

"THE LAST DAY"

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FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - EARLY MORNING

The sun is just over the horizon on a bright and clear day. A gas station sits nestled in between the small buildings on the outskirts of a city. The gas pumps are filled with cars and the convenience store is bustling with the ins and outs of people heading to work. The sounds of traffic can be heard all around.

Amidst the activity a car, more than 15 years old, pulls up to one of the gas pumps driven by a young female named SAMANTHA, early 20s.

RADIO NEWS (V.O)

The attacks along the border have grown more fierce as the military begins reinstating the draft...

Samantha turns off the car. She is well dressed for having such an old car. She exits the car and closes the door with a creak. She slides her credit card and begins working her way through an exhausting list of menus on the gas pump.

SAMANTHA

Ten dollars for a car wash?

Finally, she begins fueling. She waits. No fuel. The pump beeps at her and she hits the grade button with a sigh of frustration.

Samantha ducks down and checks her hair in the side mirror. She watches the other cars behind her trendy sunglasses while the gas pumps.

Another car pulls up beside her and out steps GREG, 40s. Greg is more well to do, probably a white collar manager. Better car, better clothes.

CLICK

The pump stops fueling, scaring Samantha momentarily, whose lost in thought. She replaces the pump and the gas cap. She sniffs her fingers and winces at the smell.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Samantha enters the busy gas station and instead of finding people moving about, virtually everyone is fixated on a TV placed haphazardly on the counter. A few others are strewn about the store trying to go about their daily business as if nothing is happening around them.

TV NEWS

-- intense conflict broke out today along the northern borders of Iran as Chinese and Russian soldiers deployed into the country in response to the American invasion forces that entered the country just last month as a result of Iran's continued development of weaponized uranium.

Samantha stops and looks around, largely ignoring the crowd and finds the sign for the restrooms.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - RESTROOM

Samantha washes her hands. She pulls a towel from the dispenser and stops short before exiting, catching herself in the mirror. She looks into her own eyes, her voice echoing throughout the small room.

SAMANTHA

(sternly)

You are going to get this job. You can do this you are smart and talented.

She stares at herself for a moment with intensity, but it breaks with her next thought.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Plus, you have five figures in students loans to pay.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Samantha walks out of the restroom and spots Greg, the man from outside, looking for a soda in the cooler. She follows suit and moves to find something to drink as well.

A young looking guy named SCOTT, late 20s, is talking obnoxiously loud on his cellphone while trying to get a large drink from the fountain. He is with another guy named MIKE, 20s. Both wear retail store shirts, but are well groomed.

Mike notices Samantha looking through the coolers.

MIKE

(to Scott)

How much do you want to bet I can
get that girl's number?

SCOTT

How about you keep your dignity and
just sit tight. I'm almost done
(Putting a lid on his drink). Look,
see, I'm going to pay now.

Scott moves towards the front counter with his massive cup
hoisted into the air in triumph, but Mike walks off anyway.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Damn it, Mike. Hurry, we're going
to be late for work.

Mike waves him off and walks towards the coolers.

Samantha grabs a bottled water and turns to walk towards the
counter, but nearly runs into Mike, blocking her way like a
wall.

SAMANTHA

(surprised)

Excuse me.

MIKE

Oh, I'm sorry. I was looking for a
drink.

SAMANTHA

(brushing him off)

Ok.

She tries to step around him, but he doesn't move.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I need to get... around you to pay.

Mike awkwardly blurts out:

MIKE

I'm kind of torn on what I should
get. What do you think?

Samantha reluctantly turns towards the coolers.

SAMANTHA

What do you like?

MIKE

It's kind of early, caffeine kills me in the morning.

SAMANTHA

(holding up her water bottle, slightly flippant)

You could just drink water.

Mike gives her a sarcastic smile. Samantha pulls out her cellphone.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Look, I need to get going. I know finding something to drink is a tough choice, but keep at it.

Samantha walks towards the front.

MIKE

(to himself)

Bitch.

Greg is standing at the counter, laying down a soda and a bag of twizzlers. Another GUY, standing next to him, is intently fixed on the television.

The cashier, JACOB, mid 20s, looks tired. He musters the best smile he can at this hour and takes Greg's money.

JACOB

The breakfast of champions right here. Anything else?

