SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

COLD OPEN

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY -- TEXAS/NEW MEXICO BORDER -- DAY

A “Welcome to New Mexico” sign on the side of the highway.

After a few beats of complete silence, an RV with a speaker mounted to the top drives through. We stay on the shot for a few beats after the RV exits frame and leaves us with nothing but more silence.

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE -- DAY

Absolutely no signs of life. No pedestrians, no cars, no nothing. Just an RV driving through the empty streets.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(through speaker)
Hello?
(long beat)
Hello?
(long beat)
Anyone out there?
(long beat)
Hello?

EXT. NEW MEXICO -- NIGHT

The RV drives down a street lit only by the moon. There are no streetlights, no houselights. Again, no signs of life.

MALE VOICE
Hello?
(long beat)
Hello?

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY -- NEW MEXICO/ARIZONA BORDER -- MORNING

A sign on the side of the highway: “YOU ARE NOW LEAVING NEW MEXICO”. The RV enters frame and comes to a stop by the sign -- it doesn’t pull off the highway, but just stops right in the middle of the road.

INT. RV -- MORNING

CU -- a map of New Mexico. A hand enters frame and puts a big thick black X through the state with a Sharpie.

Pull back to reveal that this is a map of the entire country. Every single state has a big black X through it.

It is here that we see the driver of the RV for the first time: PHIL MILLER. He looks up from the map and stares off blankly into space. He starts to break down. Softly at first, but soon it turns to heaving sobs and then the sobs turn to rage.

Phil rips the map up into tiny pieces. He sweeps everything off the table onto the floor and then gets up and starts ripping the interior of the RV apart.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- MORNING

Static wide shot of the RV as we hear all hell breaking loose inside the RV -- pots and pans being thrown, glass shattering, complete chaos -- soon, the side door of the RV is thrown open and Phil sprints out into the desert, screaming.

PHIL
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh!

We continue to hear Phil's screaming as he runs out of frame and it gradually dies out.

TIME LAPSE: morning turns to mid-day turns to late afternoon (same wide shot throughout)

Phil re-enters frame and walks back quietly to the RV. He gets back into the RV through the side door.

INT. RV -- DAY

Phil gets into the driver's seat, puts the key in the ignition and fires it up. There is no emotion on his face. He left it all out there in the desert.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- SUNSET

The RV starts down the empty highway as the sun is setting.

TITLE CARD: **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH**

ACT ONE

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

It is pitch dark. Phil's face is illuminated by the RV's instrument panel.

Through the windshield of the RV, we see a sign which reads "Tucson -- Next Five Exits"

Phil pulls onto the offramp.

EXT. TUCSON APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

No lights in the apartment complex. No lights in the neighborhood. The RV pulls up to the front of the complex.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Phil enters his small studio apartment with a flashlight. He grabs a duffel bag from the closet and starts stuffing his clothes into it. Once the bag is full, he heads for the door. He stops and looks at a picture on the wall:

Phil with his mother, father and twin brother.

We can tell by the look of longing on Phil's face that they are no longer living.

Phil grabs the picture off the wall and exits the apartment.

EXT. TUCSON UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Again completely dark -- no houselights, no streetlamps. As the RV passes a particularly fancy house, the brake lights come on. The RV reverses and comes to a stop in front of the palatial home.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- NIGHT

Phil enters the front door, turns on his flashlight and starts to look around. The house is amazing.

He pauses to look at some pictures on the wall: a school picture of a teenage boy. A school picture of the boy's older sister. And finally, a picture of the two kids and their parents smiling in front of the Eiffel Tower.

Phil removes the pictures from the wall, reaches into his duffel bag and hangs up his own family picture.

Phil continues his search of the house.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Phil opens the door and immediately covers his nose.

PHIL
Jesus.

With his nose buried in the crook of his elbow, Phil moves slowly over to the bed. He shines the light to reveal:

A glimpse of a badly decomposed face.

It's really grim. We can tell by the bright red hair that this is the father in the Eiffel Tower picture.

