

THE DAY AFTER THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW

Written by
Lisa Laureta

WGA Reg #1795977

www.LisaLaureta.com
303-514-9023
snorebark@gmail.com
826 N Hobart Blvd, Unit 21
Los Angeles, CA 90029

EXT. THE NORTH POLE THEME PARK - COLORADO SPRINGS - MORNING

NICHOLE and RICK are asleep in a DeLorean. NICHOLE lies partially on top of/to the side of RICK in the passenger seat. Most of their clothes are off, hair messy, and the passenger side door is open. A llama chews NICHOLE's hair, waking her up.

NICHOLE

What? What. WHAT?! Rick! Rick get up!

RICK

Is it heaven?
(to llama)
Are you God?

RICK and NICHOLE look at the llama.

NICHOLE

God?

The llama spits. The two look around. They are at The North Pole, a Christmas-themed amusement park at the base of Pike's Peak in Colorado. The DeLorean has crashed into a Rudolph cut out. Rudolph's head dangles. RICK turns on the car radio.

RADIO HOST V.O.

Hey hey all you morning commuters, or well, I guess you're probably not commuters anymore cause we all quit our jobs! I bet we all regret telling our bosses to fuck off huh?! Except for me. I straight up murdered my boss! Just kidding, or am I?!

(plays stabbing sound effect from "Psycho")

If you're just waking up you're probably aware by now that the world didn't end like they said it would. Scientists are explaining that apparently it was just a su-su-su-series of st-st-st-storms

(blows "wah wah" horn)

The RADIO HOST plays an interview with a scientist.

SCIENTIST V.O.

We want to apologize profusely for the mistake.

REPORTER V.O.

And what exactly was the mistake,
Mr. Scientist?

SCIENTIST V.O.

Someone, I'm not gonna name names,
but someone forgot to carry a one.

OTHER SCIENTIST V.O.

Oh thanks a lot Harold. You sold me
out!

What sounds like a fight breaks out over the radio waves and
the RADIO HOST takes control of the air once again.

RADIO HOST V.O.

What a coincidence all those storms
came at once, though, huh?!
Anyways! Let's play another hit
from the Seven-Teens! This is their
newest one called "I owe you an I
love you..."

Terrible pop music begins to play and NICHOLE immediately
turns off the radio.

NICHOLE

So the world didn't end.

RICK

Guess not. It was just a bunch of
storms.

NICHOLE

Felt like the world was ending.

RICK

It really did, didn't it?
Sooo...what we did last night...

CUT TO:

INT. DELOREAN - SIDE OF PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY

Rain and hail torrent down onto the car while NICHOLE
furiously rides RICK as the two of them smoke cigarettes and
cry/scream.

NICHOLE

I've always loved you!

RICK
I don't know why we were trying to
just be friends.

NICHOLE
We were meant to be together!

RICK
We're soulmates!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NORTH POLE THEME PARK - PRESENT

NICHOLE
We don't need to talk about that
right now.

RICK
I mean, it was just cause we
thought...

NICHOLE
The world was ending.

RICK
It was over.

NICHOLE
I wouldn't have otherwise.

RICK
God no! Me neither!
(NICHOLE is slightly
offended)
I mean, I just, we were such good
friends before.

NICHOLE
And still! There's no reason we
can't still be...is there?!

RICK
No! Just cause I've seen your...

NICHOLE
And I've seen...

The two pause before they say anything they'll regret.

RICK
We should go...

NICHOLE finds her shirt on the floor of the car and begins putting it on as she steps out.

RICK (CONT'D)
So, what now?

NICHOLE
I say we go back to Chicago.

RICK moves fully back over to the driver's side of the car.

RICK
I guess. I mean, we'll head back there and at least see what's left, right?

NICHOLE looks around. RICK remains seated as he opens his door, looking around at a deserted theme park, but for the llama.

NICHOLE
I wonder if any of these rides work.

RICK
I wonder if *our* ride works.

RICK attempts to start the car, to no avail.

NICHOLE
I need a cigarette.

RICK
I knew taking up smoking was a bad idea.

NICHOLE
The world was ending. *Everything* was a bad idea.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLOREAN - SIDE OF PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY - MOMENTS AFTER SEX

NICHOLE lays on top of RICK after their crying sex has finished. Both of them still cry a little.

NICHOLE
I wonder if we can find some heroine.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NORTH POLE THEME PARK - PRESENT

NICHOLE

Anyway, like that *car* was such a great idea?

RICK

It looks so fast. I thought it could get us anywhere.

NICHOLE

Fast?! Come on Rick! We all saw "Back to the Future," we know how hard it is just to get one of those things up to 88!

A giant motorized sleigh comes barreling up the hill, approaching the DeLorean. RICK gets out of the car moving to the passenger side, standing guard in front of NICHOLE. A dishevelled Santa brings the sleigh to a screeching halt, gets out, and stumbles to the ground. He holds a bottle in one hand and a needle sticks out of his arm.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

I knew we could've gotten some.

RICK looks at NICHOLE disappointedly.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Just to try!

SHITTY SANTA

(scruffy voiced, slurring)
Well hello there fellow survivors!

RICK

Hey...Santa?

SHITTY SANTA

Actually it's Ed.

NICHOLE

Ed! And, you're...a heroine addict...that the theme park got to play Santa?

SHITTY SANTA

Noooo! I'm an unemployed accountant. I took this job a couple months ago to make ends meet.

(points to needle)

(MORE)

SHITTY SANTA (CONT'D)

I just started this last week, ya know, cause the world was ending and what not. I thought, what the hell? All the kids talk about it, I've never tried it. I know it sounds crazy but it's always been kind of a dream of mine, so...

SHITTY SANTA throws up.

RICK

You okay?

SHITTY SANTA

(rights himself)

It's just about to kick in. I'll be fine, so long as I don't go back out there. Jesus Christ is it a mess!

RICK

Really? 'Cause we were just going to try to head back out there.

SHITTY SANTA

I would strongly advise against that. I was just in Colorado Springs this morning. It's pretty ugly. There's crap everywhere, just a whole bunch of crap. All over the streets. People are fighting over silly things like food and shelter. There's not even any power.

RICK

Plenty of heroine though.

SHITTY SANTA

Boy howdy! I'd offer ya some but, I'm not sure I've got enough to spare...

SHITTY SANTA grabs a giant Santa sack out of his sleigh, presumably filled with heroine.

NICHOLE

We're okay, thanks. Now that the world isn't ending, I'm not sure that's a wise choice.

SHITTY SANTA

So, where were ya thinkin' of heading anyhow?

NICHOLE and RICK look at one another as SHITTY SANTA picks his face.

NICHOLE

We're going to head back to Chicago. That's where we came from.

SHITTY SANTA

Holy Christ what are you doing all the way out here from Chicago?!

RICK

Well, when the news put out a list of safe havens to bunker down at and try to wait out the storms, Norad was one of the places they mentioned that had a bunker. And Nichole's never been to Colorado before so...

NICHOLE

I guess we all have dreams.

SHITTY SANTA throws up a little more.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

We took a wrong turn somewhere on Pike's Peak highway and ended up here.

SHITTY SANTA

Oof. Well, you want my advice? Stay away from the cities. That's what I'm doing from now on. I'm gonna hunker down here, see it out. What with Peggy here providing me milk and sweaters I don't see why I'll need to leave for a long, long time.

NICHOLE

Milk? I think that's a boy llama.

RICK gives NICHOLE a "shh" face.

RICK

Well, I think we'll take our chances out there. I need to get back and see if I still have a job.

NICHOLE

And I miss my studio apartment. It had such a great closet. That's really hard to find in Chicago.

RICK
No place like home, right?

SHITTY SANTA
Not for nothin' but you're home's
not gonna be your home anymore. I
can pretty much guarantee that. The
world may not have ended but the
world that we knew has. You know,
people won't even take money now?!
Most of 'em just want water or
metal. Or blow jobs. That's how I
got all this heroine!

SHITTY SANTA pulls another Santa bag out of the back of his sleigh and puts it on the ground.

RICK
You got all that for metal?

NICHOLE and SHITTY SANTA look at one another.

SHITTY SANTA
Sure.

RICK
I'm sure some people will still
take money. I mean, it can't be
that hard to put an economy back
together right?!

Right.

NICHOLE

SHITTY SANTA
Right.

RICK (CONT'D)
Say, Santa, the North Pole doesn't
happen to have a gas station, does
it? I think we're empty.

SHITTY SANTA is starting to nod off. He begins to walk up to a tiny house that's part of a tiny Santa village. As he walks and nods he points to a bunch of gallons of gas inside the sleigh.

SHITTY SANTA
Oh sure. I just siphoned a bunch
out of a tipped over 18 wheeler.
Help yourselves to a tank or two.
You can put it in your...
(examines DeLorean)
...trunk?

NICHOLE

Wow, thank you. You truly are a saint!

SHITTY SANTA passes out onto the porch of the tiny house, his two giant Santa sacks in his hands. The llama approaches him and begins to chew on his hair.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Should we help him?

RICK

Nah, he's living his dream. Come on, help me fill up this tank and let's get out of here.

NICHOLE and RICK grab gallons of gas out of the sleigh. RICK pours some into the car and NICHOLE piles as many as she can into the back seat.

RICK (CONT'D)

Alright! She's got a full tank. Let's see if she fires up!

RICK starts the car and he and NICHOLE close their doors and drive off, leaving Santa and his village behind them in their dust.

EXT. PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY - LATER

RICK and NICHOLE are driving down Pike's Peak highway. All around is remanence of a big storm: downed trees, power lines and debris are everywhere.

NICHOLE

Wow.

RICK

Yeah. I wonder what the rest of the world looks like.

NICHOLE

I know, it's like, what's left after what we've all done? Are there schools left? And if the buildings are there, is the concept of education going to be the same? What about government buildings?! What about gas stations that sell cigarettes?! We've only got two cartons left!

RICK
Those things really are addictive!
Lemme have another one.

NICHOLE hands RICK a cigarette before lighting one up herself. She then looks around the car.

RICK (CONT'D)
What's up?

NICHOLE
Just looking for something to roll
the window down. Is there a button,
or...

RICK
I don't know that DeLoreans have
windows that roll down, babe.

NICHOLE
Did you just call me babe?

RICK
I did.
(a beat)
That was weird, right?

NICHOLE
A little bit. I mean, just because
of last night. You know I'm not
your girlfriend now, right?

RICK
Right. Still just friends.

NICHOLE wafts smoke away from her face, coughing a little, before inhaling more of her cigarette.

NICHOLE
Ugh, well, we can't hotbox in here.

RICK
What do you suggest?

CUT TO:

EXT. PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The DeLorean is making its way down the highway, still dodging debris, but now with both doors open out to the side as smoke billows out from RICK and NICHOLE who now have to yell a little because of the wind.

NICHOLE
That's way better.

RICK
Smell that fresh mountain air!

NICHOLE
I mean, it's just, Chris and I *just*
broke up. After so long. I really
shouldn't jump into anything
serious.

RICK
Right. Totally. No I know. You and
Chris were together for a really,
really, *really, really* long time.

NICHOLE
Not that I think if you and I got
together it would get serious or
anything.

RICK
No, not at all. We'd just be super
casual and I'd be totally and
completely fine with that.

NICHOLE
But like, I really just don't wanna
be with anyone right now.

RICK
Yeah, me neither. God, cigarettes
are great though.

RICK takes another cigarette lighting it with the one he's
already smoking and begins smoking both.

NICHOLE
How long until we reach the first
city?

RICK
We should be in Denver in about an
hour and a half or so. We can make
a plan from there.

NICHOLE
Great. It'll be great if we could
find a shower or something.

RICK
Yeah. We should shower.
(a beat)
(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)
 Separately. Forever. We should
 never shower together. We should
 also get some more cigarettes!

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER - CIVIC CENTER PARK - EVENING

The DeLorean pulls up onto the grass of the park in front of the capitol building. Homeless people are gathered around a garbage can fire. The city is in shambles.

RICK
 Wow, look at this, they've built a
 little shanty town.

NICHOLE
 (yelling)
 Excuse me sir, may we borrow some
 of your fire for the night?!

HOMELESS MAN
 Oh sure thing, babe. We were just
 about to roast up some wieners.

RICK
 (under his breath)
 You'll let him call you babe.

The HOMELESS MAN hands RICK a hot dog before trying to hand one to NICHOLE.

NICHOLE
 Oh, no thank you, I'm a vegetarian.

