

EXT TAVARES, FLORIDA - DAY

1

Unceremoniously open to a naked foot, slightly bruised, flat on the hot asphalt. The toes wiggle, an ACE bandage wraps itself around the foot. A sock is placed gingerly on the foot. Finally, a worn boot is yanked on. The owner laces up the boot carefully and sets it back on the ground, testing its weight.

Cut to the owner, RYAN FREY (24), former call center employee, best on the floor. He is sarcastic, long winded, and right now, starving.

He pulls a water bottle out of his bag and drinks the entire thing. It's too god damn hot.

Hold on Ryan in a full shot, sitting on the curb. Text appears for a moment at the bottom of the screen:

DECEMBER 24TH, 2012

It disappears.

There's a sign above him and he looks up at it.

APOPKA 17

ORLANDO 29

He lets out a noise of disgust and looks behind him at a hotel with a restaurant in it.

Full shot of the restaurant and hold for a moment.

Cut to:

INT HOTEL BAR - DAY

2

Medium shot, open doorway, Ryan's silhouette appears and looks around in the room.

There's no light in here and Ryan pulls out a flashlight. He steps through the door.

Full shot, there are broken bottles all over the floor and they crunch when he steps on them.

He takes a peek in the kitchen door and sniffs, he's sure as hell not going back there.

The bar has some bags of chips and bottles of water, he grabs

those.

Before he leaves he pauses, there is a pristine bottle of whiskey on the counter. He grabs it.

Cut to:

EXT TAVARES, FLORIDA - DAY

3

Full shot, Ryan is back on the road and it's still so hot out here. He pulls a bandana over his face and presses sunglasses on.

Ryan begins walking and we follow him until he's walking away from us, pan out, up over the road, the town, and finally to the bones of central Florida.

There are massive sinkholes dotting its landscape, Florida is sinking.

EXT MOUNT DORA - DAY

4

The sun is a little lower and Ryan is still hobbling along.

A gunshot up ahead.

Up the road is a gas station and two figures. Ryan stops.

Extreme long shot, the figures also stop.

Medium long shot, Ryan hesitates, then holds up a hand to wave.

A gunshot pings off of car next to him.

Ryan recoils and throws himself behind a car, pulling out a decent sized machete and throwing his bag to the ground. He rips his glasses and pulls his bandana down, listening to the footsteps approaching.

Heavy breathing and then:

The footsteps slow. Ryan silently moves his way around his car as his pursuer comes around. The man is dressed in tattered clothes and looks about as scared as Ryan does.

He moves past the car and Ryan takes a few steps closer to him, holding out his machete.

The man turns, he looks scared but holds up his gun.

Ryan swings the machete, hitting the guy in the throat, and knocks the gun out of his hand.

It clatters, Ryan falls back to grab it, pointing it at the man but:

He's already bleeding out. He knows he made a mistake.

A distant yell, more footsteps. God, what now.

Long shot, it's the other figure from the gas station, she's running as fast as she can towards the car.

She must not see Ryan because she screams at the sight of the man on the ground.

She finally looks behind her, whipping her gun around before-
BANG.

Cut to Ryan, rack focus from the the gun in his hand to him, almost hyperventilating.

She slumps to the ground, gun clattering.

Hold for a moment, Ryan still in shock, he's just killed two people.

He gets up, leaving the gun on the asphalt.

Long shot of Ryan, leaning against the car, looking at what he's done.

He reaches for the man's bag and stops.

Squats, head between his knees, breathing hard.

Stands up again, takes a deep breath, looks again.

Pukes.

Come on Ryan, you've got this.

He rips the bag off the man and the woman and throws them to the side. One at a time, he pulls the bodies off the road and to the treeline placing them side by side.

He looks up at the cars.

Car one, nothing. Car two, nope. Car three, bingo, found a blanket.

Back to the bodies:

He throws the sheet over them and kneels.

Back on the road:

He goes through the bags. First one has some water, beef jerky, a huge beer. The second has a photo album.

He doesn't look inside of it and stops his searching.

Ryan scuttles to the bodies with the bags and places them by the couple he just murdered in cold blood. He stands there for a moment. No use dwelling on it.

He heads up the hill, hold on the bodies.

Cut to:

EXT GAS STATION - DUSK

5

Long shot, panning as Ryan comes into view, stopping medium long in frame. The windows are shot out and there's a few cars that look to be in good condition, but Ryan is more focused on the body next to the door.

He approaches cautiously and kneels down. There's no gun in sight.

Ryan reaches to feel a pulse. There it is!

He shakes the guy.

RYAN

Hey wake up-

He coughs, his voice is so rough, he can't remember the last time he spoke.

The man is resolute in his slumber.

Come on man, just-

Ryan stops, leans back on his heels.

Fuck.

It's getting dark. He looks up and down the road, then back into the gas station. Better than nothing.

Full continuous shot, pan as Ryan pushes open the door and drags the man in, laying him next to the soda fountain cabinet. He goes back to the door and piles display cases and whatever else he can find in front of the door.

Tight medium shot, Ryan turns around and stops dead, bringing his hands up slowly.

Cut to another tight medium, high angle shot, this is ALEXANDER JOSEPH "JOEY" TRAN (23), quiet, distrustful, bipolar as hell. He is lying on the ground, holding a gun in front of him at Ryan.

Wide shot of them staring each other down.

Finally, Joey lets his arm fall, gun clattering to the floor just before he does.

Ryan rushes to his side, throwing his bag down.

JOEY

Since you haven't killed me yet, hi.

He favors his left leg. Ryan helps him rip part of his jeans to show a ragged wound on his leg. Bloody, but not serious.