Phil goes to a sliding glass door and pulls it open.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- BACK PATIO -- NIGHT

Using all of his strength, Phil drags the bed through the sliding glass door and onto the back lawn. The corpse is still on the bed, covered by a comforter.

JUMP CUT TO:

Phil has piled all of the man's family pictures on the bed. He picks up a can of lighter fluid and squirts it all over the bed until the can is empty. He lights a match and tosses it on the bed. In a few seconds, the bed is engulfed in flames.

Angle on: Phil's expressionless face, lit by the fire. He turns and walks out of frame.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

Phil sleeps on a couple of couch cushions, covered by a comforter. He wakes up and gets out of bed. He's wearing nothing but a pair of tighty-whiteys.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- MORNING

Phil, still dressed only in tighty-whitey's, comes out of the RV with several paintings under each arm.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Phil (still in tighty-whiteys) hammers a nail into the wall. He hangs up Grant Wood's "American Gothic". Pull back to reveal several other priceless works of art on the walls: Dali's "The Persistence of Memory," Van Gogh's "The Starry Night," Seurat's "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," Monet's "Water Lillies 1919," Picasso's "The Old Guitarist."

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Phil walks down a long hallway which is now lined with Andy Warhol's "Campbell's Soup Can" paintings. He gets to a crooked one, straightens it and continues down the hallway.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- MAIN ROOM -- DAY

Phil enters and surveys his redecoration job. The walls are packed with more famous paintings: Georgia O'Keefes, Manets, Matisses, DaVincis, etc.

In the corner of the room, beneath a protective case, is the Declaration of Independence.

Phil goes into the adjoining kitchen, and opens up a cabinet -- it's filled with cans of black beans. He grabs one of the cans, opens it and returns to the couch.

What the hell does he do now?

As he eats cold black beans straight from the can, he notices a small bookcase. Phil gets up, grabs Catcher in the Rye, sits back down and opens the book.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- NIGHT

A small glow comes from the main room.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT

Phil on the couch -- still in nothing but tighty-whiteys. He wears a miner light on his head to illuminate his book. He flips through the final page of Catcher in the Rye, tosses it onto the coffee table, which now has about five empty cans of black beans. Phil grabs Angels's Ashes from the bookcase and settles back into the couch.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- MORNING

Establishing shot.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

The bookcase is empty. Pan across the coffee table which is covered in books and hundreds of empty cans of black beans. Pan across to Phil on the couch under a blanket -- he has a pretty full beard now, and noticeably longer hair. He flips through the last page of The Bible and tosses it gently onto the coffee table. He looks around the room.

What the hell does he do now?

He gets up from the couch and walks out of the room. He's still in nothing but tighty-whiteys.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- GARAGE -- MORNING

There is a Dodge Ram sitting in the garage. Phil gets into the truck and fires it up. He locates the garage door opener in the driver's side visor and presses it -- nothing happens. He gets out of the car and tries to manually open the garage door, but it won't budge.

PHIL
Ah, screw it.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- DAY

The garage door starts to buckle as the Dodge Ram slowly drives through it -- trying to cause as little damage as possible to both the truck and the garage. Once free, the truck drives off down the street.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY -- DAY

The parking lot is completely empty. No cars, no people on the streets.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- DAY

Despite the fact that it's daytime, the bowling alley is very dark. But Phil's found a solution: he's driven the Dodge Ram into the lobby and positioned the truck so that the headlights illuminate one of the lanes.

Phil, in tighty-whiteys and bowling shoes, stands at the ready with a bowling ball. He rolls the ball -- **STRIKE!**

Phil pumps his fist in celebration, then walks down to the pin pit and starts resetting the pins by hand.

Wide shot of the lane, from ball machine to pin pit. Jump cut between several shots of Phil rolling the ball at one end and setting the pins up at the other. The final shot of the sequence is Phil sitting bored against the ball machine.

What the hell does he do now?

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

Phil has set up the pins in the parking lot, about 50 yards away. He sizes the pins up and forcefully rolls the ball in their direction -- **STRIKE!**

JUMP CUT TO:

Another attempt, about 75 yards away this time. Phil rolls the ball, it hits a few of the pins.

