

ALONE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. AN UNKNOWN, DESOLATE CITY - DAY

The tall buildings are worn. Windows are broken and the walls disintegrating apart. Despite the devastation, there is still life. Overgrown ivy covers the buildings and weeds poke out of the cracks in the street.

MAEVE, 33, is a short thin woman. She hums a sorrowful tune, which echoes throughout the empty city, as she walks down a long street strewn with trash.

She stops at an especially worn building. Most likely a cheap convenient store.

INT. CHEAP CONVIENT STORE - DAY

Maeve maneuvers her way through the broken shelves, bottles, and bits of the store itself.

She makes it to the back of the store. She finds and stuffs stacks of canned foods and ramen noodles into her backpack.

She turns back, but just before she leaves, she notices an abandoned wallet with a photo poking out of it. The temptation is too much.

Rubble from the broken ceiling above blocks the way. She stretches past each chunk, finding a stable place to set her foot.

A rat scurries past Maeve's foot. Scared, she falls back, slicing the side of her ribs on a piece of metal and knocking over a shelf. The shelf pushes her back, she slams her head onto the ground, and the shelf falls on top of her. She gasps, the wind knocked out of her. She's trapped.

MAEVE
(croaking)
Ugh.

Blood covers her side, seeping onto the ground. Her hair's wet. More blood.

Maeve takes heavy breaths.

She almost pushes the shelf off, but the pain in her side sharpens and she gets dizzy.

An old stick thin woman, Maeve's mother CAMILA, appears out of thin air.

She looks like an older version of Maeve, and wears a long, loose purple dress. Her black and gray hair is pulled up into a French twist.

Maeve looks over at her, both shocked and relieved to see her.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(crying)

Mom, I can't do it. I'm sorry.

She breaks down, gasping for breath now.

CAMILA

Get up.

MAEVE

I can't.

Maeve lifts up her blood covered hand.

CAMILA

Yes you can. You're strong.

Maeve takes a deep breath, before trying to lift the shelf again. Her arms tremble, but she manages to move it just enough.

She grabs the photo and carefully rushes out the store, clutching her side.

EXT. DIRTY STREETS OF THE CITY - DAY

Maeve trudges down the street. Checking her wounds once in a while.

She pulls out the photo, now stained with a bit of blood. It's of a young boy, maybe 12. He has brown messy hair and wears a bright smile.

Maeve looks around for Camila, but she has vanished.

She pauses, standing there, holding herself. Her face is worried. She looks like she's about to throw up.

She swallows, gathering herself before she continues on her way.

INT. MAEVE'S SHELTER - EVENING

The shelter is dark, with empty cans strewn about. Maps and notes of the city plaster the walls.

A shrine of photos with people of different ages and races are put up, along with jewelry and stuffed toys.

Maeve places the photo of the boy she found in the center of the shrine.

She grabs a bottle of water from a large stack, and pours it onto her wound flinching. Then pours it on her head trying to get the blood out of her hair.

Digging through another pile, this time of clothes, she finds a worn shirt. She rips it and wraps it around her torso to cover the wound.

Her body is stiff as she gets up to grab her backpack.

She pulls out the canned food from her backpack on to a table. She grabs one full of peaches, opening it up. She scarfs the fruit down like she hasn't eaten in days.

INT. MAEVE'S SHELTER - LATER

After her meal, Maeve tries to tidy up her room, but gets distracted when catching a glimpse at the sunset. She walks over to a broken window. She gazes out with fading hope as the sun descends the city's skyscrapers.

MAEVE
(croakily shouting)
My name is Maeve. I'm still here.

Her voice echoes for a moment. Then silence.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
(now in a whisper)
I'm still here.

She crumples onto the window sill crying, before slumping onto the floor.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PART OF THE CITY - DAY

Maeve hums the same sorrowful tune as earlier, kicking a rock as she walks, her hand still clutching her hurt side.

She stops to check the sun. A hand shields her face.

She looks back down to the ground, but misses something in her peripheral. Another person?