He begins pulling gauze and cleaning solutions out of his bag.

RYAN

What happened?

JOEY

These two people snuck up on me, shot at me while my back was turned.

RYAN

Doesn't look that bad.

JOEY

No. But I wanted to make it look like they hadn't missed. (a beat) I thought you were one of them coming back. I heard gunshots.

RYAN

No they uh... we had an encounter.
They're dead now.

Another beat as Ryan wipes away the last of the blood and starts bandaging Joey's leg.

JOEY

You a nurse?

RYAN

Call center admin.

JOEY

You should think about switching jobs.

RYAN

(snort)

You should be good now.

Joey inspects his leg and declares it good.

JOEY

Alexander Tran. You can call me Joey.

RYAN

Ryan Frey.

They shake hands and Ryan falls back onto his ass, exhausted.

They sit in silence for a moment, feeling the mood and catching their breath. It's been several days since either of these two have had to talk to someone.

RYAN

Where are you from?

JOEY

(hesitant)

Micanopy. You?

RYAN

Ocala. (a beat) When did you leave?

JOEY

Day after. It was raining really hard day of.

RYAN

Same.

More silence. This is fun.

Have you heard anything about...

He waves his hand in a noncommittal gesture. Joey shakes his head. Ryan nods. Joey seems to soften some.

JOEY

Where are you heading?

RYAN

Orlando.

JOEY

Family?

RYAN

My brother.

JOEY

You think he's still there?

Ryan takes too long to respond.

Sorry.

RYAN

You're fine. It's not a good first encounter if it ain't awkward as hell, right?

Joey smiles and they both laugh.

You know last week I was wearing a dumbass Christmas sweater at some party?

JOEY

Yeah?

As Ryan tells his story, they get more comfortable and Joey grabs a pack of chips from behind him.

RYAN

One of those really fancy ones the directors put on, showing you how much money they could be paying if they gave more of a shit. So our supervisor had too many drinks, as they do (Joey nods), starts hitting on our regional director. (a shocked gasp from Joey) I know. Toss me a drink from back there will you?

Joey reaches back and rolls one over to him.

Just walks up to her and gets his big sweaty hands all over her drink, sets it down on the table for her, like this stream of garbage he's about to pour down her gullet is the most important god damn thing in her life at the moment.

Joey chuckles and crunches on chips.

Me and my buddy are at the table next to her and she throws us this look like, god please, do either of you have a gun to shoot me between the eyes and spare me this cacophony of whatever noises are assaulting me right now? So my friend takes pity, she walks over and tries to ask her a question. Director jumps on her like a life raft but the guy, this overgrown bunion of a man, pushes my friend away and says "do you know who you're talking to?"

Joey makes an incredulous noise.

Pushes the terrified girl away and she slinks back to our table. So our Director is on her own against this guy. We take a few shots and we watch this lady's give-a-fuck meter slowly run out over the course of thirty minutes until finally, her wall breaks and slams both hands on the table and turns to the guy. Know what she says?

Joey shakes his head.

"The world could end and I still wouldn't want anything to do with you." And she walks away.

Joey appears more sober now but still crunches away.

JOEY

What did the guy do?

RYAN

I think he just died.

They both laugh.

What about you? Any fancy holiday parties?

JOEY

I think we had one at our office, I didn't go.

RYAN

Not a party guy?

JOEY

Nah. I just stayed in and... didn't do anything.

He looks a little upset at this, as if he didn't do enough before the world ended.

RYAN

I don't think any of us got in what we wanted to, man.

JOEY

You included?

RYAN

Me especially. Wasn't my dream to answer calls for 8 hours a day.

JOEY

You're not one of those "live for the moment" kind of guys?

RYAN

That shit's for white girls with Pinterest accounts and nothing else to do. I had bills to pay. Sure I would have loved to pack up my shit and book it to some other country but it's not like I had some rich boyfriend to help me on the plane or let me stay in his house while I found a job. What'd you do?

JOEY

I designed software.

RYAN

Did you like it?

JOEY

I- (a beat) I wanted to make games.
And I did during my free time. There's
a lot more that goes into game
creation than I thought. I guess I
could have moved to a bigger city
but...

RYAN

But?

JOEY

I was comfortable. I had a stable
paycheck. Felt like it'd be a stupid
move to risk it all for something I
might end up hating.

The sun has started to fade fast and it's getting dark.

RYAN

Where were you heading, anyway?

JOEY

Thought I could book it to the Keys.

RYAN

Down this way?

JOEY

Had a friend out here.

RYAN

Did you find them?

JOEY

Found a big hole where their
neighborhood was supposed to be.
Hopefully they got out before that
happened.

RYAN

You still want to go to the Keys?
They're not really known for their
sinkholes.

JOEY

Are they not?

RYAN

Have you ever been to the Keys, man?

JOEY

No.

RYAN

I went there once. A man tried to sell me a palmetto hat for \$5.

JOEY

(what the hell)

Yeah?

RYAN

I left, promptly.

JOEY

I don't know, I think I'd look good in a palmetto hat. Drinking some fine rum by the seaside.

They laugh into silence. That would be nice, wouldn't it?

Another slightly longer beat, then-

RYAN

Hey uh, you want to tag along for a while with me?

Jesus, Ryan, when are the invitations going out?

JOEY

Probably a good idea.

RYAN

See if you still want to head to the Keys when you see the finer things that Orlando has to offer.

Joey snorts.

Let's get some sleep. We can wake up and run downstairs to see what Santa brought us. It'll look better in the morning.

JOEY

Sure man.

Long shot of the two men on the floor. Joey lays down and Ryan pulls out a book.