Greg laughs and eyes the cigarettes, but shakes his head. Jacob scans each item.

GREG

No, that's fine. Thanks.

JACOB

Alright, that's four twenty-eight.

Greg pulls a five from his wallet. Jacob gives back change. Greg steps back to watch the newscast while he opens his Soda.

Samantha is fixed on the newscast and doesn't see it's her turn in line.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(to Samantha)

Miss, you ready to go?

Samantha snaps back into reality, stepping up to the counter.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, sorry. This whole war thing
is getting crazy.

JACOB

I know. As if we didn't have enough
problems. This it?

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

JACOB

That'll be...

The broadcast kicks into high volume with the announcement of
breaking news. Everyone around the tv stops to watch.

TV NEWS

We are coming to you with breaking
news from a local military source
at the Pentagon. We have word that
a...

The news anchor stops, as if being snapped from his zombie
like reading of the teleprompter.

TV NEWS (CONT'D)

(asking someone off
camera)

Is this right? Have we confirmed
this?

The people around the counter stare at the TV, speechless. An
old man from the back STEVE, 60s, yells out, scaring
everyone.

STEVE

Out with it, you bastard!

TV NEWS

(hesitation)

We've just received word that China
and Russia may have just launched
nuclear missiles at the United
States...

The crowd around the counter give a collective gasp, as if
all the air has been sucked out of the room. Samantha covers
her mouth in shock.

SAMANTHA

Oh my God.

Scott, behind Samantha, lets his arm fall with the cellphone still in his hand.

TV NEWS

Our high level, military source, who wished to remain anonymous, indicated that these cities are the projected targets and advises all citizens in our viewing area to seek out immediate --

STEVE

(talking over above)
This is bullshit!

SCREECH SCREECH

The all too familiar sound of the emergency alert system blares with piercing volume, taking everyone's attention towards the television. The store becomes eerily silent, save for the broadcast.

After the tone ceases, a picture of the president comes on the screen, the background of the oval office is obviously fake.

PRESIDENT

(on tv)

My fellow Americans. As President of the United States I'm issuing an Emergency Action Notification for the entire United States. At approximately six twenty pacific standard time our armed forces detected the launch of several intercontinental nuclear ballistic missiles originating from sites within the People's Republic of China and the Russian Federation. The United States Air Force is diligently working to intercept and destroy the missiles using all the tools at their disposal including the most advanced laser systems we have.

Although we are confident in the military's ability to intercept the missiles, we are advising all citizens to seek out their nearest fallout shelters and wait for further instructions from your local authorities. Updates from the emergency alert system will follow as the situation develops.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

You can be assured that your government has activated all contingency plans and will endure no matter the outcome.

I personally urge you all to seek out whatever shelter you may find, be with and protect your loved ones, and, if you are so inclined, to pray for our nation during these troubling times.

May God Bless America.

The screen suddenly cuts to black. The tv is silent for a moment. The room is silent, people are looking around wondering what to do.

In the background air raid sirens begin to drone up and down. People starting whimpering in the store, becoming frightened.

SCREECH SCREECH

The EAS tones squelch again, causing many to scream in panic. The screen fills with text. A computer generated voice reads the text.

EAS (V.O.)

The President of the United States and the United States Federal Government have issued an Emergency Action Notification for the entire United States until further notice. The United States Military has detected nuclear missiles launched from the People's Republic of China and the Russian Federation. The first of these missiles could impact select population centers and strategic military targets within twenty minutes of this broadcast. Follow messages on screen and proceed calmly and immediately to your nearest designated fallout shelter. Please keep all lines of communication clear for emergency use. Further instructions will follow.

The man standing next to Greg simply drops his things on the counter and runs out the door in sheer panic. Samantha steps back, in shock. People inside are panicking. The drone of the air raid siren continues on.

SCOTT

Did the news guy before the president say a missile was headed here?

MIKE

(full panic)

Where's the nearest shelter?

STEVE

I've lived here my whole life and I don't even know where a shelter is at.

MIKE

Do you have a shelter?

JACOB

What are we going to do, pack into the bathrooms?

MIKE

What about a basement you asshole?

JACOB

This a gas station, not your grandma's house.

Scott realizes he still has his cellphone in hand.

SCOTT

(into phone)

Dude, nuclear missiles are headed here.

(Beat)

No shit. Look at the news for once.