JUMP CUT TO:

Another attempt, 100 yards away. The ball rolls past the pins and keeps going through some hedges. Phil runs to retrieve it.

EXT. MINI-MALL PARKING LOT -- DAY

When he finally gets to the ball on the other side of the hedge, he looks up and sees a lamp store in a completely empty mini-mall.

PHIL
Hm.

INT. LAMP STORE -- DAY

Instead of pins, Phil has set up a bunch of lamps in the aisle of the lamp store. He rolls the ball down the aisle and -- **SMASH!** -- nails several lamps.

JUMP CUT TO:

Another group of lamps lined up. This time, instead of the bowling ball, Phil uses another lamp and bowls the lamp into the other lamps -- **SMASH!**

JUMP CUT TO:

Phil bowls the ball through a multi-tiered glass display shelf that he's leaned on it's side -- the ball smashes through all five levels of glass -- **SMASH SMASH SMASH SMASH SMASH!**

JUMP CUT TO:

Phil swings a halogen lamp around and smashes everything that hasn't already been smashed.

JUMP CUT TO:

Phil sits on the floor in silence -- ceramic lamp fragments and glass are everywhere. He eats black beans from a can.

What the hell does he do now?

Something catches his eye.

Angle on: a building across the street with a sign "Tucker and Associates."

EXT. TUCKER AND ASSOCIATES

Glass sign on the door with the logo: "Tucker and Associates." A bowling ball sails through it. Phil's hand reaches into the hole, unlocks the door and walks in.

INT. TUCKER AND ASSOCIATES

Phil walks into an open common area and strides over to a cubicle. The nameplate on the cubicle says **Phil Miller.** He looks at his pictures on the desk, the piles of unfinished work. He then looks over to a door with a nameplate that says **John Tucker.** He walks to the door in his tighty-whiteys.

CU: hand knocking on the door. From inside:

JOHN TUCKER (O.S.)
Yeah?

Phil opens the door to reveal JOHN TUCKER, bald, short, early 50s, sitting behind a desk looking at his computer screen. He looks up at Phil, annoyed.

Reveal that Phil is now clean shaven and fully dressed (this is a flashback).

PHIL
You wanted to see me sir?

JOHN TUCKER
Yeah. What the hell is this?

He holds up a to-go coffee cup.

PHIL
Is something wrong with your coffee?

JOHN TUCKER
Well, if I asked for iced coffee, no, nothing would be wrong. But I didn't ask for iced coffee, did I?

PHIL
No.

JOHN TUCKER
No. I asked for hot coffee. The same way I get it every day. One hundred and five degrees. Does this feel like one hundred and five degrees to you? Come here, feel the cup. Feel the damn cup. Does that feel like one hundred and five degrees to you?

PHIL
I don't know.

JOHN TUCKER
Yeah. You don't know. About a lot of stuff. Well, if this is one hundred and five degrees, then you're a Harvard graduate and I am pretty sure you're not a Harvard graduate, are you?
(no response)
Are you, Phil?

PHIL
No.

JOHN TUCKER
Didn't think so. Now is there a reason you brought me a coffee that is specifically colder than what I asked for?

PHIL
I ask for it the way you want it. But the place is five minutes away.

JOHN TUCKER
Well, here's an idea. Ask for it hotter than I ask for it. And then once it gets to me, it will be the perfect temperature. Is that so hard? It's not brain surgery. It's a frigging cup of coffee.

PHIL
I'm sorry.

JOHN TUCKER
Yeah, you are sorry. Now go get me another cup of coffee.

PHIL
But I have that dentist appointment I told you about.

JOHN TUCKER
That's not my problem, is it?

John Tucker just stares at him.

JOHN TUCKER (CONT'D)
Answer me, Phil. When someone asks you a question, it is common courtesy to answer them. Now, is that my problem?

PHIL
No.

JOHN TUCKER
Thank you for answering me, Phil. And now you say "you're welcome, Mr. Tucker and thank you for not firing me from this job for which I am hideously underqualified" and then go get me my frigging coffee.

PHIL
You're welcome, Mr. Tucker. And thank you for not firing me from this job that I am hideously underqualified for.