Cut to the same shot, but it's daytime now. The book is laying on Ryan's chest and he's snoring. Joey stands over him, sipping on a soda.

Our title card appears at the bottom of the screen:

HOMESTEAD

And fades away.

He nudges Ryan's foot and he snorts awake.

Cut to Ryan, high angle shot as he blinks awake.

JOEY

It don't look no better.

Ryan cranes his neck to look outside. Joey holds out a bag of chips to him.

Breakfast?

Ryan nods and grabs the bag before standing up.

RYAN

Yeah well Merry Christmas to you too.

He stands up and opens the bag of chips.

We should probably head out soon. Can you walk on that stump of a leg of yours?

JOEY

Thanks to you.

They smile for a moment. Quick cut to:

EXT. HIGHWAY 441, DAY

6

Long shot, the pair walk down a road, we can see the heat coming off of it, the cicadas chirping. You can hear how hot it is.

Medium shot, the two men walk along.

RYAN

So what /do/ you think it was?

JOEY

What, this?

Extreme long shot of the landscape, broken and sad. Back to the men.

Probably just time. Time for us to move on and make room for the next sentient species on Earth.

RYAN
So, bees, right?

JOEY
They jumped off this sinking ship long ago.

They pass by a field with a large sign.

LIBTARDS REPENT

OBAMA ANT-CHRIST

Kept killing each other, Earth was tired of watching it so she did it her damn self.

Cut to a side road, two men creep out from behind cars with baseball bats and approach them.

Ryan instinctively throws his arm out to catch Joey, but Joey already has his gun trained on the two men. Ryan steps back.

Joey squares up and fires one shot.

Whip pan to the the two bandits. Joey shot his god damn hat off.

The bandits take their leave, hat-less and scared.

RYAN
Fair enough.

They begin walking again and pass a sign for Highway 414.

Where'd you learn to shoot like that?

JOEY
My dad. Stockpiled a whole mess of shit up in Perry during my formative years.

RYAN
Sorry, where?

JOEY

Perry, Florida? You never heard of it?

RYAN

I've lived in this state my whole life and I've never heard of it.

JOEY

Probably for the best. Anyways, he was a real end of the world nut and taught me how to shoot and scavenge.

RYAN

Seems oddly useful now.

JOEY

I guess it would be if I remembered any of it. The shooting is the only thing that really stuck.

RYAN

Thank god.

JOEY

So I have to ask, why a machete?

RYAN

Figured it was coming. (he spreads his hands) I don't like guns. They freak me out.

JOEY

I can limit use of mine if you'd like...

RYAN

No, no, you're fine, I appreciate the offer. This was the closest thing I could find that I could use as a weapon.

JOEY

You just have machetes lying around your place?

RYAN

It was this or the claymore.

Joey shoots him a look.

Kidding.

They walk a little further. Extreme long shot of Highway 441, the two men tiny figures meandering east. The road seems to go on and on. Cut back to Ryan.

Is Perry on the east coast?

JOEY

No, up north near Tallahassee.

RYAN

Then why were you heading to the Keys?

JOEY

I didn't feel the need to go back home.

RYAN

Aren't you worried?

JOEY

I think my dad's fine. We uh... weren't the best of friends in my childhood. Mom left us pretty early on and my dad never got over it.

RYAN

Sorry man.

JOEY

No big deal. I turned out alright didn't I?

RYAN

Seems so.

A beat.

JOEY

I never really had any friends though.

RYAN

(okay this is happening)
Can't see why. You seem like a swell enough guy.

JOEY

I never learned how to talk to people without sounding like a self-centered asshole.

RYAN

What do you mean?

JOEY

Well you know, my first instinct when someone tells a story is to tell one about something similar that happened to me.

RYAN

Eh, I think that's just the human condition. We all see ourselves in other people's catastrophes and want to offer sympathy in the form of shared scars.

JOEY

Well it stopped me from talking to people at all. Hell I almost didn't accept your offer. Figured it'd be bad manners to decline though.

RYAN

It's the end of the world, friend, I don't think manners matter all that much anymore.

JOEY

I have to disagree. I think they matter more now. And I'd like you to think of me as someone you can rely on in these troubling times. (steals a glance sideways) Please, stop me if I'm coming on too strong.

RYAN

I think these times call for accelerated friendships.

Joey goes to respond but is cut off by a low rumble.

Cut to medium shot from behind the two men and they turn around to face us.

Cut to long shot of the road behind them and the last running car in Central Florida, a '93 turquoise Honda hatchback, pattering away down the road.

Ryan and Joey look at each other and move to the side of the road as it gets closer. It speeds past and the men look almost thankful that they don't have to deal with it.

The car quickly stops ahead of them, like its making a big decision. It goes in park, then drive, lurches forward for a moment, and stops dead.

Cut back to the men who are thoroughly confused.

Cut back to the car, we can hear yelling. A frustrated growl and the driver's side door swings open.

A figure steps out and slams the door, resolutely looking away from the men. The passenger side door opens more gently, and another figure taps their way out carefully with some help from a cane.

The passenger door shuts and the figure taps around the car with their cane until they make it to the driver, who stomps their feet at them.

Ryan and Joey look at each other and make their way slowly to the car.

The two women continue arguing until the men get closer and Ryan clears his throat. The driver whips around and points a gun at him.

Cut to medium shot of:

KATHRYN "KAT" MONTGOMERY, 24, Orlando native, grumpy and argumentative, and fiercely loyal to her sister. Her sunglasses are far too big for her face and currently shoved up in her big hair.

RYAN

Whoa, hold up, we're just passing through.