A YOUNG MOTHER, late teens, holding the hand of her infant SON looks down at her son through tears. The boy is obviously terrified.

SON

Mama, what's happening?

YOUNG MOTHER

Ah. Do you want to go see Daddy at work?

SON

Daddy!?

YOUNG MOM

Yeah, let's go see Daddy, ok? Watch him work on the cars?

SON

Ok!

The Young Mother cries and picks up her son tightly, walking out of the convenience store. She looks down the road, seeing people running around and takes off jogging.

SCOTT

(as the Young Mother
exits)

Jesus Christ.

Scott looks down at his phone and hangs up on his friend. He taps at his phone furiously. Mike, unsure of what to do simply follows him around.

GREG

(to Jacob)

Can I get some cigarettes?

JACOB

Sure. What kind?

GREG

Camels.

Jacob pulls a pack of camels and sets them on the counter. Greg lays down money for them.

JACOB

It's probably not going to matter
in a few minutes, buddy.

GREG

It matters to me.

Jacob nods and puts the money in the register, giving Greg back his change.

Greg heads for the doors.

STEVE

(to Greg, curt)

What are you going to do?

GREG

I guess I'm going to try and call
my wife. There isn't much I can do,
I live over an hour from here.

The entire situation overtakes Samantha and she slowly backs away from the group. Once separated, she hurriedly moves to the restroom, sobbing.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - REST ROOM

Samantha barrels through the door in tears, breathing heavily. She puts her hands on the sink, trying to get herself together. She paces around the room, waving her hands fiercely to get the adrenaline fueled feeling out of them.

SAMANTHA

(through crying)

Oh my God. Oh my God. I'm going to die.

Samantha looks down at her trembling hands. She looks up into the mirror and into her red, tear filled eyes.

She vomits into the sink.

She looks up again, sweating and spots her necklace, at the end of it is a simple, golden cross.

She moves her hand up to it and holds the cross. She continues to cry, but tries to control her breathing.

The dulled blare of the air raid siren can be heard droning up and down outside. Samantha closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, all while holding the cross.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Samantha steps out of the bathroom in the dimly lit back hall. The air raid siren continues, up and down, signaling the imminent attack.

People are now arguing with one another. The unnamed people in the background have all cleared out of the store save for two others, a woman PATRICIA, 40s, and her daughter SABRINA, early teens.

STEVE

I'm telling you, duck and cover works, you have to duck facing the flash of the explosion.

MIKE

Duck and cover? Are you kidding me?

STEVE

It's true! Maybe we can take shelter in the freezers in the back?

MIKE

The freezer? We are dead! Dead!
What part of that do you not understand?

STEVE

(motioning to Patricia and Sabrina)
Hey, there is a kid here!

MIKE

A kid?

Mike walks over to Sabrina.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey kid, we are fucking dead!

The girl starts crying. Patricia steps out in front of her, putting herself between Sabrina and Mike, shoving him back.

PATRICIA

Stop it!

Mike raises his hand to slap Patricia, but Steve grabs his arm before he swings.

MIKE

Let go of me you old bastard!

SAMANTHA

You are scaring everyone! Why don't you just shut the hell up and come up with some solutions.

Mike pulls himself free of Steve's grasp.

MIKE

We should be scared.

SAMANTHA

Causing a panic isn't going to help anything. You're just making everyone crazy.

Outside a van pulls up during the exchange.

STEVE

So what do we do? Do we leave?

A GUY jogs into the store from the van.

GUY

What the hell is going on? The highway is gridlocked. What's with the tornado siren? Is there a storm coming?

Everyone stares at him for a moment.

STEVE

(somberly)

There are nuclear missiles headed for the US, some are going to hit us.

The guy lets out a chuckle.

GUY

Seriously?

MIKE

(yelling)

Does it look like any of us is kidding?

The guy stands there.

SABRINA

Mom, we should try and find a place to hide.

PATRICIA

There isn't much we can do if the highways are blocked.

SABRINA

So, we're just going to die in a gas station? Shouldn't we try?

MIKE

We're going to die in a gas station. What a joke.

Mike walks off, getting increasingly skittish.

The guy walks out to his mini van. Inside his wife is in the passenger seat. His kids stare out the back window. Steve, Samantha, and Jacob watch from the windows of the convenience store.