RICK
 Really Nichole? You're going to
 turn down the only food we've come
 into contact with for over 24
 hours?

NICHOLE
 It's a boycott for principal, you
 know that. I'm not going to back
 down just because I'm...

RICK and the HOMELESS MAN take a bite of a crispy yet juicy hot dog in front of NICHOLE.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
 ...starving.
 (looks around)
 I'm gonna go look through the
 garbage.

NICHOLE leaves the two men with their wieners.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER PARK - GARBAGE CANS - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE joins a tweaking woman who digs through the garbage.

NICHOLE

Crazy huh?

HOMELESS WOMAN

Mmm hmm.

NICHOLE

Never thought I'd be doing this.
But I guess this whole end of the
world thing took us all down a peg
or two.

HOMELESS WOMAN

What are you talking about?

NICHOLE

Well, I mean, before I was living
the sweet life. Working for a start
up, living in an awesome studio
apartment, I even had enough money
to take Uber sometimes! But now,
here we are, digging through the
garbage. I guess in a way the world
really did end, huh?

HOMELESS WOMAN

The world? End? What in the hell
are you talking about? I'm just
trying to find my shoe.

NICHOLE

Oh. Wait, what?

HOMELESS WOMAN

Harry! What's this bitch talking
about?

HOMELESS MAN and RICK come over to the garbage can.

HOMELESS WOMAN (CONT'D)

Talkin' about some end of the world
shit.

HOMELESS MAN

Oh damn. I knew there was some
reason y'all were talkin' to us.

(MORE)

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Y'all are Jehovah's witnesses or somethin' ain't you? 'Cause we ain't got no money or a door to knock on so you can get the hell out of our house!

RICK

Wait, do you really not know what happened?

NICHOLE

The world was supposed to end.

RICK

Yeah, all those storms, everybody thought it was the apocalypse.

NICHOLE

Did you really not notice? Even with the riots, and the looting?

HOMELESS MAN

Oh I figured either a black person got shot by a cop or a sports team won a championship.

HOMELESS WOMAN

That does explain that newscast we saw the other day.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELECTRONICS SHOP - DENVER - DAYS EARLIER

People loot and riot in the streets. An ice storm blasts the city as SIRENS wail in the background. A network morning show plays on a television inside the window of an electronic store that HOMELESS MAN and HOMELESS WOMAN are about to pass. On the television, six teenage boys and what appears to be a fifty year old man are being interviewed by the television host. HOMELESS WOMAN stops.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Ooo. Wait a second baby, it's the Seven-Teens! I love them.

HOMELESS MAN

Oh! Look! Ricky's talking! He's my favorite 'cause he's the bad boy.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION - MORNING NEWS CAST - INTERVIEW WITH THE SEVEN-TEENS

The old man who looks to be about fifty is talks. He's part of the group and wears the same clothes, though his hair is thinning and gray, and his skin is wrinkled.

GARY TEEN

It's just so great to be a teen!
And yet it has its downfalls,
especially when you're in love.

The other teens nod.

GARY TEEN (CONT'D)

Or when your prostate starts acting
up.

A news bulletin interrupts the pop stars' interview.

NEWSCASTER

We're sorry to interrupt our
exclusive interview with the Seven-
Teens, but we have an apocal-
update. The president is about to
make a statement.

The PRESIDENT makes his way to a podium in front of the White House. A blizzard blows all around him as he speaks. He's nearly knocked over several times throughout his speech.

PRESIDENT

My fellow Americans. I know it
seems bleak right now. Like there's
no hope. But there is hope. There's
hope because now we can live our
dreams. Do what you always wanted
to do. Reconcile with a loved one,
learn to fly a helicopter, just
please stop shooting each other.
Come on, we only have like a week
left, okay? Let's be cool. Now, I'm
going to Tahiti, to...meet with
scientists. They're really smart
guys. They're gonna figure this
out. Remember our saying, "this is
how we do it." Remember guys? Come
on, maybe it would help if you
chanted it again, like old times,
during my election. "This is how we
do it. This is how we do it"...

The PRESIDENT leads the crowd in a chant of "this is how we do it."

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
I swear. We'll fix this. Just live
your dreams! Okay? Byyy-yeeeeee!

The crowd continues to chant, "this is how we do it," as the
PRESIDENT runs off and into the whiteness of the blizzard.

HOMELESS MAN
What a cool guy.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC CENTER PARK - PRESENT

NICHOLE, RICK, HOMELESS WOMAN and HOMELESS MAN stand around
the garbage can.

HOMELESS MAN
That speech makes more sense now.

NICHOLE
And you guys are not survivors
but...

RICK
Just a couple of homeless people?

HOMELESS WOMAN
Sure thing! Now, in return for the
wiener, we accept many methods of
payment.

HOMELESS MAN
Mostly we want meth.

NICHOLE and RICK look at each other briefly before running
back to the DeLorean. They start the car and continue to
drive.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-76 - ABOUT 3 AM

NICHOLE sleeps while RICK drives, dozing off a bit. The
DeLorean comes to a slow stop. It's run out of gas, again.
NICHOLE wakes up, a bit startled.

NICHOLE
What happened?

RICK
I think we're out of gas.

NICHOLE

The cans?

RICK

Empty. We've used them all. This thing gets terrible mileage.

NICHOLE

Well, what do we do now?

RICK

I say we sleep here for the night, and then head out to look for gas or another car tomorrow morning.

NICHOLE

There's cars all around us. One of them's gotta be working. I say we push through.

NICHOLE and RICK look out in front of them at some of the car crashes they've been driving past and through all night. From what can be seen, none of the cars appear to be in even close to working condition, and most are filled with dead bodies.

RICK

Do you want to go out into the darkness, pulling body by body out from behind the wheel just to turn keys and figure out which ones work?

NICHOLE

Isn't that a Japanese game show?

RICK

Come on. Let's just get some sleep. We'll figure it out in the morning.

NICHOLE

Okay. But I'm cold.

RICK

Here, come here.

RICK opens up his arms inviting NICHOLE in to cuddle.

NICHOLE

What, are you gonna call me babe again?

RICK

It's just for warmth. Clothes are staying on. Still just friends.

NICHOLE

I don't know. I don't think it's a good idea, Rick. I mean, I know what happens. I went to college for a couple of semesters. We cuddle up for warmth and then hands end up on butts and boobs and everything gets complicated.

RICK

What if I promise to keep my hands inside my sleeves, through the whole night?

RICK puts his hands inside his sleeves.

NICHOLE

I don't know.

RICK

I'll hold them up, like this.

RICK holds his hands, still in their sleeves, up above his head.

NICHOLE

Okay, but only because I'm exhausted and freezing.

NICHOLE puts her hands into her sleeves as well.

RICK

Great. Can't touch without hands.

NICHOLE

Yeah, right. Totally.

NICHOLE goes in for the cuddle, hesitantly. She lays her head on RICKS chest...

RICK

See, there's no way we'll get too close.

RICK keeps his hands elevated above his head. NICHOLE keeps her arms out to the side.

NICHOLE

Comfortable?

RICK

Yup.

NICHOLE
Me too. Goodnight, Rick.

RICK
Nighty-night Nichole.

The two doze off together, hands and arms everywhere but on each other.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-76 - MORNING

The sun rises on the DeLorean and NICHOLE and RICK wake, arms still outreached, to see damaged cars, downed power lines, etc., littering the highway.

NICHOLE
How were we driving through this?

RICK
Guess you'll think twice next time you try to say Grand Theft Auto is a waste of time.

NICHOLE
Guess so.

The two get out of the car.

RICK
Alright, we gotta think here. We need something more practical.

NICHOLE
What's that? Way up ahead?

NICHOLE and RICK squint to see what looks like a car dealership about a mile or so away.

RICK
Looks like a car dealership. Think we can make it?

NICHOLE
I'm so hungry.

RICK
I told you, you should've had some of that guy's wiener.

NICHOLE
It's okay. I'll just root through some of these cars along the way.

RICK

Good idea, we can see if they have water too.

NICHOLE

And cigarettes!

The two head out, gathering what little belongings they have out of the DeLorean, making their way down the highway.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP OFF OF I-76 - ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER

NICHOLE and RICK are covered in blood from rooting through the cars of car accident victims. They smoke, eat snack food, and drink water and Gatorade out of bottles until they approach the car dealership.

NICHOLE

That was the ugliest thing I've ever done for food.

RICK

Oh come on. What about that time at Maggiano's?

NICHOLE

We were waiting for an hour and half for a table!

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIANO'S - CHICAGO - ABOUT A YEAR AGO

RICK and another man pry NICHOLE off of a hostess. RICK holds her as she kicks and screams.

NICHOLE

This is not family style! This is no way to treat a family!

She kicks a man in the crotch; an innocent bystander who was making balloon animals for the people in the waiting area.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP OFF OF I-76 - PRESENT

NICHOLE

That balloon guy had it coming. He refused to make me a hat! Said his services were just for kids.

RICK
No, you're right. I know.

A woman, still unseen by RICK and NICHOLE, crouches behind a car. She has clearly just killed the dealer who used to work there. She sees NICHOLE and RICK and takes the jacket off the dealer, puts it on herself, and remains crouched behind the car.

RICK (CONT'D)
We should see if there's a phone here. I could call my boss and see if I still have a job. Maybe apologize.

NICHOLE
Things got pretty ugly, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. TINY OFFICE - CHICAGO - A WEEK EARLIER

Behind RICK is a sign that reads, "Suicide Hotline: make a peep before you leap." Under that is another sign that reads, "Runaway Hotline: life's no fun when you're on the run." RICK yells at a man who, like RICK wears a phone head set.

RICK
...and the way you've run this place into the ground, Lloyd, well, you should be ashamed of yourself. First, there was the merger with the runaway hotline, then, you start taking sponsorships from companies, putting ads on instead of hold music, always looking out for number one. You're the one who should kill yourself!
(into phone)
No, no, no, I'm sorry, I thought I put you on hold. I was talking to my boss. Here, enjoy this ad from cup-a-noodle.

RICK puts the caller on hold while he continues to yell at his boss.

RICK (CONT'D)
I'm glad the world is ending, Lloyd, because it's a great way for me to stop having to work for idiots like you! Finally I'm free!

RICK throws his headset and runs out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - PRESENT

NICHOLE
I'm sure they have a phone in
there. Just make sure you push the
right buttons.

RICK
(sarcastically)
Ha ha.

The two head inside one of the dealership's offices.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK find a phone sitting on a desk. RICK picks
it up.

RICK
There's a dial tone!

NICHOLE
Great!

RICK
I don't know the number.

NICHOLE
I thought it was 1-800-nokillself.

RICK
No, I mean Gary's direct line.
Whatever, I'm sure I can get a hold
of him through the main line.

RICK dials the phone. Someone picks up on the other end, but
unfortunately the voice is automated.

SUICIDE HOTLINE V.O.
Welcome to one eight-hundred no
kill self. Press one if you are
going to kill yourself. Press two
if someone you know is going to
kill themselves. Press three if
you're a runaway. Press four if you
know someone who's looking for
someone who's thinking about
running away.

(MORE)

SUICIDE HOTLINE V.O. (CONT'D)
 Press five for recipes for food
 cooked on the run brought to you by
 Cup-o-noodle. Press zero to speak
 to a representative.

RICK presses zero.

SUICIDE HOTLINE V.O. (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, all of our
 representatives are helping other
 hopeless causes. Please stay on the
 line. You're call is very important
 to us...

RICK hangs up.

RICK
 Wanna call anyone?

NICHOLE
 Yeah, let me see if I can get in
 touch with my landlord.

NICHOLE dials the phone. It rings for a bit before she hangs
 up.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
 No answer.

RICK
 Everything's probably fine.

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - CHICAGO - SIMULTANEOUSLY

NICHOLE's landlord stands just outside the door of her
 apartment, which is open. A crowd is gathered around.
 NICHOLE's apartment phone is ringing.

LANDLORD
 Okay, this is a great unit. Huge
 closets. I'm taking bids of metal,
 water, or blow jobs for this one.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - PRESENT

NICHOLE

I'm sure everything's great. Still,
I'd like to get there soon just to
make sure.

RICK

Ditto. So, which one of these bad
boys should we go for?

NICHOLE

Probably one of the hybrids, right?

The MURDERER has been looking at them through the window the
entire time they've been there. NICHOLE and RICK exit the
office and go back out onto the lot.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MOMENTS LATER

The MURDERER jumps out in front of NICHOLE and RICK as they
emerge outside, scaring the hell out of them when she speaks.