Kat flicks her gun to the side.

KAT

Pass on through that way, then.

RYAN

Something wrong with your car?

KAT

Nothing we can't handle.

Her sister taps Kat's leg with her cane and we see that her sunglasses are not for fashion. This is NOVA MONTGOMERY, Kat's blood sister.

NOVA

Let them help, they sound nice.

KAT

Everything sounds nice to you.

RYAN

Nothing is smoking, looks like the engine is just flooded.

KAT

I know how to fix my own car.

Nova taps Kat's leg again and Kat rolls her eyes.

She sighs and throws the gun in her front seat, leaning in to pop the hood.

Ryan and Joey shrug at each other and follow her around to the front of the car.

Kat pushes the hood up and props it up on the stick (?). She takes the spark plugs out and sets them on a clear surface and makes her way to the back of the car.

RYAN

Where are you headed?

KAT

Why?

RYAN

Just practicing my end of the world manners.

She comes back around and presses a bottle of water into Nova's hands. She offers the other to Ryan and Joey, who decline.

KAT

I'm Kat. This is my sister, Nova.

Nova waves faintly at them and Kat takes out a cigarette, lighting it. Almost immediately, Nova begins tapping Kat's ankle.

RYAN

Ryan.

JOEY

Joey.

KAT
Cool. What's y'all's story?

RYAN
We're heading to Orlando.

Nova taps repeatedly until Kat hands her a cigarette and lights it for her. She taps Kat on her shoulder with the back of her hand.

NOVA
Hey that's where we're going, ain't it.

Kat looks murderous. Ryan and Joey have the graces to not question any further.

KAT
What's in Orlando?

RYAN
Hopefully my brother.

NOVA
What part?

RYAN
Winter Garden.

NOVA
Not too far from where we're staying.

KAT
Sorry, are you the one that's driving?

RYAN
Listen, we're not trying to impose here. We're capable of walking there on our own.

Kat grumbles and tosses her cigarette. She moves to the front of the car where she puts the spark plugs back.

Nova hums and tosses her cigarette as well and heads back to the passenger side of the car, leaning on the roof.

Kat slams the hood down and throws herself in the driver's seat.

She turns the key and cajoles the gas pedal, muttering curses or encouragement under her breath.

The engine starts and Nova whoops.

NOVA

Captain Wow lives to drive another day!

Kat pats the steering wheel with her balled fist.

KAT

Well hurry up and get in before the sun melts the tires off this lemon.

Ryan and Joey don't hesitate and proceed to squeeze in. Nova pulls her seat up and shuts the door.

Tight medium shot of Ryan and Joey indeed squeezed the hell into the tiny backseat. Their packs are stowed on top of all the other stuff behind the driver's seat.

They try really hard to not look at each other.

Long shot of the car going into drive and pattering away.

INT CAPTAIN WOW - DAY

7

JOEY

You two from Orlando?

NOVA

Yeah. Born and raised. What about you fellas?

JOEY

I'm from North Florida, Ryan says he's from Ocala.

RYAN

But I was born in Orlando.

KAT

Which part?

RYAN

Winter Park.

KAT

My dad lived up there. It's gone now.

RYAN

What?

KAT

You have seen these big ass sinkholes,
right?

RYAN

A few but they weren't big enough to
eat an entire part of town.

JOEY

So then why the hell are we heading
into sinkhole country?

KAT

This whole stretch of Florida /is/
sinkhole country. But I haven't seen
any new ones pop up in a few days.

JOEY

Doesn't mean they won't.

KAT

Well I'm not leaving Orlando.

She says this more to Nova than she does the men.

RYAN

Where are you coming from?

Kat goes silent for a moment and lights another cigarette.

NOVA

We were out for supplies.

RYAN

This far?

KAT

Yes.

Ryan shuts up but casts Joey a sideways glance. Joey shrugs.

JOEY

How bad is it out there? Do you know
what happened?

KAT

Not really. We've only seen Orlando, this part of Apopka, and about a couple miles from where we picked you up. Lots of sinkholes, lots of empty houses.

NOVA

We holed up at home during the first day or so until things had quieted down. (a beat) I felt it.

KAT

We all felt it.

NOVA

No I mean like I felt the build up before it happened. Like a huge rush of water and BAM. It was over.

KAT

Yeah well you have that weird blind people shit.

NOVA

You mean an increased sense of vibration? Whatever did this was deep in the bones of the earth. You'd have to be extremely disconnected not to have felt that.

KAT

Sorry I never put much stock into that quasi-spiritual-intellectual-hobnobbery bullshit. All I know is the god damn lights went out and now I'm stuck with this shitty car and-

NOVA

Me?

KAT

Don't take it like that.

Nova hums and stares out the window, more of a gesture than anything.

A few minutes pass and we can see more of Florida's scars now. Deep holes in the earth begin to appear on all sides of them, most of them filled with water.

Long shot of Highway 414 now, a huge sinkhole, about half a mile wide, stretches out in the middle of a town, getting deeper and deeper as it goes on. The car whizzes by it.

RYAN

Holy shit is that...

KAT

What?

RYAN

Look out there-

He struggles but points to their front right.

KAT

Holy god.

JOEY

That's not possible.

NOVA

I'll just hang out I guess.

KAT

It's Lake Apopka but it's... emptying?

She's sort of right. Extreme long shot of Lake Apopka, its waters swirling around like a huge toilet. Most of its north shore is like crumbled rock, turned to slush as the waters churn into it.

More sinkholes have appeared around it, their edges growing more and more by the hour.

Back in the car:

KAT

Dude I really don't think Winter Garden is there anymore.