JOHN TUCKER
<u>For which</u> I am hideously unqualified.

PHIL
For which I am hideously underqualified.

JOHN TUCKER
Ironic that you would get that sentence wrong. We're done here. Go.

Reveal Phil is once again bearded and in tighty-whiteys. He sees a picture on the desk of John Tucker leaning against a pristine cherry red '68 Mustang.

EXT. CLEARING -- DAY

CU of a license plate: TUCKER1

Pull back to reveal that the license plate is attached to the pristine cherry red '68 Mustang from the picture.

EXT. HILLTOP -- DAY

Phil stands at the top of the hill above the clearing. Next to Phil is a Toyota Camry. He looks at the Mustang below in the clearing and smiles.

Phil reaches in, releases the Camry's emergency brake, gives it a push and sends it cresting down the hill. It picks up quite a bit of speed and appears to be heading straight for the Mustang.

PHIL
Oo oo oo oo oo oo oooooooo...

But at the last second, it veers off, just missing the Mustang, and keeps going for another twenty yards before coming to a stop.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Damn it!

CUT TO:

Phil pushes a Honda Civic over the edge of the hill from the same place he just launched the Camry. Once again, it looks like it's heading straight for the Mustang...

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oo oo, come on, come on, oo oooo...

...but it goes off course and barely misses it.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Aaah. So close.

CUT TO:

Phil launches another Honda Civic down at the Mustang.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Come on, you got this.

But this Civic immediately veers off to the right, and glides down the hill to an area nowhere near the other cars.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What are you doing? No no no no!

He shakes his head.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Aaah man. Down to my last bullet.

CUT TO:

Phil stands at the same launch point with a Ford Focus. He studies the layout of the cars below and then leans in to give the car advice.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Now I really need you to focus here. Shouldn't be too hard for you. Get it? Cuz you're a Ford Focus? Boom, I still got it. Okay, here we go.

Phil pushes the Focus over the edge. The car looks for a moment like it's veering off to the right...

PHIL (CONT'D)
No no no no, left left left...

...but then it corrects and heads back toward the Mustang.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Straighten out, straighten out! There you go! There you go!...

It's getting closer and closer. Could this be the one?

PHIL (CONT'D)
...You got it! Keep going! Keep going!

And then: **SMASH! A direct hit!**

Phil celebrates wildly.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Wooooooooooooooo! Yes! Wooooo!
Suck it, Tucker! Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
(celebration dying down)
Yes! Yes.
(long beat)
Yes.

Phil sits down on the hilltop and looks down at the cars, smiling, satisfied. Gradually, his smile fades.

What the hell does he do now?

EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

Phil sits on the curb in his tighty-whiteys, swigging from a bottle of whiskey.

PHIL
(singing)
SING US THE SONG YOU"RE THE PIANO MAN/SING US THE SONG TONIGHT/CUZ WE'RE ALL IN THE MOOD FOR A MELODY/AND YOU GOT US FEELING ALL RIGHT/OH LA LA LA LA DI DAH/LA DI DAH DI DI DAH, DA DA...

Phil trails off as he sees something across the street that catches his eye:

Doug's Guns and Ammo Store

Phil gets up and starts toward the store.

EXT. HILLTOP -- DAY

Phil aims a gun.

Angle on: the Mustang. It's dented in the back but still in relatively good condition.

Phil starts firing: Miss. Miss. Miss. Miss. Miss. Then finally, a bullet pierces the Mustang's trunk.

PHIL
Yahaaaaaa!

JUMP CUT TO:

Phil raises a slightly bigger gun and starts firing at the Mustang. His aim is a little better with this one: Miss. Miss. Bumper hit. Miss. Tire hit. Miss. Roof hit.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Not bad.

JUMP CUT TO:

Phil raises a shotgun, cocks it and shoots at the Mustang -- the side window shatters. He cocks it again and shoots -- the back window shatters.

JUMP CUT TO:

Phil has a cool look on his face.

PHIL (CONT'D)
No, it's not a hundred and five degrees. But you'll drink it anyway. I said you're gonna drink it anyway -- look at me when I talk to you! That's better. And by the way, no I didn't go to Harvard -- didn't even apply -- because I wanted to go to the best damn school in the country, A-S-U! You know what that stands for? Do you? It stands for ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY!