MURDERER

Hello! Welcome to my car
dealership! Can I interest you in
one of my cars today?

After NICHOLE and RICK get past their initially startled
state, they calm down, happy to see a smiling face.

NICHOLE

Wow, you're one of the first truly
friendly people we've come across
so far.

RICK

Yeah.
(a beat)
Why is your blazer covered in
blood?

MURDERER

I could ask you the same thing,
friend.

RICK looks at his windbreaker, covered in blood.

RICK

Touche. We need a car.

MURDERER

Ahh. Expecting a little one? Need something more practical? Giving up the old sports car for a mini-van? When's the little guy due? Or little gal?!

MURDERER goes in to feel NICHOLE's not-pregnant belly.

NICHOLE

Not at all. Please stop.

NICHOLE moves MURDERER's hand away.

RICK

Actually we *do* need something practical, but not because of a family. We've been driving around in something that's super cool in theory, but not necessarily appropriate for a road trip.

NICHOLE

We really just need something small with good mileage to get us back to Chicago.

MURDERER

I've got just the thing!

The MURDERER shows them to some Segway scooters.

MURDERER (CONT'D)

We just got these babies in yesterday.

NICHOLE

You guys were taking in deliveries on the day the world was supposed to be ending?

MURDERER

We're having a close out sale!!

RICK spots some feet on the ground coming out from behind a Prius.

RICK

Who's that?

MURDERER

Listen. Please stop asking questions. Okay?

(MORE)

MURDERER (CONT'D)

We've all done things we regret these past few days. I'll give you a great deal. I'm not a real car dealer, it's a dream I've always had, and now that the world didn't end, I've been given a second chance. I'd do anything for this! Anything! Just, please, tell me, what can I do to put you in one of these Segways today?!

RICK

I mean, they look okay. I guess. What's the mileage?

MURDERER

Now we're talkin'! These bad boys can go about 24 miles before they need a recharge! And they charge themselves if you go down a hill.

RICK

What do you think?

NICHOLE

I don't know, I mean, it would make it easier to navigate all the wreckage. But are we really going to be able to charge them? I'm sure most places are out of power. And we're in the Midwest. There's no hills.

MURDERER

Tell ya what, I'll throw in a generator, you can tow it behind you.

MURDERER points to a small generator that's on a tow dolly attached to one of the Segways.

RICK

Sold!

NICHOLE

Another great vehicular decision, Rick!

RICK

You'll see, Nichole, it'll be great!

NICHOLE

Okay.
 (to MURDERER)
 So, how much?

MURDERER

Well, I'm willing to entertain
 interesting trade offers.

MURDERER looks RICK up and down, moving on to do the same to
 NICHOLE. RICK reacts quickly.

RICK

We have a DeLorean. It's back down
 the highway about a mile and a half
 or so.

NICHOLE

You can have it. We'll go away. We
 don't really even wanna know why
 there's someone lying behind that
 car, or why your eye keeps doing
 that thing.

MURDERER's eye twitches heavily.

MURDERER

DeLorean?! Those are completely
 made of metal right?! I'll eat for
 months!

NICHOLE

You mean you'll eat the food that
 you get for trading metal...right?

MURDERER

I'll get the paper work and keys!

MURDERER goes running inside to the office. RICK and NICHOLE
 look at the Segways. They notice the keys are inside and each
 hop on one. The two take off down the highway before MURDERER
 can get back with their paper work.

MURDERER (CONT'D)

We're doing a special financing
 offer so...

(notices they've left)

Ah man. This is why my dad always
 said I wasn't cut out to be a car
 dealer.

MURDERER looks at dead body lying behind the Prius.

MURDERER (CONT'D)

You were right.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-80 - DUSK

NICHOLE and RICK drive their Segways through rubble, car crashes, downed power lines, etc.

NICHOLE

These things drive like a dream!

RICK

Yeah, I'm glad we went for something more practical. But Nichole, I'm crashing.

NICHOLE

No, you're driving great!

RICK

No I mean, like, sugar and salt and stuff. I gotta get some real food in me.

NICHOLE

Well what should we do?

RICK

I think we need to pull over.

The two pull to the side of the highway.

RICK (CONT'D)

I think we need to do something that I know you're not going to want to do. But man has been doing it for years, because it's necessary for the survival of the species.

NICHOLE

I'm not going to have sex with you again.

RICK

No. Nichole. We have to hunt.

NICHOLE

No! We can't! I can't. I won't.

RICK

We have to. Nichole. We're not going to find food.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

We're in Nebraska. There wasn't anything around for miles even before the world ended!

NICHOLE

Fine. But will you do all the mean stuff?

RICK

Of course. Let's go.

The two set down their Segways off the side of the road. RICK picks up a stick and takes a look at what he's wearing. He takes off his hooded windbreaker, removes the elastic drawstring, ties it onto the stick, fashioning a slingshot.

NICHOLE

What are you going to do with that?

RICK

We've gotta find a rock. Preferably one that'll have little to no drag.

RICK begins to walk again, putting his windbreaker back on.

NICHOLE

Are you going to shoot something with that? Who are you, Dennis the Menace? Gonna knock a little birdy from a tree and piss off Mr. Wilson?

RICK

Yep. Or you could do it. Unless you'd rather gather some grass for a nice, hearty meal?!

NICHOLE shuts up. They start to walk slowly, on the hunt, through a field. They hear rustling and begin to whisper.

RICK (CONT'D)

Shh. Hang back.

NICHOLE

I'm not going to hang back.

RICK

Okay, fine, go first.

NICHOLE

I'm really more comfortable in the back.

RICK
 (rolls eyes)
 Come on.

NICHOLE
 What if it's a murderer?

RICK
 I'll shoot him.

NICHOLE
 Or her.

RICK
 Or her.

NICHOLE and RICK approach a falcon. Upon closer inspection, the falcon is eating the eye of a man. They begin to scream. Then they vomit.

They scream, and vomit, and scream, and vomit, cartoonishly, for a ridiculous amount of time, before they finally calm down.

NICHOLE
 Why?! Crow, why?!

RICK
 It looks like a falcon, actually.
 And that must've been his falconer.

NICHOLE
 He turned on him. See what happens
 when you're mean to animals?

RICK
 Well. At least now we don't have to
 hunt.

RICK puts his slingshot into his pocket.

NICHOLE
 I don't want to eat a falconer!

RICK
 No, Nichole, we can use the falcon.
 We *become* the falconers. He hunts
 for us.

NICHOLE
 Or...
 (NICHOLE grabs falconer's
 pack)
 We eat his stew.

NICHOLE removes a can of stew from the pack.

RICK

Are you sure? There might be meat
in that.

NICHOLE

Was the falcon going to be fetching
me broccoli?

RICK

Let's eat!

NICHOLE

It's cold.

RICK

Yeah. So am I. We need to build a
fire.

NICHOLE

We can rub your slingshot stick
against another stick.

RICK

Or we can use a lighter. Speaking
of which, check his pack for more
stuff. We're dangerously close to
running out of cigarettes.

NICHOLE smokes while putting on the falconer's hat and glove.

NICHOLE

Two steps ahead of ya! It's
surprising how many people are
smokers despite how bad it is for
you.

RICK

Do you think he'll come to us?

NICHOLE

The ghost of the falconer? Because
he's mad I'm wearing his hat?

NICHOLE throws the hat to the ground.

RICK

No, the falcon.

NICHOLE

Only one way to find out.
(to falcon)
Come here falcon. Here falcon.

RICK
Here falcon!

NICHOLE
Here falcon!

The falcon hesitantly approaches NICHOLE.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Good boy! Good little falcon.

The falcon flies up toward NICHOLE who panics, until he sets atop her shoulder, and her fears are assuaged. The falcon, NICHOLE and RICK perk up their heads when they again hear rustling. They begin to stalk quietly toward the noise that seems to be coming from a small gathering of trees. RICK goes to hold NICHOLE's hand before she bats it away.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Come on!

RICK
Friends can hold hands, Nichole.
Like in France sometimes you'll see
two men, *just friends*, walking down
the street holding hands.

NICHOLE
Those are gay guys, Rick.

As they move closer to the noise, they see a fire and a man sitting by it. He wears rainbow suspenders over a black tee shirt and shivers in the twilight.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Hello?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
Hello? Is hello a question now?

RICK
Sorry, we're just wondering what
someone else is doing out here. In
the middle of nowhere.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
You know all those wrecked cars out
there on the highway? You didn't
think *everyone* died did you?

NICHOLE
Did you kill a falconer?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
What's a falconer?

RICK
Never mind. I'm Rick.

RICK reaches out his hand for a shake.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
Larry. Loud Shirt Larry.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY shakes RICK's hand and a hand buzzer shocks RICK.

RICK
Ah! Son of a--

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
(laughing)
Man, I thought I'd never be able to do that again! Sorry, it's instinctive. I'm a comic.

NICHOLE
Oh fun. Like Louie CK?!

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
NO! NOT LIKE LOUIE CK! I'M NOT A FUCKING HACK LOSER!

RICK
Whoa man, calm down, she didn't mean anything--

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
Sorry. Again. Instincts of a comic.

NICHOLE
I love comics. Can I see some of your jokes?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
No.

NICHOLE
Okay.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
What I mean is, I'd love to, but, my shirt shrunk.

NICHOLE
Your shirt shrunk, so you can't tell any jokes?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

You see, my act has revolved around this crazy Hawaiian shirt that I wear up on stage. When the world was ending, it was chaos, pandemonium. I was working at the Chuckle Butt and they had to evacuate because someone set fire to the toaster oven in the green room, which is where my shirt was. I tried to get there...but it was too late.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY pulls some small scolded pieces of bright, multi-colored cloth out of his pocket.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

This is all I have left. I'll never do my act again.

NICHOLE

Sure you can. You just buy a new Hawaiian shirt.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

I thought so too, but it's not that easy. I looted Sears, they didn't have anything that came close, I looted Trader Joe's, there were only two people working. For all their hippie values, neither of them would give you the shirt off their backs, that's for sure. So I thought maybe I'll get a non-Hawaiian yet still loud shirt. That's when I saw this lady's luggage.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY points to luggage that clearly belonged to a lady. It's pink and flowery and a fur coat peaks out from one of the bags.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

She was dressed pretty flashy so I figured she might have some sort of loud shirt I could wear. Then I could still do my jokes.

NICHOLE

Any luck?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Nah, it's all just a bunch of weird old lady stuff. Hats, scarves, strange snacks. Not one loud shirt.

RICK

I still don't understand why you couldn't just do your jokes without the shirt?

NICHOLE

Yeah, come on, try it.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Okay.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY stands up and gets into his "show mode."

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

Hey everybody! I know what you're thinkin'! Hey Larry, turn down that shirt!

LOUD SHIRT LARRY gestures as though his nipples are volume knobs. He tweaks them a couple of times with his fingers.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

I can't I can't, it won't go any lower.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY begins to sweat a bit because he's dyin' up there.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

I like my shirts like I like my women...loud! And to get off of me when I'm done with 'em!

LOUD SHIRT LARRY stops. He sadly looks down at his plain black tee shirt. He sits back down.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

See? I can't sell it without the shirt. 55 minutes of material, built over thirty some-odd years, down the drain. I was relieved when the world was ending. I thought, "great, now I won't have to come up with a whole new act!" Well, anyhoodles. Enough about me, what brings you to this neck of the...field?

NICHOLE

Well, we saw your fire and were kind of wondering if we could share it with you?

RICK

We're cold and hungry. We got this stew from a dea--umm...

NICHOLE

Dead man's pack.

RICK

I was going to try to make it sound better.

NICHOLE

Sorry. I thought you were just stuttering.

RICK

We'll share our stew if you'll share your fire.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

I don't know man, I'm not used to sharing. I'm a solo artist. It's kind of my thing. It's why I could never stay married. Yup. Old road dog. Married to the road. Married to myself. Married to...my art.

NICHOLE

So you were married?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

My wives call me selfish. I call myself an *artiste* that needs time to create. And other women. Strictly to be used for muse purposes.

RICK

Wives? You were married more than once.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Don't let her push you around! And when it's over, because it will be, one day, don't be afraid to ask her for palimony. Demand it!

RICK

Palimony?

NICHOLE

We're not married. Or together even.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Palimony. It's alimony for a man. Listen, it's like I told my third wife, you've got me accustomed to this lifestyle and now I'm leaving you for my fourth wife, and I need to be able to support her in the way that you've supported me.

