In Only Seven Days

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: DAY 7

The sun shines through an open window, lighting up a couple sitting on an antique couch. They both sit still, staring out towards a blue sky.

The room is furnished with a motif that cat lovers would adore. Cat wallpaper, cat pictures and cat photographs everywhere.

Sitting on the couch is THOMAS PATERSON (34), a bloody scar on the side of his head and wearing a dirty, ripped shirt. Sitting to his right is KASIA STORNOVSKY (32), also bloody faced.

Kasia holds a magazine clipping tightly in her hand, Thomas holds a black and white photograph in his.

A clock sits ticking away on the wall. It’s a grinning cat, its tale swinging back and forth as the seconds tick by.

    KASIA
    What is the time?

Kasia speaks with a Polish accent. She never breaks eye contact with the window.

Thomas looks from the window to the clock, the cat grins back at him.

    THOMAS
    Twelve fifty nine.

    KASIA
    Oh.

A china cabinet shakes for a second, knocking over a small porcelain Siamese cat. Then two plates rattle on a coffee table. One plate has half eaten pancakes, the other, an apple pie.

A dark shadow creeps through the window, blocking the sunlight. The shadow creeps along the wall until the room is plunged into complete darkness.

    KASIA
    I’m scared.
The room shakes and rolls, each shake becoming more violent than the previous. The shakes continue to a fever pitch, shattering windows, knocking pictures from the walls and sending the china cabinet crashing to the floor.

Kasia slides over to the waiting arms of Thomas and buries her head into his side. Thomas kisses the black and white picture and gently places it onto the coffee table.

The rumblings become so intense that a crack forms at the base of the wall. The crack zig-zags up, sending the cat clock crashing to the floor.

Kasia lets go of her crumpled magazine clipping and it floats to the floor.

The shaking is now so severe, the house creaks and moans and the room sways back and forth. The couple embrace tightly as the room gets darker and darker and darker...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

SUPER: DAY 6

Thomas and Kasia, bloody and dirty, slowly walk along a dirt road.

Kasia holds the magazine clipping in her hand. It’s an advertisement for Viagra, showing a man and wife smiling and waving from the front porch of a beautiful house surrounded by a white picket fence.

    THOMAS
    I used to steal apples from her backyard when I was young.

    KASIA
    It looks perfect.

    THOMAS
    This is all I can think off.

    KASIA
    No. It’s perfect, thank you.

They seem happy, yet something in their voices hinder the excitement of their find. Kasia looks to Thomas.

    KASIA
    Thank you for taking me here, Thomas.
THOMAS
I wish I could do more.

They reach the front gates of a white picket fence surrounding a beautiful ranch house. Thomas swings the gate open and Kasia enters.

The front porch door sits wide open.

KASIA
Do you think she’s here?

THOMAS
Let me check.

Thomas enters, leaving Kasia alone on the front porch. She nervously looks around and spots a cat sitting on a step, next to a bottle of milk.

KASIA
Hello there.

She holds out her hand. The cat hisses and scratches out at her outstretched hand, catching her on the finger. With a yelp, Kasia pulls back, knocking the bottle of milk over.

THOMAS (O.S.)
No one.

He notices Kasia holding her hand.

THOMAS
Are you okay?

KASIA
Just a cat scratch.

Kasia steps through the doorway and looks over her shoulder. The cat is back, happily licking up the spilled milk.

INT. RIVERSIDE BANK - DAY

SUPER: DAY 5

The dirty and bloody Thomas and Kasia lay on a riverside bank, looking up at the clear blue sky.

KASIA
I don’t see it.

THOMAS
Me neither.
Kasia sighs and turns on her side.

KASIA
I’m sorry, go on.

THOMAS
Pancakes smothered with maple syrup and topped with whipped cream and strawberries. And you?

KASIA
Homemade apple pie with ice cream.

They smile for a second, both deep in thought.

THOMAS
What about your first love?

KASIA
Leon from Wisla. He was so handsome, even for a seven year old.

THOMAS
Alyssa Milano. Every horny boys dream.

KASIA
Thomas, can I show you something?

THOMAS
Sure.

