

Drink Canada Dry

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

We open on a cozy CAPE COD style home, The front door, painted red, windowless, suddenly BURSTS OPEN and CLAYTON PROCTOR, mid 30's, darts from his house, keys in hand, front door left wide open. In the driveway, a BLACK FORD MUSTANG which Clayton jumps inside, JAMBS the key into the ignition and fires the engine, wincing at the PIERCING TONE coming from the car radio speakers.

SFX: High pitched tone of the EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM.

Seconds later, the whining tone ceases, replaced by an ANNOUNCEMENT.

ANNOUNCER (OVER RADIO)

This is a message from the
Emergency Broadcast System. This is
not a test. Seek higher ground and
shelter immediately. We repeat,
this is not a test.

CLAYTON

What the hell is going on?

Clayton throws the muscle car into reverse and GUNS the engine, the car SCREECHES down his concrete driveway and barreling backwards into the empty street, narrowly missing several trash barrels left for pickup. Hastily, he throws the transmission into first gear and the car lurches forward and ROARS off down the road.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR OF MUSTANG

Clayton pulls a cell phone from his pocket and fingers the number pad as he speeds past a slew of chaos. Neighbors fleeing their homes in a panic.

CLAYTON

Come on, come on!

The Emergency Broadcast is repeated on the radio, with no new information offered, Clayton switches the radio off.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
 (frantic now)
 Pick up, Baby, pick up.

Clayton guides the Mustang past, and sometimes around, other vehicles and pedestrians. As the neighborhoods fly by, we see more and more people fleeing their homes, just as Clayton has done, running with children, some clutching belongings, others yelling into cell phones. In a word, Hysteria.

RELIEF on Clayton's face as he hears a connection made on the cell phone.

SARAH (V.O.)
 (nervous but relieved)
 Clay? Hello?

CLAYTON
 Sarah, sweetheart, thank God you answered. Where are you?

SARAH (V.O.)
 I'm at work, did you hear it?

CLAYTON
 I sure did, it was all over the T.V. but no details on what the frig is going on. Have you heard more?

Clayton narrowly misses a family running across the road and accelerates once the car is safely clear of them, blue exhaust billowing behind in his wake.

SARAH (V.O.)
 Where are you now?

CLAYTON
 On my way to get you. This is one weird fucking day.

CUT TO:

POV FROM MIDDLE OF ROAD

The Mustang roars off towards the horizon.

SUPER: "EARLIER THAT DAY."

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - MORNING

Clayton exits the mustang and considers the beauty of this beautiful morning, as he heads towards the supermarket entrance, cell phone to his ear.

CLAYTON

I'm just going in now, and I
promise that I'll get the Rocky
Road this time, I forgot you don't
like coffee.

As Clayton speaks these last several words he's nearly drowned out by a MAN wearing a BILLOWING, WHITE ankle length ROBE, holding a LARGE SIGN on a long wooded POLE. The sign reads, "Then End Is Nigh."

Clayton takes a wide berth around the man who PARADES and SHOUTS, the large pole and sign jabbed at the Heavens to emphasize his words.

RELIGIOUS ZEALOT

(loud and urgent)

Repent, repent. The end is near.
Repent.

Clayton holds the cell phone tightly to his right ear, his left hand cupping his the opposite ear.

CLAYTON

Who the fuck is this nut?

SARAH (V.O.)

Who is that? Sounds like a bible thumper. Didn't know we had any of those around here.

(Sarah giggles)

Don't go joining any cults until you consult with me first.

Clayton enters the supermarket, the noisy Zealot continues his repetitive ranting, but for Clayton, the sound fades as he moves further inside...

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Clayton pushes a grocery cart through the aisles of the market, selecting items and depositing them into his cart. Sporadically, he compares ingredients and calorie count, but doesn't seem committed to the process, choosing diet sodas, yet still grabbing potato chips and a juicy steak.

We move to the next aisle and see a small well dressed ELDERLY WOMAN, white hair, frail, struggling to reach something on the top shelf.

We approach as the woman begins attempting to climb the metal shelving to retrieve the item.

CLAYTON
(frantically)
Oh, oh no. Let me help you with
that, Ma'am.

The elderly woman doesn't appear to hear and continues her climb, reaching for the box of elbow macaroni that's still, just, out of her reach.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Ma'am, please, I can...

Clayton is there, just in time, as the woman loses her hold on the top shelf and begins falling backwards and downward.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
I gotcha'.

Clayton is there in the nick of time and the small and frail woman falls into his arms, safe and sound.

ELDERLY WOMAN
(gasping)
Oh, my.

Clayton steadies her on her feet and releases her from his arms.

CLAYTON
Wow, that was close. Are you OK?

The elderly woman, face flushed, brushes her fingers through her white hair, fearing it mussed, and pats it down.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I am, thanks to you young man.
These shelves are just so damn
high.

Clayton reaches towards the top shelf, retrieves the box of pasta and hands it to the woman.

CLAYTON
Is this what you were after?

ELDERLY WOMAN

It certainly is, thank you. You are certainly a Godsend.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET SIDEWALK - LATER

Clayton pushes the cart, now containing several bags of groceries out of the market and onto the sidewalk, looking left and then right before gliding onto the parking lot...

CLAYTON

(to himself)

Looks like Loony Tunes has called it a day.

...and then to the Mustang.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Clayton places the grocery bags into the open trunk of the car. After placing the last bag, he reaches up and pulls the trunk door closed.

RELIGIOUS ZEALOT

The end is almost upon us.

Clayton jumps, the man in the WHITE ROBE standing right behind him.