NICHOLE

Wow. You're a piece of---

RICK

Very nice to share your fire with us.

NICHOLE

(a beat)

Yeah. Thanks.

RICK and NICHOLE sit by the fire. They begin to open up their can.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

So...Loud Shirt Larry?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Yup.

RICK

Do people call you Loud for short?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

I don't get it.

RICK

(whispers)

Neither do I.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY takes off his boot, throwing it into the fire.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Talk about a burner phone!

NICHOLE

Isn't that a shoe?

(gets excited)

Is that part of your bit? Do you make your shoe your phone?!

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

I do! I reenact a conversation with my wife and then talk about how I always end up with my foot in my mouth!

NICHOLE

(laughing)

Genius! Loud Shirt Larry, you should be in Hollywood, not out here in...are we still in Nebraska?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

We are. I don't know, I've never been too keen on tinsel town. Saw it a couple of times in a movie. Don't think it's for me. Nope. I tour the Midwest. Prefer it. I'm makin' pretty good headway out here, too. I was supposed to open for the Seven-Teens next week. It was gonna be huge. How's that for timing, huh?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY moves his boot around in the fire with a stick. NICHOLE and RICK begin taking finger scoops of stew. NICHOLE occasionally gives a chunk or two to the falcon that remains atop her shoulder.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

I wanted to stay out the weekend at the Chuckle Butt. Burned building or not, loud shirt or not, a comic always does their time! But the club shut down. Said it wasn't safe to inhale so much smoke. I told the owner, "hey buddy! I used to open for Cheech and Chong!" But he wouldn't have any of it.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY takes his boot out of the fire and starts to munch on it.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)

So I hit the road, trying to find clubs that would let me do an open mic or something. Try to rebuild a new set. Or at least do some crowd work. But they were all closing up.

NICHOLE

I don't get it. The end of the world is when people need comedy the most!

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

That's what I said! So I pushed on.
Because driving is what I know.
Married to the road.

RICK

Does the road give you palimony
too?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

(mouth full of boot)
I don't get it.

RICK

Well. I'm beat. Riding upright
really takes it out of ya. I think
I'm going to hit the...dirt.

NICHOLE

Yeah. Me too. Good night Loud Shirt
Larry.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Good night. Don't let the bed bugs
bite.

(laughs heartily)

That joke is a lot funnier when I
hold up a giant rubber bug. It's my
closer. Kills in Topeka!

RICK

Okay. Goodnight, Loud Shirt Larry.

RICK and NICHOLE lay down next to the fire. LOUD SHIRT LARRY
begins to cry softly.

NICHOLE

You okay?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY

Yeah. Just part of my artistic
process.

(continues crying, softly
to himself)

I miss my shirt.

RICK and NICHOLE lay with each other. The falcon nestles in
right next to NICHOLE's head. RICK starts to hold on to
NICHOLE. The two attempt to keep their voices down so as not
to disturb LOUD SHIRT LARRY's artistic process.

NICHOLE

What are you doing?

RICK
Staying warm.

NICHOLE
We're by a fire, Rick. Aren't you warm enough?

RICK
I'm sorry for wanting a little warmth in this cold world, Nichole.

NICHOLE
And I'm sorry I just don't want you the way you want me.

RICK
Whoa.

NICHOLE
Whoa what? It's so obvious Rick, you're in love with me. And I'm sorry I don't feel the same way but you really just need to get over it.

NICHOLE begins to gather what little belongings she has.

RICK
Oh come on. I am not. I'm just lonely. Okay?! I'll stop, jeeze. We're all we have right now, Nichole.

NICHOLE walks to the other side of the fire. The falcon follows behind her.

RICK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Could've at least left me the falcon.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
You two sure you're not married?

EXT. FIELD - UNDER TREE - NEXT MORNING

The fire is now just a pile of ashes and coals with bit of smoke trailing up into the air. NICHOLE and RICK wake up to LOUD SHIRT LARRY standing on a tree limb. He wears a fur coat, holds a lady's razor and one shoe is unlaced. The lace acts as a necklace for the brilliant comic.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
 Oh great! You two are up! Say,
 would ya mind shaving my back for
 me?!

LOUD SHIRT LARRY holds the razor toward his back.

RICK
 Are you doing your routine?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
 I had an epiphany last night, I'm
 going to become a prop comic!

NICHOLE
 We'd love to see that! But you
 should get down from there first!
 You're going to get hurt!

RICK
 (to NICHOLE)
 Maybe we should let him do his art.

NICHOLE
 Don't be a dick, Rick.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
 (mocking a lady's voice)
 Look at me, la la la! I'm my ex
 wife! I'm not gonna give you a cent
 mister! That's for the kids! And my
 beautiful jewelry...

LOUD SHIRT LARRY daintily plays with his beautiful shoe lace
 necklace. He then takes a bottle of pills out of his fur coat
 pocket.

LOUD SHIRT LARRY (CONT'D)
 ...and these pills I pop now!

He pops a bunch of pills from the bottle.

RICK
 Loud Shirt Larry, do you even know
 what those pills are?

LOUD SHIRT LARRY
 (still mocking a lady's
 voice)
 My name's not Loud Shirt Larry, my
 name is Lara! Don't ever call me
 Laura! Especially in bed! Even if
 it's by accident. I'm real uptight
 about it!

LOUD SHIRT LARRY begins to foam at the mouth a bit from the pills. The foam drips down onto his untied shoe, causing him to slip. He's caught as he's falling, to the relief of NICHOLE and RICK. But their relief is brief, because what's catching him is a branch that grips his shoelace necklace. He hangs from his necklace, twitching.

RICK

Oh god! We're gonna get you down
from there Loud Shirt Larry!

NICHOLE

Yeah! Don't panic, Loud Shirt
Larry!

The two attempt to get him down from the branch just before it breaks. But it's too late for LOUD SHIRT LARRY. The pills have taken effect and he begins to have a seizure. All NICHOLE and RICK can do is watch in amazement until, seconds later, they are sure he's dead. Once he dies, the falcon squeals.

RICK

Wow. He died like he lived.
(a beat)
Loud.

NICHOLE

I'm glad we got to know him.
Otherwise this would've been really
sad.

The falcon approaches LOUD SHIRT LARRY's body, looking as though he might start scavenging.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Stop it. Falcon. No! Come here.

The falcon obeys NICHOLE, hopping back up onto her shoulder.

RICK

We should move on.

NICHOLE

I'll go look through the lady
luggage. See if there's anything we
can use.

NICHOLE looks through some of the bags.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Sorry I yelled at you last night. I
was just cranky.

(MORE)

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

And I kind of didn't want Loud Shirt Larry to think we were a couple.

RICK

Nichole. Would you have had sex with Loud Shirt Larry?

NICHOLE

I don't know. I mean, I guess not after getting to know him. But, you know I have a thing for comics.

RICK

I know. I think I was a little jealous.

NICHOLE opens what looks like a hat box that's filled with kombucha and wrinkle cream.

NICHOLE

Whoa! Hey, looks like we won't go thirsty for a while!

RICK

Is that kombucha?! Score!

NICHOLE

And chia seeds, and wrinkle cream? Old ladies are weird.

RICK

Hmm. Let's bring the chia seeds, we can probably skip the wrinkle cream.

NICHOLE

It's mostly avocado. Falcon and I will have it for lunch.

NICHOLE puts the wrinkle cream into her pocket and puts the kombucha and chia seeds back in the hat box, throwing it over her shoulder as her and RICK begin to walk away, back toward their Segways at the edge of the highway.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Can you just promise me you'll cool it a little bit? I mean I know before we did...what we did...you hadn't...done that, for, a while.

RICK

Two years.

NICHOLE

Wow.

(holding back laughter)

Okay, I didn't know it'd been that long.

RICK

It was by choice.

NICHOLE

Right, you were, what, celibate?
Took an oath?

RICK

Took an oath to not be intimate until it was with someone I really, truly wanted to be with.

NICHOLE

And then the world ended and you were stuck with me.

RICK

Yep. That's what happened. Come on. Let's keep going.

EXT. HIGHWAY I-80 - HOURS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK ride their Segways along the freeway. The falcon remains on NICHOLE's shoulder, and the generator remains in tow.

RICK

I think we're finally closing in on the end of Nebraska!

NICHOLE

Rick. I think we gotta pull over. I don't know if it's the wrinkle cream, the chia seeds or the kombucha, but something's kicking in.

RICK

Oh shit.

NICHOLE

Exactly.

RICK and NICHOLE pull over to the side of the road. There are woods nearby. NICHOLE does a little "don't go" dance.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Are there any old lady scarves
left?

RICK opens up the carry-on sized bag that came from LOUD
SHIRT LARRY's old lady luggage.

RICK
Which color?

NICHOLE
I'll take something in an autumn.

RICK hands her a brown and yellow scarf and she runs off into
the woods yelling back to RICK.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Perfect. Thank you!

EXT. WOODS OFF OF HIGHWAY I-80 - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE perches against a tree, having just finished
relieving herself. She wipes herself with her scarf. Upon
hearing rustling in the brush, she looks around, pulling up
her pants. She's startled when she spots a Hare Krishna who
appears to have been watching the entire time.

NICHOLE
Ahhh! Rick!

RICK runs into the woods.

RICK
What?! What is it?

NICHOLE
That!

NICHOLE points to the man who is still watching.

KRISHNA 1
I saw everything. But not to worry.
I do not desire the flesh. Not even
when it's pretty, and soft. So
soft. And milky white...

RICK
Dude!

NICHOLE
Come on!

RICK
Let's get out of here, Nichole.

KRISHNA 1

Wait! Judging from what I have just seen you two long for nourishment of body.

NICHOLE

I'm not going to have sex with you!

KRISHNA 1

Food. We have food. Like a lot of it. Want to come with me?

RICK

(to NICHOLE)

What do you think?

NICHOLE

I *am* really hungry.

RICK

I think they're vegetarians too.

KRISHNA 1

Again, I totally do not hunger for your flesh. Either one of you. I am of a higher level of consciousness. Not gonna try to hit that.

NICHOLE

Okay. We'll come with you.

KRISHNA 1

Great, leave your belongings behind or bring them. But just know, that you cannot take it with you when you leave.

RICK

You're going to take out stuff?

KRISHNA 1

Spiritually dude.

NICHOLE

Oh right, yeah, totally, possessions are meaningless. Gotcha. We're gonna go get our stuff. We'll be right with you.

EXT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK follow KRISHNA 1 on their scooters. They enter a plot of land that has been turned into a compound.

There's a small shack surrounded by farmed land. About fifteen Krishnas sit around a wooden table eating rice. One is female, the rest are males. They all have the same Krishna outfits and haircuts. NICHOLE and RICK are guided to sit down at the table.

KRISHNA 1

So. We have rice, and we have seeds.

KRISHNA 1 gestures down to the bowls on the table filled with rice and seeds.

NICHOLE

Umm...I'll take some rice. I think I've had enough seeds for the day.

RICK

Yeah, I'll take some rice as well. Thank you.

The two take plates filled with brown rice. Their ravenous appetites are clear from the way they eat. The falcon hops off of NICHOLE's shoulder and begins to peck at the seeds.

KRISHNA 2

You two must have been famished. Good thing the earth provided this bounty.

NICHOLE

(mouth full)
It's a great bounty!

KRISHNA 1

We must give thanks constantly to the earth and our fellow brethren

NICHOLE

And sistren...

KRISHNA 1

And sistren, for providing us these seeds and rice. And when we express our bowels we will put the seeds and rice back into the earth, making more seeds and rice. And the circle of life will continue.

Fairly disgusted by this, RICK and NICHOLE spit the food that was in their mouths back into their bowls.

KRISHNA 2

I know it's gross, but it's life
dude. The circle continues.

ALL KRISHNAS

The circle continues.

RICK

Is this when the monkey holds up
the lion?

NICHOLE shrugs and begins to eat again. RICK soon follows
suit.

KRISHNA 1

(to NICHOLE)

Tell me. Are you of a religion or a
spirituality?

NICHOLE

Well, I grew up Catholic, so I
don't really believe in anything
now.

KRISHNA 1

But you are clearly so blessed. Not
that I noticed. I do not notice
such things as a person's external
beauty. But if I did, I'd be like
daaaaaamn.

RICK

(to the bald KRISHNA LADY)

Yeah I've always described myself
as being spiritual but not
religious. And I love the earth.

The KRISHNA LADY blushes as she's flattered by the flirting.