Phil raises two semi-automatic machine guns and showers the Mustang with bullets. He would almost look like a badass if he wasn't wearing a pair of tighty-whiteys and bowling shoes. He shoots until his ammo runs out.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Go Sun Devils!

EXT. HILLTOP -- DUSK

It's getting dark. Phil sits on the hood of the Dodge Ram in his tighty-whiteys. He takes a swig of whiskey. The excitement from the gunfire is over. He's bored and kinda drunk now. He takes another, bigger swig of whiskey and then fires off a semi-automatic machine gun into the air. As bullets spit out of the gun, he lets out a war cry.

PHIL
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

The war cry soon turns into sobs. Then rage takes over again and he fires off more rounds into the air.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

As Phil continues shooting into the air, we pull back to a shot wide enough to see the wreckage of the cars below. We keep pulling back until Phil is a speck. Soon, we see a completely dark and lifeless Tucson, and then a completely dark and lifeless Arizona, and then a completely dark and lifeless United States, and then a completely dark and lifeless earth.

Throughout the pull back, we hear Phil shooting off his gun and sob-raging. Gradually, the gunfire ends and it's just Phil. Angry, crying, afraid, alone.

End of Act One

ACT TWO

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- MORNING

Another day is dawning.

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

Phil wakes up. His beard and hair are much longer. He is still wearing tighty-whiteys but as it's been kind of cold, he's also wearing a parka vest. Empty liquor bottles and black bean cans are everywhere. He grabs a bottle of tequila and takes a swig. He gets up and stumbles into:

INT. FANCY HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- MORNING

Pill bottles are all over the place. Phil searches for a bottle with a pill in it -- any pill -- but everything is empty. In frustration, he sweeps the pill bottles off the bathroom counter onto the floor and walks out.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE -- MORNING

Phil pulls out in the Dodge Ram and heads down the street.

INT. STORE -- PHARMACY DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Phil (in tighty-whiteys and vest) pushes a cart into the pharmacy department. He positions the cart under a shelf filled with pill bottles and uses his arm to sweep all of the bottles into his cart.

INT. STORE -- -- LIQUOR DEPARTMENT -- DAY

Phil fills up the remaining cart space with various bottles of liquor.

INT. STORE -- CHECKOUT COUNTER -- DAY

As Phil pushes the cart out of the store, he notices a display with a bunch of tighty-whiteys. He takes off his old dirty tighty-whiteys, rips open a fresh package, and puts on some new tighty-whiteys. He grabs some other tighty-whitey packages, stacks them precariously on top of the cart and heads out of the store.

EXT. STORE -- DAY

As Phil rolls the cart to his truck, he passes another storefront. He looks in the window and sees something that makes him stop:

A mannequin.

Phil looks longingly at the mannequin. Her face. Her breast. Her crotch. Her hand.

He pulls out a bottle of tequila from the cart and takes a swig and then sadly moves on.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- DAY

Phil is fucked up. He throws the balls down the alley with great force. We reveal that there aren't even any pins set up. He's just throwing balls. Ball after ball after ball -- more and more aggression with each one -- until finally he runs out of balls. We see the end of the lane where the pins usually are -- it's spilling over with balls.

Phil takes out a pill bottle from his pocket, pours a handful into his hand, gulps them down with a swig of tequila and then sprints down a lane and does a headfirst slide into the pin pit. (not the one with all the balls in it)

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

The bowling alley sign is barely discernible in the dark.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

We hear the rustling of pins coming from the pin pit. Phil's head pops up. He pulls himself out of the pit, and limps toward the truck.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. HOUSE -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Phil sits on the toilet reading Home and Gardens magazine by the light of his headlamp.

He sees a pretty woman in an ad for a washing machine and looks longingly at her. Her face. Her breast. Her crotch. Her hand.

He takes a swig of vodka, then gets up and flushes the toilet -- it's not a successful flush.

PHIL
Uh oh. No no no no no no.