Kasia digs into her pocket and removes the folded magazine clipping.

KASIA
This is what I got from inside the gas station.

She unfolds the clipping and shows Thomas. It’s the Viagra advertisement with the white picket fence.

THOMAS
Viagra?

Kasia smiles.

KASIA
No silly, the house.

THOMAS
Oh.
KASIA
When my family sent me from Poland, they told me about the American dream. A perfect husband, a perfect house, a perfect life.

THOMAS
To live and die in the arms of someone you love.

KASIA
I’ve always wanted a house with a white picket fence. She points to the white picket fence in the picture. Thomas’ smile fades a little.

THOMAS
But it all seems so silly now.

KASIA (sharply)
It’s not silly Thomas, it’s not.

THOMAS
I’m so sorry Kasia, I didn’t mean to offend you.

KASIA
I never asked for much. I saved my hard earned pennies everyday, to save up for something like this.

THOMAS
You’re right. It’s not silly.

Kasia lets out a long sigh.

KASIA
Can I ask something from you?

THOMAS
Of course.

KASIA
I’d like to find my perfect house.

Thomas leans up onto his elbows and takes the piece of paper from her and studies it.

THOMAS
It’s definitely the perfect house, isn’t it.
KASIA
I’ve decided, that’s my rainy day wish.

THOMAS
Hmmm.

KASIA
Do you know of such a place?

THOMAS
Well, actually... there is a place just outside town. I used to frequent it back when I was young.

Kasia perks up.

KASIA
Really?

THOMAS
It would be a days walk from here.

KASIA
I can walk it... if you can.

Thomas looks up to the blue sky.

THOMAS
Yeah, I can just about do that.

Thomas gets up and brushes himself down. He reaches down with his hand. Kasia clasps his hand and he pulls her up into his arms.

She smiles, looking into his concerned eyes. They hold contact for a moment.

KASIA
You smell like lemons.

**EXT. EMPTY SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**

**SUPER: DAY 4**

A rusty, damaged Cadillac sputters to a standstill, steam rising from the hood of the car.

The door opens and Thomas steps out into the heat of the summer day. The passenger side opens up and Kasia steps out.
KASIA
Are we out of gas?

THOMAS
Among other things, yes.

KASIA
How far are we?

THOMAS
Not too far.

They walk down a deserted sidewalk. Kasia spots a trickle of blood roll down the side of Thomas’ head.

KASIA
Are you okay?

Thomas touches the side of his head and winces.

THOMAS
I’m fine.

KASIA
Do you think he’s okay?

Thomas stops and looks at her.

THOMAS
No, I don’t Kasia.

KASIA
But he deserved it?

THOMAS
Yes he did.

Kasia smiles.

KASIA
So you came at the right time then?

THOMAS
I suppose I did.

Thomas smiles back. He’s about to venture on, but Kasia stops him.

KASIA
Wait a minute.

She dashes off into a yard of a house. She pulls up some flowers from a flower bed and rushes back.
KASIA
For your parents.

THOMAS
They’re beautiful. They’ll like them.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES – DAY

Thomas and Kasia stand outside the gates to a grand old cemetery. Thomas pulls out the old black and white photograph. Kasia holds the flowers.

Thomas is hesitant to enter.

KASIA
You don’t want to go in?

THOMAS
I’m trying.

KASIA
Here, take my hand.

Kasia leads Thomas through the gates.

EXT. CEMETERY – DAY

Thomas and Kasia stand over two tombstones, one marked MARY PATERSON and the other marked PETER PATERSON.

Thomas looks down at his black and white picture of a man and woman holding a baby boy.

KASIA (O.S.)
That is your parents?

THOMAS
Yes.

Thomas puts the picture into his pocket as Kasia bends down and places the flowers on each of the tombstones

KASIA
How did they die?

THOMAS
Car accident. When I was eleven.

KASIA
I’m sorry.
THOMAS
Don’t be, it’s okay.

KASIA
What happened with you?

THOMAS
My aunt and uncle raised me. I grew up just outside town. Then, when I was sixteen, I left for the city. First time back.

KASIA
Did you miss them?