KRISHNA 1

(to RICK)

So. What terrible things did you do
when you thought it was all ending?

NICHOLE

We actually didn't really do much.
Aside from take up smoking.

RICK continues to flirt with KRISHNA LADY.

RICK

I got a DeLorean. Like in "Back to
the Future." It's a movie from our
world. I can show you some time.

RICK's attempts at making NICHOLE jealous are actually beginning to work.

NICHOLE

I saved this falcon. Because I have such a respect for life. In fact, I've been a vegetarian since I was 8.

KRISHNA 1

Beautiful. May I pet your falcon?

NICHOLE

(sexily)
Yeah you can pet my falcon.

RICK

Nichole can I talk to you for a second?

NICHOLE

No.

RICK pulls NICHOLE off to the side.

RICK

What are we doing?

NICHOLE

It's just a little innocent falcon petting.

RICK

That guy's a perv. And that chick is bald, but for the tiny pony tail. We're clearly trying to make each other jealous. We need to figure this out.

NICHOLE

No we don't. I'm not trying to make anyone jealous. I just haven't been laid for months.

RICK

Excuse me!?

NICHOLE

That didn't count. We both agreed that didn't count!

RICK

Look, I just don't think it's a good idea to get too comfortable here. I think they might start trying to convert us.

KRISHNA 2 starts to lather shaving cream and rub it on RICK's head, but for the spot where the pony tail would go.

NICHOLE

You always think everyone's got an ulterior motive. Can't they just be nice people? Not everyone is out to get something from everyone else. Maybe he actually likes me. Or is *that* what's bothering you?!

NICHOLE and RICK have escalated to yelling. KRISHNA 1 has gotten up from the table and stands behind NICHOLE.

KRISHNA 1

Hello. Sorry to interrupt, but I was just going to run a bath. Would you and your falcon like a bath?

RICK

Nichole, I don't give two shits who likes you and who doesn't. Besides, I'm surprised you'd even go for the guy, I mean, he's actually treating you like a human being.

NICHOLE

What the hell is that supposed to mean?!

RICK

It means you let the people who treat you like shit closer to you than the people who treat you well!

NICHOLE

I don't have to listen to this.

RICK

Of course not. You don't have to listen to anything! Because no one will ever tell you the truth. Like that Chris was cheating on you!

The Krishnas all drop their wooden forks and knives and look up from the table. NICHOLE and RICK are no longer yelling, though the argument is just as heated.

NICHOLE
 (slowly and infuriated)
 Why, the fuck, would you say that?

RICK
 Because it's the truth, and it's
 about time you knew.

NICHOLE
 Mr. Krishna guy, how's that bath
 coming along? We would love to take
 you up on the offer, wouldn't we
 Falcon?

NICHOLE looks at the falcon, who is still eating seeds on the
 table.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
 Come on, Falcon! We're getting a
 bath!

NICHOLE grabs Falcon. She walks off in a huff with KRISHNA 1.
 RICK yells toward NICHOLE as she's leaving.

RICK
 Fine! Stay here, Nichole! Stay here
 and take baths with weird bald
 people. But I know better! I'm
 going back out there! To the real
 world! I don't need you! I don't
 need anyone!
 (calmly, to Krishnas)
 Thank you for sharing your rice and
 seeds.

RICK bows before he walks off in a huff toward his Segway.
 The Krishnas continue to eat their humble meal.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE walks in with KRISHNA 1. There's a large bucket,
 resembling a trough, filled with water. KRISHNA 1 closes the
 door behind him.

NICHOLE
 God, seriously, it's like, quit
 clinging to me, ya know?! Ever
 since I broke up with my boyfriend,
 he's just been right there, almost
 like he was...waiting for it.
 (a beat)
 (MORE)

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Oh god. Ugh! This whole time?! Do you think this whole time he was just waiting out my relationship?!

KRISHNA 1 begins to take off his robe and NICHOLE instinctively starts to take off her clothes as well.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

That's like the last thing I need to be thinking about, ya know?! I need a fresh start.

KRISHNA 1 is completely nude and steps into the bath. NICHOLE follows. They begin to bathe together, extremely casually.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Like I have this really cool new job and a really great studio apartment that actually has a full refrigerator and like the biggest closet I've ever had! Of course, that could all be gone now. I might have nothing. Except for Falcon.

NICHOLE looks at Falcon, who waits by the door.

KRISHNA 1

And Rick.

NICHOLE

And Rick.

(a beat)

Did I blow it? I blew it, huh?

KRISHNA 1

No. There is still time. We'll take our bath, you'll have a good sleep or two, and you'll go to him. He won't get far on his contraption.

NICHOLE

Wow. You're so calm. How do you do it? Is it all the seed eating?

KRISHNA 1

Perhaps. And years and years of study of meditation in an attempt to gain enlightenment. Plus, I masturbate. A lot.

NICHOLE

Here here! You know, there's probably only like four or five people I would strip down and bathe with. You're just so easy to be around.

KRISHNA 1 smiles.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Kinda like Rick.

KRISHNA 1 loses his smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY I-80 - MOMENTS LATER

RICK rides his Segway down the highway, talking to himself.

RICK

(mocking NICHOLE's voice)

"We'd love to take a bath with you."

(back to his voice)

Of course you would. You barely know the guy. You'd never take a bath with me!

(starts crying)

Why won't you take a bath with me?!!

Just then, RICK is met with a road block. It's a large, wooden wall that looks to be government-made, but upon closer inspection, the signs are all hand-written, poorly. RICK approaches, slowly. Barbed wire runs along the top of the barricade. There doesn't seem to be a way around it.

RICK (CONT'D)

Who made this?

(reading a sign)

The...go-ern-ment?

The signs read things such as:

"The goernment did this! Probly."

"beware your liberal technologys have errored!"

"I have guns, don't come close!!!"

RICK looks to the side of the highway.

RICK (CONT'D)
 Maybe I should take that dirt road.

RICK turns his Segway toward the side of the highway and rides on a dirt road, into the woods.

EXT. DIRT ROAD OFF OF HIGHWAY I-80 - MOMENTS LATER

RICK's Segway struggles down the dirt road as the terrain gets rougher and rougher. Occasionally he has to get off his Segway, pull it over a bump, and then get back on.

RICK
 I thought the whole point of these things was that they can go anywhere. That, and making mall cops look douchier.

RICK spots more signs. These ones are more forboding. They read things like:

"Abandon all hope"

"Enter at risk of death or dismemberment"

"Tresspassing is for queers"

RICK hears a shot in the background. He tries his best to pick up his speed. As he "races" through the woods, he hears another couple of gunshots, this time closer. His scooter crashes into a large rock. RICK jumps off to look at the damage, realizing it's too much to fix in a short time, and he begins to run faster than he would have gone with the scooter.

RICK (CONT'D)
 Holy shit!

RICK hears another gun shot, this time extremely close.

RICK (CONT'D)
 I gotta get off this road!

He begins running off the beaten trail. One more gun shot is heard, followed by the whoop of a man. A possum falls, bouncing off RICK's head before dropping to the ground.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
 Whoo hoo! Look out son, I got me a big one!

The DOOMSDAY PREPPER passes right by RICK, picking up the possum.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
Whoo eee! We eat tonight! Who might
you be? You ain't with the
go'erment are you?!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER holds shotgun up to RICK's eye.

RICK
Nope. Not a bit. I'm just trying to
get back to Chicago.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Chicago?! You some kinda big city
liberal?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER re-aims his gun at RICK's crotch.

RICK
No way, I always vote for Reagan.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Mm hmm. You're not a...queer are
ya?

RICK
Oh, no, not at all.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER tries to veil his disappointment.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Well, looks like you need some
help. Some food, maybe someone to
fix your scooter? I can do that.
For a price.

RICK
Wha...what do you want from me?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
It's not much. Just your brain.
(A beat.)
I wanna pick your brain! Find out
what's been goin' on out there.
(laughs)
You shoulda seen the look on your
face! Come on, follow me!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER throws his new, dead possum over his
shoulder and leads RICK deeper into the woods.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
Duck down here.

RICK ducks down, just barely avoiding a large log that comes swinging through the woods, apparently intended to kill trespassers.

The two continue to dodge booby traps all along the way.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
Now this one's tricky, you gotta
hop, and tuck at the same time.
Make your body small, here we go.

The two men tuck while jumping as fire comes out from above and below, pushing through another part of the homemade gauntlet.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
Now here's where it gets real fun.
How long can you hold your breath?

RICK
Umm...

DOOMSDAY PREPPER pulls two oxygen masks out of his pocket.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Just kiddin'. I wouldn't make ya do
that. Here, just put this on.

He puts a mask on RICK's face before putting his own on and ducking down.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - SAME TIME

NICHOLE is laying on the floor among the group of Krishnas.

NICHOLE
Wow. This is cool. It's like you
guys have a slumber party every
night, huh?

KRISHNA 1
Slumber party. Yes.

NICHOLE
Ya know, when I was little, every
time I had a slumber party, or went
to one, one of the girls would lock
themselves in the bathroom crying.
(MORE)

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

And then eventually we'd all talk through whatever problem it was and we'd end up laughing by the end of the night. The dynamics of female relationships are so complicated.

The Krishnas try not to come off as annoyed by NICHOLE.

KRISHNA 2

Yes, there is certainly a lot of communication within your gender.

NICHOLE

I guess we're just communicators. Ya know, it's funny, but ever since my family died, I haven't really talked about my problems that much. I guess I haven't really felt safe with anyone. Except Rick. I can always talk to Rick.

KRISHNA LADY

How'd your family die?

The male Krishnas roll their eyes. Some turn over, put pillows over their ears, etc.

NICHOLE

Oh, they were on a cruise and pirates took over the ship. My brother is actually a pirate now, but he's not allowed to communicate with me anymore. Every now and then I get a postcard, but he's really not supposed to be sending them. He's doing really well though. He keeps getting promotions. I think he enslaved my parents. That's the vibe I get at least. But ya can't really tell much from a postcard. Sometimes I miss them. But I have a new family now.

KRISHNA 1

Oh, yes. Of course. Absolutely, a family. Also there's always that Rick guy.

NICHOLE

Yeah, he *has* been there for me, through everything. But he can also get really clingy.

KRISHNA LADY

Sometimes men cling because they care.

KRISHNA 1

I think, if you've found someone who's willing to listen to your incessant...I'm sorry, *interesting* stories, you should be the one clinging to them.

NICHOLE

Maybe. I don't know. I'll sleep on it. If I can get to sleep, that is. I'm not really used to going to bed while the sun is still up. Do you guys have Jenga?!

The Krishnas groan at this, some roll over, one gets up to sleep outside.

KRISHNA LADY

Here, come with me.

KRISHNA LADY and NICHOLE both get up and walk into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

KRISHNA LADY pours some tea into a mug for NICHOLE. They both drink.

KRISHNA LADY

This will help you to sleep.

NICHOLE

Am I annoying everyone?

KRISHNA LADY

Not...everyone. Sometimes we have to talk about the things we love when they are not near us.

NICHOLE

Love? I don't love Rick.

KRISHNA LADY gives a look like, "girl please."

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Do I? I mean, he did save me when
the shit starting hitting the fan.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL STATION - CHICAGO - ABOUT A WEEK AGO - EVENING

NICHOLE and RICK attempt to descend the stairs of an El station in Chicago. Fires burn around them. People are pushing and there is a group of men in front of RICK and NICHOLE, blocking their way through the exit.

RICK

Come on! Women and children first!

RICK points to NICHOLE. The men shift around to let her through. RICK goes right through with her, sending the men into a rage and making them chase after he and NICHOLE as the two run away.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - KITCHEN - PRESENT

NICHOLE and KRISHNA LADY drink their tea.

KRISHNA LADY

Do you think that's why you are
starting to feel favorable towards
Rick? Because he saved you?

NICHOLE

Maybe a little, but now that I
think about it, there were other
things, even before the end of the
world.

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLE'S APARTMENT - MONTHS EARLIER

NICHOLE is crying as RICK sits next to her on her bed.

NICHOLE

He said he never loved me, but I
know that's not true, because he
bought me lingerie all the time,
and you wouldn't do that for
someone you didn't love!

NICHOLE falls into RICK, who holds her in her arms as she wipes tears and snot all over his shirt before eventually fully blowing her nose onto his shirt, not even attempting to using her hands. She sniffs in a bit.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
You smell like cookies.

RICK
That's because I just ate cookies.

CUT TO:

KRISHNA COMPOUND - KITCHEN - PRESENT

NICHOLE and KRISHNA LADY are finishing their tea.

