I guess.

WARREN again toasts the SKELETON by tapping the water bottle to his hand. We fade out to SKELETON glowing in the dark.

A3-S6 FINAL DREAM

DREAM SEQUENCE:

One last dream as we hear the ticking watch. A walk in the valley of death, hospitals, x-rays, hospital bills and ultrasounds. The faint image of a woman with an oxygen mask in a hospital bed is seen again. She isn't moving.

WARREN (V.O.)

If you loved me more you wouldn't have left me.

ANGEL (V.O.)

I love you more than you can know.

The image of her in the bed keeps looping and is twisted. A hand reaches down and grabs a clipboard with a medical report.

WARREN (V.O.)

(reading) Lung metastasis. Surgery options.

ANGEL (V.O.)

I can't watch this happen to us. To you.

The images continue to loop. Again a hand reaches down and grabs a clipboard with a different medical report.

WARREN (V.O.)

(reading) Bone metastasis. Palliative care options.

ANGEL (V.O.)

I can't watch this bankrupt us, we can't afford this any longer. It's ending. It has to end.

The images continue to loop. Again a hand reaches down and grabs a clipboard with a medical report. This time the bed is empty and made up and the medical report is gibberish.

WARREN (V.O.)

Read in a dream and you'll know you're dreaming.

Dream images of WARREN becoming the SKELETON who then becomes

young ANGEL.

WARREN (V.O.)

It's a dream. (beat) It's a nightmare. Me watching her die. Her watching my grief and our bankruptcy. It wasn't as simple as she committed suicide, she did leave a note, but that she just disappeared from the hospital and was never seen again. I know she's dead, she was given a death sentence by the doctors. But she's just gone. We buried an empty casket.

Last dream image of the empty hospital bed with the mask laying there.

A3-S7 THIS IS THE END MY FRIEND

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

WARREN awakes in his nest of clothing with the empty water bottle in his hand. SKELETON is gone. He drops the bottle and tries to shake off the dream but isn't quite awake or sober.

WARREN

Angel? Hmmm...where are you?

ANGEL (V.O.)

It's OK, it was just a bad dream. All of this.

WARREN

Why did you leave me all alone?

ANGEL (V.O.)

You tried. You did your best, there is no shame in that. It's time to call it a day.

We hear the faint rumble of a front end loader and voices from outside as well as the beeping of a truck backing up. WARREN doesn't, he's too far gone. His eyes close and his breathing slows.

WARREN

Goodbye. (beat) Take me home.

One by one all the crap and boxes and everything disappears. Now the LED clock is there showing 11:07. Now WARREN in the basement looks clean in good clothes lying there prone with his head on the Star Wars pillow. Dust motes dance on golden

hour light in the basement and it blends to rays of sunlight in the bedroom. We zoom out through the window to outside and a drone shot of the building and Mount Cheam. He's free.

FADE TO WHITE.

WARREN
(faintly) Oh. Hello there.

A3-S8 END CREDITS

END CREDITS fade up and roll over credit intro sequence but ends with drone shot from window up to showing mountain and then cheesy muzak and a starwipe and slideshow of photos of young WARREN and ANGEL on holiday and getting married.

CREDITS Fade.

Help is available
Speak with someone today

Call or text 9-8-8
toll free, any time
lines are open 24/7/365
Languages: English, French

A3-S8 POST CREDITS

Short sequence of Warren getting his head shaved by Angel.

THE END