She snaps her head back.

It is. An older, rugged man. He's tall, with dark brown hair and a beard grayed from age or stress.

He's alone. Across the street in the leftover foundation of a building. He's resting against the wall, sweat dripping down his head.

Maeve freezes. Eyes widened. Mouth gaping open. She presses herself up against a wall, tripping on a rock.

The man, now alert, looks for the source of the noise.

He turns toward Maeve. Slowly he backs away before taking off in a jog.

MAEVE
(to herself)
No... wait.

She begins chasing him. She staggers. Then trips. A sharp pain causing her to tumble, this time she crashes onto the ground and shouts in pain.

She looks up. It's too late. She lost sight of him.

She screams. Hits and kicks the ground, like a toddler having a tantrum.

Camila appears and puts a wrinkled hand on her shoulder.

CAMILA
You'll see him again.

MAEVE
No. I'm not fast enough to get to him.

Maeve looks down to her wound. It's bleeding again.

CAMILA
Then have him come to you.

MAEVE
How?

CAMILA
He looked hungry.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PART OF THE CITY - LATER

Maeve walks up to the spot she saw the man. Her wound is cleaned up, and she's wearing a new top. A plate with a can of unopened vegetables, a Twinkie and a can opener in hand.

She places the meal on the ground.

She walks over to a bunch of overgrown weeds, and picks any dandelions she finds, and places them next to the meal.

She leaves, glancing back at the meal occasionally.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PART OF THE CITY - NEXT DAY

Maeve returns to the spot she placed the meal.

The plate is empty. Only few crumbs trail off the dish onto the dirt.

She takes the plate, wiping it. She sets it down again placing another Twinkie on it.

She rushes away to hide around the corner.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PART OF THE CITY - DUSK

The sound of rustling, then smacking is heard O.S.

Maeve spies around the corner.

The man is squatting down, finished with the Twinkie. He's looking around for something more.

Maeve treads toward him.

The man, noticing Maeve. Hurriedly backs away, but doesn't take off like before.

Maeve reaches towards the empty plate. She holds it out to him.

MAEVE

What's your name?

Silence.

Maeve walks away, signaling for him to follow.

He stays put.

She looks back.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I can make you more food at my place.

He doesn't budge.

Maeve shows the man the plate again, shaking it like someone would do with their a dog.

This time he begins to reluctantly follow.

INT. MAEVE'S SHELTER - EVENING

Maeve bursts through the door, the man sheepishly following. She throws her backpack on the ground, while the man keeps a tight grasp on his.

While collecting various sorts of canned food from around the room, she notices the man awkwardly poised in the corner.

MAEVE
Sit down. Relax.

The man lurches his way towards a table. Finally, he rests there.

Maeve starts a small fire on top of the stove, places a pot on top of it, and pours a bottle of water into it. She waits for it to boil.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
So, you didn't say your name.

Silence.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Mine's Maeve.

Maeve notices the man glancing around her place.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
I've been staying here since everything went down. I tried looking for my family at first. My parents live off on the outskirts of the city with my brother and his family.

Maeve pours uncooked rice into the now boiling pot of water. She opens a can of green beans, splitting it evenly onto two plates.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
No one was there. It was like they just vanished. I came back to the city to figure out where they might've gone. That's when I realized they couldn't have made it. That nobody made it.

Maeve watches the man for a moment.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Except me... and now you I guess.

Maeve drains the rice spoonfuls at a time, dumping it onto the plates, leaving the leftover water for later.

She carries the finished meals, like a waitress in a 5 star restaurant, and places them down at the table.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Bon appétit.

Maeve takes a seat, beginning to chow down.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

You must've loss family too, huh?

Nothing.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Did you look for them?

The man eyes her. Then begins to eat as well.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

At first, I was just gonna let myself rot. But...

Maeve begins to choke up. Tears slide down her cheeks.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I saw my mom. And I know there's not a chance she could've survived, but she was there! She talked to me!

Maeve stuffs a spoonful of the green beans into her mouth. Swallows. And then...