NICHOLE
I really like cookies.

KRISHNA LADY
It sounds like you two are a cute pair.

NICHOLE
Yeah...

CUT TO:

INT. DOLOREAN - SIDE OF PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY - THE NIGHT THE WORLD WAS ENDING

NICHOLE and RICK climax, making horrendous noises as they do so.

CUT TO:

INT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - KITCHEN - PRESENT

NICHOLE takes the very last sip of her tea.

NICHOLE
Oh my god. I have to get him back!
Falcon! To the Segway!

NICHOLE begins to walk out, but KRISHNA LADY stops her.

KRISHNA LADY
I think it would be best to wait for the light.

NICHOLE

But, I've seen the light! I know now, what I should've known before.

KRISHNA LADY

And you will know tomorrow as well.

NICHOLE

Yeah okay. You're right. Falcon! To bed! Or...to floor.

NICHOLE walks out with FALCON on her shoulder. KRISHNA LADY begins to put the tea kettle and mugs into the sink.

KRISHNA LADY

That's okay. I'll do the dishes.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - SAME TIME

RICK and DOOMSDAY PREPPER seem to have gotten through the worst of the booby traps. RICK has singe marks on some of his clothing and the two look quite disheveled.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

So what's it like out there now? I haven't been out there for about ten years now.

RICK

But they weren't predicting the apocalypse until last week.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Ain't you read the bible? The Mayan calendar? The history channel? They've been predicting the end of times since the beginning of time. Why do you think I built all this?!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER gestures to what looks like just more of the woods.

RICK

You...built this?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Behold!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER uncovers leaves from a hatch door, punches in a code, and opens the door. He heads down into the hatch and peaks out his head.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
Come on, let's get some food in
that belly.

RICK hesitantly follows the DOOMSDAY PREPPER into his hatch.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

RICK follows DOOMSDAY PREPPER down the ladder into the
bunker.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Welcome to my home sweet home. Wipe
your feet please.

RICK wipes his feet on a very nice welcome mat that lies
under the ladder. RICK pauses and looks around the small
room.

RICK
Wow.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
(smiles)
Would you like a tour?

RICK
Sure!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Well, this here is the mud room,
for coats and shoes and such,
especially good for when the kids
get done playing soccer and their
cleats are all muddied up.

RICK
Oh, you have kids?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Nope. And if you'll follow me into
the living room...

He leads RICK to a living room set up with an old TV that
just shows snow. With every room the bunker is proving to be
more and more impressive.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
I know, you're thinking, "Price is
Right" is on! We're gonna miss it!
(MORE)

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
But it's okay, I'm recording it. We
can watch it later!

The two move from the living room into a hallway and past a
bathroom.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
And in here is la toilette. I try
to just use the bucket though.
Toilet is for special people like
dates and such. I've trained my
bowels to only go once a week!

Still leading RICK along what seems to be an endless amount
of space, DOOMSDAY PREPPER points to yet another room. This
one has a closed door that appears to be highly secure.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
And then of course, we've got the
stock room.

He enters a code into a lock. A door opens to another door
beyond that. He takes two keys, one from around his neck and
after reaching down into his pants, takes the other from
presumably inside his butt, turning them both at the same
time as his retina is scanned. The second door opens into a
vast closet stockpiled with food, guns, supplies, etc.

INT. BUNKER - STOCKROOM - SECONDS LATER

DOOMSDAY PREPPER goes into the closet, pulling a pillow off a
shelf.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Oh, that's where you went! This
here is my fuck pillow.

He holds the pillow gently, smelling it, kissing and
caressing it a little.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
(to pillow)
I missed you. You gotta tell me
when you go out. No, I'm not trying
to control you, you know I just
worry.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER looks up at RICK who is watching with equal
confusion and concern. He looks back down at his pillow.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)

Honey, let's not have this discussion in front of our new friend.

(to RICK)

We should get some food in us! Come on now! Let's eat!

RICK

Oh great. Let me guess, we're having possum?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER puts the pillow down as he pulls RICK to the side, out of earshot of the pillow, in a hurried panic.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Shh shh shh. That possum's not for tonight! That's for his birthday!

RICK

Oh, sorry. Okay, sorry. Yeah! Let's eat!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER walks off toward the pillow to pick it back up before exiting into a yet unseen room.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Come on you two, into the dining room!

INT. BUNKER - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RICK follows DOOMSDAY PREPPER into the dining room which resembles a giant, fancy ball room with a great big mahogany table and chairs for at least 18 people. There are glasses made of crystal, a chandelier, marble floors, etc. It's almost as if they've left the bunker for an old mansion in Europe.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER sits down at one end of the table with his pillow as RICK sits all the way down at the other end where there is a place setting of fancy china and silver. DOOMSDAY PREPPER begins to open cans and plop their contents onto fine crystal serving plates and bowls. He slides some of the dishes down to RICK.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Help yourself. I have liver, tuna fish, sausages, pâté of some sort, and of course, for desert, fresh cranberries!

He plops a can of cranberries onto a crystal dish; they keep their can formation.

RICK

Wow, thank you. So, how long did you say you've been bunkered down here?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Oh, about ten years or so. Lost track of time. Basically ever since Ralph Nader lost that big election. One might say I lost my faith in humanity and figured it was time to do something. So I started digging. And I didn't stop. And ya know something, I've been happier since moving down here. We both have.

He looks lovingly at the pillow, which sits in the chair next to him, not eating anything off its full plate.

RICK

Not to change the subject, but do you really think you can fix my Segway?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Oh absolutely. Shouldn't be more than a day or two. I'll have it back to good in no time.

RICK

Great. 'Cause we really have to get back to Chicago.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

We?

(whispers)

Do you have a pillow too?

RICK

Sorry, force of habit. I was traveling with a...friend. But, we decided it would be best for the both of us if we split ways.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Ah. I get that. You're a loner.

RICK

Maybe. I don't know. I guess I got too clingy. But I can't really help it, ya know?

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

Ever since her family died, I just...I guess I wanted to be there for her.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Yeah. My family's gone too.

RICK

Oh I'm sorry to hear that. How'd they die?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Oh, they're not dead. They're just assholes. What about you? You got family? Besides this friend?

RICK

Yeah. Sort of. They're passive aggressive wasps. I made sure to see them before the world was supposed to end.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

And how'd that go?

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - EVANSTON, IL - A LITTLE OVER ONE WEEK EARLIER

RICK sits uncomfortably on a decorative couch. The weather outside is treacherous, a drastic contrast to the flat, monotone voices inside. RICK's father comes in.

RICK'S FATHER

Son, you know that couch is just for looking. Now, come sit on the sitting couch before your mother sees and has another faint.

RICK moves onto the sitting couch. RICK'S MOTHER comes in with a tray that holds tiny cups on tiny saucers.

RICK'S MOTHER

Well, son, it was very nice of you to come by. Here's some tea. Don't drink too much, you know, for the road.

RICK'S FATHER

Darling, don't be crass.

(to RICK)

(MORE)

RICK'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 Son it was wonderful getting to know you. Do you need any money for the apocalypse?

RICK'S MOTHER
 You've always spoiled him, Richard.

RICK'S FATHER
 Someone had to make up for your withholding nature.

RICK'S MOTHER
 You always did make me laugh, Richard.

RICK
 No, thanks guys. I'm okay. I should go.

RICK stands up. RICK'S MOTHER gives him a hug while still somehow staying about a foot away from him, while RICK'S FATHER reaches out his hand for a firm handshake.

RICK'S FATHER
 We are fond of you son.

RICK'S MOTHER
 Quite.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - PRESENT

RICK
 Probably the warmest goodbye I've ever gotten from them.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
 That's nice. Family's important.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER strokes the pillow with the back of his hand, as though he's stroking the face of a loved one.

RICK
 Well, this meal was great. Thanks for feeding me. Is there, by chance, a place to get a little cleaned up?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
 Oh sure, you can use the bucket!

RICK looks a bit disturbed.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
 No. Not the crap bucket, the shower
 bucket! I'm not a monster.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER laughs with the pillow.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)
 (to the pillow)
 Did you see the look on his face?!
 (to RICK)
 Listen, I don't want you to feel
 like you need to rush out of here.
 It's nice to have some company.
 (to pillow)
 Don't look at me like that, you
 know what I mean. New company.
 Don't turn this into a discussion.

RICK
 Thanks man, I appreciate it. But
 really, I think once my Segway is
 fixed I'll be ready to hit the road
 again.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
 No problem. And you can sleep in
 the guest room. Take whichever bunk
 you like. We're gonna get some shut
 eye soon too.

RICK
 Great. Thanks again!

RICK leaves DOOMSDAY PREPPER and the pillow, who are becoming
 a bit more intimate.

INT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - THE NEXT MORNING

NICHOLE groggily awakens to a circle of Krishnas surrounding
 her. They are chanting prayers, holding beads, etc. Falcon
 gets on NICHOLE's shoulder when she sits up.

KRISHNA 1
 We are truly grateful. And with
 this gratitude comes inner peace.
 We need nothing. We need no one.

NICHOLE nods before interrupting.

NICHOLE
 Except for Rick.

KRISHNA 1

Excuse me, but you are not holding
the talking seed.

NICHOLE gets up and grabs the talking seed out of KRISHNA 1's
hand before sitting back down in the middle of the circle.

NICHOLE

I'm sorry. You've all been so kind,
and being here I've all but
forgotten my problems. But I have
problems. And I like my problems! I
have one big problem, and I need to
go after him...to solve
it...whatever. Thanks to her
(points at KRISHNA LADY)
and her magical hallucinogenic
tea...

KRISHNA LADY

It was just a blend of Chamomile
and mint.

NICHOLE

Powerful stuff. I realize who I
belong with. And it's not you. I'm
so sorry. I didn't mean to break
your hearts.

The KRISHNA's all stare blankly at her for a beat.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Falcon! To the Segway! For real
this time!

CUT TO:

EXT. KRISHNA COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and Falcon approach the Segway. She sees that RICK
has left her with the generator.

NICHOLE

Aww. He left me the power.

KRISHNA 1

Wait!

KRISHNA 1 runs after NICHOLE.

NICHOLE

Listen, Mr. Krishna guy, it's been great, you've been more than hospitable to me. But I really have to go.

KRISHNA 1 tries to begin speaking when NICHOLE puts her finger over his lips.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Shh. Don't say anything. You can't change my mind. This is something I have to do.

KRISHNA 1

Please, be quiet. You forgot this.

KRISHNA 1 hands her the old lady bag.

NICHOLE

Oh god! My cigarettes! Thank you!
For everything.

NICHOLE fires up a cigarette, then the generator, and then the Segway. Her and the falcon head off into the sunrise.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - RICK'S ROOM - SAME TIME

RICK wakes up to DOOMSDAY PREPPER who sits on a chair watching him sleep.

RICK

What?!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Hey there, sunshine! I was wondering when you were gonna get up. Come on, I got ya some coffee. Let's get to work!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER hands RICK a cup of coffee.

RICK

Work?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

You don't think this place runs itself do ya? You wanna stay here, eat here? You gotta earn it. Come on! It'll be fun!

RICK wipes the sleep out of his eyes as he rises. He takes a sip of coffee and starts to get ready for his day, putting a shirt and shoes on.

INT. BUNKER - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RICK emerges to find DOOMSDAY PREPPER watching the snow on TV, laughing as though it's an entertaining comedy.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Have you seen this one before?!
I've got the volume off, letting
Pillow sleep in. Alright, well, the
daylight's wasting. Let's get to
work!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER shuts off the TV and heads toward the mudroom to exit the bunker.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

RICK and DOOMSDAY PREPPER emerge from the hatch. DOOMSDAY PREPPER leads RICK to a shed. He pulls out some tools including a shovel which he throws to RICK. An ALARM begins to sound.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Yes! Invader! Come on, let's go!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER runs off into the forest, followed closely by RICK. DOOMSDAY PREPPER fires a few warning shots into the air, as he sets off booby traps that were set off before. Just before the fire nearly singes RICK...

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)

Duck and tuck, Rick!

...RICK makes his body small, as before, narrowly escaping the fireballs. DOOMSDAY PREPPER ducks and RICK instinctively follows suit, letting the giant log pass just above him. They get to a clearing in the woods and find NICHOLE kicking her Segway. DOOMSDAY PREPPER lunges toward her with his shotgun.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)

Intruder!