The guy's wife rolls down the window and asks him what's going on. The guy explains and the wife's face degrades to hysteria.

JACOB
(watching the van)
I'm glad my family isn't here.

Samantha turns to Jacob.

SAMANTHA
I wish mine was.

JACOB
It would probably make all this
harder.

SAMANTHA
People usually want to be around
their families in situations like
this.

JACOB
My mom would just make everyone
more hysterical than they already
are. More than that guy (gesturing
towards Mike).

SAMANTHA
You seem pretty calm about the
whole thing.

JACOB
Today started like every other day:
me hating my life and wishing I was
dead.

SAMANTHA
My God. That's terrible.

JACOB
I'm not being literal. Not really
anyway. I just want a change.

Jacob turns away from the window.

SAMANTHA
If you hated your job so much, why
didn't you find something you like?

JACOB
There aren't many prospects for a
gas station cashier. I mean
refueling transaction technician.

They both chuckle.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I guess the joke is on me now.
Fitting, I suppose.

A bit of silence hangs after.

INT. CAR

Greg is sitting in his car off to the side of the gas station. He hits a number on his cell phone. The air raid siren is louder outside.

He takes a drag from his cigarette.

CELL PHONE (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

The network is currently busy.
Please try your call again later.

He laughs and tosses the cellphone into the passenger seat. He looks around and rolls down the window. The "peaceful" city atmosphere has been broken by the air raid siren, car horns, and people screaming in the distance.

As he takes it all in, a few people run by every so often, going who knows where.

BLAM

Greg flinches at the sound of a gunshot in the distance. Shaking his head, he takes the cigarette out of his mouth and places it carefully on the dashboard.

He bows his head.

GREG

Father, sorry I haven't tried to talk with you in a while. Life is hectic as you can see. But, that shouldn't be an excuse. What can I offer but excuses? Just... please keep my wife and children safe. Let them know I love them very much.

We hold on Greg a moment, he continues praying, the noise outside grows louder.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Samantha and Jacob are talking as Mike approaches Samantha.

MIKE
I want to apologize.

Samantha and Jacob look over at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm just freaking out.

SAMANTHA
(annoyed)
It's fine.

MIKE
Would you want to... go in the back
with me.

JACOB
Jesus man, not cool!

Jacob steps up to push Mike back. Mike pushes him away,
staring at him.

SAMANTHA
I'm not going anywhere with you,
Mr. Creepy.

MIKE
You are a fucking bitch!

Jacob stands in front of Mike.

JACOB
You need to go away. Now.

Mike storms off past Patricia and Sabrina sitting next to
each other against the window. Sabrina is curled up with her
mom, crying. Patricia is trying to hold it in, but an
occasional tear goes down her face, which she promptly wipes
away.

SABRINA
We should call Dad!

PATRICIA
I don't know your father's number.

SABRINA
I have it in my cell phone.

Sabrina fumbles frantically through her cellphone menus in
tears.

PATRICIA
(short and frustrated)
You can try.

Sabrina hits her fathers number. She waits.

CELL PHONE (V.O)
(over phone, filtered)
The network is currently busy,
please try your call again later.

SABRINA
Shit!

PATRICIA
Watch your mouth!

SABRINA
We are going to die and you are
worried about my language?

BEAT

PATRICIA
I'm sorry. I'm your mother. I'm
just scared too.

Sabrina cries harder.

SABRINA
I'm sorry. We just need to tell Dad
what is happening. He might worry.

PATRICIA
He knows what's happening. He
watches the news.

SABRINA
I have to tell him I love him. You
might not, but I still do. I have
to tell him.

Patricia takes Sabrina up in a hug.

PATRICIA
I'm sorry, sweetheart. That's not
what I meant. Keep trying, OK.

Sabrina nods and tries again.

Jacob and Samantha continue to talk at the front of the
store.

JACOB
Fancy clothes.

SAMANTHA
Thanks.

JACOB
More fancy than that old beater
you're driving.

SAMANTHA
I was going to a job interview.
First impressions and all that.

JACOB
A dream job, I hope?

Samantha lets out a disappointed chuckle.

SAMANTHA
Sadly, no. I was going for a human
resources job.

JACOB
What happened to doing something
you enjoy?

SAMANTHA
I went to school for it.