Phil steps back as the toilet water starts to spill onto the bathroom floor.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE/FANCY HOUSE NEXT DOOR-- NIGHT

With as much stuff as he can carry, Phil exits the front door and laboriously makes his way over to the front door of the equally fancy house next door and walks inside. This is his new house.

INT. FANCY HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT

Phil hammers a nail into the wall and hangs a picture. He sits on the couch and looks at the picture -- **Phil with his mother, father and twin brother** -- it's the only thing on an otherwise blank wall.

He looks around the room. All of his belongings -- clothes, priceless paintings, etc. -- are in messy heaps around the room. He'll deal with it later.

He looks out the window into the backyard where there is a bed on fire. Glassy eyed, Phil takes a major pull of whiskey and passes out.

INT. FANCY HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- MAIN ROOM - MORNING

Phil wakes up and sees the charred remains of the bed outside. He takes a pull of whiskey, pops a few pills and gets up to check out his new home.

INT. FANCY HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- HALLWAY -- MORNING

Phil looks at the pictures of the previous inhabitants of the house. He sees a multi-generational picture of the family. The beautiful college daughter -- quick shots of her face, breast, crotch, hand. He sees the mother -- quick shots of her face, breast, crotch, hand. He sees the grandmother -- quick shots of her face, breast, crotch, hand. He walks off.

INT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- GARAGE -- MORNING

Phil looks through all the stuff in the garage and eventually stumbles upon something that excites him: **a gas powered generator.**

PHIL
Yes!

Phil starts to drag the generator into the house.

INT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- MAIN ROOM -- DAY

Phil stands by the TV and connects some cables to the generator. He turns the generator on -- it hums loudly -- and the TV fires up -- just static. Phil celebrates enthusiastically.

PHIL
Oh my God, yes! YES! Woohoooooo!

Phil walks over to a case of DVDs and looks around until he finds the one: **"Castaway"**

INT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- MAIN ROOM -- DAY

As the generator hums loudly, Phil watches the scene in which Tom Hanks talks to his friend Wilson, the volleyball.

TOM HANKS
What is your point? We might just make it, did that thought ever cross your brain? Well, regardless, I would rather take my chance out there on the ocean than to stay here and die on this shithole island spending the rest of my life talking to a GODDAMN VOLLEYBALL! WILSON! WILSON!

Phil watches, profoundly moved. He obviously feels a major connection to Tom Hanks' character.

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE -- DAY

The Dodge Ram is parked out front. From inside we hear:

PHIL (O.S.)
Aaaaaaaaah! Oh my God, no way! What the hell? Wooooooooooo! Yes! Yes!
(MORE)

PHIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I didn't think this day would ever come! Thank God! Thank God!
(sobbing)
Thank you God. Thank you.

EXT. BAR -- DAY

The Dodge Ram is parked out front.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Phil is having an animated conversation.

PHIL
This is un-frigging-believable. I mean, I drove across the entire country, up into Canada, down into Mexico. Into Belize and Guatemala. I thought I was the only person still alive. And the whole time, you're here in Tucson. My home town.

Phil shakes his head, smiling. He looks down and when he looks up again, he's almost crying.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Sorry. I just never thought I'd see another person again.

Angle on: Terry, a volleyball with a face drawn on it.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna have a whiskey. You want a whiskey?

Terry doesn't talk. Phil goes to get a bottle of whiskey behind the counter.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You sure? How about you, Jimmy?

Reveal Jimmy, a basketball with a face on it.

PHIL (CONT'D)
No? Okay, well does anyone want some whiskey?
(to a football)
Greg?
(to a tennis ball)
Kevin?
(to a golf ball)
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
Trevor?
(to the room)
Anybody?

Reveal the whole room is filled with various sports balls with faces drawn on them.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Okay, no takers on whiskey. How about a water? Anybody? Gotta keep hydrated. Nobody? Suit yourself.

Phil pours himself a whiskey.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You guys, I'm so happy to meet you all. So happy.

INT. BAR -- LATER

Phil is in mid-conversation. He's kinda drunk.