RICK pushes the shotgun down toward the ground before it can be fired.

RICK
Nichole?! How did you get here?

NICHOLE
I was trying to get around the
highway block. I saw Segway tracks
and thought maybe you'd be here.
Then this piece of shit broke down.

RICK
Nichole, this is my new friend.
He's fixing my Segway, maybe he'd
be willing to fix yours too?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Oh, sure, shouldn't be more than a
day or two. Just follow us, you can
stay as long as it takes!

NICHOLE
Wow. Thank you!

RICK
We'll have a great time!

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE SEQUENCE

EXT. DEEP WOODS - SECONDS LATER

The three have a great time as they make their way through
the booby traps. The falcon flies behind them the entire
time. NICHOLE is set on fire a little bit at the second to
last one, but she stops, drops and rolls, and all is well.

CUT TO:

EXT. HATCH - MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the hatch, drenched, taking off their oxygen
masks, and the two men let NICHOLE go down first.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Over music, NICHOLE is introduced to the Pillow. DOOMSDAY
PREPPER is introduced to the falcon.

The five have a meal together, at the television, on TV trays. They all laugh at the snow as though it's a show.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER - MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

NICHOLE, RICK and DOOMSDAY PREPPER all dig holes. DOOMSDAY PREPPER flings some dirt at RICK. RICK flings dirt at NICHOLE, NICHOLE flings dirt at DOOMSDAY PREPPER and they all get dirt flung at them from off screen. As the camera zooms out, we realize that the pillow flung the last one. Everyone laughs and continues the dirt fight.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

NICHOLE sleeps with the falcon on the top bunk as RICK sleeps on the bottom bunk. DOOMSDAY PREPPER comes barreling into the room with pillow.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Can we sleep in here tonight? We
thought we heard a ghost.

NICHOLE and RICK look at each other.

NICHOLE
Okay.

RICK
But just for tonight.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - THE NEXT EVENING

NICHOLE, RICK, and the falcon sit on one end of the long dining room table. NICHOLE eats cranberries while RICK and the falcon eat the other canned goods. DOOMSDAY PREPPER and his pillow sit on the other end.

NICHOLE
Thanks again for letting us stay
here while the Segways get fixed.

RICK

Yeah, any idea when they'll be done?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Oh, shouldn't be more than a day or two.

RICK

I feel like you've kind of been saying that for a while now.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Oh, no, see, that's the bunker. Yeah, time goes by real slow down here, or real fast. What seems like a week is actually just a couple of hours and yet when it seems like a month it's actually been a year sometimes, isn't that right honey?!

Looks at pillow, laughing.

NICHOLE

(to RICK, quietly)

Something tells me he's not fixing the Segway.

RICK

I think you might be right.

NICHOLE

What should we do? Should we stay?

RICK

I don't think I can take it down here much longer. I say we slip out in the middle of the night. Segways or no Segways.

NICHOLE

The middle of the night?! This place has booby traps all over it.

RICK

Yeah, but, I think I know my way through them by now. Plus, there's a map of all that stuff.

NICHOLE

In the stockpile room?! The one you have to go into his butt to get a key for?

RICK

So, next time he asks me to do butt stuff with him I'll root around for the key.

NICHOLE

Wait, what?

RICK

I was cold. It was before you got here. Don't worry about it. It's a different world now, Nichole!

NICHOLE

Okay. Tonight. We run.

RICK

We run. Tonight.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Hey, chatty Cathy's, when you're done here I got a surprise for ya in the other room.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER runs out of the room and NICHOLE and RICK follow.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK walk in as DOOMSDAY PREPPER has one foot on blue and one foot on green of a homemade Twister mat.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

So, are we gonna do this or what?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER starts to take off his pants, leaving his shirt on. He flicks the spinner.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER (CONT'D)

Right hand blue, Ricky.

RICK

I might be able to get that key quicker than I thought.

The falcon squeals.

INT. BUNKER - RICK AND NICHOLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

NICHOLE and RICK get up out of their beds and begin walking the halls of the bunker. The falcon groggily sits on NICHOLE's shoulder.

INT. BUNKER - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They pass by the master bedroom where DOOMSDAY PREPPER sleeps while cuddling, mumbling to, and kissing his pillow. The two walk further down the hallways until they approach the stockroom. RICK pulls both keys out of his butt. NICHOLE looks at him a little confused. The two whisper as they talk, so as not to get caught.

RICK

What? That's where you keep keys when you're in a bunker situation.

NICHOLE

Listen, no judgement. You said yourself, it's a different world now. Let's just get the hell out of here and back to what's left of civilization!

RICK puts the two keys in the keyholes, turning them simultaneously. He looks up at the retinal scanner. The scan is complete with no problem and the second door is open.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Wait, how did you do that?

RICK

(shrugs)

He always says I have trusting eyes.

The two go through the second door.

INT. BUNKER - STOCKROOM - SECONDS LATER

NICHOLE

He didn't say that when you two were doing butt stuff did he?

RICK

Look! The Segways!

NICHOLE and RICK look across the room at their two Segways. They are dressed as a little boy and little girl, wearing a hat and bonnet, respectively, and overalls/a dress.

NICHOLE

Was he going to make them his children?

RICK

Does it matter?

NICHOLE and RICK go to the Segways. NICHOLE grabs the one dressed as a boy.

RICK (CONT'D)

Wait, I think that's mine. It's wearing blue.

NICHOLE

Oh my god, really Rick? Are we going to have to talk about societal gender norms right now?

RICK

You're right. Grab it, let's go!

NICHOLE and RICK make their way down the hallway, past DOOMSDAY PREPPER's room, when they realize it's empty. They continue to sneak down the hallway on their Segways, until they run into DOOMSDAY PREPPER emerging from the bathroom.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

Hey, what the hell do you two think you're doing?

RICK

We gotta get out of here.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

I thought you loved it here!

NICHOLE

I thought you were fixing these! Not making them into your children!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

They are fixed! And they're not my children! They're my doll babies!

NICHOLE and RICK make their way past the groggy DOOMSDAY PREPPER, into the mudroom.

INT. BUNKER - MUDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

RICK and NICHOLE approach the ladder leading up and out of the bunker. They get off their Segways and RICK begins to ascend the ladder, holding his Segway in his hand.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
 You two get back here with my doll
 babies!

RICK
 Nichole, come on, help me get this
 thing up!

With near super human strength, NICHOLE helps RICK get the Segway up the ladder as the two escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. HATCH - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK come out of the hatch with one of the Segways.

NICHOLE
 What about mine?!

RICK
 Leave him! Hop on!

NICHOLE
 Come on, Falcon!

RICK gets on the Segway, throwing the bonnet off to the side. NICHOLE joins him and they begin to ride off, the falcon following closely behind. DOOMSDAY PREPPER comes out of the hole with the "male" Segway. He gets on and begins to chase them.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

DOOMSDAY PREPPER chases NICHOLE and RICK as they read the map.

NICHOLE
 What about the booby traps?!

RICK
 According to this, we can just go
 around!

NICHOLE
 Why didn't we do that the whole
 time?

DOOMSDAY PREPPER has caught up to the two, but still lags about five feet behind.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Because it's not as fun and
challenging!

NICHOLE
You're crazy!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
And you're going to be charged with
kidnapping!

RICK
She's not kidnapping me!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
Not you, dummy! My doll babies!

The chase continues as DOOMSDAY PREPPER begins to shoot his
gun at NICHOLE and RICK, continually missing them completely.

RICK
I don't understand why he's such a
terrible shot.

NICHOLE
I know, you'd think with all that
free time he's probably constantly
practicing shooting.

RICK
I guess he's too busy making fake
families and watching fake TV
shows.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER
The Bachelor is not fake! I mean
sure, some of the scenarios are set
up, but the emotions are real!

He shoots some more. Still missing his targets.

RICK
Not that I'm complaining.

NICHOLE
No, totally, I'm really glad he's
not shooting us.

RICK
Totally.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY I-80 - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK finally make it out of the woods. The sun hits their faces. DOOMSDAY PREPPER is right behind them, but when the sun hits his face, he backs up, hissing like a vampire, all the way back into the woods.

DOOMSDAY PREPPER

And to think I was gonna let you
have a night with my fuck pillow!

DOOMSDAY PREPPER disappears from whence he came. Falcon soon joins NICHOLE and RICK.

RICK

(to NICHOLE)

We really dodged a bullet there.

NICHOLE

Yeah, I wonder who was going to get
the night with the fuck pillow.

RICK

I guess we'll never know.

NICHOLE

Okay, I say we've had enough
weirdos. No more stopping until we
get to Chicago. Deal?

RICK

Deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY I-80 - 24 MILES LATER

NICHOLE and RICK are by the side of the road, once again. They sit next to a highway amenities sign listing lodging, gas stations, and restaurants. The Segway lies on the ground next to them.

RICK

I really thought there'd be more
downhills for charging.

NICHOLE

Well, at least we broke down close
to some fun stuff.

RICK

What, a Conoco? Yeah, I guess we can get some more cigarettes.

NICHOLE

That's not what I meant.

NICHOLE points at the part of the sign that has the logo for "Mr. Rat's Pizza Emporium."

RICK

Nice!

EXT. MR. RAT'S PIZZA EMPORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK walk through the parking lot toward the theme restaurant. There are a surprising amount of cars and campers parked outside: 3. The two make their way through the doors.

NICHOLE

I hope the band is playing tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. RAT'S PIZZA EMPORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Upon walking in, NICHOLE and RICK are surprised to see that not only is the band playing, but there are a few families inside. There are children playing video games, eating pizza, and dancing with the band, while a few adults stand in line at the ball pit, waiting to fight MR. RAT, gladiator style.

RICK and NICHOLE sit down at a table with the falcon. A little kid approaches.

LITTLE KID

Can I get you two started off with any beverages?

NICHOLE

Don't you guys have beer here?

LITTLE KID

We do!

NICHOLE

Great! We'll take two beers please. And do you mind if we smoke?

LITTLE KID

Go for it. If you need some more cigarettes, my sister is selling.

The LITTLE KID leaves and RICK and NICHOLE look at each other surprised and a little happy.

NICHOLE

I kinda like this new world. I know we've met some weirdos, but, kids serving me beer and cigarettes? I could get used to this!

RICK

I'm gonna go use the bathroom. Ya know, take advantage of the fact that it's not a bucket.

RICK leaves as the LITTLE KID sets two beers on the table. NICHOLE takes a sip and RICK comes running back.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nichole! Do you have any tokens?

NICHOLE

Seriously?

RICK

Look, there's a change machine, can I have a dollar, please?! Please, please, please?!

NICHOLE

Okay, okay. You can have one dollar.

NICHOLE takes a dollar out of her pants pocket and hands it to RICK.

RICK

They have Jurassic Park here!

NICHOLE excitedly hands him more money and runs after him toward the video game. The falcon flies after her, landing back upon her shoulder when she stops just outside the game. They begin to climb inside until they realize something.

RICK (CONT'D)

Wait, I thought there was no power.

They both enter the game, again surprised, but this time to find out that another person is already in there.

PRESIDENT
I had a generator flown out.

RICK
Mr. President?!

PRESIDENT
Please, Rick, it's just Clyde now.

NICHOLE
How do you know his name?

PRESIDENT
I know everyone's name, Nichole.
It's my job. Or at least, it used
to be. Cool falcon.

NICHOLE
Thanks.

RICK
What are you doing here? I thought
you were going to Tahiti to meet
with scientists?

PRESIDENT
That's what I told everyone to
throw them off my scent while I
made my way here.

RICK
To Mr. Rat's Pizza Emporium?

PRESIDENT
This is the last place I remember
being happy, and if the world was
going to end, I wanted to be happy.

NICHOLE
But, you're the president, you have
responsibilities.

PRESIDENT
No I'm not.

RICK
Yes. You are.

PRESIDENT
Am not.

NICHOLE
Are too.

PRESIDENT
Nuh uh. I quit.

RICK
I don't think you can do that.

NICHOLE
Yeah, can a president quit?

PRESIDENT
I'm allowed! I'm an American!
Ducking out when things get tough
is one of the things we do best!

NICHOLE
I suppose that's true enough.

The PRESIDENT starts to get a little whiny.

PRESIDENT
I couldn't take it, you guys. I
couldn't handle the pressure. I
wanted to be in charge for the good
parts, but then it got all hard and
stuff.

RICK
I'm gonna go get our beers, be
right back.

PRESIDENT
Ooo! Get me one too?

RICK
Of course, sir!