JACOB
You paid a college to teach you
about human resources?

SAMANTHA
Its a good job.

JACOB
Where at? For a video game company
or toy company?

SAMANTHA
(hesitant)
An insurance company.

Jacob shakes his head in disappointment.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
As any good refueling transaction
technician knows, life comes at you
fast.

Jacob laughs.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Life, bills, buying what seems like worthless shit now.

JACOB

Working human resources at an insurance company... I thought being a gas station cashier was bad.

SAMANTHA

I don't think I would have wanted to die, though.

JACOB

Three months, you would be trying to hang yourself with your computer cables. A suicide note on your desk talking about the death of a salesman or something.

Samantha laughs.

SAMANTHA

That's almost clever.

JACOB

I went to college too, but its been awhile.

SAMANTHA

You went to school?

JACOB

Yeah, for aeronautical engineering. I wanted to design aircraft.

SAMANTHA

Like air planes?

JACOB

(laughing)

Yeah, something like airplanes. I love the shapes, the movement, aerodynamics. All that.

SAMANTHA

What the hell are you doing here?

JACOB

Economy sucks. Everyone has a degree now. No one is making planes anymore. Jobs are fewer.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

There aren't many entry level positions.
I'm up shit creek. What did you really want to do?

SAMANTHA

(embarrassed)

I didn't want to be an engineer or anything valuable like that.

JACOB

We all got dreams. I figured engineering was more practical than being an X-man or a jedi or something.

SAMANTHA

I wanted to be a horse trainer.

Jacob cocks his head.

JACOB

Train a horse to do what? Jump over stuff?

SAMANTHA

No, you train the horse to trust and listen to the commands of people. Tame its wild side.

JACOB

Like a dog trainer?

SAMANTHA

Kinda, but not at all, really.

JACOB

I've never heard horse trainer come up as a possible career path.

SAMANTHA

I've loved horses since I was kid. They are beautiful, graceful. Kind of like the airplanes with you.

Jacob nods, understanding her.

JACOB

Horse trainer. That's an astutely named career.

Samantha laughs.

SCOTT
(yelling)
Holy shit! I got through!

Everyone looks over at him.

Across the store, Scott is by the beer fridge on his cell phone. As the phone rings he pulls out a long neck bottle. He holds it up for Jacob to see as if to ask for permission to take it.

Jacob holds up a thumb in approval.

Scott pops the top and takes a deep drink.

The phone picks up, Scott comes to attention.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered,
groggy)
Hello?

SCOTT
Uh, hey, Dad.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
What time is it? Are you OK?

Scott takes another drink.

SCOTT
Oh, you're still asleep. Uh... yeah Dad, I'm fine. Sorry for waking you up, but I was... I was thinking about you and mom this morning. I don't call you guys enough and I wanted to let you know that.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
You couldn't have waited until the sun came up for this?

SCOTT
I had to tell you now. I felt it was... important.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
It's OK. You're our son, don't ever think we don't love you.

Scott takes a huge gulp of beer.

SCOTT
Thanks, Dad. Is Mom there?

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Yeah, she's sleeping.

Scott is tearing up.

SCOTT
OK. Don't wake her up. Just give her a hug and kiss for me when I hang up.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Are you sure you're OK? You didn't get arrested did you?

SCOTT
No, no, Dad. Just remember I love you both.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Do you have enough money?

SCOTT
Damn it, Dad!

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Ok, ok. We love you too, son.

SCOTT
Go back to sleep, ok.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Alright.

SCOTT
Bye, Dad.

SCOTT'S DAD (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Bye, Son.

Scott hangs up the phone. He starts pacing like a caged animal, trying to hold it all back. He takes another deep drink of his beer, finishing it off.

He throws his cell phone as hard as he can across the store. He notices everyone staring at him. He chuckles and grabs another beer out of the cooler.

Mike walks up to Scott and tries to talk with him.

SCOTT
Get the hell away from me, you
fucking asshole!

Scott walks off. Mike is angered by the rejection.

Steve is by Jacob and Samantha, he watches Scott walk off in pain.

STEVE
I feel the worst for all of you
kids. You all deserved to have a
chance to live your lives.

JACOB
I've wasted mine.

SAMANTHA
Stop!

STEVE
I know how he feels. I'm just on
the opposite side of my life. I've
lived for decades and wasted my
life.