PHIL
And when my brother died, I lost it. I just lost it. Losing a twin is... it's like losing a part of yourself. I guess I took it for granted that he'd always be there. I had this crazy idea that we would somehow die at the same time. Not like a suicide pact. But, you know, like how John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were so connected that they died on the same day.
(as if one of the balls said "July 4, 1826")
Yeah, July 4, 1826. Exactly 50 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was a great guy -- my brother, not John Adams. Well, I'm sure John Adams was a good guy too. But Sam. He was...
(nods, smiling at the memory of his brother. Words don't work here)
I wish you could have met him.
(looking away, softer, almost to himself)
I wish you could have met him.

Reveal all the balls gathered around Phil in a semi-circle. Cut to their reactions at various points.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I buried him where I buried my mom and dad. It's up by where my father proposed to my mother. It was their favorite spot. And it's where I hope to be buried when I go.

Phil lets the weight of the statement sink in.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(trying to be chipper)
God, this got sad all of the sudden. Look, I'm talking your ears off, I should get out of here. And I'm sorry I rambled so much, I'm just a little out of practice talking, you know?

He looks around the room at the various sports balls.

PHIL (CONT'D)
But thank you for listening. I'll see you tomorrow.

Phil heads out. When he gets to the door, he turns back.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Terry, this might sound crazy. You want to come hang at my place tonight? I got a spare room you could stay in.
(as if chided by the other balls)
Shut up guys.
(to Terry)
But seriously, I could drive you back tomorrow. I could really use the company right now.

Terry sits there on the ground, motionless, speechless.

INT. DODGE RAM -- NIGHT

Phil and Terry are parked.

PHIL
That's her.

EXT. STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

Phil and Terry are looking in at the mannequin that Phil was checking out after his pharmacy run.

PHIL
(as if Terry asked what her name is)
I don't know her name. I've never talked to her.
(beat)
I can't just go talk to her. What would I say? I'm so bad in these situations.
(beat)
No.
(beat)
No.
(beat)
No! I'm not gonna talk to her! Maybe some other time. Let's just go.

Phil drives off.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT

Phil sits on the couch with a whiskey bottle in his hand -- he's drunk. Terry is perched on a nearby chair.

PHIL
What about In-n-Out Burgers? God, I miss In-n-Out Burgers so much! I would give both of my testicles for a double-double right now. And a big side of animal-style fries. Large Coke with ice. God, I miss ice. Oh, and how about Haagen Dazs Caramel Cone ice cream. Holy shnizz. That stuff was da bomb -- that's still cool to say, right?
(beat)
Well, I'm gonna say it anyway, cuz I think it's cool. True dat, right? Also, not cool? Yeah.
(beat)
I miss college football. And TV. And news. Getting mail. Christmas. My family. God, I miss my family.

This one sinks in for a bit.

PHIL (CONT'D)
And people. What I would give to see another person again. And if that person happened to be a woman, I certainly would not complain. I wouldn't even care what she looked like. She could be a thousand pounds and have a frigging mustache, tons of back hair -- fine with me. Bring it on. God, I miss women so much. And it's not just the sex part of it. Don't get me wrong, I am so horny. So so so so horny -- don't worry, you're safe -- but I just... I just miss them.

He looks off into space for a moment.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Okay, I think I should hit the hay.

He gets up and heads for bed.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Thanks so much letting me bounce this stuff off you. You don't know what your friendship means to me. I was starting to frigging lose it, man. I really was. So thanks.

INT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Phil lies awake, staring at the ceiling. Eventually, he gets out of bed.

EXT. STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

Phil stands outside looking at the mannequin. He takes a baseball bat and bashes in the window.

INT. STOREFRONT -- NIGHT

He walks up tentatively to the mannequin.

PHIL
Hello? You awake?

He finally gets to her.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hi. I hope I didn't scare you there. I just really wanted to come introduce myself. I've noticed you for a while and I've wanted to say hello but I guess I'm just shy. Anyway, I know it's late, but I figured no time like the present, right?

Phil reaches for her hand to shake it.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Anyway, I'm Phil. What's your--

As Phil shakes her hand, the arm pulls off from her mannequin body. Phil looks at the arm -- freaked out. He looks up to see her reaction. No change in her expression. Phil puts the arm back in it's socket and walks back out to his car, dejected.

