INT. COLLIN’S RESIDENCE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

GREGORY COLLIN, mid 20’s, sits on the ground at the foot of his bed. The bedroom is appropriately decorated for a millennial who never left the nest. It is warmly lit with a few dimmed lamps. Beside him is EMILY PIPE, mid 20’s, also on the ground, cross-legged. The couple share a bemused look as they stare into space. The night is calm and quiet.

   EMILY
   Greg?

   GREG
   (lucid)
   Yeah?

   EMILY
   You know what’s weird?

   GREG
   Mushrooms.

   EMILY
   (confused)
   What?

   GREG
   Mushrooms. What are they, plants or animals?

   EMILY
   Neither, they’re fungi.

   GREG
   Isn’t that just a type of plant?

   EMILY
   No, I think it’s this whole other thing—a kingdom?

   GREG
   Kingdom? Mushrooms have kings?

Emily interrupts. She turns to face Greg.

   EMILY
   Why aren’t we freaking out?
Greg gives her a curious look.

**GREG**
What?

**EMILY**
That’s what’s weird. Why aren’t we freaking out?

**GREG**
Why would we be freaking out?

Emily stares at Greg, wide eyed.

**EMILY**
Greg, what day is it?

Emily stares at Greg intently. She isn’t being rhetorical. Greg sighs. He pulls out his phone and turns it on. He takes a moment to adjust his eyes and read. Emily lets out an impatient breath.

**GREG**
Err...Thursday.

**EMILY**
(quick)
The other one.

Greg lets out a small smile.

**GREG**
You meant da..

**EMILY**
(irritated)
Yes, date. Whatever. What’s the date?

**GREG**
Thirty first, December.

Emily gives him a look, like he’s missing something obvious. Greg retreats from her glare.
EMILY
The sun, Greg! The sun!

Greg lights up with understanding.

GREG
Oh, right. Is that today? I completely forgot.

EMILY
(exasperated)
You forgot?!

GREG
Had a lot on my plate.

EMILY
(shrill)
Greg! The sun is about to explode. Today is the last day of humanity. The world as we know it, is ending! What could possibly be more important?

Greg simply shrugs.

GREG
Rent? Bills? Also, I’m starving...can’t worry on an empty stomach.

Greg reaches under his bed and pulls out a bag of crisps. Emily is rendered speechless. She watches Greg tear open the bag and bite into his meal. He finds Emily staring. Greg offers her a crisp. Emily takes one.

EMILY
(sotto. panic)
How are you so calm?

GREG
(casually)
Probably the weed.

Emily sits up. She sees Greg rolling up a blunt. She eyes the piece with hostility.
EMILY
Weed?

GREG
What? did you really think I’d face today without a high.

EMILY
(hits his arms)
Oh my god, Greg! What if someone finds out?

GREG
Calm down, you narc. It’s the last day. What’s going to happen?

Greg lights it up and takes a hit. He sees Emily eyeing him furtively. Greg lets out a small chuckle and passes the blunt to her. She backs away. Greg raises his brows suggestively. Beat. Emily resigns and takes the weed from him.

EMILY
Fine! But this is one-time thing, let’s not make this a habit.

GREG
Hard to form a habit in under an hour.

Emily takes in a deep pull.

GREG
Easy, Em.

Emily goes into a coughing fit. Greg leans in concerned. She settles after a few more stray coughs.

GREG
You okay?

Emily stifles a cough.
EMILY
Well, I don’t see what all the fuss is about.

Greg shares a look with Emily before the two burst out laughing. Their mirth is infectious. Emily laughs herself to tears. BOOM. Their joy is punctuated by a loud explosion. A bright light flashes into the room. The couple hold their breath. The light dims, and the mood is sober. Emily turns to Greg.

EMILY
(scared)
Sounds like it’s almost time.

Greg takes back the blunt and takes a long pull. He lets out a thin stream of smoke.

GREG
Yup.

EMILY
So? Any regrets?

Greg takes another draw from his weed. He picks up the now empty bag of crisps.

GREG
A bit bummed that I didn’t think of stocking up more than one bag.

Emily lets a scared chuckle. She watches Greg blowing streams of smoke. There’s sadness in her eyes. She wraps her legs with her arms and stares intently at a spot on the ground.

EMILY
I never lived alone. Never saw the world outside this stupid town. Never got to try sushi, like real Japanese sushi.

Emily starts crying.

EMILY
Never learned to play an
instrument. I always wanted to learn how to play the piano, but I told myself I’d have tomorrow.

Emily starts sobbing. Her words are barely coherent.

EMILY
I never finished reading The Lord of the Rings. I ...I wanted to be an author, or...or...an actresss...or something. I never told you, I...I...love...

Greg takes Emily’s face in his hands. He stares at her deeply. Wipes away the tears streaming down her face.

GREG
Living alone sucks, that’s why people marry. You have the internet, so you’ve seen plenty of the world. Sushi is just fish and rice, its’ not that good! Pianist are douchebags, so thank god.

Emily lets out a wet chuckle.

GREG
Frodo throws the ring in the volcano, then sails off to...heaven?

Emily giggles. She hiccups back a sob. Beat. Greg at Emily share a look.

GREG
Actress, author...it doesn’t matter, Em. They’re just jobs. And... I love you, too.

Emily and Greg hold a sweet smile. A thunderous explosion rocks the room. A bright light shines through the window. But the couple have no sense of the impending doom.

EMILY
Ten.
GREG

Nine.

TOGETHER

Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four...

As they count down, the roar builds into a crescendo. Rising higher and higher until their voices are barely audible. STOP. The room goes deathly quiet. Only the sound of their breathing can be heard.

EMILY

...One.

GREG

(sotto)

Happy New Year.

Emily leans in for a kiss. As she makes contact, the whole scene is engulfed in a white light.

FADE TO WHITE

END