

Alone

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Sunlight shines through the vertical plastic blinds. They bounce lightly against each other as the ceiling fan spins at full speed.

The bouncing blinds create an effect on the sunlight and they make it look like it dances on the floor.

A young woman lays on the couch on her side. She stares into space, solemn, sad, alone. This is GIRL (early 20s). The dancing sunlight shines on her face.

The living room in which The Girl is in is dark except for the sunlight.

The Girl continues to stare off into space.

The ceiling fan WHOOSHES.

GIRL (V.O.)

I think everybody's dead. I kind of
got the feeling after the news
stopped broadcasting two days ago.

The Girl's cell phone sits on the coffee table in front of her. Empty drink glasses, plates, and other trash clutter the table.

GIRL (V.O.)

Which was the last time I had
gotten a phone call from someone.
Even my mom, who was calling
non-stop. It seemed as though
everything just decided to end all
at the same time.

CLOSE UP: The Girl's eyes.

GIRL (V.O.)

All the wailing sirens, the news
updates, they all just...stopped.

(Beat)

And then everything went quiet.

There's a loud, piercing TONE as The Girl sits up that slowly fades away.

She rubs her face, then rests her head on her hand and looks over at the door.

Duct tape covers the cracks in the door.

Next to the door is a large A/C vent. A garbage bag has been duct taped over it.

GIRL (V.O.)

Before the news did cut off, they said something about how scientists claimed that the virus was some mutated form of the Bird Flu or something.

The Girl continues to stare at the A/C vent.

GIRL (V.O.)

It started off with one person, then two, then four, sixteen, thirty-two, etc. Then they stated that it could be airborne. They didn't say it **was**, but I didn't want to take any chances.

(Beat)

And now...Everybody's dead...

CLOSE UP: The garbage bag flutters in the breeze from the fan.

The Girl stands up and walks over to the blinds. She looks out the window.

GIRL (V.O.)

I've seen too many movies and documentaries about viral outbreaks, and I knew that even the slightest breath of air, or touch against the skin, could be a successful transmission. I avoided contact with everyone around me. My neighbors, my apartment manager..., them...

The Girl continues to look out the window.

GIRL (V.O.)

I've never gone this long without coming into contact with anybody before. I would rely on the television to keep me company, but now since the cable isn't showing anything anymore, all that's left are me and my thoughts.

The Girl slowly turns and walks away from the window. The blinds shake as she lets go of them.

GIRL (V.O.)

Being so alone, and knowing that
it's going to be this way
practically for the rest of your
life...It really creates an impact
on you.

The blinds slowly come to a stop.

GIRL (V.O.)

The thought of living in a world
where everyone around me is dead
gets me thinking...And some times I
think that throwing myself over the
edge of my balcony will solve
everything. But then I remember
that if the fall doesn't kill me...
It will...

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

BREEZEWAY

The breezeway is empty and wide.

GIRL (V.O.)

I usually look through the peep
hole to check the breezeway and see
if there's anybody outside my
apartment. Every so often.

CLOSE UP: The peep hole.

GIRL (V.O.)

So far I haven't seen anything yet.
Maybe a cat every once in a while.
But that's about it, nothing else.
I shouldn't have anything to worry
about up here. They usually can't
go up or down stairs very easily
anyway.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

LIVING ROOM

The Girl is back on the couch. The light coming in through
the blinds is still the only light, which makes her a
silhouette.

She drops pennies in a glass of water. Boredom to the max.

GIRL (V.O.)

Movies and video games are obsolete since there's nobody to watch or play them. Food will spoil, technology will be left unfixed, and books are only enjoyable the first one or two times. The only good thing about this pandemic is that there's no traffic. But when you're living in a world where you can't go outside...

She drops another penny into the glass of water.

The Girl walks around the coffee table and disappears into another room of the apartment.

GIRL (V.O.)

I'll have to get out of here sooner or later, though. It's the middle of the summer here in Texas, with no rain and temperatures as high as 108 degrees. The power will probably go out soon at these apartments, which means my ceiling fan will stop and this place will become a giant oven. The trash is starting to stink up the place and I could probably catch some other disease if I stay here too long.

The Girl sits on the floor and slips her shoes on. She begins to tie the shoelace of one.

GIRL (V.O.)

Sooner or later.

She ties the shoelace of the other.

GIRL (V.O.)

Probably sooner.

The Girl's hands RIP the tape off the doorway. She throws the scraps to the floor.

The Girl stands at the door. She stares at the locked locks above the door handle.

CLOSE UP: The Girl's eyes. They look sad.

GIRL (V.O.)

I've spent my entire life being around people, and knowing that
(MORE)

GIRL (V.O.) (cont'd)
 they're all gone, along with
 everything I've worked for, and
 that I'm going to be alone for the
 rest of my life is something that I
 don't want to live to see.

She looks at the locks on the door.

GIRL (V.O.)
 Everybody's dead. Everyone I know,
 my family, my friends, my
 classmates, my co-workers...

The Girl reaches for the deadbolt lock.

She twists the lock. CLICK.

GIRL (V.O.)
 Everyone I've come into contact
 with in my life is most likely
 dead.

The Girl reaches for the second lock beneath it.

CLOSE UP: The Girl's eyes.

GIRL (V.O.)
 And they're probably outside that
 door, walking around, waiting.

She twists the lock. CLICK.

GIRL (V.O.)
 For me.

She grabs the door handle and twists it. The door CRACKS as
 it opens.

The Girl walks out of the apartment and shuts the door
 behind her. Pan over to a tape recorder that stands up on a
 counter. The tape rolls.

GIRL (V.O.)
 If you're listening to this, I've
 decided to go outside where
 everyone else is. Where my mom is,
 my dad, my friends and family
 members, the people who I've ever
 associated myself with. And they
 will all find me. And get me. And
 I'll become what they are as well.
 (Beat)

(MORE)

GIRL (V.O.) (cont'd)
And then I won't feel so alone
anymore.

The tape rolls for a bit longer and then--

CLICKS to a stop.

CUT TO BLACK.