RYAN

We have to try, we don't know what the south shore looks like.

KAT

I can see it from here and it ain't there anymore.

JOEY

Would it hurt to drive past it?

KAT

It might!

JOEY

Just give it a wide berth, I'm sure
we'll be okay.

NOVA

We have to go that way anyway.

Kat grumbles but Nova reaches over to pat her on the leg.

Ryan is still staring out at the lake and looks lost. Joey's
hand twitches and he reaches out to grab Ryan's.

To both of their surprise, Ryan takes it and squeezes.

Extreme long shot of the car winding along the road, the
swirling lake in the distance.

KAT

I don't like it. We need to head east,
not south, not west, fucking /east/.

NOVA

We'll head east in a minute. Didn't
you say you wanted to see what was out
there?

Kat grunts.

RYAN

How far west did y'all go?

KAT

Enough.

RYAN

Is it all like this?

KAT

Not... all of it.

RYAN

What do you mean? What did you see?

KAT

I don't know what I saw! Okay?

RYAN

How can you-

He's cut off by Joey who shakes his head.

JOEY

We appreciate you coming this far for total strangers.

KAT

Yeah you better.

NOVA

It's best we stick together if we have a choice.

They continue driving for a while and pass the 429 sign. They're still hugging the crumbling shore for as long as they can.

Finally they stop. Kat runs a hand through her hair and reaches out to grab Nova's.

RYAN

Why are we stopping?

Joey is staring straight ahead. Ryan looks at him and pushes closer to the middle to see. He gasps.

Extreme long shot of a huge shelf that they've stopped at. To their right, Lake Apopka is slowly trickling into the chasm in front of them. It stretches out and down in front of them. It's safe to say Winter Garden does not exist anymore.

Shit, let me out-

Nova doesn't hesitate to get out and move her seat up, tapping her way to the back of the car. Joey follows him out, grabbing their bags, but sticks with Nova.

Ryan rushes to the edge of the new cliff, running his hands through his hair and staring out.

It's a ragged wound that runs precariously around the lake's shore and opens up at the south end, widening enough to devour the entire Winter Garden area.

Beyond that, the sun glistens off of the lakes dotting the landscape, untouched for now.

Kat gets out and walks up to him, surveying the landscape.

KAT

I'm sorry about your brother.

RYAN

He may have gotten out. We don't know when this happened.

KAT

Maybe.

A low groan comes from the bowels of the earth itself and they all feel it, despite not believing in that quasi spiritual hobnobbery.

A loud crack! Like bones splintering, the weight of the water is too much and the tiny sliver of land between the lake and the chasm begins to crumble.

Large chunks of land give way, entire neighborhoods buckle and spill into the gaping maw. The water rushes forth and spills into the chasm as a giant waterfall.

KAT

Good god.

More chunks of land fall off and tumble downwards.

Another groan, this time it feels closer. Too close.

Kat whips around.

We have to go now.

RYAN

Where?

KAT

Not fucking here!

Ryan and Kat race to the car just as the ground drops a few feet. A large crack appears and Joey and Nova are thrown to the ground. He helps her up and she calls out to Kat.

NOVA

Kat!

KAT

I'm coming! Get in the car we have to go now!

The car's back left tire slips into the crack and Joey reaches in to grab the women's packs, grabbing Nova's hand and running around the car.

JOEY

This thing ain't getting out of here,
let's go.

Ryan takes his pack and waits for Kat, who is trying to get in the car.

RYAN

What the hell are you doing?

KAT

We need this car.

RYAN

We need you alive, don't be an idiot.

She looks back at her tire and lets out a muffled scream of frustration.

Ryan lunges forward to grab her arm just as the car slides pitifully into the forces of nature below them.

They start to run and spot Joey and Nova up ahead some distance.

Cut to Joey:

He's looking back at Ryan and Kat and the chasm growing ever closer.

NOVA

Where are they?

JOEY

They're right there, catching up,
don't worry.

But the chasm is making him worry. If it keeps going, they might not be able to outrun it.

As they get closer, Kat waves at them.

KAT

Go! Keep going!

Cut to Joey and Nova:

JOEY

I'm gonna grab your hand and we're
going to run again okay?

NOVA

But Kat-

JOEY

She's right behind us okay?

Nova nods and Joey grabs her hand. They begin to run and Kat and Ryan catch up quickly.

Extreme high angle long shot, the gap is growing wider and wider. Chunks of land fall into it effortlessly.

The chaos finally stops and the land settles into its new form.

Cut to:

EXT OCOEE, DAY

8

Medium long shot on them, out of breath and finally able to stop for a moment.

Nova lets go of Joey's hand and pats his arm in thanks. Kat moves to her and hugs her tightly.

Ryan looks back at the mess while Joey comes up next to him.

RYAN

I'm sorry.

JOEY

For what?

KAT

For killing my car!

Kat rushes over to him and pushes him. Joey tries to get between them but Ryan seems to give in to the punishment.

NOVA

Kat!

KAT

Now how the fuck are we going to get back?

She wants to push him again but doesn't. She takes her bag off her shoulder and pulls a fold out cane from it and presses it into Nova's hands.

She sits on the ground and doesn't move for a moment. Nova taps her way over and squats next to her.

NOVA

Where did you say we were?

KAT

I don't know.

JOEY

Looks like we're just off 429.

NOVA

So we should be about 10 miles from the shelter if we were anywhere near Winter Garden.

JOEY

Shelter?

NOVA

Yes, there was a shelter we were staying at on the south side. You should head there with us.

KAT

They can find their own god damn shelter.

Kat stands up and takes Nova's arm and begins walking.

