

HAPPY NEW YEAR

(FIRST DRAFT)

WRITTEN BY

Waleed Zein

© 2016 WALEED ZEIN

ALL RIGHT RESERVED

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 actress...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