THOMAS
Yes. Every waking day.

KASIA
Then why didn’t you come back?

THOMAS
I don’t know. Life gradually pulled me away from the bad memories. Sometimes it’s easier to run away from life’s difficulties.

KASIA
Some things you can’t run away from, Thomas. I wish I could go home, my real home.

THOMAS
Your parents?

KASIA
Yes, they live in Poland still.

THOMAS
You must be worrying about them.

KASIA
I do Thomas. But I must remember, nothing is forever and soon we will meet again.

Thomas puts his arm around Kasia. She smiles at him, tears form at the corners of her eyes.

KASIA
I’m sorry. This is supposed to be your time. Maybe I leave?
THOMAS
No, please. I’d like you to stay with me.

Kasia wipes away the renegade tears and nods her approval.

INT. SUV – DAY
SUPER: DAY 3

Thomas drives a SUV along the highway at high speed. His shirt is torn and ripped and he fiddles with his shirt collar. The black and white picture sits on his dash board.

DING.

He looks down and looks at his fuel situation, he’s on empty.

THOMAS
Damn it.

He scans the horizon and spots a road sign that reads:

“GAS 5 MILES AHEAD, NEXT RIGHT”

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD – DAY

The SUV takes the next turn off right and disappears onto a side road.

EXT. GAS STATION – DAY

The SUV slowly rolls into a deserted gas station and comes to a stop. There are a couple of cars parked outside, but no sign of anyone around.

Thomas suspiciously scans the area before grabbing a hand gun sitting on the passenger seat. He quietly opens the door and steps out.

INT. GAS STATION – DAY

DING DONG.

The door chimes as Thomas steps into the gas station. It’s one of those stop over stations, so it has rows of food for the hungry traveller.

There is a sound of movement down one of the aisles.
THOMAS

Hello?

There is a WHIMPER, but no clear response.

Thomas, with a shaky hand, holds up his gun.

THOMAS

I have a gun and I’m not afraid to use it.

It takes both of his shaky hands to cock the gun.

He steps into the first aisle. Nothing.

He steps into the second aisle. Nothing.

He steps into the third aisle. Kasia is there.

She sits flush against the wall, crying. Blood runs from her nose.

THOMAS

Kasia?

She looks up, stunned. Her eyes never leave his, but she doesn’t respond.

A Toilet FLUSHES.

Thomas disappears into the next aisle.

A dirty, GREASY MAN emerges from the customer washroom. He pulls up his greasy suspenders and looks down at Kasia.

GREASY MAN

Now, where was I?

He reaches down and grabs Kasia by the wrist.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Don’t move.

The greasy man stops dead.

Thomas stands behind him, a gun in his shaky hands.

THOMAS

I have a gun and I’m not afraid to use it.

The greasy man smiles and with one hand slowly reaches for a crowbar sitting on a counter in front of him.
GREASY MAN
And what will you do if I do move?

THOMAS
Don’t, because I’m mean and I’ll shoot you.

The greasy man grins a devilish grin. With lightning quick reflexes, he swings around and knocks Thomas across the head with the crowbar, knocking him to the floor and knocking the gun into the next aisle.

GREASY MAN
Bastard.
He tosses the crowbar aside and turns back to Kasia, but she’s gone.

GREASY MAN
I like playing games.

He jumps into the first aisle. Nothing.

He jumps into the second aisle. Nothing.

He jumps into the third aisle. BANG!

Kasia stands, holding the smoking gun.

The greasy man looks down in exasperation, a gaping hole in his chest.

GREASY MAN
You shot me, you bitch.

He falls backwards into the shelving. Kasia throws away the gun and rushes to Thomas.

KASIA
Thomas?

Thomas moans, blood dripping from the side of his head. The bloody nosed Kasia leans down.

KASIA
Are you okay?

Thomas slowly holds his head.

THOMAS
Can you find me some aspirin.
EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Thomas and Kasia both limp to his SUV.

THOMAS
Why are you here Kasia?

KASIA
I have nowhere to go. Why are you here?

THOMAS
I’m going home.

Thomas attempts to activate the pump.