NOVA

Kat, please-

KAT

I've had it with helping people today, I'm done!

NOVA

Will you just stop?

She rips away from Kat's grip, medium shot of Nova with the boys standing a little ways behind her, the great yawning chasm looming in the distance.

I'm sorry about Captain Wow, I am, but you're alive, and I'm alive, and we get to see another day.

KAT

Another day of what? You know, now of all times I wish you could see, so you would know the extent of how completely /fucked/ we are.

NOVA

What?

JOEY

Kat please, if you don't want us joining you two, we'll be on our way. We can find somewhere else to go.

NOVA

No, I want you both to come with us because we need the help!

KAT

We can make it on our own!

NOVA

But we don't have to and neither should they.

Kat looks like she wants to scream. Ryan approaches her and she almost does.

RYAN

I'm sorry about your car and I'm sorry I drug you and your sister all the way out here. I never wanted to put you all in danger.

Kat glares at him and there's an uncomfortable silence.

But Nova's right, there's strength in numbers. We can help you as much as you can help us.

Kat continues to glare. She looks over at Joey and then at Nova. Strong, brave, Nova. If she were half as brave as her sister.

KAT

Help this.

She flicks him off and picks up her bag, holding a hand out to Nova and gesturing down the road.

It's about 10 miles up the road here.
It'll be dark soon, so move your
asses.

Ryan and Joey exchange glances before hurrying their asses
up.

Extreme long shot, you really need to understand how massive
this place is and how many holes are appearing. Literally
dotting the landscape. It's a wonder they're making it
through relatively unscathed.

Cut to:

EXT HIGHWAY 435 - DUSK

9

Long shot, the group approaches the highway 435 intersection.
Kat motions to take a right.

KAT

We can follow this down to I-4 and
take our exit there.

RYAN

Shit are y'all holed up at Universal?

KAT

You wish, you geeky dick. It's the
IKEA at the mall.

JOEY

That's a perfect place for a shelter.

RYAN

How many?

KAT

About a couple hundred. The entire
mall is really a shelter but we hang
out mostly at IKEA.

NOVA

They got nice sheets.

RYAN

And those meatballs.

KAT

Ain't no damn meatballs.

Joey chuckles and Kat relents enough to smirk. She's warming up to them, unfortunately.

The sun is getting lower and they make it to I-4, it's not long now.

As they reach their exit, they can see the city skyline proper now, behind the big overpass with the city's name splayed across it. Most of the town is on fire.

Extreme long shot, the group takes their exit and heads to the mall.

Long shot, tilt up, the Mall at Millenia is surrounded by cars and makeshift walls and the group enters it. The IKEA stands in the background, small fires burning outside of it.

Cut to:

EXT IKEA - NIGHT

10

POV, rifle scope, on the group.

Cut to: extreme close up, a heavily lashed eyeball. The eye blinks.

Back to the rifle scope.

HANA (O.S.)

Who is this tall drink of water?

Cut to full shot, the back of a pickup truck. A woman has set up camp in the back of it, her rifle perched on a makeshift stand to watch the entrance of their camp.

Cut to a close up of the woman, putting her rifle down and looking at the group with her naked eyes.

This is HANA ROGERS, 25, the most feared auditor in central Florida. She is near bald, black, and standing up to stretch.

Cut to full shot, Hana is jumping out of the truck and walking towards the group.

HANA

Kathryn is that you?

Cut to the group who is now within shouting distance of the front of the shelter.

KAT

Oh, Hana, you sure do know how to piss me off.

HANA

You gonna tell me who these fine young fellows are?

KAT

Couple of assholes we picked up outside of Apopka.

Hana looks around Kat and regards them.

HANA

They don't look like assholes to me.

KAT

They killed my car.

Hana places a hand over her heart and her eyes widen. Kat rolls her eyes.

Whatever, let's get inside. It's hot as fuck.

Hana nods and gestures them to follow her. Kat hangs back with Nova while the men catch up to Hana.

HANA

You two have names?

RYAN

Ryan.

JOEY

Joey.

HANA

Good to have you. Any skills we should know about before we take you in?

RYAN

Like what?

HANA

You know, are y'all doctors, engineers, anything useful for us in the apocalypse?

RYAN

Oh, um...

JOEY

He's pretty good at patching minor wounds up. And I'm a decent shot with this.

He pulls his shirt back to show his pistol. She leans over to look and nods.

HANA

Alright. We have a couple rules here.

As she speaks they move through the parking lot where tents are set up. People sit around fires and seem relaxed. Some are playing cards. There are even a few children scuttling around.

Everyone has to contribute if they can. The Blood Sisters back there do the most, they go scouting for us. Bring back supplies if they find any.

Ryan looks back.

KAT

And I found some but now they're at the bottom of a lake.

HANA

Let bygones be bygones, at least y'all are okay. There's a few hundred people here but half stay over there in the mall. Over here at the IKEA we have roughly a hundred folks hanging out.

They reach the front doors and enter with the consent of two guards.

INT. IKEA, NIGHT

11

It's dark in the store but there are lights scattered about, big lanterns dotting the darkness and candles almost everywhere.

She leads them past the front and into the back area with the large floor-to-ceiling grates that hold giant boxes of furniture.

We tried doing a no-gun rule but quickly found out that most people would rather die than hand over their guns. I wouldn't expect any less of a good Floridian. So please don't cause a ruckus, if you take food, make sure you restock, and do some daily chores around the shelter. They're kept on a board up front. You'll be staying in one of these makeshift rooms but I'd like to take you to our head honcho.

RYAN

Y'all have a leader?

HANA

Not a leader per se, but he did set up this whole place and likes to know what's going on. We try and keep him in the loop whenever someone new pops in.