SAMANTHA
Did you try and call your family?

STEVE
(chuckles)
I don't have any. My wife died and
we never had kids.

BEAT

SAMANTHA
I'm sorry.

STEVE
It's not your fault. We should have
made time to have a family. We
didn't build anything that would
truly last.

Steve looks down, starting to choke up.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I wanted kids so badly.

SAMANTHA

What stopped you?

STEVE

We waited so long, focusing on ourselves, our careers, building our fortunes, vacationing, living the dream. We spent our entire lives preparing to live. By the time we considered it the doctor said it was too late and it would be almost impossible to have a healthy child. Now, here you are... You do everything people tell you to do. Everything you've been raised to believe you need to do. At the end of it all, its just emptiness. People hate themselves. Everyone prepares for life to happen, but its happening everyday.

SAMANTHA

I've never seen the ocean. I wanted to go to Paris and Europe.

STEVE

Seeing the world is fine, but you need to share it with your family. The people we share our lives with, the new lives we bring into the world are all that truly matter. Somewhere along the line we lost control of our lives, letting everyone else dictate what we need. Today is proof of that.

With that, Steve simply walks out the door.

The air sirens and chaos outside leaks in for the moment the door is open. He just walks out into the street. Passed by cars and people running.

Jacob and Samantha watch him disappear around a corner.

SAMANTHA

I wish my family was here.

JACOB

I kind of wish mine was here now, too.

SAMANTHA
Have you tried calling them?

JACOB
I don't know if it would matter.

Samantha pulls the cellphone out of her purse.

SAMANTHA
You want to try?

She hands the phone to Jacob.

JACOB
I don't think my family would talk
to me. Even now.

He hands the phone back.

SAMANTHA
They'll talk to --

JACOB
What about you?

Samantha shakes her head now.

SAMANTHA
We should really try to call our
families. You have to tell yours
you love them no matter what. You
can't die with that on your heart.

JACOB
Ok. I'll grab my phone and we can
call our families together, ok?

SAMANTHA
Ok.

Jacob goes to the counter and ducks behind to get his phone. Samantha stands up and hits the contact for her Mom and Dad. She begins walking towards the back of the store.

Jacob pulls out his cellphone and sees he has a missed call from Mom and Dad and one voicemail.

JACOB
You've got to be kidding me.

Jacob hits the voicemail and listens.

JACOB'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Jacob! Oh God, sweetie. I'm sorry!
 I can't believe I'm saying this to
 a machine. I don't know how much
 time I've got or if you'll get
 this, but we're driving to the
 shelter.

(Mike spots Samantha
 walking towards the back)
 It's not how we truly feel, OK? You
 are our baby boy. Jacob, we love
 you very much.

JACOB
 (to himself, forgetting
 he's on the phone)
 I love you too, Mom.

JACOB'S MOTHER (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 We've always loved you.

The message ends abruptly. Jacob puts the phone on the ground and cries.

Samantha hangs up the phone and stares at Mike, standing in front of her.

MIKE
 How about we go in the back and go
 out with a bang?

Mike tries to grab her shoulder. Samantha pushes him away, astonished.

SAMANTHA
 This is how you're going to die?
 Trying to score with a strange
 girl? How shallow are you?

Samantha goes to turn away, but Mike, visibly angered, slaps her across the face as hard as he can.

Samantha lets out a welp.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 What the fuck?

Mike is angered to his breaking point. He grabs her up and puts a hand over her mouth. Samantha, through muffled screams, and flailing, tries to break free. Mike is just too strong. He drags Samantha towards the back hallway.

Patricia turns towards the sound of Samantha kicking over one of the small displays.

PATRICIA

Oh God!

Sabrina turns to look at Samantha being dragged into one of the rest rooms.

SABRINA

Mom! You have to do something.

PATRICIA

What am I supposed to do?

Sabrina stands up and points to the back to anyone listening.

SABRINA

(yelling)

That asshole just took the girl into the back!

Jacob pops up from behind the counter, tears in his eyes.

JACOB

What!?

SABRINA

That asshole took the girl into the back!

Jacob hurtles over the counter, knocking everything over to get across.

JACOB

(to Patricia as he passes)

Why didn't you do anything?

PATRICIA

I don't know what you want me to do?