MAEVE (CONT'D)

After that I knew I had to live. Or try to, you know?

Maeve stares down at the ground. The man gazes at her with sympathy.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I set up camp here. Now everyday I go out looking for food, supplies, knick-knacks, and other survivors. I just try to take it day by day.

The man's plate is empty. Maeve still has about half of her food left.

She slides her plate towards him.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
Have the rest. I lost my
appetite.

The man devours her leftovers.

Maeve smiles at his sloppy enjoyment of the food.

When he finishes, Maeve grabs both plates. She soaks a rag in the leftover water from cooking and wipes the plates somewhat clean.

She heads over to a pile of clothes and blankets, and starts to dig.

The man gets up, taking interest of the shrine of photos and collectibles.

Maeve, holding a blanket, heads towards the man.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
I've always tended to fill my life
with things. It's also become a way
to keep track of the days.

Maeve pulls off an old black and white photo of a couple. She flips it over. "Day 19 Outskirts" is written on the back.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
(about the photo)
It's an earlier one.

The man pauses, catching sight of the picture of a boy found earlier at the convenient store. He plucks it from the wall, staring at it wide eyed.

MAEVE (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Did you know the boy?

The man turns away. A single tear falls.

Maeve rests her hand on him, before he turns and walks away, still clutching the photo. He slinks onto the ground, taking a moment for himself.

Maeve lays the blanket across a couch, placing a pillow at one end. She hums the same sorrowful tune.

The man begins to deeply hum the same tune O.S.

Maeve stops, spinning towards him and stares at him in wonder.

He keeps humming, until finishing the tune. He continues stares at the ground.

Still watching him, she takes a seat at the table. She hits her side against the back of the chair, causing her to flinch and clutch her sided.

The man looks at her with concern. Maeve lifts up her shirt to show the nasty cut.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I got it a few days ago. It's
having some troubling healing.

The man reaches inside his backpack. He pulls out a bit of gauze and an almost empty bottle of alcohol.

Maeve takes it. She pours the last of the alcohol on her wound, and properly dresses it with the gauze.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

(smiling)
Feels better already.

The man returns his eyes to the ground, giving a half hearted smile.

A moment of silence

MAN

My name's Joseph.
(looking up at Maeve)
Thank you.

Pause.

MAEVE

(smiling softly)
You're welcome... Joseph.

INT. MAEVE'S SHELTER - DAWN

Maeve stands by her shrine alone, gazing at every little thing. She picks out a photo. It's of Camila and a much younger Maeve. She flips it over. Written is "Day 1 Family Home".

Camila suddenly appears next to Maeve. She looks at the photo then to Maeve.

MAEVE

(crying)

I'm sorry for how I treated you.
Never stopping by. I- I ALWAYS
disappointed you.

CAMILA

I'm proud of you now.

Maeve sniffs, trying to hold back more tears.

CAMILA (CONT'D)

And you'll keep going. You're not
alone anymore.

MAEVE

I'll still miss you.

Camila kisses Maeve's head before vanishing.

Maeve places the photo back. Then walks away.

She grabs the map of the city on the wall.

EXT. OUTSIDE A DELAPADATED BUILDING - DAWN

Maeve walks up to Joseph, who's watching the sun rising.

The city is covered with a golden hue as the sun begins to show. The grass poking up from the streets and the ivy creeping up the buildings seem greener than before.

She hands him the map, and he opens it. They start to walk, with him still inspecting the map.

Joseph stops and points to the center, downtown area of the city on the map.

MAEVE

(looking at the map)

No. I've walked through that area
countless times. There can't be
survivors there.

Joseph shakes his head in disagreement.

JOSEPH

Underneath it.

MAEVE

You mean the subways.

Joseph smiles and nods.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

I've never checked down there. Do
you think there's a chance?

Joseph shrugs.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

That's good enough for me.

Maeve and Joseph start off together, both humming a more
hopeful tune, which echoes off the buildings and through the
streets.

FADE TO BLACK.