KASIA
I tried also. No power.

THOMAS
Shit.

KASIA
That man has a car, I think he has gas.

She points to the rusty, damaged Cadillac sitting in the parking lot.

THOMAS
That will do.

Thomas reaches in and snags the black and white picture. They walk to the Cadillac.

KASIA
Wait!

Kasia runs back into the gas station. Thomas watches her step over the greasy man and grab a magazine from a rack. She flips the magazine open, rips out a page, quickly folds it up and puts it into her pocket. She runs back outside.

KASIA
Sorry.

THOMAS
Did he hurt you?

KASIA
No, he just hit me that’s all.
THOMAS
What did you grab?

KASIA
Something important to me.

They reach the Cadillac. The keys sit in the ignition.

KASIA
Can I come with you?

THOMAS
I’m going to be with my parents. I’ve decided that we all have a chance to do one more thing.

KASIA
One more thing?

THOMAS
Like, like a wish. When you get an opportunity to do something you really want.

KASIA
Oh, like a rainy day wish?

THOMAS
Rainy day wish... I guess so... yeah.

KASIA
That sounds good. Will they be okay if I am there?

THOMAS
I’m sure they won’t mind.

Thomas smiles through grinned teeth, the blood still dripping from his wound.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: DAY 2

Thomas paces back and forth in his tiny apartment, running his hands through his thinning hair. The Emergency broadcast system beeps obnoxiously at him from his TV.

The apartment is dark, his curtains are closed and all of the lights are off except a small lamp. Finally he gets so annoyed at the sound of the TV that he kicks it over.
THOMAS
(screaming at TV)
Why!

He moves to the window and opens it up. There is a gunshot and a scream from down in the street. He jumps back in shock and quickly closes the curtain.

THOMAS
Shit, shit.

He moves into his kitchen and opens his fridge, grabbing a bottled water. He dashes to his bathroom and opens his medicine cabinet. Thomas grabs sleeping pills from the shelf.

More gunshots and screams, this time from within his apartment complex.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thomas sits on his bed. The bottled water is open and a dozen or so pills sit in his hand. He looks down at the pills, sobbing like a child.

He looks at himself in a vanity mirror one last time. He sees in the reflection, a picture on a small table. It’s a black and white framed family picture of his mother and father, holding Thomas as a child.

Crying, he closes his eyes and shoves the pills into his mouth. He reaches over to the bottled water and grabs it, but before he can take a swig, he falls to the floor and spits the pills out.

THOMAS
Oh God.

Thomas lays on the floor, a destroyed man. He curls up into a ball and cries for a moment, rocking back and forth. He nudges the small table and the picture frame falls to the floor, shattering the glass. He wipes the tears away with the back of his hand and gets up.

Thomas picks up the frame and stares at it momentarily.

THOMAS
Mom, dad. What do I do?

He touches the broken picture frame gently. After a pause, he quickly removes the black and white picture and places it into his shirt pocket, tossing the frame away.
More gunshots and screams are heard.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Thomas quickly exits his bedroom and runs to his front door. Despite another gunshot right outside, he swings the door open. Standing at the door is a CRAZED LOOKING MAN holding a gun.

    CRAZED MAN
    Are you ready?

The crazed man reaches out and grabs Thomas by the collar, ripping his shirt.

    CRAZED MAN
    Are you ready?

    THOMAS
    Get off me!

Thomas pulls free.

    CRAZED MAN
    You must be ready, for the time has come. I can help you, oh yes.

The crazed man lifts the gun to Thomas’ head.

    CRAZED MAN
    Hush, hush. I can help ease your pain. There’s no one else out there for you now.

In a instant of rage, not like Thomas at all, he swats the gun away, knocking it to the floor. The crazed man laughs, turns and flees down the hallway. Thomas turns and looks at the gun.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

SUPER: DAY 1

It’s a fairly busy day in a grocery store. The pretty Polish blonde, Kasia, hums to herself as she picks through some cantaloupe in the fresh fruit department.

There is a commotion outside and she looks up momentarily before reaching out and grabbing... a hand.
She sheepishly looks up at the owner of the hand and shyly smiles at Thomas.