CLAYTON

(in a loud gasp)

Jesus CHRIST!

Clayton buckles his knees and clutches his chest in exaggerated, but sincere surprise.

RELIGIOUS ZEALOT

Not quite, but He's on His way.

CLAYTON

You scared the shit out me man.
Don't do that.

RELIGIOUS ZEALOT

I'm here to tell you, you've been chosen.

Clayton moves around to the drivers side while fumbling the keys out of his pocket.

CLAYTON
Ah, yeah, chosen to get the hell
out of here.

The white robe RUSTLES at the mans feet as he nimbly darts around the Mustang and is at Clayton's side in the blink of an eye.

ZEALOT
(slowly, calmly)
You really need to listen to this
Friend.

CLAYTON
Dude, I don't have the time to...

RELIGIOUS ZEALOT
Trust me, you don't have time not
to.

BACK TO: THE MUSTANG AND CLAYTON BARRELING TOWARDS SARAH

Clayton's cell phone call with Sarah continues.

SARAH (V.O.)
Oh, wow. He must've freaked you
out.

The car roars across the parking lot of a large hospital, avoiding a few moving vehicles, but no pedestrians.

CLAYTON
I'm pulling up now, hurry.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A pretty brunette, 25ish, in green scrubs, runs out the door and hops into the passenger side of the Mustang.

INTERIOR OF MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

The two lean into one another and kiss. Clayton hits the gas and the car roars off. Sarah turns the radio back on.

NEWS REPORTER (ON RADIO)
...and please get to the safest
place you can find, preferably at a
high altitude.
(MORE)

NEWS REPORTER (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

The wall of water coming towards all of us from all directions is most certainly capable of wiping out everything around us.

SARAH

A flood? Is that's what this is all about?

CLAYTON

It must be from some form of flash flooding, there was nothing on the news about it. And not a cloud in the friggin sky.

SARAH

Fucking act of God or something.

Clayton's face freezes. He pulls the car quickly to the side of the road and shuts the engine off.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Clay. What is it? You look like you've seen a ghost.

Clayton takes Sarah by the hand.

CLAYTON

(gravely)

I need to finish my story.

INT. SUPERMARKET - EARLIER

Clayton and the elderly woman are still alone in the aisle. She now has the box of pasta in her hands.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Well, you Sir are a good man. Not many more like you out there these days. Your wife is a lucky woman.

CLAYTON

Well, girlfriend, but yeah. Thank you.

She looks into Clayton's grocery cart.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh, Rocky Road. Excellent choice.

CLAYTON

One of our few guilty pleasures. A little before bed and we sleep more sweetly.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Oh that's darling. Everything in moderation.

Clayton grabs his love handles with both hands.

CLAYTON

If I could eat and drink anytime, as much as I want and never feel full or gain a pound, I'd be a happy man. But until then, moderation is a best practice.

The Elderly Woman laughs and touches his arm. Perhaps a flirt.

CLAYTON (V.O.)

I have no idea why I said that, I guess I was feeling a bit overweight so it just came out.

RETURN TO CAR INTERIOR

SARAH

Why are you telling me this, we have a fucking cataclysmic flood to worry about.

CLAYTON

You gotta hear the rest of the story, Babe.

Clayton and Sarah stare at each other, both slack jawed. Still holding hands.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - EARLIER

Clayton and the Religious Zealot still standing beside the car, face to face. Clayton's a mask of shock and surprise, the Zealot very eager to share his message.

ZEALOT

It's sadly ironic. I have opportunity to give you any wish you wish today. But, today the Earth might end.

The Zealot's nose is now only inches from Clayton's nervous face.

CLAYTON

Dude.

ZEALOT

I do know your wish, so we can forgo that formality. You told it to my mother in there.

CLAYTON

She told you that? The old lady? When?

ZEALOT

She didn't tell me, He did. He's omnipresent. He's every where.

The Zealot backs away, smiling.

ZEALOT (CONT'D)

And your wish is granted.

RETURN TO CAR INTERIOR

Clayton and Sarah still staring at one another. Aghast. Now, CLUTCHING hands.

EXT. SHOULDER OF HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Clayton and Sarah stare off into the distant sunset. Clear skies, we see nothing amiss. Not yet.

SARAH

Are you sure about this?

CLAYTON

As serious as I've ever been about anything. The world needs me.

Clayton turns to Sarah, grabbing her by the waist and pulling her close.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

I believe I was given a gift today. A gift that will either save the world, you and I included, or it might turn out to be just the delusions of a homeless guy in a surprisingly clean white robe.

Sarah buries her head in Clayton's chest.

SARAH

Please don't die, just because your wish to eat and drink anything you want and never feel full and never gain a pound might have been granted, doesn't mean you're invincible.

Clayton cocks his head at that.

CLAYTON

I'm not? Shit, I just figured that'd go hand in hand, but you're probably right.

We begin to draw back. Drifting slowly, a growing roar around us, the sound of rushing water, from every side as Clayton and Sarah continue to watch the sunset, the trees at the horizon begin to flutter, then shudder, then fall. Like dominoes the forest continues to fall before us as the wall of water pushes forward.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

That's, a lot of water. But, with God as my witness, I am thirstier than I've ever been in my life.

Sarah turns lifts her face to look up at Clayton.

SARAH

Will a straw or something help.

CLAYTON

I'm just gonna go at it gulping. Maybe once I swallow the bulk of it a straw will come in handy.

Silence between them for a moment as the water rushes closer. Then...

SARAH

Jesus, I hope you're as thirsty as you say.

FADE OUT.