

I Guess the Earth Shattered

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight beams through Venetian blinds.

CARLTON FIELDS, (41) tosses in his bed. An average man, well-built with short hair.

A hand-made quilt draped over his body.

A loud ring echoes from his alarm clock. Carlton struggles to open his eyes. The clock reads "6:30".

He reaches over, shuts the alarm off. A picture sits next to the clock.

Carlton yawns and rubs his eyes. He sits up, throws the quilt to the side. He wears a white shirt and boxers.

A normal room, white walls with tan carpet. The room is neat and organized.

He gets up, walks towards the bedroom door.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He exits, arms stretched above his head.

The hallway is tidy and recently vacuumed. Framed pictures hang on the wall.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The light switch is flipped on.

Fluorescent lights illuminate the small bathroom.

Carlton shuts the door and rests his hands on the sink. He stares into the mirror, still tired.

He turns the sink on.

CARLTON (V.O.)
Usually I sleep better.

His cupped hands fill with water. He leans forward and splashes his face.

SHOWER - MOMENTS LATER

Hot water sprays down onto Carlton's body. The bathroom fills with steam.

Soap in hand, he lathers and washes his face. He holds his head under the shower head. The water pours down his body.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carlton wipes the moisture from the mirror. A towel is wrapped around his waist. He turns the sink on.

Water drips down from his wet hair.

He brushes his teeth.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carlton opens the closet door. He reaches in, emerges with a sport coat.

He fixes the top button on his white-collared shirt. His shirt tucked neatly into his black slacks. A silver watch around his right wrist. A loose tie dangles around his neck.

He throws the jacket on, straightens the tie.

EXT. CARLTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carlton exits his house, briefcase in hand. A small ranch-style house with a small yard in front.

Police sirens echo faintly.

A 2001 BMW 530i is parked in the driveway. He opens the door and sits.

INT. CARLTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The door shuts. He sits quiet for a moment.

Police sirens continue to wail. He shakes his head, starts the car.

A news broadcast plays on the radio.

NEWSCASTER #1
...and the estimated time of im...

A different preset channel is hit. Another news program.

NEWSCASTER #2
...the Federal Government has
requested that...

Again, he changes the station.

NEWSCASTER #3
As this is our final broad...

All radio newscasters cut in and out with static.

He places a CD into the CD slot. Classical music plays.
Carlton relaxes and places the car into reverse. He backs out
and heads to work.

The car drives through the center of town.

Mobs of people riot stores, burn cars and wander the streets.

Carlton stops at a red light, he watches.

CARLTON (V.O.)
Unreal.

A mother and her eight-year old child push a shopping cart
across the street in front of his car. A large television and
various electronics fill the cart.

CARLTON (V.O.)
(Scoffs)
What are they going to do with
that?

The light turns green. He proceeds through the intersection,
doesn't pay attention to the mob.

The car enters the on ramp of the freeway.

Various cars are turned over and on fire.

Carlton slows the car to weave through the gauntlet of cars.

On the other side of the freeway a man, WALLACE (63), walks
in the center lane. He holds a gun.

Carlton watches carefully, his car slows to a crawl. He rolls
the window down.

The man sobs as he shuffles along. He places the gun in his mouth and pulls the trigger.

Carlton turns away just as the gun is fired.

He speeds up, glances back. The man lays motionless.

CARLTON (V.O.)
I can't worry about him. I'm gonna
be late for work.

He continues down the freeway.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

A large skyscraper looms over the parking lot as Carlton's car pulls in.

A sign reads: "Reserved For Vice President." The car pulls into the space.

Carlton emerges, looks around.

CARLTON (V.O.)
Such a gorgeous day.

A light breeze hits Carlton. He closes the door, makes his way to the building.

He approaches the glass, front doors of the building.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Carlton enters. The floors are marble. An empty security desk sits next to the front doors.

He glances at the security desk and continues towards a bank of elevators.

The lobby is silent.

He hits the elevator call button and looks around. No one is in the lobby.

The elevator doors open. He steps in.

37TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open. He steps out, walks to the end of the floor.

A large wooden door with a gold nameplate rests at the end.

The nameplate reads: "CARLTON FIELDS, VICE PRESIDENT". He unlocks the door.

CARLTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A neat and organized office. A mahogany desk with a computer monitor on it sits in the center.

Behind the desk, a large, glass window. File cabinets rest on both sides of the office against the walls.

Carlton approaches and sets his briefcase down on the desk.

He leans against the window and looks down. No cars can be seen on the road. Black smoke billows in the distance.

CARLTON (V.O.)

(Yawns)

I need some sleep.

A shadow is cast over the building as clouds cover the sun.

Carlton looks up at the sky. A look of calm comes over his face. He smiles slightly.

His attention turns back to work. He sits down, opens his briefcase and grabs various files.

CARLTON'S OFFICE - LATER

The sun begins to set behind Carlton. He holds a picture of his wife and daughter. An orange glow from the sun illuminates his office.

He turns and looks out over the city, picture in hand.

A body flies down past his window.

He stands up and leans against the window and watches.

The body continues its descent towards the ground. It hits and bounces against the concrete.

CARLTON

It's time to go.

He glances upward towards the darkened sky once more.

The sun begins to set behind the buildings. Carlton collects his work and picture and places it all into his briefcase.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The sun continues to set as Carlton exits the building. He approaches the body.

A woman, BETTY (66), lies on her back. Her hair pulled back and wearing work pants.

CARLTON (V.O.)
I know her. She was a janitor.

He looks away and steps over the body.

CARLTON (V.O.)
God....what was her name?

Carlton opens the car door, sets the briefcase in. He looks over the roof of his car at the woman.

CARLTON (V.O.)
I see her all the time.

He shakes his head as he sits down in the car.

INT. CARLTON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He starts the car. The car reverses and drives away.

Carlton drives down the freeway, he glances at his watch. The time reads "7:22".

He turns the radio on, ejects the CD.

Through static, a newscaster continues about his report.

NEWSCASTER #3
The President is requesting all
citizens to remain as calm as
possible.

Carlton scoffs in disbelief. He looks out the driver's side window, despondent at what he sees.

He drives through downtown. Windows are broken, people fight with each other and buildings are on fire.

CARLTON
Yeah. Good luck on that one.

NEWSCASTER #3

The time for projected impact is at
approximately eleven thirteen
Pacific Standard Time.

EXT. CARLTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Carlton's car pulls into the driveway. He parks and sits.
Hands on the steering wheel.

CARLTON (V.O.)

Betty! That was her name!

The door opens, he exits.

CARLTON (V.O.)

Thank god, that would have kept me
up all night.

Police sirens wail as gunshots and people's screams echo
throughout the neighborhood.

Carlton shuts the car door and approaches. He unlocks and
opens the front door.

INT. CARLTON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He turns the living room light on and sets the briefcase down
next to the front door.

CARLTON (V.O.)

I've always wondered what would
happen if I knew when the world
would end...

Carlton makes his way into the kitchen.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He opens the refrigerator, removes a gallon jug of water.

CARLTON (V.O.)

I'm not a looter, so I wouldn't rob
anybody...

He takes a long swig from the bottle.

CARLTON (V.O.)

Never killed someone, and really
have no desire to...

The jug is left on the counter. He exits the kitchen.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens, Carlton enters and turns on the light. He sits on the bed.

CARLTON (V.O.)
I've always been a straight arrow.
Go to work, come home and repeat...

The Venetian blinds are still closed.

He bends down and unties both shoes and kicks them off with his feet.

He stands, throws the sport jacket onto the floor.

Next to the alarm clock, a picture of his wife and daughter sit. He unbuttons his shirt and approaches.

He throws the dress shirt to the floor.

He picks the picture and gently runs his hand over it. He lets out a big yawn.

He shuts the light off, crosses the bedroom and lays in bed.

CARLTON (V.O.)
The one thing I would like,
though...

He pulls the quilt over his body.

CARLTON (V.O.)
...is a good night's sleep.

He rests on his side and stares at the alarm clock. His eyes begin to close.

Sharply, his eyes open again. He sits up, sets the alarm on his alarm clock.

Again, he lays back down. He is calm and relaxed.

CARLTON (V.O.)
Just in case.

Carlton's eyes close.

FADE OUT.