RICK leaves the Jurassic Park game. NICHOLE and the PRESIDENT
continue to talk.

NICHOLE
But isn't that what presidenting
is? I mean, when you apply for any
job you know about the good stuff
and the bad stuff. Right?

PRESIDENT
Well sure, but you don't
necessarily think the bad stuff is
actually going to happen. You just
think, hey, maybe one day my face
will be on money!

NICHOLE

Sure, but, don't you feel bad for abandoning the country in its time of need?

PRESIDENT

It's hard to be in charge. In fact, that was going to be my slogan.

NICHOLE

"This is how we do it" was way better.

PRESIDENT

I know, right?! The guy that came up with that one has like three condos now. So listen, these people don't know who I am. Can you do me a favor? Don't tell them. I just wanna be a regular guy. At least until the economy is back up and running. Then maybe I'll go back to DC and resume my responsibilities.

NICHOLE

Totally. I get it. But how do they not know who you are?

The PRESIDENT puts a fake mustache on. RICK comes back with beers.

RICK

Where'd the president go?

NICHOLE points to mustachioed PRESIDENT. RICK squints in attempt to recognize him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Awesome disguise man!

PRESIDENT

So, what's your story? Where you headed? How long have you been married?

NICHOLE

We're not married.

RICK

We're not even a couple.

NICHOLE

Right. We were heading back to Chicago, but we're having transportation issues.

PRESIDENT

Really? Well, I can help with that.

RICK

You can?

PRESIDENT

Sure, I can give you a ride, wherever you wanna go. It's the least I can do for all you've done for me.

NICHOLE

Wait, what we've done for you?

PRESIDENT

You didn't rat me out. There's nothing worse than a rat.

They exit the Jurassic Park game and see a man dressed in the MR. RAT suit. He's in the ball pit, holding the LITTLE KID upside down, shaking him.

MR. RAT

I said light beer kid!

PRESIDENT

Guys, I'll give you a ride, but there's one more thing I've got to do.

The PRESIDENT runs into the ball pit, knocking down MR. RAT. He punches MR. RAT in the face, until eventually the rat head of the costume is turned all the way to the back. The PRESIDENT's fake mustache comes off and everyone gasps.

The PRESIDENT has finished, leaving MR. RAT lying in the ball pit. He turns his head back around and blood comes from the rat nose. NICHOLE, RICK and the other onlookers watch in awe as the PRESIDENT climbs out of the ball pit, adjusts his blazer, and walks confidently out the door.

When he gets to the door, just before opening it, he throws his fists up high in the air.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

This is how we do it!

NICHOLE

Such a badass.

NICHOLE and RICK follow the PRESIDENT out the double doors into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The PRESIDENT is nowhere to be seen. NICHOLE and RICK look around for a second or two, until a helicopter flies up from behind the restaurant, hovering low into the parking lot, just within reach of RICK and NICHOLE. The PRESIDENT, who's piloting the helicopter, reaches out a hand to them. NICHOLE grabs on first, hops into the helicopter, and reaches for RICK who does the same. They fly off into the horizon.

EXT. SKY OVER CHICAGO - LATER

The PRESIDENT continues to pilot the helicopter. RICK and NICHOLE are fascinated as they look out the helicopter doors which remain open. The falcon flies next to the helicopter. RICK, NICHOLE and the PRESIDENT yell over the wind and engine noise.

NICHOLE

You're such a cool guy.

PRESIDENT

Thanks.

RICK

Yeah, I mean, I guess that's why you're president, right? Or why you were president.

PRESIDENT

What do you mean?

RICK

Well, you're such a badass. It takes a badass to lead a country these days.

PRESIDENT

Well put. Have you ever thought of writing slogans? I could use you in my next campaign.

RICK

That'd be amazing! But, I thought you didn't want to be president anymore.

PRESIDENT

I don't know, Rick, I go back and forth, ya know? It's like talking to you guys and beating up that rat made me think this is what I'm meant to do. Maybe I *should* be a president.

NICHOLE

Definitely!

RICK

Say, you wouldn't happen to have a cigarette would you?

PRESIDENT

You shouldn't smoke, it's bad for you.

NICHOLE

Oh, totally, we just got addicted when the world was ending.

PRESIDENT

Here. Take these.

The PRESIDENT throws them a box of nicotine patches.

NICHOLE

Wow. See man, you really are a badass.

RICK

Mr. President, do you think I could be president one day?

PRESIDENT

You can do anything you put your mind to, Rick. Anything at all.

A flock of birds flies into the rotors of the helicopter. The helicopter catches fire and begins a chaotic descent to the ground.

NICHOLE

Are we crashing?! Hold on tight, Falcon!

NICHOLE flies out of the helicopter.

RICK

Nichole! Noooo!!!

PRESIDENT

You should go after her, Rick. You were meant to be together!

The PRESIDENT throws RICK a parachute.

RICK

You're right, Mr. President. Gosh, you're always right!

RICK puts on the parachute and dives out after NICHOLE. He somehow manages to catch up with her, catching her in mid-air, pulling the chord of the parachute. The two begin to drift to the ground, the falcon flying next to them. They land in a tree.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nichole. You okay?

NICHOLE groans.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

RICK lies in a hospital bed next to NICHOLE's hospital bed. NICHOLE wears casts on nearly every part of her body. The falcon sits on her shoulder, wearing a cast on his wing.

NICHOLE

You came after me.

RICK

Of course I did. What was I going to do? Let you die?

NICHOLE

You could have.

RICK

I wouldn't.

NICHOLE

Because you love me.

RICK

Sorry.

NICHOLE

No, it's okay. I'm glad, actually. I'm glad you love me, because, well...I love you.

(MORE)

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Everything I said in the DeLorean when we thought the world was ending, I meant it. I love you, Rick, and we *should* be together. I'm just sorry it took the world not ending for me to realize it.

RICK

Are you sure that's not just the morphine talking?

NICHOLE looks at her I.V.

NICHOLE

I'm actually not sure there's anything in here.

A "doctor" comes into the room.

DOCTOR

Okey dokey, so we've got you all fixed up. Now, unfortunately insurance doesn't exist anymore but we are willing to take interesting trades.

NICHOLE

Well, how much is it going to be? I mean, what did you even do to treat us?

RICK

Yeah, I don't really feel like I'm in pain. But I also don't feel medicated...

DOCTOR

Oh, we put back together your insides and stuff.

RICK

Are you a doctor?

DOCTOR

Meaning?

NICHOLE

Meaning a real medical professional?

A beat.

DOCTOR
(laughs)
Ya got me!

DOCTOR takes off his doctor's mask.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I always wanted to be a doctor so
when the hospital shut down I broke
in. Speaking of broken, I don't
think you actually broke anything.
But you might want a second opinion
about that.

NICHOLE and RICK begin to get out of their beds, rising to
their feet. NICHOLE begins to take the shottily applied casts
off her limbs, and removes the falcon's cast as they walk
away.

NICHOLE
Okay, we're going to go.

DOCTOR
But what about your fee?

RICK
You can bill us.

DOCTOR
Will do, mildew!

The two walk out the door. Just after they exit, a "nurse"
comes running into the room.

NURSE
Doctor!?!

DOCTOR
Yes...
(doctor air quotes and
winks)
"nurse"?

NURSE
An ambulance just arrived! It's the
president, he's been in a
helicopter crash! I think he's
bleeding out! But I have absolutely
no way of knowing because I don't
know what that means!

DOCTOR
Oh my god! We should call a doctor!

NURSE

And a nurse!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NEAR WICKER PARK - CHICAGO

NICHOLE, falcon on shoulder, and RICK are walking outside of the hospital. The sky is grey from smoke and ash. They look all around at things on fire, litter and debris everywhere, people lying in the streets, storefront and home windows broken out.

RICK

Home sweet home.

NICHOLE

This looks about the same as how we left it.

RICK

Yeah, you've always had a real way of picking out neighborhoods to live in.

NICHOLE

I wonder if the trains are still running.

They walk past a train car that's hanging off the tracks of the El system.

RICK

Well, definitely not the blue line at least.

NICHOLE

Isn't this my corner?

RICK

It is.

They stop.

RICK (CONT'D)

So, this is it, I guess.

NICHOLE

Yeah. You going to work?

RICK

Yeah. I need to at least go see if it's there.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)

I mean, now that I don't have a job writing slogans for the president anymore.

NICHOLE

Right.

The two continue to stand, facing each other.

RICK

So...

NICHOLE

So...

RICK

Did you mean what you said in the hospital?

NICHOLE

I don't know. I mean. I think so. I definitely love you. I know that. But I just don't know if I'm ready to jump into anything. I'm going to be so busy with the whole like dealing with the rebuilding of the economy and civilization and stuff.

RICK

Yeah, me too. Okay, cool. So, I guess I'll see ya around.

RICK begins to walk away. NICHOLE stops him.

NICHOLE

Wait.

NICHOLE pulls RICK in for a deep kiss.

RICK

You're good at that.

NICHOLE

So are you.

(a beat)

Maybe we could try it. Like, maybe an open relationship.

RICK

What's that?

NICHOLE

Like we're boyfriend and girlfriend
but we still get to date other
people. So we're serious, but also
not.

RICK

(sincerely)

Yeah. I don't see how that could go
wrong at all.

NICHOLE

Great!

RICK

Great!

NICHOLE

Ya know, if your work is still
there, they're probably not going
to be open this time of day. Wanna
come inside?

RICK

Absolutely.

The two head into NICHOLE's building.

RICK (CONT'D)

Any idea what time of day it is, by
the way? It's hard to tell with all
the ash clouds.

INT. NICHOLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

NICHOLE and RICK walk through NICHOLE's hallway. NICHOLE
pulls a key from her pocket and puts it in the door. The key
doesn't work.

NICHOLE

That's strange.

She tries the key again. An old lady's voice comes from
behind the door.

OLD POLISH LADY

I coming. I coming.

An OLD POLISH LADY opens the door.

OLD POLISH LADY (CONT'D)

What you want? We no buying today
okay? You come back never.

OLD POLISH LADY tries to shut the door in NICHOLE's face, but NICHOLE puts her foot in the door.

NICHOLE
No, wait, I live here.

OLD POLISH LADY
You Nichole?

NICHOLE
Yes.

OLD POLISH LADY
You no live here no more. I buy it.
Fifty cans.

RICK
You bought this apartment for fifty
cans?!

OLD POLISH LADY
Not whole apartment. All but
closet.

NICHOLE
So wait, let me understand you, you
bought my apartment, except for the
closet? So then who owns the
closet?

CUT TO:

INT. NICHOLE'S APARTMENT - CLOSET - THAT NIGHT

NICHOLE and RICK are stuffed into the closet of NICHOLE's apartment. They sit on either side of a small foldout card table. The falcon sits atop NICHOLE's shoulder as they eat dinner. NICHOLE occasionally feeds the talcon from her plate.

NICHOLE
This closet doesn't seem quite as
big when you're living in it.

The OLD POLISH LADY knocks on the door.

OLD POLISH LADY
I make dessert.

NICHOLE opens her closet door. The OLD POLISH LADY holds a plate of Kutia. The two take the plate and the lady smiles, shutting the door as she walks away.

They try to eat the desert, which is overly chewy and very difficult to consume. RICK looks at the small TV in the corner of the closet. The Seven-Teens are doing what looks to be a benefit concert for the oldest member of their group.

RICK

Turn that up.

NICHOLE turns up the tiny TV. Just then, the benefit concert is interrupted.

NEWSCASTER

We're so sorry to interrupt the Seven-Teens' benefit concert, but we need to bring you this special bulletin. A possible asteroid could be headed on a death spiral toward Earth! It will definitely either hit us, causing a worldwide apocalypse, or disintegrate into the atmosphere. Is it time to panic? This scientist says...

SCIENTIST

Umm...probably no--

NEWSCASTER

That's right, probably. You heard it here first. And now, back to the Seven-Teens!

JUSTIN TEEN, one of the Seven-Teens, addresses the crowd as well as the oldest member of the boy band, who sits in a wheel chair at the edge of the stage.

JUSTIN TEEN

...and we know you're gonna make it Gary, 'cause not even prostate cancer can bring down a teen! Because we're what?!

CROWD

Indestructible!

JUSTIN TEEN

That's right! This one's called "Indestructible," and it's for you! And you! And you!

The Seven-Teens begin to dance. Even wheelchair bound GARY TEEN joins in, as they sing a terrible song called "Indestructible," as an asteroid can be seen way off in the distance.

END