KAT

We're going to head back to our room to eat.

HANA

Yeah? Try and stop by before you go to sleep. We want to know what you found.

Kat grumbles at them before leading Nova to a "room" down the way a bit.

Hana leads them to the back of the store where a room is sectioned off. She pulls aside a curtain where two men have set up camp in one of the show rooms.

The two men look up as they all enter.

HANA

Just me. Got a couple of newcomers.

Ryan takes a look at the man and gasps.

RYAN

Ian?

How convenient! IAN FREY, 27, stands up and he's slightly taller than his brother but there's no mistaking the two are related.

Ian looks torn for a moment but he closes the space between them and hugs Ryan, who stands there for a moment before returning the hug.

IAN
I thought I'd never see you again.

RYAN
You almost didn't.

They break the hug and Ryan moves away slightly.

We almost ate it right outside Winter Garden. By the way, did you know Winter Garden is gone?

IAN
I did.

He motions for them to sit down around the fake campfire they've set up and now they turn their attention to the other man in the room.

Everyone this is Matthew, my boyfriend.

The word 'boyfriend' is strained but it's the word he has to use.

MATTHEW EDWARDS, 27, sort of a jock, sort of an idiot, mostly ignorant of social cues but only because he's too caught up in his own world. He waves and they sit down.

Ian's eyes flick to Joey.

You gonna introduce me to your...?

RYAN
This is Joey. Met him at a gas station.

IAN
Romantic. Are you two hungry? We've got some leftovers from dinner, I'm sorry we can't offer more.

RYAN
It's more than enough, thanks.

Ian passes them a tray with bits of bread and canned whatever on it. Hana nods to something else behind him and he tosses her a bottle of whiskey with maybe a shot and a half in it.

HANA

Well this is just a Christmas miracle isn't it? Look at you two, happy as can be.

While Ian certainly looks relieved, Ryan's face is hard to read. She swirls the bottle around and regards the small amount of liquid in it.

Damn. Thought this would last me longer.

IAN

If you didn't drink like a fish it might have.

HANA

How was I supposed to know how boring the apocalypse would be?

Ian chuckles as Hana pours out a sad half shot and takes it.

Absolute horse shit.

Ryan hums like he's remembered something and digs around in his pack.

RYAN

You drink Blue Label?

HANA

Are you serious?

Ryan indeed pulls the bottle of whiskey he grabbed earlier out and hands it to her.

RYAN

Merry Christmas. (a beat) I would like a shot or two out of it.

HANA

God damn, Ian, you didn't tell me your brother was an angel of the Lord himself.

IAN

I doubt angels from on High would come bearing whiskey, especially on their Lord and savior's birthday.

HANA

Mine would.

She takes the bottle and crosses the room to the kitchen where she carefully pours herself and Ryan drinks.

IAN

Are Kat and Nova back yet?

HANA

They are, came in with these guys. She went straight to her room, said she'd swing by after eating to talk to us.

IAN

Was she upset?

HANA

No more upset than usual. Her car died.

IAN

Captain Wow? Oh no.

Hana rolls her eyes.

Ryan, you walked all the way here from Ocala?

RYAN

More or less. Left the day after it happened.

IAN

And you thought to come to Orlando first?

Ryan shifts uncomfortably.

RYAN

I guess.

JOEY

Have you all heard anything about what's going on?

IAN

Unfortunately no. That's why Kat and Nova are so important, they do most of our scouting. They had set out for Tampa the other day to see what they could find.

RYAN

Tampa?

IAN

Only to see the Gulf. When they got back they were going to stock up and head to the other side, near Merritt Island.

RYAN

How did you set this place up? Were you not at home when it happened? How many other shelters are out there?

IAN

One at a time little man.

Ryan sits back but doesn't take too much offense at the nickname.

We were at home when the Wave hit, but Winter Garden didn't sink immediately. We got as many people out of there as we could and brought them with us. Nothing worked. The roads were jammed, sinkholes started popping up everywhere. The people we saved just scattered.

HANA

We wanted to head more to the south, but got cut off.

RYAN

By what?

HANA

What do you think?

Hana sits down with her drink and hands one to Ryan.

IAN

So we stopped here and set up camp.
Before we knew it, more and more
people were coming looking for
shelter. A few people have come from
Kissimmee, but no more south than
that.

JOEY

Why?

IAN

Couldn't say. Maybe they found another
way up.

A knock interrupts them.

Kat?

KAT (O.S.)

Yeah.

IAN

Come on in.

Kat and Nova enter but do not sit.

Kat, I'm sorry about your car.

KAT

I wish y'all would cut it out, she
meant a lot to me.

IAN

(confused)

I know she did.

KAT

Right, I forgot you're the only person
here with a heart of gold.

Hana snorts.

IAN

What did you find?

For once, Kat looks worried. She is grumpy and sarcastic but
doesn't let fear get to her.

KAT

I'm not sure I followed the map right.

HANA
It's Tampa. You go west.

NOVA
You followed it fine.

KAT
How would you know?

Nova shrugs, nonplussed by her sister's irritability.

HANA
So then what are you talking about?

KAT
(a beat) Tampa's... gone.

Cut to various confused faces. Finally, Ian looks around before looking at Kat.

IAN
To clarify, it's been... what, burned to the ground? Leveled by a squadron of military bombers?

KAT
No, I mean I-4 comes to a dead stop at Plant City.

IAN
(a beat)
That's not possible.

KAT
You go fucking look then!

Matthew leans forward and finally speaks.

MATTHEW
You mean the road is just blocked off or something?