INT. BAR -- DAY

Phil (in tighty-whiteys) walks in with Terry under his arm and addresses the group.

PHIL
Hey guys, gather round.

He notices that they haven't moved an inch -- still in the semi-circle.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oh, you're all still... okay, well. I have something I want to talk to you about.

Phil walks to his place in front of the semi-circle.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Look, I did a lot of thinking last night. And I came to a couple of realizations. The first one is that I'm not happy. I just miss everything. Every, single, thing. And I know you're not supposed to live in the past, but what the hell else am I supposed to do? Because the present and the future are just... this. And this is not doing it for me.
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
And the other realization I came to is that you guys are a bunch of sports balls. Any rebuttals?

Pan across the sports balls. Not a peep.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's what I thought. So... I guess I just wanted to say goodbye... sports balls.

Phil grabs Terry and walks out of the bar.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

There is a huge rock outcropping by the side of the road. The Dodge Ram is parked next to it.

Phil finishes carving something into the face of the rock with a screwdriver.

Reveal what he's carved: "Phil Miller -- June 17, 1983 - September 24, 2016"

Below the carving are some of Phil's most treasured belongings. Pictures of his family. Trophies and plaques from his childhood. Stuffed animals. His ASU diploma.

Phil surveys the makeshift memorial, then gets into the truck and drives off.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

The Dodge Ram comes to a stop. About a half mile down the road, we can see the large rock face where the memorial is.

INT. DODGE RAM -- DAY

Phil gets out of the car with Terry. He looks at him tenderly and then kicks Terry with all his might and Terry goes flying.

Phil gets back in the truck and looks down the road at the place where his life will end. He is expressionless. This is what he has to do.

Phil leans over and takes the picture of his family out of the glove compartment. He looks at it wistfully and then mounts the picture on the dashboard.

Phil takes one last look at the rocky mound in the distance.

He then unbuckles his seatbelt, takes a deep breath, puts the car in drive and floors it.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

The Dodge Ram barrels down the dirt road toward the rocks.

INT. DODGE RAM -- DAY

Phil's face is emotionless.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

The Dodge Ram is going very fast now.

INT. DODGE RAM -- DAY

As his death draws nearer, Phil looks one last time at the picture of his family on the dashboard and starts to cry. He shakes his head -- there's nothing else he can do.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

The Dodge Ram is now traveling incredibly fast. It is incredibly unsafe -- but then again, that's the point.

INT. DODGE RAM -- DAY

Phil looks ahead at the rocks which are getting closer and closer and then something incredible catches his eye.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

The Dodge Ram slams on the brakes and skids to a stop.

INT. DODGE RAM -- DAY

Phil looks in disbelief at something off in the distance. Is he dreaming? He gets out of the truck and walks slowly to the front of it, never averting his gaze. He hops up onto the hood to get a better look and we finally reveal what he sees:

A thin wisp of smoke in the distance.

PHIL
What the hell?

Phil scrambles back into the truck and peels out in the direction of the smoke.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAY

The Dodge Ram slows as it comes to the entrance of a campsite from which the smoke is billowing.

As Phil gets closer, we see the whole scene:

The smoke is coming from a campfire. A mini-van is parked nearby. There is nobody in sight, but the implications are clear**: Phil is not alone.**

Phil pulls the truck up to the campfire, gets out and tentatively examines the area.

The campfire is still going. There are s'mores ingredients and a roasting stick. There are a couple of empty Diet Coke cans and bags of potato chips.

Then Phil sees something that about knocks him over.

Pan across a makeshift clothesline strung up between a couple of trees -- clothes are hanging from it, drying in the wind. A white t-shirt... jeans... socks... and then... what is that?.. Could it be? ... A BRA!

Phil's eyes widen. He reaches out to touch it -- is this for real? He grabs the bra and gently yanks it off the line. He caresses the bra in his hands.

As we are tight on Phil's face, we see the unfocused figure of a woman step into the background.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Hi.

As the enormity of it all registers on Phil's face, we cut to black.

END OF ACT TWO