KASIA
Sorry, something distracted me.

THOMAS
No, no. It’s my fault. Please go ahead.

KASIA
Oh.

She moves her hand off his and grabs another cantaloupe. Henry, pretending not to stare, randomly grabs his own and tosses it into his basket. As he walks away, he looks over his shoulder, just as Kasia looks over hers. They both smile.

Thomas continues down the next aisle and spots Kasia again, picking things from the shelves and curiously looking at the packaging.

She tosses something into her basket and looks up, catching his smile. Thomas quickly turns and crashes into a display, sending dozens of little lemon juice containers everywhere. Kasia bursts out laughing.

They move onto the next aisle and this time Thomas catches Kasia looking at him. He clears his throat and begins to make his move, but Kasia drops something into her basket, spins away and moves to the lineup, smiling as she does.

The lineups are long as Thomas enters the line next to Kasia’s. Kasia picks up a magazine and flips through it, looking up at Thomas every so often. She stops at a certain page and her eyes grow big as she studies an advertisement.

THOMAS
I like the articles.

Thomas winces at himself.

KASIA
Excuse me?

THOMAS
The magazine.

KASIA
Oh, yes. Very informative.

Kasia closes the Woman’s Weekly and places it back onto the shelf.
THOMAS
Slow today.

KASIA
Uh-huh.

A customer pushes past Kasia.

THOMAS
What’s the emergency?!

KASIA
Some people are always in a rush.

THOMAS
Did you find the right cantaloupe?

KASIA
I think I did, thank you.

THOMAS
That’s great.

Thomas picks out a few nutty chocolate bars and tosses them into his basket. He catches Kasia’s look of shock.

THOMAS
I like nuts -- er, chocolate.

KASIA
I see.

He sheepishly removes a couple and places them back on the shelf.

THOMAS
Thomas.

Kasia looks over her shoulder.

KASIA
Who?

THOMAS
My name.

KASIA
(foolishly)
Oh, my name is Kasia.

THOMAS
Kas... Kase-a?
KASIA
Kas-ia.

THOMAS
Kasia.

KASIA
Yes. It’s Polish.

THOMAS
(silently)
That’s a pretty name.

There is an awkward silence. Another customer dashes by them.

THOMAS
What is taking them so long?

Thomas checks his watch, it’s 1:00pm. He sighs, drops his basket and moves to the front of the line. The cashier is missing. In fact, all the cashiers are missing. He turns to a random customer.

THOMAS
What’s going on?

He looks to the customer service desk at a gathering crowd of customers, growing with every second. Perplexed, Thomas wanders over to the crowd.

Kasia appears behind him and follows him to the front.

KASIA
What’s happening?

THOMAS
I don’t know.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Turn it up!

Thomas pushes his way to the front and lets Kasia stand in front of him. Everyone has gathered around a small TV. A cashier turns the volume up as the picture on the TV changes from “BREAKING NEWS” to a distraught looking ANCHORMAN.

ANCHORMAN
We are now going live to an announcement from Geneva. The UN Secretary General is about to speak. Oh, here we go.
The picture flickers to a huge conference room. All the world leaders stand grimace faced behind a podium. The UN SECRETARY GENERAL moves to a microphone. He looks distraught, defeated, scared. After a long pause, he finally speaks.

UN SECRETARY GENERAL
People of the world, people of all races, people of all religions. Today we stand united for the first time, but under very difficult and very unfortunate circumstances. For we have kept a secret that must now be shared by all of us. For millions of years, this planet has overcome many obstacles and many challenges to become the living, breathing place we call home. But on this sad, sad day, I must bring you news of a new obstacle, a new challenge. For the last year, we have been tracking an asteroid called 2006-SEW. This my friends, is known as a Deep Impact asteroid. In only seven days --

Kasia gasps and places her hand on Thomas’ shoulder.

THOMAS
My God.

KASIA
What does this mean?

Thomas turns to Kasia.

THOMAS
I don’t know.

Over her shoulder, Thomas watches a police car zip by the grocery store window, followed by people running and screaming.

The panic has started.

FADE TO BLACK.