Jacob sighs and runs to the back. He runs past the rest rooms and into the storage room. He looks through the office and checks the back door, nothing.

He runs back to the front.

JACOB

Did you see where he took her?

Sabrina points to the back where Jacob just came from. Patricia shrugs her shoulders.

Jacob looks in the back again, but as he passes her hears struggling in the bathroom. He rushes to open the door, but its locked.

Jacob tries to kick the door, but nothing happens. He tries again and again, but still nothing happens.

Scott comes back and tries helping him, but neither can bust it.

SCOTT

Key?

Jacob runs for the counter and grabs a set of keys from a shelf underneath the register.

He frantically runs back to the restroom door and fumbles through the set of keys. Samantha's cries can be heard.

Jacob finds the key and puts it in the lock.

JACOB

(to scott)

You unlock the door, I'll rush him,
OK.

Scott nods. He takes the key and turns it.

The music and ambient noise fall away, Jacob takes a breath and nods to Scott to open the door. The door swings open and Jacob looks in, seeing Samantha on the floor, her clothes torn and opened, Mike on top of her trying to get his pants off.

Mike looks up at Jacob lunging toward him, ripping him off Samantha. With a rage filled yell, Jacob throws Mike to the side, up against a wall. Mike is overwhelmed by the surprise of Jacob's attack, but gets in a few jabs. Jacob is consumed by every feeling of hate and anger he has.

Samantha pulls up her panty hose and underwear and slides into the corner. She watches Mike go limp under Jacob's assault. Only the sounds of Jacob's fists hitting Mike's face can be heard.

Jacob screams and cries over Mike's body. In tears, Jacob turns Mike's face into a piece of raw meat. His emotions pour from his fists.

The hits get more wet.

Samantha crawls to Jacob and puts a shaking hand on his shoulder. This human contact, like a switch, all his primal emotions wash away, leaving only consequence and humiliation.

Jacob flops against the wall of the restroom, breathing heavily. Mike's body lays at his side, covered in blood. Jacob's knuckles and fists are covered in blood. Samantha looks at Jacob, both shocked and relieved by what he did.

They look in each other's tear filled eyes and exchange an emotional glance. Jacob can't hold it. Feeling ashamed, he stands and walks to the sink.

SAMANTHA

Are you ok?

Jacob punches the mirror and starts crying.

JACOB

I can't do this. I don't want to die. Not here. Not like this.

Samantha stands up slowly and walks to Jacob. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Are you ok? Did he...

SAMANTHA

I'm good. He didn't.

Jacob tries to collect himself. He looks at Samantha in the mirror.

JACOB

Let's get out of here. I can't die in a gas station.

They walk past Scott sitting on the floor in the hall, shocked by what he's seen and been through.

They walk past Patricia and Sabrina. Patricia and Sabrina are silent as they walk by. Patricia looks at the blood on Jacob's hands, and Sam's battered face and torn clothes. She turns away, in tears, at her inaction.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Jacob and Samantha exit the store. The drone of the air raid siren pierces everything. The air is cluttered with noise, screams, sirens, alarms, everything is sheer chaos.

The guy who ran in earlier sits in the van, holding his family.

Greg sits on the back of his car, at the furthest point in the lot, eating twizzlers, watching the sky.

Jacob and Samantha stand there a moment. Both are shaking with adrenaline.

JACOB

I should have seen him grab you, I feel like its my fault.

SAMANTHA

It's not your fault. You helped. You're a stranger, but you risked your own safety to help me. I didn't want to die like that. Thank you.

Tears roll down Jacob's face.

JACOB

Now I've saved you to die like this.

Jacob motions his head to indicate the surrounding chaos.

Samantha moves her hand to grab Jacob's, interlacing their fingers. Jacob looks at her with tears in his eyes, smiling.

SAMANTHA

My name is Samantha, what's yours?

JACOB

Jacob.

SAMANTHA

Thank you, Jacob.

The two look into each other's eyes and smile. There moment is interrupted when, above all the noise, a rumble is heard in the sky. Out from between the white clouds shoot several piercing rays of light that descend and disperse across the ground in the distance. The rays get lost behind the buildings and, for only a moment, there is peace, silence. Several lights emanate from the ground in all directions.

Samantha turns and hugs Jacob a moment before the two are consumed in blinding illumination.

FADE OUT.

THE END