KAT
(slowly)
No. I mean. I was driving on I-4 and I had to stop because there's no more I-4.

MATTHEW
I don't-

KAT

How dense are you? It's ocean! There is road, and then there is ocean! It just stops! There is no city!

Matthew sits back. Ryan and Joey just stare. Hana takes another long sip.

IAN

Kat, if this is true-

KAT

Why would I lie about something so obviously unbelievable?

IAN

-then we need to reevaluate our current position.

KAT

Geographically or philosophically?

RYAN

At this point, both.

IAN

Do you all still want to head to Merritt Island?

KAT

I am heading as far up north as my ass can go.

IAN

What?

KAT

What did I say? Nova and I are leaving first thing in the morning. I'm not staying on this sinking pile of trash any longer. And if y'all are smart you'll come with me.

She exits, leaving gloom in their wake. A beat, then-

RYAN

What the hell, man, an IKEA? Of all places?

IAN

I like their meatballs.

HANA

Ain't no meatballs here anymore.

MATTHEW

I'm sorry, did you not hear the part where Tampa is just gone?

IAN

We all heard it man, we were here.

MATTHEW

So what are we going to do?

IAN

What do you mean?

MATTHEW

Are we not leaving immediately?

IAN

Where are we going to go?

MATTHEW

Like Kat said, up north.

IAN

How do we know it's not worse up there?

MATTHEW

We don't. This entire place could be sinking and we're just sitting here.

RYAN

I have to agree, we saw Lake Apopka earlier, draining into this big hole in the ground near your old place.

Ian looks at him.

IAN

We need to think on it. We can't just pack up and leave. There's a lot of people here who can't do that.

MATTHEW

Who cares about them? We need to protect ourselves! Your brother just got here, you thought he was dead, you said it yourself.

Ian looks uncomfortable.

IAN

I told these people that-

MATTHEW

That you'd be the knight in shining armor and save them all?

HANA

I hate to say it but he's right.

Now Ian looks more uncomfortable. Silence for a moment.

JOEY

Ian, earlier you said "The Wave", does that mean anything? Did you all see anything?

IAN

We say the Wave because it hit like one. It felt like a huge shock wave when it hit that morning. Everything just.. stopped. At first we saw power crews out trying to fix it but they realized there was nothing to fix.

JOEY

What do you mean?

IAN

We tried to get around the city as best as we could but... well, you've seen it. Those damn holes just appeared and swallowed everything. Massive chunks of the city are gone. I wouldn't be surprised if most of the state was gone.

RYAN

So what are they going to do?

IAN

What's... who going to do?

RYAN

You know...

He makes a vague gesture that might mean "The Man" or "the government".

HANA

I don't think there's anything they can do at this point.

RYAN

They're just going to leave it like this?

HANA

How do you mitigate this? How do you plan for the risk of the earth opening up and swallowing your town whole? You pack up and you spend what little time left you have with your family.

RYAN

Is that what we're going to do?

IAN

The world ended and you want to explore?

RYAN

Better than sitting here waiting for this part of the city to disappear.

IAN

This isn't a comic book or a video game. We make one wrong move out there and we're dead.

RYAN

Or we die here.

No one is on Ian's side tonight. Hell of a Christmas.

HANA

Look, let's all just get some sleep and talk about it tomorrow with the rest of the camp. Sound good?

She looks around at them all and nods her way out.

MATTHEW

We should go to bed too, Ian.

Ian almost rolls his eyes.

IAN

Come on guys. I'll show you to an empty room y'all can have.

They stand and exit. Ian leads them down the hall a bit to an empty show room.

Unless you need separate rooms?

RYAN

No we don-

JOEY

It's not like that-

IAN

Alright, no need to protest too much.

He pulls back a curtain to reveal a nice studio flat, complete with kitchen and back room.

I'll come by in the morning. We've got a lot to discuss as a group. And Ryan?

Ryan looks up.

I'm really glad you're here.

Ryan smiles, hopefully he's glad to be here too.

Ian exits.

The men put their bags down and flick on a lamp that's sitting on the counter.

RYAN

I can take this couch thing so you can sleep on this bed back here.

JOEY

No you can take it, I don't mind-

RYAN

Yeah but your leg.

Joey snorts and sets his bag down.

JOEY

Thanks.

RYAN

I meant it when I said I was sorry earlier.

JOEY

You feel bad enough to think you needed to say it again?

RYAN

I almost got you killed today.

JOEY

Listen if it wasn't for you, my ass might have wandered into one of those sinkholes on the way to the Keys. Or there might not be any Keys left and I wouldn't know where to go. My life would be one big, meandering mess if you hadn't found me.

RYAN

Stop, I'm blushing.

JOEY

Yeah, yeah. (a beat) Why aren't you happy to see your brother?

RYAN

What?

JOEY

You walked over a hundred miles to get here. You relieved?

RYAN

I am happy to see him. It's just... weird.

JOEY

Weird?

RYAN

I haven't seen him in a while is all. Not the reunion I had pictured.

JOEY

I get that.

RYAN

And now that I know about Tampa I want
to get out as quick as possible.

JOEY

I get that too.

They sit for a moment. Medium long shot of the pair, each in
their own world.

RYAN

Go on, go to sleep.

Joey nods and heads back as Ryan sets up on the couch. Full
shot, bird's eye view of Ryan, pack behind his head. The
light from the lantern fades out.

Fade in on:

EXT. I-4, NIGHT

12

Extreme long shot of I-4, at the bottom of the shot is the
IKEA, near the middle is the Holy Land Experience, on the
opposite side of the highway.

Silently it topples into a gigantic hole, catching on fire as
it goes.